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What Happened To Jim Wolcott?



At age 15 James Wolcott shot & killed his father, mother & sister; at age 21 he was a free man; find out where he is today at age 61, in Section B.

After 46 Years, Answers To Lingerin Questions In Georgetown's Infamous Triple Murder Case

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by Ann Marie Gardner
& Cathy Payne

Editor's Note: To protect their privacy, names of some witnesses and other relevant persons have been changed or omitted, indicated by ().*

Even though he said he had long since given up hope of ever being hip, the 60-something man across from me was every bit the picture of a classic hippie; casual air, long pony tail, and a Grateful Dead sticker on his aging pickup truck. I had come a long way through the cornfields of Illinois to meet this doctor of Psychology whom I hoped would lead, maybe not to the end, but at least to the truth of this story. I had spent months doing extensive research, following leads, making phone calls to people in a half dozen states, role playing and brushing

up on the basics of clinical psychology to prepare for this conversation.

Why? Because the murder of an entire family is a ghastly thing. In 1967 it was beyond belief, and for Georgetown, Texas, then a small town with fewer than 5,000 people, it changed things forever. This horrific crime and subsequent trial received a great deal of media coverage for that era, making national headlines. Newspapers all over Texas and as far as New Jersey focused on the case for months. When it was all over, things were just not the same for a lot of folks in our

community who described this event as the line of demarcation between before and after in Georgetown. Surprisingly, after the initial shock faded and life returned to a new normal, the lone survivor of that dreadful night seemed to disappear into obscurity, leaving many wondering in hushed tones at high school reunions, "What ever happened to Jim Wolcott?"

The man with the answer to that question now sat in front of me - not in a concrete room across a metal table - but in a crowded bar, talking between bites of chicken pot pie.

SPECIAL ISSUE
COMPLETE COVERAGE OF THE WOLCOTT CASE IN
SECTION B

Lingering Questions Span Four Decades

Continued from Page 1A

The Murders

In 1967, fifteen-year old James Wolcott lived with his family near Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas. By all accounts, he was brilliant; he was an accomplished musician and had a voracious appetite for reading. His father, Dr. Gordon Wolcott came from a prominent New Jersey family and was the respected head of the Biology department at Southwestern. His mother Elizabeth was a vivacious woman from South Carolina, known for her participation in church circles around town. The fourth member of the Wolcott family was seventeen-year old Libby, a Georgetown High School class officer with a bright mind and a love of music. They were exceptional people living what seemed to be a typical suburban life.

On the evening of Thursday, August 4, 1967, James joined Libby and some friends on a trip to Austin to see a show. They returned home about 10 pm and life in the Wolcott house appeared to be normal. By midnight Libby and Elizabeth had retired to their respective bedrooms, while Gordon read in the living room. Inexplicably, just after midnight, James, by his own account, sniffed some airplane glue “to give him a boost,” loaded a .22 long-barrel



Top: James Gordon Wolcott, age 15, in custody at the old Georgetown Courthouse, August 5, 1967 for allegedly killing his parents and sister. Inset: James in 7th grade, 1964. Bottom: The Wolcott residence in Georgetown in 1967.

rifle, walked to the living room and shot his father twice in the chest. He then walked to Libby's bedroom and shot her once in the chest, and when she fell he shot her in the face. Awakened by the blasts from the rifle, his mother Elizabeth called out from her bedroom. James then shot her twice in the head and once in the chest. He later

admitted that he had decided to kill them a week prior and had made a plan the night before.

Next, he hid the rifle in the attic crawlspace above the closet in his bedroom and ran out of the house toward University Avenue. Three college students traveling from Houston to Eden, Texas saw him there at about 1 am. James flagged down their car, crying that he needed help because someone had just shot and killed his entire family.

Reluctantly, the three returned with James to the house to assess the situation. While James waited outside, the college students entered the grisly scene to find Gordon and Libby dead where they lay and Elizabeth

barely breathing on her bed. According to police interviews, the students repositioned Elizabeth on the bed to make her more comfortable, called for an ambulance and the police, then waited outside with James. Later, in court, one of the students described James' demeanor as “hysterical, pounding on the porch and wondering how this could happen.” None of the college students were entirely comfortable with the situation and they were hesitant to commit to any kind of empathy or reaction. Oddly enough, when they realized there might still be someone in the house with a weapon, they “high-tailed it out of there.” James, however, did not hesitate to go into the house with them.

At approximately 3 am, Williamson County Sheriff Henry Matysak arrived on the scene, and was joined shortly thereafter by Texas Ranger Jim Riddles from Austin and Williamson County Attorney Timothy Maresh.

A family friend took a very distraught James to the hospital where his mother was fighting for her life. They were soon joined by another family friend, Reverend Wallace Chappell, pastor of First Methodist Church of Georgetown. Witness reports indicate that James was very anxious at the hospital and the Reverend asked the doctor to provide him with a tranquilizer, believing him to have been traumatized by the event. Upon receiving the news that his mother had died from her wounds, James simply said, “Thank you.”

Reverend Chappell, a neighbor of the Wolcott family, took James back to the parson-



See Wolcott, page 2

The Wolcott Murders



Ownership of the gun was not established but the gun pictured was the weapon used to kill the Wolcott family members. James revealed its location to Ranger Riddles just hours after the incident.



Elizabeth and Gordon Wolcott's room. Elizabeth was sleeping and presumably awakened by gunfire. According to James' account, when he came to the door, she was raised up on one elbow asking what was going on. He shot her three times where she lay. She survived long enough to be treated at the hospital but her wounds were ultimately fatal.



Dr. Gordon Wolcott was reading "The Fire Next Time", a collection of essays about race relations in the United States. James killed him first, with two shots to the chest.

Wolcott, from page 1 age while the authorities processed the crime scene. Ranger Riddles and Reverend Chappell began reviewing the evening's events with James who still maintained that "someone" had shot his family. According to his report, Ranger Riddles idly chatted with James about his activities with his father. Then he asked James directly, "Did you kill your parents, son?"

With only a brief hesitation and a sigh, James replied "Yes, sir," and went on to describe each of the shootings in detail. Although there are variations of the subsequent exchange, court and police reports agree that James indicated that he hated his parents, giving motive to his actions. After he was informed of his Miranda Rights, James stated he did not want a lawyer and was willing to show the

investigators where he hid the rifle. James Wolcott was held in the Williamson County Jail in Georgetown until his trial. His relatives from South Carolina arrived fairly quickly and remained in town for a few days. During that time they made seemingly opposing statements to the court. His aunt Dorothy, Elizabeth's sister, said that despite everything, the family

wanted what was best for Jim and if he were to be hospitalized they wanted him to be located close to family so they could visit. Her husband simply said, "Jim has always been on the brilliant side, and he has gone berserk."

The Trial

The hearings and trial of James Wolcott for the murder of his father, Gordon Wolcott, began in October 1967. After reviewing the facts of the case, the court determined that now-sixteen-year old James was competent to stand trial as an adult. The adult certification statute was brand new and Wolcott was the first-ever case in Williamson County. He was represented by prominent Georgetown attorney Will Kelly McClain. According to McClain's son, Dr. Martin McClain, his father came to the case reluctantly, after the wife of

close friend who was also a colleague of Gordon's at Southwestern University, encouraged him to consider it. Now well into her nineties, this friend recalls W.K. McClain as "an exceptional and honorable lawyer." Still, 46 years later, people still question why McClain agreed to defend a seemingly indefensible client. Martin recalls his father "felt like folks wanted to lynch the kid" and he needed a good defense. One of McClain's law partners remembers that he once commented, "It was what Gordon would have wanted me to do." Still, it is said that the trial took an enormous toll on McClain, who, according to friends, seemed to age ten years in the six months he spent on the defense in hearings and the trial. (See page 5 for more about W.K. McClain.)

James' own defense was that he had known for some time he was mentally ill. During pre-trial medical evaluations, he claimed to have considered suicide the previous winter, stating that he was "just bored with it all."

According to court transcripts, James began sniffing airplane glue several months prior to the crime, contributing to a condition his doctors diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenia (See page 7). Other depositions and reports indicate James said he believed his father, mother and sister were trying to drive him insane, or destroy him. He "did it" in self-defense before they got him first, although his reasons were as unseemly as they were shocking. During his assessment with Dr. H.R. Gaddy, Jr. James stated that, among other things, his mother chewed her food so loudly that he would have to leave the room, and his sister had a really bad accent. He did not mention his father in Gaddy's interview, but a classmate indicated in a deposition that his father wouldn't allow him to go to a peace

rally, insisted that he cut his hair, and wouldn't let him wear his anti-Vietnam buttons.

Martin says Will Kelly knew an insanity defense was risky, but after a fairly short and relatively unremarkable trial, an all-male jury found James not guilty by reason of insanity. He was sentenced February 2, 1968 to Rusk State Hospital in Nacogdoches, Texas for an unspecified length of time; until he "became sane."

After The Trial

Martin McClain said his father told him at the time that James did not actually live at Rusk full time during his detention. Purportedly, one of James' psychiatrists felt he didn't deserve to be incarcerated and invited James to live in his own home. According to Martin McClain's account, the doctor and his wife became "sort of surrogate parents," apparently trusting James around their family.

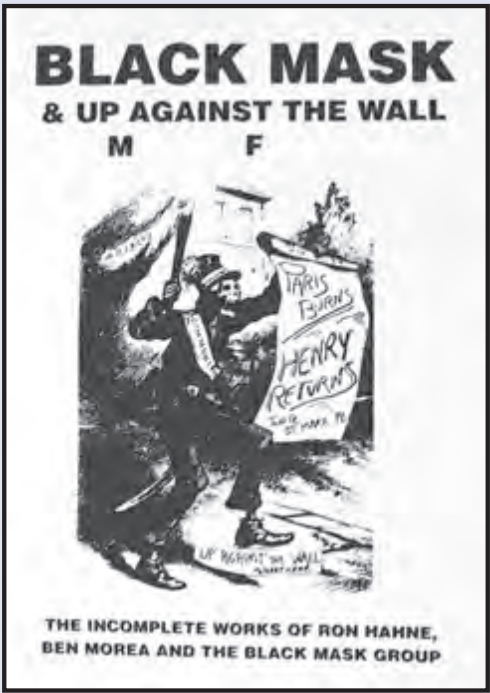
Medical records have since been destroyed, but in 1974, the hospital administrator sent a letter to the Williamson County District Attorney stating that James was no longer suffering from paranoid schizophrenia and requested a competency hearing. Just six years after shooting his entire family, a jury declared James Wolcott sane after only ten minutes of deliberation, making him a free man. The district attorney at the time subsequently filed a motion to dismiss the indictments for Elizabeth and Libby's murders, conceding if James had been insane when he killed his father, a new jury would certainly find him insane for the other two.

Because he had been found not-guilty of the murders, James, the only surviving heir, was entitled to his parents' estate. He also received a monthly stipend from his father's pension fund, and was ultimately awarded the balance of the estate, minus his attorney's fees

THE BLACK MASK?

James’ bedroom had characteristics of a typical 60s teenager; art and pictures on the wall, peace icons, clothes on the bed, etc. But, his room also contained a television, several hundred books, tubes of airplane glue, wax bags for “huffing” and one very unsettling piece of art.

After his arrest, James was interviewed and tested by law enforcement and medical professionals. His probation officer said he mentioned “The Black Mass” in conversation but no one was familiar with the term.



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James Wolcott's bedroom, complete with his own television set (rare in 1967), and golf clubs. This photo is taken from the foot of the bed. Note the blue arrow representing the inset photo to the right.

The name was also mentioned during an interview with a classmate who said James liked to talk about the Black Mass. The student did not know what the term meant but said it was something James “got from up East... and he was always talking about freedom and wished he could live so no one could bother him.”

One theory is that James actually meant The Black *Mask*, which was a radical anarchist group formed in the mid-60s who wore black masks and staged protests and disruptions (up East) among and around New York City art and cultural events. They represented freedom and rebellion, likely very attractive to a young man who felt held back.

There is also a possibility, although less likely, that he meant the Black Mass radio program that was played at night from September 1963 to the fall of ‘65. It featured tales of the supernatural narrated with creepy voices and sound effects. (www.kpfahistory.info)

Although James himself would probably smirk at our curiosity, the third possibility is that the Black Mask was a character from a horror story or comic. The large black velvet wall covering in his room was “painted” with a skeletal face that seemed to stare at the viewer from the depths behind the wall. One witness said it was particularly horrifying and looked like a face with the flesh peeling off.



One can only speculate about the thoughts inspired by this “face” while in a drug-induced state.

Left: Black Mask Book cover image is not copyright but is used with permission of Jacques Vaché editorial group, London.

and those paid to Mrs. Wolcott’s sister, the estate executor.

As unbelievable as it may seem in today’s “Google society,” what happened to James Wolcott after that was mostly unknown. As far as anyone knew, he left Georgetown and never contacted his family or anyone who knew him. He took nothing from his family home and left no forwarding information outside of court records. But he and his story remain a part of the city and those who lived here in the 1960s. Like many small towns that suffer a similar event, people tend to think of their home in terms of before-and-after the crime. It changes things because people just never imagine someone could do such a thing.

Life After Rusk

Rusk State Hospital began a student practicum program with Stephen F. Austin University in 1970. Previous testing showed James to have an IQ of at least 134, and he received a Bachelor’s Degree from the university in 1976, just two years after his release from Rusk. It is conceivable that while in detention at the Rusk Hospital, James received the equivalent of a GED and likely completed some college coursework.

In December 1976

James applied to the Nacogdoches Municipal Court to affect a legal name change. His filing did not include a lawyer’s name, but it stated “it would be in his best interest” to change his name from James Gordon Wolcott to James David St. James, and the judge agreed.

After receiving his Masters’ Degree in Psychology in 1980, James St. James began his doctoral work at the University of Illinois, and received his Ph.D. in 1988. Dr. St. James began teaching at Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois in the Behavioral Sciences Department and was named Outstanding Teacher of the Year in 1997. He is currently an Associate Professor of Psychology and the department chair.

Professor St. James Today

Millikin University has arguably benefitted greatly from Dr. St. James’ understanding of and devotion to psychology. He says, “There is no job title in the world containing the word psychologist that does not require a Master’s degree.” And he believes research is essential to success in any case. His mission at Millikin, therefore, is to vet, educate, and prepare his students for graduate school.

Although he is a tenured professor, Dr. St. James continues to do his own research. He doesn’t like computers but he has been designing and writing his own programs since the 1980s “simply because no one else writes effective programs” he can use to analyze his data.

As a scientist, Dr. St. James seems to have an objective approach to religion as well and is very artful in his delivery. He is an atheist but he has been practicing his delivery for many years, on hundreds of students—with varying belief systems—without offending them. To paraphrase: *Although some religious revelations may indeed be the word of God, they still contradict each other and therefore none of them can be true, so just get over it.*

A source close to him says he enjoys (or used to) reading Freud in the original German, he is an excellent guitar player, and never seemed to be a fan of driving. He watches golf occasionally on television but really doesn’t have much use for TV. He prefers to read and continue learning all the time. As a youth, his room was full of books by Ian Fleming, anti-establishment poets, and a lot of science fiction and fantasy. He says now he prefers to read mysteries, and he never wants to retire.

People who know him today greet him fondly. His students call him “cool” and his courses get high marks in social media and in reviews. He can entertain and talk expertly about almost any topic, except perhaps pop culture, which he seems to find odious. I had the distinct impression he

would weep if you even mentioned the words “American Idol” or Lady Gaga.

His carefully crafted universe enables him to do the one thing he has been primarily committed to for all of his adult life, his academics. In conversation, he is extremely private about himself,

although it’s not immediately noticeable because he is well-read and he dodges questions. But if you mention “attention response time” or other psychology terms, his voice goes up, as does his posture, and he shows you again how smart he is.

continued on page 7

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Perspectives

From My Side of the Table

by Ann Marie Gardner

I expected him to be different; perhaps not an ogre, since I had spoken to him on the telephone and he was quite friendly. I at least wanted him to be unpleasant because I wasn't looking forward to being deceitful or antagonistic despite what I already knew about him. Here, he is not the 15-year-old paranoid schizophrenic; he's a popular guy at a lovely little school in a nice town and I was about to rock his carefully crafted world.

I wasn't as nervous as I thought I'd be. Our Decatur law enforcement friend, Jeff Forrest* had briefed me about him the night before. One of the details was that St. James was about 5'8". Over the past months, in my mind, he had grown into a mighty grizzly bear, who would throw a table at me when I confessed my real purpose.

I was also comforted by the fact that Jeff took a seat at a discrete distance from

my table. I had asked what I should do if the professor got aggressive. He said, "Just lean in and tell him you have 'friends'... and they are very close." As a movie nerd that's the kind of line I would suffer much to be able to say. Fortunately I didn't have to say it, but it was a pretty cool ace to have up my sleeve.

I walked in to the restaurant and made eye contact with Jeff. The hostess tried to put me at a small table in the wrong spot and, again, not my style to argue, but I managed to insist that she seat me where Jeff told me he could see me. Part of the job, I reminded myself. The next phase was to flatter the professor and stroke his ego because that was the only thing everyone agreed he might respond to.

I got a text that he had arrived outside, braced myself with a "Don't chicken out now!" exhale and... waved him over.

I realized quickly that he was a good conversation-



Rather than meet at his office, I asked Dr. St. James to let me buy him lunch. The interview took place at one of his favorite spots that we knew about already. Easy to see why—it is close to campus, has great food and music, and it is a popular hangout with students and faculty.

alist. He didn't ask me a single question about myself but he wasn't uninterested in the things I talked about. We even laughed a few times. I managed to ask him the superficial questions about background and his current life, but when he started talking about high-level psychology I knew I couldn't act my way out of boredom. We reached a natural break in the conversation and I braced again for his reaction when I revealed that I knew his "other name."

We all figured he would do one of three things; get up and walk out, stay and act like he didn't know what I was talking about, or stay and talk about it. What he did was a mix.

Earlier in our conversation he mentioned how psychologists measure reaction time and that a difference of a millisecond is like a geologic age.

I told him I had a confession to make; that I had really come to town specifically to meet him. He laughed a little, I presume he may not have thought a veteran professor would generate that kind of interest. I talked about doing research on atypical psychology and said "I came across some information in, um, Central Texas..." His fork stopped—for a geologic age.

He never denied who he was, and I never said any words like Wolcott, killing, or glue, and the conversation went on pretty much as it had before. We talked about 90 minutes and although he gave me absolutely nothing new about the crime, I knew more about him when we were done, including when he was truthful, avoiding the subject, and lying. I have no future career as a detective, however. Because I was forearmed with his

history I knew he was lying on the very first question, made a mental note of his "tell" and moved on from there. I asked question after question and got only *that was a long time ago... I don't want to go there... I don't remember* responses.

I told him I was considering writing a book and he said he didn't care. When I asked if he'd just help me get to the truth he gave me an immediate "No." I then said it would be hard to write a truthful book about him without his input. He said I should "walk away and do something else..."

I found it interesting that he cleaned his plate completely, while I only ate three bites of mine. We parted cordially and did not promise to be Facebook friends. Our outside officer said he left the vicinity but did not drive home. No

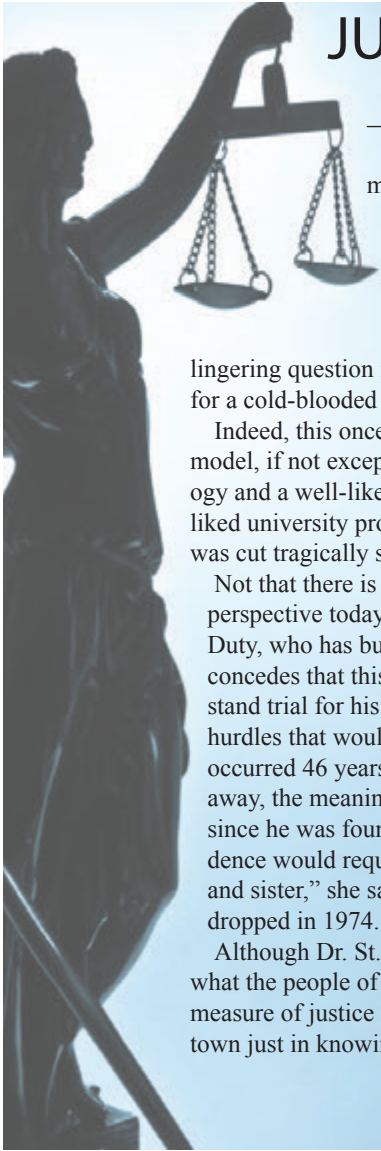
telling if he had a second thought about me at all.

As I drove out of town the following day, I saw him sitting on his porch—perhaps wondering what is going to happen next for the first time since 1974. Maybe thinking about his third life already.

Meeting him in person created some ambivalence, and wise counsel reminded me that he permanently took away his family's choice to get out of his way. And until now, almost no one else has had all the facts before choosing to be in his life at all.

Some may say it was foolish, but I like to think I did something bold for the sake of truth. Still, my security alarm is on for the first time since I moved to Texas.

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JUSTICE [juhs-tis] noun

Editorial by Cathy Payne

As Americans we like to think we know what justice means and we have faith that our system will provide it. As a general rule, I personally have great faith that, although it's not perfect, no better system exists in the world today.

While James Wolcott did go through our system, and was even tried as an adult at sixteen years old, the lingering question in this case remains, "was six years in a state hospital—for a cold-blooded triple murder with no apparent motive—appropriate?"

Indeed, this once "paranoid schizophrenic" appears to have lived a model, if not exceptional, life since; he has become a doctor of psychology and a well-liked university professor. I just can't forget the other well-liked university professor, his father, whose life and similarly great work was cut tragically short.

Not that there is anything that can be, or should be done from a legal perspective today. In fact, Williamson County District Attorney Jana Duty, who has built a reputation for taking on the toughest cases, concedes that this one is over. As much as she would love to see James stand trial for his mother and sister's deaths, "there are just too many hurdles that would be impossible to overcome," says Duty. "This crime occurred 46 years ago—most of the witnesses have long since passed away, the meaningful physical evidence is gone, but most significantly, since he was found to be insane when he killed his father, the same evidence would require a jury to find him insane when he killed his mother and sister," she says, explaining why the remaining indictments were dropped in 1974.

Although Dr. St. James asserts that he is "profoundly uninterested" in what the people of Georgetown think about him, maybe there is a small measure of justice for Gordon, Elizabeth, Libby and the people of Georgetown just in knowing that *he knows* that *we know* who he is.

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February 2, 1968: The Victoria Advocate newspaper (Victoria is 30 miles from the Gulf Coast between Corpus Christi and Houston) reports the Georgetown City Council passed an ordinance against glue sniffing.

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Will Kelly McClain - A Lifetime Legacy

Will Kelly McClain's life was about much more than being a lawyer. And certainly about more than one case in 1967.

Early Life

His youth was shaped by a number of influences. He was born in Lebanon, Tennessee and lost his father when he was still a boy. Will, his brother George, and mother Rita went to live with her mother's family on a farm in Lebanon. He grew up after that as a country boy in the Cook family with many cousins to whom he became a brother. His older brother George had fallen ill with a high fever as a child and experienced some mental challenges as he grew up, but he was capable and had his own special talents. As an adult, George sold men's clothing at a shop on the Square called the Toggery. He was well known in Georgetown for his sense of style as well as his kindness. Everyone called him "Uncle George."

After her husband died, Rita McClain got a job as dietician and dining room director at Cumberland University in Tennessee where her cooking and etiquette were quickly recognized and appreciated. During her tenure there, she played hostess for a large conference of university presidents and "put on the dog" for them. Her grandson Martin says she was a disciple of Fanny Farmer and her own mother's cooking, and had learned to cook well for a great many people while on the farm with a number of laborers to feed.

As it turned out, the President of Southwestern University was so impressed with her style that he offered her a job. He promised her that as a bonus, they had just finished the first hall for women and had the best kitchen in the Southwest! She would have a large staff and even a very nice apartment as the housemother in Laura Kuykendall Hall. Granddaughter Meredith says as soon as she got the offer, she put her hat and gloves on and got on a train to Texas, which is how they ended up in Georgetown.

Living in Texas

When the Depression hit, Will Kelly had recently graduated from law school and took a job with the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas. He didn't like it much; he wanted to be a lawyer and be out on his own. He came back



The McClain family at their Georgetown bungalow: William "Martin", Will Kelly, Meredith, and Rosamond.

to Georgetown because Rita was receiving a good salary, plus he had dining privileges at the college so he could keep body and soul together while working to become a lawyer.

George and Will Kelly were able to live for a short time in her apartment but even back then, living with mom sometimes had its disadvantages. Rita's goal was to choose the richest girl at SWU for Will Kelly. She even held regular card games in her drawing room and invited all the richest and prettiest girls to meet her handsome son. But Will Kelly had already fallen in love with a beautiful poetry writer at Cumberland named Rosamond to whom he was eventually engaged. She was the oldest of ten children and grew up "poor as a church mouse" so she was also practical and they waited out the terrors of the Depression before getting married. They were finally wed in 1936 and went all the way to Round Rock for their honeymoon.

Political Dreams

Will Kelly decided when he came to Georgetown he needed to make some friends in the Courthouse. He did and there were several in particular who gave him sage advice to help him succeed in politics: Judge Sam Stone; County Surveyor Dor Brown, County Clerk Stiles Byrum, and possibly most important, District Court Judge W.H. Nunn.

They said he needed to

go out to the country communities, where people spoke German or Czech, and join an insurance lodge. He learned one important phrase in German, which translates to "I thank you for your vote."

Will Kelly had always been well-liked in town and he went one Sunday each month to the meetings so when the votes came in, he won by *viele* votes.

In Taylor he was in charge of WPA projects and established a sawmill where workers cut walnut and other hardwood from Williamson County, sawed them into lumber and made furniture. He provided many jobs for people in Taylor and success for the sawmill and furniture factory. The craftsmen presented him a handmade walnut desk when the WPA project was complete, which he kept for the rest of his life.

Because he was creating and supporting jobs in Taylor and had a good rapport with the outlying communities, he was easily elected DA when he ran. He held office for ten years.

Judge Tim Wright, who was McClain's law partner in later days says Will Kelly made friends all over. There was a man who sold cold drinks and newspapers on the south side of the city square and Kelly always let him know when he would be doing a closing argument. On hot days, the courtroom windows were open to keep the air moving and the newspaper

man stopped work just to listen to Mr. McClain's booming voice coming over the breeze. He smiled to picture him waving his bible and thundering at the jury to make his case.

Hanging A Shingle

McClain remained in the DA's office during WWII. But when the troops returned, he went into private practice and became a defense attorney with great success. He continued to do political work and helped several prominent figures in their elections, including Lyndon Johnson, for whom he served as County campaign manager.

He was a great Roosevelt Democrat. There was a big political fracas in Texas in 1948 about the wellhead tax on gas and oil. The oil companies were against it, of course, and fought tooth and nail but McClain was an advocate of the wellhead tax. This is important because Will Kelly ran for Johnson's vacated congressional seat in 1948 against ten other candidates in the enormous 10th district. He covered it by car with his young son Martin along to nail placards in every dusty store and on every dirt road. McClain was second place in the primary and was honored to participate in a runoff. At that point he was offered support from an influential Austin group but they insisted that he give up the wellhead tax. He said he would not, tossed them out of his office, and his opponent won the seat. Still, Martin says,

Weir agrees that they were great dancers and Will Kelly was a good caller.

Meredith says, "Mother loved plants and flowers and went to arranging classes. She entered competitions and did weird things with vases to make them stylish." She loves the fact that she grew up with a mother who was an accomplished gardener. Rosamond was the President of gardening club and in recognition of her efforts and her kindness, the club planted a tree in her honor in San Gabriel Park.

Family Legacy

There is still a lot of the McClain family in San Gabriel park, even literally.

The most visible contribution was completed when Will Kelly was president of the Georgetown country club. In the 60s it was "a big old funky house with a swimming pool with a good barbecue guy and eight-hole golf course." Under his presidency, the first low-level causeway was built over the river so members would not have to drive their cars through the water to get there.

Will Kelly was also instrumental in pouring the slab that was then used for square dancing in the park.

Finally, as a tribute when Will Kelly and Rosamond passed, their children spread their ashes into the river at the country club.

But while they thrived in Georgetown, their house was a fitting gathering place for the many people who loved and admired them. They had a dining room with doors that opened in all directions, and the lower floor was basically one big room. Both McClain children have many fond memories of Georgetown and it was all the better for their family having been so much a part in building it through the mid 20th century.

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Williamson County District Attorney Perseveres with Cold Case Investigations



Williamson County District Attorney, Jana Duty

In 2011, after a particularly tough and contentious campaign, Jana Duty was elected to the office of Williamson County District Attorney. Shortly after taking office, Duty received a call from a friend of Vickie Nesbitt, a Round Rock woman who disappeared in 1991. Although Nesbitt's husband was a suspect in the case, her body has not been found and the case remained unsolved. Duty inquired with the Sheriff's department and learned that the Nesbitt case had, coincidentally, just been reassigned to a new detective in the department's cold case unit. The detective made a copy of the file and told Duty he felt the case had been put together well enough for a

trial—and was missing only a prosecutor willing to step up. Evidently two former District Attorneys believed without forensics to prove the case, a murder trial was too difficult to win; i.e., if there is no body, there was no homicide. Duty found that the case did in fact have the elements necessary to solve, even as a cold case. She won the indictment—with characteristic tenacity—and Rex Allen, Vickie Nesbitt's husband, is now awaiting trial. "It's been interesting," Duty says, "to see how passionate the detectives are about these cases. The lead detective on the Nesbitt case was Captain Richard Elliot, who has been carrying Vickie's tragedy with him for some

time. He is now Chief at the jail and he gets to see Mr. Nesbitt every day in his cell." Ironically, Nesbitt does not complain as much about having been caught as he does about the fact that at his arraignment, someone indicated that he was homeless! As she was going about the business of the Nesbitt case, another cold case made its way to the D.A. desk. A man in prison was protesting his sentence and wanted to re-test some DNA evidence from another homicide. After receiving the request, Duty went to her prosecutors and asked just how many cold cases there were. They told her the list was on the county website and she was blown away by the number (22), so they reviewed the list and discussed the facts for each; where are we, do we have a suspect, what is next? Since then, she has continued to assign and follow up on as many cases as manpower will allow. Time is of the essence because, as her investigator says, "the longer we wait, the fewer witnesses we have to help deal with the case. If we wait until things are just right, we lose the ability to get the details and facts we need." Next she began working on a car bombing case involving a man named Crispin Harmell. This was another "unwinnable" case that had everything necessary to convene a grand jury, so she assigned it to a prosecutor to begin the process. The case captured the media's attention and a reporter from FOX News asked her

Careful What You Ask For...

While Jana Duty was working on the Crispin Harmell case, she also found the Roger Eugene Fain, Jr. case on her desk. Fain is a serial rapist and murderer serving a life sentence for the murder of Sandra Dumont of Round Rock in 1994. He recently submitted a writ (one of many) to demand the court retest some of the DNA evidence that brought about his conviction.

While Duty reviewed his request, she went through the six boxes of evidence from his trial. In 1994, DNA testing was relatively new and there were plenty of potential candidates; for starters, the case had over 5000 hair samples. The volume of evidence was due to the fact that the body of another woman, Darlene Anderson, was found

very near Sandra Dumont. What Mr. Fain hadn't counted on was that Duty decided on a hunch to grant his request so she could also compare his DNA to evidence in Darlene's case. She received some interesting results. Mr. Fain soon received a brand new life sentence, and one more grieving family received closure for a lost loved one.



how she found out about the case. Duty explained the cold case list and as cameras rolled, an image of the page was recorded for the broadcast. Three days after the Harmell story aired, FOX did a second story about the cold case work and the positive results that the DA's office was getting for its efforts. Soon after that broadcast, Duty received a call from a citizen in Sun City who was former FBI and thrilled about the work being done. She asked about the 1967 case that was on the list that she saw on the news. Duty's Office Manager, Vicki Vickers went to the archives and reported that it said "James

Wolcott" but she was not familiar with it. Soon after, Captain Randy Traylor of the sheriff's department was at the DA office and Duty asked him if he knew about the Wolcott case—he has been with Williamson County over 30 years and knows a lot about a lot. He said he was actually the person who put it on the cold case list and it was sheer luck that the box was there at all. After 45 years, floods, scheduled shredding, and office moves, the files were still intact. He had read the details and decided it was just too fascinating to file away or shred. It was not an open case so it was not technically a "cold" case,

but the facts were mind boggling, and at a minimum it contained pieces of Georgetown's history. The next morning the box was on Duty's desk. Duty and Vickers began reading and found themselves unable to put it down. Although no one in law enforcement was actively looking for James Wolcott, and had no reason to do so, Vickers decided to look closer anyway. In her review of some documents, Vicki found a single piece of data that turned out to be a lead in the virtual disappearance of James Wolcott after 36 years. The publisher of the Georgetown Advocate happened to be in the office discussing current work, talk turned to cold cases and a story was born. DA Duty is pleased to have opened the floodgates of positive feedback on this important effort. She believes in the maxim *justice delayed is justice denied* and wants to get closure for as many of these families as possible. She and her team will continue working their way down the list and she wants to cross at least half of them off the list before the end of her first four years.

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Elizabeth
“Libby”
Wolcott
1950-1967



8th Grade

Causes often have a focus or an inspiration to guide and motivate participants to more and greater action. Vicki Vickers, the Williamson County District Attorney Office Manager, steadfastly stood up for Libby Wolcott, making her the touchstone for why this story continues to be important. Sadly, victims of a murder are often the forgotten part of the story. No matter the outstanding life a person led, when death is by homicide, generally that is all people focus on afterward. Because of Libby, there remains a real sadness about an event nearly half a century ago, and a reason to continue working for justice for victims in general. For all Libby could have been...

LIBBY WOLCOTT was brilliant; an honor student and likely to be the valedictorian of her class. She was an all-A student as early as the seventh grade but was not really a book-worm. She was a very popular! She played the mandolin, and was her class treasurer in her final school year. She was known to be a wonderful actress, although she could also be shy. She loved the outdoors, was active in the Methodist Youth Fellowship and worked at the Weir Ranch at the Methodist Day Camp in the summer of 1967.

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This blowup of Libby's bedroom wall shows her eclectic taste and youthful innocence. Clockwise from bottom left: Snoopy as the Red Baron, Richard Burton, Marcel Marceau, Peter Sellers, her hand-drawn campaign card, and a photo of a mandolin and case.

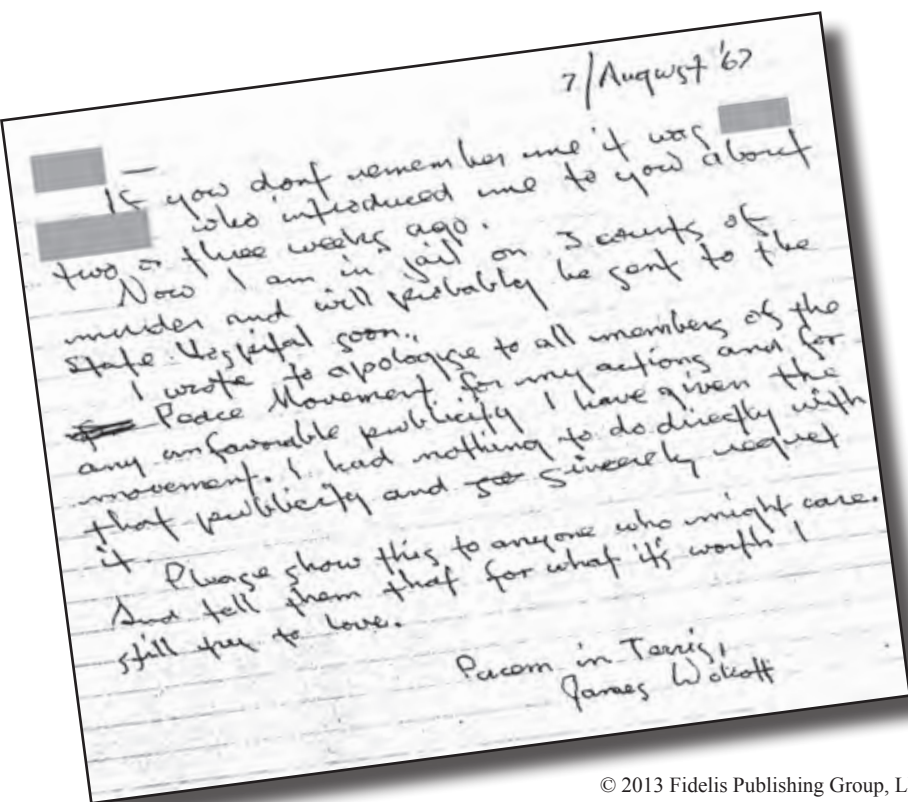
Paranoid Schizophrenia?

Paranoid schizophrenia is a chronic mental illness in which a person loses touch with reality (psychosis). The classic features of paranoid schizophrenia are having delusions and hearing things that aren't real. Signs and symptoms may include Auditory hallucinations, such as hearing voices; delusions, such as believing a co-worker wants to poison you; anxiety, emotional distance, violence, argumentativeness, self-important or condescending manner, and suicidal thoughts and behavior. In paranoid schizophrenia, a common delusion is

that you're being singled out for harm. You may also have delusions of grandeur. You hold on to these false beliefs despite evidence to the contrary. Delusions can result in aggression or violence if you believe you must act in self-defense against those who want to harm you. An auditory hallucination is the perception of sound—usually voices—that no one else hears. The sounds may be a single voice or many voices. These voices may talk either to you or to each other. The voices are usually unpleasant. They may make ongoing criticisms

of what you're thinking or doing, or make cruel comments about your real or imagined faults. Voices may also command you to do things that can be harmful to yourself or to others. When you have paranoid schizophrenia, these voices seem real. You may talk to or shout at the voices. Paranoid schizophrenia and other forms of schizophrenia are brain disorders. Signs and symptoms typically develop between the teenage years and the mid-30s. It is a chronic condition that requires lifelong treatment.

Source: MayoClinic.com



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“I write to apologize...”

James Wolcott was arrested in the very early hours of Saturday, August 5th. On Monday, August 7 the funerals for his family members were held at the First Methodist Church. He did not attend. Instead, he wrote this letter from the Williamson County jail to an associate in the Vietnam Peace Movement in Austin. District Attorney Jana Duty pointed out several thought-provoking parts of the letter. First, as an allegedly delusional person who just lost his whole family, he had the

presence of mind to write a letter from jail to someone he had met only once. He did not express any sadness or sorrow for killing his parents and sister during his confinement, psychoanalysis, or trial. However, he apologized for bad publicity he may have brought on the peace cause, but did not take responsibility for it. His desire to join a peace movement, and the Latin Pacem in Terris (Peace on Earth) conflict with the fact that he used a firearm to kill his family. Also, it seems premature

to express to the recipient (or assume) that he would soon be in a State Hospital since he confessed to having planned the crime and had been in jail barely 48 hours. Finally, he says he will still try to love, which mirrors quotes and poetry on the walls in his bedroom but not his actions toward the people who already loved him. One could surmise he loved only what made sense to him and was disappointed when anything—parents or jail—got in the way of that.

Wolcott, from page 3

Afterword

It is difficult to say if fifteen-year old James Wolcott is still in there somewhere, or if he truly picked up where he left off and continued his life's path, as outward appearances indicate. Having studied his photos dozens of times, I could see the face of the young boy with bloody hands mingled with that of the older man across the table. I had to remind myself about the tragic events of 1967 and picture sweet Libby in her blood-stained Adam & Eve pajamas those times when I wondered if it was wrong to potentially throw a wrench into this man's life. He may never share the real “why” with anyone and really doesn't care if we are curious. Although

many have wondered what happened to him, he stated emphatically that he is “profoundly uninterested in what people in Georgetown think of him.” Rest assured, it is not likely James Wolcott (or St. James) will ever attend a reunion. Dr. St. James has spent decades sharing his vast knowledge of and affection for his studies and hasn't had so much as a parking ticket as far as anyone knows. While there are students who may be better off that he went to Rusk instead of prison, the world would also have been a better place if his father's wisdom and mother's generosity had not died with them, and if his sister's brilliance hadn't been snuffed out before it had a chance to blossom.

In the end, there remain things that continue to confound. One is the irony of a person who hated his father enough to pull the trigger, yet his adult life and occupation are an uncanny mirror of his father's. Second, although the murders of Gordon, Elizabeth and Libby Wolcott had a profound and lasting effect on the people of Georgetown, they don't appear to have altered James' path, and it doesn't seem to bother him any more now than it did in 1967 -- which is the most unsettling part of all. I think most people want to believe that the man responsible, or at least the son left behind, would be the most affected -- maybe there's a good psychologist out there who can help.

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