

# Excerpts From Ruby Tape

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*Following are recorded excerpts from a conversation between Jack Ruby and his brother Earl at an unspecified time between last Dec. 15 and Dec. 18 in Jack Ruby's room at Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas. The conversation is part of an album on President Kennedy's assassination being issued by Capitol Records.*

EARL RUBY [in Yiddish] —I have a tape recorder in this case.

[Earl Ruby spoke in Yiddish, Capitol Records explained, to alert his brother but not the guards in the room to the presence of the tape recorder. After his first statement, the company said, Earl Ruby placed the recorder on an air-conditioner, causing interference that reduced the clarity of the conversation. As the recording continues, with both men speaking now in English, Jack Ruby begins to describe his activities on the morning of Nov. 24, 1963, the day he shot Oswald to death. His words are garbled at first, then gradually become intelligible.]

JACK RUBY — . . . trying to send the money and naturally . . . took my money — took the money I sent away a long time and walked down the street. Curiosity had aroused me because it flashed in my mind, seeing the people there before I went to it, as I drove by on Main Street — on the south side of Main Street. I walked toward the ramp. I noticed the police squad car at the head of the ramp and an officer leaning over talking to him with his back to me. All I did is walk down there—down to the bottom of the ramp and that's when the incident happened.

EARL—Did you recognize anybody when you reached the bottom of the ramp?

JACK—No, but I recognized a police officer in the car—that was in the car. He was Lieut. Sam Pierce. And this other man was just talking to him.

EARL—When did you final-

ly realize that something had happened?

JACK—Well, it happened in such a blur that—it happened—it happened in such a blur that before I knew it I was down on the ground. The officers had me on the ground.

EARL—Had you realized you had done anything?

JACK—Well, really, it happened so fast I can't recall what happened from the time I came to the bottom of the ramp—until the police officers had me on the ground.

EARL—You have no recollection?

JACK—No. But I know that they were holding my hand and grappling for the gun.

EARL—Did you know Oswald before?

JACK—I never have known him or seen him before.

EARL — Had you ever planned anything like this?

JACK—I was so emotionally upset for three days.

EARL—Is there any truth at all to the stories that Oswald had been in your club or anywhere. . .

JACK—[Interrupting] None whatsoever. It's a fabrication.

EARL—Normally you carried a gun with you, didn't you, Jack?

JACK—Yes, I did. I always carried a gun because of various altercations I had in my club. And then I carried a pretty large sum of money at times. The ironic part of this business [is] that I made an illegal turn behind a bus at the parking lot. Had I gone the way I was supposed to go—straight down Main Street—I would never—I would never have met this fate because the difference of meeting this fate was 30 seconds one way or the other.

EARL—Did you know when Oswald was supposed to be moved [from city to county jail]?

JACK—He was supposed to be moved at 10 o'clock.