

YALE UNIVERSITY
THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
AFFILIATED WITH THE NEW HAVEN HOSPITAL ON THE
ANTHONY N. BRADY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
333 CEDAR STREET
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

December 14, 1933.

Dear Myrtle Grummer:

So nice to have your cheery letter - as all of your letters are. Roy has nothing much on me for I have been two weeks in bed here at New Haven, and the end is not in sight. I pretend it is because I wanted to try out their hospital and see how good it was, but that's only pretence.

I moved my books down here (which was the only part of our transplantation that caused me any agitation) around the middle of October and though I had been rather the worse for wear the month previous, the next week I went abroad thinking that was the kind of rest I needed. But it wasn't so much of a rest and I had to do a lot of socializing which wasn't too good for me, and I got back here only to be shoved into the hospital by my friends to get renovated. I have plenty of attention and visitors, perhaps too much of one and too many of the other. You know how it is. But I went through a process of this kind two years ago at the Brigham and survived it and so think I am likely to pull out of this and get going again; at least that is my plan. As before, I haven't allowed them to separate me from my trousers which are in the second bureau drawer, at least they told me they were. So I may sometime put them on and make my escape. There is nothing so humiliating, not to say terrifying, for a man as to be separated from his pants.

I have neglected you for a long time, I am afraid, but I have been doing little in your line of business this past six months and my book collecting is at a low ebb. Still, you seem to have kept some sort of track of me, and I did get degreed in France which meant having a piece of rabbit fur pinned on my shoulder at the Sorbonne one day. I am getting quite famous being the father-in-law of Jimmy, and there seems to be no way of escaping that kind of advertising. But I know less and care less about politics than most people, so I don't pretend to keep up with him.

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I was shown that outrageous article in Fortune; and having refused to give them any information, much less a photograph or an interview, it was annoying that they should have gone ahead and fingerprinted me with the rest of the 'endocrinologists'. I suppose again that is because I am the father-in-law of Jimmy. But if you and Roy liked the picture, you shall certainly have one if one is to be found. It was a kodak snapped of me one day by one of my photograph-taking house officers.

So sorry you can't give me a better report of Roy. And it's beastly of these fellows to be tapping him. I have always wanted to tap his ventricles to get some of his store of knowledge, and I am quite sure they must be tapping the wrong places. Still, there is no arguing with these medical folks as I have found the last two weeks. So a stout heart and best wishes to you both. Anyhow, you are having better weather, I am sure, than we are here, for there is snow on the ground and freezing temperature.

Always sincerely yours,



Mrs. LeRoy Crummer,
140 South Orange Drive,
Los Angeles, California.