

Somewhere in Georgia.
July 30, 1963.

Dear Mr. Allen:

Please take note that I did not address you as Mayor, for in my opinion, and tens of thousands more Georgians, the only place you could qualify for mayor would be Mount Bayou, Miss. It is no secret, and is general talk over the state, that Hartsfield, Martin Luther King and the whole Negro Bloc Vote that plus some good citizens in Atlanta that were blinded at the time of the fact you would turn out to be another Benedict Arnold, put you into office. Now those good citizens are rueing the day they did it, and Hartsfield, King and the Negroes in general have such a strangle hold on you, that you have to do exactly what they dictate to you. You are not Mayor of Atlanta, you are only a "Yes" man to Luther King and Hartsfield, and may God have pity on the City of Atlanta and its good citizens during the balance of your term. I wonder how you feel when you walk down the streets of Atlanta and have to meet face to face with the good people that help put you in office, knowing just how they feel toward you now. Sure when your term is up you will run again, Luther and Hartsfield will see to that. Sure you will get all of the Negro vote, but practically none of the white vote, and thank God there's not enough Negroes to put you in again. After your trek to Washington, and the stand you took, selling your City, your State and the entire South down the river, you are just about the most despised man in the South. You could resign, go crawl in a hole and pull the hole in behind you and let us all forget you ever existed. Actually I feel sorry for you.

From a Georgian that is ashamed to admit he lives near Atlanta, as long as you are the "Yes" Mayor.