

3 July 1972

Dear Hal:

Thank~~s~~ very much indeed for your note on my health situation. Your thoughts on anxiety coincide exactly with our own, and you correctly note that ordinary doctors are not equipped to understand the origins and workings of the various ~~causes~~ causes of what add up to medical anxiety.

Before my doc arrived at his tentative conclusion about general fatigue, he did write a letter to my chief of bureau (who is a swine). The doc, at my request, did not tell me what he said in the letter, but it had some effect. The boss called me in and told me there'd be no more graveyard shift work and that I'd be taken out of the desk slot (night supervisor) which is a man-killer and put on less strenuous rewrite work. This suits me, and the escape from the pressure and stacked deck in the slot has been a great relief, and I feel much better. Naturally, the boss cannot admit that the slot is a man-killer, but at least he appears to have recognized that I'm getting a bit old for it. He's paranoid-Schizophrenic in my opinion and that of several others, so any give on his part represents real progress. In any case I suspect he doesn't want his bureau tainted by working a man within six months of retirement too hard.

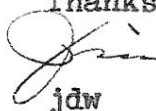
I do feel very much better and have had no recurrence of the pain. Neither the doc nor we think it's an ulcer, Jenifer having gone through one nearly 20 years ago while I was on the graveyard for a long stretch.

In the meantime I got back for a recheck this month and we'll see what he can discover then. I think you're right, fatigue caused by cumulative anxiety -- anxiety rooted mostly in the frustrations you mention, the piled up work with no time to do it. Jenifer's trouble is basically the same, we think. Explaining all this to an affluent doctor is not easy. He had no idea how a news agency operates, was aghast at the idea of a deadline every minute of the 24 hours instead of one or two or three a day, and at the idea of the graveyard shift.

We both have Miltowns available and use them occasionally when we feel we need them. I tried Valium once and had a very adverse reaction -- would never try it again unless I were going to bed knowing I'd not have to get up.

We're doing all right, feel better, and do thank you for your concern. Don't worry. We're doing our best to take things as they come and not let ourselves be bugged unproductively.

Thanks again.



jdw

3 July 1972

HW:

We thought you should know about this pair (in case you don't already) in view of the fact they claim they're going to the Democratic Convention in Miami to raise hell.

The first we heard of them was from a friend who heard them on the post-midnight Jim Moore Talk Show on KGO radio the morning of June 6. At that time they gave a return address as P.O. Box 451, Santa Cruz. According to our friend they were offering a 30-page report on the assassination they had prepared, including (hold your breath) allegations that Shaw knew both Ruby and Oswald, a road sign was removed from Dealey Plaza, ~~and~~ the sad fate of Rose Cherami, and the fact that two frames of the Zapruder film had been transposed for the Warren Report.

We were debating whether to try to follow this up and find out what gives when we happened to call Hal on another matter. He said he had heard at least part of the show and had called them and talked to one of the two -- we can't remember whether it was Rhodes or Copley. He was told that the guy was about to leave for Florida and would get in touch with Hal after he got back. As far as we know this hasn't happened, although I don't think we have talked to Hal since then.

One other peculiar thing about the Rhodes-Copley communique, which was received here June 29, is the postal cancellation, which we've reproduced below the communique itself, which was neatly mimeographed.

As the cancellation was one of these miserable U.S. Postal Service jobs which don't give the mailing point except for the zip code number, and since the last two digits of the zip number appear to be upside down, Jenifer called the local post office to ask what area the zip number represented.

In either case, came the reply, whether 90228 or 90282, no such zip number exists, that is, has not been assigned. The postal clerk could not understand how the last two characters could be upside down. The first three digits, he said, denote Inglewood, 5 or 10 miles southeast of Santa Monica.

To doublecheck, I called the San Francisco post office and got the same answer. Neither zip number exists.

We don't know how Rhodes and Copley got our address, which was correct in all respects.

  
jdw3July72