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EUGENE HALE BRADING; SUSPECT

Written and copyrighted by Earl Golz, Dallas

Continued from last week

Brading was given no more than a few brief paragraphs in one of the Warren Commission's 26 volumes and was treated no more sensitively than dozens of nonentities rounded up by authorities for questioning on November 22.

Incredulously, Brading gave Dallas deputy sheriffs an alias and got away with it. They let him go not knowing who he really was. He got away with the same ploy when FBI agents reinterviewed him several months later, in January, 1964.

Brading told authorities he was "Jim Braden" of Beverly Hills, Cal., in Dallas on "oil business." He was taken into custody after he stepped off an elevator in the Dal-Tex Building across the street from the Texas Book Depository, minutes after the assassination. Two months earlier he had changed the name on his California driver's license to Braden.

While Brading waited two to three hours in the sheriff's office for a quizzing, his hotel roommates checked out and beat it at about 2 p.m. on Nov. 22, leaving Brading behind. This was 90 minutes after the assassination. Why did they leave so abruptly? When they had registered on No. 21, the desk clerk noted in writing that they had planned to stay until Nov. 24.

Brading was asked by sheriff's deputy C. L. (Lummie) Lewis what he was doing across the street from the Texas Book Depository. He said he was an "oil dealer" from Beverly Hills and was walking down Elm street downtown Dallas, trying to flag a taxicab when he heard "people talking saying 'My God, the President has been shot.'"

In a signed statement he gave Allan Sweatt, chief deputy sheriff, Brading said "police cars were passing me coming down toward the triple underpass and I walked up among many other people and this building was surrounded by police officers with guns and we were all watching them.

"I moved on up to the building that was surrounded and asked one of the girls if there was a telephone that I could use and she said 'Yes, there is one on the third floor of the building where I work.'

"I walked through a passage to the elevator they were all getting on (freight elevator) and I got on the third floor with all the other people and there was a lady using the pay telephone and I asked her if I could use it when she said it was out of order and I tried to use it with no success . . .

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