

Dear Mr. Ruby:

I'm just a housewife from Ohio, but I recognize a big lovable slob from clear across the country. So, Mr. Ruby, I want you to know that I BELIEVE YOU. Somehow I think, in your present position, it might be a comfort to know that another fellow American does believe in your sincere love of Dallas, its people and institutions, and your country.

I'm sure the consequences of your act never occurred to you. Like any emotional lovable slob does, you acted without first thinking WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME, and, of course, that's where you made your big mistake. Lovable slob always judge other people by their own standards and figure they must be lovable slob too. But they're not, of course, and it's a hard lesson to learn, that the other fellow will never doubt that you did have some motive in mind other than sheer quaking patriotism that wiped consideration of consequences from your mind.

Lovable emotional slob spend half their life weeping about their fellow men until they acquire a protective coat of cynicism. That is, always measure your actions first by WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME, and you usually never make a wrong move.

I'm sure that, if Oswald was the President's assassin, he had carefully thought out what was in it for him - he was satisfying the studied plan of a fanatic's mind and probably figured he COULD GET AWAY WITH IT - escape the consequences, that is.

And consider the policemen in Dallas - WHAT WAS IN IT FOR THEM by moving a live target in daytime in front of the television cameras and newsmen? Better newspaper coverage, that's what. Dallas was already smeared, and who wants to offend the controllers of public opinion? The police chief painfully admitted that he acquiesced to the wishes of the press in deciding on the daytime move.

And the newsmen - his job depends on always considering WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME. He has to get that news by hook or crook, and we realize his job is difficult. Surely we can see by your present misery by hindsight that points a finger of blame at the newsmen, but what a not-so-unusual satire of life that their original intentions have resulted in a windfall of it. Manna from heaven, buddy - and you! And apparently the only one in the miserable mess who didn't think for HIMSELF IN IT FOR ME.

This whole experience will no doubt teach you not to be such an emotional lovable slob in the future. But let me tell you, I'd hate to live in a world that didn't have a few of them around.

Sincerely,

B. J.
Mrs. Betty Nichols
Cincinnati, Ohio

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