

ROSE TIRED AFTER ORDEAL

Juror Tries for Shut-Eye, But Without Much Success

By KENT BIFFLE

Waymon Rose's bed at home is bigger than the room where he slept as a juror in the Jack Ruby trial.

And between telephone calls from reporters Saturday he was trying to get some shut-eye in it, without much success.

"I learned how to play four different kinds of solitaire," said the 41-year-old furniture dealer, taking a slug of his wife's coffee.

"That sure beats jailhouse coffee," he grinned.

He looked out the window at the budding trees and recalled telling Bailiff Bo Mabra about three weeks ago:

"I hope we come out before the trees do."

Rose is the kind of man who tends to meet life with a wink and a drollery.

When told that jurors are allowed just one beer with each meal, it was Rose who had playfully suggested:

"Let's go where they serve quarts."

But Rose made it clear he was no less aware of the deadly business they were about.

Mabra said it was Rose who gave the jurors a lift during idle periods. "You try to make the best of things. Rather than go stir crazy," said Rose.

The juror, in an interview at his home, 7132 Meadowcreek, admitted that the trial had been an ordeal. Isolation of jurors was complete. It was Friday before they learned of the county jail break a week earlier.

"We wouldn't have known then if it hadn't been mentioned in the courtroom," he said.

In communicating with his family by telephone, Rose, like other jurors, relayed his messages through Bailiff Mabra. Into the phone.

This resulted in conversation like:

"... and Mrs. Rose, he says he still loves you."

Newspapers were thoroughly clipped of any Ruby trial news. Not much was left.

"I'll never complain again about the way my kids mess up the paper before I see it," said Rose.

He noted that newscasts and bulletins were switched off the television set in the jury dorm. Also switched off by the bailiff were TV court dramas. "Don't mention Perry Mason to me," said Rose.

Still Rose believes there is no other way to handle a jury in a criminal case. They must be isolated, he feels.

"I don't see how you could have an impartial jury otherwise."

Rose's willowy brunette wife had promised him steak and champagne for supper.

He didn't want to talk about the discussion leading up to the death verdict. The jurors agreed among themselves to present a unity of purpose, he indicated.

His 5-year-old daughter Donna hopped into his lap. She put her finger on her dad's brow, nose and chin and said, "Rooster, pullet, hen."

Then she returned her finger to his nose. "What was that?" Her dad said, "Pullet." She did.

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