

Dear Walter,

8/6/77

Although usually I look for a quiet period to be free to write this is not such an afternoon. I've been sitting and wondering which of the friends I can't afford to phone I'd like to be talking to.

I've just begun a new book, too. Writing under bad conditions but writing. With materials that even for me are unprecedented, in itself a major problem.

I'm not upset, although I have been. Four hours ago my blood-pressure was taken and it was rather good for one of 64, 130/80.

I guess it is that while I'm tranquil I realize I have still another adjustment to make. I've just learned that I may have angina. There may be more.

Earlier this year I became aware that I have been losing my physical capabilities rather more rapidly than from increasing age. The doctors paid no attention, no doubt because I pay more than \$1300 a year for medical care that is supposed to be preventive, too. Then I went to Dallas June 10 to work on one of my Freedom of Information cases. While I was there the ABC Good Morning America show wanted me to go to New York. I did not want to and said no twice. I don't get to Dallas that often, wanted to do more work there and then go to California. Friends, particularly Jim Cesar, persuaded me to go if only to let some people know there are others than nuts working in my field.

(It worked out that way, too.)

Early the following morning I had a little trouble with the more severely damaged leg. It wore off during the morning but repeated after several days, then lasting three or four days. My medical insurer ignored this so I went to a local doctor, who indicated there might be an arterial condition to go along with the severe vein damage that was allowed to develop. I went to my medical insurer expecting to be hospitalized for tests that had been indicated to me and got only a long and disagreeable hassle.

I started a new fight-by-letter with the new medical director who untiltately responded by agreeing that the record troubled him and with a written promise to provide me with local emergency protection. The second part was important because the local doctor is in an awkward position when I am not his patient. This relieved him. He is now caring for me, albeit at my expenses, no my insurer's.

Prior to this I'd been able to make an appointment with a Washington doctor who has a big reputation in phlebitis. I used the name of a doctor who had mentioned him to me. I knew he had been a consultant. When I got there I found out he was chief of surgery At Georgetown University Hospital. And that he and his assistant both examined me. They will be writing recommendations to the local doctor. They also made a couple of tests. They, too, indicate the possibility of an arterial problem. But they made Lil and me feel so good from the time they took, that both of them examined me together. They also impressed us professionally, as they did as human beings.

I'm back on the anticoagulant, with the dosage being worked on. I think it has benefitted my legs and that may be what brought on what I do not call pain and doctors do. To me I had some mildly annoying pressures in the chest. After three days I had today's check. But when my legs seems better I walked more.

So, we'll see before long what if anything the rest is and what one does about this besides take nitroglycerine sublingually.

You probably caught some of the attention to the CIA and drugs last week. That became another interest several years ago. I had all those records a month before Marks let some out. These carry that rotten business further but in ways so clearly visible more than a year ago I registered a story idea that is close to non-fiction now.

I keep obtaining records with which I can, alas, do nothing right now. Getting them requires a great amount of effort and time that comes from other work that does not get done.

However, I have arranged a home for them. They'll be ~~deposited~~ deposited in the University of Wisconsin system through the Stevens Point branch, where there is a fine and level-headed professor to be in immediate charge and a whizbang of a chancellor, unless he runs for governor, which I've heard he may do.

I've already sent nine file drawers of older materials. I expect him this coming week to take a few more. Some visuals, too. This is less than 10%, not counting what I'll continue to get.

One source is a memorable fight Jim and I have won against the FBI. They were able to draw us thin and waste much time, I suppose one of their objectives, but I'm getting almost all I want and in the end will have immeasurably more than I anticipated. They finally asked us to agree to stipulations that include their performance by a specified date after all these months of delays.

They have also begun to disgorge their files on me. The first batch should have reached me but as of today had not. On this, if their compliance is only partial, they are being smarter than other agencies. I expect Jim to sue a bunch of them for damages. From the FBI, from a file not on me, I have obtained a few of their crooked records on me. One states high policy of denying me the fruit of my own labor.

I suppose all of this can't bring your mind to focus on what I'm saying. Maybe it will help if I <sup>1</sup> out in in numbers: about 3,000 once-secret pages a month from various sources in the government over the past 10 months alone. In dimension this is a stack of solid paper perhaps two stories high.

Our swimming pool has missed you and Agnes.

I'd have called you when I was in NYC for the ABC show except that your phone is unlisted. I did not expect to go to New York so I had no New York numbers with me when I left home. I was there only overnight, getting there about 9 p.m. or later.

I close with what may entertain you: my host in Dallas was the third man wounded in the JFK assassination. Jim will be filing an affidavit from him soon. This was the main purpose of the trip.

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Hopes you are both well,