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November 17, 1938.

Mr. Wade Green,
Stewart, Nevada.

Dear Wade:

Your sad letter just arrived and I know how you feel. I lost my mother when I was 19 years of age. It is always an irreparable loss and we are never ready for it.

Mother is the one person above everybody else in our deepest affections, and why should she not be? She sacrifices not only her health and her joy, but she would give her very life and she did take that chance before you or I came into the world. When a mother walks in the very valley of the shadow of death for someone that she hopes to see - when she does that she takes a very sober inventory of her life and the things that happen in anyone's mind under such conditions as that just makes them more spiritual than anyone else. And it is that spiritual something that other people do not possess that makes us think of mother as we do.

Of course these tragedies come to us all but we are never ready for them. I wrote you a letter yesterday, Wade, because I wanted you to know that I was thinking of you. While words are inadequate, I did want you to know that I as your friend was sincerely thinking of you and trusting that you would have sufficient strength to give you a philosophy that would not embitter you but would sweeten your thoughts and make you thankful for the wonderful mother that you had.

After all, that is the immortality of life - that immortality of having those we love live in our hearts. My deepest and sincerest sympathies to you and your father and your brother.

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.