

January 14, 1965

Mr. & Mrs. Goodman  
c/o National CORE  
38 Park Row  
New York, 38, N. Y.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Goodman:

May I take the liberty of sending to you a poem that I recently wrote in memory of your wonderful son. I'm sure that the feelings expressed here are felt by many people throughout the land.

Sincerely,

*Cela Mayhew*

Mrs. C. Mayhew  
224 Ordway St.  
San Fran., Calif.

### Three Young Giants

Three young giants walked into no-man's land,  
To help their Negro brethren take a stand,  
Their eyes on the future, their hearts full of hope,  
They lived with a fear with which few men could cope.  
Down in the Mississippi Jungle.....

Such giants of men with the courage of ten,  
Who will never walk our land again.  
They had dreams yet to dream and lives yet to live,  
But their love was too big, they had too much to give.  
Down in the Mississippi Jungle...

The twisted men lurked in the shadows of hate,  
And swooped up these fine men for a hellish fate.  
No more will they see the sun rise or set -  
No more shall you and I ever forget -  
The names of Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney,  
Who died for the children they never will see.

Damn the Mississippi Jungle and the laws that protect it.  
Damn you and me if we do not correct it!

Cele Mayhew

Mayhew  
224 Dridway  
San Francisco, Cal. 11/20/65