

2512 Wash Rd

Kenosha, Wis.

3/29/39.

Dear Dr. Allen:

I am writing now a letter I had - way down in my heart - hoped I'd never have to write - yet I knew I would sooner or later.

In a recent letter to your secretary, I informed her that a friend had said he'd get me tickets for the recent basketball final in Chicago, which I would be able to enjoy since I would be in Chicago that day. This he said he was unable to do - at least that's what he said - & I did not see the game.

But I did go to see the crippled lad that evening in a Chicago suburb - to discover that I would never see him again. Upon my arrival I was told that the youngster had passed away very unexpectedly - for it had been felt he would hang on at least several months.

Of course, this is a blessing - as he did suffer tremendously at times. If I had not gone there that evening I wonder when I would have found out. I know you will perhaps agree that I have more or less the right to feel incensed. I had taken a great interest in the boy ever since he was brought to my attention thro' an older sister of his who I had employed while managing a chair grocery in Chicago.

I have spent a great deal of money - which I did gladly, I interested some of the members of the