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NEUROLOGICAL SURGERY

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Dear Henry,

It was indeed a pleasure to receive your recent letter with its resume of your activities since those happy days (and happier nights) at Wesley. It's quite a shocking experience to stop and realize how rapidly those ten years have passed.

From your letter it is evident that you have spent the time both wisely and well--and you have been every bit as peripatetic as I.

I'll try to bring you up-to-date as to my activities during the intervening years. After leaving Wesley I worked for a general surgeon friend of mine in Muncie, Indiana for six months and then did general practice there for two years. In 1952 I returned to the fold as a resident with that self-appointed world's greatest brain surgeon, Loyal Davis. After two years of residency I went into the Air Force for two years and spent the entire time on the neurosurgery service at Sampson, New York. It wasn't a bad two years as far as military service is concerned. I was doing neurosurgery, living was easy with many parties, and the countryside was nice--but the time could have been more profitably spent.

In the summer of 1956, following my release from the A.F., I went to the Neurological Institute in New York for a year of medical neurology. It was a year well-spent and we enjoyed living in the Big Town. In 1957 we came to Denver (at the urging of Jerry Rainer who was here in a general surgery residency) for a final year of neurosurgery residency. It was the most worth-while year of all.

In the summer of '58 we moved to Davenport, Iowa where I practiced for a year with a fellow named Stan Goldstein who had finished the neurosurgery program at Northwestern shortly after I began. I was quite busy there, made some money, and, from all indications, was well liked. Perhaps we could have stayed without much urging--but the area wasn't very attractive, I was doing most of the work and not getting most of the dough, didn't care a great deal for my associate, and, most of all, missed the academic atmosphere of a medical school association.

My chief at the medical school here is an unusually intelligent and well-informed fellow named Keasley Welch who had encouraged me not to leave Denver originally and urged me to return once I had left. So, with his blessing, we moved back to this land of high taxes and low fees to have a go at it. So far we are encouraged and optimistic.