

Dear Bill,

3/10/95

I'm replying to you ^{3/7} when I should be doing other things but I'm using it to unwind. I had been that kind of day to 1 p.m. ^{which means I should not be doing what I'd have to be able to keep my mind on.}

I could not leave at 5 to be able to walk inside the building in which the medical lab is because there could be icy spots on the roads and I knew our lane would be icy because it was yesterday. So I went through the rest of the routine ^{after daylight} and was home about 9. I caught up on a few things because I knew McKnight would be coming to work in some files on a book he is doing. So we then found that the clippings I remember clearly are not in those files. Meanwhile, a few minutes after he got here I got the results of the test on the clotting time of my blood and, as I knew it would be, it was off. On Monday I could not get through to the doctor's office until 4:30 after getting through earlier and not getting the call back. Probably took at least an hour to get through. Family doctor not in and his associates did not even look at the info. I gave the woman for him until after he saw his last patient! And even then I had to call him! Not being able to speak to him I could do nothing to let him know that from my experience he had over-corrected and it would slow the clotting time down too much. Which it did by today's test. Well, all the time Jerry was here every minute or so when we were talking, more often when not, I pushed the ~~redial~~ redial button and kept getting busy signals. Finally I did get through. Meanwhile, I started eating lunch when Jerry was here and he had no sooner left, I was still eating lunch, when I got a call from the proofreader Carroll & Gaf is using on NEVER AGAIN!. The proofs they gave her begin with page 233! Where are the rest, she asked, when will you send them? I told her I'd sent them ^{before I sent the ones she has.} before I sent the ones she has. So she asked if I could send the copies I have when I told her I have a xerox. Lil is now doing that. She asked me if I could Fedex them so she can have them tomorrow. I said I'd have to have their Fedex number because I am not a regular stop. She said she'd get it and call back. Then the phone rang. Two calls from bookstores, when I'm expecting to hear from the doctor (and haven't) and from her. Finally I had a chance to go to the bathroom and sure enough, that is when she called.

Fortunately, Fedex will delay the pickup until Lil can get all the copies made today absent something else happening and the proof reader will have the proofs by noon tomorrow. I suspect she is to work on them over the weekend.

Unless something happened in the mails they've had those proofs about three weeks and lost them. And I had no sooner typed them ^{up} and decided to break training and exceed my prescribed two drinks a day when Lil announced she did not have enough legal-sized paper. With two pages on a sheet, sheet, cheapsakte syle, we must use that size. Neither one of us should use the stairs and the paper is in the basement. So, I called Jerry and Barb said he would come as soon as he finished what he was doing. But then Fedex

turned up to leave the envelope we should use for what we are sending. And sure enough, when I asked that nice lady, she got us the package of paper!

So the machine is grinding away, and Lil, who should not be standing is feeding it about 120 sheets, one at a time, and now all I've got to do is wait for the doctor to call. This time I've decided to make an issue of their taking a whole day to call when that dangerous medication should be taken at the same time every day. At 1:30 I decided to be my own doctor and tell myself what amount I should take. And I did. And if they do not call, I sure as hell am not calling them again and keeping my phone free to the degree possible. For most of a decade I did this, with a six-second space in which the doctor told me I could. No probably, ever. He told me to call when it was not within a two-second area since the heart operation and three times a week I face that. If the family doctor complains, I'll ask him to tell his associates that they are to copy what he has been doing for about 20 years on this and not to fool around with patients who take the anticoagulant and keep them from using their phones for as much as a day.

I've not taken time for most of the clippings, all of which look interesting. I'm sending most to Gerry. The others I've laid aside until I can pay attention to them.

It has been so long I can have forgotten and erred in saying that the cops found ammo in the Paine garage.

What you say about your mother and father liking Betsy more than you is copycat stuff. It was earlier with Lil, me and my mother and the rest of the family.

On Bush, impeachment and his selection of Quayle, remember that was before the election and when he knew very well that he had lied his head off about not being within the Iran/Contra loop. As it later turned out was well recorded by several of his cabinet. The reason he had to pardon them before trial.

I have written C & G and Gallen many times about promotions without a single response. There is little point in making more effort with them. Makes no sense, but that is the way it is. If I could move I'd hold a Washington press conference without them.

How long the books stay on the shelves is a store decision. From the letters and calls I know some stores are still stocking Case Open. I wrote Graf about getting the remainder of them and he did not respond at all.

On how we are, thanks for asking, about as we were. Maybe an improvement pending on Lil. She's back in the hands of the peppy physical therapist who likes her and she's having less trouble with her back until she is up for a while. I think there will be more improvement before he lets her go.

We both hope Betsy can make it with you.

Our best,

Harold