

613 N. Elm Drive.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dec. 7th - '35

Dear Ralph:-

Haven't written for a long time. A lot of water under the bridge. I am sending you a photograph of me. Funny. I had some made so that I could send one to Lundy. He sent me his. I am whistling. Good whistler, I am. At any rate the fight is off at least on the surface. And I do not know that it is not off entirely. I am a nut. So are you. So are we all of us, and when we do not click with each other's ideas we blame the other fellow. Maybe should blame ourselves. However, Lundy is a fine fellow, has done much good work, is the subject of my sincere admiration and the hatchet is six feet below the surface.

Totally edentulous. Day before yesterday. Dave gave me an endotracheal Cyclo and Carl Lucas pulled sixteen lousy teeth. Some reaction today. Stayed in the hospital twenty four hours the first three of which were under the anesthetic. I will be O.K. if I do not get something in the next few days.

Henry Ruth wants the notes. I am sending him a copy as a loan, from which he can make his own notes. He is then to send them to Harry Shields, who can also make notes and return them to me. I now have a very vague outline on "Anesthetic Accidents" and will go actively to work on that chapter in the next day or so. I am interested to learn whether or not, the removal of the teeth will eliminate the pain in the neck that has bothered me so much in the last two years in typewriting. I hope it does, and somehow, I believe that it will. If so, the extraction will be well worth while.

Jack, withall that he is the greatest nut, and the most impossible bozo in the world at times, stayed with me from 1:00 to 10:00 P.M. and I was glad that he was there.

So much for my operation. There is no business here. Hope you like the picture. I do not.

As ever

Art.