

Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

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COPY OF AFFIDAVIT

(STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
COUNTY OF PIKE

Joe Martin
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On Tuesday, October 27, 1964, I went to the courthouse in Magnolia to register to vote along with a number of others. We got out of the cars and started walking to the courthouse and got almost to the door. We were about fifty feet away from it. There were many Highway patrolmen and deputies. A plain clothes officer came up to us and asked us what we wanted and Mrs. Quin said, "We have come to register." Then he said the registrar's office was closed. Then Mr. Jenkins asked, "Do you have a deputy registrar?" Then he said, "The only deputy registrar is Fortenberry's wife and she just had a baby two day ago. I have been nice to you all, and when you had your other Freedom Day, I have let you register. If you all go back home and come back by the end of the week or next week, I'll let you register." Then Mrs. Quin said, "We have come to register." Then he asked, "Who of you all has come to register?" Mr. Jenkins, Mrs. Quin, Mrs. Bishop, and I held our hands up. Then he asked Joe Harrison and Marshall Ganz what they wanted. They said they came with the people and then the officer repeated, "Well the registrar's office is closed." He continued, "You people have to leave because you are blocking the courthouse door." Then Malcolm Campbell said, "What are those other people doing?" There must have been 75 local whites standing around the court house and on the steps. By that time a large number of deputies and highway patrolmen had come closer and were standing around us. Then one of the deputies said, "arrest them." Then the plainclothes policeman said, "I will have to place you all under arrest for trespassing and disobeying an officer." Then Mrs. Quin started to sit down and one the highway patrolmen pulled her over to the jail. Then they escorted all of us to the jail. At first they put all the men into one cell and all the women into another one. About ten minutes after, we had been in jail, they separated us racially. They put Mr. Harrison, Mr. Jenkins and myself into one cell with two other Negroes who had been arrested the day before. There were four bunks without mattresses in the cell. About twenty minutes later, they called and asked who all had not been fingerprinted. I raised my hand and so did Doug Jenkins. We both were let out of the cell. The

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highway patrolman started fingerprinting me. While he was fingerprinting me, some other highway patrolmen, there were about five, started questioning Doug Jenkins. Doug said his name was Douglas Jenkins and on his driver's license it had Ranylon Douglas Jenkins. By this time, one highway patrolman said, "Nigger done lie to me." Then he slapped Doug across the face with the back of his hand. The policeman was about 5'9", 160 pounds and had blonde hair.

When they through questioning Doug, they turned to Malcolm Campbell, who had been in the room all the time. Malcolm was standing there with his back turned to Doug and he had his shirt off. They were looking for scars on Malcolm's back. They asked hii to pull up his pant legs to look for scars on his legs. Then Malcolm got dressed and the trustee took him back to the cell. But Malcolm was confused as to which cell he was supposed to go to and the trustee said, "The man said 'Let's go'". And he kicked M lcolm in his behind. Then they brought Marshall Banz in. The highway patrolman said, "We have already got his fingerprints. Take him back." At that time Marshall asked for some identification papers which they had taken from him. Then the trustee said, "Let's go." And he kicked Marshall. After, he kicked Marshall, He said, "Ass kicking is fun. Send some more." After he had fingerprinted me, they took e back into the cell. The cell was very dirty and Joe Harrison asked for something to clean it with. But he was ignored. The next morning, they came and said, "You are all free to go, get out."

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