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Fall Corresp.
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Dear Henry:

It has been much too long since we have been in touch. Safety Harbor Spa is now a super fitness center, many millions having been expended for its rejuvenation. Along with other changes, notably in exercise and spa facilities, a structure has been added for group meetings and conventions. With the new yuppie clientele, I feel more like a camp doctor - which is where I started fifty years ago, than a cardiologist however obsolete. I have an exceptionally good portrait photo of you, misplaced for the nonce in my disordered study, showing you playing your tenor sax. If Charles Sinks, our photographer when you were here years ago (and whose present whereabouts I do not know), did not give you this picture I shall send it to you when it turns up as it must.

In this week's issue of Medical Tribune, which I presume was sent to you, there appears as Medical Perspective, your article The Low Risk Coronary Male. I have been Contributing Editor to this journal for long years, and sent in to Med Trib. your delightful essay, along with an editorial which was to have appeared in the same issue, galley of which is enclosed. The editorial was bumped being replaced by an Ave Atque Vale to Arthur Sackler, publisher and close friend with whom I had been associated for 35 years. He died, most unexpectedly, just the week before, and I will be attending a memorial service to him this week in New York before going on to Denver and Estes Park to join my family for a week's get together.

I am enclosing also galley proof of a paper I had been invited to present at last fall's Congress of Life Assurance Medicine in Tokyo. I have not been involved in life insurance medicine for many years, and I presume the same is true with you. Much of the life insurance data of that time and since, as collated by Richard Singer and others, anticipated and has been confirmed by subsequent epidemiologic studies.

I am not as much a meeting goer as in former days and so am less in touch with old and good friends. Saw Harry Ungerleider a few years back on return from China. He is living in Anaheim and in his nineties, feisty as ever. Over lunch smiling benignly he told me, "dick, I don't have an enemy in the world. I've outlived all the bastards".

Cordially,

Dick