

4/1/83

Dear Jim,

4/1/83

This short affidavit is what I had in mind when I wrote you in haste the other night. I rushed to get it done yesterday, after the usual interruptions and a few extra ones, so my friend could get it retyped today. If I have not heard from you by 5 I'll mail the original to your office and the copy to your home so, if it gets to your home, you can have its contents in mind. The exhibits will be with the original only.

If you want any explanations, let me know. In rereading it I can see where I was a bit too brief in some places, but on the tickler notations, it is clear and I think that I'll be able to rebut any of the non-obvious lies we can expect. I hope that you can now see what I asked that we demand a first-person affidavit. And, of course, this adds to the ammo for expunging Phillips.

I'll spend what time I can going over the other copies I'd made. From my examination of the notes I'd made for this section I believe that my major purpose was merely to inform his people, who knew nothing of the subject matter, and to inform Shea also if he read it. There are even places in it where I defend and explain the FBI's errors. However, there is always the chance that I may pick up other things like this. Or these. How do you like beginning by refusing to consider any suspect other than LHO the first day and before he was charged with the crime?

On Friday, I've made tentative arrangements to get there if a useful purpose, other than marking my 70th birthday with you, will be served. This friend has a large and comfortable car, is a good driver (former policeman, private detective), and the trunk will hold the wheelchair, which I may need if I have to face the probability of any standing at all. That might make a problem, of getting the chair back to your office, where I'd meet this couple and Lil, who would also go and spend the morning with them, not in court. It folds, but can they get on the subways? Are there escalators at the stops we'd have to use? I'd not be able to handle that many steps? Or elevators, as I think I once saw on TV? (I swell much more rapidly now and am under doctor's orders not to do any ^{standing} for about two months, before which I could stand briefly.)

You were going to speak to Lennie, a joy I'll forgo, and the clerk, and let me know if there will be anything other than Admissions/ I think you should press on the expunging.

If I'm home at all on Monday, it will be only for a few minutes about 10:30 to 11:30. After two trips to the Lab and a little time for walking therapy at the mall Lil has to meet her mother at her mother's eye doctor's office. If we don't do any errands after that we should be home about 3. (Protime much improved, by the way. About where the doctor wants it yesterday, but that meant reducing the increase in coumadin and I may have a better indication of its level-to-be after Monday's test.)

We'll be gone much of Sunday. Easter lunch with the family of the friend who has been doing the typing and Easter dinner with other friends. In case the home copy reaches you.

Correction: Monday afternoon I should be home, in fact after 10:30-11:00. Tuesday is mom's medical appointment, and I may have to go to the garage Tuesday late morning or Wednesday to get a fixed window in the car fixed again. I won't know until I phone the garage Tuesday morning.

Nothing new here.

Best,

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