

Dear Harold,

Wednesday

I decided to send the Lovelady pixs back by certified mail to make sure that you received them. I am a little slow in responding because we had workmen at the house on Tuesday all day.

Let me just say that I bear you no hard feelings. I value the time I have known you and respect the work that you have done. Having said this, I also need to say that it was clear to me that the relationship was over; beyond any repair. It was also clear to me the cause of the rift. How could I not be as you have laid me out in a series of letters you have sent me over the past several months.

The crux goes back to the removal of your books from the study. I removed them at your instruction. I removed them only to the cellar because I knew from the start it was a dumb idea. That was why I only removed them to the cellar thinking that you would change your mind. You may recall that I took my time in clearing out the study much to your dissatisfaction. That they ended up leaving the premises was none of my doing. You obviously told Clay to take what he wanted and see that Hood got the rest. There is no disputing these facts. However, you simply refused to own what you put into motion. (Incidentally, none of your assassination books were ever put on sale for \$.25 at the Hood Library. Clay and I have explained that to you over and over and it still comes up. In my case, it is simply a reflection of the fact that you no longer trusted me on any matter).

From this point on our relationship went all down hill. There was the matter of the ms. in the basement. After the fallout over the books I was reluctant to undertake any other large project thinking it would all end up like the removal of the books. One other clarification for the record: The WWII ms. was not rifled. When I found it in the basement it was secure. That is, it was wrapped and tied. I am the one who opened it to see if it contained the pictures you were so sure where in the package. They were not in the package when I opened it and brought it up stairs to show you. However, you choose to put your own spin on this and harangued me for neglecting to take care of the cellar ms. and consequently my negligence resulted in the theft of the pictures.

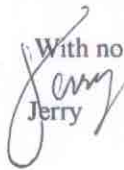
Then there was the McKinney affair. I refused to take the Ray Evidentiary Hearings and drive to WDC and hand-deliver them to the congresswoman's office. The problem wasn't me. The problem was that her congressional staff should have made the trip to Frederick and paid you for the cost of the copying. When they failed to show up they should have had the decency to call and explain. They did not. I had placed the copies on the floor in the study out of the way assuming that they would be picked up. When that didn't happen then I got calls from you fussing about the terrible mess they were in, etc., etc. That I was so inconsiderate to place them on the floor when I should have anticipated that it would be difficult for you to get to them, etc. etc. Enough Already! As far as I know they never did get back to you.

That I never did a thing for you was another part of the litany. You have to know that is pure rubbish.

Reflecting back on our relationship, what I find to be somewhat astonishing (and humorous to a degree) is that all the years I have known you never once that I can recall did you ever ask me a single question about my background: did I have brothers or sisters? Anything about my parents. Was I in the service? (Yes. Korea 1952-3, 8th Army, Graves Registration. I saw enough shit to last a lifetime). Maybe you thought it was prying. But after more than two decades of interaction I think it was simply a reflection of your all-encompassing self-absorption.

I don't intend any of this to be mean spirited. I felt compelled to just put it down for the record. And I think I have a right to take this course seeing that you have felt free to read my character: childish, stupid, inconsiderate, selfish, untrustworthy, and untruthful, are just a few qualities that come to mind from your past correspondence.

With no regrets. I hope the time you have left is as free of turmoil as possible.


Jerry