

April 1, 1951.
Sunday night

William P. Perry, Jr.
My Darling.

Dad, Mary, and I left
others at twelve Saturday. The
bus trip was terrible. We stayed
for every negro between here
and Atlanta. After we got
there Dell and I ate dinner and
stayed some. She called the
boy she goes with and he
came and got us and
took us out to my house.
He asked me if I would date
the boy I dated the other
time Dell came down so
I said yes. He told him I was engaged
so they must have been trying to be nice to me.
Dell, Daddy and I
went to the ~~wedding~~ wedding. We
had a horrible time finding
it and even a harder time
finding the reception. It was