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10/1/01

Jerry,

You having decided that normal salutations are not for us, I respect your wishes.

I also acknowledge accidental receipt of your envelope which had neither name on it, accidental because there was outgoing mail this morning and Katie brought it in. Learn that this is illegal or the PO might come after you if you do it again. The envelope held your copy of my will and your key to our home.

It did not hold the Oswald-Lovelady pictures I loaned you and you were to get copied. You are welcome to copies but I would like what are my originals after a bit of thievery.

I take your unexplained return of the will as your resignation as one of my executors and I accept that. It has been on my mind because it is clear that you cannot be trusted.

Your more recent bad conduct, what you are all heated up about, your clear stupidity, is not the only reason. Nor is there any misconduct of my part that could have caused you anger.

I had regarded you as a friend but as I review the more recent years you have not acted as a friend. Nor has your wife. If Lil or I did anything at all to cause this, I cannot think of what I could have done that led both of you for so long to demonstrate other than friendships. I again tell you what I am sure you will pay no attention to, that you need to straighten your head out. And Barbara cannot help you with that. It is not unlikely that she has led you to your present state of mind as I think back over a bit of her records. Just a bit is the fact that she did not phone a single time after all the serious medical problems <sup>Li</sup> and I survived to ask how we were or if <sup>she c/</sup> could do anything. Nor in all these years did it occur to her to send any leftover in the event that in our feeble condition that might help us a bit. She never asked if she could get us groceries when she shopped or medicines. This is not how friends treat each other or ordinary folks treat others who do not mean much to them. When we were older than you that was our practice and a few neighbors treat us that way ~~is~~ now.

You did come to see me at the hospital when from a severe fall and the extensive loss of blood I was out of my head, for almost

two full days. You appear to be the only person who did not recognize that I was out of my hear and if you did not recognize it ~~from~~ from what I said you were paying attention to nothing.

You knew very well that those books are all I'd saved ~~from~~ what work I can still do and you also knew that I did not want them any place where I had no access to them. You knew I had no shortage or shelf space because I'd ~~given~~ <sup>given</sup> all my books on extensive shelves away, as you knew, and I had all that space.

So, assuming you are not a dolt, what in the world do you think I could have accomplished by getting the books that are part of my recent work where I had no access to them?

Stupid, just plain stupid, and you gave it no thought at all.

That you did promptly but, <sup>not</sup> what I'd been asking you to do for at least a decade, go over what is on those white shelves to help me discard what should be discarded. I began asking that of you when I could still go to the basement but could not carry anything up. But never once did you make even a step <sup>in</sup> that for at least a decade. Until fairly recently when you wanted to borrow the original of the Altgens picture, what was the only known original. So you went to that package, which I's sealed at least 35 years ago, there with all the originals from which we printed, you found it open with all the pictures gones, so you could not serve your selfish desires, so the hell with all else.

Clay has taken a half day of his precious time and we've gone over about half of what is there and from that, and this serves the interests of the archive and of the college, we were able to remove about a pickup load and it was taken for recycling by a friend.

There is more that reflects your interest in the archive but this <sup>is</sup> enough. And if I had died earlier, the probability is that what I did in what you refused to help with save you a considerable burden.

Twice when I got out of the nursing home and could not drive I asked you to get medicine for me. Both times you replied that you were too busy. Later, when I could learn if you were going to that building, I asked if you were and once or twice you did get me medicine. But never once groceries and I did not ask when you did not offer. I do not recall that you ever got anything else for me despite my feebleness and other limitations. Or that you offered to.

This is the way a friend acts, particularly with octogenarians?



I think back over the years and I can't think of anything you asked of me for which I was too busy, no matter how busy I was.

I think back over your classes <sup>see</sup> and my regular twice a year seminars, even the night before the beginning my heart surgery.

Of all the records I have given you. And you are welcome to them and to uncredited use of them.

There is more but this should be enough to cause you to ask yourself why you behaved as you did, why <sup>a</sup> afterward you behave as badly as you did and do and, what I only presumption on my part, whether you were edged into this unconscionable behavior in which you disgrace yourself.

Not only was it stupid to take those books down the cellar when you knew they were all I had to work with and had no ~~access~~ access to the basement, you then let them go to Hood, where they were put with what is sold to students for 25/50¢ where what was saved was saved by accident. But it took a long time to learn the extent of what he let go there when in your own account I wanted them in the basement when I rightly I wanted them ~~where~~ where they were.

And for all this stupidity and dishonesty you are angry with me and are not mature enough to ask yourself how you could behave so badly and so stupidly.

Just so you can understand what kind of shape I was in when although I could walk, talk and respond. My fall was so severed I was not only out of my head, I required three packages of plasma and some whole blood <sup>and surgery</sup>.

Everybody except you recognized it and you are so omniscient you did not even have to ask anyone. Where I hit when I fell the second day the swelling was a third the size of a football and the last trace is still not gone, if it ever does go away. I had the injection and surgery to drain that swelling without any awareness of it. But you paid no attention, asked no questions, did what a reasonable intelligence child would have known not to do, were not completely honest about that, and even let all those books go to Hood, which is not my basement of your tale, to be thrown out. Which, fortunately, Clay prevented.

When you can behave as you did, you really do need your head looked into and not by Barb, who over the years may have planted some of this in you. That for all years and all the major and serious illnesses we had and she never once made a call says more than enough.

Harold