

come screaming down those stairs almost before you two could have reached the drugstore.

But this was not the case. I first saw Mr. Anderson as if he were asleep, and having believed I had seen him raise the windowshade and creep out, this was why I thought he was "possessing!" ...pretending to be asleep when he wasn't! I went around to the side of the bed he was, and when he still did not answer me, I put my hand on his forehead, and knew he was dead. At that moment I looked across and saw my mother on the floor with her face covered with blood, and I saw no gun. My eyes searched for a gun. Seeing none, I began to feel in the bed-covering around Mr. Anderson, thinking he had killed mother then himself, and that the gun was beside him. I was very calm. In fact, the whole scene struck me as if it were a play... as if a scene was set, and what I was looking upon was a carefully planned thing... that things were not as they seemed. I recall how keen my brain was... everything in that room was focusing itself on my attention and memory.

As I was searching through those bedclothes, even trying to find out what caused Mr. Anderson's death, suddenly I heard the click of a pistol. It was not my imagination. I whirled and was facing a gun held in the hand of a man, and the man was standing out of sight. As to exactly how this was, I can explain faintly, but I still am caused to wonder: If there was a closet at mother's head... for a well framed off the staircase... and I think the same wall formed a closet. Of this I cannot be too certain. But I do know that what happened across the life out of me almost, but I did not even dream there was anyone else in that apartment. The noise of the cocking of that pistol scared the living day-lights out of me, so to speak. That was when I ran screaming! This was a good ten or fifteen minutes after I entered that bedroom. Some thing had to scare me... and this sort of thing was all of a sudden... and I know there was someone else nearby, and I imagined it to be the killer. I do know that in a sort of way my mind blanked as one I did say... because in the screaming I was outside of myself.

Now, it would help me if you described to me just how you saw my mother's body, and if you saw a gun, where it was... what the position of her hands were... if you recall.

As I have said, you sent me back, the woman across the street took my baby... I was calm again when I went back... I had no remembrance of why I screamed.

When I returned to that room I saw things differently from what I had seen when I ran screaming away. I saw my mother's right hand in a different position, etc. I saw a gun just a few inches from the tips of her right fingers, and her arm stretched out above her head. I think the gun should have fallen by her side, not in the position I saw it.

Now, this you should consider: All three girls had keys to that apartment. You told me that "Booth had a set of keys that belonged to another. I believe Aunt Nettie Mae had a key. Those two girls left that apartment either at 7:00 or 8:00 A.M. They always left after mother would go, and they returned before mother returned. Mother gave the youngest sister a grocery list to bring home groceries. I am speaking of what are facts easily proven.

My Aunt Nettie Mae told me that Mother had asked her to come the next morning when I came. Aunt Nettie Mae told me she walked up from her home, rang the doorbell, got no answer, then walked to her other sister's home some blocks away. It is understood by me that you reached her at Aunt Margaret's home, and told her what happened. For she was not long working after the police had come and were closeted with Carl Booth in the bedroom. Also both Madona and Marie came... and I recall all three flinched as they arrived and was told what happened. They had been told that their mother was dead, but the news of Mr. Anderson's death was what was so shocking.

Now it is certainly possible that after Marie left that Mother went down and locked the door. But this would hardly have been the case since she was expecting me and Aunt Nettie Mae.

So, upon my testimony of first seeing a hand raise a windowshade, plus my testimony that what frightened me was the sound of a pistol being cocked and my staring into the muzzle of a gun... this testimony even the reason of why I instead we "broke in"... this is sufficient to consider that someone was in that apartment, and had not finished setting the scene to appear as if a murder and suicide, and we "broke in" and interrupted, and someone guilty of both these murders was caught... and only a trial would help such a one escape. You had run in and out... you had no time to think of anyone else being in the apartment... you were already pretty certain you knew what had happened... and with a cat's mind, one is not apt to remember other details that does not correspond to what one believes are certain facts.