

"I got a call at Eva's from Don Saffron, a reporter on the Times Herald. He said, 'Jack, I just wanted to know, does the Cabana's closing up mean you are going to close?' I told him I had already said I am closing. He said, 'What about tomorrow?' I said I didn't know. He said, 'Abe and Barney Weinstein don't know what to do.' They are my chief depositors. I turned to Eva and said we were going to be closed, now money don't mean that much. So I called him and told him we would be closed Saturday and Sunday, too. I called him back and said not to tell the others."

"I stayed at Eva's until six or seven. I called Dr. Coleman Jacobson, a friend of mine, a dermatologist, to find out what time is the synagogue service. He asked me who was calling to find out and I said Jack Ruby. I am not such a good guy, I got behind in my payments at the synagogue. I said to Eva, 'I got to go get dressed'. I went back, I don't recall if George Santorlo was there or not. I don't know if I stopped at the club on my way to the synagogue or not. Andy would know that. I think I got there around nine and I asked the people what had the Rabbi talked about. I heard the end of it but my mind was so foggy I didn't know what he was talking about. I know I spoke to the Rabbi and he said he visited my sister at the hospital when she was operated and there was some Bar Mitzvah party and I ate something. Then I rode around and checked on some places. The Bail HI was open. I was shocked not to find more people in mourning. The B. & B. was open, I couldn't understand it. They have all got so much money. I went to Phil Miller's, the delicatessen, the number, (bastard). I told him to make me up ten sandwiches and called the Homicide Department. I said, 'I know you guys are working hard, I want to bring you around some corned beef sandwiches.' He said, 'Thanks, Jack, but we are about winding up. I'll tell the rest of the fellows how nice you have been.' I heard over the radio they caught this Oswald but it didn't hit me yet. I thought it might have been an organization, I don't know why. I called KLIF, the radio station, Gordon McLennan is a close friend. He's given my clubs lots of free plays. I wanted to take the sandwiches down to them. I tried to call every number, I even called his home and his daughter answered and I said, 'I am a friend of your daddy's'. I wanted to be a help to somebody. I told the guy behind the counter to make the sandwiches good, that I'd give him a free pass to my club, but there were only eight and I said there should be ten. I wanted to take some bottles of Dr. Brown's Code along. I tried to call and the girl there suggested I use the free phone when I went to the booth, but at that point money had no value, the whole world was gone. I parked my car with the dog in it and the sandwiches. I figured the dog might eat them. I went to the police station and an officer stopped me and I said I was looking for Joe DeLong of KLIF. He let me through and I went in the hall. Everybody says, 'Hello, Jack.' It took away the tragic feeling. Everything was so bustling, so crude. My whole motive was to find out how I could get into the radio station. I can't get Joe DeLong. I even had an officer page him so I could get the right number from him. I was in this swarm of people and suddenly Oswald comes. The reporters asked me who was this one and who was that one. I was in a complete change of mental reaction, already I am with the deal. They are going to take him to the big assembly room. History is being made. I am standing on the table above everybody and people are asking me 'Who is that?' I even passed out some of my cards to these newspaper men from all over the world. I just had my cards printed with the Potty girl on them and I am proud of them. The