

Dear Joe,

11/15/75

My nostalgic sentiments are too beautiful, too precious, to want to avoid or forget them.

Your letter with the unhappy news about Betty came yesterday, while I was in Washington holding a well-attended pressconference on the new book. (How well reported may be entirely different.)

Because everyone was finking I decided on an extension of a means I have used often: dare the government to charge me or its witness with perjury. Amazing how much this has forced them to disgorge- with no charges ever hinted against me.

So, I've broadened it to give the challenge to more and others: to those this book proves are perjurers and to any and all Congressional committees with jurisdiction to have the baddies and me toe-to-toe, head-to-head, oath-to-oath and subject to perjury charges on this evidence.

It has made for a busy day and less of a response than I'd like. I've already taped news items for two radio nets to be aired after 6:30 p.m. and have another scheduled in 40 minutes. I'll call for supper.

Here's the way it really is today. I had sat down to eat when AP radio called and I taped an interview. I had the last of the fish in my mouth when Mutual radio phoned and I taped another interview. I have this and supper done within two minutes before the scheduled NBC call.

After that, as individual stations get the word, it can go crazy. So, my hope for Betty's fully and speedy recovery. My own condition seems to be improving as fast as one can expect. I debate the former head of the Rockefeller Commission at Vanderbilt Univ. Wed and will have to redo the speech I've prepared tomorrow.

It is a busy life for one supposedly partly disabled but I'm resting more and pacing myself when I can control it.

Our best, our fondest hopes, for you both,

Sincerely,

11-11-75  
7715 Mill Rd, Elkins Park, Pa 19117

Dear Harold:

It is good, very good, to catch up with you, for you are one of the vivid personalities of happier days. I spare us both the nostalgic sentiment only to say that I well remember a bright & charming kid on a miniature golf course. And do you remember your getting me honorably discharged from the US Navy? How young you still are to be nursing a phlebitis; I had it at age 47 which was somewhat before yesterday. Your letter is dated as of 4 days ago so that you have by now, I hope, recovered. One thing I am reasonably sure of: at the speed-of-light rate at which you write books, another one is already well advanced. Apropos of which, since seeing the current + hot one mentioned in Jack Anderson we've wanted to buy a copy. Where do we write, + the price, please. No, no; we do indeed appreciate your wanting to present us a copy + we shall ask you to inscribe our own copy, but a writer who isn't also a school teacher can't live by giving away his wares.

There has been + still is trouble in our house. Betty has had a heart attack from which after more than 2 months she is beginning to recover. Warning symptoms of the damn thing began to make themselves felt in March of this year shortly before we left Israel where

we had spent some 8 months. On our return home she put herself in the hands of medical practitioners, all of them, for they pushed her from one specialist to another with varying jargon until the attack one midnight at home in bed. Ensued a month in hospital, & now for the 5<sup>th</sup> week in bed at home. But better, & about to begin putting one foot before the other.

We're very sorry to hear about your mother's ailing. C'est la vie for all of us when the "vie" is prolonged.

Tell Lil she shouldna ever dropped out of our sight just when we had grown fond of her, & still are. From her propped-up position in bed Betty sends you both her most affectionate embrace.

Joe