

Dear Gary,

2/23/92

You have led a varied life since we were last in touch, interesting from your account, and because you got your degrees, I think worthwhile. You may use them yet!

No need to apologize for waking me when I was napping. You had no way of knowing of the changes in my life and my wife ~~knows~~ when not to wake me from a nap. Most days I do not have time for one so missing part of one is no great loss. They are never long. Anyway, She was sure I'd want to talk to you.

Stone's film is impressive but because he has from the first represented it as non-fiction is it bad, a deceptive and misleading lie, and a crass commercialization and exploitation in which he used the JFK assassination as the vehicle for saying what he wanted to say about Viet Nam.

Too bad about that fire! the 26 cannot be gotten and your own work could not be replaced.

HSCA was not good. It intended to refute all criticism of the official mythology. When what it had planned for its putdown of putdowns backfired it grabbed that to escape bankruptcy. Blakey began wanting to pin it on the mafia, regardless of lack of evidence, and they wasted themselves on and with such preconceptions.

On areas to explore, I still think the body of the crime. Avoid the theories and the books based on them or pretending to solve the crime through them. The crime itself was never officially investigated, was never intended to be. So there is no factual basis for solving it or for any responsible theory for ~~writ~~ writing. Other than fiction.

I hope you can come here. We are never away for long, never for a full day. It has not been safe for me to drive out of Frederick since 1977 and I haven't. The only times I am away, other than for what one does not anticipate, family death, is to be driven to Baltimore, where I'm at Johns Hopkins hospital for once-a-month shots.

Unless the doctors, who try for the first time tomorrow, when I see a new one, ^{has} has some idea of how to regularize my sleep, remember that I must retire early. I was up at 12:35 and wide awake this a.m. and it has been even earlier in recent weeks. So I retire early.

Excuse my brevity. I have packages to make to mail tomorrow and I'm trying some writing again. Glad to hear from you and best to youx and yours,

Harold

February 19, 1992

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COOKSTOWN, ONTARIO, CANADA.
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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' written in a stylized, cursive script. The signature starts with a large, sweeping 'G' and ends with a long, horizontal flourish.

Gary