

best of my ability and knowledge right now. I know since I first told the FBI there in Medford about this that I thought it could possibly be the same man, the wife and I have talked it over on many occasions, and I have racked my brains trying to think of anything else that would be pertinent to it but I——

Mr. GRIFFIN. You used the phrase that it possibly be the same man?

Mr. FEHRENBACH. Yes. I told the FBI in Medford that I could not definitely swear it was the same man but his facial features and things leads me to believe that it could possibly be. And I didn't really draw that conclusion until, and it is like I told them, I couldn't actually draw that conclusion until after I had heard his name was Jack Rubenstein and he was from Chicago and then when I seen the picture of him, and it did very definitely look quite a bit like the Jack Rubenstein I knew, only somewhat older, because well I don't know, the pictures I have seen of him since he shot this Oswald, he has always been rather sloppily dressed and when I knew him he was always very well dressed.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well, I certainly appreciate your—go ahead.

Mr. FEHRENBACH. Of course, he is a lot paunchier now then he was.

Mr. GRIFFIN. It is a number of years, 18 years have passed. I want to thank you for coming here all the way from Oregon, and helping us with this. We appreciate any cooperation we can get in this matter. I don't have any more questions, and if you don't have any more, why, we can recess, adjourn.

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### TESTIMONY OF EVA L. GRANT

The testimony of Eva L. Grant was taken at 2 p.m., on July 25, 1964, in the office of the U.S. attorney, 301 Post Office Building, Bryan and Ervay Streets, Dallas, Tex., by Mr. Burt W. Griffin, assistant counsel of the President's Commission. Mrs. Grant was accompanied by her attorney, Mr. Phil Burleson. Mr. Ernest Conner was also present.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me introduce myself again for the record. I am Burt Griffin, and I am a member of the general counsel's staff of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy.

This is the second appearance, I believe, that Mrs. Grant has made before a staff member of the Commission, and I will not repeat for you the things that are routinely said at the beginning of each one, because I know you have heard them already.

I simply tell you that the primary purpose for coming back here again to talk to you is because we would like to get in a detailed form an orderly chronological formal statement of your activities on November 22, 23, and 24.

When we have completed that, I understand that you have a good many papers that you would like to present to us, and we will be happy to take whatever time is necessary to receive those.

I am hopeful we can get through the statements of your own activities in a fairly quick and orderly fashion.

So, if you will raise your right hand, I will administer the oath to you.

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

Mrs. GRANT. I do.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Would you state again for the record, your name?

Mrs. GRANT. My name is Mrs. Eva L. Grant.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, where were you when you heard that President Kennedy had been shot?

Mrs. GRANT. I was sitting in my living room.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was anybody with you at that time?

Mrs. GRANT. Not at that time.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How did you get word, over the radio or television?

Mrs. GRANT. Pauline Hall called me on the phone, and I believe it was shortly—Pauline Hall called shortly after 12:30, at least I believe it was that, and said, "What are you doing?" And I said, "Nothing."

She said, "Turn on your television to channel 8," and I did.

She said, "Do you know that the President has been shot?"

I thought it was a—wait a minute, well, I did remark about the fact that someone is passing it around to make it look bad like you do hear some things.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long did you continue to watch television?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I had watched it earlier that morning. Wait—I knew he was going to be in town, and I watched him on television on channel 5. I think he was eating breakfast in that Texas Hotel, I believe.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long did you continue to watch television before you talked with anybody else after Pauline called you?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, wait a minute, I had it on, it seems, most all of the time. I think that I went into shock or something, but I had it on, I think. Even if I didn't have it loud, I had it on. A lot of times I have the picture on and the voice real low.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, think back to this particular day after Pauline called you. Did you go about your housework, or did you watch television?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, if I remember, I had just been out of the hospital 9 days, and I wasn't doing anything outside of trying to prepare myself some food if my friends downstairs didn't bring me something up. Most days she saw that I had a hot biscuit every day. It was something else, whether it was dinner or breakfast, or if she thought I wanted something.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Try to think about what you did.

Mrs. GRANT. Now, let me ask you something. Do you want me to go back until the time I got up?

Mr. GRIFFIN. I simply want you to tell me everything after you hung up the telephone with Pauline. Did you sit in front of your television set until you next heard from somebody else, or did you do your housework, or what did you do?

Mrs. GRANT. This is what it seems to me. We talked about 5 or 6 minutes, and I kept on talking, and I may be confused about this minute, because I just couldn't accept it, and it threw me off guard, and she said, "I will call you back."

But we talked, and it seems to me he (meaning TV) kept talking about different things, and I may be wrong, but it seems to me a Federal man or security man—truthfully, I had not heard anything about the Governor. I don't remember now.

Mr. GRIFFIN. By "he," you mean the person on television?

Mrs. GRANT. On channel 8. At the time, he wore glasses, it seems, and had black hair.

Mr. GRIFFIN. After Pauline Hall called you, who did you next speak to?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me she was on three or four times. Wait a minute, Jack had called me, but it seemed he called me after 1 o'clock.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you talk after Pauline called?

Mrs. GRANT. I talked again to her about three times. Either I called her or she called me. I wanted to see if she had news from another station.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did all these telephone calls occur before Jack called you?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, did anybody else telephone you before your brother Jack called you?

Mrs. GRANT. Now, she may have called me—this girl's name is Emma Collins, who worked for us as a waitress. I think she came in on weekends. I remember she wasn't working for a couple of weeks, because I was in the hospital. It seems she may have called me during that afternoon. Whether she called me before Jack, or after, I wouldn't put my life on that. But almost 1 o'clock I was listening the best I could to channel 8, and I heard this man say distinctly, "The President is dead." I know I don't want to even think of that. I don't know what happened. I kept listening, and I don't even know what he said. I don't remember. Security, or the Governor, or I don't remember anything more. I kept listening, and it seems to me another 3 minutes—even time didn't mean anything, because, I don't know, I just don't know. He said, "It is not official." So I kept hoping. I threw myself into a fit, and I have never done the crucifixion, and I don't know which way is proper or correct, but I thought if it would help him, I would feel, well it would just help him. And he kept talking,

and it seems to me he said, "The President is at Parkland Hospital." And Pauline and I talked again, and she said, "I have to hang up." She wanted to call some friends, or her daughter. And it seems to me I already heard—it might have been 20 minutes later this time, a fellow says, "The President is dead [starts crying]. And it seems to me Jack called.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, Mrs. Grant—

Mrs. GRANT. Let me explain something. I have been very sick, and I was taking pills, which I showed Leon Hubert. No; someone came to my house recently, Clemmons—what is the name of that fellow? An FBI man and Hosty.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Hosty?

Mrs. GRANT. Hosty came, and I showed him the pills. I think there were 2 dozen originally. And I didn't start taking them until a few days before. I don't remember, I think the pills were given to me around the 15th or 16th of the month. I took some, and I had called Dr. Aranoff, and Dr. Bookatz. He was his associate, somebody. After I had taken the pills, I called the nurse, either Bloom or Blum or something, and I told her these pills put me in a trance. I am stiff and I can't think. And she said cut down to one every 4 hours.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me interrupt you a second. I want to keep on the track.

Mrs. GRANT. I want to explain, I was taking these pills. I had taken one that morning.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You were taking pills, and that is when Jack called you?

Mrs. GRANT. No. I had taken one early in the morning and went back to bed, and I took one about 4 or 5 hours later before Pauline called me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack call you before you heard this man on television who said he thought—

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; he talked to me earlier in the morning. When I say early in the morning, it could have been 10:30.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, after you learned that the President had been shot, and you talked with Pauline Hall, did you then talk with Jack before you heard the man on channel 8, or after you heard the man on channel 8?

Mrs. GRANT. No; I heard the man first, because just as the—this is his word—Jack said. "Isn't that awful?"

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was Jack talking to you about the fact the President had been shot, or did he mention that the President was dead?

Mrs. GRANT. I want to tell you something. He assumed that I am listening, because he had spoken to me earlier in the morning, and he said nothing about this ad. Don't forget the ad. Even before this.

Mr. GRIFFIN. We can go back to that, but I want to—

Mrs. GRANT. He assumed and I assumed that each one knew. When he called me, I had an idea. I tell you the truth, I thought he was in the Morning News. I don't know—I thought he was. Did you ever have the feeling that the party wasn't at home?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was there anything you heard over the telephone which indicated he was in the Morning News?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, the background. I mean, like I have heard it before, maybe. After all, I heard it many times. I don't say someone came and talked to him at the Morning News or announced themselves.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You indicated that Jack called you on an earlier occasion that day.

Mrs. GRANT. Absolutely.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right, about what time of the morning was it that he called you?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems it could have been 10:30 or 11, or 11:30. It seems to me still before Pauline.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He called you before you knew that the President had been shot?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; 11 a.m.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, let me ask you this—

Mrs. GRANT. Let me explain this. We have a lot of daily talk about the club, and our conversation was mostly about the club.

Mr. GRIFFIN. The first conversation?

Mrs. GRANT. It was about the club.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right. Now, in the first conversation, did he mention the advertisement that had been run in the Morning News?

Mrs. GRANT. He said about three words, "Did you see the ad? Did you see this morning's paper?" And I said, "Yes."

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right. Now, in the second conversation, did he mention the advertisement in the Morning News?

Mrs. GRANT. The second time—now I am going to tell you when he came over. He was already in a fight.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I am not talking about when he came over. The second time he telephoned you.

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; he mentioned the ad.

Mr. GRIFFIN. That was shortly after you heard the man on television say the President was dead?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, you had a telephone conversation which you thought was made from the Morning News?

Mrs. GRANT. There was evidence that it was made from there.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack say anything about the advertisement?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he say about the advertisement?

Mrs. GRANT. You know, I have never met John Newnam personally or over the phone or anything. I was carrying on so, and I said, "You better come here." He said, "Listen." I knew I wouldn't be able to get through to him. His mind was wandering.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I don't know what you have in mind. I want to know what he said.

Mrs. GRANT. He said, "The telephones are ringing like mad." He said, "People from all over the country are calling up and canceling their ads, big companies," and this is what he said. And John Newnam did not put it in his statement. Jack went over to this fellow, and this fellow came to the phone, because I heard him say "Hello." He said, "This is my sister, and she is hysterical." I heard my brother say that to this guy.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did you say?

Mrs. GRANT. I want to tell you with Jack——

Mr. GRIFFIN. Tell us what you heard Jack say to somebody who apparently was coming over to the phone?

Mrs. GRANT. Now, you know, whether he repeated this in the house later on or over the phone, I know this, Jack, knowing my brother, I know he can't control himself like I can, which you probably know. He said, "What the hell, are you so money hungry?" And the guy had said this to Jack, "Well, you know, Jack, I take orders from my superiors."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you hear the man say that over the telephone?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me I heard something like that.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But it could have been something Jack said to you in the apartment later on?

Mrs. GRANT. It could have been, though I know he said later on, that he was so steamed up.

Mr. GRIFFIN. About how long did that telephone conversation last with Jack?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, 10 minutes would be exaggerating.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Might have been as little as 5 minutes?

Mrs. GRANT. Could have been. It wasn't 3 minutes. From 5 to 10 minutes. I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, how long after that telephone conversation did you then either hear from Jack or see him?

Mrs. GRANT. I would say now, it seems to me, this phone call came in about 20 or 25 after 1, because I already heard it, don't forget. And it seems to me I heard it 10 minutes. Now, see, you can't depend on my timing that day.

Mr. GRIFFIN. We are not going to. Just let me worry about that.

Mrs. GRANT. Okay.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, listen, now, I want to find out when it was that you next either heard from Jack or saw him again?

Mrs. GRANT. I said over the phone, "You better come here." And I don't remember even what my last words on the phone.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you receive a telephone call from him before you saw him again?

Mrs. GRANT. This time was around 1:30, we assume. You mean from anybody?

Mr. GRIFFIN. No; from Jack now.

Mrs. GRANT. I don't think so. This was the last, because I had said you better come here.

Mr. GRIFFIN. After the telephone from the Morning News, your recollection is that the next thing was that you saw him?

Mrs. GRANT. Before 1:30, that was that call, and one other call in the morning. That was before 1:30, and we will say 11 o'clock or 11:10 or a quarter of 11.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, after 1:30, when did you next hear from him or see him?

Mrs. GRANT. He came over, and it may have been an hour and 15 minutes. That is what it seems to me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Would it be as much as 2 or 2½ hours?

Mrs. GRANT. That was later. Now, he came over, because I said, "You better come here." And he knew how sick I had been.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When he came over, did he have anything with him?

Mrs. GRANT. What are you talking about?

Mr. GRIFFIN. The first time he came to your apartment on Friday afternoon?

Mrs. GRANT. He had the newspaper.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he have any sandwiches with him at that point?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, between the time that he showed up, going backward, and the time that he called you from the Morning News, had he telephoned you?

Mrs. GRANT. Not from that last phone call.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you have any recollection of his telephoning you from the Carousel Club on Friday?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, did he telephone you from the Carousel Club between the time he called you from the Morning News and the time he saw you at your house?

Mrs. GRANT. Mr. Griffin, if you don't let me tell my story my way—that is what this whole—I had told him he better come. I was sick. I was so sick. I had a major operation, and I felt I was going to fall apart. I don't know what was happening to me over there. I just can't explain it. I was operated—let me tell you—on November the 7th, so you figure, and the other doctors know about what happened.

He came over and he didn't stay long. It seems to me he stayed 5 minutes or 8 minutes or 10 minutes. He did not stay a half-hour. He said, "What do you want?" I said, "Will you get something from the delicatessen?" And he said, "I have to go back to the club." He said, "Well, did you read it?" And I said, "Yes." He left.

Now, I assume he called me from the Carousel, and I actually assume it was about an hour later, maybe, or even an hour and a half. So, I said, "When are you coming?" And he said, "Well, I will go over to Phil's Delicatessen." And I said, "Where are you?" And he said, "I am downtown." And I said, "Listen, I would rather you went to the Ritz," which is down the street. They have better food. They have fresher and better variety. He said, "I am coming right over." His "right over" came, I would say it was, after 4 o'clock. Maybe a quarter of 5. Maybe it was 5. Maybe it was even 5:15.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Could have been as late as 5:30 or 6?

Mrs. GRANT. It wasn't after 5:30.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What makes you think this?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, we were waiting for the 6 o'clock news, and it seems to me that there wasn't enough news on there. But as a rule, as little as I stay home to listen, I know there is a 6 o'clock news. By that time I heard already a policeman was shot, and he probably heard it where he was. And I remember watching television, and that afternoon it seems to me this man was Curry,

said we got the right man. He had three draft cards and a bunch of stuff. He defected. That is what it seems to me in my mind. If I could get the tape. And I was still tuned to channel 8.

Jack came in with enough food—

Mr. GRIFFIN. If I understand you correctly, when he came to your house at 2:30, at that time you mentioned to him to get some food?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Then he went down to the club and called you from the club, and again you mentioned to him to get the food?

Mrs. GRANT. Because he called me to see how I was.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Had you had lunch that day?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, you can't call it—because my breakfast is coffee and cookies or something light. The neighbor could have brought me up a sweet roll. Her name is Betty Goodman. She has done things like that, and has been very kind.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was anybody else at your apartment when Jack came back the next time?

Mrs. GRANT. Unless it was Betty. I am sure she came when I started screaming over the telephone, "The President is dead."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you call her on the telephone to tell her?

Mrs. GRANT. No; Pauline Hall called her and said I am having a fit or something.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Then did Mrs. Goodman come up to your apartment?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; she was up much earlier. She came up, I think it was, 10 o'clock. That is how I got the paper, because I don't get the paper.

Mr. GRIFFIN. After Pauline Hall called and said you were having a fit, did she come up again?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; she stayed, and well, she thinks I am very emotional or something wrong. She is of a different temperament, and she said, "Do you think you will be all right?" Now, after that, my brother came up.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But Mrs Goodman came up to your apartment after you learned that the President had died?

Mrs. GRANT. Sometime; I would say, very shortly.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long did she remain?

Mrs. GRANT. Not too long. I think 5 minutes. Five minutes or 7 minutes. You know, not long.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long after Mrs. Goodman, did Jack arrive?

Mrs. GRANT. This is the first time you are talking about? It could have been an hour. It could have been 40 minutes. It wasn't 3 hours.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Could it have been 2 hours?

Mrs. GRANT. I think it was a terrible day. How could anyone—I mean I can't remember.

Mr. GRIFFIN. If you can't remember?

Mrs. GRANT. Listen; that was not a normal day. First of all, I wasn't watching the clock. I wasn't watching for anything.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When Jack came back to your apartment the second time, what did he have with him?

Mrs. GRANT. Enough groceries for 20 people.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he have? How many grocery bags did he have?

Mrs. GRANT. He went down to the car to get another load of it. You figure it out. Six big bottles of pop, or whatever you call it. A pound of corned beef. A pound of tongue. He had four meats, a pound of each.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he have—

Mrs. GRANT. A pound of lox, which is smoked salmon, and some smoked fish, and he bought onions and oranges and a variety of six different kinds of cakes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Were they things that he would have gotten at the Ritz Delicatessen?

Mrs. GRANT. All but the vegetables. He bought vegetables and fruit.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he tell you where he got those?

Mrs. GRANT. I didn't ask him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you have a grocery store that you regularly shopped at?

Mrs. GRANT. He liked the Safeway.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was there a Safeway somewhere near the Carousel or between the Carousel and your place?

Mrs. GRANT. There is one on Lemmon Avenue not too far from Oak Lawn.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What was the name of that store; do you know?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I live in that neighborhood. I don't think he ever lived in that neighborhood. I don't know where he could have gotten it. I knew where the cakes and things come from because this particular place makes or handles several.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where did the cakes come from?

Mrs. GRANT. They have little biscuits, and their rye bread is entirely different than any place in town.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where did the cakes come from?

Mrs. GRANT. From the Ritz Delicatessen. They carry stuff like that to go.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was there anything that you noticed that he brought back that you could identify with any other store?

Mrs. GRANT. He had a newspaper, the Times Herald. Had "The President is dead."

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long did he remain in your apartment on that occasion?

Mrs. GRANT. I know it was around 7:15 or 7:20 when he left.

Mr. GRIFFIN. About how long?

Mrs. GRANT. I would say a good 2 hours. Maybe 2½ hours.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he receive any telephone calls?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right. Now, let's try to think about how you are going to organize this, because I want to take it chronologically.

Mrs. GRANT. I am sorry if I am confusing you, because that day wasn't exactly a good day for me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Before you start to talk, try to think a little bit about what you are going to say. He got some telephone calls and he made some?

Mrs. GRANT. That's correct.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, try to think about who he called first, or who he heard from first, and how things progressed.

Mrs. GRANT. He wasn't at the house 10 minutes or 15 minutes or 20 minutes at the top, and he was on the phone. I think it was Andy. I am going to tell you this.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Why do you think it was him?

Mrs. GRANT. I didn't answer the phone. He wanted the scrambled eggs and lox.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who is he?

Mrs. GRANT. My brother Jack. And I heard the conversation.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did you hear?

Mrs. GRANT. "Didn't you get a number from him?" "Yes; I got it." And he said, "Call me back if you find the number."

May I say something?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes; go ahead.

Mrs. GRANT. I bawled my brother out for buying so much food. And he said, "That is not much." And I know it was at least enough, not exaggerating, to feed 12 people, but he didn't know what he was doing then. I said, "I bet you spent \$25."

And he said, "No; only \$22."

Well, it was no sense of making discussion. I said, "Now, you are going to take some of this stuff for you and George. Don't leave it around here." And I said I didn't feel like eating, and he said, "I don't feel like eating either." And I said, "You better eat," because he hadn't had anything since early in the morning. And I said, "What do you want?" And he said "Some scrambled eggs."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he tell you where he ate breakfast that morning?

Mrs. GRANT. No; haven't the least idea. Andy called back, and he ran. He was practically in the bathroom. I have a very small apartment. If you want to take a diagram—you can practically carry your phone in there and close the door and still hear. And he ran to the phone. He knew I was busy. I was

moving around very slow, not in my normal speed or stride. If it was only 4 feet, I wasn't trying—I did better than a lot of other people, but he took a number down and he called this number and said, "Jack Ruby." I heard something, but I don't know. I mean, he said, "Yes, I am closing tonight." I don't know what the other guy said. But Jack had told me this after he hung up. Now, this may have been the first conversation or the second. Seems to me he talked to him twice. I mean, I am just assuming this.

Jack said, "You know the Cabana and the Century Room are closing, but the rest of the clubs aren't closing." Or something to that effect that other clubs weren't closing. Whichever ones they were, I don't remember that he mentioned. But he mentioned the two that were closing. I don't know what went on in regard to all the clubs and things, but Jack says this, he wants to know, and he was sitting there, and that is when I could see there was something wrong, but I couldn't detect what was wrong.

He became really a very broken man, but you see, I figure everybody looked and acted like he did, and I not being out, I don't know what other people outside of Pauline or the other people that called. He said, "Don wants me to call him and let him know if I am going to be open." And this is almost the exact words he said, as much as I remember. And he said, "Listen, we are broke anyway, so I will be a broken millionaire. I am going to close for 3 days." I heard him go back to the phone. By then I was in the bedroom for Kleenex or something. He went back and dialed. I don't know who he talked to. And he says, well, this is what I heard him tell, "Don't tell the Weinstains that I am closing, Don." He said, "Yes, I want to be closed." And he seemed to be, when he come out, we talked a little bit about our family and things. I said, "Call the printing room." Of course, I am not familiar, though I shouldn't say this, I have heard it a million times—I am not familiar with the newspaper although I have been there many times with him. I said, "You better cancel your ad." He said, "Well, I am going to cancel the ad for 3 days."

Truthfully, he tried to cancel the ad, but they said they held the space for him. I don't know which paper it was. He said, "This is Jack Ruby." The other guy knew him. Oh, no, he mentioned the composing room. He said composing room. He said, "This is Jack Ruby. Do me a favor. Listen, use my space and say, closed Friday, Saturday, and Sunday." Then he waited.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me interrupt you here, and not because—you are doing very well.

Mrs. GRANT. I am trying to.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me ask you this: You made the statement that Jack initially called simply to cancel the space?

Mrs. GRANT. No. Andy called our house. Listen to me. Andy told him Don called. Jack bawled him out why he didn't have the number, and he says, "I will get the number." But we have about five phones in the place of business. Andy must have went to the other part of the club to get the number, and he called back.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I got that. What I am referring to is after Don Safran called him, and you and he talked and you said, "Jack, you better call the printing room," and then he made the telephone call. And I think you indicated that Jack said, "I want to cancel my ad." That Jack's original thought was to cancel the ad, not to use the space.

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What do you remember was said that indicated this to you that makes you remember?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me, and I was sitting right next to him on the couch, and the way my place is, there was a little white table, and there is a telephone there, and it seems to me he said, "I would like to cancel," and the guy says, "Well,"—

Mr. GRIFFIN. Of course, you couldn't hear the man on the other end?

Mrs. GRANT. No; I assumed the ad was already paid for.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Go ahead. What else happened in that telephone call?

Mrs. GRANT. As I said, "You better call the printing room," or, "Did you call the printing room?" Or something. Jack said he knew the department better than I did. At least he was thinking a little better. He said, "You mean the

composing room. The fellow there knows me real well." And Jack said, "Tom," something, and he said, "Well, put in closed Friday, Saturday, and Sunday." But I want to explain something here. He made two calls like that. And from what Jack told me later on, he said, well, the first edition, it will be out, like Friday night, the space and wording is in the paper.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What newspaper did he call from your house that afternoon?

Mrs. GRANT. He called both of them.

Mr. GRIFFIN. And after he made those telephone calls, what did he do?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, he tried to eat. By now, the eggs were cool. He took a spoonful or fork full and went back to the phone. And he took this phone into the bedroom, and it seems to me he called Alice Nichols, because, you know, that is the girl he was engaged to.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me interrupt. Do you have a recollection of his making a telephone call to Alice Nichols from your house?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me it was that day or the next day, but I think it was that day.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me—I am going to keep this in mind—let me ask you some other questions before we get to Alice Nichols. When he brought the sandwiches and so forth—

Mrs. GRANT. It wasn't sandwiches.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right, he didn't have any made up sandwiches from the Ritz Delicatessen?

Mrs. GRANT. No. When he brings stuff for me, he don't usually do it that way, or for us.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember his making any telephone calls to inquire about the synagogue?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he make that telephone call before or after he called about canceling the ads?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me the call to the synagogue was later.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was it before or after he talked to Alice Nichols?

Mrs. GRANT. Seems to me that it was later.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Which was later, the call to the synagogue?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me the call to the synagogue was later.

Mr. GRIFFIN. The next thing you remember his doing is talking to Alice Nichols?

Mrs. GRANT. Let me explain this, Mr. Griffin. Did you ever feel—this girl and him, there had been a very fine relationship, respectable, but I have noticed in the past, and I think I have heard this name for 15 years, and in this time they were engaged—that during tragic days or something very exhilarating, he called Alice Nichols. And when my brother talked to her, it is sort of a secret. He took the phone into the bedroom, and I had all reason to believe, and believe me I did not hear anything mentioned like "Alice," or "Dear," or "Honey." I had a feeling he was talking to Alice Nichols.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What made you feel that?

Mrs. GRANT. I couldn't help it. There was something about when he talked to her.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you hear anything that was said in that conversation?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know whether this is in the back of my mind or knowing him, or whether I actually heard him saying something to her, but I have all reason to believe that was the first call, because he jumped up from his eating, I told you, for each call, and as it was, he didn't eat. He ate less than a third than he normally eats. I don't know if I am imagining this. I mean this is a terrible thing to say, but there was something in his voice, or I may have heard, at least it is in the back of my mind, that he talked to her. I may have even heard her name, but I don't want to say. Later on that same night we talked about her, and this is what bothers me. Whether it is in the back of my mind he told me that, or did I hear him say, "Alice, it is Jack."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you hear him make some telephone calls about going to the synagogue?

Mrs. GRANT. I sure did.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Tell us about that. Let me stop just to get the place and time.

About how long after he made the telephone calls concerning the cancellation of the ad did you hear a call about the synagogue?

Mrs. GRANT. Maybe an hour or 45 minutes. He walked up and back a couple of times. He took the phone in the bedroom. He made another call in there, and I want to tell you what I heard him say. This I heard him, "I am sorry I am calling you so late." I didn't hear too much of their other conversation, but he said, "Say hello to Jean."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who is Jean?

Mrs. GRANT. This girl is named Jean Hamblen. She is married to Cecil Hamblen. They have one little child. Now, this could have been around 6:30. He had already been to the table three or four times. I remember Andy called twice. I remember Don—oh, wait a minute, I told you about Don. He called twice, didn't he?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes.

Mrs. GRANT. Okay, I know he called the composing room. Wait a minute, when Andy called, and Andy called back, and he called Don, now it seems to me that he already talked to Alice Nichols. I mean it may have been before Andy called, and he wasn't in the house too long.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What makes you think that he had already talked to Alice Nichols?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I think he used the phone.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Or had he mentioned to you that he had already talked to her earlier in the day?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me I heard that too, but that would' be nothing to him. I know it would sound crazy. My brother has called me when I am not sick five times a day. I mean, there are times, it is not an everyday occurrence, but there has been times, but it seems to me he said he had called her.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long did he remain?

Mrs. GRANT. I am going to be honest about this. Alice is a very cold person. A very fine person, but I could never get to talk to her as even to this day, and I have known her for years.

I never sort of pushed conversation like, "How is she, what is she doing." Yet I knew he had a great liking for her.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You indicated earlier that he had been engaged to her. Was that actually a formal engagement?

Mrs. GRANT. Oh, yes. He gave her a ring.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, after he talked with Cecil Hamblen, did he make any other phone calls, that you remember?

Mrs. GRANT. Then it seems he called Dr. Jacobson, Coleman Jacobson, who attended the same synagogue.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me see if I can help you with this. Do you recall Jack saying in the telephone call to the doctor—well, do you recall after Jack made the telephone call to Dr. Jacobson that Jack actually called the synagogue?

Mrs. GRANT. He either did one or the other, but he did call both. You understand the whole deal, I got to tell you this.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right.

Mrs. GRANT. Dr. Coleman Jacobson and Stanley Kaufman are supposed to be his friends and they used to bawl Jack out that he didn't come Friday night, which was the thing to do.

My brother, when he called Coleman Jacobson, and he often apologized, and I heard this mentioned, and I am not a big synagoguge goer, because Friday and Saturday night is the time we do business.

I know it is not right, but I don't know whether Coleman Jacobson told him to call the synagogue or he called the synagogue, but I did hear, I know he made both calls.

Mr. GRIFFIN. About how much time elapsed?

Mrs. GRANT. Between the two calls, it could have been an hour.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How much time elapsed from the time he called Cecil Hamblen until he left the house?

Mrs. GRANT. Not more than an hour, but maybe 45 minutes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right, was this telephone call to Cecil Hamblen the last one he made?

Mrs. GRANT. No. I think it was before the other two calls. I mean, I think that.

Mr. GRIFFIN. In the period shortly before he left your house, what was he doing?

Mrs. GRANT. He was sitting in my golden chair with his head in his hand, and we were talking. I said, "I never thought in my lifetime I would ever hear of a President being assassinated." I thought when they do those things, when McKinley was shot and Garfield—I said, barbarians were running around.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Were you doing most of the talking, or was Jack?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes. He was quiet. He sat in the chair and he says, "Really, he was crazy," and between that time he went in the bathroom and threw up. It was after he ate what he considered eating.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He didn't have very much to eat?

Mrs. GRANT. No. Because he asked me for scrambled eggs. I made him three eggs. He wanted the eggs.

I said, "I will make you four, and if you don't eat it, I will eat it."

I know those eggs, he ate one-third and just very little of anything that was there. So the amount of food he normally eats, he is a pretty good eater even with his diet.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he tell you he called Eileen?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes, it seems to me he told me that.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he say about that?

Mrs. GRANT. Now, let me explain something. You see, you are jumping the gun. When he was sitting on this chair and crying, I had made this remark—don't forget, I saw all this business on television already.

This was now after 6. Maybe even a quarter of 7. He left shortly after 7, so it can't be after 7:20 or 7:25, so we can straighten that out.

I said, "That lousy Commie. Don't worry, the Commie, we will get him.

I also said this. If I say the word "commie" low, does it go in there when I say it?

I would like to see the television deal in order to get something straightened out. It seems to me Curry said he had three draft cards and he defected to Russia.

This was all in the late afternoon, and he kept repeating it. I figured out in my intelligence that this guy was sent to do it, so I said this.

I could never conceive of anybody in his right mind who would want this President hurt. Only a guy just of his caliber. [Lousy Commies—L. H. Oswald.]

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did Jack say?

Mrs. GRANT. He didn't say nothing. I heard him say, "What a creep." Whether it was Friday or Saturday, that is the exact term. [It was Friday.]

He never used the word "rat" or "skunk." He doesn't like my vocabulary. I come out and call his friends s.o.b., but you want the word, and he don't like them. That don't have to go on the record.

Did I get off the track? I am sorry, Mr. Griffin.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well, when did you next see him again after he left the house Friday night?

Mrs. GRANT. The next day he came.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he come back to your house at all Friday night?

Mrs. GRANT. No. Wait a minute, you are asking me—I know what the question is. Now, I am sorry, sir, you will have to forgive me. My mind isn't that good any more.

When he was leaving, he looked pretty bad. This I remember. I can't explain it to you. He looked too broken, a broken man already. He did make the remark, he said, "I never felt so bad in my life, even when Ma or Pa died."

So I said, "Well, Pa was an old man. He was almost 80 years. Anyone lives that long, you are lucky, such as the life he lived"

I can't put the things in there, the things that I said.

Mr. GRIFFIN. That is all right.

Mrs. GRANT. I said, "I don't want anyone to get killed." I said, "If it was Hoover, now, he is a man 85 years old, and I read a confidential report out of some magazine, he has the same thing that my father had, uremia. I bet he would almost or wish someone would shoot him." I know how my father suffered.

Don't misunderstand me, let him live and be well. This is not a thought on my part. It is a thought that this poor man who is suffering so much.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you tell this to your brother?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes. I think we were discussing—we were very close in saying things.

Mr. GRIFFIN. This was before he went to the synagogue?

Mrs. GRANT. During the time he was eating and the phone calls and all those little conversations that go up and back.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you see him again that night after he left?

Mrs. GRANT. No. When he was leaving, he already threw up, and I was very worried about him getting killed in traffic. I said, "Don't go to the synagogue." And he said, "Yes, I got to go." He said, "I will never feel right."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he tell you when he left the house he was going home first?

Mrs. GRANT. This is what—he was too dirty. He never wears clothes, the same clothes all day, if he has to go out in the evening or go into the club, and he wasn't dressed right.

It seems to me his tie was loose, or whatever it was. I don't even remember. I think he wore a grey suit.

Mr. GRIFFIN. After he left?

Mrs. GRANT. He got home.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You didn't hear from him again, did you?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes, I did.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he call you when he got home?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He called you from his house? How long after he left?

Mrs. GRANT. About an hour.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he say?

Mrs. GRANT. That is when he says to me, "I told Eileen you were going to call her. I told Eileen you were going to call her."

Mr. GRIFFIN. When did he say that to Eileen?

Mrs. GRANT. How do I know? He told Eileen in Chicago that I was going to call her that night.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you call Eileen?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me I did. You want to know, my records would show it better than I can.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You know you talked with Eileen?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes, but I don't remember when I talked to her that night, Saturday night, but I am almost certain it was that night.

And I want to tell you what happened in the conversation. I said, "You know Jack wanted me to call you. I guess he called you. Such a tragedy. And how do you feel?"

And she said, "I want to send you a robe."

And I said, "I don't want nothing. I got flowers to bury me, and I would like to be buried away. I am just sick about this thing."

And we were talking, only I didn't speak so hectic as I am now. I was pretty low and sick physically. I said, "I am going to call over at Mary's." That is Mary and Ann Hyman, and Mary lives at 1044 Loyola, Chicago.

She said, "When you call over there, tell Hyman (my older brother) he left his glasses here."

So I said, "You are in Chicago, why don't you call him." Kidding her.

And she said, "No."

I think I called that night. You look and see. It seems to me I called.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you leave the apartment at all that night?

Mrs. GRANT. Never.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, somebody made a telephone call early Saturday morning from the Vegas Club.

Mrs. GRANT. That wasn't right. That is a confusion. I billed it to the Vegas Club telephone, unless one of my help went there, which I doubt. But I wanted to call my son's father-in-law, which I straightened out with the FBI.

Mr. GRIFFIN. That was a call made to a family named Hirsch?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't think I made it Friday. I think Saturday. [Made on Saturday.]

Mr. GRIFFIN. The record indicates it was made somewhere around 1:00 or 12:45 Saturday morning, and the records indicate it was from the Vegas Club.

Mrs. GRANT. I would like to doubt that very much on the words. Let me explain something. What about the other two calls? Are they Friday? Do you have it there, to Chicago? [The phone company has written a letter to me stating that the call was made from LA 6-6258 at 10:45 p.m. (CST) on Saturday.]

Mr. GRIFFIN. Someone made a call late Friday night to Hyman's number in Chicago.

Mrs. GRANT. Wait a minute.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me tell you what the record shows. The record shows that Eileen called you around 9 o'clock.

Mrs. GRANT. She called me?

Mr. GRIFFIN. That's right.

Mrs. GRANT. Maybe that is right. See, I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. The record shows that Eileen called you.

Mrs. GRANT. Oh, maybe that is the—wait a minute, I thought Jack wanted me to call her. But that wasn't it, was it?

Mr. GRIFFIN. I don't know. The record shows that.

Mrs. GRANT. I know I talked to her. You want to know the truth. I know I talked to them once or twice a month, so I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember calling Hyman?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me I remember calling that number over there.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You don't remember exactly when you called?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me it was Friday.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well, the records indicate that a call was made to Hyman's house from the Vegas Club on Friday night. Did you go out of the house?

Mrs. GRANT. Never left that house; never. So, I hope I don't see my son alive. I did not leave Friday or Saturday out of that building. Not until Sunday when I was sneaking over to what I thought was the city hall. Let me explain this.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember calling the Hirschs?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; but I think it was Saturday. Please listen to me. It was Saturday, November 23. I had called another number where my son lives. It is in my book. And calling my son's number, maybe it was at 10:30 at night, Dallas time, and nobody answered. This was Saturday night. I decided to call Cecil and Viril Hirsch. That is the mother and father of my daughter-in-law.

And I said, "It is Eva." And we talked, and I told him the town is falling apart over this, we are just sick. And I said, "Where are the kids?" I figured maybe Cecil is not answering the phone. And she said, "They are here." And I said, "How come you are having an affair like this?"

And she said, "For three or four different weekends they were supposed to have a temple affair and are installing new officers. It started in September, but it is a new community, and all the mothers and fathers have young infants, and every other week, if they postponed it, a child had measles or chickenpox, and they said that this particular Saturday night, November 23, let's see if everyone can't come. We will install them whether they are there or not."

And I said, "You tell Ronnie he is not to take the kids out of bed." Not that my kid listens to me, but that is me talking. "And to stay there overnight, and maybe I will call them tomorrow or something." Anyway, I said, "Don't let them take the kids out." And she said, "I told him not to." And she said he was going to drive up at 12 o'clock sharp.

And I said, "Where does he get this traveling 40 miles and another 40 miles from my son's mother-in-law's home back to where they live."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me move ahead now. It is a Saturday morning. Did you see your brother Saturday morning, November 23?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't remember.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How about Saturday afternoon, did you see him Saturday afternoon?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; I did. I spent every bit of 3½ or 4 hours, not 3½ hours, and not much more than 4 hours, with him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What time did you get up Saturday morning, as best you recall?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, it would be easiest to say that I didn't sleep at all.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me just ask you this. What time do you think your brother came to your house?

Mrs. GRANT. I would say 20 minutes before, and I think it would be the closest I could ever get, 20 to 4 in the afternoon, Saturday, November 23, and it could have been 5 to 4.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Had you contacted him?

Mrs. GRANT. Between the time that he left Friday night and the time he showed up Saturday afternoon, I think one time.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When do you think he called you?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know. It seems to me, I may be wrong, he didn't call me early in the morning. It seems to me he called me—now, it wasn't before noon—this I will swear, at least I can't remember. He called me enough after 4, after 8 o'clock to make up for all the calls he didn't. One call. I think he was in the club, and I would say after 12 o'clock, but I don't know when.

I don't know, I am just assuming that many times. I never know where he is at. I don't question about where he is at. It don't make any difference, unless he is in the neighborhood, like Friday, I might have questioned him when he said he was going to Phil's. I said, "Where are you," and he said, "I am in the club."

Mr. GRIFFIN. I am going to get on for a second here. Do you remember calling a man named John Henry Branch on Saturday, November 23?

Mrs. GRANT. Me?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes. Do you know who Branch is?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; I know him. Gee, I don't know. I have called him different times, but I don't remember talking to him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember trying to make some arrangements with Branch about getting a pianoplayer?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When did you do that?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know, I was having trouble right along. [I believe it was Friday, November 15.]

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was that after you went in the hospital, or before you were in the hospital?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, Joe left the first week in November. I have called Henry Branch, I think it was, before my operation, now that you brought it back to me. I don't remember calling that Friday or Saturday, unless I wanted to show some people, because I had a pianoplayer. Leonard Wood was working for me. He was the pianoplayer.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But he quit you fairly soon?

Mrs. GRANT. But he was working then, because I want to tell you what happened. He had called the house. Now listen closely. Leonard Wood called the house. You brought that up, and I have all reasons to believe it was Friday night. And he said, "How do you feel, Mrs. Grant?"

You know one thing about the colored people, since I have been sick, most of them were very nice, even if they hated me. I know if I got mad at them, like Joe, we still love him. I don't know what it is, he had called, and I have reasons to believe it was Friday night.

Now, listen to this. He said, "How do you feel?" Now, I may have called him and told him not to come into work, or Jack called, or someone had called him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who called the personnel at the Vegas Club to tell them not to come to work? Did you make any calls to your personnel at the Vegas Club?

Mrs. GRANT. Pauline was calling me all the time, and Emma Collins, and I am glad you brought it up. I can't think of every damn thing. Leo Torti is our helper or manager. He does many things, and we owe him some money. It wasn't we—Ralph Paul. Anyway, it seems to me, the best of my knowledge, he had all of their phone numbers, but it seems to me I, myself, may have called Leonard sometime late that afternoon, I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well, Mrs. Grant, just let—

Mrs. GRANT. And Leonard Wood wanted some money, and I think it was Friday night.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I don't want the details.

Mrs. GRANT. Wait a minute, this is very important.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right.

Mrs. GRANT. He wanted some money, so I think, it seems to me I said—Jack was in the house—"You will tell the guys at the garage next door to the Carousel Club, you give him your name, and he will put \$10 in an envelope." Now, Jack made this call from the house. This is Friday night.

There was a guy there, Larry Crafard, and Andy is supposed to be there. Jack says, "You stay there until 9 o'clock, and then you put up a sign 'closed tonight'."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who did he say this to?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. That would have been Saturday night that he said this?

Mrs. GRANT. It could be.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Okay, was that the same night that Leonard Wood called?

Mrs. GRANT. No. It seems to me Leonard called Friday. I may be wrong.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Leonard called and wanted some money?

Mrs. GRANT. He was already informed we were not going to be open.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But Leonard called and wanted some money?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes. And Jack—I was on the phone, this much I remember.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You talked to Leonard?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes. It seems to me he talked to me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you call the Nichols Garage?

Mrs. GRANT. No. I don't even know the number.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What garage were you saying he could get some money in an envelope?

Mrs. GRANT. Next door.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Which garage is that? Next door to the Carousel Club?

Mrs. GRANT. Next door to the Carousel Club.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you call that garage?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You are sure that was in connection with Leonard Wood?

Mrs. GRANT. That is what I heard.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me ask you this. Could it have happened Saturday night?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know if he told Andy. I know Crafard didn't have any money. "Put it in an envelope and you go next door, and there will be \$10 for you."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well?

Mrs. GRANT. Maybe you are right. Maybe it was Saturday. I know the call came to the house. That is all I know, and I know I talked to Leonard.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you talk to Leonard about the money in the envelope, or did Jack talk to him about the money in the envelope?

Mrs. GRANT. I talked to him, because Jack was talking to me, and I was relating it on the phone, but I did not call anyone to tell them where to put the envelope. That I do remember. If I did, I don't remember, and I don't want to be quoted that I do remember. And I am not trying to get out of it. I know we put—there was supposed to be left \$10 one of those nights.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But you have no recollection of talking with Branch any time over that weekend?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't have. I know I had talked to him in the last month at that time.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, how long did Jack stay at your house? When did he leave your house on Saturday night?

Mrs. GRANT. 8 o'clock, or 10 to 8, or 10 after 8.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Could it have been as late as 11 o'clock?

Mrs. GRANT. Oh, no; no. I tell you what happened. May I?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes.

Mrs. GRANT. He came over, and he was excited and goofy. Said he had been to the post office, connected with the Morning News. He said the box is full of mail. He said it some commie. He takes out three pictures. It is postcard pictures, and in the left-hand corner there was a picture of Earl Warren.

He told me he had a fight at the bar, and I know the man Solomon at the Turf Bar or Surf. It is on Commerce Street. And he said he nearly took a swing at a guy. And I want you to know, I do not know this person. I don't think I ever talked to him yet. If I have, I don't remember. It seems to me our accountant was in there, Abe Kleinman. He said there is a little weasel or creep was in there, and he said, "I am leaving Dallas. This is a hell of a place. We got a black mark here." And that is when Jack picked up his hand, and said, "I will take a whack at you." He picked up his hand and said something to the effect, "I ought to take a whack at you for things like that. You made all your money here and now you are running out. There is nothing wrong. This is the best city in all this business." And he said he called Gordon. Oh, he called Gordon McLendon. I don't know what went on. Of course, I didn't give a damn, and I went to take a shower.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he tell you that he had been to the police station the night before?

Mrs. GRANT. No; this is Saturday afternoon. Now, see, you skipped over Friday night late after the synagogue.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You didn't see him Friday night?

Mrs. GRANT. He called me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. After the synagogue he called you?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where did he call you?

Mrs. GRANT. He said he was in Phil's.

Mr. GRIFFIN. In Phil's?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he say to you?

Mrs. GRANT. He said, "Do you have the private number of KLIF?" I thought he was nuts. You want to know why? I never had any reason to call over there for a private number and little bit I know they had any.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He called and said he wanted to know the number of whom?

Mrs. GRANT. Of Russ Knight. And why did he ask me the number. I hadn't had Russ Knight's number in the last 2 years, because he played a record of Joe Johnson, and I gave it to Russ Knight. But I couldn't think in—I couldn't think of his last name, and I didn't think we were going to find out.

To make a long story short, he said he was in Phil's, and I don't know if he was in Phil's on the highway or the one in the neighborhood. The first thing he wanted to know is how I felt, because I was pretty bad. And I asked him if he had gone to the synagogue and he said, "Yes." He said, "What are you doing?" Truthfully, I was watching and not hearing, but it didn't mean a thing any more, because I was already—he said he was going to the station, and this is something I want to get very clear. I didn't give a damn if he went to the radio station or police station. I don't know what idea, because he knows somebody everywhere he goes, they know him. I assumed he had friends there. And he asked me if I remembered Russ' name? At the time I didn't even remember who he was talking about. He said, "The weird beard." I don't know who he was talking about, and it didn't make any difference to me. This was late. He said after he had been to the synagogue, it wasn't before 10:30—it could have been around midnight—there was no conception of time any more for me that following evening.

Now, the next day, he called me sometime in the afternoon. He came over about 3:40. He says, "I went to a mailbox." He said that in the middle of the night he took pictures, and he told me a bunch of stories. And in his mind, Bernard Weissman was a gentile using a Jewish name to implicate the Jews again and all this business. I said, "He is probably some Commie." And while in my home, and this I heard, he called Stanley Kaufman. And I don't know what went on on the other side, and he is telling him this, he says, "He is out of town, but I am going to take this to the FBI." And I asked him during that time, I said, "What are you going to do with it?"

There were a lot of things that happened Friday and Saturday. I am not smart about politics or the phrases they use always, whether they are right or wrong. He said, "I got a scoop for Gordon." And I said, "What are you going to do with it?" And he said, "I am going to take it Monday to give it to the FBI." And I thought he said it said, "Impeach Earl Warren."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he know who Earl Warren was?

Mrs. GRANT. Oh, yes; he is quite familiar with the position he holds in the United States.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he know at that time who he was?

Mrs. GRANT. I am sure he did.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember him making a telephone call to Russ Knight from your apartment Saturday?

Mrs. GRANT. Now, let me tell you, I know he called him. No; I know he called Stanley. This, I swear my life. He may have. I don't want to be held responsible for saying that he did or didn't.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All I ask is if you remember?

Mrs. GRANT. No; sir, but he made calls.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who do you remember him calling from your apartment on Saturday?

Mrs. GRANT. I know in this conversation he said this, "I went all through the telephone book and I went along Oak Cliff Avenue, and I even went to the city directory." Now, whether I had said something to him earlier or then, or what, but I figured that would be the police. It is in the back of my mind. I said something, whether I was telling him to go, or he told me he had been, I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who was he telling this bit about?

Mrs. GRANT. He was telling, mostly he talked, I would say, 15 minutes anyway to Stanley Kaufman, his attorney here in town.

Mr. GRIFFIN. About the city directory?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know about that, but I know we talked about it. He said he was looking for Bernard Weissman.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where?

Mrs. GRANT. You messed up on a lot of stuff that went on Friday.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did it take place in your presence?

Mrs. GRANT. This conversation was made in front of me, and this is what I heard.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Have you missed anything on Friday that took place in your presence?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, Betty Gouchuin came with the newspaper on Friday morning at 10 a.m.

Mr. GRIFFIN. We covered that.

Mrs. GRANT. Even the second time after the conversation, and while he wasn't there, I read the darn thing, and I am going to tell you the truth, I am not smart enough to detect if there is any animosity. It is like we sent wheat to Russia.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he talk—

Mrs. GRANT. He asked me did I see the ad, and I said, "Yes, but I didn't like it. I looked at it." And since he has already been fed up and fouled up in the newspaper office, when he came Friday he brought me back the morning paper and the evening paper with "The President is dead," and he said, "Look at it." He said different things like, "Any other city would be honored to have him visit them. Of all the cities in the United States to have the President to come here."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let's get back to Saturday with this understanding that if there is anything that took place in your presence or that Jack said to you on Saturday that we haven't covered already? We are finished with Friday. When you read this transcript again, if there is anything that comes to your mind in reading that transcript, write it out and send it to us. But let's go on to Saturday. Let's stay on Saturday. Now, the telephone calls, you said he called Stanley Kaufman?

Mrs. GRANT. That's right.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he talk to Stanley Kaufman about that you heard?

Mrs. GRANT. He went to the post office, and he was still talking about these pictures, and he said he couldn't find a name like that anywhere. He implied that this was not a Jewish man that did it. It was a gentile, and he just wanted to get the Jews in trouble.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He implied that?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he actually say that?

Mrs. GRANT. No; I could tell from the way he worded. You don't have to say a lot of things if you know a person as well as I know Jack.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you arrive at that conclusion on Saturday when you were talking to him, or is that some conclusion you—

Mrs. GRANT. This was Friday. Well, no, I got to thinking that (pause), I had said this to him. "It could be a gentile with a name just like that," and didn't think anything of it.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Why did you suggest to him that it might be a gentile?

Mrs. GRANT. I said in words that it might be a gentile, with a name like that.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What made you think that?

Mrs. GRANT. Because I know a lot of Swedes, like the name Swanson, or Peter. I know a lot of Jewish people named Miller.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What gave you the idea that the Weissman ad was put in by a gentile?

Mrs. GRANT. Nothing any more than I was just trying to cover—not cover up—maybe in my subconscious mind I didn't want a Jew to be connected with it either.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack suggest that to you, or you to him, first?

Mrs. GRANT. This is it. We both feel—we don't have the feeling that anyone would be such a low life.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you understand my question?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't remember which one said it. We felt that way. We talked about it. I could have said a lot of things.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, what do you remember saying to Jack about the Weissman ad on Saturday afternoon or evening?

Mrs. GRANT. I asked him, I said, "Did you look in the city directory?" I probably indicated stuff like he is a Commie, and by Saturday he already changed. I figured I talked about Birchers.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, on Friday when you talked with Jack about the Weissman ad, did you suggest to him, or was there any talk that Weissman might not be a Jew?

Mrs. GRANT. He was a commie straight with Oswald.

Mr. GRIFFIN. On Friday when you talked about the ad; is that right?

Mrs. GRANT. I mean, he implied little things like that. After all, it is my brother. We have a right to have private conversations.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I see.

Mrs. GRANT. I maybe even said, "Jew" to rile up everybody.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When you first talked with Mr. Burleson about this, did you tell him what you have just been telling us here?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know. If he remembers, he is doing better than I am doing. If he thinks I lied, or I am not telling the truth, I don't know—did I leave something out?

Mr. BURLESON. Not that I know.

Mrs. GRANT. Saturday afternoon he brought me three pictures, and he is read-

ing them, and this is on the paper, "Impeach Earl Warren," and he thinks this is commies and Birchers. That is when it all came, to remember about Birchers, and I know very little about them, and I know less about communism.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he mention any literature by H. L. Hunt?

Mrs. GRANT. He had that literature for some time. I think he had that literature a couple of weeks.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he talk to you about that literature after?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; he hated him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Hated whom?

Mrs. GRANT. H. L. Hunt.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When did he mention this to you?

Mrs. GRANT. He don't have to say he hates. I know my brother. If a man looks at his wife, he don't have to tell me. He implies he hates her. This was something—he went someplace and he told me something that, I think we read this in the paper, I will be honest about it, that at the World's Fair they don't want them in. I don't know where I got the information.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember any radio script he got from H. L. Hunt?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me the day I was in his car, he took me from the hospital, and I think he had it in there before I even went to the hospital, I don't know. It seems to me in October or September I seen something that my brother didn't like in Life Line. I can't use the words for this machine.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Can you remember any other phone calls that he made on Saturday from your apartment?

Mrs. GRANT. He made a lot of them. He was there until almost 8 o'clock, or 10 after 8. He did not leave before 7:30, and he was out of my house before 8:30, but he spent a good 4 hours Saturday, and he slept a little bit. He said he hadn't slept for two or three nights.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he call Tom O'Grady from your apartment?

Mrs. GRANT. He may have.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you remember that?

Mrs. GRANT. In the back of my mind, he may have; yes. Now, I don't know. You know what, I am going to tell you something. I wasn't too, what do you call it when you can't recall your thoughts—it was 2 terrible days. It was the worst days for me than a lot of people, because I was taking pills.

Mr. BURLESON. Amnesia?

Mrs. GRANT. No; I was more like in a trance. I was sick physically. I was taking these pills. The shock of the President knocked me off gear. I thought the world was coming to an end. My brother sitting there like a broken man crying. All this went until days for me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack call Ralph Paul from your apartment?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes; I think he did. He may have even called Friday, I don't know. If it is on my bill.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you call Ralph?

Mrs. GRANT. No. I think I called him that following Sunday, the 24th.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But you didn't call him on Friday or Saturday?

Mrs. GRANT. No; I had very little business with Ralph Paul. Not that I remember. It would have to be an exceptionally good reason, and I don't know what reason it would have been.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack receive a telephone call from Little Lynn while he was at your apartment?

Mrs. GRANT. Not that I can recall. The phone did ring, but I couldn't say who it was. But I remember the Friday night, because Andy called.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you recall the telephone call from somebody asking Jack for some money on Saturday night?

Mrs. GRANT. I remember I spoke with Leonard Wood about he wanted some money. Either I picked up the phone—I thought it was Friday night. Now, if it wasn't, I am quite mixed up. In fact, until recently, I forgot about giving him \$10 until Sunday morning, and this only came to me recently.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, on Saturday night from your apartment, did Jack call a man named Lawrence Meyers?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you know Lawrence Meyers?

Mrs. GRANT. No. Who is he? I would like to know who he is. Someone else asked me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. A friend of Jack's from Chicago.

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know who he was. Was he in Chicago, the fellow?

Mr. GRIFFIN. No; he was in Dallas.

Mrs. GRANT. I never heard the name, believe me, so help me God. I don't even know who you are talking about. I know Lenny Patrick. I know who he is, and I haven't seen him in 35 years. We are very well acquainted!

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack—

Mrs. GRANT. Who is this guy, a racketeer? I want to know. I want to find out.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He is not a racketeer. He is a perfectly legitimate man, but a friend of Jack's.

Mrs. GRANT. Who is he? I want to find out.

Mr. GRIFFIN. He sells sports goods.

Mrs. GRANT. That is more like my brother's friends. I once had lunch with a judge. That doesn't make me a judge.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You don't think I am accusing you of anything?

Mrs. GRANT. No; I like you, but I want you to try to understand that we are not children. If we were 20 years of age, we only have many acquaintances. Jack and I traveled a great deal, and we met many people. Jack has a vast amount of knowledge of people's names. That is more than I have.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me say this, that in the testimony we have been taking today, I don't think there has been any suggestion of any accusations—I have simply been trying to find out from you what you did.

(U.S. Attorney H. Barefoot Sanders enters room.)

Mrs. GRANT (to Mr. Sanders). If you hear hollering, it is me. You want to shut me down and not let me explain this. When you run a business like we have, people come up and, you don't go up and ask what business are you in.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Look, you don't even have to go into this, as far as I am concerned, because all I want to find out about is what you did on Saturday night and Sunday, and I only mentioned Mr. Meyers' name, not to suggest he was a racketeer or anything like that.

Mrs. GRANT. I would like to know who he was.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well, I have told you.

Mrs. GRANT. I appreciate it, and I want to thank you, because someone else asked me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. We will give Mr. Burleson his address. In fact, I think Mr. Burleson already has his address.

Mrs. GRANT. How come you don't ask Harry Rosenthal why he goes to Las Vegas every weekend? I want to know why you don't ask him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let's stay on the track.

Mrs. GRANT. If he came to visit me, would it make me a gambler? I wish I had money to gamble. I like to go to the racetracks.

Mr. BURLESON. No; you don't, either.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, when Jack left your apartment on Saturday night, did he say where he was going?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where was he going?

Mrs. GRANT. When I first told the story, I had forgotten about his saying he was going to the club, something to talk to Andy, or to go to the garage about the money again. It had to do with leaving money again.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let's—

Mrs. GRANT. But this is what he had in mind.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let's get back on this, now.

Mrs. GRANT. He didn't eat at my house this Saturday. In fact, he spent so much time, all he drank was juice.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How did this money thing that he had to take care of downtown, how did that come up?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, you see, you have confused me. I don't know if that was Leonard Wood's deal or anybody else, but it seems to me in the back of my mind there was someone else that needed money, and I don't know who to put the

finger on that asked, because with all the help, and it was something to do with his club. At least that is what it seems to me. In one of those conversations, either Friday or Saturday, he said, "You stay there until 9 o'clock." On Saturday night, it could not have been Larry, because when Jack came in the afternoon, he told me, "Guess what, Larry left me a note and took some money. He is mad at me." And I said, "Why?" He said, "Because I didn't leave him money, or something, I didn't buy dogfood."

He said, "Well, don't you take money," or something. I heard this. This is what Jack told me, something about dogfood. And I said, "Why did he leave?" He said, "Well, after we took the pictures, I told him I am going to be up, I feel good, I am going to go here," and Jack talked like that, and I do too. But instead of that, he went home, because this is the morning of the 23d after he was up all night. Well, I don't know if he slept, because he didn't get home till 2:30 or 3 or 4. He called Larry and got him out of bed, and they went to take the pictures, and took these pictures sometime.

Mr. GRIFFIN. This is something you didn't see?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. They told you? Jack told you all this when?

Mrs. GRANT. George told me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When did George tell you that?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I don't know when I saw him. It was the next time, but I don't remember when I saw him. I didn't see him that Sunday, that I remember.

Mr. GRIFFIN. This was sometime after Oswald was shot?

Mrs. GRANT. Oh yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack tell you about this?

Mrs. GRANT. The pictures, I saw myself, three pictures.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right. Now, when Jack came up to your apartment Saturday afternoon, what did you spend most of your time doing? Talking, or watching television or what?

Mrs. GRANT. No; he didn't watch it at all. I know he didn't. In fact, he fell asleep for over an hour on my bed. This is the first time he has ever done that. He noticed I got a new spread a month and a half ago, and since it cost \$20.50 apiece, I have twin beds, he didn't even pull the top down, and there is a big oil spot from his head, and I was going to give him hell on Sunday.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long after he showed up at your place did he go in there and rest?

Mrs. GRANT. He came about 20 to 4. He was there almost to 8, or 10 after 8. It seems to me there were many hours. He talked and called Stanley and took the phone in the bedroom. He laid down, and then got up, and when he left, he told me he was going home to eat. I think he called George.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, Mrs. Grant, let's see, maybe we can pinpoint when he was sleeping there. How long after he woke up did he leave your apartment? About how much time elapsed?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I would say maybe an hour. Maybe 40 minutes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long had he been in your apartment before he went to sleep?

Mrs. GRANT. A few hours.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Then he didn't sleep very long?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long would you say he slept?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know. I think I actually fell asleep myself. I hadn't slept well for a couple of nights. Hadn't slept all Friday night, and neither did I sleep Saturday during the night, or either Thursday night. That was the reason I would take one of these pills.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, Mrs. Grant, if the other evidence showed that Jack arrived down at the Carousel Club about 11 o'clock——

Mrs. GRANT. The date?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Listen to me.

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know nothing about that.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, listen.

Mrs. GRANT. Can I catch you up a little before that?

Mr. BURLESON. Let him ask questions, and then you can fill it in.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me finish. If the evidence showed that he left and arrived down at the Carousel Club about 11 o'clock at night, and that he received a telephone call about money—

Mrs. GRANT. It could be.

Mr. GRIFFIN. At about 10:30 at night.

Mrs. GRANT. Not from my place.

Mr. GRIFFIN. It couldn't have been at your place?

Mrs. GRANT. No. Will you listen to me? Don't forget—Friday night we had all of the delicatessen stuff. This is Saturday. I did not make one thing. He asked me what I had got to eat. I said, "Same thing that you brought yesterday." That didn't satisfy him. This is in the back of my mind. He may have called his apartment and George was there, because he made calls. He wasn't home. I don't know where he was for 2 hours or 2½ hours.

He was home, it seems to me, after 10. I would say 10:15. He said he took a shower and was getting dressed, and he made liver and onions, or liver. George had bought liver. Whether it was prepared before, or whether it was raw, and Jack had to fry it, I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How did you find out about that?

Mrs. GRANT. He was telling me, and he said, "Ask me what I ate?" I said, "I don't feel like eating. I ate enough for six people, just little bites." And I said, "Did you eat?" And he said, "Yes George brought a lot of stuff." George is a Jewish housewife, in my estimation.

Jack called me from his house. He said he had liver. And he was very depressed, and he was droopy depressed. We get high and low, which you probably know. He was so low, I said, "Go see somebody." And he said, "I don't want to." And I said, "You are depressed. Go see somebody." Well, I don't know, I mean go see somebody that you like. Now, I didn't know this then. I did not know this Sunday. I found out maybe a week later or two, I don't know when. I found out he went to Bob Norton of the Pago-Pago Club.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How do you fix the time in which you told him to go see somebody?

Mrs. GRANT. After 10 o'clock.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How do you arrive at that?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I knew it.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I mean, he was watching television. Was it getting late in the evening and he had been gone a couple of hours?

Mrs. GRANT. It wasn't after 11 o'clock, and it wasn't after 12 o'clock.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Could it have been as early as 9 o'clock?

Mrs. GRANT. You know, this sounds crazy. I think he went home and slept a little bit too. I think that is what he told me. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that he could have slept a little bit. And he is a very slow dresser. Anybody that probably can get dressed like in the Army, how they ever tolerated him, because it is hustle bustle, eager beaver—it could take him 3 hours to shave and dress, the way he wants to look like, because he stops and make a phone call, but he was very slow.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack talk to you at all about Breck Wall that Saturday?

Mrs. GRANT. I think he made a call to him Friday. Was it?

Mr. BURLESON. Saturday.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he talk to you about Wall?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he say to you about Wall?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me he is out of town.

Mr. BURLESON. Can I give you some testimony. It might shed some light that might help her?

Mrs. GRANT. Let me explain this. In all sincerity, I am trying to remember. I have a good memory, but I have been sick, and I have been taking pills, and this is the thing that bothers me.

Mr. BURLESON. Let me say this into the record. I am sure the Commission knows Breck Wall is a client of mine who was running a show at the Adolphus

Hotel here in Dallas, and he closed down because of the assassination, and he went down to Galveston to visit his parents. And Jack called Breck Wall at night on Saturday night.

Mrs. GRANT. That I remember, Galveston.

Mr. BURLESON. And was very, very upset.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When you say late, what time did he call?

Mr. BURLESON. Between 9 and 11, as best I recall, because he called me the next day when Jack was charged, and asked me to go help Jack, and he told me that he talked to him the night before, and he was very upset, and had just seen it on television, and wanted to see if I could help in any way.

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me he told me—I know the word Galveston, and I didn't know anybody in Galveston, and he said he talked to Breck. Don't ask me what he said, I don't know. I don't know if he was at the club or at home. Where was he?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Grant, after he left your apartment, and called you from his own apartment and you told him—

Mrs. GRANT. I want to tell you, I didn't hear from him for at least 2 hours, it seems to me, from the time he left my home Saturday night, at least 2 hours.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You said, when he left your house, he said he had to go downtown and give somebody some money. You said a couple of hours later he called you and you told him go see somebody?

Mrs. GRANT. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. All right, are you sure that when he left your house he said he was going to give somebody some money, or did he tell you that in the telephone call that he made a couple of hours later?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems that he said something about money.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was that in the telephone call, or when he got to your house?

Mrs. GRANT. It seems to me when he left the house, while he was at the house.

Mr. GRIFFIN. After the telephone call that he made in which you told him to go see somebody, did he call you again?

Mrs. GRANT. Wait a minute, let's get this right. After what?

Mr. GRIFFIN. After the telephone call?

Mrs. GRANT. After 10 o'clock.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes.

Mrs. GRANT. Sure, he called me again.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When did he call you again?

Mrs. GRANT. It was almost a quarter to 1, or 20 to 1.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where was he?

Mrs. GRANT. I thought he was home.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did he say?

Mrs. GRANT. He asked me how I was.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What did you say?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, I was reading Reader's Digest, and he asked me was I watching television. Yes, I was watching, but I wasn't listening. And he said, "What else? What was happening?" And I said, "Nothing." And I said, "I think they signed off." And they got terrible; they got terrible music on. What I meant to say was, very depressing music. I said it was from 11, only memorial, and it was some singing, I think, and I go on watching him.

No; I don't say I was watching, but they turned it off. I think, all the stations went off early.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When he called you this time, did he say anything to you other than just ask you how you were?

Mrs. GRANT. I can't remember all the conversation. He asked me if I called home or something, did I call somebody, it seems to me, but I am confused on Friday and Saturday.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Are you sure that this telephone call we are now talking about occurred at 1 o'clock Sunday morning, or could it have been 1 o'clock Saturday morning?

Mrs. GRANT. No. [He could of called me both nights; at that time.] The last time I talked to my brother previously to him shooting Oswald was close to 1 o'clock, was more like 20 to 1, or a quarter of 1—it was after 12:30.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How do you place the time?

Mrs. GRANT. Well, because he says to me, "What are you doing?"

My trouble, I have a habit, and this watch stays right there on this long table, and I watch television when it is on.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How long did that telephone call last?

Mrs. GRANT. Not too long.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did Jack say to you that he was at his apartment?

Mrs. GRANT. No, but it was very quite. I felt he was there alone.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he indicate to you he was going to go anyplace after that telephone call?

Mrs. GRANT. No. He could have been at a booth, I don't know.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he indicate anything about the Weinstens to you in that telephone call?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he mention the Weinstens to you on Saturday night?

Mrs. GRANT. No. Friday we talked about it. We talked about clubs, and I am sure in the back of his mind he referred to the, what is it, Branch office club.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did he say anything about doing something to Oswald?

Mrs. GRANT. Never even mentioned his name. Never even watched only the one time Friday. He took a look and said something, "What a creep." He didn't watch television from my house. Now, I don't mean he didn't watch television. If he did, it wasn't that it would have—where he sits, he don't face it like I sit opposite it.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Then the next thing you heard from him, heard about Jack was that he had shot Oswald?

Mrs. GRANT. May I go back to you and tell you all the things that happened Sunday morning? Is that what you want to know?

Mr. GRIFFIN. I am sure I do. Did you remain at your apartment all Sunday morning?

Did you remain at your apartment all Sunday morning?

Mrs. GRANT. Never left it until the time I walked out with Pauline and Bill Rainbow. No, I didn't leave. No, I stayed there. Pauline and that New York reporter—

Mr. GRIFFIN. Jim Underwood? Ike Pappas?

Mrs. GRANT. No. I think his name is something like Denson or Jensen. I think he said New York Times.

Mr. GRIFFIN. At the time were you watching television when your brother shot Lee Oswald?

Mrs. GRANT. Let me explain this. I got up early in the morning. I took a pill. I freshened up myself. I didn't get dressed into my clothes. I went back into the bed. Then I decided to get out, and I turned on television, and all I saw is important people passing the coffin on television, people from all over the world.

I started to put on water, and I didn't feel good, and I was listening, and then all of a sudden they started, they changed the scene themselves, and I saw a guy with, it seems to me a three-quarters length coat with glasses and a lot of hair, and he is talking, and is mumbling.

Mr. BUBLESON. Tom?

Mrs. GRANT. I don't know who to this very day. I don't know who they were talking about.

Mr. GRIFFIN. This was on the occasion—

Mrs. GRANT. This was after 11 o'clock now.

Mr. GRIFFIN. But this was how you learned that Jack had shot Oswald?

Mrs. GRANT. Let me explain this. My phone rang, and I heard this guy say—this may be twisting the words around. "There has been a little excitement here," and he stopped and he says, "I think they shot Oswald."

And my phone rang. Leonard Wood was talking to me on the phone. This is all in—whether he was listening to another station, or something, I don't know, and he is talking to me, and what do you think I said to him, I said,

"Leonard, you don't call me every day. Now don't tell me, 'How do you feel, Mrs. Grant?'"

"Fine. Do you know where Jack is at?"

And I said, "No."

Mr. GRIFFIN. Had Leonard tried to call Jack in the morning?

Mrs. GRANT. Now, don't ask me that. I want to tell you. I don't know what he tried to do.

Now, we talked about different things, and then he was almost gone, and hanging on, and he said, "Are you watching television, Mrs. Grant?"

And I said, "Yes."

I was watching, but I wasn't listening.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How soon did you learn that Oswald had been shot?

Mrs. GRANT. I want to tell you how many phone calls I got. This is one for the books. I am talking to him, and I finally said, "Now, listen, Leonard"—I figured he was trying to find Jack to get some money. I said, "Now, listen, Leonard, you know things have been pretty rough in the club, and you got \$10 either last night or the night before."

And he said, "I don't want any money." And he said, "Are you all right?"

And I said, "Yes."

See, he probably—I never got to talk to Leonard. I wish he would come to see me. I don't know whether he knew of something or what, and he was hemming and hawing over the phone, I didn't get a chance to put the phone down a second, not a second. The phone rang and Andy said, "Mrs. Grant, this is Andy. Where is Jack? Is Jack with you?"

And I said, "No. He is at home."

He said, "No, he is not at home."

I said, "Listen, you know when Jack takes a shower—ring him again."

And he said, "I rang four or five times."

I said, "Hang up and call again."

And he said, "Mrs. Grant, I rang."

I said, "If he is in the bathroom, he isn't going to hear the phone." And we talked—I don't know if he knew. I mean, this I found out he knew.

I asked him about 2 weeks later, or a week later, and he knew about it.

Wait a minute, I am not through. The phone rang again, and I want to tell you, you may know I put on water for boiling—Madeline Blainey was on the phone.

By this time I got to the television. I only had to walk from there to a few feet. I had it on that wall, maybe 9 feet, and I turned it up, and this is what I heard, "John Logan, no Jack Luby."

I wanted to back in the kitchen with the phone, and I wasn't walking too much, and I turned it down.

Madeline is on the phone and says, "How do you feel?"

And I said, "Fine." I am talking to her, and I turned the damn thing down.

I saw—this is rerun—if it is, I don't know—I actually saw what the other people saw. This is my conversation with Madeline and why they never went to see her, I will never know.

I am watching it. "Don't forget," I said, you get the name, repeat the two names. But I turned it down, because it was too close to the phone.

I wasn't going to go out of the living room, and I wasn't going to eliminate one or the other. I wanted to be sure I know both things are going on.

I said, "How are you," and she said, "OK, who is there?"

And I said, "Who would be there."

I am wearing my mu-mu my daughter-in-law sent me for Christmas, and I wouldn't dare let anyone in. I am shooting my mouth off about Joe Johnson. I have a great admiration—he's a colored boy been with us 8 years. He told me, "We had a fight, not 130 fights, but a fight."

I said, "Madeline, I want to apologize for sort of neglecting you," because when I was in the hospital, Madeline and Joe came walking in the very same time to visit me in the hospital. Here both walking in. Madeline and I understand, but this is the guy we want as a band leader to come back.

I said, "Joe, take a seat."

I said, "Madeline, I hope you don't resent me talking to Joe about his children," and we talk about his children, and he kept on talking.

She said, "Eva, I don't want to be the one to tell you this. Do you know who did the shooting?"

And I said, "No."

She said, "Jack shot Oswald."

That was the end of me. Now, I never hung up. I never turned my television off. I remember these people, Jim Holland and his wife, Margo, and a fellow who, these people live next door, Jim Reed—the manager had gone away for the day, but I didn't know it. As a rule, she would have heard me. I didn't know for 2 days that she wasn't there Sunday.

I ran to the door, and I don't know what happened—this I tell you. In the first place, no one ever told me. I thought they killed my brother too.

All I know is, I was out of my mind. I ran to the door—I don't usually dress in this—in my mu-mu to meet strangers, but there was such a knock on my door. There were minutes I can't recall.

I will not tell you any stories. I don't know exactly, before I knew it, all I know there were photographers there—and your best guess is to ask Pauline what took place, if you get in touch with her.

I go into the bathroom. I want to change, but instead, I had put a robe on. This is what I think I done.

Whoever talked to me, I thought they said they killed Jack too. I don't know what took place.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now, Mrs. Grant, what you are telling us now can't affect your brother's case in any way.

Mrs. GRANT. I am not trying to hide anything.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I realize, but I want to tell you—I realize you want to tell us, and I am going to have to cut you off.

I want to explain to you that what you could tell us from here on, since it is all after the fact, is not material relevant to the shooting of Oswald. So, we are at the end really.

Let me ask you this question: Did you talk to your brother at all about the President's visit, expected visit to Dallas before President Kennedy arrived?

Mrs. GRANT. During that week on Monday—now, it may have been Tuesday, Dallas Morning News had a picture of a desk similar to this. Looked like two doors, and little John-John was right here, and the President was back there, and the President was looking at him, and my brother had said, "This guy don't act like a President. He is just like a regular father."

This is what my brother enjoyed.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did your brother talk to you about going to see the parade?

Mrs. GRANT. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me ask you if we can do this. You brought a number of items here that you would like us to look at. I don't want to take them from you without making a record.

Mrs. GRANT. I want to sign that paper for you. That is what I want to do.

I think you are being very fair, and I am going to tell you this, there are a lot of things that concern these things, and they are upsetting me because I can't tell them, and I can't leave them here. I know your time is limited.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me try and reassure you this way. I think I am going to be back in Dallas, probably once more, and I know that you probably would like to talk to us again, and we will make arrangements to talk to you at that time.

Mrs. GRANT. Well, if you don't talk to me, I am going to Washington, and I am going to do some pretty stiff talking.

Mr. GRIFFIN. We want to hear everything you have to say. I wonder if you would want to send to us the particular things that you want to talk to us about, so we can be prepared to handle them perhaps in a relatively orderly fashion?

Mrs. GRANT. No, I don't want it in any mail.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You don't want to send anything to us?  
Mrs. GRANT. Not through the mail.  
This is the stuff, take it with you.  
Mr. BURLESON. That is the post office package that Jack picked up.  
Mr. GRIFFIN. This is the material you had printed?  
Mrs. GRANT. Yes.  
Mr. GRIFFIN. Okay.

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### TESTIMONY OF VICTOR F. ROBERTSON, JR.

The testimony of Victor F. Robertson, Jr. was taken at 2:05 p.m., on July 24, 1964, in the office of the U.S. attorney, 301 Post Office Building, Bryan and Ervay Streets, Dallas, Tex., by Mr. Burt W. Griffin, assistant counsel of the President's Commission.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I will introduce myself again. I am Burt Griffin, and I am a member of the general counsel's staff of the Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy.

We have a general procedure of giving a little spiel in advance about what we are here for, so I will tell you that the Commission has been set up pursuant to an Executive order of President Johnson and a joint resolution of Congress and we have been directed to investigate and evaluate and report back to the President all the facts that have to do with the assassination of President Kennedy and the death of Lee Harvey Oswald.

We have asked you to come here today because in particular you provided some very helpful information to the FBI.

We want to find out what you can tell us about the events of November 22, 23, and 24. Did you receive a letter from us?

Mr. ROBERTSON. Yes; I did.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you receive that 3 days ago or longer?

Mr. ROBERTSON. I received one about 10 days ago just before I left for San Francisco and the convention. This one is dated the 18th.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You are entitled to receive a written notice 3 days before you get here. Do you have any questions that you would like to ask about the deposition that is about to be taken?

Mr. ROBERTSON. None at all.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Would you raise your right hand? Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. ROBERTSON. I do.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Will you state your full name for the court reporter.

Mr. ROBERTSON. Victor F. Robertson, Jr.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where do you live?

Mr. ROBERTSON. Dallas, Tex.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Could you give us your address?

Mr. ROBERTSON. 414 South Willomet Avenue.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When were you born?

Mr. ROBERTSON. December 17, 1933.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where are you presently employed?

Mr. ROBERTSON. With WFAA radio and television.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What do you do for them?

Mr. ROBERTSON. I am a reporter.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Are you a news reporter?

Mr. ROBERTSON. Oddly enough, the only way I can clarify it as a reporter, I work covering the city hall beat primarily, and political assignments. I do some work on the air, actually, I am assigned outside the station just as a reporter.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Did you know Jack Ruby before November 22?

Mr. ROBERTSON. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When had you first met him?