

CUS417/34.3

Abraham Joshua  
Cohen

My Dearest Ozer

You are a dear and beloved man. You had such a powerful reason to recollect nobody and think of nobody. And there you are and remember me.

My house is gone, radically, very few valuable books, my daughter's list of some much account, manuscripts a very few, but whatever I had collected then 12 or 15 years as completed or prepared biography - I find there is not so much of a life after all - but I miss it badly and it cannot be replaced, meanwhile the 4 or 5 fractures about my ~~left~~ left foot have healed & still I find my legs are not what they were 50 years ago, and I console myself with the thought that my brain would have suffered in anybody who is nearly a century old.

The German hospital which they call Lenox Hill keeps me, will probably be amalgamated with or swallowed up by Columbia University (College Park St) which is a good move and may do good. This is a good news in connection with me and my creation (so it was in past surely). I know you are glad something worth while is coming out of this degenerate world.

Keep well and live long.

Very truly yours  
A. T. Cohen