



# Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

6 RAYMOND STREET, N.W., ATLANTA 14, GEORGIA • 688-0331

702 Wall Street  
McComb, Mississippi  
39648

(601) 684-9414

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(STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
(COUNTY OF PIKE

Willie Ray Knox  
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The night of the bombing of Mrs. Quin's house, I was standing on the porch of my house at about 10:30 p.m. Shortly afterwards a blast went off nearby and I went over to Mrs. Quin's home, to see what had happened. I was standing there looking and the people were talking in an angry manner. About thirty minutes later, the police arrived. And so I was standing there on the porch of the house next to Mrs. Quin's. And then I heard something hit a car. So I went down to the Funeral Home, because I new somebody had hit the car. I remember seeing Chief Guy at the scene. My mother was there and she told me, "You better come home, because there might be some trouble." So I went home with her. But then I went to the Elk's Rest and was standing up there and people were there too. So I though it was better to go home. So I went home and sat on the porch until about 1:30 a.m. Then I went to bed. Tuesday morning, I was getting ready to go to work and then I went to open the door at about 7:00 a.m. Eddie Smith and Boddy, another police officer, were there. He told my mother, "Custer Knox, Mr. Chief Guy wants to question him." My mother siad, "For what?" He said, "He had a gun last night." She said, "He don't even own no gun." "Well that's alright, but Mr. Guy wants to talk with him." We got in the car and he asked me about some boys' names. I said I didn't know then and he said, "You know nothing." Then he went to look for some more boys downtown but couldn't find them. So we got to the City Hall at about 15 minutes to eight and he said he would question me then. He asked me to sit in the hall. But he didn't question me then but decided to lock me up. At about 1:30, he got me to question me then. He brought me up and put me in George Guy's room. There was Bobby, Ahighwqy patrolman, another City policeman, and one F.B.I. man. So the Highwat patrolman questioned me. "Did you thrown any bricks?" And I said, "No." But then Bobby said, "Did you throw any bricks? If you threw any, tell the truth." "I didn't throw none. If I said I threwed any, I would be lying." So the highway patrolman said, "If you tell me who you saw throwing any, then we will let you go." Then he said to Bobby, "Take him back downstairs." So they took me downstairs. At about 3:30 that day, I and the others who had been picked up were taken to Magnolia. We were eleven in

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one cell and there were only seven bunks without mattresses. We stayed together for seven days. I asked the jailor to be transferred to the other cell where there were only eight boys. He did transfer me. We were now nine people and had five bunks with mattresses. While I was in jail, I was questioned twice by the highway patrolmen. They referred to me as "Chicago-nigger." When they called me out and asked me if I had thrown books, I said, "No." So they said, "You are a damned liar." One big highway patrolman took my hand and started bending my fingernails while questioning me and bent all of them twice at least. One day two F.B.I. men came to question us. They identified themselves. They were mostly interested in who hit George Guy. When my mother brought cigarettes, they would always give me only half of them and when we were singing they threatened to throw hot water on us. I stayed in jail for 30 days.

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