By TREZZVANT W. ANDERSON
(Courier Staff Writer)

GEORGIA STATE PRISON, Reidsville, Ga. — She wore a pisherish cotton dress. She had no small rasps or white in her eyes. Her round face was unlike and her five-foot-three inch frame carried around 185 pounds.

Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, now 40, Georgia’s most famous daughter, went from one of the long wooden tables after she shook hands and spoke for the first words to be spoken.

Now — for the moment — let all the way to the last word, so the Courier can get over to her sister the very special message from Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, convicted of murdering her daughter nine years ago and sentenced to die with two of her young sons.

"Is there anything you want The Courier to say special to the people of the nation for you?"

She asked to do all they can to help me get home to my children, "cause a mother needs to be with her children." These were her exact words.

"Anything else?" I asked further.

"No sir, I don’t believe so, I just want to be home with my children.

"That’s how our interview ended in the cool quiet of the pretty white reception room of the women’s state prison at Georgia’s multi-million dollar state prison which, except for the ghost of the past, has been Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram’s home for life imprisonment.

"Old times are good, everything goes wrong — Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, widow and mother of 12 living children, will be free on parole after 25 years and six months at the state prison on Camilla prison.

"THE STUART, sturdy Mrs. In-
grand was at the table and by my side before I knew she was even there, so quietly I didn’t come in, I looked at her for a quick moment.

This was the woman whose plight has brought the State of Georgia the hottest campaign publicity and criticism — it has ever received in a prison case.

This was the woman whose story had become the "cause rela-"tionship of the woman’s prison raising groups that you could almost form a stick at.

This was the woman for whom the heart of a nation went not to any completely that the fund drive was carried out by the Courier, netted over $1,500, every cent of which was turned over to the NAACP to help Mrs. Ingram.

Every paper in the country — big and small — had told her story over and over. Her name had been a keyword and was as well known as that of Harry S. Truman, who was her editor. The Georgia incident occurred near Ellaville nine years ago.

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something fascinating about it. Maybe there was one of the things that had won John Ingram for her mate those long years ago.

THEN SHE FOUND her whole soul into the answer which came forth and it made you re-member her anguish pina nine years ago: "Please get me out; my baby needs me." Her answer was put into words as if it had picked each one out individually for a special place.

"I’ll be just too glad to get back home to my children. I just can’t see them when I think about them. You can see her alone in her yearning behind those low bars weep-

ing silently. Heart goes out to her. You talk further.

Yes, she was in Richmond County near Augusta, in 1949 and 1949, and she said "the truth is, just fine." She was happy her light, having age pined as old, just as Georgia Board of Corrections Director J. B. Hatton had told her in Atlanta.

"Tell some people from up the country (the North) came there to see me, they sent me back down here." It wasn’t for her untrapped mind to analyze the whites or whereabouts for that move, but you had seen the letter from the Augusta prison said that the publicity wasn’t good for his camp.

THE family Mrs. Ingram left behind in 1949.

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