AFFIDAVIT IN ANY FACT

THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF DALLAS

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BEFORE ME, SAIDER	
a Notary Public in and for said County, State of Texas, on this day personally appeared.	Julia Postal,
w/f/39. 2728 Seevers. FR 6-5750.	

Who, after being by me duly sworn, on oath deposes and says: I work at the Texas Theatre at 231 West Jefferson, WH 6-2161. I have worked there since November 24, 1952. On Friday, November 22, 1963, at approximately 1:30 PM or a little later I was working in the ticket office at the theater. I was listening to my transistor radio, and KLIF had just announced that President Kennedy was dead. I had just seen a police car go west on Jefferson. As the police went by, a man ducked inside the theater. My boss, Mr. John A. Callahan went outside, got in his car and left to see where the police were going. I stepped from the box office to the front and looked west. When I turned around, Johnny Brewer, Manager of Hardy's Shoes Store, was standing there. As I started back in the box office, Johnny asked me if I sold that man a ticket. I asked him what man. He said that man that just ducked in here. I told mim no, I didn't, but I had noticed him as he ducked in here. I asked Johnny if he would go inside and see if he could see him. He went in and looked, then came out and said that he didn't see him. I told Johnny that he had to be in there, and that he was running from the Police for something. I then asked Johnny to prop the center door open so I could see the concession. Then I asked Johnny and Warren Burroughs, an usher, to go and look again real good and check the lounges as well. Then the two of them came back out, and Johnny said he just wasn't in there. Johnny said that he had heard a seat pop as if someone had gotten out of it, but didn't see anyone. I told him that I was going to call the Police and asked him and Warren to check the two exits to see if they had been opened and if not, to stand by them. I called the Police Department, and some woman answered, and I told her that I wanted to talk to an officer about a suspect. She referred me to a man, and I told him that this is the Texas Theatre at 231 West Jefferson. I told him that I knew that you men are very busy, but that I have a man in the theater that is running from you for some reason. The officer asked me what made me think he was running from us. I told him when the police drove by, that the man ducked in. The officer asked me if the man bought a ticket, and I told him no, he did not. Then he asked me what made

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SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS	_DAY OF			A.D. 196 とりそ