

Since Mrs. Booth and I had searched the apartment the night before including Mr. Anderson's belongings, the only explanation I can conceive of is that he deliberately hid the gun from us (possibly on his person). Anywah it was there, it was his and fingerprints indicated it had only his and your mother's ashaving handled it.

This ought to be enough--there are innumerable other errors in your case, but these should be all needed to show you that you are letting your imagination run a little wild.

The best way I can think of for you to prove your sanity if you feel that such proof is needed is to start leading a sane life. Cut out the sensational foolishness and be yourself. You are a smart woman. You don't need me or anyone else to prove anything. Just be yourself and forget the past, including me.

Herschel" (Signed)

When I received this letter, even before opening, I had a sick feeling go over me; and I still feel sick. At least I can say this: This letter does contain proof that Carl C. Booth was not with this Herschel Watson, my sister, and myself, including the baby I had in my arms.

As for him having a key given to him by my mother the day before, this is news to me...and I would have cause to doubt it. However, since he makes a case of the door being latched from the inside, it may be remembered that he told me Carl Booth did have a key to the apartment; it is certain that two of my sisters went out that front door early that morning...it is certain that before my younger sister went to school she stood talking with my mother in the hall, my mother saw the shadow of some one on the back porch, turned sister around in time for her to see a man leaving the back upper porch...mother gave her a list of groceries to bring home on the way back from school. It was simple for Booth to have watched the two girls leave, even knowing I was expected, use his key to enter, latch the door after him. (Of course, mother could have come downstairs and latched the front door after the girls left, but I think not. She was also expecting her sister, Mrs. Carl C. Booth to meet us there. And Aunt Nettie Mae Booth did come to the door, did ring the bell, had no answer, could not enter because of the latch on the inside, then went to her other sister's home near by. To do this she would have had to walk from her home to my mother's residence.

It would be certain if Booth was in the house or apartment, having killed Mr. Anderson upon entering the bedroom, certainly he would have latched the front door, as well as the back door, while he worked setting things in order.

As for breaking in, Herschel Watson did not want to...he said mother had gone to the Courthouse and he should take us there. But I insisted he climb through a kitchen window that was partly open, because of having seen a man's hand on the screen. As for what Watson did, I saw him go down the hall as I stood watching, he straight to mother's bedroom, and came running back. There would have been no reason for him to have searched for Mr. Anderson...besides if Booth was in the apartment as I declare he was, how stupid of him if he had not stepped into a closet! as he saw us below and then heard us break in! I recall at the time I was puzzled when I saw my husband run up the hall, then run back so quickly...grab my sister and go back down the hall with her, slamming the bedroom door and yelling for me not to enter the room. It all happened in a split second-like...no time and no need to go searching through the place for someone!

As for that part about Mr. Anderson's handling the pistol...if he had had it hidden (which I do not think was possible, yet I know there were other shots fired than those accounted for...then after my mother's pistol was taken by Mrs. Booth, it shows confidence on Mr. Anderson's part if he produced a pistol for protection, showing he was in no manner afraid of my mother...and this to me is very certain, for he and I had a long talk on Saturday night before that Monday morning killing...and he and mother had deep trust in each other.

All of what Watson has written after all these years of silence still does not account for the presence of Carl Booth at the scene; nor does it account for the fact that what frightened me, was the hearing of a pistol being cocked, my whirling and finding the gun sticking in my face!

And, being as twice in my life after this horrible happening, I stared into the pitol barrel of one held in the hands of Herschel Watson about 1931, and later in the Spring of 1937...and in view of certain remembrances, I should not be surprised now at his attitude. In fact, after the 1937 episode I did not see or hear from him for many years until he called me long distance to tell me that the younger son and his family were missing in a snowstorm en route from Dallas to Kentucky (Feb. 6, 1951), again he called to ask me where I had secured a divorce from him as he wished to remarry and it would save him trouble if I gave him the information...then the time I had dinner with him and his third wife (after he had lost a son and then was divorced by the second wife)...one other time he was kind in his way...and at no other time have I contacted