

Officer Recalls Oswald Capture

Editor's Note: Dallas Police Patrolman M. N. McDonald went into the Oak Cliff theater and arrested Lee Harvey Oswald, the man charged with assassinating President Kennedy. This is how he remembers it.

By M. N. McDONALD
(Written for the Associated Press)

Yesterday (Friday) I grabbed this guy they say shot the President.

Right after the police radio began carrying news of President Kennedy's being shot, the alerts in different parts of the city began jamming the radio.

I was cruising toward Oak Cliff, across the river (Trinity that splits Dallas almost in half).

I got my call about 1:30 p.m. The radio dispatcher, G. D. Henslee, first told me to check the alleys. The next tip was that a guy that fitted the description they were giving was in a branch library out in Oak Cliff. This didn't take long to be a phony.

The next one said a man acting funny was holed up in the balcony of the Texas Theater. I headed that way in a hurry.

The cashier in the picture show was the one who called or to say this guy was sitting upstairs and hidden out in the balcony.

I went in from the rear and came out through the curtains on the side of the screen.

I noticed about 10 to 15 people sitting in the theater and they were spread out good. A man sitting near the front, and I still don't know who it was, tipped me the man I wanted was sitting on the third row from the rear on the ground floor and not in the balcony.

I went up the aisle, and talked to two people sitting about in the middle. I was crouching low and holding my gun in case any trouble came. I wanted to be ready for it.

I walked up the aisle and turned in Oswald's row. We were no more than a foot from each other when he suddenly stood up and raised both hands. "It's all over now," he told me.

Then he hit me a pretty good one in the face with his fist. I saw him going for his gun and I grabbed him around the waist. We struggled and fell around the seats for a few sec-

onds and I got my hand on the butt of his pistol. But he had his hand on the trigger. I was pulling the gun toward me and I heard the hammer click. The primer, (which detonates the bullet) was dented, and it didn't fire. This might have saved me. I got the pistol out of his hand and another officer, Bob Carroll, reached me and took the pistol from me. I held Oswald.

As we took him out of the show he calmed down.

I'm sure glad that shell didn't fire.