

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,  
Texas, 78756 USA,  
June 19th, 1989,  
512- 452- 0537.

Dear Joe,

Enclosed are all the shots of me I have been able to find. I am sure there are more. PLEASE TAKE CARE OF THEM and return when you've copied for your files.

The first, marked 1. This was taken in July of 1939. Take no notice of what was written on the back. This was just a big bullshit for Peary Rader since he wanted to know what, why, when and the ins and outs of a cat's arse. So I just made up a fable. Actually the shot was taken at St Jean de Luz, a small French fishing village right down smack in the most southern corner of the bay of Biscay. I had gone there in the July of 1939, ostensibly for a vacation, but actually for something far more nefarious. I went into Spain a couple of times, staying for a day, then was recalled to London where I was told I might be "volunteering" for the Navy "soon." I did and I was in the November of that year. The caption to this shot might well be

When all the world was young lad  
And all the trees were green,  
With every goose a swan lad,  
And every lass a queen. "

The next shot was taken on board the cruiser "HMS Glasgow" on which I was serving at the time, and continued to serve until three weeks after D Day, in fact some eight weeks after D Day, when the ship was so badly damaged she was decommissioned and off I went. Five years on her. The shot was taken on the flight deck of the cruiser and you can see the tail of one of the two amphibian planes we carried--- Walrus type spotting planes. It was probably taken in Singapore since I know I had my white dress whites made there by a Chinese tailor. The caption to this one might read

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
The flames around him roared,  
But he laughed through the life belt on his neck  
For the ship it was insured. "

Didn't I look a doozy in my whites. And I wondered why all the women chased me.

The next shot marked 3 was taken on board the Queen Mary in the July of 1951. Joe and I were on our way to London for the Mr Universe contest. With us at the table is Joe Hassman, Joe's mother-in-law (at the time) and our attorney. There is a story here. See the waiter at the back of us. Norman Walsh was his name. In 1935 I was in Jersey, Channel Islands, staying at a hotel named The Metton. There I had a waiter. You've guessed it, Norman. When Joe and I went to our first breakfast, a waiter came up and said "Mr Smith, we meet again" I looked up and there was Norman-- 16 years after I had first met him. Waiting at the very next table was a French kid named ALEX-- last name forgotten, who was with Norman at the Metton Hotel in 1935. We also had Norman when we came back to NYC in October of the same year.

No caption to this one except "Eat Drink and Merry for tomorrow----"