



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

702 Wall Street
McComb, Mississippi
39648

(601) 684-9414

COPY OF AFFIDAVIT

(STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
(COUNTY OF PIKE
(CITY OF McCOMB

Mrs. Alyene Quin
Summit Road

My daughter Carolyn was in the school walk-out in 1961. After the walk-out the students were jailed. The parents of those under 18 who wanted their children to get back into school had to sign a paper and the Chief of Police, Mr. Guy came by and said that if I did not make Carolyn go back to school they would put me out of business. The police would be at the cafe around the clock to watch me. A day or two later, Carolyn saw one of the policemen hit one of the S.N.C.C. workers and Mr. Guy came that day to me and said that if the F.B.I. came to interview Carolyn, not to let her answer anything. I did not say anything.


In May this year, 1964, I began receiving threatening telephone calls and I notified the telephone company about this. But they could not find out anything. For example, a lady used to call me and say things like, "Do you think the civil rights bill will do you any good?" I said, "It will do me no harm." And then she said, "If I knew where you lived, I would come and kick your black ass," etc.

I went to Mrs. Dillon's house the night of the bombing of her house and Chief Guy asked me what I was doing there... And I said I was just looking like everyone else. "Well, I heard you made an L coming here," "No, I went down to the hotel, to Baertown first." "Oh, you thought it was Curtis Bryant's house." "No, I went to the hotel." "Oh, you thought your friend at the hotel was bombed." And I said, "No."

The next day, the F.B.I. came and talked with me. They asked me, "How did you know where the bomb was and how did you go out there?" And I told them the same thing that I told Mr. Guy. "Do you go to the Freedom House often. Do you go to mass meetings? Do you finance the civil rights workers?" I said, "I go if there is anything going on. If I want to go." Then they asked if anyone at C.O.F.O. was my personal friend and I said, "I don't have any personal friend but this is really none of your business."

From then on, I received telephone calls that my house would be bombed. The man I rented from asked me to close for two months

"One Man, One Vote"



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

702 Wall Street
McComb, Mississippi
39648


(601) 684-9414

and that the civil rights workers would have left by then. I told him that would think about it. I said, "I would close after the 7th of September and" he said, "Good, I will go and tell the Sheriff and the Chief of Police and then your place will not be bombed."

On the 24th of August, I was convicted of illegally handling liquor and fined \$152.50. Mr. Buddy Miller said to the judge, "I am not satisfied, we should send her over to the county court so that they could know why they should send her to the penitentiary." I answered, "I don't know why they should send me to the penitentiary if people who murder others are not sent there."

On the 20th of September, my house was bombed. The damage done is about \$6,000.00. My cousin, Althea Stuart, came to the cafe and told me at about 11:00. We went home and when I saw the room in which the two children had slept, I wanted to see the children and take them to the doctor. About 250 people gathered. The police arrived at about a quarter to twelve. Mr. Guy asked all the people at the house to get back and leave. I said, "The people are all my friends and I want them to stay here. You should take your policemen away and find the ones who did the bombing." "I will take the police away if you tell the people to go home." "These people are at home here and will stay." "The people at Wall Street are mixing down there and you should do something about that." "I am not concerned with the people on Wall Street but with what is going on at 304 Summit Street." The police only stood there with their rifles in their hands. They were extremely angry. Later, Chief Guy called me over to the side of the house to speak with me. A man who said he was working with the F.B.I. was there also and I asked him to go with me to speak to Chief Guy. He refused to do so. Mr. Clayburn came with me then. "Have you been threatened or anything? Do you have any idea who threw the bomb? It has gone too far, someone hit me on my leg." Then I said, "What do you think about my children and everything?" "I will take the policemen away but I will take pictures of the house." "How many policemen will it take to make pictures?" I asked. He said, one. Then all the police left. At about 3:00 a.m. they started passing by and stopped and came up. Chief Guy asked me had the children come back from the hospital. I said, "Yes, they were not hurt seriously." And then they just stayed and looked around. I heard Sheriff Warren speak to some policemen and he said that the children could not have been in the house because they would have been killed. And I said that I had asked God to protect them if something would happen. At about 6:00 a.m. Highway patrolmen came and blocked the street off. Then the state investigated the house. They said that the bomb had not

"One Man, One Vote"



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

702 Wall Street
McComb, Mississippi
39648

(601) 684-9414

been thrown on the porch but was planted underneath the porch. He then went inside and asked Carolyn and Johnny Lee to come with him. I asked him where they were going and he said, "I want to talk to them and I cannot talk with them with all those people around." He took them downtown at about 6:30 a.m. and they did not return until about 9:30 a.m. Mr. Tabor, a city policeman and another policeman brought them home to change clothes and get food because they were supposed to go to Jackson to take a lie detector test. Both Carolyn and Johnny Lee then refused to go, so the police left.

On October 7, I and Jackie, my nine year old daughter, had to go before the Grand Jury. They called in Jackie first and Mr. Pagot refused to let me go with her. There were about 24 men in the room. They kept her in there for about half an hour. I went to the door and opened it and Mr. Pagot came out and said that if I did not go away from the door and sit down it would be too bad for me. I did not sit down but did not open the door anymore. When I got in they asked me, "Have you gotten any threatening telephone calls?" I said, "Yes," so they asked why I had not called them. I said "I did not know my daughter Carolyn called the police about the phone calls she received and the police told her they could do nothing about it." "How many children do you have? How many times have you been married?" Why do you want to know the history of my life?" "You are a big celebrity, you have talked with the President and Drew Pearson." "Neither one asked me about the history of my life but they were just listening to how my house has been bombed and that none has been arrested." They told me then, that they were going to revoke my beer license. Then they let me go. I went back on the 12th of October to see about my license. Sheriff Warren refused to transfer it to 629 Summit Street. He told me that he was not going to transfer it or sell me a new license, because I had paid a fine (whiskey). "I am trying to go along with the people up in Burgland but you are not going to go along with us." "Well, since there are many other people who have paid fines, will you revoke their licenses too?" He said he was going to revoke all of their licenses, which he never did.

Then, for the 20th of October, they subpoenaed Jackie and Anthony. Anthony is four years old. But they never questioned either one of them.

"One Man, One Vote"