



# 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

Candy Brown  
702 Wall Street

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On October 23, 1964, I was sitting in the Freedom House on Denwiddie Street. Officers of the law came into the house and said that he had a warrant for the arrests of all residents of that house. Rev. Harry Bowie said that we did not all live there. The officer then said, that he had a warrant for the arrests of all residents of the Freedom House on Wall Street, too.

We were allowed to drive our own cars to the City Hall in downtown McComb. When we got there, we were seated in the Hall and one by one admitted into an office. There, our names, addresses, photographs were taken and we were allowed to make a phone call. There were six men and four women. Five of the men and myself were taken downstairs to the cells. The men were put in one cell and I was placed, alone, into another. I began looking about the cell, noticing the filth in which I had been placed. One officer, who identified himself to me as Ted, came to my cell door and began conversing with me. He asked me if I was Communistic and then asked if I was pregnant. He said he had "heard about you all." Then he said that he was glad the men who had confesses of the bombings were free. He said that they were young and did not know what they were doing. Their parents should have been punished for not teaching them better. When I asked if my parents should be in my place instead of me, he said that was different. He began to discuss the cell I was in and told me there were large rats and snakes in the cell besides the bedbugs and roaches, which I'd already seen. When I took this news unabashedly, he ceased the discussion.

The others came into the cell in about fifteen minutes time. We surveyed the circumstances of the cells and found it to be filthy. The mattresses, with stuffing falling out, were urine stained and bug infested. There were many giant roaches and some rats or mice in the cell. We stayed there over an hour. Then, we were aken to the Magnolia County jail.

Once there, we began singing freedom songs. The trustee came by and threatened to throw hot water on us. We quieted down. In the cell next to hours, were three Negroes. One had been there for over one month. He had been convicted of speeding and reckless driving and was sentenced to eighteen months in jail, I think. He said that the police I thought he was a C.O.F.O worker

*"One Man, One Vote*



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because he out of state license plates.

Saturday morning, the police took me out of the cell and brought me into a room to talk with two F.B.I. men. One's name was Stout, or something like that and I do not recall the other one's name. They questioned me as to why I was arrested and what I understood the charges to be. I told them I would not answer any questions until I spoke with my lawyer. They began coaxing me and saying that it was for my own good that I answered the questions. When I still refused they got even more insistent and said they wouldn't help unless I co-operated with them. They had me taken back to the cell.

We were all fingerprinted and photographed. We were released at about 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon on \$100.000 bond apiece.

*"One Man, One Vote"*