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From Shayer Waldo
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

"Fort Worth Star Telegram"
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Fort Worth, Texas
(CITY AND STATE)

By SAs B. Tom Carter + Joseph L. Schell
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned Yes
No

Description: Signed statement of Shayer Waldo.

Fort Worth, Texas
May 28, 1964

I, Thayer Waldo, make the following voluntary statement to B. Tom Carter and Joseph L. Schott, Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

On the morning of February 9, 1964, attorney Mark Lane called me from San Francisco and asked if I would accompany Mrs. Marguerite Oswald and a secret service man on the drive from Fort Worth to Dallas Love Field. Lane said Mrs. Oswald was to take a plane to Washington D. C. to appear before the Warren Commission and wanted "someone she knew and could trust to make the ride with her."

I went to Mrs. Oswald's house shortly after noon. Two men were standing by a car in the driveway and one of them greeted me by name, saying, "I'm Mike Howard." The other one introduced himself as Pat Howard.

We drove to Love Field; Mrs. Oswald and I were in the back seat, Mike Howard driving and Pat Howard by him. At the airport Forrest V. Sorrels, Chief of the Secret Service Office in Dallas and another agent who was to accompany Mrs. Oswald on the flight, met us.

After Mrs. Oswald's plane took off, Sorrels invited all of us to have a cup of coffee with him. We sat at the counter in the coffee shop; Sorrels and Mike Howard conversed between

Thayer Waldo

themselves and I was talking to Pat Howard on my left. (Pat Howard at that time identified himself as a deputy in the Tarrant County Sheriff's Department, and as a brother of Mike Howard).

We were discussing various angles of the assassination of President Kennedy, of the subsequent killing of Oswald when Pat put his hand on my knee and said; "Waldo, if it hasn't already come out of the Warren Commission by then, after this Ruby trial is over, I'm going to come up and give you a story that will blow everybody's head off."

I tried to get him to give me more details, but he refused. However, when we left the coffee shop--Sorrels and Mike Howard walking some distances ahead of us--Pat took me by the arm and added:

"I'll tell you just this much right now. It has to do with a witness who saw the shooting of the President and can positively identify Oswald as the killer. Is that good enough?"

In the car on the return trip, I sat alone in the back seat. Mike was driving and began talking, a rather long monologue about various aspects of the two killings. Then, very casually, he said:

"Well, when that old black boy gets up before the Warren Commission and tells what he knows, that will stop them all talking."

George Waldo

Pat turned half around in his seat and gave me an elaborate wink, with raised eyebrows as if to say, "so here is what I was telling you about."

Then he leaned close to Mike and said something inaudible to ^{me,} ~~him~~. But Mike appeared to pay no attention and continued telling his story.

He stated that a Negro employee of the Texas School Book Depository had been on the sixth floor of that building at mid-day on November 22, 1963; that he was looking out the window at the passing presidential motorcade when he heard a shot close ^{beside} ~~behind~~ him; then he looked and saw Oswald kneeling at the next window with a rifle aimed into the street.

Mike Howard said the Negro later told Dallas Police officers to whom he surrendered, "I was scared to death, I thought he would kill me too. I just turned and ran way over to the far side of that room and squeezed me down behind some empty crates. While I was running, ^S heard another shot, maybe two. When Oswald dropped his gun and ran out down the stairway, he almost stepped on me as he went by."

Mike said the unnamed Negro waited a few minutes, then left the building, and went straight to Dallas Police Headquarters, where he turned himself in to Special Services

Thayer Waldo

"He said he knew about that branch because they handle gambling cases and he had been picked up a few times for shooting craps," Mike Howard explained.

Howard said he had seen this Negro witness once, while the latter was still in the Dallas City Jail.

"They slapped ^a vagrancy charge on him so they could hold him," Mike said. "He was still just about the scariest Negro I ever saw--nothing but whites to his eyes."

"They have now transferred him somewhere else, I understand. I don't know where."

During this recital, Pat Howard kept giving me significant grins and broad winks. Nothing was said at anytime by either of them about not repeating this story, that it was off the record or in anyway confidential. There was no request to omit use of names.

Mike and Pat dropped me off at the Star-Telegram. This was not a normal working day for me, but I felt that the editors should know at once about what I had been told.

The city editor naturally saw it as a sensationally good story. He called the managing editor and a decision was made to make it a copyright story in the first edition for Monday.

It was then about 5:45 P.M.

I wrote the story at once and it appeared under an eight column, double bank banner in the one star edition, which hit

Howard

the streets shortly after 8 P.M. Within minutes the story was being broadcast on radio and TV.

At about 8:25, I received a call from Pat Howard, who said:

"Hey, boy, that's quite a story! You aren't using anybody's name on it, are you?"

I assured him I was not, and he said, "Good stuff."

Less than ten minutes later, Mike Howard called me. He seemed considerably upset and agitated, but conceded that no request to withhold the story had been made.

"Well, for God's sake at least don't use my name," he said.

I told him I had not and would not.

Except for the Star-Telegram's editors and the local Associated Press correspondent, I did not mention Mike Howard's name to anyone--including the F.B.I., to whom I talked by telephone on Tuesday, February 11--until about one month ago.

At that time, Mark Lane called me from Dallas, said he was on his way to give a talk at the University of Texas in Austin and asked if I could see him in Dallas.

I explained that I was too busy to leave the newspaper, so he took a rent car and came to Fort Worth to see me.

Chapman L. Valdo

He said he was conducting an investigation on "four or five important angles" of the Kennedy-Oswald-Ruby case and was particularly interested to know further details about my February 9th story.

His manner of speaking gave me to understand that anything I told or showed him would be held in confidence. I took him to the reference room, where he read the Star-Telegram for the morning of February 10th. Then he asked if I would mind telling him my source. Believing this to be a lawyer's request with normal legal discretion, I told him the complete story.

I heard nothing more from Mr. Lane. About two weeks later Mrs. Marguerite Oswald called and asked me if I could come to her home, "as I have several important things to show you."

One of the items she showed me was a copy of the National Guardian for May 9th, 1964, In a front page article, Mark Lane was quoted, revealing all the details I had given him on the story.

As regards identity of the Negro referred to by Mike Howard, Howard said he didn't know the name, "or if I did, I've forgotten it now."

I dictated the above statement containing 7 pages to Star-Telegram stenographer, Betty Johnson, and it is

John A. Wald

true and correct.

Thayer Waldo

Thayer Waldo

*Joseph J. Schmitt, Special Agent, FBI, Dallas, Tex., 5/28/64.
B. Tom Carter, Special Agent, F.B.I., Dallas, Texas 5/28/64.*