

435

7223 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles 46, California
December 5, 1963

Dear Jack,

This will most likely be a short letter. I have been up all night writing and working (it is now 4:45 a.m.) so I can't hardly bother to go to sleep, as I couldn't get enough now to do any good. So, since I have decided to stay up, and since I got your answer today, I will drop you a note, despite the fact there isn't much of anything to say.

You remember Joe Radula, all right. He said he had always just finished a cold beer when you would ask him if he'd like a sandwich. Joe was our cameraman. He left the Saturday before the rest of us. The Friday Deke tried to cut Bob out, Joe got fed up and left.

I was just kidding about writing because now you have time. I knew a few weeks ago that you were planning on writing. Bob told me just a few days after you had mentioned it to him.

I don't really know what you mean by "I realize that I'm no bargain" unless you were trying to say that because you killed a man you are nothing to be proud of, or are not worthy of respect, or some such thing. If this is what you meant, I don't really know how you figured it.

I don't know of anyone who is proud of you for shooting Oswald, true, but by the same token, I don't see how that makes you any less worthy of my friendship or respect of you as a person. While you did a grossly thoughtless, illegal, and nonunderstandable thing, one irrational act should never wipe out all the rest of a man's deeds, and we can all remember the multitude of kind, generous, unsolicited things you did for us - a bunch of hungry nobodies who could never hope to pay you for any of what you did for us. And you didn't do it just once, but time after time after time. So you will have to do a hell of a lot more than you did to make us feel other than as a friend toward you.

I'm going to send Joy my other letter, with a note inside, to the Club.

You threw me a second time in one letter by apologizing for your letter. First of all, I hate people who apologize for anything about themselves. And secondly, I had thought several times about what a pretty, clear penmanship you have. My writing is literally so bad you can hardly read it.

One last bit and I'll close for now. One of the FBI men asked Bob if it was true that you were running a whorehouse and an after-hours joint. I said, if he had asked me that, I would have had to tell him that, if you were, then you weren't a friend after all, because you didn't let us have any.

Sincerely,

Maurice Gardner

XERO COPY

XERO COPY

XERO COPY

XERO COPY

25A-179