March 12, 1943.

Dear Mom later,

Bob & I have a little boy. Jim. Matter what he does or one thought is to protect him from heart ache.

When I read today's paper about your son, my heart stopped a
Let's view through the lens. One thought is to include him to help him see the humps he is bound to meet. This, I know, is the first time in your life you are helping, how do you feel?
I need that can console you — I know there would not be for me. The only thing you can do is rely on God to keep him and you through this.

As I look at my little boy sleeping so sweet in his bed tonight I think if you ever had much it would mean to you to wake in your son’s arms and see him asleep as trusting & unafraid.

If for no other reason, your loving thoughtfulness of others is bringing us close tonight. I wish there was one
thing I could do is pray
to help you through
the day I worry. My
thoughts & prayers are
with you-

Sincerely

Helen Chupp

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