

Auckland, 22/11/94

Dear Harold,

I have become so used to receiving a letter from you (nearly every week) I have missed your letters these last couple of weeks. I hope you are well and that your health is not troubling you unduly.

Today is the 31st anniversary of 22 November 1963. I can remember hearing it, everything surrounding the news is still vivid in my memory.

Last night I was thinking over the last couple of letters I have written, and I feel a little embarrassed by them. I seem to have turned a full circle, going back to asking you things you probably do not wish to discuss because they border on speculation divorced from evidence. I hope you did not find my questions too distant from reality.

In moments of reflection I tell myself I must get to know your books better. It is

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good advice methinks, to find as many answers as I can in your books before setting you a long list of questions.

It is very late at night as I write this, and I am now off to bed.

I am looking forward very much to your next letter.

With love and best wishes to you both.

Paul.