

Mr. GRIFFIN. As to what he had in there?

Mr. SENATOR. In the trunk?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes.

Mr. SENATOR. No. To me it looked like a bunch of garbage he had in there.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Have you ever had occasion to drive his automobile?

Mr. SENATOR. Yes; but very seldom because he didn't want me to handle it and I'll tell you why. No insurance. That is why he didn't want me to drive his car. Very seldom was I ever allowed to drive that car.

Mr. GRIFFIN. On the occasions when you drove his automobile, from where did you get the automobile keys?

Mr. SENATOR. From him.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Off of his person?

Mr. SENATOR. Yes; from the house, yes, when he was home. And sometimes I would drive for him when he is tired, like he feels he is going to fall asleep, and I have done this you know from the club to the apartment where he feels he maybe fall asleep at the wheel. This is one of the things where he wouldn't let me drive because he had no insurance, and I wasn't anxious to drive the car on account of that either.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now you and I have had lunch together.

Mr. SENATOR. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. And we have had breaks here and on these occasions we have talked and you have talked with Mr. Hubert also on these occasions. Is there anything that we talked with you about in these times when we haven't had a court reporter present that we haven't covered here in our deposition?

Mr. SENATOR. It would be hard for me to think what you have left out, you know. I have never had a questioning like this in my life before. When I originally came down here I thought I would only be here—I thought the questioning would probably be similar to being questioned by the FBI or the Secret Service. First of all how was I to know? What was I to expect, see? I just couldn't believe that I would be here 2 days. I couldn't think how it was possible where you could ask me so many questions, both of you.

Mr. HUBERT. In any case you don't recall anything dealing with the case, an aspect of it that was the subject of a conversation which has not been discussed on the record?

Mr. SENATOR. Offhand, I can't. Offhand, I just can't think of any because I think you all know more than I know. If you can remember the Times Square Cafeteria you know more than I know. You are not going to put that too, are you?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Let me then ask this one final question.

Mr. SENATOR. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. If anything should come to your attention in the future, which pertains to the Ruby case that could be of assistance to us, will you contact somebody in the Government and let them know so that we can have a complete record here. He is nodding his head yes.

Mr. SENATOR. Because he can't write the nod down there?

Mr. HUBERT. Thank you very much indeed for coming.

Mr. GRIFFIN. I want to say to him that it has been a pleasure to talk with you; we think your cooperation has been most helpful.

TESTIMONY OF NANCY PERRIN RICH

The testimony of Nancy Perrin Rich was taken at 11 a.m., on June 2, 1964, at 200 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington, D.C., by Messrs. Burt W. Griffin and Leon D. Hubert, Jr., assistant counsel of the President's Commission.

Mr. HUBERT. This is the deposition of Nancy Perrin Rich.

Mrs. Rich, my name is Leon D. Hubert. I am a member of the advisory staff of the general counsel of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy.

Under the provisions of the President's Executive Order No. 11130, dated November 29, 1963, the joint resolution of Congress 137, and the rules of procedure adopted by the President's Commission in conformance with that Executive order and that resolution, I have been authorized to take a sworn deposition from you.

I state to you now that the general nature of the Commission's inquiry is to ascertain, evaluate, and report upon the facts relevant to the assassination of President Kennedy, and the subsequent violent death of Lee Harvey Oswald.

In particular as to you, Mrs. Rich, the nature of the inquiry today is to determine what facts you know about the death of Oswald, any participation in that death, or the death of President Kennedy by Jack Ruby, certain particular activities of Jack Ruby which you have heretofore told the FBI, and other pertinent facts you may know about the general inquiry,

Now, Mrs. Rich, I think you appear today here by virtue of a letter written to you by Mr. J. Lee Rankin, general counsel of the staff of the President's Commission, is that right?

Mrs. RICH. Yes, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. And that—when did you receive that letter?

Mrs. RICH. I actually received in my hands the letter yesterday, Monday, the 1st. I received notification of it via a telephone call from Mr. Faherty of the FBI Bureau, Boston, notifying me of it.

It was sent—and at this time I would like to state—and opened by Mr. Rod Kennett, of Executive Limited, 100 Boylston Street, Boston, and there was no possible way that letter could have been opened erroneously. It could not have even by any stretch of the imagination been misconstrued as being office literature. It was personally addressed to me, with the President's Commission on it.

I want that in the record.

Mr. HUBERT. It is.

Mrs. RICH. I also want it in the record I came here of my own free will.

Also that I don't want it known and that I would like Kennett cautioned to be quiet about this. I want someone to caution the Kennetts to keep quiet about this. Rod opened the letter, and he has been telling everybody in Boston about it. I don't particularly want it known.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, I am not in a position to pass upon your request. But I am quite certain that the Commission will take it into account.

Mrs. RICH. I would appreciate it, because of some extracurricular work that I do—it is not feasible for anyone to know that I go before any kind of commission, for anything.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, now, let me get back to this. Under the rules adopted by the Commission, you are entitled to a 3 day written notice prior to the taking of this deposition. But the rules also provide that a witness may waive the 3-day written notice if he so desires. And I ask you now if you wish to waive the 3-day notice.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I will waive it.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, will you stand, please, so I may administer the oath? Raise your right hand. Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give in this matter will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Mrs. RICH. I do.

Mr. HUBERT. Will you please state your full name?

Mrs. RICH. Nancy Elaine Perrin Rich.

Mr. HUBERT. I understand that you recently married.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. What is your husband's name?

Mrs. RICH. Francis L. Rich.

Mr. HUBERT. Where do you reside?

Mrs. RICH. No. 16 River Road, Hanover, Mass.

Mr. HUBERT. When were you married?

Mrs. RICH. April 11, 1964.

Mr. HUBERT. Prior to that time, I think you had been married to a man by the name of Perrin.

Mrs. RICH. Robert L. Perrin.
 Mr. HUBERT. And he died?
 Mrs. RICH. Yes.
 Mr. HUBERT. When?
 Mrs. RICH. August 29, 1962.
 Mr. HUBERT. Where?
 Mrs. RICH. New Orleans.
 Mr. HUBERT. And you had been married prior to that time?
 Mrs. RICH. Yes; I had.
 Mr. HUBERT. What was the name of the husband you were married to prior to the time you married Mr. Perrin?
 Mrs. RICH. Husbands, in plural. Louis——
 Mr. HUBERT. You mean there are more than one?
 Mrs. RICH. Yes.
 Mr. HUBERT. Give us the names.
 Mrs. RICH. Louis Edward Musachio.
 Mr. HUBERT. Before you pass away from him to the other husband, would you tell us how your marriage was dissolved?
 Mrs. RICH. By divorce.
 Mr. HUBERT. Was he your first husband?
 Mrs. RICH. He was my second.
 Mr. HUBERT. Your second husband. And is he still alive?
 Mrs. RICH. Yes; I gather.
 Mr. HUBERT. Do you know where he lives?
 Mrs. RICH. No; I don't. The last known address was Lackland Air Force Base. I believe he is retired out of the service since then.
 Mr. HUBERT. What business was he in?
 Mrs. RICH. Air Force, a sergeant.
 Mr. HUBERT. How long were you married to him?
 Mrs. RICH. Married, I couldn't exactly say. I guess a year. I actually lived with him about 9 months. Eight of those were spent on various—he spent in various hospitals, including Walter Reed here, for operations, and in the psychiatric locked ward.
 Mr. HUBERT. When were you divorced from him?
 Mrs. RICH. Oh, dear. 1961, I believe.
 Mr. HUBERT. Where?
 Mrs. RICH. In the county of Adams, city of Brighton, Colo.
 Mr. HUBERT. Where were you married to him?
 Mrs. RICH. I was married at L. G. Hanscomb Air Force Base, Bedford, Mass.
 Mr. HUBERT. What about your first husband?
 Mrs. RICH. My first husband was Charles G. Wilson. He was——
 Mr. HUBERT. When did you marry him, and where?
 Mrs. RICH. Well, I married him in Berwick, Maine, in 1953.
 Mr. HUBERT. And how was that marriage dissolved?
 Mrs. RICH. In divorce.
 Mr. HUBERT. When and where?
 Mrs. RICH. 1955, in Biddeford, Maine.
 Mr. HUBERT. And how old are you, Ma'am?
 Mrs. RICH. I am 27.
 Mr. HUBERT. And what is your present occupation?
 Mrs. RICH. Housewife.
 Mr. HUBERT. You do not work for Executives Unlimited?
 Mrs. RICH. Not any more.
 Mr. HUBERT. You did work for them?
 Mrs. RICH. I did.
 Mr. HUBERT. How long did you work for them?
 Mrs. RICH. Oh, about 3 months.
 Mr. HUBERT. When did you cease working for them?
 Mrs. RICH. Upon my marriage.
 Mr. HUBERT. Which is April 11?
 Mrs. RICH. April 11.
 Mr. HUBERT. What sort of business was that?

Mrs. RICH. An employment agency.

Mr. HUBERT. Where is it located?

Mrs. RICH. 100 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., Suite 309.

Mr. HUBERT. Have you any children?

Mrs. RICH. I have four.

Mr. HUBERT. Would you state their ages and tell us by which husband they were born?

Mrs. RICH. I will start with my youngest. Diedre Pilar Perrin, age 4.

Mr. HUBERT. And she is the daughter of——

Mrs. RICH. Robert L. Perrin.

Mr. HUBERT. All right.

Mrs. RICH. Felicia Helen Musachio, whereabouts unknown, by Louis Edward Musachio.

Mr. HUBERT. How old is she?

Mrs. RICH. She would be 5.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, when you say whereabouts unknown, you mean you do not know the whereabouts of the child or of her father?

Mrs. RICH. Both. She was, to quote the FBI, not kidnapped, childnapped. Although I hold legal custody of her, I cannot find her.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. Will you go on to the others?

Mrs. RICH. Brian Russell Wilson, age 7, and Valerie Dawn Wilson, age 10, both by Charles G. Wilson.

Mr. HUBERT. Where do these children live?

Mrs. RICH. The two Wilsons reside in Biddeford, Maine, with my parents.

Mr. HUBERT. Your father and mother?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. The whereabouts of Felicia is unknown. And Deidre Perrin resides with me.

Mr. HUBERT. What is your present husband's occupation?

Mrs. RICH. He is the owner of North Quincy Taxi Co.

Mr. HUBERT. That is located——

Mrs. RICH. In Quincy, Mass.

Mr. HUBERT. How long has he been so occupied?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, 20 years.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the occupation of Robert Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. Many things, from a master mechanic, on heavy equipment, cats, et cetera, to a master foundry worker, patternmaker, moulder, to running a foundry.

Mr. HUBERT. And other things?

Mrs. RICH. A writer, contracted by the old Street and Smith Co.

Mr. HUBERT. A writer?

Mrs. RICH. He is an author, short stories. Anything beyond that, I couldn't tell you, because I don't know how much is true of what he told me of his past.

Mr. HUBERT. What did he tell you of his past?

Mrs. RICH. May I ask a question?

Mr. HUBERT. Yes; if you wish.

Mrs. RICH. All of this is confidential?

Mr. HUBERT. I cannot give you the assurance that it is.

Mrs. RICH. Meaning this would not be publicized for the entire world, so to speak. The average person outside of who it directly would be reported to.

Mr. HUBERT. I cannot give you the assurance that you ask for on that point. If you would prefer not to answer the question, in the light of your feelings about it, and the statement I have just made to you, then we can pass on to another point.

Mrs. RICH. Let me ask you this. Is it pertinent and important that you know?

Mrs. HUBERT. Well, yes.

Mrs. RICH. Very well. Well, he claimed to——

Mr. HUBERT. Now, you understand, I am not giving you any assurance that there will not be available to the public a transcript of this testimony.

Mrs. RICH. I understand this. I thoroughly understand this.

Mr. HUBERT. All right.

Mrs. RICH. Well, he claimed to have worked for Jack Dragna, presently residing at San Quentin.

Mr. HUBERT. That is to say he is in the penitentiary?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you know for what offense?

Mrs. RICH. Income tax evasion, I suppose. I don't know for sure.

Mr. HUBERT. All right.

Mrs. RICH. Let me state at this time that half of what I am about to say—I am sorry—all of what I am about to say is hearsay. Half, I believe.

Mr. HUBERT. We understand that. You are telling us what he told you he had done in the past, but that you don't know for sure whether it is true.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. But I want that in the record. That he did everything from handle Dragna's call girls to be a heavy, so to speak.

Mr. HUBERT. What do you mean by a heavy?

Mrs. RICH. Well, bodyguard.

Mr. HUBERT. Bodyguard for whom?

Mrs. RICH. Jack Dragna, and various subsequent members, shall we say, of the organization that used to come into California.

Mr. HUBERT. What organization was that?

Mrs. RICH. Call it by what you will—syndicate, Mafia.

Mr. HUBERT. Who were some of the people involved?

Mrs. RICH. I could not tell you. I do know that he mentioned that he personally knew Mickey Cohen and Virginia Hill.

Mr. HUBERT. You don't know any other names?

Mrs. RICH. Jimmy Gilreath.

Mr. HUBERT. Would G-i-l-r-e-a-t-h be about right?

Mrs. RICH. I would assume so.

Mr. HUBERT. So what you are telling us is that your former husband, now deceased, Robert Perrin, had told you that among other things he acted as bodyguard for certain members of a syndicate, as you call it, and you have named, I think, four people who belonged to the syndicate.

Mrs. RICH. Supposedly, yes.

Mr. HUBERT. And what was the syndicate about, from what you learned from your husband?

Mrs. RICH. Well, everything from prostitution to illegal gambling to narcotics.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, all of this you know by hearsay alone?

Mrs. RICH. By hearsay alone.

Mr. HUBERT. I ask you that question because a moment ago you said that half of what you said was hearsay.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And I assume that the other half was not.

Mrs. RICH. I do know this, that he claimed that he ran guns—this was years ago, when Franco was coming into power. I do know this to be a fact, because he spent time in jail there.

Mr. HUBERT. Where did he spend time in jail?

Mrs. RICH. In Spain. I do know he fought for both sides, as a professional soldier.

Mr. HUBERT. When you say you know that, I take it that you mean that he told you so.

Mrs. RICH. No; I do not mean that, sir. I mean I have seen written proof of this statement.

Mr. HUBERT. Such as what?

Mrs. RICH. Such as a prison record. Now, let me qualify that. I have seen said statement on record, call it what you may. Now, how authentic it was, I cannot swear to it.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean he showed you a prison record?

Mrs. RICH. I found it. From stuff in Spain—both Madrid, and a place called Consuela.

Mr. HUBERT. What sort of a prison record was it?

Mrs. RICH. It wasn't as you would think of a prison record. It was merely a piece of paper in Spanish with a list of articles on it that was on his person

at the time he was arrested. Another one was of a release signed by a Teniente Enriquez, which would be a lieutenant here, at the Madrid Secreto Servicio.

Mr. HUBERT. I think you better spell all that out, because you are using a foreign language, and I am not sure that the reporter can get it except by the sound.

Mrs. RICH. All right. To clarify this, it was written in Spanish. I will quote it in English. "An article list, signed by Lieutenant Enriquez."

Mr. HUBERT. That is his last name?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; a release signed by someone in the Secret Service, which is comparable to our detective system on a city police force.

Mr. HUBERT. It was a lease of what?

Mrs. RICH. A release.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you talk to him about these documents?

Mrs. RICH. He seemed quite proud of the fact.

Mr. HUBERT. I gather from that that you did talk to him about it?

Mrs. RICH. I did. Quite frankly, I asked him what in the heck it was all about. At that time, he claimed, he said, "Well, you won't believe me. I wasn't making it up." He claimed he ran guns and used to pilot a small boat.

Mr. HUBERT. Ran guns where?

Mrs. RICH. Into Spain, for Franco.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember the date of that document? Did it have any date on it?

Mrs. RICH. I would say it was in the late thirties, I wouldn't be sure, late thirties or early forties. It was either just prior to him going into the United States Army or after he was released. Now, I cannot be sure on that.

Mr. HUBERT. You think that it could not have been earlier than, say, 1935?

Mrs. RICH. No, it could not have.

Mr. HUBERT. Why are you sure of that?

Mrs. RICH. For the simple reason he was born in 1920. It couldn't have been much prior to 1935. It was either late thirties or early forties. Again, I would like to, for the record, state that my husband was a writer.

Mr. HUBERT. You are talking about Perrin now?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. And had a vivid imagination, as most writers do. Whether or not these were authentic documents, I don't know.

Mr. HUBERT. Did he die a natural death?

Mrs. RICH. Suicide. The coroner's report was arsenic. I also would like to state for the record at this time after my husband's death the Veterans' Administration Hospital, I believe it is the one in Denver, that finally came up with the report, came up with the report that my husband was discharged from the service for hysteria, and had a history of mental disturbance.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you living with him at the time he died?

Mrs. RICH. I was.

Mr. HUBERT. You state to us now that the coroner's report in New Orleans, I suppose—

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Showed that his death was caused by arsenic voluntarily consumed, right?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, you lived part of the time that you were married to Perrin in Dallas, did you not?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. Why I am hesitant—I would like to clarify that statement. I went to Dallas seeking Mr. Perrin. He had left me.

Mr. HUBERT. Where were you living when he left you?

Mrs. RICH. We were living in Belmont, Mass.

Mr. HUBERT. What address?

Mrs. RICH. No. 11 Holden Road.

Mr. HUBERT. How long after he left you did you seek him out in Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. I was in New Hampshire with the state legislature at the time. I was doing public relations. And I had just obtained a job, a position for him, and I telephoned to Massachusetts to tell him to come on down, and there was no answer. And I had a feeling that something was wrong. So I hightailed it back to Massachusetts, and there was a note. And the note said that he was going to

Dallas. I called and he wasn't there. I called halfway over the United States, thinking of places he told me he had been, and I couldn't find him.

Mr. HUBERT. What place did you call in Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. I called the police department and a foundry he had mentioned in a letter, and had read the name of a gentleman he had mentioned at this time whose name eludes me—Youngblood—I take it back.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember his first name?

Mrs. RICH. No; I don't. But my husband claimed—and I couldn't ask him, because if he was he couldn't have told me—claimed he was some sort of a Government agent, which was in all probability true.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you contact Mr. Youngblood?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he hadn't seen him. Then I proceeded to call Kansas City and various other points I thought he might be.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you actually contact the Dallas Police Department?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I did.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you get any report from them?

Mrs. RICH. Except that he wasn't there. Or that they didn't know he was there.

Mr. HUBERT. They did report that fact to you?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. How did they do so?

Mrs. RICH. By phone.

Mr. HUBERT. Go ahead.

Mrs. RICH. I then informed him that I would be there, which I did. Subsequently, Mr. Perrin—and I will never understand—

Mr. HUBERT. How long after the events you have just told us about, to wit, your coming home and finding that he wasn't there—how long after those events did you go to Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. Approximately 1 week.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. When was that?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, gosh. That was in, I believe, May. I can't give you the exact month. But I believe it was in May.

Mr. HUBERT. Of what year?

Mrs. RICH. Of 1961. Or was it 1962? '62. I am sorry—1962.

Mr. HUBERT. And how long—did you find Mr. Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. Again in a way. He wasn't in Dallas.

Mr. HUBERT. Where was he?

Mrs. RICH. Well, afterwards, when he arrived in Dallas, I found out that he had been in South Bend, Ind., with my secretary.

Mr. HUBERT. In any case, when did you meet him in Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. He wrote mother, found out where I was—and came to Dallas, I believe, it would be around July.

Mr. HUBERT. Of 1962?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. So you had been there alone from May of 1962 until July of 1962?

Mrs. RICH. I am giving approximate dates, yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, when he did arrive, what happened?

Mrs. RICH. Just like nothing had happened. Everything was fine.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean there was a reconciliation between you?

Mrs. RICH. I loved my husband very much.

Mr. HUBERT. But, in any case, you proceeded to live together as husband and wife?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, yes.

Mr. HUBERT. How much education have you had, Mrs. Rich?

Mrs. RICH. I have had 3 years of high school.

Mr. HUBERT. What high school?

Mrs. RICH. Biddeford High, in Biddeford, Maine.

Mr. HUBERT. When did you leave there?

Mrs. RICH. I left when I was 16. That would be in 1954—1953—I am sorry. And I got married, and I go back, and I drop out because I am going to have a child. Then after I have the child I go back, and I am doubling up on my

courses and could have graduated. But I was too smart, and knew everything.

Mr. HUBERT. Have you had any other type of training?

Mrs. RICH. Depending on what you mean—formal education—meaning book learning?

Mr. HUBERT. Well, yes.

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. HUBERT. Or other types of training, such as stenography?

Mrs. RICH. IBM, and police investigation.

Mr. HUBERT. What about the IBM aspect? Did you study that?

Mrs. RICH. I made a misquotation. It would be Remington Rand, actually.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you study?

Mrs. RICH. Not with Remington Rand as a company. For Craftsman Life and Health Insurance Co. of Boston.

Mr. HUBERT. You worked there?

Mrs. RICH. I did.

Mr. HUBERT. And studied the operation of Remington Rand machines there?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Can you tell us the name of some of the people you worked with there?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, you are going back too far, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. Where was that place located?

Mrs. RICH. On Boylston Street.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember the name of the manager?

Mrs. RICH. It may sound odd—whether this name has stuck in my mind or not—but it seems to me his name is Griffin, too. I may be wrong.

Mr. HUBERT. How long were you there?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, probably 6 months.

Mr. HUBERT. That was after you married?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, no. No—in fact, I was working there when I met Musachio. That was back in 1958.

Mr. HUBERT. I see. You had divorced your first husband?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. I think you mentioned something else besides IBM.

Mrs. RICH. Police investigation.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, where did you learn that?

Mrs. RICH. From various police organizations, district attorney's offices.

Mr. HUBERT. Would you name them, please?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; some with the Boston Police Department.

Mr. HUBERT. Who did you work with?

Mrs. RICH. We called him Papa McGill. Sergeant McGill, and John Dinatelo, I believe.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did you work there?

Mrs. RICH. Well, I was a young kid, and didn't have any brains. I blew a case, and that was it.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you paid?

Mrs. RICH. At that time; no.

Mr. HUBERT. Your answer suggests that at a later time you were paid.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. With the same department?

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, with what police department?

Mrs. RICH. With the district attorney's office of Sacramento.

Mr. HUBERT. California?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did you work there?

Mrs. RICH. Well, this wasn't a question of working. I worked as needed, or as a case came up. I worked for Mr. Oscar Kistle, Chief Deputy District Attorney, who as of this January is now a judge.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you work with anybody else there?

Mrs. RICH. I worked with the Hayward Police Department, in California.

Mr. HUBERT. Who did you work with there?

Mrs. RICH. Lieutenant—I can't remember his name.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did you work with that police department?

Mrs. RICH. Well, I left. That is why I discontinued my association with them. Again, as needed.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, altogether, how long were you there?

Mrs. RICH. Altogether, if you want to put it running day by day, probably 3 weeks. If you want to say—actually I was associated with them probably 3 or 4 months.

Mr. HUBERT. That is what I meant.

Mrs. RICH. But not worked steadily.

Mr. HUBERT. I understand.

Mrs. RICH. And the Oakland Police Department.

Mr. HUBERT. Oakland, Calif.?

Mrs. RICH. California.

Mr. HUBERT. And who did you work with there?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, dear. I worked on grand theft. Lieutenant—I can't remember—whoever the lieutenant is in charge of grand theft detail. Lt. Parker.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did you stay in Oakland with that association?

Mrs. RICH. Again, about the same length of time as Hayward. I was working with both of them at the same time, and also Sacramento. In that type of work, you cannot get by in just one.

Mr. HUBERT. I don't think you mentioned Sacramento yet.

Mrs. RICH. The district attorney's office, yes, I have. At this time, if necessary, I can introduce a letter into evidence verifying part of this testimony.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, do you wish to do so?

Mrs. RICH. I believe I would.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, do you have the letter?

Mrs. RICH. I do. Note for the record I hand a letter to Mr. Hubert, signed by Chief Deputy Kistle.

Mr. HUBERT. You have handed me this document. Do you wish—I assume you wish to keep the original.

Mrs. RICH. That is the only one I have, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. Would you mind if we had a copy made of it?

Mrs. RICH. I would not.

Mr. HUBERT. And then we can hand you back the original.

Mrs. RICH. That will be fine.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, now, when did you first meet Jack Ruby?

Mrs. RICH. When I first reached Dallas, I, of course, went directly to the police station. Ironically enough, the first person I met was Mr. Tippit.

Mr. HUBERT. What is his first name? Are you referring to the Tippit who was shot on November 22d?

Mrs. RICH. I would say so. I believe it is the only Tippit on the police force.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. So you met Mr. Tippit. And what happened then?

Mrs. RICH. I walked in and plunked \$4 on the desk and said, "Here I am." He said—

Mr. HUBERT. Well—

Mrs. RICH. This was a joke. When I called him from Massachusetts, I told him when I hit there I would have 4 bucks in my pocket. It was rather a kind of a joke, actually. I said, "Here I am."

He said, "Oh, no; I told you not to do it."

I had talked to him previously on the phone. So that was all right. So he called in one of the patrolmen. And they get the Black Maria, go down to the bus depot and get my bags. And I had called Associated Press. I have many friends around the press world. Being in public relations, I would. And this Brice someone or other said, "You can go and stay with my wife for a couple of days until you get settled."

Three o'clock in the morning we start punching doorbells, with the suitcases in a Black Maria, trying to find Ann, and I couldn't remember the last name. So the next day they send up to pick me up and help me find a place and job.

Mr. HUBERT. When you say "they"—

Mrs. RICH. Meaning the police department of Dallas.

Mr. HUBERT. What particular individuals?

Mrs. RICH. I don't recall exactly who sent them up. I cannot remember the guy's name. Really. I don't believe he is any longer with them, I understand.

Mr. HUBERT. In any case, some person from the police department came to get you the next day?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. Subsequently, one Mr. Paul Rayburn, detective, juvenile, came to pick me up, along with his partner, Detective House. Well, we managed to find a place to live. And Paul suggested he had a friend. And did I know anything about bartending; well, I did.

Mr. HUBERT. What place did he find you to live in? Do you remember the address?

Mrs. RICH. No; I don't. It was a rooming house. Actually, it was a private home more or less cut into small apartments. I believe it was a three-room apartment.

Mr. HUBERT. And how long did you live there?

Mrs. RICH. Here is where we are going to get into difficulty. I don't remember. I cannot remember the length of time or addresses I lived at.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you live at more than one place prior to the time Mr. Perrin joined you in July?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I did.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember any of the addresses of the places where you lived?

Mrs. RICH. Well, I remember I lived—when Mr. Perrin joined me I was living on Oak Street, I believe. Then we moved to another street, and I don't remember where it was.

Mr. HUBERT. How many places do you suppose you lived in prior to the time Mr. Perrin joined you?

Mrs. RICH. Two, I think.

Mr. HUBERT. One was on Oak Street?

Mrs. RICH. That was the one—let's put it this way. Two including the one I was living at when he joined me.

Mr. HUBERT. And one was on Oak Street?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. That was the big apartment building.

Mr. HUBERT. And the other was a rooming house?

Mrs. RICH. Well, I call it a rooming house. Perhaps I have named it incorrectly. I would say a private home cut up into small apartments.

Mr. HUBERT. But you don't remember where that was?

Mrs. RICH. I cannot remember. I can remember the house. I would probably know it if I see it. It is outside the city a little ways. It wasn't right in the heart of downtown.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember the name of the lady who owned the house?

Mrs. RICH. No; I don't.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, the other was an apartment building, you say.

Mrs. RICH. Yes. I believe—now, put this as supposed—I believe it was 1136 Oak Street, but I am not sure.

Mr. HUBERT. So that both places were on Oak Street?

Mrs. RICH. No, no. The one on Oak, I think, that was the address. I don't recall what the first one was that Mr. Rayburn put me into.

Mr. HUBERT. Let's see if I get this straight. You lived in a boarding house which was a house cut into small units, you say, and you don't know where that was located.

Mrs. RICH. No; that is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And how long did you stay there, do you suppose?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, maybe 3 or 4 weeks, 2 weeks, 3 weeks.

Mr. HUBERT. After which, as I understand, you then went to the larger apartment house.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; on Oak Street, apartment row, where all these big luxury apartments are.

Mr. HUBERT. And that was on Oak Street?

Mrs. RICH. Oak Street.

Mr. HUBERT. And you stayed there until Mr. Perrin joined you?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. And for a while after. Until we found a place comparable but at less money.

Mr. HUBERT. And where was that?

Mrs. RICH. That I don't remember. Junios Street I remember it didn't have a pool—it was a big brick apartment. Again, all of these places I can close my eyes and picture. But I cannot tell you. I can't remember.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did you live there with Mr. Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. At the last address that I don't remember?

Mr. HUBERT. Yes; ma'am.

Mrs. RICH. Probably 3 or 4 months. I think we left Dallas in October and went to New Orleans—either late October or early November.

Mr. HUBERT. What year?

Mrs. RICH. Of 1962. Now, this is where I am getting confused. It had to have been 1961. This is where I get confused. When I stated before that it was May of 1962, it wasn't. It was May of 1961.

Mr. HUBERT. Why do you make that correction now?

Mrs. RICH. Well, it couldn't have possibly been in 1962.

Mr. HUBERT. Why?

Mrs. RICH. My husband died in August of 1962, in New Orleans. And we had been there over a year.

Mr. HUBERT. You had been in New Orleans over a year by the time he died?

Mrs. RICH. Almost a year. Between New Orleans and Boston, and Miami.

You see—

Mr. HUBERT. When did you leave Dallas, then?

Mrs. RICH. It would be October of 1961.

Mr. HUBERT. That you left Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. And all of these previous dates, May and July, you now wish to correct—

Mrs. RICH. To 1961.

Mr. HUBERT. And you lived with Mr. Perrin after leaving Dallas in October of 1962—of 1961?

Mrs. RICH. 1961.

Mr. HUBERT. You lived in New Orleans most of the time?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. And he died there?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. You see, it was New Orleans and Boston.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, now, I had asked you when you had first met Jack Ruby, and I think you were beginning to tell us when we got into the question of your residences. So now will you tell us how you met Jack Ruby, and when?

Mrs. RICH. The when I could not tell you exactly. Some time during May or June, I believe. Mr. Ruby's records could tell you, due to the fact that I believe he probably took social security out. But the how was that Mr. Rayburn took me up and got me the job up there. Detective Rayburn.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, how long after you had arrived in Dallas did you meet Mr. Ruby?

Mrs. RICH. Again, the time element eludes me. It could be anywhere from 2 or 3 weeks to a month.

Mr. HUBERT. It is your thought that it might be that long after you arrived in Dallas under the circumstances that you told us about?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know. A week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks. The last few years time has become nothing for me.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, now, what was your occupation with Ruby, and where was it?

Mrs. RICH. I was bartender at the Carousel Lounge, on Commercial—well, the main street in Dallas.

Mr. HUBERT. Commerce?

Mrs. RICH. Commerce.

Mr. HUBERT. What were some of the names of the other people who worked with you at that time?

Mrs. RICH. Buddy King—I should say his professional name is Buddy King—Robert J. Stewart. I am trying to think of the name of that MC. I have been trying to think of it, and I cannot. Ray something or other, I believe. They came and they went.

Mr. HUBERT. How long were you employed by Ruby altogether?

Mrs. RICH. Probably a couple of months.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you work with Ruby after your husband joined you?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I did.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you work until you left Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. No; I did not.

Mr. HUBERT. How long before leaving Dallas did you quit the job at Ruby's?

Mrs. RICH. Possibly a couple of months, 3 months. I wasn't in Dallas more than maybe 5 months, 4 months at the most, 4 or 5 months at the most.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, when you say bartender, what do you mean? What were your actual duties?

Mrs. RICH. I was actually a bartender. I worked behind the bar mixing and serving drinks.

Mr. HUBERT. What sort of drinks?

Mrs. RICH. Whatever was allowed. Actually, you are not allowed to serve mixed drinks there. We do to special customers. You are not allowed to serve hard liquor. But I served beer, and wine, of course, and your setups.

Mr. HUBERT. What customers did you serve hard liquor to?

Mrs. RICH. Whomever I was told to.

Mr. HUBERT. You don't know their names?

Mrs. RICH. I couldn't quote you names, perhaps.

Mr. HUBERT. Who told you to serve them?

Mrs. RICH. Mr. Ruby. It was a standing order. For a particular group of people. Then whenever he would come in and say, "This is private stock stuff," that would mean for me to go where I knew the hard liquor was and get it out, and get it ready for the people in his private office.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the particular group—who did it consist of?

Mrs. RICH. The police department.

Mr. HUBERT. Are you saying that Jack Ruby told you that when any member of the police department came in, that there was a standing order that you could serve them hard liquor?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And are you also saying that you did so?

Mrs. RICH. I am saying that I needed a job and did so.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember the names of any particular officers to whom you served hard liquor?

Mrs. RICH. House, Rayburn——

Mr. HUBERT. Let's see if we can get some first names.

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember what House's first name was, but it was Paul Rayburn, and Detective—something House—they were partners. They worked as a team, juvenile. And the rest were just faces and uniforms.

Mr. HUBERT. How would you know them?

Mrs. RICH. At that time, I knew them.

Mr. HUBERT. You knew them to be police?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Did they pay?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, no; of course not.

Mr. HUBERT. Was that an order, too, from Mr. Ruby?

Mrs. RICH. That was. Unless they came in in the evening with their wives. Then, of course, they paid. But then again, they didn't have hard liquor, either, at that time. This is when they came in, by themselves, I was to go get the private stock, as he called it, special stock. They were served whatever they wanted on the house.

Mr. HUBERT. Was that widespread?

Mrs. RICH. I am not sure I understand what you mean by widespread.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, you have mentioned two names, and then said there were others whose names you don't remember.

Mrs. RICH. Well, the only reason I remember House and Rayburn is because they were personal friends of mine.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, how many others do you suppose you served?

Mrs. RICH. I couldn't estimate. I couldn't give you a true and accurate figure. Anyone that came in from the police department. Including certain attorneys in

town. One attorney I particularly remember was a fellow named Sy Victorson, who subsequently became my attorney, and a personal friend.

Mr. HUBERT. And what?

Mrs. RICH. And a personal friend.

Mr. HUBERT. What was your salary there?

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember. \$50, \$60 a week, I guess.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you have any tips?

Mrs. RICH. Sometimes.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember a man by the name of Andy Armstrong or Andrew Armstrong?

Mrs. RICH. The name Armstrong doesn't ring a bell. I guess, if my memory serves me correctly—wasn't the colored man that cleaned up around there, Andy?

Mr. HUBERT. Is that the way you remember him?

Mrs. RICH. I wouldn't swear to it. I do know we had a colored man cleaning up, but I would be darned if I remember his name.

Mr. HUBERT. You think it may have been Andy?

Mrs. RICH. I can't remember. I wouldn't even dare venture a guess. In all honesty, I would have to say I can't really put a face to the name.

Mr. HUBERT. But there was a colored man there?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; there was a colored man that cleaned up.

Mr. HUBERT. Did he stay on in the afternoon and at night?

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember.

Mr. HUBERT. What were your hours?

Mrs. RICH. I believe I would come in around 3, 4, 5 o'clock, I think, sometimes I would come in at 6, or 7; I would work straight through to midnight.

Mr. HUBERT. Was this cleanup man present when you came in?

Mrs. RICH. If I came in the afternoon, yes, the colored man was there. As I say, in all honesty, I could not dare venture a name on that.

Mr. HUBERT. But you don't remember any colored man who was there helping at the bar in the night hours?

Mrs. RICH. You don't notice them. I mean they are there. If you have been a bartender, you would know what I mean. You don't notice people like that. They are taken for granted they are there, you have a bar helper. Heck, I don't remember.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, what you are saying is that you do not remember that there was any colored man who assisted with the bar at night.

Mrs. RICH. I will be darned if I can even put a face to whoever did bring the bottles and stuff out to me, the cases.

Mr. HUBERT. Your answer to my question, then, is that you do not remember that there was a colored man other than the cleaner that you mentioned.

Mrs. RICH. Well, he did everything. I do remember he lugged beer cases out for me. I think if my memory is right—I think he stacked my cooler for me.

Mr. HUBERT. Would he leave before you?

Mrs. RICH. I don't really remember. As I say, these people you take for granted, you don't pay any attention to them. I never gave it a second thought. I had one thing on my mind, and it went against my grain. I was doing something I knew to be illegal, and I knew I needed the job. Every night I expected a raid. That was my prime concern.

Mr. HUBERT. Would you know a man by the name of Ralph Paul?

Mrs. RICH. Ralph Lee?

Mr. HUBERT. No; Ralph Paul.

Mrs. RICH. If he is the one I am thinking of, he was the manager at Earl's Club.

Mr. HUBERT. Earl who?

Mrs. RICH. Earl's Club. I don't know what Earl's last name was. I forgot. It is a private club in Dallas. But I knew him as Ralph Lee. Oh, I don't think it is the same one. Again, I would remember people if I saw their faces. Names I don't remember.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you know a person by the name of Eva Grant?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Who was she?

Mrs. RICH. Well, she managed Jack's other club; his sister managed the Vegas Club.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you ever meet her?

Mrs. RICH. One time.

Mr. HUBERT. Where?

Mrs. RICH. She came in at the club there one time, was introduced as his sister, and that she managed the Vegas Club, which I had never been out to.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you have any difficulty with Ruby?

Mrs. RICH. Except the fact I was about ready to throw a cash register on his head, no.

Mr. HUBERT. What was that?

Mrs. RICH. I shouldn't have said that. I said except for the fact that I was ready one night to throw a cash register on his head, no. I don't like to be pushed around.

Mr. HUBERT. Are you suggesting that he did push you around?

Mrs. RICH. I am suggesting he threw me up against the bar and put a bruise on my arm, and only because Bud King and one of the dancers there pulled me off, I was going to kill him.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the argument about?

Mrs. RICH. The bar glasses were not clean enough to suit him. And I wasn't pushing drinks to the customers fast enough.

Mr. HUBERT. And so he remonstrated with you?

Mrs. RICH. He did.

Mr. HUBERT. And that included pushing you around?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. And I was refused the privilege of bringing an assault and battery suit against him.

Mr. HUBERT. Who refused you that?

Mrs. RICH. The police department. I went down for information and was going to Mr. Douglas—I believe he was—he is some attorney—I think he was—he is with the DA's office. I don't remember his position. I can't remember his last name. I wanted to file suit against Ruby. And I was refused. I was told if I did that I would never win it, and get myself in more trouble than I bargained for.

Mr. HUBERT. That was told to you by whom?

Mrs. RICH. By the Dallas Police Department.

Mr. HUBERT. But what individual of the Dallas Police Department?

Mrs. RICH. Again—and I wish to God I could—I can't remember his name. There was a detective, plainclothesman.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you say that you had spoken to someone in the district attorney's office?

Mrs. RICH. No; I said that is who I was going to go to. I wasn't advised. I was flatly told not to.

Mr. HUBERT. And you did not go to anyone in the district attorney's office?

Mrs. RICH. No; I did not.

Mr. HUBERT. Did that put an end to your employment with Ruby?

Mrs. RICH. No; I had already ceased with Ruby the night that that happened. I walked out, and left him cold.

Mr. HUBERT. That is what I mean.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. After this altercation, you no longer worked for him?

Mrs. RICH. I did not. I was just biding my time until I found another job, which I did find. This was on a Wednesday. I was going to give him notice and leave him—I wasn't going to leave him over the weekend, but I was going to start the other place the following Monday anyway. And this just hastened it.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you report that to your husband?

Mrs. RICH. I did.

Mr. HUBERT. He was employed in Dallas at that time, I think you said.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he was.

Mr. HUBERT. Where?

Mrs. RICH. At this time, I don't recall whether he was working for Paul

Rayburn, Detective Rayburn, at his used car lot, or whether he was with Al's Automotive. One of the two places.

Mr. HUBERT. What sort of a job did he have?

Mrs. RICH. Mechanic. Subsequently my husband went up and Jack Ruby threw him out of the club. My husband was going to talk to him. And I found out about it. Ruby had already kicked him out of the club. And then I dissuaded him from going back further. I said, "Forget it, just let it drop."

Mr. HUBERT. Did you have any other employment in Dallas after this altercation with Ruby?

Mrs. RICH. Yes, I did. At the—I think it was called just The Chalet.

Mr. HUBERT. Where was it located?

Mrs. RICH. Again I can't remember. Again it was on the other side of Dallas. It was outside—in fact, I don't think it was right in Dallas proper. It wasn't in Dallas proper, I know.

Mr. HUBERT. What sort of work did you do there?

Mrs. RICH. This was a dining place. And I was a hostess. And in the place they had this little booth, and they had a dart game, and you could throw darts and win prizes, and I also ran that place for them.

Mr. HUBERT. Who was your employer there?

Mrs. RICH. Again, I cannot recall his name.

Mr. HUBERT. How long were you there?

Mrs. RICH. Until I left Dallas—probably a month. Then we left to go back to New Orleans.

Mr. HUBERT. How long were you unemployed—that is to say, what period was there between the time you left Ruby and the time you got this employment at The Chalet?

Mrs. RICH. Between the time I left Ruby and the time I went to The Chalet, about 5 or 6 days. And then I quit The Chalet a little before we left. And, of course, prior to going to Ruby's I wasn't employed. Then there was a period of about a week, week and a-half, while I was at Ruby's, all of a sudden he decided he didn't need a bartender. Then I am recalled back.

Mr. HUBERT. You left The Chalet about a week before you left Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. Probably a little more than that. Maybe 2, 2½ weeks.

Mr. HUBERT. Why did you leave The Chalet?

Mrs. RICH. Well, for one thing he was going to close down for renovations. And then he said, "no, I am not; I am going to sell out." And he decided to close it down anyway.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you work for a place called the Theater Lounge?

Mrs. RICH. Barney Weinstein—yes, I did.

Mr. HUBERT. When?

Mrs. RICH. That was during the time I had left Ruby and then went back to Ruby.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did you work for the Theater Lounge?

Mrs. RICH. No more than a week or two. I forgot all about working for Barney. I have to laugh. His brother owned the other stripping place in town, right next to Ruby, upstairs. And they had this amateur show, these amateur strippers. Barney was going to promote me as a stripper. No thanks.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. Now, before we get into any other matter, I want to go back to the letter that you handed me which was dated October 25, 1963. It is addressed, "To Whom it May Concern:"

It purports to be signed by Oscar Kistle, chief deputy, district attorney. It is on stationery of the office of the District Attorney of Sacramento County. I have had a Xerox copy made of it. I have returned the original to you, is that right?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, I am marking the Xerox copy of that document for identification by writing on the right-hand margin the following words; to wit: "Washington, D.C., June 2, 1964, Exhibit No. 1, Deposition of Nancy Perrin Rich," under which I have signed my name, and in order that the record may show that there is no misunderstanding about it, I wonder if you would sign your name as I have mine.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I would. Note for the record that on the left-hand margin I signed "Nancy E. Perrin Rich."

Mr. HUBERT I think the letter that you handed me was in an envelope, which was plain, other than the fact that it had in the left-hand upper corner the words "Office of District Attorney, Room 204, Courthouse, Sacramento 14, California" I am marking a Xerox copy of the original of that envelope, which has been returned to you, for identification by writing on the Xerox copy the following, to wit: "Washington, D.C., June 2, 1964, Exhibit 2, Deposition of Nancy Perrin Rich," under which I have signed my name, and I ask you to sign yours as you did with reference to Exhibit No. 1.

Mrs. RICH. Note for the record that I signed Nancy E. Perrin Rich under Mr. Hubert's signature.

(The documents referred to were marked Nancy E. Perrin Rich Exhibits 1 and 2 for identification.)

Mr. HUBERT. Thank you, ma'am.

Mrs. RICH. At this time I would also, pertaining to my statement concerning working for various police organizations, introduce into this informal hearing, so to speak, another piece of material given to me by the Oakland Police Department while working on a case for them, under the name of Julie Anne Cody. Also under this name is a police record purposely devised by the Oakland Police Department for obvious purposes, to coincide with this card that I am about to hand to Mr. Hubert—also, how shall we say it—falsified, made up by the Oakland Police Department, for obvious purposes. This was to get me into a particular place—I had to have a police record—all done with the sanction of the Oakland Police Department. May I also note that on that card the dates and the names are fictitious, intentionally so. The card was in reality printed in, I believe, November of 1963.

Mr. HUBERT. You say you want to introduce this card into this proceeding?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. And I will tell you why. If you note the date on that, some of my statements—Let's say that this came into light, and I didn't give the explanation of why and what this meant—the dates would conflict with some of my testimony. And I want this understood that this was purely done to, shall we say, consummate a case for the Oakland Police Department. I was not actually in California the dates on that card.

Mr. HUBERT. When was this card issued to you?

Mrs. RICH. In reality, this card was issued in November of 1963. I was working on a grand larceny case.

Mr. HUBERT. You want this card back, the original?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. Now, as soon as we have a Xerox copy made of the card, we will identify it and sign the copies as we have done the other.

Meanwhile, let us pass on to another point. I think you have mentioned that you saw Ruby at a certain meeting at which your husband was present and there was a general discussion of guns or Cuban refugees.

Mrs. RICH. Your statement is partially correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Will you tell us what is actually correct?

Mrs. RICH. At the first meeting there were four people present. There was a colonel, or a light colonel, I forgot which. I also forget whether he was Air Force or Army. It seems to me he was Army. And it seems to me he was regular Army. There was my husband, Mr. Perrin, myself, and a fellow named Dave, and I don't remember his last name. Dave C.—I think it was Cole, but I wouldn't be sure.

Dave came to my husband with a proposition—

Mr. HUBERT. There were only four people present?

Mrs. RICH. Let me clarify the statement about Dave. He was a bartender for the University Club on Commerce Street in Dallas. I became associated with him and subsequently so did my husband. Well, at first it looked all right to me. They wanted someone to pilot a boat—someone that knew Cuba, and my husband claimed he did. Whether he did, I don't know. I know he did know boats. So they were going to bring Cuban refugees out into Miami. All this was fine, because by that time everyone knew Castro for what he appears to be, shall we say. So I said sure, why not—\$10,000. I said that is fine.

Mr. HUBERT. Do I understand from that that you and your husband were to receive \$10,000 for your services?

Mrs. RICH. Well, I was incidental.

Mr. HUBERT. No; I would like to know.

Mrs. RICH. I say I was incidental. My husband was.

Mr. HUBERT. Your husband was to receive \$10,000?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Who told him so?

Mrs. RICH. The colonel.

Mr. HUBERT. Where did this meeting take place?

Mrs. RICH. In Dallas at an apartment building. Again, I can describe that darned building to a "T" and I couldn't tell you what street it is on.

Mr. HUBERT. Would you describe it for us, please?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; it was sitting—if I may do it in diagram.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you know what section of the city it was?

Mrs. RICH. No; this I don't. You come along—let's say this is your main street, that the apartment building set on. We have an apartment building, not setting facing the street, but with the side towards the street. A hill slopes up. There is a path that kind of winds around. There are flowers and gardens here; and in them I believe there is a little fountain—and in them was lights—illuminating the gardens; and you have to come up a little hill, and walk around—I am not sure whether there was a gravel path or not, or whether it is flagstone—and into the building here. And it was a double deck, I believe—perhaps a triple.

Mr. HUBERT. Apartment house?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. How many apartments, roughly speaking?

Mrs. RICH. I could not say how many. The standard apartment building for Dallas.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, now, at this point let us do this: You have handed us the card that you referred to in your testimony previously. We have now had a Xerox copy made of it. I am handing you back the original. For the purpose of identification, I am marking the Xerox copy, front and back, as follows, to wit: "Washington, D.C., June 2, 1964, Exhibit No. 3, Deposition of Nancy Perrin Rich," and I am signing my name below that. And on the reverse side of it, which appears on another Xerox page, I am marking for the purpose of identification the following: "Washington, D.C., June 2, 1964, Exhibit No. 3-A, Deposition of Nancy Perrin Rich," under which I have signed my name. And I ask you, please, to sign both documents below my name so that the record will show that we have been speaking of the same document.

Mrs. RICH. Note for the record that I signed Nancy E. Perrin Rich under Mr. Hubert's name on Exhibit No. 3. Will you note for the record that I signed Nancy E. Perrin Rich under Mr. Hubert's name on Exhibit No. 3-A.

(The documents referred to were marked Nancy Perrin Rich Exhibits Nos. 3 and 3-A for identification.)

Mr. HUBERT. Now, a moment ago you were testifying concerning an apartment house at which you and your husband met a colonel and another man by the name of Dave C., I think you said.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; that is an initial—C. Dave took us there.

Mr. HUBERT. I am going to mark that document for the purpose of identification "Washington, D.C., June 2, 1964, Exhibit No. 4, Deposition of Nancy Perrin Rich," under which I am signing my name, and I ask you to sign your name on it, if you please.

Mrs. RICH. I didn't mean for this to be an exhibit. Will you note for the record that I signed Nancy E. Perrin Rich under Mr. Hubert's name on Exhibit No. 4. Also note for the record the writing I am doing after signing is merely designating what the lines mean.

(The document referred to was marked Nancy Perrin Rich Exhibit No. 4 for identification.)

Mr. HUBERT. Am I correct in stating that prior to the writing you have just put on the document, Exhibit No. 4, there were merely lines which indicated a street and an apartment and a little path, showing a garden. And that since

the document has been identified, you have written in all that appears in handwriting?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember on what floor this apartment was that you visited?

Mrs. RICH. I believe the first.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember whether it was to the left or the right as you went in?

Mrs. RICH. There was no question of left or right as such. It was—you just walked in. There was no hallway to indicate left or right, if that is what you are referring to.

Mr. HUBERT. In other words, this apartment actually opened on the path?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. How many rooms did it have?

Mrs. RICH. I don't recall whether it was a one or two bedroom.

Mr. HUBERT. Can you give us any other description of the apartment building, first of all?

Mrs. RICH. The apartment itself wasn't too well furnished.

Mr. HUBERT. Was it a brick apartment?

Mrs. RICH. I believe it was. Either brick or stucco.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you know the color of it?

Mrs. RICH. I don't. But I believe it had colored doors. Now, I could be mistaken.

Mr. HUBERT. And the apartment itself was one or two bedrooms, and I think you say it was not well furnished. Do you recall anything about the interior of the apartment that would be significant?

Mrs. RICH. Let me clarify that. When I say not well furnished, I should have said sparsely furnished. It looked like an unfurnished apartment that he had just thrown some furniture into and not too much of it. I believe I remember he said something about he just moved in; hadn't finished it.

Mr. HUBERT. Did it have lamps in it?

Mrs. RICH. I believe it did. I think it had one lamp on the table.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you recall anything about the furniture that was there?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; it was, I believe you call it Danish modern.

Mr. HUBERT. Was it upholstered?

Mrs. RICH. I don't recall. It was typical cheap apartment furniture. I believe it had plastic upholstery.

Mr. HUBERT. I think you said you went there at night.

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. About what time?

Mrs. RICH. It was after dark. Probably 9 o'clock.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you recall how long it took you to drive from where you were living to this place?

Mrs. RICH. No; I do not.

Mr. HUBERT. How did you get there?

Mrs. RICH. In Dave's car. Now, again, I said four people present. I should have counted—he had a girl with him. She wasn't in it or anything, just some girl he had along for the evening. She was never part of it. In fact, I think she stayed in the car.

Mr. HUBERT. How long were you in the place?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, probably half an hour, 45 minutes, an hour at the most.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the general discussion?

Mrs. RICH. Feeling each other out. I just kind of sat there and listened. The general gist of it was we were going to obtain a boat, the colonel could obtain various things, and nothing specific was mentioned on what the various things were at that time. And we were going to go and pick up—they were deciding where to pick them up—pick up Cuban refugees, and bring them over to the main coast, meaning Miami, which, quite frankly, I adhered to because at that time, as I say, Castro is or was what we suppose him to be today, and quite frankly I had seen underprivileged countries and at that time thought it was a good idea.

Mr. HUBERT. Was the sum of \$10,000 mentioned at that meeting?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; it was.

Mr. HUBERT. Who mentioned it?

Mrs. RICH. The colonel. And it seemed awfully exorbitant for something like this. I smelled a fish, to quote a maxim.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean you thought that there was too much money involved for this sort of operation?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I did.

Mr. HUBERT. You didn't express that view, of course?

Mrs. RICH. No; I didn't say anything. I just kept quiet.

Mr. HUBERT. How were matters left at the end of that meeting?

Mrs. RICH. That there were more people involved, and that we were to attend a meeting at some later date, of which we would be advised.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you advised?

Mrs. RICH. We were.

Mr. HUBERT. Did another meeting take place?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; it did.

Mr. HUBERT. How long after the first?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, probably 5 or 6 days, give or take a day or 2.

Mr. HUBERT. At the same place?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Was it at night?

Mrs. RICH. It was.

Mr. HUBERT. How did you get there then?

Mrs. RICH. We went in our own car, but with Dave with us. At that time, Dave and my husband and I were in our car.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. Tell us what happened.

Mrs. RICH. Well, we got there and at that time there was the colonel and another middle-aged woman, kind of a real old granite face I would describe her, steel-gray hair. Looked rather mannish. And there was a rather—

Mr. HUBERT. Did you know her name?

Mrs. RICH. No; I was introduced. Names were mentioned around. I don't recall it. And then there was another rather pugnacious-looking fellow, who looked at though he might have been an ex-prizefighter.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you introduced to him?

Mrs. RICH. I was introduced to everyone.

Mr. HUBERT. Who else was there?

Mrs. RICH. The colonel, the woman, and the prizefighter type, a couple of other men that just kind of sat off in the corner. One of them looked rather dark, like he might have been Cuban or Latin American, and Dave, my husband, and myself.

Mr. HUBERT. Tell us what happened at that meeting.

Mrs. RICH. Well, apparently from what I could discern, they had some kind of a hitch in their plans. And at that time I point blank spoke up and said, "Well, suppose we discuss the plans in full before we"—meaning my husband and myself—"get into this. I would like to know what we are getting into. And at this point you know by now I certainly have a say in this matter." Then it came out—boom—quite blank. We were going to bring Cuban refugees out—but we were going to run military supplies and Enfield rifles in.

Mr. HUBERT. Who made that statement?

Mrs. RICH. I believe it was the Latin-looking fellow that first made the statement. But the colonel clarified it. The colonel seemed to be the head of it and seemed to do all the talking.

Mr. HUBERT. He was in uniform?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he was.

Mr. HUBERT. Could you describe what the colonel looked like?

Mrs. RICH. Vaguely. I would say approximately 45 to 50, perhaps a little younger. He was kind of bald, and that may have made him look older. As I recall, a rather slightly built man—and I would not swear to it.

Mr. HUBERT. Did he have any other characteristics?

Mrs. RICH. Not that I can recall, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. Was he in summer uniform?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he was.

Mr. HUBERT. Short sleeves?

Mrs. RICH. If my memory serves me; yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Did he tell you whom he was representing in the matter?

Mrs. RICH. Not exactly. That fact never did come clear to me. A group of people.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, did he indicate in anyway that he was acting officially, in his official capacity?

Mrs. RICH. No; he was not acting officially.

Mr. HUBERT. How do you know that?

Mrs. RICH. Because of certain statements that were made—statements such as that the guns would have to come in via Mexico, meaning the Enfield rifles. Statements like “We have been taking stuff off of the base for the last 3 months getting prepared for this”—meaning military equipment, I suppose small arms, or explosives, et cetera, as I understood it.

Mr. HUBERT. He was also in uniform on the first occasion?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. The same type of uniform?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. You say you never saw him out of uniform? All of the times you saw him he was in uniform?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Summer uniform?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. So at that meeting it came out that the project had two purposes. One was to bring arms in, and the other was to take refugees out.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; to make money both ways. Then it became crystal clear why so much money was to be paid for the pilot of the boat.

Mr. HUBERT. And how was that meeting left?

Mrs. RICH. Well, at that time when he said that, my first thought was “Nancy, get out of here, this is no good, this stinks.” I have no qualms about making money, but not when it is against the Federal Government but let's play along and see what happens. I said, “All right, we will go. But you can take the \$10,000 and keep it. I want \$25,000 or we don't move.” It was left that the bigwigs would decide among themselves. During this meeting I had the shock of my life. Apparently they were having some hitch in money arriving. No one actually said that that was what it was. But this is what I presumed it to be. I am sitting there. A knock comes on the door and who walks in but my little friend Jack Ruby. And you could have knocked me over with a feather.

Mr. HUBERT. That was at the second meeting?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, what facts occurred to give you the impression that there was a hitch with respect to money?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, just that they were talking about, well, first of all when I say we—a group of people were supposed to go to Mexico to make the arrangement for rifles but “Well, no, you can't leave tomorrow”—they dropped it. And just evasive statements that led me to believe that perhaps they were lacking in funds.

And then Ruby comes in, and everybody looks like this, you know, a big smile—like here comes the Saviour, or something. And he took one look at me, I took one look at him, and we glared, we never spoke a word. I don't know if you have ever met the man. But he has this nervous air about him. And he seemed overly nervous that night. He bustled on in. The colonel rushed out into the kitchen or bedroom, I am not sure which. Ruby had—and he always did carry a gun—and I noticed a rather extensive bulge in his—about where his breast pocket would be. But at that time I thought it was a shoulder holster, which he was in the habit of carrying.

Mr. HUBERT. He was in the habit of carrying?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. Either a shoulder holster or a gun stuck in his pocket. I always had a gun behind the bar. That is normal.

Mr. HUBERT. You had seen it at his shoulder?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; which was normal—because he made the bank deposit. I made the bank deposit a couple of times for him and carried a gun when I made it.

Mr. HUBERT. Did he show any signs of recognition of you?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he glared at me and I glared back, as much as to say to each other what the heck are you doing here.

Mr. HUBERT. Had you told the colonel and Dave what your name was prior to that?

Mrs. RICH. At that time we—I think it will be obvious to you gentlemen the reason—we were going under Jack Starr and Nancy Starr.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you mean that is the name that Ruby knew you under?

Mrs. RICH. No. Jack Ruby knew me as Nancy Perrin.

Mr. HUBERT. And he knew your husband was Robert Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. But like I say for obvious reasons we used the name Jack and Nancy Starr.

Mr. HUBERT. That is to say, you told the colonel and Dave that your name——

Mrs. RICH. No; Dave knew our real name.

Mr. HUBERT. The colonel——

Mrs. RICH. The colonel and everyone else involved, with the exception of Ruby and Dave.

Mr. HUBERT. They knew you as Nancy Starr?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. Also let me state that my husbands' nom de plume as a writer was Jack Starr. I have also published under Nancy Starr.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. What happened?

Mrs. RICH. Well, they went in and came out and the bulge was gone, and everybody was really happy, and all of a sudden they seemed to be happy. So it was my impression Ruby brought money in.

Mr. HUBERT. They walked out of the apartment?

Mrs. RICH. Ruby left. He didn't stay. He wasn't there for more than 15 minutes at the most.

Mr. HUBERT. You say all of a sudden the bulge was gone?

Mrs. RICH. The bulge was gone from Ruby when he left.

Mr. HUBERT. Did he leave the room?

Mrs. RICH. He left the apartment.

Mr. HUBERT. I mean from the time he came in until he left.

Mrs. RICH. He came in. To everyone else except my husband and I he said, "Hi." He and the colonel rushed into—I forget whether it was the kitchen or the bedroom. They were in there about 10 minutes. I heard some rather loud undistinguishable words. They closed the door. When they came out everybody looked relieved. And Ruby just walked out.

Mr. HUBERT. And said nothing to you?

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. HUBERT. You say the money was forthcoming?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you get it?

Mrs. RICH. No; we didn't. First they had to pay for this pugnacious-looking fellow and one of the Latins who were going down to Mexico to make arrangements and pay for the guns. All of a sudden just before Ruby come in they couldn't go, and right after Ruby left they were on the plane the next morning, so to speak.

Mr. HUBERT. You did not see Jack Ruby hand any money to anybody?

Mrs. RICH. No; I did not.

Mr. HUBERT. Nor did you see any money handed to anyone else

Mrs. RICH. No; I did not.

Mr. HUBERT. So the way it was left then, these people, the others, were going to go to Mexico——

Mrs. RICH. Actually they were going to leave not the day following, but the day after that—2 days later they were going to leave for Mexico. I just assumed that that was money that Ruby brought in. Because before that they could not go, they did not have the finances, and after he left they did.

Mr. HUBERT. Did they say they did not have the finances, or was it your assumption that they did not?

Mrs. RICH. When someone is stalling around, and not setting a concrete date and saying, "Well, we have to wait" and that it will get here soon, and statements like that that I hear in conversation, then all of a sudden in comes a man with a bulge and hands it to the colonel in the back room, so to speak, and all of

a sudden, boom, the reservations are made then and there, I think that is a pretty good assumption.

Mr. HUBERT. In other words, those are the facts that you observed upon which you base the assumptions that you have made.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. And the big sigh of relief, so to speak, afterwards.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, did you then ask about your portion of the money?

Mrs. RICH. At that time it was to be decided, as I say, among the bigwigs. I had asked for \$25,000.

Mr. HUBERT. Was that before Ruby came in?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; in fact it was just a few minutes before he knocked on the door. They decided they did not know, and they were going to have a meeting—there were some other people involved higher up than they were. They would have to talk it over with them. At that time I had it in my mind I would go ahead and play ball—and I was stalling when I asked for the \$25,000—that I would notify the Federal authorities. As I say, bringing the refugees out is one thing. Running in guns is another thing, for a Communist country which at that time it was.

Mr. HUBERT. How long did that meeting last?

Mrs. RICH. They were still going when we left. And we were there about 2½ hours.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean you and your husband?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Dave remained behind?

Mrs. RICH. He remained. Well, actually at that point business was over, and it just became a party. Neither my husband nor I drink, so we left.

Mr. HUBERT. How did you leave it with them? Who was going to make the next move?

Mrs. RICH. We were to be notified as to the time and place of the next meeting and as to the decision on upping the ante, so to speak.

Mr. HUBERT. They did not reject your offer of \$25,000?

Mrs. RICH. It was to be discussed.

Mr. HUBERT. \$10,000 was all right.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; \$10,000 was offered.

Mr. HUBERT. \$25,000, which was your counter offer, had to be discussed.

Mrs. RICH. That's correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And they told you they would discuss that and let you know.

Mrs. RICH. With some other people that were higher up.

Mr. HUBERT. They told you they were higher up?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; the colonel said that they were higher up. I do not know the exact words.

Mr. HUBERT. What happened then?

Mrs. RICH. I think his exact words were something like "I will discuss it with my bosses."

Mr. HUBERT. What happened after that?

Mrs. RICH. Well, about 3 or 4 days later we were told there was going to be another meeting to attend. Dave came over and told us. And we went. And—

Mr. HUBERT. What happened at that meeting? First of all, who was there? How did you go?

Mrs. RICH. My husband and I.

Mr. HUBERT. You went in your car?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. What kind of a car did you have?

Mrs. RICH. At that time I believe we had a 1956 blue and white Ford, if I am not mistaken.

Mr. HUBERT. What license plate?

Mrs. RICH. Texas.

Mr. HUBERT. Under the name of Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. So you went with your husband. This was the third visit. Same place?

Mrs. RICH. Same place.

Mr. HUBERT. Same apartment?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. No change in the furniture or decorations or anything of that sort?

Mrs. RICH. Not that I recall. I did not really notice.

Mr. HUBERT. And this third meeting was about 4 or 5 days after the first?

Mrs. RICH. Three or four; after the second.

Mr. HUBERT. How were you notified to come to the first meeting?

Mrs. RICH. To come to the first meeting?

Mr. HUBERT. No; the third.

Mrs. RICH. Dave.

Mr. HUBERT. In other words, Dave was the man who was in between, as it were.

Mrs. RICH. Well, Dave was in it. It was only because he was our friend.

Mr. HUBERT. Was he to get anything out of it?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know; never did.

Mr. HUBERT. Didn't you discuss that with him?

Mrs. RICH. In that sort of business, you don't discuss things, apparently.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, you did.

Mrs. RICH. Well, not to that point. It wouldn't have done me any good. I would have just gotten a "none of your business" answer.

Mr. HUBERT. You didn't know that to be a fact, did you?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I did.

Mr. HUBERT. Why?

Mrs. RICH. Well, call it intuition. I don't know. I just wouldn't have gotten an answer.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you think that Dave expected some money?

Mrs. RICH. I suppose so. I never did get his position quite clear in my mind.

Mr. HUBERT. He was the one that had brought you into the picture in the first place.

Mrs. RICH. Yes. It seemed to me like a front man for them, or something, or a recruiter almost.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, you were concerned about the question of money involved in this thing, because as you said you let them know that you would have a say about this.

Mrs. RICH. That's right.

Mr. HUBERT. But you did not discuss with Dave whether he was to be paid by you or the other side, as it were.

Mrs. RICH. Oh, no; he wasn't to be paid by us. He brought us into the group, so to speak. The only thing I could make him out to be is a recruiter. Not to be paid by us. Nothing was ever mentioned of Dave going on any of these trips.

Mr. HUBERT. But he was not to get a fee for finding you.

Mrs. RICH. I don't know. I really don't.

Mr. HUBERT. And you did not raise the point with him.

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. HUBERT. Nor did your husband, to your knowledge.

Mrs. RICH. I don't know. I didn't ask him.

Mr. HUBERT. Did it concern you that Dave might want some of the money that you were going to get?

Mrs. RICH. Not particularly, because at that time I had already made up my mind to go to the authorities with it.

Mr. HUBERT. You had made up your mind when?

Mrs. RICH. After the second meeting, I found out they were going to run rifles in, and military supplies and things that apparently—again apparently were being pilfered from a base somewhere.

Mr. HUBERT. You made up your mind at the end really of the second meeting.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; and then they said to run rifles and stolen military supplies in—that was it.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you tell your husband so?

Mrs. RICH. I did.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you tell Dave so?

Mrs. RICH. I did not.

MR. HUBERT. Did you go to the authorities?

Mrs. RICH. I never had the chance.

MR. HUBERT. Tell us why?

Mrs. RICH. Well, we went back to that third meeting and apparently by mutual consent we got out of it.

MR. HUBERT. Tell us what happened at the third meeting, including who was there.

Mrs. RICH. Well, who was there—there was the colonel, again this pugnacious-looking fellow who supposedly had gone to Mexico and been back; the Latin-looking fellow and the other one with him who might have been Latin wasn't there—this woman was there. And another man I had not seen before, but whose face rang a bell. And I could not put a name to it.

MR. HUBERT. Have you ever been able to do so?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I have.

MR. HUBERT. Who was it?

Mrs. RICH. Again, unless I am awfully mistaken, and I have yet to be able to find a picture of this man, but I recall seeing a picture and I know why I had associated him—of his father.

MR. HUBERT. Whose father?

Mrs. RICH. This particular man. Now, again, what I am about to say is not fact. It is something that I have never quite been able to get clear in my mind and never will, until I can find a picture. Unless I am very mistaken, the man at that third meeting was Vito Genovese's son.

MR. HUBERT. He was not introduced as such?

Mrs. RICH. He was introduced as Tony. That was all.

MR. HUBERT. Did you know Vito Genovese?

Mrs. RICH. No; I never did.

MR. HUBERT. But you knew his picture.

Mrs. RICH. I had seen his picture.

MR. HUBERT. You thought there was a resemblance between that picture and this man?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. For a week this bothered me. And all of a sudden it came crystal clear.

MR. HUBERT. What became clear?

Mrs. RICH. That unless I was way off base, that is who it was. And I do know that a lot of people—

MR. HUBERT. It was a week after the third meeting?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. I had been trying to put a name to that face.

MR. HUBERT. Well, now, what else happened at the third meeting?

Mrs. RICH. Well, No. 1, the raise of ante was turned down. The colonel asked us if we would accept \$15,000. My husband started to say something. I hushed him up and said "No." I said, "I don't know. I want some time to think about it." So then the phone rang, and quite a lengthy conversation took place in the other room. I could not swear to who was on the other end of the phone, I have a pretty good idea. And the colonel came back out and said, "I don't know. We are going to call this off for a while anyway. There has just been a change of plans. We are going to have to postpone this for 3 or 4 months. There will be one more meeting." And at that time I stood up and I said, "Look, quite frankly I don't believe we want any part of this at all." All I wanted to do then and there was to get the devil out of there. I quite frankly was scared. So I grabbed my old man and we cleared out.

MR. HUBERT. But before clearing out, you told them you wanted no part of it.

Mrs. RICH. Yes; that was after the colonel had said there was going to be a 3- or 4-month delay and change of plans, and all this, that and the other. I did not quite figure that maybe things were kosher.

MR. HUBERT. How did they accept your suggestion that you would bail out?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know. We left. I wasn't going to wait around to find out.

MR. HUBERT. So you never did report it to the authorities.

Mrs. RICH. No; I never did.

MR. HUBERT. Why?

Mrs. RICH. Well, my husband got picked up in Dallas, and I will never know

if this was true—he said it wasn't—the policeman said it was. My husband had a .45. It was not registered.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean a pistol?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; a service automatic. He had no right carrying it. He had it in the car. At that time he had a little old Nash Rambler station wagon of his own. This cop says when he picked my husband up my husband was standing in a little clearing beside the road there on the way out to Rayburn, brandishing a gun around saying he was going to kill somebody. He come to find out if it was a cop he was going to kill. I will never know to this day whether this was true or not.

Mr. HUBERT. How long after the third meeting did this happen?

Mrs. RICH. That happened between the second and third meeting, if my time elements are right.

Mr. HUBERT. Was your husband arrested?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he was. That is when this Sy Victorson I mentioned earlier in my testimony came in. He was an attorney. Perhaps not too honest in some of the things he does, but a good attorney. And he got my husband out of it. I had to pay some money. I will never know to this day whether it was true. I can't believe it.

Mr. HUBERT. And that event took place between the second and third meeting, is that right?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. How long after the third meeting did you leave Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, possibly 2 weeks.

Mr. HUBERT. And what was the reason for leaving Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. The minute I put a name to that face I said to Bob, "We are getting out of here, and we are getting out fast, right now." That was about 5 o'clock at night. At 8 o'clock we was packed in a U-Haul trailer and out.

Mr. HUBERT. But you did not put the name to the face at the third meeting.

Mrs. RICH. No; not until about a week later.

Mr. HUBERT. You then drove to New Orleans?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. But by then everything had fallen into place, because Ruby had had various characters visit him, both from New York, Chicago, even from up in Minneapolis.

Mr. HUBERT. How do you know that?

Mrs. RICH. I was introduced to some of them. I was asked to go out with some of them.

(At this point, a short recess was taken.)

Mr. HUBERT. Now, I think we left off at the place where you were saying that subsequent to the third meeting Ruby was visited by certain people whose names I do not think you mentioned.

Mrs. RICH. No; this was prior. This is while I worked for Ruby.

Mr. HUBERT. I see.

Mrs. RICH. I saw them come and go.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you see Ruby any more after the third meeting?

Mrs. RICH. I did not. I did not see him in fact at the third meeting.

Mr. HUBERT. I mean after the second.

Mrs. RICH. Oh, perhaps on the street.

Mr. HUBERT. You did not converse with him about this matter at all?

Mrs. RICH. I did not. I wanted no truck with the man.

Mr. HUBERT. And your reason for leaving Dallas, you say, was that—

Mrs. RICH. I smelled an element that I did not want to have any part of.

Mr. HUBERT. And that element was what?

Mrs. RICH. Police characters, let's say.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, specifically it was, as I understood your testimony, that you whom you saw with Vito Genovese, solely because you had seen a picture of Vito Genovese.

Mrs. RICH. Possibly.

Mr. HUBERT. And that you made that recognition, or you associated that man whom you saw with Vito Genovese, solely because you had seen a picture of Vito Genovese.

Mrs. RICH. That's correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And you came to the conclusion, then, that Vito Genovese and that group of people were involved in this matter.

Mrs. RICH. Within my own mind; yes. I thought—then I got thinking perhaps the higher-up that the colonel spoke of was perhaps the element I did not want to deal with that was running the guns in, and God knows what else.

Mr. HUBERT. Why didn't you report it to the authorities in the interval between the third meeting and the time you left Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. For the simple reason that I was hesitant about mentioning anything about my husband's past. I did not know how much of what my husband had told me was true. I did not know how much of that he knew before I knew it, or how deeply he was involved in anything. And quite frankly if my husband was still alive, I would never have gone to the FBI.

Mr. HUBERT. But you already told us at the end of the second meeting you had decided to tell the authorities.

Mrs. RICH. Not when I see that element there.

Mr. HUBERT. But that element does not affect—

Mrs. RICH. That element, if what my husband had told me was true, could have involved him a lot deeper than I suspected. And quite frankly I am not stupid enough, shall we say, to believe if I ever went to the authorities and that element was involved that I would ever live to tell a second story. And if my suppositions were true as to who the man's identity really is—a combination of fear for myself and protecting my husband. And at that time I thought, I suppose many citizens do, well, let the next fellow do it, they will catch them eventually. I chose to close my eyes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You still have the fear of that element?

Mrs. RICH. No; I do not.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Why is that?

Mrs. RICH. Well, since then I have become involved more extensively or intensively in police work—and I don't know—perhaps I have got some sense in my head. I am just not. I was told to tell you this—by the way, I had better bring it in now—I don't know if it has any direct result on this or not—but I was advised by Mr. Sweeny from the Secret Service and Mr. Fahety from the FBI to tell you of this. A week—

Mr. HUBERT. When did Mr. Sweeny and Mr. Fahety tell you what you are about to tell us?

Mrs. RICH. Fahety said it on Monday—Sweeny said it on Monday.

Mr. HUBERT. Last Monday?

Mrs. RICH. Yesterday. And Fahety told me Friday.

Mr. HUBERT. Where?

Mrs. RICH. On the phone, when I talked to the FBI and the Secret Service, respectively.

Mr. HUBERT. You did?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. They called you?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. What did they tell you?

Mrs. RICH. Well, the FBI had called me to advise me of my receiving this letter, because Kennett had called them. And Sweeny called me to advise me of my tickets and transportation.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Who called the FBI?

Mrs. RICH. Rod Kennett had opened the letter from you people. And at this time—

Mr. HUBERT. Tell us what they advised you.

Mrs. RICH. They advised me to tell you what I am about to tell you. A week ago last Saturday night I got home about 10:30, my brother-in-law had a stroke—

Mr. HUBERT. Let's get the date of that.

Mrs. RICH. That would be a week ago last Saturday.

Mr. HUBERT. Last Saturday was the 30th—the 23d of May.

Mrs. RICH. I believe so.

Mr. HUBERT. All right.

Mrs. RICH. About 10:30 at night I got home. And some phone calls started.

Again, let me say this may not or it may have a bearing on this. My life was directly threatened. I called the Hanover police—something I very seldom will do. But I panicked. They also phoned my husband's office. He was working that night on dispatch at the cab company. They threatened my life with him. Sometimes they would call and say something, sometimes just hang up, sometimes just giggle. But they directly threatened my life. I thought perhaps it was something to do with various police organization work I had done, somebody had a grudge or something, or a crank, or anything. The phone calls stopped and they started again. I called the police department again. But then I was in hysterics.

Last Thursday I was on my way from my home up to North Attleboro, Mass. For approximately 30 miles I was followed, and subsequently, up until last Sunday I have had a tail on me. I notified the Mansfield police. They got the registration number and the name of the fellow following me. And he could give no reason why he was almost 60 or 70 miles from where he lived.

Mr. HUBERT. And the Mansfield police have a record of that?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. Mansfield, Mass.

Mr. HUBERT. And you also reported it to the police of—

Mrs. RICH. Hanover—the phone calls; yes. May I also add at this time that due to a personal contact of mine, I will be doing, not for pay but as a favor, a little bit of looking into a few matters for the Mansfield Police Department for Chief D'Aleffe, I believe.

Mr. HUBERT. He recently contacted you?

Mrs. RICH. Well, the day I was up there we got talking and come to find out I could probably help him—in fact, me being here today stopped me from actually doing it.

Mr. HUBERT. And the day you saw him was last Thursday?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. And it was at that time he said he might be able to use your services?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; most definitely. And then again, come Friday, and I get notification of this, I was just wondering whether or not it added in. It may and it may not. But I was told to tell you. And I have done so.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, what happened on Friday?

Mrs. RICH. No. I received notification, your letter.

Mr. HUBERT. I see what you mean.

Mrs. RICH. And I wondered if it did not somehow have a bearing on this.

Mr. HUBERT. But this tailing was after you got the letter, and after you had spoken to—

Mrs. RICH. No; it started the day before. It was the same week. Thursday I started to be tailed. Rod got the letter Thursday, called the FBI, and God knows how many people he told. Thursday afternoon I picked up a tail.

Mr. HUBERT. And you reported that to the Mansfield police.

Mrs. RICH. That was the first time I saw a policeman that I could pull over and say, "Get the guy, he is tailing me." And he most definitely was.

Mr. HUBERT. But there were two occasions when you observed that you were being tailed.

Mrs. RICH. No; from last Thursday up until Sunday night I had a tail on me.

Mr. HUBERT. But you reported to the chief of police in Mansfield on Thursday that you had a tail on you.

Mrs. RICH. The Mansfield police is the one that caught the guy that was tailing me Thursday. I have not had a chance to report—

Mr. HUBERT. It was a different person, then, you think.

Mrs. RICH. The person that has been tailing me Friday, Saturday, and Sunday is not the same person that has been tailing me Thursday. They caught the guy Thursday.

Mr. HUBERT. What sort of an automobile was it that was tailing you?

Mrs. RICH. Thursday?

Mr. HUBERT. No. Well, Thursday first.

Mrs. RICH. Thursday was a black Pontiac, Massachusetts registration, a Mr. Alberto, from Hyde Park. They got him.

Mr. HUBERT. That is his name, Alberto?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. What is his first name?

Mrs. RICH. I have forgotten.

Mr. HUBERT. And the other car that has been tailing you?

Mrs. RICH. Plural.

Mr. HUBERT. What?

Mrs. RICH. More than one.

Mr. HUBERT. More than one individual, or more than one car, or both?

Mrs. RICH. Both. Friday and Saturday it was a green, I would say, probably 1961, 1962 Chevrolet.

Mr. HUBERT. Green?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Was it the same man?

Mrs. RICH. No; it was not. It was an older man. The fellow following me was probably maybe 21, 23 years old.

Mr. HUBERT. That is the first fellow.

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Friday and Saturday it was the same man?

Mrs. RICH. Middle aged; I didn't get a real good look at him—I would say probably in his forties. He rather looked to be a husky-looking fellow. And Sunday I picked up a tail, and it was a man and a woman. And I thought I recognized the girl, and I cannot be sure.

Mr. HUBERT. Same automobile?

Mrs. RICH. No; it was not the same vehicle.

Mr. HUBERT. Tell us about that automobile.

Mrs. RICH. The vehicle that was on me Sunday was a blue two-door hardtop. And I do not know the make of the car.

Mr. HUBERT. And you have not reported those last incidents?

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, they tailed you from where to where?

Mrs. RICH. Wherever I went. I would leave the house, and believe me I think I know when I am being tailed. When I pull over to the side of the road, and a car pulls up and doesn't pass me—I will do this two or three times. And when I take a turnoff where nobody else will take, and the car is still there, I think they are tailing me.

Mr. HUBERT. You tried to shake them?

Mrs. RICH. Precisely.

Mr. HUBERT. And you were not able to do so.

Mrs. RICH. That's correct.

Mr. HUBERT. When you get to your house, did they park around it?

Mrs. RICH. The one time the man did, down on the bridge—the boundary line to our property is a river. And he sat down there and pretended to be looking in the water. And then I would see him down by Jordan's, which is an eating house. Then he would be cruising around. And finally he would give up and go away. And in a couple of hours he would be back. Every time I took the car out, they were there.

Mr. HUBERT. What about at night? Did you observe anything?

Mrs. RICH. I didn't go out at night.

Mr. HUBERT. Therefore you did not observe anything.

Mrs. RICH. No; I didn't bother. Saturday I went to Maine—took my daughter down to my mother's. I had the green car on my tail all the way to Maine and back.

Mr. HUBERT. How did you get to Washington to come to this deposition?

Mrs. RICH. By plane; American Airlines.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you notice anything about being tailed in that regard?

Mrs. RICH. I didn't notice. I don't think I was. I left my house in my own car and drove to North Quincy, where I was subsequently picked up by Mr. Milton of the Secret Service and taken directly to the airport, and he stayed with me until I left. I was subsequently met here by Bill something-or-other of the Secret Service. Now, as I say, this may or may not—quite frankly, I don't think it does have any bearing on this. But I think it is something en-

tirely different. I think it has to do with the names of some bookmakers and a couple of abortionists I turned in to the district attorney in Boston.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, you mentioned to me earlier that this card which has been identified as Exhibit No. 3 is a card that is usually issued—am I not right—that it is a card usually issued under the requirements of California law to a person who has got a record; is that correct?

Mrs. RICH. No; that is not correct. No. 1, the card is obsolete. That is why it was back-dated. It was merely a pawnshop identification card.

Mr. HUBERT. I think you mentioned that it would establish your status in someway for, I think you used the word, obvious purposes. What would this card do in connection with the work that you were supposed to do?

Mrs. RICH. Well, the card in itself, nothing. It would prove I was there when I said I was, because I had to attend associations with certain people, who at that time were safely tucked away, but at the time I was supposedly supposed to be there they were not—I was supposedly supposed to have worked for these people. If I recall correctly I said that I have a police record under that same name of Julie Anne Cody.

Mr. HUBERT. And that name—that police record—is a fictitious record in the sense that the offenses listed under the name of Julie Anne Cody really did not ever occur.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you have any record under your right name?

Mrs. RICH. Yes, I do.

Mr. HUBERT. What is that?

Mrs. RICH. That is in Brookline, Mass., and it is a record for prostitution.

Mr. HUBERT. Is that fictitious?

Mrs. RICH. That is not.

Mr. HUBERT. Is that the only record you have?

Mrs. RICH. That's correct—that I know of.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, I assume that you would know all the records you have.

Mrs. RICH. Well, when I say that, I was picked up twice in Dallas and both times the charges were dropped—as far as I know. That is what Sy Victorson told me.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you ever charged?

Mrs. RICH. Not that I know of.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you ever booked?

Mrs. RICH. I don't believe so.

Mr. HUBERT. But you were arrested.

Mrs. RICH. Yes. One time I was in jail for a couple of hours, the other time 5 hours, because they could not get hold of Sy, who was on the golf course.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you told why you were being arrested?

Mrs. RICH. I was arrested for investigation of vag, narcotics——

Mr. HUBERT. Of what?

Mrs. RICH. Vag—vagrancy. Narcotics, prostitution, and anything else they could dream up. This is very shortly after I had threatened to go and bring suit against Mr. Ruby. I was told I might find the climate outside of Dallas a little more to my liking if I didn't take the advice of the police department.

Mr. HUBERT. Who told you that?

Mrs. RICH. The time I went down and wanted to bring charges against Ruby for assault and battery, I was told not to, and at that time I was also advised—I was not told to leave the city or anything like that, but that it was nice in Chicago, for instance, that time of year.

Mr. HUBERT. And I think you said that you did not remember the name of the man.

Mrs. RICH. I cannot remember the name of the detective that I spoke to; no.

Mr. HUBERT. But he was the detective on the police force?

Mrs. RICH. He was. Jack Ruby is very well known in Dallas. A little too well known.

Mr. HUBERT. What do you mean by that?

Mrs. RICH. Just a personal opinion. I believe—now, this is not a fact, this is just talk, this is just personal opinion—I believe at the time of the—am I naming it correctly—Oswald assassination, it was claimed that Ruby got in there

pretending to be a reporter. Am I correct that that was in the printed page?

Mr. HUBERT. Well, what comment have you got to make to that?

Mrs. RICH. Anyone that made that statement would be either a damn liar or a damn fool.

Mr. HUBERT. Why?

Mrs. RICH. There is no possible way that Jack Ruby could walk in Dallas and be mistaken for a newspaper reporter, especially in the police department. Not by any stretch of the imagination.

Mr. HUBERT. Is that your opinion?

Mrs. RICH. That is not my personal opinion. That is a fact.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, on what do you base it?

Mrs. RICH. Ye gods, I don't think there is a cop in Dallas that doesn't know Jack Ruby. He practically lived at that station. They lived in his place. Even the lowest patrolman on the beat. He is a real fanatic on that, anyway.

Mr. HUBERT. When you say even the lowest patrolman on the beat, what do you mean?

Mrs. RICH. Everybody from the patrolmen on the beat in uniform to, I guess everybody with the exception of Captain Fritz, used to come in there, knew him personally. He used to practically live at the station. I am not saying that Captain Fritz didn't know him. I am saying he was never—I have never seen him in the Carousel. He has always been, I think, a little too far above things for that.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, you have seen other high-ranking officers there?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I have.

Mr. HUBERT. Would you name them, please?

Mrs. RICH. I would if I could. I would be only too glad to.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean you don't know?

Mrs. RICH. I cannot recall names, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. How did you know they were high-ranking officers?

Mrs. RICH. At that time I knew them. Two years from now, if somebody asked me your name, I would remember I knew you, I had seen you, but I could not tell him your name.

Mr. HUBERT. You remember Captain Fritz' name.

Mrs. RICH. Everybody remembers Captain Fritz. Will Fritz is quite a famous man. And I would say he is of the highest integrity. Probably the only one I know of on the police department that is.

Mr. HUBERT. I think you mentioned in one interview you had with the FBI that you had some information that a contact in regard to this gunrunning business was to be made at the Hotel Nueva Gallina in the city of Guadalajara, Mexico. Is that correct?

Mrs. RICH. To the best of my knowledge; yes.

Mr. HUBERT. Where did you get the information from?

Mrs. RICH. In the conversation at the second or third meeting.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you mention that to the FBI people in any of your interviews prior to January?

Mrs. RICH. Not that I recall. I never talked about it prior to the time I went there.

Mr. HUBERT. You spoke to the FBI in November and again in December.

Mrs. RICH. Let's put it this way. When you say prior to me going to the FBI—I went to the FBI the first time I believe in Oakland. And I do not recall whether or not I told them the first time or the second time about that. Which-ever time I told them, I don't recall.

Mr. HUBERT. I think it is a fact, is it not, that you contacted the FBI in Brookline, Mass., sometime in January to tell them that you had been going through some things of yours and had additional information.

Mrs. RICH. I believe it was in January. It was in Boston, by the way.

Mr. HUBERT. It was in Boston?

Mrs. RICH. Yes. I believe it was Mr. Stoddard I talked to.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the additional information?

Mrs. RICH. Right now I do not even remember.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you recall that you found something among your things

which indicated that the contact during the gunrunning proposition was supposed to be at this hotel in Guadalajara?

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember what it was I turned up. I think it was then—I know I turned up an address book with a telephone number in it. I forgot whether that was here or in Oakland. And some cards. I know what it was. It was on the back of a business card. That's right. It was on the back of a business card I turned that up. Yes; it was when I called them—because I had gone through my strongbox after my stuff had got here.

Mr. HUBERT. But the information that you had gotten concerning the contact point as being in this hotel in Guadalajara, that information was obtained by you at one of the meetings that you have just described.

Mrs. RICH. It was obtained there; yes. And if I remember, it had eluded me when I first talked to them. And if I am not mistaken—I should have brought it—I have it on the back of a business card at home, that I turned up among some of my old business cards from Dallas in an envelope. Now, whether or not I had recalled that and told them at the first meeting or whether it was part of the additional information I don't remember. But it seems to me I turned that business card up and did not remember that at the first talking with the FBI.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Whose name was on the front of the business card?

Mrs. RICH. Some advertising agency. It was just some card I marked it down on.

Mr. HUBERT. Were you in the advertising business in 1961?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; I was.

Mr. HUBERT. Where?

Mrs. RICH. In Boston. I handled the National Automatic Merchandising Association NAMA Week.

Mr. HUBERT. What part of 1961?

Mrs. RICH. The first week in April we had the Governor proclaim it.

Mr. HUBERT. Who said that the contact was going to be at this hotel in Guadalajara?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know which one said it, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember at what meeting this was said?

Mrs. RICH. I believe at the third—the second. I wouldn't swear, but I think the third.

Mr. HUBERT. It was definitely not the first.

Mrs. RICH. No; definitely not the first. Either the second or the third.

Mr. HUBERT. It was at the second that you had raised your price, I think, to \$25,000.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And it was either that meeting or the third meeting that you got the information about the contact point being in this hotel.

Mrs. RICH. I am not sure which one it was, sir.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You indicated that you did not know where this house was located in Dallas.

Mrs. RICH. I couldn't give you a street; no.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Can you give us a general area of Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. I am sorry, sir, I wish I could. I would recognize the house if I saw it. I cannot explain the human mind to you. Why is it that sometimes if you don't want to remember something, you can block things off? It was something distasteful to me. I have perhaps not been a model person but—

Mr. HUBERT. Have you heard from this man Dave since you left Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. HUBERT. Does the name Dave Cherry mean anything to you?

Mrs. RICH. That's it. I have been wracking my brain for that name. A swell-looking fellow—crewcut, young, real college-looking type.

Mr. HUBERT. How long had you known him?

Mrs. RICH. A couple of months.

Mr. HUBERT. Where did you meet him?

Mrs. RICH. University Club. I believe I met him there. Just precisely where I met him I don't know. I think the University Club.

Mr. HUBERT. Is that prior to the time your husband came to Dallas?

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember if I met him before or after, to be truthful.

Mr. HUBERT. In any case, he was the man who made the contact.

Mrs. RICH. Again, as I told the FBI, I will swear about 99 percent of it that he was the one.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, you went there—he was present at three meetings.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. And you knew him for 2 months prior to that.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct—about.

Mr. HUBERT. Why should there be any doubt in your mind whatsoever?

Mrs. RICH. Because somewhere another face keeps popping up. And don't ask me to go into it, because I could not if I tried.

Mr. HUBERT. You mean you think it might not be Dave Cherry?

Mrs. RICH. No; that it is. I am about 1 percent unsure. And I told the FBI that. But that is the only face I can put with that. And I keep putting Dave in that car and over there with us.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you advise your husband about being tailed recently?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; my husband is aware of it.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Now—

Mrs. RICH. As I say, I don't believe this has anything to do with this at all. I told you merely because I was told to. Otherwise I would never point it out.

Mr. HUBERT. Perhaps we ought to get for the record what the names of these Secret Service and FBI agents are. I think you mentioned their last names. Do you know their first names?

Mrs. RICH. No; I do not, sir. I would not know them if I saw them.

Mr. HUBERT. They just spoke to you on the telephone?

Mrs. RICH. That's correct.

Mr. HUBERT. How did you know they were FBI agents?

Mrs. RICH. The first time when Mr. Fahety called me I was not sure, and I would not answer any questions. So he said, "Call me back collect" and I called the FBI back collect and it was true enough. Mr. Sweeny I know it was, because he said he bought the tickets and had information only the Secret Service would know, and that Mr. Milton would pick me up subsequently, which he did.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You mentioned, I think, Mrs. Rich, that you were going to use a boat to transport the guns to Cuba and the people back.

Mrs. RICH. That's correct.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where was this boat located?

Mrs. RICH. From what I understood; in Miami.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What kind of a boat was it?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know. I was under the impression it might have been an old picket boat.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What gave you that impression?

Mrs. RICH. Just the talk about it. I kind of got the impression that it might have been one that had been—you know how the Coast Guard and the Navy would sell them off sometime.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Had Dave Cherry been a friend of your husband's?

Mrs. RICH. No; I don't believe so. I do not know who his friends were when he was in Dallas. Eddie Brawner and Youngblood were. Eddie Brawner could probably tell you more on this than I could; because my husband talked to him and wanted to go on the boat with him. He and Eddie used to race stock cars and stuff. And he told me—my husband claimed he used to work for Herb Noble in Dallas. There is something else. And Al Meadows. Al Meadows claimed he never saw him. He is another underworld character—back there in prohibition. And they used to run an Oklahoma gin. My husband claimed he was the only one alive who knew who gunned Herb Noble down, and that he never told. And I don't know if it is true. Eddie Brawner was supposed to be in on this with him. I think he told Eddie all about this, more than I knew.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How soon after your husband came to Dallas did Dave Cherry meet him?

Mrs. RICH. I could not really say, actually.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Well, what was the nature of his friendship for Dave Cherry?

Mrs. RICH. How did he meet him?

Mr. GRIFFIN. No. To what extent were they friendly?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know. They would go off some time and I would not even be there. Actually a lot of the stuff that transpired I could not tell you.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Was this before or after the meeting with the colonel?

Mrs. RICH. He knew Dave before the meeting.

Mr. GRIFFIN. And how had he met him?

Mrs. RICH. Through me. And then again I am not clear whether I met him—this is another point I am not clear on. I am not clear whether Bob met Dave and introduced him to me or I introduced Dave to Bob. Here again I am not clear. This may sound ridiculous, but I am not.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What was your husband's experience with boats?

Mrs. RICH. Again, factually I cannot tell you. Supposedly he had been in gun running before.

Mr. GRIFFIN. That is the only experience you know of that he had with boats?

Mrs. RICH. He claimed he owned a big boat, he and Lee Dell owned a big boat out in California. I guess he did because he had pictures of it and him working around it. I still have the pictures. Now, Lee Dell, there is another man could probably shed some light on this. But God knows where he is. I never met the man. You see, I don't know just exactly what I was involved in.

Mr. GRIFFIN. And you don't know what your role was to be in this?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, you mean in this gun-running stuff to Cuba?

Mr. GRIFFIN. Yes.

Mrs. RICH. Just by sheer force of will and apparently because they wanted my husband, I was going to go along.

Mr. GRIFFIN. You were going to go along as a passenger?

Mrs. RICH. I was going to help working the boat, because I had knowledge of boats.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What knowledge did you have of the boats?

Mrs. RICH. I was born and brought up in Biddeford, Maine. I have worked on lobster boats a good many years off and on. My uncle owns them.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you recall any occasion on which you went to the University Club and had some drinks and didn't pay for them?

Mrs. RICH. I don't think I ever paid for drinks at the University Club.

Mr. HUBERT. Why?

Mrs. RICH. Dave never took money.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you go alone?

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember. I believe so. Maybe, maybe not.

Mr. HUBERT. But they would not take your money?

Mrs. RICH. Dave never charged me. He always told me it was all right. And I don't drink anyway. All I drink is coke. Once in a great, great while I will drink either a grasshopper or like last night I was all keyed up so I had a brandy Alexander before I went to bed. But I might have done this five times in 10 years.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember an argument you had with your former and deceased husband, Robert Perrin, in the University Club, which argument was witnessed by Dave Cherry?

Mrs. RICH. I never had an argument with my husband in the University Club or anywhere else.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you remember the manager of the University Club telling you that neither you nor your husband could return to the club thereafter?

Mrs. RICH. I do not.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you ever telephone Cherry advising him that you were leaving for New Orleans and that you expected to work for the Playboy Club there?

Mrs. RICH. I believe I did. I might have, because that is what my plans happened to have been.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you in fact work for the Playboy Club?

Mrs. RICH. Yes, I did.

Mr. HUBERT. For how long?

Mrs. RICH. 2 or 3 nights.

Mr. HUBERT. What happened?

Mrs. RICH. I didn't like it. For one thing, you were not allowed to keep tips.

Mr. HUBERT. Where did you live in New Orleans?

Mrs. RICH. Part of the time down in one of the Sisters' places, down in the

French Quarter, on St. Philip's Street. And then 1713 Calhoun. That is where my husband died. And various other places which I cannot remember, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. What did your husband do for a living while you were in New Orleans?

Mrs. RICH. The last time he had the best position I have ever seen him hold. He was working for a construction company.

Mr. HUBERT. Which one?

Mrs. RICH. Oh, dear. Dickie Bennett, Mr. McHane, those were two of his bosses—Mr. White.

Mr. HUBERT. What construction was he working on?

Mrs. RICH. Well, he was a mechanic for the heavy equipment. He was just getting a raise and everything when this happened.

Mr. HUBERT. Do you know the location where he was working?

Mrs. RICH. Yes, out in Jeff Parish.

Mr. HUBERT. Was the building going up there?

Mrs. RICH. No, they had this contract for the phone company. They would lay all their roads, and the poles and stuff, and various things. He would go out on jobs. I got him the job through Dickie Bennett.

Mr. HUBERT. You did not work at that time?

Mrs. RICH. I——

Mr. HUBERT. I mean the time you were in New Orleans.

Mrs. RICH. I would rather not answer that.

Mr. GRIFFIN. This——

Mrs. RICH. I will answer to this extent. For one thing, I dealt black jack.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mrs. Rich, you mentioned the name of a man by the name of Brawner. Now, did Mr. Brawner ever attend any of these meetings with the colonel?

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. So his only knowledge of this would be what your husband might have told him.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. GRIFFIN. What does Mr. Brawner do for a living?

Mrs. RICH. I don't know what Eddie does—odd jobs.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How old a man is he?

Mrs. RICH. Middle age—40, maybe. Does a lot of work with kids in these go carts—soap box derbies and stuff. I guess they used to be in the carnival together. As I say, everything I say, I don't know how much truth there is in it from what my husband told me.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Where does Mr. Brawner live?

Mrs. RICH. Grand Prairie.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Do you know where in Grand Prairie?

Mrs. RICH. No.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Is he married?

Mrs. RICH. Yes.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Does he have a family?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; he does. I believe his wife's name is Mary.

Mr. GRIFFIN. How many children does he have?

Mrs. RICH. I don't remember—quite a few—three or four.

I would like one thing known. Until the time I met my husband and since he died I have done nothing that I would be ashamed of, nothing I would not do in public. Now that I am married to Mr. Rich I do not want any recriminations due to the fact of the period of time I was married to my husband. My husband—the first year and a half of our marriage was beautiful. Then my husband turned me out. Don't ask me why I didn't leave him. Everyone else asked me that. It is not easy being something that is against everything that you believe in or stand for 2 years. There were periods—I told the FBI this, and I might as well state it right here. I was a prostitute—call it what you may—call girl, madam. It still boils down to the same damn thing. When I worked, he worked. When I quit, he quit.

Mr. HUBERT. You are talking about Robert Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. I am talking about Robert Perrin.

Mr. GRIFFIN. When did you marry Mr. Perrin?

Mrs. RICH. July of—August of 1960, I believe—1961. I have forgotten.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Prior to that time you had never been in any trouble with the police?

Mrs. RICH. No; except when I was 16, I was driving a car with no license and had been taking some medicine and I hit a pole with it, and lied to my uncle, who was the judge, and he made me pay a fine. He made me spend overnight in our own little jail in our own little town to teach me a lesson, and it did. He said if I had not lied, it would have been all right.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the significance of your remark that when you worked he worked, and when you did not work—

Mrs. RICH. As long as I was hustling he would work, and as long as I wasn't hustling he would not work.

Mr. HUBERT. Does that mean he was—

Mrs. RICH. My husband turned me out. That is what it means.

Mr. HUBERT. Turned you out of the house?

Mrs. RICH. This is an expression used in that particular trade.

Mr. HUBERT. What you mean is—

Mrs. RICH. He taught me how to be a prostitute, obtained dates for me, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I married into a very respectable family. I come from a respectable family. And I came here today all set on any question such as this to take the fifth amendment, or just refuse to answer.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, ma'am, let the record show that a moment ago, when you said you would rather not go into this, you were not pressed into going into it, but you said you wished to do so, is that correct?

Mrs. RICH. That is not correct.

Mr. HUBERT. What was the situation?

Mrs. RICH. Why did I do it?

Mr. HUBERT. No; why did you tell us about this?

Mrs. RICH. I am sorry. Change my statement from that is not correct to that is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. That is to say a moment ago—let me get this clear—when you said that is a matter you did not want to go into, you will agree with me, will you not, that I did not pursue the matter, but that you then said "I might as well tell you" and proceeded to do so.

Mrs. RICH. That is correct. Why did I do so?

Mr. HUBERT. No, ma'am; I am not asking you why.

Mrs. RICH. All right, that's fine.

Mr. HUBERT. I think we do have the date of your husband's death.

Mrs. RICH. August 29, 1962, city of New Orleans.

Mr. HUBERT. And you say there was an autopsy made?

Mrs. RICH. Yes; there was. He had been dead 2 days before I knew it. I wasn't there. I think all I felt was a great sense of relief.

Mr. HUBERT. Now, Mrs. Rich, is it not a fact that there has been no off-the-record conversation between us at all?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct?

Mr. HUBERT. Is it not a fact that all that has occurred between you and me in this interview, with Mr. Griffin, is all on the record?

Mrs. RICH. That is correct.

Mr. HUBERT. All right. Thank you, Mrs. Rich.

TESTIMONY OF EARL RUBY

The testimony of Earl Ruby was taken at 9 a.m., on June 3, 1964, at 200 Maryland Avenue NE., Washington, D.C., by Messrs. Burt W. Griffin and Leon D. Hubert, Jr., assistant counsel of the President's Commission.

Mr. HUBERT. This is the deposition of Earl Ruby.

My name is Leon D. Hubert. I am a member of the Advisory Staff of the General Counsel of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy.