

I recall how Herschel Watson said he had to go first to the office (George Pitman Bros. Wholesale, Eastman Kodak, Young Street, Dallas, Texas) and arrange for the morning off, assuring me he would return at once and take me to my mother's; then how late he was in returning. I recall walking the floor like a caged animal, believing something was very wrong, and that in some manner I should go to my mother as quickly as possible. As a result of how I felt that morning, I later promised myself that when ever I felt that urgency...if I ever experienced those same feelings I had that morning...that I would not ever let anything prevent me from acting on the thing I felt impressed as being necessary...not to depend on others! It was this feeling of danger to my mother...that something was very wrong...that made me, after we finally arrived at mother's apartment...to insist that we enter that apartment...even as I knew someone was in there, had raised the shades and peered down at us. Of course, I thought it was Mr. Anderson, and I was determined he would not prevent my seeing my mother, as had been done (with good reason) the Saturday night before.

As for Herschel Watson, he and my mother had been on bad terms, for she had spanked my elder son, and this made him mad...he ordered me never to go see my mother again; and he kept us apart. He was not home that Saturday night when the call came from my baby sister, Mamie, telling me that mother told her to call me and to come at once. In going, I was disobeying my husband. (O, was he cruel!) Arriving, and Mr. Anderson answering the door bell, he told me that my mother had had hysterics, he had called a doctor, and he had given her a shot, and she was asleep. She had worked that day (Saturday) at her office. I asked Mr. Anderson if I could just peep at mother, and he said, "No, she was too easy to wake up! that I should come back on the morrow. We then sat down on the stairs and had a long talk. I know that he loved my mother dearly, that he was kind and gentle; and I know my mother returned his love. He explained to me that someone was threatening mother...that he believed it was my father...that that was the reason she would not tell him with whom she was having trouble...that someone had been calling her at all hours of the night, until he finally suggested the telephone be removed so she could get some rest. I assured him it was not my father...that I was in contact with my father...that he had a life of his own...that I was very pleased he was taking such good care of mother. He told me he had never taken a vacation, and had decided to take one...that if I would agree to look after my sisters for a time, and if he could persuade mother to take a vacation...he believed it would be the best thing for her...that she was over concerned about something at the courthouse. There was also something said about it's being distasteful that the crowd at the courthouse compelled all employees to join the Ku Klux Klan...that mother was a member of the women's group, and she hated attending the meetings...she did not approve; but to keep her job she had to participate. (I found a white robe, etc, among her possessions.) So I left, being on good terms with Mr. Anderson (whom I hardly know), agreeing to come back Sunday afternoon.

Then when Herschel Watson learned I planned to go see my mother that Sunday afternoon he forbid me, saying that she would first have to apologize to him for spanking his son...that he would go instead of me. Now it had been over a year or more since he had seen her. I cried all that Sunday afternoon because, knowing his nature, I knew he would make my mother eat "crow" before he ever gave me permission to visit her again. I am quite sure he did make her eat "crow" that Sunday afternoon! And he knew nothing whatsoever of my mother's personal business...that was the only time he had talked with her in such a long time.

As I recall his story, he said that both Mr. and Mrs. Booth were there that day. As I understood it, it was Mr. Booth's idea that mother was on the verge of a nervous break-down, and that all weapons and sharp knives should be removed, in order that she not do damage to herself. Watson said that he and Mrs. Booth searched the apartment, then Booth went over the same territory. My mother was at work the day before...she never missed a day at the office...there was no excuse for what happened...and certainly will mother's being confined to bed and all of this going "a under her nose...and I am certain her terror was connected with Booth...this was his clever way of throwing doubt concerning mother...had he not done the same thing regarding my father? And with this long-time enmity between Booth and Mother, with her never being without her pistol under her pillow...then having it removed...finding the knives gone from the kitchen...it certainly seems to me that both Mr. Anderson and mother would realize there was danger...and if in any manner Anderson did have a gun, he had enough confidence to give to mother. It would not surprise me one bit, since Mr. Anderson and I had talked the night before, thus eliminating my father as the source of danger, if he finally learned it was Booth who was tormenting mother. So evidence points to the possibility of a battle with someone in that apartment that morning after the girls left for school; and I know that Mr. Anderson would never have fought...he was so gentle...and he had been killed in his sleep. I imagine he and mother had spent much of the night talking, especially after Herschel had been there and left, and the apartment found to have been stripped, even with mother's pistol taken, etc.

Now this I know: Forty-one years ago, on March 30, 1925, this thing happened. And eight months have since passed, leaving four more to come to complete a forty-two year period. I believe