

12 January 1966

Dear Shirley,

I called Penn Jones last night when I heard about the death of Earlene Roberts, less than a month after Whaley. Maybe she died a natural death (she had diabetes) but the growing list of deaths, natural or violent, surely is outside the statistical norm. Betty Mooney MacDonald, Jim Koethe, Bob Hunter, Tom Howard, David Goldstein, Hank Killam, Whaley, Earlene Roberts, where will it end? I wonder if Julia Mercer, John Carter, and others who can't be found are still among the living.

Anyway, Penn and I talked a while and as usual he asked me when I was coming to Dallas--specifically, he suggested I should come in February to meet you and Thayer Waldo, but he didn't know when in February that might be. So if you can let me know the dates, I will see if I can get some time off. It would be easier to get some time before the 23rd of February, when we have a Council session beginning. I've got to see Dallas before I die--which might be simultaneous...the way the mortality rate is going.

I forgot to ask you in my last letter approximately when you taped the conversation with Acquilla Clemmons. Was it before, or after, the story by the Nashes in the New Leader?

Spent last night re-reading some of the medical and expert testimony on the shots wounds and trajectories, and the theory of Connally's delayed reaction (so-called). The utter incompetence, obfuscation, and confusion of the questions and answers are a lesson in how to muddy the waters so that no one except maybe an electronic computer can make any sense out of it.

Duty calls (I'm at the office). Much love,