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Dear Dal,

In the convoluted life I live from the sleep apnea about which the doctors can do nothing I begin to reply at 1:20 a.m. after writing two other letters as I try to catch up, not having had this typewriter for the three days it took for it to get its first cleaning in 25 years. And without your letter in front of me. I gave it and the beautiful calendar to my wife to read and to admire, she is asleep, and I've no idea where she put them. The calendar is really beautiful. not only the scenes, which are beautiful, but the combination of them. I can remember only one in the same class with it. Years ago I did some work with and for CIBA, when I farmed. They turned out such a calendar of views of Switzerland (Chemical Industries of ^Balse = CIBA)

Hope your publisher arranges a promotional tour of the US. If so it is certain to include Washington, which is not far from here but would require a rental car. From downtown about 1 1/4 hours and about the same for Baltimore, superhighway from both to less than 10 minutes from here.

Afrika Korps takes me back to World War II when my only contact with it was as a prisoner of war escort guard. We picked them up at the docks of Oran and delivered them to temporary holding areas and then I was part of a detachment that guarded a shipload as they were brought here. Where many worked on farms in this area, including on the farm of one of my friends. While unlike the Italians ~~at~~ I also guarded, who were happy to be prisoners, they gave no such sign, they also caused no trouble. They were captured in Sicily and/or Italy, just invaded ^o when she took ship going there. And they continued to obey their non-coms.

We were a 32-man detachment, including mess, but the army could not count up to 32 in arranging sleeping accommodations for us. So I went down into the prisoner hold and brought up a pipe and canvas "bunk" on which I slept, holding both ends up with cartons of rations. I place this between stacks of life ^{rafts} rafts made of 55 gallon drums. Our commanding officer, fresh from officer candidate school, was worried. I wasn't. (And my were those holds foul with no airconditioning!) ^{Six} ~~So~~ of us to 1,000 ^{in shift} of them, and it was enough because if they took the tub a ship over they could have done nothing with it, as they knew. And on one occasion discussed within earshot.

When they were allowed on deck after daylight they were a bit boisterous near me. A noncom always shouted "Rukig" "Ruhig" so I could ~~is~~ sleep and they obeyed.

One who wanted ~~star~~ cigarettes badly showed me a Tunisian Longines woman's lapel watch and told me he'd give it to me for a carton of cigarettes. One of the Navy gun crew with whom I'd become friends got me the carton and my wife still has that watch. I tell you this so I can tell you the story this nazi told me without my asking and without embarrassing.

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He said he just took the watch from a British prisoner, paying him nothing for it. The Brit told him this story he repeated to me.

When the British liberated Tunis even the whores were ecstatic, they so resented to nazis, and they grabbed the soldiers, took no pay, and sometimes gave them gifts. One whore gave that soldier her lapel watch. I was a bit surprised the nazi was so unembarrassed in telling me how they were hated after occupation, even by whores.

Daily they sang their superman song, "We are the Lords of the Earth," and the anthem, "Deutschland, Deutschland, Über Alles."

I wasn't again trusted to ~~gar~~ guard Italian prisoners on work details after my young and scared CO saw us marching back one evening with them singing all around me. Led by a first violinist of the Rome symphony who pretended his shovel was a fiddle as he led the rather roundish procession. Those men, mostly Calabrians, were happy to be out of the war they had no interest in. They were rather good at building ^{stone} walls ~~with~~ without mortar, which is what I watched them do, their own Noncoms giving them their orders or instructions or directions.

We had a commanding general known as "Sunday School Wilson." Thanks to him I was returned early, rather my detachment was, because he saw the outfit ahead of us on the roster without shorts when they were not on duty when the temperature got to 120 degrees. So they went to Sicily instead of us ^{and} delivered to the US the shipload of Nazis they were to have escorted. Sunday School Wilson wound up in jail over his black-marketing.

I had a cousin who was a hero at Anzio, where he kept the motor-pool functioning, and a brother-in-law who was a hero at Monte Cassino. He went out and repaired tanks in broad daylight when his terms were agreed to. They were ~~they~~ that he get them running but not return them. And day after day he lugged his heavy toolkit out to a disabled tank and lugged it back without once having been shot at. Both now dead. My cousin was present when Patton slapped that soldier's face, if you know the story. If you do not, the kid was psyched out and in the field hospital without a visible wound. Seeing no wound and not conceiving of any other injury, ~~Patton~~ Patton regarded him as a slacker and slapped him, ordering him back to duty as I remember it.

Before seeing if I can take a little nap at 2:10 a.m. -after which I'll go get the morning papers and after reading them leave for my early morning walking (half resting) at a nearby shopping center from which, this time of the year, I'll be home before daylight, an update on my writing. I've finished the rough draft of a manuscript of about a quarter of a million pages. One history professor friend in the midwest is tetyoing on his computer and a local historian friend says will "revolutionize thinking about the JFK assassination." I've no agent and wrote the book as a record for history if it is not published. I suffer the Wordsworthian curse among publishers of having been the first and of proving that a writer can get along, albeit not nearly as well, without a publisher. I self-published after more than 100 international rejections not one of which was editorial. Six

agents refused to represent me on that subject even when I'd made a deal for ancillary rights on my own and took that to the agent to which that magazine sent me.

I'm collecting what I know I'll want on another book. this one about Oswald. What is not known about him and why it is not known.

My major problem in writing for years has been limited access to a treasure-trove of records, about a third of a million pages once secret that I got via 13 Freedom of Information lawsuits, some precedental and one leading ~~to the~~ ^{to} the amending of the Act in 1974 to open ^N as a matter of law if not of fact, FBI, CIA and similar files, because they are in the basement and I have limited use of stairs and may not stand still to search for files and to return them. So I needed a formula which minimized this need and I got one for the manuscript just drafted and conceived of another for the book I'll be beginning soon. ...I'm pleased that my friends and an editor to whom a friend has show what was retyped are impressed that I could turn out so much in so short a time. And have it "substantial," the word this unknown-to-me editor used. What I do not intend as a boast and certainly do not recommend but was imposed upon me by my present conditions, I wrote that quarter of a million words without an outline, ~~xxx~~ without a ~~single~~ single note, and I'm quite confident about the contents if not the writing. There is some redundancy that will have to be edited out. And I think that should it get attention, this book can and should "revolutionize thinking about the JFK assassination." The working title of the coming book is Agent Oswald? Of the completed ms, Never Again!

Morrow, about whom you sent me a clipping, for which thanks, is a complete fraud. His books are palpably just made up.

Your reasoning on the p spooks is reasonable but we have no way of pinpointing from the available evidence, collected when it had been determined not to investigate the crime itself. One possibility almost never mention ^{ed} is Navy intelligence, for example.

Attractive cover for your book. Large pages, too. Good for pictures.

To the best of my knowledge there has been no release of any new JFK assassination records. They can now have a new excuse, the time required to prepare for whatever the new arrangement may be, In the long run new records will be disclosed but if they are anything like the volume I got the bulk itself defies access. Examination costs too much in time and money.

Marina can't really help bring much to light because she knows nothing. She is also in contact with those largely in the Dallas area I regard as nuts. So they'd hardly know what to ask here except in terms of their theories that do not check out.

Hope you (pl) have a fine holiday season and the best of possible years ahead.

Hal