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Herschel:

If you could be helped with the knowlege, personally I would rather have you for a foe than a friend. You are old enough now, I hope, to learn there is no "status quo" in nature...no standing still in the middle of the road...you either get on one side or the other. You have written to me: "I do not want to be friend or enemy--just want to be left alone." Herschel, not even in hell could you be left alone: there would be plenty of company. And I can well assure you I would not be in that company to bother you! If that hell-bent path is the one you choose to travel!"

I am going to tell you what your trouble is. As far as I know, it isn't "bad breath"...it is that you are a spoiled brat who never grew up!

I am not joking about this, I am very serious. And what I have to say is meant to be helpful, not otherwise. I need to leave a good heritage to my children and grandchildren, and they have had enough of things concerning me and things said of me; it just would seem too much to have it on their records that their father was somewhat of a "aut" too!

Can you imagine today walking into a household of relatives and seeing a three-year old boy standing by his mother's chair and begging for some "titty," and finally the mother yielding, uncovering her breast and letting the son have a "suck?" Such a boy, with that kind of start in life, would bound to be spoiled, in that he constantly got his way without rebuff. Also, a child reared in such manner, according to knowledge accumulated today, would have physical trouble, because usually after about nine months the mother's milk becomes poison, and affects the child's nervous system. You were a bed-wetter up to your early marriage. This is a sign of emotional disturbance in early youth, as well as being caused by nursing too long. The one thing in common between you and my son, Herschel A. Watson, was that you both wet the bed even into your teens. Psychiatrists say today, as you know, that early environment affects the character throughout life; and only by understanding one's youth can one get straightened out...and you need just that! You need to see yourself as that spoiled brat, even how most of your life, if not all of it, has been affected by your lack of restraint and always getting your way, regardless of the feelings of others; as well as being arrogant and overbearing.

You had a good mother and a good father. True he did develop a tumor on the brain which affected his latter days, making it impossible to have a child around him, especially his own grandchildren; but at least we know his disposition was caused by a physical ailment...not a mental one, so to speak. True also it just about broke his heart when I would not consent to annulment of our marriage. I remember his coming over to talk to me, as he rode a bicycle and carried his Bible. I was so tempted to tell him the truth of that marriage!

As woman to man, even as either friend or enemy, I can truthfully say to you that you owe your very life to me. Four persons would have killed you, plus the law, had I opened my mouth as I should have (except God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform), and told what you did to me that certain June Sunday night en route from the McKinney Avenue Baptist Church to my home on Rosedale in 1921. The last carefree, youthful time of my life came to an end, after a wonderful afternoon holding hands and singing as we walked to church that afternoon. That was my first date at night, save the first time you brought me home from a high school football game and kissed me goodnight, as you delivered me to my Grandmother Ralston's home on Pennsylvania Avenue!

I can yet see my mother holding up an alarm clock and telling you that I was to be home at 9:30 P.M., that we could stay for church, but we were to catch the street car home, and she would not accept any excuse from you if we were delayed. Even then in those days she slept with a pistol under her pillow. And I am caused to think that since she was strict where you