

JACK L. RUBY - PRELIMINARY DIAGNOSTIC IMPRESSION:

Neither his friend Senator nor his sister recalls his making any remarks about Oswald. His sister commented, "The kids and Jackie bothered him much more than anything." He was in and out of his apartment and his sister's on Saturday. He showed his sister the pictures of the "Impeach Earl Warren" poster. He phoned a lawyer friend, Stanley Kaufman, and talked with him about the poster and the Welsman advertisement. He lay down at his sister's but could not fall asleep. He told his sister he had been unable to sleep Friday night.

On Sunday he left his apartment around ten-thirty, telling his friend that he was going to send the telegram, would go to the club and would walk his dog. The patient says that when he left his apartment he stopped on the street and talked with a neighbor. He parked his car, with his dog in it, at the Western Union Office and sent the telegram a little after eleven. The patient says that it had been announced that Oswald was to be transferred from the Police Station to the County Jail around ten a.m. On walking out of the Western Union Office, he saw a crowd around the Police Station. His curiosity led him over there, he thought that State's Attorney Wade or Captain Fritz might be talking to newsmen and he would be able to get a scoop for one of his friends at the radio station.

Suddenly, much to his astonishment, Oswald appeared, between two guards. "He had a very smirky expression, he looked cunning and vicious - like an animal - like a Communist. I felt like I was looking at a rat. I don't recall if I said, 'You killed my President', or if I said anything."

The patient professes a hazy memory of the actual event. He does not know why he did not shoot more than once, nor whether he was wrestled to the floor in the elevator or in the areaway. He thinks he recalls saying, "You don't have to beat my brains out, I'm Jack Ruby." He says, "It flashed through my mind, 'Why are all these guys jumping on top of me? I'm a very known person with the police and everybody else. I'm not somebody who is a screwball.' After I was brought upstairs in the elevator I felt relieved."

The patient states that he always carried a loaded pistol in his right hip pocket and that all nightclub owners and many restaurant owners in Dallas carry such weapons. He states that on that Sunday morning he had about fifteen hundred dollars on him. He insists that the shooting was due to a sudden momentary impulse and that the thought of killing Oswald had never occurred to him previously.

The patient now professes a realization of the wrongfulness of his act, but there is no evidence of any real guilt feeling. When I asked him what his thoughts and emotions were in regard to Mrs. Oswald and the Oswald children, he looked suddenly greatly pained, almost as though I had struck him, and exclaimed,