

Dear Anita,

12/21/85

Sorry I was pressed for time and couldn't respond earlier. Thanks for the kind ~~kind~~ things you said and for the thoughtfulness of a self-addressed envelope. Odd circumstances forced me to be my own lawyer in an FOIA case and I had to do that work and then argue the case. That stacked everything up and the stack on my desk also grew and grew and is almost undiminished.

About Gary, my word, not a word! Nice guy and perhaps onto something now. I hear from him when he has news to report.

After spending a long married life with a psychologist Paul ought be better equipped than most lawyers to be a family court judge. If you see him please give him my best.

I rarely use long distance because our only regular income is SS and not much.

I'm OK, by and large, and I can take some cold. Not for long, tho, and I avoid it as much as I can. Recent mornings I've left for my daily walking therapy in a nearby mall with the temperature below freezing but I use a gallon plastic jug of hot water by the severely damaged foot and make out even though the car heater doesn't warm up for about 15 minutes. I run the car this a.m. for more than 10 minutes and the heater wasn't putting any heat out when I got there! I don't feel badly and never need any pain killers. The pains I have are transitory and usually disappear soon after I elevate the left leg. From oxygen deficiency in the muscles. Sleep as well as anyone could ever hope to. When I have a bad day it is just that for no apparent reason I'm just exhausted. The big thing is that I still have the thigh, leg and foot and I'm keeping at what enables me to hold on to them.

I was pretty husky until 1975's thrombophlebitis and about as able as most men my age thereafter, until the complications following the successful arterial surgery. The blood now gets down to the left foot much better than to the right, only is has a hard time getting back up, with all the once major passages blocked. Odd how it works out. I heat us with wood and I wasn't able to get the chunks all split this summer so I have them under the overhang of the house, close to doors and out of the weather. Bights the temperature has been in the low ~~low~~ teens and days the low 20s, but I've been splitting it, resting and warming, then splitting and then working at the desk. Today I became aware that when I returned to the warmth of the house and elevated both legs the damaged left foot was warmer than the right one! (Using wood helps with the expenses, has been my contribution to the energy crisis since 1973 and is very good exercise for me. I handle it when I store it in the woods about 100 feet from the house, when I split it there or at the house, when I load carts to bring it in and when I put it in the fireplace stove, a Timberline.) Right now my office is cold and I have to leave it, as I am after each letter, because my office has two outside walls and I keep that cold out by closing its door until I want to use the office. The blower on the stove in the next room directs the warm air away from the office. And the little electric heater I point into the office can't overcome the load of cold air that accumulates nights and until I open the door, which now is after lunch...In some ways I'm taking it easier. I now take in the Orioles baseball games, with my wife an even bigger fan, all the Redskins and some of the Cowboys games and the playoffs and last year and this some of the Univ. Md games. They are in a bowl game tomorrow. I'm also reading books now for the first time in years. Carry one with me for the rests during my therapy and I'm enjoying that again after all these years of one-subject reading. So, all in all, I'm as well and as content as anyone could hope for under the circumstances and I guess I've adjusted to my limitations as much as anyone could expect to. Hope all is well, or as well as it can be, with you, please excuse my typos and the best of holidays and coming years as I rush out to warm up a bit!



Rt 1, Box 221-C  
ENNIS, TX 75119

Dec. 10, 1985

Dear Harold:

I've intended to drop you a note for two or three weeks now, but by being rather busy, my good intentions fell by the wayside.

I received a very nice note from Gary Mack & he told he had recently spoken to you on the phone; in that conversation, my name came up & Gary's exact words in the note were "Harold said for me to give you his best regards -- we both agreed that you are one of the good ones". Neither of you are given to passing out wholesale compliments. I was so very pleased to hear that you had made that comment about me & I would be remiss if I didn't say "Thank You".

Every time I think about Mack & Weisburg, I have to smile. I'll never forget what a time I had getting Gary to contact you for the first time years ago. He was just getting a good start into his research of the assassination & I talked with him almost daily. He constantly expressed to me his tremendous desire to call you, but he was scared to death to do it. He was positive you'd "take his head off" if he called you. I kept assuring him that "as a rule, Harold doesn't bite", but if you do get bit, it will be because you deserve it." He called. Afterwards, he called me - ELATED - & I listened for an hour while he sang your praises. He had found someone more experienced, knowledgeable, honest, straightforward, that would support and assist him in his work. I think very highly of Gary & certainly the work he's doing is to be applauded. I truly believe that it was you who gave that young man the encouragement & confidence he required at that time. (Just a little

cute story I thought you would enjoy but, Harold, if you ever relate that to him, I promise I'll come to Maryland + "get 'ya"!)

There's one other thing that I want to say to you. I may have said it 10 1/2 years ago but I'm not positive--- and I want to be positive that I've told you. Knowing how much I cared for Roger Craig + how close I was to him, when you learned of his death, you remembered that. You were so thoughtful + considerate to have Paul Rothermel contact me in Iowa + inform me. He presented it to me in such a manner that I was able to deal with it much more comfortably than had it come from another source. I haven't + won't forget what you (+ Paul) did for me that day. Enough said.

After I called you a few weeks back to see if you could tell me where Paul is, I did find the rascal. He closed his practice in '81 or '82 + now he's a Family Court Judge in Dallas. I've talked with him quite a few times since + he seems pleased with what he's doing now.

I'd love to call you + chat a while but I suffer from a chronic, incurable disease called Telephone-itis, (Common to the female species, I'm told!) so I've tried to lighten up on my long-distance dialing. I would, tho, like to hear from you + know how you're feeling, especially. SO, I've made it so easy you must drop me a note. I'm enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Now, all you have to do is write me a line or two + mail it! Ha

I do hope you're feeling better + I'm waiting to hear from you.

P.S. - The "constant temperature" you

told me about for vascular problems -

it works!

My Very Best Wishes,

Rita