you are indeed a brave young man, Mr. Meredith and you stand as a symbol for most of America - those of us who want to be united and far-sighted. You are contributing greatly to the furtherance of your cause. God bless you.
The Ordeal of a Brave Man

TO BE HATED is a terrible thing—especially when you do not know those who hate you, and they do not know you.

Few white Americans ever experience this particular refinement of cruelty. But many American Negroes face it, in one shape or another, almost every day.

This is the ordeal voluntarily endured by James H. Meredith. He not only has demonstrated extraordinary physical courage at a time when his life is in great danger. He somehow has withstood the crushing weight of this blind, bitter, irrational, yet personal, enmity being directed at him by thousands of fellow citizens whom he never has met. He has come through it with his obvious faith in America, and his sense of the role he is playing in its future, remarkably intact.

As much help as the United States Government and its courts gave him these past few days, there still must have been many times when he felt completely alone. But he did not turn back. Even on Monday morning, when he finally was registered at the University of Mississippi, and when a weaker man might have permitted himself a moment of exaltation, Mr. Meredith recognized at what cost—in life and honor—this tenuous victory had been won.

“Are you pleased to be here?” he was asked.

“No,” he said quietly, “this is not a happy occasion.”

Well said—by a brave young man.