

W. G. W.
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NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

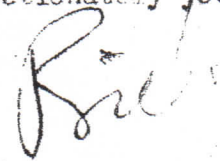
November 6, 1952

My dear Sybil,

Thanks for your letter of October 21st - it was just about the most stirring think I have read in many a day. The real test of our way of life is how it works when the chips are down. Though I've sometimes seen AAs make rather a mess of living, I've never seen a sober one make a bad job of dying. But the account you give me of Tex's last days is something I shall treasure always. I hope I can do half as well when my own turn comes. I am one who believes that in my Father's House there are many Mansions. If that were not so, there couldn't be any justice. I can almost see Tex sitting on the front porch of one, right now, talking in the sunlight with others of God's ladies and gentlemen who have gone on before. I certainly agree with you that little was left in Tex's grave. All he had was left behind in the hearts of the rest of us and he carried just that same amount forward to where he is now. If you like what I've said, please read it to the Huntington Park Group. In any case, congratulate them for me that they had the privilege of knowing a guy like Tex.

As for you, my dear, there is no need to give you advice. How well you understand that the demonstration is the thing, after all. It isn't so much a question of whether we have a good time or a bad time. The only thing that will be asked is what we do with the experience we have. That you are doing well with your tough lot is something for which I and many others are bound to be grateful. This is but a long day in school. Some of the lessons are hard and others are easy. I know you will keep on learning and passing what you learned. What more does one person need to know about another!

Affectionately yours,



WGW/rw

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