

Extension Activity Excerpts**EXCERPT 1**

Pages 7-8, Charles Drew's New Year's Diary Entry (January 1, 1930)

<http://profiles.nlm.nih.gov/ps/retrieve/ResourceMetadata/BGBBDJ>

Profiles in Science: The Charles R. Drew Papers. Courtesy National Library of Medicine

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"...I have wondered far in the three hours I have been writing, many things I have thought are not put down, many things written are not clearly so, for in my mind I am not clear. So many thoughts rush in, I am almost swamped. Why do I go on like I am? Living harder than I ever did. I don't know. I only know I must. It would be so much easier to do many other things. I gave up the chance to be a real leader in the field of physical training and athletics for my whole race. In it was honor enough to gratify most men, money enough to live on, social position if I desired, and close proximity to everything that I had known as dear and close to me. Yet here I am, a stranger amongst strangers in a strange land, broke busted, almost disgusted, doing my family no good, myself little that is now demonstrable. Yet I know I must go on somehow -- I must finish what I have started -- though no sure reward waits for me when I again go out to begin once more at the bottom and work up. This series of steps up to now are but stepping stones to reach the bottom round of the ladder which should lead me after many days of thinking to that common place of

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"all who pass this way. This is not a beautiful future, yet this is my life and my life it shall be. I like to take the responsibility for the finished products of this life by thinking as someone has said that "Life is the final expression of the universal Will" It is the inner meaning of evolution. That "this Will be done" in me I suppose is the final end of my daily aspirations and struggles. To something like this I must attribute the urge which forces me on, for I can find in my conscious experience any inspiration capable of such dynamic power..."

EXCERPT #2:

Pages 1-3, letter from Charles Drew to his wife, Lenore Robbins Drew (April 16, 1939)

<http://profiles.nlm.nih.gov/ps/retrieve/ResourceMetadata/BGBBCK>

Profiles in Science: The Charles R. Drew Papers. Courtesy National Library of Medicine

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“My Sweet,

*Man at his best is an odd creature and I as the least of men am the oddest of creatures at best, but never have I, even at my worst, acted as **strange** as I have for the past week. For years I have done little but work, plan and dream of making myself a good doctor, an able surgeon and in my wildest moments perhaps also playing some part in establishing a real school of thought among Negro physicians and guiding some of the younger fellows to levels of accomplishment not yet **attained** by any of us. I have known the cost of such desires and have been*

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*quite willing to do without many of the things that one usually regards as but natural. Then I met you and for the first time **mistress medicine** met her match and went down almost without a fight. Life suddenly widened the horizons and took on new meaning, I knew dear by just how lonely I had become, just how badly I needed some one rather than just something to cling to, some one to work for, rather than just a goal to aim at, some one to dream with, cherish from day to day, and share the little things with, the smile and if need be the*

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tears that will sometimes come...”

EXCERPT #3:

Letter from Charles R. Drew to his high school coach, Edwin b. Henderson (May 31, 1940)

<http://profiles.nlm.nih.gov/ps/retrieve/ResourceMetadata/BGBBGD>

Profiles in Science: The Charles R. Drew Papers. Courtesy National Library of Medicine

"...My work here is about finished. I've gone as far as I can go in formal medicine so I guess I'll have to go to work now. It has been good fun. Chiefly I suppose because it has never been done by a Negro before and it is felt that the higher realms of medicine are not the place for him. On Tuesday I get the degree of Doctor of Science in Medicine. Now that all is over but the shouting it feels just about like the day after a big race is won. One wonders why all the excitement before the race was run, the anxious days of training, the striving for form, the all too slow increase in speed, the fine edge on the day of the meet, the gun and then the whole thing is over. The only thing in medicine is that it takes so much longer. When it is all over it is just another medal in the box and we begin looking forward to the next seasons' competition. My next big meet is at Howard in the department of Surgery. There the situation is comparable to the sport situation when I took over at Morgan College. They were playing high school teams and getting licked. In two years they had won three college Championships and had a nucleus for one of the best series of teams ever seen in the colored colleges. Those boys who made that first great team for Morgan on the football field were the men I started as freshmen and seniors in the Morgan Academy. I count it as one of the most pleasing experiences I have had. In medicine we still are in the scholastic class. Whether I can do anything about that or not is a challenge that is well worth taking on. Seventy years there has been a Howard Med School but still there is no tradition, no able surgeon has ever been trained there, no school of thought has been born there, few of their stars have ever hit the headlines. In American surgery there are no Negro representatives, in so far as the men who count know, all Negro doctors are just country practitioners, capable of sitting with the poor and the sick of their race but not given to too much intellectual activity and not particularly interested in advancing medicine. This attitude I should like to help change. It should be great sport. If at the end of another 25 years I can look back over my steps and feel that I have kept the faith in my sphere of activity in a manner comparable to that in which you have carried on in yours I shall be very happy..."

EXCERPT #4

Letter from D. O. McLaughry, Drew's football coach at Amherst, to Richard Hardwick who was writing a biography of Dr. Drew (August 17, 1966)

<http://profiles.nlm.nih.gov/ps/retrieve/ResourceMetadata/BGBBJN>

Profiles in Science: The Charles R. Drew Papers. Courtesy National Library of Medicine

"...I was his football coach at Amherst for all four years and his coach in the field events in track - high jump and shot put - during the same period....As a football player, Drew was great. He could have played regular on any team in the country, both in his era, and any time since. ... Charlie was a halfback of tremendous speed and quick reactions, a great second effort, a splendid passer. He could hit a bull's eye with the old ball at any distance up to 50 yards. Furthermore, he was a tiger on defense. When he tackled, the runner went down as though he were shot. ...

*Charlie graduated with distinction from Amherst in 1926 and then spent a year or two teaching and coaching to pay off his debts and augment his resources. ...In 1925 Amherst had one of her greatest football seasons in history, losing only to Princeton in a close game. During the latter part of the fall, Charlie developed ankle trouble in his right leg. ... Charlie's injury was diagnosed as a periosteal tear with complications. The orthopedic surgeon, however, taped him in such a way that he could compete. ... That afternoon Drew won four first places, the shot put, high jump and both hurdles. He was a champion and this incident is an **illustration**. Charlie played rugby football and was captain of the track team at McGill University. During one of his years he wrote to me - I was at Brown University then - telling me that his ankle injury was acting up again and that it was so painful when standing on it that it looked as though he would have to give up his waiting on table job. If he did this, he would be unable to stay in school as he had no funds to pay for his food. I wrote back to him at once and told him to hang on until I had a chance to get him help. This was during the depth of **the depression** in the very early thirties.*

*I immediately wrote to some of his class mates and told them of Charlie's **predicament** and his need of a loan. Within a few days, I received enough money to pay his board for an extended period. Years later, after he had completed his broad medical education, and was beginning to earn money, he paid back every cent of the loan. He never knew the names of the friends who helped him. All I ever told Drew was that they were class mates who considered it a privilege to be able to come to his aid..."*