

State of Mississippi  
County of Sunflower

I, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, a Negro,

Being duly sworn and deposed: to-wit:

I am 46 years of age, and reside in Ruleville, Sunflower County. My mailing address is 626 East Lafayette St., and I <sup>am</sup> married to Mr. Perry Hamer.

On the 9th of June, 1963, I, Mrs. Anelle Ponder, and eight other women were returning from a voter registration workshop which had been in South Carolina. We were on a Continental Trailway bus which stopped at Winona, Montgomery County, at the bus station. Anelle Ponder, and others of our party, including, James West, from Ita Bena, Rosemary Freeman, from near Greenwood, June Johnson, a 15 year old girl, ~~xxxx~~ got off the bus to go to the <sup>(RESTAURANT)</sup> rest room. Two, Evester Simpson and Ruth Day, also of our party, got off the bus to use the rest room. I remained on the bus.

The four that got off the bus to go to the restaurant - and had gone to the "white side" of the restaurant were coming back to the bus. I got off the bus and asked them "what happened". They said that there were some policemen and high-patrolmen in there. Anelle said policemen with billy-clubs told them to get out of there. I said that this can be reported and Anelle said, "Yes/I am going to get the tag number". The four of them were standing outside to get the tag number - and Evester Simpson was standing with them talking when all five of them were put in the patrol-car, which I think was the high-way patrolman bar, he also was the one giving orders.

I got off the bus when all at once, an officer from the patrol car said "get that one too". A county-deputy, Earl Wane Patric and one more got <sup>out</sup> of the car and opened the door to his car and said "you are under arrest". I was going into the car when this Patric "kicked me" me into the car. While driving me to the jail, they were questioning and calling me "bitch".

We got to the jail, I saw all five of the above in the booking room. As soon as I got to the booking room, a tall policeman walked over to James West and jumped hard on James West Feet.

I was led into a room - a cell - with Evester Simpson. While I was in the cell, I could hear screaming and the passing of licks. Pretty soon, I <sup>SAW</sup> several whitemen bringing Anelle Ponder past my cell - she was holding onto the jail walls - her clothers all torn - her mouth all swelled up and her eyes were all bloody - one eye looking like itself.

After a while they came for me. John L. Bassinger, a high-way patrol man (his name on a metal plate on his pocket), the policeman who had jumped on James West feet, and another policeman with a crew-cut haircut.

They came into my cell and asked me why I was demonstrating- and said that they were not going to have such carryings on in Mississippi. They asked me if I had seen Martin Luther King Jr. I said I could not be demonstrating- I had just got off the bus- and denied that I have seen Martin Luther King. They said "shut up" and always cut me off. They ~~thinks~~ then asked me Where I was from. I said Ruleville. They then left- saying that they were going to check it out.

They then returned. John Bassinger said: "You damn right you are from Ruleville. We going to make you wish that you were Dead bitch". They led me to a r another cell. Before I had been led out of the cell- I saw a Negro- who I reckoned was a trustee- who stayed around the jail- bring a mop and bucket to take some where.

When I was brought to another cell- I saw two Negro's who were in their 20's or a little younger. John Bassinger- he said- "take this" talking to the youngest Negro. John Bassinger had in his hand a long, 2 feet black jack- made out of leather- wider at one end, and one end being filled with something heavy. The young Negro said: "You mean fo r me to beat her with this?" John Bassinger said "You damn right"- "If you don't, You know what I will do for you".

The young Negro told me to get on the bunk and he began to beat me. I tried to put my hands to my side where I had polio when I was a child- so that I would not be beat so much on that side. The first Negro beat me until/ he got tired. Then the second Negro was made to beat me. I took the first part of it, but couldn't ~~xx~~ stand the second beating. I began to move- and the first Negro was made to sit on my feet to keep me from kicking. I remember that I tried to smooth my dress, <sup>which</sup> was working up from all of the beating. One of the white officers ~~xxxxxxx~~ pushed my dress up. I was screaming and going on- and the young officer with the crew-cut betan to beat me about the head and told me to stop my screaming. I then began to bury my head in the mattress and hugged it to kill out the sound of my screams. It was impossible to stop the screaming. I must have passed out- I remember trying to raise my head and heard one of the officers, "Bassinger" who said that's enough. He said get up and walk. I could barely walk. My body was real hard- feeling like metal. My hands were navy blue - and couldn't bend the fingers. I was taken back to the cell.

While I was back in the cell, I could talk to June Johnson, Annelle Ponder, and Rosemary Freeman who were in their cells. I learned that June Johnson had a hole in her head from her beating. I learned ~~that~~ that the trustee had used the bucket and mop to mop the blood.

~~We had water out~~



Then they got us up one hight to take our pictures and John Bassinger, ~~mx~~ who had taken the pictures, forced me to sign a statement which they already made me write, that I had been treated all right. That night was the following Monday night. I tried to write the statement in such a way that anybody would know that I had been forced to write the statement.

The following Tuesday ~~night~~, we had our trial. There was no jury. We had no lawyer. We were charged and were found guilty of Disorderly Conduct and Resisting Arrest.

When we were put in the jail, and when I was put in the jail, I told them that nothing is right around here. The arresting officer had lied and said that I was resisting arrest. I told them that I was not leaving my cell - and that if they wanted me, they had to kill me in the cell and drag me out. I rather be killed inside my cell instead of outside the cell.

On that Tuesday, I heard some white men talk to the chief and jailer that they were F.B.I. and had to report what they say. I was able to see ~~the~~ Lawrence Guyot, a field secretary of SNCC who I had known before in voter registration work, and saw him in the booking room and saw that he had been beaten.

On the following Wednesday, James Bevel, Andrew Young, and Dorothy Cotton of SCLC (Southern Christian Leadership Conference) came to see us and to get us (the people who had been on the bus and were arrested) out. But before I left the jail - I was able to see that Lawrence Guyot's head had been beaten out of shape.

In 31st of August, 1962, I had been fired from my Plantation job, DeeMarlow's Plantation, Ruleville, because I attempted to register to vote. I had been working for ~~of~~ SNCC and SCLC before I had been beaten. At the present time, I am a candidate for Congress in the coming Primary, for the second Congressional District.

Doctor Searcy, Cleveland, Mississippi, said that I had been beaten so deeply that my nerve endings are permanently damaged - and I am sore.

signed.

*Mrs. Fannie Lee Davis*

*Sworn to and signed before me  
this 24 day of May, 1964*

*signed: John D. Dine Jr.  
Notary Public*

*My Commission Expires:  
May 22, 1968*