

Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

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(STATE OF MISSISSIPPI (COUNTY OF PIKE

Marshall Ganz 702 Wall Street 21

On Tuesday, October 27, 1964, I accompanied several local people of McComb to the Pike County Courthouse in Magnolia Mississippi, with the intention of registering to vote. We arrived at the Courthouse at approximately 3:00 p.m. We walked in a group toward the back entrance to the building. Our path was blocked by a large group of Mississippi Highway Patrolmen, Sheriff's Deputies, and others who were unidentified. They asked, through an unidentified spokes—man in plainclothes, what we wanted. We said that the Pike County residents were there to register to vote. We were informed that the Circuit Clerk's office was closed due to the fact that Circuit Court was in session and that the judge had issued an injunction gainst groups gathering in the Courtyard. We asked about a Deputy Registrar. We were told that the Circuit Clerk's wife, Mrs. Fortenberry, ordinarily cts as Deputy but she was in the hospital having a baby. This was the first time, to my knowledge, that it had been officially admitted that deputy registrar's existed and could take applications for voter registration. Before, it had always been claimed that only the Clerk himself could take these applications.

We were told that we would have to leave or face arrest.
We said we would not leave and Mrs. Aylene Quin sat down on the pavement. I was escorted toward the jail by two Highway Patrolmen — on on each arm. We scarcely had gone a few steps when my right arm was seized from behind and twisted up behind my back. It was done by a man in plain clothes later identifed to me as a State Highway Patrol Investigator and pointed out to Special Agent Ralph Liewer of the F.B.I. At the door to the jail he pulled my arm up as tight as it would go, and asked, "Are you going to sit down here?" The door was opened and he hurled me inside across the room into a table and the wall. I was then taken with the others into a cell before we were booked.

After about fifteen minutes, I was called back into the entry room and asked by the Jailor for identification. I gave him my Selective Service Draft Card. While I was giving him information a paperback book was taken from my back pocket by one of the highway patrolmen. I was directed to a cell but I paused to ask for my draft card back. At this, one of the trustees grabbed my arm and

"One Man, One Vote

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kicked me in the buttocks. I entered the cell. He shouted, "Get in there you son-of-a-bitch."

In the cell we had no cots or mattresses but were forced to sleep on the concrete. I learned that the other prisoners had not been allowed phone calls. The book was later returned by one of the ministers arrested with us who went into the anteroom to recieve a call. He found it in the trash can.

Upon our release the next day, October 28, 1964, we were told to leave the area. This we did not do. I asked to use the coin telephone in the jail to call for transportation. The jailor replied, "There are a lot of other phones in town." While waiting for transportation, I observed E.J. Thornhill, a leader of the local Ku Klux Klan, standing in the doorway of the Courthouse. I observed him there on the previous day also. Two F.B.I. agents, Liewer and Cole, were present. I asked for them to wait until we were picked up before they left. A large and threatening crowd had gathered near the courthouse. They replied that they could not protect us. I said I thought that their presense merely would help us. They said that they had a lot of work to do. I informed them that I did not want there to be more work for them to do in the form of new incidents. They said they would take my request under sonsideration.