

June 9, 1972

Mr. Ken Nelson
American Smelting and Refining Company
3422 S. 700 West
Salt Lake City, Utah 84119

Dear Ken:

There is much that has transpired in the last two months, of which I have little recollection, but I do remember a conversation by telephone with you that was rudely interrupted by the sudden onset of my illness; I had to break off unceremoniously, and this was the beginning of an illness about which I know very little, but from which I have almost wholly recovered. I don't know how much you know of my experiences since that time, and certainly I know nothing at all about ^{how} you and your people proceeded with the situation with which they (and you) were presented. I can only regret my departure from the scene for which I really was not responsible.

My wife (Lucile) and I came back to Cincinnati (with Ray Suskind to look after us) almost as soon as I got out of the hospital. Lucile packed up my stuff, both personal and scientific, to enable me to leave from the hospital without returning to our apartment. You can imagine, perhaps, the state of my affairs when I began to gather up the loose ends (very gradually) after returning home. I'm going back to my office for two or three hours per day, and I can begin to see through the chaos of my affairs. It now seems advisable to find out from you how your Company fared in my enforced abdication.

I might tell you briefly what happened to me, as nearly as I know about it. I continued vomiting most of the night on which we talked and was taken virtually unconscious in the early morning of the next day to the Hospital, where I had an extremely stormy time with an apparently small but very dangerously located intracranial hemorrhage (at the brain stem). I came out of it unexpectedly (a very narrow squeak) after spending some time in a coma, and have made a very quick recovery (apparently without residual damage). That is, I'm almost recovered, but I don't expect to get back to regular work for two or more months. However, I can read and write and move about with very little difficulty, and if I can give any advice or be of any other assistance to you, I'll be glad to undertake it. I can't travel or be very active, I'm sure, for some time, and I'm not extending myself in any way. After all, I'm content to be alive and to make my way back to a normal life at a slow pace. I came so near to the end of things that I can't bring myself to be even impatient about unfinished tasks.

I do expect, however, to go to Buenos Aires, Argentina for the International Congress. Moore-McCormack have some freighters that carry 12 passengers, and I've an option on a stateroom for Lucile and myself, leaving New York on August 17. I think this two weeks voyage will be helpful rather than traumatic, while I can participate in person in some fashion in the Congress and in a pre-Congress working session with a group of people who are involved with the trace metals. I've been in touch with the group Chairman, Lars Friberg of Sweden, and I can do just what I feel like doing. (I shall not be "pushy," but rather content, if

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advisable, just to be a listener.)

Nevertheless, despite my seeming placidity, I feel very badly about deserting you and your people in your time of trouble, and if I can do anything to make amends, I stand ready to do what I can without jeopardizing my recovery. I owe it to my family, as well as to myself, to keep out of responsibilities for a time. Lucile has had a rough time for the past three months, and is not (according to her own sense of her duty) entirely out of it yet.

With best regards,

Sincerely,

Robert A. Kehoe, M.D.
Professor Emeritus of
Occupational Medicine

RAK:wb