

as kids — 4 of them from Sasser — canvassing the streets and roads of Sasser this Sunday! Mr. Short is acquitted and two days later we're ALL OVER his town, I mean we went to every house we could find in Sasser and about a ten houses outside the city limits.

We took 15 Albany kids and Rev. Wells out to Sasser around noon, where Rev. Wells and I were dropped off to go to Mt. Zion Church. The rest went on to Dawson, where they canvassed. The Mt. Olive congregation is attending Mt. Zion while they wait for the church to be rebuilt, and it was good to go to church with the Mallory's, Bruners and Edwards, whom I usually see in the tent. Rev. Swaggert — pretty swinging — asked Rev. Wells to preach — and he did; about furnaces, Shadrack, Meshack and Abaderno, lions and Daniel.

When the whole group began canvassing in Sasser/ Got this — some of Albany's prettiest and handsomest in their Sunday best going in twos from house to house. A winner. Caroline was with us too. A high school girl from Sasser and I went to the house of a family who had stood on their porch last summer and watched the churches burn. i.e. they said, they had never been to meetings. They'd heard about them, but they weren't of a mind to go, yet. They might lose jobs. Mr. Frank Smith might put them off the land. Things are changing, have to, but they weren't quite ready to attend meetings.

The man, Mr. —eyes remembered a lanching in Lee County, remembered playing as a child in the cemetery of Shady Grove Church — now burned to the ground. He spoke about sharecropping — how mechanized farming has made day labor more usual than sharecropping. \$2.00 a day — if you get that much. He spoke of Caroline Daniels, whose sister lives down the road, how much trouble Caroline and "her boy have gotten into." He spoke of his little girl, who was sitting by the fire while her mother plaited her hair, didn't want her to live the life he had. Then Mr. Short said the trial — and then silence.
Faith

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"This may be the last time" in the living room of the SACC house — lift it on up first in — "May be the last time we all pray together, May be the last time I don't know." And it's cold as Southern justice here and by the way Frathia and I are said (under oath yet) to have been shocking up all summer — cold as Southern justice. "And every night they'd all go back to that boarding house of Carolyn Daniels and we can't tell if they had enough cells there for them — all to sleep with who they wanted" — on my knees Lord with tears streaming down my face Lord and the currents inside me wrooking havoc as they flow into the turmoil of federal justice. Tears and the white wrath has won again — till then, "Now isn't it true Nat Ains that you went into that jail because you wanted to be with your girl friend." Wait a minute, who's on trial here? Tears and a little nine year old Albany kid named Elijah told me this week th t the devil is a white man with a red mustache and it could be true because Agnew James is being boycotted Pent City style — wood, gas, gasoline, etc.
Ralph