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Dexter Hotel,
Market Square,
Newburyport, Mass
Fri. (1/14/66)

Dear Bob: I received your Christmas card & the enclosure. The sentiment expressed on the card was characteristic of you. I am enclosing papers regarding my disability.

I was led to believe that the ~~decision~~ ^{claim} in regard to my disability rested on the decision of the medical team of the Mass. Memorial Hospital (after my twelve trips down there to Boston). Otherwise, I would not have gone thru with it.

On my last trip (final evaluation), the doctor informed me that they (the medical team) inform the City Hall (Public Assistance) just what is wrong & the local Welfare Board (i. e. laymen) make the decision as to whether I would receive Disability Assistance.

When I received the notification from the local Welfare Board - which incidentally was sent by letter even though I am compelled to go up there every Mon. & Thurs. for a grocery order (nobody up in City Hall wanted to inform me, hence the letter) - I proceeded to the local doctor who had been treating me & showed him the grounds on which I had been denied (Not totally disabled). He remarked: "They mean you are still walking."