

910 Parkville Pike 20814

Dear Mike and Ruth, W. W. W.

2/5/84

After receiving your notice of Charlie Falto's death (for which thanks) yesterday I've been thinking about it. As of the time he lived with me I'd never have expected him to reach 75 or to last that long and be as productive as he was. Remarkable!

If you've forgotten, first Charlie Clift needed a place to stay, until Kitty moved to Washington with the kids, then Flato. One of my clearest recollections of that period is that Clift and I used to buy 10 cases of beer as soon as it was available and that usually filled my small kitchenette until it disappeared. Which didn't really take all that long.

The surprisingly many obits make no mention of a wife or children. Perhaps my memory is faulty, but I thought he'd married and had at least one child. In fact, when MHR's medical correspondent is named Flato, I wondered if Charlie's son.

It would be great to get to Truro this May and to see again the others who will be there but I can't travel very well and I don't drive more than 20 minutes at a time, although I can ride longer. I go to D.C. every six weeks for the surgeon's checkup, but have transportation for it. I haven't driven out of Frederick since 1977, when the first of the arterial blockages were diagnosed. Nothing has been done about it but I had optional surgery for two blockages in the left thigh (left femoral bypass) and while it was quite successful, there were two post-surgical emergencies, each of which added to the permanent circulatory impairments.

As I remember the last time I saw you and Ruth was at Bud Fensterwald's 1975 conference at Georgetown. Two years later venous thrombosis was diagnosed in both legs, inoperable in each, although I remained pretty active physically for two more years and only less so for the next three, until the 1980 surgery. GHA kept telling me, as I reported what I later learned are classic symptoms, that I was getting old. Because I knew I was I believed them. Until it was too late, when they had to hospitalize me because I couldn't even walk on crutches.

I spend mornings in walking therapy and it means a major reduction in my working time. I go to a local mall, walk about 1/6 mile, then have to sit and raise and rest my left leg, then I get up and walk again. Gives me reading time I did not take and is good for me. But between that and the time taken by my FOIA cases I'm not able to write, as I want to. I've gotten a third of a million pages of once-secret official records, mostly FBI, by some not infrequently significant litigation, and I want to use them as the basis for more writing. In fact, one of my earlier cases led to the 1974 amending of FOIA and the opening of FBI and CIA files and to the disclosure of the horrors about which you've no doubt read. While most of these records are crap, they also hold really significant information I do want to put together and published. Guarantee to blow your mind if you ever find time to get up here. Including more filled filing cabinets that the committee had!

The possibility, I think probability, of really significant books is real and I need to end the present interruptions and uncertainties from the FOIA litigation to be able to get to that writing. As I've only recently learned, the FBI decided in 1967 to "stop" me and my writing by tying me up in frivolous litigation. So they see to it that I get nothing except through litigation and then they stonewall it and me endlessly. They've even contrived a situation, before a finicky, rubberstamp judge, where I'm technically in contempt. They feared charging me, which I want so I can litigate that in the interest of preserving FOIA. I refused to comply with wrongful ~~xxx~~ court orders. Instead of charging me with contempt, they sought and got a rubberstamped pair of judgements. Which I also ignored. So now they have taken a course that also jeopardizes FOIA and lawyers willing to take such cases, by getting a (I add faulty) judgement against my lawyer.

So, my life is not exactly uneventful!

My lawyer is a fine person, very bright and dedicated, but not a fighter, and soon I'll have to find one that does fight. I'm not certain how when I can't get to Washington to look around and try, so + just await developments, without losing any sleep about it.

Lil broke a bone in her foot a month ago but is doing very well. She was discharged by the orthopedist two days ago. He forecast lingering pain for about two weeks and gradual recovery of the 40% strength that she lacks over the next three months. Or, by the time of gardening.

While I'm not able to do much of it at a time, I handle all the wood we use for heat, and we get all our heat from wood. For the past three years I've bought it and right now am negotiating for next year's. The cost for this season came to \$420. That's for the entire season's heat! I have it stacked in the woods behind the house and then when the flowers are dormant, gradually move it to the house, which has a four-foot overhang all around and provides protection from the snow and rain. So, while I'm limited in what I can do and how much I can do at a time, I can still handle that and it gives me a little exercise.

On the ^{chance} ~~chance~~ you had no address for "ol Rabkin, I'll send him what you sent me. Heard from him last week, a pleasant surprise. He, his wife and daughter are well and happy. He is active in good causes and practises a little law.

Again many thanks. Hope you are all well. And that you get up here some nice day.

Please remember us to the others with whom you are in touch.

Our best,