

November 30, 1966

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Herschel:

You are infuriated if you do not consider my request regarding the death of my mother, and the reason for same. I am not yet ready to give up and accept the possibility of your truly being a beast!

Thinking over what you have written me, I can see two reasons for your present reasoning and attitude: 1) To you the fact that the night latches were on both the front and back doors, preventing the use of a key for entrance, was sufficient evidence to you to form the conclusion that my mother murdered Mr. Anderson and then killed herself; and you had other reasons to back up this conclusion. 2) You honestly believe I have been including myself in "wishful thinking," including myself. Therefore let us stay within known facts:

1) You, Edith, myself, and baby Brooks, were standing on the sidewalk in front of my mother's home (upper apartment) on N. Fitzhugh. She had rung the bell repeatedly and gotten no response. I was two hours late in keeping my appointment with my mother. My appointment was for either 3:00 A.M. or 9:00 A.M. . . something had delayed you; we did not arrive until either 1:00 or 11:00 A.M. The only fact I am certain is that I was two hours late.

You insisted that Mother had gone to the Courthouse, and you would take us there. While talking about what was best to do, I looked up and saw a windowshade move, and I saw what seemed to me was a man's hand. The last time I had dinner with you and Mary you recalled this as being true. . . that I said I saw the shade move, and a man's hand.

Because of seeing the shade move and a man's hand on the shade, and knowing Mr. Anderson had not permitted me to see my mother the Tuesday night before, I knew someone was in that upper apartment, and I believed it was Mr. Anderson, and that again he did not intend to let me see my mother; and I was not going to take "No" from him a second time.

Therefore I persuaded you against your will to climb up the post and try to enter a bedroom window. You tried, found the window locked, and came back down. I recall the woman across the street coming out on her porch to watch us.

I then persuaded you to try in the rear; you, Edith and I, plus Brooks, went up the backstairs . . . stairs which opened on an alley which ran alongside the apartment house. The back door was locked. But there was a window slightly open, and to get to it you had to jump across the stairs, even risking a fall, to grab on to the window sill. . . you made it, pushed up the window, and went through that window. I could see plainly up the long hall, and I saw you head straight for my mother's bedroom. You could have unlocked the back door to let us enter, before going up the hall, but you did not. You were hardly out of my sight. . . you instantly came running back, unlocked the back door for us to enter. . . you grabbed my sister saying to us that mother was very ill, and you must call for the doctor. . . and you ran with her up the hall, with me behind you two. . . you went ahead and slammed the bedroom door, saying to me I was not to go in. . . you grabbed Edith and ran down the front stairs, over to the drugstore with Edith. You know this is fact.

I then went in the bedroom. This you have no knowledge of, of course. But you had had time to phone the police, and you told me that Edith had fainted, and you all were trying to bring her around. . . and you told me this, after at least ten minutes had elapsed, for suddenly you heard me screaming from the top of my voice as you were across the street at the drugstore. I was screaming, holding my son in my arms, and I saw you running to me, as well as saw the woman across the street also start toward me.

Consider this: If I started screaming at the first sight of those dead bodies, I would have