

JACK L. RUBY

paid him off. I was doing some things on the side. I made a trip to New York to promote a little colored boy who could dance and sing. Then I became distributor for pizza pie and for some medicine. I built some log cabins for a man named Gimble but we didn't do well. My brother Earl had family problems in Chicago. He cracked up and went to a hospital for awhile. He came down for a short time. I took over a private club in 1960 but I didn't make a go of it with all the credits involved so I changed it to the Carousel in 1961."

FAMILY HISTORY

Father, Joseph Rubenstein, died in 1958 when eighty-nine. Patient frequently uses words in a curious way. He described his father as "extemporaneous, I was the same way." On another occasion he said, "He was very belligerent, we were always ashamed. I am the same way, I blurt out, that's why I don't have ulcers." According to the patient's sister, their home life was an extremely turbulent one. The parents were separated most of the time during a twenty-five year period. The father was born in Poland and came to this country between 1900 and 1904. He had been pressed into service in the Russian Army for a period of seven years. He was a very heavy drinker and was a carpenter. He told the children that his family had built churches in Poland for several generations. He was a domineering man and the children were all frightened of him. He used to give them severe beatings with his hand. He was not a tall man but had a forty-four chest and was described as wiry. Eva was his favorite. He was a rather religious Jew, having a Hebrew teacher come to the house to train his three younger boys. Eva says, "It was the worst marriage you ever saw. My father was brutal. My mother was roped into the marriage by her family. She was the oldest girl. He'd go on drunks and we lived on insecurity." Patient says, "He was rarely paid for his work because he would get into arguments with people before he was finished a job. He always wanted to hit people with a two by four or a crowbar. He hit me plenty of times. He broke one of my brother's fingers. He always accused us of taking tools from his toolbox. He used to go after my mother so she'd hide under the bed. They called each other the worst vulgar names. He used to call her a nafke (prostitute) and she would accuse him of running around. We had to call the paddy wagon several times. But he was good-hearted, he never turned anybody down for food." The two older girls tried to keep the family together but the children were all taken over by a Jewish child-caring agency and placed in foster homes.

Mother, Fannie Rokofsky Rubenstein, died in 1944 when about sixty-eight. She was the daughter of a doctor and a midwife. She was described as a "gentle woman". She did a lot of hand sewing. When she was in her early sixties she was committed to the Elgin State Hospital in Illinois because of an involuntal depression. She left the Hospital after a period of months apparently in good health. The patient is said to have been her favorite, reportedly because she had such a difficult time in his labor. According to the sister, among the boys the patient was also the father's favorite. "My father always bragged about his fights, how he clobbered this or that guy."

The sister, Eva, says that she sided with the father in the quarrels with the mother and she stayed with him for a time after the separation but then was taken away by the Jewish welfare agency. The three oldest