

The Dallas County Court House at 505 Main Street was indeed a unique place to come to hear what was WRONG with John F. Kennedy and his policies as President of these United States.

This building housed the elite troops of the Dallas County Sheriff's Department, of which I was one, who with blind obedience followed the orders of their Great White Father - BILL DECKER, Sheriff of Dallas County.

From these elite troops came the most bitter verbal attacks on President Kennedy. They spoke very strongly against his policies concerning the Bay of Pigs incident and the Cuba Missile crisis. They seemed to resent very much the fact that President Kennedy was a Catholic. I don't know why this was such a critical issue with many of the deputies, but they did seem to hold this against President Kennedy.

The concession stand in the lobby of the court house was the best place to get into a discussion concerning the President. The old man who ran the stand seemed to have a particular hatred for President Kennedy. He seemed to go out of his way to drag anyone who came by his stand into a discussion about the President.

He was a little man with a short mustache and glasses that seemed to set right on the end of his nose. He was a particularly good friend of Sheriff Decker, and he <sup>had</sup> held the concession in the lobby for many years. Like Decker he was unopposed when his lease came up for renewal. It was common knowledge that Bill Decker made it possible for him to remain there as long as he wished.

This sick little man had not only a deep hatred for John F. Kennedy. He also hated the black people, even those who spent their money at his stand, he would often curse them as they walked away after making a purchase from him. He flatly refused to make phone change for them and at the same instant would ~~make~~ make change for any white person.

This little man was a typical example of the atmosphere that lingered in this building that housed LAW AND ORDER in Dallas County.

MANY of the deputies had a dislike for the President - some more so than others, however, there were those who would not ~~degrade~~ degrade themselves by taking verbal punches at our President. One of these men was Hiram Ingram although devoted to Bill Decker, he was also a good friend of mine. We often discussed the political debates that took place in the lobby. Hiram had a great dislike for this sick little man who seemed to lead the attack on the President, he also had little respect for the deputies, attorneys and court house employees who tolerated or even agreed with this philosophy of attacking John F. Kennedy.

Thus....we have the atmosphere that was to greet the President of the United States upon his arrival in Dallas. However, things were to get even worse before he arrived.

The battle ground had been picked and the UNwelcome mat was out for President Kennedy. Unknown to most of us, the rest of the plan was being completed. The patsy had been chosen and placed in the building across from the court house - where he could not deny his presence after it was all over. This was done with the apparent approval and certainly with the knowledge of our co-workers - the F.B.I., since they

later admitted that they knew Lee Harvey Oswald was employed at the School Book Depository Building located on the corner of Elm Street and Houston Street across from the Sheriff's office.

The security had been arranged by the Secret Service and the Dallas Police, our boys in blue - that's BLUE not BLEW, as they would later do to their case.

The final touch was put on by Sheriff James Eric (Bill) Decker. On the morning of November 22, 1963. The patrolmen in the district's that make up the Dallas County Sheriff's Patrol Division were left in the field, ignorant to what was going on in the downtown area, which was just as well. Decker wasn't going to LET them do anything anyway.

About 10:30 A.M., November 22, 1963, Bill Decker called into his office what I will refer to as his street people - Plain clothes men, detectives, and warrant men -myself included- and told us that President Kennedy was coming to Dallas and that the motorcade would come down Main Street. He then advised us that we were to stand out in front of the building, 505 Main Street and represent the Sheriff's Office. We were to take NO part whatsoever in the security of that motorcade. (WHY, JAMES ERIC?) So....the stage had been set, all the pawns were in place, the security had been withdrawn from that one vulnerable location. Come John F. Kennedy - come to Elm and Houston Streets in Dallas, Texas and take your place in history !

The time was 12:15 P.M., I was standing in front of the court house at 505 Main St. Deputy Sheriff Jim Ramsey was standing behind me. We were waiting for the President of the United States, I had a feeling of pride that I was going to be not more than four feet from the President, but deep inside something kept gnawing at me. I said to Jim Ramsey

"he's late", Jim's reply stunned me, he said "maybe somebody will shoot the son of a bitch", then I realized the crowd was hostile, the men around me felt that they were FORCED to acknowledge his presence - although he was the President - they were making statements like "why does he have to come to Dallas".

Something else was bothering me...being a conscientious officer, I was always looking for something wrong with any situation that confronted me. Then I knew what was wrong - there were no officers guarding the intersections or controlling the crowd, my mind flashed back to the meeting in Decker's office that morning, then back to the lack of security in this area.

Suddenly the motorcade approached and President Kennedy was smiling and waving and for a moment I relaxed and fell into the apparent happy mood the President was displaying, the car turned the corner onto Houston Street, I was still looking at the rest of the people in the party, I was soon to be shocked back into reality, the President had passed and was turning west on Elm Street....as if there were no people, no cars, the only thing in my world at that moment was a rifle shot!

I bolted toward Houston Street, I was fifteen steps from the corner, before I reached it two more shots had been fired. Telling myself that it wasn't true and at the same knowing that it was, I continued to run, I ran across Houston Street and beside the pond that sets on the west side of Houston, I pushed a man out of my way and he fell into the pond. I ran down the grassy knoll between Main and Elm, people were lying laying all over the ground I thought "my God, they've killed a woman and child" who were laying beside the gutter on the south side of Elm Street. I checked them and they were alright. I saw a Dallas Police officer run up the grassy knoll and go behind the picket

fence by the railroad yards. I followed and behind the fence was complete confusion and hysteria.

I began to question people when I noticed a woman in her early thirties attempting to drive out of the parking lot, she was in a Brown 62 or 63 Chevrolet. I stopped her, identified myself and placed her under arrest, she told me that she HAD to leave, and I said "lady, you're not going anywhere", I turned her over to Deputy Sheriff C.L. (Lummy) Lewis and told him the circumstances of the arrest. Officer Lewis told me that he would take her to Sheriff Decker and take care of her car.

The parking lot behind the picket fence was of little importance to most of the investigators at the scene, except that the shots were thought to have come from there.

Let's examine this parking lot. It was leased by Deputy Sheriff B. D. Gossett, he in turn rented parking space by the month to the deputies that worked in the court house, as there was no place to park on the streets surrounding the court house, except for official vehicles. I rented one of these spaces from Gossett when I was a dispatcher and working days or evenings. I paid Gossett \$3.00 per month and was given a KEY to the lot. An interesting point is the lot had an iron bar across the only entrance and exit (which werethe same), the bar had a chain and lock on it, the only people having access to it were deputies with keys. Point.....How did the woman gain access and whats more important who was she and WHY did she HAVE to leave?

This was to be the beginning of the never ending cover up. Had I known then what I know now I would have personally questioned the woman and impounded and searched her car. I had no way of knowing that an officer who I had worked with for four years was capable of losing a thirty year old woman and a three thousand pound automobile. To this day Officer

Lewis doesn't know who she was, where she came from or what happened to her. Strange?

Meanwhile back at the parking lot I continued to help the Dallas Officers restore order. When things were somewhat calmer I began to question the people who were standing at the top of the grassy knoll, asking if anyone had seen anything strange or unusual before or during the President's fatal turn onto Elm Street.

Several people indicated to me that they thought the shots came from the area of the grassy knoll or behind the picket fence. My next reliable witness came forward in the form of Mr. Arnold Rowland. Mr. Rowland and his wife were standing at the top of the grassy knoll on the north side of Elm Street. Arnold Rowland began telling me his account of what he saw before the assassination. He said approximately fifteen minutes before President Kennedy arrived he was looking around and something caught his eye. It was a white man standing by the 6th floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building in the south east corner, holding a rifle equipped with a telescopic sight and in the south west corner of the 6th floor was a colored male pacing back and forth. Needless to say I was astounded by his statement. I asked Mr. Rowland why he had not reported this incident before and he told me that he thought they were Secret Service agents - an obvious conclusion for a layman. Rowland continued, he told me that he looked back at the 6th floor a few minutes later and the man with the rifle was gone so he dismissed it from his mind. I was writing this in my notebook and when I had finished I advised Mr. & Mrs. Rowland that I would have to detain them for a statement. I had started toward the Sheriff's Office with them when lo and behold I was approached by Officer C.L. (Lummy) Lewis, who asked me "what ya got" a favorite expression of most investigators

Hell... not knowing if Lummy Lewis could tell that I had two apparent witness<sup>s</sup>, I explained the situation to him and told him of Rowland's account. Being the Good Samaritan he was Officer Lewis offered to take the Rowland<sup>s</sup> off my hands and get their statements. This worked out a little better than my first arrest. The Warren Commission decided not to accept Arnold Rowland's story but at least they didn't lose them. Hang in there Lummy!

The time was approximately 12:40 P.M. , I had just turned the Rowlands over to Lummy Lewis when I met E. R. (Buddy) Walthers. Walthers was a small built and arrogant type man, his only known talent was wearing dark rim glasses and a small rim hat so that he could resemble Bill Decker. Walthers had been with Decker only a year or so longer than I but he was fast climbing the ladder of success at the Sheriff's Office by lying to Decker,<sup>and</sup> squealing on his fellow officers. Walthers' ambition was to become Sheriff of Dallas County and he would do anything or anybody to reach that goal. He had absolutely no ability as a law enforcement officer. Decker carried him for years by breaking a case or taking a case that had been broken by another officer and putting Walters' name on the arrest sheet. There will be more about Walthers and his obvious connection in the assassination in later chapters. Walthers and I went to the south side of Elm Street where it has been reported that a bullet had struck the curb.

The traffic was very heavy as Patrolman Baker assigned to Elm and Houston Streets had left his post allowing the traffic to travel west on Elm Street. As we were scanning the curb I heard a shrill whistle coming from the north side of Elm Street. I turned and saw a white male in his twenties running down the grassy knoll from the direction of the Texas School Book Depository Building. A light green Rambler

station wagon was coming slowly west on Elm Street. The driver of the station wagon was a husky looking latin, with dark wavy hair, wearing a tan wind breaker type jacket. He was looking up at the man running toward him. He pulled over to the north curb and picked up the man coming down the hill. I tried to cross Elm Street to stop them and find out who they were. The traffic was too heavy, I was unable to reach them, they drove away going west on Elm Street. I believe that beside the apparent hurry these two men were in the thought occurred to me that everyone else was running TO the scene and these two were the only ones in a rush to leave. The suspect - as I will refer to him - running down the grassy knoll was wearing faded blue trousers and a long sleeve work shirt made of some type of grainy material. This will become very important to me later on and very embarrassing to the authorities ( F.B.I. Dallas Police and Warren Commission).

I thought the incident concerning the two men and the Rambler Station wagon important enough to bring it to the attention of the authorities at the command post at Elm and Houston.

I ran to the front of the Texas School Book Depository where I asked for anyone involved in the investigation. There was a man standing on the steps of the Book Depository Building and he turned to me and said "I'm with the Secret Service", This man was about 40 years old, sandy hair, he had<sup>a</sup> distinct cleft in his chin, he was well dressed in a gray business suit. Being naive enough at the time to believe the only people there really were officers, because after all this was the command post/, I gave him the information, he showed little interest in the persons leaving, however he seemed ~~extremely~~ extremely interested in the description of the Rambler as this was the only part of my statement that he wrote down in his little pad that he had in his hand.



Point - Mrs. Ruth Paine, the woman Marina Oswald lived with in Irving, Texas owned a Rambler station wagon off this same color at that time).

I was then confronted by the High Priest of Dallas County Politics, Field Marshall Bill Decker. Decker had apparently been standing directly behind me and had overheard what I was saying. He called me aside and informed me that the suspect had already left the scene. (How did you know James Eric? You had just arrived) Decker then told me to help them (the police) search the Book Depository Building. Decker turned toward his office across the street suddenly stopped, looked at me and said "somebody better take charge of this investigation", then he continued walking slowly toward his office - indicating that it wasn't going to be him.

When I entered the Book Depository Building I was joined by Deputy Sheriffs Eugene Boone and Luke Mooney. We went up the stairs directly to the sixth floor. The room was very dark and a thick layer of dust seemed to cover everything. We went to the south side of the building, since this was the street side and seemed the most logical place to start.

Luke Mooney and I reached the southeast corner at the same time, we immediately found three rifle cartridges laying, very deliberately, in plain sight on the floor to the right of the southeast corner window. Mooney and I examined the cartridges very carefully and remarked how closely they were laying together. The three of them were no more than one inch apart and all were facing in the same direction, a feat very difficult to achieve with a bolt action rifle or any rifle for that matter. x

One cartridge drew our particular attention. It was crimped on the end that would have held the slug, it had not been stepped on but merely crimped over on one small portion of the rim, the rest of that end was perfectly round.

Laying on the floor to the left of the same window was a small brown paper lunch bag containing some well cleaned chicken bones. I called across the room and summoned the Dallas Police I.D. man Lt. Day, when he arrived with his camera Mooney and I left the window and started our search of the rest of the sixth floor.

We were told by Dallas ~~VXX~~ Police to look for a rifle - something I had already concluded might be there since the cartridges found were apparently from a rifle. I was nearing the northwest corner of the sixth floor when Deputy Eugene Boone called out "here it is". I was about eight feet from Boone who was standing next to a stack of cardboard boxes. The boxes were stacked so that there was no opening between them except at the top. Looking over the top and down the opening I ~~xx~~ saw a rifle with a telescopic sight laying on the floor with the bolt facing upward. At this time Boone and I were joined by Lt. Day of the Dallas Police Department and Dallas Homicide Capt. Will Fritz. The rifle was retrieved by Lt. Day who ~~acted~~ activated the bolt, ejecting one live round of ammunition which fell to the floor.

Lt. Day inspected the rifle briefly then handed it to Capt. Fritz, who had a puzzled look on his face. Seymour Weitzman a deputy constable was standing beside me at the time. Weitzman was an expert on weapons, being in the sporting goods business for many years he was familiar with all domestic and foreign weapons. Capt. Fritz asked if anyone knew what kind of rifle it was, Weitzman asked to see it. After a

close examination (much longer than Fritz or Day's examination) Weitzman declared that it was a 7.65 German Mauser. Fritz agreed with him.

Apparently someone at the Dallas Police Department ~~xxxx~~ loses things also, but at least ~~xxxx~~ they are more conscientious, they did replace it even if the replacement was made in a different country.

(see Warren Report for Italian Mannlicher-Carcano Cal. 6.5). At that exact moment an unknown Dallas police officer came running up the stairs and advised Capt. Fritz that a Dallas policeman had been shot in the Oak Cliff area. I instinctively looked at my watch and the time was 1:06 P.M.

A token force of uniformed officers were left to keep the sixth floor secure and Fritz, Day, Boone, Mooney, Weitzman and I left the building.

On my way back to the Sheriff's Office I was nearly run down several times by Dallas Police Cars racing to the scene of the shooting involving a fellow officer. There were more police units at the J. D. Tippit shooting than there were at President John F. Kennedy's assassination.

Tippit was instructed to patrol the Oak Cliff area along with Dallas Police Unit #87 at 12:45 P.M. by the dispatcher. Unit 87 immediately left Oak Cliff and went to the triple underpass - leaving Tippit alone. Why?

At 12:54 P.M. J. D. Tippit Dallas Police Unit # 78 gave his location as Lancaster Blvd. and Eight Street, some ten blocks from the place where he was to be killed.

The Dallas dispatcher called Tippit at 1:04 P.M. and received no answer he continued to call three times, there was still no reply, comparing this time with the time I received news of the shooting of the police officer at 1:06 P.M. it is fair to assume Tippit was dead or being

killed between 1:04 and 1:06 P.M. this also is corroborated by the eye witness' at the Tippit killing who said he was shot between 1:05 and 1:08 P.M. XabordX

According to Officer Baker, Dallas Police, he talked to Oswald at 12:35 P.M. in the lunch room of the Texas School Book Depository. this would give Oswald 30 minutes or less to finish his coke, leave the building, walk four blocks east on Elm Street, catch a bus and ride it back west and in heavy traffic for two blocks, get off the bus and walk two more blocks west and turn south on Lamar Street, walk four blocks and have a conversation with a cab driver and a woman over the use of Whaley's (the cab driver) cab, get into the cab and ride to 500 North Beckley Street get out and walk to 1026 North Beckley where his (Oswald's) room was located - pick up something? If that's not enough Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper where Oswald lived testified that at 1:05 P.M. Oswald was waiting for a bus in front of his rooming house and FINALLY to make him the fastest man on Earth - he walked to East Tenth Street and Patton Street several blocks away and killed J. E. Tippit between 1:05 and 1:08 P.M. - if he had not been arrested when he was it is my belief that Earl Warren and his commission would have had Lee Harvey Oswald eating dinner in Havana!X

I was convinced on November 22, 1963 and I am still sure that the man entering the Rambler station wagon was Lee Harvey Oswald. After entering the Rambler Oswald and his companion would only have had to drive six blocks west on Elm Street and they would have been on Beckley Avenue and a straight shot to Oswald's rooming house. X

The Warren Commission could not accept this even though it might have  
give Oswald time to <sup>kill</sup> Tippit - having two men involved would have made  
it a CONSPIRACY!

As to Lee Harvey Oswald shooting J. D. Tippit lets examine the evidences:  
Dallas Police Unit # 221 (Summers) refer-police radio log) stated on  
the police radio that he had an "eye ball witness to the shooting, the  
suspect was a white male about twenty-seven, five ft. eleven inches,  
black wavy hair, fair complexed, (not Oswald) wearing an Eisenhower-  
type jacket, <sup>light color</sup> dark trousers, and a white shirt - apparently armed with  
a .32 dark finish automatic pistol which he had in his right hand"  
(the jacket strongly resembles the worn by the driver of the station  
wagon)  
GWE

Dallas Police Unit #550 Car 2 was driven to the scene of the Tippit  
murder by Sgt. Gerald Hill, he was accompanied by Bud Owens, Dallas  
Police Dept. and William F. Alexander Asst. D.A. for Dallas. Unit  
550 Car 2 reported over the police radio that the shells at the scene  
indicated that the suspect is armed with a 38 cal. automatic (38  
automatic shells and 38 revolver shells are distinctly different)  
(Oswald allegedly had a 38 revolver in his possession when arrested?)

After much confusion in the Oak Cliff area the Dallas Police were  
finally directed to the Texas Theatre where the suspect was reported  
to be. Several squads arrived at the theater and quickly surrounded it.

At the back door was none other than William F. Alexander, Asst. D. A.  
and several Dallas Police officers with guns drawn. While Dallas Police  
officer McDonald and others entered the theater and turned on the lights,  
although the suspect was pointed out to them they started searching

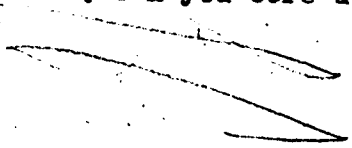
people SEVERAL ~~rows~~ rows in front of Oswald, giving him a chance to run if he wanted to - right into the blazing guns of waiting officers!

This man had to be stopped - he was the most dangerous criminal in the history of the world. Here was a man <sup>who</sup> that was able to go from one location to another with the swiftness of Superman, he was able to change his physical characteristics at will and who pumped four automatic slugs into a police officer with a revolver - indeed a master criminal!

Well....back to the facts? Oswald was captured by Officer McDonald who was out cold from one blow from the suspect and woke up to find he had arrested that suspect! (Nice going Mac)

Upon my return to the Sheriff's Office I found an FBI agent waiting for me - he took me off to one side and summoned Rosemary Allen, Decker's Official Statement Taker and I dictated my experiences to her and the F.B.I. agent. When I finished they thanked <sup>me</sup> and left - not asking me swear to or to sign my statement.

Later that afternoon I received word of the suspect's arrest and fact that he was suspected of being involved in the President's death. I immediately thought of the man running down the grassy knoll. I made a phone call to Capt. Will Fritz and gave him the description of the man that I had seen and Fritz said "that sounds like the suspect that we have, can you come up and take a look at him".



I arrived at Capt. Fritz's office shortly after 4:30 P.M., I was met by Agent Bookhout from the F. B. I. who took my name and place of employment. The door to Capt. Fritz's personal office was open and the ~~dark~~ blinds on the windows were closed. I looked through the open door at the request of Capt. Fritz and identified the man that I saw running down the grassy knoll and enter the Rambler station wagon- it ~~was~~ Lee Harvey Oswald. Fritz and I entered his private office together, he told Oswald "this man (pointing to me) saw you leave" at which time the suspect replied "I told you people I did". Fritz apparently trying to console Oswald said "take it easy son we're just trying to find out what happened" Fritz again "What about the CAR?" Oswald replied, leaning forward on Fritz's desk "that STATION WAGON belongs to MRS. PAINE - don't try to drag her into this". Setting back in his chair Oswald said very disgustedly and very low "Everybody will know who I am now". At this time Capt. Fritz ushered me from his office, thanked me and I walked away saddened, but relieved that it was the end of the day and I could go home where I would be welcomed by my wife and children and could try - at least for a little while- to put the atrocities of the day out of mind.

I was soon to find out that my troubles had only begun, for I had seen and heard too much that fateful day!

Saturday, November 23, 1963 I spent the day at home talking to my wife Molly about Friday's events, and playing with my daughter Deanna and son Terry, not knowing that the tragic event that was to occur Sunday morning November 24 would again ~~effect~~ affect my job and even my complete future.

Like many other Americans I was watching T.-V. Sunday morning, November 24, 1963 when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. I would like to clear up one thing at this point concerning Ruby's access to the basement of the city jail. The Warren Commission concluded that Dallas Police Officer H. E. Vaughn ~~xxxxxx~~<sup>through</sup> negligence, let Jack Ruby into the basement - what they did not say is that Officer Vaughn was questioned extensively after the shooting and even submitted to a ~~xxxxxx~~ polygraph test which he passed - showing that he did not let Jack Ruby go down the Main Street ramp of the city jail. I have know Officer Vaughn for many years and I feel that he is honest, conscientious and one of the finest people that I have ever known. I feel that he was unjustly accused. However, bombing Vaughn was the easiest way out for Earl Warren and his comic strip committee.

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Things were pretty normal for the next few monts, with the exception of curious persons that ~~xxxxxx~~<sup>dropped</sup> into the Sheriff's office from time to time to ask me questions about the assassination.

On the first anniversary of the tragic event, a team of newsmen from NBC New York came to Dallas, they wanted to a documentary on the assassination and they contacted Jim Kerr of the Dallas who told them of me. x

Jim approached me and said that the NBC people were interested in what I had to say and would I talk to them. Jim Kerr indicated to me that he had it all set up , but knowing how Bill Decker felt about anyone in his Department talking about this particular event I said that I would have to get Decker's permission. NBC had been calling me since October, 64 asking to talk to me but I would not commit myself.



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When they arrived during the week of November 22 I went to Decker to ask x permission to do the story. Decker promptly set me down in the private office, closed the door and sat there looking at me for several minutes. It was hard to tell if Decker was looking at you, with that glass eye of his, but at the same time you had the very uneasy feeling he was looking straight through you.

Decker began to talk with that even - never rising voice - that commanded attention and gave you the feeling that it was<sup>d</sup> dangerous to ~~interru~~ interrupt or to even question him. Decker told me to tell these people (Jim Kerr and NBC) that I was a Deputy Sheriff - not an actor and for me to keep my mouth shut, he went on to say "tell them you didn't see or hear anything" He then went back to the papers on his desk and I knew that he was through and so was I.

I relayed the message to Jim Kerr who was very disapp<sup>p</sup>ointed and ~~xnxc~~ even mad, but he - like myself knew not to challenge Decker's law.

From that day on Bill Decker began to watch my every move. People in the office who before this-very seldom ever spoke to me began to hang around watching my every move and listening to everything that I said. Among these were Rosemary Allen, E.H. (Suddy) Walther, Allen Sweatt and Bob Morgan - Deckers four top stoolies.

Combine the above with the run-in I had with David Belzin, junior counsel for the Warren Commission who questioned me in April of 1964 ( who incidentally changed my testimony fourteen times when he sent it to Washington) \* the pressure was really brought to bear.

Shortly after the Merr and Belin incidents the sheriff took me out of the field and assigned me to the Bond Desk directly in line with his office door - where he could watch me - which was very uncomfortable to say the least - I felt like a gold fish in a bowl!

While I was on the Bond Desk I noticed Eva Grant (Jack Auby's sister) was making daily visits to Decker's office, during ~~the~~ this time Eva and I became - not what I would call close friends - but she would speak to me everytime that she came in, as my desk was close to the door leading into the Sheriff's Department. As time went on Eva Grant would stop me in the hall everytime I went for a cup of coffee or took a break. Needless to say Decker became very concerned about this, before long I found that everytime Eva and I talked we <sup>were</sup> no longer alone. Standing close by listening was none other than E. B. (Buddy) Walters. Buddy was about as conspicuous as an elephant in a mail box - another example of his talent as a peace officer). However Buddy was apparently doing his job - I thought that the tile was going to have to be replaced as buddy wore it out running from Eva and me to Decker's personal office.

After a few days of this - apparently armed with information from this so called DETECTIVE - who couldn't track an elephant through the snow with a nose bleed- Decker called me into his office and pointed to a chair - without saying a word. Well...knowing he wasn't giving me the chair or asking me to look it over - I sat down. After a long silence he finally said - "what about it"? this was Deckers way of telling you he knew it (whatever it was) and he wanted you to "confess". I felt sure Eva Grant was going to be the subject of conversation, but I was determined to make him start the interrogation - after all he wanted the answers and apparently buddy hadn't heard as much as he thought he had.

Finally he gave in he said "you've been talking to Eva Grant". I said "yes sir", Decker "what about", I said "she was concerned about Jack's depressed state of mind and worried about the fact that he looked ill". Decker "that's none of your business". I replied with the only thing that Decker would accept - I said "no sir". Apparently sure that he had convinced me once again that there was no law except Decker's law he pointed to the door and I left - He was a man of few words!

The next day Eva and I had another talk, she was getting more concerned about Jack's health. She had been to see Decker several times trying to secure medical help for her brother - by this time the rumor was all through the sheriff's office that Jack was indeed ill.

Most of this information came from the deputies that were assigned to guard him. Deputies Walter Neighbors, James R. Keene, Jess Stevenson Jr. and others. Finally Decker permitted a doctor to see Jack - a psychiatrist who said Jack Ruby had a cold.?

A few weeks passed during which time I had received some phone calls concerning the assassination and my testimony - these calls came from various people from different parts of the country <sup>who</sup> that were apparently just interested.

These calls somehow were reported to Bill Decker, not having a reason to fire me he did the next best thing - he had a monitoring unit connected to the telephone system, so that he could periodically check any phone calls. (Beware Roger Craig!)

I won't go into the events leading to Jack Ruby's death, much has already been written about this but I would like to say that Jack Ruby made several statements saying THEY are going to kill me.

When the sheriff from Wichita Falls, Texas came to observe the prisoner he was about to take charge of due to Ruby's change of venue he refused to accept the prisoner on the ground grounds that Ruby was very ill.

Then and only then did Decker send Ruby to Parkland Hospital where he died a few short days later (some cold). 23 days

I wasn't too concerned about the minor attention I was receiving from Decker in regard to the assassination and it's aftermath, until August 7, 1966 when at 2:30 A.M. I was approached by Hardy M. Parkerson an attorney from New Orleans, La. Mr. Parkerson was interested in the assassination and the Jack Ruby trial. I was working late nights and on the Bond Desk when he came to the sheriff's office, he asked me several questions relating to these tragic events and I answered him as honestly as I could and he thanked me and left. However on October 1, 1966 Mr. Parkerson wrote to me advising me that I was receiving more publicity than I was aware of. He mentioned in his letter that he had picked up a book on a New Orleans news stand. This book was titled THE SECOND OSWALD by Richard H. Popkin and my report had been mentioned in the book. This disturbed me as I knew my popularity with Decker was fading anyway. On October 18 I received another letter from Mr. Parkerson, it seemed that he had come across another book on a New Orleans news stand which mentioned my name - this one was Inquest by Edward J. Epstein, then I began to worry a bit. Of course other names were mentioned also in these books, but I was concerned because of my employers attitude and the fact that I was in definite conflict with the Warren Commission in my testimony.

In February of 1967 the lid blew off - District Attorney Jim Garrison announced publicly his probe into the John F. Kennedy assassination. It wasn't long - in fact a matter of hours until Decker walked up to me

and asked "have you been talking to Jim Garrison?" - I told him that I had not- which was the truth. Decker then said "Somebody sure as hell has". That was the beginning of the end of my career as a law officer and my future in Dallas county.

As more and more books - critical of the Warren Commission began to hit the news stands through out the country and I received calls and visitors asking questions my future with the Sheriff's office became VERY shaky - finally on July 4, 1967 Bill Decker called me into his office and told me to check out - knowing there was no grievance board and that Decker was the supreme ruler of HIS domain I left the Sheriff's office for good.

I was saddened by the loss of eight years in a job that I had given my ALL to. But I was soon to find out that this was only the down payment on the price that I was to pay for the truth. I immediately began looking for work and found that the Commerce Bail Bond Company was just opening an office and needed someone to help in the office as Les Hancock the owner was just starting out.

I had a long talk with Mr. Hancock and he agreed that I would be an asset to the business because he knew nothing about it and I was familiar with bonds and most of the people at the sheriff's office as well as those wishing to make bond. Les and I seemed to get along very well. I posted most of the bonds and kept track of our clients.

Posting the first few bonds with the county was slow it seemed - although the money was in escrow Decker wanted to personally approve all bonds posted by me.

I didn't mind this delaying tactic because all it involved was a little extra time from me.

The bonding business was going very well within two months we were making money.

I kept up as much as possible on Jim Garrison's probe and decided to write him and tell him what I knew if it would help him. Jim Garrison answered my letter and asked me to call him at which time he made arrangements for my trip to New Orleans.

Les Hancock tried to persuade me not to go saying I shouldn't get involved (a little late). Arriving in New Orleans in late October I was picked up at the airport by Bill Boxley one of Jim's investigators and four men who didn't work for Jim. Boxley took me to a motel where I was to meet Jim and the other four men followed - apparently they were not invited. Most of my talks with Jim were at his office while my "tails" (apparently government agents) searched my room. I must apologize to them for not bringing that they could "use".

I had several meetings with Jim Garrison at which time he showed me numerous pictures taken in Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963. Among them was a picture of a Latin male who was identical to the man driving the Rambler station wagon that I saw Oswald leave in. I was surprised and I asked Jim who the man was. Jim did not know but he did say this man was arrested in Dealey Plaza ~~immediately~~ <sup>immediately</sup> after the assassination but was released by Dallas Police because could not speak English.

Also we discussed the 45 cal. slug found on the south side of Elm Street

in the grass by E. R. (Buddy) Walthers.

Buddy had indeed found such a slug as he and I discussed it the evening of November 22, 1963. Buddy also gave a statement to the Dallas Press confirming this find (found among bits of brain matter). However, he later denied finding it after Decker had a long talk with him after newsmen began questioning the sheriff about the evidence.

Jim Garrison also had a picture of an unidentified man picking this up and Buddy is also in the photograph. But no matter how many times I asked Buddy about it - after his denial - he would make no comment.

Jim also asked me about the arrests made in Dealey Plaza that day, and I told him that I knew of twelve arrests - one in particular made by R. E. Vaughn of the Dallas Police Department. The man Vaughn arrested was coming from the Lal-Tex Building across from the Texas School Book Depository. The only thing that Vaughn knew about him is that he was an independent oil operator from Houston, Texas, the prisoner was taken from Vaughn by Dallas Police Detectives and that was the last that he saw or heard of the suspect. Incidentally there are no records of any arrest either by Dallas Police Dept. or the Sheriff's office which occurred on November, 1963 in Dealey Plaza - very strange!

Upon returning to Dallas from my first contact with Jim Garrison I was picked up by another "tail". I was followed constantly after that. My wife couldn't <sup>even</sup> go to the grocery store without being followed and sometime they would go so far as to pull up next to her and make sure she saw them ~~talking~~ talking on their two-way radios. They would also park across from my house and set for hours making sure I knew that they were there.

On the morning of November 1, 1967 I received a call from a friend of mine. He owned a night club at Carroll and Columbia Streets in Dallas. Bill said that he wanted to see me and would I meet him in front of the club. Bill had called me many times when I was a deputy, as he was frequently in financial trouble and I would have the citations issued for him held up until he was in a position to accept them. He set the meeting for 9:00 A.M., at about 8:30 A.M. "me and my shadows" started for the club, arriving around the proposed meeting time. When I parked in front of Bill's club "my shadows" began one of the sweetest set-ups I've ever seen. One car - a tan Pontiac parked one block in front of my car, facing me, and the other a white Chevrolet with a small antenna protruding from the roof kept circling the block over and over never stopping. There were two men in the Chevrolet. I couldn't get a good look at the driver but the other man was in his early thirties, dark hair, nice looking and wearing a black and white check sport coat. Bill had never been late before and it was nearing ten fifteen and I was worried that these poor bastards would get dizzy from driving around and around and might hit somebody. Finally at 10:15 A.M. Bill arrived and we went to the Waffle House across the street for coffee and ~~xxx~~ there as big as life sitting on a stool was the man in the sport jacket from the white Chevrolet. Well...we sat down and had coffee and Bill didn't have anything to ask me. We just talked about how each of us was doing and general bull.

When we finished we started to leave and the man in the sport coat jumped up and beat us out the door. We paid our checks and walked out the door and my shadow was no where in sight - believe me, I looked. We crossed the parking lot and stopped at the traffic light as it was red against us, for some reason I stepped down off the curb before the light changed, as I did Bill fell flat on the sidewalk, I was about



to find out why - at that very instant a shot rang out behind me and the hair just above my left ear parted and I felt a pressure and sharp pain on the left side of my head. Knowing that I wasn't getting a hair cut I bolted for my car leaving Bill lying on the ground and I heard him say - "you son of a bitch" I jumped in my car<sup>and</sup> drove home as fast as possible.

When I arrived home I told my wife what this good friend had done for me and pondered the idea of moving my family to some safe place.

I decided to get in touch with Jim Garrison. I tried all day and finally reached him around ten that evening. Telling him what had happened he said someone would be at my home within the hour.

Approximately 11 P.M. someone knocked on the door and I opened it with my left hand holding my 45 automatic in my right hand. Standing there was a small, but well built man in his late forties or early fifties, he said "my name is Penn Jones, Jim Garrison called me;" my hand tightened on the 45 when my wife, Molly took hold of me and said "I've seen him on T.V. he is Penn Jones - with that I relaxed and he remained Penn Jones!

Penn Jones listened to my story and then began making phone calls to newsmen and wire services that he had contact with - explaining to me that the best protection for me was open coverage on the incident. After a long talk with Penn Jones I found that I had a great deal of respect and admiration for this man - although small in stature I felt he would fight the devil himself to find the truth about the assassination.

The next day November 2, 1967 when I went to work at Commerce Bail Bonds

I was approached by two reporters and a photographer from Channel 8 T.V. in Dallas. They had picked the story up of the news wire and wanted a personal interview. After the interview my boss Les Hancock called me into his office and told me he didn't think that I should have done the interview (giving no specific reason). The next few days Les' attitude was very cold and he would barely speak to me and then on the 7th of November Les called me into his office once again, this time he told me the business wasn't doing well and he would have to let me go, because he was closing the office. Of course I knew better than this. After all I had access to all the records and I knew the business was making money. A few days later I found out he merely moved to another location and business as usual.

However - this knowledge didn't help me for I was back pounding the pavement looking for work. In the meantime I had been in contact with Jim Garrison, he informed me that there was an opening at Volkswagon International in New Orleans and that I might try there. By this time my health had began to give me a little trouble. I had a serious stomach operation in August of 1963 and also suffer from chronic bronchitis and emphysema (not to mention Dallas County Battle Fatigue).

My family and I made the trip to New Orleans where I was interviewed by Willard Robertson the owner of the company. Mr. Robertson told me he was looking for a Personnel Manager and that with my background of dealing with the public he hired me. After a long trip back to Dallas where we gathered up our meager belongings we moved to New Orleans and I felt good. I was working again!

We had only been there a few days when with the newspaper and T.V. coverage of Jim Garrison's probe into the assassination all of our neighbors and half of the people where I was working knew who we were and again came the never ending questions - which I might add I didn't mind - because outside of Dallas people were sincerely interested and I certainly didn't mind doing what I could to clear up any doubts that they had. The people at the office treated me very well, however after about a month I realized that I wasn't doing anything but going into the office and coming home - nothing inbetween. Although I appreciated Jim Garrison recommending me for the job I knew by this time that he concerned about my safety and wanted me out of Dallas. Because this company didn't really need a Personnel Manager and I couldn't take money for a job that I wasn't doing so I submitted my resignation to Mr. Robertson and my family and I returned to Dallas.

Arriving back in Dallas on a cold and snowy 7th of January 1968 we moved in with Molly's parents as we had very little money and nowhere to stay. The next few days were spent looking for work. I tried every odd and every lead that I could find. The people who interviewed<sup>me</sup> always seemed interested but like all companys they wanted to check out my references. When I failed to receive any results from my efforts I called some of the places that I had placed application with to see what was wrong. I always received the same answer "the position has been filled" finally I decided something was WRONG and I suspected one employment reference - Bill Decker. I had a friend write Decker asking for an employment reference - aha-he never received an answer!

My next move was to have someone call Decker and ask for a reference and this took some doing - writing him was one thing but talking to him on the telephone was another - he would bait you on the phone and before you knew it he knew who you were and whether you were legitimate or not. Many people in Dallas liked Decker for the favors he could do for them but those who didn't like him were afraid of the tremendous power he possessed in Dallas county, and were afraid to oppose him on any issue for fear that this man could indeed affect their professional careers. A good example is the charge "hold for Decker" which meant when Decker wanted to talk to you or some friend of his disagreed with in whatever matter you were arrested (without warrant) and detained in the county jail until Decker wished to talk or release you and NO attorney in Dallas county would dare apply for a writ of habeas corpus to secure your release. Well... to get back to my "minor" problem - I finally found someone to call Decker for a reference and when he did Decker informed him that "Mr. Craig had worked for me and he would not re-hire me and that's all I've got to say about Mr. Craig". So... I had worked for the sheriff for eight years and yet without a reference it was as though those years had never existed. How do you explain to a prospective employer this kind of a situation?

After many more exhaustive interviews the 1st of February 1968 I found a company that had just opened a branch office in Dallas and was in need of security guards to work in department stores where they had new contracts. When I applied for the job I told them of my background in law enforcement leaving out the details of my separation with the Sheriff's Office. I only showed them the watch that I was wearing which is inscribed - Roger D. Craig - First Place - Sheriff's Department 1960- (the award was for Officer of the Year) they were impressed and with a sign of relieve I was hired without the customary background check.

My first assignment was a department store in East Dallas where I held the very important position of keeping the shopping baskets out of the aisles (Don't knock it I was working 12 hours a day and making a whopping \$1.60 per hour)

By this time my creditors were knocking on my door day and night and all of the furniture that we had-which wasn't much and then "along came Jones".

I had contacted Penn when I arrived back in Dallas and after I lost the car he let me use his 55 ford which he wasn't driving and I was back in business!

With the crowded quarters at my in-laws Molly and I began to search for an apartment. We found many and were turned down everytime. Some people said they did not rent to families with children and others would accept us and then when we ready to move in for some strange reason they would say it was already rented and they had forgotten? Finally in mid February we found a couple on Tremont Street <sup>NIC</sup> that weren't afraid to rent to us - oh they knew who I was but they said it didn't matter - they had kept up on the assassination.

Our only outlet for our tensions were the Sunday trips we would make ~~the~~ to the Penn Jones residence in Midlothian, Texas. During these visits I would try to bring Penn up to date on the latest from the Dallas Police Department and Sheriff's Office. I was able to give him some help from time to time as some of these officers were still friendly toward me.

It was ~~xxxx~~ fun and relaxing to get together with Penn and his wife L.A. who is a delightful person with a great personality and sense of humor. The two of them made you feel like the whole world was right there.

On one of these visits Penn told me he was going to appear on the Joe Pyne show in Los Angeles and asked me if I would go with him. Needless to say I owed Penn Jones much over the previous months and if I would be as asset I said I would go.

Getting a leave of absence from my employer - Penn made the arrangements and we were off to Los Angeles.

The ~~xxxx~~ LA trip was a success as far as I was concerned - especially the young people we spoke to at U.C.L.A. they were very concerned about the assassinations and very kind to Penn and me. The only disappointment came in the form of Otto ~~xxxxxx~~ Preminger who was sitting in for Joe Pyne that night and I think his statement to the audience speaks for itself - he said that he believed wholeheartedly in the Warren Report and when I asked him if he had read the Warren Report and he replied "NO".

After a week of appearances on T.V. and radio my lungs were beginning to give me trouble and I returned to Dallas with Mrs. Jones while Penn went on to San ~~xxxx~~ Francisco.

After a few weeks back on my important <sup>job</sup> of keeping the shopping carts in line I found that at a dollar and sixty cents an hour I had to much month left at the end of the money and we were behind on our rent - oh well back to the want ads.

We found a couple <sup>who</sup> that was looking for someone to live in and care for their elderly mother - rent free - oh boy, after all this time something free? Getting settled didn't take very long especially when all you have is a few clothes. This worked out fairly well - I worked 12 hours a day, Molly did all of the washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning and took care of Terry, Deanna and Roger Jr. (who had been staying previously with his grandmother) Did I say free?

In the meantime Penn had returned from San Francisco and during a visit to our house he told me that he could get me a job in Midlothian working at an oil refinery and the pay was \$500.00 a month. I hated to give up the prestige of my present position but money was money. I gave my employer notice and on April 15th, 1968 I started work at the refinery - this was not crude oil it was used motor oil we re-processed it. The work was new to me I had never re-refined used motor oil before and I found I was a little soft. I had to dump three thousand pound ( 60-50lb. bags) of clay into hot oil every morning and pump it back into the still that was to cook it and this whipped me into shape quite rapidly. I wasn't concerned with the physical work involved I just knew that I had a chance to support my family and that's what counted.

I won't bore you with the day-to-day routine of my work & it went smoothly until the second Thursday of May 68 when while trying to start an engine at the plant I slipped and broke my arm "good ole lady luck" . I had the arm set and missed one day of work, on Monday morning I returned to work knowing I couldn't live on workmens compensation which was about \$40.00 a week. I painfully continued to work with the arm in a cast for the next six weeks. During this six weeks my boss had offered to let me move into a house he owned in Midlothian so that I would be closer to work. I took him up on the offer because I was driving sixty miles

each day to work and back and Molly was worried about me driving and working with the broken arm and again I was being followed. During this time a Dallas Sheriff's car stopped me and asked where I was going I had known this deputy for several years and there was no reason for his behaviour. Molly's health was getting worse, she had serious stomach disorders and the strain of past events hadn't helped - so we moved. Now we were in Midlothian and I was driving 4 miles to work and back.

It was six weeks since I broke my arm and this was the day that I was to have cast taken off. I felt good as it had become quite a burden. On that morning I reported for work and started preparing the pumps and tanks for cooking the oil and then lady luck sailed down on me once again - I started to light the furnace and it blew up burning my face and a good deal of hair and my arms. This was around the first of July 1962. After the doctor treated me he advised me that I would have to wear the cast another two weeks because he was afraid that I would get an infection in the burns if he cut the cast off then. I don't want to leave the impression that my conflict with the Dallas Establishment was the direct cause of these accidents, however had the door not been closed to me in Dallas I would not have had to turn to work that I was not familiar with.

I had made some friends in Midlothian and was getting along pretty well I had a job, a place to live and was able to purchase a used car.

The City Council was taking applications for a city judge, after talking it over with Penn Jones and some of my other friends I went before the council for an interview and I must say it was somewhat of a surprise



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when they appointed me. The future was beginning to show some promise as I continued the work at the refinery and pursued my new duties at city hall.

On August 5th, 1968 Bill Seward the only other employee at the refinery was discussing a better way to process the oil with Dale Fooshee the owner, they were going to try something new to try to obtain a better quality of oil. Dale purchased a new type of clay that would absorb more waste from the used oil as it cooked. Neither of these men told me that this new clay contained a substantial amount of some sort of acid so when I dumped it into the hot oil tank as I did every morning I didn't wear any sort of breathing device, consequently I inhaled a great deal of the dust from this new product.

Shortly after I started cooking the oil I noticed I was having trouble breathing I didn't pay much attention to it and finished the day. That night the acid had really got to me I found myself passing out and when I was ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ conscious I had to lay with my head right in the window to get enough air and still couldn't. Penn Jones came to the house and he and Molly rushed me to the hospital in Mansfield, Texas about ten <sup>miles</sup> from Midlothian. I stayed under an oxygen tent for two days. On the fourth day I was released and feeling much better.

I had learned about a week before going into the hospital that the Justice of the Peace in Midlothian was resigning and I was persuaded by friends to seek that position, which I did. I had talked with the county commissioners before I went to the hospital and they made their final decision on the day that I came home from the hospital and I was sworn in as Justice of the Peace on August 8, 1968. I would be an

appointed until the November election. Now I was working at the refinery, holding the position of City Judge and also Justice of the Peace. The city paid me \$50.00 a month and the Justice of the Peace position brought in about \$50.00 a month. I wasn't getting rich but look at it this way I was the entire establishment in Midlothian!

The business for the city was very routine and went rather smoothly. However the Justice court was another matter. I was having to correspond ~~with~~ with the surrounding counties and they were all cooperative - with one exception (you guessed it) Dallas County.

Some warrants, citations and subpoenas were sent to the Dallas County Sheriff for service, needless to say they were returned - unable to locate!

So the door was still closed to me in Dallas even in matter of the law which ~~was~~ these officials were sworn to uphold. What was worse I had let Decker know where I was and it wasn't long before my creditors who I had been trying to make arrangements to pay a little each month had obtained judgements against me in Dallas courts and I had been served with the papers - now there was no hope of clearing my credit without paying everybody in full which was impssible (I'll bet his <sup>eye</sup> glass was really shining). The next few weeks I managed to avoid any contact with the Good People of Dallas hoping that they would forget about me - Ha, a fat chance!

In October 1968 my oldest son (Roger Jr.) wasn't doing well in school and decided to run away from home. Of course I was very concerned about him as he was only fourteen years old. I contacted the Dallas

Morning News to see if they would print his picture hoping someone would see him and call me. Well I might have just as well invaded Russia. My name was immediately connected with Jim Garrison and before I could say stop the press my name and connection with Jim nazi was all over the newspaper, U.S.P.I, Radio and television. I was getting calls from all over the country.

A couple of days later we received a call from the sheriff in Texarkana, Arkansas he had Roger Jr., we went to Arkansas and retrieved him as <sup>QUICKLY</sup> as quickly as possible. (He had been working for 1 day on a ranch) On October the seventh I reported for work at the refinery at which time my boss handed me a check marked final and told me he was cutting down on production due to a slowdown in business and he wouldn't need me anymore -now where have I heard that before!

Being the Justice of the Peace I wasn't without influence in Middlethian. I soon secured a job at a gas station changing truck tires. Not much prestige but a lot of hours and I quickly commanded the respect of EVERY tire tool in place.

A few days later my former employer came to me and said that I would have to move out of his house because he wanted to use it for a week-end retreat to get away from Dallas.

By this time I was beginning to suspect the periodic publicity I ~~EXERCISE~~ had been receiving through the years might have something to do with my trouble finding jobs and housing - I guess I am a little slow - especially when this former employer hired someone to take my

place at the refinery and let him move into the house where I lived - as I found out some time later. So now I had to work twelve hours a day, try to find a place to move my family and then there was the election coming up which would not have been important except for the fact being the Justice of the Peace served as a deterrent from harassment by certain people whose names I need not mention.

Now it was November, I still had not been able to find a house to rent as there were ~~not~~ just none to be had in a town as small as Midlothian. Anyway the election was over and I had won by twenty votes- do doubt twenty people who didn't read the paper or watch television).

I continued working at the gas station and living in my former employer's house. The election had done at least one thing for me. Dale still wanted me to move but wasn't pressing as hard. The days that followed were hard - we had rain and some sleet and working in this was beginning to affect my health. Molly was ill and Deanna who was born with bronchitis (and still suffers from chronic bronchitis) wasn't doing any better than we were. December was on us, before I knew it, Mr. Roberts the owner of the gas station decided to retire. yep you guessed it again-I was back on the street.

This time there were no jobs to be found, but the Highway Patrol had opened a sub-station in Midlothian and the business in Justice Court was somewhat improved. I couldn't pay rent or meet the bills but the increase was enough to buy groceries. I had resigned as City Judge so that there would be no conflict of interest between the two positions (City and County court). It was at this time that I was notified by District Attorney Jim Garrison that he would need me in the upcoming Clay Shaw trial - this was another wrench in the machinery. The night

after I was notified of this I ~~runin~~ received a phone call and the voice on the other end asked if I was going to go to New Orleans when I answered yes he just said get a one way ticket and then hung up. I brushed this off as just another crank. I'd had those kind of calls before. However the next day I received another call this time it was a different voice, this one asked if I was going to New Orleans and when I said yes all he said was - remember you have a family and he hung up. I must admit this worried me-after that I would get up during the night and check the family and house - not a very pleasant way to live. During this turmoil I at last had a prospect of getting back into that elusive pastime called employment - it was again Penn Jones to the rescue. And I say that with the greatest respect and admiration! Penn had been corresponding with a friend of his in Boulder, Colorado and apparently they had discussed helping me find employment out of Texas which seemed the only thing left, so as not to bore you with details the Jones made the arrangements and I was off to Boulder - this was in January 1969.

Arriving in Denver I was met at the airport and driven to Boulder where arrangements were made for my lodging by members of the Students for a Democratic Society - whose names I will not mention -cause if you ain't got 'em J. Edgar wou ain't gettin 'em from me! The next three days I filled out applications at various places including the The Boulder Police Department and Sheriff's Office because those were the positions I was most qualified for and I believed that I could be a cop and still have compassion for my fellow man and if they wouldn't accept me that way I could always quit - after all I was an expert at being out of work.

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After exhausting all possibilities I thanked the people <sup>who</sup> had been so kind to me there and I returned to Midlothian, Texas to wait. I had been home about a week when I received word from the Boulder Sheriff's Department that would be an opening soon and if I wanted the job it was mine. Satisfied that the out-of-Texas bit was going to pay off, the Jones -bless them - financed the trip back to Boulder, this time the my family went with me - we drove straight through from Midlothian to Boulder, with hopes of finding a place to live there. The second day in Boulder we found a couple of apartments that we might be able to afford until I started getting regular pay checks. So satisfied that we had a chance for a new start I went to see Under Sheriff Cunningham.

When I arrived at the Sheriff's Department Cunningham took me to his office asked me to sit down and he closed the door. It was then that ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I began to get that feeling I'd had so many times before when I was about to get the purple shaft. Sure enough I'd managed to lose a job before I even started. Mr. Cunningham began to ask me about my background with the Dallas Sheriff's Department (which he already knew from my previous visit) and the reason for my termination. When he brought out his big gun / what about Jim Garrison he said - well knowing I'd been had I told him I was going to have to testify in the Shaw trial (which I'm sure that he already knew). I'd heard about every excuse there was for not hiring me but he should have handed me this one in a gift wrapped package. "Mr. Craig he said (I'd been Roger up till now) we've had a little situation here and he went on it seemed that one of their jailers had seduced a sixteen year old girl while she was in their custody - WCW and with that and my connection with the Garrison probe the heat would be more than they wanted to handle. He was sorry - so was I- all the way back to Texas. When we arrived back in Midlothian we were all exhausted and very disappointed.

Molly had the flu, Deanna had a bad cold and the strain of the past few weeks had taken its toll on me. I was having trouble with my stomach, lungs and was down to one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. \*

It was February 1st, 1969 - we had just enough money left from the trip to maybe rent a house and buy a few groceries. Dale Fosshee was pressing me again to move and I had nowhere to go and no prospects of a job let alone a house. Like a wounded animal I could only think of returning to familiar surroundings the place that I had spent most of my adult life.

We drove to Dallas and by some streak of luck sneaked by a property owner and managed to rent a house. Before this poor misguided scul could change his mind we gathered our beager belongings in Midlothian and moved back to Dallas where I again applied my trade of LOOKING for work. ~~XXXXXXXX~~

I spent the following days filling out many applications and some of the interviews were even promising. I was very careful not to mention any part of my involvement in the assassination. However, on February 13, 1969 I was summoned to New Orleans to testify in the Clay Shaw trial. On the 14th when I finally took the stand the defense tried very hard to discredit me by saying that I worked in New Orleans and was in fact still working in that city under an <sup>s</sup> assumed name - failing to discredit me they accomplished the next best thing this distorted version appeared \* in newspapers and wire services throughout the country. When I returned to Dallas on February 16, 1969 I was to realize the full impact of this distorted news story for when I contacted the job possibilities I had talked to before I testified I found all doors closed.

After several days of no openings or you're not qualified or we'll call you -which they never did - on March 4th I found a job with Industrial Towel and Uniform Company of Dallas which was a rental company and they needed men so bad all I had to do was pass a polygraph test to prove that I wasn't a thief - which I passed!

NOW I was a Route Salesman - Ponder that awhile - me a Judge reduced to picking up the dirty laundry - oh well work is work! Still weak and under weight from being sick January and February I was ~~determined~~ determined to make it on my new job.

I left home at 5:45 A.M. arriving at the plant a little after 6 A.M.-put my route slips in order, loaded my truck and started my deliveries. Getting back to the plant about 4:30 P.M. unloading the dirty linens turn in my money and charge slips and get back home around 6:30 P.M. This was the season for cold rainy weather - wouldn't you know - I had been to a doctor who gave me some medication for the chest infection that I had developed. The medicine kept me going until March 14th - when I literally ran out of gas. On March 18th Molly called Penn and advised him that I wasn't any better - Penn began to make arrangements for me to be admitted to the Veterans Hospital - where he was going to meet us. By this time I was out of it and Molly called an ambulance-~~by~~ by the time it arrived I had passed out. I knew that I was going to the V. A. Hospital but when I woke up a short time later I knew I wasn't at the V. A. Hospital those dirty bastards had taken me to Parkland Hospital <sup>where</sup> whose reputation for saving people is about as good as my employment record was for the past two years. I gathered what strength that I had got off the stretcher and staggered down the hall. Molly had reached Penn who was waiting at the V. A. Hospital Penn was madder than hell as he hated Parkland Hospital even more than I did, so I finally wound up at the V. A. Hospital via Penn's car, where I spent the next ten days.



I was released from the hospital on March 28th, 1969 with instructions not to work out in the weather until my lungs had improved. This of course eliminated my job as route salesman and I knew an inside job was going to be hard to find as I had experienced during the past two years. First of all, I knew when my references were checked Decker would not give me a favorable recommendation if he ~~or~~ even gave one at all - which might have been worse, second - my unstable employment record during the past two years had resulted in a disastrous credit rating and eight years of experience in various responsible at the Sheriff's Office were gone - indeed they had done their work well!

After many weeks of search I still had no job and was again behind on the rent so we took two cameras, one 8mil. movie and one Minox still our projector and screen and sold them for enough to rent a cheaper house.

We moved into a three room house on Gurley Street which wasn't much but it kept the rain out!

One day I got a wild idea. I would go down to the Federal Building and apply for a government job - those people will hire anybody - well almost anybody. I passed the civil service test and was told they had a job coming up in the office and I was qualified for it and for me to come back in two days to begin work. Things were certainly looking up I went over to my father-in-laws and drank all of his beer to celebrate.

The two days passed and I headed for ~~th~~ my government job which was to be handling correspondence from other government agencies - they do a lot of writing to each other) well when I arrived I was ushered into one of those cubby hole offices AGAIN where I was told that they had received a memo telling them the budget was being cut and my job was

being ~~eliminated~~ eliminated. ( I hadn't even started) Oh well at least I was losing "more important" jobs now. On June 1st. I answered an add for an Assistant Manager's job at a liquor store where the only qualification was that I pass another polygraph test which I did and proved I still hadn't turned to stealing. The next day I reported for work to find that I was a delivery boy again. My job was restocking private clubs throughout Dallas who brought merchandise from the store. I soon made friends with all the club owners and everytime I would make a delivery they would insist on buying me a drink. I was making \$1.87 an hour, I wasn't the highest paid delivery boy in town but after a few stops I was probably the happiest!

In the meantime being out of work from March until June I was again behind on the rent as well as the car payment on my used 65 Buick and the landlord had asked us to move. I tried to explain my situation and the fact that I was now working and would try to catch up on the rent but he didn't care I had to go. It was two weeks before I received a paycheck. I don't know how we made it - but we did. However, Molly found a house and I paid the first month's rent. I didn't worry about the car payment for two days after I started to work the bank repossessed it and we were back again driving one of Fern's cars.

During the slow periods of the weeks that followed I was always searching the paper and talking to people trying to find a better paying job with a little security. I was working eleven hours a day - six days a week so it took me some time to locate one and I also had to be careful not to let people know too much about me because the general attitude in Dallas was not to get involved. -(A little late for Dallas).

On September 18, 1969 I applied at Peakload Inc., a temporary employment service who was looking for dispatcher. The job consisted of taking orders from companies that needed temporary help for a few days and then selecting the men from the hall that were best suited to the customers' needs, then seeing that they were delivered by cur driver and picked up promptly after work.

The office manager Al Nagle was from ~~IA~~ Minnesota and knew little of the events in Dallas and nothing of the people involved in the assassination so I slipped by and was hired. Now I was doing something that I enjoyed and the pay was \$500.00 a month with time and half over 48 hours. The next few weeks went by swiftly. I was working six days a week and making enough money to pay the rent, buy ~~my~~ groceries and clothes for the kids.

On November 10, 1969 I was taken to the V. A. Hospital again this time with <sup>E</sup>uritis which the doctors said was caused by a vitamin deficiency over a long period of time and <sup>bronchial</sup> pneumonia.

This time I wasn't too concerned because Al Nagel liked my work and I was sure that I had a future with Peakload regardless of this temporary set back.

Well after twenty-four days of what seemed like endless injections of vitamins, penicillin and streptomycin (one hundred and twenty-eight in all) I was sent home on December 4, 1969. The next day I called Al Nagel to tell him that I would return to work in a couple of days when I got my strength back. Al informed me that I no longer had the job and that I had been replaced.

My final check from Peakload paid the rent for a month and bought a few groceries but Christmas was coming up and I had managed somehow not to let the kids down - up until now. While I was in the hospital Penn Jones had brought a letter he received from Madeline Goddard. <sup>who</sup> she had apparently <sup>had</sup> read much on the assassination and sent her best wishes and support to us. Also in the letter was the answer to this to this Christmas. Madeline had enclosed a check for one hundred dollars. she didn't realize it I'm sure but that kept me from throwing my hands in the air and giving up. The next few weeks were a repetition of earlier days - no job-no money-no prospects ( there must be a song in there somewhere). <sup>Our</sup> ~~the~~ only means of eating these days was <sup>solely</sup> solely credited to the generous heart of Madeline Goddard. God bless her.

Penn Jones had a few acres of land in Boyce, Texas a short distance ~~from~~ from Midlothian and he had persuaded us to move into the smaller of ~~two~~ two houses on this land. We decided to go so that I could re-cooperate and regroup my thoughts as by this time, January 24, 1970 I was very depressed and ready to throw in the towel.

Penn and his son Penn III moved our belongings into the small three-room house and I must say the fresh air and freedom from Dallas <sup>and</sup> its citizens was a welcome change. After a few days I felt better and began exploring our new surroundings. Penn had seventy-eight head of cattle on the place and I was feeding twenty <sup>bales</sup> bales of hay to them every morning. As my strength came back I also tackled various small clean up jobs around the farm. It was the least that I could do - the rent was free and Penn paid the light and water bill. We bought what butane we had to buy for heat and cooking. How about this - in 1948 I ran away from home at age 12 and spent the next four years working on farms and ranches in the west and northwest-now twenty two years later I was back on the farm!

There were days however when the rain and sleet would keep me inside only venturing out when I had to. (mostly to feed the cows) The highlight of each day was ~~when~~ when the mail man came as we were now corresponding with Madeline Goddard regularly and always looked forward to her letters. I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for this wonderful person - if I live to be a hundred I couldn't repay her!

Roger Jr. was sixteen now and living with his grandparents in Dallas. Terry and Deanna were going to school in Waxahachie, seven miles away, they had to walk about a ~~quarter~~ three-quarters of a mile to the school bus stop so in bad weather we would drive them to school which was no easy job in the 55 Ford of Penn's which had seen better days - I certainly don't mean to sound <sup>ungrateful</sup> ~~ungrateful~~ - the Jones were wonderful to us and we will always hold them close.

It was April when the larger house on the land in Boyce became vacant and Penn said that we could move into it. We needed the room and I would be closer to the stock and the feed for them was also in the barn by that house.

Living in the bigger house was much easier and it was about this time that Penn decided we try to raise Holstein calves. There no jobs in this small county and maybe we could make some money on this venture.

Holly, Terry, Deanna and I drove Penn's Travelall truck to Cleburne where we picked up the calf Penn had bought on a pilot project. At three days old the calf was a big baby at 80 lbs. or more.

Every morning at 7 A.M. Molly fixed the <sup>calves</sup> bottle and we took turns feeding him until he ~~decided~~ decided that Molly was his mother-cute but something she wasn't ready for!

We continued taking care of the cattle for several weeks and during this time two calves were born. We named one - a little bull calf "Jones" and the other a heifer calf Deanna named "Susie" and they became her only playmates. However I wasn't making one red cent and the only help we received was from Madeline who God knows was carrying the burden of feeding my family.

On May 15th a decision had to be made - it was apparent the calf project wasn't going to materialize and Penn was talking of ~~giving~~ selling some of the land and cattle. Apparently Penn was having financial problems and I didn't want to add to them so Molly and I talked and decided the best thing for us was to drive to Dallas and make arrangements to ~~stay~~ stay with someone and for me to try one more time (there's that song title).

We talked to my mother who said we could move in with her until I found a job and a place to live.

Driving back to Boyce we were apprehensive about moving but when we drove into the yard we knew that it was the thing to do. The front door of the house was standing wide open. I knew what was gone before I even got out of the car.

I was right, the 30-40 Krag rifle the only one that I had managed to hang onto, Perry's 30.30 Winchester which he had received as a gift, his 410 shotgun and the 12 gauge automatic shotgun Penn had loaned me

were all missing. These were our only means of protection in this place so far in the country with no telephone or close neighbors, now we'd been ~~stripped~~ stripped of that. Coincidence? Maybe.

I was very uneasy and the sooner we got out of there the better I would feel.

It took two days and two sleepless nights to arrange the move but we did it and were back in Dallas and staying with my mother. By this time my physical health was somewhat improved and my mental attitude was back to normal - due to the words of encouragement I had received from Madeline and others who had written to us over the past months - letting us know that there were people in this country who cared.

I was ready for any opposition from this Political Monster that ruled Dallas and even the very lives of those so called Business and civic leaders who didn't have the guts to stand on their own two feet!

Thinking over the past years I was even amused that I a man of limited education, and no social position in this City of Purity had struck fear into the hearts of its great leaders by just speaking to them on the street!

Though not working steady since my termination from The Dallas County Sheriff's Department I hadn't forgotten my obligation as an American. So when asked by certain ~~critics~~ critics of the Warren Report to help, I did what I could.

Imagine the turmoil it will cause when and if the Dallas Police read this and find out I have copied and turned over to a certain editor several names, addresses and phone numbers of people connected with

the assassination of John F. Kennedy which were LOCKED in the files of the Dallas Police Intelligence Division. Not to mention the files that were photostated and smuggled out of the Dallas County Jail under Bill Esckers nose (all after I left the Sheriff's Dept. of course) So even though I hadn't made any money the past years - I hope I was able to help those who have spent so much time investigating the assassination - believe me they haven't made any money either!

The last week of May 1970 I got lucky - the ad in the newspaper read - wanted Dispatcher for temporary labor company - the company Peakload. I quickly made a call to the ~~shift~~ chief dispatcher who<sup>m</sup> I had worked with before and found he was working sixteen hours every day. He was so happy to hear from me that he offered to come and get me so that I could go to work that day.

The company had a new office manager and Bill Funderburke (the chief dispatcher) asked me to come in immediately and apply for the opening. Upon arriving I was interviewed by Jim Morris the new manager, he was from Ft. Worth and knew more about the assassination and me than I would have preferred for him to - I knew this from the questions that he asked me concerning Bill Decker, Jim Garrison and others that had made the news.

However the office was in trouble - they hadn't been able to keep an evening dispatcher for more than three or four weeks at a time since I worked there in 1969.

With a word of caution as to my activities Jim put me to work. This made Bill very happy as the pressure was now off him. I knew the work



the customers and most of the men that I would be dealing with so the didn't have the worry of breaking in a new man. The rest of May and first of June went fairly smooth, ~~AMAZINGLY~~ Around the middle of June Molly went into Baylor Hospital through the clinic as we couldn't afford a private doctor or the high rate of regular hospital services since I had only worked a short time and we had a previous balance there from the surgery that Molly had there in August of 1969. On June 26th ~~she underwent~~ Molly underwent major surgery resulting in a hysterectomy. She had been under a tremendous strain the past years and was physically and mentally exhausted. I ~~visit~~ visited her before and after work and still managed to function properly at the office until Molly was released from the hospital. She was now home and the tension was somewhat eased

During this period I had managed to gather enough money to buy a 62 Ford from a friend, It wasn't the best car in the world but it was only a hundred and fifty dollars and it did run. I paid \$50.00 down and was to pay him the rest in a month or so. I also rented a small apartment and it felt good being by ourselves in our own home once again. But our new found wealth was short lived.

Shortly after this a self-professed private detective in Dallas by the name of Al Chapman had written a story about new evidence in the J.F.K. assassination which he ~~sent~~ sold to the National Enquirer - in this article he quoted me ~~as~~ saying that I had given certain information to him and had personally identified a picture of a man and car saying it was Lee Harvey Oswald and his accomplice. The whole story with reference to me was completely all lies. I had never been interviewed by this man and had at no time seen the picture he referred to.

The story was all over the office and Jim was concerned as he had been keeping up on anything written involving these events - before long the F.B.I. and the Dallas Police were making regular visits to the office on the pretext of looking for "Jim Jones" or "Tom Smith" or any excuse they could use to let me know they could also read!

The heat was on, Jim was constantly there everytime that I looked up, which was usual. This leech, this skid row bum and I ~~am~~ referring to Al Chapman in his lust for money - not caring who<sup>m</sup> he hurt - had not only sold his story but my future~~s~~ with Peakload ~~is~~ might add - as well!

On July 17, 1970 I reported for work to find another man doing my job. I was told by this "replacement" that Jim wanted to see me - sitting in Jim's office I knew what was coming - he said "Roger you've done a good job, but it's time for a change". I asked him for an explanation but all he would say was that it was that it was time for a change and he was sorry.

Not as sorry as Al Chapman will be when I find him!

It is now September and Dallas is in some what of a turmoil. Bill Decker died last month.

The County Commissioners appointed his executive ~~assistant~~ assistant Clarence Jones to fill the job until November when he will have to run for election, with of course the backing of the democratic party in Dallas which has already endorsed him. However, for the first time since Decker's rein the Republicans have nominated someone to oppose the Democratic nominee. This man is Jack Nevel former Chief of the Dallas Police Intelligence Division, so this November, 1970 the voters will

have to chose between the lesser of two evils - whichever one wins there will surely be those on the losing side who could -hopefully- make public some information that has been hidden in those closely guarded files. (Lets hope the loser gets that <sup>upset</sup>).

Meanwhile I'm still out of a job ( but still looking) and in my spare time I guess I could campaign for both of them. With my reputation in Dallas neither would be elected. - Now there's a thought!

But no matter which way it goes the people in Dallas will not change in the foreseeable future and as long as I remain here and do not conform I will always be an outsider! (which I will not)

Points of interview with David Belin.

When I entered the interrogation room Belin told me who he was, and he had me set at the head of a long table. To my left was a female with a pencil and pan, Belin sat to my right. Between the girl and Belin was tape recorder, it was turned off. Belin instructed the girl not to take notes until he (Belin) said so. Then he told me their investigation was being conducted to determine the truth as the evidence indicates. Well, I could take that several ways, but I said nothing. Then Belin said "For instance, I will ask you where you were at a certain time, this will establish your physical location". It was at this point that I began to feel that I was being led into something, but still I said nothing and then Belin said "I will ask you about what you thought you heard or saw in regards" - well, this was too much - I interrupted him and said "Counselor, just ask me the questions and if I can answer them I will". This seemed to irritate Belin and he told the girl to start taking notes with the next question. At this point Belin turned the recorder on.

The first questions were typical. Where were you born, where did you go to school and so on.

When Belin would get to a certain question he would turn off the recorder and stop the girl from writing and ask me - for instance "Did you see anything unusual when you were behind the picket fence?" I said "Yes" and he said "fine - Just a minute" he then told the girl to start writing with the next question, and he restarted the recorder. What was the next question? "Mr. Craig, did you go into the Texas School Book Depository?"

Belin interview cont.

It was clear to me that he wanted only to record part of the interrogation, as this happened many times. There is no use in going into the whole thing. I finally managed to get in at least most of what I had seen and heard by ignoring his advanced questions and giving a step by step picture which further irritated him.

Changes made by someone in my testimony:

I first saw my testimony in January of ~~1968~~ 1968 when I looked at Penn Jones' 26 volumes containing my "alleged" statement.

Arnold Rowland told me that he saw two men on the sixth floor of the TSBID 15 minutes before the President arrived, one was a negro who was pacing back and forth by the southwest window. The other was a white man in the southeast corner, with a rifle equipped with a scope, a few minutes later he looked back and only the white man was there.

Change in W.C. - printed that both were white #1 -both were pacing #2 in front of the southwest corner #3 and when Rowland look back Both were gone.#4.

#5 I said the Rambler station wagon was light green - W.C. changed it to white.

#6 I said the driver of the Station wagon had on a Tan jacket W. C. changed it to white.

#7 I said the license plates on Rambler were Not the same color as Texas Plates - W. C. took out word not - only one word, but important.

#8 I said that I got a good look at the Driver of Rambler-W.C. printed that I said that I didn't.



2

me, only said they received mail from other Government Agencies which required answers and copys<sup>ies</sup> sent to local offices of those departments. The reason for discussing this at all was because the job involved included processing such correspondence.

Page 50 - Paragraph 2

Al Chapman prior to the assassination was a custodian for a church in Oak Cliff, name kept secret, Penn may know. As for his occupation since, somewhat vague - part-time Private investigator, with no license and anything for a buck. But he will not reveal his business or residence.

About election - Clarence Jones was elected - his campaign signs and posters read - "Elect Clarence Jones - In the Tradition of Bill Decker" - Need I say more?

Page 22 - Par. 5

First time I had ever witnessed release of prisoner because of a language barrier - interpreter always available.

Page 23 - Par. 4

Any and all arrests made during my 8 years as an officer were recorded. It may not be entered as a record with the Identification Bureau but, a report was always typed and a permanent record kept if only in our case files. A report on any questioning shows a reason for your action and protects you against false arrest.

Page 24 - Par. 1 - Lines 3-21

When Bill Ware called me to meet him he said he wanted to talk to me about money owed the Bonding Co. where I worked, for getting one of his employees out of jail on traffic tickets. He never touched on the subject when we met. I didn't press him on it, thinking at the

Page 24 explanation cont.

time that it had slipped his mind and the amount was very small.

As for holding up citations - some people in Dallas received Special Treatment. However, my reason as for Bill was concerned was based on my idea that we were friends and I could help him by holding up a day or two and allow him to pay the debt before Judgement thus saving his credit rating which he needed to stay in business.

More about Belin interview

At the end of our session Belin dismissed me - when I started to leave the room, he called me back, at which time I identified the clothing worn by the suspect ( which in the 26 volumes is said BOX of clothing - not BOXES - there were two boxes.)

After I identified the clothing he went over the complete testimony again. Belin then asked "do you want to follow or waive your signature or sign now." Since there was nothing but a tape recording and a steno note book, there was obviously nothing to sign. All of the other testimony that I have read and that's a lot - it was explained that they could waive their signature then or their statement would be typed and they would be notified when it was ready. At that time they could return and sign their statement.

He said an odd thing when I left - it is the only time that he said it or anything similar in the testimonys that I've read. He said to me "Be SURE, when you get back to the office, to thank Sheriff Decker for his cooperation." He never told anyone else to thank <sup>his</sup> their supervisor or chief, etc



4

In Reference to "Secret Service" man - See page 8 - describes man who said he was Secret Service Agent, his appearance and attitude.

As to the scene, it was covered with officers, agents, officials and who knows who else, I asked for someone connected with the investigation, this man volunteered his services as a Secret Service Agent.

Page 16 - Paragraph 3, line 3 Jim Kerr is with the Dallas Times Herald

## HILAN INGRAM

INGRAM was important to me because when PENN or someone else needed information from the SHERIFF,S files - they would come to me and I would get it from INGRAM.

HILAN and I were good freinds and this bethored some people,so I was quit<sup>d</sup> upset when HILAN fell at home and broke his hip and three days later he died from the same type cancer that killed JACK ROBY. CANCER is becoming quit<sup>d</sup> popular in DALLAS TEXAS.

ALLEN SWEATT Decker,s chief criminal investagator was aware of my freindship with INGRAM, and didn,t like it one bit. SWEATT and I had talked a ocuple of times before my departure from the SHERIFF,S office, and he revealed to me that he knew LEE HARVEY OSWALD. He also told me that OSWALD worked for the F.B.I. as an informer,that he was paid two hundred dollors a month,and his ccde number was S 172.ALLEN SWEATT could stend some locking into.

### VISIT IN THE NIGHT

In AUGUST of 1968 while living in MIDLOTHIAN TEXAS. I received a visit in the middle of the night from a man in his fifty,s who said he was out of gas.

I was already in bed,molly was catching up on some of my court records when this man came to the door.

SHE told him I was in bed with a sprained ankle and wouldn,t be able to help him.

MOLLY directed him to the neighbors down the road at which time he went straight to his car which was parked beside our house, got in it started it right up and drove off.

apparently he wasn,t out of gas but wanted us to knowwe could be found. this was about the time PENN was printing some pretty hot editorials in his paper with information I had supplied,and I guess someone didn,t like it.

6

Secret Service Agent

On the night of the Assassination I came home from work and discuss th the events of the day with my wife, and I was bothered by the fact that I hadn,t taken the name of the man who said he was a secret service agent when I gave him my information.

While we were living in NEW ORLEANS I came home from work on DECEMBER 22 1 1967 and as I walked in the door the television was on and much to my surprise there on the screen was a picture of this man. I didn,t know what it was all about until my wife told me JIM GARISON had charged <sup>this man</sup> him in the ASSASSINATION plot. I called jim and told him this was the man Id seen in dallas on NOV. 22 1963, and jim sent one of his investagators to see me with a better picture which I identified, and it was at this time I learned the man,s name was EDGAR EUGENE BRADLEY.

FOLLOWED FROM OIL REFINERY

During the time I was working at the refinery just after I broke my arm I was still living in DALLAS, and was driving twenty-five miles to work when I was again being followed.

It was a blue and white pick up occupied by one white male.

After a few days as I was driving home this man was approaching me in the truck when he stuck a revolver out the window and was about to fire when another car pulled up behind me and this man withdrew the pistol. It was then I decided to move from DALLAS.

My hours were never the same two days in a row but this man seemed to know the precise hour I would leave work.

PENN JONES and I tried to set a trap for this man but he apparently knew it, and he got away but I never saw him after that.

7

CAR ACCIDENT

On Wednesday October 27, 1970 I went to downtown Dallas to Jack Revill's campaign headquarters to pick up some campaign signs. The headquarters were not open and I decided to visit a friend who works at a restaurant across the street. While ~~was~~ talking to my friend the conversation turned as it so often does to the assassination, he and I had discussed this in the past.

During the course of our conversation a man who<sup>m</sup> I had not met before entered into the conversation. He of course did not know me. (Not to my knowledge) I told him that I was from out of town and that I was interested in facts that hadn't been printed and in persons that may have known Jack Ruby or Lee Oswald. This man said "I knew Oswald and Ruby, I can tell you anything you want to know about them."

At this point I became very interested and I told him again that I'd sure like to know first hand what they were like. He said - "I knew Ruby well - I've seen Oswald a couple of times in Ruby's place" - ~~o~~ I then said "Well, in Ruby's business - the night club, I imagine a lot of people were seen there" he sort of chuckled and said "huh - Jack Ruby's business was spelled Mafia." He then said "I can show you a used car lot where Ruby collected a lot of gambling money over on Ross Avenue" (It was the 4600 block of Ross Avenue). So I offered to drive him over there and he said "no- do you have your car here?" - I did- he said I should follow him, which I did. I parked my car on the same side of the street as the car lot, a short distance down and walked back to his car. I opened the door of his car on the passenger side and he pointed to the car lot and said "That's where a lot of the money comes in from the gambling operation and Jack picked it up here".

8  
Car Accident - 2

He said "if you really want to know what's going on in Dallas you have to talk to someone who's been around - and I've been around in those circles." Then he said "just leave your car parked there and come with me - I'll show you something that's REALLY interesting." He drove me to 300 $\frac{1}{2}$  South Ewing in the Oak Cliff area to an apartment that had been a family dwelling and was converted into apartment units. I would mention here that Jack Ruby's address at the time of the assassination was 323 South Ewing. The apartment at 300 $\frac{1}{2}$  South Ewing is upstairs and when we walked into the apartment there was a distinct feeling of an un-lived in atmosphere. The furnishings were bare. There was a couch, chair and coffee table - no lamps, no ash trays, nothing on the walls. The man had been smoking so it was odd that there were no ash trays. He said "how about a cup of coffee?" We went into the kitchen, he opened the cabinet and said "oh well, I guess I'm out of coffee" - he was also out of everything else as there was nothing in the cabinet.

The arrangement of the apartment was unusual as you had to go through the bedroom to the kitchen which was very small. The closet door was open in the bedroom however, there were no clothes in it. At that time I became slightly nervous about the situation.

We went back into the bedroom from the kitchen, while in the bedroom he said "I want to show you something." He opened the top drawer of the dresser and pulled out a shoulder holster - there was a 32 revolver with a three inch barrel in the shoulder holster. He pulled the 32 out of the holster and said "what do you think about that?" I remarked that you don't see many 32's with a barrel like that. He put the 32 back in the drawer and went around to the side of the closet which was not visible when you went into the kitchen. at that time he

9 Car Accident - 3

produced two rifles - one was a bolt action which looked like a 30.06, the other was a high power automatic which appeared to be a 257 cal. I remarked that they were nice rifles and I would like to have a good deer hunting rifle. He then <sup>LAYED</sup> those two on the bed and he said "You haven't seen anything yet". He then got down on the floor and he pulled 5 more rifles from under the bed. Each of these were equipped with scopes. He then pulled a cardboard box about 18 inches long and 10 inches deep also from under the bed. The box was closed and on the side was printed - Ammunition - Handle With Care. He then slid the rifles and ammunition back under the bed. I said jokingly "What are you gonna do - start a war?" He said "Could be".

At that time he looked at his watch and said "excuse me just a minute, I have to go down to the landlady's apartment and make a phone call - I promised some people I would call them" - (there was no telephone in the apartment). He was gone for about 10 minutes - during this time I made a mental inventory of the apartment. After he returned he asked me if I was ready to go back to my car. There was a pay phone on the corner from the apartment and I asked him to pull over so that I could call the people who owned the car (I had told him that it was borrowed while I was in Dallas) that I wanted to let them know that the car was okay. From the pay phone I called my wife and gave her the man's name and address and told her of the situation. His name - as he gave me is A. E. Allen - 300 $\frac{1}{2}$  South Ewing - Dallas, Texas.

Before we went to his apartment or the apartment I told him being from out of town that I didn't know much, but that I had heard that Ruby was in the gun running business. He said that Ruby wasn't actually buying and selling weapons. That people in higher positions made the

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Car Accident - 4

arrangements for the buying and selling of weapons. That Ruby was mainly the go-between for delivering the money and making arrangement for the storage of the weapons until they were shipped out.

During the course of the evening he made the statement several times that "if you want to stay healthy - don't say anything to anybody in Dallas about the assassination unless you're damn sure you know who you're talking to."

He then said that there were a lot of people in Dallas who were out to "get" him because he knows too much. ?

One of the strangest things that he did was to drive on East Jefferson to a used car lot and stop. There were two men inside the office and he went in and talked to them. I stayed in the car and could see them through a window of the office. He was in there only a few minutes. His car was a light blue Oldsmobile 66 model. When he came out of the office he got into a gray Olds sitting on the lot and he drove it onto the drive stopping just before he entered the street - he motioned to me - I was watching him. I got out of the blue olds and he took me back to my car in the gray olds. ?

On the way to my car across town, he kept repeating there's a lot more to this (assassination) than they'll ever know. In taking me to my car he cut across to Ft. Worth Avenue. While driving slowly along he pointed out certain private clubs - saying that he wasn't allowed in one or the other. My first thought was that he was trying to give me the impression that he was knowledgeable of the workings of the Dallas underworld. However, it really seems that he was using a

11. Car Accident - 5

delaying measure - since it took from 10:00 P.M. until 11:15 P.M. to drive me to my car - an ordinary 15 minute drive at that time.

When I got out of his car at mine he said "I'll call you tomorrow" he had implied previously during the evening that he was going to give me more information. I had given him a number to reach me by. Needless to say I did not hear from him after the incident that followed!

I had locked my car when I parked it. When I got into it I turned the key over to start and there was a muffled type explosion and white smoke came out the sides of the hood. The hood has a double latch and didn't blow. Fire was coming through the air vents under the dash - a pillow was burning inside the car. I jumped out of the car and raised the hood - the engine, hoses, firewall and even under the bell housing was ablaze. Several persons came up and someone called the fire department. A man named Bill Booken was walking by at about the time it happened. The fire department used 2 cans of chemical to diētinguish the fire. This was one of the hottest fires I have ever seen. There was no smell of gasoline before or after, there was no back fire as the car had not started and afterwards the gas lines were checked and there were no leaks. There was an air breather on the car and in fact there was no mechanical reason for the explosion.

This happened at 4625 Ross Avenue - Mr. Kooken took me to Anderson's Restaurant at 4909 Ross Avenue where I called my wife and she arranged for my brother Duane to come after me. I didn't know that I had been injured until I felt the warm blood running down my shirt after my brother picked me up.



Car Accident - 6

I had lost quite a lot of blood by the time I went to the emergency room. I was there for three hours. A police report was made. I had received 5 puncture type wounds in the chest area. One vein had been severed and had to be tied and stitches taken in the wounds. X-rays were made also. I went to our family physician the following day and had the stitches removed the following Monday. It was never completely determined what hit me. Another close call! The doctor at the emergency room said I was lucky the wounds had not been lower and our family physician said I was lucky the wounds were not in the neck - so . . . I suppose I'm just lucky all the way around!

## ABOUT ROGER CRAIG

Born in the small town of Cornell, Wisconsin on May 12, 1936 - curious about life from the start of his. He was always full of life and adventure. The family moved to Minneapolis when he was 7 or 8 years old.

One of his favorite past times was climbing the cliffs that overlooked the Mississippi River which almost ended in disaster when he fell some 50 feet into the Mississippi and was fished out by a man who was fishing and caught a small boy.

Curious about people, places, and things, he at the age of 12 caught a freight train which took him to Miles City, Montana where he began his search for adventure. Taking odd jobs to eat as he went from town to town and state to state. Within a couple of years he had covered Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota and South Dakota working on farms and ranches

At age 15 he decided to see more of the world and joined the Army. After a short hitch ~~with~~ Uncle Sam caught up with him and ended his brief military career with a Minor Discharge - this happened at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

At this time he decided to find his parents for a visit. He found that they had moved to Dallas, Texas. After a short visit he took a job in a local factory until he was 17. He was then drafted and eventually sent to Korea for 13 months. When his hitch was up he returned to Dallas where he went to work for Purex Corp. in 1956. After three years he went to work as a Deputy Sheriff in Dallas County. This was in October 1959. In 1960 he was honored as the Officer of the Year for the Sheriff's Department.

About R. C. 2

He stayed with the Sheriff's Department for 8 years and on July 4, 1967 he was terminated by Sheriff Bill Decker.

Because of what he heard and saw on November 22, 1963 Roger Craig had become a controversial figure and was under constant pressure from Decker.

The next several months were spent on many jobs. Every time he received any publicity concerning the assassination of John F. Kennedy or the Garrison Investigation, he would be fired without reason.

In 1968 he had moved to Midlothian, Texas, a small town 25 miles south of Dallas. In August of 1968 he was appointed Justice of the Peace and in November of 1968 he successfully ran for the office.

However, working on a fee basis, the income was not enough to support his family, so he moved back to Dallas to seek employment - his connection with the assassination investigation and his loss of favor with Decker made good employment impossible so he had to take jobs as delivery boy or some other low paying job.

At the writing of this book Craig is still unemployed, has a wife and son, 14, and a daughter 7. And is still looking for employment.

HIRAM INGRAM

Hiram was a small build man - always ready with a friendly smile and greeting.

Hiram began his association with the County during the Bonnie and Clyde era - when he was an ambulance driver and inside employee at a local funeral home. In fact Hiram prepared Bonnie & Clyde for burial after they were brought back to Dallas from the ambush in Louisiana.

Hiram and I were very close - one of those friendships that develops when some people first meet. I had known Hiram for about four years at the time of the assassination. He was working in the Civil Division and shortly after November 22, 1963 he had a heart attack and when he returned to work Decker put him on the Bond Desk where I would later be and work closely with Hiram. I worked the day shift one month and the evening shift the following month - Hiram worked only evenings so every other month we worked together. This gave us time to talk and discuss the events in Dallas and even the Sheriff's Office itself. The Department was not well organized.

To clear some of the bonds and bondsmen we would have to call Decker at home - no matter what time of the day or night - for his approval on ANY decision. This applied to only certain bondsmen. Decker had his chosen few who were not questioned.

Hiram was a very dependable employee and should not have had to clear the minor decisions with our Great White Father - Bill Decker.

HIRAM INGRAM cont. 2

As the months passed and we worked together we had built a mutual respect for each other. When Decker fired me on July 4, 1967 Hiram was infuriated but like any employee of Decker's he couldn't say anything in my defense for fear of having HIS employment cut short or his reputation ruined. That was one of Decker's favorite past-times - ruining reputations!

Our friendship didn't end with my termination - we continued to talk from time to time and Hiram was very helpful when Penn Jones wanted information concerning records at the Sheriff's office. Hiram furnished many names of people in Dallas who were connected with both Jack Ruby and Lee Oswald and certain individuals at the Sheriff's Office. However in March of 1968 Hiram explained to me that information was getting harder to get for some reason.

However I had already supplied Penn Jones and Bill Boxley (investigator for Jim Garrison) with much information from Hiram.

A couple of weeks later, near the end of March 1968, I'd heard that Hiram had fallen at home and broke his hip and was in the Hospital. I went to see my good buddy to cheer him up and received the shock of my life. Hiram was under oxygen and couldn't have ANY visitors. Three days later he was dead - of cancer. He had been working just prior to the fall. I think that we owe a debt of gratitude to this great man who, in his quiet way, helped us so much.

ROBERT PERRIN

NANCY PERRIN RICH

When Penn wanted the records of Robert Perrin, the ex-husband of Nancy Perrin Rich, I had to find a new source of information. I won't release this name for obvious reasons.) It seemed that Perrin was connected with Jack Ruby, Clay Shaw and Lee Oswald at about the time of President Kennedy's death.

Perrin was reported to have committed suicide in New Orleans, La. The autopsy showed no visible scars, marks or tattoos and Penn knew that Perrin had been arrested in Dallas and wanted me to get the records of the arrest along with his description. After some  
<sup>I</sup> doing/finally obtained the record. It showed that Perrin had several tattoos and part of his right index finger was missing. None of which was shown on the autopsy report. That's not so strange when you consider past cover-ups.

It would be interesting to know who WAS buried in Robert Perrin's place and where Robert Perrin is - wouldn't it?

**BUDDY WALTHERS**

Buddy Walthers was without a doubt Decker's favorite pupil.

Buddy worked for the Yellow Cab Company of Dallas ~~xxx~~ before coming to the Sheriff's Office. His termination from the cab company was the result of several shortages of money that he was supposed to turn in after his shift.

He came to the Sheriff's Department as a patrolman but because of his close connection with Justice of the Peace Bill Richburg - one of Decker's closest allies - Buddy soon was promoted to detective. Soon after his promotion, he became intimate with such people as W. O. Bankston, the flamboyant Oldsmobile dealer in Dallas who furnished Decker with a new Fire Engine Red Olds every year and who was arrested several times for Driving while Intoxicated but never served any jail time.

Buddy's acquaintances also included several independent oil operators throughout Texas and several anti-Castro Cubans and many underworld characters - especially women!

It was very apparent that Buddy was the most secure deputy that Decker had ever had.

He was frequently crashing parties that were given by wealthy friends of Decker's - of course while he was on duty - he often became drunk and belligerent at these parties and at one point when asked to leave he threatened to pull his gun on the host. This information

Buddy Walthers - 2

can be verified by Billy Courson who was Buddy's partner at that time.

Walthers hit the big time when, in 1961, two Federal Narcotics Agents came to Decker's office with charges that Buddy was growing marijuana in the back yard of his home at 2527 Boyd Street in Oak Cliff section of Dallas - well to say the least, this could be considered conduct unbecoming to a police officer - but not for Buddy! After a secret meeting between the Federal Agents, Decker and Buddy, the matter was dropped and, needless to say, covered up and Buddy continued his career as Decker's Representative of Law and Order in Dallas County.

However, the Dallas Police were receiving complaints that Buddy was shaking down underworld characters for loot taken in several burglaries and selling the stuff himself. After several reports the Dallas Police began to investigate and finally obtained a search warrant for Buddy's home.

Their BIG mistake was securing the warrant from Judge Richburg which was bad enough - but Buddy's wife also worked for Richburg - which made matters worse. Needless to say they didn't find anything. However a few weeks later they were a little more careful and made a surprise visit to Buddy's home where they indeed recovered such things as toasters, clothing and various items - which their inform~~ers~~ had said that Buddy had. It would seem that they had him - wouldn't it? But not so.

Buddy explained he had recovered the merchandise from where it had been hidden and hadn't had time to make a report on them and turn



Buddy Walthers - 3

them in to the Property room. The Dallas Police didn't buy this story - but the pressure was again brought to bear by our Protector Bill Decker and the Dallas Police were left out in the cold - no charges filed! They were certainly furious but what could they do. If WE as citizens can't fight the Establishment, how can the Establishment fight the Establishment. It was clear in my mind and if the people that I worked with COULD talk, I'm sure they would agree that Buddy had a powerful hold on Decker - I base this on the fact that Buddy's popularity with Decker greatly increased after the assassination AND the conflict concerning the 45 slug Buddy found at the scene and then later denied finding.

Buddy was a chronic liar - he was always telling Decker things ~~he~~ thought were happening in the County that he was checking on - which he wasn't doing. He also told Decker that he was in the theater when Oswald was captured and in fact helped the Dallas Police - this was completely untrue. Buddy never entered the Texas Theater - his partner Bill Courson did.

Buddy also told Decker about a family of anti-Castro Cubans living in the Oak Cliff area and he was watching them - this part may have been true, because we received the same info from the Dallas Police Intelligence Division - but one day Buddy made a visit to the house in Oak Cliff and when the Police and Sheriff's Deputies went to question them a few days later they were gone. Question - Did Buddy warn them? After all he was very, very close to Jack Ruby! In fact every time Ruby was in trouble with one of his employees, especially Nancy Perrin Rich, Decker would send Buddy to straighten things out and put Nancy in her place with the help of Judge Richburg. Touching Jack Ruby was a NO! NO!

BUDDY WALTHERS - 4

There were many other things that made Buddy suspect as a not so law abiding lawman - such as the swimming pool he built in his back yard (on his salary HA) the concrete was furnished by a local contractor free of charge. The many pills Buddy carried in the trunk of his unmarked squad car and never turned in if indeed they HAD been confiscated why wasn't a report made and the pills marked. The only reason I have is the information (from reliable sources) that he traded these pills for information from certain underworld characters - again mostly women. It would seem that Buddy Walters could not be terminated from the Sheriff's Dept. no matter what.

One incident in 1966 which would have resulted in firing of any other deputy occurred when Buddy was sent to Nevada to transfer a suspect wanted in Dallas. It seemed Buddy was given a certain amount of travel money which he lost at the gambling table in Las Vegas. Broke and in trouble Buddy called no other than W. O. Bankston who wired him enough money to bring his prisoner back to Dallas - Many times I wondered who was REALLY Sheriff) but Buddy was about to reach the end of his rope. In late 1968 when the Clay Shaw trial was being prepared, there was talk of bringing Buddy to New Orleans to testify - well that was a blow to the power that ruled Dallas - they couldn't have this half-wit on the witness stand. When the word reached Dallas, Decker was working on a double murder that occurred in his county and had a lead on the suspect in January of 1969. The Shaw trial was scheduled for February and Decker sent Buddy and his partner Alvin Maddox who was about as efficient as a nutty professor to go to a motel on Samuell Blvd. in Dallas to question Walter Cherry about the killings. Cherry was an escaped convict and a suspect in a double murder.

Buddy Walther - 5

Decker went Buddy and Maddox - without a warrant - to talk to him.

When they entered the room at the motel, Buddy was shot dead and Maddox wounded in the FOOT - coincidence? - Maybe! At any rate Buddy had been silenced - one more point for Dallas!

THE PATIENT IS LYING

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I am not a Doctor of Medicine, nor a Professor of Political Science - in fact, I have little formal education. However, I would like to think that I hold a degree in Truth, Honest, and Compassion for my fellow man. Based upon my graduation on November 22, 1963 from the School of Life, located not so much in Dallas, Texas - but, rather in a small and almost forgotten section of our very being, known as reality.

The Patient is Dying may suggest a purely medical situation, and that is basically what it is. However, the patient is not a human being - it is in fact the very substance that makes up the American way of life - as we know it.

I have referred to Dallas and have heard others describe it as a scar on the face of our nation. I do not believe this is a true description. Certainly Dallas is sick, but I feel that it is the result of the infection that followed the initial wound. I don't profess to know where or when this gaping wound was first administered. Certainly the plans for the first assault were made some years ago, and maybe the wound came in November of 1963 when the President of South Viet Nam and his brother <sup>WIFE</sup> was assassinated. Like an injury that did not receive immediate and proper medical attention it became infected.

The infection spread and the doctors still ignored the patient's obvious discomfort and pain.

Dallas felt the pain. It came in the form of hostility, violence and un reputable bias that began to engulf this city in late 1962. You could hear it in the disrespectful and even vulgar remarks that were being made about the President, the Government and yes anyone who would dare tell this Great Metropolitan Area and it's corrupt officials that they needed help to fight this infection which was threatening to spread throughout the entire body of this great nation and eventually kill the patient.

No - Dallas was not the only infected area of the body, but was probably the most serious, in 1963. But the doctors (in this case, the local, state and federal officials) chose to ignore the symptoms, and as a result on November 22, 1963 another part of the patient was beyond medical help. Yes, the patient had lost his right arm to the infection.

It was then time to attack and stop the spreading of the infection, but this was not to be the course of action!

What course would they take?

Example.....

Nurse: "the patient has a headache"

Doctor: "give him two aspirins"

Reasoning: Minor complications (Headache)

Prescription: Give Excuses

Author's conclusion: Ignore the major problem (infection) treat the local problem (headache) - Course of action adopted - don't ~~answer~~ answer the knock on the door, whoever it is will go away.

The wound, wherever it came from, has been covered with a white cloth, now you can look at it. No proper medication has been given and we are unable to determine the magnitude of the wound because it is covered. But this is not the primary concern, the major problem is the infection, this is what we must concentrate on, this is what is threatening the patient!

Of course all of us as Americans are related to the patient. But my ~~position~~ position was much closer - I live in Dallas, I worked as a Deputy Sheriff, I was part of the establishment and witnessed the spread of the infection and as a result on November 22, 1963 I became an immediate member of the family.

As the patient's condition worsened I began to question the doctors (officials) about the lack of medical attention being administered. At first they ignored me and as the patient grew worse my questions and concern became more persistent and finally the doctors (officials) told me to leave the hospital (establishment) and keep my mouth shut because others were becoming concerned and this might alarm the patient.

Well, so much for my personal contact with the doctors they had thrown me out! But, like any loyal family member I was concerned about the patient, not my social status.

There was a small ray of hope - the body started building a resistance to the infection. Dr. Martin Luther King was fighting for the very life of the nation, but the infection was too much, it soon killed this ray of hope.

So, it had now spread to another part of the body and the members of the family were becoming alarmed. But the doctors maintained their "wait & see" attitude and continued giving their Daily Bulletins of "no change".

But the infection had spread to the point of extreme danger and as if to say "I'll tell you where the pain is -I'll help you find the next point of new infection" - the body moved slightly. There was another small sign of resistance making itself known, and the body was responding, the members of the family were encouraged, but this was short lived, for once again without medicine the infection proved too strong, and in 1968 in Los Angeles, California Bobby Kennedy succumbed to the infection, and it had accelerated to an apparent uncontrolable speed.

The patient is now in a coma - if we are going to save him, we as members of the family must demand immediate and proper medical attention! The Patient is Lying!