

NR_key_name: A30186C94332BCA686256644007E3E3C
SendTo: Eileen Sullivan <Eileen_Sullivan@jfk-arrb.gov>
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BlindCopyTo: CN=Eileen Sullivan/O=ARRB
From: Charles Mazal <palabra@earthlink.net>
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DisplayDate: 07/17/1998
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Subject: Try again

Dear Eileen, responding to your email today, the attachment I sent was in windows word - thinking, of course, that arrb would have just about every sophistication available on their computers. No problem. I'm attaching the same document, except this time as a plain text file (.txt) which you should have no problem receiving. Please let me know if it doesn't arrive in readable fashion, in which case I'll send you a hard copy via snail mail. As for the photos, I'll figure something out and let you know. Thanks for getting back to me so soon. Regards, Charles

This account was written in May 1998, from personal notes and recollections. The information contained herein is the truthful account of my experience, as it occurred, to the best of my recollection. 1963 I was living in Mexico City in a penthouse on San Francisco Street, on the fifth floor of a building without an elevator. Being unmarried, I had an active social life, many friends, and had contact with many women. I worked in my own business, importing medical equipment to Mexico, primarily from the U.S., and lived comfortably. Tuesday nights, close friends would gather at my apartment to play dominoes. These friends, with whom I continue to have contact, are, among others who attended, Raul Turu Sabatini, an architect; Emilio Vega de Llergo, insurance; Sergio Lagunes, manufacturing, all living in Mexico City. In early October of this year (1963), I met a Mexican lady whose name I can only recall as Graciela. She was around twenty-two years old, two or three years younger than me. My recollection is that she was attractive, olive-skinned, with long black hair. She dressed, mostly, in clothing considered "hippy" during that time in Mexico, which was less radical than American "hippy" fashions of the day. She also wore miniskirts and sweaters. I cannot recall how or where we met, although I clearly recall our first date. She asked me to pick her up at a small drive-in restaurant on Insurgentes Sur avenue. It was around 9:00 pm. I waited in my car and she arrived on foot. I thought it strange that she should ask me to meet her there, rather than having me pick her up at her home. She explained that she lived nearby and it was more convenient for her because her "brother was very jealous" about her boy friends. We went to dinner at another restaurant nearby. After dinner, as we were driving back towards the drive-in restaurant, she asked that I drop her off on Dakota Street, a few blocks from the drive-in. Dakota Street, in 1963, was a one-way street heading south. Reaching what seemed an arbitrary corner, she asked me to stop. We bade farewell and stepped out of the car, and I watched for some moments (somewhat surprised) as she walked north along Dakota towards her home. She turned and waved me away, and I thought at the time she did not want her "jealous brother" to see me, so I drove away. On our second date, on or about October 19th, 1963, she arrived by taxi at my apartment. We had planned to go to dinner, after which I had plans to return to my apartment with her. As far as bachelor apartments go, mine was very

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