

Mrs. Andrea Kaufman
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Dear Andrea (and John),

Thanks you very much for phoning. Of all our friends of the trying time of the Great Depression and World War II we loved and respected Sidney most of all. We had many good times together, shared many joys and happily had no sorrows to share. Only those of the world.

Even some images are still clear in my mind. I recall clearly the day you left the McReynolds for New York. We said our goodbyes outside of it, on G Street just east of 18th, on the north side.

Knowing he was going to die, it must have meant much to him to know that your children had grown into happy and successful adults and to know how much happiness they would bring to you.

Webber sounds like a remarkable, a very unusual man and an exceptional father.

It was so good to be able to talk to you and John again after so many years, so thoughtful of you to call and take that time when you had so much on your minds and heavy in your hearts. John says he will be coming here, and I look forward to it very much.

We do adjust, as you will learn if you haven't already, to almost anything. I had two close shaves after the successful arterial implant (teflon, believe it or not!). The first could have cost me the left leg and thigh and I was lucky to survive the second, a total blockage of circulation on the left side. Since then I've been more relaxed than ever before. I don't know what it is to take a pain pill, or a sleeping pill, or to take as much as a minute to fall asleep when my head is pillowed. Even after the thrombosis in 1975 I took care of our five acres without help - all the mowing, the tree culling, sawing and splitting firewood, all by hand. It wasn't until the friend who lives near you saw I was making out with only pushmowers that I got a riding mower - his gift that still works well and now is used only by a neighborhood boy because I am to avoid any bruising or cutting or falling and can't stay on my feet more than about five minutes at a time. While I miss the physical activity that kept me healthy and probably saved my life during the last emergency (the doctors say my heart is great from it), it does not trouble me. And what I once thought would bore me no end, going to a nearby mall for daily, three hours of walking therapy, doesn't at all. Even if there is no such thing as a stimulating conversation there.

We have a beautiful place and by and large we make out OK. It was hard for some years but when I fought my own lawyer during the second suit for the helicopter damage to our farm and my judgement was correct, the government did want to avoid going to trial, I was able to settle out of court for enough to pay off what we owed on this place. Then I learned why I was never able to sell the farm, which was a potentially valuable cloverleaf property. That county always planned to add it to a planned park. So, while they condemned it and we had to take less than it was worth, we did get enough to pay off the rest of my debts and have a little left over, a little that we have been careful with because so much can happen. We manage on our Social Security and the little Lil makes as a tax consultant. (She is very good at it and her people love her.)

I look back on what I've been able to do and I marvel. I still can't understand how it was possible

Because of my persistence in the face of official corruption, and my exposures of it, Congress actually amended the Freedom of Information Act in 1975 to open FBI and CIA files. This is how we've come to know about the horrendous things that were done to people like Martin Luther King, Jr., Jean Seberg and so many others, including me. And, of course, they hate me more for it. I've marked a judge's reference to this in one of the clippings I enclose.

I'm not so feeble that I can't fight them still, and I do. Most recently the FBI contrived a situation before a fink judge that enables them to charge me with contempt. I've dared them and they've backed off, although they can still do it at any time. They won't.

In 1967 the FBI decided that it had to "stop" me and my writing, its word in the records I've obtained, and that it could do this by tying me up in litigation. It is succeeding in that. I'm trying to end the litigation, some cases going back to 1975, so I can spend what time I have in writing and they are able to prevent the end of the lawsuits. So, from time to time I am able to make them a bit sorry, as the enclosed recent Jack Anderson column indicates.

Meanwhile, I've forced them to give me about a half-million pages of once-secret records. I make them available to others and I hope to live and work long enough to include them in other writing.

While I've been writing this I've also been watching the birds enjoying the ~~same~~ second most popular feeder here, home-made and hanging at an end of the carport. I don't know if this kind would be any better for Kathy. It consists of a bottom with an edge and a ~~2~~ roof, attached together by two uprights and hanging by means of a hook in the center of the roof. It is catproof and if it is over a paved area, by and large the ground feeders clean up what is wasted. Save for the hulls, which have to be removed.

Some of the most effective rodenticides can be dangerous but if Kathy wants to try to be her own exterminator, warfarin is effective and the rats do not get bait-shy of it. It is an anticoagulant, precisely the one that keeps me alive, ~~warfarin~~. My dosage is monitored carefully but after rats have eaten it for five days they bleed internally and die. If she wants to trap and not use the bloody spring traps, there is a line called Havaheart that I'm using for ~~foxes~~ squirrels, chipmunk and rabbits, which holds them alive. They can then be killed by putting the entire trap in water. Perhaps the best source for her is the local agricultural extension service. They can also provide dependable government literature. Professional exterminators are expensive.

I wish I thought that there were a chance that a college out there would want me to speak, and that if it did my doctors would clear me for flying, because that would enable me to visit with you again.

Again, many thanks, and love to you all,