

JACK L. RUBY

He says they could not supply enough of these so the Earl Products Company was given the right to manufacture these in Chicago. Patient says, "I hopped a ride to Dallas to see my sister about this. She showed me where they were going to build a nightclub and said she was going to run it. She needed money and I told her I'd send her some. I believe I did send her \$1,500. Meantime, I got into a dispute with Earl and Sam in our business, so they bought me out. Then I made a trip down to Dallas with Eva's son, Ronnie. I didn't know anything about Dallas but then I found out that she had about the toughest location in the City. That day four fellows were killed in the City park. I gave her some more money. I was going to go into the thing with her but we couldn't work together in the same place. She always wanted to run things. So I went back to Chicago and lived in the Congress Hotel. I got the franchise to sell Cookwork Ware. But then I got an emergency call from Eva. Our family will fight with each other more than any family you ever saw, but we are loyal and we come to each other's rescue. I do, particularly. She got conned into some swindle deal. It amounted to \$2,700 and she got arrested but after the indictment we had it thrown out. So I stayed on and gave her \$300 or \$400 and she went to California."

"That was in 1947 and I got started in the Silver Spur. Then my activity of belligerency started, -- knives and pistols -- you had to know this place to know what went on. You could get exonerated for murder easier than you could for burglary. The first night I was in business some fellow left five bullets on the table as a warning to me. I worked hard at it, I lived in the place a couple of years. But there was the constant effort of people to run me out of town. Bob Will offered me the chance to run his nightclub when he got jailed on some Federal charge and a lawyer named Fader offered to raise the money. I started to borrow from a man named Paul. I am in hock up to ten or twelve grand. Bob Will himself was a real lush hound. He wanted us to give him \$700 to continue to perform in the Ranch House. Fader was still with me and he was against it. That was in 1952 and everything went bust. My name was on the place and we owed taxes. I was going with this lovely girl, Alice Nichols, at the time. I felt I was dead in Dallas. I had given the Silver Spur away to some friends to run the Ranch House. I wanted to commit suicide and to kill this guy, Hy Fader, who screwed me." The patient was interrupted and asked whether he ever made any such attempt. He said, "No, it was just a thought. I laid in this Cotton Bowl hotel for awhile, then finally I returned to Chicago and lived at the YMCA, I didn't even go home. I felt I was defeated. I went to Earl's plant a couple of times but I couldn't stand it. After two or three months I went back to Dallas again. I got a call that these fellows wanted me to take over the Silver Spur again. It was too much roughness in it for them. So I made a deal, it amounted to about \$1,500, I think. I took over a half-assed movie theater next door and I got a chance to buy an interest in the Vegas Club in 1953. I also took over a little place called Hernando's Hideaway, so I was in four things." (This sudden burst of great activity suggests the kind of energy associated with a hypomanic state which not infrequently follows directly on a depression)

"I had a little tax problem in 1956, I had to get \$5,000 from my brother Sam to pay the tax. He got into the business. I got rid of the others, but then Sam and I had a falling out a year later and I