6th letter 1711 Graham Lane La Mott Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 19th, 1954 My dear boys, I don't think I told you about my school days at Fisk University. I spent four happy years there. I was the only Presbyterian student there. Prof. Frederick A. Chase, the only member of the faculty, a Presbyterian also. Therefore, we became staunch friends. He was an old man then to me because he had a white beard. During the years, the University paid for my voice training. No matter what I was doing, anytime a visitor would come, I was sent for to sing for them. If I broke a rule by keeping my light burning after 9 o'clock, our matron would remind me that I should be the last one to break a rule that I forget the University was paying for my voice culture. I grew tired of her telling me all the time what was being done for me so I retorted very sharply. What I care about the old Voice Culture? I did not beg them for it. I could sing before I came here. Little did I dream then that very voice culture would be the means of my making a living. Fisk was noted for its music and the Jubilee Singers made the Musical Department famous. In my 1st year, I was its leading soprano singer. The boys said that old man Chase never attended a concert, only when Carrie Sadgwar sang.

Years ago, when you were little boys, I used to tell you about my travels in Europe and it is hardly necessary to repeat them now. You remember how Lewin used to say "Mother tell us about Scotland and sing us the song in Edinborough Town? I had a visit now long ago from the son of a dear Fisk friend. I had never seen him and we were very glad to see each other. He had heard so much of me. His father is dead now but the family still talked about me when Fisk is mentioned. When we married, we came to Phila. lived ten years and then moved to La Mott. You know La Mott is built on the estate of Lucretia Mott, a quaker lady that was a friend of She helped to save many a slave from bondage to freedom. When she died, she left the whole of her estate to the Negroes for fifty years. If they do not want it after fifty years, then it can be sold. It has been fifty-three years since we bought our home here. I have never regretted leaving Phila. and settling in La Mott. You know how I love my flowers. Here, I have all the flowers I need and more than I can attend. When I sit on my porch and look at the beautiful flowers and trees and lawns about me, I often thank God for all my blessings. Whenever I write a letter to my friends, I nearly always put in a tiny flower so this time I will put a pansy for Lewin and a sprig of candy tuft for you Milo. Candy tuft 15 à l'ittle more dignified

Mother's Day has rolled around again and I received the Orchid, as I was the oldest mother in the church. on the alter were all white. I felt very happy as I walked down the aisle with my precious flower. My mother had a lovely flower garden and a green house. I sometime wonder if she can see my lovely roses. She used to have a lovely yellow rose called Marchel Neil. One of those roses would scent up a room. Write me when you have time. Bye now, Lovingly, Mother