

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF ALABAMA     )  
                              )  
COUNTY OF DALLAS    )

My name is Alexander Lionel Brown and I am a Negro. I am 16 years old and I was born in Birmingham, Alabama, which is my home. I live at 1902 Ansley Avenue in Birmingham. I finished my sophomore year in the Western High School in Birmingham, last spring and will begin my junior year this fall. I am a Life Scout and need only two merit badges to become an Eagle Scout. I am active in the Macedonia Baptist Church where I am the first vice-president of the Youth Department and chairman of Youth Activities. I was arrested three times during the demonstrations in Birmingham this spring. One of these charges was dismissed, another was nolle prossed and the third has been appealed to the Federal Courts and I am under appeal bond.

This spring in Birmingham I met Mrs. Colin Lafayette and she told me about the voter registration project that the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee was carrying on in Dallas and surrounding counties in Alabama. I have many relatives in Wilcox County which is next to Dallas County and I am interested in Negroes registering to vote. I volunteered to help in this project and Mrs. Lafayette later told me I had been accepted to work this summer on this SNCC project.

I took a bus to Selma, Alabama, on June 4, 1963, and was met there by Bernard Lafayette who is a field-secretary for SNCC working in the Dallas County project. I stayed in Selma three days and worked with Bernard Lafayette.

On June 7, 1963, I went to Wilcox County.. While in that county I talked to Negroes and tried to explain to them the importance of voting, that it was their constitutional right to vote, and tried to encourage them to register to vote. I heard that Bernard Lafayette was beaten in Selma and returned to Selma on June 12th.

While in Selma I worked on the voter registration project there and on Sunday, June 16th I spoke in two Negro churches encouraging their members to register to vote.

On June 17th Bernard Lafayette asked Bosie Reese and myself to go to the Courthouse in Selma to find out how many Negroes were applying for registration to vote. We try to keep track of those who apply so we can make reports on the progress made in our voter registration drive.

Bosie and I drove to the Courthouse and arrived there sometime after noon. The registrar's office on the first floor of the Courthouse was closed but there was a Negro man waiting to apply at the door of the office. I introduced myself and talked with him for about half an hour. While we were talking I asked him if I could take his picture and he said it was all right. I took his picture with the small Kodak Brownie camera I had with me. I wanted the picture for a scrapbook I am keeping on my voter registration work.

A lady came out of one of the nearby offices and I asked her if the registrar's office was closed. She said it was, that the registrars were at lunch and wouldn't be back until about 1:30. The Negro man who was waiting had to be back to work by 1:30 so I offered to give him a ride. Bosie stayed at the Courthouse and I left with the Negro. I returned to the Courthouse about 20 minutes later and found Bosie Reese waiting outside. We sat in the car and after 2 p.m. we went back into the Courthouse. The registrar's office was open and there were some people waiting in a line outside the office. One of the persons was a middle aged Negro man. I asked him if he was waiting to register, his name and address. I asked if he would mind if I took his picture and he said I could.

I didn't take the picture because just before I was going to take his picture an elderly Negro woman stepped into the line. I asked her for her name and address but she said she would give it to Mrs. Boynton after she applied. Mrs. Boynton is a Negro woman who sells insurance in Selma and who is active in the voter registration drive. I recalled that during my talks at the Negro churches the previous day I had asked those who applied to leave their names at Mrs. Boynton's. I decided to go over and see how many had left their names

with her that morning. I gave my camera to Bosie and left him at the Courthouse while I went to Mrs. Boynton's office.

I returned and parked my car across from the side entrance to the Courthouse. Bosie was outside on the sidewalk and he told me that Sheriff Clark had told him to leave the Courthouse. I told Bosie I was going in the Courthouse and he told me if I was going in he was too.

We went into the Courthouse and sat in some chairs on the first floor in the hallway towards the rear of the Courthouse. After a few minutes a white man in a red plaid shirt and blue denim trousers came over to us and asked our names. I didn't know who he was or why he wanted to know who we were. I thought he might be a member of the White Citizens Council. I told him my name was Lewis B. Love and Bosie said he was Tommie Harris. The man was writing this down. He asked me what I was doing there and I told him I was observing. He asked - observing what? I told him I was writing a thesis for my Masters and that I was a student at Alabama State Teachers College. I told him I was observing the registration office and that my thesis was on the ballot. He asked Bosie what he was doing here. Bosie said he was with me. The man then told us we were loitering, that they didn't permit people to loiter in the halls and we would have to leave.

Bosie and I started to leave immediately. We walked through the hall past the registrar's office to the main entrance which is near the Sheriff's office. Bosie was several feet behind me. I opened the door and as I was going through the door I turned and saw a white man grab Bosie by the arm and grab for his head. When I saw this I ran for my car and went immediately to Mrs. Boynton's office where I told Rev. Lafayette what had happened.

That evening I went to the mass meeting concerning voter registration held at the First Baptist Church in Selma, Alabama. During the meeting I had to return to my apartment briefly, about 7:30 or 7:45 p.m. Terry Shaw and another young Negro went with me and we returned to the meeting about fifteen minutes later.

Just after we parked our car in the parking lot next to the church,  
a car with about six white men in it drove into the parking lot. They stopped  
their car behind the parked cars and shined a flash light on the license plates  
of the parked cars. I stood and watched them for a few minutes and then went  
back into the meeting.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24 day of June, 1963.

P. L. Lindsey, N.P.  
Notary Public