My darling Boys:

It is very cold today and I think I will tell you a love story. The love story of a young man who was born in Raleigh, N.C. He came to Wilmington, N.C. and there made his He was a painter and my father a carpenter. I first saw him painting on a house with my father. I was going downtown to do some shopping for my mother and as I passed that particular house, saw my father and smiled at him. As I looked up, the young man, he said, afterward, he thought I was smiling at him. I saw him but did not notice him as I thought sure he was a white man and no nice girl in those days would think of smiling at any man she did not know and a white man was out of the question. He said he turned to my father and asked him if he saw that little girl going down the street? (Father answered sharply, Yes.) I'd like to meet her. Father said, "If you prove yourself worthy you may meet her some day, but you had better get to painting that cornice up there, instead of gazing at every little petticoat going down the street. They told me afterward, he walked three months and went to every church and finally went to Gregory School to the Friday Night Literary Evening. There I walked on the stage and sang a solo "Gailey I Wander" a beautiful waltz song and he was there sitting with one of our boys and he turned excitedly to Jim Howe and said, "There's my girl, when this is all over, I want you to introduce me to her." Jim said "What do you mean my girl? I don't introduce you. Can't do it man." "Is she gold?" said Alex.

I like to write cheerful letters and there is
too much sadness about that newspaper for me to tell you
now, so I will wait until I can find courage to tell you.
I wish I could forget it. The telephone is ringing so

Bye Bye for now,

Lovingly, Mother