

My purpose is to see if it is possible to establish a reasonable doubt, this being done by other witnesses than myself.

As for myself, I can accept it if my mother killed Mr. Anderson and then herself. Under the circumstances existing, I could well understand. Even with your expressed regret that she was not properly taken care of... meaning confinement... would have been reason enough. I know, too, that Aunt Nettie Mae Booth, not realizing it was her husband's treacherous mother, could have believed that Mr. Anderson was interested even in Editha. I know this was not the case. And I know some other things Aunt Nettie Mae believed, were not true. If there was to be blame, even I could be for keeping a secret from mother... a secret that both Mr. Anderson and I knew, and believed it best she not know.

Now, dealing with facts alone. Editha does recall a bloody towel found hidden back of the bathtub. It was soaked with blood. Mr. Anderson did not bleed... the woolen blanket over him had no blood on it... no blood was in sight. The upper bedsheets would have been stained, etc. but not that much blood was shed from him. And it is certain that in the manner of death suffered by my mother, the one shot that took her life rendered it impossible for her to go to the bathroom, and in some manner soak that towel with blood. Therefore the one who shot her had to have held the pistol in her mouth, and gotten blood all over his hand as a result.

As you said, there could have been two guns. If as you said, the fingerprints of Mr. Anderson was on the gun, as well as my mother's fingerprints, even he could have gone out Sunday night after you all left and bought one even second-hand or secured it somewhere. If what you say is true, and his fingerprints were on it it showed confidence in mother in that he, having learned it was not my father who was threatening mother, then it was really someone... so he trusted her enough to get the gun... and he certainly could have gone out... even this could have accounted for his being asleep so soundly that he was shot in his sleep.

So now first say to yourself: I was so sure Johnnie Mae's mother killed Mr. Anderson and then herself, that I never gave anything else a thought, save to disapprove it. If I thought it had happened any other way, I would have done my best to collect the insurance on Mr. Anderson made out to Johnnie Mae's mother.

You now should be able to think carefully and consider that that noise was made on purpose to frighten me... even I could have been shot, and I think I would have been had I not run. The sound of my screaming kept tabs of me... the murderer had time to exchange guns even, make mother look different, race down the hall with a bloody gun, grab a towel and wipe the blood, even wash it off... run out the back door and down the steps... and all of this happen as we talked in the front... also an absence of danger would have been sensed and helped quiet me.

Whoever this murder was had locked himself in that apartment to set the scene after doing the slaying of those two. That same person had time to run down the back-stairs. This is not wishful thinking.

Then we have the testimony... at least I have it... some years later Captain Will Fritz told me that when he drove up Booth was standing on the lower porch. Booth told us he had come with the men from City Hall. Fritz says he was lying. Fritz said Booth was on that porch. He knows and I know that Booth came up the stairs with the men from the City Hall, followed by the D.A., Bill McCraw. His name is given as the informant on my mother's death certificate. His places him present. Fritz remembers Booth saying there were two dead people upstairs. These things are not within your knowledge. But you do know Booth was not with us... no one was, save Editha. You can stop and wonder how Booth got there so quickly. Trying to solve that one, it is not too difficult to see how he did it, if he were the man who did the murdering, the man whose hand I saw on the windshade... the man who frightened me out of that bedroom, making it possible for him to do the last-minute things he was interrupted in... in setting the stage to look like murder and suicide... then running out the back way, even lingering in the alley... and hearing the sirens, then step out and greet the arriving policemen. You also do not know that he once was with the police in Dallas, and well trained in criminal ways. Also you were not aware he once shot a man in cold blood. Or that he got in trouble while a policeman and was fired, after a negro shot him for being with his (negro) wife... and Booth was fired, and would not have been permitted around the City Hall chatting with the policemen there... he was in disfavor with them... his record was bad! Now do some reconsidering, pondering actual known facts. You may... finally become aware an injustice was done; and it is a human thing to right a wrong when asked. Your animosity concerning me can have gotten in your way. I ask you to reconsider, and give me a written report of facts, signed by your full name, stating you were administrator, and were asked to record your knowledge. Stick with facts! Thanks! In Jesus' name, J. M. Hackworth