

1978

Dear Lee,

Finally, I have something  
down on paper. I hope this  
is what you want. I re-  
member everything about  
childhood, its adult life I  
don't remember. ~~remember~~ <sup>smiles</sup> about

I found the picture of Judy  
when she was 3 yrs. old with  
dress on that she wore in my  
wedding. I am sending it to you.

I surely hope you can  
read what I wrote.

Love,  
Gladys

Another little <sup>1. story</sup> that I remember  
from childhood. (Surely you should  
remember this too, if I do.

Maybe this was the last time  
that mom traveled with the five  
of us plus Lula to N.C.

We traveled by train from Norfolk.  
all seven, lunch and all. Mom  
was not aware of the fact that we  
had to transfer at a little place  
called Dennison Junction. She took her  
time getting off the train. As we all  
got off mom looked across ~~the~~ another  
train track on a hill and she said to  
the conductor, "is that my train?" He  
said yes, and you've missed it. I know  
she gave him hell. (smiles. One thing  
I do remember. She told that Cracker,  
if that had been a white woman, he'd  
never have let her <sup>miss that train.</sup> That was  
in the A.M. and ~~that~~ <sup>the next</sup> train came along that

night. Mom. said <sup>2</sup> she turned her head  
and cried. There she sat with her  
brood not knowing what to do.  
She looked out and there stood  
a Negro man. She called and asked  
him if he knew any place <sup>where</sup> ~~that~~ she  
could go and take her children. even  
if just to sit on a porch for the  
afternoon. She had our lunch.  
He said there was a family who lived  
~~across~~ the hill within walking  
distance and he'd be glad to ask  
if we could come over. So he did  
and we spent the P.M. and the people  
were very nice. We journeyed on to  
Woodsdale that evening.