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Descriptions:

2 copies of Jack Ruby's own story

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

JACK RUBY TELLS HOW HE FELT AFTER SHOOTING OSWALD

'Something Inside Me Went Blank'

BY JACK RUBY WITH WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

Q. Did you ever know Lee Harvey Oswald?

A. I never saw him in the Carousel Club, never in the world, at any time. The master of ceremonies at the club, Bill DeMarr, said he thought he had seen Oswald at the club, but now he denies he ever saw him. It was such a shock to me because Bill has such a wonderful memory. He was trying to fix it up to get on the Ed Sullivan show. That's the reason he said that.

I never heard Oswald's name and I usually greet customers at the club by name. Someone even said I once had an apartment next to Oswald, but this is absolutely not true.

Q. Why did you carry a gun?

A. I've been cut at, knifed at and the only way to get respect in Dallas is to carry a gun and the thugs and hoodlums know it. Hoods can cause all kinds of trouble. They get put in jail and get out the next morning with a mere \$10 fine. That's the way it is in Dallas and that's why I carried a gun, to protect my business and my money. I have no permit—they know it—but they know all night club owners carry guns. You have to carry a gun. Dallas is like a jungle.

Q. You said you had done some fighting. Could you give us more details about this?

A. I've had to defend myself a number of times in my life. I've had people pull knives and guns on me and I've defended myself. I backed them off with my gun when I had to. Once I chased a fellow down and beat him up. He was insulting a waitress and I came to her defense. Another time, I came across three hoods beating up a Dallas police officer. His name was Blankenship. They were about to kill him and I jumped in and helped the cop. He later said I saved his life. I'm proud of this. Not everyone would have done it. But I did.

Q. What are your feelings toward the Dallas police and how do they feel towards you?

A. I love the Dallas police. I love the department. I love to hang around there. They handle civil rights with less fuss than any town. The Marcus family has helped the Dallas Jew tremendously, but still you find bigotry—things like the Thunderbolt. That's a filthy newspaper that too many people in Dallas read. It's anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic. It's a piece of trash.

We often have off-duty policemen working in the Carousel to keep order. They get \$7 per night. This is common. At Christmas cops get whisky. But the police never have their hands out in Dallas. They get a special price on beer in the club—40 cents instead of 60 cents—but they don't drink while they're on duty. And I don't make them pay the cover charge to come in. I never ask an officer to do special favors for me.

I pass out permanent guest cards for the Carousel, to use any night but Saturday and Sunday to certain people. I give these cards to the police. It's public relations.

Q. Did you have a romance with Candy Barr? (Candy Barr is an "exotic" dancer.)

A. No. We were good friends. I visited her for a couple of days a while ago. I took her an air-conditioning unit and two dogs, Dachshunds.

Q. Let's get back to your police record. Have you ever been arrested for anything other than fighting?

A. They were mostly minor fights. I had a little trouble with the liquor men. Then I was in traffic court and was pulled in for carrying a gun. Even though I know many of the officers, I never asked anyone to dismiss a case against me. Only once did I ever have trouble with an officer. He tried to rough me up. I hit him with my pistol and when I apologized to the captain, he told me to forget it. They didn't want cops like this one on the force.

Q. Do you have any animosity toward Dallas?

A. I'm so grateful for the opportunities I've had in Dallas. I'm a Jew from the ghetto of Chicago. I came to Dallas and was accepted, made a fine success. It thrills me very much to think of it—me, a Jew, a Democrat, accepted in this Republican hotbed.

I love Dallas. I love the police department. I am grateful that I've risen above the ghetto I came from and that the people of Dallas have accepted me—or they did until this. I believe I am a righteous man. I have tried to be a decent man. My greatest ambition was to rise to sheriff of Dallas.

Q. Let's go into your personal life for a few minutes. Will you tell us something about your father?

A. My father was a very belligerent person. He embarrassed the entire family. He was an alcoholic and he died an alcoholic.

Q. Mr. Ruby, are you a homosexual?

A. (Extremely agitated) No. I've fought guys who've asked me that.

Q. Have you ever been involved in pandering?

A. Absolutely not. I never took a prostitution dime. I never pushed prostitutes at all. I have been described as hyper-sensitive, hypermoral. Andy Anderson who works at the Carousel will swear I never took calls for prostitutes at the place.

Q. Do you consider yourself a religious man?

A. I'm a very conservative Jew but I don't go to school (synagog) regularly any more. You must say a service for your deceased parents every morning for 11 months after death. I did this.

Q. We have heard that you traveled to Cuba. Would you tell us about this and about any other traveling you have done?

A. Well, three or four months ago I went to New Orleans and stopped off to see Candy Barr. I spent two days with her. I was also in Houston. I haven't been back to Chicago since.

Q. What about foreign travel?

A. I never traveled abroad. I only went to Laredo and Juarez, Mexico. Also to Windsor, Canada, out of Detroit. I did go to Cuba in '59. I had a good friend there from Dallas named L. C. McWhiters (a Las Vegas gambler). He wanted me to come to Cuba to see him. He sent me the plane ticket to Havana. I stayed 8 or 10 days at the Focsa Apartments.

Q. Did you have anything to do with Cuban politics?

A. No. I didn't fool around at all in any political activities in Cuba. I bought a ticket to a day-long celebration, that's all. I never went back and I had never been there before. And I haven't received any letters from Cuba.

Q. Did you ever run guns into Cuba?

A. No. But when Castro came to power, I thought Cuba was going to be a new and democratic country and I tried to arrange to sell them surplus jeeps. I was going into the GI surplus business. I saw a lawyer about it in Houston, but he told me I was too little a punk for such a deal. But there was no talk of gun running. A lot of people have called the FBI and told them a lot of things, just trying to get into the act.

Q. It has been rumored that you went to Parkland Hospital on the day after President Kennedy died. Is this true?

A. I was not out at the Parkland Hospital. Any account that says I was is wrong.

Q. What organizations do you or did you belong to?

A. The Boy Scouts, the Democratic Party, the Variety Club and AGVA, the entertainment union. I was never a member of the Communist Party or any such thing, or any subversive organization. I made donations to Angels Inc., which is a home in Dallas for homeless kids. As for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, I do not belong to it, never belonged to it and I have never received any literature from it or any other Cuba organization. I once had an argument with some guy about communism and had to throw him out of the club.

Q. Who is your favorite political commentator?

A. It was Edward R. Murrow.

Q. Why did you move from Chicago to Dallas?

A. Ev went into the night club business here and she needed help.

Q. Who did you vote for in the last election?

A. John F. Kennedy.

Q. Before that, in 1956?

A. Adlai Stevenson.

Q. Have you ever had any trouble with mental illness? Or has your family had a history of mental illness?

A. Well, I've been hit on the head a few times, but I don't have a metal plate in my head or anything like that. There's no history of mental illness. In 1958 my brother Earl had some problems and had himself committed to the Veterans Administration Hospital. My mother, who passed away in 1943, thought my father was taking the children's love from her, but I don't know if that means anything.

(Records show that Ruby's mother, Mrs. Fannie Rubenstein, was committed to Elgin State Hospital in 1937 at the request of her oldest child, Hyman. She was paroled once, re-admitted and finally discharged as improved in 1938.)

Q. Have you ever thought of suicide?

A. I was very depressed when my business failed in '52. I broke down completely. I wanted to commit suicide. I just stayed in the Cotton Bowl Hotel for several weeks. I didn't want to face people. I was ashamed of being a failure in Dallas. I left for Chicago. Earl helped me a lot. I found the courage to return to Dallas and I've been here ever since.

Q. What are your feelings about death?

A. I've always been preoccupied with anyone who dies who's a friend of mine. I have to go to the funeral and send a wreath. Particularly anyone who dies violently. I have to do something more. I can't just be satisfied with going to the funeral.

Detective Leonard Mullenix of the narcotics squad was working undercover here in Dallas. He was killed. I barely knew him but I had to do something. I donated some money (\$200) to poor Mrs. Mullenix, closed my club, took my employes and my sister to his funeral. I just had to pay my respects. I raised more money from other people for Mrs. Mullenix too.

Sue Bailey, a stripper, lost her husband in an auto accident. I had to arrange a benefit for her. I barely knew her but my heart bled for her loss. I had tickets printed to the benefit and started selling them. The owner of the club where Sue worked became incensed that I was giving the benefit instead of him. What did I care who gave it? I just kept selling tickets even though the benefit was going to be held at my competitor's club.

I get shocked and saddened by violent death. I have to do something. I felt so sad and sorry for Mrs. Kennedy and her children. I felt sad that they would have to endure life without the President. I became depressed that they would have to go through a long trial for that person. I get so involved I want to do something. I want to help.

Q. Let's go into your feelings about the events of Nov. 22.

A. I was in mourning from the minute I heard the news. The world had come to an end.

Q. Did you know J. D. Tippett, the officer who was shot by Oswald?

A. I did not know him. I don't recall meeting him or seeing him in the club.

Q. How did you feel about Oswald?

A. When he appeared me, something inside me went blank and it just tore out of me. I heard a rabbi eulogize: "Here was a man who has fought in all battles. He didn't have a chance to fight this one. He was shot before he could." I never saw that kind of person (Oswald) before in my life. Oswald had blemished this beautiful city.

Those are the things that went through my mind. No one knew I was going to shoot Oswald—not even me. I had not discussed it nor thought of it. There was nothing to discuss. No one helped me or gave me access.

Q. What are your feelings now?

A. I am even more remorseful now than after President Kennedy's death. The very thought of the man who was the champion of the Jew is like the world has died.

Q. Do you feel you did a service to the U.S. by shooting Oswald?

A. No. It isn't a service to the country. It's a shame. But I didn't do it intentionally. I didn't even know I had done it. I'm sorry I did it. I've embarrassed my country.

Q. What do you think should be done with you?

A. I feel that something should be done with me. I'm willing to go into a mental hospital and stay as long as it's necessary—even if it's the rest of my life. I've offered to submit to truth serum test, polygraph test or any other scientific test the FBI wanted. They said they didn't want me so. I want to be bona fide with the FBI.

Q. Are you sorry?

A. Yes.

Q. Would you do it again?

A. Oh, hell no!

Q. What if Oswald were not the man?

A. Then Dallas police and the district attorney's office made a hell of a mistake. My attorneys tried to get Henry Wade to agree in court that Oswald was the killer of the President. Henry Wade refused. I can't understand why. With my own ears I heard Henry and Chief Fritz say there was no doubt that Oswald was the assassin.

And he said Oswald wasn't insane, that he knew what he was doing, that he planned the murder of our President and Henry promised that he would kill Oswald in the electric chair. I know Henry Wade is an honest man. I believed him. Oswald was a dead man before I shot him.

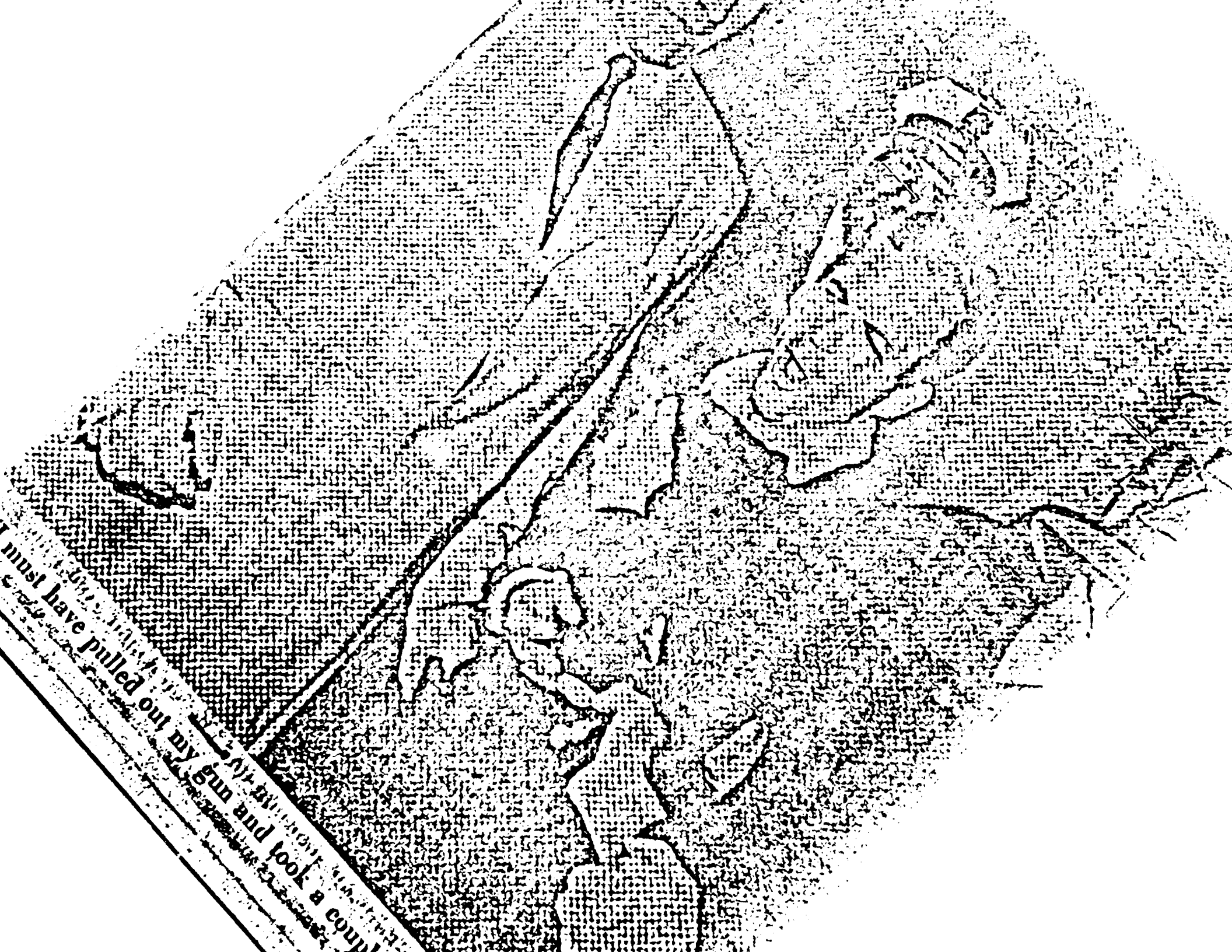
Q. Then you don't doubt that Oswald was guilty?

A. I believe Henry Wade.

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"NO ONE KNEW . . . NOT EVEN ME"



I must have pulled out my gun and took a couple

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

JACK RUBY'S STORY

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The following is Jack Ruby's account of his hours after President Kennedy was assassinated on Friday (Nov. 22) through his capture by police for killing the accused assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald.

(Indicate page, name of

Told Me I Shot Oswald

BY JACK RUBY WITH WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

Approximately 10:30 P.M.

I drove around downtown Dallas. I saw clubs open, people having fun. "My God," I thought, "Why aren't they in mourning?" I found The Bali Hai (another night club) open. I was shocked that there was not more sadness.

I went to a delicatessen opposite The Vegas Club. I had coffee and read the paper. I read that homicide was working overtime. I called homicide and talked to my friend, Detective Sims, and I said, "I know you have been working hard and I want to bring you some corned beef sandwiches." Sims said, "Oce, Jack, thanks, but we are all through. We are winding up our interrogation."

Then I thought of my friends at KLIF-TV. I called my friend, Gordon McLendon, to see if they wanted some sandwiches. I knew they had been working hard all day.

I COULDN'T get through to KLIF-TV so I called Gordon McLendon's home to get the private night number. His daughter Christine answered and I told her I wanted to bring sandwiches to those people at the television station. She gave me the number but it didn't answer either.

I figured everyone was at the city hall or police headquarters and I told Bill Miller (the delicatessen owner) to make me "10 good corned beef sandwiches and don't spare the meat." I promised I would give him a free pass to the Carousel Club. He only made eight for some reason and I got a black cherry carbonated soda) and went to the phone to call Ev.

I asked her if she was all right and she said she was in a daze and she asked me if I had said a prayer for the President. I told her that I did and that I was going down to the city hall to get some sandwiches for the KLIF-TV crew. I wanted to do something kind. Money had no value. Everything had lost its meaning. My whole world was gone. I just wanted to do something to help someone.

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I WENT TO THE POLICE station and parked in the lot. I left Sheba (the dog) and the sandwiches in the car. I was looking for Joe Delang of KLIF-TV. He could tell me how to get through to Gordon McLendon. A police officer asked me where I was going and I told him.

As I walked through the halls, fellows kept saying, "Hello Jack," "Hi Jack."

I didn't feel so lost. Being with a crowd and being known kind of took the mourning feeling away. I took the elevator upstairs. There were a lot of officers who knew me and who said hello to me. But no one was sad in the city hall. (Ruby actually means the police station. They are next door to each other and few people think of them as separate entities.) There was no crying, no tears.

Midnight - Saturday, Nov. 23

I asked a police officer friend to page Joe Delang for me but we couldn't find him. Suddenly Chief Curry (Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry) and Homicide Captain Will Fritz appeared with Oswald. I was suddenly in a swarm of people. I lost my purpose in going there. I'm in a world of history.

The reporters and TV men started complaining to Chief Curry about the hallway being too crowded. They protested that they needed more room so Oswald was taken out. He was mumbling. I didn't think much of him. He looked like a creep. But he didn't look like he could have killed our President all alone.

Approximately 1 A.M.

Chief Curry took us to the basement to the assembly room—a large room. I got up on a table in a corner so that I would be out of the way and could see everything. Captain Fritz and Henry Wade, the Dallas County district attorney (an acquaintance of Jack Ruby's who is now in charge of prosecuting Ruby) brought Oswald out into view of the TV cameras and the photographers.

They took their pictures and the reporters asked Oswald questions. He was mumbling answers. When everyone had his pictures they took him away.

I had my gun in my pocket this night. I was just a few feet from the deceased (Ruby often refers to Lee Harvey Oswald as "the deceased" and "that" person—W.R.W.). I had no thought of killing him. It never entered my head. Besides, he was still only a suspect—innocent until proven guilty.

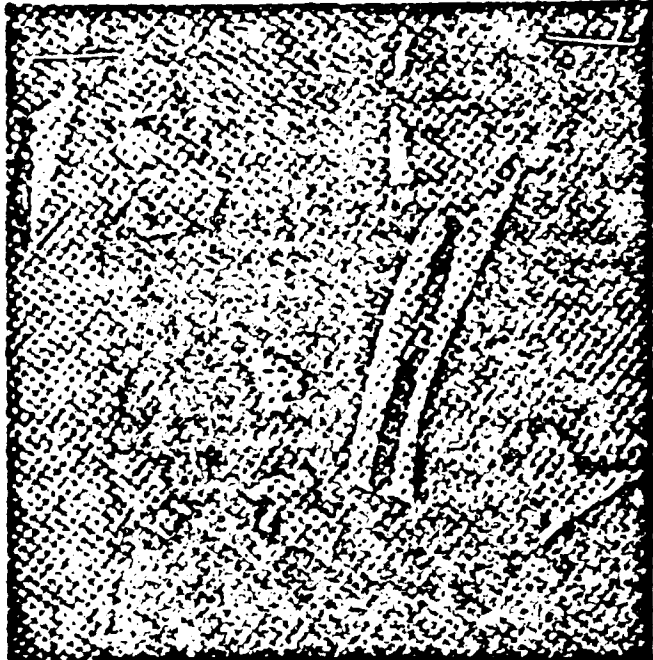
"WE HAVE ENOUGH evidence to convict," I heard my friend, Henry Wade, announce to the hundreds of reporters and TV men. Henry also announced that the deceased (Oswald) had refused to take a lie detector test. Wade also told us that Oswald had denied being a Communist but admitted being a Marxist and having defected to Russia. Chief Curry confirmed that the evidence was "conclusive" and someone said that fingerprints had been found. Everyone seemed convinced that the fingerprints belonged to Oswald—at least, that was the impression I got.

Henry Wade told us that he would "ask for and get the death penalty." I heard someone ask Henry how many men he had personally sent to the electric chair. He said, "23 out of 24." I thought to myself, "Good work, Henry. I'm sure glad you're handling the case."

I felt proud that Henry Wade was my friend and I clipped a Carousel guest card into Henry's pocket and patted him on the back.

The Early Morning Hours

Henry gave a statement to the press and he referred to the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," the pro-Castro organization to which Oswald belonged, as the "Free Play for Cuba Com-



"He came out all of a sudden with a smirky, defiant, cursing, vicious expression on his face. . . . I must have pulled out my gun and took a couple of steps."

mittee." I said, "No, Henry. It's Fair Play for Cuba." I knew because I had heard it on the radio.

A KBOX-TV man passed by and I asked him for the KLIF-TV number. He gave it to me. I still couldn't understand why there was no feeling of sadness there. There was a lot of talk about how Henry Wade would "try" the deceased. I asked someone why Oswald did it. Someone else said, "He's a nut that's why."

I called KLIF-TV. I talked to my friend Ken and told him about the sandwiches. He asked me what was happening and I told him what Wade had said. He asked me if I could get Henry to the phone. I said sure and called Henry and put the phone into his hand. Ken later told me it was a great interview but I missed it.

I WANDERED OFF and ran into Russ Knight, a KLIF disc jockey. I had a message for him. I then took Russ downstairs and arranged another interview with him and Henry. I prompted Russ to ask Henry if Oswald was insane. Henry grinned and said not likely.

I never at any time thought of shooting him. I thought he would get to trial. I did not think he would get shot. I did not tell Captain Will Fritz—as he now claims I did—that I would shoot Oswald. If I had said such a thing to a police captain, would he have allowed me to stay in the police station with a gun in my pocket? It's ridiculous.

Approximately 4 A.M.

I left city hall and went for coffee. Then I went home and talked to George Senator (a friend of Ruby's who shares a two-bedroom apartment with him) about the murder of the President. Again the Weissman ad came up and suddenly I remembered seeing a sign that said "Impeach Earl Warren," (Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court) and I felt there was a similarity between the ad insulting the President and the "Impeach Earl Warren" sign.

I felt I had to do something about it and I decided to photograph the sign. I thought I would give KLIF-TV the picture. I called the club and asked Larry (an employe) if he would be in front with the Polaroid camera and take a picture for me. George and I drove to Ross and the expressway (a street crossing) and found the sign. It was about two feet by four feet and like an American flag. It said:

"Impeach Earl Warren
Post Office Box 1757, Beltham, Mass."

LARRY TOOK THREE Polaroid pictures of the billboard and I noticed that the post office box number was similar to the box number in the Weissman ad—Post Office Box 1757 on the "Impeach Earl Warren" sign and Post Office Box 1792 on the Weissman ad.

I decided to go to the Dallas post office and find out who this Weissman was. Frankly, I suspected it was a gentile using a Jewish name to get us in trouble. I couldn't imagine a Jew doing this. It was the worst possible thing for the Jews.

Approximately 4:30 A.M.

I rang the night bell at the post office and told the man on duty I wanted to see Weissman's box—1792. He showed it to me. It was stuffed full of mail. I asked the post office man who Weissman was.

He said he didn't know.

I asked him if he would give me Weissman's address. He said he couldn't. I was intense and highly nervous. We left the Dallas post office and went to the Southland Hotel coffee shop. I had some coffee. I couldn't understand what had happened to the world. I had to find out why these things happen. Who would take out such an ad? Who would confront the Chief Justice with such a sign? There is madness in the world.

George and I dropped Larry off and went home. I went to bed about 5:30 a.m. and fell asleep immediately.

Approximately 8 A.M.

I got a call from Larry who wanted to know what kind of dog food I wanted sent with Al Grupa's dog. I got mad and bawled the poor boy out for waking me and I haven't seen or heard from him since. I went back to sleep.

Approximately 11:30 A.M.

I got up, washed, dressed and went to "the wreaths." (The

spot where President Kennedy was shot was marked with flowers and wreaths by Dallas residents. "The wreaths," therefore, is the assassination site.)

I saw Officer Chaney (a Dallas policeman with whom Ruby was friendly) on the curb and asked him to show me the window the shots were fired from. He did and I looked up and felt sick. I went over to the place.

I looked at each wreath and read what they said. It was too sad.

Approximately Noon

I saw Wes Weiss, a disc jockey I know, and we talked for a few minutes. I told him that I got Henry Wade to talk to KLIF-TV on the phone. Then I got into my car and saw Captain Fritz and Chief Curry walking over to the scene of the murder of the President.

I backed up and blew my horn to Wes Weiss. "Wes," I called, "there goes Fritz and Curry. Take a picture." Wes did and I drove off.

Approximately 1:15 P.M.

I went to Sol's Turf Bar and a lot of guys are talking about the Weissman ad. They're screaming mad. I said, "Look what I've got. Three pictures. Impeach Earl Warren."

One of the men said, "I'm quitting Dallas. This is a sick town." Another man said "I'm through. I'm quitting Dallas."

I said, "This town was good enough for you when you made money. Don't start that kind of rumor. Don't hurt our town." Someone else said, "Dallas is dead."

Approximately 2:30 P.M.

I called lawyer Stanley Kauffman and told him I had this picture and thought he should do something. "What?" he said. I didn't know what.

I went back to the guys and made a speech about Dallas being a good town. I let off steam. Then I left.

Approximately 3:30 P.M.

I don't know whether or not I went to the tailor's.

Approximately 4 P.M.

I went to Ev's. I showed her the pictures of the Warren sign. Ev said, "If the city lets them put up such a sign, why should we worry?" (The sign has since been taken down). That Oswald creep, that's something to worry about.

Ev says she said, "Someone ought to shoot him." But if she did, I didn't hear her. Still I had no thought of doing what I did. I watched TV of the President's coffin being moved from the White House and drank juice—glass after glass of juice—I was dried out from crying.

Approximately 8 P.M.

I left Ev's, went home and made myself dinner. I watched the mourners pass by the President's coffin—thousands of them—thousands of grieving Americans.

Approximately 10 P.M.

I went to The Carousel and called Buck Wall and Joe Feder. Then I called Ev and asked how she was. She said, "Awful." I said I'd call her back.

I called her back about 20 minutes later. I heard the TV on in the background. I asked her what was happening.

She said, "Sadness is all. They're moving that creep to the jail in the morning . . . at 10. I hope he gets killed." "What good would that do?" I said. "He should be shot, that's all," Ev said. She said she felt worse and was going to bed. I said good night to her. It still did not enter my head to kill him.

Approximately 11 P.M.

I went to the Pogo Club on McKinney St. A girl said, "Hello Jack," but I wasn't cheerful. Bob Morton (the owner) comes

over and apologizes for staying open. I told him not to apologize.

I had no occasion for any gaiety. I was in mourning. I went to bed about 1 a.m.

Approximately 9:30 A.M.

I was up early. I was sad. I took my diet pills and a cold prescription. The diet pills help me with my diet but they aggravate me. They make my problems worse and I had doubled my dosage four or five days before. When I take a drink with my diet pills, I get nasty and conceited. My friends don't know me. I don't care about the business. I just want to have a ball. This morning I also took some other tablets.

I was watching TV. Rabbi Seligson in New York was eulogizing the President. I became very emotional. He really brought this thing home to me.

Approximately 10 A.M.

(The time Oswald was scheduled to be moved from city hall to the county jail)
Linn (Karen Linn Bennett) called asking for \$25 to pay her rent. Since we were closed, she was short of money. I told her I'd be going downtown and would send the money to her in care of Western Union in Fort Worth.

Approximately 10:15 A.M.

I said to George (Senator), "George, I'm going down to 'the wreaths,' then to send Little Linn that money and then take the dog to the club." I put my money in one pocket and my pistol in my right trouser pocket. I got in my car and pulled out.

I almost missed the road to Dealy (the assassination site) Plaza and had to back up. I passed "the wreaths." The traffic



"I remember being down on the floor, and I said: 'You don't have to beat me. . . . I'm Jack Ruby. What are all you guys jumping on me for?'"

was moving very slow. Many cars were passing "the wreaths." Everyone was mourning.

Approximately 11 A.M.

I go down Main Street and I see TV and all kinds of people in front of the county jail. I knew that the deceased was going to be moved at 10. I glanced at a clock. It was a couple of minutes past 11. I assumed that he had already been moved to the county building from the city jail. I continued on up to the Western Union office and as I passed the city jail I saw people there, too.

I could see people down the ramp in the basement. I saw that there was no parking place at Western Union so I made a left turn and went into the parking lot. I got out of the car, left Sheba and went into the Western Union office. I waited my turn at the Western Union office and sent Little Linn the \$25. The clerk stamped the message while I was still in the telegraph office. The time stamp says 11:17 a.m.

Approximately 11:17 A.M.

I walked out of the telegraph office and started back toward my car. I saw the crowd still at the city hall and got curious. It is a block and a half from the Western Union office to city hall. I passed the ramp to the basement of the city hall. I saw a crowd there.

An officer was directing cars out of the basement and I walked down the ramp just as a car driven by Sam Pearce—an officer I've known for years—came up the ramp at full speed. I just took my normal stride and walked down the ramp.

QUESTION: What were your thoughts as you walked down the ramp?

ANSWER: I thought I'd see what was happening. I thought they had already transferred Oswald. I never even suspected the deceased was even there. I thought something might be doing and I thought I might get a scoop for my friend, Gordon McLendon. I also thought I might pass out a few guest cards for The Carousel Club.

QUESTION: As you walked down the ramp, were your hands in or out of your pockets?

ANSWER: Out.

Approximately 11:19 A.M.

I reached the bottom of the ramp. I didn't see anyone knew. I put my hands into my pocket to be comfortable and walked to get a closer view of whatever was going to happen. Suddenly there was a great commotion.

Out of there walked Oswald.

He was about 10 feet from me.

He came out all of a sudden with a smirky, defiant, cursing, vicious expression on his face. I can't convey what impressions he gave me.

There was no one standing by me. Suddenly this person pops out. I must have pulled out my gun and took a couple of steps. They (the police) could have blown my head off. I only shot him once. (This was 11:20 a.m., three minutes after the time stamped on the wire).

I HAD NO THOUGHT of doing any violence to anyone when I went down there. I didn't even think about it.

I remember being down on the floor and I said, "You don't have to beat me—my brains out, I'm Jack Ruby. What am I doing here? What are you guys all jumping on me for? Why am I here? I'm Jack Ruby. I'm not somebody that's wanted."

Approximately 11:21 A.M.

They dragged me into the elevator. They brought me upstairs. They told me I had shot Oswald. That was the first time I realized what I had done. I said, "My God. My God!"

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Ruby's Story of Black Friday, Nov. 22

Early Morning Hours

BY JACK RUBY WITH WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

It was quiet in the Carousel (the night club Ruby operated). I did "the breaks" (made the announcements between shows) and only had to order one belligerent customer out of the club.

(Ruby read an advertisement in the Dallas Morning News addressed to President Kennedy and signed by Bernard Weisman. It first delighted, then angered him. See story below.)

Approximately 5 A.M.

I closed up, counted the cash, put the receipts in my bank bag. I put my .38 caliber revolver in my right trouser pocket, as usual. I always carry my gun when I carry money. Shee—my little Dechahund—and I went home.

Approximately 5:30 A.M.

I went to bed. My last thoughts were, "How wonderful it is for Dallas that our President is going to visit us." I wondered about Weisman. "Who is this surt?" I hoped the President didn't see the ad. "Why should one creep ruin his visit to our city?" I thought.

Approximately 9:30 A.M.

I woke up and had my juices, coffee and diet pills. I scanned the Morning News again and this time I noticed that the Weisman ad had a black border. In my religion a black border signifies death. It made me feel strange.

I called my sister, Ev (Eva Grant, 56) to see how she was feeling. Ev had been sick and was recovering from an operation and was still weak. She told me that the President had just given a speech in the rain in a Fort Worth parking lot and that he would be leaving for Dallas in a limo.

C-1

I asked her if she had seen the Weissman ad and she said she hadn't opened the paper yet. I told her to be sure to look at it—that it was a disgrace. I told her that no Jew would run such an ad. I told Ev that I was going down to the Morning News to take care of the ads for the Carousel and would call her later.

Approximately 10:30 A.M.

I arrived at the Morning News building and chatted about diets with two girls who work there. I regularly supplied them with diet information—being a diet fiend—but with little profit to any of us. I wasn't losing weight and neither were they.

I went up to the second floor to see John Noonan and work out my ad before the noon deadline.

Approximately 12:30 A.M.

John and I had completed the ad when someone ran into the room and said, "Somebody's been shot!" Then someone else said, "A Secret Service man got shot!" Someone else said, "Connally's been shot." Then someone else said, "The President's been shot!"

Everybody went wild. The phones started ringing off the walls. I ran to the television. The UPI (United Press International) wires clicked out: "Three shots were fired at President John F. Kennedy's motorcade today in downtown Dallas." It was about 12:30 p.m. Then another person said, "Our President has been shot."

I THOUGHT OF the Weissman ad, I went to the phone and called Ev. She was hysterical. She was crying and screaming. I told her I'd call her back.

Then Walter Cronkite (television commentator) said the President had been "seriously wounded." "Thank God he's not

dead," I thought. "Maybe it's just an arm or a leg—something superficial," I hoped.

I said a prayer and waited and heard as the doctors tried to save his life, as the two priests gave him the last rites and one of them said he was still alive. My heart pounded as I waited. I wept and my mouth was dry. I was dizzy and faint.

All around me it was bedlam. It was a madhouse. Rumor, official reports, unofficial reports—they flew around the office.

Approximately 1:30 P.M.

But all the time I prayed—and think of the millions who were praying at the same time—our President was dead. At about 1:40 p.m. this statement came over the wires:

"President John F. Kennedy died at approximately 1 o'clock Central Standard Time. He died of a gunshot wound in the brain."

THAT FINE MAN was dead. A part of me died then, too. I could barely speak. I said to John Noonan, "I'm going to have to leave Dallas because this town is ruined. The shooting of our President will destroy Dallas. Dallas will die." I was myself a man who felt dead.

I called Ev again. She was hysterical, crying and wailing. She couldn't talk. I couldn't talk. I held the phone to John Noonan's ear so that he could hear Ev's grief.

Ev said, "You'd better come here." I said, "I'll come." I told John Noonan my club would be closed and I left.

About 2 P.M.

I went down in the elevator and left the Morning News. I was stunned. I started to cry and left the building in tears. I felt like a nothing person. I felt the world had ended. I didn't want to live any more. I didn't want to go on living.

About 2:15 P.M.

I went to the club and told Andy to call everybody and tell them we wouldn't be open tonight. I called Al Gruber, a friend in California, to apologize for not having sent him a dog, as I had promised I would.

And then, even though we hadn't seen each other for about a year, I called Alice Nichols (a Dallas secretary to whom Ruby has been engaged for about 11 years—on and off). I just had to call her—to hear her voice. She was badly shaken and told me she had been in the Neiman-Marcus department store when the news broke. She said everyone was running out of the store and the store closed.

The President was being flown back to Washington—his wife at his side.

Someone came in to sell me some merchandise. I told him I didn't feel like buying any merchandise. Some people I called the people I felt close to: Ev, Alice.

Approximately 3 P.M.

I called another sister, Eileen—the baby in the family—in Chicago. I was in tears. I told her how terrible I felt about it and I said maybe I'd fly up to be with the family and she said it isn't really necessary and asked how Ev felt and how she was taking the news.

I told Eileen she felt terrible and she said I should stay with Ev and she would call that night after 9 o'clock and talk to both of us. She did call and spoke to Ev, but I had gone to the synagog. I called Eileen because, I don't know, I just had to speak to those close to me.

Approximately 3:30 P.M.

I had about \$2,000 in cash on me, but I just couldn't go to the bank with it. There was too much commotion. I carried it with me. I also had my gun.

I went to the Ritz delicatessen and bought \$10 worth of Kosher food, even though it's bad for me. I got chili pickles, lox and corned beef and went to Ev's.

Approximately 4 P.M.

The television was on at Ev's. We cried and cried. "Why did they do it?" I asked. "He was such a beautiful man. Why did they do it?" We cried and cried.

We ate. We got drunk on that Kosher food. We ate and watched television. I saw the President's coffin in a hearse at its side. I saw her husband's blood on her dress and stockings.

THEY SHOWED Lee Harvey Oswald on television. I thought to myself, "If he's the right man, he's got to be either a John Birch or a Communist."

I was sure that there was more than one person involved. I had no feelings about him at all. I never even thought of him.

Ev has since told me that I was "broken, baffled and depressed." She was no better off. Ev heard "Fair Play for Cuba" mentioned on the television and she became hysterical worrying about her son and granddaughters—convinced that this would be the start of World War III.

Approximately 5 P.M.

I saw the re-run of the film of the President and Mrs. Kennedy arriving at Dallas's Love Air Field, just a few minutes before he was murdered. Do you remember how he stopped at the rail or the fence and shook everyone's hand? I wish I had been there to shake his hand.

Don Saffran called. He's with the Dallas Times Herald and he doesn't like me. He wanted to know since Autry's and the Cabana (two rival night clubs) were going to close, would I be closed? I said, "Don, I'm closed."

Don said, "I don't know about Saturday and Sunday. Abe and Barney (owners of night clubs) don't know what to do."

I said, "Well, I'm closing Saturday and Sunday. I turned to Ev and said, "Money don't mean that much."

I said to Don, "That means I'm closed tonight, Friday night, Saturday night and Sunday night. Money don't mean that much to me. Out of respect to the President, I'm closing."

I didn't know about the funeral being Monday so I didn't make any plans for Monday.

I CALLED MY FRIEND and physician, Dr. Coleman Jacobson, to ask what time Rabbi Silverman would be holding services for our President at Shearith Israel (synagog).

Dr. Jacobson told me 8:30 and I said, "It's terrible. It's terrible," and Dr. Jacobson asked me what he could do for me. He wondered if I needed any medication. What could he do for me? Could he restore the President to life?

Ev and I watched television. We saw the President's coffin arrive in Washington. We saw Mrs. Kennedy, still covered with her husband's blood, join him in the ambulance with the attorney general. I became depressed again and could barely eat the scrambled eggs and lox Ev cooked. Everything tasted of tears. I left Ev's.

About 7:30 P.M.

I arrived at my place, cleaned up and dressed to go to Shearith Israel. I turned the television on in the living room and kept watching the news that was happening and the re-runs of earlier news. I was low, depressed.

The phone rang. It was Karen Linn Bennett, a stripper who works for me under the name "Little Linn." (The same "Little Linn" charged with carrying a concealed weapon—a .25 automatic into the Ruby bond hearing in Dallas on Dec. 22, 1963. Miss Bennett is six months pregnant, lives with her common-law husband in Fort Worth and has denied ever being intimate with Jack Ruby.)

Linn had gone to the club, found it closed and didn't understand why. I got sore. "Don't you have any respect for the President?" I asked her. She said she did but that she had come from her home in Fort Worth (about 20 miles away) without money, expecting to go to work. She said she was stranded.

I asked her where she was and she said, the Colony Club. I was shocked that it was open, but I told her I was going to the synagog and would drop off some money to her on the way so she could get home.

About 8:45 P.M.

I just sat and grieved and watched television. About an hour later, Linn called again and I told her I just couldn't make it. I said, "I'm just too sad." I asked her to put the parking lot attendant on the phone and I asked him to give Linn \$5 to get home and promised him I would pay him back.

I watched television and I thought of how when Ambassador Stevenson spoke in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium (Oct. 24, 1963) just a couple of weeks before, pickets chanted:

"Kennedy will get his reward in hell.

"Stevenson is going to die. His heart will stop, stop, stop and he will burn, burn, burn."

My God, what a world.

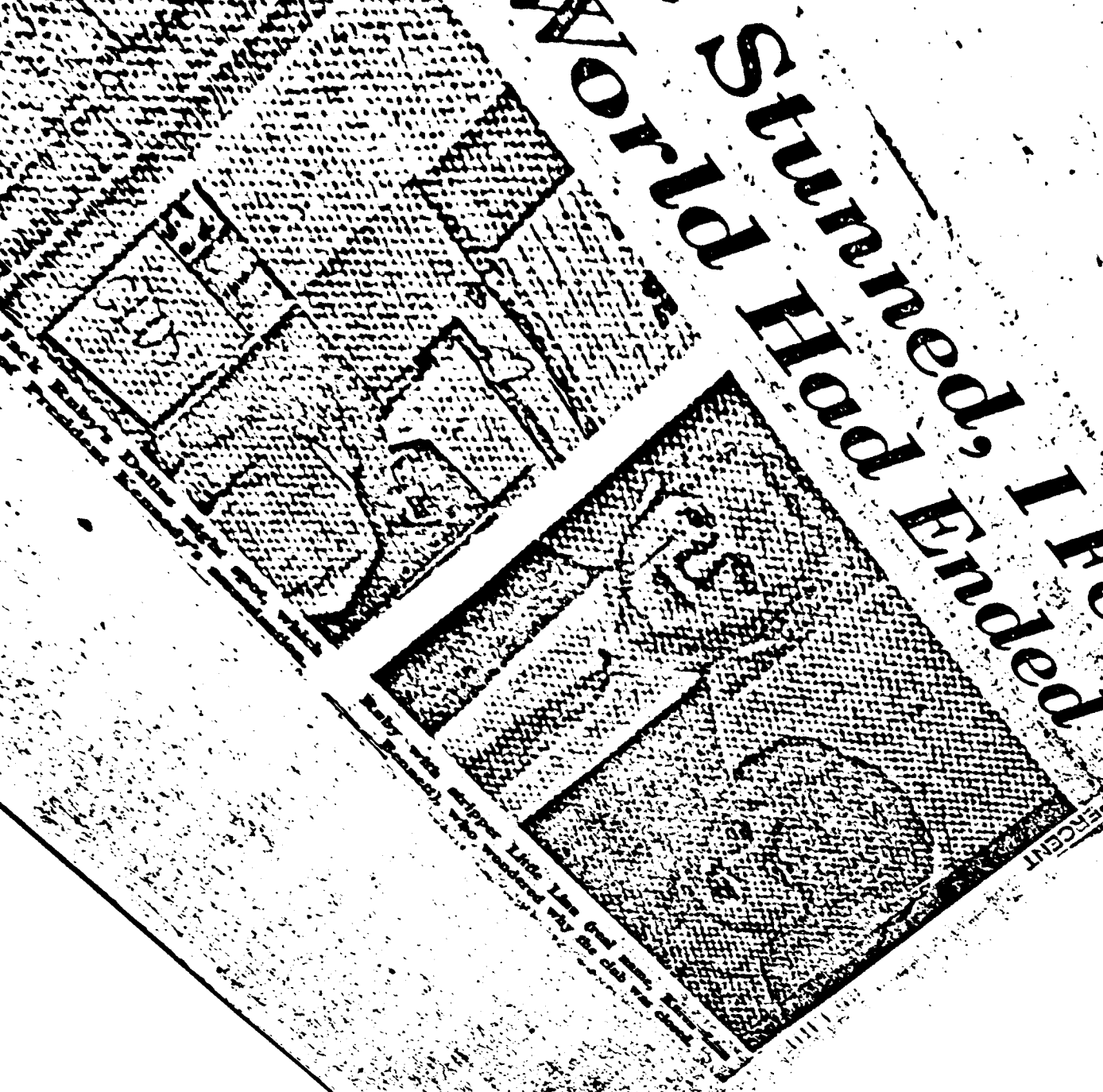
About 10:15 P.M.

I arrived late at Shearith Israel and took my gun out of my pocket and slipped it down behind my car seat. I missed the services, but I said a Kaddish (a prayer for the dead) and asked a few people what Rabbi Silverman had said.

My mind was foggy. I didn't really want to talk to anyone. I was morbid. Someone named Leona tried to talk to me, but I didn't want to. I got in line to shake hands with the rabbi, then I left the temple and got back in my car. I sat on my gun and put it back into my right trouser pocket.

PERSONAL
CLUB

The Time Has Stunned Had Ended, I Felt



50 PERCENT

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

A Welcome That Angered Ruby

BY JACK RUBY
WITH WILLIAM
READ WOODFIELD

Someone mentioned that President Kennedy would be in Dallas in a few hours and I recall hoping that he would like our city and that nothing like what happened to Adlai Stevenson would happen to President Kennedy. I opened the Dallas Morning News and saw a full page ad that said:

"Welcome Mr. Kennedy to Dallas . . ." I thought to myself, "Good, let's show him how much we love him."

I noticed that the ad was signed Bernard Weisman. "A Jew welcomes our President," I thought. "How good that is since our President has always been a friend to the Jew." I know from placing ads myself that a full page in the Morning News costs about \$1,500. "An expensive welcome," I thought. I started to read the ad.

"WELCOME MR. KENNEDY TO DALLAS . . ."

A CITY that disgraced by a recent liberal smear ad.

tempt that its citizens have just elected two more conservative Americans to public office.

" . . . A 'CITY' that is an economic boom town, not because of federal handouts, but through conservative economic and business practices.

" . . . A CITY that will continue to grow and prosper despite efforts by you and your administration to penalize it for its non-conformity to 'New Frontiers'.

" . . . A CITY that rejected your philosophy and policies in 1960 and will do so again in 1964—even more emphatically than before.

"MR. KENNEDY, despite contentions on the part of your administration, the State Department, the Mayor of Dallas, the Dallas City Council and members of your party, we free-thinking, and America - thinking citizens of Dallas still have, through a Constitution largely ignored by you, the right to address our grievances, to question you, to disagree with you and to criticize you.

"In asserting this constitutional right, we wish to ask you publicly the following questions — indeed, questions of paramount importance and interest to all free peoples everywhere — which we trust you will answer . . . in public, without sophistry. Thank you. RUBY"

6-1

"WHY is Latin America turning either anti-American or Communistic, or both, despite increased U.S. foreign aid, State Department policy and your own Ivy-Tower pronouncements?"

"WHY do you say we have built a 'wall of freedom' around Cuba when there is no freedom in Cuba today? Because of your policy, thousands of Cubans have been imprisoned, are starving and being persecuted — with thousands already murdered and thousands more awaiting execution and, in addition, the entire population of almost 7,000,000 Cubans are living in slavery.

"WHY have you approved the sale of wheat and corn to our enemies when you know the Communist soldiers 'travel on their stomachs' just as ours do? Communist soldiers are daily wounding and/or killing American soldiers in South Viet Nam.

"WHY did you host, salute and entertain Tito—Moscow's Trojan Horse — just a short time after our sworn enemy, Khrushchev, embraced the Yugoslav dictator as a great hero and leader of communism?"

"WHY have you urged greater aid, comfort, recognition and understanding for Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary and other Communist countries, while turning your back on the pleas of Hungarian, East German, Cuban and other anti-Communist freedom fighters?"

"WHY did Cambodia kick the U.S. out of its country after we poured nearly \$400,000,000 of aid into its ultra-leftist government?"

"WHY has Gus Hall, head of the U.S. Communist Party, praised almost every one of your policies and announced that the party will endorse and support your re-election in 1964?"

"WHY have you banned the showing at U.S. military bases of the film 'Operation Abolition'—the movie by the House Committee on Un-American Activities exposing communism in America?"

"WHY have you ordered or permitted your brother Bobby, the attorney general, to go soft on Communists, fellow-travelers and ultra-leftists in America, while permitting him to persecute loyal Americans who criticize you, your administration and your leadership?"

"WHY are you in favor of the U.S. continuing to give economic aid to Argentina, in spite of the fact that Argentina has just seized almost \$400,000,000 of American private property?"

"WHY has the foreign pol-

icy of the United States degenerated to the point that the CIA is arranging coups and having staunch anti-Communist allies of the United States bloodily exterminated?"

"WHY have you scrapped the Monroe Doctrine in favor of the 'Spirit of Moscow'?"

"MR. KENNEDY, as citizens of these United States of America, we DEMAND answers to these questions, and we want them NOW.

"THE AMERICAN FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE

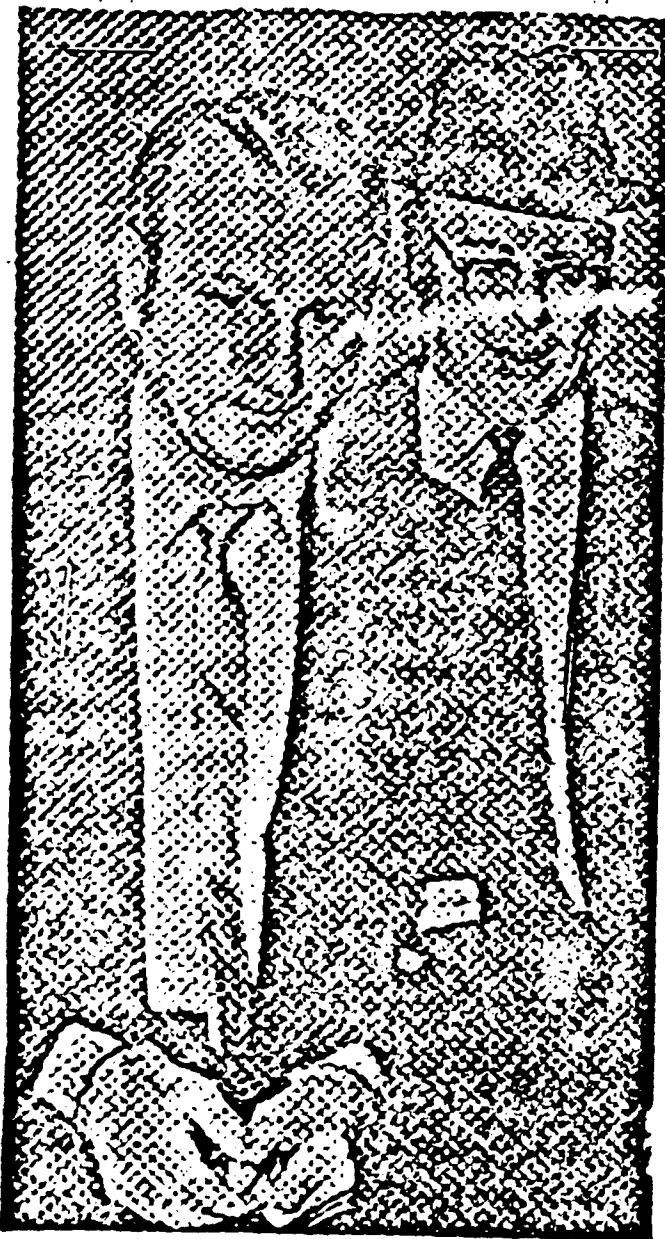
"An unaffiliated and non-partisan group of citizens who wish truth"

"BERNARD WEISSMAN, Chairman

"P.O. Box 1792—Dallas 21, Texas"

"This is so welcome," I thought. "What's this all about?" I showed the ad to my master of ceremonies, Bill Demarr. I was upset over it and I hoped that this Weissman wasn't really a Jew. I hoped he was just pretending.

Copyright, 1964, by John Woodfield and William Reed Woodfield



Jack Ruby, in handcuffs, is returned to the Dallas County Jail after undergoing psychiatric tests at the Dallas Neurological Clinic Tuesday. Ruby was examined for seven hours by three psychiatrists. (AP)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Jack Ruby's Own Story

BY JACK RUBY with
WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

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written permission is strictly prohibited.

I, Jack Ruby, shot and killed the murderer
of our President John F. Kennedy.

I am now in the Dallas County Jail,
charged with murder. The State of Texas
demands that I be electrocuted for killing
Oswald. My fellow citizens are divided in
their feelings toward me. Millions of them
regard me as a hero. Others are equally
determined to see me die for my act.

Wild rumor and dark speculation abound

regarding me and the reasons I did what
I did.

Everyone, it seems, knows what should be
done with me, yet only my attorneys know
my story. In effect, I am being praised and
condemned by millions who know nothing
more than that on Sunday, Nov. 24, 1963,
in Dallas, at 11:20 a.m. C.S.T., I did shoot
and kill Lee Harvey Oswald.

How? Why? That is what I want you to
know. First, I swear to you that:

• I did not know Lee Harvey Oswald before
he murdered President John F. Kennedy.

• I was not employed by anyone to "silence"
Oswald.

• No one helped me do what I did.

• No one knew what I was going to do.

• I am not now, nor have I ever been, a
Communist, a fellow traveler, a Communist
sympathizer, or a member of any Communist
or subversive organizations.

• I am not a member of the so-called ex-
treme right wing, nor do I support any ex-
tremist philosophy.

• I am not, nor have I ever been, a gangster,
a racketeer, a hoodlum or an underworld
character.

• I am not a white slaver, a panderer, a
homosexual, a sex deviate or a narcotics user.

Since Nov. 24 I have been accused or sus-
pected of all these things and I swear that
they are not true.

The FBI has questioned me at great length
on all the points and I have volunteered to
submit to a lie detector test, truth serum, or
any other scientific means of determining the
truth about any of these—or any other—
questions. When the FBI report is made
public, I am confident that the facts as I now
relate them to you will be verified without
question.

BEFORE I TELL YOU about the approx-
imately 48 hours from the time our President
was murdered until his killer was himself
shot, let me tell you about Jack Ruby.

BY JACK RUBY
WITH WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

I was born Jack Leon Rubenstein in Chicago on March 24, 1911, the fourth child of eight. I was the second son born in my family and Pa was happy to have another son. The women were driving him crazy.

Pa was a carpenter by trade but in his heart he was a Cossack. He was born in Sokolov, Poland, and was drafted into the Russian army and made a horseman. Pa used to have a picture of himself in the parlor and he was astride a big brown horse with a sword raised as if to strike down the enemy. He had a great mustache and blazing eyes. He had power in his face and used to tell us violent stories of his adventures in the Cossacks.

He served in Siberia and Japan and finally, when he was 21, he and two of his buddies deserted in Zembroba, Poland. They hid at a farm and were discovered by the woman who owned the farm. She found out that my father and his buddies were Jewish. Well, that's all she needed. She had three marriageable daughters. She was a wise old lady and she hid the three deserters. Within a few weeks, the three of them were married to the three daughters. That's how my father met and married my mother.

MY FATHER CAME to this country 60 years ago and settled in Chicago. He worked hard and drank hard. He told fabulous stories and drank. I was his favorite because I was the fighter in the family. I believed the stories he told me and fought anyone who hurt my family or friends. I was always scrapping and I would always tell Pa about my fights. He called me his "Little Cossack."

We lived a half block from Maxwell St. in Chicago. (Ruby was born in a flat on Johnson St., now Peoria St., at 900 west and about 1300 or 1400 south.)

It was a ghetto, a slum. We always had enough to eat, but we never had any luxuries. We didn't buy toys—we made them. Carts and coasters we made from old roller skates and baby buggies.

Balls we made by foraging for old rubber bands in the alleys behind the banks. The banks would throw away hundreds of rubber bands each day and we kids would gather them up and roll them into a ball. After a week of scrounging we had a good ball for catch or stick ball games.

Whatever we had, we earned. We didn't steal or beg for anything. We earned our own money even as tiny kids. I used to save pennies all year so that a week before the Fourth of July I could buy fireworks in Maywood—a town about 12 miles from the Loop—and "import" them to sell to the kids in the neighborhood.

It was a 15-mile walk each way but I could make 5 to 10 dollars profit. That was a lot of money for a 9-year-old slum kid. I learned early that the secret of business was to buy wholesale and sell retail. I was a businessman.

Lived Near Produce Market

We lived half a block from the produce market on Maxwell St., which attracted customers from all over Chicago by selling distress produce (food about to spoil and thus marked down for a quick sale). I used to buy shopping bags for 2½ cents a piece. I persuaded my sister Ev to join me in the enterprise. She had capital—10 cents—and was a good salesgirl. (It was always Ev who would sell my mother's milk bottles back to the store. My job was to sneak them out of the house without my mother hitting me on the head.)

Before Thanksgiving, we had about eight shopping bags a day. We knew that during that busy season we would have no difficulty selling them. Ev would stand on one side of the street and I on the other.

As shoppers would struggle to the streetcar with their many individual purchases, Ev and I would hawk "Shopping bags! Ten cents apiece!" The people didn't have cars. They were glad to pay 10 cents to carry just a single bag.

ONCE MY FATHER came out of a store on Ev's side of the street. I had told her to approach everyone, but I figured she'd have enough sense to hide if she saw Pa since he didn't want us kids to work.

Instead, Ev rushed up to him, "Mister, buy a bag?" He looked down at Ev, pigtailed and a stocking cap. "Who showed you to do this?" he said, loading his packages into one of our shopping bags.

"Jake!" Ev said proudly. Pa took Ev by the hand and said (in Jewish), "Come on. You'll get a cold." As Ev was dragged

off, she looked back for me. She didn't see me because I was half a block away, running in the other direction.

Ev had already gotten her whipping by the time I found the courage to go home. I had parlayed about 16 cents into \$1.30, just because I rebought bags with profits as fast as I sold them.

I THOUGHT MY PA would be lenient with me since I had worked so hard. Pa said, "How much did you make?" I told him and he asked me when I was going back to work.

I could tell by his tone of voice he was angry and that he didn't want me working on the streets. I said, "I'm not going back." "Ah," said my Pa, "in that case, you won't be needing the \$1.30 to buy more bags with. Give it to me and I'll save it for you."

I was trapped. I handed the money over and my Pa said, "I don't want my children on Maxwell St. selling bags."

I never got my \$1.30 back. It hurt my business career because usually at Christmas I bought a stock of cards, wrappings and things and sold them house to house.

MAXWELL ST. WAS a breeding ground of crime. Nightly the robberies and murders were as regular as the changing of the features at the movie house. A lot of the kids I grew up with and played ball with in Douglas Park later got in trouble with the law.

I have been accused of knowing gangsters and mobsters. I grew up with a lot of kids who later became hoodlums. When I knew them, they were all right or if they were doing anything wrong, they kept their mouths shut.

I GOT THE SHOW BUSINESS bug by seeing a little Negro dancer named Sugar Daddy. Sugar was 12 years old and the best dancer I ever saw. I was sure he would be a top act and I started managing him in my spare time.

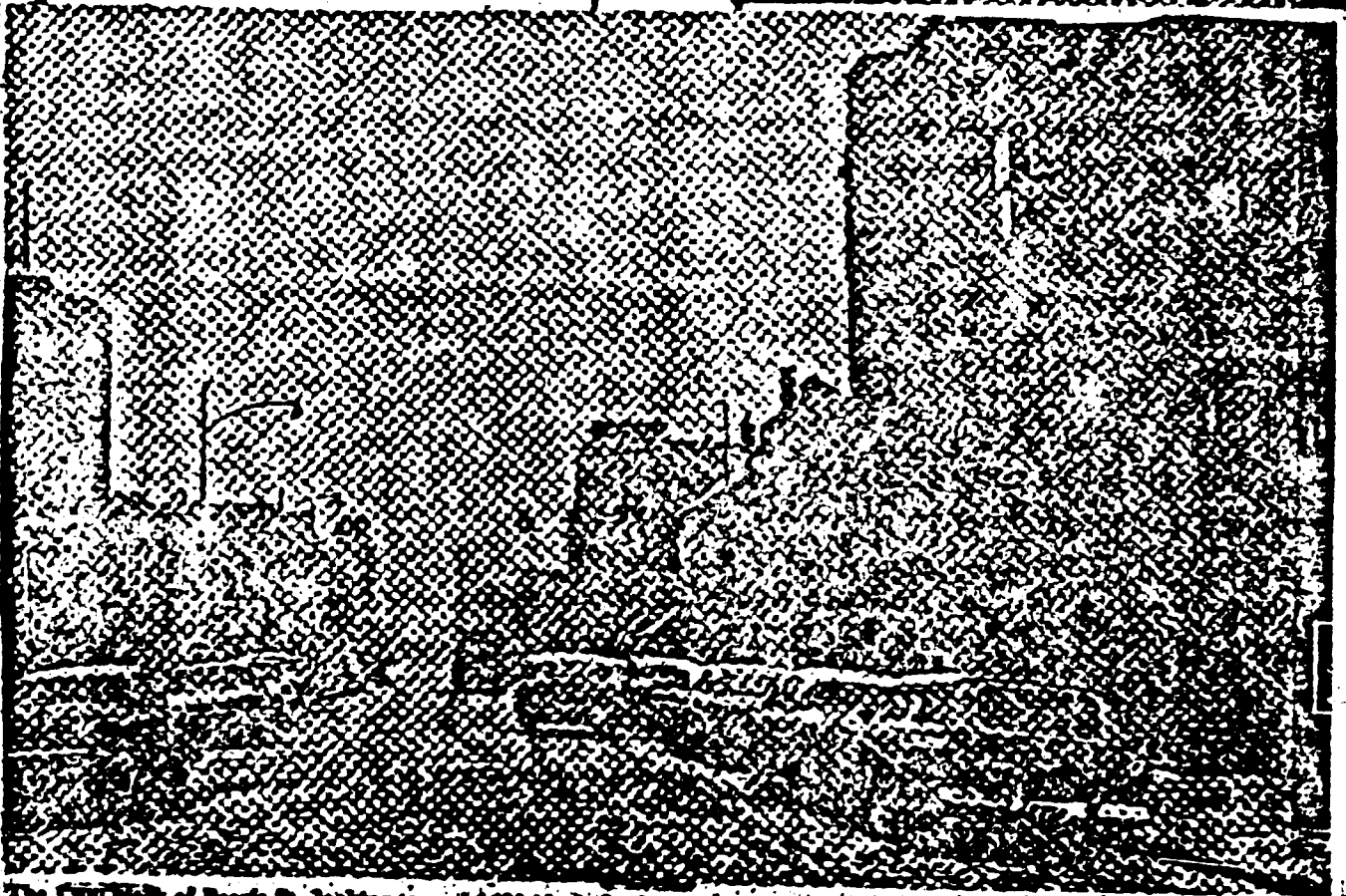
Since Sugar was a minor, the court had to approve a trust fund for all money earned by the boy. His mother was made guardian and we were off to set the world afire. As we got bookings and the money started to roll in, the trust fund got fatter and fatter.

Suddenly from out of nowhere, another mother appeared. She claimed not only Sugar but the trust fund. Well, the two mothers started to fight it out and the battle ended poor Sugar's career. I dropped \$3,500. But I still had a yearning for show business.

MY SISTER EV had bought a night club in Dallas. She kept telling me what a lovely town it was and finally persuaded me to come to Dallas and help her run the club. I sold out my share of Earl Products for \$15,000 and moved to Dallas.

Since I will be standing trial for my life in a Dallas courtroom within the next two weeks, I would prefer not to discuss my years in Dallas in detail.

However, I want to say that until this thing happened, I was a success. My club was making money. I never carried less than a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket at any time. I could borrow \$5,000 to \$10,000 on my word alone. I resent reports that describe me as a "loser," "a hanger-on," "a small time operator." I may not be a millionaire, but I have always kept my word and honored my obligations.



The 1500 block of Pearl St., looking toward 1600 block (background), the street where Jack Ruby was born, as it looks today.

AP TIME

Me, I was too busy to listen. I became a candy butcher (peddler) in Chicago's Garrick Theater. "Candy kisses and a prize—two bits—buy one for your girl, Mister?" It was money. It all added up.

Life was good—all but Ma and Pa's fighting. It got worse and worse. No hitting, but screaming and cursing. Pa drank more and more. Finally, Pa moved out and he and Ma went into court to separate. My world ended—I became an orphan.

Children Sent to Foster Homes

The court broke up our family. We children were sent away to foster homes. Some were lucky enough to find homes that would take two children. My brothers Earl and Sam were sent to a nice farm. They liked the people, the food, and they were out of the ghetto.

Me, I liked the ghetto. It was home. I loved the family, even Pa's drinking. I loved his stories. I loved to tell him my adventures. Instead, I was sent—alone—to a farm and I died there. Nothing to sell, no one to buy, no business to do. Just cows and fresh air. I was 14.

That went on for two years. Then my mother sent for us. She had rented an apartment and was bringing the family together again. Pa was sending her money and with what we could make—well, we'd be a family again. Who asked to be rich, too?

WE—ALL OF US KIDS—started working together. We'd pool our money and buy articles wholesale to peddle door to door at retail prices. We worked as teams and canvassed blocks selling bottle openers, salt and pepper shakers, God only knows what. That was in the daytime.

Nights we worked parking cars at Chicago Stadium. Whenever we'd park a car, we'd ask if anyone had an extra ticket they couldn't use. We'd pick up 5 or 10 tickets a night this way and we'd sell them.

Earl—the baby of the boys—we dressed as a ragamuffin and put at the gate. He'd ask everyone for extra tickets and could get more than anyone else. Sometimes when there was a really big attraction, we'd pool a couple of weeks' profits, buy extra tickets and scalp them. But this was too risky. Rain wiped us out more than once.

THEN, IN 1933, came the Chicago World's Fair. I could really sell—banners, saying, "Welcome to Chicago," streamers, silk pillows, turtles. I was happy. I had novelties to sell and plenty of customers.

When the fair ended, I sold wooden hope chests from door to door and kitchen pots and pans to gas station attendants. That was ingenious! I drove from gas station to gas station with four or five sets of pots and pans in the back of my car. Of course, the trunk was full of sets and I would tell the attendant a little fib—namely, from a selling trip my company allowed me to sell my samples at cost—\$9, I think it was.

I picked gas stations because they always had cash and the attendant only had to glance in the back seat to see the merchandise.

Trip to California; Mother III

I decided to go West to see California. I had just arrived there when I received word that my mother had had a breakdown. My brother was forced to commit her to the Elgin Hospital as "an insane person."

Mom was sick for about year and then she came home. She lived with some member of the family until she died, in 1944,

of a heart condition. My brother Earl and I were at home when she died. We wept and wept. It was a great shock and I felt the loss deeply.

IN SAN FRANCISCO around 1936, I was 26. I first fell deeply in love. She was a beautiful girl. Her name was Virginia—. It was an unusual romance in many ways. She came from a very wealthy family, a famous family.

She was rich and I—I just made a living. The year 1936 was during the depression, you'll remember. Virginia didn't care, but I did. We were in love but I couldn't give her the things she

had been used to. I was happy to make a living.

I was selling newspaper subscriptions from door to door—giving away premiums with each subscription. I made about \$40 or \$50 a week. I was helping to support my sister and her son. How could I ask a girl like this to give up her way of life and live like I lived? Obviously I couldn't and the only thing I could do was run. And run I did. Back to Chicago.

AN OLD FRIEND, Leon Cooke, an attorney, had decided to start a scrap iron and junk handlers' union and asked me to help him. Now this wasn't to be a racket. Leon's family owned iron and junk yards and were very rich people.

Leon wanted to unionize the scrap handlers because he felt that they were getting a lousy deal. Ten to 15 cents an hour—that's all. He was being altruistic and I liked him. The money wasn't much—\$40 to \$50 a week.

Within a few months, after we got the union going, Leon had an argument with John Martin, president of the union. Leon and Martin were in the union office and Leon was shot in the side. Naturally I couldn't stay around, so I quit the union. They were eventually—in 1957, I think—expelled from the AFL-CIO.

THEN, IN 1937, I went into the punchboard business. Now this isn't as sinister as it sounds. There were no gangsters involved. No racketeers. I just bought a bunch of punchboards and prizes wholesale and placed them in various locations around the East Coast. There were no police payoffs, nothing like that.

I'd drive into a town, ask the desk clerk of a hotel if I could put a board in a hotel lobby. He'd make a prize (a cedar chest) if he sold out the board. I made, I think, \$3.50 per sale. I'd place them at factories, in offices, any place where there were people. It was illegal, but it was no big deal. No one cared and I did all right in this right up until I went into the Army Air Corps in May of 1943.

A Mechanic in the Air Corps

I was drafted into the Army in May. I was nothing—a private first class. I did nothing much to be proud of. I was a mechanic in the Air Corps. I never got overseas. I served but I never did anything but be one of the eight men behind the scenes for every man who was fighting. I was given an honorable discharge in February of 1946.

IT WAS THEN that I started to fulfill my dream. I had always wanted to be the owner of a big corporation—a manufacturing company. I had always believed that any young fellow with enterprise should work for himself rather than take a job.

All my life I wanted to be an owner and now I had my chance. My brother Earl got out of the Army a year ahead of me and had started a manufacturing business, Earl Products Co. I joined him as an owner. I was to sell and sell I did. We made and sold millions of salt and pepper shakers. The first time in my life, I had cash—lots of it.