

30 May 1970

Mr. Brian McConnell
c/o The Daily Mirror
London

My dear Mr. McConnell,

My bookdealer has just supplied me with a copy of your book, The History of Assassinations. Because of my special interest in the assassination of President Kennedy, I turned to Chapter 12 first of all to see how you treated the subject. (I should perhaps explain that I am the author of The Subject Index to the Warren Report and the Hearings and Exhibits, Scarecrow Press, New York and London, 1966, and of Accessories After the Fact: The Warren Commission, the Authorities and the Report, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., New York, 1967.)

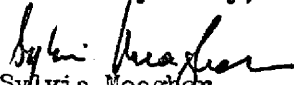
I note that you erroneously describe Oswald as a native of New York (pages 319 and 327); he was born in New Orleans. You state (page 320) that Oswald had a record of violence, before the Presidential visit to Dallas, which also is untrue. Oswald was never under suspicion of or linked in any way to the attempted shooting of General Edwin A. Walker on 10 April 1963 until he was posthumously implicated in that attack in December 1963 by his widow.

You are further incorrect in stating (page 321) that "a man who called himself Oswald had appeared at a Dallas firing range for practice." The actual fact is that a number of witnesses reported to the authorities that they had seen a man whom they believed identical with Oswald on several occasions at a rifle range but that investigation led to the conclusion that the witnesses were mistaken.

Oswald's wife was named Marina; Marguerite Oswald is his mother (page 323). John Kennedy was the second of four sons, the eldest of whom was Joseph Kennedy II, who perished in the crash of his aircraft during the Second World War (page 343). Sirhan did not escape in the melee, only to be quickly identified and arrested (page 343): he was surrounded and captured on the spot, with the pistol still in his hand, but refused for some hours to tell the police his name.

Since you have mutilated the elementary facts of very recent history in such an inexcusable and carefree manner, I shudder to think what indignities you committed in discussing more remote cases of assassination and will not trouble to read the rest of your book. It is such cheap and banal reportage that one suspects it was written by an imbecile for the edification of idiots.

Yours very truly,


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