9/2167

Dear Miss Brunson,

What an experience! That's the sort of thing I have been expecting to happen to me, not others! You mention nothing but silence from your (excuse the expression) friend.

One thing I'd suggest you seek is evidene that you were not behind the wheel. Where your head hit, if you can still get the busted windshield odr whatever you smacked with it, there might be enough blood for typing. It could be worth a try. If you blacked out and were sober (even drunk, that ride should have sobered!), either there was something medical, in which case you need more than a lawyer, or somebody fixed a drink on you.

Hope it turns out less disasterous that you indicate.

The AP address is Rockefeller Center, NYC. There is an AP Building in that nest of them.

Dick Is Richard Billings, LIFE, Time-Life Bldg., also Rock, Ctr, NYC.

I've just gotten home from an awful (meaning fruitful) day at the Archives, the first time I've taken to look at things in some time. Finished the rough draft of the fifth book (POST MORTEM). Your letter really shook my wife up. She was ill before she got it, sicker after!

Keep me posted.

Sincerely

9-13-67

Dear Mr. Weisberg:

I haven't heard from "Dick" nor received back my pictures. Fraller, whom I only asked where I could get a copy of the Altgens they used, wrote me to contact Joe Ling at AP but didn't say where.

Thanks for your letter going into detail about the doubled frame 283 and the bullet in the air. As soon as I am able I will try to study it out from that point of view.

I went over to Joplin, Mo., on Sept. 5 to see a young woman I recently met, at her request. We had some drinks and about 10 to 10:30 that night we started out in my car, she driving. From that point on I have a black out. I woke up about 11:40 P.M. in my car, alone, being pulled out of it by irate cops, with five cop cars on the scene. I was badly cut on the foot and had a terrific blow between the eyes. Another inch and I wouldn't be here. The cops said they had been chasing me all evening that I had run stoplights, driven on the wrong side of the road without lights, cruising at excessive speed, and hit a parked car. They were going to hit me with a DWI but the doctor in emergency at the hospital told them I was not drunk. And I was all right then but some how out of my head, whether from the blow or something else I don't know. (While I was in emergency coincidentally the cops read all my correspondence which I had in my purse and all assassination stuff, of course, and laughed a lot and later explicitly told me I was a nut.) Ironically, the girl who was driving my car at my last memory before the accident turned out to be a friend of the arresting cop. He then went and told the papers a story about my having tried to elude the cops and so on with details that could only mean I was drunk out of my mind. However, I wasnot charged with eluding the police or being drunk but with about everything else they could think of. -I have hired a lawyer, not so much to defend me, though I need that, but to find out what happened. He tells me that about the only thing that will help is that I have no record of a wreck or any moving traffic violation in my life. I am a natural coward with an automobile and would never turn to one in an emergency. Inshort, this is not my caper but I don't know whose it is. It looks, on the surface, as if the girl turned rapist with my car and ran off and left me. The story she has told to friends don't hang together with what I have learned. That story puts us together while the chase was supposedly taking place. but it is all a deeply mysterious event to me. And I can prove nothing. And I know nothing.

The result of it all was a lot of real mean publicity in the paper and on the air. Shocked everyone enormously. May lose me my driver's license, and could endanger my agency agreements and put me out of business.

Sincerely,

Beverly Brunson
Box 296
Baxter Springs, Kansas 66713