

were in the box office, did you?
about—it was just about the
entre from the time you opened

imate?

believe it was 24. Everything
ets?

teenager with a card is 50 cents,
other times of day?
Used to, but we don't.

he theatre—well, did you see any
ime we opened, my employer had
pictures on Thursday and want to
rd the sirens—police was racing

hen we made the remark, "Some-
ing to that effect, so, it was just
employer got in his car. He was
ere going. He, perhaps I said, he
was Oswald. Had to bypass him,
went through this way and ducked

en this man before then at that
ore this?

ar go west with its siren on, why at
siren on, did you see the man that
to the box office and—I don't know

ming from east going west. In other

He had come around the corner—
went by he had a panicked look on

say the man ducked in, had you seen
y?
is I say, when the cars passed, as you
he ducked in as my boss went that

each other, actually, the man ducked in
to get in his car.

Julia Postal

Mr. BALL. When you say "ducked in," you mean he entered the door from the street?

Mrs. POSTAL. No, sir; just ducked into the other—into the outer part of it.

Mr. BALL. I see, out in the open space?

Mrs. POSTAL. Yes, sir; just right around the corner.

Mr. BALL. Just right around the corner?

Mrs. POSTAL. Yes.

Mr. BALL. And your boss passed him, did he?

Mrs. POSTAL. Yes; they went—one came one way, and one went the other way just at the same time.

Mr. BALL. What did you see him do after he came around the corner?

Mrs. POSTAL. Well, I didn't actually—because I stepped out of the box office and went to the front and was facing west. I was right at the box office facing west, because I thought the police were stopping up quite a ways. Well, just as I turned around then Johnny Brewer was standing there and he asked me if the fellow that ducked in bought a ticket, and I said, "No; by golly, he didn't," and turned around expecting to see him.

Mr. BALL. And he had ducked in?

Mrs. POSTAL. And Mr. Brewer said he had been ducking in at his place of business, and he had gone by me, because I was facing west, and I said, "Go in and see if you can see him," it isn't too much people in there. So, he came and says, well, he didn't see him, and I says, "Well, he has to be there." So I told him to go back and check—we have exit doors, behind—one behind the stage and one straight through, and asked him to check them, check the lounges because I knew he was in there. Well, he just had to be.

Mr. BALL. The last time you had seen him before he ducked in, he was just standing outside of the door, was he?

Mrs. POSTAL. No, sir; he was still just in—just off of the sidewalk, and he headed for the theatre.

Mr. BALL. Were the doors of the theatre open?

Mrs. POSTAL. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. It was closed?

Mrs. POSTAL. It was closed.

Mr. BALL. And you didn't see him actually enter the theatre then?

Mrs. POSTAL. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. You hadn't seen him go by you?

Mrs. POSTAL. I knew he didn't go by me, because I was facing west, and Johnny, he had come up from east which meant he didn't go back that way. He had come from east going west.

Mr. BALL. All right, now what happened after that?

Mrs. POSTAL. Well, I, like—I told him—asked him to check everything.

Mr. BALL. Did you ask Butch Burroughs if he had seen him?

Mrs. POSTAL. No, sir; I told Johnny this, don't tell him, because he is an excitable person, and just have him, you know, go with you and examine the exits and check real good, so, he came back and said he hadn't seen anything although, he had heard a seat pop up like somebody getting out, but there was nobody around that area, so, I told Johnny about the fact that the President had been assassinated. "I don't know if this is the man they want," I said, "in there, but he is running from them for some reason," and I said "I am going to call the police, and you and Butch go get on each of the exit doors and stay there."

So, well, I called the police, and he wanted to know why I thought it was their man, and I said, "Well, I didn't know," and he said, "Well, it fits the description," and I have not—I said I hadn't heard the description. All I know is, "This man is running from them for some reason." And he wanted to know why, and told him because everytime the sirens go by he would duck and he wanted to know—well, if he fits the description is what he says. I said, "Let me tell you what he looks like and you take it from there." And explained that he had on this brown sports shirt and I couldn't tell you what design it was, and medium height, ruddy looking to me, and he said, "Thank you," and I called the operator and asked him to look through the little hole and see if he could see anything and told him I had called the police, and what was happening, and