

Ruby Tells Own Story

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN
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What you are about to read is the transcript of the testimony given by Jack Ruby to Chief Justice Earl Warren and other members of the Warren Commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy.

The transcript will be printed in this newspaper in three installments. This is the first of those three.

The Warren Commission will not make public its findings until sometime next month.

But through sources close to the Warren Commission in Washington I obtained a copy of the original transcript of Ruby's highly important testimony.

The transcript is 102 pages long and is a word-by-word account of a three-hour, five-minute interrogation of Jack Ruby—the third member of a triangle that has become an irrevocable part of history.

Jack Ruby has been convicted of killing Lee Harvey Oswald. He has been sentenced to death. In his testimony before Chief Justice Warren, Ruby traces his movements from the time of the President's murder until the moment he shot Oswald—Mr. Kennedy's accused assassin.

Did you know Lee Harvey Oswald? That was one of the questions Ruby was asked. Were you part of a conspiracy against the President? That was another of the questions.

Jack Ruby answered. And as he talked he bared his mind and moved us a step closer to solving some of the riddles that have plagued this country and the world since the hour of President Kennedy's tragic death.

**THIS IS THE Q. AND A.
CONFIDENTIAL
PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE
ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY**

Dallas, Texas
Sunday, June 7, 1964
11:45 a. m.-2:50 p. m.

The President's Commission met, pursuant to recess, at 11:45 a. m. in the interrogation room of the Dallas County Jail, Main and Houston Streets, Dallas, Texas.

PRESENT

Chief Justice Earl Warren
J. Lee Rankin, General Counsel
Congressman Gerald R. Ford, Michigan.
Elmer W. Moore, Special Agent, U. S. Secret Service
Joseph A. Ball, Staff Counsel
Arlen Specter, Staff Counsel.
Robert G. Storey, Counsel
Leon Jaworski, Counsel
Jim Bowie, Assistant District Attorney
Joe H. Tonahill, Counsel representing Jack Ruby
Sheriff Bill Decker
E. L. Holman, Chief Jailer
Orville Smith, Deputy Sheriff assigned to Jack Ruby
Helen Lairdich, Reporter

PROCEEDINGS

Ruby: Without a lie detector test on my testimony, my

verbal statements to you, how do you know if I am telling the truth?

Mr. Tonahill: Don't worry about that, Jack.

Ruby: Just a minute, gentlemen.

Chief Justice Warren: You wanted to ask something, did you, Mr. Ruby?

Ruby: I would like to be able to get a lie detector test or truth serum of what motivated me to do what I did at that particular time, and it seems as you get further into something, even though you know what you did, it operates against you somehow, brain washes you, that you are weak in what you want to tell the truth about and what you want to say which is the truth.

Now, Mr. Warren, I don't know if you got any confidence in the lie detector test and the truth serum and so on.

Agree to Test

Chief Justice Warren: I can't tell you just how much confidence I have in it, because it depends so much on who is taking it and so forth. But I will say this to you, that if you and your counsel want any kind of test, I will arrange it for you. I would be glad to do that, if you want it. I wouldn't suggest a lie detector test to testify the truth. We will treat you just the same as we do any other witness, but if you want such a test, I will arrange it.

Ruby: I do want it. Will you agree to that, Joe?

Mr. Tonahill: I sure do, Jack.

Chief Justice Warren: Any kind of test you want to verify what you say, we will be glad to do.

Ruby: I want it even if you put me into a sort of drowsiness so you can question me as to anything pertaining to my involvement in this particular act.

Mr. Tonahill: Jack, you have wanted to do that from the very beginning, haven't you?

Plenty of Time

Ruby: Yes. And the reason why I am asking for that is, are you limited for time?

Chief Justice Warren: No, we have all the time you want.

Ruby: As I started to trial—I don't know if you realize my reasoning, how I hapened to be involved—I was carried away tremendously emotionally, and all the time I tried to ask Mr. (Melvin) Belli, I wanted to get up and say the truth regarding the steps that led me to what I have got involved in, but since I have a spotty background in the night club business, I should have been the last person to ever want to do something that I had been involved in. In other words, I was carried away tremendously. You want to ask me questions?

Chief Justice Warren: You tell us what you want, and then we will ask you some questions.

Mr. Rankin: I think he ought to be sworn.

Ruby: Am I boring you?

Chief Justice Warren: Go ahead. All right, Mr. Ruby, tell us your story.

Ruby: That particular morning—where is Mr. Moore? —I had to go down to the (Dallas) News Building, getting back to this—I don't want to interrupt.

Chief Justice Warren: What morning do you mean?

Ruby: Friday morning, the starting of the tragedy. Mr. Belli evidently did not go into my case thoroughly circumstantially. If he had gone into it, he wouldn't have tried to vindicate me on an insanity plea to relieve me of all responsibility, because circumstantially everything looks so bad for me. It can happen—it happens to many people who happen to be at the wrong place at the right time.

Had Mr. Belli spent more time with me, he would have realized not to try to get me out completely free; at the time we are talking, technically, how attorneys operate.

Warren: I understand.

Ruby: Different things came up, flashed back into my mind, that it dirtied my background, that Mr. Belli and I decided—oh yes, when I sent to say that I wanted to get on the stand and tell the truth what happened that morning he said, "Jack, when they get you on the stand, you are actually speaking of a premeditated crime that you involved yourself in." But I didn't care because I wanted to tell the truth.

He said, "When the prosecution gets you on the stand, they will cut you to ribbons." So naturally, I had to retract, and he fought his way to try to vindicate me out of this particular crime. You follow that?

Warren: Yes, I do indeed.

Ruby: I want you to question me and requestion me on anything you want, plus the fact I do want the tests when they are available.

Warren: Yes.

Ruby: On Friday, the morning parade—this goes back to Thursday night, because it has something to do with it. We were having dinner at the Egyptian Restaurant—

Warren: Right now, Mr. Ruby, before we get started taking your testimony, would you mind being sworn?

(Chief Justice Warren and Ruby stand and both raise their right hand.)

Warren: Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give before the commission will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Ruby: I do.

Starts Story

Warren: Now will you please state whether the things you have just told us are true under your oath?

Ruby: I do so state they are the truth.

Warren: Now you complete whatever story you want to tell.

Ruby: All right. Thursday night I was having dinner at the Egyptian Restaurant on Mockingbird Lane, and a fellow comes over to the table. I was sitting with a guy by the name of Ralph Paul. He tried to invite me to the club a couple of doors down and I refused, because he had taken a band away from me that had been engaged for seven years, and I felt it was a lost cause, that the club would be failing because of that, and I sort of excused myself and I refused to go over to the club.

We finished our dinner, and I went down to the club that I operated, the Carousel, and this particular master of ceremonies happened to be there at the time, and we discussed a few things. And there is a columnist by the name of Tony Zoppi—and prior to that, I wrote out a full page of copy of this build—I have the copies—as an MC. And I brought a picture and brochure, and Tony said, "I will write a story." This was done two days prior to this Thursday night.

Very Disgusted

So then I went down, so we discussed it and were very much disgusted with Tony because he only gave us a build of one or two lines. Well, I retired that night after

closing the club. Then I knew I wanted to go back to the Morning News Building to get the brochure I left, and also this complete page of longhand writing describing the various talents of this Bill Demarr.

I picked up the brochure that Friday morning, and I also had business at the News Building on Friday because that is the start of the weekend, which is very lucrative, the weekend. I have ways of making my ads of where they have a way of selling the product I am producing or putting on the show. So I went down there Friday morning to Tony Zoppi's office, and they said he went to New Orleans for a couple of days.

I picked up the brochure. I believe I got downtown there at 10:30 or 11 o'clock that morning. And I took the brochure and then went into the main room where we compose our ads. That is the sales room where we placed our ads. I remained there for a while. I started to write the copy of my ad.

An Apology

Now I go back to the same fellow that wanted me to come over to the club where we were having our dinner on Mockingbird at the Egyptian Lounge. I came to the desk and I wanted to apologize and explain why I didn't accept his invitation last night. I wanted to explain, and that took about 20 or 25 minutes. All this is pertaining to everything prior to the terrible tragedy that happened.

I started to explain to him why I didn't want to go there, because this fellow mentioned—Tony, I think—I can't think of his last name—of me having his band so many years, and I felt at the moment I didn't want to go over to the club because I didn't care to meet this fellow.

And he started to apologize, "Jack, I am sorry, I did work for the fellow and we have been advertising him for the club, and I am putting out a night club book." I remained with him for 20 or 25 minutes talking there. I don't know whether my ad was completed or not. It was an ad on the Vegas and the Carousel. My ads were completed, I believe, and after finishing my conversation with him, he left.

Suddenly the man that completes my ads for me, that helps me on occasion—but I usually make it up myself—but the person that takes the money for the ads—this is the reason it is so hard for me to meet a deadline when I get downtown to the News Building. And as a rule, I have to pay cash for my ads. When you are in debt, it is necessary, and they will not put it in unless you pay cash.

Avoids Crowds

And consequently, the weekend, I had been to town on that particular day. All this adds up later on, as I will state why I didn't go to the parade. In the first place, I don't want to go where there is big crowds. I can't explain it to you. If I was interested, I would have seen it on television, our beloved President and all the parade that transpired. But all that adds up why it is important for me to be in the News Building.

I owe the government quite a bit of money, and it is doing business out of your pocket, supposedly in the slang expression. Well, John Newman comes in, and evidently he took it for granted I finished my ad, and I don't recall if he paid for his ad, and suddenly there is some milling around.

I think it was 12 o'clock or 15 minutes after 12, I don't recall what, but John Newman said someone had been shot. And I am sorry, I got carried away because I had been under pressure. And someone else came running over and he said a Secret Service man was shot, or something to that effect. And I am there in the middle with John Newman, because Newman isn't paying any attention to anyone else, and there is a lot going back and forth.

Connally Shot

So someone must have made a statement that Governor Connally was shot. I don't recall what was said. And I was in a state of hysteria, I mean. You say, "Oh my God, it can't happen." You carry on crazy sayings.

There was a little television set in one office not far away from where I had been sitting at the desk. I ran over there and noticed a little boy and a little sister say, "I was standing right there when it happened." I mean, different things you hear on the television. Then the phone started ringing off the desk and I heard John Newman say people were complaining about the ad, why they accepted this ad.

(A tray of water and glasses were brought in.)

Thank you. Has every witness been this hesitant in trying to explain their story?

Warren: You are doing very well. I can understand why you have to reflect upon a story of that length.

Ruby: The phones were ringing off the desk calling various ads, and they were having a turmoil in the News Building because of a person by the name of Bernard Weisman placing that particular ad, full page ad. I am sure you are familiar with the ad.

Warren: Yes, I am.

News of Attack

Ruby: Criticizing a lot of things about our beloved President. Then John Newman and I and another gentleman walked over to another part of the room, and I heard John Newman say, "I told him not to take that ad." Something to that effect. Then he said, "Well, you have seen him pay part cash and come back and pay the balance." Now everything is very vague to me as to when this transpired; after they heard the President had been shot, or prior to that. You know it's been a long time, and I am under a very bad mental strain here.

Warren: Yes.

Ruby: From the time we were told that the President was shot, thirty-five minutes later they said he had passed away. In the meantime, I became very emotional. I called my sister at home. She was carried away terribly bad. And John Newman happened to be there, and I know it is a funny reaction you have you want other people to feel that you feel emotionally disturbed the same way as other people, so I let John listen to the phone that my sister was crying hysterically.

And I said to John, I said, "John I will have to leave Dallas." I don't know why I said that, but it is a funny reaction that you feel, the city is terribly let down by the tragedy that happened. And I said, "John, I am not opening up tonight." And I don't know what else transpired there. I know people were just heartbroken. I left the room. I may have left out a few things. Mr. Moore remembers probably more, but you can come back and question me and maybe I can answer these questions.

Not Opening

I left the building and I went down and got my car and I couldn't stop crying, because naturally when I pulled up to a "stop" light and other people would be adjacent to me, I wouldn't want them to see me crying, because it looked kind of artificial. And I went to the club and I came up, and I may have made a couple of calls from there. I could have called my colored boy, Andy, down at the club. I could have—I don't know who else I would have called, but I could have, because it is so long since my mind is very much warped now. You think that literally?

I went to the club and told Andy, said, "Call everyone and tell them we are not opening." We have a little girl in Fort Worth I wanted to make sure he called her. And a fellow by the name of Bell called and wanted to know if we were open. And Kathy Kay called and I said, "Definitely not." And I called Ralph Paul, that owns the Bull Pen. He said "Jack, being as everyone else is open"—

because he knows I was pressed for money—and I said, "No, Ralph, I can't open." He said, "Okay, if that is why, that is the way it's got to be."

So in the meantime, I had gone with Alice Nichols for sometime, and I called her on the phone but she wasn't there, but I left the number on the pay phone for her to return the call, because I didn't want to keep the business phone tied up. And I hadn't spoken to her in maybe nine months or a year. I don't know what I said to her, not many words, but just what happened.

Still Crying

I still remained around the club there. I am sure I was crying pretty bad. I think I made a long distance call to California. This fellow had just visited me, and I had known him in the days back in Chicago when we were very young, in the real tough part of Chicago. His name is Al Gruber.

He was a bad kid in those days, but he is quite reformed. He is married and has a family, and I am sure he makes a very legitimate livelihood at this time. He happened to come through a couple of nights prior to that to try to interest me, or four or five days prior to that, to interest me in a new kind—you follow the story as I tell it?

Warren: Yes.

Ruby: It is important, very important. It is on a new kind of machine that washes cars. You pay with tokens. It is a new thing. I don't know if it faded out or not. He tried to interest my brother, Sammy, because Sammy sold his washateria. And my sister was in the hospital when he first came. I am going back a little bit. Sammy didn't go to the hospital, and we needed to sell Sammy about this particular thing, and that is the reason Al Gruber came into the picture, because he came to try to interest my brother Sammy in this new washateria deal to wash cars.

He left and went to California, but before he went to California I promised him my dachshund dog. When this thing happened, I called him. He said, "Yes, we are just watching on television." And I couldn't carry on more conversation. I said, "Al, I have to hang up." Then I must have called my sister, Eileen, in Chicago.

Calls Sister

Then a fellow came over to deliver some merchandise I had ordered over the phone, or Andy ordered. And we said, "What is the use of purchasing any merchandise of any kind. We are not interested in business," and I don't recall what I said, but I told him whatever money he received, to keep the change. I am not a philanthropist, but nothing bothered me at the time. I wasn't interested in anything.

Then I kept calling my sister, Eva, because she wanted me to come be with her. Eva and I have a very complex personality. Very rarely can I be with her, but on this particular occasion, since she was carrying on so, I felt that I wanted to be with someone that meant something to me. I wanted to be with her. And I kept calling her back, "I will be there," and so on. But I never did get there until a couple of hours later.

I finally left the club. I am sure you gentlemen can brief in all the things that happened before. A kid by the name of Larry up there. I think I told him to send the dog they crated, to find out about the price—very impulsive about everything. Then I left the club. And I had been dieting, but I felt I wanted some food. I can't explain it. It would be like getting intoxicated at that particular time. It is amusing, but it is true.

I went over to the Ritz delicatessen a block and a half away. Must have bought out the store, for about ten dollars' worth of delicacies and so on. Went out to my sister's and stayed at her apartment. Oh, I called from the apartment—my sister knew more of my calls than I did. I remember I think I called—I can't think of who I called.

Columnist Calls

Anyway, I am sure I made some calls of what had happened there. Somebody will have to piece me together from the time I got to my sister's apartment where I had partaken of the food. Oh yes, I called Andy. This Andy Armstrong called me and said, "Don Safran wants you to call him."

This is rare for this gentleman, because he is a columnist for the Dallas Times Herald, because he never could get out any copy for my club. And he said, "Don Safran wants me to call him." I called him, and he said, "Jack are you going to be closed tonight?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, the Cabana and the Adolphus, the Century Room, are going to be closed."

I said, "Don, I am not asking you about any clubs that are going to be closed. I know I am going to be closed." And he said, "Jack, that is what I want to know." And I said, "You don't have to prompt me about who else is going to be closed." I put the receiver down and talked to my sister, and I said, "Eva, what shall we do?" And she said, "Jack, let's close for the three days." She said, "We don't have anything anyway, but we owe it to"—(chokes up).

So I called Don Safran back immediately and I said, "Don, we decided to close for Friday, Saturday and Sunday." And he said, "Okay." Then I called the Morning News and I wanted to definitely make sure to change a copy of my ad to "Closed Friday, Saturday and Sunday," something to that effect. And it was a little late in the afternoon, but he said, "We will try to get the copy in."

Calls Synagogue

Then I called Don back again but couldn't get him, and I spoke to one of his assistants, and I said, I forgot what I told him. Anyway, that is one of the calls I had that had transpired. I lie down and take a nap. I wake about 7:00 or 7:30. In the meantime, I think I called—the reason this comes back to me, I know I was going to the Synagogue.

I called Coleman Jacobson and asked him what time services are tonight, and he said he didn't know. And I said, "Are there going to be any special services?" and he said he didn't know of any. And I called the Congregation Shearith Israel and asked the girl, and she said, "Regular services at 8 o'clock." And I said, "Aren't there going to be earlier services like 5:30 or 6?"

And about 7:30 I went to my apartment. I don't know if I went downtown to the club. I know I went to my apartment—either to the club or to the apartment. And I changed, showered and shaved, and I think I drove—and as I drove down, there is a certain Thornton Freeway, and I saw the clubs were still open going full blast, a couple of clubs there.

Anyway, I went out to the Synagogue and I went through the line and I spoke to Rabbi Silverman, and I thanked him for going to visit my sister at the hospital. She was in a week prior and had just gotten out. I don't remember the date.

Praises Police

Then he had a confirmation—this is the night prior to the confirmation. They serve little delicacies. So in spite of the fact of the mood I was in, I strolled into the place, and I think I had a little glass of punch. Nothing intoxicating, just a little punch they serve there. I didn't speak to anyone. One girl, Leona, said "Hello, Jack," and I wasn't in a conversational mood whatsoever.

I left the club—I left the Synagogue and I drove by the Bali-Hai Restaurant. I noticed they were open. I took recognition of that. I drove by another club called the Gay Nineties, and they were closed. And I made it my business to drive down Preston Road.

In my mind suddenly it mulled over me that the police department was working overtime. And this is the craziest thing that ever happened in a person's life. I have always been very close to the police department. I don't know why.

I felt I had always abided by the law—a few little infractions, but not serious—and I felt we have one of the greatest police forces in the world here, and I have always been close to them, and I visited in the office. And over the radio I heard they were working overtime.

I stopped at the delicatessen called Phil's on Oak Lawn Avenue, and suddenly I decided—I told the clerk there I wanted him to make me some real good sandwiches, about 10 or 12, and he had already started on the sandwiches and I got on the phone.

Calls Radio

I called an officer by the name of Sims and I said, "Sims, I hear you guys are working," and so on. I said, "I want to bring some sandwiches." And he said, "Jack, we wound up our work already. We wound up what we were doing. We are finished what we were doing. I will tell the boys about your thoughtfulness, and I will thank them for you." In the meantime, there is a fellow in town that has been very good to me named Gordon McLendon. Do you know him, Mr. Warren?

Warren: I think I do not.

Ruby: He had been giving me a lot of free plugs. And all the while listening to the radio, I heard about a certain disc jockey, Joe Long, that is down at the station, giving first-hand information—I want to describe him—of Oswald. Very rarely do I use the name Oswald. I don't know why. I don't know how to explain it—if the person that committed the act. (Pause to compose self.)

So before going down to the police station, I try to call KLIF but can't get their number—I wanted to bring the sandwiches to KLIF so they would have the sandwiches, since they already started to make them up. And I remember Russ Knight, a disc jockey—these names aren't familiar to you, but I have to mention them in order to refresh my memory.

His name was Moore, or something, and I tried to get information on the telephone, but they couldn't give me the phone number of his home. I probably thought I could get the phone number, but after 6:00 p. m. you cannot get into the premises unless you have a "hot" number that is right to the disc jockey room. So I couldn't get a hold of that.

An Old Number

But in the meantime I called Gordon McLendon's home, because I know he lives near the Synagogue out there, and I got a little girl on the phone, and I knew they had children, and I asked for the number of KLIF. I said, "Anyone home?" She said, "No." I said, "Is your daddy or mommy home?" I forgot what transpired. I said, "I would like to get the number of the station so that I can get in the building at this time."

She said she would go and see, and gave me a Riverside exchange. Mind you, this is six or seven months back, gentlemen. And I asked her name. Her name is Christine, I think. I said, "I want to bring some sandwiches." She said, "My mother already brought sandwiches." And I said I wanted to go there too. And that was the end of this little girl's conversation with myself. I called that number, as I am repeating myself. There was no such number. It was an obsolete number.

I go down to the—I drive by—I leave the delicatessen—the clerk helped me with the sandwiches out to my car, and I thanked him. I told him, "These were going to KLIF, and I want you to make them real good." He helped me with the sandwiches in the car. I got in the car and drove toward town. I imagine it is about four or five miles to the downtown section from the delicatessen.

But prior to going into the station, I drove up McKinney Avenue to look over a couple of clubs to see if they were activating. I knew the club across from Phil's restaurant and I knew the B&M restaurant was open. That is a restaurant and I know the necessity for food, but I can't understand some of the clubs remaining open. It struck me funny at such a tragic time as that happening.

At Police Station

I drove down to Commerce and Harwood and parked my car with my dog—incidentally, I always have my dog with me—on the lot there, left the sandwiches in the car, and went into the building of the police station, took the elevator up to the second floor, and here was a police officer there.

This is the first time I ever entered the building, gentlemen. The first time of that Friday. This time it must have been about—I mean the time, the time of my entering the building, I guess, was approximately 11:15 p. m. The officer was there, and I said, "Where is Joe Long?" I said, "can I go and look for him?"

Evidently I took a little domineering part about me, and I was able to be admitted. I asked different reporters and various personalities there, "Are you Joe Long?" and I couldn't locate him. I even had a police officer try to page him and he couldn't locate him. I recognized a couple of police officers. Cal Jones and a few others, and I said "Hello" to them. And I am still looking for Joe Long, but I am carried away with the excitement of history.

And one fellow then—I am in the hallway there—there is a narrow hallway, and I don't recall if Capt. Fritz or Chief Curry brings the prisoner out, and I am standing about two or three feet away from him, and there is some reporters that didn't know the various police officers, and I don't know whether they asked me or I volunteered to tell them, because I knew they were looking to find out who that was, and I said, "That was Chief Curry" or "That is Capt. Fritz," or whoever it was. I don't recall (Dallas County District Attorney) Henry Wade coming out in the hallway. He probably did. I don't recall what happened. (To Tonahill: Is that for me, Joe?)

Oswald Grilled

Then suddenly someone asked, either the Chief or Captain Fritz, "Isn't there a larger room where we can go into? They said, "Well, let's go down to the assembly room downstairs." I don't know what transpired in between from the time that I had the officer page Joe Long up to the time I was standing about three feet away from Oswald. All the things—I don't recall if I am telling you everything that happened from that time, from the time I entered the building to the time I went down to the assembly room.

I went down to the assembly room in the basement. I felt perfectly free walking in there. No one asked me or anything. I got up on a little table there where I knew I wasn't blocking anyone's view, because there was an abutment sticking out, and I had my back to the abutment, and I was standing there. Then they brought the prisoner out and various questions were being shouted.

I noticed there was a Chief County or Judge Davidson. I can't think of his name, one of these Precinct Court judges, and they brought the prisoner out. I don't recall if Chief Fritz, Captain Fritz, was there, or Chief Curry. I know Henry Wade was there.

And they started shouting questions and he said, "Is he the one?" And the question about the gun. And they questioned Henry Wade. "What organization did he belong to," or something. And if I recall, I think Henry Wade answered "Free Cuba."

'Guilty' Man

And I corrected Henry Wade, because listening to the radio or KLIF, it stood out in my mind that it was "Fair Play Cuba." There was a difference. So he said, "Oh yes, Fair Play Cuba," and he corrected that. I don't know how long we remained there. There was a lot of questions thrown back and forth, and this District Attorney Henry Wade was answering them to the best he could.

From the time he started, he let the reporters know that this was the guilty one that committed the crime.

He specifically stated that in that room, that he was the one. It didn't have any effect on my mind, because whether the person had come out, whether he come out openly and publicly stated didn't have any bearing in my mind, because I wasn't interested in anything. All I knew, they had the prisoner. But the reporters like to know where they stand, "Is he the one?"

We left out in the hallway, and I saw Henry Wade standing there, and I went over to him and said, "Henry, I want you to know I was the one that corrected you." I think it is a childish thing, but I met Henry Wade sometime back, and I knew he would recognize me. "By the way, it was Fair Play Cuba," or something to that effect.

In the meantime, as I leave Henry Wade, two gentlemen pass by and I said, "Are you Joe Long?" He said, "No, why do you want Joe Long?" And I said, "I got to get into KLIF. I have got some sandwiches." And he said, "What about us?" and I said, "Some other time."

A Reporter

And it so happened I found out Jerry Gunkle and Sam Pease, I found out they were the names, so I did get the number, because these fellows work for a rival radio station, and he gave me the number of KLIF. And in the testimony of John Rutledge, if I recall now—this is the only time I had ever seen this person. When I went out the railing where the phone was at, people felt free to walk in.

In other words, I felt that I was deputized as a reporter, momentarily, you might say. So I called one of the boys at KLIF and I said to them, "I have sandwiches for you. I want to get over there. I said, "By the way, I see Henry Wade talking on the phone to someone. Do you want me to get him over there?" And he said, "Yes, do that."

That is when everyone was beckoning to Henry Wade, and I called him over and he talked to this boy. And after he finished, I didn't even tell him what station it was. I said, "Here is somebody that wants to talk to you." And I felt he wouldn't turn it down. And this fellow was very much elated that I brought him over there. And I said, "Now will you let me in?"

He said, "I will only leave the door open for five minutes." That was after the conversation was finished with Henry Wade. I got ready to leave the building and I got up to the next floor and there was another disc jockey at KLIF, Russ Knight. He said, "Jack, where is everything happening." And he had a tape recorder.

And I said, "Come on downstairs," and led him downstairs. And there was Henry Wade sitting there. And I said, "Henry, this is Russ Knight." And I left him there with Henry Wade, and I went to my car and drove over to KLIF which is a block away from there.

Chilly Night

And it was a little chilly that night, as I recall, but by bringing Russ Knight over to Henry Wade, I delayed too long to get to KLIF, and I had to wait 15 minutes until Russ Knight came from finishing his interview with Henry Wade. I had the sandwiches with me and some soda pop and various things, and Russ Knight opened the door and we went upstairs.

(Arlen Specter, a staff counsel, entered the room.)

Warren: This is another man on my staff, Mr. Specter. Would you mind if he came in?

(Warren introduced the men around the room.)

Ruby: Is there any way to get me to Washington?

Warren: I beg your pardon?

Ruby: Is there any way of you getting me to Washington?

Warren: I don't know of any. I will be glad to talk to your counsel about what the situation is, Mr. Ruby, when we get an opportunity to talk.



—Associated Press Photo.

THE MURDER WITNESSED BY A NATION—JACK RUBY KILLING LEE HARVEY OSWALD
 The gun had just fired; note expression of pain on Oswald's face, way detective (l.) recoiled

Ruby: I don't think I will get a fair representation with my counsel, Joe Tonahill. I don't think so. I would like to request that I go to Washington and you take all the tests I have to take. It is very important.

Delays Denied

Tonahill: Jack will you tell him why you don't think you will get fair representation?

Ruby: Because I have been over this for the longest time to get the lie detector test. Somebody has been holding it back from me.

Warren: Mr. Ruby, I might say to you that the lateness of this thing is not due to your counsel. He wrote me, I think, close to two months ago and told me that you would be glad to testify and take, I believe he said, any test. I am sure of that, but would be glad to testify before the commission. And I thanked him for the letter but we have been so busy that this is the first time we have had an opportunity to do it. But there has been no delay, as far as I know, on the part of Mr. Tonahill in bringing about this meeting. It is our own delay due to the pressures we had on us at the time.

Ruby: What state are you from, Congressman?

Congressman Ford: Michigan. Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Warren: I will be glad to talk that over, if we can. You might go right ahead, if you wish, with the rest of your statement.

Ruby: All right. I remained at KLIF from that moment on, from the time I got into the building, with Russ Knight. We talked about various things. I brought out the thought of this ad that Bernard Weisman had placed in the newspaper, and I also told Russ the one I admired by Gordon McLendon.

He came out with an editorial about the incident with Adlai Stevenson and all those things. He is one person that will immediately go to bat if anything is wrong. He will clarify it. And I told Russ Knight there were some other things that were occurring at the time. So I remained there until about 2 o'clock in the morning and we all partook of the sandwiches and had a feast there. And they spliced the various comments they got back and forth of Henry Wade, of Russ Knight's copy of Russ Knight's items of Henry Wade.

(To be continued tomorrow.)