

JACK L. RUBY

interview was all over with Oswald. I said, 'The little guy looks like Paul Newman'." The patient was asked whether he had his gun with him at the time. He said that he had taken it out of his pocket and left it in the car when he went into the synagogue, that it is sacrilegious to go into the synagogue with a gun, but that he put it in his pocket again. He had between \$1,600 and \$1,800 on him at the time. He said if he had wanted to shoot Oswald he could have shot him very easily when he was in the assembly room. He said that outside he heard District Attorney Wade saying something about this man being a member of Free Cuba but he corrected him because he had heard it said that he was a member of the Fair Play for Cuba. Patient was asked to tell more of his feelings about the President's assassination. He said, "It was the greatest tragic loss and the City had suffered. There was the greatest magnitude of feeling. I was carried away in mourning, more than when my father died or if my brother had been killed."

According to Mr. George Santoris (Senator), who had moved back with the patient the first part of November after having lived with him for four or five months last year, the patient woke up about three o'clock Saturday morning. "He was in bad shape, he was really grieving. He said to me, 'George, I saw a poster and read where they want to impeach Warren, they must both be the work of the Burch Society or the Communist party.' He phoned Larry Crawford, who works at the club and sleeps there. He is a young white boy who was left behind in Dallas when some amusement crowd went broke and he had been befriended by Jack. He told him to get the Polaroid ready, and the three of us went out and took a flash of this poster that was on the wall. Jack wanted to know why people would put things like that up. From there we went to the Post Office, that was around five o'clock Saturday morning. This ad of Bernard Weisman had him all upset. It had Post Office Box 1792 on it. Jack at first thought that the Warren ad had the same Post Office Box but we found that wasn't true. Anyway, we got in the Post Office and we found the Box and it had a lot of mail in it and he asked the man who had the Box and he said he couldn't tell us, we would have to go to the Postmaster. So we went back and I had coffee and he had grapefruit juice, like he always has, it is his favorite drink. He looked in the telephone book and the directory for Bernard Weisman's name but couldn't find it. It was about six when we got home and we both went to sleep. I got up around ten or eleven Saturday morning and watched television. Jack was grieving. He busted out in tears many times and would say, 'Why did it have to happen to such a wonderful family?' When I went out around noon Jack was still there. I went shopping and bought some food and came home and cooked it. I had my dinner around seven-thirty and left around eight-thirty. I was with some friends but everybody was depressed so I went back home. When I woke up at eight or nine Sunday morning he was still sleeping. I woke him up and he kept repeating many times, 'Why did it have to happen to this poor family?' To me it looked like he was in shock, he was definitely grieving. He got a call from Fort Worth from Lynn, a girl who worked in his club. She wanted \$25 and he said he would send it Western Union. He left around ten-fifteen or ten-thirty. He had been pacing back and forth. He had a dry bronchial cough and he said he was going to the club and walk the