

shots fired. What a fool I was to stir up more trouble! They had been peacefully buried... did I want even to drag my father into the matter... he would be the one blamed' etc. So I was restrained from calling the police.

One should recall that I was 19 years old then, accustomed to being dominated, and my young husband, only 21, was administrator of my mother's estate, he was most domineering, agreeing with Booth; and I had two little boys, plus my three sisters to look after, fix the meals, do the laundry, etc., and I now realize I was under a type of shock... even blaming myself for not doing what I had wanted to do... when my husband failed to show up for me that morning 'n time for me to keep the appointment, I should have asked my neighbor again to drive me to my mother's, even paying again as I had the Saturday night before. On that Saturday night I had had a long talk with my step-father, Frank Anderson, but had not seen my mother.

Anyway, a short time later I began to think of those other bullet holes, and I began to wonder to myself if I had imagined them or if it were too late to do something about them. I returned to the address... I think it was 1408 N. Fitzhugh... and to my surprise I found that the house on the corner of Ross and Fitzhugh where my grandmother had lived, as well as the place where my father had lived, had been torn down... and I recall thinking at the time, "Someone was certainly anxious to have torn down that building so quickly!"

And that bloody towel. Mr. Anderson had been shot in the stomach and the pistol had been wrapped in a wool blanket to hid the noise. He did not bleed, and there was no blood on the blanket... I kept it for years. And my mother had been shot as she laid on the floor, the pistol placed in her mouth and this must have caused a spurt of blood... the back of her head was torn out... and whoever forced her down on the floor (she was a tiny woman) surely had blood on the gun and the hand that pulled the trigger. And I am positive there was no gun near her when I first viewed her body.

When I heard that pistol cocked and whirled to face it, then terror took possession of me and I ran out of the room and down the stairs and was screaming on the lower front porch, this gave the murderer time to get a towel from the bathroom, wipe off the gun, place it at the fingertips of the right hand. It could even have been that the killer was waiting for me to show up and make me shoot myself... thus the gun was not placed by my mother's hand... for even when I rang the doorbell, then saw someone peeping out... he could have been waiting for me. So he had time to clean the gun, place it, then run down the hall, wet the towel and clean himself up of any blood on his hands, then fling the towel back of the tub (he was a very messy person), go out the back way, down the back stairs, enter the alley, walk through the alley to the front, then be standing on the lower front porch when Captain Will Fritz drove up; then told us that he had driven out with Captain Will Fritz. So, having recovered from my terror, I went up again, back into the room and then I saw the pistol at my mother's fingertips. But even at that, I believe if my mother had placed that weapon in her mouth and pulled the trigger, causing instant death, I do not think the reflex would have caused that hand to hold on to that gun and it be found at her fingertips... about three inches therefrom... with her right hand raised up over her head, and the gun just beyond... I think it would have fallen on her chest and even slid down to the floor on one side of her or the other. I also think in such a violent, sudden death her form would not have remained neatly stretched out as I saw it, with her nightgown pulled down evenly and neatly... I think the body would have contorted or doubled up, even an unsightly scene... so I know someone had to straighten out that form! But I have even a more sure word of knowledge; for later, when my own life was in danger from Carl C. Booth in March, 1946, in my own home... after that the LORD told me that my mother had been murdered, and by whom... and that this would be proven publicly... and these are some of the things I told Captain Will Fritz when I went to Dallas, and when I decided it was best for me to go talk to him, rather than to turn over \$300 or more to the man Sheriff Decker produced as a detective; and at that time Captain Will Fritz said he wondered why Decker would do such a thing... even why he would cause a known crooked detective to be introduced as being the one to help me get Carl Booth convicted. I know that Decker was wrong... what he did was crooked... and this gives me every reason to believe he was crooked in 1925, crooked when he introduced me to a known crook... certainly has not reformed... and even as I have said, Decker can perm harm to Jack Ruby, especially since Ruby may be moved out from under his jurisdiction... and I have ever reason to believe that Booth and Decker, even Ed Cobb, were guilty of changes in public land records... that Booth had a hold over Ed Cobb... and Decker was in on changing land records, and some people in Dallas would do anything to keep him in office, and show the public what an upright, honest person he is. I know I was greatly surprised, after I had told this same kind of story to Dallas Morning News, how they came forth with articles on Decker, showing he a wonderful sheriff he was, and how long and well he had served Dallas. The News people used to be wonderful... but who now controls? Formerly, the Nov. 22, 1963 ad would not have appeared.

Which reminds me: I should relate this: In October, 1965, a Dallas Morning News reporter phoned, asking if they might take some pictures of my place close up to use in a story of history.