

JACK L. RUBY

who had the same symptoms and he told me his doctor said he had walking pneumonia. Then I had had gonorrhoea in October and was loaded up with penicillin, millions and millions of units of B.C.T.. You got to be careful if you get an erection when you take penicillin, it fights off the penicillin."

On the morning of Friday, November twenty-second, the patient became very much disturbed because the Dallas Morning News carried a full page advertisement, with a black border around it, signed by one Bernard Weisman. The purport of this advertisement was that the President's visit to Dallas was not welcome. Patient said he hadn't gone to bed until Friday evening at two a.m. and had gotten up at eight-thirty a.m. He went to the Dallas News about eleven-thirty Friday morning. He says he thinks he talked to a newspaper salesman named Connors for about half an hour and apologized to him for not accepting his invitation to go to the Castaway the night before. This was the nightclub that had taken his band away from the Vegas Club. He was there to put ads in the paper for the Carousel and the Vegas, since the weekends are the most important part of the week for his business. He remarked, "The semantics of words -- everybody says I am better than anyone at putting words together." He continued, "Everybody asked me why I wasn't at the parade for the President. I said it was too important for me to get my weekend ads in before noon. I do my own lay-out. Then Connors or John Newman walks in and says somebody got shot. I was terribly excited, I ran to the television -- I am going here, I am going there. They don't know who it is, maybe it is the Governor, the Secret Service man -- then they think it is the President, and finally they say the President is shot. They don't pay attention to me, I am nobody. I got the terrible news. I called home. I said to John Newman, 'It looks like I'll have to leave Dallas.' I don't know why I said that except I felt the town was ruined. The town is so blemished it will be dormant. I called my sister and she is crying. I let John Newman listen to her cry on the phone. I said to him, 'John, we are closing down tonight.'" At this point the patient's eyes filled with tears. He continued, "I go down on the elevator, I don't say a word to anybody. I go to my car. I didn't want to break out crying, it wouldn't look too genuine. I drove to my club. The kid Larry was with me. I felt like a nothing person, like the world ended. I didn't want to go on living anymore. When I got to the club I told them to call everybody, that we weren't going to be open tonight. Eva wanted me to come over. She was sick. I was afraid to go, afraid I'd crack up. I called Al Gruber in California. He's a fellow with a very bad past but he had reformed and he just visited here. I promised him I'd send him my dog. I got the crate together and it cost \$27 to send it. I wanted to apologize for not having sent it. I called Alice Nichols, I hadn't called her in months. She told me at Neilman Marcus everybody had to leave the store. I thought 'Such a person, how great he was, to be wiped out. He needed that job like a hole in the head.' I rarely leave my name for Alice to call because people knew we were disassociated but she called me back on the public telephone. I was there about two hours and then I left. I went to the delicatessen about three or four in the afternoon. That is the only thing I can pinpoint that I did. I bought kosher food. I don't, as a rule, because of my diet, but I got about \$10 worth of stuff. I figured I'd get drunk on it. That stuff will kill you because you never know when to stop. I got to the house around four. Eva and I are both crying and carrying on, saying 'What did they do it for? Such a beautiful man.' We cried but we ate."