Dear Joshua: Since 1-16 then your letter came. I have been wanting to write you. But the pressure of other matters like reading The folk-law of Tuberculosis in the environment, (C) Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain (which incidentally I have not read some 6 times before) re-reading Sir James Frazer's Golden Bough. Wondering why my generation were so in-expert in making scientific propaganda, in re-studying Mann's Tzackov's The Book of Job. (Job your times). In addition to all these trouble also needed a special antibiotic for he had boils resistant to regular moldly bread extracts of onion and the soothing dressings offered by his mischief. Reading Nature and the Sunday New York Times. There are other diversions like Schlesinger's The Coming of the New Deal, Consists Harvard Case Histories in Experimental Science and Sigfried Freud's Collected Papers Vol 1. sent to me by a friend (the complete name 4 Volumes) will be offered for sale in the M.S. about March 1-15.

Whilst I am still interested in matters that go on down below (this is terminology from Mann's The Magic Mountain) I am quite amused at times at my growing indifference.
This is without cynicism and without regret. I have so to speak played my small part — and re-entry will not occur. I do not wish to infer that I will spend the rest of my days here at Ransome. On the contrary — I am getting on top of this recurrence — and I definitely feel that I can still be useful. But not here (at least).

I had no intention to use your answer on the C.A.E. question in any way. What C.A.E. said to the General strikes me as being at variance with what one of the most truthful — if not the most truthful — man on the campus told me. When Bob Drinan visited me about Thanksgiving time he told me that your Wisconsin salary was not a determinant.

At times I have just plain curiosity.

Now we can more “within” what C.A.E. said. You must realize that your exit — at this time — was a real blow to our Brass. (I am not including Bob Drinan. Bob Drinan is the Brass.) The Brass has had its money on other horses. To lose its Nobel Winner just before the citation — that indeed is a kind of ironic poetic justice.

After you get settled — I propose to have a copy made of a letter that came to me recently.
from one of my former associates. I will not send you a copy of the whole letter -- for I meant it more for you to think that I held myself up as a prophet. But be sure you will be able to read between the empty space -- on what was deleted in making the copy.

What do you know about the Physicists at Stanford? Our eldest son John at Dartmouth (incidentally he's well-versed in mathematics) is majoring in Mathematics. He was recommended by Antioch for summer fellowship -- and Stanford is among the first three in terms of choice. Since I know nothing about Stanford -- let along Dr. Sulzberg -- I must do my best. I do know Wigner at Princeton and also Frenkel that kind of a man to it. You see I do believe in Academic freedom within my family up to a certain point. I know not approve of my son John working with a guy like Teller. He insisted on working with a guy like Teller. I mean regard him as an enemy of the human race -- and dis-en berit him at once. I also know Drukide. He started here. Son John has Cal Tech on his triangle.

As to the speech (or talk) by Drukide. I must say it's amazing how these muderest and shy ladies of the 1930's have blossomed out. My connection with them was rather
A loose one scientifically speaking - but intimate on the emotional basis. Wigeners first wife, Amelie Franck stayed at the home of my mother-in-law. Amelie from Baltimore Md - a graduate of a quite good girl's school here - and a magazine photographer.

Amelia & Wigeners were married only a short time - for a rapidly developing cancer took her six months after the marriage. I was not meeting one time with Amelia-Wigeners' friends and Mrs. Lincoln in Mesa Park right after dusk. The 2 physicists were ahead of me. I had only arms around both girls. All of a sudden the 2 men disappeared. They had fallen into a lagoon. This is a TRUE STORY.

Dierc married Wigeners sister.

In the Dec 27 1958 issue of Nature Vol 182, pages 1769-1770 there is an account of Dr. Arnold Rogganetz's Colloquium in Hartemophase Research. As I glanced through page 1970 I saw Heidelberg - and seeing your name reminded me of the fact that I ate at a Nobel Prize Winner's lunch. Well I conclude that...
It's better to have faced reality for a luncheon engagement before the award - than to aspire for a luncheon engagement after the award. But I hasten to add - give me time. I've some elephants I want before.

I must close lest you not get to Stanford on time. On Saturday the 31st. I will be 58 and now I pose a problem to you - linked to my t.b. cycle. This will be the third birthday that I have celebrated in a t.b. San.

1926 Davos Switzerland
1946 Lake View
1958 " "

In the winter of 1919 - right after the flu epidemic that swept around this world after War 1 - I worked Reconvalescent for 3 months putting blood. Most likely I had t.b. then. When I was 20-3 years old I had double pneumonia and most likely got the primary infection. Now I want you to tell me when I will come home again due to the Koch bacterium. With best wishes, Paul and

Cheer - Paul Rand (Metcha) Fink