

JACK L. RUBY

scalped tickets for sporting events. When asked whether this wasn't against the law, he said, "It wasn't really if you paid the additional tax but nobody did and they never did anything about it in Chicago." He sold banners at football games, parked cars at the Arlington Park race track, etc.

In 1934, when he was twenty-three, following the Chicago World's Fair, he went to California with three other men to sell tip sheets at Santa Anita. He says they didn't do very well and went up to San Francisco to another track, Bay Meadow. When the races were over he got a job with the Bulletin and the San Francisco Examiner, soliciting subscriptions from door to door, offering trinkets to new subscribers. He says these were still the depression years and if he made \$65 a week he thought he was doing very well. By 1937 he got the desire to go back to Chicago.

At that time a young lawyer, Leon Cook, who was twenty-four, interested the patient in helping him organize the scrap iron and junk handlers union. Patient was paid \$22.50 a week on this job. He became a very close friend of this man Cook, who got into a dispute with a man named John Martin, who was a politician. According to the patient, the minimum wage in this industry was fifteen cents an hour, although the Wagner Labor Law had just gone in, assuring twenty-five cents an hour, and Martin was against demanding more than the twenty-five cents. This led to a quarrel and Martin shot and killed Cook, who died thirty days after the shooting. Patient says, "I loved that man, it just broke my heart. I quit and Martin was exonerated." When patient was asked how he happened to get involved in this type of work, he said, "I always wanted to be a humanitarian, I always wanted to help the underdog." This was in 1940. "I cried, I felt I'd never get over losing Leon. I was apathetic, he was in my thoughts constantly. I went out on the road to help me forget. I didn't have a middle name but I have used his name as my middle name because I never wanted to forget him. He came from a very refined family. He was a fine young lawyer."

Patient states that he then went around to different plants selling punch boards. This took him through New England, Ohio and the State of New York. "Then I went into a legitimate mail order business. I called it the Earl Products Company, named after my brother who was in the Service. We had a rating at one time of B plus one and a half. When I went into the Service in 1943 I tried to get my older brother to handle it but it was dormant for awhile. Then when Earl came out in 1944 he took it over and made it into a thriving business."

Patient was drafted into the Army in 1943, he thinks in April, and was honorably discharged in June, 1946. He had his basic training at Keesler Field in Biloxi, and then was sent to Goldsboro, North Carolina, for training as an aviation mechanic. He achieved a rating of private first class. He insists he had no bad time during his Service and was never Court Martialed. "I fought one sergeant and I chased him all over the field but the master sergeant knew what kind of a fellow he was and they didn't do anything to me. I remember I had another fight, I slapped a kid in the shower because he said something about Jews."

Patient's sister, Eva, was in Dallas in 1946, representing some manufacturing company that was selling a special kind of salt and pepper set.