

MRS. ROSA LEE INGRAM

Tells Her Own Story

By MRS. ROSA LEE INGRAM

(As told to Robert M. Batcliffe, Courier News Editor)

MACON, Ga.—“Me and the boys are doing fine, but I want all of my friends to know just how I have been treated since I have been in jail . . . I was treated so nice in Albany, Ga., and I am being treated fine here in Macon, Ga.

“I and the boys are treated better here than in any jail we have been. The jailer and his wife is so nice

“I have been in six jails all right.

I've been taken care of here and this is the best one. When I was in the Americus, Ga. jail, the white men would not let my children come up there and talk with me . . . The white people hurt my heart so bad.

“It made my heart hurt so bad to see how I was treated in Georgia. I have a plenty to eat every day in Macon. I had plenty of clothes given to me in Albany, Ga., but the jailer in Ellaville would not give them to me. I didn't get but three dresses. I asked him to let me carry my clothes with me and he told me that I was not going to take them.

“I have not been treated right, no way. The white men know more about the thing than me . . . I was the one the white man was talking to. Looks like I ought to know what it was about.

“Me and this man had some words. It was about giving him a date. I told him that I was not that kind of a woman. He told me that I would not live hard any more if I would do like he said, but I did not do what he wanted me to do.

“Me and my children was getting along all right until he started at me. He could not make me go his way, and he was mad. The last time he tried to make me go his way, I cursed him and then he called me everything because I would not do what he wanted me to do.

“And that is just what it is about—me not having him. I did not want him and I did not have him. I hate that it happened like it did, but I could not help it.

“This white man was hiding in my cotton field. I did not see him 'til he spoke to me. I was going back to my field to pull corn . . . but he would not let me go back. He threw his gun on me and I could not do anything but stand there. He hit me with his gun. I could not lift anything with my hand for two weeks and my head worried me for two months.

“If it had not been for my son this man would have killed me. My son begged him to let me alone, and the boy picked up the man's gun and hit him. When my son hit him, the man was still holding to me. He would not turn me loose until my son hit him again . . . and then he fell down across the road.

“Mr. Stratford did not die in a pretty good way, but he died from the gun that he hit me with. It was his own gun.

“I was trying to do my own work, but I could not



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do it for that white man. He caused me to leave my children.

“I hate it so bad, I do not know what to do. It hurts my heart so to be away from my little children.

“I hope that you all will make a way for me to live with my children again. They do not have a father and it looks like they don't have a mother. So help me, please, to get with my children again . . . I am afraid for them to stay down there.

“This jail here in Macon is the best I've been in. I have a good bed, but it does little good because it is hard for me to sleep.

“I didn't make a penny out of the farm. I had to make my children work out all the time so I could buy food for them to eat. I had ten children to feed . . . It was hard on me with them.”