



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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On Monday, October 26, 1964, I went down to the courthouse at Magnolia to register to vote. I was with Mrs. Delia White, Mrs. Mary Baker, and a minister. A law officer, with no uniform, asked us what we had come there for. The minister said that we had come to register. The law officer said, "No, not today." He then arrested the minister. Then he asked me what I had come here for. I said, "I'm here." He said that if I didn't go, he'd lock me up. I walked back to the car. The law officer told me to leave or I'd be arrested. He said the office was closed. I said I would wait and he arrested me. At this time, he also arrested Mrs. Quin.

When we got to the jail, he, the ununiformed officer, took my name and my portrait, my fingerprints, and told me I was "into it" now. He asked, "Who paid you to come here." I said to him, "God paid me." Then he locked Mrs. Quin and myself up. He told me to get my "damned big suitcase" (meaning my purse) "and get on in there," (meaning the cell), and then he said, "I wish I had a suitcase like that. I'd put my toothbrush in it."

We were singing in the jail cell, and one jailer said, "If you don't hush that damned fussing, I'm not going to let you out."

Earlier after I had my picture taken, while I was waiting to be locked up, I watched while Mrs. Althea Spinks from Burgland was having her picture taken. The officer said, "Nigger, stand up straight." She said, "I'm standing up straight." One jailer said, "Why don't you get something and beat the hell out of her." The officer taking her picture called Mrs. Spinks a "damned black sow." When he was taking her fingerprints, Mrs. Spinks yelled that he was twisting her arm.

"One Man, One Vote"