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Texas editor, former Dallas Sheriff tell FP amazing new information about Kennedy assassination

JEANNE MORGAN

PENN JONES, JR. is a strange Texan, a fighting country editor in the tiny town of Midlothian. (You've seen it. The first part of Bonnie and Clyde was filmed in Midlothian.)

For four years he has used his newspaper, The Midlothian Mirror, as a voice for some of the most acute and forthright criticism yet made of the events surrounding the Kennedy assassination and the conduct of the Warren Commission.

He is a tough Midwestern kind of intellectual who believes in the pure and original forms of American constitutional democracy and uses uncompromising truth in journalism to defend and realize that belief.

Very energetic, witty and worldly in the old school style of the crusading reporter, he appreciates his bourbon and he stands five feet two and a quarter inches

high. He insists on that extra quarter. He's 53 years old.

His two books (Forgive My Grief, Vols. I and II) present a detailed summary of the dozens of "strange deaths" which have wiped out many of the personalities who were connected with the

events of Nov. 22, 1963 in Dallas, Texas.

In a hostile environment, he continues to gather information, check facts, put together detail and publicize his view of the assassination as a "three-pronged conspiracy of the military, the oil interests and Lyndon Johnson."

He is now on a speaking tour with ex-deputy sheriff Rogee Craig, trying to get maximum publicity for Craig's long-hidden information in order to save Craig's life.

EX-DEPUTY SHERIFF ROGEE CRAIG was one of hundreds of Texans who were present at the Kennedy assassination but whose experiences that day were never carefully reviewed by the Warren commission.

I watched him sit down, last night, with a copy of the Warren Report volume which contains his very brief testimony, and make more than 14 changes, correcting gross errors in the text which twist his words to a falsehood. He was not given a chance to review his transcript before the Report went to press.

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Since Craig talked to Jim Garrison, he has been a "missed target" for a Dallas gunman's bullet.

Life in the Sheriff's department got harder and harder for Craig as people continued to try to question him, and finally — last year — Decker fired him, giving no reason.

Roger Craig looks like Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy, turned 31. He's six feet tall, soft spoken, and when you catch his glance you see the clear and candid gaze which people lose when they learn to build inner masks, and lie, and become "clever." He still has it.

He has a wife and three children and since he told his story to District Attorney Garrison they have fallen upon hard times. He recently looked at 50 apartments before anybody would rent to them, and he is currently working as a nightwatchman, earning \$1.60 per hour.

When our days and times become the material for folklore, Roger Craig will surely have his song which chronicles his heroism.

FREE PRESS: You're on a tour to save Roger Craig's life? Kennedy was murdered five years and three months ago, and because Roger Craig was at the scene his life is in danger?

PENN JONES: Yes, and they damn near got him the first time. We want to make it unnecessary for them to waste their time on him any more. Roger Craig did not see the assassination, but he was only 30 yards away from seeing it at the time. And he was on the scene within seconds after the assassination.

FP: How'd you get in touch with Roger Craig?

PJ: I did not get in touch with him. I knew who he was; I wanted to talk with him badly—but I never made an effort because his job depended on his silence, and I always felt that he was one of the few honest witnesses in the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Report.

After Craig went to talk to Garrison last year and came back to Dallas and got shot at, Jim Garrison got in touch with me and said, "You gotta go up and help save Roger Craig's life." He's got to get his story to the public so that killing him will just be a waste of time. So we're on this tour to get his facts to the people and save his life.

FP: Roger, what brought you to Jim Garrison?

RC: Well, after I got fired from

the sheriff's office in July of 1967 and political and financial pressure began to be put on me, it was evident that it was because of what I knew. So I figured that it was time to tell Garrison. I wrote him a letter and he invited me down there.

Then in the last part of October, when I arrived back in Dallas, a couple of days after I'd gotten back I began to be followed by these cars. One day I got a call from a friend of mine to meet him at the vicinity of Carroll and Columbia, where he owned a night club—and we were to meet at 9:00, and I got there at 9:00, and he didn't arrive until 10.

FP: Did he need your help on

RC: No, it was just a friendly chat. So these cars kept circling the block while I was sitting and waiting for him to arrive. So about 10:00 he arrived and he said, let's go over here and get some coffee, so we went over to the Waffle House. And as we walked in, one of the men in the car following me came in behind us.

FP: Were you a little uneasy at that point?

RC: I was at that point, yes. We had our coffee, and as we were about to finish the man sitting at

the counter got up and walked out ahead of us. Just seconds ahead of us. And when we got outside he was out of sight. We crossed the parking lot (and) went to the corner of Columbia and Carroll. The red light was against us—we couldn't cross—but for some unknown reason I stepped off the curb. My friend ducked, and then I got the shot. It came from behind; it went over my left ear and I didn't stop to see where it went.

FP: During the four years you worked for Sheriff Decker you got some kind of award, right?

RC: Yes, in 1960, my first year at the sheriff's office.

FP: What was the title that you got?

RC: Officer of the Year.

FP: In other words, your record as a deputy sheriff up to the day of the assassination was, from the viewpoint of your employer, perfect. Right?

RC: Yes, there's no blemish on my record whatsoever.

FP: You were kind of the fair-haired boy. —So on the morning of the 22nd of November, you reported for work in the sheriff's office? Along with how many other deputies?

RC: We were all called in to a meeting. There (were) 100 or 125 deputies in the office altogether,

and we were given specific instructions.

FP: This is the whole force of the Dallas Sheriff's Department?

RC: Yes, the working force—not counting the jailers, of course. We were instructed that we were to take no part whatsoever in the security of the motorcade.

FP: By Decker?

RC: Sheriff Decker. We were to take no part whatsoever in the security of the motorcade.

FP: Are those his words?

RC: Exactly.

FP: Did he say anything else?

RC: No, that's all. We were all instructed to watch it, but to take no part in the security of it.

FP: Did he elaborate?

RC: No. He never does.

FP: And then you were dismissed. And it was assumed you would all go down to the street and—

RC: Just watch.

FP: —be spectators, right?

RC: Right. Make a show for the Sheriff's office.

FP: I see. Okay—so you did that, and you were down on the street, underneath that building where the sheriff's office is, and that's also the Records building. It's a block south of the Book Depository?

RC: Yes, I was about 15 yards from the corner of Main and Houston.

You asked a while ago the attitude of the people in Dallas. We were standing outside of the Sheriff's office before the motorcade arrived, and before we went out there several of the deputies remarked that they wouldn't stand out there to see him—they didn't care anything about seeing him. Talking about President Kennedy. And as we went outside there was a deputy standing behind me,

named Jim Ramsey, who made a remark after I said, "Wish they'd hurry up, I'd like to see him"—you know, this was about 12:15—and Jim Ramsey made the remark, "Well, maybe somebody'll shoot the son-of-a-bitch." This was the attitude of the people.

Well, the motorcade came by about 12:30 and made a right on Houston; several seconds later it made a left on Elm Street. I didn't watch it make a left; I was watch-

ing the rest of the cars behind it, but I estimated the time it took it to make a left on Elm Street. And then I heard the first shot. Well, I began to run toward Houston Street—

FP: Do you know where that first shot came from? Would you have any idea of the direction?

RC: No, you couldn't tell. There were so many echoes you couldn't tell.

FP: So you started to run—

RC: Yes. And before I reached the corner—which was about 15 yards away—the third shot had already sounded.

FP: You mean during those three shots you were able to run fifteen yards?

RC: That's right. There was one report, a pause, and then two reports (claps hands twice, quickly) just like that. Impossible



Roger Craig, left, and Penn Jones at FP office. Photo by Art Kunkin

for a man to pump a bolt action

~~rifle that fast.~~
FP: You were able to run fifteen yards during that interval, and the security men on the motorcade were able to barely look around?

RC: Now what security men are you talking about?

FP: I'm talking about the secret service men on the motorcade itself. They did not respond as fast as you did, right?

RC: No, they were in the cars. There were no secret service men on the back of the President's car. This is the first motorcade, incidentally, that I've ever seen where a Secret Service



ROGER CRAIG

man hasn't been on the back of the car to protect the President.

FP: You've seen other motorcades?

RC: I've seen them on television. There's always a Secret Service agent of some kind standing on the back of the President's car. There's a platform built there for him. It's part of their

security setup. But this time there wasn't.

FP: Okay—you ran over toward the motorcade itself. And then what happened?

RC: I ran down Elm Street. The President's car had already left. I checked with the people lying on the ground to see if anybody was hurt. After establishing (that) nobody else was hit, I went across to the railroad yard parking lot behind the grassy

knoll. There was a woman driving off in a car, and I stopped her.

FP: What kind of car? What kind of woman?

RC: As I remember, she was —oh, probably in her early 30's, brunette, attractive woman; the car, I believe, was a brown Chevrolet. It's as close as I can remember. I made her park and I turned her over to Officer Lewis, who turned her over to another officer to take to the sheriff's office to get a statement if she had seen or heard anything. I never heard anything else about her.

FP: Did you get up there before anybody else?

RC: I think when I got there there was one Dallas traffic officer already there, and there were two deputies besides myself that arrived about the same time. Now,

I don't know who they were. As close as I can remember, one of them was ~~John~~ Lummy Lewis, because man over to him. The other one, as close as I can remember, was Buddy Walthers.

FP: You're talking about the area behind the picket fence?

RC: Yes, the parking lot that is leased by Deputy Sheriff Gossett, and rented to deputy sheriffs by the month as parking space.

FP: You mean that parking spot behind the picket fence on the grassy knoll is a private lot, used by deputy sheriffs?

RC: That's right.

FP: Would there be any reason for anybody else to be in there?

RC: They can't get in there. There's a gate, and it's locked.

FP: How did that woman get in there?

RC: I don't know.

FP: You mean there's a locked gate?

RC: There's an iron bar across, with a chain lock on it.

FP: The people who use that lot would have a key to that gate?

RC: That's right. I used to have a key when I had a space there.

FP: Do you know whether that gate was closed that day?

RC: It had to be open. She was

starting to drive out. It's the only way she could have gotten out.

FP: You think it was standing open that day?

RC: It would have had to of been, I didn't look at it, but she was driving away—so apparently she was going through the gate.

FP: Did you observe anything up there other than this woman?

RC: No, people began crowding around.

FP: What was her manner when you stopped her?

RC: Well she was very excited.

but she didn't have anything to say, and I told her that we would have to detain her and take a statement off her anyway. She said that she didn't know anything—she just heard the shots. And I said, well, we'll have to detain you anyway.

FP: She volunteered that she didn't know anything?

RC: Yes, when I told her that we'd have to detain her.

FP: What else was happening up there?

RC: Well, people were gathering around and we had to back them off and get them on the other side of the fence, because they were crowding around and we were trying to look for any indication of a rifleman, or anything that would tell us something took place at that location. And after finding nothing, I started questioning people standing around, and this was when I found Arnold Rowland and his wife. And Mr. Rowland is the one that saw the two men on the sixth floor of the book depository fifteen minutes before President Kennedy arrived. And one of the men, he said, was a dark-complected male pacing back and forth on the west end of the sixth floor. The other man was a light, white male sitting in the southeast corner window of the sixth floor, with a bolt action rifle with a telescopic sight. Now, he looked up a few seconds later, he said, and the dark-complected man was gone but the man with the rifle was still in the window. I asked him why he didn't report it, and he said he thought they were Secret Service agents assigned to protect the President—which, I suppose, in a layman's way of thinking, this is acceptable.

FP: Did you turn them over to somebody?

RC: Yes, I turned them over to Lummy Lewis.

FP: Did they testify for the Warren Commission?

RC: Yes, they did.

FP: Did they tell the same

story?

RC: Yes, and the Warren Commission disregarded Arnold Rowland's story because his wife testified that during high school at one time he exaggerated on one of his grades. And for this reason the Warren Commission said they could not accept his testimony because he had a tendency to exaggerate.

FP: So you were in the parking lot behind the picket fence on the grassy knoll, checking people out; and at some point you finished doing that. What did you do next? south side, to look for any indication of a projectile that had struck the

FP: What made you think there would be?

RC: People said it came from that direction, I assumed even if it come from the picket fence, and passed through the President, it must have struck something across the street. So as I was over there with Buddy Walthers — who's a deputy sheriff — I heard a shrill whistle and I turned around and looked up the grassy knoll, and there was a white male running down and there was a light green Rambler station wagon driving real slow west on Elm Street. And the driver was looking up toward the man running down. When the two got parallel, the station wagon stopped. The man climbed in and they drove off west on Elm Street.

FP: What time was that?

RC: That would be somewhere between 12:40 and 12:45.

FP: After you saw the man get into the car you walked over—

RC: Walked over to the front of the School Book Depository and asked for anyone that was entangled in the investigation, anyone in authority. I was trying to give the information concerning the Rowlands and the information concerning the male running down the hill and getting into the station wagon. And this very well-dressed man was standing there with a pad and pencil in his hand and he said, "Well, I'm a Secret Service agent," and I identified myself and I gave him the information. He was interested—very interested—in the witnesses, the

Rowlands, but he showed no interest in the car or the male getting into it whatsoever.

FP: He didn't ask you any detail about the car?

RC: No, he didn't ask me any detail about the car. He wrote it down on his pad, as I remember, but he didn't write the details about the car down. He just wasn't interested. He said okay. I thought

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at the time that he was very unprofessional.

FP: You've identified that man?

RC: Yes—yes, I have. I first identified him—I was working in New Orleans in December of '67 and I came home from work one night and as I walked in the door there was a sketch on television. It had no name on it, but right away I recognized it as the person I saw in front of the Texas School Book Depository. So I told my wife. I said, "That's the Secret Service agent that I gave that information to that they can't find." So I called Mr. Garrison at that time, and told him; and he had a newspaper clipping with a name on it, and this was the name of Edgar Eugene Bradley. When I was shown the newspaper clipping, it was the same man. But I identified a sketch with no name. The face is—

FP: You feel sure about it?

RC: Yes—I signed a statement. If I wasn't sure, I wouldn't have signed it.

FP: What time did you talk to Bradley?

RC: That was between 12:45 and 12:50.

FP: Did you go into the Book Depository?

RC: Yes. Just about that time the Homicide Detectives from Fritz's office came up and told us to seal off the building and to search the sixth floor. Nobody had gone in there yet at that time. A bunch of us went up the back stairs. The front was sealed—if you call a man with a shotgun sealing it—but I don't believe the back was ever sealed.

FP: Why did Fritz's men tell you to go specifically to the sixth floor?

RC: I have no idea. —Now, I want to say I don't think Oswald killed President Kennedy. I'm sure of it, I don't believe that rifle was ever fired; the shells found on the floor in front of the window—I saw 'em—they were laying, all the shells were facing the same direction—there was not one of them more than 3/4 of an inch apart. And I've fired many a bolt action rifle and I have never had two shells land in the same place.

FP: When you went up to the sixth floor of the depository—you were part of the first group that saw the shells and the lunch bag—did you see a big brown paper sack at that time?

RC: There was no big brown paper sack.

FP: How much later did the brown paper sack show up?

RC: It never did show up.

FP: In the Depository?

RC: No.

FP: What do you mean?

RC: Well, it wasn't there.

FP: Where did it show up?

RC: I don't know—unless they went out and bought one. Because it wasn't there when I was there.

FP: Who's the deputy who testified that he got it there?

RC: I don't know. I was there with all of them, and I didn't see it. Maybe they saw something I didn't. I was also present when the rifle was found. Now this rifle—there's no possible way that a man could lay that rifle between those boxes. He had to drop it in there. I'm six feet tall, and I couldn't reach down and pick that rifle out without climbing on top of those boxes and getting down in 'em by moving some of 'em to get to that rifle. And there wasn't a scratch on that rifle, and the scope was not one fraction out of kilter.

FP: Did you handle that rifle?

RC: Yes, I did, I couldn't give its name because I don't know foreign rifles. I know it was foreign made, and you loaded it downward into a built-in clip. The ID man took it and ejected one live round from it. The scope was facing north, the bolt facing upwards and the trigger south.

But there was another rifle, a Mauser, found up on the roof of the depository that afternoon.

FP: A Mauser on the roof? Who found it?

PJ: I don't know who found it, but I do know that a police officer verified its existence. Captain Glen King, the Public Relations Officer for the Dallas Police De-

partment, told a reporter that "The Mauser found on the roof of the Depository was a bit of momentary confusion." He stated that the rifle was dropped by a security officer.

FP: How do you know that? Has that ever been published before?

PJ: No, it hasn't. I know that because that reporter, Thayer Waldo of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, told me that, in person.

FP: Do you know who owns that property—the building of the Book Depository?

PJ: Yes, I do. B. Harold Byrd. He's a—oh, a couple of hundred million dollars—big oil man in Texas. He's owned it for a number of years. But the price went up tremendously after the assassination. I think it will be destroyed. I don't think it will be there five years from now.

RC: Later that day, I went down to Captain Fritz's office. I heard they had a suspect apprehended, so I called Captain Will Fritz at Homicide and Robbery at the City of Dallas, and described the white

male I saw running down the grassy knoll to him. And he said it sounded like the suspect they had in custody, and—

FP: What time do you think you saw that man running down?

RC: It was 12, 15 minutes, I imagine, after the first shot was fired.

FP: So you called Capt. Fritz—

RC: Yes, later that evening; and he invited me—or asked me—to come up and take a look at the man, to see if I could make an identification. So I drove up to his office and walked in the outer part, where I gave my name to agent Bookhout, who's with the FBI. And Capt. Fritz greeted me then and pointed through the window into his office, and there were two men sitting there—one of them on the right and one of them on the left. The one on the left, I assumed, was one of Fritz's men; he had on the white cowboy hats, you know, like his boys wear. And I said, "Yes. The man on the right is the man I saw coming down the hill." So then we walked in the office—

FP: Was he wearing the same thing?

RC: No; he had on a white T-shirt then. He had no outer shirt at all, just a white T-shirt. He was sitting down, and I couldn't see his trousers.

FP: You went into the office, and what was the situation there?

RC: Capt. Fritz and I walked into the office and he again said, "Is this the man?" and I said yes.

FP: Was anybody taking notes on your testimony?

RC: No, there was nobody taking notes. All the stenographers were dismissed and replaced by FBI agents, or Capt. Fritz' own people. —So I said yes, that's the man; and Fritz directed this statement to Lee Harvey Oswald, who was sitting in the chair behind the desk. And he said, "This man"—pointing to me—"saw you leave," at which time Oswald replied, "I TOLD you I did." And he was a little excited—not overly excited, but a little excited. And Capt. Fritz said to him, "Now, calm down, son, we're just trying to find out what happened." Fritz said, "What about the car?" Then Oswald became very excited, leaned forward, put both arms up on the desk, and he said, "That station wagon belongs to Mrs. Paine. Don't try to drag her into this." And nobody had mentioned a station wagon to Oswald at the time. Fritz distinctly said CAR. Then he settled back in his chair and in a very disgusted manner, made the remark, "Everybody will know who I am now."

FP: You mean he sounded dis-

gusted?

RC: As if he had been found out, as if he had blown his cover, given himself away. And this was the end of the conversation, I left and went back to the Sheriff's office.

FP: Were you told by a Deputy Sheriff that he was on top of the Sheriff's building with a rifle during the motorcade?

RC: Yes. Directly after the assassination, after I'd returned to the Sheriff's office, I met Harry Weatherford. He's a transfer agent from the Sheriff's office—

transfers prisoners from out of state back to Dallas—and we were talking about the motorcade and the assassination in casual conversation, and he said that he didn't get to see the motorcade and he almost froze — because he was on top of the Records Building (or the Court House, as we called it then) with a rifle, where Sheriff Decker had stationed him. And the wind was blowing, and it was cold and very uncomfortable. Now, this is where the conversation ended. It was just casual conversation; since then there's been no mention of it.

FP: Do you know what kind of rifle he had?

RC: I don't know the caliber, but if it was one of Harry's, it's going to be a 30.06, because that's what he hunts with.

FP: Does he use a scope sight, hunting? Do you know?

RC: He uses it sometimes, but he doesn't need it.

FP: He doesn't need it?

RC: No, Harry's an expert shot.

PJ: You wouldn't need a scope sight on these shots, here. There was no shot at the President more than a hundred yards off. You don't need a scope sight for a hundred yards.

FP: Did you have the impression that Decker had placed men in some kind of position that would assist the security of the President?

RC: No, not after we were told to stay out of it. I can't understand why the man was placed up there after the rest of us were told to stay out of the security part of the motorcade.

FP: Do you think anybody else was placed anywhere else?

RC: I don't know—I haven't heard where anybody had been.

FP: How did you become aware of the Tippit killing? Where were you?

RC: I was in front of the Depository. I went upstairs with the first bunch, and then just a little bit later I was back downstairs. They sent me to get some lights to examine the dark corners. And

I passed a patrol car on the street and heard the radio.

FP: Tell me something about Tippit that day. —Did you know him, by the way?

RC: I knew him, yes. I didn't know him real well; we weren't close friends. But I knew Tippit.

FP: Did you know anything about his friends or his background, or who he worked for, or anything that would give any background on Tippit?

RC: No, I knew he had family problems; he had some girl friends—

FP: Was he connected with Ruby in any way?

RC: Now that I don't know. Of course, I had never been in Ruby's club, and I hadn't known Ruby at all—so I couldn't say whether Tippit was acquainted with him or not.

PJ: I can answer that. Yes, they did know each other—Ruby, Tippit, and of course Oswald, too. They all knew each other. I think I could prove this to any grand jury who would—who had the power to subpoena people from out of state. The people are not now in Texas who had the evidence that Ruby and Oswald knew each other. And of course there's no question of it that Ruby and Tippit knew each other.

FP: Why do you say that? This isn't the Tippit who was Ruby's friend; this is another Tippit.

PJ: Right, this is the Tippit who was killed. But he was a friend of Ruby's too, and from the 26 volumes there's testimony from various witnesses that they had seen J. B. Tippit in the Carousel Club.

FP: Roger, do you think that Tippit went out to Oak Cliff on his own? Would you run through what you think Tippit did that day?

RC: Well, my information is firsthand, out of the City of Dallas Police Department. Tippit was in south Dallas at the time of the President's death.

PJ: Not in Oak Cliff—as one report states—but way south of there.

RC: He was talking to another

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officer in another squad car, when the orders came out over the police radio for all Dallas police units to report to the downtown area. The other officer went to the downtown area as instructed. Tippit went to Oak Cliff, and subsequently was killed. Why he went to Oak Cliff I can't tell you; I can only make an observation. He was going there to meet somebody.

FP: Do you know what time he was killed?

RC: It was about 1:40—

PJ: No, I think it was a little before 1:15.

RC: Was it?

PJ: Yes, Bill Alexander—

RC: Oh, that's right. The broadcast was put out shortly after 1:15 on Tippit's killer, and it had not been put out yet on Oswald as the assassin of President Kennedy.

FP: Okay. The police broadcast describing Tippit's killer goes out at 1:15. At what time does the Texas Theatre call the police to report a suspicious person?

RC: That I don't know. Nobody knows about these calls, because there's no record.

FP: There's no record on that call?

PJ: They misplaced it. The Police Dispatcher misplaced the tape of that period of time.

FP: Penn Jones, you say that the tip-off call came from the girl in the box office or the manager of the theatre—or how was it established that a suspicious person was in this theatre?

PJ: Yes, the girl in the box office called the police department. Now she had been advised that this man was slipping into the theatre by the manager of the shoe store.

FP: That's next door?

PJ: About three doors down.

FP: Three doors down, and the manager just happens to be standing there in the theater entry watching the door. And he saw a man slip in, and they call the cops. So when the police hear the description of this movie crasher, they immediately recognize the description of Tippit's killer—is that it?

PJ: Yes, that might be what we're supposed to believe.

FP: Do you know the shoe store manager?

PJ: I've never talked to him. The one I've been interested in is an employee who was working for this store manager. He was a good friend of Jack Ruby's, and shortly after the assassination he moved into Ruby's apartment and lived there for over a year.

FP: What is his name?

PJ: His name is Tommy Rowe. I never have been able to get to Tommy Rowe to talk to him. I've been to his apartment at least a dozen times, and finally my calls got so numerous there that he moved, and when I asked the manager of the apartment house where he moved to, she said, well, he'd gone back to his parents, and I said where do his parents live, and she gave me a great big grin and said "I don't know." So I've never been able to find Mr. Rowe.

RC: I'd like to say that it's my firm belief that Tippit was killed not by Oswald, that he was killed by somebody else as a diversionary tactic to call attention away from Oswald's whereabouts—or maybe to his whereabouts. To set him up. I think this is what happened; I think Tippit also was a patsy.

FP: Do you know anybody who was in the theater?

RC: Yes, I know Buddy Walters was there—he's a deputy Sheriff.

PJ: And Bill Alexander—

RC: Bill Alexander, the criminal prosecutor for the District Attorney's office, was at the back door with six other officers. I might add, with their guns in their hands, waiting for Oswald to come out.

FP: Do you think these rather important people — like Alexander, the District Attorney's prosecutor — responded to the call from the theatre because they believed Tippit's killer was presumably in the theatre?

RC: Well, I think that's what they'd like us to believe. There were also five or six police in the front of the theater.

They went in and turned on the lights, to begin with. And their man—which was Oswald—was pointed out to them by the manager of the theater. Instead of going directly to him, they began looking seat to seat, row to row, giving him time to run out the back door.

PJ: McDonald searched six people out of the 24 in there, going from row to row until he got back to Oswald.

FP: You think he was supposed to run out the back door?

PJ: Yes. I can't understand why you're going to stop and search six people when you know who the man is you're looking for. What's the purpose? They're waiting for something to happen, and he's not doing something. That's speculation, of course. —And then, when McDonald got up to Oswald, he said something — we don't know what was said — Oswald looked at his watch and said, "I guess it's over." You know, they've turned the lights on—I guess it's over. What McDonald said to Oswald I don't know, but Oswald knocked Officer McDonald cold. Knocked him out. Fell right in the aisle. Then the

other officers came in and captured Oswald.

FP: How do you know what Oswald said?

PJ: The other officers testified to that—but they put a different interpretation to it. They said that he said, "Well, it's all over now," meaning "Well, I'm caught, and this is it." Other officers who have made themselves—who have said, but not given their names—said that he looked at his watch and said, "Well, I guess it's over."

FP: Roger, while you were still working for the Sheriff's Department, you were somehow aware that the Dallas police had picked up goods from Ruby's storehouse behind his apartment? What did they pick up, and how did that come about?

RC: Yes, I have that from an officer in the Intelligence Bureau of the Dallas Police Department. They confiscated munitions. The amount I got was 15,000 rounds of ammunition, several M-16 rifles—which, you know, is what they're using in Vietnam now; they're automatic rifles—and one case of hand grenades. Also, in this conversation was brought out the fact that the day Ruby killed Oswald he had \$2000 cash in his pocket. When they went to his apartment later that afternoon they found \$10,000 cash in his apartment. When they confiscated and searched his car they found an uncountable amount of cash in the trunk. Now this cash or these munitions have never been heard of since.

FP: You say that Ruby was a gun runner. What do you base this on?

RC: I don't know many people who carry 15,000 rounds of ammunition, a case of hand grenades and M-16 rifles in their storage house.