

Dear Jim,

5/27/79

This time last week I was drawing to the end of a 20,000 word affidavit draft in the King FOIA case intended as the most vigorous assault on the integrity of Department of Justice counsel, FBI FOIA agents and the appeals process itself as I figured Lesar would consider without open rebellion. What remains of it Dave would consider a political science document and it is my intent. I did only about 5 pages of the introduction to it before bed the first night and had the draft done by ~~noon~~ noon, a day and a half later, without working on it after supper the full day I worked on it. I wrote three different closing and abandoned them all, then got it read and shortened while Lil was retyoing it and now it is off to Lesar. I'd have like to have time to do some reorganizing and re-writing but that would have required more time than there was and eliminating content I believe is essential.

While he sweats out his fears and self-imposed limitations and inhibitions I intend to get some accumulations cleaned up and begin a little rebuilding of myself. Until the next in-court crisis.

This time it was a bit more diffilut and tiring than in the past because it came after a month in which my blood wasn't working as well and when how my legs and supports felt let me know it wasn't.

After a week on the coumaden I know they are much less engorged, getting back fairly close to what was normal before I hemorrhaged on 4/20 and was taken off the medicine. I'm still a little uneasy about hemorrhaging again and I'm somewhat inhibited by the reaction of the ~~xxx~~ veins of the right arm to the X-ray examination, of rather the injection required for the X-ray examination that was necessary to eliminate the kidney possibility of a kidney abnormality as the cause. But by and large I feel fine again.

Yesterday, after a rainy period that coincided with the concentrartion on the affidavit had kept me for exercising as much, I spent more time walking and toward the end of the afternoon decided that I'd better give the arm a bit more use than it had been getting, to see if I could use it in such work as mowing without really irritating it. I ran out of gas at about the right time because my physical capabilities exceed what the circulatory system tolerates. For some reason I feel it afterward, maybe 20 minutes or so, sometimes in the chest, sometimes in a slight head fuzziness. But this morning I am certain the arm is better and I know that so far I am less aware of the irritations, swellings and whatever it is that happened to the vein in the area of the injections. If there is no change from this as soon as the dew is off, assuming we do not have more rain, I'll put in periods of hand mowing which will also exercise the legs and their circulation. And thing subliminally.

I've heard from Dave several times, with questions about his bibliography. It may require enough time right now to prevent his using some of a remaining budget allocation for a trip here before the end of June. During the summer we expect to see the family when they drive east to visit Elaine's family. He had not heard from you for a while so we assumed you are busy on that very worthwhile Hospice work.

Lil will be sending you a clipping from the local paper on the establishing of one here. I've not read it yet. First notice of which we are aware. When the idea comes to Frederick it is firmly establish ed. This is a very conservative area, slow to start change but good in the changes once they start.

I'm pleased that the reverses have not bugged me about not being able to complete the outside work I'd begun so well and I'll be content to have rescued what I have and keep it rescued until I can recover more. I gambled on seeding when I could not rake it in and to a large degree lost that gamble, so far as I can now tell, so I'll mow the weeds that grow instead until I can seed again. And on the trees I've not been able to trim, soon I'll do what I can to them with the left-hand only unless I find I can use both on larger pruners. Where I was not able to rake out a rough piece of land I'd had harrowed I'll mow there by hand, too, if less often. But I'm content because in that area, with the trash trees removed this winter I can see I saved those of the spruces that I wanted and they are doing well with the sun and air they now get.

Lil's hip joints give her trouble so she does less work on her beds than she'd like to but as she works around the flows I mulch with the crips made from the pruned branches. I was able to load a garden cart with one hand as a rake and to spread with ease. What

we don't get now well get in the next round. Meanwhile, perhaps my left arm will strengthen and adapt to more uses.

During the couple of weeks there was no pressing legal work I got so much trimming done that the heavier parts of the branches that I feared would wear the mulcher are in a stack that is of more than a quarter of a cord. That's a lot of small pieces, too. The mulch not as yet used is a pile about three feet high and 12-15 feet long. Considering that it is small pieces, with little air between them, that also represents much small wood. When we look from the house toward the pond and toward the pond as I walk the lane the difference is clear and I'm satisfied those beautiful trees are now safer and will be healthier. Time will tell if this summer I can saw the branches dead along the lane and too thick or too high for the pruners to reach.

The great advantage of the area I have to care for is that if I can't do one thing one way I can almost always find another thing to do in a way that is not impossible and I can keep getting some kind of natural exercise.

The young woman, Rae, who has been helping me has been a great help. She is a good person, too. All my FBI JFK assassination records are now in order and inventoried for Dave, with a card file saying where each reach is. She is now working on my appeals files and then will have much less to do with my King FBI files for I kept them in pretty good order as I got them.

Jim is going to force the issue of the Civil Division of the Department of Justice apying me for the consultancy forced on me. If and when that happens maybe she'll be able to help longer. She can get to be a fine research assistant if I can find a way of paying her from her performance when I asked her to search out records I wanted to use on appeals. (And I've filed massive appeals that in themselves make political science commentary, all documented, all in context.)

I'm aware of the risk if I face any medical emergency that exceeds Medicare by much. Perhaps I'm a bit spoiled by the economic pressures relieved by our getting Social Security. With the property paid for the strains are not what they were and with the tools I was able to get from some Enquirer consultancies I have been feeling almost affluent when I use them!

I don't know how much longer the honoraria for the speeches that are paying Rae will last and I'm afraid to ask Lil because I'll mis this help when I no longer have it.

However, this week, she told me, she and another woman who used other files in her college work are going to explore getting foundation help on their own with those at the college who are supposed to know about such things. Their idea, not mine. I'm not hopeful but I'm not letting them know. Of course, student grants may work differently than what I encountered long ago.

Well, time to treat the arm and get the Sunday paper in. Hope you are well and happy, as the work you are doing should keep you, and I wanted to let you know that despite our various problems we are making out well.

Best,

