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Dear Dal,

Your letter of the 1th, postmarked the 15th, did not get here until today. "ongest I recall. Thanks for it and the enclosure. Good reviews. Fair, too. More on this below.

I am taking this afternoon off beginning in about a half-hour for the last of the major-league baseball pre-season games. I'm an Orioles, the Baltimore team, fan. And with almost all the games at night, with the convoluted hours I keep and have come to like because of what they make possible, I'll not be able to take many games in.

You conclude your letter asking about the blood test. I have three each ^w week, two extra once a month, plus infrequent profiles a doctor may order. If the latter, two doctors have said nothing about it so they must not have been troubled by the results. Those once a month are to determine the Vitamin K level and what is called the "creatinens." The latter asses, I think, how the liver functions. The March test had it a little off but perhaps not that far off for one who will in five days be 81. In any event, the doctor said nothing about it. The Vitamin K level has to be checked, I'm sorry, that should be the potassium level - K is the symbol for it - because I have to take a supplement to replace the potassium destroyed by the anticoagulant that has kept me alive since 1975. The dosage of that has not been changed in years. And the thrice-weekly tests ^(Not by the doctor.) are to determine the time it takes the blood to clot. That is tricky with me for a number of reasons and I once did, frighteningly, hemorrhage in the urine so since then the tests have been this frequent. Also because the clotting time has varied by as much as 8 seconds in several two-day periods. Yesterday's test, for the first time in quite some time, was in the zone of ~~the~~ hemorrhaging danger. So the dosage of what is literally rat poison and is sold as "coumadin" and is actually sodium warfarin was reduced by a mg. With this explanation, no doctor has expressed any concern over any of these tests. And I'm used to them and have found some use for the time it takes. Besides reading while they hold me there to be certain that I'll not bleed after being stuck, the building is air conditioned and I can get in it as early as 5:30 a.m. So I got there those three days from the shopping center where I start walking (most of the time resting and reading and listening to the hifi on the car radio) and resume my walking there. And from there I got to physical therapy, where I'm allowed only a little, first on the Cybex UBE machine, for upper-body ergometer - use of the arms as with the legs on an exercycle, and then on a fancy exercycle for the legs. I'm there a half hour before the therapists get there and I have to take five between and after them, and I spent ^{that} ~~that~~ time reading, too.

Eviscerated and still bleeding, Cas@ Open has been manufactured. I got a copy yesterdays and when more reach New York they'll send me more. But the little that re-

mains, and botched as it is, which may well entice adverse comment, will embarrass that Judenrat Posner. I'll write Herman Graf and ask him to send you a copy, referring to your review in the Herald. It is loaded with mistakes I caught in the supposedly edited copy and on the page proofs. Nothing I can do about it. And I have no explanation for the gutting of a really powerful book.

I've written a rather long article on Posner and his book, 10,000 words or so, in the hope the publisher would try and interest a magazine but no indication of any such interest. I do not suppose you know any magazine that considers anything like that length. I write in so chunks could be cut out.

If you'd like an independent opinion of the lengthy rough draft, 200,000 words or more, when you are in touch with Wrono, ask him. He has a copy, as does McNight.

Groden, your review, is typical of so-called assassination experts: he is ignorant of the actual established official fact. He lives with what he has read in the trash and what he makes up from that. I did not get his book and from what I know about him, which is not how he was when I first knew him, he is more than capable of "improving" some of the pictures.

I am inclined to believe that the sale of all anniversary trash was less than the publishers expected. As it should have been. But I fear that some, like Posner and Livingstone, will have depressed the market, as has the disenchantment of the reading public with that trash only that is available. Turns them off on the subject as reflected in books, not otherwise.

On the White House phone logs, I'm not now sure but I believe I got them for the period through the Commission appointment and gave them to McNight. I've not read them. I did check them to see if they include what I have and include in NEVER AGAIN! and they do not! Moyers phoned Johnson that Sunday night about nine, clearly about that Katzenbach memo, LBJ then phoned Hoover and then Katzenbach! I have this from Secret Service records. Do not talk about it, please. I'd like it to be a surprise in the book. I think now due in September.

I think Jerry was indicating what the logs reflect on the organization of the Commission and Hoover's hysteria. Wrono put a good set of records he found here together on that and correctly used the word, "hysteria." Hoover was wrong about just about everything and told LBJ what was wrong.

Dean Walt Whitman Rostow was one of the more diligent cold warriors. In and out of the government. I think he was in State but now am not certain. My mind also for some reason connects him with spooking. Bill Moyers was then a Johnson assistant. Joe Alsop was a New York Herald-Tribune reporter, then columnist, and when that paper died he remained an influential columnist. And a vigorous hawk. I do not remember whether Fortas was then a Supreme Court Justice but I think not yet, that LBJ appointed him after

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Arthur Goldberg from the Court to the UN. (Did I ever tell you that the Knox-Monroe dog bit me in the ass before he was sent to the UN? And that when he was there "ady K-N got five dozen of my largest, usually double-yoled eggs sent from the embassy to New York by train? Or that whe she faced a social emergency, a change in entertainment during SEATO's organizational meetings and unexpectedly the day ¹ delivered she was to unexpectedly serve dinner, she served some of my roasting fowl? And they and she were biggs suceses? Some of the ~~gssu~~ guests went down to the kichen to ask tne cook, an Austrian refugee who told me, to express their appreciation and ask what those birds were? ¹y New Zealand connection! And I'd warMed them that from his eyes ¹ could see the change taking place in their dog.)

Fortas was a longtime LJB friend, from LBJ's rafe for the Senate at the latest. He was under FDR and undersecretary of the Interior. Maybe under Truman. He then went into private practise, the firm Arnold (for Thurman, former DJ head of anti-trust and appeals court judge), a Fortas and Porter (Paul, former commissioner of the Federal Communications Commission). When Fortas went to the court the firm droppd his name. Most of its work was with the government. Prestigious firm then and since.

Are you people so primitive you do not have flu vaccines? Or are you so tough you are contemptuous of vaccines and the flu? We have been taking flu shots since at th latest the 1950s and the only time either or us ever had the flu was when we forgot to get the shots. Neither ever had any reactions. Make it an annual habit, friend.

If they are not commonly used down there, here the Center for Disease Control announces when they should be taken, usually in September here, and by then the cal-
culations of the ^{va} strains that may be expected have been made and the vaccines prepared. Here the shots are given by the county health department ~~as~~ as well as by individual doctors. We get them from our doctor becuse if there is a line I cannot stand in it.

I have a dim rrecollection of the devastation from the flu in the World War I era. Mortality was simply enormous. Take no chances! The most deadly strain heré during my adulthood was one of the oriental strains. *Hong Kong*.

When I handed Lil your letter to read it was memorable. She read it without eye glasses! First time in her life, thanks to the removal of the first cataract. Two months from tomorrow they take the other one. They really means our local ophthalmologist. He sent me to Johns Hopkins for the decision on whether to remove my second one. They decided against it.

~~Now~~ for the game. I'll see if I missed anything when I read and ¹corect this in the morning.

ur love,

Harold