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NEUROLOGICAL SURGERY

Denver is a pretty town for one of its size (about 900,000 in the metropolitan area) and the weather is remarkably temperate. There are seven other neurosurgeons in private practice here (which isn't a bad ratio of head-crackers to population), and the quantity is considerably greater than the quality. After three months in practice I am pleasantly surprised by the number of private patients I have seen, and I think I'll ultimately do quite well here. In addition to the private business I have an appointment at the medical school (which doesn't pay any money but I enjoy the work with the residents and students) and one as an attending at the V.A. I really believe the combination is an ideal one and the future looks bright.

I married Doris Wolfe, who was head nurse on 10-East at Wesley, in April of 1950 and from this union have been born three girls (and no boys!!), aged seven, five, and 11 months. I don't know of any other offspring born of any extra-marital unions during this period--and I'm sure if there were any they would have <sup>been</sup> called to my attention.

Speaking of extra-marital affairs (and in answer to your query), our old friend Leon Schreiner is doing neurosurgery in Cheyenne (of all places to do that sort of thing.) I have heard from him only indirectly during recent years--and then from a young lady who said he was still interested in girls. At least he was interested in her.

As far as the remainder of the old crew is concerned, I don't know of the whereabouts or affairs of most of them. Jerry Rainer finished a general and thoracic surgery residency here last year and has been practicing in Salt Lake City. He is quite dissatisfied there and, I believe, plans to return to Denver soon. Laibe Scheinberg trained in neurology at the Neurological Institute in New York and has a position of some rank at Albert Einstein in the Bronx. He divorced (or maybe she divorced him) that kook he married when he was at Wesley and is now married to a lovely Louisiana belle. We saw them occasionally when we were in New York and they seem to be making a go of it. Hap Arnold is still in the Navy, has finished general surgery training, and is now taking some work in thoracic surgery--in Chicago, I believe. Storm Browne, still probably as mad as ever, is, according to reports, in the Navy and doing orthopedics. I don't know anything about the other members of our scholarly group. John Martin, who steered me into this racket, fought with Loyal Davis in late 1951 and went into the Army. He was chief of N.S. for the Army for a time and then had some sort of an emotional break which brought about his retirement. He is living in Sierra Madre, California in more or less retirement. I feel quite bad about his situation since he was always such a booster for me. It's a pity that his talents are being wasted. We saw him in Sierra Madre a year ago and still write to him frequently.

(over)

*the years, not the friends*

Although the years have passed and we have met many new friends during their passing, we still think occasionally of the old Wesley crew--and they were a grand group.

One can hardly forget the week-end of Hap Arnold's wedding in Racine when we were such illustrious members of the wedding party. I can still very vividly remember you at the wedding reception when you said, "Boy, this is damn good punch--this is my 17th one." If you will recall, Jeannie Erickson and Liz Brett went to that week-end soire with us. To the best of my recollection, you and Jeannie stayed over another day or two in the local hotel-- a fact that distressed Sue's father considerably since he was paying the bill. Liz Brett, as you may have heard, was murdered at the front of Hampshire House in 1952.

Another memorable night was the one of a party in the interns lounge at Wesley when our often drunken colleague Storm Browne bet all comers that he could throw a pool ball through one of the wired-glass windows in that establishment. He gave it the old college try (\$34 dollars worth, as I recall) but couldn't make it.

I'll surely remember for years to come our frequent forays to that abode of Lee Collins, the Victory Club on North Clark Street where you would go, with my urging, to blow your liquorish (or is that licorice) stick. I continued to go to the V.C. after you left Chicago--until Lee began to hit me for a loan now and then.

So much for the idle reminiscing--I've exhausted the supply of beer--and Budweiser is a great stimulant to reminiscing. Those were grand days and nights.

Again it was good to hear from you and learn that things are going so well. Your friend, Lee Garlett, office in the building next to mine. I haven't met him, but I shall do so and give him your regards.

It would certainly be good to see you again and hope we can do it before your proposed visit to the Broadmoor. In any event, we're looking forward to your spending some time with us then. Keep us posted on how things are going.

Our kindest personal regards to you and your family.

Sincerely,

*June*