

File No. 100-10461-1A 404

Date Received 8-8-64

From Bureau
(Name of Contributor)

(Address of Contributor)

By Ser. 7500
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes
No

Description: Photo in Sat. Evening Post
of Oswald being brought into
Dallas Police Station after arrest.

In the police station: a shocking drama

(Continued from page 23) men at radio station WDSU, who invited Oswald to appear on a panel show called *Conversation with Carré Blanche*. On the show, Oswald said he was a Marxist, admitted that he had lived in Russia and extolled the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Shortly afterward Oswald left New Orleans—without paying his rent—and moved to Texas. His wife was going to have a baby, he said.

Marina Oswald and their daughter went to live with the Paines in a suburb of Dallas. On October 14 a nice, quiet fellow presented himself to Mrs. A. C. Johnson, who keeps a rooming house on Dallas' Beckley Avenue. He was alone. Yes, she had a room. No liquor, no visitors in the bedroom, no cooking. Eight dollars a week. The young man took it. He declined her request for the name of a relative "in case of emergency." "That won't be necessary," he explained. "It doesn't matter." But he did sign his name: "O. H. Lee."

He brought in a few clothes, half a dozen books, a small portable radio,



Lee Oswald (right) reaches Dallas Police Station after arrest.



Oswald's wife (left) with her infant child and husband a mother.

When he took a bath, he'd clean out that tub as clean as any woman you ever saw."

The next day Oswald got a job in a book-distributing firm in a building that dominated Elm Street in Dallas. He signed up as a \$50-a-week stock clerk. Usually he spent weekends in Irving, a

That afternoon, as President Kennedy's special car was moving down the curving incline of Elm St. at 12 miles an hour, a rifle barrel emerged, unnoticed, from a sixth-floor window of the building in which Oswald worked. The car and the eyes of the Secret Service men had passed

of a film called *War Is Hell*. The owner of a nearby shop turned on the house lights and pointed. "There he is!"

The rest was a sleazy drama in the Dallas police station. Oswald, pale, unemotional, unshakable, denied his guilt. The next day as he was being escorted