3rd letter,

1711 Graham Lane La Mott Phila., Pa.

November 10th, 1953

Milo and Lewin

My dear Boys,

Listening to the singers over my radio, I can't but compare them with some of the girls and boys I used to know at home in Wilmington, N. Carolina. I have heard the finest singers in the world but something sweet has been cultivated out of those vocal cords.

As a girl, I remember Mr. John Fleot, who had been

a Hampten singer. He sounded like a lion roaring in trouble.

Then next came Billie Wiggins, who was a member of the Asaph

Club. He had the sweetest tenor you would want to hear. One old song I remember "The Springtime and robins have come." Billie Wiggins is the grandfather of our own Ann Wiggins Brown who went abroad and married a Norwegian. I never heard Ann Wiggins sing but she is fine as an actress also. She gets her talent from her fine grandfather. The next singer I remember was Andrew W. LeBoo.

Ah! There was another sweet tenor. He sang in the Presbyterian

Church choir. Your mother, too, sang in that same choir. There was Madam E. Azalia Hackley, who was born in Wilmington, but left as a girl before she became famous. Then, years later, came Katherine Yarboro. I should tell you about your own little mother and her voice but I will save that for another time.



When I was a teen-age lady, I went to Fisk University

and before I graduated, I became the leading soprano. We had a

"Mozart Society and we rendered Oratoras and Mosea. You talking about sweet voices, they had them -- six sixty-old years ago.

I have felt in these later years, there was a reason and this is

it. Nearly every one of those singers parents had been slaves.

When our mothers, after slavery, married and knew her baby

would not be sold away from her, they were happy and they did

their work and sang "Swing low, Sweet Chariot" or "There is A

Balm in Giliad with thankfulness to God. It was a prayer, my

sons, a Prayer as well as a song.

I listen to Arthur Godfrey singers. I pray for Arthur

Godfrey as I used to pray for Henry Ford. Henry Ford made it possible for the poor working man to be able to take his family for an auto ride in his little car. You remember how you boys used to take me over to the YWCA in our Model T. Ford. I now ask God to take care and heal Arthur because he is so unselfish and his heart is of an angel. No matter what race or color or religion, he will help a boy or girl if he can. If we could have

had Arthur sixty-five years ago, there would have been many a

Marion Anderson. What glorious opportunities the children have

Again, I say God bless and heal Arthur Godfrey, we need him now.

so much.

When I was a public school teacher, I taught a chorus of children to sing "The Holy City." (As best I could) I gave them a little voice culture by opening their mouths wide and

pronouncing words distinctly. There is a part in that song that

says: The gates were opened W I D E. Those children did open their mouth's wide and they did sing. They looked like a big nest of robins when their mother would come with a big worm to drop in their mouths at feeding time. I have to laugh now when I think of them. It was the town talk for months. Ah, my sons: Those were happy days, long since gone by and God has been so

good to me that I have reached the years to be able to tell you

so. I have tried to do my best to bold your lives in the love

of God as well as my school children. I want you to keep on

trusting him and all will be well for you.

Lovingly, Mother

