

# That's Jack Ruby

"THE FELLOW DIDN'T have enough fight in him to lick his lips," says a veteran Chicago police reporter.

"He is explosive. He has a tendency to be violent at times. He can be a close friend or a violent enemy. There's no in-between. He was almost a pro fighter, I'd say. He handled himself that well.

"Once he had a difficulty with a man in his club. Jack bodily took him out. There was quite a bit of swinging but Jack didn't get hit a single time. He very definitely hit the other guy and did a lot of damage," says Jack Cole, a theatrical agent who supplied Ruby with acts for two years.

"He's one of those guys who always goes around speaking to everybody, slapping them on the back, making friends. He'll say 'Hi there, Jim. How you doing?' and slap you on the back," says attorney Jim Martin.

"HE'S THE KIND of man who won't sit down and talk to you. Jack is the kind of person who if you ask him a question he'll answer real quick and walk away. Or he'd just walk away without answering. Once I happened to be passing down Akard and Commerce and he was fighting on the street. Ruby popped this man two or three times. It ended before the police came," says C. A. (Pappy) Dolsen, a talent agent.

"He told me Candy Barr (a former Dallas stripper and national figure after a narcotics-possession prison term) has two of the puppies from his dog," says Doris Warner, Ruby's apartment manager.

"I don't want to talk about Jack Ruby," says Candy Barr.

The emotional seismograph of Jack Ruby erupted and stopped Sunday morning at 11:20 o'clock. It is known that he was grief-stricken over the assassination of President Kennedy. "That poor family," he muttered several times. Ruby cried over the telephone as he spoke to friends about the President's murder.

"HE COULDN'T understand why all the other clubs didn't close like he did," says a local show producer.

The day of destiny began at 10 a.m. for Jack Ruby, the man who thought two wrongs make a right, a swaggering, fat-fingered, sapphire-ringed man; a health faddist and a preener who sometimes effects double-breasted suits to drape his stockiness, a man whose eyes resemble cold, dark grapes and whose hair has receded into the V-shape of the style of the Mohawk Indians.

Ten a.m. is earlier than usual for Ruby, a night-creature who never drank and who usually slept until early afternoon. When he awoke he had a swim in his apartment pool—wearing a bathing cap. He was sure he was going to grow his hair back," says a neighbor.

"At 10," says neighbor Sidney Evans, "I saw him coming up the stairs with a handful of laundry. I said 'hello,' but he didn't answer me."

"I last saw him Sunday morning," says his roommate, Senator. "He said he was taking one of his dogs—Sheba—to the club. When he left he said again, 'That poor family!'"

Jack Ruby, free-lance vigilante, flitted in and around the press room at City Hall Saturday night. He was congenial. He handed out his cards (They read, "I'm Jack Ruby—Carousel") to several officials, among them Dist. Atty. Henry Wade.

"WHAT ARE YOU doing here?" an official asked him Saturday night.

"Oh, I brought the sandwiches," Ruby answered.

He distributed cards good for free drinks to out-of-town newsmen, although Ruby planned to keep his club closed through Tuesday, when most of the newsmen would be gone.

Ruby, it is known, had brooded and went up to these moments of conviviality. Ruby, one newsmen says, had several occasions to be near Oswald Saturday. "He would've killed him five times."

Was this overnight change from hail-fellow to darting, snake-striking assassin still another part of the mercurial make-up of Jack Ruby? Or was his Saturday night socializing a cunning means to gain entry to the rolling, confused scenes of the City Hall, to make his name an accepted part of the cast while he could select the means and moment of the execution for Lee Harvey Oswald?

Jack Ruby performed his grotesque pantomime of vengeance. Then he said, according to Police Sgt. P. T. Dean, that the reason he did it was out of sympathy for Jackie Kennedy and the dead police officer.

"I just didn't want Jackie to be subjected to the trial," Ruby said, according to Sgt. Dean.

Jack Ruby has seen to it that Mrs. Kennedy will not have to endure that trial. And also that she may never know without any question of doubt why and by whom her husband, the President of the United States, was killed.

Address - Jack Ruby

24-A\*

Monday, Nov. 25, 1963—DALLAS TIMES HERALD

# Explosive, Enigmatic:

By DICK HITT, Staff Writer

What kind of man is he, this man who would assassinate assassins?

His name is Jack Rubenstein. He changed it. For 15 years in Dallas his friends and enemies have known him as Jack Ruby. It is a name today either shouted, uttered or spat out by scores of lips on earth.

Jack Ruby. A back-slapping, gate-crashing extrovert—and yet one who had a dark and turbulent torment seething within his stocky body.

Jack Ruby. A man who would go to eccentric lengths because of his love of dogs—and yet a man who would ram a bullet into the stomach of Lee Harvey Oswald, pull the trigger and blast the life from the one man who might possess the key to a nation's agony.

Jack RUBY LIKED to be in on the action. He crashed his gate at 10:22 p.m. Sept. 22, 1927, at Soldier's Field in Chicago—there were 10,000 people who had paid to get in—because he wanted to see the Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney fight. He was arrested and that was his first brush with the law.

Jack Ruby crashed his last gate at 11:20 a.m. Sunday, Nov. 24, 1963, in the basement of Dallas City Hall. He got in on the action.

The enigma of Jack Leon Ruby swirls today and trails all the way back to his birth. No one seems to know when he was born. His sister is 55 and she says her brother is a couple of years younger. She isn't sure of the year he was born. Ruby told the Texas Liquor Control Board in 1955 that he was 44. More than four years later he told them he was 47. He was born in Chicago but the Chicago vital statistics office has no record of it. The majority of references to his age in Jack Ruby's lengthy dossier of dealings with liquor-control and law-enforcement agencies in Dallas, however, indicate he was born in 1911.

**WHAT KIND OF PITCHER** what kind of momentum delivered Jack Ruby from Chicago, 1911, to Dallas City Hall, 1963, and the gun blast that rumbled through the masonry basement walls, that was heard 'round a reeling world and that thrust Jack Ruby onto the threshold of cosmic notoriety?

The words of those who know him, love him, hate him, fear him weave a tangled web of threads in the tapestry that

is Jack Leon Ruby. They speak of him oddly, obliquely; many speak of him in the past tense.

"He was extremely pleasant and had a good personality," says Dallas attorney Harvey Lewis.

"Jack Ruby screams. He threatened to destroy \$10,000 worth of my costumes. I have seen him knock people down stairways. I am afraid he will do me physical harm." Janet Conforto, an exotic dancer who performed as "Jada" at Ruby's Carousel Club, made that statement in a peace bond affidavit filed with Justice of the Peace W. L. Richburg Nov. 1 of this year.

"EVERY DAY FOR A year after our father died, Jack got up at 6 in the morning and said the Kaddash (a Hebrew prayer for the dead). But he said he felt worse about the President's death than he did about Daddy's," says Eve Grant, Ruby's sister.

"He's a nice guy. I knew he had a gun. He bought it some time ago for self-protection," says George Senator, Ruby's roommate in a two-bedroom, Italian Provincial-furnished Oak Cliff apartment.

"He's a hard guy to understand—a big talker, a street-brawler, but if Jack liked you he'd do anything in the world for you. He needed love. He had some dogs up at his place and wouldn't allow anybody to mistreat them. He was a vain person and sort of an egomaniac. He thought he was a lady-killer," says William E. Howard, a Dallas club owner.

"I never heard him talk politics," says Bill DeMar, an entertainer at the Carousel Club.

"He was quick to sock anyone who would talk against FDR," says a one-time Chicago associate.

"He was a regular old guy. He was the type guy who'd ask you to come down to his club. When we'd go, everything would be free. He liked his dogs and was always afraid the apartment owner would say something to him about getting rid of them. He'd talk to his dogs like they were kids," says

2. Lowell Gaylor, a neighbor.

Early in his boyhood (in the Jewish ghetto west-side neighborhood of Chicago around Roosevelt Boulevard and Peoria Street) he became known as "Sparky" because of his short temper and reputation for street fighting," says United Press International, quoting boyhood friends.

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1. Doris Warner, manager MarsalasPlace Apartments, 223 S. Ewing, WH 3-8251

Dallas Telephone Book:

1962 - Not listed

1963 - Curtis L. Warner, 223 S. Ewing, WH 3-8251

1964 - Not Listed

2. Lowell Gaylor, "a neighbor" of Ruby's

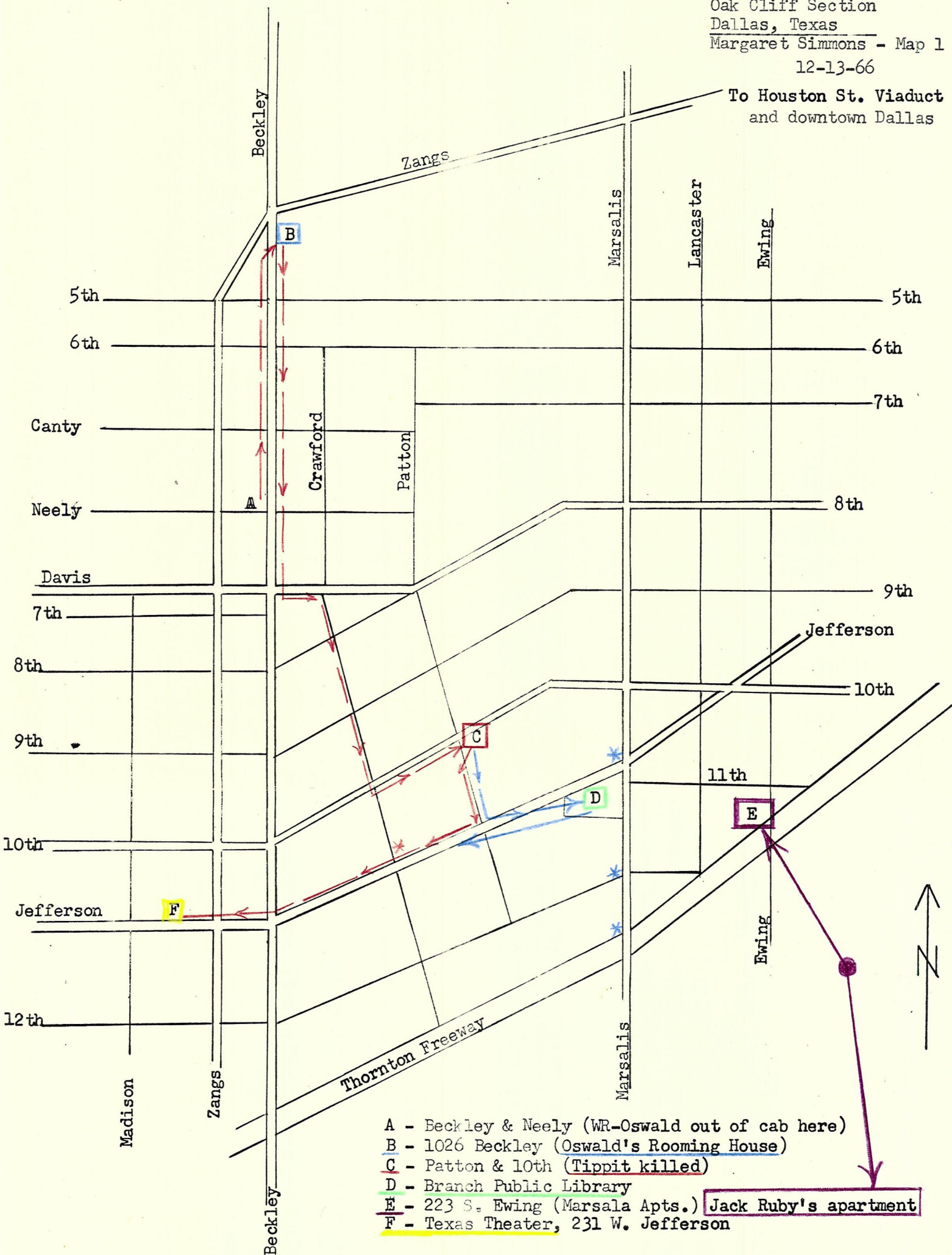
Dallas Telephone Book:

1962 - Not Listed

1963 - 223 S. Ewing, WH 2-1149

1964 - 223 S. Ewing, WH 2-1149

To Houston St. Viaduct  
 and downtown Dallas



- A - Beckley & Neely (WR-Oswald out of cab here)
- B - 1026 Beckley (Oswald's Rooming House)
- C - Patton & 10th (Tippit killed)
- D - Branch Public Library
- E - 223 S. Ewing (Marsala Apts.) **Jack Ruby's apartment**
- F - Texas Theater, 231 W. Jefferson

- Route per Warren Report
- Route per first reports
- \* Marsalis bus stops
- \* Jacket

Time per Warren Report:

A to B	- 6 min.	.30 mile
At B	- 3 min.	
B to C	- 13 min.	.85 mile
C to F	- 24 min.	.60 mile

Ruby's apartment was on Freeway and car from there could have been out of Dallas area in any direction in matter of 15 to 20 minutes.

Distance between D and E is less than .2 miles. First reports were that Oswald took cover in library before going to Texas Theater. Library would have been ideal place for swap between the TWO Oswalds.

Q. Was the relation of Point E to the other points on this map made CLEAR in the Warren Report?

NOTE: Route of 7th Street.