

Dear Joe,

2/20/90

With me the "desk organizer" can be and often is a disorganizer.

I use the upright dividers to hold file folders the legends on which I cannot read when sitting and it often happens that the things for which I use this as a sort of tickler have no developments and I forget about them. It stacks up and before I went out for the mail I cleared it again. I found something that may interest you and Sam and I'll send copies.

What I found that I won't send because it is confidential is a request for assistance from Nixon's old law firm, the one in which Mitchell also was. One of their lawyers, who represented a foreign and friendly government, wanted information from my files and I got a student to do the searching and copying for them. Mitchell was my adversary in some of my FOIA litigation. They were interested in one who can fairly be called a bad guy.

What I had to give first attention to is an article about me that I think is the longest I've ever seen - nine full pages in a small magazine, plus a full-page reproduction of a sketch of me made when I was a patient in Walter Reed Hospital. I'll make only one copy because I can't stand at the machine and because I'll be asleep in taxes. At the moment she has with her a couple not quite our age who, between them, have four artificial hips and they still farm. In fact, just finished building a new barn!!!!

Some spirit, eh? The man who wrote the article also has some spirit. He has muscular dystrophy, with all extremities impaired, yet he made copious notes and wrote the piece. It has numerous errors but I don't mind and certainly didn't tell him in the letter of thanks I just finished. If it had been a larger magazine I might be embarrassed by it. If the FBI or CIA see it, they'll be generating more records about me and what I (didn't) say and (don't) believe.

Your outline is in the mail, too. I read the note and laid the outline aside for when my head is clear. There are a number of letters of inquiry that I try to keep from accumulating. Also some orders I'll have to package as soon as I'll do the paperwork.

It is happenstance that the other side relates to what could be the content of the book that, despite the negatives of which I've written you and the fact that I've never thought that way, is provocatively interesting. It is the rough draft of an affidavit I was asked to provide for the FOIA lawsuit of a friend. A page of many, rather.

But I do have a file folder in the organized again desk organizer and I am now keeping a copy of anything that can serve as a note or reminder in it and when I take care of three things I found that require attention it will be clear again of all I don't want in it.

What is not so in the article is not of any great consequence except to those looking for nits to pick but I do write you about it before forgetting so you won't assume that I said or believe all that is attributed to me.

This fellow was and perhaps still is researching a book on El Haldeman Julius. He found out how to locate me from an old friend who, it happens, is also doing that - in California. I think this can explain his excesses in that portion.

Now that we've set records in temperature highs around here, be glad you are there because the forecast for tonight is ~~in~~ 15.

Best to all,

Joe

7627 Old Receiver Road
Frederick, Md. 21701
2/20/90

Mr. William F. Ryan
1726 N. Troy St., # 764
Arlington, Va. 22201

Dear Bill,

Dear Bill, Please excuse my not starting over. The mail was heavy today and makes its own demands.

It was a very pleasant surprise when, in carrying the armful that was always trying to escape to see the envelope with the issue of Virginia Country and it was even more pleasant to see how flattering the piece is!

I had no idea it would or could run to such length!

An odd coincidence is that two dear friends of my youth got the idea a couple of weeks ago that I should write an autobiography. One, a rabbi, suggested the title even and from the other, in today's mail, even an outline!

I've been reminiscing in some letters and they've found it interesting.

Your note refers to typos. Perhaps I was insensitive in reading your fine piece but the only one I noticed is in the head, which misspells my name. No big deal.

They turn out an attractive magazine, shoestring or not.

Sorry your health is worse. I wish it were possible for your problems to be addressed surgically, as a new one of mine was the past December. I had open-heart surgery at Johns Hopkins, three bypasses. For which they used my mammary arteries.

The heart had not been getting enough blood. In this area they work magic.

I'm still under restrictions from it but it appears to have been quite successful. The doctors and surgeon all say so, too.

But I've been having more trouble with the venous thrombosis, about which they can't do anything.

Coinciding with this there is an increase in inquiries and orders and we have to keep them from accumulating now because Hil is deep in her tax work.

If you've not heard from Hal, he is OK. The earthquake missed him but he had to walk home from work that day. Not far, he said.

Maybe your asking me about it got me more interested in where my parents came from. Perhaps it is because that area is in serious and promising turmoil. In any event, I've been trying to learn more from relatives I've not been able to visit in years.

Reading your piece made me wonder why I'd not made the effort earlier. Now I am the oldest living person on my father's side (I'll be 77 in April) and I can't get to see the couple of cousins still alive on my mother's side, two who were born in Europe. One must be pushing 100!

But I'm on the trail of two who have gathered some ~~info~~ information and when I get their addresses I'll write them.

I was surprised at how well the World War II sketch came out. I'd not thought that it would.

Let us hope that the scientists can come up with some kind of magic for us!

Again, many thanks, and our best to you all,

Harold

1726 N. Troy St., # 764
Arlington, VA 22201

February 16, 1990

Dear Harold,

Here it is at last. See page 56.

They don't proofread well. It's a shoestring staff, underpaid and given little direction. Understand that I don't work there. The typographical bruises aren't my fault. When I was an eighth grader I was a finalist in the National Spelling Bee.

Anyway, I hope this suits you some other way. It was lots of hard, close work--more challenge than the usual.

My health is much worse and we're poor as a result. I hope life has dealt you a better hand.

All best regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'W.F. Ryan' with a stylized flourish at the end.

William F. Ryan
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