

Columbia University  
College of Physicians and Surgeons  
630 WEST 168<sup>TH</sup> STREET, NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF SURGERY  
SURGICAL PATHOLOGY

3 A.M. 4/13/39

Dear Lenore

Just in from giving another talk before the Manhattan Medical Society but I must get a word off to you before turning in.

Seems ages since I left you standing in the window as you pulled out - a lovely picture that completely filled my vision as the miles sped by. Lowell left me to my thoughts and we came to Charlotte in the evening with hardly a word having been passed. We spent Friday night with an old friend of his, Mr. Green and left early Saturday morning for Oxford, N.C.

There we had dinner with Lowell's  
grandmother, went all through the  
orphanage his grandfather started  
and <sup>then</sup> struck out for Washington.  
We arrived at my home about 10<sup>30</sup>  
to find things in an uproar  
my brother having just been  
brought back from the hospital  
with a broken leg which he sus-  
tained earlier in the afternoon  
when the ladder on which he  
was standing to give the roof  
a Spring coat of paint broke  
and dropped him about 30  
feet. Lowell spent the night  
with us, then pulled out for  
New York early in the morning.  
I stayed to see how my brother

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was going to make out. During the morning I took my mother to church and then spent two hours with the Dean of the medical school.

Next I went to see Rick Hill. They plan to build at Howard a nursing school somewhat like the one at Spelman. This is the dope. Learn all you can about the school at your place, run by your department I believe, so that when you come through Washington you'll know all about it. They plan to use it as an experimental school, attended largely by children of the

faculty and a few other select  
kids. Dick will recommend you  
if you like the plans and the  
set up and plan to have you carry  
on some of your own work too.

I in the schemes for the future  
are also plans for a "Little  
Theatre" on the campus. This should  
be right down your alley. The  
members of the dramatic department  
are close friends of mine and a word  
about your training in costumes and  
designing will I'm sure put them  
definitely on your side if the  
job materializes and competitors  
appear. When you come through  
you can stop with my sister  
Mrs. Nora Kew Gregory. I've told

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her about you and I'm anxious for you to see some of my folks. My talk with Hill was entirely satisfactory except that all the plans are in such a formative stage that nothing definite is possible at present and probably will not be until next year.

Sunday afternoon I went down to the Lincoln Memorial to hear Marion Anderson sing. In all my life I have never seen such an impressive thing. With the soft rays of a pink sun gleaming against the white marble beauty

of that magnificent structure and reflecting itself in the long still pool of water that stretches off towards the Washington monument she raised her exquisite voice in song and lifted with a sweep of melody a whole race to higher levels of thought, feeling and hope. Countless thousands paid her the tribute of almost reverent silence when she sang her songs of joy and sorrow. She held them beneath her magic sway, making them laugh or sigh at will and when she finished with "Nobody knows de trouble I's seen" many eyes were moist with unashamed tears.

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and hearts too full for words.  
Filled with a strange pride and  
awed by the loveliness and signi-  
ficance of it all my thoughts went  
out to you and in the beauty of  
the moment I communed with you  
and found my happiness increased.  
Oh how I wished that you might have  
been there with me.

On Monday I took my brother  
back to the hospital, poor clerk's  
leg was giving him so much trouble,  
and after further X rays the cast  
was removed and the leg reset  
under general anaesthesia. The  
pictures taken on Tuesday suggest

that the whole thing may have to  
be done again, this time by open  
operation and nailing of the bone  
fragments in place. I was terribly  
sorry to hear him in such rotten  
shape but he's in good hands  
and my turn was up.

Last night I met your  
mother, father and Leon, spent  
two hours in your home and tried  
to explain the rapid action of our  
few days together. Your mother  
was sweet, your dad tolerant,  
cautious and kind; your brother  
puzzled but darned decent.  
Needless to say I wasn't at my  
very best but I think I



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managed to get away without creating too bad an impression. Your brother offered to take me to my your fiance but I thought perhaps I'd do that the next time. He also said he had lots of things to tell me but then decided that it would probably be best for me to find them out for myself. So far all is well. I left Phila. at 11:22 PM and got to bed about 3 AM this morning.

Now it is nearly 4 AM and I have to be on the wards at 7 so for tonight little girl I'll have to leave you to seek my

lonely cot but in my dreams.  
I shall come to you and be near  
you and so pass the hours in  
a new found joy.

Truly  
Charlie

Received your note  
on arrival.