

Dear Dennis, whose new address I did not record, and Gerry, 9/17/00

We've suffered new medical problems and with them a problem we'd had only once before other than the occasional stealing of a few pages by those who used the records. We are discovering larger thefts while I was, for no medical need, stored in a so-called nursing home for three months. The one about which I write is part of another one of my creation, not keeping a record of the manuscripts I'd been writing as a record for history. Someone broke into our home at least ^{tw}ice when I was not here. Once at least my typewriter was broken. We've been discovering other thefts by accident but the overstuffed file drawers in my office are no longer overstuffed and even my file copy of our wills were stolen. We've since replaced and filed a new set.

Clay has been putting these manuscripts on a CDrom. Someone who wanted copies when I knew that Clay had not gotten them all on that disc get me to ask him for the list of those he had on the disc and that turned out to be incomplete. So, for the use of others in the future and for Hood in the present (It will be able to provide duplicates of the disc to those who intend real scholarship), I've been trying to learn what is missing and to obtain file copies if I do not have them. Thus I ask you to please let me know both the titles and the ~~subec~~ subject of those of which you know and those of which you have copies in the event we may need copies of some.

I ^{have} had a bookshelf behind the door to my office and it was overstuffed with boxes each of which held a manuscript. On my first escape, so to speak, from the mistitled nursing home and took a look into my office I saw immediately that those shelves had been pretty much cleaned out.

When we can make up as complete a list as possible I'll try to remember to send you copies of that list.

And I see that thoughtful Dennis did provide labels for his new address.

There is not much of promise that I can tell you about our medical conditions. Ed is quite feeble and almost daily shows deterioration from the blood clots on her brain that have been removed. If I did not tell you earlier, the local hospital dropped her and broke her other hip. The possibility of those blood clots was ignored until I raised hell. It has hard on me in many ways to be in that awful place calling itself a nursing home. It made impossible my walking program by which I'd kept my legs and done more good and it, as had the hospital, ignored ulcers on both legs, a real impediment to walking. I went over the hill, so to speak, and got driven to Johns Hopkins, where I was told to discard the TEDs, supports for the veins, on both legs, and given a medication. The remnants of one were still visible after more than a year! That little circulation. To give you an understanding of the local practice of medicine,

we have suffered,

only twice

the nephrologist, not my doctor of choice, saw me, and each time very briefly, all the time I was in that place. The second time I heard his voice in the hall, ~~so~~ so I had time to remove those WDs before he entered the room. He looked at those large ulcers, looked at me, said only, "I'm a kidney doctor, not a foot doctor," turned and left, and that is what started me learning whether there was some reason for being in that place and, on learning there was not, I discharged myself.

So far I've had two fine implants for the dialysis, which I believe that evil man started prematurely (but is forever once started), both ruined by my medical treatment, once by a hospital nurse and once by a dialysis technician. Three substitute operations for other means of being treated, and now my doctors at Johns Hopkins, where I am a hematology patient, are considering still another. The one who opposes it is the cardiologist.

Or, our conditions preclude more ~~rapid~~ writing right now but I've three books ready for that. And I hope to be able to get to that soon.

I do regard this effort to identify and if necessary to locate those manuscripts Clay does ^{as important} not have ^{so} I hope you can find the time ^{for it} in your busy lives.

Thanks and best to you all,

Harold

I should have told you that hemodialysis, which I've been getting three times a week, each time taking the entire morning, after an early start, is quite debilitating and Dave's daughter, also a nephrology specialist, told him that of those who die while under it, most die from their hearts. I have never felt as entirely washed out from hard work.