

In conspiracy to keep some knowledge from mother regarding a member of the family; he had asked me to remain silent about a year before. . . It was this matter that mother had tried to pump out of me. . . and it is about as impossible to get something out of me I do not want to talk, so far only truth serum can overrule me! He and I did not want mother to know; and being my mother, she believed something was very wrong, and she tried to find out what it was. So that Saturday night Mr. Anderson agreed, it was alright to tell my mother. . . that it was better than trying to keep it a secret; so he was anxious for me to see my mother; and had assured me that I could that Sunday afternoon; and when you heard I was going, you acted your usual self. . . and said I could not go until my mother apologized to you in person first. . . otherwise she could not again speak to me. . . so you went. . . and in that brief period, in each of which you spent going through my mother's things, even as my Aunt Nettie Mae was directing you, and possibly her husband, too. . . how could you really know what the real trouble was. . . and what other matters were also involved.

One thing that turned up in our conversation that Mr. Anderson thought it possible it was my father who was calling on the phone and sending threatening notes; even to the note that caused the hysterics on Saturday. . . even involving my mother whispering to Marie and asking her to go call for me to come at once. . . and I came, as aforesaid.

I was able to assure Mr. Anderson that my father was in no way involved. . . that he had a life of his own. . . and that only one thing was important to my mother. . . she felt obliged to furnish to him the information she had gathered, being as she had been appointed administrator of his estate, and she wished to have this settled, turn over her reports; and this information included documented information as to what extent his business had been involved, and exactly what his general manager had done to him. . . and his General Manager was none other than Carl C. Booth. . . that she was to give me these records and I was to give them to my father. . . Mother had asked me to send for my father. . . I received this message through Aunt Nettie Mae. . . I wired him to come. . . Aunt Nettie Mae then called me and told me to wire him not to come. (I do not know if mother had changed her mind or not.) But the point was that someone was threatening to do harm to Editha. . . and that someone was not Mr. Anderson! . . . That I am certain! Mother did not want either Mr. Anderson or Aunt Nettie Mae to know that the man threatening her was Carl Booth. . . and it was because of keeping this secret that Mr. Anderson thought it might be my own father. . . so he did not try to interfere. . . he said he trusted mother to handle that side of her life. . . and he did know she had uncovered information that filled her with regret as to the action that had been taken regarding my father, etc. He was delighted beyond measure when he learned my father was not the one threatening my mother. You see, there was a man calling mother; and this went on all hours of the night. . . Mr. Anderson told me this. . . and said that for that reason he had had the telephone removed. . . that the thing was making a nervous wreck of mother. You yourself know that a few days before Mother had sent Editha to stay with us. . . because it was her who was being threatened. . . and if there had already had an inkling about what had happened to me!

Therefore, as I have said before, you know what mother said to you. . . you know you made her eat her words, so as to speak, so as to make it possible for me to come see her. . . and you need to give me a correct report of what was said and done in that brief time that Sunday afternoon you blocked me from seeing my mother. Everything you did is excusable because of your youth and your inexperience. But this can no longer be true. You should be willing to give me your full cooperation as I seek to establish the exact truth about my mother. . . doing away with any wishful thinking. . . because no legal authorities are going to expect even now wishful thinking. Only facts count! . . . and the truth that needs proving is that an accurate statement of events as to who found those bodies. Your statement and Editha's statement are two different ones, and this will substantiate my statement. What ever you might wish to say about Booth would not be admissible as it would have to be surmised. . . only what was actually done and said in that apartment that Sunday afternoon. . . and as I have said before, today no one would attempt to judge a matter on such short notice. . . and even your words indicate you feel guilty because she was not instantly put in confinement. . . meaning restraint in a jail as was the custom. One thing I know. . . Mrs. Anderson was trusted by her husband, and he trusted her. . . and he knew she was in danger, but he did not know who. . . and as said, he kept still because he thought it was my father, but after I left that night I knew he was certain it was not my father. . . and I think he knew that Booth was the man doing the damage. I recall his telling me how he was trying to win her to his Mormon religion. . . and the girls confirmed this, too.

This is what I have to say now; and it is my hope it will be received in the manner I have presented my case. . . and you may be certain I will never give up until I win! . . . and it is more to your interest for me to win than it is for me to lose. . . you may not value your offspring, but I do. . . and I feel it well worthwhile to get this truth on record, so no one else will have to suffer as I have, with this being pulled out of the closet as a skeleton so often. . . the last time being September 3, 1964 by Tompkins, D. . .