

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
Texas, 78756 USA,
July 31st, 1989.
512- 452- 0537.

Dear Joe,

Now to answer your two letters dated 18th and 24th of July. And to thank you for the two phone calls. Got the impression from your first that you were in some "help" asking phases. Got some bad vibes from you. Don't hesitate to buzz me if you think I can help in any way.

First the poop on the death of George Kirkley.

It seems he didn't die of a heart attack at all.

George was born April 27th, 1909. Thus he was 80 at the time of his death.

Widow's name Emma.

George had been suffering from GOUT (not arthritis) in his hands. He mentioned this to me in his last two letters.

He went to the Quack's for treatment and was given some pills that raised his blood pressure considerably.

Then he started to get pains in his stomach, went to the hospital and was told he would have to have an exploratory operation.

This he had and died soon after being removed from the table.

Your writing is like that of a spiders with Parkinsons disease. There should be a constitutional amendment against blokes like you --- and ME.

Do hope your Pop is ok. One thing in his favor is that from what you told me, he didn't smoke. That is a big plus. I guess he will be on a strict diet in the future. I also have been cogitating, and seem to think he will be indulging in some sort of exercise program come the future. (By by) By it would seem.)

Had a phone call from Henry Atkin Saturday and he chatted with me for ONE HOUR and a quarter. Seems he has done very very well for himself.

He and his spouse, Betty, known 'em for ages--- went into the printing machine business after he got out of the gym business. First on a part time basis, then full time, eventually taking over the company. They sold the machines, wrote various manuals and the same amount of magazines on the subject and finally when they figured they had enough loot stashed away, sold out the business in 1987. Henry is now 73. Betty a couple of years younger. SUBJECT

Owens home in the exclusive Malibu Beach community plus a "summer" home -- no less--- at the foot of Mount Palomar. Talk about golden balls Atkin.

Very friendly and want me to visit them when the Wanking Wunder FINALLY brings me to the Land where the Hills are wooded. I am not holding my breath since the last Wunderkind talked to me over the phone, he asked me to send him an article and he'd pay me AT ONCE. I did and am still waiting for the check to drift my way. Ho hum. Same old Joe. Bullshit bullshit bullshit.