

Ruby Upset by Dallas

He Says He Was Disturbed Over Newspaper Adve

"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 ours do? 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 Million Dollars of aid into its ultra-leftist 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 that fact that Argentina has just seized almost 400 Million Dol-

lars of American private property?"

"WHY has the Foreign Policy of the United States degenerated to the point that the CIA is arranging coups and having staunch Anti-Communist Allies of the U.S. bloodily exterminated?"

"WHY have you scrapped 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 affiliated 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 Weissman wasn't really a Jew. I hoped he was just pretending. I was sorry for Dallas that the Dallas Morning News would accept the ad and I hoped the Dallas Times Herald wouldn't run it. (It didn't.)

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 was 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. I wondered if the President and Mrs. Kennedy were bringing the children. I remembered a marvelous photograph of President Kennedy at his desk with little John-John crawling through a trap door in the front of the desk. The President was looking off—to the right, I think—talking to someone, and little John-John was playing under his desk.

"He's not only a President," I thought, "he's a great human being." Imagine a President being a father—a real father—to two lovely children. I felt, "He's my President. I love him," and I fell asleep.

Approximately 9:30 a.m.: I woke up and had my juice, coffee and diet pills. I scanned the Dallas 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) 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.

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 Dallas 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 Dallas Morning News building, and chatted with two girls who work there about diets. 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.

A few minutes later: I went up to the second floor to see John Noonan and work out my ad before the noon deadline.

Approximately 12:30 p.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 wires clicked out. "Three shots were fired at Presi-

dent John F. Kennedy's motorcade today in downtown Dallas." It was about 12:30 p.m. Then another person said, "Our beloved 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 (the 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.

"Let him live. Let him live. Please, God, not this lovely President. Have mercy on him and his wife and his children."

All around me it was bedlam.

It was a madhouse. Rumor, official reports, unofficial reports—they flew around the office.

"Let him live, God."

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."

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TOMORROW: Ruby's reactions after the assassination.