

March 28, 1945.

Mr. H. P. Lang,
3901 Forrest,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Lang:

Last Saturday night when I was in to see the basketball finals of the National Collegiate, I learned from your son that you had had an unfortunate accident.

My father several years ago had the same accident, and he was like you - gritty and didn't give up, so he just treated that broken hip as an incident, had it fixed, and ten years after that he was ambling on both of his pedal extremities in good shape. Here's hoping the same success for you. We are awfully sorry for your accident, but we are wishing you well now in a rapid mend.

Surgical science has developed some wonderful advancements since my father was injured. They did not have the silver nail or spike to fix things up as they now have, so I am trusting that everything is very satisfactory with you and that it will not be long before you will be out again.

In the old days in old Convention Hall I remember you and Mr. Shouse so vividly. The fact that you have kept up your interest all these years attests to your vision and your kindly attitude toward humanity.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH