

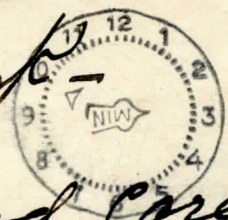
B Smith on envelope

Minneapolis June 1925

FORD MOTOR CO.
DEARBORN

1319 Yale Place

My dear Mr Black -



JUN 20 1925

I have read carefully

the papers you send
me. I am not ~~not~~ ^{and} never
have been a "business
woman" - always getting
away from, sometimes
ignoring, these, some-
wretched commercial,
legal documents. I'm
distressed at what I
read in these black +

white sheets - Still the
 truth, or a falsehood - is
 the same, if recorded on
 a rose leaf. Something
 has gone wrong here or
 I would not be so distressed
 ill by the clear. I
never saw the body that
is spoken about, as being
 that of John Wilkes Booth
 same face & face with the
 man who knocked at my

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door, while I was acting
with a Sanford Lodge
Company, at Enid Okla -
I exchanged but a word
or two with him, telling
him I was too fatigued
to see anyone - As I have
repeatedly mentioned
at that time 1923, I
had no doubt but that
John had been captured
by the government & shot.
The slip of paper he

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handed me, was written
John Wilkes Booth. I
thought it all a stupid
trick then, and threw
the paper on a bureau
or table, never thinking
anything more of the
incident, until I poorly,
not carefully read the
book, soon written by
Mr. J. L. Bates, which he
sent to me, here. Shortly
after this Mr. Bates came

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To Minneapolis to meet
me, which he did. Several
of my days were given
to his service - meaning
no benefit to me, outside
of the interest, and in-
fluence which grew out
of what he wrote, and
told me. The book has
influenced wiser heads
than mine; the little
tin-type-making concerns

of 6

many of the notable
members of my profession
Wise "old Rip" and
many, many others. Mr
Bates brought at one time
while ~~at~~ visiting me
in my apartment here, a
young lady type-writer
I'd forgotten her name.
I've deemed to me nothing
importantly legal, about the

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things - I am
very stupid concerning
these legal affairs I
have no recollection of
these black + white pages
being read to me, I mean
being read over to me ¹⁸⁴³
I had a chance at End,
~~1843~~ of meeting facets
face, a man calling
himself J. W. Booth, the
chance of identifying that
man -

which I let pass,
 giving the incident
 not a serious thought.
 Now the significant
 signature - its so
 simple - Mr Gates
 handed to me, one day
 of the several - a small
 photograph of my uncle
 John Wilkes Booth -
 the one familiar to so
 many - it had the unusual
 mark of John's signature

Now I recall distinctly
that the slip given to
me by the man at the
door had not the
unusual mark, but
that doesn't seem to
mean anything - John
might sign his name
either with, or without
"his mark" as the mood
came to him. The pho-
tograph, and little
card ~~to~~ John sent me

when he came to St
 Louis to play a theatrical
 engagement at my
 late uncle's theatre
 Ben De Paris's theatre
 St Louis - these bits
 were not returned to
 me, after I had been
 arrested, + released
 when a girl - so short
 a time before John's
 mad act. I dislike
 the publicity I am
 involved in.

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aside from the re-
lationship - I am
not proud of being
in any way ~~of being~~
connected with so
shocking a tragedy.

Please let me try to tell
you, in my rambling
manner about the
Minneapolis "Daily Star"
incident. One day last
winter - I was ill

a great part of the winter
Confined to my room
but, still roaming round
my room, at times
for exercise - a
strange voice called
me to the telephone
asking me my opinion
of the Booth tragedy
I replied
I believe Mr Bates'
book to be an authority

Two minutes - perhaps
 were
 not so long, was all
 there was of this - My
 attention was called
 to the horrid black
 pictures in the "Star"
 and the ~~text~~ a liberal
 quotation of passages
 from Mr. Gates' book
 making all seem
my words - after
~~so~~ a legitimate
 interview - Perhaps

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~~Perhaps~~ my quoting Mr
Bates book justified the
gentleman in giving
publicity to the terrible
black pictures - and
further making to appear
to be the result of a personal
interview with me

I am getting the very
Confidential in writing
you - Please Mr Mack
do not get me

Must get me into any
further trouble.
I wish an ill-faking
game between the
press & myself. I
cannot afford it. The
newspaper gentlemen
have everywhere been
so kind & helpful to
me in my work - notably
while I've been living
in Minneapolis - visiting