

February 19, 1992

Box 28
11 Victoria Street East
COOKSTOWN, ONTARIO, CANADA.
L0L 1L0

7627 Old Receiver Road
Frederick, Maryland.
21702

Dear Harold:

Please find enclosed a money order, in U.S. funds, for \$110.00. I hope this is sufficient enough to purchase and ship your volumes of published works on the Kennedy assassination. If not, please let me know and I will send you whatever balance is necessary.

I feel I must apologize for waking you with my phone call of Monday; I was not cognizant of your present state of health. I send my heartfelt wishes, and my prayers, that you continue to improve for the better. Individuals such as yourself are as few and far between as identical grains of sand. You have had, from my initial contact with your work many years ago, an unexpressed admiration and respect; for your courage, tenacity, honesty, and unashamed search for the truth I can only say - "Thank you!" You realize that it was your work which gave me the initial twinge that all was not as it appeared on November 22, 1963.

My family and I have been living in the above indicated small village (population 1100) for about eight months. It is a nice change from the urban rat-race of the last 15+ years. Cookstown is about 50 miles due north of Toronto, close enough to modern society with its, at times, seemingly increasing ills.

I returned to my studies in 1973, and completed both my undergraduate work and my graduate work over an eight year continuous stretch. (specializing and doing a double major minor - American history and political science combined) Upon completion I had had enough of academia to suite me for a while, so I returned to a previous occupation involving computer operations. Since that time I have progressed through a couple of other careers, so to speak, photography, and now professional golf. All-in-all it has been fun, with few dull moments to bore me.

I believe I mentioned on the phone that I lost, by way of an apartment fire, a great deal of my JFK-Assassination materials in 1980. Gone are my 26 volumes of Warren related material, numerous other books, and all of my correspondence/research that I had accumulated over the years. The memories, however, are with me forever - that no act of nature could ever erase. I must admit that the Oliver Stone film has had a part in my renewed interest in examining the JFK murder on more than a cursory level once again. I must also admit that as of this writing I have not seen Stones' film. I will probably wait for it to come out on video.

Actually I did follow, as best was possible here in Canada, the travails of the HSCA in the late 1970's. Interesting - but a lot of work obviously remains to be done if the truth will-out - as I know it must. There appears to be, from what

reading I have done over the last year or so, some tantalizing leads left unexamined in their proper detail by the HSCA. Undoubtedly you are working on some of these as I write.

My current occupation allows me a number of months of "free time" - so to speak. Because of that, I am once again immersing myself in the morass of the JFK killing. Don't get me wrong; this is something I do of my own free will, knowing full well, from past experiences, what lies ahead. I am hoping that time and a relative degree of acquired maturity has helped to equip me for what I know lies ahead. In this regard I must once again thank you for kindling a flame which I know refuses to be extinguished, even after death.

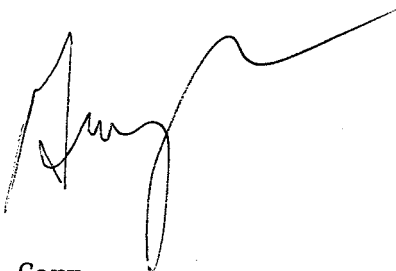
I fear I have rambled on too long. The hour is late, and my birthday approaches (I will be 46 tomorrow, February 20th). If I may be so bold as to ask of you the following: If I am to write, are there any areas which you feel I should concentrate my energies exploring? I am open to any and all suggestions. Is there anything that you are working on that I can help you with?

In closing I have a request which you may deem unfeasible; I would like to come and meet you, however briefly, at a time of your choosing. If you feel that this is beyond your ability to cope with at this time, I will understand. Forgive an aging fans' child-like request, but, alas, at this time I cannot help myself.

I look forward with unbridled anticipation at renewing my familiarity with your writings. It has been a long time, and much of your recent work is unknown to me.

I remain, now and always,

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Gary', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Gary