770 Hilldale Avenue
Berkeley 8, California

October 23, 1950
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Dear Margaret,

My train into Greensboro was about half an hour late, but they telegraphed ahead to hold the jerkwater line to Winston-Salem. So I had a slow ride in a one-passenger-car train, the one car being divided in the middle by an open door, into a Jim Crow and a White Section. We reached W-S at about 10:50 and there was Wally and his car. According to some understanding Margaret had Wally rout the two oldest children out of bed and bring them down to the sitting room to greet me. They never quite woke up and stood blinking and barely answering questions. Then they were tumbled back into bed and unconsciousness.

The first night was chilly and I had a cool time with only one thin blanket, but last night I had three with an option on an extra.

The family are all fine, including the half-cocker black dog. Peggy says she is entirely well + Wally is the same. The

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pig children look huge, but of a pale blond coloration. Little Posy has grown and is full of energy. She talks like a streak and can usually be understood. All of them were out in the yard playing ball yesterday, and in the afternoon Johnny played football with a local group of boys at a park, and we went to watch. It was nothing to brag about and so I shall not try.

Margaret and Johnny are putting down a belated breakfast. I just heard Margaret telling Peggy that her class has just appointed monitors to inspect the school lavatories. Civilization is advancing in the south. The children buy their lunches at school under the Federal lunch program.

Wally is giving the United Nations Anniversary address to-morrow, but I shall be in New York, as I leave here this evening.

Your letter mailed on the day of my departure from Berkeley was awaiting me here. I was glad to get the letter from the ASHA about the plans for the meeting in the Chapel at Columbia. Sounds very sombre and more like a song than a speech with its remarks about the choir loft and ~~all~~ Communion Rail.

With love,

Wilbur,

P.S. The Hotel Roosevelt finally wrote that they could make no reservation! And its raining on the park benches. HAS