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Letter From Ricky Brewster to Eleanor Snell

Ruth G. Bauser
Ursinus College

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Dear Eleanor,

I intended to sit down at the typewriter and make this a neat and orderly letter. It's faster, easier, neater, and all spelling errors could be blamed on errant fingers. But being a personal, heartfelt letter, long hand seemed the only answer. So, errors be damned, it's what's said—not how neat or how grammatically correct—that counts.

Testimonial dinners are wonderful. They're fun to attend—they're a tangible way of paying tribute and saying "thanks" to a fine person. But after the well wishes of the morning, the last of the revelers is poured out the door and, normally, the testimony is over.

Not so with you, Eleanor! We who were so finely guided and intelligently nurtured by your wisdom and philosophy do not leave our final thanks at the door. Many of us have had our values and ideas molded—though in a very subtle way—by your many hours of patient guidance. Because of your interest, and, yes, compassion—many of us have found a way of life that does not end with the last goddamn scound or nun batted in on the U.C. campus.

Fourteen years have gone by since the last time you should have had any effect on my life. But the things I learned in those formidable and vulnerable years have been, and always will be, the basis of my life pattern. Because this is so, there is just as strong an influence on the life of our three sons as there has been on my own.

Therefore, the true testimony to you, Eleanor, will not be 500 people at a dinner. Rather it will be the 5,000 or 50,000 people whose lives you've touched. And by touching, have eased, enlightened or improved.

Personally, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Finally, Ricky Bureski '52