

Carrizo Springs, Texas  
Feb. 23, 1964

Dear Jack,

note

Hello and my best to you....just a quick/this time to let you know I am thinking of you and would like to let you know I am here. Needless to say I have followed your story from the very beginning and feel very deeply for you. It sounds so shallow to say "keep your chin up" and all the trivial things people say during times like these. But Jack, I am your friend and having experienced difficulties in my life I know what it is like to be alone. So, my wife and I are here to help if we can and to let you know we believe in you.

Since your trial makes the headlines everyday and the newscasts are full of it, there is no reason for me to write about it. If you care to write me and discuss it fine, if not, that's O.K. too. My life down here in Southwest Texas is so different to the way of life I had there in Dallas....God has been most bountiful to me....my business this year has been the best I have ever experienced. My home life is good and the happiest event in my future is the fact that I am going to be able to get my daughter...you may know she was placed in a home for children by her mother....my wife and I have been working since our marriage to establish a home for her and secure her custody and it looks as tho' we are going to accomplish this...When I was last in Dallas I visited her custodians at the school and they have already passed on my wife and I and it looks as tho' when school is out in May she can come to live with us. This means, Jack, that I will have her for the four years of her high school and then as is the way of life she probably will go on out into the world....I hope that in this small amount of time I have left that I can make up for some of the times I have neglected her. As we get older and begin to look back over the road we can see where we made a lot of mistakes, I hope I can salvage this one thing and leave her with good balanced ideas about life.

You people are having snow up there in Dallas and the sun is shining beautifully outside my office window. In my next letter I will go into detail about my crops and tell you a little about farming...some people cannot picture me as a farmer...but I do like to farm, and it is a good clean life. Of course, most of my income is from the shipping end of the business and this is full of headaches...I worked until 2:00 o'clock this morning, loaded out two trucks for Dallas, as yesterday was rainy and muddy, we had nothing but trouble getting the produce out of the muddy fields...the trucks bogged down as did the tractor...ruined one transmission in one truck, burned out my clutch in my pickup...thank goodness, this does not happen very often...but when it does, it is just plain hell.

Now I will close for this time...have wanted to write before, but have felt that possibly it might not be permitted...and not knowing about your routine there, didn't know if you would want to hear from anyone....but if you can write to me, let me hear from you...and remember that you are not alone...

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