

Dear Jim,

11/1/80

When Elaine phoned~~x~~ last night I didn't recognize her voice, so either my hearing is failing more or shr was quite worried over your call. I can't imagine why there was no answer unless there was some kind of trouble along the electronic path of the call.

I am now rarely away because despite the doctor's hopes this past Wednesday I'm limited to about 200-250 steps at a time. My neighbor Paul takes me to the lab for the blood testing onday and Thursday mornings. Aside from this I've been away only twice since I got back more than 2 weeks ago, once to go to the doctor (forgot this is really twice) and once when a TV crew from Taft International Pictures was here and we all went to the China Pearl for lunch. I'll be away a week from this coming Wednesday again, to go for an additional check at Georgetown, but otherwise I'll be here.

We were concerned because we'd not heard from you, so I guess there was some kind of ESE going. You are lucky to have had a competent nurse who is also good company ready to nurse you. But we were concerned that you were not well. And although there is no reason why you should not have gotten through with the call, the fact is that yesterday was not a good day for me. My leg was swollen more than when I left the hospital or since. It is down only a little today. Other than from concern and inability to do what I'd like I feel fine, though.

I'm also in shock from kicking cigarettes. Once in a while when I'm tense and someone is herewith them I have one, but otherwise none. No tobacco in the house. Gave my pipe and pipe tobacco away. And I'm distressed to admit that smoking one does seem to ease the tension....I felt there were two kinds of addiction, physical and psychological and that when I was confined to a hospital bed was the time to tackle them both. I'm confident there is no physical addiction remaining but I do still have the yen. Not enough to undertake to obtain a supply to keep around but enough to crave right now.

I can't use more whiskey to ease it because after dropping quite low and having it raised by more coumadin, the protime test is at the level that once was perfect but at which I bled internally in 1979, so it had to be backed off. Whiskey also is a blood thinner, so for the first two days of the just-lowered coumadin intake I cut my whiskey consumption in half from the usual three drinks a day. But has the Sanka consumption gone up! as Lil reminded me today after the grocery shopping.

I don't really have any way of accounting for the swelling and my inability to walk as much as Hufnagel expects, unless it is ongoing venous thrombosis, which I think the doctors may not be considering because of their concentration on the arterial problems. It appears to be simple to me, with no medical knowledge to interfere with appearances. My foot gets warm. This means the blood gets there. It swells, which also means the blood gets there. Therefore, the problem is with it getting back from the foot, and that is veins, not arteries. But, I'm already on the medication for it. So, we'll just have to wait.

We are having a perfectly beautiful beginning of all. Lil is out in it now doing what she can to remove excess vegetation from her large peonie bed. She's been enjoying doing what she can but because of her arthritis and related problems it is less than she'd like to be doing.

I developed some new old bad habits in the hospital and they linger. I'm reading to enjoy and for the duration of the finals I took in baseball. I should have been doing work on a lawsuit today and I did prepare yesterday to begin early in the a.m., but I just didn't feel like it, I was concerned about concentrating too much and not getting up and walking around often enough, so today I finished All Things Bright and Beautiful, having enjoyed his All Creatures Great and Small. (Now I've got to find more light stuff, which suddenly is a great joy and is relaxing.)

A little while ago I had a call from one of the LA area critics, a warm woman I've never met. She'd heard I was not well and I can't figure out who the one who told her is because the name is not familiar to me. What did the fink Schüller call it, the Housewives' Underground? Don't know how anyone not close to me could have learned.


She is also a friend of Mae Brussell's. She said that Mae told her that of the 7 people with whom she'd worked on JFK, 5 had nervous breakdowns. I'm sure this means after HSCA. I'd suspected it was who I'd not heard from one of them. Too bad, but this is not the first such business.

I'm very sorry that some electronic malfunction gave you a scare.

Lil was deep in supper dishes when Elaine phoned but she caught the drift from my half of the conversation. She also had been somewhat apprehensive over not hearing from you. She repeated that she is anxious to hear all about your adventure, which she had said several times before your return also.

Hope you throw the cold of whatever it is quickly. When Elaine mentioned that I was reminded that my doctor has said nothing about the flu shot and I always get one now. I didn't think of it until I heard an early morning news item, it is recommended for all with any problems or over 65 this year. Also, there is now some kind of flu vaccine.

Our best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Herald".