

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

RALPH MCGILL

FBI Probe Part of Proof Jack Ruby Acted Alone

Special to EVENING TRIBUNE

ATLANTA, Ga. — Jack Ruby has died of cancer in Dallas, Tex. He died slowly, unlike Lee Harvey Oswald, whom he shot as television-bewitched Dallas police led Oswald down a corridor on a routine prison transfer. He died in the same hospital where invisible but tangible death came for John F. Kennedy and for the murdered Oswald.

Finis now is written to the physical participants.

But "they" will not let it be that way.

Jack Ruby was, by his record, a small-time underworld tough out of Chicago. He ran a striptease bar-joint in Dallas. It was, by accounts, the same type as those found in Chicago (and increasingly in other cities) — where lonely, moody men sit at the bar and watch much-handled, bored dames, who smell too strongly of heavy cologne and sweat, "take 'em off."

Not even the pick-lock psychologists have ever figured out what sort of mind it is in the combination that brings surcease to their loneliness or erotic fancies, warmed by beer or booze. But, anyhow, it was that kind of joint.

Jack Ruby was, by the record, friendly with cops. They could drop in his place to get warm or for a drink or a nibble at the bowls of peanuts and other salty items aimed at increasing thirst and the sale of beer. Jack Ruby, by the record, had no friends. He liked to hang around police headquarters. He knew the boys. They knew him. Jack Ruby was like the characters in every town that drift in and out of police stations.

Millions watched Jack Ruby when he shot Lee Oswald, who had assassinated President Kennedy in a merciless, calculated, mad-dog act. The policemen who had Oswald by the arm were starring straight down the corridor toward the red little eye of the TV set that was making history of their act. So was Oswald. The film shows they never saw Ruby — he just drifted in — until he fired.

The first Oswald knew of Ruby and death was when he felt — simultaneously — the prod of the revolver's metal nose,

the hot, seering blast of fire and the tearing passage of the slugs that let him feel, for a time, something of the quick, flashing agony that Jack Kennedy knew when the slugs from the assassin's rifle tore through his throat. There was nothing in Ruby's Chicago or Dallas record as a second-echelon, small-time hoodlum that figured conspiracy.

There are no better investigators in the world than those of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They and their laboratories, which also are superior to any crime labs in the business, say Oswald was alone.

But there are those who insist on conspiracy and another murderer. That there was some carelessness in security, a product of the welcome given the President, is sure. The shooting was total surprise, producing conflicting reactions. But there is no evidence of any killer but Oswald.

Books were written "proving" that Wilkes Booth was not the man killed in Richard Garrett's barn after the assassination of Lincoln. Brave Gen. Ney, who led the last charge for Napoleon at Waterloo, was shot by loyalist troops. But books were written to prove he wasn't and that he died as a North Carolina school teacher. Hitler isn't dead, some cranks say. He is living in South America.

There isn't time to go on. A flying saucer landed in my yard last night and the little men with whom I talked, smelling strongly of sulphur, said they would be back tonight. I can't be late.

was
Ruby

McGill

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