October 5, 1962

Dear Mr. Meredith:

It may be that you have received so many letters (for you, and against you) that you have decided to throw them all away, unpenned. So I write this, knowing you may never see it, but hoping you will.

You represent to me the epitome of courage and dignity in a man. I am a Caucasian, but I do not either approve of, or share the attitude of many Southerners.

Your calmness and restraint, in the face of obscene and jeering racists, is wonderful.

The agony and torture in your heart, which you must silently bear, alone as you are, saddens me.

You know you risk death by the bullet of some idiotic segregationist.