

December 1963

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director
United States Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoovers:

Thank you very much for your kindly acknowledgement of my letter. I cannot find words to express how deeply appreciative, I am for not only your unanticipated reply, but, that a man as important and busy as you, should reply to such a meager item, as I forwarded, makes me humbly happy.

Please, Sir, I do not want to make a pest of myself to you, or, your wonderful organization. I just did not expect to be thanked for sending something, which may have been to your expert eye, of no value.

I still feel cold chills when I think of the eerie similarity between the senseless killing of the girl and President Kennedy - but you cannot base cases on human feelings.

Though I cannot explain, why or what makes that article go through me so sharply, I do know I sent it to you for selfish reasons, which I owe to you to explain. They may make this letter longer, than it should be - but please bear with me, I will keep them down within reason.

The death of President Kennedy, and the sorrowful lonely road down w. Mrs. Kennedy is left to travel alone with their two children - and - that Officer Tippit was also killed on that day - opened wounds which had been patched over many times - but - never as deeply reopened as on that fatal day, in our own immediate family.

You see, Sir, my father is also dead, but his death was not caused by bullets, nor as mercifully quick as President Kennedy's, Officer Tippit, or even Oswald's.

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He was an officer in the [Buffalo] Police Department and in December 1935, during his trick of duty assignment for the day, directing traffic at the intersection of Broadway and Fillmore Avenue, when a trolley car jumped an open switch. Before he attempted to save himself, he made sure, that the crowd of about 40 people, men, women and children waiting to board that trolley car in the safety island in the center of the street, were all safely out of the way, and so, then and only then, did he make a move to get out of the way - but, too late. The trucks of the trolley car caught his legs and knocked him backwards under the street car. His injuries were a fractured skull and internal, which he suffered for 11 months, prior to the doctors' decision, he should undergo exploratory surgery and find the cause of his failure to recover. He consented, and the operation revealed his appendix intertwined 14 inches across the stomach with the large intestines. But, his recuperative powers had been so badly drained by the length of his suffering, that he couldn't rally, and on [November 1, 1936, at 6:00 P. M. he died.

He was 38 years of age, when he passed away, and left mother also 38 years of age with three small children; [Dennis W. born Nov 18, 1930,] who

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would have become 6 years old, [Mary Ellen, born July 18, 1932] was 4, and [me, Kathleen F., born February 17, 1934,] would have been 3.

So the deaths of President Kennedy, a policeman hit too close to home, and believe me, our hearts ride with Mrs. Kennedy, Officer Tippit's wife, for the road they must now travel is the one, we knew only too well - especially so, with Mrs. Kennedy, as Caroline and John, Jr., were so closely the same age as my brother and I, and being Roman Catholic and Irish, makes it even more keenly an awareness to the sorrow and heartache Mrs. Kennedy bears.

Then, what ever happened to Ruby that he was so successful in breaching the tight security measures of the Dallas Police Department, I don't know, but it did gain the law enforcement agencies every where an added "black eye" and before my father and mother were married, he also risked his life to bring a law breaker, for which he received, and we still have his [Conners] Medal for Bravery awarded by the [Buffalo Courier Express] Morning paper. So, selfishly, I tried to do something, which I hoped somehow would make amends for the damage Ruby did, and honor what my father risked his life to uphold - the "love of law and justice".

I hope this makes sense to you, and may I add one more thing before I close? Thank you, Sir, and all the fine men in your magnificent organization for daily risking your lives to help, assure and maintain these laws, and the hopes that justice do remain secure for us - while we take them being there at all for granted. Thank you, and may God bless, guide, protect, and keep safe, you and all the fine men under you.

Thanking you for your patience in reading this letter, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Kathleen F. Harrington
Kathleen F. Harrington
1514 Pierce Ave.
Niagara Falls, New York 14302