

He Tried to Go With Me' —Mrs. Ingram

(Continued from Page 1)

ing me.

"Wallace kept saying: 'Mr. Stratford, please stop beating mama'.

"Then Wallace picked up the gun from the road and started beating Mr. Stratford."

Mrs. Ingram looked out of the window at the yelping dogs that guard the county jail.

"We left Mr. Stratford in the road and went home," she said when questioned again.

"As soon as I came to my senses, I sent one of my children to a nearby house on the highway. I told the child to tell the people to call the man who owns the farm and tell him what happened. About one hour later, a crowd of men came and got the body.

"The sheriff and his men came to my house and got a hammer and a hoe. They said we used the hammer and hoe to kill Mr. Stratford. They told my boy, James, they'd kill him if he didn't say we beat Mr. Stratford to death with the hammer and hoe."

The life story of Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram is a pathetic story. It's a story of poverty, the good earth, children, love—and "white supremacy."

It's the story of a Negro sharecropper against a white sharecropper.

It is typical of the poor Negro farmers in the South.

Rosa Lee Ingram was a sharecropper—a Negro sharecropper—before they snatched her from her babies and hustled her off to jail.

Now she is a prisoner—a prisoner in Georgia—because she dared oppose that thing called "white supremacy."

John Ethron Stratford was a sharecropper—a white sharecropper—until one of Mrs. Ingram's sons dealt him a fatal blow on a country road.

He was white. "White supremacy" was his god. It is the unwritten law of the South, and it gave him the right to stand above a poor Negro sharecropper. It gave him the right to call Mrs. Ingram by her first name. She had to call him "Mister." It gave him the right to boss and curse her—It gave him the right to force himself upon her.

"White supremacy" cost Stratford his life. It may cost Mrs. Ingram and two of her sons their lives.

(The life story of Mrs. Ingram will be continued next week.)