

Woods Hole, Mass. July 25, 27

Dear Mr. Brewster.

Here follow a message or two

- 912 1. Cancer is very rarely painful
at the beginning. If detected on
very early most people would be
permanently cured.
- 913 2. Black & dark brown warts
should always be cut out with
the skin under them. They often
become cancerous.
- 914 3. Pain in the right-side of the
belly if it recurs, generally
means appendicitis or gall
stones & calls for speedy operation.
- 915 4. When you are sick the best
doctor is none too good for you.

Yours sincerely

W. W. Keen

Use any or none as you choose

Robert H
Dr. Kennedy

To Miss Ginnon,
my father, who has
been responsible
for any point I
readied with a.c.s

54 East Erie Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Doctor Kanavel, -

Of course you already know of the remarkable progress which Doctor Martin has made. He walks about unassisted; goes up and downstairs; is doing some longhand writing each day; has no loss of word memory; looks well; eats well; sleeps well; talks as fluently as formerly (his voice may not be quite so strong); and apparently has recovered his old-time "pep."

You have been very close to the Doctor for many years; and it is needless for me to tell you of the great value which he has always placed upon your friendship and judgment. Perhaps I have taken my cue from my Boss; but I have had abundant opportunity during my seventeen years of affiliation with the organizations hereabouts (in which you have both been so much interested) to form my own opinion of your great wisdom. Therefore, I am coming to you for some confidential advice.

It will be but a short time — perhaps a week, maybe two — before the Doctor will want to resume at least some of his responsibilities in connection with his official activities. You know that inactivity, and being kept in ignorance of things that are going on in the organizations in which he is so vitally interested will cause him great distress, much heartbreak, and perhaps harm. Already he is asking me questions about our affairs. What is to be my line of procedure? I am his Secretary. I have always given him loyalty to the fullest extent of my capabilities; and if and when I cannot continue to do so, my days of usefulness to him will have ended. I don't see how I can evade giving him the information which he seeks through me.

The Doctor in charge of the case has repeatedly stated to Mrs. Martin and to me (and perhaps to others) that Doctor Martin should not be consulted, either now or later, in regard to any matters connected with his organizations which will require exercise of thought or judgment; that he should no longer be the active Director-General of the College; that he should probably be a "Director-General Emeritus"; and this he has also said to Doctor Martin himself. It was evidently a very telling blow, as it preyed on the Doctor's mind for several days, and probably still does.

Inherently it is my foremost and only wish to follow the course that will prove most beneficial, now and ultimately, to Doctor Martin. And I know this is also the sentiment of everyone who is a part of the Doctor's organizations.

You, too, have been "a Doctor on the case". Won't you send me some early word that will serve to guide us now and in the immediate future, until you return to Chicago and we can advise with you in person.

Always gratefully and sincerely yours,

SUMNER L. KOCH

Jan'y 3rd. 1952.

Dear Eleanor:

Your nice Christmas letter and some beautiful handkerchiefs for Lucille arrived right on time. Thank you so much. I am sure the handkerchiefs will be used only on state occasions.

We were intrigued with your ambitious program, and I have made a bet that before long they will be giving some of the faculty a long leave of absence, and let you take over. Don't let me down when they make an offer.

We have been having a happy holiday time and now it is almost over. John and Caroline look go back to school tomorrow, the thermometer is dropping fast, and very soon we shall have only memories of Christmas '51. We had a gay New Year's eve party at our house. As usual I disgraced myself, and have taken three full days to recover. As it is, I am still badly shaken.

Our plans for the next few months are still uncertain. They will depend somewhat on what the Weather man brings. Today we have had dry roads, and snow only on two occasions. Both times it lasted for only a few days. Best wishes and a happy New Year.

Sincerely yours
Sumner

SUMNER L. KOCH

179. 52.

Dear Eleanor.

I thought you should see this program so that you will realize how much you are missed.

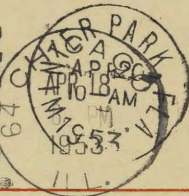
I was sure when I looked at it that "Imminence" wasn't the right word. but waited until we got home to the dictionary. I asked Mrs. Prime yesterday if she was responsible, but she pleaded complete innocence.

We are having Florida weather, but it is a little foggy. Best from all of us -

Sincerely yours
Sumner.

4/18/53 Dear Eleanor. We were sorry to hear from
Dr. McEachern that you had been ill, and your
school plans had gone awry. You should have
stayed in Chicago and not gone to that cold
Florida country this year. Better plan to come
back. but don't hurry right now for spring is
very reluctant to bust out around here. If
you drive back stop at the Beaumont Inn
at Harrodsburg, Ky. for breakfast, and stuff a
few corn cakes in your pocket for the Kochs.

BUILD YOUR FUTURE
WISELY SAFELY
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



1953.



AIR MAIL-POSTAL CARD

Miss Eleanor Grimm
Box 147
Casper, Fla
~~1400 Highland Road,~~
~~Winter Park,~~
Fla.

SUMNER I. KOCH

Monday, Jul 10th, 68
Dear Eleanor:

Since Ben, Moe and the rest of us got the other
dotted we assume you have everything packed and that you are
consuming the days before starting off on another voyage. (How do they
get along without you in Anacosta when you look the forwarder
and wave good bye?) From all we can read you are going to
have your hands full getting things straightened out overseas.
Frankie seems to be increasing instead of decreasing.
We are plodding along here, counting the days too, but
our count is of the days we're spending. We are getting a
little bored with what the weather man is hauling out. Just
live with the ups, when a ^{10-day good weather morning} hot front has had
also making money during one of the claim agents for
Liberty Mutual, an insurance company that exists as a
good many patients, called to say a given explosion had just
happened in one of their plants and a number of men were badly
injured, could we get them into Rappahannock? (I'll try to
wound need certain! The men had been taken to Mr. Arma
and Rappahannock, the nearest hospital, for first aid care, he said
they would probably be alright temporarily, and he would call me
at 7:30 in the morning. The men thought about it no more
Began to wonder what sort of car they had received, so to attract
conscience. Hitched up the old gray man and started off.
You would have been grateful to all the Emergency Room
at Mr. Arma. The injured men had been bandaged and put to bed,
but the confusion and turmoil that resulted was something to all:
and orderlies, rushing about, over the port office "checking traffic"

was in a state. "It's terrible, terrible, Doctor. Shockings, cuttings,
all of them drunk; Saturday night, it's terrible!" He was Irish,
and all the way to the 9th floor he kept saying in his very
pronounced brogue that it was "terrible".

One of the men had been terribly lacerated from head to foot.
A resident had put a tube in the trachea, and was trying to suck the blood
from it and help the man's breathing. I stayed to help for a little
while and to talk to the family (fortunately, for the man died before
an "attending man" saw him, and the Ansonia Co was grateful
that I had seen him). Then I went to the Presbyterian Hospital
and saw one patient there. Got home at 5 am. Later in the week
three patients were transferred to Passavant, all are getting on well.
Such is the life of a country doctor.

How are all our friends in Sarasota and Opaun? I have
worried about Robbe. Have had a "hunch" that he has not been
well. Please give them all our best.

Lucille joins me in many good wishes for a happy vacation.

As always,

Samuel

4/10 -

Dear Eleanor,

We decided that John Glenn's mainland trip

has opened you into "getting going", and that your sticking
fast simply won't pay. At all events your itinerary
should now stick, and we shall expect to see some
travelogue that will make some of the old pros around.
We have to stay at home and tote, and try to
keep the hospital beds filled, and save enough money to keep
Mr. Mortimer Kaplan and his group happy.

On passing, the Embassy did get to Florida
this winter. The travel agency in Miami, along
with the Catholic Academy. They are planning to meet
Miami in Jan'y '63, as you may have a chance to meet

acquaintances.
(Chicago office & home)

Chicago as guides to some. Some have
and his wife are on a trip to Bangkok, Hongkong and Japan.

The American Anthropological Association is having a joint meeting with
a Japanese group, and Emilio is giving a paper at the meeting.
Emilio and John, ^{little} 5 year old Anne and 14 year old Johnny
visited us for a few days two weeks ago; all made our Port,
and this little girl was with us about three weeks earlier,

so we haven't been neglected.

We (Lucille, Carlos and I, Florence) and
our second baby, Louise) are planning to visit Mike

and Alice in Easton Sunday, Mike's birthday is the 23rd,
and that is the real occasion for the party.
We all hope and trust you will have a good time.

Don't take any foreign trading stamps, they are hard to cash

on always, especially yours
Lucille and Florence

The following Sunday our friends, the Morgans, from
Springing, Omaha, were there. They spent the week-end
with us and their artist helper, Bert, through
with him with his wife for Sunday dinner.

(Mike is the 23rd of April); and Mike seemed to enjoy it too.
We all enjoyed the combined Easter and birthday celebration
and so doing very well at it.)
making a living. A year ago he started to make
Cora. She is a rather precocious and uncertain way of
husband being, and went with guests, etc., for
(Bert is the former lawyer. Clark is our other secretary. The
and don't know that he played the guitar and sang for us.

She had a buffet dinner, and between the dinner course
husband and little legs on the lawn, joined us there.
went to the Mason, and then to the house, house and the
Easter Sunday. (Cora and I

appreciated all the more often our even with.
and apples. It's a wonderful time of the year, and
Rita, and the flowering trees - crabapples, plums
Everything is turning into bloom all at once. And
We are in the midst of springtime too.

to plant in Omaha. The trees you were pretty hot in
to plant, but you didn't tell us about the grass, and bushes?
to interesting and enjoyable. We didn't realize you were
We are happy to know your trip is proving

Dear Eleanor:

May 13th.

SUMNER L. KOCH

Sent and
5/17
1963

The Bells and Strombergs came too, the weather was pleasant and everyone had a fine time.

The Motuzs spent several months with us in '47. They are now making a medical tour and Erik is giving lectures along the way - Montreal, Cleveland, N. of Ill., Omaha City and San Francisco, and also attending several medical meetings of Plastic and Orthopedic Surgeons. They entertained the Masons at the annual meeting of the College in Stockholm a few years ago, and of course were happy to see them again.

I won't try to post you on other news, you probably know as much or more than we do. I still think you may have to hurry back and help get our Administration in Washington back on the track.

I had a touching and most appreciative letter from Dr. Paulson in return to one I sent at Easter time.

"It was just like you to write at Easter such a helpful note, for any message from you folks recalls a relationship which seems to become more precious to me through the years. Trouble with my myocardium kept me from answering before this time, and our medical staff here are quite relentless, etc." Apparently he is getting along well now, "each time am thankful to have another chance." It was a beautiful letter.

Take care of yourself. We think of you often. Lucille is delighted that you are having so fine a trip.
As always - Sincerely yours
Summer

Friday, Sept 14th. 1962.

Dear Helen and Eleanor:

(I hope you won't mind my writing one letter to two good friends. It will save me some work, and my wobbly handwriting isn't what it should be.)

Lucille and I started for Minnesota on Monday, Aug 6th, as soon as our Bill Stromberg returned from his Canada vacation. I had known for several months that I was facing trouble (i.e. frequent stools and gradually increasing passage of blood). We went to my sister's home on Lake Minnetonka, and on Thursday, the 9th, I left Lucille with Marquette, and took a bus for Rochester.

I had written Dr. Priestley 2 weeks before, and he had arranged things so as to get the wheels rolling promptly. The proctoscopic examination was the essential thing, and showed a malignant ulcer 14 cm. from the outlet.

Friday afternoon Dr. Priestley came to my hotel room, I said I wanted to go ahead with what should be done, and when he mentioned several men who were doing most of the lower bowel surgery, I said I would be very happy to have

I went to the hospital on Sunday, was bundled to the OR on Tuesday morning, fell asleep on a couch where I was awaiting my turn, and remembered absolutely nothing after that until I was put back in bed, and heard someone say, "It's all over, and everything is alright."

I was pretty well anchored with a nasal catheter attached to a suction machine to keep the stomach empty, an indwelling catheter in the bladder and a continuous intravenous solution flowing in the left forearm -

I had 1/2 gr. of codeine the night of the operation, and no sedatives after that. I don't know if the doctors thought I was a little crazy, but I said I didn't need sedatives or sleeping pills; if I awoke during the night and couldn't go back to sleep I simply turned on the light and read.

Caroline had given me "Advice and Consent", and I could hardly lay it down; Miss Hart had sent me "Eight days in May" - fiction ^{of course}, a plot on the part of the Chiefs of Staff to take over the Gov't, which didn't eventuate, but made some exciting reading. Then I managed "The Agony and the Ecstasy" from the hospital library, and "The Making of a President" which John sent me - the story of the 1960 campaign written by a skillful reporter, who spent some time with the ^{of each candidate} sittings through the country.

The day after operation they had me walking down the long corridor, after temporarily detaching some of the tubes and apparatus.

John thought, whom I have known and admired for a long time. After some telephoning Dr. Fawcett said that he had forgotten that Dr. Waugh was wanting his vacation, and was wanting Friday afternoon for the Lake Superior country. He decided then to ask Dr. Edw. Guido, the son of E. Stran, and Dr. Guido agreed to "take me on".

Friday evening I went over to Dr. Baetjer's home, and he gave having a very nice visit with Dr. Baetjer who called to my phone. He came back and said Dr. Waugh had been severely injured in an auto accident, had been taken, unconscious to a Dispensary, Mrs. Hospital, and that several men from the Clinic, including Dr. Smith, Chief of Neuro-surgery were leaving by plane for Superior. Dr. Waugh had been taken to the hospital immediately.

I learned later that Dr. Waugh never regained consciousness; that nothing could be done to counteract the brain damage. He died on Saturday afternoon.

It was all so tragic, and I missed so much that something had made him say, "Oh, how a day on this, and speak on this day." Take just doesn't permit such things.

I had hoped that Condon who started the vacation at
 day after flew to Rochester, and flew to N.Y. to be with
 Lucille, might pick me up in a week or so, and take me
 home. It soon became obvious that that plan wouldn't
 work, so on Friday, 3 days after the operation, Condon
 and Lucille stayed for home, they stopped off to see me,
 and then got home on Sat. In the meantime Connie
 and John, Anne and little Johnny had come for their
 vacation and were at Elmira with Connie, John,
 of course Lucille and Connie were anxious to see them
 and have them spend part of the time in our home.
 Some would infection developed - not an uncommon
 thing because the lower form is a contaminated field, and
 in spite of every effort to carry out repeated mechanical
 cleaning for several days before operation. That delayed -
 prolonged convalescence, and actually I left the hospital
 nearly a month to the day from my arrival in Rochester.
 I should have said that the operation was a
 complete success. The infection didn't spread to the
 surrounding tissues, they were able to exercise
 and resume the work of the bowel. There is no small
 lymph node was also removed, none showed any
 invasion from the primary growth.
 Thursday after the operation I got rid of the most
 tide, Friday of the catheter, and Saturday of the
 intravenous fluid. Life was much simpler after

that, and I went through my regular exercises morning and afternoon. There were some temporary setbacks, some uncomfortable wound irrigations, but really nothing to fuss about.

Bob flew to Mpls. one Fri. evening, my sister and her husband met him at the air port and brought him to Rochester the next day. He had a good visit, and when Bob returned to Mpls. had a sail on the lake ^{and} a real get-together with Marquerite and Eval. He flew back to Mpls. on Sunday afternoon.

A week later John flew up from Chicago, spent the afternoon with me, and stayed over night in a nearby motel. Late in the afternoon the very nice Sister in charge of the floor said she had ordered a tray for John, and we could have supper together. While we were eating Dr. Balfour came in to see me. I was touched for he said it was the first time he had been in the hospital since he had been a patient 3 mos. before (another heart attack). I was happy that John could meet him, and that he could see what a handsome son we had.

I really can't say enough for the constant, efficient and kindly care I received. The "fellows" (there are 600 in the 3 and 4 year training program) work like dogs. There were

occasionally just plain me.
A week ago, on the 10th, they said I could go home
in a few days. I suggested Sunday, and they said O.K.
One of the nice fellows, Walter Hansen (a nephew
of Dr. Hansen) who had been an intern at Parsonage,
insisted on taking me to the airport. He showed up
promptly at 9:30, grabbed my heavy suit case and guided me
from the 5th floor. When my room was at the very south
end of the hospital, to the ground floor and the admission
desk at the very north end, a long block away. He
got straightforward out with the car after waiting in
line for a little while, and then piled into her car and was
off for a 10 mile ride to a brand new airport. Dr. Hansen's
very charming young wife was with us, they had left
New York, 6 and 1/2. It was Sunday school, and we had a nice
meal along the way. After a little while they had to
leave and the east ^{office} ^{advised} for Chicago. I managed to get
a seat next to a window, just closed my eyes and relaxed.
There turned out to be a lot of the usual right up
through the clouds, and flew above a thickening mass
with the sun shining on it. We came down as Madison,
left in some more passengers, and had hardly left Madison
before we were coming down as Ottawa.
Although the press stopped everyone crowded into the
area (and they always do), you & your eat with the

three in Dr. Judd's service; I trained them in the
Mushketars - Partho, Atho and Amma.
One of them always came in about 6/30 a.m. to
check on the droppings, and see that everything was
going well, and again take it in afternoon.
I cured always till when they had operated
for they were really "kater up"; Mm, Med, and Sai
they would have as many as 100 major surgical
cases, and it really got something out of them.
In spite of that they were always cheerful, helpful
and considerate. I wish we had a dozen like
them at Panaravatt.

The doctor in charge of the floor was a tall
attractive young man about 35 years old. He always
came in with the doctor made rounds, and
often came in alone to check me up. One morning
I said I felt depressed, I had awakened at
night, couldn't go back to sleep, and started
talking about my case. He said, "Don't worry
any more; I will do everything. I don't think
you understand? The state is wiped clean, and I'll
can be done from now on. I will make the grade.
The nurse, whether I, II or III stripes, or
graduate, was kind and friendly, and as a result of
all the attention I have developed a split personality -
part of the time I am the doctor, and

doors were opened and everyone had left. Then I picked up my raincoat and briefcase, and started down the steps. There, about 30 yds. away, was Caroline — a little perplexed and beginning to wonder if something had happened to change our plans. She came on the run, gave me a big hug, and really took me in hand.

She almost forced me into a wheel chair, but I assured her I could walk if we went slowly, and we made it.

Oh, though it really is a long jaunt through the new terminal to the exit. When we reached the exit we found our John Deere parked close by, and Caroline insisted on putting me into the car before looking for my suitcase. She found it sitting all alone on the escalator, grabbed it, and in 2 mins we were off.

I had a tearful welcome from Lucille; and for the past week have done nothing but eat, take a nap in the afternoon, and generally live the life of Reilly. I am rapidly deteriorating into a first class bum; don't know if I shall ever be worth a nickel again.

Sorry this is such an egocentric tale, with nary a query about you all, what you are up to, and how the Osborns and the Robertsons are, and how lovely you are. I know you will forgive me, and tell me about yourselves.

As always, Sincerely yours
Lummer.

We visited Alicia on Mike on the 11th afternoon before we left for Minnesota. Everything seemed to be going well, and we hope to get a blood date soon.

Wednesday. "25 '59

Dear Eleanor.

If you could drop in at lunch
time I would fix up my latest specialty —
French toast — for you, along with
maple syrup from Wisconsin, or
honey from Algonquin nearby. It is
prepared according to exact directions
from "The Joy of Cooking", and really
cheers your insides.

Our old friend, Dr. Cubbins, slipped away a week ago Sunday. He had been failing for some time, and finally succumbed to a severe gastric hemorrhage an unusual complication and one difficult to understand. I went to the funeral on Wednesday. The minister gave a very simple but well expressed tribute to Dr. Cubbins, told of his ^{early} life and then of his long and devoted service at the County Hospital, and as a teacher of young men. Several of his 'protoges' — Dr. Callahan, Dr. Scuderi and several others were there.

Bill had so much sadness and physical trouble in his later years that one wouldn't have wished him to live on, but it is sad to see old friends slip away.

Dr. Olson visited us for a few days some little time ago, and we all went over to see Mike and had lunch with Mike and Alice. Carl kept Mike

laughing with reminiscences of college
days. (They were fraternity brothers in
the Braughlers at NU.) Some of the pranks
they played on the older members of the
fraternity in retaliation for their treatment
as neophytes made quite a tale.

We have had some wonderful white
snow already. We won't make you
jealous, but it is great stuff.

Our very best wishes, as always
Lucille and Sumner

Dear Eleanor

1962

Welcome home! I had intended to write to you at N.Y., but didn't watch the calendar as closely as I should have.

Now that you are back we will feel a little easier about the state of the Nation, the economy etc. The country has "been in a state" for the past six weeks, and now that Senator Morse and his pals are running wild in the Senate no one knows just what will happen.

My suggestion would be to lock the Treasury tight; give the keys to Senator Byrd of Virginia, and send Congress home; give the politicians some old clothes, a pitchfork and farm tools and put them all to work in a C.C. camp. Then the country could begin to move ahead.

(I would keep the K-family in Massachusetts, spending their energy water skiing and playing touch football).

I know you will have a big welcome from all your Sarasota pals, including Helen Q, and the Obsons, Jess and Robbie.

Give them all our best wishes, and keep a large share for yourself.

As always, sincerely yours
Samuel.

We spent part of the afternoon a week ago with Mike and Alice. They are getting along well, but Alice is a little frazzed. She is hoping to

to get Mike into a very nice, small nursing home
in Wood Dale as soon as they have a private
room available, so that she can have a few
weeks to get "caught up" with Chicago friends,
do some things at home, and have a little
change from the strenuous daily routine. I am
sure she needs it.

Dear Eleanor:
Thank you for the "get well" card, and the handsome
Law Book. I imagine our lawyer, soon will enjoy it too,
and the well probably passed on to them when Lucile and I
have read it.

That get-well card left me a little puzzled, for it
referred to me as though the Gay Young man was carrying
a load of pretty strong medicine, and I am off all medication
for a long, long time. I had so many pills, capsules, and tablets
during my stay at Rochester that I can still feel some of them
rattling around inside. It seemed to me that the little Japanese
nurse who seemed to be in charge of distributing medication,
took a special delight in bringing in a little paper cup and saying,

"I have something for you."
I said one day, "You know I have had a relapse from all this
though you are forcing on me. One of these days you are going to
find me dead in bed, and the autopsy will show I am empty filled
with capsules and pills from head to foot. The pathologist will
reply say, 'Death due to heart failure', and no one will know
that several capsules were stuck in the coronary arteries of the
heart, and there was nothing to do but quit." The empty
laughed, and left the cup and the pills.

I'll have to admit I did some cheating. I had a box of
Kalemer on the bed side table, and every now and then I "fed the kitty."
The day before I left the hospital I found I had accumulated
almost a handful of assorted pills, tablets and capsules, and I
carefully consigned them to oblivion, "opinto verobert."
I noticed a statement recently of some medical man that

SUMNER I. KOCH
April 25th 62

"The American people are the most over-medicated people in the world",
and I am inclined to agree with him.

Today I am going to take my first plunge into "Active Life".
I won't venture far from shore, just a few hours at the office to get
reacquainted with the job. Lucille wants to visit her sister, Nettie,
in Chicago, so I shall leave her at Miss Baumann's home,
and then drive on to Erie St., if I can find the way. (It is almost two
months since I left).

You didn't say anything about the storm that hit the west coast
of Florida. So I am hoping it wasn't too serious, and that
none of our friends were in trouble.

Our kindest wishes, as always, to all of you.

Sincerely yours,
Summer

SUMNER L. KOCH

May 5th 1963.

Dear Eleanor:

Now that you have had time to read all the accumulated mail, and 'catch up' it is time for us to say 'Welcome home', and hope that you found everything in perfect order, and nothing amiss. I have wondered particularly about Robbie, and have ^{heard} nothing about him and Jessie for what seems a long time.

Here, everything is going along well. The days slide away very quickly, and it seems as though we don't accomplish very much. Today - at home all day - I got the monthly bills taken care of; stopped at the Jewel, made lunch (housekeeper's day off) brought up the porch screens from the basement (to make things a little easier for an John Henne) and didn't get any dandelions dug out as I had planned to do. It has been cold for a few days, we do have awfully changeable temperature ever since the Democrats have been running things in Washington; freezing weather when spring should be on the way, 40° and cold winds in the middle of May, etc. Now that you are on the job we will look for something better.

Alice seems to be getting along well. I think she is beginning to take up some of her former activities. The relief from the constant strain of helping Mike must be very definite, but it is wonderful

SUMNER L. KOCH

how people like Alice can rise to such occasions.
She is planning to stay in Wood Dale, at least for the time being.
We can understand how difficult it would be to leave it all behind.

I hear from Dr. Balfour from time to time. He said in his last letter, "My sojourn at St. Mary's was all that I needed to get back on the main track." That sounded very encouraging.

Take care of yourself, and let us know how you, your sister and all our friends are doing, and give our very best wishes to Irene Rose when you write to her.

As always, sincerely yours,
Sumner Koch.

Saturday. 6/20-63 SUMNER L. KOCH

Dear Eleanor:

We have enjoyed receiving your postcards and the colorful pictures of other lands, and your admiring comments. We are concerned that you will not be content to stay at home any more, and that we shall have to depend on postcards and letters from now on to keep up with you. Things have come to a bad way since you 'deserted' us. The stock market has tumbled; Sears has dropped from near 100 to 60, and A.T.T. to 100. The Administration is "struggling about aimlessly" (Eisenhower has admitted it); the Farm Bill has been knocked out, no one is being paid in Washington because two elderly gentlemen, Cannon of the House and Hayden of the Senate, can't agree on where Senate-House conferences should be held, and who should sit at the head of the table. All in all everything is in a mess, and you had better hurry home.

On Bateman Road the grass is green, and the hydrangeas are in full bloom. We have had cool weather for most of June, and have eaten indoors surprisingly often because it seemed too cool on the porch. Just yesterday and the day before the temperature got up to 90° for about the third time this year, and we will probably have "summer weather" from now on.

I am sorry not to have first hand news about Mike and Alice. We have not been on the job as we should have been lately. The day fly by so fast, and we don't get things done on time. At the hospital we seem to have

more and more to do, and less help.

Jan 12

154 EAST ERIE ST., CHICAGO II

Dear Eleanor:

You will probably receive an uncompleted letter, which dropped out of my pocket while I was having "afternoon tea" with Caroline on Saturday after a long "morning", until 3pm. at the hospital. I was Caroline's weekend at home - when she gets her apartment shined up, (every second weekend she comes to Bakeman Road.) She found the letter, and decided it should get

Started on its long journey. I had a lot of important things to add, but can't quite recall what they were.

We have some very delightful recollections of Copenhagen, and I know you will find it most attractive. We had to get Belgian visas there so we could take the Nord Express later from Stockholm to Paris. That was when Lucille "broke the camera" — at least it wouldn't function after they snapped her picture and we had a lot of fussing and trouble before we finally

about the visas. All that sort of thing has now been given up. Believe. As always - I.R.S.

Summer
Fall - 63

SUMNER L. KOCH

To my dog-goned good friends, the Oloons, and the Olsens.

I hope you will accept a community letter, and still give me credit. I find it is difficult to do all the things I should do and wish to do.

If I were a whiz bang on the typewriter, like Joan, I would be right on time, and would answer letters promptly. As it is my fingers work slowly, and the cerebral cortex goes still more slowly, actually, ^{with that additional handicap} the typewriter might not be of too much help.

We have had an almost perfect day today; wonderful cool, sunny weather, big fat clouds floating overhead, and all the trees and growing things green and lovely as the result of recent rains. For about three weeks prior to July 10th we were getting drier and browner day by day. Then on that Saturday we had a 24 hr. rain - on and off during that day and night, but a wonderful soaking. It came in time to save our raspberries, which have been wonderful; but many of the garden vegetables survived only as far as the foliage was concerned. The green beans and peas were a "flop".

Vacation time is rolling around. We expect John and his family next week for a stay of 10 or 10 days. We will not see too much of John, for his boss is head of the anti-trust division of the American Pearson's meeting in Chicago within the coming week. As far as I can understand it John seems to be doing a lot of the work involved, and a little later has to go to Brussels to plan for an international get-together. Connie hopes to join him there sometime in September for a 10 day stay abroad. I have offered to help, but there seems to be a little lack of confidence as to my

qualifications.

Caroline is planning her vacation so that she can be at home when John and Connie are here. Later in the month I hope Lucille and I can go to Minneapolis for a few days' visit with my sister and Eval. It is a lovely drive, and we have found a route through the Wisconsin hills that takes us off the main highway for much of the way, and is no longer than the "truck routes."

Lucille is getting to be a confirmed baseball fan. Today we watched a tight game - Dodgers and Cubs, 0 to 0 until the eighth inning; then the Dodgers got a run, the Cubs one in the ninth, and the first man ^{for the Dodgers} up in the tenth socked out a home run. That was enough, but they got one more; and the final score was 3 to 1. Actually, there were a lot of thrills. In one inning with a Dodger on base the batter hit one almost over the wall. The Cub centerfielder leaped high, spread the ball with one hand, and then relayed it to first base to double the runner who had gone beyond second and the "point of no return". I don't believe any one of the huge crowd stayed until the game was over.

Our best wishes to everyone of you. We enjoyed Eleanor's visit very much, but it was much too short. Joan, don't stop writing, just because I am a poor "responder".

As always, sincerely yours,
Cummer

SUMNER L. KOCH

Sunday, 7/28 63

Dear Eleanor:

I assume you have heard the sad news of Dr Balfour's death. We have all lost a wonderful friend. I had written to him asking if he would help sponsor our project, but my letter probably arrived after he had passed away. My sister in Mpls. sent me a clipping from the Mpls. paper which said he had entered the hospital on Wednesday, and died Thursday night.

I am sending you a 'tentative' copy of our cry for help. Mr Wetigartner, an asst. supt. at the hospital, thought we should insert a few lines to say "securities would be gratefully accepted, ^{at their} ~~at~~ ^{full} ~~at~~ present value". He thought that people often forget that they can give securities which have increased considerably in value over their original cost, and can ^{still} receive full credit for their present value.

^{To}
I first said, "Friends and Admirers of Dr Michael Mason" perhaps, "^{to} Friends and Colleagues" is better, or
or. "To Friends, former Patients, and Colleagues"
Give us your best judgement.
As always - S.

of Birmingham...
2111 11111111

VNERIC

PROFESSOR GOMERIE KYLE AND SURVIVOR MEMORIAL

August 4, 1963

Dear Sumner,

The perpetual memorial to Mike will, I know, materialize. The letter which you have prepared will bring about the desired result. I think "To the Friends and Colleagues of Dr. Michael Mason" includes his patients, as anyone who was served by Mike became his friend. I question the use of "former" in relation to patients. I would eliminate it. As a suggestion, could a phrase be added that would remind recipients of the letter that they may also memorialize deceased members of their families, or friends, through contributions to the fund. My nephew, David Walsh (married to Walter's sister, Eileen, and now Vice President and Comptroller of the Sloane Kettering Foundation and Memorial Hospital in New York), is President of the Hemophilia Foundation, and he says they have received numbers of contributions as memorials. Such contributions, would no doubt be small, but they will all be of help.

Regarding Dr. Balfour, I telephoned to his home late on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 24, to say "Hello" to him from Chicago. The housekeeper said he was out, but would return within about an hour, and could he call me. Unfortunately that was not possible, as one of my nieces and a nephew were calling for me shortly after I placed the call to take me to dinner "for my Birthday", and to take me to the train for Memphis. The housekeeper said she knew Dr. Balfour would regret that he did not receive my call. How wonderful it would have been if I could have had a few last words with him. He was a great man, a kindly man, and a great friend. We

27th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

B2

VWERIC

shall all miss him. But he is now united with his beloved Carrie. I have written to Donald, Jr.

I have also written to Lucile to thank her for the wonderful day we had with both of you at Dundee. It was a fine birthday party for you and for me.

The Olesons have not yet returned from their Bahama trip, so far as I can learn. They were not at home when I visited them, and our telephones have been unreliable during the past month, for the employes of the General Telephone Company here are striking - picketing the headquarters.

With thanks to you for your many kindnesses to me, and the hope that our paths may cross in Florida come this winter, believe me

Always sincerely yours,

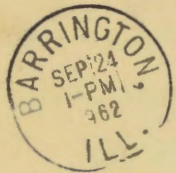
P.S. -- Monthly I receive a complimentary copy of SGO. That was a wonderfully helpful and practical editorial: "Boils and Carbuncles." If I become a specialist in treating Boils and Carbuncles, and accumulate a mint of money, and find myself incarcerated as the climax, you will have to bail me out. I have removed the page from the August issue for use, if, as, and when necessary.

My greetings to all of my friends at 154.

1963
Sat. Sept 22. We have just read in this morning's paper
of Sarasota being flooded, and in trouble - Hope the
newspaper reports are exaggerated, but ^(and) also that the
Robertsons are not in trouble. We had a sweet
letter from Helen yesterday, and are looking forward to
receiving another installment from you.

Two things before I forget. I asked Dr Balfour how Don's
marriage had worked out. He said, "It didn't", and didn't amplify
so I could say no more. I never have heard from Don since receiving
that James said. I wasn't brave, I didn't need any negatives. One
doesn't have to sleep all the time. When I couldn't sleep I turned

On the 21st and read 'Orthodoxy'
and 'The Book of Genesis' had time to read



AIR MAIL-POSTAL CARD



Miss Eleanor Grimm,
1630 Hyde Park Av.
Sarasota,
Fla.

July 10/8.

63

Dear Eleanor,

We are not asleep on the job, as you might think, but working on getting up a card index of prospective donors for our project, so that we can pass it on to the printers and enable them to address the "form letter" to ^{the} individuals themselves, rather than to the "Colleagues and Friends of Dr. Mason".

We will have to use some of the latter also, but our advisors at the hospital feel the former method has definite advantages.

We wish we had you and your

skilled "type writer fingers" to help us (I have been reluctant to ask for too much help from the hospital for they are rather overworked with many demands that concern the hospital more directly.) Virginia Cappel is going to come to our aid; I did ask Adeline Thiem, but she has a good many responsibilities, and said she was so rusty on the type writer that she didn't think she should attempt it.

Lucille suggested that we simply turn the whole job over to Mrs. Davis, but our pride won't permit us to accept that suggestion.

We hope everything is going well with you and all our friends in Florida and St. Petersburg. We had a card from Joan with Wesley's address as the Reg. C., and we are hoping he will be able to have dinner with us Sunday.

Incidentally I retrieved the two little volumes on Bland Sutton and Arthur Lane from the College. They were a little reluctant to give them up; weren't quite sure that I deserved to ask for them. I told them they would be returned to the College Library eventually.

Best wishes from all your
Cummer.

154 EAST ERIE ST., CHICAGO 11

Feb. 29. 63

Dear Eleanor:

Thank you for 'The Good New Days' and
the picture book, which came with your letter
yesterday. I really suspect you are trying to make
Republicans guess, and your friend Virginia C. is
helping. She gave us "The First Family", and
while John and Connie were here it was played
at least a half dozen times.

We had a gay Christmas time, and Lucille
got a big lift from watching Anne (6) and Johnny (2)

playing and racing about the house. Johnny and I played 'Hide and seek'. I would hide behind Lucille's chair or under the piano, and each time he found me he laughed "all over", and then ran away to play it again. You know how youngsters can keep up such a game indefinitely. The record never seems to wear out.

We shall write to Bobby Kennedy about the Longshore men's strike, and Sam says we can get you off on schedule. Don't forget to come back home!
A very happy New Year to you and all our friends in Sarasota.
Sincerely yours - Lucille and Sammie

Thursday evening, Aug 23rd 1964

Dear Eleanor,

All were sorry to learn that you had been "affected" and

hope the peak and period are now a thing of the past, and
that you are fully recovered. We have had auto, too, from time

to time, but fortunately very little trouble this year.

Two years ago, when our "three men" was our housekeeper
became demoralized, to get the coffee made, and when I

opened a cupboard door to get cups and saucers, Evan grabbed
by a real army of huge ants, biggest I had ever seen. Evan

did figure out how they got into that cupboard, split above
the floor, and why they were only in one cupboard, and not

in the adjacent one. Evan noted them with a big dash cloth, soiled
with first water, and mixed with some animal manure. They never

came back, but I was glad I had seen the one to get them.

Others, though, would have occurred, and possibly, fainted.

The one glad to know that you are coming to Chicago
a little later. You will find a good many changes in address

to the new College Building. A huge "Civic Center" is going up
across from Dr. James McCarty Building, a still larger

James McCarty ^{on Madison St.} ~~on Madison St.~~, down from the old Federal
Bldg, and a strong office building on Dearborn and Washington

The Equitable Ins. Co. is building a rival to the Federal Bldg,
just south of the Federal Tower, and North Michigan is building

out with new hotels and apartment buildings. It seems just
a little more to pack things right and fight into a

furnished space.

For Alice M. has had a rough time, though she looks
very well, and is a cheerful person. The first illness was sudden
and serious - intestinal obstruction resulting from a loop
of small bowel becoming adherent to an inflamed, perforating
diverticulum of the large bowel. An operation was advised

Small bowel there was considerable contamination from the perforated diverticulum, and this resulted in a localized peritonitis which was slow to subside. A colostomy was performed at the primary operation because to have attempted closure of the ^{inflamed} perforated bowel would have been too hazardous.

After a month at home Alice came to Passavant (she had been at the Elmhurst Hospital initially), and early in July Dr. Lounsbury, who had helped with the first operation, resected the ^{entire} affected portion of the large bowel (there were multiple diverticula). Again he felt it would be too great a risk to close the colostomy at the same time, so after some four weeks Alice went home, really looking wonderfully well, but still faced with the necessity of one more, final operation — closure of the colostomy.

Here on Bateman Road things are going pretty well. John and his family spent the better part of a week with us, and a week later Bob and Mardo, 9 yrs old Cille and 5 yrs old Rob's summer spent part of a week with us. Rob's summer hardly knew for a time, whether to enter this troubled world or not. Mardo had to remain in bed during the last two months of her pregnancy, but eventually everything ended happily. The baby looks just like Bob did a good many years ago. He is a "Smiler", and does a lot of chuckling over some little jokes that he keeps all to himself. Lucille was in heaven while her grandchildren were here. Now she is back in a humdrum world, with only the White Sox, the Soap Operas and the Democrats to worry about.

Please give our best ^{love} to Robbie and Jess, and to all of the Olson-Olson clan, and keep a good share for yourself.
Sincerely yours — Sumner.

Did you hear the news that Dr. Egge's conscience has begun to trouble him so much that he is becoming a hypochondriac? The psychiatrist has told him the only solution is to carry out a complete, reversible diverticulectomy — attempting to do the Mason-Edwards operation.

154 EAST ERIE ST., CHICAGO II

Sept.
1964

Dear Eleanor:

Welcome to the big, rich city.
Watch your step; and don't listen to any
strangers.

Could you come out for a little visit
on Wednesday, about lunchtime?
That is my day off, and we would love to see you.

If you don't have a car available
I could meet you at the Barrington
station; trains leave N.W. station,

at 10³⁰ and 11³⁰ . Arrive one hour later .

Trucks all bright and shiny, and
air conditioned .

I will be at the office Mon. and
Tues. Del. 7-6960

Yours - Sumner.

Sunday - 11/15
24

Dear Eleanor:

The really felt cheated at not having an opportunity for another visit. We were hoping to get some of the people from the office, and to bring Alice Mason over for a Sunday party, and then learned too late that your leave had expired. The days are only half an hour as they used to be, and it takes twice as long as it used to to get things done.

We did hope to have something about South America, and when you were going to take our division of the Peace Corps enterprises in Latin America. Everything seems very confused in Portia, Colombia and other spots, but I am sure you will get them straightened out. (That phrase reminds me of a silly cartoon: a man with a black arm band, sitting beside his doctor's desk; he says, "Well, you certainly straightened out my wife.")

I have been spending most of the morning writing some "moving appeals to a few members of Mike's Dangerous Club, who have not made any contribution to our Fellowship Fund. One of them is Chica Mayo, and I imagine a few members as you are also. Financially, to contribute that is to.

Right now, we have almost reached 54,000 - (53,770). That's quite a way from 150,000, but we are keeping at it. We tried, through Peter Sagarotti, to get the heart of Peter Fruchkin, but without success. Perhaps if we had said the same thing to some other member, he could have been interested. We have been having Sunday night English during days lately; today a promising man - the first for a long time. He is nice to have in our market class.

Give us very best to Robert and Rose; and to any of the other children you see. Robert is always always.

Friend in Washington



SEASON'S GREETINGS



SEASON'S GREETINGS

Christmas 1964

Dear Eleanor: Thank you for your gift for our Fellowship Fund and for "The Hahnke Bed" - Lucille is an omnivorous reader, and you couldn't send us anything more welcome than a good book.

Our Fellowship Fund for Mike is growing. We have had several generous gifts from grateful patients - one ^(our best) 100 shares of Excello stock that added 3600⁰⁰ at one fell swoop. We are close to 25000 now, which puts us on the 17 yard line, with only 83 to go for a touchdown. I have been hoping that we could find some good friend who would introduce us to one of the officers or big wheels in one or two of the well heeled

Foundations (Harvard Foundation has assets of 867 million,
and Macy Foundation of almost 200 million). Lester Dragstedt
has written in our behalf to Dr Hutchins of the Ford Foundation,
but we have had no response to date. Perhaps one has
to ask for a million to attract any attention.

We know, of course, how many deserving causes there are,
and how deeply you are concerned with the hemophilia problem.
I am so sorry to hear of Walker's last blow. He has had far
more than his share. We think of him and all of you often.

As always,

Sincerely yours
Duman

Had a nice Christmas message from