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7 JUIL 1950

July 1, 1950.

Dear Nevil:

Dr. Dresel, concerning whom I spoke to you in New York, is a friend as well as my doctor. When I was in Germany from 1930 to 1934 I knew of him as one of the leading and respected physicians there, although at that time he was not my doctor. For a man to reach the position which he had in the medical profession in Germany and in Berlin in those days was a real achievement, for everyone with knowledge of these matters knows to what high degree of efficiency the medical profession had arrived in Germany and in Austria in particular. I am not exactly sure what year Dr. Dresel left Germany for the United States but I think it was in 1933. In any event it was just about the time that the Nazis came into power that he left, and as he is not a Jew and would have been able to live in Germany unmolested, it is all the more to his credit that he preferred to leave the Germany which he saw developing and the established position which he had there to go to our country. His position, therefore, was very radically different from that of many other persons who sought a new home in our country and it does all the more credit to him as a man.

During the three weeks that we were in New York recently and he was giving his daily attention to Marion we had the opportunity to have a bit more friendly contact and he told me about some of his difficulties. He is, of course, well established at 865 Park Avenue and has a very good practice. There is, of course, a tendency which I can readily understand to place practically all of these professional men who came from Europe before, during and after the war into the same category and I can quite appreciate that certain prejudices and certain natural situations which are very human have arisen. I think the principal difficulty that he has labored under is that he has not been able to have access for his patients to some of the best hospitals. I do not think that he wishes to be a member of the staff of any of these hospitals of which I speak, as he is under the necessity of limiting his own practice and activities because of the necessity of safeguarding his own health. He had a cardiac attack several years ago and is in the position of having to limit his activities.

Specifically, he tells me that he took the appropriate steps at the Doctors' Hospital in order to make it possible for him to send some of his patients there, but although he received courteous treatment and some replies to his letters nothing was done. I am inclined to think that this is due to the circumstance that the Doctors' Hospital and some of our hospitals in New York maintain a certain position of reserve with regard to the doctors who have come from abroad and do not use that discriminating selection which one would think they would use.

Nevil Ford, Esquire,
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100 Broadway,
NewYork, N. Y.

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I do not wish to burden you with any personal matter of mine, but I have such feelings of friendship for Dr. Dresel and such a high respect for his capacity which I can assure you is very real that I would like to be helpful to him in this particular matter if I can. It occurs to me that you and Arthur Dean may know some of the people in authority at the Doctors' Hospital and who are in a position to reach a determination in a matter of this kind. If you will have someone get a list of the directors or officers of the Doctors' Hospital and look it over you may find there someone whom you may know and to whom you could, on the basis of what I have said, say a word which would be helpful. I am sending Arthur Dean a copy of this letter as I know he, too, has an acquaintance among the more important men in the medical profession in New York. If I know the names of the persons to whom I could usefully address myself also in connection with the Doctors' Hospital I would of course be very glad to do so, but naturally a word from someone whom they know is more effective than a word from myself whom they may not know.

If you have the time to give this some thought I would appreciate it very much. I am, as I told you, sending a copy of this letter to Arthur Dean and perhaps you will be good enough to talk with him about this and write me a word as to whether anything, and what, may be feasible. If you do not see your way clear to do anything in this connection I will be quite understanding.

Marion and I are spending the weekend at Cuernavaca with some friends and I wish that you and Louise were with us. It is really a delightful place. I am happy to say that Marion is ever so much better and I feel sure that with a slowing up of her rather too active usual pace she will be quite all right again soon.

With affectionate good wishes to you and Louise from us both,

Cordially and faithfully yours,

G. S. Messersmith.