

Dear Dick,

5/2/79

Yesterday I had occasion to recall a kindness for which I write to (perhaps again) express gratitude.

Dr. Segal referred me to a Washington expert whose name he could not originally recall. By the time he did I was within the coils of the medical bureaucracy and did not get motivated to escape that snake until there was urgent need to. I then used the phone and Dr. Segal's old referral and got to see a truly remarkable man I saw again yesterday, Dr. Charles Hufnagle, who is chief of surgery at Georgetown Univ. Hospital.

This time I was sent by the local doctor. I've been on the rat poison and a rather high level of it continuously since 8/77. Almost two weeks ago there was much blood in the urine, a known hazard of the drug, coumadin, an anti-coagulant which quite literally was invented as a rat poison. With a shot the bleeding stopped promptly but this called for a tricky decision in which there is no clear judgement call.

My appointment was for 2:15. A few minutes before then he went charging out of the suite of offices and about a half hour later the nurses let us know that he'd had to go to the operating room in an emergency but would be back in about 10 minutes. Actually it was two more hours, so he had a rough one. Which you'd never have known from his manner during his examination of me. Nor did he rush it in any way to be on time for supper, etc.

The man has projected himself into his staff. There was no hassle and no hurry when by then after the end of the working day I was taken to some fascinating modern equipment for more testing the results of which he'll communicate to my local doctor, who happens to have been a student of his. One of the gadgets is some kind of spinoff from underwater radar from its name, Doppler. The other measures by printed graph previously unknown circulatory readings, arterial. My God! they even took my blood pressure on the eyeballs!

I have known of the arterial impairment(s) since 8/1/77, when I first went outside the services of my medical insurer and saw Hufnagle. There is some kind of obstruction in the area of the clavicle. I've been aware of its manifestations since then and have adjusted to it/them rather well, doing my thing my way every day. One way has been to try to keep myself in shape by work rather than artificialities of exercise. Emotionally much better. In fact when it is light enough I'm going out and do more of it, chopping small wood for next year's fireplace uses and thus getting rid of it.

We have a beautiful 5+ acrea on the side of a mountain. Since 1975, when the first of the problems stopped me for a while, wildness has been recapturing the land. But last year I attained the superior luxury of Social Security. With the property finally paid off and requiring only taxes and insurance and maintenance Social Security is almost luxury for me. They I got a couple of consultations from of all things the National Enquirer. I then decided to take that money and get some equipment to do what previously I used to do with muscles. So I have a fine snow blower with which I was able to keep the long lane clear all winter and before then a 2-cycle motor-driven scythe that weighs only 12 lbs and that weight is on the shoulder. ~~With~~ with a small lawn mower on which I put large wheels I've a combination that with patience and some exertion lets me take down 50 foot vines and briars and chew them all up into mulch. I even got a small wood chipper into which I feed all the trimmings that are too small for the fireplace, thanks to the National Enquirer. Now I'm trimming off the branches of pines killed by the vines and converting them into mulch and kindling.

Last November suddenly several colleges asked the lecture bureau for me. I have learned that it was not pushing me, that this was an exceptional demand. So I've had five speeches. Instead of laying that aside for the possible medical emergencies I decided to make another search for a local student wanting part-time work and this time found a jewel, an unmarried young woman who returned to college for a master's degree, which she gets in two weeks. She has reorganized the countless records I've gotten and still get from the Government and does for me what is difficult for me, fetches records from the basement, the only place I have for a mass you may not be able to visualize. About 60 files cabinets of records. It is making an unprecedented archive and is already in use. Students are using it here and I'm providing a professor with a central paper for a historian's convention next year. Wisconsin has done a book on one of my lawsuits by which I've accomplished this. Still 10 cases in court.

Of course I'm not able to push them all as much as I'd like and can't file more I will be getting to but for one aging man I have no apologies. (I'm 66 now.)

Nothing factual and of any consequence has come to light that I am not responsible for in the JFK and King assassinations except one thing, by a friend, the tape of the Dallas police radio broadcasts. I was a Yankee when I was in Dallas and could not get it.

All the dramatic stuff used to make Ray look guilty before the House committee I obtained in a suit still in court, one of 1975. The committee merely eliminated the identifications in making its own copies.

The importance is not as a whodunit, which everyone wants, but as a reflection of how Government and the institutions of society functioned or failed to function.

I've obtained incredible materials but lack the time for proper use of them. I'm arranging them for uses and hope to get around to some of them.

The authoritarianism I have feared and have been trying to fight is real and I've established some of its machinery. It is an Americaniform Gestapo of KGB, without the brutality, at least overtly.

I'm getting some of what these monsters did to me behind the scenes - and effectively. They plotted spurious libel suits against me to "stop" me, their word used by several. They finally feared this. The fabricated libels appear incredible but they are real and extended to the President.

Of the transcripts of the secret sessions of the Warren Commission I now have all but one and they also tell an incredible story.

Latest development on this aspect was the CIA's capitulation the day its brief was due before the court of appeals, when they gave me the last two to meet that case. Then vindictive DJ gave me a bill for costs. My response was to file counter-costs, before appeals, which awarded them to me. Vindictive DJ has asked for reconsideration and I'm already before district court with a demand for counsel fees and costs, provided for by the amended FOIA, for the amending of which I have some responsibility. It will soo damn on DJ that if they persist in refusing I'll be exercising discovery in litigation and they'll be worse off. I'll then prove fraud upon the court.

Once my lawyer has some help from recovering fees I'll be able to do more.

Gad to be a young man of 62 again!

By and large I feel fine. Sometimes I weary for no apparent reason. Once I passed out also for no apparent reason. But I stay active and was gratified as the medical reflection of its benefits yesterday.

Also yesterday another reminder of you - via the monster Hugh McDonald. He has another fake book out, by Gondom Publishing, Westport, Conn. address. Robin Moore the ghost. It was in the mail, from California, to be returned. If you ever see a copy I'd appreciate it for the archive. I found my self wondering if this is another component of Geller/Zebra.

The times have changed and this one will not make the pot the first fake did.

It is now light enough to use the machetes with safety and I'm to that.

But I did want to thank you again for taking me to Dr. Segal and for its great benefits. Hope you, Jill and the boys are all well and happy.

Best wishes,