

March 31, 1925

My dear Aunt:

I have slept well these last two nights and am feeling pretty good, but last evening I almost broke down. I keep on learning so many bad, if not terrible things about my brother, that I can hardly understand where he could have gotten such wickedness into his system. While I was pondering on these things and listening to the radio, some club took charge of the program (KFI, Los Angeles) and began putting on sentimental songs about "mother." That was just about the last thing to put pep in me so I had to go to my room.

Well, I have learned one lesson, and that is, if I feel very good or very bad, I try to write poetry. I tried and although I did not succeed very well, got the following in blank verse:

A Prayer For My Father!

God give him strength to fight, though hard the fray.
Give him the courage to bear the battle blows;
Guide him in these hours of darkness and despair;
Show him the light, and Lord, please lift the veil
That he may see a step or two ahead.
O Lord, I pray Thee lighten his burdens a little,
A little that, though stormy be the way,
Though terrors seem to encompass him about,
Disperse the clouds, and let a ray of sunshine
Pierce the gloom. O God, may the end be now in sight,
An end to these torments and these tortures;
Though time be needed, let the time approach
When he may have peace and rest, though years pass by
Before he leaves his mortal frame and enters
Into a world where sorrows abide not.
O God, give me strength to aid my father.
May my next years bring happiness to his heart,
Make me a source of pride and joy to him,
And may the future show the way
That he may see in me a son of his,
And I see and treat him as my father.
O God, give him hope, and may Thy Mercy
And Thy Grace rest upon him even as I write.
May he have that faith which leads to Peace,
That faith in Thee, remover of all pain
And sorrow, Source of all that's good.
O God, help my father, I repeat again,
Give him strength and courage, from this day forth.
Amen.

This may not be good poetry, but I always put down what comes. Sometimes I have had very good inspirations, and at other times, not very good. Prayers, so far, have come in the same rhythm as this.

I shall be in town Sunday to attend the final symphony concert. I presume Hertz will play in the Hollywood Bowl this summer, and if so, I expect to attend regularly.

We had quite a rain up here but this morning it is very nice.

Well, Auntie, I must to work. I trust you are feeling better now, but it certainly is a Hell we are going through.

With love, I remain

Your nephew,