

JACK L. RUBY - PRELIMINARY DIAGNOSTIC IMPRESSION:

people, among them Alice Nichols, the individual to whom he had been more closely attached than anyone else, although he had not spoken to her for months. He kept thinking of what a sacrifice the young President had made in taking the Presidency. He made the odd comment, "He needed the job like he needed a hole in the head."

The patient has great difficulty in recalling just what he did during those fateful days. He knows that he went to a delicatessen store Friday afternoon, where he bought a lot of food, that he would ordinarily not permit himself to indulge in because of his diet. "I figured I'd get drunk on it, it will kill you." He and his sister cried together, he kept thinking, "He was such a beautiful man."

Friday evening he went to the synagogue, arriving late. There was a sermon, but his mind was "so foggy" he did not "take it in fully". He drove around Dallas and was shocked to find that several large eating places were open. He thought of the hard-pressed police force working extra hours and had sandwiches made for them. This offer was refused. He then went to great trouble to give them to his friends at the radio station, who had also been working under extraordinary pressure. In furtherance of this effort, he went to the Police Station to look for one of the announcers. There everything was hustle and bustle. His labile mood was immediately affected by it. "It took away the tragic feeling. I was in a complete change of mental reaction, already I am with the deal." Oswald appeared. The police took Oswald to the assembly room. "I am standing on a table above everybody. History is being made. I even passed out some of my cards. Newsmen from all over the world were there, asking me who was this one and that one."

He then returned home late. He woke his roommate, Senator, about three a.m. and began excitedly to tell of "Impeach Earl Warren" posters that he had seen on the street. He phoned his nightclub, requesting the young boy sleeping there to get his Polaroid camera ready and the three of them took flash photos of one of these posters. From there he went to the Post Office and saw that there was a considerable amount of mail in Box 1792, the one listed in the Weisman advertisement. He tried to find out something about Weisman from the clerk on duty, who told him that only the Postmaster could give out such information. He searched the telephone and city directories, but could not find the name listed. He then went home to sleep about six a.m. Part of the morning he sat watching television, frequently weeping and remarking to his friend Senator, "Why did it have to happen to such a wonderful family?"

According to Mr. Senator and the patient, he had a call from one of his performers in Fort Worth, asking for a twenty-five dollar salary advance, which he promised to telegraph her.

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