

I recall seeing my young husband come running from the drug store toward me, crossing the street named North Fitzhugh. I saw a woman come out of her house directly in front of me from across the street. My husband arrived first, and then the woman. She quietly asked if she might care for my baby; and my husband told me to let her have the baby. The minute my son was taken from my arms I calmed down. . . I think part of my terror was fear for his safety, as well as mine. Then Herschel Watson told me that my sister, Editha, had heard him talking on the phone, learned her mother was dead, and had fainted and had not come to. . . that he had other calls to make. . . that I was to go back upstairs, stay at the head of the stairs, and not let anyone but the police enter that bedroom. I told him I was all right and that I would do what he said. . . I seemed to have completely forgotten what caused me to run screaming down those steps after I had been in the bedroom for over five or ten minutes. . . if I had been frightened over the dead bodies, it would have been then that I started screaming. I recall distinctly there was no weapon to be seen near my mother's hand when I first saw her dead body; else I would not have believed Mr. Anderson killed my mother. . . I would not have started a search for the weapon.

But when I returned back upstairs I again entered the room, and then I saw the right hand of my mother stretched out above her head, and about three or four inches from her right hand I saw a pistol for the first time. Her left hand was stretched out its full length. I even noted that her dress was pulled neatly down over her limbs, nothing out of place, and that her hair was up in curlers. I recall thinking to myself that my mother would never let anyone see her with her hair in curlers, save the immediate family.

Then I was sitting praying at the top of the stairs when I heard men on the lower porch and talking, and then the door burst open just as I rounded the stairs, and up rushed Capt. Will Fritz and Bill McCraw, then District Attorney, and some others, and Carl Booth was with this group. Some how I had the idea that the police would be wearing uniforms, so I questioned these men and their right to enter, and Booth pushed me aside, calling me a fool and telling me the men were the police and I was to let them by. And he rushed past me with the man; and these all went into the bedroom.

Now according to Captain Will Fritz's own testimony, he said that his was the first car to drive up, that he remembered distinctly that Carl C. Booth was standing on the lower concrete porch, that he stepped out to meet them, that he told them who he was and that he had been with the family when the bodies were discovered, and he led them upstairs. Fritz described Booth as having a crippled hand, a hand that had been shot. I agreed this was true. (Now Booth had claimed his hand was shot in the Spanish-American War under Dewey (do I have my wars right?), but I remember that he was with the Dallas Police force, the motorcycle detail. . . that he had been caught with a negro woman, her husband had entered the bedroom to find him there, and he had shot him in the hand, Booth was fired from the Police force; and the reason he was working for my father was that he could get no other job, and his wife begged my father to hire him, and all of this was over my mother's protest. . . and later I learned of Booth's reputation with negro women. . . this was even his trouble in Chappel Hill, Texas. . . and upon learning of same, his father had horse-whipped him in front of a group of men. . . and I think Booth carried this grudge with him all his life, then planned to kill his father, thus watched his movements, and finally hit him with his car, etc. It would not surprise me if Booth let his own father know he was to be hit.)

There was so much doubt about what happened that all of us were asked if my mother had any enemies. We were so young. . . we simply did not know then. I recall that my father was closely questioned by the grand jury, and I heard him say if he had not been able to produce positive proof that he was on a train headed for Dallas, that he would have been accused of those murders. When no evidence was produced about possible enemies, then the verdict was that of murder and suicide. . . and how wrong this was! It leaves a man free who thinks he has committed perfect murders, and that he will never be discovered.

When discussing this matter some years later with Captain Will Fritz, he said some that no man had ever gotten by with a perfect murder; that in time he would try again, and be caught. Now I think is the time to do the catching! I had gone to talk with Sheriff Bill Decker, and he had told me it would be necessary to hire a detective. . . that he would recommend one to me. . . that if I would return in an hour he would have the man present he recommended. . . I returned. . . the man told me it would be necessary for me to give him \$300 cash, or a sum equal to that or above. . . and I had that much with me. The man was a Jew in appearance, and he acted sneaky, and Sheriff Decker acted sneaky; when this man told me all the trouble it would be to check the old records, contact witnesses. . . this would take time and much money, the thought came to me that it would be wise if I prayed over the matter before making a decision. . . that I could go to the newspaper offices myself and do some checking first. . . so I agree to meet the man that afternoon and give him my decision. I recall how he was dressed, dressed rather loudly and flashy-like, and could be called "dapper." Every time I think of that man I think of Jack Ruby!