

Clayton, Ga.,  
Feb. 10, 1938.

Dear Mr. Sam:

For several years I've thought many, many times that I would go to see you while I'm at home, but my stays are always short and full. I've wanted for too long to say "Thank you" for what you've meant to me. I'm afraid young people - and old people too - don't know how to speak gratitude. I realize each year more and more that the good you have done will never end, but march in a cycle year after year.

year helping some one else.  
As I teach, I am often re-  
minded that the very ideals  
I'm trying to create in my  
boys and girls are the ideals  
that came in great part  
from your school talks,  
Sunday-school talks, and other  
influences. As I help ever  
so little some boy or girl  
trying for an education, I  
remember that even that  
is possible only because you  
helped me.

We may regret to say it,  
but I'm sure every other  
boy and girl whom you

have helped feels the same  
way. My youngest brother  
said, "I never get so far away  
from Tate that I get out of  
hearing of Mr. Sam Tate's  
prayers".

If you could read the  
hearts of those who have  
come under your guidance  
and protection, I believe you  
would say, "Well, done". The  
more we mix with the world,  
the more we realize what  
you have meant to us.

Belated but heart-felt gratitude,  
Myrtle Jackson Perkins