

To Mr. Medical School Secy!  
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August 2, 1961

Dear Bob:

On a balmy day in Bavaria early in 1953, about to be released from the service, I received a telegram of acceptance for Medical Fellowship from the Department of Medicine, University of Minnesota. I knew nothing more about Minnesota than it's mean winter temperature and that magic name in Internal Medicine, Dr. C. J. Watson. On such bases far-reaching personal decisions are made.

Upon arrival some months later, Paul Frick introduced me to Dr. Watson in his old office. With no background of knowledge in blood pigments, I volunteered a knowledge of four winters' skiing in the Austrian Alps, and thereby established that small niche necessary for interested human relationships.

But then I was sent to the V. A. farm, and then to St. Paul's Ancker, two moves which led eventually to my present ambivalent occupation, and somewhat away from the hallowed halls of the Department of Medicine, University Hospitals.

During the three-year Fellowship Program in Internal Medicine my wife, Nelly, had two daughters, both of whom survived the period actually rather well-nourished. Immediately afterward I signed on part-time with the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene, part-time as an insurance Medical Director, and part-time in the practice of Internal Medicine in St. Paul. At times I have been involved with the Medical Service at Ancker and the V. A., with the clinics at the University, with the Cardiac Work Evaluation Unit of Minnesota

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Heart, with the Advisory Board of the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, with the conduct of clinical heart disease surveys in men of a number of countries under Professor Ancel Keys' programs, and with problems of reliability of the clinical aspects of epidemiological work.

Nelly, John, Katherine, Heidi, Fido, and myself live on Bush Lake in West Bloomington. Nelly has established a small reputation as folk song singer and tutoress in French in the communities, and I have acquired a small but kindly disposed following in certain non-intellectual musical pursuits. After an estimated 3500 transits up and down West River Road, passing Dr. Watson's home, of course, I recently revolted against dreary commuting and fixed up an old MG-TD to refresh the long daily trek to and from the University. I recommend the change to other confined, commuting, would-be adventurers.

I am happy to maintain still a thread of interesting communication with the Department of Medicine under Professor Watson--an institution which has profoundly influenced all who have passed through it.