

**Resents Slurs at Integrity** *Post 1/29/64*

# Ruby Rose to Success From Life of Poverty

By Jack Ruby

With William Read Woodfield

I was born Jack Leon Rubenstein in Chicago on March 24, 1911, the fourth child of eight.

Pa was a carpenter by trade but in his heart he was a Cossack. He was born in Poland, and was drafted into the Russian army and made a horseman.

When he was 21, he and two of his buddies deserted. They hid at a farm. The woman who owned the farm had three marriageable daughters. She hid the three deserters. Within a few weeks, the three of them were married to the three daughters. That's how my father met and married my mother.

My father came to this country and settled in Chicago. He worked hard and drank hard. We lived a half block from Maxwell Street. It was a ghetto, a slum. We always had enough to eat but we never had any of the luxuries. I used to save pennies all year so that a week before the Fourth of July I could buy fireworks to sell to the kids in the neighborhood.

## Sold Fireworks

We lived a half a block from the produce market. I used to buy shopping bags for 2½ cents apiece. My sister Ev and I would sell them for 10 cents apiece.

Maxwell Street was a breeding ground of crime. A lot of kids I grew up with later got into trouble with the law. A lot of kids later became hoodlums.

Ma and Pa's fighting got worse and worse, screaming and cursing. Pa drank more and more. He and Ma went into court to separate.

The court broke up our family. I was sent—alone—to a farm and I died there. Nothing to sell—no one to buy—no business to do. Just cows and fresh air. I was 14.

That went on for two years. Then my mother sent for us. She had rented an apartment. Pa was sending her money

and with what we could make—well, we'd be a family again.

We—all of us kids—started working together. We'd buy articles wholesale to peddle door-to-door at retail prices. We worked as teams and canvassed blocks—selling bottle openers, salt and pepper shakers, God-only-knows what.

Then, in 1933, came the Chicago World's Fair. I could really sell—banners saying "Welcome to Chicago," streamers, silk pillows, turtles. I was happy.

When the Fair ended, I sold wooden hope chests from door to door and kitchen pots and pans to gas station attendants.

I decided to go to California. I had just arrived there when I received word that my mother had had a breakdown. Mom was sick for about a year and then she came home. She lived with some member of the family until she died, in 1944, of a heart condition.

## Fell Deeply in Love

In San Francisco around 1936, I was 26. I first fell deeply in love. She was rich. I was selling newspaper subscrip-

tions from door to door. I made about \$40 or \$50 a week.

How could I ask a girl like this to give up her way of life and live like I lived? Obviously I couldn't and the only thing I could do was run. Back to Chicago.

An old friend, Leon Cooke, an attorney, had decided to start a scrap iron and junk handlers union and asked me to help him. Leon wanted to unionize the scrap handlers because he felt that they were getting a lousy deal. Ten to 15 cents an hour—that's all.

Within a few months, after we got the union going, Leon was shot in the back. No one knows how or why to this day. I quit the union.

In 1937, I went into the punchboard business. I just bought a bunch of punch-

boards and prizes wholesale and placed them in various locations around the East Coast. It was illegal but it was no big deal.

I was drafted into the Army in May, 1943. I was a mechanic in the Air Corps. I never got overseas. I was given an honorable discharge in 1946.

## Partners with Brother

My brother Earl had started a manufacturing business—Earl Products Co. I joined him as a part owner. I was to sell, and sell I did. We made and sold millions of salt and pepper shakers. For the first time in my life, I had cash—lots of it.

I got the show business bug by selling a little dancer named Sugar Daddy, 12 years old. I started managing him in my spare time. I dropped \$3500. But I still had a yearning for show business. My sister Ev had bought a night club in Dallas. She finally persuaded me to come to Dallas and help her run the club. I sold out my share of Earl Products for \$15,000 and moved to Dallas.

I want to say that until this thing happened, I was a success. My club was making money. I never carried less than a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket at any time. I could borrow \$5000 to \$10,000 on my word alone.

I resent reports that describe me as a "loser," "a hanger on," "a small time operator." I may not be a millionaire but I have always kept my word and honored my obligations.

*THURSDAY: The forty-eight hours from the time our beloved President was murdered until I did what I did.*

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## Buddhist Nun, 24, Burns Self to Death

SAIGON, Jan. 28 (AP)—A 24-year-old Buddhist nun burned herself to death Saturday at a provincial pagoda 120 miles west of here, the South Vietnamese government reported today.

On a nearby wall, writing believed to have been the nun's said she was burning herself for the glory of Buddha.