

please kindly step off the bus."

Oswald, still only half awake, started to object, and the immigration official said flatly, "Señor, either get off the bus or we will take you off the bus."

Oswald was near panic as he stepped into the street and stood waiting for the immigration man to finish checking the balance of the Tourist Cards. Finally the official left the bus and said, "Come with me, señor."

"What seems to be the trouble?" Lee asked.

"It's very simple, señor," was the reply. "Your Tourist Card does not match the manifest sheet. You're Mr. H. O. Lee, no? Or, are you Mr. Lee Oswald?"

"Oh," Lee said, "I'm sure I can explain."

"Explain it to my superior," said the official.

As Oswald followed him into the customs building he realized how the mistake had been made. The tourist agent who had made up the reservation had mistaken his first name as his last.

After a lengthy discussion, the immigration officials acknowledged the simple error and Lee was allowed to reboard the bus. He would have been more upset if he had known that the simple mistake had been deliberate. The Mexican officials would now readily remember him recrossing the border into the U.S. The records would show that Oswald had been in Mexico and had visited two embassies in an effort to defect to Cuba.

At 1:35 A.M., the Transporte del Norte bus crossed the international bridge into Texas. After a depressing hour in hot, barren, dusty Laredo, he boarded a Greyhound bus for Dallas, arriving there eleven and one-half hours later. It was now 2:30 P.M. on October 3.

At almost the same hour the first carload of Banister's men arrived in Dallas from New Orleans. For their headquarters, Ruby had rented a house at 3128 Harlandale Avenue in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, just two miles from his own apartment. They had just seven weeks to plan, prepare, and execute the crime of the century.

Guy Banister had wasted no time in implementing the opera-

tion after getting the go-ahead, and if he entertained any doubts about its necessity they were dispelled by a subsequent call from Clay Shaw.

"Did you ever hear of Lou Berlanti?" Shaw had asked. "Berlanti from Miami?"

"Do you mean the international real estate tycoon and industrial developer?"

"That's the man."

"Sure. He was killed last month when his plane blew up over Lake Okeechobee. What about him?"

"Well. I heard a report today about that incident that could have a direct bearing on us."

"Oh? In what way?"

"Did you know that Berlanti was one of the largest backers of Kohly's United Organizations, and that he was carrying a large amount of currency and negotiable securities in the plane?"

"Hell, no! Was the money for Kohly?"

"Apparently, yes. My information is that Berlanti was on his way to Washington to deliver it to Kohly, although a specific request had been made to him by the White House not to provide Kohly with any funds."

"How much dough was involved?"

"I'm told he was carrying ten million in cash."

Banister whistled. "Wow! Ten million?"

"Ten million, plus another twenty million in Dominican bonds."

"My God, that really could have set Kohly's underground up to do something effective. What was Berlanti doing over Lake Okeechobee?"

"That I can't answer," Shaw said. "There's talk he was stopping at Tampa. That could have taken him over the lake."

"Well, it's damned unfortunate for Berlanti, and for Kohly, too. But what's it got to do with us?"

"Just this. The general impression is that Castros were responsible for the crash, but I just discovered that the plane Berlanti was using was one of those we had rigged."

"You mean you think somebody activated an explosive charge that we had put in?"