

Jack Ruby

44-24016

Section 51

131411

APR 23 1964

Mr. Tolson	_____
Mr. Belmont	_____
Mr. Mohr	_____
Mr. Casper	_____
Mr. Callahan	_____
Mr. Conrad	_____
Mr. DeLoach	_____
Mr. Evans	_____
Mr. Gale	_____
Mr. Rosen	_____
Mr. Sullivan	_____
Mr. Tavel	_____
Mr. Trotter	_____
Tele. Room	_____
Miss Holmes	_____
Miss Gandy	_____

Mr. Joe H. Tonahill
Tonahill Building
Jasper, Texas

Dear Mr. Tonahill:

This refers to your recent request that you be furnished for purposes of your appeal in the Jack Ruby case the statements taken by the Federal Bureau of Investigation from Dallas police officers Archer, McMillan, Leavelle, King and Dean. I have ascertained that the FBI did not take signed statements from these officers although they were interviewed and reports of the interviews were contained in the reports and brief summaries of which were made available to you prior to the trial of the Ruby case.

As you know, this Department has cooperated with you in this matter far beyond the normal practice in state cases. I believe, however, that at this time after the conclusion of the trial it would not be proper for me to authorize the furnishing to you of any interview reports. By furnishing you summaries of interviews conducted by the FBI prior to trial it was our intention to make it possible for you to call as witnesses, if you so desired, any persons who had been interviewed by the Federal Government.

Sincerely,

Herbert J. Miller, Jr.
Assistant Attorney General

W. F. Moore
[Signature]
38
MAY 23 1964
EX-111
62-33925
33

cc for FBI
MAY 23 1964
79 MAY 4 1964

REC-31

44-24116-1443
MAY 23 1964
E B T
MAY 23 1964

4/17/64 CONFIDENTIAL

AIRTEL AIRMAIL

Classified by 200
Exempt from GDS, Category 2-3
Date of Declassification Indefinite

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (105-105262)

FROM: SAC, DALLAS (105-1744) (P)

SUBJECT: [REDACTED]

Jack Ruby

OO: New York

Re New York airtel to Director, 1/24/64; Dallas airtel to New York, 3/4/64; and New York airtel to Dallas, 3/9/64.

There are enclosed herewith for the Bureau five, and for New York two, copies of a letterhead memorandum in captioned matter.

EDDIE BARKER, news director, KRLD-TV, Dallas, Texas, is an established source of the Dallas Office.

The enclosed letterhead memorandum is classified "Confidential" inasmuch as unauthorized disclosure would reveal the Bureau's interest in a foreign news correspondent.

LEADS

DALLAS DIVISION

AT DALLAS, TEXAS

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN
OTHERWISE

[REDACTED]

- 3 - Bureau (Enc. 5) (RM)
- 2 - New York (105-52768) (Enc. 2) (RM)
- 2 - Dallas

WRH:em

(7)

44-21016 -
NOT RECORDED
199 APR 24 1964

CONFIDENTIAL

59 MAY 1 1964

ORIGINAL FILED IN 105-105262-53

FBI

Date: 4/27/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL _____
(Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (44-24016)
FROM : SAC, CHICAGO (44-645)
SUBJECT: JACK L. RUBY, aka;
LEE HARVEY OSWALD, aka
- VICTIM
CIVIL RIGHTS
(OO: DALLAS)

Remytel to Dallas 4/27/64.

Enclosed herewith for the Bureau and Dallas are
2 Xeroxed copies each of 5 articles appearing in the
"Chicago Daily News" Chicago, Illinois, on 1/28, 29, 30 and
31/64, purporting to be JACK RUBY's own story, as written in
conjunction with WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD.

*A welcome that
angered Ruby*

*Ruby's story at
Black Friday
NOV. 22*

to. Rec:

*They told me I
shot Oswald*

44-24016-1444

- 3 - Bureau (Enc. 10)
- 2 - Dallas (44-1639) (Enc 100-031)
- 1 - Chicago

APR 29 1964

DWS/rms
(6)

*100-24016-1444
1-39-64
DWS/rms*

Approved: _____
Special Agent in Charge

Sent _____

Per _____

COULD CHECK

(Mount Clipping in space below)

JACK RUBY'S OWN STORY

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

JACK RUBY'S OWN STORY

BY JACK RUBY with WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

Continued from Jack Ruby and William Read Woodfield. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without 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 attorney's 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 extreme right wing, nor do I support any extremist 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 pandarer, a homosexual, a sex deviate or a narcotics user.

Since Nov. 24 I have been accused or suspected 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 approximately 48 hours from the time our President was murdered until his killer was himself hanged, let me tell you about Jack Ruby.

44-24016-1444

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!" Eva 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 cars, 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.

BUSINESS bug by Scott's. Ede Sugar Daddy. Sugar was 12 years old and never saw. I was sure he would be a top set and was a minor in my spare time. The money earned by the court had to approve a trust and we were off to set the world afire. As we got the money started to roll in, the trust fund got suddenly from out of nowhere, another mother appeared. She claimed not only Sugar but the trust fund. Well, the 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 Ey 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 room within the next two weeks. I would prefer not to discuss my years in Dallas in detail. I would prefer not to discuss 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 on my word alone. I resent reports that describe me as a "poser" - a hanger-on. I resent that my word and honored my obligations. I have always

The 2500 block of Peoria St., looking toward 1400 block (background), the stretch where I

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 biting, 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, turkis. 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 her side 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. For the first time in my life, I had cash—lots of it.

(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 Weissman. 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. Sheba—my little Dachshund—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 Weissman. "Who is this nut?" 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 juice, coffee and diet pills. I scanned the Morning News again and this time I noticed that the Weissman 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, 54) 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 made a speech in the rain in a Fort Worth parking lot and that he would be leaving for Dallas in a little while.

0-1

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 synagogue. 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 dill 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 grieved and watched television. I saw the President's coffin as it was moved from the plane to the ambulance with Mrs. Kennedy 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 Bircher 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 Atry'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."

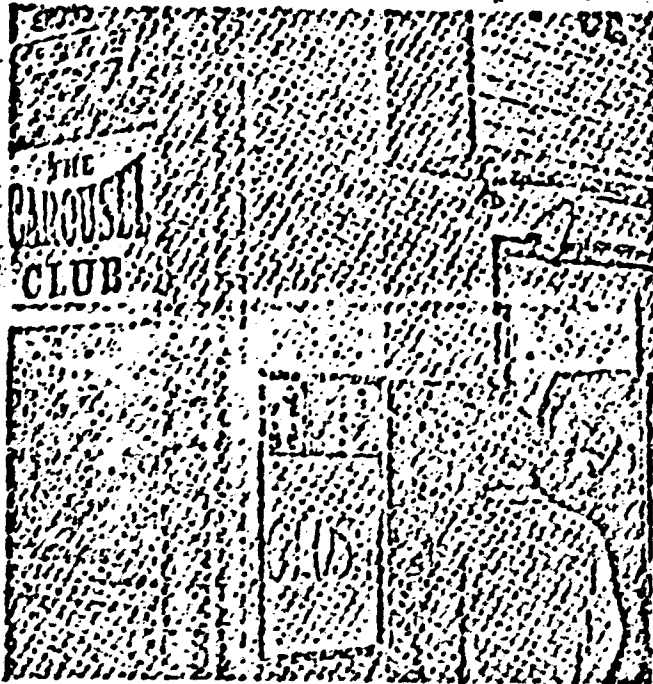
My God, what a world.

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.

'I Was Stunned, I Felt The World Had Ended'



The Carousel Club, Jack Ruby's Dallas night spot, which he closed on the day of President Kennedy's assassination.



Ruby with stripper Little Linn (real name, Karen Linn Bennett), who wondered why the club was closed.

(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 Dallas Morning News and a full page ad that said: "Welcome Mr. Kennedy to Dallas . . ." I thought to my-

self, "Good, let's show him how much we love him." I noticed that the ad was signed Bernard Weissman. "A new welcome our President," I thought. "How good that is, since our President has always been a friend to the Jew." I saw news from placing ads myself in a full page in the Morning News costs about \$1,500. "An expensive welcome," I thought. I started to read the

WELCOME MR. KENNEDY TO DALLAS . . .
A CITY so disgraced 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 Frontierism.'

... 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. These questions are:

2-1

"WHY is Latin America turning either anti-American or Communist, or both, despite increased U.S. foreign aid, State Department policy and your own JFJ-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 our 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 wretched 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 policy of the U.S. been so consistently anti-Communist?"

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

"WHY have you escaped 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"

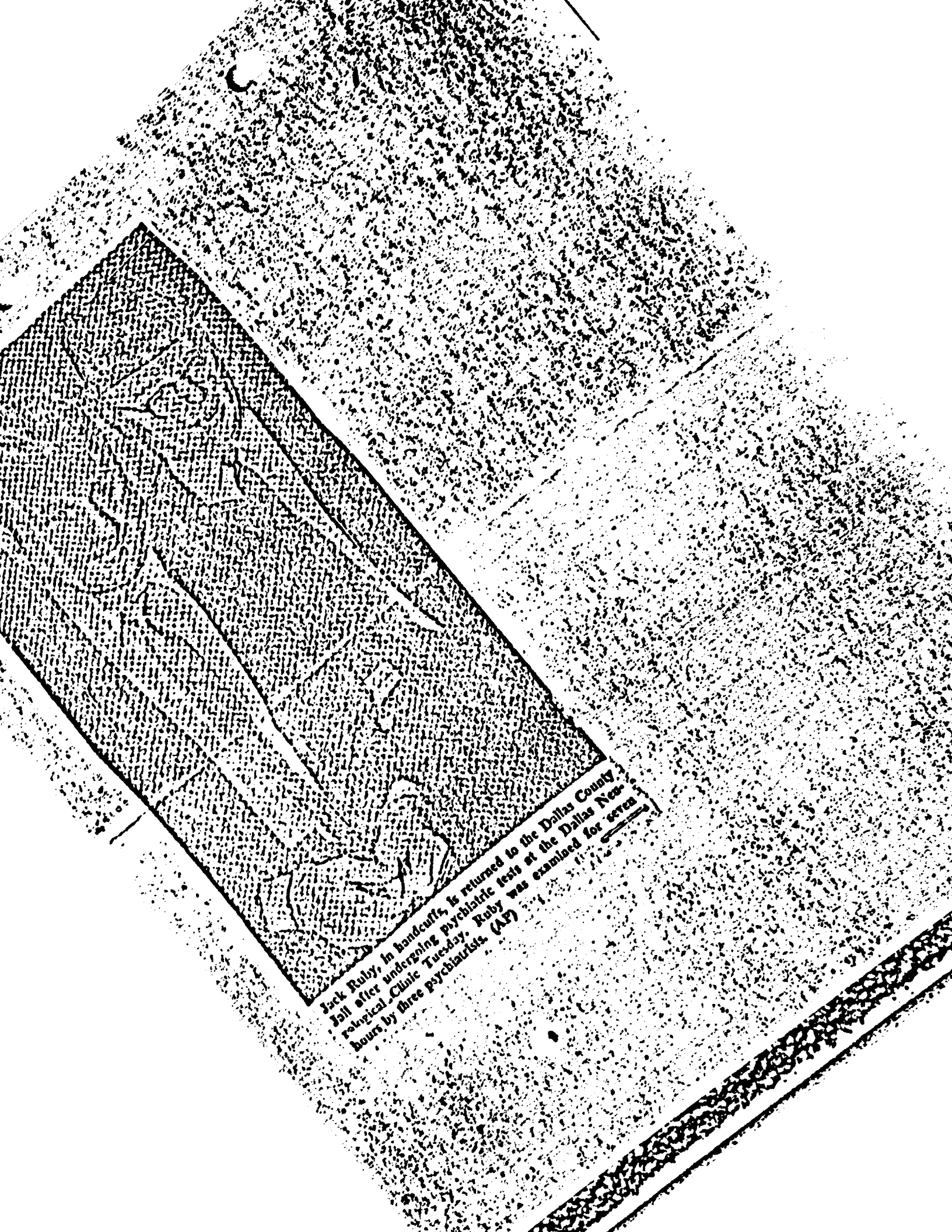
"BERNARD WEISSMAN,"

Chairman

"P.O. Box 1792—Dallas 21, Texas"

"This is 'no 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 Westman wasn't really a Jew. I hoped he was just pretending."

(Copyright, 1964, by Jack Demarr
William Reed Westman)



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 STORY 'They'

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 assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald.

Told Me I Shot Oswald

BY JACK RUBY WITH WILLIAM REAP 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, "Gee, 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 bring some sandwiches for the KLIF-TV crew. I wanted to do something kind. Money had no value. Everything had lost its value. My whole world was gone. I just wanted to do something to help someone.

(Indicate page, name of

1-2

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.

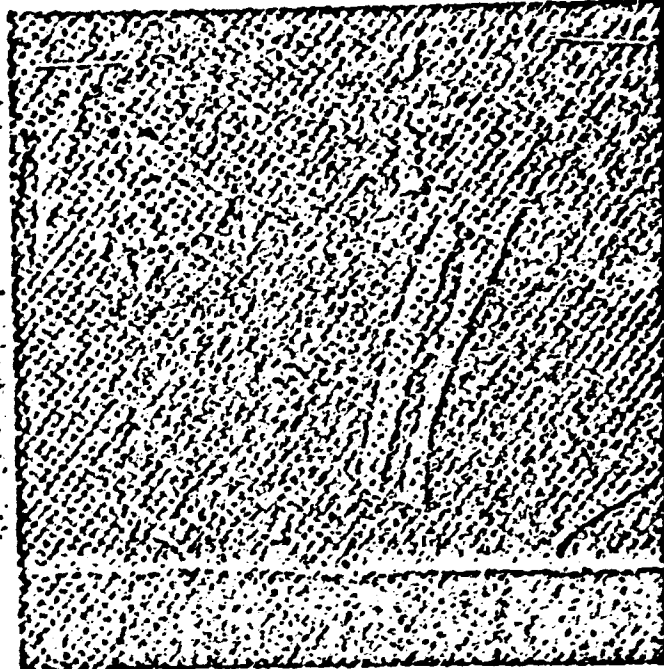
"WE HAVE ENOUGH evidence to convict," I heard my friend, Henry Wade, announce to the hundreds of reporters and TV men. Henry also announced that the deceased (Oswald) had refused to take a lie detector test. Wade also told us that Oswald had denied being a Communist but admitted being a Marxist and having 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 slipped 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 a "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, curling, 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 "fry" 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 Scaator (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 W. de 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. "We," 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 concited. 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.

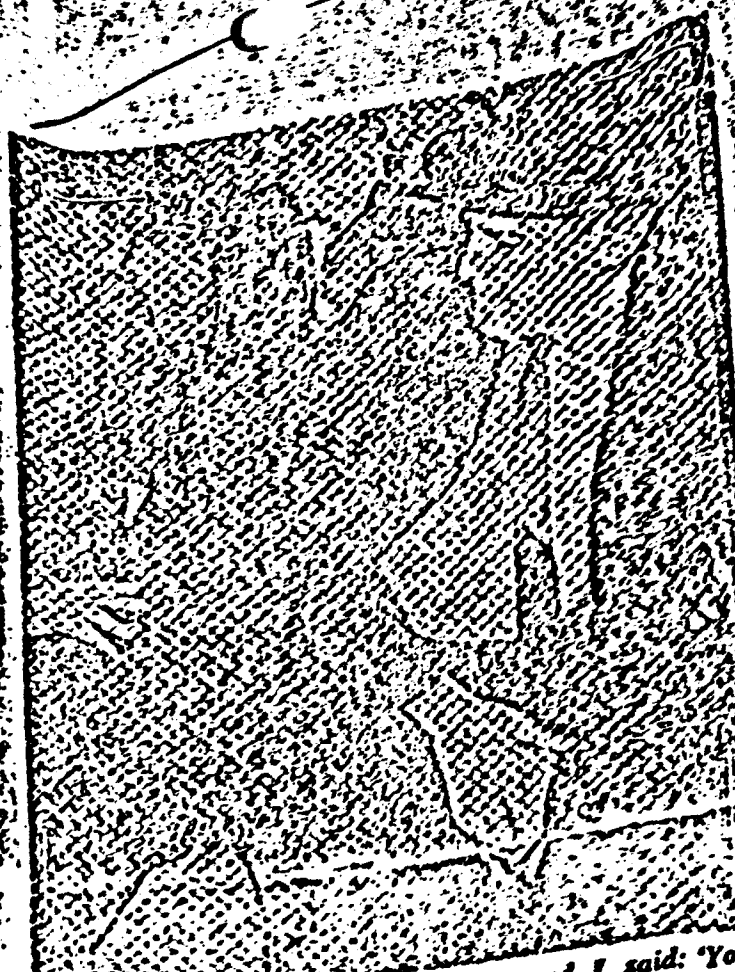
(The time Oswald was scheduled to be moved from city hall to the county jail)

Linn (Karen Linn Bennet) 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 minutes past 11. I assumed that he had already been moved to the county building from the city jail. I continued on 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 gave Little Linn the \$25. The clerk stamped the message which was still in the telegraph office. The time stamp says 11:17.

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 was 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 pick 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)

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 his. Not everyone would have done it. But I did.

C-1

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 those 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 hothead.

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 hypersensitive, 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 1959.

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 '58. 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—no, 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.

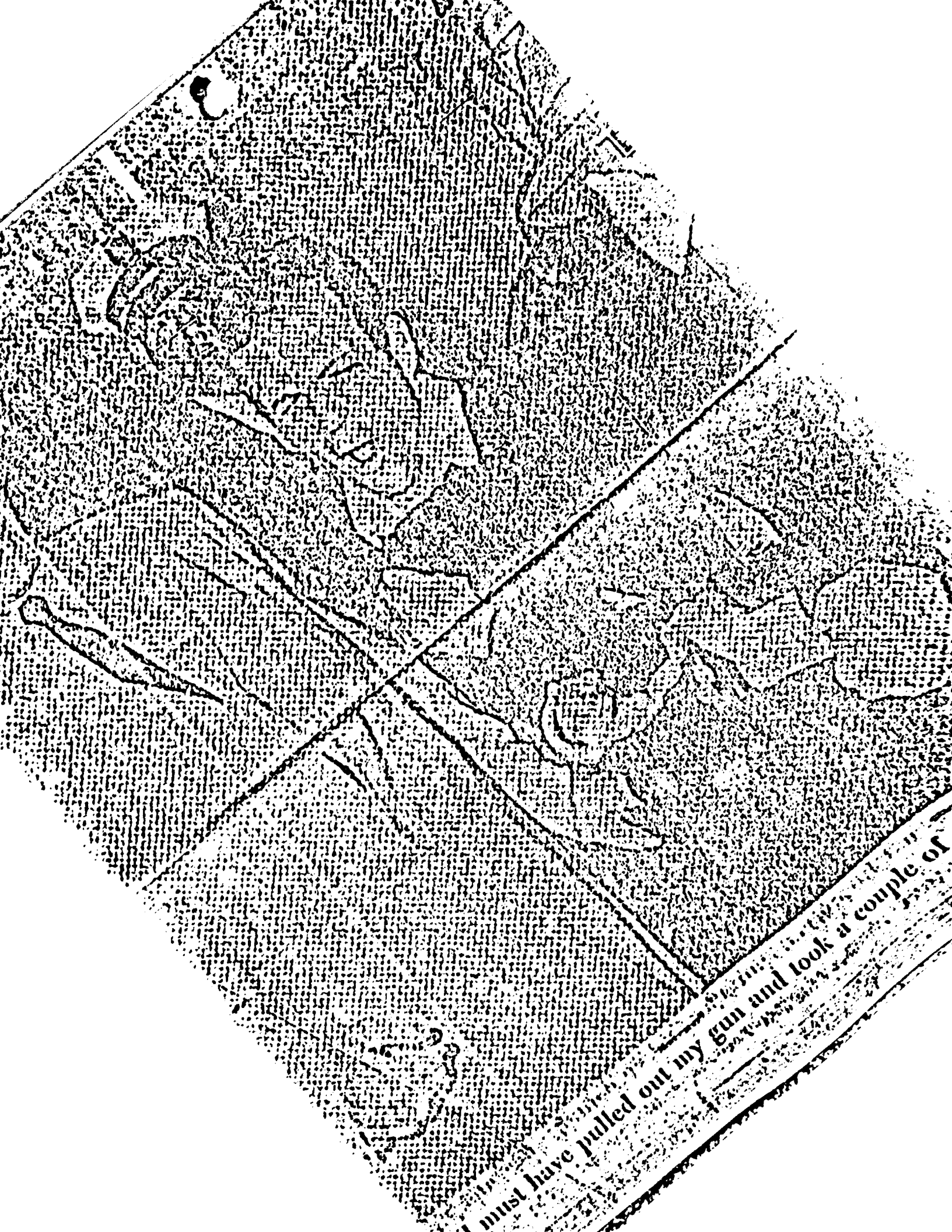
And he said Oswald wasn't insane, that he knew what he was doing, that he planned the murder of our President and Henry promised that he would kill Oswald in the electric chair. I know Henry Wade is an honest man. I believed him. Oswald was a dead man before I shot him.

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

A. I believe Henry Wade.

Copyright, 1964, Jack Ruby and William R. G. Wade

NO ONE KNEW
NOT EVEN ME



I must have pulled out my gun and took a couple of

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

APR 28 1964

TELETYPE

Mr. Mohr	_____
Mr. Casper	_____
Mr. Callahan	_____
Mr. Conrad	_____
Mr. DeLoach	_____
Mr. Evans	_____
Mr. Gale	_____
Mr. Rosen	_____
Mr. Sullivan	_____
Mr. Tavel	_____
Mr. Trotter	_____
Tele. Room	_____
Miss Holmes	_____
Miss Gandy	_____

Handwritten initials and signature

FBI WASH DC

WHO IS CLG PLS

CA CONF

FBI WASH DC

FBI DALLAS

1122 AM CST URGENT 4-28-64 MH

TO BUREAU (44-24016) ATTN - CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION

FROM DALLAS 44-1639 1P

JACK L. RUBY, AKA; LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA, VIC, DECD; CR.

REBUTEL JAN SIXTEEN AND DALLAS TEL APR TWENTYSEVEN RE TESTIMONY
OF SA C. RAY HALL APRIL TWENTYNINE AT RUBY HEARING ON APPLICATION
FOR NEW TRIAL.

Handwritten letter B

AUSA B. H. TIMMINS ADVISED HE HAS BEEN IN CONTACT WITH DEPART-
MENT AND UNDERSTANDS BUREAU HAS BEEN IN CONTACT WITH THEM RE THIS
MATTER. AUSA TIMMINS STATED HE WOULD APPRECIATE AN UPDATED TELETYPE
AS TO BUREAU INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING SA HALL'S TESTIMONY TO INSURE
BUREAU, DEPARTMENT, AND HIS OFFICE HAVE EXACT SAME UNDERSTANDING
AND HE CAN ADEQUATELY PROTECT BUREAU'S INTEREST IF NEED ARISES.

Handwritten: 44-24016-1445

END

Handwritten: 1-2

LRA

FBI WASH DC

Handwritten: P

Stamp: REC-38

25 APR 29 1964

Handwritten signature

PER'S. REC. UNIT

4/28/64

PLAIN TEXT

TELETYPE

URGENT

TO SAC, DALLAS (44-1639)

FROM DIRECTOR, FBI (44-24016) — 1445

JACK L. RUBY, AKA.; LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA. DASH VICTIM, CR.

REURTEL APRIL TWENTY EIGHT INSTANT. SA HALL WILL RESPOND TO THE SUBPOENA OF RUBY'S DEFENSE ATTORNEYS AND WILL APPEAR AT THE HEARING IN CONNECTION WITH THE DEFENSE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL ON APRIL TWENTY NINE NEXT. IF CALLED, HE WILL LIMIT HIS TESTIMONY TO HIS INTERVIEWS WITH RUBY ON NOVEMBER TWENTY FOUR AND DECEMBER TWENTY ONE SIXTY THREE. HE WILL TAKE WITH HIM THE PERTINENT INTERVIEW REPORT FORMS AND WILL PRODUCE COPIES FOR THE DEFENSE IF REQUIRED BY THE COURT.

JWH/ras
(3)

NOTE: Dallas by teletype 4/27/64 advised that Joe Tonahill Ruby's defense attorney, has stated he desired to subpoena SAC Ray Hall for testimony on 4/29/64 relative to his interviews with Ruby and he indicated he would desire copies of the interview reports. This was discussed with Mr. William Foley of the Criminal Division on 4/27/64 and Mr. Foley requested that SA Hall appear in response to the subpoena and testify as stated above. He said that copies of the interview report forms should be furnished to the defense if required by the court. This was confirmed in writing by letter to Mr. Miller of the Criminal Division on 4/28/64.

- Tolson _____
- Belmont _____
- Mohr _____
- Casper _____
- Callahan _____
- Conrad _____
- DeLoach _____
- Evans _____
- Gale _____
- Rosen _____
- Sullivan _____
- Tavel _____
- Trotter _____
- Tele. Room _____
- Holmes _____
- Gandy _____

APR 28 1964

TELETYPE

56 MAY 5 1964

TELETYPE UNIT

662
Price
4/28/64
W. J. R.
4/28/64
JH

FBI

Date: 4/30/64

Transmit the following in

(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL

C

(Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (105-82555)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (105-38431)

SUBJECT: LEE HARVEY OSWALD
IS - R - CUBA

Handwritten signature/initials

Re WFO airtel to Bureau with enclosure dated 4/6/64,
and NY airtels to Bureau, 4/21/64 and 4/24/64.

Enclosed for the Bureau and Dallas are 10 copies and 2
copies, respectively, of LHM reflecting interviews of STANLEY
ROSS, Editor, "El Tiempo", NYC, Dr. CARLOS MARQUEZ STERLING,
and investigation re PASCUAL ENRIQUE RUEDOLO GONGORA. Also
enclosed is one copy each for information of Miami and WFO.

Interview of STANLEY ROSS and Dr. MARQUEZ STERLING
was conducted by SA FRANCIS J. O'BRIEN.

Inasmuch as investigation by SA JOHN JAMES O'FLAHERTY
has determined that PASCUAL ENRIQUE RUEDOLO GONGORA is presently
an inmate at Creedmoor State Hospital, Queens, NY, no effort will
be made by the NYO, UACB, to interview him re his alleged statement
that he was one of five or six groups sent to the U.S. to
assassinate President KENNEDY at the direction of FIDEL CASTRO.

105-82555-901

- 3-Bureau (105-82555) (Encs.10) (RM)
- 2-Dallas (100-10461) (Encs.2) (RM)
- 1-Miami (105-8342) (Enc.1) (RM)
- 1-Washington Field (105-37111) (Enc.1) (RM)
- 1-New York (105-38431)

4/1 10/6

APR 28 1964

CARD

O:EG

ENCLOSURE

Approved: _____ Sent _____ M Per _____
Special Agent in Charge

21 1964

For the information of the Bureau, previous investigation was conducted re GONGORA and Bureau is in possession of NY letter with enclosure captioned "FASCUAL ENRIQUE RUEDOLO & GONGORA, aka, Pascual Ruedolo; IS-CUBA" dated 12/16/63.

In an effort to locate EVIDIO FERREIRA concerning his knowledge of information re JACK RUBY's alleged presence in Cuba subsequent to the break between the United States and Cuba, an inquiry was conducted at FERREIRA's residence on 4/28/64 and Mrs. FERREIRA advised that her husband has been in Florida for the past few days and is expected to return to NYC on 4/29/64.

NYO will interview FERREIRA upon his return to NYC.

105-38431

8

8



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

New York, New York

April 30, 1964

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Lee Harvey Oswald
Internal Security - R - Cuba

On February 6, 1964, Stanley Ross, Editor of "El Tiempo", a New York City Spanish language weekly, appeared as a guest on the Barry Gray radio program, Station WJCA, New York City. During the course of the program, Ross made a comment to the effect that he thought Castro was responsible for the death of President Kennedy, directly or indirectly, or both. Ross also remarked during the program that "El Tiempo" had published a story to the effect that Jack Ruby had been in Cuba twice since Castro came to power.

In connection with these statements, Stanley Ross was interviewed by a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) on April 24, 1964, and furnished the following information:

He stated that he recalls the statements he made on the Barry Gray radio program and explained that his statement pertaining to Fidel Castro's responsibility, directly or indirectly, for the assassination of President Kennedy was prompted by the fact that on or about November 25, 1963, one Pascual Enrique Ruedolo Gongora, a Cuban, was detained by Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), New York City, and through arrangements with the Spanish Consulate in New York City, was deported to Spain. He advised that when he had heard of Ruedolo's detention, he contacted his friend, Mr. Garcia Banon, the Spanish Consul, who confirmed that Ruedolo had been detained by INS and at the request of unidentified United States officials, Spain agreed to accept Ruedolo for return to Cuba.

Ross stated that he was informed by Mr. Banon that during an interview with Ruedolo the latter stated that he was one of five or six groups sent to the United States to assassinate President Kennedy at the direction of Fidel Castro. Gongora reportedly stated that Castro was fearful that President Kennedy was trying to assassinate him and further stated that the United States had been involved in previous assassinations, such as the assassination of the husband and brother-in-law of Madame Nhu of Vietnam.

Lee Harvey Oswald

Ross advised that through his correspondent for Cuba, one Enrique Cervantes, he had ascertained that Cuba would not accept Ruedolo from Spain because Cuba did not want to get involved in the investigation concerning the assassination of President Kennedy.

Ross further advised that relative to his statement that Jack Ruby had been in Cuba twice since Castro came to power, he explained that he received this information from one Rolando Masferrer, who had obtained it from Dr. Carlos Marquez Sterling, who in turn had obtained the information from a letter received from Cuba.

It is to be noted that Dr. Carlos Marquez Sterling had previously been mentioned by Nathaniel Weyl, 4201 Ocean Boulevard, Delray Beach, Florida, when Weyl was interviewed by Special Agents of the Miami office of the FBI on March 13, 1964. Weyl was interviewed at that time relative to a statement he made to the effect that Jack Ruby had made a trip to Havana, Cuba, to deal with an individual named Praskin. Weyl stated that he had received this information from an old friend, Carlos Marquez Sterling.

On April 20, 1964, Dr. Carlos Marquez Sterling, 355 East 72nd Street, New York City, New York, advised a Special Agent of the FBI that he is not the original source of the information pertaining to a visit by Jack Ruby to Havana, and his alleged meeting there with one Praskin. Sterling stated that he saw the letter which contained this information and he identified the original source of this information as Evidio Pereira. Sterling stated that Pereira formerly lived in Miami, Florida, and while he was residing there, Sterling instructed him to furnish this information to Sterling's friend, Nathaniel Weyl.

Sterling remarked that Pereira is employed in a factory in Newark, New Jersey, but added that he does not know his address. He commented that Pereira is a member of the Free Cuba Patriotic Movement, of which he, Sterling, is the leader.

Sterling stated he would obtain Pereira's address and advise the FBI of same.

In an effort to determine the present whereabouts of Pascual Enrique Ruedolo Gongora, heretofore mentioned, and to interview him concerning his remarks, the following investigation was conducted:

On April 27, 1964, inquiry at INS, New York City determined that Gongora had been deported to Cuba via Spain on November 28, 1963,

Lee Harvey Oswald

but subsequently had been unable to obtain travel documents to return to Cuba and was, therefore, returned to the United States at New York City on February 21, 1964. INS advised that Ruedolo was subsequently committed to Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, New York City, and later transferred to Creedmoor State Hospital, Queens, New York, where he is presently confined.

On April 28, 1964, Mr. Moses Andre Walker, Superintendent, Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, New York City, advised a Special Agent of the FBI that hospital records disclose that Gongora had been admitted to the hospital on March 11, 1964, for observation; that Gongora's diagnosis was reflected as Paranoid Schizophrenic and that he was discharged from Bellevue on March 23, 1964 and transferred to Creedmoor State Hospital, Queens, New York. Mr. Walker stated that Ruedolo was transferred from Bellevue because it had been determined that he was in need of further psychiatric treatment and that Creedmoor State Hospital had more propitious facilities for such treatment.

On April 28, 1964, inquiry at Creedmoor State Hospital, Queens, New York, disclosed that Ruedolo is presently confined to the Disturbed Ward, Building S10, and is expected to remain at Creedmoor for further treatment for probably at least another six months.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

APR 28 1964

TELETYPE

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. Belmont	✓
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Evans	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

Handwritten initials and signatures, including 'K' and 'B'.

WASH DC

DALLAS

10 20 PM CST URGENT 4-28-64 MH

TO DIRECTOR (44-24016) ATTN - CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION

FROM DALLAS 44-1639 1P

^{ALSO KNOWN AS} JACK L. RUBY, AKA; ^{VIC KNOWN AS} LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA, VIC DECD; CR. CIVIL RIGHTS

JUDGE JOE B. BROWN YESTERDAY DENIED DEFENSE MOTION TO HAVE RUBY MADE AVAILABLE FOR FURTHER NEUROLOGICAL AND PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION, STATING TEXAS LAW MAKES NO PROVISION FOR SUCH EXCEPT FOR IMMEDIATE INJURIES.

PRESS TODAY REPORTS EVA GRANT, RUBY'S SISTER, HAS MADE APPLICATION FOR SANITY HEARING. COURT IS QUOTED AS SAYING MACHINERY WILL BE SET IN MOTION PROMPTLY FOR SANITY HEARING.

MOTION FOR NEW TRIAL WILL BE HEARD TOMORROW.

END

MSL

FBI WASH DC

P

CC-MR. ROSEN

MR. BELMONT FOR THE DIRECTOR

REC-41

EX-112

APR 30 1964

44-24016-1446

79 MAY 4 1964

- DeLoach
- Rosen
- 1 - Sullivan
- 1 - Tolley
- 1 - Branigan
- 1 - Stokes

April 29, 1964

BY COURIER SERVICE

DeLoach 4/29/64
2/10

APR 29 4 33 PM '64
 TELETYPE UNIT

Honorable C. Lee Rankin
 General Counsel
 The Federal Labor Commission
 500 Maryland Avenue, N. E.
 Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Rankin:

There are enclosed two copies each of memoranda dated March 31, April 20, and April 23, 1964, pertaining to Oswald in Mexico. There are also enclosed two copies each of translations of articles in the Spanish language entitled "Oswald's Steps in Mexico" and "Will Ruby Fellow Oswald in His Tragic Destiny?" These articles appeared in the December 14, 1963, issue of "Manana" (Tomorrow), a magazine published in Mexico, D. F.

Mr. W. David Swanson of your staff has expressed an interest in the afore-mentioned articles.

Upon detachment from the classified enclosures, this letter may be regarded as unclassified.

Sincerely yours,
 J. Edgar Hoover

19 APR 29 1964

BY COURIER SVC.
 03 APR 29
 COMM-FBI

Enclosures (10)

NOTE: The enclosed memoranda and translations have been approved for dissemination by Messrs. Belmont and Tolley. The 3-31-64 letterhead is detailed interview of Herbert Voorhees, a fellow passenger with Oswald on bus 10-2/3-63 to Laredo, Texas. The 4-20-64 letterhead is analysis of Mexican Immigration

JCS:ehw (9)

MAIL ROOM TELETYPE UNIT

SECRET

Honorable J. Lee Rankin

NOTE continued...

Form FM-11 as compared to the FM-5 and FM-8 travel documents, from which the form is made. Its purpose is to show that the error in the FM-11 showing Oswald left Mexico by "auto" was not unique to Oswald's travel as the FM-11 is replete with errors. The 4-23-64 letterhead deals with investigation to determine if Oswald purchased a silver bracelet in Mexico and if he may have attended Jal Alai game. The translations are wild, highly inaccurate articles in Mexican magazine. Legat has established that the account of Oswald's dealings with bus company employees was not as reported in the magazine.

Classified Secret as 4-23-64 letterhead classified Secret to protect our sources and operations in Mexico.

- 2 -

SECRET

APR 27 1964

TELETYPE

- Mr. Tolson ✓
- Mr. Belmont ✓
- Mr. Mohr ✓
- Mr. Casper ✓
- Mr. Callahan ✓
- Mr. Conrad ✓
- Mr. DeLoach ✓
- Mr. Evans ✓
- Mr. Gale ✓
- Mr. Rosen ✓
- Mr. Sullivan ✓
- Mr. Tavel ✓
- Mr. Trotter ✓
- Tele. Room
- Miss Holmes
- Miss Gandy

FBI WASH DC
HOLD FOR 3 MSGS

FBI DALLAS
11-30 AM CST URGENT 4-27-64 WD
TO DIRECTOR (44-24016) ATTN CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION
FROM DALLAS (44-1639) 3 P

JACK L. RUBY, AKA; LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA - VICTIM, (DECEASED),

CR. CIVIL RIGHTS

ON APRIL TWENTYFOUR LAST, JOE H. TONAHILL, RUBY ATTORNEY, ADVISED ME HE DESIRED TO COME TO DALLAS OFFICE. TONAHILL APPEARED ON APRIL TWENTYSEVEN INST. HE ADVISED, IN CONNECTION WITH A HEARING WHICH BEGINS ON THIS DATE CONCERNED WITH DEFENSE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL, HE DESIRES TO SUBPOENA SA C. RAY HALL, OF THIS OFFICE, FOR TESTIMONY ON APRIL TWENTYNINE NEXT RELATIVE TO INTERVIEWS WITH RUBY ON NOVEMBER TWENTYFOUR AND DECEMBER TWENTYONE SIXTYTHREE. HE INDICATED HE WOULD DESIRE COPIES OF THE INTERVIEW REPORTS.

AGENTS C. RAY HALL AND MANNING C. CLEMENTS WERE SUBPOENAED TO TESTIFY AT RUBY'S BOND HEARING CONCERNING INTERVIEWS WITH RUBY. SA HALL DID TESTIFY IN ACCORDANCE WITH BUREAU AUTHORITY IN BUTEL JANUARY SIXTEEN SIXTYFOUR, WHICH INCLUDES VIEWS OF DEPARTMENT THAT INTERVIEW REPORT FORMS SHOULD BE TAKEN TO THE WITNESS STAND AND PRODUCED IF

64 MAY 5 1964

MR. BELMONT FOR THE DIRECTOR APR 30 1964

PERS. REC. UNIT

Handwritten signatures and initials: R, V, H, M, J.

DL 44-1639

PAGE 2

NEEDED OR CALLED UPON. SA HALL TESTIFIED AND REFERRED TO INTERVIEW REPORT FORMS TO REFRESH HIS MEMORY BUT COPIES WERE NOT DEMANDED AT THAT TIME.

IT IS NOTED THAT MR. TONAHILL DID NOT SPECIFICALLY SAY WHAT HE EXPECTED TO PROVE BY HALL IF THE COURT WOULD PERMIT ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY ON THE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL. HE DID POINT OUT, HOWEVER, THAT SGT. P. T. DEAN TESTIFIED TO WHAT THE COURT PERMITTED AS PART OF THE RES GESTAE TO SOME VERY DAMAGING ADMISSIONS ON THE PART OF RUBY. HALL WAS NOT PRESENT DURING THIS ALLEGED ADMISSION, BUT HALL DID SUBSEQUENTLY INTERVIEW RUBY. IT IS BELIEVED THAT WHAT TONAHILL WOULD HOPE TO PROVE WOULD BE THAT RUBY DID NOT MAKE ANY SUCH ADMISSIONS TO HALL. TONAHILL WAS VERY EMPHATIC IN STATING THAT RUBY HAD EMPHATICALLY DENIED MAKING SUCH ADMISSIONS AND IT WAS HIS OPINION THAT SGT. DEAN HAD PERJURED HIMSELF AND THAT NO SUCH ADMISSIONS WERE ACTUALLY MADE. TONAHILL DID NOT STATE ON WHAT BASIS HE WAS HOPING TO GET ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY IN AND AUSA IS OF OPINION THAT TRIAL JUDGE WILL NOT PERMIT REOPENING OF TESTIMONY FOR THIS PURPOSE.

Unless advised to contrary
UACB, SA HALL WILL RESPOND TO THE SUBPOENA AND TAKE WITH HIM PERTINENT INTERVIEW REPORT FORMS AND WILL, IF REQUIRED, SUPPLY COPIES. AUSA TIMMINS, IN ABSENCE OF USA SANDERS, NDT, WILL ACCOMPANY SA HALL. TIMMINS STATED HE IS CONTACTING DEPARTMENT AND WILL RECOMMEND PROCEDURE AS OUTLINED ABOVE AND IN REBUTEL.

DALLAS NEWSPAPERS THIS DATE REPORT RUBY ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN DALLAS COUNTY JAIL AFTER BUTTING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

(2)

DL 44-1639

PAGE 3

EXAMINATION IN HOSPITAL REPORTEDLY DISCLOSED A BUMP ON THE HEAD AND A SCRATCH BUT NO OTHER DAMAGE. ATTORNEY TONAHILL STATED TO ME THIS DATE THAT RUBY HAS "REALLY FLIPPED" NOW. HE VOLUNTARILY FURNISHED A COPY OF AN AFFIDAVIT SUPPLIED BY LOUIS JOLYON WEST, M.D., PROFESSOR OF PSYCHIATRY, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, CONCERNING WEST'S EXAMINATION OF RUBY ON APRIL TWENTYSIX LAST, AFTER THE REPORTED SUICIDE ATTEMPT. WEST REPORTED HIS DIAGNOSIS OF "ACUTE PSYCHOTIC REACTION: PARANOID STATE. MANIFESTED BY DELUSIONS, VISUAL AND AUDITORY HALLUCINATIONS, SUSPICIOUSNESS, AGITATION, INAPPROPRIATE AFFECT, UNSHAKABLE FIXED PREOCCUPATION, DEPRESSION, SUICIDAL IMPULSES AND IMPAIRMENT OF REASON, JUDGMENT, CONCENTRATION AND PROGRESSION OF THOUGHT."

TONAHILL ALSO VOLUNTARILY PRESENTED A COPY OF A REPORT PREPARED FOR J. E. CURRY, CHIEF OF POLICE, DALLAS, DATED NOVEMBER THIRTY SIXTYTHREE, AND SIGNED BY AN ASST. CHIEF AND TWO DEPUTY CHIEFS OF POLICE. THIS REPORT IS A CHRONOLOGICAL ACCOUNT BEGINNING NOVEMBER THIRTEEN SIXTYTHREE AND EXTENDING THROUGH THE SHOOTING OF OSWALD, OF POLICE ACTIVITIES CONCERNED WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT, ASSASSINATION AND SHOOTING OF OSWALD. THIS REPORT IS UNDOUBTEDLY IDENTICAL WITH THAT MENTIONED IN DALLAS AIRTEL APRIL THIRTEEN SIXTYFOUR, INFORMATION FROM EVA GRANT THAT DEFENSE HAD A COPY OF A DALLAS POLICE REPORT.

END MSG ONE

(3)

FBI WASH DC

CC-MR. ROSEN

Q GENERAL INVESTIGATION Q DIVISION

At Department's request, SA C. Ray Hall previously testified in answer to a defense subpoena at Ruby's bond hearing 1/16/64. His testimony was restricted to his actual interviews with Ruby on 11/24/63 and 12/21/63. Current subpoena of SA Hall to testify on 4/29/64 in connection with defense motion for a new trial was discussed with Mr. William Foley of the Criminal Division of the Department 4/27/64. Foley stated that the Department desired SA Hall testify in answer to the subpoena and that the USA or AUSA would be present to protect the Government's interest. This will be confirmed.

Q

APR 29 1964

TELETYPE

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. Belmont	✓
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Evans	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	✓
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

FBI CHICAGO

418 PM CDST URGENT 4/29/64 JLS

TO DIRECTOR (44-24016) AND DALLAS (44-1639)

ATTENTION: CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION

FROM CHICAGO (44-645) IP

JACK L. RUBY, AKA; ^{also known as} LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA DASH VICTIM, DECD, CR.

RE DALLAS ^{TELETYPE} THIS DATE.

DR. RAYMOND E. ROBERTSON, SUPT., INSTITUTE OF JUVENILE RESEARCH

PAREN (IJR) PAREN ADVISED ON DECEMBER SEVEN SIXTYTHREE AND AGAIN ON MARCH THIRTEEN LAST IJR RECORDS PERTAINING TO RUBY COULD NOT BE RELEASED WITHOUT CONSENT OF RUBY OR ISSUANCE OF SUBPOENA. IN MARCH INTERVIEW, ROBERTSON ADVISED IN ADDITION IN FBI INQUIRY HE HAD RECEIVED ONE PRESS INQUIRY RE THESE RECORDS. ROBERTSON ADVISED HE DID NOT FURNISH INFO TO PRESS AND HAS HAD NO OTHER INQUIRY AS OF THAT DATE.

DECEMBER INTERVIEW FURNISHED DALLAS BY ^{CHICAGO} CG AIRTEL, DECEMBER NINE SIXTYTHREE. MARCH INTERVIEW SENT BUREAU AND DALLAS BY CG AIRTEL, MARCH TWENTY LAST.

SUGGEST POSSIBILITY RUBY'S ATTORNEYS CONTACTED ROBERTSON AFTER MARCH THIRTEEN AND SECURED RECORDS.

CG WILL NOT RECONTACT ROBERTSON ^{Unless dictated to Contrary by Bureau} UACB.

END

WA RL
FBI WASH DC

DL MH

FBI DALLAS

X CC-MR. ROSEN

MR. BELMONT FOR THE DIRECTOR

EX-112 REC-12 44-24016-1448
MAY 1 1964

6 NT

April 30, 1964

GENERAL INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION

9

Defense attorney Joe Tonahill in one point in his motion for a new trial for Ruby stated that the prosecution had access to FBI reports showing previous psychiatric treatment afforded Ruby and defense was not aware of this. The records referred to were apparently records of the Institute of Juvenile Research in Chicago and Robertson when originally contacted December 7, 1963, advised that he could not furnish these records in absence of a subpoena or written consent of Ruby. At request of President's Commission, he was again contacted on March 13, 1964. He stated that he had not received a subpoena from the Commission for these records and would not furnish them in the absence of a subpoena or Ruby's written consent. The Commission was advised. The Bureau has never obtained these records or reported them in any reports accessible to District Attorney Wade.

Wade

FBI WASH DC

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

APR 29 1964

TELETYPE

FBI DALLAS

2-01 MOST URGENT 4-19-64 NB

TO DIRECTOR 44-24016 ATTENTION CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION

FROM DALLAS 44-1639

CIVIL RIGHTS

JACK L. RUBY, AKA LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA - VICTIM. CR.

REMYTEL APRIL TWENTYEIGHT LAST, TESTIMONY OF SA C. RAY HALL
AT HEARING ON MOTION FOR NEW TRIAL FOR RUBY.

DEFENSE ATTEMPTED TO CALL SA HALL STATING THEY WOULD PROVE CON-
CLUSIVELY TESTIMONY OF SGT. P. T. DEAN DURING TRIAL AS TO STATEMENTS
OF RUBY WERE FALSE. STATE OBJECTED AFTER DEFENSE STATED THEY WERE
REFERRING TO POINT TWENTY IN THEIR MOTION WHICH ALLEGES THE COURT
ERRED IN ALLOWING THE TESTIMONY OF DEAN IN EVIDENCE AS PART OF RES
GESTAE. COURT SUSTAINED STATE-S OBJECTION THAT TESTIMONY OF SA HALL
AS INDICATED BY DEFENSE WOULD NOT BE IN POINT. COURT EXCUSED SA
HALL AS WITNESS.

IT IS BELIEVED DEFENSE WELL KNOWS SA HALL COULD NOT TESTIFY AS
TO TRUTH OF FALSITY OF DEAN-S STATEMENTS SINCE SA HALL WAS NOT PRESENT
WHEN DEAN INTERVIEWED RUBY NOR WAS DEAN PRESENT WHEN HALL INTERVIEWED
RUBY. IT IS BELIEVED THE DEFENSE WAS PROBABLY ATTEMPTING TO SHOW
THAT RUBY DID NOT MAKE THE SAME ADMISSIONS TO SA HALL SHORTLY AFTER-
WARDS.

COURT HAS DENIED DEFENSE EFFORT TO THIS MOMENT TO PRESENT ANY

TESTIMONY ON VARIOUS POINTS IN MOTION.

END

MAY 1 1964

EGH
74 MAY 8 1964
FBI WASH DC
58 MAY 6 1964

PERG. REC. UNIT

APR 29, 1964
GENERAL INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION

Dallas advised on 4/27/64 that in connection with a defense motion for a new trial, Ruby's attorney, Joe Tonahill, desired to subpoena SA C. Ray Hall for testimony relative to Hall's interviews with Ruby on November 24, and December 21, 1963. This was discussed with the Criminal Division of the Department and Department requested that SA Hall respond to the subpoena and testify if called limiting his testimony to his interviews with Ruby. Dallas was so instructed. Sergeant Dean testified at Ruby's trial that within minutes after Ruby shot Oswald he heard Ruby make statements indicating premeditation on Ruby's part. Ruby did not make these statements indicating premeditation to SA Hall when Hall interviewed him.

[Handwritten initials] *[Handwritten signature]*

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS

APR 29 1964

TELETYPE

FBI DALLAS

10-55 AM CST URGENT 4-29-64 MH

TO DIRECTOR (44-24016) ATTN - CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION

CHICAGO (44-647)

FROM DALLAS 44-1639 2P

JACK L. RUBY, ^{also known as} AKA; LEE HARVEY OSWALD, ^{also known as, VICTIM, DECEASED} AKA, VIC, DECD; GR ^{in right}

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Evans	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

APR TWENTYNINE RUBY'S DEFENSE ATTORNEYS FILED AMENDED APPLICATION

FOR NEW TRIAL, ALLEGING IN PART THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, DALLAS, HAD, THROUGH FBI, OBTAINED RECORD OF PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION OF RUBY WHEN HE WAS A CHILD, WHEREAS DEFENSE HAD NOT HAD POSSESSION OF SAME UNTIL RECENTLY.

APR TWENTYSEVEN ATTORNEY JOE H. TONAHILL FURNISHED ME, AMONG OTHER DOCUMENTS, A COPY OF A "CONFIDENTIAL," "PERSONAL" LETTER TO J. LEE RANKIN, PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION, DATED APRIL FIFTEEN, SIXTYFOUR, SIGNED BY RAYMOND E. ROBERTSON, M.D., SUPERINTENDENT, INSTITUTE FOR JUVENILE RESEARCH, AND JOHN E. HOLASZ, M.D., ACTING HEAD, DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY. TONAHILL DID NOT STATE WHERE HE GOT THE COPY OF THE COMMUNICATION, WHETHER FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION OR FROM THE ORIGINAL SOURCES. THE DOCUMENT PURPORTS TO BE A RESUME OF THE DATA COLLECTED

REC-17

44-24016-1450

SEARCHED

MAY 1 1964

[Handwritten signature]

1507

PG 2

DL 44-1639

AND CLINICAL EVALUATION DONE AT THE INSTITUTE FOR JUVENILE RESEARCH,
CHICAGO, ON JACK RUBY IN NINETEEN TWENTYTWO.

PAGE EIGHTY, REPORT OF SA MANNING C. CLEMENTS, DALLAS, DATED DEC
FOURTEEN, SIXTYTHREE, REFLECTS CHICAGO OFFICE CONTACTED DR. ROBERTSON,
ABOVE, DEC SEVEN, SIXTYTHREE; THAT HE ADVISED AT THAT TIME OF THE EX-
ISTENCE OF MICROFILM RECORDS, APPROXIMATELY FIFTY PAGES, WHICH HE CON-
SIDERED TO BE VERY ^{INFORMATIVE} INFORMATION, BUT WAS "PRIVILEGED" AND WOULD BE MADE
AVAILABLE UPON ISSUANCE OF A SUBPOENA DUCES TECUM. QUICK SEARCH OF
DALLAS FILES DOES NOT INDICATE THAT REPORT WAS SUBSEQUENTLY FURNISHED
TO CHICAGO OFFICE.

CHICAGO ADVISE BUREAU AND DALLAS WHETHER IN FACT THE REPORT WAS
EVER FURNISHED. IF SO, IDENTIFY THE COMMUNICATION BY WHICH TRANSMITTED
TO DALLAS FOR INCLUSION IN REPORT.

UPON FILING OF AMENDED MOTION, COURT RECESSED TO ELEVEN A.M.
THIS DATE TO GIVE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OPPORTUNITY TO ANSWER.

END

CG JLS

FBI CHICAGO

WARAP

FBI WASH DC

CLRO

APR 29 1964

TELETYPE

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. Felt	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

FBI WASH DC

FBI DALLAS

6-39 PM CST URGENT 4:29:64 L JH

TO DIRECTOR 44-24,016 ATTENTION CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION

FROM DALLAS 44-1639 1-P.

JACK L. RUBY, AKA; LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AKA - VICTIM. CR.

ON THIS DATE, JUDGE JOE BROWN, DALLAS, TEXAS, DECLINED TO CONSIDER THE FIRST AND SECOND AMENDED MOTIONS FOR A NEW TRIAL FOR RUBY AND DECLINED TO HEAR ANY TESTIMONY IN SUPPORT OF THESE MOTIONS. MOTION FOR NEW TRIAL DENIED AND NOTICE OF APPEAL WAS GIVEN BY DEFENSE TO APPEAL THIS CASE TO COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEALS OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

END

OS

FBI WASH DC

[Handwritten initials]

REC-17

44-24016-1451

12 MAY 1 1964

CC-MR. ROSEN

MR. BELMONT FOR THE DIRECTOR

FBI

Date: 4/27/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL AIRMAIL
(Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (44-24016)
ATTN: CIVIL RIGHTS SECTION
FROM: SAC, DALLAS (44-1639) (P)
SUBJECT: JACK L. RUBY aka;
LEE HARVEY OSWALD aka - VICTIM (Deceased)
CR
OO: DL

Re Dallas airtel 4/17/64 and Bulet 4/23/64, concerning a communication in the Polish language which had been received in the Dallas Office.

Attached are the original and nine copies of a letterhead memorandum which incorporates this communication. Copies are being furnished to Secret Service; Chief of Police, Dallas, Texas, and HENRY WADE, District Attorney, Dallas, Texas.

3 - BUREAU (ENCS.-10)
2 - DALLAS
MCC:eah
(5)

*cc
Airtel unaccounted
for unless sent for file
C.C. Wick*

*REC-41
ER-111
1 cc per
to ltr. 5/11/64
JWH:rom*

44-24016-1452

18 APR 30 1964

10- ENCLOSURE

Approved: _____ Sent _____ M Per _____
Special Agent in Charge



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Dallas, Texas

April 27, 1964

JACK L. RUBY;
LEE HARVEY OSWALD;
FRANCISZEK TOMKIEWICZ

The communication set forth below, translated from
the Polish language, has been received in the Dallas Office
of the Federal Bureau of Investigation:

COPIES DESTROYED

21 JAN 2 1973

TRANSLATION FROM POLISH

The envelope -- (postmark removed with stamps) -- is addressed to the American Police (sic) F.B.I., District Attorney, Dallas - Dallas (sic), Texas, U.S.A., North America. The envelope bears no return address.

Letter

"Sobienow, J. H. B. (Z) 1964

"F.B.I. American Police

"New York

"District Attorney in Dallas
Re: President Kennedy, Leo (sic) Oswald
and gangster Ruby
"Spak. (?) Polish (sic)

"Leo Oswald did not kill President Kennedy. Oswald saw Ruby kill the President. Ruby knew this and pointed out Oswald to the police as Kennedy's killer in the ensuing confession. He watched Oswald's movements in order to kill him as the only witness to his crime. Both Ruby and Oswald were informers of the Dallas police. Ruby will never reveal the facts because he knows that Americans would kill him should he (illegible word); his (illegible word) would also kill him. This will not bring to life either Kennedy or Oswald. This is good publicity for such dogcatchers (?) as Oswald's wife and his mother. I could write you more on this subject matter. The cost -- one thousand dollars (\$1,000).

"Franciszek Tomkiewicz
Sobienow, Mlynska 10 (?)
Jelenia Gora, Wroclaw (sic)
Poland, Europe"

COPIES DESTROYED

21 JAN - 2 1973

ENCLOSURE

May 1, 1964

BY COURIER SERVICE

REC-41
EX-117

1014-1452

Honorable J. Lee Rankin
General Counsel
The President's Commission
200 Maryland Avenue, Northeast
Washington, D. C. 20002

REC'D-READING ROOM
FBI
MAY 1 3 07 PM '64

Dear Mr. Rankin:

Enclosed herewith for your information is a copy of a memorandum dated April 27, 1964, at Dallas, Texas, which sets forth a communication, translated from the Polish language, that was received by the Dallas Office of the FBI.

A copy of the enclosed memorandum has been furnished to District Attorney Henry Wade, Dallas, Texas; the Chief of Police, Dallas, Texas; and to the United States Secret Service.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

BY COURIER SVC.
08 MAY - 1
COMM-FBI

Enclosure

JWH/ras
(7)
SEE NOTE ON PAGE TWO.

- Tolson _____
- Belmont _____
- Mohr _____
- Casper _____
- Callahan _____
- Conrad _____
- DeLoach _____
- Evans _____
- Gale _____
- Rosen _____
- Sullivan _____
- Tavel _____
- Trotter _____
- Tele. Room _____
- Holmes _____
- Gandy _____

MAY 1 1964
1954

MAIL ROOM TELETYPE UNIT

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 1060601-29