

out . . ." No feeling had set in yet about Oswald. "It was a field day for me." He was elated, excited. "Nothing like this ever happened in my life." This was on Friday evening, November 22, 1963.

He began to worry about the posters asking for the Impeachment of Judge Warren. He was overwhelmed by the hatred displayed. Later that evening he arrived at his own apartment. Early in the morning (11:23) he called his flunky to tell him to bring down a camera, and he photographed the Warren impeachment poster. He didn't want to be "a national hero" but he thought public notice should be taken. Then he was told the Wiseman ad had a black border. It sounded sinister. He was full of fear, excitement, panic, depression. His roommate recalled the incident clearly - his excitement about the Warren poster, the prisoner's attempt to talk of the assassination. The roommate, George Senator, noted that he was not only "gone" but "sad gone". He went to check the post office box in the Wiseman ad. He routed out the clerk. The excitement was mounting. This occurred on November 23, 1963.

The morning of the 24th he went to send \$25 to one of his workers at Western Union. He had heard that Oswald would be transferred at 10:00. It was now 11:00 A.M., he talked to a neighbor for ten minutes and drove to the place where Kennedy had been shot. He wanted to look at the wreaths there. There were TV people and crowds so he went on, assuming that Oswald had already been in the County Jail. He passed the police station (it was much past 11:00 A.M.), he parked his car and walked down the ramp. "Curiosity got the best of me." He saw a crowd at the base of the ramp, he walked unchallenged up to the point where the down and up ramp meet at the precise moment Oswald was being taken out of the exit. In that moment he was standing unattended face to face with Oswald, about eight feet away. His gun had been carried in his pocket