

4 • CASE CLOSED

tumbled over the seats as other police rushed to subdue the gunman. The gun's hammer clicked as the man pulled the trigger, but it did not fire.² *The FBI (J.P.) did not*

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After the suspect was handcuffed, he shouted, "I am not resisting arrest. Don't hit me anymore."³ The police pulled him to his feet and marched him out the theater as he yelled, "I know my rights. I want a lawyer."⁴ A crowd of nearly two hundred had gathered in front of the building, the rumor circulating that the President's assassin might have been caught. As the police exited, the crowd surged forward, screaming obscenities and crying, "Let us have him. We'll kill him! We want him!" The young man smirked and hollered back, "I protest this police brutality!"⁵ Several police formed a wedge and cut through the mob to an unmarked car. The suspect was pushed into the rear seat between two policemen while three officers packed into the front. Its red lights flashing, the car screeched away and headed downtown.

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The suspect was calm. Again he declared, "I know my rights," and then asked, "What is this all about?"⁶ He was told he was under arrest for killing J. D. Tippit. He didn't look surprised. "Police officer been killed?" he asked. It was silent for a moment, then he said, "I hear they burn for murder." Officer C. T. Walker, sitting on his right side, tried to control his temper: "You may find out." Again, the suspect smirked. "Well, they say it just takes a second to die," he said.⁷

One of the police asked him his name. He refused to answer. They asked where he lived. Again just silence. Detective Paul Bentley reached over and pulled a wallet from the suspect's left hip pocket. "I don't know why you are treating me like this," he said. "The only thing I have done is carry a pistol into a movie."⁸

Bentley looked inside the wallet. He called out the name: "Lee Oswald." There was no reaction. Then he found another identification with the name Alek Hidell. Again no acknowledgment. Bentley said, "I guess we are going to have to wait until we get to the station to find out who he actually is."⁹

Shortly after 2:00 P.M., the squad car pulled into the basement of the city hall. The police told the suspect he could hide his face from the press as they entered the building. He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I hide my face? I haven't done anything to be ashamed of."¹⁰

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