

Even shot me in the back! I do not recall how I reached my car, but I do remember I was driving away, and then in some manner you had run to your own car, and you drove by me and you were pointing that pistol at me, and I blanked out! I know I did arrive safely and did reach friends... but how I got there I will never know... and this was the only time I ever blanked out... and if you want to know how I think of you and when... it is always seeing that pistol pointing at me during that long time of listening to you talk... you even having dismissed your employees for the purpose of being alone. And what I had gone to see you about was your breaking your word to me, in that I had given permission for my two sons to attend school in Dallas until the next school term, and they were supposed to have arrived in Austin in time for the Chief Clerk election... Instead Aunt Nettie Mae came alone, saying you had refused to let me come... and also I was told how you had worked against me in Dallas among the Representatives. That race was a tie vote, and I had won... because there was a miscount... but I deliberate let my opponent have it... and when I could I went to Dallas, and you refused to let me see my sons... not even visit them... and you told me you would kill me if I tried to get in touch with them... and was this the kind of thing to do when all of us were trying to get you settled in Dallas, and these boys were used a bait to hold you there, etc. O, my blood boils when I think of what they went through for you, as well as myself! So I know I have to get all these things straightened out, do what I can to make you come to your senses... even to the place where you businesslike do the things I request of you... else when I do succeed, know you for the worm it so much looks like now you are; yet knowing you do not realize the extent of what has surrounded you and me all the days of our lives! I sacrificed those boys for your sake at that time; now even for their sake I hope you prove the sacrifice was worth while... because I have always wanted to see you amount to something... and I know for you to try to walk all over me does you no good... and as long as you have that attitude and act like that... I have no hope for you, and my sons are due an apology for my having so used them where you are concerned. Yet I console myself... I never fail to succeed finally in any undertaking I start out to accomplish.

Specifically, I ask you to do this: Make an affidavit that on March 30, 1925, you, my sister (Editha Hackworth), our baby son, and your wife (at that time) were the only persons who went to the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson at (1408 1/2?) North Fitzhugh, one door from Roos Avenue; that no one else was with us... no other relative or non-relative... that we forced our way into the apartment because I believed something was wrong... that you were the first to discover the dead bodies, you took my sister and flew to the telephone at the drugstore to phone the police... that at no time did you speak in person to any relative; that when you finished phoning and returned, the police were at the apartment. Then if you recall it truthfully, you would help if you said that upon returning you saw a relative with the police... and you had in no manner contacted him or anyone else who was a relative. You should state that the front and back doors were bolted, even though my mother had given you a key to the apartment. If you were delayed and recall why, I wish you would state that. Then have your statement notarized, and send it to me, and I would appreciate two copies. As the one who was appointed to administer my mother's estate it is legally correct that I ask you for this information, and that it be properly testified to. If my mother was murdered, and even if you think not, you are due me the courtesy to give me the facts I ask for... and I havenot asked for your opinion.

The other thing I wish is to know your blood type.

Now have I asked too much of you; and is what I ask, unreasonable? And should it cause you to write me in the manner you have? Certainly I wrote other facts to you as I know them... you do not have to agree with what you described as my wishful thinking... and in time you may appreciate what I actually wrote. I am aware you have misunderstood my purposes; but did you ever really understand me, or appreciate me?

I will appreciate this information back by return mail, if convenient... even if not convenient. Just recall that a trump in a poke game makes a lot of difference; and I am yet able to win anything I start out to do! There is one commandment: Honor thy father and thy mother. In this regard it is an honor to both my father and my mother for me to produce truth... and this is a thing I am being led of the LORD now to do... to clear both their names.

You may have forgotten this one important point: My mother called for my help that Saturday night. You were away, doing goodness only know what. A neighbor took my sister and I to my mother's apartment. Mr. Anderson answered the door, saying my mother had received a threatening note and had had hysterics and he had called the doctor who gave her a shot... that he would prefer not to wake her up... though I begged him to let me just have a peep at her... even for him to tell her I had come. We then sat down and talked over an hour... and I know first hand the important things there were to know, as well as why! He and I were