

Dear Larry Will you please read this in your next mass meeting?

S.W.GA
STUDENT
LEADER

Charlie H. Wingfield Jr .
177 Chicamauga Place S.W.
Atlanta, Georgia
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The Lee County Movement
A bid for freedom

Dear Love 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 times and I wish that I could be there with you to help in the fight for freedom. If I could 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 a battle to die as it is not to live. I am real proof 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, believe but you got to bring those people to their right mind. 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. I live down there for a number of years and I know how cruel the white men have treated 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 roaring river. I could feel the pain that her body was undergoing because of all the hard work she had done. Sometimes mother saw me crying and when she asked what was wrong I told her that I had stuck my finger in my eyes or that a bug was in them. A many of nights I laid awake crying my heart out 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 to want so many things that were needed to make me happy but I thought of only my family. I have always thought of other people before I thought of myself. 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 change to live. You must give them a change 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 hallow of his hand.

A Devoted Freedom Fighter,
Charlie H. Wingfield Jr

Wingfield

LOOKING FORWARD
SEE YOU ALL THIS
SUMMER.

When are you going to send in your report