

Pertinent also, and connected herewith, is my father's love of his Hackworthe Oil Exchange in 1918-1919, for which Carl C. Booth had become General Manager. This happened during the flu epidemic when my mother and five children all had the flu, and my father nursed us. Remember people died like flies! Then my father came down with the flu, and Booth gave him a bromide called "Peacock Bromide." A Brenham physician, named Dr. Pter, is said to have recommended it. Anyway, I heard the late Judge Forse, then Dallas County Judge, when introducing my father, Victor Wasson Hackworth, to speak at a bond rally, saying my father had made a million dollars in his business, even a lease worth that much, that he had been offered three million cash for same, the title was being investigated, and that within three weeks my father would be worth three million, that he was a young and rising business man of Dallas. (Ken Foree, Jr., his son, is Sports writer now for Dallas Morning News; and he well remembers a young sister of mine by a scar on his hand inflicted when we were children playing together in Dallas.) Anyway, a company by the name of Wizard Oil Company entered suit against my father, and he was charged with embezzlement, etc. Later Booth entertained those men in his own home, and after that always had an independent income, never having to work actively, keep business hours, etc. He had told my mother hundreds of thousands of dollars were involved, whereas the records showed less than \$600, etc. And the men of Wizard Oil Company secured the oil lease, and became millionaires themselves, etc. Mother discovered Booth's duplicity in that he took advantage of my father's illness and absence from the office. . . . In early 1915 Mother wished to turn the records over to my father; Booth knew of my appointment with my mother on the morning of March 30, 1925. . . he prevented my husband from taking me to my mother's home at the time appointed. . . the day before he had secured my mother's pistol and keys to the apartment. . . he is the one who entered and killed the pair.

It is my belief that he entered the apartment from the front door downstairs after my two sisters left, that he hid on the stairway until he saw mother come out of her bedroom, go down the long hall to the bathroom, slipped into her bedroom, was surprised to find Mr. Anderson home and asleep, Booth wrapped his pistol in the wool blankets covering Mr. Anderson, shot him, the shots were muffled. . . mother came running to see what was the matter; then she and Booth battled each other, he threw her to the floor, tormenting her, placed the pistol in her mouth and pulled the trigger. Then he was busy setting the scene to look like murder and suicide. . . and we drove up. . . and it was his hand I saw on the windowshade as he raised it to peep out and see who was ringing the doorbell. I think when we finally entered the back way, he had stepped into a closet in the living room. . . my husband had broken in. . . only went down the long hall into the bedroom, saw the two dead bodies, rushed out and back down the hall to open the door for my sister and then he grabbed my sister and said they had to go and call for a doctor. . . that my mother was very ill. . . they were ahead of me in the hall. . . he went ahead and slammed the door as he started down the front steps or stairs with my sister, at the same time shouting to me that I was not to enter my mother's bedroom. And the two of them went running down the stairs over to the corner drugstore on N. Fitzhugh and Ross Avenue.

Now, if my mother were dangerously ill, why should I stand outside her door and wait for the doctor to arrive. It was my duty to help my mother since she was so ill. Holding my baby in my arm, I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was Mr. Anderson as if he were sound asleep. But how could he be? Had I not seen him pull back the window shade and peer downstairs? Why was he playing possum, pretending to be asleep. He couldn't possibly sleep through out that noise, even my husband's having shouted at me! I called out to him, but he did not answer. Now all along the front of the long bedroom the shades were down, but not on the side, and the sun was shining on Mr. Anderson from the east, and I walked over to his side of the double bed. He had a smile on his face, his eyes were closed, and his hands folded over the neatly-turned blankets. I called him again, then when he did not answer I laid my hand on his forehead. It was cold. I realized he was dead. This was the first dead person I had ever experienced.

Then for the first time I raised my eyes and saw my mother stretched out on the floor across the room, and her face was covered with blood. It seemed to me that it was a movie scene. . . I could not believe it was real. So I was calm. . . even like a detective. Believing that in some manner Mr. Anderson had killed mother. . . for as I looked across I saw no gun in view near mother, so I began to search the bedclothes around Mr. Anderson, believing I would find a gun. As I was stooping over feeling through the blankets at Mr. Anderson's side, I heard the click of a pistol. . . like a pistol being cocked. Of course I had thought I was alone in that apartment. I remember whirling around, I remember staring into the barrel of a pistol. . . it seemed larger than a regular pistol. And that was all I remembered, save I went screaming out of that room at the top of my lungs. . . no longer viewing a movie scene that seemed so unreal. . . I was involved in a real life drama! I recall how I stood screaming on the front steps. . . or small concrete porch. . . I remember holding my younger son close to me as I screamed. . .