

February 7, 1950

Dr. Rutherford T. Johnstone,
1031 Roosevelt Building,
727 W. Seventh Street,
Los Angeles 14, California.

Dear Red:

When I visited you last November, I met a Mr. Walstrom who talked with me about his son and the latter's application for admission to this Medical School. You will have suspected that I have forgotten all about this interview, but I did not, only waiting for a suitable opportunity to inquire about Walstrom, and then waiting for time to write. My desk has been heaped high with all sorts of matters, and therefore anything but urgent letters have gone by the board.

My inquiry about Mr. Walstrom has brought forth the facts that his standing in his pre-medical subjects has been satisfactory. He also has satisfactory recommendations, but these have not been of a very personal type. I did what I could to commend him to the Committee, principally on the basis of my scant but rather impressive interview with his father. The secretary of the Committee tells me that Walstrom has much better than an even chance of being accepted. I had this word at the latter part of December, and I know of nothing that would have changed the status of the matter meanwhile. There is only one word of advice which I could give, namely, which is to the effect that if a letter or two of a somewhat more personal nature were to be sent to the Admissions Committee, it might be helpful in advancing this man's cause. By personal letters I mean indications from responsible people that he is the right kind of a man to practice medicine. Our purpose here is to find the best men we can get without fear or favor or prejudice, and therefore the opinions of people competent to judge are well worthy of consideration in these relationships.

I have a feeling that I have been more than a little remiss in not even writing back to you after my extremely pleasant visit to the Coast. I can only plead the usual and chronic excuse, that I have scarcely been able to attend to the day's work. I realize fully that this is no answer to the problem of pleasant living, but to be entirely frank, the last several months have been much too busy to be pleasant, since I have been pushed by my work rather than having the feeling that I was running it.

With kindest personal regards to yourself and Mrs. Johnstone,

Sincerely yours,

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