Mr. Sol Rabkin 75 Henry St. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

Dear Sol,

Let's strike a bargain: I'll excuse your handwriting (which actually is less illegible than mine) and you excuse my typing. The reasons I'm pressed for time will become apparent.

I guess we are getting to the age when the kinds of personal tragedies and problems you report can be expected. Lil's mother and mine, for example, both well over 80, insist on living independently. For their desires for independence they are right. For the concerns of their children they are wrong. We have to hope that nothing happens, as with each in different ways it can.

For the first time in my life I'm seriously ill. This does not mean that I could not put in 22 hours one day last week, the kind of day that would exhaust a kid. But it does mean I should not have and did only because there was no alternative.

I may have phoned you in April, toward the end, when I was in New York to make a speech at NYU law school, got sick and had it read by my friend and wonderful human being associate, Jim Lesar, a lawyer just starting pracise who has been to the Supreme Court four times without being before a jury. A New York doctor diagnosed it as pneumonia. I had only a few days earlier reported to my own what turned out to be typical symptoms and they were ignored. Otherwise I'd not have gone to New York at all. I spent two miserable, days in a hotel (not the best) unable to lie down and sleep because I also had pleurisy and was not told about it until I got home, and without a chaur that came above the small of the back. I left twice before the New York doctor (a real bloodsucker) discharged me. I held a remakrably successful press conference with a fever of 102°. WCBS for example taped the whole thing. They used a selection each hour for the first 24 and after that I know only that they continued to use different excerpts for six day. In my own news experience something like this is wothout precedent. It was a week of more before I could get into bed. But as you may remember, I've always been pretty tought. If I never fully recovered my previous strength and endurance, I did take this as a sign to slow down and got more rest thereafter.

It now turns out that I have phlebitis - without the side benefits now associated with them in the popular mind. And on Saturday, when I was in New York to discuss a new book with a friend, I learned that I may have had a thrombosis in April rather than pneumonia. He is a friend and if there was in his mind the question should be make the investment with questions about my health I'd find this proper. However, he asked me to see his internists. He'd asked earlier if he could make an appointment with a specialist through his internist when I was there and I welcomed a second opinion because by then I'd developed concoerns of my own. But one of two things seems clear now: I had a thrombosis then and my own medical insurer ignored it by sheer negligence; or by equally negligent care (for which we pay \$1200 a year) he ignored the well-known possibility of phlebitis following pneumonia. I reported the symptoms typical of phlebitis when he made a perfunctory and belated check on the oneumonia and he dismissed them as mechanical and a consequence of aging. His examination after I returned consisted of having the nurse take my pulse and blood-pressure and then his listening to my chest. Only when this apparently conscientious internist started asking me questions Saturday about the results of tests, none of which were made, di I begin to realise the extent of the negligence.

I did the last of the work in which I wast indispensible in the printing of my most recent book when it was quite uncomfortable still believing that the lag pain was mechanical. They were hard and long days. The next day I phoned my doctor and saw him the following day. He was optimistic in diagnosing the development of the ailment and prescribed a drug that could not and did not work. Five days later he hospitalized me.

Despite what is heard so ofteny the hospital people were wonderful. I rarely saw my own doctor and the intern was a great and compassionate human being. The hurses were like mothers or sisters. The care consisted of blood tests and injections of anti-coagulents. This meant that with instant sleep I could snatch at most three hours at a time around the clock. Aside from the normal examinations, which this interm did with commendable care and concern, the only testing other than of the level of anti-coagulent in the blood was what a called a vein scan, a disagreeable X-ray examination that the intern, not my own doctor, recommended. Fortunately the radiologist was an unknown fan of mine. When he found the left leg so eight he couldn't readily inject a preliminary saline solution he went ahead on his own and did both legs, which is how I learned I have it in both, severely and extensively in the left.

I was discharged barely able to walk, unable to drive (there are some wonderful college kinds, the responsible me type, who shephereded me and still do because I can't drive for an hour, and without any preparation for what lay ahead except for the little I could extract from this compromised intern who had no right to tell me anything. But my own doctor didn't. In fact, he didn't see me for a day and a half aft or he OKed the discharge without the proper level of anti-coagulent having been established. It is three times what it was when he discharged me.

Not until Saturday, after three months, did I even learn that I should not sit for more than a half-howr at a time. When I rest I keep my legs up. Also when I type. (Try it some time.) When weather conditions cermit (and cold is no barrier) I take several forced walks a day, until I stagger going uphill. Only then do I turn around and wikks walk home, mostly downhill. Day's kil works I get there early and do this in the flat. It is indicated. The idea is to force the blood and the veins to work, for the smaller veins to enlarge and do the work of the blocked larger ones. They are not prominent. I wear anti-embolism devices when I sleep-around the clock. Saturday I learned of an opinion other than my dacetor's when I asked him, that they should extend to the crotch, especially because from the relative inactivity I have put on much weight. When I came to realize this was growing without excessive eating I started my own regimen to lose weight. It is now 3 p.m. So km far today I've eaten an orange, a banama (to replace the potassium lost because of a prescribed diuretic, Lil's science not my doctor's) and an inch cube of chese for protein. I'll have only a salad with an added source of protein for supper. But diet has not been discussed with me!

The New York doctor has written mine. I can imagine what will follow.

I've been interrupted by several phone call, the second a long one and I've lost part of my train. I manage to function. I've three active FOIS cases in two district and one appeals court. I'm also forcing the FBI to diagorge suppressed King assassination evidence, some quite impirtant, I think establishing a conspiracy against Ray and to obstruct justice. I've done more FOIA work (5 U.S.C. 552) than anyone else, never losing even when I "lose." I regulargly prove perjury under oath, without ever being charge myself. The FBI's last response was that I could undoubtedly make and prove this charge ad infinitim because I know more about the subject than anyone in the FBI. How's that for an answer to perjury, counsellor? The fink judge told my lawyer/associate that we could be sured for saying such thing out of court. We offered to walk through the doors then and there, startled the judge, and that was the end of that. This is the case on appeal. I got much without compliance. It is in my newest book that it cleaned us to print. I'll enclose a list and you tell me which ones you'd don'th have and want.

And another reporter called.

Our financial condition is about the same. Over the past year I've had a couple of consultancies for which I was gaid. With what I got from these and what had come in from the earlier books I'd found it possible to print the newest. The one before that my lawyor friend the couper Lagar, howeved the money to pay the printer. We've naid

carlier books now close to out of print. I've just made a profitless arrangement with a distributor on all the books. It will get them out and take the time of packaging and mailing off of me. It is also an arrangement that does not encourage further indebtedness to reprint because he'll have all except the individual orders, all commercial sales.

But I have promises to keep and I hope many miles yet. And much writing.

This time of the year, while it brings other problems, finances are taken care of by Lil's tax work.

I'm as much as three man months behind in filing. What goes in the lower drawers mostly from when I had trouble bending. Now it is nit comfortable and not impossible.

I hope I've remembered everything.

I was about to leave for Lil and take an evening walk on the level in the large shopping center in which her office is. Instead I'll hit the mountain again right now while there is a little sun. It is quite cold.

I'm sorry it did not work out for Nancy but over the years I've formed the belief that if it doesn't work out the sooner it ends the belief.

Best to all we know,

sincerely,

SOL RABKIN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
75 HENRY STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11201

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Jan 13, 1976 Wear Harred and bul, I was going through som pules of paper which had accumulated on my desh for perposes of doing what I showed have done some time ago or thorong antwha was now past dung, and I came across an envelope containing your address. How was a glow of verognetin accompanied by a turnge of conserver.) Lener Chis letter. First Fredamil I willy in a buffy healthy and prosperus new year. Second ; while we have read serves about Herold and his clongs to menings injuriel and even seen hum once or, a W interview show, we ruled not know, and nonwhalm happening in dem and to you, ful. Howard you? What is the schoolin? It the comme problem solved is at least lased? Second, we have had some troubles. my older brother, homes, 2 years olderhannle Chied or a resulty of fallen the submay. Hofelt Wee. 10, 1974. He was in the hospital Charagenth with briched of problet morna anathers further (2 men 7 et 4 1975) he got this care he needed like (Whelpears for

luswifekas, who was a hone bound walid will Varhusanis, dealtes and circulatory problems and who fould not walk without a walker. Ale ched in he responden. 29, 1975 juil sleven days before morn died. He was wraternalmuch, The home because your fordered skull curel turing the men Rue was dead. The clockers bookade my lelling hours. Heren came the two branch jot of burging them and clearing out their apartment handling their estates, paying of their bandling their estates is not you closed. Cend I inherted his for as farmey harson which melnded coving for our styles old cousing he into a home for in los angeles, getting he into a home for ble aged there, visiting her lahming car of her afforms, etc. Southbeen's busy have and one fully sorrow. now the estate is near closing, Sudie still regimes care and browel. We spent from Dec. 17. Whee. 31 with L. G. area visiting ther at leadeney other clay and here we troubles in many marriage this reducing there.
But our was all gues smoothly.
All us hear homein fel us hear from you legares