

Mr. WHALEY. Yes, sir.

Mr. BELIN. Did you ever tell anyone it was the 700 block of North Beckley?

Mr. WHALEY. No, sir. I left it said just like I had it on my trip sheet. Nobody else asked me about it.

Mr. BELIN. When we went out there today, when we started the stopwatch from the Greyhound bus station to the 700 block of North Beckley, do you know about how many minutes that was on the stop watch?

Mr. WHALEY. A little more than 5 minutes, between 5 and 6 minutes.

Mr. BELIN. Would your trip that day, on November 22, have been longer or shorter, or about the same time as the trip we took today?

Mr. WHALEY. It would be approximately the same time, sir, give or take a few seconds, not minutes. Because the man drove just about as near to my driving as possible. We made every light that I made, and we stopped on the lights that I stopped on.

Mr. BELIN. Let the record show that the stopwatch was 5 minutes and 30 seconds from the commencement of the ride to the end of the ride, and let the record further show that Dr. Goldberg and Mr. Robert Davis from the Texas attorney general's office and I walked back from the point where the Deponent Whaley told us he let the passenger off at the residence at 1026 North Beckley, and that this walk took 5 minutes and 45 seconds.

And let the record further show that after visiting the rooming house at 1026 North Beckley—that is what I call the "long way around route,"—was walked from 1026 North Beckley to the scene of the Tippit shooting, which took 17 minutes and 45 seconds at an average walking pace, and this route would be to take Beckley to 10th Street and then turn on 10th Street toward Patton, and this is not the most direct route. Rather, the most direct route would be to take Beckley to Davis Street and then turn left or east on Davis, walking a short block to Crawford, and taking Crawford to 10th, and then 10th east to Patton, or taking Davis Street directly to Patton, and taking Patton down to East 10th, and that the more direct nature of the later route appears from the map which I believe is Commission's Exhibit No. 371, which is the Dallas street map.

Mr. Whaley, is there anything else that you care to add, or can you add anything else that might be helpful in this investigation?

Mr. WHALEY. No, sir; I can't.

Mr. BELIN. We sure appreciate all your help and taking the time to go over the route today.

Mr. WHALEY. Thank you. I still would like to know where I knew you before.

Mr. BELIN. Sir, I don't know. Now, Mr. Whaley, if you like, you can come back and read this deposition after it is typed, and sign it before you mail it to Washington, or you can waive the signing of it. You have a right to read it and sign it before it goes, or you can waive the reading of it and send it directly to us in Washington.

Mr. WHALEY. Does it make any difference?

Mr. BELIN. It does not make any difference.

Mr. WHALEY. It will all be what you said and what she took down?

Mr. BELIN. What you said?

Mr. WHALEY. Yes, sir; and what I said?

Mr. BELIN. Yes.

Mr. WHALEY. That will be all right. I will waive the signing of it.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. EARLENE ROBERTS

The testimony of Mrs. Earlene Roberts was taken at 4:10 p.m., on April 8, 1964, in the office of the U.S. attorney, 301 Post Office Building, Bryan and Ervay Streets, Dallas, Tex., by Messrs. Joseph A. Ball and Samuel A. Stern, assistant counsel of the President's Commission. Dr. Alfred Goldberg was present.

Mr. BALL. Would you stand and take the oath?

Do you solemnly swear the testimony you are about to give before the Commission will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. Will you state your name, please?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Mrs. Earlene Roberts.

Mr. BALL. And what is your address?

Mrs. ROBERTS. 5000 Tremont, now.

Mr. BALL. You used to live at 1026 North Beckley, didn't you?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; I did.

Mr. BALL. Tell me something about yourself, Mrs. Roberts, where you were born and where you have lived?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I was born in Nashville, Tenn., and my mother and father moved to Tyler, Tex., and I was raised there and married a Dallas man.

Mr. BALL. Did you go to school in Tyler?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, yes.

Mr. BALL. How far through school did you go?

Mrs. ROBERTS. To my sorrows, I got married in the ninth grade.

Mr. BALL. You did—you got married in the ninth grade?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. Did you get married in Dallas or in Tyler?

Mrs. ROBERTS. In Tyler.

Mr. BALL. Did you have some children?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; to my sorrows—I couldn't.

Mr. BALL. What did you do in Tyler then—until you came to Dallas?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I was a PBX operator at the Hotel Blackstone. That's where I met my husband.

Mr. BALL. How long have you lived here?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Since 1938.

Mr. BALL. What kind of work have you done?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, until he passed away—I didn't work for I didn't have to. He made me a good living, but since that time I have been—well, just, I guess you would call it practical nursing or housekeeping and now I am with an elderly couple—he has cancer—the same kind that Sam Rayburn had and he's taken with leukemia.

Mr. BALL. That's at the address you have just given us?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, yes.

Mr. BALL. Now, you know Mrs. Johnson, don't you?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; I knew her very muchly so.

Mr. BALL. How long did you work for her?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, this last time I was there around 13 months—that was the third time I had went back.

Mr. BALL. When did you start working for her?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I started working for her in 1949 the first time.

Mr. BALL. You did?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. And you worked for her three times altogether?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; I got sick the first time—I'm a diabetic and wasn't able to do the work and one day she called me again and wanted to know if I would do it and I went back and stayed again and I went in a coma and had to leave, and the reason why I left this time, she cut me down so low and the work was too heavy—I wasn't able to do the work.

Mr. BALL. You mean she cut you down on your money?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, yes; and I can't pay my doctor bill and buy my medicine at that price.

Mr. BALL. You mean, she didn't pay you enough—that's the reason you quit?

Mrs. ROBERTS. That's the reason why I quit—the work was too heavy and I wasn't able to do it and not enough pay.

Mr. BALL. And you were working there in October and November of last fall—1963?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; to my sorrows.

Mr. BALL. Why to your sorrows?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, he was registered as O. H. Lee and I come to find out he was Oswald and I wish I had never known it.

Mr. BALL. Why?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, they put me through the third degree.

Mr. BALL. Who did?

Mrs. ROBERTS. The FBI, Secret Service, Mr. Will Fritz' men and Bill Decker's.

Mr. BALL. They did?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Every time I would walk out on the front porch somebody was standing with a camera on me—they had me scared to death.

Mr. BALL. When is the first time you ever saw Lee Oswald?

Mrs. ROBERTS. The day he came in and rented the room—the 14th of October.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever heard of the man before?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, and he didn't register as Oswald—he registered as O. H. Lee.

Mr. BALL. Did he sign his name?

Mrs. ROBERTS. O. H. Lee.

Mr. BALL. Did he sign his own name that way?

Mrs. ROBERTS. O. H. Lee—that's what he was registered as.

Mr. BALL. Did you rent it to him, or did Mrs. Johnson?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I rented the room to him.

Mr. BALL. You did?

Mrs. ROBERTS. She talked to him, and she had to go back to the work and that was what I was supposed to do—I rented the rooms—she didn't know what vacancies she had.

Mr. BALL. Did you have "room for rent" sign out in the front?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. What time of day did he come in there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, it was in the early afternoon—I imagine between 1 and 2 o'clock when he came in and looked at the room; and he rented it and paid for it; and then left, and went and got his things and I don't know—it must have been around 5 or 6 o'clock when he come back in.

Mr. BALL. You say he went and got his things—what did he have with him at first when he came there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Just a little satchel bag and some clothes on a hanger.

Mr. BALL. What kind of a satchel bag?

Mrs. ROBERTS. One of them little zip kinds.

Mr. BALL. What color was it?

Mrs. ROBERTS. It was just—don't ask me that for I can't answer that. It was just a dark bag is all I know.

Mr. BALL. How long did he stay that first time?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oswald?

Mr. BALL. I mean before he went away to get his clothes, when he first came in—you say he rented a room?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He rented the room and paid me \$8 for it and he said, "I'll go get my things and I will be back."

Mr. BALL. Did he say where he was going to get them?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, he didn't.

Mr. BALL. Did he leave?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; he left.

Mr. BALL. Did he have a car he was riding in?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't know—I didn't see it.

Mr. BALL. Did he take a bus?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't know.

Mr. BALL. You don't know?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, I don't. I don't remember—you know in a place like that—when you rent a room—I didn't pay no attention.

Mr. BALL. And he came back about what time?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, I imagine around 5 o'clock, maybe.

Mr. BALL. What did he have with him at that time?

Mrs. ROBERTS. That little zipper satchel bag and some clothes on a hanger.

Mr. BALL. The first time he came to see you he had a zipper satchel bag?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; he didn't have nothing when he first come in and rented the room.

Mr. BALL. He didn't have anything?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—he just came in.

Mr. BALL. Oh, when he came back he had the zipper satchel and the clothes on the hanger, is that right?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—he rented the room and paid for it and said, "I'll go get my things." That's when he went and come back with his little satchel bag and some clothes on a hanger, which was a very few.

Mr. BALL. Now, did he have anything to say when he came back?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Did he tell you where he had been?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Did he stay there that night?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever talk to him about anything?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; because he wouldn't talk.

Mr. BALL. Did he say "Hello"?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Or, "Goodby"?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Or anything?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He wouldn't say nothing.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever speak to him?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, yes—I would say, "Good afternoon," and he would just maybe look at me—give me a dirty look and keep walking and go on to his room.

Mr. BALL. Did he watch television?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—in a way—but all he did ever watch the television was if someone in the other rooms had it on, maybe he would come and stand at the back of the couch—not over 5 minutes and go to his room and shut the door and never say a word.

Mr. BALL. Did he go out any at night?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Did he stay home every night?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes—he stayed home every night—I didn't ever know of him going out. If he did, he left after I went to bed and I never knew it.

Mr. BALL. Was he gone any weekends?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He would leave on Friday nights—he did say this much—he said, "Now, over weekends I will be out of town." He didn't say what town. He said, "I will be going out of town visiting friends." He would leave Friday morning for work and he wouldn't come back any more until Monday afternoon.

Mr. BALL. Now, was one weekend when he didn't come back on Monday?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; there was one weekend that he didn't go out.

Mr. BALL. Which one was that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Now, as far as—you know what?

Mr. BALL. Was that the weekend?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I think—now, if I had the books, I could tell you.

Mr. BALL. Which books?

Mrs. ROBERTS. The books that are over there on North Beckley. I believe it was on the weekend before—when was President Kennedy shot?

Mr. BALL. On the 22d of November.

Mrs. ROBERTS. What day was that—that was on Friday, wasn't it?

Mr. BALL. That was on a Friday.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, it was on the weekend before that.

Mr. BALL. What happened—what was that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He didn't go nowhere.

Mr. BALL. He stayed in all weekend, is that right?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, sir; and then that first Thursday, he got up Thursday and left for work and he didn't come back no more until Friday.

Mr. BALL. He left on Thursday and didn't come home on Thursday night?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He didn't spend Thursday night there and that was unusual, because he would always leave on Friday. That's the best I can do. He was just the type of person you just don't know—and I just thought he didn't like people and he would mix with nobody and he wouldn't say nothing. The only time he would ever say anything was when his rent was due and he was never behind.

I'll tell you when it was—it was when he didn't come back on Monday, you know, there was a holiday that people took off work.

Mr. BALL. That was Armistice Day.

Mrs. ROBERTS. That he said, "I have a long weekend."

Mr. BALL. He didn't come back on that Monday?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, he didn't come back until the next day. He said he had a long weekend.

Mr. BALL. That was after his long weekend he came back on a Tuesday that week?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Do you remember the day the President was shot?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; I remember it—who would forget that?

Mr. BALL. And the police officers came out there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. Do you remember what they said?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, it was Will Fritz' men—it was plainclothesmen and I was at the back doing something and Mr. Johnson answered the door and they identified themselves and then he called me.

Mr. BALL. What did they say?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, they asked him if there was a Harvey Lee Oswald there.

Mr. BALL. What did he say?

Mrs. ROBERTS. And he says, "I don't know, I'll have to call the housekeeper," and he called me and I went and got the books and I said, "No; there's no one here by that name," and they tried to make me remember and I couldn't, and Mrs. Johnson come in in the meantime and there wasn't nobody there by that name, and Mrs. Johnson said, "Mrs. Roberts, don't you have him?" And, I said, "No; we don't, for here is my book and there is nobody there by that name." We checked it back a year.

Mr. BALL. And you didn't have that name—you didn't ever know his name was Lee Oswald?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—he registered as O. H. Lee and they were asking for Harvey Lee Oswald.

Mr. BALL. You say that you saw Lee Oswald—you say he didn't come home Thursday night that week?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He didn't come home on Thursday night that week.

Mr. BALL. And Friday was the day the President was shot? Had you seen him at any time that Friday before the officers came up and knocked on your door?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Hadn't he been home?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, let's see—that was the day.

Mr. BALL. That was on a Friday—

Mrs. ROBERTS. Wait a minute, let me think of it.

Mr. BALL. That's on a Friday.

Mrs. ROBERTS. I had better back up a minute—he came home that Friday in an unusual hurry.

Mr. BALL. And about what time was this?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, it was after President Kennedy had been shot and I had a friend that said, "Roberts, President Kennedy has been shot," and I said, "Oh, no." She said, "Turn on your television," and I said "What are you trying to do, pull my leg?" And she said, "Well, go turn it on." I went and turned it on and I was trying to clear it up—I could hear them talking but I couldn't get the picture and he come in and I just looked up and I said, "Oh, you are in a hurry." He never said a thing, not nothing. He went on to his room and stayed about 3 or 4 minutes.

Mr. BALL. As he came in, did you say anything else except, "You are in a hurry"?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Did you say anything about the President being shot?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. You were working with the television?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I was trying to clear it up to see what was happening and try to find out about President Kennedy.

Mr. BALL. Why did you say to this man as he came in, "You are in a hurry,"—why did you say that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, he just never has come in and he was walking unusually fast and he just hadn't been that way and I just looked up and I said, "Oh, you are in a hurry."

Mr. BALL. You mean he was walking faster than he usually was?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. When he came in the door, what did he do?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He just walked in—he didn't look around at me—he didn't say nothing and went on to his room.

Mr. BALL. Did he run?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He wasn't running, but he was walking pretty fast—he was all but running.

Mr. BALL. Then, what happened after that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He went to his room and he was in his shirt sleeves but I couldn't tell you whether it was a long-sleeved shirt or what color it was or nothing, and he got a jacket and put it on—it was kind of a zipper jacket.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever seen him wear that jacket before?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I can't say I did—if I did, I don't remember it.

Mr. BALL. When he came in he was in a shirt?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He was in his shirt sleeves.

Mr. BALL. What color was his shirt? Do you know?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't remember. I didn't pay that much attention for I was interested in the television trying to get it fixed.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever seen that shirt before or seen him wear it—the shirt, or do you know?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't remember—I don't know.

Mr. BALL. You say he put on a separate jacket?

Mrs. ROBERTS. A jacket.

Mr. BALL. I'll show you this jacket which is Commission Exhibit 162—have you ever seen this jacket before?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, maybe I have, but I don't remember it. It seems like the one he put on was darker than that. Now, I won't be sure, because I really don't know, but is that a zipper jacket?

Mr. BALL. Yes—it has a zipper down the front.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, maybe it was.

Mr. BALL. It was a zippered jacket, was it?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; it was a zipper jacket. How come me to remember it, he was zipping it up as he went out the door.

Mr. BALL. He was zipping it up as he went out the door?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Then, when you saw him, did you see any part of his belt?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. There is some suspicion that when he left there he might have had a pistol or a revolver in his belt; did you see anything like that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; I sure didn't.

Mr. BALL. Now, I show you Commission Exhibit No. 150—it is a shirt—have you seen that before?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, maybe I have. Now, that looks kind of like the dark shirt that he had on.

Mr. BALL. Now, when Oswald came in, he was in a shirt—does this shirt look anything like the shirt he had on?

Mrs. ROBERTS. It was a dark shirt he had on—I think it was a dark one, but whether it was long sleeve or short sleeve or what—I don't know.

Mr. BALL. Does the color of this shirt which I show you here, Commission Exhibit No. 150, look anything like the shirt he had on?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I'm sorry, I just don't know.

Mr. BALL. You are not able to testify as to that—to tell us that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Can you tell me what time it was approximately that Oswald came in?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Now, it must have been around 1 o'clock, or maybe a little after, because it was after President Kennedy had been shot—what time I wouldn't want to say because—

Mr. BALL. How long did he stay in the room?

Mr. ROBERTS. Oh, maybe not over 3 or 4 minutes—just long enough, I guess, to go in there and get a jacket and put it on and he went out zipping it.

Mr. BALL. You recall he went out zipping it—was he running or walking?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He was walking fast—he was making tracks pretty fast.

Mr. BALL. Did he say anything to you as he went out?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. Did you say anything to him?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Probably wouldn't have gotten no answer.

Mr. BALL. What is the only thing you said to him from the time he came in the house until he left?

Mrs. ROBERTS. "You sure are in a hurry."

Mr. BALL. Is that all?

Mrs. ROBERTS. That was all.

Mr. BALL. That's all you said to him?

Mrs. ROBERTS. That's all I said to him.

Mr. BALL. Did he say anything to you?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. Nothing.

Mrs. ROBERTS. He didn't say nothing—he wouldn't say nothing—period.

Mr. BALL. Did he have the same colored pants on when he left, or do you know?

Mrs. ROBERTS. What?

Mr. BALL. Did he have the same colored pants on when he came in as when he went out?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Now, I wouldn't say that because I don't remember—I didn't pay that much attention. I didn't mean to be hateful, but I didn't.

Mr. BALL. Now, did it appear to you he had on the same pants or different pants from the time he came in and when he went out?

Mr. ROBERTS. Well, I just didn't pay that much attention. All I remember—he was zipping up a coat and I was trying to find out about President Kennedy—I was still trying to find out about President Kennedy—they was broadcasting it then—I was more interested in that.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever seen a gun in his room?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever cleaned up his room?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; I cleaned his rooms, but I didn't see no gun.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever go through any of his effects?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, no.

Mr. BALL. There was a little wooden commode or closet in there, wasn't there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. There was a chifforobe—yes.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever look in there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, sir; I sure didn't—that's against the rules—to ransack their things.

Mr. BALL. Were there any drawers or anything in there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; there was drawers in that chifforobe and he also had a vanity dresser with four drawers.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever look inside of that?

Mr. ROBERTS. No; I didn't.

Mr. BALL. After he left the house and at sometime later in the afternoon, these police officers came out, did they?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, yes.

Mr. BALL. And they asked you if there was a man named Lee Oswald there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. And you told them "No"?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Then what happened after that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, he was trying to make us understand that—I had two new men and they told me—Mrs. Johnson told me, "Go get your keys and let them see in" I had gone to the back and they still had the TV on, and they was broadcasting about Kennedy.

Just as I unlocked the doors Fritz' men, two of them had walked in and she come running in and said, "Oh, Roberts, come here quick. This is this fellow Lee in this little room next to yours," and they flashed him on television, is how come us to know.

Mr. BALL. Then you knew it was the man?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; and I come in there and she said, "Wait," and then again they flashed him back on and I said, "Yes, that's him—that's O. H. Lee right here in this room." And it was just a little wall there between him and I.

Mr. BALL. That was the first you knew who it was?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, because he was registered as O. H. Lee.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever know he had a gun in his room?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; I sure did not.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever appear on a television interview with Mr. or Mrs. Johnson—either one?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, no; they was on and would be on and then they had me on twice.

Mr. BALL. On television?

Mrs. ROBERTS. On television.

Mr. BALL. Where were you?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I was in the living room.

Mr. BALL. And they brought their cameras into the living room?

Mrs. ROBERTS. They brought their cameras into the living room and took pictures.

Mr. BALL. Were you alone?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, I was then, because they was questioning me. They asked Mr. and Mrs. Johnson not to be in there at that time.

Mr. BALL. Then, they questioned you?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever have an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson being there?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, yes; one time, and then they would question them separate from me.

Mr. BALL. Was there any one time when they questioned all three of you together?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes—one time.

Mr. BALL. Just one time—were you ever on television when you and Mrs. Johnson were on it alone together?

Mrs. ROBERTS. She and Mr. Johnson would be together and then I would be at the back when they put them on television, and then they had me on two different times and I was alone. They taken me when I was standing and showed them where it was.

Mr. BALL. Now, on television did they ever ask you if Oswald had a gun?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't know.

Mr. BALL. You don't remember?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't remember.

Mr. BALL. Did they ever ask you if you knew whether Oswald had a gun in his room or not?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes; they asked me and I told them "No"—for I didn't.

Mr. BALL. You didn't know whether he had a gun in there or not?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—I didn't.

Mr. BALL. You never saw one?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. Did you tell them that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I sure did—I didn't know he had a gun.

Mr. BALL. And when he was zipping up his jacket, his belt was covered?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Was it covered—well—I don't know. I just couldn't answer you—I don't know—I don't remember it. I couldn't any more tell you than the man in the moon whether or not the man's belt was covered or uncovered. All I know he was zipping his coat.

Mr. BALL. Let me ask you another question: Did you ever talk to a reporter from a French newspaper?

Mrs. ROBERTS. A French newspaper?

Mr. BALL. Yes.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, there was people in there from about everywhere, but I don't remember.

Mr. BALL. There was some French newspaperman who claims he interviewed you.

Mrs. ROBERTS. French?

Mr. BALL. Do you remember any French newspapermen interviewing you?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, I don't remember, but there were people in there from somewhere but I don't remember where they were from.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever heard the name Lee Harvey Oswald before the Friday when the police came out?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. And you had, of course, thought his name was what?

Mrs. ROBERTS. O. H. Lee.

Mr. BALL. He had paid you, had he?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He always paid on time.

Mr. BALL. And you made a record of it?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, yes.

Mr. BALL. Now, after these police officers came out of there, did you see a gun holster in his room after they had searched it?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes—there was one of them little outfits—a little holster and they taken it out and where they got it—I don't know, but it was in the room. They had it in their hands, one of the men was holding it.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever seen that before?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No; I hadn't.

Mr. BALL. Let me ask you something about his habits again—how early would he leave his room in the morning?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, he would leave around 7 o'clock, maybe between 6:30 and 7.

Mr. BALL. And what time would he come back?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, he would get home about maybe 5—something around 5 o'clock.

Mr. BALL. And with the exception of the weekends that he spent away, was he home every night or was he out at night?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He was always home at night—he never went out.

Mr. BALL. Now, on one holiday that occurred on Monday—he didn't come in?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, he didn't come in that Monday.

Mr. BALL. Was that the only Monday he didn't come in?

Mrs. ROBERTS. That was the only Monday he didn't come in.

Mr. BALL. He paid on Monday?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He paid on Monday and that was the only time he didn't pay on Monday and he wasn't there.

Mr. BALL. He paid on what day of the week that week?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Tuesday—when he came in home.

Mr. BALL. But the weekend before November 22d, he was there all weekend, was he?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Now, I also will ask you whether or not you ever heard of a fellow by the name of Ruby—did you ever hear of a fellow by the name of Jack Ruby?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—I didn't.

Mr. BALL. Had you ever heard his name before he was accused of shooting Oswald?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. You never even heard his name?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No.

Mr. BALL. You never even heard his name?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—I never heard his name.

Mr. BALL. And had never seen him?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. Did a police car pass the house there and honked?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. When was that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. He came in the house.

Mr. BALL. When he came in the house?

Mrs. ROBERTS. When he came in the house and went to his room, you know how the sidewalk runs?

Mr. BALL. Yes.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Right direct in front of that door—there was a police car stopped and honked. I had worked for some policemen and sometimes they come by and tell me something that maybe their wives would want me to know, and I thought it was them, and I just glanced out and saw the number, and I said, "Oh, that's not their car," for I knew their car.

Mr. BALL. You mean, it was not the car of the policemen you knew?

Mrs. ROBERTS. It wasn't the police car I knew, because their number was 170 and it wasn't 170 and I ignored it.

Mr. BALL. And who was in the car?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't know—I didn't pay any attention to it after I noticed it wasn't them—I didn't.

Mr. BALL. Where was it parked?

Mrs. ROBERTS. It was parked in front of the house.

Mr. BALL. At 1026 North Beckley?

Mrs. ROBERTS. And then they just eased on—the way it is—it was the third house off of Zangs and they just went on around the corner that way.

Mr. BALL. Went around what corner?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Went around the corner off of Beckley on Zangs.

Mr. BALL. Going which way—toward town or away from town?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Toward town.

Dr. GOLDBERG. Which way was the car facing?

Mrs. ROBERTS. It was facing north.

Dr. GOLDBERG. Towards Zangs?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Towards Zangs—for I was the third house right off of Zangs on Beckley.

Mr. BALL. Did this police car stop directly in front of your house?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes—it stopped directly in front of my house and it just "tip-tip" and that's the way Officer Alexander and Charles Burnely would do when they stopped, and I went to the door and looked and saw it wasn't their number.

Mr. BALL. Where was Oswald when this happened?

Mrs. ROBERTS. In his room.

Mr. BALL. It was after he had come in his room?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Had that police car ever stopped there before?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I don't know—I don't remember ever seeing it.

Mr. BALL. Have you ever seen it since?

Mrs. ROBERTS. No—I didn't pay that much attention—I just saw it wasn't the police car that I knew and had worked for so, I forgot about it. I seen it at the time, but I don't remember now what it was.

Mr. BALL. Did you report the number of the car to anyone?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I think I did—I'm not sure, because I—at that particular time I remembered it.

Mr. BALL. You remembered the number of the car?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I think it was—106, it seems to me like it was 106, but I do know what theirs was—it was 170 and it wasn't their car.

Mr. BALL. It was not 170?

Mrs. ROBERTS. The people I worked for was 170.

Mr. BALL. Did you report that number to anyone, did you report this incident to anyone?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, I told the FBI and the Secret Service both when they was out there.

Mr. BALL. And did you tell them the number of the car?

Mrs. ROBERTS. I'm not sure—I believe I did—I'm not sure. I think I did because—there was so much happened then until my brains was in a whirl.

Mr. BALL. On the 29th of November, Special Agents Will Griffin and James Kennedy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation interviewed you and you told them that "after Oswald had entered his room about 1 p.m. on November 22, 1963, you looked out the front window and saw police car No. 207."

Mrs. ROBERTS. No. 107.

Mr. BALL. Is that the number?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes—I remembered it. I don't know where I got that 106—207. Anyway, I knew it wasn't 170.

Mr. BALL. And you say that there were two uniformed policemen in the car?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes, and it was in a black car. It wasn't an accident squad car at all.

Mr. BALL. Were there two uniformed policemen in the car?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Oh, yes.

Mr. BALL. And one of the officers sounded the horn?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Just kind of a "tit-tit"—twice.

Mr. BALL. And then drove on to Beckley toward Zangs Boulevard, is that right?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes. I thought there was a number, but I couldn't remember it but I did know the number of their car—I could tell that. I want you to understand that I have been put through the third degree and it's hard to remember.

Mr. BALL. Are there any other questions?

Dr. GOLDBERG. No, that's all.

Mr. BALL. Now, Mrs. Roberts, this deposition will be written up and you can read it if you want to and you can sign it, or you can waive the signature.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, you know, I can't see too good how to read. I'm completely blind in my right eye.

Mr. BALL. Do you want to waive your signature? And then you won't have to come back down here.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, okay.

Mr. BALL. All right, you waive it then?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Yes.

Do you want me to sign it now?

Mr. BALL. No; we couldn't, because this young lady has to write it up and it will be a couple of weeks before it will be ready.

Mrs. ROBERTS. Well, will you want me to come back or how?

Mr. BALL. Well, you can waive your signature and you won't have to come back to do that—do you want to do that?

Mrs. ROBERTS. Okay, it will be all right.

Mr. BALL. All right. The Secret Service will take you home now.

Mrs. ROBERTS. All right.

Mr. BALL. Thank you for coming.

Mrs. ROBERTS. All right.

TESTIMONY OF DOMINGO BENAVIDES

The testimony of Domingo Benavides was taken at 2:30 p.m., on April 2, 1964, in the office of the U.S. attorney, 301 Post Office Building, Bryan and Ervay Streets, Dallas, Tex., by Mr. David W. Belin, assistant counsel of the President's Commission.