



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

6 RAYMOND STREET, N.W., ATLANTA 14, GEORGIA • 680-0331

702 Wall Street
McComb, Mississippi
39648

(601) 684-9414


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{ STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
{ COUNTY OF PIKE

C.C. Bryant
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On Wednesday, September 23, 1964, I called the F.B.I. office in Jackson and reported the bombings of Mr. Mathew Jackson's house and Mr. Willie Taylor's house. While I was talking with the F.B.I. office in Jackson the sheriff's office sent the night chief of the McComb Police Department, Mr. Allen, and about five or six officers to my home telling me that the sheriff wanted to talk with me about the bombing of the Matthew Jackson home. The police officers got out of their car with riot guns in their hands. My wife, Mrs. Emmogene G. Bryant, who was across the street with other persons, who are on guard duty and inquired of the night chief Mr. Allen what was wrong and why all of the drawn guns, and that I was not a man of violence. Mr. Allen informed her that they had the two carloads of police officers because one of the cars was already in the area. This was around 11:55 p.m. or near 12:00. Mr. Allen and two of his officers came in the yard and told me that the sheriff wanted to talk with me at his office in the McComb Police Department. I asked if I was under arrest, if so, what were the charges? He stated that I was not under arrest, that the sheriff just wanted to talk about the bombing of the Jackson home. I told Mr. Allen that I would go with him. I also advised him that I had the phone off the hook where I had been talking with the F.B.I. agent, Mr. Keith, in Jackson. He permitted me to go back in the house and tell the agent that the sheriff wanted to talk with me about the bombing of Jackson's home. After having finished talking with the F.B.I. agent, I went back in the yard where I was told to get into the back car along with three other police officers. I was carried to the police station. I waited in the night chief's office for the sheriff. A member of the highway patrol department came in and asked me what I knew about Matthew Jackson and the Rev. Ned Taylor. He asked whether either were members of the N.A.A.C.P. I told this patrolman that Matthew Jackson was an employee of the Illinois Central Railroad in the McComb Store Department working in the same department that I work in. When he insisted on knowing whether he was a member of the N.A.A.C.P. I told him that it was against our policy to give out names of members. He began asking me about Rev. Ned Taylor. I told him the Rev. Taylor was my pastor, a brother member of the masonic lodge and a friend. He said that we should cooperate with him and give him the information he requested. When I refused to tell him about

"One Man, One Vote"



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N.A.A.C.P. information, he told me that the sheriff had asked him to talk to me and get the information for him. Finally, around 1:00 a.m., the sheriff came in the office where I was sitting, seemingly very angry. He stated that "the damn niggers had not cooperated" with him or his office at all. He also stated that Mr. Matthew Jackson had told him that he did not phone me and request me to call the F.B.I. I later found out Mr. Jackson did tell Sheriff Warren that he did not call me, but he stated that he didn't know who the sheriff was and he was afraid to tell him about having called. The sheriff asked me if I knew Rev. Ned Taylor and I told him that I did. He was my pastor, a mason brother and a friend. He then tried to force me to tell him whether he was a member of the N.A.A.C.P. I told him that it was against our policy to give out names of members. The sheriff also told me that Rev. Taylor led the car that threw the bomb in front of Matthew Jackson's home. Then he said, "If you damn niggers would call my office instead of the F.B.I., Aaron Henry, or Washington, we would catch some of these bombers. None of you niggers have called me about a single bombing, and I am telling you, Curtis Bryant, if you don't call my office before calling the F.B.I., Aaron Henry or Washington, I am going to skin you; I have a good mind to skin you now." The sheriff was sitting directly in front of me and displaying much anger and displeasure, he said, "Even you preacher is a damn liar." After a while, the sheriff told me that I could go home and that he was through with me. Rev. Taylor, my pastor was sitting in the lobby of the courthouse in his pajamas, house shoes, and robe. When I got ready to leave out from talking with the sheriff, he told me not to have anything to say to Rev. Taylor. I spoke to Rev. Taylor; The night chief, Mr. Allen, had two of his police officers bring me home. Sheriff Warren carried editorials in the McComb Enterprise Journal that week, following the questioning, asking the cooperation of the Negroes following a bombing and stated that Rev. Taylor and I had not been arrested, that we had only been called for questioning.

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