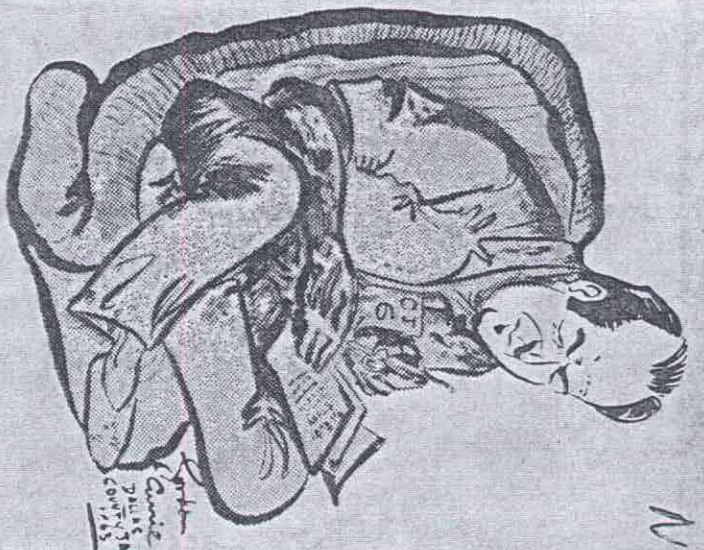


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Gordon Currie is a free-lance artist-writer from Australia who has traveled extensively in this country. When the shock waves of the last 10 days began to spread, he headed for a city he knows well—Dallas—to find out and sketch what he could through contacts he had made earlier. This is his account and drawing of a man and a place under a nation's scrutiny.

## A Killer Writes His Memoirs

By Gordon Currie  
Special to the Herald Tribune

DALLAS. I had special permission to get this "inside story" on Jack Ruby, killer of President Kennedy's assassin.

Millions watching television saw Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald here last Sunday as police were hustling him toward an armored car.

Ruby, a Dallas striptease club owner, ran forward, pushed a pistol at Oswald and fired.

Dallas County jail authorities this week let me into the jail where Ruby awaits trial in an upper floor cell.

"Are my friends still with me?" he asks again and again.

That is his biggest worry. Ruby is deep in the jail behind 11 locked

doors. No other prisoners have seen him. I was allowed within three feet of him—but concrete separated us.

The jail authorities let me into a cell directly under the one he occupies to give me a taste of his life in a cell.

He has begun writing his memoirs on jail paper in a six by eight foot cell painted light green with a dark green border.

The windows of this cell have three-quarter-inch steel bars and a saw-proof grill. Snipers cannot shoot him from any other building.

He sits alone by the cell door on a mattress bent to resemble an armchair, hoping someone will come and talk to him.

A spotlight shines on him 24 hours a day and the chief jailer's office is next door.

A vain man, his first request was for a comb and his second to be shaved with stainless steel razor blades.

"The electric razor makes me photograph too dark," he complained.

The chief jailer, E. L. Holman, is the only man allowed to have contact with Ruby.

Ruby wears a one-piece white jail suit which he fastidiously changes if his lawyer calls.

The only book that they have given him is an old copy of the Reader's Digest. Ruby reads it when he is not writing his memoirs—or answering scores of letters.

His weight has dropped from 210 pounds to 175 but he eats everything given him—despite the diet he was on when arrested.

A sample of his menu: sweet rolls and coffee for breakfast, meat loaf with brown gravy and buttered English peas for lunch, and macaroni and cheese, broccoli and apple crisp for dinner at night.

Mr. Holman said: "My one big headache is that someone will try to poison him."