

1/2/68

Joe my Friend,  
and believe me, I mean it, I have never  
had a friend a real friend, and I  
know a person needs one, especially  
in here. We talk a lot, you listen.  
I love my mother but she was  
over bearing, she loved her men like  
they were children, sometimes I wanted  
to see one of them hit her, or put  
her in her place. I had respect for  
everyone though this, she was good  
even to them but something was wrong.  
I give the want to humiliate women, and  
kill men, which I have done. I took a  
girl out one night got her drunk then  
took her over to Mr's niggers I know  
a big black bastard, I had sex with her  
and felt like some fun because I always  
felt nasty after I did my girl

I felt anxious. I switched him get  
her in the back seat of my car.  
They have also told my mother I put  
them in the floor board of my car,  
and she would Cuss me out, and I  
would threaten to do her the same  
way, I wanted to let her know there  
were some men she couldn't boss.  
My Brother Walt told me he would  
kill me for taking a girl he threw  
out and threatening to kill her with  
a tire tool; her name was Molly.  
I laughed at him when my mother  
found out I held this gun and threw  
lighter fluid on his arm then lit it  
& he said she had raised a monster, I  
liked that to heck her.

When my step sister came to stay  
with us I tried to sell her for  
a piece to a truck driver, another  
Jenna jumped on me for that too,  
She was (15) then. I started having  
around eleven when I was about (17)  
at first they were funny to me, and  
I never wanted relations with them.  
but I started letting them go down  
on me, and I enjoyed it, but never  
had desire to do them, I have had  
a few pussy wives, and I would  
always slip them around, but I  
really didn't enjoy it, there Company  
but I had as soon as I was with  
them I tried to tell myself, but  
damn deep I really didn't believe  
myself. and I was miserable, wanting a  
wife and kids but knowing it would be  
a crap.

My Grand Parents mean more to me  
than anyone on the Earth.

The (2) only people I have ever hate  
you, I have told myself if I married  
and my wife ever said anything to  
them I would kill her.

because I owe them more than  
I could ever owe any woman.  
and they always come first with me.  
I can always get a woman, but not  
two Grand Parents like I have.

There isn't any use at all for me  
trying to explain for the way it  
has been for me ever since  
that day in Dallas. I have been  
scared, Confused, and have never  
known where to turn ever since  
it happened. After I came back  
to Odessa and stayed until I  
drunk, then one night I went to  
Midland drunk as usual, there I  
met this guy and we drink more  
and I told him, after I did I  
had to kill him, I took my  
two jack and hit him (4) or (5)  
times, and then buried him under  
a weed patch, we were about half  
way between Midland and Odessa, though  
where exactly is something I don't  
actually know yet. I had to tell

some one though I know I shouldn't  
have I know.  
after a while after that, I got some  
moving together so I could leave,  
my mother and aunts and those accusing  
me of being in the assassination kept  
me worried and upset all the  
time, I had to get away, so I  
went to L.A. after my mother  
one nite jumped on me and said  
she knew I was going to shoot  
Gold Water, he was speaking there  
that nite, and she wouldn't get  
anything past me. my mother's best  
friend was there, Dean, and I  
had a crush on her any way,  
so that did it, I left in L.A.  
one nite I met this guy in  
Hank's Bar in L.A.

we talked and had a few drinks,  
and I figured he would be good  
for a few kills so I got him  
to invite me to his house. after  
we were there awhile I was drunker  
than usual and like a fool told  
him about Lee, and Dallas, he said  
the thing to do was turn myself  
in I would finally be caught  
any way, I needed awhile then he  
wanted to go back to town, then it  
hit me again I knew I had to  
kill him to for my own protection,  
But I also know we had been seen  
together, and I was known at  
Havells, so I had to mutilate him  
like I was insane and hide what  
I was doing, there was no other  
way for it had to be done.

after he was dead I went and  
gave up to the Police, I know I  
could be safe, whom would ever  
look in a jail for me, the last  
place on Earth. besides only a Nigger  
would stab, and cut, and strangle  
someone, I lost count over a (100)  
stabs, and I had to rest and  
fix me something to eat, and then  
continued again, the Cops ask me  
had I been eating, I said I don't  
remember whether I had or not  
I used (3) Knives (1) a butcher knife  
(2) a steak fork, (3) a paring knife.  
The Paring knife hurt the one, that  
made me mad. so I busted a bottle  
over his head after I cut his  
throat. then left and went to  
a Cafe in Hollywood and eat



and had a few more drinks.  
Now even though in in San Antonio  
it still bothers me and it seems  
as if I want to be caught, and yet  
I don't, it is hard to explain.  
I have no conscious about the murders,  
Dallas Texas, or Calif either. The one  
in the mill (72) times releases me,  
I wish it had been Ruby, the husband  
that shot her, but they will get him,  
but I would make him die slow,  
real slow. Lieutenant Taylor said, you  
have no feeling about murder do  
you? I had to laugh at him, I  
have never had feelings for anyone or  
any thing, Death is the only thing  
worth waiting on, it has always fascinated  
me, and never scared me, when I  
cut my throat or wrist, or

take Pillo I feel like in  
Defying it to take me, I said you  
I have read Maurice De Guille  
Countless times, each time was I new,  
you cant even stand for me  
one call, not even me.  
Ever since Donald and I had met  
in Querangua Mexico we hit it  
off, we had both been in the  
Miners, both from East Texas  
and both hated the Government,  
what could we do to hurt the  
stupid American People, Kill  
something they loved, looked up to,  
Kennedy was it. We met (4) times  
in Mexico, he use to tell me  
about Russia, he got to where he  
hated them to. Betty became a  
Mexican prostitute when I see also

but not on good or me, he was coming  
with. We made our plan for Dallas  
and when he met, he had his rifle  
and I had mine, he said, the only  
thing wrong with it the butt was  
loose, and he was worried about the  
sight a little. I left ahead for  
Dallas (2) days before, (2) guys I  
knew rode with me, the Thomas  
Brothers, we stayed all night at  
their sister's when we got there  
that night we went to a cafe and I  
called up Ed, he said he would  
meet me down town, and for me to  
rent a hotel room a few blocks  
from the Greyhound bus station.  
So the next night I drove on in to  
Dallas. Got as soon as I came  
through the market from my car

Broke down and I had to  
leave it parked beside the  
bus station, the cops picked  
it up and impounded it, the  
best Ford I ever owned.  
it was in my name yet it  
was in my step father's Jack Dwyer.  
I went on and rented a room  
in an old hotel a couple of blocks  
from the bus station then walked  
back to the station to meet Del.  
He was there waiting on me, so we  
went back to the room, he wanted  
to know where I had gotten a  
room at. I didn't tell him about  
the car breaking down, I knew he  
would get all upset, and we  
would have an argument.

after I showed him the hotel  
we went in the train across the  
street from it and had a few  
beers, and talked and made plans.  
The waitress sat with us and talked  
for a while, I sure would have  
liked to have got her in bed  
and eat her up, but she said  
we got it we had other business.  
The next day I hitch hiked for  
Blade Water to get my  
Grand father's car. my step father  
was there and he went after the  
ford in Dallas. I had to get back  
but I didn't know how. I managed  
to get back in time to meet him,  
and my Grand Parents never missed  
me they thought Jason in the car.

and I had a hell of a time  
getting the car. I millionaires going to  
see my old buddies and then go  
to the show. Dad didn't want me  
using the car but he let me  
any way after a lot of talking.  
it was already crowded when I got  
there and I had to hurry.  
Dad told me where to stand  
to get the best views, he went  
where he was supposed to and we  
waited. I don't know where the  
other guy was, besides we really  
didn't know each other. He  
acted like he never waited.  
He to greet to much, but he  
wasn't a hoodlum, he was class,  
clothes, car and all.

I really didn't know what he had to do with it because Lee Harvey never said but he said he can be trusted believe me, im still confused about him. I often wonder where he is, and if he knows where I am. When Kennedy's Car got in view Lee shot first then me, I watched everyone run and heard them screaming. I put my gun in my trousers under my coat and got out damn the things. There was even confusion in the Department then. I ran to my Car and stood like a fool waiting on Lee but he never showed up. So I lurched on out to Madeline. The same (2) Cops that stop me for Hitch Hiking the day before saw me but I don't guess they recognized me.

when I get home I went on in  
my mind matter, and the first  
thing she said was have you  
heard, I said what, someone  
killed the President, I acted  
surprised. it was on television  
men Charlie, and Dad were  
watching it. that nite I buried  
the rifle behind the fence of  
these places, and I guess its  
still there. I can swear someone  
would be able to recognize me,  
but they never have yet.  
I was planning to go to Mexico  
to kill Betty but I never did,  
she is the only one who can  
actually place me with Lee Oswald.



We all took a picture together.  
and I had to get it. but when  
I went down I couldn't find her.  
I ask all over for Betty Jennings,  
but none of the stupid asst locks  
knew where she was. so I gave up  
and went back to prison.  
I have no idea where she is now.  
though I received letters from her,  
at my mother's house, my mother  
took them to a mexican woman  
friend of hers and got them translated,  
for me, but the little bitch never  
answered my letters to her, though  
she wrote me 13 or 14 times.  
I loved her and still do, but I  
would have killed her, I would  
have had to.

She means more to me, or did  
than any white bitch I ever  
went to bed with.

I have no regrets for all the  
killings I have done they were  
have to Casey, Well, God I am  
sincerely thinking of killing myself  
some day they will find out,  
and I had rather be dead. I  
would be lynched, or killed like  
Lee was.

Your Friend  
J. B. Mackey