H. L. CHAMBERS, M. D. LAWRENCE, KANSAS

DEAR FRIENDS,

During my recent tour in the Hospital, so many of you called on me, or sent me plants, flowers, fruit, candy or messages that you made it practically impossible for me to write each of you all individual notes.

Singly and together you did much to stimulate, encourage, support, and sustain me. At the height (or depth) of my illness, I could feel, almost by the touch, that someone's prayers were carrying me through and across the "Valley of the Shadow". For all this, I am thankful and appreciative.

It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive, and I hope you are now experiencing the blessing and benediction your kind thought and kinder action merit. Again thanking you and wishing you the most and the best of everything, I am very truly yours,

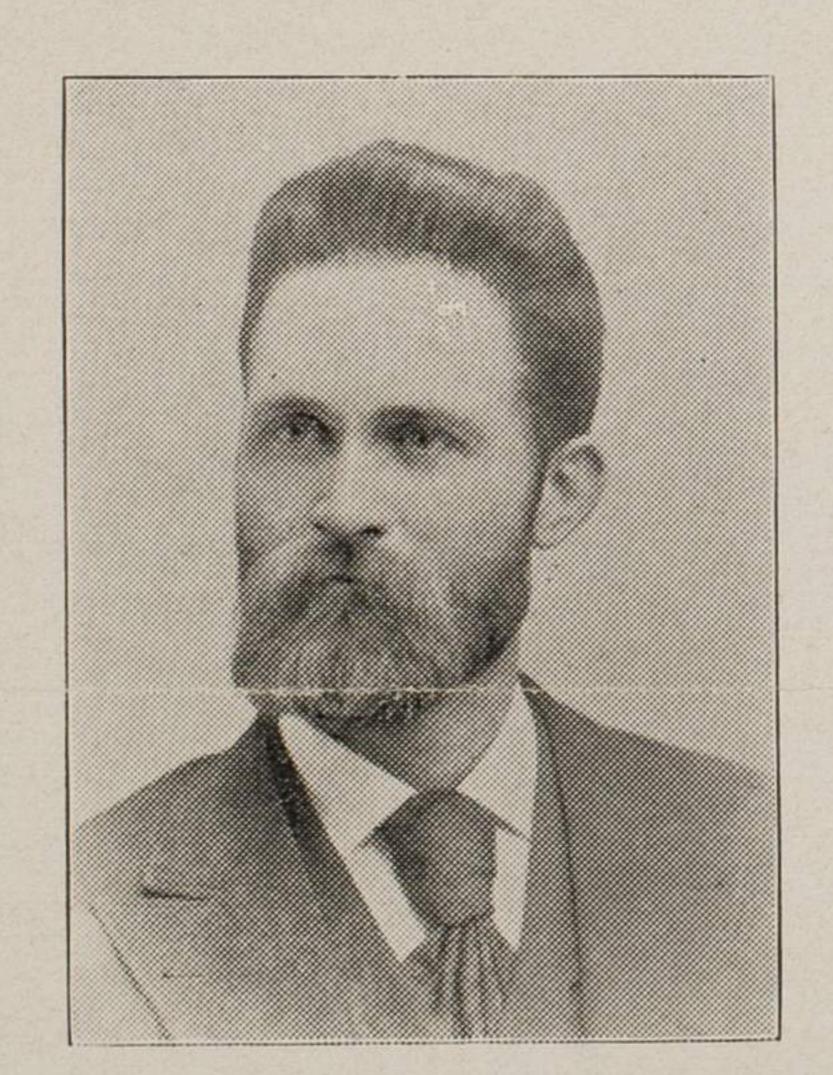
H. L. CHAMBERS

P.S. I left the Hospital Saturday morning but will not attempt to work for ten days or so. H.L.C.

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No man may accurately predict the future from the past, nor may he ever factually reconstruct the past from the present. Since the first picture my life has been contacted, moulded, and modified by marriage, parenthood, time, climate and weather, leadership and discipleship, experience, travel, social contacts, and professional associations, public opinion, scientific discoveries, wars, and various personal accidents, and a host of other influences clear out to sunspots. Do you wonder that I am changed, improved, and streamlined?

I still get a childish thrill from what my friend, Charles B. Holmes, said of me a few years ago and am reproducing it here for your delectation.

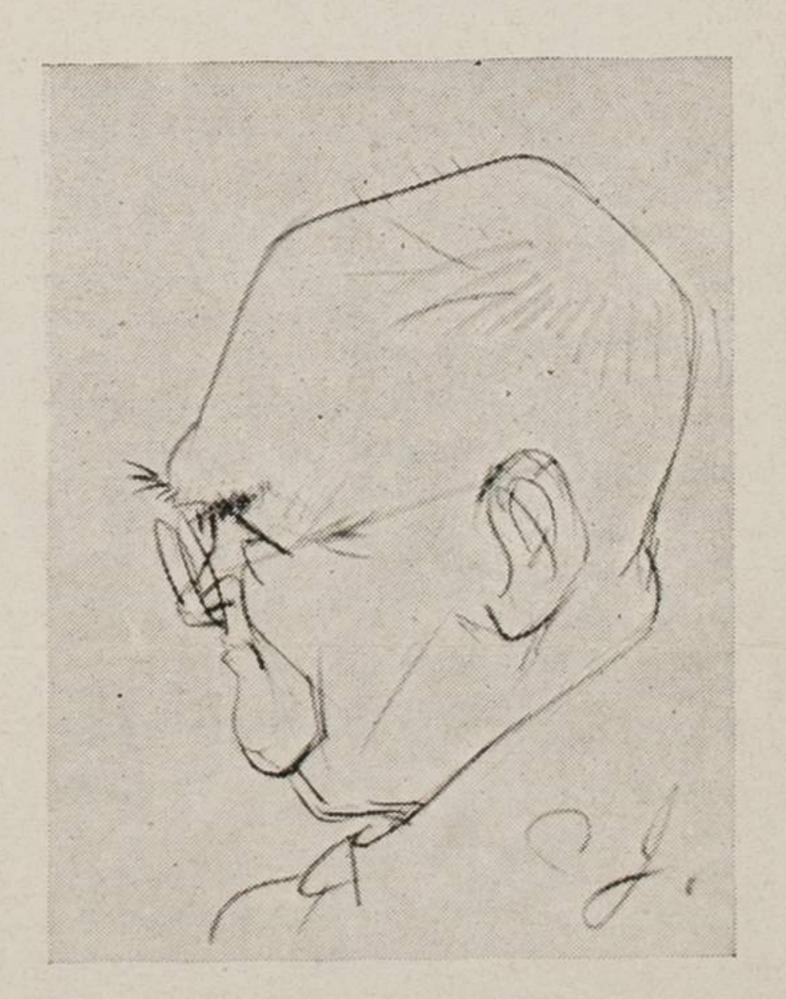


In these days of tribulation, Queer new deals and crime and such-When the world's gone to the bow-wows And life don't mean so much-

How we need a mug that's cheerful, For to rest our weary gaze, How we need an eye that twinkles— And a jaw that's square always!

So we're grateful for this visage, Sans the hirsute locks of youth, With its generous bump of knowledge-Brows that frown in search of truth!

With that extra chin for chuckles, And that mouth that sets so tight;



Improbable Believe it It's a mug that gives us courage, as it seems or not it is. it was. Makes us feel the world's all right!