

6.3.12.

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COPY.

3. Berkeley Avenue.

Nottingham

Darling Mother

Bravo! you plucky  
woman. I have been getting  
on alright & so have we all I  
think

I have got a match tomorrow  
against a Sheffield Team  
They are very strong but  
I think it ought to be a good  
match.

I don't mind your not telling  
me everything. I knew what

you were going to do.

I have been mending  
Markie's type writer for him.

I played in the eights yesterday  
but our team lost 9-0  
-unfortunately.

Goodbye mother darling  
& the best of luck.

From Garth

One who never turned his  
back but marched breast

Never doubted clouds <sup>forward</sup> would  
break.

Never dreamed tho' right were  
worsted

wrong would triumph

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to  
fight better

Sleep to Wake.

Letter from Mary Ellen Taylor's elder  
son Garth age 16. & at Nottingham  
High School to his mother in prison  
Mark is the younger son then aged  
9 yrs