

Hi!
 we're busy in court this
 week - will write soon
 Love
 J. Faith

504 S. Madison St
 Albany, Georgia
 January 22, 1963

From the wilderness of Terrible Terrell springs forth a sleeping giant who is now not so aslepp. He is beginning to protest and srite his own protests:

Senator Richard Russell
 Congress of the United States
 Washington, D. C.

The persons undersigned are registered voters of Terrell, Dougherty and Lee counties, and state that as voters of the 2nd and 3rd Congressional Districts they wholeheartedly disagree with filibustering in the U. S. Congress.

We further state that we believe such performance in the Congress is a waste of time that could be used to benefit all concerned.

Deponents make this perition in order that you, U. S. Senior Senator from Georgia, might follow methods of procedure to defeat this most abusive activity.

This was composed by the guy who flipped over Peggie and Kathleen. He wouldn't like to call his name although he would not be too afraid.

From the sould of a black boy, a key black child in Lee issues forth his "raison d'etre"

To the Lee County Movement -- A Bid for Freedom

Dear Loved Ones:

I write you this letter with tears in my eyes. I know what it's like to live down there. In that Lawless county. I think of you all the time and I wish that I could be there with you to help in the fight for freedom. If I give my life to free you and get the things that the school needs, I would die with a smile on my face. For I have reached this conclusion: It's not half as bad to die as it is not to live. I am real proud of all of you for standing up for your rights. But whatever you do, please don't stop. You must make Lee County a decent place for your children to live. Because it is a very good place to live. But you have to bring those people to their right minds. You can only do this by showing them that you are no longer going to be mistreated. You must let them know that you are human, that you have feeling and that you know right from wrong - that you are human, that you have feeling, and lived down there for a number of years and I know how cruel the white men have breathe d Negroes. I would look at my sisters sometimes and my heart would say: dear sisters I wish that you could have and enjoy some of the finer things that life has to offer. Then I would look at my brothers and my heart would utter: Oh brothers if you only knew what it's like to live instead of working like bees to stay alive. I would look at my parents and my heart would cry; some day I'll build you a castle and you will never have to worry about bending your backs in another field. I sometimes looked at my Mother and the tears would start flowing like a rolling river. I could feel the pains that her body was undergoing because of all the hard work she had done. Sometimes mother saw me crying and then she asked what was wrong. I tolder that I had stuck my finger in my eyes or that a bug was in them. And many nights I lay awake crying my heart out because because my family worked all the times and yet they were suffering for so many things that they needed. I guess you are wondering

about me. I too wanted so many things that were needed to make me happy but I thought of only my family. You all have to think of your children. You must fight as hard as you can to free them so that they can have a chance to live. You must give them a chance because no one else will. Let me leave you with this old Irish Blessing.

May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face and the rain fall soft upon your fields. and until we meet again may God hold you in the hollow of his hand.

A Devoted Freedom Fighter

Charlie H. Wingfield, Jr.

We are moving down here, finally. Things look good in each of the counties in which we work. I heard by word of mouth that some of you guys will be down during the summer. I wish I knew who you were so I could anticipate what goodies we will have or not. Right now, we're going to get some people registered in counties where we do work. Last week, fifteen people went to apply in Terrell. Fourteen went to apply in Sumter and five went in Lee. Of course Albany moves slowly along. We got about twenty steady High Schoolers and Jr. Highers who work with us and hour every day in the week, canvassing bossly. Rev. Wells, has perfected a boss system. It's actually a detailed census which involves Voter Registration and everything falls in line. It's most effective function is that it prevents overlapping. We keep records of those who have registered or not, birthdays, ages of household, when visited, results and house numbers. So that with records in front of you, another person wouldn't waste time at a house where we have already done whatever was needed. We are getting scientific.

For two weeks now we have been playing around with an idea we have had since 1961. It has something with what has been done with children in the wars -- remember Hitler, Mussolini, Toki, the medieval period -- the crusades and so forth. Anyway, we have meetings with kids 5-13 or so on the bus in different areas of the city. It started one day when we saw a group of seven girls go through a routine learned at school. I didn't think any of us did that sort of thing down here in this section but there it was -- modern dance. We watched and they pushed even the more. This was the time. We mentioned talent show to them and a tour of some counties. They dug. This week we took them in some connection, on a short ride on the bus and charged them with getting a list of household persons. Next week we will slip something else in, maybe how old the members of the family are, etc. It doesn't take much time and has tremendous possibilities for creativity.

I preached at Sardis Baptist in Dawson city, Terrell County, Georgia State and U. S. country. Did you hear what I said? I'm going to have to tell you again. I preached at Sardis Baptist Church in Tombstone Territory. Man, things are changing, of course, I was forced to tell like twas.

Just look at your papers. Boy, this week is the week for us. D. E. Short who ran Ralph, Prathia, Paul Berrien and Roychester out of Sasser will come up for trial, also AT and company who came into our meetings, also ZT and the boys who were connected with murdering the Brazier man in 1958, also the case of CB and Sheriff Cull Campbell who whumped him on the head. Well next week is raising hell. Oh, if only you guys were here to help us take advantage of it.

Well, time is running out. I'll tell you more next week. I'm expecting Prathia and Ralph any minute.

Love to you!!!