

his tears. He felt the world had ended. He left the newspaper building, he went to his club, "I felt like a nothing person", he felt he didn't want to go on living. "My first thought was to close the club, I was afraid I would crack up. Such a great person, and then to be snuffed out". He was in a daze all afternoon, he called his sister, she called back, he called Al Graber in Fort Worth. He went to a delicatessen, he wanted to get home to Eva, he bought a tremendous amount of Kosher food. "I wanted to get drunk on Kosher food." He made calls about whether he should close his place, what his competitors were doing about it. He went home to Eva. When he arrived home his sister cried and she carried on.

He called a Dr. J., who later said he sounded ill on the phone. He called his old girl friend. He was a different person according to informants. The prisoner thought of going to the synagogue, he made calls about when the services would start. He got there in the middle of a sermon. He cried and the rest of the parishioners cried. He was concerned whether other clubs had closed. By this time he had heard the details about Oswald. He didn't think much about the man. He felt a wave of sorrow for Mrs. Kennedy and the children and what a wonderful man Kennedy was, and what a disgrace . . . "I just wanted to help someone". He went to another delicatessen. "I wanted to bring sandwiches to somebody. So I called the police who were my friends." He called radio station KLIF and the station manager's home. He felt money meant nothing to him.

He took the second batch of sandwiches to the police station. No one challenged him. There were police and newsmen, a swarm of people there. His excitement mounted, he helped the police in informing the newsmen who were present. He went to the Assembly room. Oswald was at one far corner mauling. He felt "I was in." "I didn't want to miss