

Tuesday Evening

Dearest Mother,

I want you to know that talking to you on the telephone the other night really helped to give me the energy to try to stick it out up here. I want you to know that I really love you and that I know how much it means to have a woman of your greatness of disposition as a mother. You have a warmth and a friendliness that, although I may be 1400 miles away, you always seem now-ready to help or console. Being alone as I have been I have had a lot of time to think about the things I have abused or taken for granted. I've learned some valuable things that will remain with me always.

Well anyway I wrote a little ditty for you - a sonnet that expresses what I feel.

That Gentle Word

There is a gentle sound, a sound once heard
that makes the weary Fall a Spring to me
that makes my problems melt or cease to be
through the gentle magic of that word.

Ah! sweet remembrances of times gone by
and troubled times when she was always there
to wipe away a tear or give a care
to little things with but a patient sigh.

Though fate has hit her hard and without end
She's never lost her sparkle, and her love
is softer still than feathers of a dove
I can truly call her faithful friend
Yes, that magic word, that only word, no other
could better suit a nicer one than - Mother.

With Much Much Love
I remain your son,
Scott

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Stuart

Room 359

un 6-2741

Ex 7156-

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R. P. Hurley
Shady Oaks

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J. C. C. O

J. C. C. O
Winter

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