

She told me that all her life she had never tasted wine or any alcoholic drink... that her son-in-law (Carl C. Booth, a Mormon preacher) told her she should drink a little wine for her stomach's sake... and that he read this to her out of the Bible... his Mormon Bible. She wanted me to confirm that this was in the Bible... would I read it to her please. And I read it to her. Then she pointed to a bottle of wine on a shelf in a corner behind her bed... or to the far side of her bed... saying that every night just before she went to sleep that Carl Booth would come in, measure her a drink from the bottle of wine... talk with her awhile... that she protested but he said it was only right for her to obey the Scriptures... and something about his being the head of the home, etc. She was very uneasy about the whole thing... frankly, she was worried! I asked her if I could see the bottle, and I stepped to that side of the bed to pick it up. She went into a type of panic, saying, O, No! Carl made me promise that no one could touch it except himself... that under no circumstances was I to let anyone handle it, etc... or give it to her... she was to skip it if he did not appear in time to measure out her portion to her, etc. (Another aunt, Leslie Ralston Ross was a witness to all of this, as was another.)

Shivers just raced themselves up and down my spine. There was no doubt in my mind whatsoever but that Carl Booth was giving my grandmother daily doses of wine containing arsenic. I kept telling myself I should use good judgment... that I should not frighten my grandmother... but that I should protect her. How I wanted to say something to Aunt Nettie Mae... but I knew she would not believe me... and certainly my husband (E. H. S.) would not believe me. When I came home I reported by letter to the proper authority what I had found; then the LORD comforted me, saying my grandmother had lived to a ripe old age... that I was to leave all things in His hands... that He would have justice, etc. My grandmother (Mrs. Charles Samuel, Anne Boynton, Ralston, died on January 25, 1952, in the Carl C. Booth home... and was buried in Brenham, Texas. When we were sitting at the cemetery, my husband (E. H. S.) was on my right, and Carl Booth was on his right; the LORD said to me that the feet of him who murdered my mother was resting on the cradle of her grave. Startled I looked down, and both the feet of Shanfler and Booth were resting on the cradle of the grave. By this I knew Booth was guilty... thus he not only murdered my mother, but his wife's wretched, too! I also believe he was guilty of running down his own father and killing him in a hit and run accident.

Further, babies born to my Aunt Nettie Mae Ralston Booth died at birth; then she had a baby to live, and we called "Maycarlene" by the name of Kewpie. But I heard a rumor, after returning to Brenham, that this was not the baby given birth to by my aunt... her baby died, and this baby was substituted. My own father believed the baby was adopted... and I remember something my own mother said in regard to same. I love Kewpie, but I doubt if she has either Ralston or Booth blood in her! I do not know if there is any doubt about this on my aunt's part. I also believe I can point out in Brenham who her real father was! I simply do not believe the LORD would let live a descendant of Carl Booth's by my aunt... and I wonder if one day my beloved aunt will "wake" up to what has been going around her all her grown life! I know what I would do if I were in her "shoes." I would go to the F. B. I., ask for a search of her husband's possessions, ask for protection... and I would not permit him to be around one day longer... I would do my utmost to prove him either guilty or not guilty? If I seem cruel, it is a wonder to me what is best for her... he killed as her mother was... or as my mother was... let our family suffer the disgrace heaped upon us by the actions of Booth... or protect myself by leaving, or seeing that he does. I love this aunt dearly... I sorely miss her... I wish we could again enjoy the close relations we once had... under the circumstances this is impossible... and in some manner I think she has her suspicions regarding my mother's death and her own mother's death.

I remember when I discussed all of this with Captain Will Fritz, of the Dallas Police, and he remembered so vividly how Booth was standing on the lower front porch when the Police drove up, and Booth said he was with the family... he knew there were two dead bodies upstairs... yet he was not with us (the family) when we discovered the murders... yet he told the police he was... and then he said us he had come out with the police, riding in the car with Captain Will Fritz... and Fritz denies this... and I for one know he came up the stairs with Captain Fritz, et al. Captain Fritz said that no murderer was content with getting by with "the perfect murder" - that he would try again, etc. After this, Fritz suffered a gun shooting in which his own hand was injured, even as he had explained to me how Booth's hand was shot up... I wonder what Booth had to do with Kennedy's assassination -- I fervently hope that it will not be my own aunt's murder-death that will cause him to be caught! I think he is a likely suspect... and I am of the opinion that the Dallas Police do wrong knowingly if they do not follow through on these murders which I lay at the door of Carl C. Booth in the name of my LORD, even Christ Jesus! And what about you, F. B. I.? Even what about the Secret Service? Why go after "will-o'-wispas"? - even letting the Warren Report give out such reports as the one wherein it is certain I am the "Houston" woman accused... accused... but how may I prove my innocence? Thus my trust in the LORD will bring all of this to the light for truth!

Rev. Johnnie Mae Hackworth