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Dear Mom & Dad,

As I write this letter I am on the roof of our headquarters observing a sunset of such beauty and magnitude that I cannot even begin to describe it. The ~~re~~ hills of red dirt, the pine woods, the mountains and slave shacks silhouetted against the blood red sun and clouds~~],~~; all this and the rest of it takes ones breath away. Now, and at all such~~s~~ times I find myself possessed with a deep melancholy; a heart rending feeling for the poor down-trodden ~~and~~ ~~I~~ black and white toilers of this state; both equal victims to a system that they neither created, understand or flourish under ~~I~~ I feel that~~]~~ Someday this will all be changed. When you and I are ~~all~~ gone and forgotten people ~~]~~ yet unborn will truly~~]~~ a new generation of black and white people, yet unborn, will walk hand in hand.

There have been incidents of

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violence and intimidation but they are hardly worth noting at a time such as this. I only know that I must carry on in the struggle that other people have died in, and that I may die in; the fight for a social order that cares about the honest hard working people of the world and at the same time insures their human dignity. This is worth any sacrifice to me.

Love
Tommy

[5.1v]