ON THE LINE:

A Real Funny Hangman

By BOB CONSIDINE

ALLAS: St. Patrick's Day in Dallas came a little early this year. The bands formed and the pretty Irish lassies in their riding pants moved their fiery steeds into position last Saturday. It was a beautiful day in Dallas

and the parade, small but lively, swirled past the Criminal Courts Building where Jack Ruby was about to hear himself sentenced to death in the elec-. tric chair.

Bill Alexander, the prosecutor whose rasping demands in the course of his summation of the night before would soon be

dutifully answered by the jury, was relaxing in the corridor outside the televised courtroom. The swirl of distant bagpipes hit his ears and an odd looka defense attorney called it the look of tarantula-seized his eyes.

"Don't you think we're pressing our luck in Dallas having a parade for another Irishman?" he asked.

Fun-loving Bill had some other goodies that day. Before the verdict he said, in effect, that if the defense was so interested in what went on in Ruby's brain, he'd be happy to deliver it to them, after the electrocution. As the reporters moved down Camera Alley, the customary route used by jail-breakers, en route to Judge Brown's court to hear the verdict, Bill stretched his necktie out at arm's length over his head and made like a hanged man.

Bill makes Mort Sahl and Lennie Bruce_seem hilarious. He brightens every courtroom he leaves.

PHOTOGRAPHER Bob Jackson. who took one of the close-up pictures of Ruby shooting Oswald in the basement of Dallas Police Headquarters, stepped across the street outside the Cotalizase just after the verdicti-to

get a wide-angle shot. He was nearly run down. A busy little Volkswagen gave him

two beeps and sailed by, missing him. Bob looked at the driver. She nodded in a friendly manner.

It was Mrs. Marguerite Oswald. mother of the man whose murderer had just been dealt with. *

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FORGOTTEN FACT of the Ruby case: If he had been on trial primarily as a man who avenged the slaying of a cop-killer, it's possible he would have come under much lighter fire from the District Attorney's office. Oswald killed Officer J. D. Tippit in front of several witnesses, who identified him positively within a short time. The Warren Commission may take another six months or a year to identify Oswald as President Kennedy's assassin, formally.

FIRST MEMBERS of the cast of characters to leave the scene of the Ruby trial were the pickets, who had been in daily attendance for a couple of weeks. Their placards denounced sin and psychiatry. They would follow Mel Belli to his luncheon, picket the place where he was eating, and march him back to court each day.

They simply floated away, as if airborne on their placards. One wondered when they'd next appear.

* SOMEONE EUGGESTS that the second Ruby trial, after the State Supreme Court reverses this one, will be held in a small courtroom in the same building, will be attended by local police reporters, and feature the courtroom histrionics of Frank Watts, the pint-sized Assistant D.A., and gigantic Joe Tonahill, the mastodon from Jasper, Texas. The climax of the trial will be when Joe faints, falls on Watts, crushes him and causes a mistrial.

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