

September 9, 1941.

Mr. Wilson Houts,
State Hospital No. 2,
St. Joseph, Missouri.

Dear Wilson:

I have written your mother a lengthy letter. She wrote me that she was going over to see you yesterday. I trust that your meeting was one that left hope in both of your hearts for your future.

You can still make it, Wilson, but you are going to have to fight and keep your chin up every day that you are there where people are trying to help you fight back to a path of durable satisfactions.

Your mother told me you had a lovely wife and you also told me so. You told me that her first husband, who is the father of her little girl, went bad like you did. I know that you are going to try to be somebody so that the little girl and your wife can have someone to lean on.

At the first opportunity I will drop over and see you. Won't you write me a letter and tell me how you are getting along? Enough time has elapsed to allow you to think things over. You remember you told me you couldn't write. I told you to print a letter to me. I can read printing very easily. So I will count on your printing me a letter, and your writing will improve a lot in the next few days.

Expecting a letter and hoping that you are feeling very much better, I am

Your good friend,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.