

Clayton, Ga.,
Feb. 10, 1938.

Dear Mr. Sam:

For several years I've thought many, many times that I would go to see you while I'm at home, but my stays are always short and full. I've wanted for too long to say "Thank you" for what you've meant to me. I'm afraid young people - and old people too - don't know how to speak gratitude. I realize each year more and more that the good you have done will never end, but march in a cycle year after year.