

STILL ALONE IN DEATH

Ruby Goes Home

By RAY BELL
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Jack Ruby—a lonely little man who wanted class—was never more alone than during his final hours in Dallas.

He was, in fact, completely alone.

Ruby's body, closed in a gray metal casket with brass trim, was taken to a Dallas funeral home after his death Tuesday in Parkland Hospital.

But there the usual routine was broken.

Instead of being taken to a

"slumber room" where grieving relatives could gather to pay last respects, Ruby's casket was placed in a curtained black limousine parked in a spacious garage at the rear of the funeral home.

It remained there until about 9:15 p.m.

THERE WERE NO friends, no relatives and no guards. There was just the sleek black car, gleaming brightly in the harsh garage lights, and the shadowy gray casket which loomed behind curtained windows.

Funeral home officials, however, said the evening did not pass without incident.

"We had quite a few harassing phone calls," they reported. "Most of the people just wanted to know details of the service, but a few got a little nasty."

Shortly after 9:15 p.m., the black limousine eased from the garage and started upon Ruby's last journey in Dallas.

The trip was to Love Field.

WAITING at the airport was one of Ruby's brothers—Earl Ruby of Detroit—and two of his sisters, Mrs. Eva Grant of Dallas and Mrs. Eileen Kaminsky of Chicago. They were to accompany the body to Chicago, where funeral services are scheduled.

Also waiting at Love Field were about a dozen reporters and photographers.

The newsmen took a few photos and asked a few questions. But they didn't say much. At this particular stage, there just wasn't much to say.

FINALLY THE FLIGHT ar-

rived. It was an American Airlines plane, and it was en route from Acapulco to Chicago. The passengers, in a festive mood, apparently had enjoyed their Latin American holiday. Many were still dressed in large straw hats and print dresses.

The casket was loaded onto the plane before the doors were opened to passengers.

Then, as the passengers started leaving the craft, one of them—an attractive woman, neatly dressed in a smart wool suit—noticed the newsmen.

"**WHAT'S HAPPENING** out here?" she inquired. "Is Lynda Bird (Johnson) coming in?"

It was a few minutes before anyone answered.

"No ma'am," one of the newsmen finally muttered. "It's just Jack Ruby . . . he's going home."

A few moments later, Earl Ruby, Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Kaminsky boarded the plane. It arrived at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport at 12:04 p.m. (EST.).

Jack Ruby, the lonely little man who wanted class, had returned to the city of his birth.