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13 February 1968

Dear Karel, I was, of course, curious to learn how you had fared with Kantrowitz, and assumed that your silence signified that you were waiting for a decision from him. It came as a surprise, therefore, when your letter indicated that nothing concrete had emerged to date. I was led to think that Kantrowitz tended to do things in dramatic fashion. Accordingly, I can only assume that you must have either made stiff demands or asked for sundry guarantees conditional on other factors than only Kantrowitz's making up his mind. Your hints relevant to NIH and Dennis are in keeping with this conjecture. In any event, you sound enthusiastic also about the other possibilities, viz., St. Luke's and Fallas, so that you at least have the advantage of maneuverability. Best of all is the extraordinary program of activities which you are currently pursuing, and which offers the most secure safeguard of all — you obviously won't be excessively chagrined or bored if none of the above situations materializes. To reiterate, both the variety and scope of your clinical cases and your historical interests are remarkable, and truly enviable. You can be certain that a similar set-up would take several more years to develop in Manhattan by a private practitioner . . . unless he were independently wealthy and enjoyed unusual referral sources. You know that I wish you the greatest success in all of your endeavors, and that hopefully these will include your return to

academe with all the appropriate trimmings.

A few days after our meeting I had an interview with Walt, and put in an unmistakable bid for a position in his department. He was very cordial but quite evasive, leaving no doubt that there would not be an on-the-spot answer. Having explained what I expected to be able to contribute to his organization, I asked at the end, "What would you say, Dr. Hillehei, are the chances of my joining your team?" He replied, "I would say, David, that the chances are very good." And that was it. It's been 5 weeks now, and the subject hasn't come up again. I find this a bit perplexing, for it would be quite simple for him to say "no" (if that were his intent) as to say "yes." Naturally, being kept in suspense is the worst part of it all. I periodically attend conferences at Cornell, and Walt has seen me at them, so that I should think it no great strain to give me an inkling of prospects. It's really frustrating, to say the least, and I really don't know what to expect or how to react. Have you any suggestions?

Walt seems to have things under control, and taking on administrative and other tasks in his stride. Ferlic is rather odd: he's seemingly hovering over Walt all the time, solicitous almost to the point of genuflecting. Apparently, he's being well rewarded. When he goes into the Navy next month (a plum assignment, at St. Alban's in N.Y.), he'll be holding the title of Clinical Assistant Professor at Cornell, with the security of a job awaiting him when he completes his stint. There must be a moral to this story somewhere.

Warmest regards to Mary and the brood.
Cheers, David.