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Dear Dal,

The calendars are beautiful! There is no space in my office for the larger one but as soon as my wife saw it she got rid of the one in her office (she does tax work) and has it there. We both found the pictures exceptional and beautiful. Neither one of us can use the smaller one for special reasons but I have in mind a woman who'll be here soon with her husband who will probably like to have it to carry in her purse. We thank you for them and for thinking of them.

I was a bit absent minded this early morning or I'd have had time to respond in full before getting into my routine. Yesterday I packaged the corrections in the last chapter of the new book and the corrections in several to mail to my dear friend Dave Wrone, history professor at the Univ. of Wisconsin at Stevens Point, who somehow with all the demands of his teaching and all the time he spends trying to help native Americans has been retyping it on his computer, to mail this morning. I thought that with all the extra confusion with which I now live I'd caught up on the correspondence so, instead of coming to my desk I thought I'd just sit and read. And then I remembered your letter of the 17th, here for several days. So, I'm departing from my Monday morning routine to begin response. The shopping center where I walk (with more time resting than walking) opens late Sundays and Mondays so Sundays I don't do this walking and Monday I get some of it in inside the building in which thrice-weekly I have blood tests to determine whether my blood needs more or less anticoagulation and, of course, to learn whether it is close to the spontaneous-hemorrhaging point. The blood-testing is followed by the only exercise I've been able to get the cardiologist to agree to, ~~the~~ cranking a Cybex UBE machine while sitting. It is called an Upper Body Ergometer or UBE and at the resistance prescribed by the physical therapists and the time, for me 60 revolutions per minute, I do 23 minutes of that before returning home. And today will be different for an odd and disturbing reason: one of the so-called "critics" has lost contact with reality and imagining several conspiracies, one to kill JFK and the other to prevent his disclosure of it by four of us, he has been so menacing and threatening that several of us have with considerable success turned one aspect of his activity over to the Baltimore police department. Its internal investigations unit will have a case, may have it already, to do something about this strange man's associates, two policemen who besides moonlighting have been making improper use of the police computer to learn where to find people and private details of their lives. The one of us more severely affected is not quite my age (80 a month from today), has survived her own serious illnesses and accidents and has been caring for a husband in terminal illness for several years, and under virulent attack from this sick man now suffers panic attacks, for which she is under a doctor's care down in Dallas. A woman friend of hers, a

fine investigator and a grandmother, decided to do something and saw immediately that the police could be allies. She had the detective phone me and between us we have him already loaded. Over the weekend I got more of the kind of leads I think he wants and that is what the normal part of my day will begin with. Normal for others, those who are not up at the ungodly hours I am from sleep apnea. This is not treatable for me but ordinarily it is quite treatable. I'll be surprised if the police do not by now have enough information to begin some action.

With almost no exceptions those believed to be serious writers on the assassinations are actually subject-matter ignoramuses. They dream up, steal or modify the unproven and unprovable theories of others and write sensational books about them. The more sensational and irresponsible the great ^{or} the sale and the more welcome this dangerous and misinforming trash is to publishers. This poor man, who flipped out and is now a danger to himself and to others, has published two profitable but terrible books under the title "High Treason." It is for work on his third, which seems to be presenting and entirely different "solution" than the first two, that he appears to have made even more use of the police computer. He has a contract and that is with the publisher I'd hoped a friend would interest in my book. And here I am coleader of the charge against his almost assured profits!

The publisher knows this man is crazy but his books are selling so well the green of the money blinds him. And the poor crazy man believes he is Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot and Perry Mason all in one, that all should kneel in his presence, that when there is a gathering (I've never gone to any of them) he should be the featured speaker, etc., and he believes that those who do not regard him as the best-informed and most heroic are actually conspiring against him. His complaint against the nice old lady is, literally, ~~not~~ in his distorted view, that when she was honored at a gathering last October she did not ~~not~~ turn over to him the introductory speech with which she was being honored, and did not persuade others to have him leading a panel discussion long since arranged for. That makes her a conspirator against him and because I'd tried to caution him and have been her friend for almost three decades I am one, too.

The prime one of the two police working for him came here for years and like all others had access to my records. Turns out the nut has a feud with another nut and instead of merely copying the records in which they were interested, he stole them. And he sold them to the nut with whom his nut is feuding! The main reason for stealing them is so that I would not leave them as a record of the invalidity of the work of this second nut. He did not want copies. He wanted no record to exist.

So, there is this complicated intrusion to which I'll return later in the morning and now I go out for the morning papers. The early edition of the Washington Post is usually here at 2 a.m.

Not much of interest in the paper. I suppose I should have said this fellow lives only about an hour away and we live in a lovely woods with so much privacy that when I was able to use our in-ground swimming pool I used to skinny-dip, slang for wearing no suit.

You do understand the actualities, that the JFK assassination was never officially investigated, wasn't intended to be and thus there are no known leads to be followed. In fact the preface to the new book refers to what it calls and as a matter of fact, whether or not of law, ^{is} a conspiracy between the acting attorney ~~general~~ and J. Edgar Hoover. I have the memo of the acting AG and an FBI record reflecting Hoover's approval and a prima facie case of Lyndon Johnson's approval of it.

You refer to the anterior neck wound. I spend much time on it in Whitewash and more in Post Mortem. and considerably more in his new book tentatively titled Never Again! The context is different in Never Again!

You ask how many shots I think were fired. I do not know and have never conjectured on this because there is no basis for responsible conjecturing. We don't really know which reports of other shots and impacts of shots are dependable and all official efforts were to make them unbelievable. Again, much new detail and much of the ignored old in Never Again!

There were reports of an impact on the paving behind the car. I go into the effort to ignore that in I think the second book. The street was soon repaved and if it was in the paving it will be there forever. Several reports of impacts on the roadway.

I not only think it is possible that JFK was struck almost simultaneously by two bullets I wrote that in the late summer of 1966 based on my study of the Zupruder film. But because I believed nobody would believe that before I published my second book I rewrote that to a mere mention of the body going slightly forward and then violently backward at about Frames 212-3 to about 320 as I now recall.

On the autopsy room, it had an amphitheater, usual in teaching hospitals. Literally they were not in the room. But there was the audience there and some had been in Dallas.

As I mentioned above, Wrono teaches history. He has also devoted enormous time and effort to helping the native Americans of that area. He has a ~~son~~ member of the Menominee tribe, which never had a written language, preparing one now. A year ago he devoted his free Saturday mornings to teaching the Indian treaties, unpaid, no course charge, etc. Stevens Point is in central Wisconsin, a largely agricultural area.

The only copy of the Moorman picture I have is the clearest UPI had. However, there is another one that is more contrasty and is used in most of the enhancements. But I've allowed those who borrowed mine to keep it until they are able to arrange for all the studies of it possible. There is no doubt in my mind that it does show a man in the foliage but I do not see any rifle and I think he was too broadside to the limousine to have fired a shot. Not at all certain on that after all these years.

Except from hearsay I'm not familiar with the colonostomy. A small polyp was detected by barium-enema X-rays. They are not dependable for the exit six inches or so and there is

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suspicion there may be one there. I am aware that it is generally outpatient surgery but the fact that I require anticoagulation and have suffered additional thromboses while in ~~hospit~~ hospitals and of the slight chance, ordinarily, of an accident, make me want to have this procedure at the excellent Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. The ~~hemat~~ hematologist there is important to me. Only much too busy. My preliminary appointment is for April 2. While it is a bit of a problem being in Baltimore, I lack any confidence at all in those who would do this locally and want the hematologist to prescribe ~~time~~ what they will do about the blood. If I had not exercised my own judgement on this 3-4 weeks ago I might have hemorrhaged spontaneously just before the procedures and would have been at that dangerous point at the time of the procedure, which I cancelled.

I know of no decent books on the assassination other than mine and one other, past, present or future. And the republisher of the magnificent Accessories after the Fact by Sylvia Meagher, seem to be refusing to sell it after reprinting. I've referred a number of people to it and some have told me their bookstores can't get it. I don't know of a single one who has. The quality paperback reprint is by Vintage. Howard Roffman's excellent book, Presumed Guilty, is long since out of print. And the others are all in different ways seriously faulted. Aside from which, and this is not boasting, there is very little that is factual that I did not bring to light.

On my book, I've no arrangements for it. When Wrone corrects the typos in the last chapter and then can get access to the computer he'll make copies of ~~those~~ those chapters he has not sent to my friend ^{who} and ^{will} hope he'll read them then ^{HD} decided to do it. I have no agent and no publisher. I'm the one who self-published when they were all, more than 100 internationally, afraid. The Wordsworthian curse, of being the first, lingers and will, I fear. After my initial experiences I forgot about publishers and just went ahead in complete freedom and became the country's smallest publisher, I suppose. This has been impossible for me since the first of the thromboses, about 1975-6. Or I'd surely do it now! I know what it is and my opinion is professionally confirmed. Wrone phoned me yesterday when a local ^{local} historian friend was here. ^{He} (had read not quite a half of the draft. They refer to the work as unprecedented in their field, in the broadest sense. And unprecedented in its documentation. At the same time I'm going to have to regard it as what I believed it might be when I began, a record for history whether or not published because I can't for various reasons take the time to edit it. I think it actually requires little editing if one can escape stereotypical concepts. There is duplication that should be eliminated and where it may not be clear it should be made clear, but were a publisher to properly exploit, ^{not} necessarily a bad word, my age and my health and the fact that at my age and in my health and its limitations and with no assistant of any kind I turned out so massive a manuscript in so few months, the book would go. All he need say in addition is that I want to be able to respond to any questions about it and to be alive when it appears.

Bob & Linda. See you