



Pasqualino Lolardo, successor to Tony Lombardo, as he was found in his apartment after entertaining three "friends." Note the Bourbon and the wine.

When the police were summoned to the Lolardo home after an uncommonly long time, they found the Mafia King's body lying in a luxurious front room. His face had been shot away and he could hardly be recognized. Except for a beautiful velvet pillow which she had tenderly shoved under his head the body, said the widow, had not been touched. She did not talk very much, but the little table in the center of the room with its half-empty glasses of whisky spoke eloquently on the circumstances of the man's death.

With his wife Lolardo had returned to their home from a loop shopping tour at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At the entrance to the stairway leading to their flat, a cheap and dismal looking place outside, they were met by three men whom the widow said she had seen many times for several years. She did not, however, know their names. All went upstairs and Mrs. Lolardo spread a lunch for the three men who departed at about 3 o'clock. Five minutes later however there was a knock on the rear door. Mrs. Lolardo was in the kitchen ironing at the time and she did not get a good look at them, she said, when they were admitted by her husband. For half an hour or more the visitors made whoopee and there was much clinking of glasses, joking and loud laughing. And then at 4 o'clock, according to Mrs. Lolardo, the gun-play started. There was a scramble for the door and when Mrs. Lolardo walked into the front room she found herself a widow. The pillow was slipped under his head and the widow went

to answer the door-bell being rung by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Lolardo, wife of the well-known body guard.

Anna Lolardo, the sister-in-law, telephoned a funeral parlor for an ambulance and the attendants came, took one look at Mr. Lolardo and summoned the police. During the questioning of Mrs. Lolardo it was finally extracted from her that she had really got a good look at the last visitors and, when a picture of Joe Aiello was pushed in front of her face, she nodded that one of the visitors was he. While she was still in custody an effort was made to find Mr. Aiello but it was unsuccessful, although eighteen or twenty of his henchmen were gathered together from the dives, pool-halls and bakery on the North Side. All were paraded before the widow but she recognized none of them as her husband's guests. Resolute attempts were made to solve this murder, and it will be important to remember that wires were tapped at several places and that Mr. Joseph Lolardo was heard to say that he would get even with a certain mob. The murder was never technically solved, although it was established that Mr. Lolardo's visitors were not all Italians.

The death of Lolardo again brought moving day to the Capone alky cooks on the Near North Side. It also brought control of the Unione Siciliane to Joe Aiello and what appeared to be a rosy future for his allies. It also brought a fierce and deadly determination to the hearts of the Circus mob to avenge themselves. A few weeks later the Valentine Massacre happened.

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the Valentine MASSACRE



We come now to the bloody exercises in which Gangland graduates from murder to massacre. The exercises are to be held in an unpretentious little brick garage at 2122 North Clark Street behind whose well-concealed front entrance George "Bugs" Moran has established a whisky depot in charge of which he has placed two of his toughest and most capable lieutenants, Frankie and Peter Gusenberg. Whisky trucks are kept here when not in use. Johnny May, a first-class automobile mechanic, toils over them when they are off the road keeping them in tip-top shape mechanically. The garage is an ideal place in which to hold Gangland's graduating exercises, a fact which had been established months before, and, since that time the gentlemen who are to perform the exercises have been awaiting the signal which will inform them that the most important North Side gangsters are on the spot and their time has come.

Since December 18 the "observers" who are commissioned to make this signal have sat patiently behind tattered lace curtains in two front rooms of the boarding house upstairs immediately across the street. It is now February 14, 1929, and finally one of the many ruses employed by the masters of ceremonies has succeeded for the big shots of the North Side gang are assembling in the whisky depot. Pete and Frank Gusenberg are first to slip into the little door. Johnny May, the mechanic comes a few minutes later. Adam Heyer and James Clark turn into the door with Dr. Reinhardt H. Schwimmer, the physician with the hoodlum complex. The "observers" glance nervously at their watches, mumbling a few words perhaps about the failure of George "Bugs" Moran to keep this rendezvous. At this time they bend forward to see still another caller entering the garage. He is Al Weinschank, the small-time bootlegger who has stepped in to buy some "goods" for his "respectable" little speakeasy at 4207 Broadway. Al has his big police dog, High-ball with him. The "observers" are chagrined because George "Bugs" has not arrived, but believing that he will be along at any moment, decide to make the long-awaited signal. One of them slips away to a telephone. End of scene one.

It is now shortly after 11 o'clock—about fifteen minutes since the telephonic signal was made. A youth, George A. Bricchet, loitering at the mouth of the alley behind the garage, observes a "squad" car glide noiseless up to the rear entrance and stop. Three men are in the car,

two of them are in the uniform of policemen. Each carries a large box-like contraption wrapped roughly with newspapers. Curious young Bricchet thinks that he is about to witness a raid, the first one he has ever seen in his life, and he races around to the front entrance, just in time to see what appears to be another "squad" car stop in front of the garage. Another group of armed men enter. Young Bricchet pauses. He would like to "bust" right in after them, but the chauffeur of the big Cadillac growls at him to move on. Hurrying northward the youth selects a spot several hundred feet away from where he can at least steal glimpses and, maybe, when the "pinch" is made there will be a crowd and he can slip up to the entrance again when the "cops" bring 'em out. End of scene two.

Inside the garage six men are all busily engaged in a conversation. Two of them sit on a little bench in the corner. Four are standing a few feet away. Johnny May, the mechanic, is down there under the truck tightening its bolts. High-ball, the great police dog, is leashed to a wheel of the truck and, from the six or seven feet of freedom thus accorded him, he barks and leaps playfully around.

The telephone rings sharply in the little office which is built directly in front of the window, thus obstructing the rear view from people passing along the street. One of the men turns and walks rapidly into the office. Presently he comes back again, saying that Al Weinschank is wanted on the wire. Weinschank speaks repeatedly into the mouth-piece, but there is no answer. He clicks the instrument impatiently and, finally the operator informs him that the party hung up. Weinschank, a little mystified, returns to the floor. Gangland has placed seven men on the spot, and the graduating ceremonies are about to commence.

A door-knob turns. The men in conversation turn to look. Two "policemen," one holding a large package, walk easily toward them, followed by two men in street garb—probably "dicks" think the men who are on the spot. A few seconds later and the rear door swings open and two more men enter. Hard-boiled Pete Gusenberg begins to snarl. Frankie makes a wise-crack. Just another goddam raid by some punk coppers. How'd they get here. Somebody is going to get a swell ride for this bum rap. Oh, well fortunately there's nothing in the joint now. That's one good break.

The intruders quickly tear newspapers from their "packages" revealing two machine-guns, and now, perhaps for the first time it dawns upon these six men here that this is no time for defiant words or wise-cracks. It may be even that Frankie and Pete or one of the others recognize some of these men beneath their coppers caps and uniforms, and that with recognition comes swift and awful realization that their hour has come at last.

There is a command from one of the intruders, emphasized perhaps by a choice bit of blasphemy. Defiantly the two men who have been sitting on the bench rise slowly to their feet. All turn round, hands raised heavenward, to the wall. At this moment Johnny May, is spotted lying beneath the truck. Another command and an oath



Four of the Seven Victims of the Valentine Day Massacre. (Left to right) James Clark, Albert Weinschank, Frank Gusenberg and his brother, Pete Gusenberg.

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brings him scrambling to his feet and he too takes his place in line. High-ball is no longer barking. Now he leaps ferociously at the intruders, his white teeth showing, but alas Al Weinsbank has tied that leash too securely. It all happens in a few minutes and yet there has been ample time for Pete Gusenberg, standing at the right of the line, to realize that this is a mission of murder, and that his only chance to beat back death is the little automatic revolver in his hip pocket. With a fierce cry and an oath his hand drops like a plummet to that hip pocket, and his fingers are just closing upon the butt of it when the address of the graduating ceremonies commences. It is delivered quickly, artistically, and with masterful effectiveness. Approximately 150 bullets pour from those machine guns and only a few fail to find lodgment in the doomed men standing there against the white-washed wall of brick. With the first outburst of fire the doomed men begin to scream and curse, but the steady rattling stream of lead plays upon them so expertly that only one moves out of line in an effort to escape. The steel bullets tear into the heads of these men, splintering skulls, splattering brains. Except for the man on the end who had tried to escape and collapsed on a chair in grotesque posture, they fall to the floor in the order in which they had stood. Now that all are lying on the blood and grease streaked floor, a second stream of death plays over them, again tearing into bone and flesh.

Six or seven minutes ago Arthur Brichet had been ordered to move along. Now, standing against the wall of the building two or three hundred feet away, he can hear a low rumble from within the garage. Presently the group of "policemen and detectives" emerge casually from the building, step into the automobile, and are driven smoothly away towards North Avenue. He sees the "squad" car weaving in and out of the traffic traveling rapidly, but not too rapidly. He walks toward the garage. He can hear the loud continuous barking of a dog. End of scene two.

Mrs. Jeanette Landsman, who lives at 2124 North Clark street which is just next door to the garage, hears rattling gun-fire, voices of men screaming and swearing. She rushed down stairs to the sidewalk and peers through the window of the garage, but, because of the office cannot see what has happened behind. She is afraid to enter. At this moment a pedestrian passes. She turns to him, saying that she heard shots in there. "I'll see if anything's wrong," says the man smilingly. And, in a most un-Chicagoan like manner, steps into the garage. A few seconds later he bursts out again, shaking, his face ghostly white. He can scarcely speak. "There's dead men all over the place," he finally cries as he runs away shouting "I'll call the police."

And the police come. In horror they pause before the shambles. Both officers have seen service in the World War but there is something about this sight that is inexpressibly more awful than war. In the dimness of the room their eyes fall upon the figure of a man crawling upon his hands and knees across the floor. Recovering from their first shock they now rush to his aid. It is Frank Gusenberg. More dead than alive he mumbles something pretty strange for him. It is that he hopes no one will ever suffer as he suffers. The officers, realizing that Frank is dying, ply him with questions as they move him carefully towards the door, but Frank is true to the code of the half-world in which he has lived so long and he will say nothing . . . Squads of police and detectives appear in automobiles, horns honking, gongs clanging. Taxi-cabs draw up

and photographers and newspaper reporters pour out. The street becomes jammed and the Clark and Broadway street cars are stalled in long lines in the narrow street. Upstairs behind the little frayed lace curtains the masters of ceremonies sneak out and downstairs and, singly, disappear into the surging crowd. Their job is done and done well. The ceremonies are over. In a morning newspaper office far away in the direction of the Loop District, a rewrite man who has heard the first story of this holocaust, sits himself calmly at a typewriter and begins a matchless story. He taps out the story in a single line, namely that Gangland has graduated from murder to massacre.

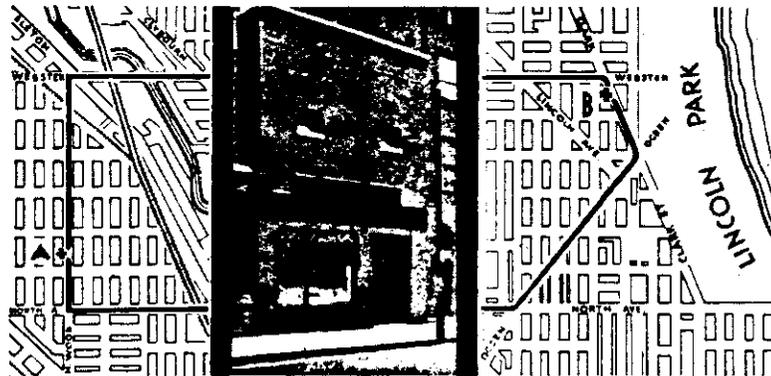
AFTERMATH



The whole world reeled before this one in horror and unbelief. Newspapers everywhere published the amazing crime and the Valentine Massacre of Chicago was discussed in the far corners of the earth. Defenders of Chicago's reputation looked on the atrocity helplessly and in dismay. Here was a crime which even the cynical Chicagoan could not dismiss with a superficial gesture. It seemed absurd now to say that since Gangland murdered only those who belonged to Gangland why bother about it? George "Bugs" Moran disappeared shortly after the crime but before he left one newspaper obtained one crisp comment from him. It was this: "Only one gang kills like that—the Capone gang." This line was carried over the wires to Al Capone who was in Florida and he had one all ready for it. "They don't call that guy 'Bugs' for nothing," was what the Big Fellow said.

With each successive smoking edition of the Chicago newspapers for a solution of the crime and punishment for its perpetrators swelled in bitter intensity. Thoughtful persons filled column after column with suggestions as to how the said conditions which made such a thing possible might be remedied. Not since the unsolved murder of McSwiggin, the "hanging prosecutor" from the state's attorney's office, had public indignation developed such a temperature. William E. Russell, commissioner of police, commanded to run the murderers to earth, summoned Deputy Commissioner of Detectives John Stege home from a vacation to work on the case. Commissioner Stege at that time was spending a vacation in Florida and Cuba with a group of friends among whom was included Alfred "Jake" Lingle, veteran Chicago Tribune police reporter, who was later to be put on the spot by Gangland.

During the relentless series of investigations instituted by Commissioner Stege every Capone gangster in Chicago was, at one time or another, haled into detective bureau headquarters and passed in review before eye-witnesses whose names were, for a long time, withheld from the public. Three men were positively identified, Jack McGurn, and John Scalice. At the same time one of the eye-witnesses identified, Fred Burke, notorious criminal, from a picture in the rogues gal-



Map showing route believed to have been traveled by automobile carrying Valentine Massacre killers from garage, in which their automobile was later found, to 2122 North Clark Street, scene of the slaying. (Insert) Front view of 2122 North Clark Street.

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lery. Burke did not confine his activities to any one gang or city. Formerly a member of the notorious Egan Rats of St. Louis, Burke had been a machine-gunner with the American Expeditionary Forces during the World War, and was wanted in five American cities for as many murders at the time of the Valentine Massacre. This choice criminal is still at large. Shortly after the massacre he narrowly escaped capture in Benton Harbor, Michigan, where he posed as a respectable citizen. When his little bungalow was raided, after the precipitate flight of Mr. Burke, police discovered three machine guns and several hundred bullets. In escaping Mr. Burke shot and killed a traffic cop who wanted to bawl him out for running through a traffic light. Incidentally the reward for his capture now stands at the substantial total of \$100,000.

Arthur Brichet, the boy who was told to move on, identified John Scalice and Jack McGurn as did one woman eye-witness and both were eventually indicted. McGurn was arrested in a room in the Stevens Hotel where he was holding gala with a sinuous blonde, Louise Rolfe, now known to fame as the "blonde alibi." No machine guns were in Jack's luxurious quarters, but he was not entirely without protection for over on the bureau within convenient reach was a .45 automatic pistol and a .32 revolver. The woman who identified Jack also said that she had seen him before with a number of men who played around the Circus Cafe on North Avenue.

As you might expect when the police finally came upon John Scalice he was with his old partner, Albert Anselmi.



Johnny Suave "Dingbat" Oberta, at left, with his body guard, Sammy Malaga, holding an athletic trophy. The "Dingbat" and Sammy were inseparable in life and when Oberta was found dead in his automobile the police looked around for Sammy. Sure enough there he was just a few feet away, his body floating in a small stream.

Two women identified John, but they couldn't remember having ever met Mr. Anselmi before. The case against Jack McGurn eventually was nolle prossed. As for Scalice a sad but inevitable fate overtook him before the day scheduled for his court appearance and, would you believe it, he was in company at the time with his old partner, Albert Anselmi. These two boys were always together. We shall return to them at the proper time.

Seven days after the Valentine Massacre the police discovered one of the automobiles which had transported one group of the "executioners" to 2122 North Clark Street. Discovery was made in a garage in the rear of 1723 North Woods Street, three blocks from the Circus Cafe. The "massacre car" had been dismembered with a blow-torch, gasoline had been poured over the parts and then set afire in an effort to destroy all identifying marks. It was definitely established with the discovery of the automobile that it had been "faked" to resemble a

police squad car. The garage had been rented several days before the massacre, and, according to the owner, the renters, three men, gave their addresses as the Circus Cafe. An exhaustive investigation from the automobile angle of the Valentine horror which took many months finally left detectives with nothing more than a number of fictitious names.

A raid made on the day following the massacre found the Circus Cafe not open for business. Doors were locked, tables overturned and Messrs Maddox, Capprezzo, Humphreys and Rocco Belcastro, the big bombing boy, were nowhere around.

Three months later, however, when public temperature had dropped a few degrees, these choice gentlemen appeared at detective headquarters where they suffered themselves to be interviewed by reporters and Commissioner Stege. All had nice, detailed stories as to their movements



these Guys
Squealed



(1) Johnny Genaro, one of Capone's adept bomb tossers, fell out with another Capone bomber, James Belcastro, and Johnny was put on the spot. In the hospital Johnny violated Gangland's code by "squawking" that Belcastro engaged two killers to do the dirty work. (2) Julius Rosenheim, an informer of rare touch, met a fate common to all gentlemen of the underworld who whisper and squawk and inform into the ears of the "wrong guys." Official attention has again been focused on the life and activities of Mr. Rosenheim, since the murder of Jake Lingle.

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on the morning of February 14,) and, after kindly and smilingly posing for photograph. they departed.

Where was George "Bugs" Moran on the day his gallant lieutenants were put on the spot? And how did it happen that George himself failed to show up at 2122 North Clark street in response to the invitation that it would be to his advantage as a truck load of hi-jacked liquor would be offered for sale. All these questions were asked on every hand before the bodies of his men had been removed from the blood and grease on the cement floor. Well, there was nothing exciting about the answer when it finally came, several months later. Sitting in the office of Commissioner Stege the man who held the throne once occupied by Dion O' Banion and "Little Hymie" Weiss, said very plainly that he was at home at the time, suffering with a light touch of the "flu." This looked bad for those romanticists who had argued that "Bugs" acting on a hunch, had remained away from the spot at the last minute, and that, as a matter of fact he was one of the hundreds who packed the narrow street in front of the garage when the perforated bodies of his men were discovered.

Moran left Chicago a few days later for Canada and did not return for several months. One day he suddenly appeared at the detective bureau, protected by his lawyer. "Bugs" is very self-conscious and nervous when in this institution, but he had obviously carefully prepared himself for the ordeal of saying yes and no. It may be interesting to record that, when asked concerning his relations with Pete and Frank Gusenberg and all the other victims, Moran replied: "I didn't have nothing to do with those guys. I wasn't

ever in that garage in my life; it looked too much like the floral shop to me.

A day or so later Joe Aiello also appeared at the bureau concerning a little matter of murders—the murder of Lolardo particularly. "Chief, two years ago de Chief O'Connor, he tell me to get out of town," said Joe, "and I go, efen though I never do nothing wrong. Chief, I like your Chicago. I wanta live here and be a respectable man in my bakery." Before Joe left, he denied ever having met anyone by the name of Moran.

One thing is certain. The police did not particularly grieve over the passing of the Gusenbergs, Pete and Frank. These boys had been raising hell in Chicago for many years, and while news of their violent deaths did not exactly inspire rousing cheers, the remarks made several days after the massacre by Chief of Detectives John Egan concerning the average life of the gangster may not be interpreted as coming from a saddened heart. "The average life of the Chicago gangster," said Detective Egan, "is about 30 to 31 years, and that rate Pete who was about 36, had lived five or six years beyond his allotted time. Frank Gusenberg who was 38 years old, was about seven or eight years over-due at the morgue. They must have been mighty careful of themselves to last as long as they did.

Chief Egan said that Clark, being 32, was a year or two late, while Al Weinshank had his coming to him for the past four or five years. Johnny May, said Chief Egan, was bumped off right on schedule, and Adam Hyer who was only 29, got cheated out of a year.



(Upper photograph) Dominck Aiello, minor member of the North Side gang. (Lower photograph) The last public appearance of Dominck Aiello.

100 DAYS and where is MR. SALTIS



"Pollack" Joe Saltis lost a great deal of prestige in Boozedom in 1928 when he submitted to capture and was "settled" in the Cook County jail for two months on a charge of violation of the liquor laws. The feat of clamping a beer baron in the "can" was not accomplished with all the ease of falling off a log, however, for Mr. Saltis made himself scarce except to his beer clients for 139 days, by actual newspaper count, before he was finally apprehended. The newspapers made a great deal of noise about the search for Mr. Saltis and, every day for 139 days, you could open up your newspaper and see in very large type the numbers 102 days and no Mr. Saltis or 103 days and no Mr. Saltis and so on and on up until the day Joe was brought in mumbling "I'm out of the beer racket, and this is a bum rap." The public took a great deal of interest in the newspaper count, which, until the Dempsey-Tunney fight was looked upon as the longest count Chicago had ever seen. It had all the wallop of a serial story with the hot stuff continued until tomorrow.

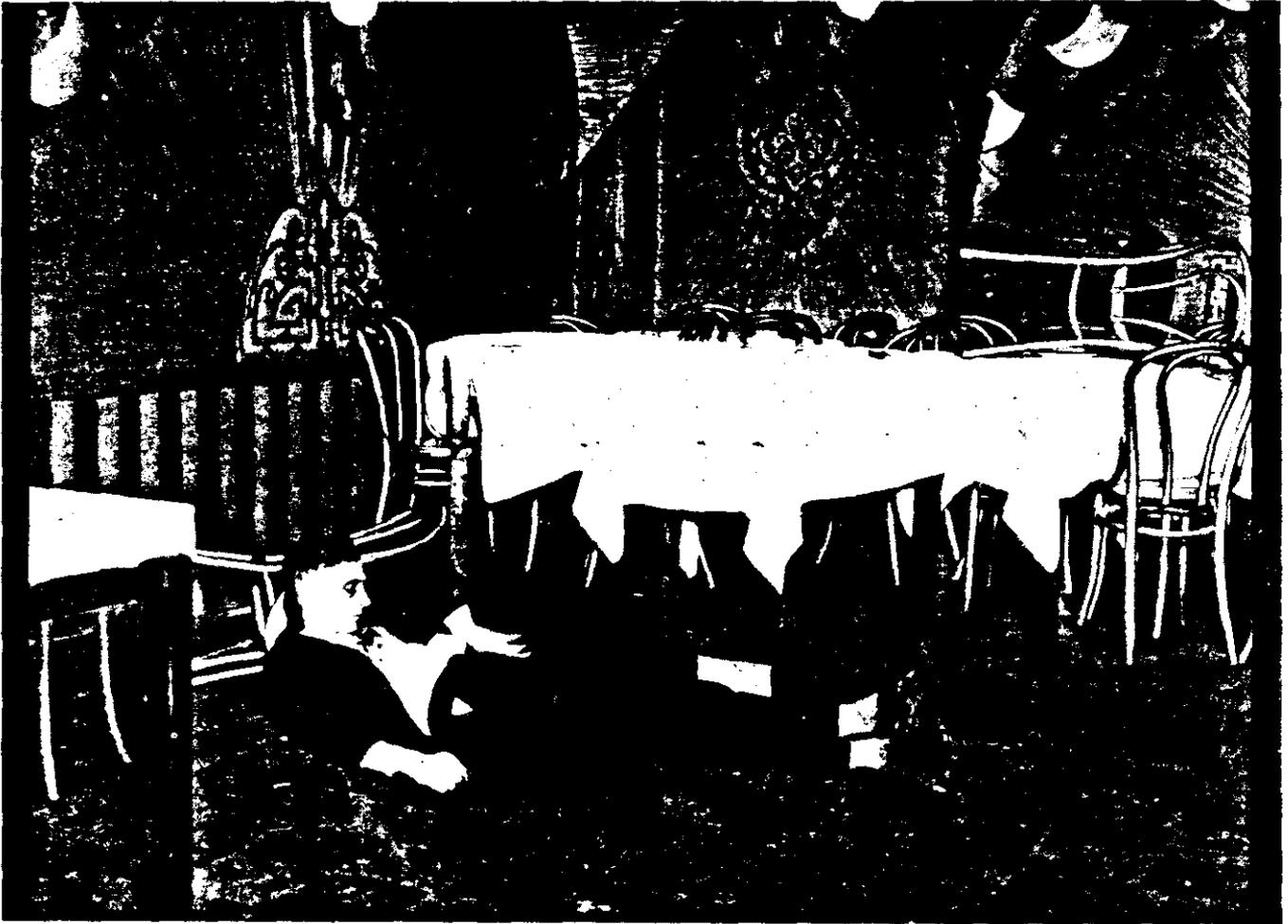
When Joe was emptied from the jail cell he made straight for the flower shop in the back-of-the-yards district where his affairs were being ably directed by his lieutenants, amiable John "Dingbat" Oberta and Paddy Sullivan. Joe was in a tranquil condition of mind for the next few weeks, but panic struck him and the "Dingbat" when they came upon a newspaper story which said that all hoodlums in Chicago were to be submitted to a mental test. If found of unsound mentality, as most assuredly they would be, suggested the story, they would be confined for treatment. Joe and the "Dingbat" may not have been afraid of machine guns, pistols, automatics and pineapples, but words like psychology, psychiatry, psychopathic, were monstrous and inexplicable terrors, and their first quarrel is said to have been precipitated when the "Dingbat," who pretended to be book-learned couldn't rattle off a definition of psychoparesis. But Little Johnny restored himself in his boss's estimation when he hit on the scheme of having their own personal psychiatrist examine them and give them a certifi-

cate of high and normal intelligence. And so, a few days later, Chicago was treated to the spectacle of "Pollack" Joe and Johnny "Dingbat" Oberta in the office of the police commissioner proudly waving certificates of mental health. "We won't have to play with no blocks," said Johnny and Joe as they walked away, and then, catching himself, he said, "I mean we won't have to play with any blocks." Safe from confinement in the "bug" house Joe and Johnny and their henchmen now began to look around for Edward "Spike" O'Donnell. Joe hadn't had a shot at "Spike" for many months and the strain was telling on him. Besides rumors were reaching Joe that "Spike" was about to make a great beer offensive and had surrounded himself with a formidable gang of muscle men. One of them, strangely enough was the redoubtable Frankie MacEarlane and his kid brother, Vincent. The underworld gossiped for a long time about the split between Saltis and Frank who had been pals from the very beginning. The truth was that MacEarlane could no longer endure the nasty-nice "Dingbat." As we have seen MacEarlane was at heart a bank-robber and, just to keep in practice, used to wander around knocking over a safe here and there. When Saltis was in jail the "Dingbat" tried to clamp down on Frankie, telling him that he would spoil the real dough for all of them if he persisted in the bank-busting tendency. "Aw, hell," responded Frankie, "It takes real brains to hoist a bank. And to hell with this Sunday School outfit. I'll make some real connections." The fact that his boss, Saltis, was in jail was proof enough to Frankie that he was in with a wrong bunch of guys.

Saltis saw no real obstacle from the Sheldon mobsters who, it was then being rumored, were having internal trouble. Sheldon, suffering from tuberculosis aggravated by constant breathing of gun-powder, was ordered by his physician to seek strength in the purer atmosphere of Arizona. He did so, leaving his mob in charge of Danny Stanton, an arrangement which was okeyed by the Big Fellow, Al Capone. Stanton, a former member of the "four horsemen" group of taxi-cab slugers which also included John "Mitters" Foley, had for his right hand men, Hugh "Stubby" McGovern and William "Gunner" McPadden, both tough boys de luxe who had been brought up from babyhood in the famous Ragan Colts gang. At this time Joe Saltis, finding it difficult to buy beer elsewhere and impossible to manufacture it, made connections with the Big Fellow. King Capone welcomed Big Joe but told him to behave himself and to stay out of Danny's territory.



Frankie Rio, body guard of the Big Fellow, Alphonse Capone. Frankie was arrested in Philadelphia with Al and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in jail for carrying concealed weapons.



Not passed out, but passed on. William "Gunner" McFadden, an ally of Danny Stanton, was killed in the famous Granada Cafe on the eve of the New Year, 1929, by George Maloney, killer *de luxe* for Michael "Bubs" Quinlan, bourbon baron.

As Joe was therefore able to concentrate on "Spike" O'Donnell, while Danny Stanton's mob enjoyed peace and prosperity until another gang, headed by Michael "Bubs" Quinlan and George Maloney, moved up to the beer front, doing a specialty business in Canadian whisky. "Bubs" Quinlan first came to underworld attention as a body guard for Tommy Tuit, notorious South Side gambler, while Maloney, a killer of great capabilities, had been in business for himself for many years. He would work for any individual or any organized gang, and his services were always in demand. Maloney carried two revolvers, both of .38 caliber, in leather-lined pockets. Maloney is said to be the first Chicago gunman to saw off the barrels of revolvers of .38 caliber. With the possible exception of Frankie MacEarlane, Maloney was Chicago Gangland's most terrible killer. Maloney, unlike MacEarlane, had a touch of dash and romance about him, and already legends have sprung up about his deeds and his strange and paradoxical personality.

Meanwhile Saltis, wearying of the routine of life on the South Side, was spending more and more of his time in Wisconsin where he had purchased a great estate. The "Dingbat" had proven himself a capable lieutenant and Joe came to Chi-

cago seldom and then only in emergencies. On October 11, 1928, while Joe was in Wisconsin, the first outbreak of gunplay took place between "Dingbat" and the O'Donnell mob. Little Johnny, his body guard, Sammy Malaga, and a member of his mob, George Darrow, were parked near "Spike's" home in an automobile. What saved "Spike's" life on this occasion was the timely arrival of the police. "Spike," jumping out of his car, had tackled Darrow and was holding him when the police squad car came up. Oberta and Malaga took to their heels after firing several shots, and the police arrested both "Spike" and Darrow. Both were charged with disorderly conduct when it became plain that "Spike" would not charge Darrow with attempted murder. They paid fines and "Spike" climbed onto a soap-box to announce formerly his re-entry into the beer racket, an announcement which came as a staggering surprise to most Chicagoans, including the police, who did not know that "Spike" had ever been out of it. And, as a matter of fact, he hadn't. "Yes sir," said Spike, "I'm now in the beer racket. I've got a bunch of blue-eyed Irish boys who won't stand any pushing around either. A lot of guys had better wise up to themselves and lay off."

And with that "Spike" returned to his blue-



Hugh "Stubby" McGovern, companion of McPadden, was also shot and killed by Maloney during the New Year's celebration. Maloney was arrested on the spot with a smoking pistol, but, despite this fact, he was acquitted. Several hundred merry-makers were unable to identify Maloney as the killer.

eyed Irish boys, most of whose names had incidentally "ski" appended to them. His companion in jail for disorderly conduct, George Darrow, returned to the South Side and met violent death nine days later. Not because he needed the money but because his was an exuberant nature brimming over with vitality and needed expression, George occasionally regaled himself by a "stick-up" or a road-house hold-up and on this occasion he was efficiently shot and killed. Meanwhile the Stanton gang was doing a little shooting with the Quinlan gang which had been prospering via the muscle route into the Stanton preserves, and on October 14, 1928, a stray machine gun bullet intended for "Bubs" reached instead his companion, Ralph J. Murphy, a bartender, and Murphy was killed instantly. The machine gun was operated by Hugh "Stubby" McGovern, standing in the basement of a house across the street. From that day on Mr. McGovern was a marked man for George Maloney, the boy with the sawed off .38 set out for him. While George was "tailing" McGovern, the attention of the police was directed to a sensational unsuccessful attempt made by Leo Mongoven and Frank Foster, North Side gangster, to shake-down an ex-racketeer, Abe Cooper, who had be-

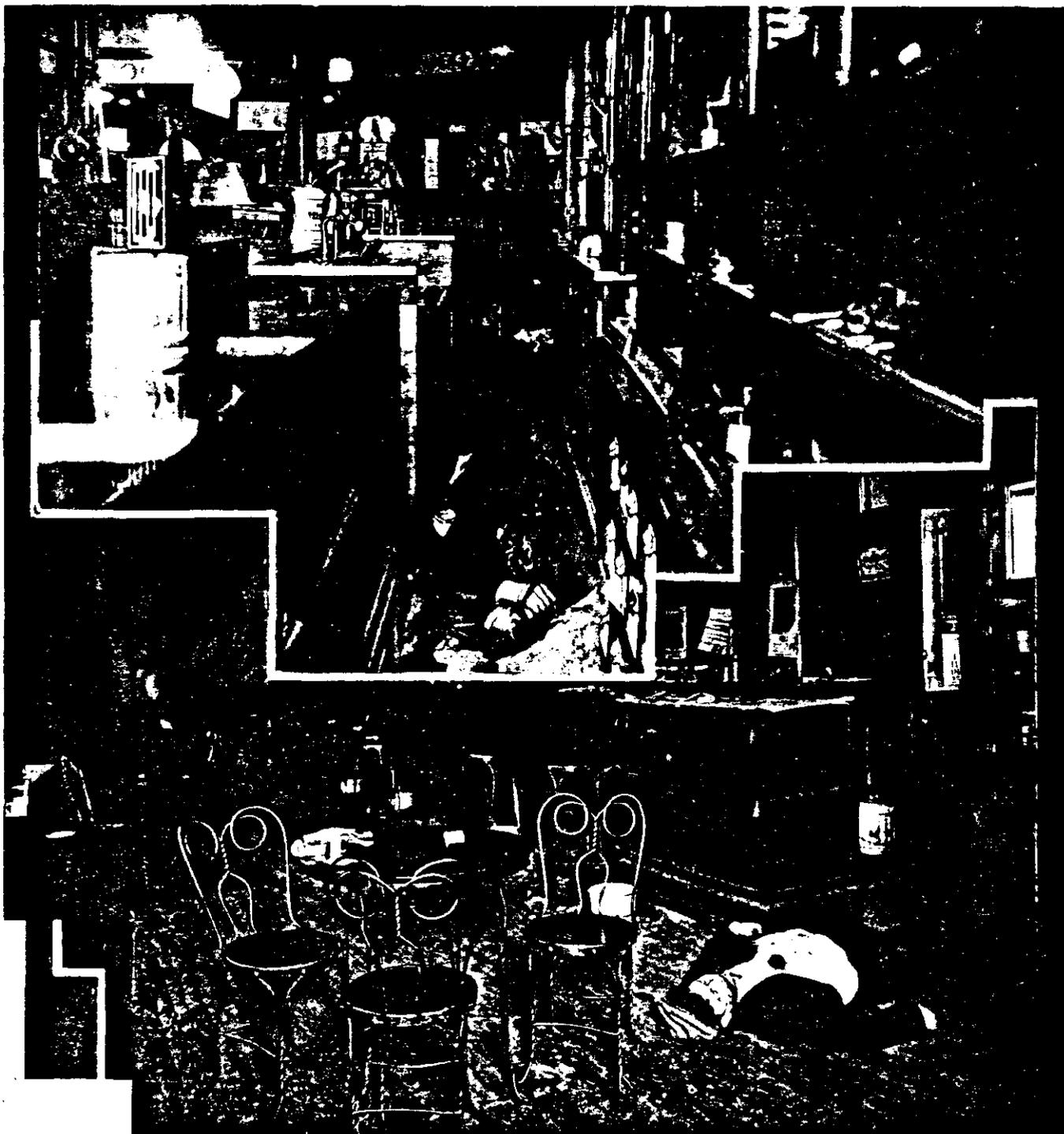
come a broker and had gone straight. Abe withstood the shake-down and was being hustled into an automobile, parked on LaSalle Street in the loop, for a "ride" when, suddenly he whipped out a revolver and began firing. Frankie disappeared into the crowds, but Leo, seriously wounded, fell to the pavement. The incident stands out as an excellent example of what happens to gangsters who attempt to quit and become respectable. Cooper was one of the few who was able to enforce his new standing but it took his old trusty "gat" to do it. Quiet in Gangland for a period. On December 29 George Maloney, still trailing, "Stubby" McGovern, dropped into the Granada Cafe, a famous South Side night club and, would you believe it, across the room he spied McGovern and William "Gunner" McPadden, making whoopee with the aid of two young women. George figured that he had spent enough time looking for "Stubby" and that he would finish the job now and to hell with the hundreds of merry-makers there assembled. George got to his feet, walked slowly over to McGovern's table and, shooting from his pocket, finished "Stubby" with two bullets. He then directed that famous .38 toward Mr. McPadden and he too, with two bullets in his body, went skidding out



John Scalice and Albert Anselmi, two of Gangland's most sinister figures. Imported to this country by Mike Genna they made their debut in a sensational gun battle in which Mike and two policemen were killed. Finally released from prosecution they allied themselves with Capone. Rumors had it that they dreamed of killing the Big Fellow with the result that they themselves were put on the spot. (Lower picture) X marks the spot where they were found dead in an automobile on the Indiana State line.

onto the dance floor, very much a dead man. By this time the noise had attracted the attention of a policeman outside, Officer Timothy Sullivan, who had been detailed to the Granada to look for automobile thieves. Timothy came puffing into the

cabaret just in time to see Maloney, huddled behind an over-turned table, gently depositing his .38 on the floor. Officer Sullivan took possession of both Mr. Maloney and the .38. "It ain't mine," said George, indignantly. "I never saw it before.



Peter "Bummy" Goldstein and his inseparable companion, Walter Quinlan, came to an end quite in keeping with their activities as hi-jackers, terrorists, muscle-men and murderers in the famous old Valley District. "Bummy" was efficiently pistolled, as this photograph graphically chronicles, in a drug store in the Valley which he owned as a blind for his more remunerative but more dangerous activities. "Wallie" who was tried and acquitted for the murder of Paddy "The Bear" Ryan, boss of the old Valley Gang in pre-Volstead days, finally came to a full stop in a saloon shortly after he and "Bummy" had murdered Samuzzo "Samoots" Amatuna, Genna lieutenant, in a barber shop.

I heard the shooting and jumped behind this table for protection." A few days later Mr. Maloney regained his freedom on bonds and, just outside the county jail, met his boss, Michael "Bubs" Quinlan who shook hands and gave George a fresh .38, all nicely sawed-off and loaded. Now Maloney and "Bubs" devoted themselves to a search for other members of the Stanton gang, one of whom was

the deceased McGovern's tough brother, Michael, who was reported to be living only for revenge. On March 20, 1929, three months later, "Bubs" and Maloney, driving in an automobile, came upon Danny Stanton standing on a corner talking with two friends, Raymond and William Cassidy, not hoodlums. They stood in front of the home of Miss Jewell Webb, Raymond's sweetheart. Well,

Dingbat Oberta goes for a Ride



Johnny "Dingbat" O'Berta and his body-guard Sammy Malaga left a roadhouse late one night with a "friend" sitting in the rear seat of their limousine. O'Berta got it first in the back of the head. Sammy tried to run away but he was "plugged" and his body thrown into a small creek. (Picture on opposite page.) Willie Niemoth is believed to have been the "friend" sitting in the rear seat. Niemoth is now in Baltimore where he was convicted and sentenced for a bank robbery.



Sammy Malaga, body guard to Oberta, attempted to get away from the killer in the rear seat of their automobile. He didn't make it, as the photographs seem to indicate.

the shooting began, and Raymond Cassidy fell to the side-walk dead, victim of a bullet intended for Stanton. This dreadful marksmanship gave credence to the belief that Quinlan must have done the shooting, because Maloney had never been known to miss his man. Neither "Bubs" nor Maloney was arrested for this murder, but it in-

spired young Michael McGovern to more serious efforts to avenge his brother's death. How many attempts he made to kill Maloney will never be known, but he made several. One occurred on July 6, 1929, and was partly successful, for, when Maloney went on trial for the murders of McPad-den and McGovern, he moved about on crutches. He

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Frankie MacEarlane, Gangdom's most ruthless killer. Once a member of the Saltis mob, Frankie is now reported hustling beer for "Spike" O'Donnell, a Saltis enemy.

was in a greatly weakened condition, but the trial didn't last long. No witnesses could be produced who had seen Maloney and the .38 together, and he was acquitted. Although Maloney lived longer, he did not make any more public appearances with his .38, so we will bring his career to a close here. Early in 1929 he was sent to a hospital as the result of an automobile accident, in which he had attempted to knock an interurban train off its track. In the hospital he contracted pneumonia, an enemy which no .38 could beat back no matter how deftly handled, and George Maloney, killer de luxe, died on May 6, 1930, at the age of 38.

While "Bubs" and Maloney were regaling the South Side with gun-play, William "Klondike" O'Donnell was carrying on the West Side tradition for toughness. "Klondike," as we have chronicled, had surrounded himself with men so tough that he frequently saw fit to convince them that, while they were tough, he was much tougher, very much tougher. At this period "Klondike" was particularly troubled over the outside activities of George "Red" Barker, Mike Reilly, George Clifford, Frank "Si" Cawley and Thomas McElligot. Barker, a slugger for union officials in Chicago labor wars, had served a penitentiary sentence for his activities as a fist-slinger and terrorist. On his release he joined the "Klondike" mob and found beer-running child's play. With

plenty of extra time on his hands "Red" conceived the idea of appropriating a few unions for himself, an idea which he disclosed to the other aforementioned four, who were enthusiastic. Presently these five very tough boys had ousted the officials of the coal teamsters and hikers union, and were now laying plans for appropriating control of the Mid-West Garage Owners' Association. This involved driving out Dave Alban, alias "Cock-eyed Mulligan." It was a hard job but they did it. A certain garage owner decided however that he would not get upon the Barker bandwagon, and one night while "Red" and his playmates were gunning for the recalcitrant one, they shot a garage attendant to death and severely wounded a policeman who had interferred. Eventually George went back to the penitentiary, not for the murder and shooting, but for violating his parole by leaving the state. He had fled to California. Well, with "Red" in Joliet, "Klondike" fell into a huddle over the matter and decided that now would be a good time to show "Red" how tough he was. He became determined on this course following the crazy murder on March 15, 1929, of William J. Vercoe by George Clifford. The murder occurred in the Pony Inn, 5613 West Roosevelt, scene of the McSwiggin assassination. Vercoe, known as "a clown for the hoodlums," loved to recite blood-and-thunder verse for the amusement of his gangster friends. On this occasion, Vercoe, well-plastered, stood at the bar reciting a certain verse in which one line was "You're a coward." When Vercoe came to this he unwittingly pointed to Mr. Clifford, who with Mike Reilly was drinking at the bar, and Mr. Clifford cried out, "who's a coward?" and before Mr. Vercoe could say "I didn't mean you," Mr. Clifford had shot and killed Mr. Vercoe. Well, this was too tough, and on April 14, 1929, Clifford and his bosom pal, Mike Reilly, went on a long, long ride. Their bodies were dumped in the alley behind the Hawthorne Hotel in Cicero. On May 29, 1929, somebody else beat them to Thomas McElligot. He was killed in the basement of a Loop saloon. On September 4, the end came for Mr. Frank "Si" Cawley, who was also taken for a ride. George "Red" Barker, released from the penitentiary later on, was a very much convinced man, and he is still believed well and healthy as a devoted "Klondike" henchman.



A Whoopee Joint all plastered.

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ALL for AL and AL for ALL

The authors of this pleasant narrative have introduced you from time to time to their favorite evil men of Gangland—John Scalice and Albert Anselmi who, you will remember, were imported to Chicago from Southern Italy in 1925 by the Imperial Genna brothers. Scalice and Anselmi, grim and mirthless fellows, were a perfect definition of the word sinister. You would have been uncomfortable sitting in the same Yale bowl or Soldiers' Field with them—more uncomfortable than walking down a dark alley at midnight with "Little Hymie" Weiss or Schemer Drucci. On May 8, 1929, the sensational long run of the terrible drama called Scalice and Anselmi came to an abrupt end. Pumped full of bullets, burned and beaten, their bodies were found in a lonely stretch of country in the bleak Indiana state line district. Scalice and Anselmi with one, John Ginta, a Capone gangster, had been taken for a terrible ride, and one of the stories at the time had it that John and Albert had plotted to over-throw the Big Fellow himself. A coup was planned. Capone was to be seized at a given signal during a banquet held somewhere in Chicago. You can easily imagine what Scalice and Anselmi planned to do with him. The banquet began. The signal was given. All Capone henchmen arose but, instead of seizing the Big Fellow, they took possession of Scalice and Anselmi. Capone, it is said, did not believe the story of the treachery of these men until, sitting there behind the spaghetti, he witnessed the signal.

Eight days after the long, long ride of Scalice and Anselmi, the Chicago newspapers sizzled with the story of the arrest of Al Capone and his aide-de-camp, Frankie Rio, in Philadelphia charged with carrying concealed weapons. The arrests were made by detectives who had met Capone in Miami where, by this time, he had purchased and improved to suit his own peculiar needs, a vast estate. There was more sizzling when a day or so later, Al and Frank, were consigned to a county jail cell for one year. Along with the tidal wave of economiums on the efficiency of the Philadelphia police and courts, came the interesting current of ru-

mor that King Capone had placed himself on the spot for the Philadelphians in order that he might have the comfort and security of a jail cell until the Valentine Massacre probe, investigation, "heat" or what have you had gone the way of most Chicago probes and investigations of Gangland's crimes. Public temperature was so high at this time that Capone did not want to be foot-loose anywhere, and he probably got the idea of going to jail from his old master, Johnny Torrio. But even in prison, whither he was consigned for one year, Capone could not entirely escape from the stench of the Valentine Massacre. Three months after his conviction the prison authorities began receiving letters from a garrulous and somewhat foolish lady addressed to the Big Fellow. In the course of prison routine these letters were opened and, because of the sensational nature of their contents, sent to State's Attorney John A. Swanson. The letters were written by Mrs. Frank Beige, recently wed. Her husband was sometimes described, correctly or incorrectly, as the Big Fellow's personal executioner. Beige may have been expert at handling a machine gun and in putting an enemy on the spot, but he was a terrible dub at handling women, particularly Mrs. Beige. Any way, without his knowledge, Mrs. Beige, rambled on and on something after the following manner:

"You know what Frank has done for you. He's got to get out of town pronto for the other mob are wise. His life isn't safe here. So you got to get us \$10,000 in cash and do it quick."

Of course the Big Fellow never saw the letter, a fact which never occurred to the naive Mrs. Beige. When no reply came to this one, she wasted more paper and wrote on the following:

"I'm asking you for the last time to send that \$10,000 and get it to us fast. Frank's sick of you leaving him to hold the bag. He can't get out of town without the cash and he can't stay here without being taken for a ride. You kick across or Frank will go to the police and spill what he knows. Remember: everything."

In thus talking out of turn Mrs. Beige made a great many wild and reckless statements about what Frank thought and would do. Frank, as a matter of fact, did not know how little wifey was trying to help him along. When the Big Fellow failed to kick in the \$10,000 she again addressed him:

"All right. You're just as good as putting Frank on the spot, by leaving us stranded here. Well, how'll you like getting the finger on yourself? Frank's going to tell everything he knows. He remembers fifteen shootings he did because you ordered him to do them. He's going to tell just who killed McSwiggin for a starter. And he's going to tell about why you had him bump Ben Newmark—de-



Ralph Capone, older brother of Al Capone, as he appeared with his attorneys recently during his trial and conviction for an income tax fraud. Ralph was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

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Frank Del Bond, believed to have slain three Capone gangsters in a saloon in the famous Master Day massacre of 1930. Arrested as a suspect he was indicted largely on the testimony of Chicago's ballistic expert, who said that a pistol found in Del Bond's room was the one which fired the fatal bullets. In this picture Del Bond is being questioned by Coroner Herman W. Sundesen. Lower photograph shows police looking at the spot where the bodies were found.



cause you'd heard that Ben wanted to steal your racket and had put up a cash offer to the man that got you. Yes, and then he's going to tell about your sending him to New York, along with others to let daylight through Frankie Yale. Of course he's going to sing about that Valentine day affair And how are you going to like that Mr. Al Brown."

Of course Mrs. Beige was required to come to Mr. Swanson's office, where, confronted with these letters, she continued in an even higher crescendo with the result that she was kept in semi-custody by detectives for fear that something might happen to her. Her husband was eventually arrested and held for three days. Strangely enough no lawyers came forward to attempt his release. But Frankie Beige stood up and took it on the chin, which is why, maybe, that he's still a member of Capone's gang. What he said in response to questions was, in effect, that his wifey was just trying to make some easy dough, by shooting off her mouth. Mr. Beige had never met Mr. Capone and Mrs. Beige was crazy when she said that he used to sleep out in the corridor of Capone's room in the Hotel Metropole until relieved by another guard, Louis "Little New York" Campagna.

Capone and Frankie Rio did not return to Chicago until March of 1930. During the interval little of importance occurred in the Big Fellow's realm either as regards business or blood-shed. His affairs seemed, indeed, to prosper while those of his enemies, the Aiello-Moran outfit, seemed to be afflicted by an evil fortune. The "Enforcer" of the Big Fellow's business, Frank Nitti and Hymie "Loud Mouth" Levine held forth from headquarters in the Lexington hotel, deciding with finality who should be killed, who should be bombed, whose trucks should be hi-jacked. One of

the more sensational, though unimportant, affrays during the lull was between Tommy McNichols and Jimmy "Bozo" Schupe, small time West Side bootleggers. On July 31 Tommy and Bozo held a duel on Madison street, Tommy standing on one side and Bozo on the other. They killed each other. James Walsh, a beer-runner, was murdered in December by Charles "Babe" Baron after a prize-fight at which Walsh, during an altercation, slapped "Babe" with his fists. Two days later the body of Patrick King, criminal of sorts, was found in the deserted gambling joint owned by Terry O'Connor on South Wabash Avenue. On January 27, 1930, Johnny Genaro, a grade "C" bomber for the Capone outfit, was put on the spot by James Belcastro, another Capone bomber, but did not die. Johnny and Belcastro have since made up and are getting along nicely, according to reports. If you hear any loud noises it may be Johnny and Jimmy. On February 3, 1930, Joseph Cada, companion of Jimmy Walsh on the night Walsh was killed, was shot to death in his automobile near the Green Mill Cafe, a famous whoopee joint where incidentally, at that time, Texas Guinan was holding forth. The next day Julius Rosenheim, supposedly an informer, was filled with bullets and dumped into a snow bank near his home, and all was quiet until February 24, when Frankie MacEarlane, in a hospital under an assumed name, was be-set by



Frank Hitchcock, the Burnham bootlegger who tried to operate "on his own" was found slain in the rear of the home of Johnny Patton, the "boy mayor" of Burnham, and a close friend of Capone.

three "rats" (as he called them) as he lay in bed, one foot propped high in the air in a cast. Frankie chased them off with a couple of .45's he had managed to conceal from the authorities. How did Frankie get his foot all shot up, and how did he get in a hospital for treatment without the shooting getting into the papers. True enough the hospital authorities reported that they had a patient suffering from an accidental shooting. But, when the police came to look over the patient, they didn't recognize Mr. Frankie MacEarlane.

"Who tried to kill you?" asked the police after the shooting. Frankie looked at his questioners in great disgust. Instead of answering directly he began a volley of oaths, half to himself. "Can you imagine the rats trying to get me—me, Frank MacEarlane!" And then, looking toward the police, he added: "You'll find 'em in a ditch some of these days." The assailants of MacEarlane had climbed a fire-escape to get into his room. While Frankie was in the Bridewell hospi-

tal, where the police took him on a charge of disorderly conduct, the Gangdom and political circles were startled to read in the morning papers of the passing from this life of Johnny "Dingbat" Oberta, on March 6, just ten days after the attempt to kill MacEarlane. Oberta was not found in a ditch, however, although his body guard, Malaga was removed from a water-filled ditch. Willie Niemoth, a member of Saltis mob, at that time sought for complicity in a bank robbery in Maryland, was reported to have done the job for MacEarlane. Another suspect, "Big Earl" Herbert, also a Saltis mobster disgruntled over the authority of the "sneaking nasty-nice Dingbat" was suspected of having done Frankie a good turn. During his questioning Herbert deplored the fact that "Dingbat" insisted on going about in a limousine. "He should have got himself a roadster," said Big Karl. "Why so?" asked Commissioner Stege. "Oh, so that his friends couldn't ride behind him," replied Herbert.



William Dickman, once a member of the Saltis gang was regarded as a traitor because he deserted to the Sheldon mob. Here's how they punished him.

**What have
you got on
me Chief!**



Alphonse Capone, released from a Philadelphia jail, set Chicago on its ears, when he appeared unheralded in the office of John Stege, Commissioner of Detectives, and blandly inquired if he was wanted for anything. Capone with his attorney was then escorted to the Federal building where the same question was put to the United States District Attorney. On the same night Gangdom banqueted the Big Fellow and the slogan was made "All for Al and Al for All."

While small armies of newspaper reporters, movie-tone representatives and other chroniclers of the merrie taylor of the day camped outside the prison from which Capone was to be released in March, the Big Fellow contrived with the aid of the prison authorities to slip away unobserved. There was a great hue and cry all over the land. What had happened to the king of the underworld? Had the gangsters bumped him off—yet? Where was he hiding? Certainly he couldn't remain undiscovered for very long. The Big Fellow was too big. Would he return to Chicago? The authorities hadn't asked him about that Valentine day affair yet? "He's not in Chicago, nor will he be," said Deputy Commissioner of Police John Stege. "I've given orders to arrest him on sight and throw him in the can. If he comes here there won't be a moment's peace for him, and he knows it." Four days pass.

"Hello, chief, what have you got on me?" well, well, I'll be damned, if it isn't the Big Fellow himself, right here in Chicago, sitting in the office of Mr. Stege. With him were a couple of lawyers, a group of politicians but no visible body guard. After a time the Commissioner permitted the reporters and photographers to pour in. The Big Fellow sat and smoked a cigar while they plied him with questions, most of which elicited merely a cold look from him.

Commissioner Stege accompanied Capone to the office of the United States district attorney where the same questions were asked by the Big Fellow, and apparently, received the same response as from Mr. Stege, for the Big Fellow went free. The reporters tried, but failed apparently to keep up with him, for he disappeared. A few days later it was reported that King Capone's return to Chicago had been principally to effect lasting peace in the half-world, and that every mobster of importance in the city including the Moran-Aiello mob, had been represented at a famous banquet and truce, where again pacts were made and agreements effected. Exactly what transpired at this famous meet-



(Upper photograph) Gangland's most famous widow, Mrs. Florence O'Berta, married the "Dingbat" after the murder of her first husband, Big Tim Murphy. Now she mourns the passing of the "Dingbat." (Lower) The blonde Alibi of Jack McGurn. Louise Wolfe was arrested in a room in the Stevens Hotel with Jack McGurn, believed to have operated one of the machine guns which mowed down seven North Side gangsters in the Valentine Day Massacre.

ing will never be known unless the Big Fellow can find time enough some day between his Miami court appearances to dictate his memoirs. These undoubtedly would make excellent reading and would probably reveal the Big Fellow as much less of an ogre and bugaboo than he is generally regarded. The Big Fellow might turn out to be not quite so big, and maybe others you never heard of would grow and grow into the craziest proportions you could imagine. Certainly the Big Fellow frowns on a big casualty list in the ordinary course of operation, and who can say that at the famous truce and party he did not insist that there be only one or two bombings per week, or one killing per gang every thirty days? Also that these measures be taken when all other less violent ones, had failed? Business is business, whether grocer or boot-

legger and King Al is no grocer. At any rate the representatives who attended the Big Fellow's banquet went away with some new ideas in their heads, and a slogan on their lips, ALL FOR AL, AND AL FOR ALL. Within a few days the Big Fellow had disappeared again to turn up finally in his palatial home in Miami, Florida, where he has remained to this writing. Much of his time is spent resisting the authorities in their indefatigable attempts to bring about his retirement from the community.

For months Gangland was more quiet than it had ever been and then, over on the North Side came rumors of dissention in the Moran ranks. Teddy Newberry, first lieutenant of Moran in charge of the bourbon brigade, became embroiled in a squabble over profits. Teddy complained that he wasn't being "cut" in according to his deserts, and "Bugs" was unable to effect a settlement. One fine summer day Teddy told Moran to go to hell, and a few days later Teddy discovered an attempt was being made to kill him in his apartment on Pine Grove on the North Side. A few days later Benny Bennett a tough boy just out of New York received a telephone call, supposedly from a spokesman for "Bugs" to meet him at a certain place, and



Restaurant at 2222 South Wabash Avenue, once a saloon and brothel owned by Alphonse Capone.

Benny hasn't been seen or heard from since the telephone rang. On November 17, the body of Johnny "Billiken" Rito, a Newberry bourbon hustler, who had formerly worked for the Gennas, was found floating down the Chicago river. The manner in which "Billiken" had been disposed of was unusually horrible, for he had been thoroughly chopped up and the pieces bound together with hay-wire. The disappearance of Bennett together with the later absence of another Newberry aid, Harry Higgins who hailed from St. Paul, gave credence to the grim rumor that Gangland killers, seeking to destroy the corpus delicti, had established a crematory somewhere on the Near North Side where business competitors and disgruntled gangsters were incinerated into the ashes of oblivion. Ah, a new spirit in Gangland! Who said that killers have no imagination? At this writing New York friends of Benny Bennett are running around town with long faces offering rewards for word of their missing playmate who would come out west. Newberry eventually stepped into the Capone inner circles, taking with him Signor Frank Citro, he of the motionless eyes and expressionless face, better known as Frankie Foster. "All we ever got from 'Bugs' was a reputation," explained Teddy and Frankie. Well, the war was on again. Moran and the Aiello pressed northward into the great roadhouse and summer resort area in the Northwest suburbs.

The first shot in the new war, now going, was fired on May 31, and the victim, Peter Plescia, an Aiello organizer and collector, fell dead in the mouth of an alley. On May 31, Phillip Gnolfo, former Genna killer had been a pall-bearer at Angelo's funeral, was slain in his automobile. A few hours later on the same day two more Aiello boys bit the bricks—Samuel Monistero and Joseph Ferrari. On June 1 came deadly reprisals in the sensational Fox Lake Massacre. Four men and a woman, Mrs. Vivian Ponc McGinnis, wife of an attorney, sat around a table in a roadhouse. Suddenly one of the men, turning his head saw a machine gun pointed towards him. He got up and began running. The rattle of the machine gun began and he went down, as did two of his companions. The woman was seriously wounded. One of the victims was Sam Pellar, who, you will remember used to work as a chauffeur and handy man for "Little Hymie" Weiss and was walking across the street with his boss on the famous day that "Little Hymie" fell before machine gun fire. Joseph Bertsche, brother of Barney Bertsche, was another

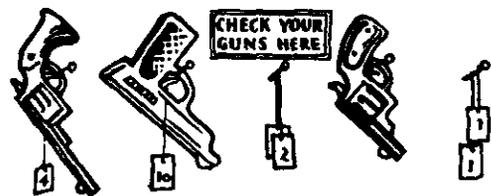


Willie Niemoth and Frankie MacErlane may have been important cogs in Joe Saltis' beer machine but they were bank robbers under the skin. Niemoth was seized in Chicago recently and hurried under heavy guard to Baltimore, Maryland, where he was convicted in short order of complicity in a pay roll robbery three years ago. Niemoth is believed to have slain Johnnie "Dingbat" Obera as a personal favor for MacErlane.

victim as was Michael Quirk. George Druggan, brother of the famous Terry Druggan was terribly wounded and he is at this writing in a hospital fighting for his life. A few hours later in Chicago Thomas Somnerio, Capone leader, was strangled to death and his body flung in an alley on the West Side. One of the mourners for Mr. Somnerio was a Gangland Queen, Margaret Mary Collins, who had been the sweetie for five other gangsters, all departed. Somebody put Somnerio on the spot, and it was said that a woman had done it. More horror was produced by Gangland four days later when a river tug churned up the hay-wired body of Eugene "Red" McLaughlin. Aloysius Kearney, hard-boiled gangster doing a specialty business in labor racketeering, became the cause of another murder mystery when his bullet-ridden body

was discovered on the morning of June 9.

Kearney had been a friend of "Red" McLaughlin and an unsuccessful effort was made to find a connection between the murders. From bills in his pocket it was disclosed that he was a collector for the National Garage Owners' Association. It was this association which, a few weeks before, had inspired criticism from the then Commissioner of Police, William Russell and Col. Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, for waging a campaign to have all automobiles found parked at night without lights towed into garages. The cost would be \$5.00 to the car owners—a pleasant racket which, strangely enough, didn't go over. Samuel Maltz, president of the association, questioned by police said: "I'm strictly a business man. There is no racketeering or hoodlumism connected with my organization. I didn't know Kearney very well. He had worked for me only for a week. I was paying him \$40 a week to collect bills. Don't give me any hoodlum talk. I'm a business man and don't go for that." It was becoming warmer and warmer in Chicago's loop at this time for those gentlemen of the gat. Jail sentences instead of the customary fines were being handed out. As a result of this, hoodlums hit upon a practice of parking their automatics in cigar stores, speakeasies and other places just outside the loop while transacting business.



What the no loop parking law means to gangsters.

9

'Jake' LINGLE

The elimination of Racketeer Aloysius Kearney on the morning of June 9 was hot stuff and it sizzled on the front pages of all the newspapers up until 1 o'clock—the hour when Alfred (Jake) Lingle, Big Shot police reporter for the Chicago Tribune, was assassinated in the midst of a crowd in a subway station, just off Michigan Boulevard.

After this Racketeer Aloysius Kearney's demise was relegated to the inside pages or even kicked out of the papers altogether. Compared to the murder of a newspaper reporter, the murder of a racketeer was absolutely insignificant. Are not racketeers knocked off every day in Chicago? Now who had ever heard of a newspaper reporter being put on the spot?

Well here it was at last. City editors all over the land looked at the flashes and told themselves that Gangland had at last stepped over the dead-line. The underworld at last had tried to intimidate the upperworld! What would those cynics say now—those cynics who were always coolly pointing out that gangsters never killed any except gangsters? The murder of Reporter Jake Lingle, thought the city editors, would surely inspire Chicago now!

Well, there you are. It seemed obvious—as obvious as a bill-board that debonair Jake Lingle was murdered for only one reason—that he was a newspaper reporter full of the low-down. It seemed to a tearful and sympathetic public that Jake Lingle was just another ordinary news hound. A good news hound of course, a first class one, but still just an ordinary police reporter—one of those seedy-looking chaps who plays cards up in the press room, and comes down to work every day with the ancient query—"What's doing chief?"

And so, with determination in their hearts to call this terrible threat from Gangland, they buried Jake Lingle—the martyr. It was a marvelous funeral. It was greater than the defiant funeral the underworld had thrown for amazing Dion O'Banion. It was greater than the laying away of "Little Hymie" Weiss or Schemer Drucci or Mike Genna or "Dingbat" Oberta. It was greater in every way, but it was greater most of all because it was a funeral on which the church did not turn thumbs down. In that one respect Gangland was terribly eclipsed. Jake Lingle, the reporter was buried by the Church. Gangland could not ignore that.

The funeral was held on June 12 from the home of the "martyred reporter," at 125 North Austin



"UNOFFICIAL CHIEF OF POLICE OF CHICAGO?"—This is the way Alfred (Jake) Lingle, reporter for the Chicago Tribune for eighteen years, has been described since his assassination on June 9 in a subway just off Randolph Street and Michigan Avenue. An investigation now under way may determine whether this sinister charge is true or not.

Avenue. One newspaperman who went there to weep as well as to write said that it was more befitting a field marshal than a modest newspaper man. Jake lay in a silver-bronze casket—better than the caskets in which Frankie Yale and Schemer Drucci had reposed. It was flanked by floral crosses and lighted candles and draped with an American Flag. Flowers! Flowers! They were everywhere! Jake would have liked that, for he loved flowers and when he lived always had them in his lapel and in his rooms. A police reporter who loved flowers!

But the most impressive touch of all—a touch which had never graced the funeral of an underworld king—was the long, long procession of policemen which marched in the funeral. There were cops everywhere, everywhere. They rode on horses, they marched solemnly in line, white-gloved, swinging their sticks. And behind them in beautiful symmetry came representatives from the fire department. Behind the fire department came the bands! What racketeer in heaven or in hell could boast that a band had marched behind his mortal remains? But Jake had four Great Lakes Naval bands and three bands from as many posts of the American Legion. And Jake, the reporter who had been murdered by Gangland, also had a military escort.



FUT ON THE SPOT—Alfred (Jake) Lingle, Tribune reporter, was shot down in a subway, just off Randolph Street and Michigan Boulevard at 1 o'clock in the afternoon as he, with a blond youth, were hurried along with a crowd towards a train bound for the races at Washington Park. The "blond" youth stepped back a few paces, whipped out a snub-nosed revolver, shot Jake in the head, killing him instantly.

The terrible truth that the bloody hand of Gangland had struck below the belt this time came upon those who saw the two beautiful little children of Jake Lingle as they tried to play in the sunshine on the front lawn. Big Shots from the upperworld came to pay respects to Jake—Arthur W. Cutten, the stock broker who could lose 15 million in a day, and Oscar E. Carlstrom, the attorney general, and Samuel A. Ettelson, the corporation counsel, who was said to be the power behind the throne in Chicago municipal affairs, and a small army of the toilers from the staff of the Tribune where Jake had worked for eighteen years. William Russell, commissioner of police, headed the pallbearers. Jimmy Murphy, veteran reporter, lifted his hands to the casket as it was borne out of the flower-filled room, as did Eddie Johnson the ace "photog" for the Tribune. The long funeral cortege formed at Garfield Park and Central Park Avenue and moved impressively down Jackson Boulevard to Our Lady of Sorrows church. Pageantry of flags. Muffled drums! Ah! Let Gangland see this and tremble! The casket bearing Reporter Jake Lingle was lifted from the hearse and borne into the church. Attention! The detachment of Illinois naval reserves led by Capt. Edward Evers and Lieutenant Commander Elmer Carlson stiffened! So did the Legion units, the Peoples Gas, Commonwealth Edison, Board of Trade and Medill-Tribune posts, each in brilliant uniform. The Very Rev. Jerome Mulhorn, a close friend of this reporter whose friendships were endless celebrated the requiem high mass, and when the services were over the military escort again formed. Led by the mounted police the escort marched again down Jackson Boulevard to Garfield Park to disband. The funeral cortege proceeded on the Mount Carmel, where the sailor lads, standing at the grave of Jake Lingle, the reporter, fired a salute. A naval bugler sounded taps, and that was the burial of Jake Lingle—reporter.

Reporter? Yes, indeed a reporter, but what else? The clods of freshly turned earth on Jake Lingle's grave had scarcely dried and crumbled to dust when Jake Lingle, the reporter, scrutinized on page one, began to turn into Jake Lingle, racketeer. Tragically enough, it became increasingly apparent that suave Jake Lingle, for eighteen years a reporter in the shadowy realm of Gangland, had himself been touched by the shadows.

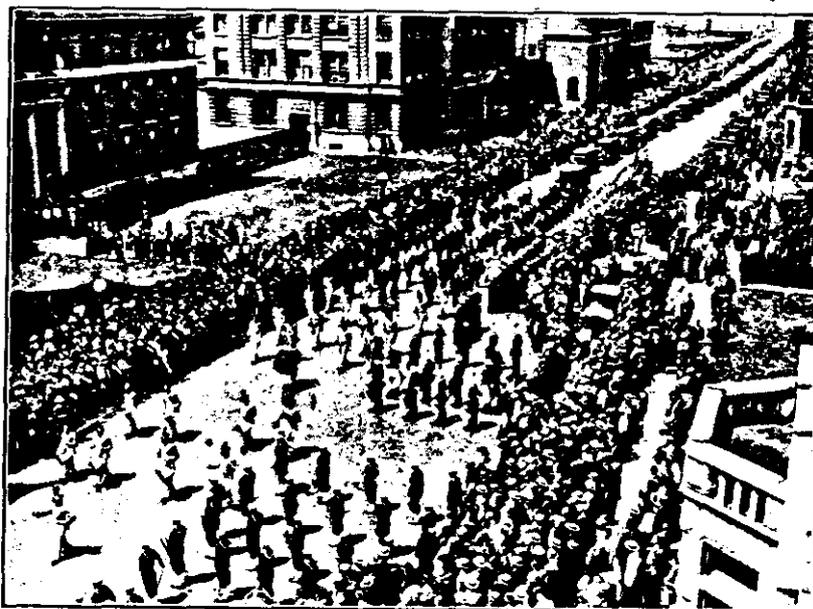
That "martyr" funeral had been held too soon—three days too soon. It soon became apparent as the financial affairs of the sixty-five dollar a week police reporter were spread out under the big headlines that Jake Lingle's funeral belonged to Gangland.

Alas! Alas! The better element this time had given a racketeer a funeral—and the swellest of them all!

It seemed incredible and yet the facts eloquently told that it was true. In less than three years the sixty-five-dollar reporter—a salary commensurate with his ability, his newspaper said—had deposited to his personal account approximately \$60,000. An appalled and fascinated public—fascinated because it was felt that now the mystery of Gangland was about to be dispelled—saw, under those headlines, the amazing story of the murdered reporter's frenzied stock market speculations—how, in 1929, he had run up a paper profit of \$85,000. His stock market flights with his friend, the police commissioner, William E. Russell! . . . The diamond belt—a gift from Al Capone. Could it be true that he had been a friend of the Big Fellow? Well, well, well! Now there was the time during the McSwiggin case when they had the Big Boy in custody over there in the state's attorney's office, and the Big Boy would take no food—except what Jake Lingle went out and got for him. Of course he was a friend of Capone.

A great moral outcry! Imagine a newspaper man, working for a nominal salary, on assignments necessitating association day after day, week after week, year after year, with men whose pockets were stuffed with money, who could betray his newspaper, who could fall before temptation. Oh, well, the moralists have it!

As an aftermath of this discovery that



JAKE LINGLE BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS. The funeral of "Jake" Lingle, Chicago Tribune reporter, slain by Gangsters, was one of the most impressive ever held in Chicago. One newspaper described it as befitting a Field Marshal. Lingle was buried a martyr. Since the funeral an investigation has disclosed that he was murdered, not because he was a reporter, but in spite of it.

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Jake Lingle, reporter also was Jake Lingle racketeer, and, to borrow a phrase, the unofficial chief of police of Chicago," the Commissioner of Police, William Russell resigned his job. So did Deputy Commissioner of Detectives, John Stege, the brave and dauntless fellow who had slapped Louie (State and Madison Street) Alterie in the face. The righteous demanded that they resign. A new commissioner, Captain John Alcock was appointed. Mayor Thompson told him to run the crooks and the gangsters out of town, and he began by raising hell with the police department. Another shakeup. His subordinate Deputy Commissioner Norton, ably assisted. States Attorney John A. Swanson commissioned Pat Roche, famous federal investigator, to solve the Lingle murder.

The investigation looked good in its early stages but later developments indicated rather plainly that some of the many resolutions which many organizations had passed concerning Jake's high moral character were rather premature.

It was found that the snub-nosed .38, with which the racketeering reporter had been assassinated, had been purchased months before by our old acquaintances, Frankie Foster and Teddy Newberry, the disgruntled Moran henchmen who had deserted to enlist under the banner of the Big Fellow.

Foster was apprehended in Los Angeles, whither he had fled two days after the murder with a naive explanation "This town's too hot for me." During the investigation Jack Zuta, the Moran lieutenant, was taken into custody and questioned at the detective bureau. When his inquisitors were done with him, he strolled up to Lieutenant George Barker, who had arrested him, and said, "They'll kill me before I can get to Madison Street. You brought me here, now take me back."



Alphonse Capone, the Big Fellow of Gangland, taking it easy in Florida where he has a great estate.

Oh, I'll take you as far as Madison," said Barker, and they started—Zuta in the rear seat accompanied by Solly Vision, with Albert Bratz in the front seat.

Zuta had good grounds for his fears. Bullets soon started to fly about brilliantly lighted State Street, a street-car motorman was killed, an innocent bystander wounded, but Mr. Zuta slipped away unhurt, as did the attacking automobile with the aid of a smoke screen.

Jack Zuta was, however, living on borrowed time, and on August 1st he was shot to death

where he had been hiding since the State Street episode at a resort hotel on upper Nemahbin lake, near Waukesha. His lieutenant, Solly Vision, has not been seen or heard from, and it is rumored that he also has been slain. Papers taken from Zuta's clothing indicated that boozedom's profits are still good as indicated on a balance sheet of July 23, 1930, which showed a profit of \$35,225.00. Albert Bratz, in whose home Zuta had been hiding and whose automobile Zuta had been using, has also disappeared. Zuta's connection with the Lingle slaying is still a mystery as far as the public is concerned. Chicago police intimate that Zuta's death might have been due to the Capone gangs intention of taking control of the north side booze territory of the Moran gang and some significance was attached to the recent return of Alphonse Capone to Chicago.

"Who Killed Jake Lingle and Why?" is as big a mystery as ever. Maybe it will eventually take its place up there with the other Big Question, "Who Killed McSwiggin and Why?"

ERRATUM: Since the printing of the Chapter on McSwiggin, the authors have learned that Harry Madigan, former owner of the saloon in front of which William McSwiggin was killed, has been incorrectly quoted on page 28 regarding his relations with Al Capone.



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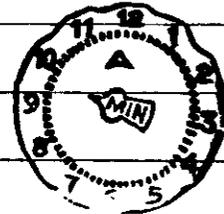
Bureau of Investigation

From: Division Seven Room 432

12-26 1939.

To: Director.
 Mr. Nathan.
 Mr. Tolson.
 Chief, Div. 2.
 Chief, Div. 3.
 Chief, Div. 4.
 Chief, Div. 5.
 Chief, Div. 6.
 Chief, Div. 8.
 Miss Gandy.
 Personnel Files.
 Supply Division.
 Division of Acc'ts.

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EXIT MR. TORRIO



We now come to the last days of Johnny Torrio, the Big Boy who wasn't quite big enough. His song and dance are just about over, and we shall see him presently as he bounces out of his own show, leaving the spotlight entirely to Al Capone who is plenty big, and growing bigger.

After paying his respects to the memory of Dion O'Banion by slinking after midnight into the North Side funeral parlor where the body lay awaiting burial on the morrow, Johnny returned to his bungalow on the South Side with a feeling of uneasiness as to the success of his plans for bringing peace and quiet to gun-shot Gangland. The grieving survivors who had sat around the room in which O'Banion's coffin stood heavily banked with flowers seemed deliberately to ignore him as he had stepped furtively into the room. Maybe they resented the fact that Casey and another body guard of swarthy-complexion were with him. At any rate Johnny, awkward and uncomfortable, had mumbled some asininity to the effect that it was tough that "Deany" had to go, and then had bowed out. Johnny knew his visit had been a complete flop. He had kidded no one, not even the pompous politicians whom he had met there and who had seemed as uncomfortable as he, although for entirely different reasons. His own floral offering, a modest wreath which read simply "From Johnny" had been booted out into the alley, and Al Capone's gaudy tribute too had been kicked to pieces. The spies had rushed to him with this information. Not a single word had been exchanged between him and those chief mourners. But there had been a reply, louder than words. It glittered from the eyes of "Little Hymie" Weiss, and Louie Alterie and "Bugs" Moran, and Vincent Drucci, and Leo Mongoven, and Frankie Foster and all the rest of that surly mob. What it said to Torrio's presence at O'Banion's wake was this: OH, YEAH?

The ancient cynicism that every man has his price had been cherished and worked for all it was worth by Johnny Torrio during his long and successful career as an underworld leader. But keen as was his understanding of human nature, until right now he had never understood so poignantly that alliances formed by Dion O'Banion had been built on something stronger than a bankroll. It was friendship, loyalty and affection. In his ability to inspire affection from his thugs and murderers O'Banion had never been equalled by any leader in Gangland, although Capone himself was later to surround himself with a group of loyal and devoted henchmen.

The murder of O'Banion had struck deeper than Torrio had expected, for now the heart of every follower of the amazing Irishman burned with a consuming fire of revenge, and the result of it was the spectacular elimination of the Gennas and the precipitate flight of Torrio himself to the safety of a jail cell.

And now we come to the little blow-torch who stepped up to leadership in the North Side gang. At the grave "Little Hymie" Weiss had wept and vowed revenge, and had said that there would be no leader. "We'll just carry on as one gang," he had said. Of course this was applesauce. Every O'Banion successor knew that "Little Hymie" was something of an extraordinary fellow, brainy and with "guts" and that whatever he might say would go.

Well, "Little Hymie" lost no time in getting into action. A few hours after the funeral he inaugurated the first of what was to be a long series of punitive expeditions into the preserves of Torrio and Capone and the doomed Genna brothers. To the end of his days he always referred contemptuously to them as "grease balls," a phrase he persisted in using even when discussing them with O'Banion. It was Weiss who was the nuclei of revolt in the first place, for he nourished a deadly hatred for the Italians which he could ill-conceal. Legend has it that he ordered an expedition of vengeance into Capone-land immediately on his return from the cemetery and before the tears had vanished from his eyes. The tale is probably apocryphal, but "Little Hymie" was capable of impulsive action. It was his ability to get things done in a hurry, that enabled him to swell the profits of his gang until they were all enormously wealthy. In many respects this sardonic Pole was Gangland's most amazing personality and, had he lived he would surely have become the Big Fellow. Weiss was a man of tremendous courage despite his slight stature. He was capable of unbelievable rages, and long periods of moody silence. From the floral shop, above which he had elaborate offices, he could stand on the spot where O'Banion had fallen, and, looking through the huge plate-glass window, see the beautiful facade of Holy Name Cathedral and the famous corner-stone which read:

*At the name of Jesus every knee should
Bend in heaven and on earth.*

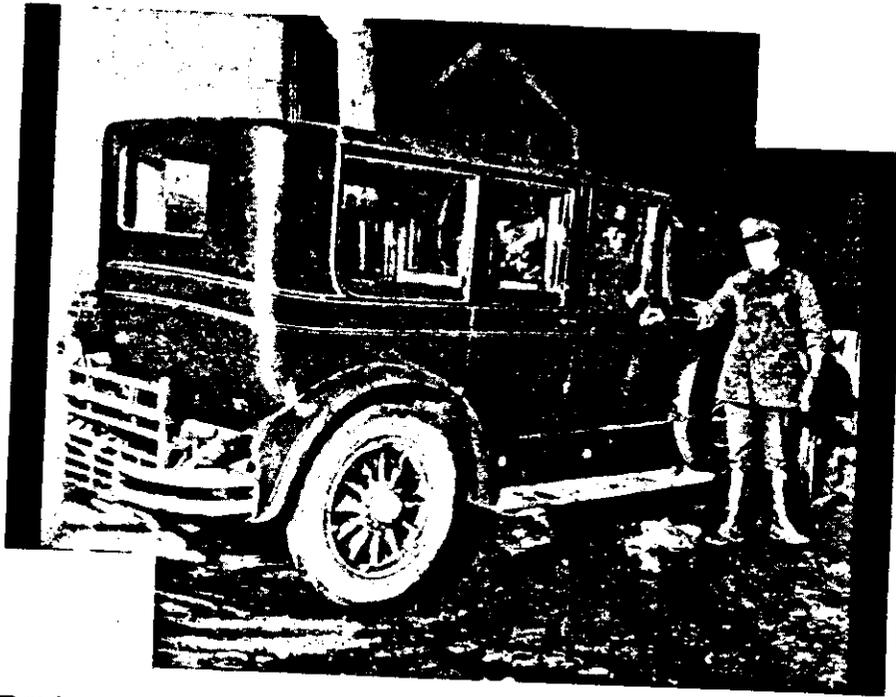
For long periods he would gaze moodily at it and then, turning suddenly on his heel shout a blasphemous order which would send his henchmen scampering into action. "Little Hymie" who had a premonition of an early death, once said that although he didn't expect to live long, he did expect to live long enough. His premonition was a good one, for he was to live but twenty-two months and fifteen days, counting from O'Banion's death.

For more than forty days "Little Hymie" failed to find an opportunity to take a shot at either Signor Capone or Torrio, although he and his men toured their territory almost constantly. And they toured in the finest automobiles that money could buy, and every automobile was equipped like an arsenal. On January 12 spies in the Capone territory whispered to "Little Hymie" that the "grease-ball" was pruning himself in front of his hotel, the Hawthorne Arms. Eleven powerful limousines and touring cars glided by the hotel, and from every one of them came a volley of gunfire. But no one was injured, except an old lady who was passing and a small boy, neither seriously. It is said that Al sent \$5,000 in bills to the old lady. Every building in the block, however, was sprinkled with lead and neither Torrio nor Capone had to scratch their heads to think who might have made the attack. Hymie had failed, but he still had about 19 months more to live. He



Meet "Little Hymie" Weiss, successor to Dion O'Banion, in the days when he was a mere bank robber and tough guy. "Little Hymie" possessed a blow-torch personality as you ought to be able to see from this photograph. "I'll kill you for this," was only part of what he said when this picture was being made.

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Here is the car in which Johnny Torrio and Mrs. Torrio rode as they were being followed and fired upon by George "Bugs" Moran, "Little Hymie" Weiss and Schemer Drucci.

got busier than ever, and on January 24, 1925, just twelve days later, he and George "Bugs" Moran who were cruising on the South Side, spotted Johnny Torrio and Mrs. Torrio, his Irish wife, driving down the Boul Mich in their limousine with a chauffeur at the wheel. This was sweet! George and Hymie, instructed their chauffeur, "Nigger" Pellar, not a Negro, to make for the "grease-ball." The automobile darted crazily in and out of traffic in an effort to get into a position to "let him have it" but Johnny, who had become cognizant of their presence, was trying to escape. He kept well in front until his automobile finally drew up in front of his little bungalow at 7011 Clyde Avenue, a few blocks from Chicago's aristocratic South Shore Country Club. Johnny jumped from the car, literally dragging his wife out after him. But the savage gangsters were upon him before he had taken a dozen steps. A dozen shots or more were fired. George Moran, afraid he might miss, had placed himself on the running board, and, as the car slowed down he leapt out and, with a gun in each hand, poured lead at the underworld lord. Torrio fell to the cement walk. People were beginning to appear on front porches, heads were sticking out of the windows of apartment buildings. The killers, believing that Torrio was dead, made away at top speed, taking a corner on two wheels.

But Little Johnny Torrio was not dead. As his hysterical wife bent over his prostrate body, he opened his eyes and moaned for a doctor. When one came Johnny again brought himself to consciousness long enough to whisper that the wounds be cauterized. Little Johnny thought of everything. Half-dead and in agony he could remember that the balls of lead which burned in his body might have been rubbed with garlic and that, though the bullets themselves might not kill him, the poison from lead and garlic would. "Cauterize it! Cauterize it!" he moaned everytime he could bring himself up to the marginal of consciousness, and, all the way in the ambulance to the Jackson Park Hospital, the attendants heard this order again and again.

And, as they took him in the hospital on the stretcher, Little Johnny had another bright idea, proving again that he could think of everything. The idea this time was that he be placed in a room away from a window, and far removed from a fire escape. Later he insisted that his own body guard be increased. And it was.



Gangland's favorite Undertaking parlor — a prosperous business.

The newspapers blazed with the story of the attempted assassination. The police came to Johnny's bedside with questions and so did representatives from the office of the state's attorney. "Who did it," they asked, wasting good breath, for Johnny, coward though he was at heart, would not violate law No. 1 in Gangland's code, namely that you must never squawk to a policeman. But they persisted with the questioning. "Don't you know who they were," asked John Sbarbaro, an assistant state's attorney. "Oh, hell," replied Johnny in exasperation, "Of course I know. I'll tell you later." But he never did. Neither could Attorney Sbarbaro pry any information from Capone nor from Mrs. Torrio. "Why should I tell," replied Mrs. Torrio "It wouldn't do any good." Mrs. Torrio knew her Chicago. The amiable Al who stood out in the corridor of the hospital room parrying questions with reporters found it more difficult to repress himself, and once, his emotions bubbled over. "The gang did it, the gang did it," cried Al impulsively and then, as if to kick himself, snapped his mouth shut. When reporters pressed him after this, he too said "I'll tell you later." And he did, but in a curious way as we shall see.

A small boy who had witnessed the shooting of Torrio was shown a picture, taken at the funeral of O'Banion, and he pointed out George "Bugs" Moran as one of the assassins. George, along with other gangsters, was gathered in and again identified by the boy who picked him out from a group of men. Eventually Moran was released on \$5,000 bonds (small change to Gangland) and nothing came of the case.

"Little Hymie" had failed to get the "grease-ball" but his attempt had not been in vain. Though he had not killed Torrio, he had killed Torrio's career. What's more he had caused the complexion of Signor Torrio to turn a definite yellow. He had had enough, quite enough. When his wounds had healed, Torrio left the hospital by a side entrance. A vast body guard engulfed him. Torrio had thought of a way by which he could keep clear of any more attacks from "Little Hymie" Weiss. Torrio thought of everything. This time he thought it would be fine if he could go to jail and let the law protect him. You will remember that Little Johnny and O'Banion were arrested together one cold morning in front of the Sieben brewery? Well, there was a Federal "rap" awaiting Johnny on that, and he had decided that it would be useless and wonderful not to contest it further. Indeed, he induced the authorities to let him begin serving his year's sentence on February 7, instead of February 27, the date set by the government originally. And so Little Johnny crept into a jail cell and he "selected" a jail as far away from Chicago as possible. It was in Waukegan, Illinois. The doors of his cell slam shut and we shall see him no more.

Johnny Torrio, the boy who had been known on the old east side of New York as "Terrible Johnny" was terrible no longer. He had had enough. What kind of a life did Johnny lead in the Waukegan cell? He asked and received an "inside" room, and he contrived to lay himself down at night in such a position as to make him inaccessible to the naked eye (and the garlic bullet from the outside). At the end of his sentence, ten months later, he dropped completely out of sight and nothing has been heard in Chicago of him since. One rumor has it that he is somewhere in New Jersey, another that he is in Italy. Our guess is that he is in Italy. It is farther away from Chicago's Gangland.

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THEME for a COMIC OPERA



Let us now regale ourselves with a performance of Chicago's most famous municipal comic opera, otherwise known as the Cook County jail sentence of Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake. It will be remembered that Terry and Frankie had been assigned to the custody for one year of Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman by Federal Judge James Wilkerson. Well, they have, at this time, been serving that sentence for several months.

How are the merry alchemists who made a million dollars or more over there in the old Valley District bearing up under this affliction? Are they languishing in cells, wondering if the long dull hours will ever pass? Are they trying to endure the terrible monotony of existence by scrubbing the long marble corridors and offices of this municipal institution?

Don't be silly! Terry and Frankie have been granted special privileges by Sheriff Hoffman and his warden, Mr. Wesley Westbrook. It is true that they must undergo the nuisance of answering roll call every morning, but from then on their time is their own and they may come and go as often as they please. Everything was plenty dandy for these princely inseparables until Mr. Druggan, who always had a hasty temper anyway, made one of the gravest errors in his career. Mr. Druggan smacked a newspaper reporter on the nose for making a wise-crack about these privileges, and the newspaper reporter hit him right back with a newspaper article which precipitated a great big investigation in which Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman was probed and pryed, and pryed and probed and the prying and probing was done by none other than Federal Judge James Wilkerson.

When Chicago was first informed of these "special privileges," Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman went out and bought himself a false-face of indignation and surprise. And then, publicly and on page one, he fired Mr. Westbrook, his old friend and warden. So grieved was Mr. Westbrook that, in Judge Wilkerson's courtroom, he broke down and told all, which was plenty. The theme song of his testimony was a waltz to the effect that "the sheriff is to blame."

According to Mr. Westbrook the Sheriff was greatly exercised over the fact that poor Terry and Frankie had to serve a jail sentence at all and he set out, therefore, to make it as easy as possible for them. Special passes at first were issued to friends of the two liquor lords and the jail was an open house to them most of the time. The ex-warden said that Sheriff Hoffman sent word to him that Terry was to be permitted to transact his business while in jail. Other prisoners were not permitted to transact business of course, but, according to the Sheriff, Terry was a fine fellow and lots of men worse than he were running loose around town.

"How did you do it?" asked attorneys when Terry and Frankie were put on the stand. "It was easy," testified Frankie, "we paid for it and we paid plenty." When Frankie said this Judge Wilkerson ordered the arrest of Mr. Westbrook, Hans Thompson, former jail guard who also had been fired, and Henry Foerst, who was secretary to the Warden. It was to these officials, said Frankie, that much money was paid and often.

Thompson, sitting in the courtroom at the time, readily confirmed Frankie's story. "Everybody else got his and I got mine," he said naively. Frankie went on in greater detail. He said that he and Druggan paid \$2,000 a month

for quarters in the jail hospital which are more desirable quarters than the ordinary cell. The beer barons placed \$1,000 in an envelope on the 16th and the last days of each month and left the envelope in a certain room. Then they walked out.

"Once I peeked," testified Frankie, "and I saw Warden Westbrook come in and help himself to the dough." Frankie said that each and every privilege cost them plenty. He said that he paid \$100 for permission to attend the funeral of his sister; that it cost him \$1,000 to get out of jail for "good behavior" several months before his sentence expired.

Terry and Frankie insisted that neither of them had ever paid any money personally to Sheriff Hoffman, but their gallant gesture didn't mean a thing. Judge Wilkerson regarded the hospitality of Sheriff Hoffman as being in contempt of court and in a crisp way of his he consigned Sheriff Hoffman to a jail cell for thirty days—without privileges.

The sentence seemed a light one, but it was a sentence of death to Mr. Hoffman as a politician. He entered the jail cell in due time and he has not been heard of around this town since.

Messrs. Druggan and Lake on the other hand sallied forth from the courtroom to freedom and increased riches. Although the production of beer on a vast scale as had been practiced in the old days had become an uncertain and perilous business, they had already made enough money to enable them to live in luxury. But, once a racketeer always a racketeer, and Terry and Frankie were presently trying to find outlet for their vast talents in the gambling racket. Terry who had acquired himself a beautiful estate in the North Suburbs amused himself with a stable of horses. In June, 1927, betting in Illinois was virtually legalized in a statute approving the pari-mutual. In July Mr. Druggan attracted some attention to himself by rushing into court seeking injunctions against several race tracks.

Terry charged a conspiracy to monopolize racing in violation of the Interstate Commerce Law in the shipping of race horses, but by the time the petition came up for argument the racing season was over and the matter was dropped. Terry's move was one of the many incidents which presaged the great gambling war, of which you shall presently hear. Except for this mad rush for the protection of the law—a pronounced characteristic of the true gangster—Mr. Druggan and Mr. Lake were comparatively quiet after their sensational appearance as comic opera stars.

The business of manufacturing beer had pretty well petered out. But Terry and Frankie should worry! As we have seen they had jumped into the business at the beginning. By the time the "heat" from the law was settling over the town, these princely inseparables had made enough money to cause the government to attack them from another angle. Consequently, they are now worrying about the income tax men, and are now facing trial for income tax violations. Terry and Frankie will go down in the records as the Damon and Pythias of Gangland but at this writing, alas, alas, trouble had come between them, and they are so mad at each other that they do not speak on the street. A red-headed mama, it is said, had brought the inseparables to a parting of the ways.

This was revealed recently when Captain William F. Waugh asked leave of Federal Judge Wilkerson to withdraw as counsel for Frankie Lake in the income tax troubles. The Judge appeared surprised.

"Oh, they're not the good friends they used to be," explained Captain Waugh.

Frankie pulled what Terry regarded as an unforgivable offense to their long friendship when he was arrested at a tea dance in company with the aforementioned red-headed mama. Frankie carried the customary gat.

"If you haven't got any more sense than to put yourself in the coppers' way, inviting arrest and causing all of this bum publicity for both of us, we're all through. You might just as well get a soap box and dare the cops to pick you up.

Lake is now in Detroit, doing well in the ice business.

LITTLE HYMIE WIPES OUT the GENNAS



"Little Hymie" Weiss had got off to a flying start by eliminating Johnny Torrio and he still had about nineteen months left in which to besmear the town with blood, before the "Big Fellow" Alphonse Capone, was to blast him into eternity. Capone, however, who could always appreciate a good man had come to admire ferocious "Little Hymie" despite all the nasty things he had said and done; and, as one of his first royal acts, offered pardon to Weiss if he would promise to behave himself and return to the fold. While "Little Hymie" was considering the Big Fellow's proposals, the Big Fellow was having a tough time of it right in his own home precincts.

A courageous editor of a Cicero newspaper had undertaken the ambitious project of relieving his town of the presence of King Capone and his numerous business activities. He used pitiless publicity which, true enough, is a swell weapon. The editor, Mr. Arthur St. John, made one grave error however. He neglected to acquire the services of a few platoons of infantry. For some time his paper appeared regularly with fine attacks upon King Capone urging the good people of Cicero to get behind the campaign and push. Mr. St. John's immediate rewards were rather terrible. One fine afternoon early in March, some tough gentlemen who had warned him repeatedly to keep his mouth shut, picked him up and went off with him. When he returned to his friends a few days later, they could hardly believe he was the same man, for Mr. St. John had been severely beaten in all visible places. This treatment inspired another throaty yell from Mr. Robert E. Crowe, but why go into it? He ordered that King Capone be haled before him forthwith which was done.

The king came down to the Criminal Courts Building in the style that befitted his exalted position. He appeared in a new automobile, the like of which had never been seen before on the streets and boulevards of the fourth metropolis of the world. It weighed about seven tons, four tons more than your automobile, its windows were fitted with bullet-proof glass, and it was plastered with large sheets of armor-plate. Mr. Capone still uses this disguised tank whenever he is in Chicago. To those of us who did not know at this time that King Capone was offering peace to Hymie Weiss, the big automobile was taken as overt proof that Capone intended to stay on his throne and to hell with those who didn't like it.

King Capone's call on the state's attorney came to nothing. So did his overtures for peace. The peace proposal had been made at a banquet held in a famous restaurant just off Wacker Drive which still operates under the same Italian name. It was proposed that Gangland should be divided in half with Madison Street the dividing line. For a couple of months "Little Hymie" who had certain definite misgivings as to the sincerity of King Capone's peaceful impulses, be-

haved himself and strictly observed the terms of the pact. He was busy anyway, with the government who had insisted on his standing trial in the Federal building on a booze charge. With him on the same charge was Dapper Dan McCarthy, a member of his gang. During the process of this trial "Little Hymie" discovered that the peace banquet had been merely an attempt to throw him off his guard and the discovery brings us to acquaintanceship with two of the most sinister figures who have ever skidded

across blood-streaked Gangland. Signor John Scalice and Signor Anselmi. Killers de luxe, these men had been summoned from far off Sicily by Mike and Angelo Genna shortly before the death of O'Banion. How long they had been in town is not certain, but "Little Hymie" discovered them one day during the progress of his trial up there in the Federal building. A member of "Little Hymie's" gang—they were all in the courtroom—noticed a stool pigeon for the Capone gang in earnest conversation with two strangers—Scalice and Anselmi. The stool pigeon was "fingering" every North Side gangster in the courtroom. Why did these two strange Italians appear so interested in learning the identities of the Weiss henchmen? The observant North Side gangster hurriedly dispatched another one of his companions down stairs and outside to determine whether or not any of the Capone boys were about. Sure enough, outside the gangster came upon Al's big armor-plated Lincoln parked around the corner on Adams Street. He examined the car quickly and found that it was well-stocked with sawed-off shot-guns and other artillery. In a few minutes Scalice and Anselmi, together with a chauffeur who had sprung up from somewhere, got in Al's car and drove away.



Angelo Genna, youngest of the Gennas, and the first to be murdered by the North Side gangsters.



"Mike" Genna, toughest of the Gennas, which is saying a mouthful. His last act in this life was to kick an ambulance attendant in the face.

All this meant but one thing to "Little Hymie"—war. He soon determined that Scalice and Anselmi spent a great deal of their time in Cicero, although they appeared to be body guards for Mike and Angelo Genna. "Little Hymie" resumed his expeditions into the Genna territory; he began "absorbing" speakeasies which belonged to the arrogant brothers. For several weeks Gangland was comparatively quiet, except for an unimportant and mysterious "ride" murder here and there. The South Side O'Donnells were still battling Messrs. Saltis and MacEarlane on occasions and there was much muscling and double-crossing in every quarter. "Spike" O'Donnell's greatest personal blow came on April 17 when his foolhardy brother, Walter, was mortally wounded during an attempt to terrorize and hold-up a roadhouse in the Saltis country. Walter died on May 9.

Every police official in Chicago as well as those "in the know" looked forward to an unprece-

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Anthony Genna the "fix" for the Genna brothers.

ented display of fireworks from Gangland any day. It came on May 26. Angelo Genna, outstanding of the six Genna brothers, was the first to die. Angelo who had built up an "alky" business on the West Side in Little Italy, enjoyed protection from the police, particularly from the police of the Maxwell Station in his district. He had once staged a great party in a loop hotel attended by State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe and four of his detectives. Other public officials had attended, including a

judge of the superior court. Crowe made the principal address to the sleek Italian gangsters, many of whom are now dead. Sticky with wealth, and power the Gennas were a ghastly mob at the time O'Banion and his boys began to push them around, and they strengthened their ties with Capone as well as smuggling a number of their countrymen into Chicago purely for killing purposes. Angelo had married a daughter of a prominent Italian and, foolishly enough, had established her in a beautiful apartment far up north on Sheridan road. Angelo was driving from this apartment westward over Ogden Avenue in his long powerful "sport" model automobile on May 26 when an automobile containing four men darted along side his machine and deposited a dozen or more slugs into his body, killing him instantly. Angelo was given a great funeral, greater even than O'Banion had been given. More flowers, more politicians, costlier casket. It may have been that the remaining Gennas wanted to impress "Little Hymie." If so, the gesture was futile.

"Little Hymie" continued his forays into the Genna country around Taylor Street, determined to wipe out the entire mob. Illustrative of his courage and recklessness a police squad came upon him and George "Bugs" Moran one evening as they strolled nonchalantly down Taylor street. "What are you birds doin' here?" asked one of the friendly officers; "don't you think its pretty hot over here for you?" A volley of oaths greeted the query. "Hell no," declared Moran, "I wish one of these 'wops' would show himself. I'm nuts to blow off some greaseball's head."

Well, the next Genna to die was Mike, most ferocious of them all which is saying a lot. He departed this life on June 13, 1925, just eighteen days after Angelo became defunct. Along with the two masters of murder, Scalice and Anselmi, Mike was touring about his domain looking for "Little Hymie" and Moran who were reported in the neighborhood. Somewhere, the spot has never been marked, there was an encounter in which, apparently, the North Side men got the worst of it. At any rate Mike and his murderers sped on at a terrific pace, thinking that they were being pursued when, as a matter of fact, Hymie and "Bugs" retired to their own preserves, possibly with a wounded henchman in their

automobile. But the most ferocious of all the Gennas raced on at crazy speed. The pavements were wet and slippery for there had been a sudden downpour early that morning. As their automobile shot down Western Avenue at Forty-Seventh Street, Mike was recognized by Detective Michael J. Conway, who, with two other officers, sat in a parked automobile. They pursued the automobile, with gong sounding and horn roaring. At 59th Street, a truck turned directly into the path of the on-coming Genna automobile, now going faster than ever, and there was a terrific screeching of brakes as Mike attempted to avert a collision and death. His automobile swerved around like a top and then skidded into a concrete lamp post, completely wrecking the machine. At this moment the police drew up. "What's the big idea" demanded Officer Olson, leaping out of the automobile, "didn't you hear our gong?" For answer there was a roar from the revolver of Scalice and Anselmi, and the top of Officer Olson's head was blown off, and an aged mother who was deaf and four young brothers were left to mourn him.

Almost before the officers could draw their revolvers there was a second blast and Officer Walsh died; a third blast and Officer Conway, terribly wounded, fell to the pavement. Scalice and Anselmi began to run down the street which by this time was filled with horror-stricken people. Mike Genna fled in a different direction across a vacant lot.

Officer Sweeny selected the Genna to pursue, and across the lot he went, firing his revolver every few paces. Sweeny was gaining on the savage Genna when suddenly Mike turned in his tracks, took careful aim and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for Sweeny the cartridge did not explode, and Mike turned to resume his flight. Sweeny now stopped and took aim, and a bullet tore into Genna's leg, severing an artery. Genna, bleeding to death, continued to run, leaving a trail of blood behind him. He jumped over a fence and rushed for the doorway of a basement into which he disappeared. In the meantime unexpected help



Pete Genna, one of the two living Genna brothers. He isn't in Chicago however, for he was chased out of town by "Little Hymie" Weiss.

had come in the person of Officer Rickett who had been passing on a street car and had seen the running battle. Both officers dashed into the basement. Mike lay in the darkness of a corner. More dead than alive he raised his weapon, pointed it at the men and again pulled the trigger. There was an explosion this time but the man was dying and his aim had been unsteady and the bullet went wild. Death had Mike Genna in his cold grip by the time two ambulance attendants arrived with a stretcher to bear the wounded bootlegger off to a hospital. As they laid gentle hands on him, Mike again brought himself to consciousness. With a great and last effort, Mike raised his leg and



Death Corner in Chicago—Milton and Oak Streets. At least fifteen gangsters have been put on the "spot" at this corner.

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WOOPEE SPOTS IN CHICAGO NIGHT LIFE



The Wigwam

Hawthorne Hotel

Midnight Frolics

Cotton Club

Green Mill

kicked one of the men in the face. "Take that you bastard," said Mike. And thus died the most ferocious of the Gennas.

Meanwhile Scalice and Anselmi raced on, down streets, through alleys, beneath elevated railway structures. A mob followed them and the mob grew in numbers every block and Scalice and Anselmi knew there was no escape for them. When they were arrested they had turned into a clothing store. They offered no resistance as they were led out of a building into a squad car. You may be sure that the reception these terrible men received at the nearest police station was one that Scalice and Anselmi carried with them for a long time. Indeed, the only punishment Scalice and Anselmi really ever received at the hands of the law was administered during those few hours as guests of the police.

The deaths of the police officers inflamed the public as none of the crimes of Gangland had ever before inflamed it. What Mr. Crowe said this time was that Scalice and Anselmi ought to be taken out and hanged by the neck without the formality of a trial. As events proved, this would have been a swell thing, not only for Scalice and Anselmi but for Mr. Crowe and for the Maxwell Station police. For during the long and futile trial of Scalice and Anselmi, an attorney for them was to rise to his feet one day and, flourishing a little red note-book in his hand, shout: "I have here, the names of the policemen that Mike Genna paid every month. Two hundred of them belonged to the Maxwell Street Station, two squads came from the central office, and one from the state's attorney's office." Well, the defendants were acquitted eventually. A detailed story of the long and laborious legal machinations would require more pages than are to be found in this book. It is interesting to note however that all the "alky" cooks in the Maxwell Street district rallied to their defense, feeling, as they did, that their countrymen were being discriminated against. A vast fund was collected. Strangely enough the collection of this fund was a great factor in finally wrecking the Genna rule altogether, for there was

much double-crossing and pocketing of funds and the "alky" cooks finally began to war among themselves. It was all very fine for "Little Hymie" to look upon, and all very sad for King Capone to look upon.

The burial of Mike Genna was a great spectacle, and one of the last. The public became bored with it all, and twenty-five days later another automobile, equipped with a police gong (Hymie Weiss had thus equipped one of his machines) drew up to Anthony, youngest of the Gennas, who stood unsuspectingly on the sidewalk, and killed him neatly and without undue waste of ammunition. The last rites were performed hurriedly, ominously and without display. Only a few mourners were there; wild-eyed men and a dozen or more crying women and children. And Tony was buried at night.

The Gennas now saw the hand of doom stretching into their domain. Jim Genna, panic-stricken disappeared. It is said he returned to Italy. Five years later, as we shall see, he was again to return and his presence again drenched Gangland with blood. Only one Genna remained, who to this day is occasionally caught in the police dragnet; and is led out at the regular show-ups along with the pickpockets, bums and unimportant characters to be laughed at.

Amid all this chaos King Capone was compelled to permit the killing of three "alky" cooks who had thought the demoralized state of affairs in Gangland would enable them to get away with some effective and profitable double-crossing. The penalty for this unpardonable offense was first paid by Tony Campagna on July 10; five days later Sam Lavenuto and James Russo kicked in. Sam was murdered in the forenoon; James got it after lunch.

The swift punishment meted out to these insignificant henchmen brought more terror to the "alky" cooks and the beautiful result of it all was that for a long period lasting until well into the New Year, 1926, the disturbances in Little Italy were few and unimportant.

ROMES, HAUNTS AND HEADQUARTERS OF FAMOUS CHICAGO GANGSTERS



Left to right: The Beuzzi Hotel, frequented by "Little Hymie" Weiss and Drucchi; Metropole once headquarters for Capone gang, and the Lexington Hotel, present headquarters.

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TWO POLES MEET



Side beer front was George "Big Karl" Bates a Sheldon man. In addition to taking his life, the Saltis killers also helped themselves to his sizable bankroll of \$2,000. The next month, August, another Sheldon "traitor" died at the hands of the Saltis' killers. He was William "Buddy" Dickman, a close friend of Bates. Buddy's life was particularly desired. He had been close to Big Joe Saltis and he knew too much to live. Saltis lived in terror that Buddy would squawk, sooner or later.

And so, as you can see, affairs were going nicely with Polack Saltis and Frankie MacEarlane. For a few weeks they took things easy, except for one more unsuccessful attempt on "Spike" O'Donnell's life. In this affray, staged in front of the O'Donnell home during the luncheon hour, the O'Donnell automobile was reduced to the outward aspect of a battered tin-can. October 4, 1925, a spectacular attack was made on the Sheldon headquarters in the Ragan Colts' Athletic Club, a notorious spot for a quarter of a century. Hundreds of bullets were fired, but none of the Sheldon hoodlums were injured, although a hangeron Charles Kelly, was killed. A few days later indefatigable Joe added another scalp to his belt, this time it was his old employee, Ed Lattyak, a Sheldon gangster. During this pleasant period the alliance between Big Joe and "Little Hymie" was completely effected, and two of Chicago's toughest Poles now strode, arm in arm, across the realm of Boozedom, shouting "Kosciusko here we come!" To celebrate the fact, the Saltis boys, staged a great robbery at the International Harvester Company's offices, and so great was public indignation that the police, armed with search-warrants, set out in the back-o-the-yards district looking for Mr. Saltis. While they were looking Joe and "Dingbat" helped themselves to another pot shot at "Spike" O'Donnell on October 16. Three days later they gathered in one of "Spike's" men, Pasquale Tolizotte and took him for his last ride. A month later both gangs staged a free-for-all battle on a busy street and, for the first time, Joe came out with an O'Donnell bullet in one of his broad shoulders and, for almost two weeks, Joe settled down to inactivity. On December 3 matters continued and the Saltis gang murdered two more "traitors" just for practice. The life of one of the victims, "Dynamite Joe" Brooks, was rumored to have been demanded by the chief Saltis bomber, "Three-Finger" Pete Kunki out of professional jealousy. "Three-Finger" Pete was a rare bird and most efficient in blowing away the speakeasys of those who did not use Saltis beer. It is sad to relate that Pete himself came to an end in keeping with his profession. He always carried a tube of nitro-glycerin in his vest pocket (although against orders) and one day while running away from another fuse, he stumbled and fell. There was a loud explosion and they couldn't find Pete anywhere. Finally some one discovered a hand two fingers of which were missing. It was "Three-Finger" Pete. However, the other victim to die with "Dynamite Joe" Brooks was Edward Harmening, an independent operator who had been shining up to the Sheldons.

"Little Hymie" Weiss was proud of the havoc he had wrought to the grease-balls. More confident of his strength now than he had ever been, he devoted himself to drumming up more business, to tightening his forces and to adding more and better murderers to his gang. During this period he enlisted the services of the infamous Gusenbergs, Pete and Frank, who were to die a few years later in the Valentine Massacre. Frankie Foster, a dapper chap was also a new member, as was Terrible Teddy Newberry, the big bourbon boy. At the same time "Little Hymie" spent a great deal of time trying to woo Big Joe Saltis and his mob away from their loose-connection with Capone. "Little Hymie" knew such an alliance would be a mortal blow to Capone, and so he picked out the precise psychological moment in which to effect so desirable an alliance. Joe was having a tough time of it out south. MacEarlane was too restless to confine his activities to the South Side, and the O'Donnells continued to make inroads into their domain.

When Big Joe began turning an attentive ear to the seductive proposals of "Little Hymie" the germ of discontent within his gang developed into open revolt. Ralph Sheldon, tubercular but tough, favored remaining with the Big Fellow, and a complete break followed just about the time Angelo Genna was living his last days. Sheldon seceded taking with him such formidable gorillas as John "Mitters" Foley, Danny Stanton, Big Karl Bates, Hugh McGovern, William McPadden, Frank De Laurentis, John Tuccello, Danny McFall, Ed Lattyak, Hillary Clements, Benny Butler, Stink Bomb Donovan and others, most of whom are now dead.

Big Joe now had two tough gangs to battle besides the possibility of having the Sheldon forces augmented by killers from the Big Fellow's staff. Frankie MacEarlane, worth a hundred ordinary gangsters, still remained loyal to his Polish chief however, although Frankie looked upon Big Joe's association with one John "Dingbat" Oberta with marked disfavor. He didn't mind the fact that Pollack Joe liked to read a book occasionally and went in for grammatical niceties and never let go by an opportunity to correct his choice and original English. Every-time Frankie would say something like "to hell with them bums, they ain't got no guts," Joe would hasten with rebuke "Don't say 'them bums' Frankie and don't say 'ain't got no'." Frankie could endure this, but John "Dingbat" O'Berta who wore spats and played golf and talked like a book, was too much, and Frankie was sure that "Dingbat" was a wrong guy. It may be that Saltis was attracted to "Dingbat" not so much for the reason that he was a Pole as that he could make fine political speeches at gatherings back-o-the-yards, and looked like a gentleman whether he was or not. Except for the sniffing at "Dingbat" however, affairs were fairly well ordered in Joe's camp.

The first casualty in the new shake-up along the South



"Gentleman" Joe Saltis not looking for "Spike" O'Donnell. Joe has a well-trained smile. It does its stuff on all occasions—even when Joe is exploding cartridges in the direction of gentlemen he doesn't care so much for.

If you think that this is war you ain't seen nothing yet. The shooting was yet to begin in earnest. Joe and Frankie could not sleep well at night because of the fact that they knew their pet hatred, John "Mitters" Foley, was well and healthy. John "Mitters" however was a deft duck and he was to live for a long period before their bullets found him. In the meantime a New Year, 1926 had appeared on the calendar. Over in Little Italy Samuzzo Amatura, an ambitious chap, was trying to rally the old Genna forces. This, together with the grafting of the collectors of the Scalice and Anselmi fund, brought another flare-up.

meet MR. MCGURN



The once powerful and blood-thirsty Genna brothers were now only a bloody memory in Little Italy, but the doom which had hovered over them had not been dispelled by successive blast of gunfire. It remained, casting its long and sinister shadows over that accursed domain, in the persons of John Scalice and Albert Anselmi, still in the hands of the jailers, and still being tossed from one court to another by adept attorneys who were being paid for every appearance at a bar of justice and ready and anxious to make as many appearances as possible. The "alky" cookers over on the West Side were paying and paying and paying. Even honest men over there were contributing to the bottomless fund in order, so the "collectors" said, that no ignorant helpless man of Italian blood might be discriminated against because of his nationality. Ah! What a grisly crew these collectors were. Henry Spingola, a brother-in-law of the Gennas who kept himself clean through a long and honorable legal career despite his relationship with the Gennas, soon found out that he was paying thousands of dollars to blackmailers, extortionists, bombers and killers, and that he had been unwise in contributing at all. Henry decided that he would play no more with Orazio Tropea, known pleasantly as "The Scourge," or Vito Bascone, or Eddie Baldielli, "The Eagle," or Tony Finalli. And so Henry Spingola, despite the utmost precautions he took with his life, was placed on the spot, which is stepping into a coffin. His murder on January 10, 1926, focused attention again on troubled Little Italy and two weeks later, before the police had assembled a plausible theory, Chicago strap-hangers gasped at front pages smoking with the murders of Augustino and Antonio Moreci, wealthy and respectable Italians.

All this had been foreseen by the Italians of integrity and wealth on the West Side who understood far better than the police the methods of their conscienceless countrymen, and they had taken steps to combat it in their own way. And this brings us, for the first time, to a sleek, athletic, well-mannered little Italian named James Gebardi, the son of an "alky" cooker who had been murdered long before by Signor Tropea, "The Scourge." Young Gebardi, at that time, spent most of his time around the Maxwell Police Station where he was plenty efficient with his fists and often appeared in the West Side boxing shows as an amateur. A few days after his father had been placed on the spot young Gebardi appeared at the station in a highly emotional state with a letter, written in Italian and signed with the dreaded black-hand. The letter advised Young Gebardi, whose popularity with the police was looked upon with disfavor by certain of his countrymen, to rid the town of himself, to disappear; the penalty would be death if he failed to obey. Lieutenant William Stapleton advised the terrified Gebardi to go away for a while. And Gebardi went away, adopted another name, and became a professional prize-fighter.

But now he was back. He was prosperous. He drove a fine Cadillac automobile, and he called himself Jack McGurn. Where had the money for all this "front" come from? One of the wealthy and influential Italians was behind Jack now. This individual whom we shall not name had revealed to Jack the name of his father's slayer, and Jack quickly agreed to the proposals held out to him. And so, on February 15, the long and terrible career of Orazio Tropea came to an end. He fell on the spot where McGurn's father had died, and on the same spot where suave Henry Spingola had come to his unhappy end. In quick succession three other "collectors" died. On February 21, Vito Bascone walked to the spot which had been marked for his death. On February 23, Eddie Baldielli, known as "The Eagle" met a similar fate, and on March 7, Tony Finalli was murdered.

Thirteen days later another ambitious Italian's death that of Samuzzo "Samoots" Amatuna, interrupted the efficient reprisals against collectors for the Scalice-Anselmi defense fund. Samoots had lived long and had prospered as an overseer of the "alky" cookers in the employ of the Genna brothers. He had mourned the old days when his employers were alive and for several months preceding his death had been busy in a grim effort to rally the sadly depleted "cookers" and to again stabilize the "alky" business. Everything was going smoothly when an earlier sin found him out. Samoots had hi-jacked a truck load of booze belonging to "Klondike" O'Donnell. The booze, billed as paint, had, in turn been re-hijacked by two tough youths who loafed around Bootleggers Corner in the Valley District, and the rage of Samoots knew no bounds. For months he talked at the top of his voice on all occasions about what he would do to Wallie Quinlan and Bummy Goldstein, neither of whom belonged to any certain gang organization.

On March 19, Samoots dropped into his favorite barber shop where he spent a great deal of time. Samoots was the Beau Brummel of Little Italy and many amusing tales are told about his fastidiousness and his sartorial splendor; he owned more suits of clothing than the King of Spain, he had a great passion for socks and shirts and often made a great nuisance of himself by insisting on supervising the laundering of them. A dozen customers lounged in chairs while Samoots, lying back in the chair, garrulously instructed the barber as to how the shaving should be effected. When the towel was spread over Samoots' visage two men, Wallie Quinlan and Bummy Goldstein, stepped into the room and quickly seated themselves near the door. Samoots arose presently from the chair, stepped to the hall-tree and was busily engaged with a gaudy tie when, through a mirror, he saw his enemies. But it was too late, and before Samoots could reach for the gun he carried in an especially created, leather-lined pocket, Bummy and Wallie let him have it. And Samoots, fell dying to the floor with two bullets in his body. He died before he could get the correct knot in his tie. A few months later, Quinlan and Goldstein were killed.

With the elimination of Samoots from the scene the "alky" cookers lost their best chance of a restoration of the Genna house, unless Pete or Jim should return which seemed extremely problematical especially now. The last of the vicious horde of "collectors" to die at the hands of the smartly dressed killer was Joseph Nerone, known as Spano the Cavalier, whose name had been whispered by Anthony Genna before he died. The police had been looking for "The Cavalier" ever since they had overheard that whisper, but when they found him he was cold and dead on a marble slab in the morgue, and an X marked the spot where the new homicide artists had found him.



Mr. Peter Fullani, a booze collector, cashes in.

who KILLED McSWIGGIN!

The scene now shifts to the West Side where "Klondike" O'Donnell and his horde of homicidal hoodlums, inspired by their elimination of Eddi Tancl, have been continuing a sporadic but ruthless warfare against the growing power of King Capone in Cicero. To the "Big Fellow" it is apparent that drastic action must be taken against these enemies who are now reported to be trying to rob him, not only of his liquor customers, but of his political protection.

At this time police were confronted with what the newspapers called the Beauty Shop Mystery. This institution of beautification at 2208 S. Austin Ave. in Cicero was bathed in machine-gun fire on April 24, 1926, and Miss Pearl Wilson, the proprietress, could not, for the life of her, explain to the police why such a thing could have happened. The police wondered whether or not a new racket had started, say a beauty shop war, when their attention was attracted to an automobile which was parked around the corner. On tracing its license it was learned that it had been registered by one John Burns. This was one of the numerous aliases employed by James "Fur" Sammons, and so a hunt for him was made but without success. It was even rumored that "Fur" had been terribly wounded in the machine-gun fire and either dead or in the hands of one of Gangland's physicians—men who treat wounded gangsters for a price and

do not notify police. If their patient dies his gang disposes of the body. But "Fur" could not be located and finally the police ceased to look for him and the incident of the Beauty Shop Mystery was abandoned as insolvable.

During these days there were rumors that political protection in Cicero was about to shift from Capone to the O'Donnell gang, a rumor which was worked for all it was worth by "Klondike" in his sales talks to the roadhouse owners and dive keepers. To some of them the rumor took on the aspect of truth when it was reported that William McSwiggin, ace prosecutor, in the office of State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe had been seen frequently in Cicero in company with members of the O'Donnell gang, two of whom, curiously enough, he had unsuccessfully prosecuted for the murder of Eddie Tancl. Other old-timers in Cicero scoffed at this however and pointed to the fact that McSwiggin was merely out in Cicero having a good time, some of the O'Donnell gangsters had been his classmates in high school. Anyway it was strange that a public official should chum around with the underworld gentry, and it certainly was embarrassing to Al Capone, the Big Fellow whatever the reason for it might be. The good people of Chicago who did not know of these strange associations between hoodlums and prominent public officials, were, therefore profoundly shocked when, in the early street editions, of the morning newspapers they read that William H. McSwiggin was one of three men killed by machine-gun bullets in front of the saloon of John Madigan at 5613 West Roosevelt road. The other two victims, his companions were James Doherty and John Duffy, the men he had tried for the murder of Eddie Tancl.

In this murder the public saw a climax to the killings of Gangland, and the question "Who Killed McSwiggin" was on the lips of every strap-hanger for weeks. Indignation and excitement were intense. Demands for an answer to the question persisted and, in the endless columns of newspaper space devoted to the murder, a vast number of different theories were advanced and discussed in detail.

One of the stories related that as "Klondike" O'Donnell, his brother, McSwiggin, Doherty, and Duffy rode into Cicero a Sicilian, standing in the shadows of a building they had passed, raced to Capone's headquarters, where the Big Fellow was at dinner. He listened to the messenger's news as he ate and, when he had finished, he calmly walked to the rear of the hotel, took out the machine guns from a closet, and went out, followed by three men.

An eye witness to the murder, said that a great automobile sped past the four men as they walked out of the roadhouse and that "fire spit out of what seemed to be a telephone mouthpiece projected through the rear curtain." McSwiggin fell mortally wounded at the first blast, while Duffy and Doherty walked for some distance before they fell in pools of their blood. More than two-hundred bullets were fired. "Klondike" pulled McSwiggin's body into his automobile and had it taken to the O'Donnell home, but later it was again placed in the car and taken and dumped onto a spot in a street of a suburb adjoining Cicero so, as "Klondike" later explained, that no one would know that McSwiggin was with gangsters. Another story has it that "Klondike" had paid \$40,000 to McSwiggin and wanted to get it back again.

"I know who killed my son," said Sergeant Anthony McSwiggin, of the Chicago police



(1) William "Klondike" O'Donnell looking pleasant before a camera at the Detective Bureau. (2) Building in which was located a beauty shop which stopped machine gun bullets believed intended for "Fur" Sammons, one of "Klondike's" henchmen. (3) "Three-Finger" Jack White, another "Klondike" O'Donnell ace.

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Chicago Tribune 12/23/30

HUNT MCGURN IN FLORIDA; SEIZE 2 CARRYING GUNS

PICTURE CLEW

Believe Capone Gangster Pal of Captives.

31-1700

Machine Gun Jack McGurn, considered one of the main cogs in the Capone gang, was the object of a search by Dade county, Florida, deputy sheriffs yesterday, the Chicago police were informed in a message asking his arrest should he return to the city. The Miami authorities said that they would like to determine if it was McGurn, as they suspect, who advised two men being arrested to resist the police.

The two men arrested in Miami are believed to be Chicago gangsters and members of the Capone outfit. They were found in an automobile with revolvers from which the numbers were erased with acid. As the police were handcuffing the suspects a man shouted from the window of a house and told the prisoners to fight. A description given by the woman who rented the house fits that of McGurn.

Believed Chicago Hoodlums.

The men arrested gave the names of Charles Demato, 30, and Frank Marullo, 30, of Cleveland. Their clothing, however, bore Chicago labels, and the police say the men knew nothing about Cleveland when questioned.

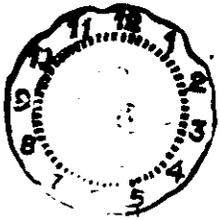
The McGurn theory was strengthened when the police found a large photo of Louise Rolfe, McGurn's blonde alibi, in a room in the house.

Efforts to release the men arrested by writs of habeas corpus failed. The writs were filed by Vincent Giblin and J. Frits Gordon, Capone's Miami lawyers. The men were held in bail of \$5,000 each.



Louise Rolfe, whose picture was found in room of one of two men who escaped Miami police, one of whom is believed to be Jack McGurn, her sweetheart.

(TRIBUNE Photo.)



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CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
Fri., Feb. 27, 1931.

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DOAK ORDERS DEPORTATION OF 'MOPS' VOLPE

Public Enemy No. 2 to Be Sent Back to Italy by U. S. Decree.

Tony ("Mops") Volpe, lieutenant of "Scarface Al" Capone and public enemy No. 2, today was ordered deported to Italy by Secretary of Labor Doak.

The order, issued at Washington, D. C., follows a series of hearings here at which it was shown that Volpe had technically violated the immigration laws of the United States by making a trip to Cuba and return.

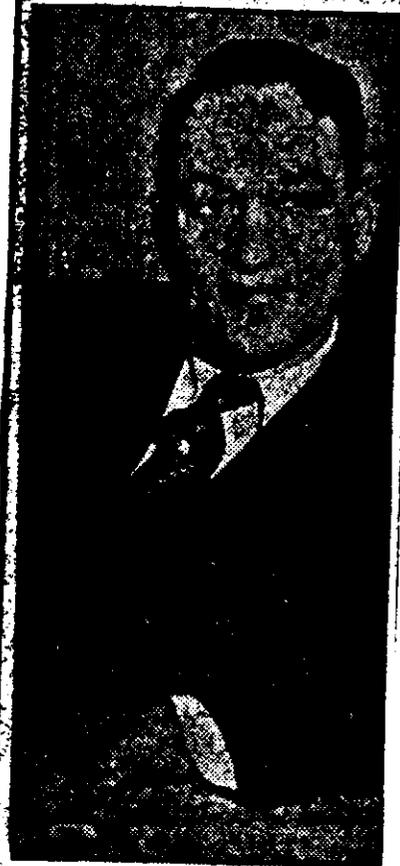
John Elliott Byrne, Volpe's counsel, announced he would seek a writ of habeas corpus as soon as the warrant arrives here from Washington, probably within a week.

Volpe is 40 years old and lives at 1800 North Menard avenue with his wife and two children.

In 1925 Volpe was found guilty of counterfeiting war savings stamps and sentenced to the penitentiary. He has since been active in the Capone murder division—so active that at one time the north side gang, headed then by "Little Hymie" Weiss, offered to make peace if Volpe was "put on the spot" so they might square accounts with him.

Volpe is at liberty in bonds of \$10,000 in the deportation proceedings and \$10,000 on a public enemy vagrancy charge.

TO BE DEPORTED TOTALLY



Tony ("Mops") Volpe.
(By a staff photographer.)



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PUBLIC ENEMY MCGURN SEIZED ON LYLE CHARGE

Vagrancy Warrant Served on Gangster in Court.

Jack "Machine-Gun" McGurn, No. 4 of the public enemies listed by the Chicago crime commission and Judge John H. Lyle, was arrested yesterday on the vagrancy warrant issued against him by Judge Lyle some four months ago. He had been forced into court and the police were on hand to take him into custody.



JACK MCGURN.

McGurn's presence was demanded by Judge Ross C. Hall's Criminal court under penalty of a forfeiture of his \$10,000 bond on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He was convicted of this charge last summer, but the Illinois Supreme court granted him a new trial and the case was put on the trial docket again yesterday. It was set for hearing on Feb. 18.

Released on New Bond.

After his arrest on the vagrancy warrant McGurn did not stay in jail long, however, because before night he was again at liberty on a new \$10,000 bond signed by Abraham Shanon. The bond was approved by Judge Thomas A. Green.

"It is a little different now since Judge Lyle is out of the Felony court," remarked one of the court attachés. "If Judge Lyle was still in the court McGurn would probably have been dragged before him and harassed for a few days at least before he got out on bonds."

McGurn is scheduled to appear in the Felony court before Judge Frank Padden this morning.

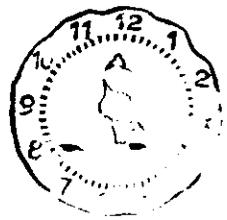
Kaplan and Lake in Court.

Other alleged hoodlums who made court appearances yesterday were Sam Kaplan of the 20th ward and Frank Lake, one of the first violators of the Volstead act through his partnership with Terry Druggan. They demanded jury trials and their cases were transferred for reassignment.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1931.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE



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G. E. Q. JOHNSON HITS ON WAY TO ROUT GANGLAND

U. S. Attorney Tells of War on Crime.

The surest way not to do something is to tell somebody you're going to do it.

It is harder to get into a gang than into polite society, because gangs go into your antecedents. You must have a criminal record. That is how thorough gang organization is.

Betrayal of trust in public office is treason in just as high a degree as Benedict Arnold's betrayal of his country was treason.

When the American people once understand an evil situation they correct it. That is the hopeful sign.

GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON.
[United States attorney for northern district of Illinois.]

BY JAMES O'DONNELL HENNETT.

"I would rather," said George E. Q. Johnson, "fight gangsters with indictments than with interviews."

Nevertheless, the United States district attorney for northern Illinois consented to this interview because it would be a convenient way of exhibiting to the people of Chicago what he calls "a cross section of organized crime."

For nearly four years Mr. Johnson has been living with the problem of organized crime. He originated, and thus far he is the only federal district attorney to employ, prosecutions for violations of the federal income tax law in the fight against gangdom. It was, he said, "a flank attack," and it has created panic in gangdom and boomed.

Gangsters in Income Tax Net.

For willful evasion of federal income tax Ralph Capone, brother of the notorious and ruthless Scarface Al, has been sentenced to serve three years in Leavenworth penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$10,000.

For the same crime Jack Guzik, Al Capone's principal accomplice in the

GANGSTERS' FOE



GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON.

tions. His lawyer was not with him and, lacking anybody to watch his step for him, he became loquacious. At times he was insolent, such being his notion of how to enforce his contention that he should be treated with on a basis of equality. Obviously he thought the federal district attorney was a simpleton and, to searching questions as to his bank deposits, he airily replied that he had accounts under five different aliases in the Pinkert State bank at Cicero. There was no talk about liquor violations and Capone proudly babbled his way toward Leavenworth.

"Did you," he would be asked, "deposit such and such sums under this name?"

"Yes, I did," he would reply. "What about it?"

Converse Gets the Evidence.

Present at the examination were A. P. Madden, chief of the special intelligence unit of the bureau of internal revenue, and Clarence Converse, an agent of that unit. Both have been invaluable aids to Mr. Johnson in uncovering income tax violations in gangdom and in the process underworld.

Throughout the questioning Mr. Converse, his writing hand hidden by

Robin Hood. They are always most powerful and most adverse to them is always one, two or three moves from the specific scenes that eliminates a rival. And this coward and purchaser of the Robin Hood glamour through. That is his message. "Have you, Mr. Johnson, cut the cause of this beef of the public mind—or that part of the public?"

Slack Thinking Is It?

"Yes," he replied. "The slack thinking. We have left some of the old milestones behind. We had ten years during which the and tried seem to have lost their place. Politically, socially and economically we have been groping.

"Slack thinking on the part of citizens leads to slack conduct on the part of officials. Every official in the state of Illinois as well as in the federal service who is charged with the administration of the law subscribes to a solemn oath to support the constitution of the United States. But there are officials who make mental reservations as to the parts of the constitution which they will support.

"I do not intend to be drawn into controversy as to whether prohibition is a good law or a bad law," at I insist that it is the law, and, as long as it is the law the office of the United States attorney is going to enforce it with all the power and all the ability it can command. I am firmly convinced that the roots of the situation created by organized crime are deep in the violation of the national prohibition act and that violators of it are hoisted in which crime spreads. This growth can be uprooted by taking the easy money out of organized crime. In doing that it is not important what particular crime a hoodlum is convicted of, but it is important that we impress on this community that nobody is beyond the law.

His Policy Moves On.

"The policy of this office in taking the easy money out of crime is going forward—haltingly it may be true—but forward.

"That policy is also going forward in counties of Illinois where the state's attorneys and the sheriffs take and obey the oath of office without mental reservations. In those counties there is not a single case growing out of violation of the national prohibition act which reaches the federal courts. Nor has a state's attorney a great deal to do with reference to this situation after he has once established in the minds of the criminals who live by this violation that they will receive swift and sure punishment. Among the counties which are doing notably good work along these lines are Du Kalb, Du Page, Grundy, Kendall, Lake Boone, Stephenson, Carroll, and Ogles.

Mr. Johnson believes that the nation that it is "a wide open

NEWS PAPER CLIPPING

News of a 'wide open town' to that town recruits in crime all other cities which enforce laws, and that is exactly what has happened in Chicago.

Men of men tell me that they Judge 'back' in business through the death of alleged soft drink parades are really speakable. Weeds and scens have told me that.

Years old of the disaster a city years old it permits itself to be murder own as 'a wide open town.' Oglesby is noted that the most no-upon characters in the underworld of Chicago are men who have been recruited from the gangs in New York. When profits are no longer to be made here the leaders will leave Chicago and with them will go the members of their gangs—men, it should be remembered, who are mostly ex-convicts and are the hardest criminals society has ever been called upon to deal with.

Like Chief Justice McGoerty of the Criminal court, the federal district attorney has no patience with the reckless optimism of the slack thinkers who welcome every murder of a gangster by gangsters with the remark, "And a good riddance, too."

Problem Is More Complex.

"The problem," said Mr. Johnson, "is not so simple as that. The short-sighted view of it which the comment 'good riddance' implies has enabled these desperate men to convey a sense of security to those who take human life at their behest. It gives their murderers greater courage. Those who engage their services can point to the ghastly list of two hundred unsolved and unpunished assassinations and say, 'See how small the risk is.'"

"The point that they would make is that there are honest occupations in which the hazards of injury and death are greater. It is an awful thing for a community when such a point can be made against it, for the point discloses the appalling ramifications of crime that is fostered by privilege and protection. From first to last we are confronted with this curse of protection. I am assured by police officials of high rank that it would be a simple matter to stop the distribution of liquor over the city if protection were denied the gangsters. The sequence is direct. Stop that distribution and you stop the infamy of the gang murders which have made the name of Chicago a synonym for violence throughout the civilized world.

"In short, law violation of one type breeds violations of other laws. I am sure that privilege and protection are at the bottom of lawlessness today."

Work Done without Fanfare.

As a personality the federal district attorney is the least known of the leading crime fighters of Chicago. He is partly because he has never held elective office and partly because his work has never been accompanied by fanfare. Nor has he ever been extolled by the press. That does not mark him. On the contrary, for he remarked in the course of this interview that he considered it a sufficient boon that never in the four years of his district attorneyship has

he been attacked by a mob or a news-paper.

To get a touch of his personality and of his forthright manner of thinking you have to give heed to a few lines of the parable of John Johnson's kitchen garden.

John Johnson's son—then plain George Johnson and not, for quaint reasons which you shall learn later, to become George E. Q. Johnson for many a year—went to work in that garden at the age of seven.

That was forty-nine years ago.

He's of Sturdy Stock.

The garden was part of a quarter section of land on the southern edge of Webster county, Iowa, which John Johnson took up in 1882. He had emigrated the year before from the ancient province of Smaland in Sweden, that province which bred the forbears of two of the most effective fighters of organized crime now functioning on the distracted Chicago scene—George E. Q. Johnson himself and his friend and near neighbor, John A. Swanson, state's attorney for Cook county.

When little George Johnson went to work in the kitchen garden of the Iowa homestead he was taught how to weed.

This, in his own words, was the substance of the lesson:

"I was taught very early that to keep the garden clean it was not enough to cut off the noxious weeds at the surface of the ground with a hoe.

"I was taught that the one sure way to kill the weeds was to pull them up by the roots and shake out in the bright glare of the morning sun every bit of soil that clings to the tendrils of the roots.

"I was taught that I could not clean the garden by a method of selection.

"I was taught that I must not say, 'I will take that weed out and leave this weed in,' but that the only way to clean the garden was to pull up all the weeds by the roots and shake them out to the sun."

Applies Lesson to Job.

That was the lesson of forty-nine years ago. In accordance with word by word of it George Johnson did his work weed by weed in the one acre kitchen garden for seven years. Then he was considered old enough—for the Smaland stock does not pamper its young—to go into the fields and follow the plow.

Today he applies the old lesson, word by word and weed by weed, to every new day of his work as the United States government's premier fighter of organized crime in the Chicago area.

He hammers on the theme that the crime situation in Chicago is not, as he puts it, "going to be cleaned up as long as public officials pluck up one kind of crime weed and ignore another."

And he added:

"If you are going to rid the city of crime you must take crime without any processes of selection. You will have to root it up wherever you find it and shake its roots out to the glare of pitiless publicity."

O'Brien Case Recalled.

Within two hours after those words were spoken on the eighth floor of the

federal court came from Judge Lindley's court on the sixth floor that a jury had just found State Representative Lawrence C. O'Brien guilty of income tax evasions and that consequently he faced the possibility of a sentence of eighteen years in prison and a fine of \$20,000 if the maximum penalty were imposed. And the word ran through the corridors and offices under the great dome:

"Another victory for George E. Q. Johnson."

But all that George E. Q. Johnson said when the newspapers asked him for comment was:

"No comment is so eloquent as the fact itself."

Lawrence C. O'Brien was a rich contractor and a politician of considerable influence. But neither riches nor influence made him look any different from any other noxious weed when the weeder from Webster county reached him in the course of the day's work.

Talks Only with Verdict.

Mr. Johnson's comment on the O'Brien verdict was intensely characteristic of him. When President Coolidge appointed him federal district attorney in February, 1927, he was asked to talk on plans and policies. "I will talk," he said, as he peered benignly at the reporters through his silver bowed spectacles, "only with indictments and verdicts."

Dropping his glance he added in his quiet, reflective way:

"If words could drive the official and criminal gangsters out of Chicago they would have been gone long ago."

Then he set himself to thinking, studying and planning how to combat organized crime in Chicago, and by "organized crime" he meant primarily the booze and beer running gangs and the racketeers.

His thinking, studying and planning constituted a slow process. For George E. Q. Johnson is slow. That, probably, is why he is inexorably sure when he finally swings into action. Once Senator Deneen said of him, "Yes, George E. Q. is slower than the Second Coming, but he grinds and grinds and grinds all the time."

Studies Problem 20 Months.

On his problem of how to fight organized crime the United States district attorney ground for twenty solid months, studying it from every angle, accumulating facts on gangdom's far flung operations, finding out where it was most vulnerable and where it had been most lax in covering its trail.

The result of his studies and his planning was that dazzling inspiration, the prosecution of gangsters for evasion of federal income tax.

But he credits the success of his battle to no inspirations of his own or of others. He credits it to what he calls "the absolute unreachability of the federal courts."

"They," he said, "are the foundation of whatever success we have had. I cannot too emphatically praise the high caliber of the federal judges. Some people talk of the harshness of

the federal courts, but I have often said that, if innocent of a crime, would rather be tried in the federal courts, and, if guilty, in the state courts."

Points to Citizens' Part.

As to the cure of organized crime he declares that the citizen has a part to play.

"We get," he said, "lots of information every day, but relatively little evidence, for citizens who will stand up and swear to information—thus making it evidence—are not so numerous. The seal of silence placed on witnesses by the fear of death is the greatest handicap of a prosecutor."

This man has made sacrifices to fight crime. When he was appointed federal district attorney he relinquished a private practice that was bringing him \$20,000 a year. Today his salary from the government is \$10,000 a year.

The story of his battery of indictments will leave you with rather a hazy side light on the man and his accidents.

He was christened George Johnson.

Here's Why He Is "G. E. Q."

But when he was about twenty old he and his father decided in an area largely occupied by Irish immigrants and their children name George Johnson could be considered a very sure means of location. The father—and the interesting when you know the Johnson learned his English on arrival in America—had a admiration for the writings of Waldo Emerson and that his young son shared with him they decided on "Emerson" with distinguishing middle name George and Johnson.

But when George Emerson Johnson arrived in Chicago in a score law he found that there was a director of George E. Johnson's to his initials. So he, offhand, as it stand

"And what," I asked, "does it stand for?"

"For nothing," said the federal district attorney, "except a saving of questions as to which George E. Johnson in Chicago you are looking for."

As to the Iowa farm where the little George Johnson of long ago learned those abiding lessons in weed-removal which Chicago now profits from, it was disposed of by the family in 1900 when John Johnson, the proficient teacher of weeding and lover of Emerson, died.

Today the little village of Lanesville struggles over it and the site of its momentous garden that grew the actor among its other valuable products is forgot.

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HAND BAGS

HITS ON WAY TO ROUT GANGLAND

U. S. Attorney Tells of War on Crime.

(Continued from first page.)

an understanding of the problems or organized crime creates."

Then came, with cold detachment and in the methodical manner of the chess player to whom Mr. Johnson had likened himself, the account of aspects of the cross section.

"When we proved," he said, "that Ralph Capone took \$1,871,000 in three years from beer and gambling we showed under a blazing light the new factor in the problem of crime.

"That factor is crime with riches. "We proved, too, that Jack Gustik took \$1,049,000 from gambling in three years. Of course that's power. The measuring in dollars of that power gives the citizen at a glance the difference between normal crime and abnormal or organized crime. Of course there always will be crime, but it will be normal crime instead of abnormal crime.

"Normal crime sneaks down the alley.

"Organized crime drives down the boulevard in a costly car.

Tentacles of Organized Crime.

"Organized crime has appalling ramifications. The more vicious gangs are getting into the distribution of counterfeit money and narcotics. The hijacker is being paid off in counterfeit money. He can't complain. Obviously he does not dare to. But the bills are surreptitiously passed and are making a great deal of trouble for the government.

"The most disheartening thing has been the injection into our problem of the allegedly respectable citizen who comes to the front for gangs.

"For handling them there is just one rule in this office and my assistants have been trained in it. When the hints that 'perhaps this matter can be arranged' are made my assistants rise, open the door, and say, 'Get out!'

"We know that gangs make contributions to factions of political parties. The factions must pay for these gifts.

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John Hood. They are certainly most powerful and most advanced. There is always one, two or three moves from the specific names that eliminates a rival. And this toward and purchaser of the John Hood glamour is thrown. That is his message. "Have you, Mr. Johnson, out the cause of this before of the public mind—or the part of the public?"

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"I do not intend to be drawn into controversy as to whether prohibition is a good law or a bad law, but I do insist that it is the law, and, as long as it is the law the office of the United States attorney is going to enforce it with all the power and all the ability it can command. I am firmly convinced that the roots of the situation created by organized crime are deep in the violation of the national prohibition act and that violators of it are the method in which crime spreads. That growth can be uprooted by taking the easy money out of organized crime. In doing that it is not important what particular crime a hoodlum is convicted of, but it is important that an impress on this community that nobody is beyond the law.

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NEWS PAPER CLIPPING

110

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political factions goes for the...
of thugs and sluggers to...
election officials, thus preventing an...
honest count of the ballot.

Big Bribes Offered.

"Organized crime—or crime with
niches as distinguished from the normal
crime that we shall always have
with us—presents two other phases
with which law enforcing agencies
have to deal. First, it has huge sums
of money for the corruption of officers
of the law. Second, it has huge sums
with which to defend itself in
court and to terrorize witnesses. The
effect of this is to undermine the
very foundation stones upon which
organized society and government
rest.

"At his first point of contact with
law enforcement the violator with
money now attempts to corrupt the
police, and when I use that term I
mean all officers who do police duty.

"Bribes offered to prohibition agents
have run from \$10,000 to \$50,000. I
am speaking of specific instances.
Bribes of \$5,000 mean nothing to crime
with riches.

"Petty bribes running from \$500 to
\$1,000 are very frequent. When you
remember that many deputies are
paid only \$1,500 a year you will see
how cruel a temptation to the weak
officer a bribe of only \$500 is.

Hires High Priced Lawyers.

"Organized crime pays high for its
lawyers. It buys skillful defense. I
make no complaint of that, for the
prosecutor's office must be organized
to cope with counsel. But when the
money is used to reach jurors, to
reach witnesses, to reach evidence,
and when it is paid out for murder to
close the lips of some witnesses for
the government then it becomes a real
menace. In a number of cases where
defendants have asked for leniency,
I have suggested that they tell all the
facts to the court and give aid to the
government. Invariably they have re-
fused to involve others, declaring that
it would mean death to do so."

At first Mr. Johnson, who is the an-
tithesis of the easy going, half fellow
type of public official—is, in fact, an
earnest churchman—was dumfounded
by the effrontery of malefactors of
gangdom against whom he was pre-
paring his flank attack.

Capone Ruies Cigar Offer.

"When," he said, "Ralph Capone
was brought in for questioning he ex-
pected to be treated with on terms of
equality. He wanted to meet and talk
as a gentleman with a gentleman. He
asked whether he might smoke. He
was told he could. He laid a handful
of cigars on the table. Nobody ac-
cepted any. At the close of the ex-
amination he asked whether he might
stay for the night in the custody of a
marshal at a hotel. He was told that
he must go to jail. At that he
showed his teeth, snarling, 'Well, I
guess you fellows won't smoke any of
my cigars,' and gathered up the
cigars he had laid on the table."

Throughout this examination—the
following details of which were not
imparted by Mr. Johnson but by an
other who was present—Capone did
not realize that the new weapon of
prosecution for violation of income tax
law was being used against him.

...the...
...to look upon gangsters...
...as picturesque...
...their... which he described as...
...speakably filthy... to the way they...
...selves, who, he said, "are human in...
...form only," he has found every phase...
...of their activity to be ignominious and...
...pitiless.

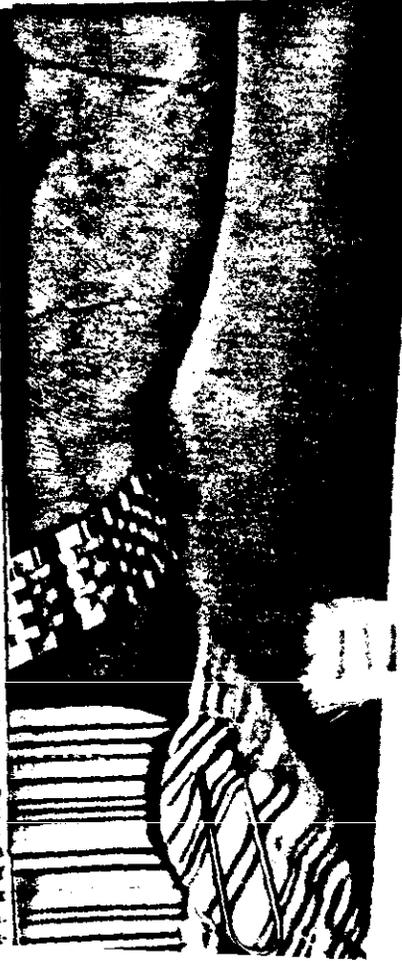
"They are," he said, "murderous
mobs and they know they must live
by the law of the tooth and fang.
When robbed and betrayed they in-
voke their own tribunal of death with-
out a qualm. They have no recourse
to any other. And yet, in print and
out, glamour is thrown over these
things by description of them as 'beer
barons,' 'crime kings,' 'alky kings,'
and 'leaders in the alky aristocracy.'
Knowing what I do, this affects me
with physical nausea."

Bad Effect on Immigrants.

It does indeed, for as the district at-
torney was speaking his countenance
betrayed the physical disgust of a man
revolted by a bad smell.

"The effect," he continued, "of this
flashy terminology upon the untutored
immigrant newly arrived upon these
shores is often deplorable. If he is gul-
lible he accepts the words 'baron'
and 'king' and 'aristocracy' at their
face value, with the result that rum
runners, murderers, and purchasers of
murder take a place in his mind as
brilliant emblems of success in the
new land.

"The most conspicuous and power-
ful criminals in gangdom are not bold



"We know that gangs make contributions to factions of political parties. The factions must pay for these gifts."

"They pay for privilege and privilege—if you want the definition in a dozen words—is immunity to violate the law sold to organized criminals by public officials."

Linked Up to Politics.

"There is no place so high and no place so low that the money power of organized crime does not try to reach. From this source large sums of money which, in our great cities, run not into the hundreds of thousands but into the millions, are finding their way into politics. In many instances they are the decisive factor in crooked elections. Thus the political racketeer has made his appearance upon the American scene in a very definite manner. He delivers the votes of racketeer organizations and of organized crime in general to candidates who have made direct or indirect commitments that if elected they will be 'friendly' in office. A considerable part of the cash contributions of organized crime to political factions goes for the payment of thugs and sluggers to intimidate election officials, thus preventing an honest count of the ballot."

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"At his first point of contact with law enforcement the violator with money now attempts to corrupt the police, and when I use that term I mean all officers who do police duty."

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"At first Mr. Johnson, who is the antithesis of the easy-going, half fellow type of public official—is, in fact, an earnest churchman—was derailed by the efforts of malefactors of gangdom against whom he was pre-

...of the political underworld.

Throughout the questioning Mr. Converse, his writing hand hidden by a table, was making notes of all Capone said. The fact that his admissions were noted down was of vital importance when the case against him came to trial. For when Mr. Converse took the witness stand the court upon an objection from the defense ruled out his narrative of the hoodlum's admissions on the ground that it was based on remembered and not recorded conversation. When the prosecution had established the fact that Mr. Converse could testify from notes the judge promptly reversed himself and the evidence as to the bank deposits was admitted.

At the close of Capone's preliminary examination Mr. Johnson said, "All right. That's all."

Capone, still airy: "Well, you don't have anything on me."

Mr. Johnson, dryly: "Only enough to send you to the penitentiary."

His Picture of Gangsters.

Having studied gangsters at first hand for nearly four years, and now thoroughly understanding their howl-crazed and altogether vicious mentality, Mr. Johnson cannot understand the disposition of sensation loving persons to look upon gangsters and gunmen as picturesque figures. From their stiffs, which he described as "unspeakably filthy," to the men themselves, who, he said, "are human in form only," he has found every phase of their activity to be loathsome and pitiless.

"They are," he said, "murderous mobs and they know they must live by the law of the tooth and fang. When robbed and betrayed they invoke their own tribunal of death with out a qualm. They have no recourse to any other. And yet, in print and out, glamour is thrown over these thugs by description of them as 'beer barons,' 'crime kings,' 'alky kings,' and 'leaders in the alky aristocracy. Knowing what I do, this affects me with physical nausea."

Bad Effect on Immigrants.

It does indeed, for as the district attorney was speaking his countenance betrayed the physical disgust of a man revolted by a bad smell.

"The effect," he continued, "of this flashy terminology upon the untutored immigrant newly arrived upon these shores is often deplorable. If he is gullible he accepts the words 'baron' and 'king' and 'aristocracy' at their face value, with the result that rum runners, murderers, and purchasers of murder take a place in his mind as brilliant emblems of success in the new land."

"The most conspicuous and powerful criminals in gangdom are not bold

...A manual where the... and the... final cons

MR. JAMES H. ST. ...
 Values Up to \$1.65
 Toe. Picot.
 Plain Tops
 est Shades!

Gangster Slain Fleeing from Police



Patry Steffanelli (left), gangster who fled with two others when police attempted to question them, and Policeman James Doherty, who fatally wounded Steffanelli. (TRIBUNE Photo.)

rick Collins of the Fillmore street station. The second robber escaped.

Policeman Slak, off duty, and in civilian clothes, was sitting in his automobile at 26th street and Keeler avenue when Carman and his companion stepped up and commanded "Hands up!" Slak drew a revolver and fired four times. The two youths separated and fled.

Slak followed Carman. Meanwhile Policeman Harry Miller of the Lawndale station joined in the chase and seized Carman as he collapsed from his wounds in a grocery at 25th street and Kildare avenue. Two of the bullets fired by Slak had pierced his back. Carman was taken to the Bridewell hospital. He refused to name his accomplice.

No. Shore Voters Approve Bonds for Sanitary District

MISSOURI MOB STORMS JAIL FOR A NEGRO RAPIST

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 31 (Sunday).—(AP)—A mob of 150 men and women early today stormed the Buchanan county jail, where Raymond Gunn, 30, Negro, confessed rapist and slayer of Miss Velma Colter, 19, Maryville teacher, was held for safe keeping.

The mob tried in vain to enter the jail through the courthouse, an adjoining structure. The crowd also went to the sheriff's residence, which has a passage to the jail, but found the door barred.

Every policeman and fireman in the city was called to the jail. When the mob refused to disperse Sheriff John Roach ordered four war tanks of the National Guard to protect the prisoner.

Texas Police Chief Shot to Death with Own Gun

Uvalde, Tex., Dec. 30.—(AP)—John Connor, 45, chief of police, was shot to death with his own revolver in a

SURVIVOR TELLS HOW SEA, FIRE, COLD KILLED 37

Rescued Victims of Ship Crash Reach Port.

BY JOHN AHL-NEILSON. (Chicago Tribune Press Service.)

COPENHAGEN, Denmark, Dec. 30.—At a late hour tonight, with the Cattegat still shrouded in a heavy fog, hope was virtually abandoned for the 37 persons still missing as a result of the sinking of the steamer Oberon 24 hours earlier after being rammed amid-ship by the Arcturus off Læsø island. Accounts from survivors revealed the victims died by drowning, fire and exposure. Some were trapped in their cabins, some sucked down by the wreck, others burned by flaming oil, and yet others died from cold.

At 9:30 this evening the damaged Arcturus crept into harbor here with her flag at half staff. On board were several survivors of the disaster, and in one of her lifeboats, covered with the Finnish flag, the bodies of five victims.

Brother Captains Silent.

The skippers of the two vessels are brothers, but neither Capt. Erik Hjelt, who was picked up as he swam away from the wreck, nor Capt. Ossi Hjelt would discuss the tragedy. When the Arcturus docked it was seen that she had a huge hole just aft her stern but above the waterline.

One of the women survivors, however, Miss Vera Hartman of Helsingfors, was willing to be interviewed.

"At about 10:30 o'clock last night," she said, "the other passengers having gone to bed, I decided to take a stroll on deck before turning in myself. I was one of the eleven passengers occupying third class staterooms. Two are now dead.

"I had just reached the door to the stateroom to go for my stroll when I met another woman passenger who had just entered. Suddenly there was a terrific shock. I immediately ran on deck, but the other woman called me back. Heeding her call, I went to her, but when I made an attempt to grasp her she fell and the stateroom door slammed on her hand owing to the violent list of the ship.

Sees Boat Capsize.

"Then suddenly I saw the form of a mighty white vessel looming in the fog. I saw men shouting and women calling for help. So I jumped overboard and swam away from the ship. While swimming I saw two lifeboats capsize as they hit the water.

"I was finally rescued by the Arc-

toric lifeboat of the American consulate at Stockholm, and rescued."

"The Arcturus sank by the stern, yawning for survivors," said Miss Hartman. "I had found only bodies of two Finnish sailors. Two of the dead we have not heard succumb due to exposure in the icy sea. In a Danish ship, Ossi, arrived I found the body of Capt. Erik Hjelt's 4 year old daughter. She was playing in the lifeboat with the other 12. Capt. Hjelt's wife is among the missing."

She Is Missing Still.

The earliest eye witness account of the wreck was provided by four Finnish sailors who were the first survivors to be brought back here by the steamer Helsing. They had jumped into the sea as the Oberon sank and were swimming away from the wreck when it was causing when they managed to find an empty lifeboat, and rowed away.

"When the water reached the ship's boiler room," said one of the men, "the boilers exploded and ignited that had escaped from the ship. The men who were trapped below must have died in the blazing water."

White Bear

Daily deliveries to practically all parts of Chicago and suburbs. Place orders early.

The Store of "Birds"

White Bear Freshly Dressed, Toms, Weighing

So fine were our turkeys single order. White Bear because they have had everything. The "cream" of fine and dark meat, drumsticks inspected 3 times before a Bear Farm Label, your assurance make your Christmas Dinner

Prices on Turkeys, Ducks

Nevada Ducks 4 1/2 lbs. Scientifically raised to give finest eating quality. Delicious flavor. Freshly dressed.

Tegar Sugar-Cu

Many like to serve baked and a slice of cold tuff



New York, N. Y. Nov.

Prohibition is not and cannot be the controlling factor region of lawlessness.

DEC 10 1930 PM

Gambling and its agencies are one of the greatest auxiliaries of vice which spurs the Racketeer and Gangster to crime and murder.

The following account deals briefly with a \$50,000,000 Nation-wide Gambling monopoly controlled and operated by Chicago Racketeers, Gangsters and so-called Muscle-men.

General News Bureau, Inc., 431 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. lease Telegraph, Telephone and "Printers" or Automatic-typewriting tape machine "wires" from the Chicago office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. (Mr. H. H. Carter) with a Nation-wide hook-up which enables the General News Bureau, Inc., to quote fluctuating betting odds from all Race-Tracks to Bookmakers and Gamblers in every City and Town throughout the United States and Canada. The New York City office's of the General News Bureau, Inc. is located at 5042 Grand Central Depot, 42nd Street, Telephone Murray-Hill 6335; Mr. P. J. Burns is Manager.

NOTE: - Consult the Telephone directory of any City or large Town for a listing of General News Bureau, Inc. whose business consists of selling Race-Track quotations to Bookmakers and Gamblers furnished by their specialized crews of employees operating from every Race Track holding a meeting. The greatest of the "Betting Commissioners" throughout this Country and Canada are on private "Non-listed" gambling telegraph wires operated by expert telegraphers. These non-listed wires with their "drops" are coded in numbers as follows: 175; 374; 347; 359 and 360 at the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's offices. A "drop" is equivalent to an office.

The General News Bureau, Inc. and its agencies are striving desperately to secure a membership in either the Associated Press, United Press or the International News Service, thereby gaining a recognition which would enable them to manipulate "within the law". The General News Bureau, Inc. deals exclusively in "Race Track Service". This Race Track service disseminates betting odds, reports the progress of races and announces the results and pay-off prices to Bookmakers and Gamblers.

General News Bureau, Inc. desiring to gain absolute control of this huge gambling monopoly have completed arrangements to take over control of the following competitive companies: The Empire News Company, - National News Company, - The American Continent News Service, - Daily Running Horse and the Daily Racing Form, all of whom dealt exclusively in "Race Track Service".

The following shake-down tactics were used by this Chicago-mob of Racketeers on a New York City outfit, - During March, 1930, - the General News Bureau, Inc. operating from 431 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. through the New York City offices, located at 5042 Grand Central Depot notified the then "Walmin Press, Inc. 361 W. 36th St., New York City, that they would have to declare the General News Bureau, Inc. in with their racket, which consisted of printing "Racing run-down-sheets". Threatened in event of refusal to be "Broken" and after certain acts of intimidations, Walmin Press, Inc. agreed to this Chicago-mob's terms. The General News Bureau, Inc. immediately set about to realize on their "shake". April, 1930, a month later, Walmin Press, Inc. had been forced to change their operating business name to read "Min-Haf Distributing Corporation and Bookmakers and Gamblers throughout the United States and Canada were notified that effective immediately all (small) Racing run-down-sheets would be increased in price from \$6.00 to \$8.00 or a 25% increase monthly. the (larger) Racing run-down-sheets to be increased proportionately.

These vital essentials (Racing run-down-sheets) without which Bookmakers and Gambling on horse racing would be all but impossible are released through the United States mails daily with an estimated output of 25,000 copies to Cities and Towns throughout the United States and Canada. Printing plants similar to the Min-Haf Distributing Corporation located at 361 W 36th St, New York City have been strategically established in Cities in the United States and Canada to insure a daily nation-wide circulation. These plants are located in Chicago, Cincinnati, Toronto, New Orleans, Miami and Los Angeles.

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The following incidents are a few of the notorious episodes perpetrated by members of the Gambling fraternity:

June 9th, 1930, Alfred J. Lingle, known as "Jake" Lingle, the unofficial Chief of Police of Chicago and a racketeering reported on a Chicago daily paper was shot and killed for double-crossing Chicago Racketeers on gambling privileges. "Jake" Lingle was the business agent or "go-between" for Police Commissioner William Russell and Deputy Commissioner John Steg, the man whose influence was sufficient to prevent the Police from annoying the Bookmakers and Gamblers buying "Race track service" from the General News Bureau, Inc. The rigid probe following "Jake" Lingle's death resulted in a public demand that Police Commissioner William Russell and Deputy Commissioner John Steg resign, which they did within a week. J. M. Regan, General Manager of the General News Bureau, Inc. was a close friend and associate of "Jake" Lingle's for years.

Arnold Rothstein, notorious gambler, was shot and killed November 4, 1928 in New York City, the case closing with so much mystery that it resulted in severe official reprimands of the Aces of the New York City Detective Bureau - Detective Sergeants - Daly, Green, Flood and Cordes - also Inspector Coughlin then in command. The late Joseph A. Warren, former Police Commissioner of New York City whose sudden death not long after he left office was attributed to worry over failure to penetrate the Rothstein mystery.

Gerald E. "Jerry" Buckley, Detroit Radio Announcer was shot to death in the lobby of the La Salle Hotel, Detroit, Mich. because he dared to expose Gamblers and Racketeers.

In Kansas City, October 25, 1930 Solly Weisman was shot and killed by the Manager of the General News Bureau, Inc. for daring to question the actions of this Nation-wide huge gambling monopoly controlled and directed through the General News Bureau, Inc. Chicago, Ill.

(Governor Roosevelt's ultimatum - New York Journal, August 14, 1930) Saratoga-Springs, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1930 - Gambling house operators and employees walked the streets today as City and County Officials, obeying the Governor's ultimatum, continued to clamp the lid tightly on Saratoga. Not only were the Big Lake House gaming halls in darkness but even City horse-rooms were deserted. Racing charts had been removed and "Special leased wires from the Track cut off".

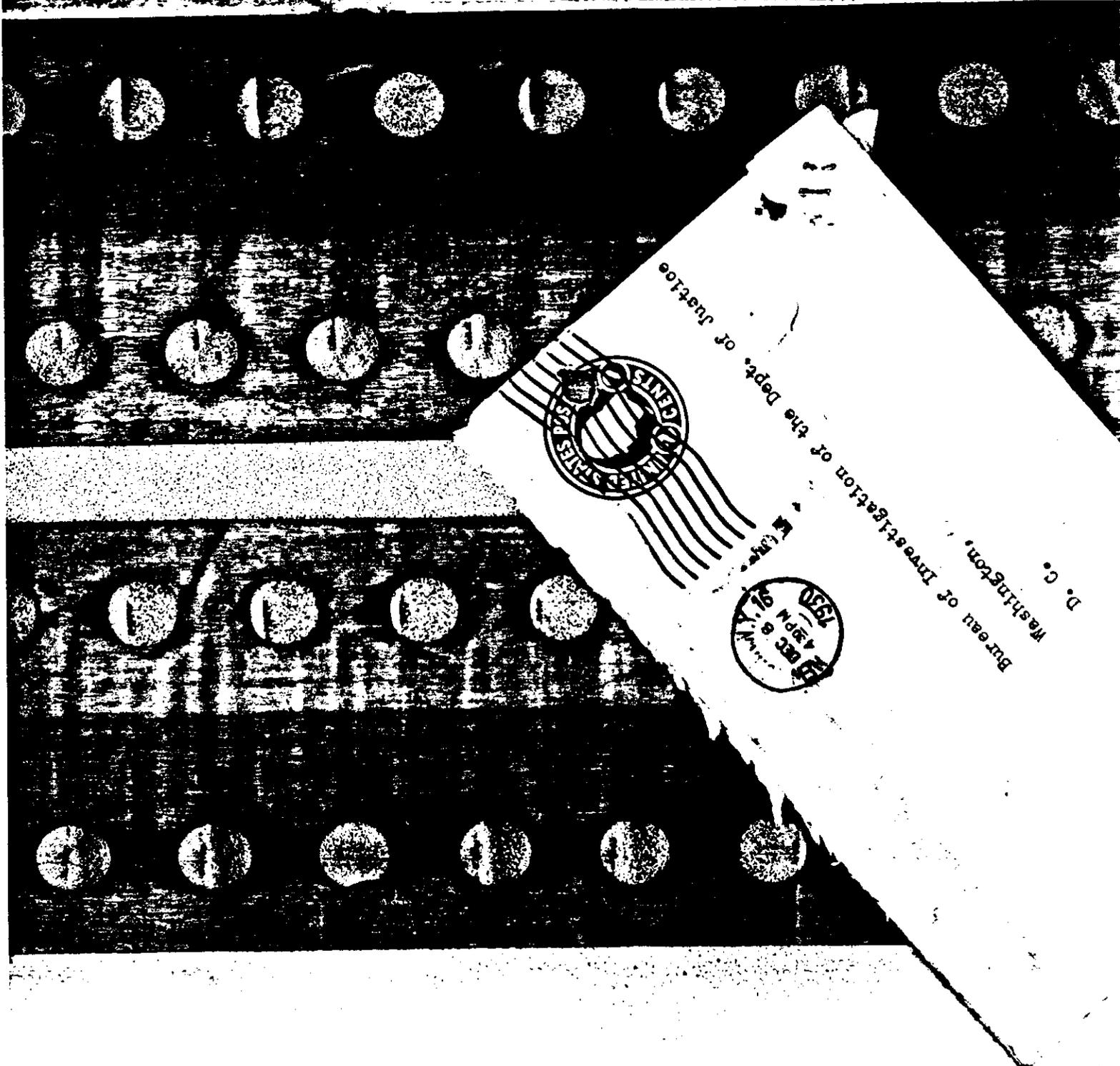
(Excerpts from recent items released by the Associated Press) Chicago, Nov. 26, (A P) James "Fur" Sammons today became the ninth of Chicago's 28 "public enemies" to be taken out of the beer, bullet and betting business. He went back to State Prison at Joliet to serve 30 years more of a murder sentence because of a ruling by Attorney General Carlstrom that he was not eligible for parole after having had his life sentence commuted.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 26 (A P) Foes pour bullets in diamond-belted New Jersey racket baron. Ritchie Boiardo, First Ward racketeer fell to the gutter in front of his home today, 16 slugs from a shotgun in his body. Police said the racketeer's activities were so numerous, including gambling, beer-running and alcohol that he may have made enemies in anyone of his enterprises. Sixteen gunmen, gamblers and gangsters have been killed in and near Newark in the last two and a half years.

NOTE: - 25,000 copies of Racing run-down-sheets distributed through the United States mails daily, vital essentials without which Bookmakers and Gambling on horse racing would be all but impossible and Telegraph, Telephone and "Printer" gambling wires, aiding and abetting vice, crime and murder. Are the Postal and Interstate Commerce Commission authorities aware of the dominating acts of unscrupulous politicians and criminals.

Attention is called to the peculiar vicious character of this Race track service which constantly attempts to destroy the influence of the various "Vice and Crime Committees". Present racketeering and ganster troubles cannot cease, until the Federal, State and Municipal Governments deal effectively with the cause of them, one of the greatest of "which causes" is the activities of the General News Bureau, Inc. and its Agencies which controls a Nation-wide gambling monopoly.

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UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
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BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION OF THE DEPT. OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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'ENFORCE LAW AS U. S. DOES,' SAYS M'GOORTY

Judge Swears March Grand Jury, Cites Government's Activity.

State and city departments of law enforcement might well take a page from the experience of the federal government, Chief Justice John P. McGoorty of the Criminal court declared today in swearing the March grand jury.

"The successful prosecution and conviction by federal authorities here of notorious gangsters hitherto considered immune," said the judge, alluding to the difficulties of "Scarface Al" Capone and others of his gang, "illustrates the possibilities awaiting urgent and effective methods of law enforcement.

"The federal government in Chicago is a shining example of how impotent the forces of evil are when the mighty arm of the law is properly directed."

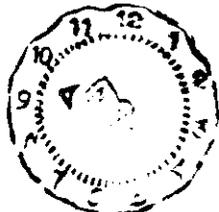
Although Chicago has suffered more by publicity than its crime situation, as compared to that of other cities, warrants, organized viciousness is a continuing challenge, the judge declared.

Like other cities, we suffer from the effects of unwise sumptuary legislation as well as misgovernment," he said in his charge to the grand jurors. "Although national in scope, the solution of our problems depends largely on the temper and will of the people of the various localities."

Happily, there is another aspect of Chicago that overshadows the crime situation, said Judge McGoorty.

"Even more impressive than our wonderful skyline, there stands our universities, our libraries, our 1,800 churches, and other bulwarks of our education and culture," he declared.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING



Mar 5 1931

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U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

POST OFFICE BOX 1405
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



March 20, 1931.

Director,
Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

32-15941

Dear Sir:

There is attached hereto, as of possible interest, a clipping taken from the Chicago Daily News, Chicago, Illinois, and one from the Chicago American, Chicago, Illinois, both under date of March 19, 1931, relative to the Attorney General's remarks concerning the concentration of Federal investigative agencies in Chicago, Illinois.

Very truly yours,

W. A. McSWAIN,
Special Agent in Charge.

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FEDERAL ATTACK ON GANGS HERE IS PUSHED HARD

Chicago Daily News

3/19/31
Mitchell Bares "Stiffening
Up" of Forces in Chi-
cago Area.

Washington, D. C., March 19.—(P)—Continuation without a letup in the federal war against Chicago gangsters was made known today by Attorney-General Mitchell.

The government's forces have been "stiffened all along the line" in the Chicago district, Mitchell said. Some months ago he disclosed a concentration there of federal agents and today he said this force had not been diminished or the pressure relaxed.

"We are using all the men we think can possibly be useful," the attorney-general said. "I pointed that we got a line in on AD Capone the other day."

Sun-tanned from his recent Florida vacation, Mitchell said all government departments were co-operating in the work in Chicago. Federal activity has been co-ordinated there by a justice department agent acting under the United States attorney.

The attorney-general named particularly agents from the bureau of internal revenue of the treasury department, at work upon gangster income-tax returns, men from the bureau of investigation of the justice department, charged with looking into the entire list of federal law violations, and agents from the narcotic and immigration bureaus.

The attorney-general said work also was being done by federal agents in New York, but added there had not been the concentration there that Chicago had experienced.

Chi. American U. S. CONTINUES FIGHT ON GANGS

3/19/31
WASHINGTON, March 19.—(By

International News Service.)—Continued pressure is being exerted against Chicago's gangsters by the federal government, Attorney General Mitchell said today.

A large number of agents of the bureau of investigation and of the narcotic and prohibition bureaus have been concentrated there for several months making every effort to determine if the gangsters have violated the income tax, interstate motor theft, Mann act, prohibition, narcotic act and other federal laws. Mitchell is expected to prepare figures on the result of the drive.

Similar work is being done in New York City but in a lesser degree. The bureau of investigation maintains a substantial force there at all times, but Mitchell did not indicate whether it would be re-enforced.

Conditions in New York are somewhat different in character from the crime situation in Chicago, it was explained. In New York most of the criminal cases cannot be touched by federal law, but must be handled by state and municipal authorities.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS
Chicago Gangsters
* Wash. Evening Star

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DEPT. OF JUSTICE
DIVISION ONE
JUL 14 1932 PM

From
THE EVENING STAR
July 13, 1932

CAPONE AIDE TO DIE

KALISZ, Poland, July 13 (AP).—Joseph Pacholek, said to have been a member of Scarface Al Capone's gang in Chicago, was sentenced to death here today upon his conviction on charges of murder and banditry.

He came back to Poland from Chicago several months ago. Two accomplices in the crimes of which he was convicted were sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

CHICAGO, July 13 (AP).—Capt. John Stege recalled today that a hoodlum named Joseph Pacholek was arrested with Ralph Capone in Colonna's restaurant here several years ago. He was carrying pistols.

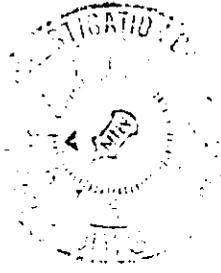
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CAPONE'S AIDE UP AGAINST IT

CHICAGO, July 3.—Teddy Newberry, left by Al Capone in charge of the North Side regions of Chicago gangdom while Al is serving 11 years in the Federal prison, may not be able to gratify his ambition to become a butter and egg man, it was learned here today.

His ambitions may be thwarted by none other than his friends. They want to take care of Teddy.

They planned today to effect his release from jail, to which more or less familiar habitat he was taken Saturday when he stepped out of a plane at the municipal airport into the crowd that was awaiting the arrival of Governor Roosevelt.

Among those who took action in the case were Judge James J. Kelly, of the Superior Court, who telephoned the detective bureau either to release the former North Side gangster or book him, and "Boss" John McLaughlin, once questioned in the Lingle slaying case, who called on detective headquarters and demanded Ted's release.

★ NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

★ WASHINGTON - HERALD

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Chicago Times-Herald

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HEAD OF CHICAGO'S "SECRET SIX" TELLS OF THE WAR UPON GANGS

All the Arts of the Spy, Says Randolph, Are Used in the Effort to Trap and Convict the Criminals of the City's Underworld

Chicago is still working to stamp out its underworld gangs. Recently George E. Q. Johnson, United States District Attorney, told a Senate subcommittee of the difficulties encountered in convicting Al Capone and some of the other leaders. In the following article the founder and head of the famous "Secret Six" explains how that organization of citizens operates in aiding the authorities.

By ROBERT ISHAM RANDOLPH.
CHICAGO.

THE "Secret Six" sounds like a romantic fiction, but it is the newspaper pseudonym for the newspapermen of the Citizens' Committee for the Prevention and Punishment of Crime, a special committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, organized in February, 1930, during my first term as president of that body. I appointed the committee with the authority of the executive committee of the association, and because I refused to tell the newspaper men the names of the members of the committee one journalistic genius dubbed it "the Secret Six."

He served us better than he knew, because, quite unconsciously, he had given us the weapon of the psychology of fear and the rats of the underworld began to scurry because they didn't know where this mysterious ferret was going to strike. The fear persists today, and because some of the biggest and the fattest rats have been trapped in the last two years the fear has grown and many of the rats have squealed and betrayed their brothers. It all came about in this way:

Under the corrosive influence of the most corrupt and degenerate municipal administration that ever cursed a city a politico-criminal alliance had been formed between civil administration and the gun-governed underworld for the exploitation of the citizen, and the "syndicate" control was spread to cover all of Cook County. The "syndicate" had brains and guns. The civil administration lacked brains and courage. So the "syndicate" became the invisible government and levied its toll on life and property, on all business, and all classes of society.

Activities of the "Syndicate."

The law of the land was the law of the gun, and there was no appeal from its edicts. The "syndicate" control was so complete that speak-easies, were not solicited for business, but had their assessment of beer and booze delivered to them whether they wanted it or not, and even had to take "syndicate" pretzels and potato-chips and use the "syndicate" linen service. "Syndicate" strong-arm men took over labor unions, particularly in the service industries, and the citizen paid the "syndicate" price for much that he ate and drank and even for the crease in his trousers.

The citizen was not much concerned when rival bootleggers killed each other, even when they were shot down in batches of seven, as they were on St. Valentine's Day in 1929. The citizen did not often get caught in the cross-fires, and it was no affair of his. He liked his booze with a kick in it and he didn't care whether it came from Bermuda or Canada or a bath tub in Maxwell Street as long as it looked, tasted and acted like booze.

We are a complacent people and this condition might have continued without much protest if the invisible government had not become complacent itself. Success made it contemptuous and organized crime made the mistake of attacking organized business. A contractor's superintendent was shot. The contractor belonged to the Association of Commerce. He wanted to know what he paid dues for and what we were going to do about it. The answer was a conference between the executive committee of the association and the State's Attorney. The question was what might be done to stop crimes of violence in Chicago.

The State's Attorney had a constructive suggestion. "I have a staff of investigators," he said, "whose duty it is to dig up evidence for

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Blank & Stroller Photo.

Robert Isham Randolph, Who Leads Chicago's Crime Fight.

criminal prosecutions, but they are laid on a public roll which contains their names and addresses. The underworld knows who they are, where they live, and what their job is. Under such circumstances it is very difficult and dangerous for those men to get the kind of evidence we need to secure convictions in criminal cases. If you want to be helpful I suggest that you organize a real secret service, in which the operatives are not known to any one but the director, perhaps not even known to one another. If you can supply these men with money enough to run with the wolf pack and buy information from the jackals who trail the pack you can get the kind of evidence we need to secure convictions. With that kind of evidence and with money enough to protect witnesses any of the Assistant State's Attorneys on my staff can secure convictions, and without it the best lawyer in the city can't."

We undertook the job, and the first problem was one of ways and means, men and money. Some of the conferees were not sold on the plan.

"I don't think things are bad enough yet," said one of them. "Every time we have a gang killing we have the collateral benefit of getting rid of an undesirable citizen or two. I think we ought to wait until they kill one of us."

I suggested that the alternative did not make a very strong appeal to me because I happened to be standing out in front, and he said he was not offering himself as a sacrifice either. The success of the plan was finally assured when one of our most influential and public-spirited citizens said: "I think things are bad enough and I have very special means for knowing how bad they are. I think you are proceeding along the right lines. I haven't time to stay here and talk about it, but you may get

me down for 10 per cent of the amount you want to raise."

With that kind of leadership we soon underwrote a five-year program and began immediately to organize the service under the directorship of Alexander Jamie, who had been chief special agent of the Department of Justice for this district. The department cooperated generously by giving him a leave of absence for this purpose and we were fortunate in securing him because of his ability, integrity and long experience in this kind of work. His best recommendation came from the underworld, which never speaks of him without its most vehement and most opprobrious epithets.

Plan of Organization.

Our plan of organization was the one suggested by the State's Attorney and we have never sought to usurp any of the functions of the legally constituted authorities. We have only furnished them with an extra weapon and we have had the finest kind of cooperation from the police and the prosecutors, State and national.

We use the services of the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory of Northwestern University. These aids are the comparison microscope for identifying fatal bullets from test bullets for use in forensic ballistics; the violet ray for revealing secret writing and identifying acid and blood stains; photographic processes for revealing forgeries and aiding handwriting experts; moulage, or the art of making plastic molds for the reproduction of objects, perishable or otherwise, which it may be necessary to keep in the original form for purposes of evidence; microscopic examinations of various kinds; and chemical and bacteriological analyses, to say nothing of the lie detector, that uncanny machine that trips up the most accomplished liar.

Methods Used by Detectives.

All of these are extremely valuable aids, and they supplement the work of trained detectives in making objective deductions. There are some detectives whose experience and intuitions operating subjectively produce amazing results, but the Sherlock Holmes of fiction is very largely a fiction and the best detectives today are those who have the most and the best sources of information. Because this is a fact we resort to all sorts of devious and extra-legal methods of securing information. Dictaphones, telephones, deception, simulation, all the arts and artifices of the spy are freely used. We are forced to fight fire with fire.

But our best sources of information are underworld sources. The most allacious fiction I know is that

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"there is honor among thieves." There isn't any such quality in the fraternity. There is fear which seals lips, but there is nothing akin to loyalty in it. The criminals are all first cousins of Judah and there is not one of them who would not sell his own brother for a price if he thought he could do it without detection.

"Thirty pieces of silver" was the price of the Crucifixion. The current market price of betrayal ranges between a "C" note (\$100) or a Grand (\$1,000). We buy this kind of information at the market and pay for it C. O. D. Sometimes we buy bad information, but we never buy a gold brick from the same man twice. If they want to continue to do business with us the information must prove up under our investigation. It usually does.

Help Given to Authorities.

In spite of the fact that Al Capone made public acknowledgment when he was convicted that the Secret Six had licked him, we do not claim the credit for the long series of convictions of public enemies accomplished by the State's Attorney and the United States District Attorney. We have been helpful in apprehending criminals, in developing evidence, in the protection of witnesses and in doing many things for the prosecutors which they were not able to do for themselves, and they have been kind enough to make public acknowledgment of the value and effectiveness of the service.

We are not required to account for the money we spend except to a small auditing committee whose personnel changes monthly. This committee destroys all money records every month after it has given its certificate that it has examined the accounts. The purpose of this is obvious. The continued existence of the records might jeopardize many of the agents and operatives of the committee.

Many of the ringleaders of the "syndicate" are now in jail, but the biggest step in breaking up the politico-criminal alliance that had become the invisible government was taken in the municipal election a year ago when the thieves were turned out of the temple and a new administration pledged to good government was elected by an overwhelming majority. The Secret Six doesn't claim the credit for this, but the Association of Commerce had a lot to do with it, and the same citizen group has been sitting with the new administration as counsellors in the reorganization of the municipal government.

Praise for Mayor Cermak.

We could not have picked a man better qualified than Anton J. Cermak by training, experience and natural capabilities to reorganize the city government and bring order out of chaos. The first appointment he made as Mayor was that of Colonel A. A. Sprague to the post of Commissioner of Public Works. Colonel Sprague is a leading citizen of Chicago, a wholesale grocer, a director of banks and railroads, a man of courage, ability and integrity. He had served the city well in the same office under Mayor Dever, and there was no one better qualified for the post, which he accepted at great personal sacrifice. At the time of his appointment he was chairman of the Citizens' Committee for the Prevention and Punishment of Crime.

For Corporation Counsel, the Mayor appointed Francis X. Busch, a leading member of the bar and a lawyer of ability and integrity, who had held the post under the Dever Administration.

The Mayor also appointed a Civil Service Commission of outstanding ability and integrity and it has been busy weeding out the scum in the police and other city departments which had come to the top through bribery and corruption under the previous administration. To the post of City Sealer, who is the inspector of weights and measures, he appointed a merchant whose principal business is selling bottling supplies to the citizen who prefers wholesome homebrew to bad Capone beer.

Selection of Police Heads.

As Commissioner of Police, Mayor Cermak chose an officer selected by the Citizens' Advisory Committee without regard to politics or other influence. In fact, the Mayor had never seen or spoken to Captain James P. Alliman before he sent for him on the recommendation of the committee, and he made the appointment without any strings to it. Captain Alliman is a police officer with thirty-one years' experience. He is extremely intelligent, is honest and courageous, and is admirably qualified for the difficult task of rebuilding a demoralized police department. For Chief of Detectives, the Mayor appointed Captain William Shoemaker, who knows the ways of the denizens of the underworld and handles them without gloves.

It has been well said that we get the kind of government we are entitled to, but we don't get good government unless we demand it. We have made the demand in Chicago and we are getting delivery as demand. We are not reformers. We don't expect to make a spotless town out of a metropolis, but we do not propose to be exploited longer by a lot of rats who would not come out of their gutters except for the greed that brings them out en masse to get the easy money that the prohibition laws have tempted them with. The fattest of them have been trapped, but there is still a lean and hungry horde of others and we will have to continue to fight them until the profit is taken out of beer and booze.

Chicago Daily Journal-Post
 10-12-31
**GANGDOM WAR FOR
 THRONE OF CAPONE
 SEEN IN KILLINGS**

**Two Gangsters Slain in
 Regular Chicago Style
 in Outbreak.**

United Press
CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—The guns of gangdom blazed anew and Chicago resumed again today the appearance it had back in those sensational times before the government stepped in and dragged "Scarface" Al Capone to the bar of justice.

One gangster was riddled by machine gun fire. Another was fished from the river, his skull crushed and sprinkled with lead. A grape merchant was murdered in a mysterious manner.

This was Chicago's record for the twenty-four hours before "Scarface Al" stripped of his friends and perhaps of his power, sneaked back today into the federal court where he is on trial.

In the background of the news of the day stalked a sinister figure, that of Frank (Madman) McErlane, the fugitive gunman whom the police call crazy and whom they accuse, among other things, of slaughtering his wife and her two pet dogs while on a drinking spree more prolonged even than the one which reached its climax when he stood on a street corner and blazed away with shotguns at imaginary enemies who popped out of gin bottles.

Like Old Days.
 To police veterans who have survived the bloody street and alley wars which began years ago with the murder of Dion O'Banion in his flower shop, today's murders and today's trial seemed, somehow, to be related.

Capone, who was credited with organizing all the gangs into one band, has been on trial a week, spending all his time in court, unable personally to prevent the ever present underworld civil skirmishes from becoming wars. The possibility of his being sent away has been emblazoned every day in every Chicago paper. The gangs are fighting

It sounded just like one of the reports back in the Torrio-O'Banion-Capone-Genna-Aiello-Lombardo days when police recorded officially last night the finding of George Wilson's body in the heart of what once was known as "the Valley," a near-West side section noted as an old time training ground for gunmen.

Wilson, who was 32, formerly was a policeman. He had been arrested frequently since his dismissal from the force in 1923. Three girls found his body in the street. He had been shot eight times, once in the head, once in the neck, and six times in the body. The regular spacing of the wounds marked the slaying as an old time machine gun shooting. Police theorized that Wilson was caught in a war of the gangs for the power which the papers indicated Capone might be losing.

Enemy of McErlane.
 The slaying of James L. Quigley was perhaps even more sensational. Quigley was better known than Wilson. He had been accused of several murders. He was known as an enemy of "Madman" McErlane.

Quigley's body was fished from the river. He had been shot in the head and body. Detectives figured he had been in the water since just about the time the "Madman" disappeared. They advanced a theory that McErlane got drunk, killed Quigley, then shot down his wife and her dogs and left their bodies in his limousine.

The third slaying was that of Anthony Ialongo, 40, a grape merchant who was lured from his home and shot down across the state line in Indiana. Ialongo was in business on the South side—the end of town, McErlane claimed.

Mystery shrouded the slaying of Ialongo. Police were not sure it was a gang killing, but they pointed out it looked like one. And they knew the gangs were fighting again. Bodies were in the morgue to prove it.

**Witnesses Picture
 Luxury in Mansion
 Capone Maintains**

United Press
FEDERAL BUILDING, CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—The \$11,500 fine

Turn to Page 2, Column 1
 OCT 12 1931
 32-15941

Al Capone's garage...
 The glimpse into drawing room and music room followed previous views in the Capone kitchen...
 He is specifically charged with evading \$215,000 tax on a 2-year income of \$1,033,854.

Fleet of Costly Cars.
 Next came a glimpse into the Capone garage, where a fleet of costly automobiles was kept. D. J. Purinton, Chicago auto dealer, testified to selling Capone specially built McFarland cars, one of which cost \$12,500.

Then haberdashery salesmen told how Capone bought custom made shirts at from \$12 to \$30 each and collars that cost \$2 each. He ordered a dozen shirts at a clip and paid cash for them.

Peter Ari and Earl Corbett, shoe and haberdashery salesmen, told of a typical visit of Capone to the store with three friends. Capone bought twenty-eight ties at \$1 each and twenty-eight handkerchiefs at \$2 each for himself, and all a dozen similar ties and handkerchiefs for his three men.

P. H. Mincer, rug salesman, testified selling Chinese rugs to Capone and delivering them to his Prairie avenue address.

Jack Guzik Signs Check.
 One payment of \$1,500 was made in three checks. The next three payments were in checks made by Jack Guzik on the Equitable Bank of Chicago. One payment of \$280.15 was in cash.

Capone, wearing a dark purple lined suit, was chewing gum vigorously as the trial resumed.

Phil D'Andrea, Capone's bodyguard-chauffeur, appeared before Judge Wilkerson on a contempt of court charge based on carrying a concealed weapon into the courtroom Saturday as a prelude to today's trial session. D'Andrea was arrested Saturday by secret service operatives as he left the federal building with Capone.

MA 3

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

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Chicago Gangster

Washington Times 9/14/31

[Handwritten scribbles]

SECRET '6' AIDS 55 PROBINGS OF CRIME

Major Gang Investigations in Chicago Opened by Group That Inspired Movie Feature

CHICAGO, Sept. 14 (I.N.S.). The "Secret Six," which suggests so much drama in crime fighting that it inspired a movie, was today pictured as a far-reaching, double-edged weapon against minions of the underworld.

Col. Robert I. Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, issued a statement asserting the secret organization "cleared the way" for all major gang prosecutions in the last year.

55 Investigations

Besides combatting the mobsters, the group has fought all types of crime that prey on legitimate business.

All Capone's prosecution was aided by the "Secret Six," and the committee had a hand in 50 other prosecutions or convictions.

At present it is conducting 55 separate investigations, Colonel Randolph added.

It was indicated that the "Secret Six" serves the community chiefly by digging up cases of criminality and turning them over to the proper authorities for complete investigation.

Battling All Crimes

Colonel Randolph's statement read:

"Many of those who have been following our co-operation with the Federal authorities in the prosecution of the Capone crowd seem ignorant of the fact that we are interested in combating any crime that affects business."

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

NOT RECORDED

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32-15941-8X 17

The Washington Post
9-14-31

'SECRET SIX' REVEAL MASTER CRIME RING

Organization Functions in
All Parts of the Country,
Chicagoans Assert.

Chicago, Sept. 13 (U.P.).—The "Secret Six," mysterious sextet of Chicago millionaires banded together against crime has uncovered "amazing" underworld ramifications during the last year, Col. Robert Laham Randolph revealed tonight.

Col. Randolph, fighting president of the Association of Commerce, is the only member of the "secret six" whose identity is known.

"The secret service force of our committee," said he, "has found that practically all of the crimes against business are being conducted by nationally organized gangs. In one recent case involving a bucket shop specializing in grain market operations, we traced the dealings of the culprits in nineteen States. In our work with the banks it has been shown conclusively that 25 per cent of the daylight robberies about the United States, particularly those of the scare-head variety, involving shootings and large thefts, are being conducted by one country-wide body of supercriminals.

"This gang is said to include as many as 148 killers, located all over the Nation, and for a long time was directed by Fred (Killer) Burke, recently sentenced to life imprisonment in Michigan."

Col. Randolph disclosed that the "Secret Six" has cleared the way for prosecution of 81 criminal groups, including the cases against gangsters Al Capone, Ralph Capone and Mope Volpe.

The colonel said his cohorts had 21 other investigations now in progress, one including 170 defendants, at a stage assuring their early transfer to the prosecutors, and that 24 newer attacks on crime rings are progressing sufficiently to make eventual victory in the courts seem almost certain.

"In one instance," added Col. Randolph, "an underworld figure in Chicago was found to have balked justice by getting 22 continuances between last December and July. Investigation of his status by the "Secret Six" was followed by his immediate conviction to Joliet Penitentiary.

"Many of those who have been following our cooperation with the Federal authorities in the prosecution of the Capone crowd seem ignorant of the fact that we are interested in combatting any crime that affects business. So far we have been successful in matching wits with forgers, robbers, business and labor racketeers, hi-jackers, pay roll bandits, kidnapers, promoters of fake charities, short-weight merchants and a score of other criminal specialists.

"Although we have kept our activities as quiet as possible, we do feel that in digging up evidence, by protecting witnesses and by letting the underworld know that it has a non-political foe to contend with, we have aided materially in driving out of Chicago many undesirables."

NEWSPAPER OF CHICAGO

NOT RECORDED

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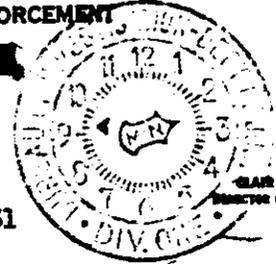
GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, CHAIRMAN
HENRY W. ANDERSON
MERTON D. BAKER
ADA B. CONSTOCK
WILLIAM I. GRUBB
WILLIAM S. KENTON
MONTE M. LEMANN
FRANK J. LOESCH
KENNETH MACKINTOSH
PAUL J. MCCORRUCK
ROSCOE POUND

W. F. BARRY, SECRETARY

NATIONAL COMMISSION ON LAW OBSERVANCE AND ENFORCEMENT

ROOM 801, 175 NEW YORK AVENUE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECEIVED



CLAIR WILCOX
DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH

July 15, 1931

g
w

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover,
Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

JUL 16 1931 AM

32-15941

b7D

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I enclose a letter from [redacted]
of Auburn, Washington, which is self-explanatory, for
such attention as you deem proper to give to it.

I am

Very truly yours,

W. F. Barry
Secretary.

Encl.
WFB-am

revised
copy to Director
7-22-31
W. F. C.

RECORDED & INDEXED

JUL 24 1931

32-15941-9
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JUL 16 1931 AM
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FILE

Two Threes

129

the racketeering business. This [redacted] makes his head quarters at Snoquala and has protection from the Sheriff of King Co. He told her the Federal are the only ones they had to fear as the Sheriff and police always work with them. These five gangsters call themselves the Big Five and are organizing in a systematic way right now to work Seattle like Chicago and other cities are being worked.

This girl has no idea I am writing and that I would tell, but I am an American born citizen and an ordained minister of the gospel and I feel its my duty to work against crime in every way I can.

Yours Truly. b7D

P.S.

b7C [redacted] is the head of a large Bootlegging Ring in Seattle.

b7D Auburn was [redacted]

"It is a peculiar thing about Chicago that we have no Tammany; that is good, but it also is one of the causes of our gang warfare," said Miss Addams yesterday.

Started in the drawing room of Mrs. Edwina B. Niver's home on Warrenson road, where she is convalescing from an operation undergone several weeks ago at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Miss Addams had been discussing geographical variations in social problems.

Dipping into the fund of experience gathered in the forty-two years that she founded Hull-House, a settlement house in what then was the heart of Chicago's Italian colony, the social worker and cowinner of the 1931 Nobel peace prize, expressed her views on Chicago's reputation for crime.

Struggle Of Factions

In the first place, she said, Chicago's gang wars are a product of the factional struggle to control—and, hence, to increase their profits from—organized vice: Bootlegging, drug-peddling, gambling, prostitution. Miss Addams emphasized that the four went hand in hand and that these fights for vice monopolies had been going on before prohibition and in other cities as well as in Chicago.

Prohibition, she said, merely made the profits bigger, the goal more enticing and the struggle, in consequence, more intense. It also brought in its wake, she said, wholesale racketeering in other fields than those of vice, the increased corruption of government made possible by bootlegging profits enabling racketeers to terrorize merchants, laborers and small manufacturers with impunity.

Quotes From Book

Miss Addams referred to a passage in her Second Twenty Years at Hull House, which says:

"It is big money that makes Chicago gang wars so murderous. The city holds the key to the rich trade of the West and Northwest in whisky, wine, gin and beer, exactly as it does in wheat, hogs, furniture and more staple commodities. Certain Chicago citizens point out almost with pride that if other cities have escaped the bootleg wars it is because they are less strategically located than Chicago in the scheme of liquor distribution."

"Organized vice," Miss Addams continued, "is dependent upon police protection, upon governmental corruption. There was no 'machine' worthy of the name in Chicago. Had there been a Tammany, a smooth-running political machine, things would have gone smoothly, vice would have flourished, but gang war—violence—would have been rare."

Set Up Own Territories

"Gangs would have had territories apportioned to them and in those territories they would have had vice mo-

Miss Addams Gives View On Chicago Gang Disorders

Nobel Prize Winner, Convalescing After Operation At Hopkins, Tracts Social And Political Development Of Racketeering

monopolies protected by the police. As it was, they set up such territories for themselves, but then gangs began invading each other's territory and gang wars resulted.

"Under Mayor Thompson for two terms many of our police were in the position described by the Irish as 'on the run.' The gangs had things on the police, and the police were helpless to the point even to having to take sides in the gang wars at times."

Miss Addams said it was too early to pass judgment on the administration of Mayor Cermak.

She did say, however, that "it would be unfair even to compare him with Thompson" and that "Cermak made a good president of the Board of County Commissioners, being especially interested in the humanitarian aspects of county administration."

Sees "Grounds For Hope"

"The very fact that he is a Democrat and Thompson was a Republican is some grounds for hope; his election meant, at least, that we got rid of the old crowd," Miss Addams continued.

Again referring to her Second Twenty Years at Hull House, she said:

"Slowly through the years one is forced to recognize that the increase of crime is connected with the general state of political corruption throughout the community as a whole, for no social institution can escape from the community which gives it birth and which either promotes or retards its operation."

Fared Tax Losses

To illustrate, she told how efforts to restrict vice in the roadhouses around Chicago were impeded by the reluctance of the little municipalities in which the resorts are located to have their tax revenues from these places reduced. Illustrating another phase, she said:

"I think there is no doubt that the older boys in our neighborhood who are openly 'bold and bad' are almost always secure in the conviction that if one of them should get caught he will not be severely dealt with, that local politicians to whom he and his family are attached will take care of him. And the surprising thing is that they usually do take care of him."

Telling how from her Hull House vantage point she had watched spring up in left and private by taking the place of the corner settlement-house...

the settlement-house was... further...

Pressure On Patrolman

"The development of political corruption in connection with the manufacture and sale of liquor," she said, "followed a direction the reverse of that of the industrial change from factory to decentralized small-scale production. The pressure formerly brought to bear on Washington and upon State capitals has now been transferred to the simplest unit of government, the patrolman on his beat."

She told how rival bootleggers found it essential to control a given producing area; how they gave the honest brewers and distillers in their territories police protection and selling advantages in return for half their output, and how this process developed vicious conflicts between rival gangs of sellers, not producers. She also told how these trends led to absolute dependence on "successful corruption" of government and how the bootleggers came to "count upon humanity from the very people whose business it is to report them."

Describes Rum Running

Miss Addams described how residents of the Hull House neighborhood got used to seeing bootleggers transporting their wares openly in trucks, on which set guards with shot-guns wrapped in newspapers on their knees.

"The political protection produces great cynicism among the immigrants, who say quite openly, 'You can do anything in America if you pay for it,'" Miss Addams said.

As to its effect on boys, she said: "Boys in bootlegging neighborhoods have many opportunities to participate and even collect hush money, or at least to help by guarding secrets as to location of bootlegging outfits. They are quite often used as outposts, and are expected to give alarm if a policeman or a hijacker appears to 'be wise' as to the location of the hidden activity."

Fools Blame Overestimated

Despite all this, Miss Addams said, she feels that prohibition's responsibility for crime has been overestimated. She maintains that the traffic in narcotics and the gambling racket were productive of as much police corruption at one time, and that an aroused public opinion checked them and checked them quickly. She believes that an aroused public opinion would function similarly in connection with the illicit sale of liquor.

To the...
"Disarmament" needed, she asserted. "If we think I am quite clear, that what the prohibition situation needs, first of all, is disarmament. If this necessitates Federal control of the sale of firearms, so much the better, but whatever is necessary for the final results, the Federal agents should promptly be taught other methods than those of gunmen."
"It is their business to bring law-breakers into court and not to punish on the spot."

Baltimore Sun
Sunday January 18, 1932

INDEXED

RECORDED

WIC:TAM
22-15741-9

July 22, 1931

JUL 24 1931

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR, BUREAU OF PROHIBITION

There is enclosed herewith for the attention of your Bureau photostatic copy of a letter dated July 15, 1931 received from Mr. W. F. Barry, Secretary of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, together with photostatic copy of a letter addressed to the Federal Crime Commission by [redacted] Auburn, Washington, dated July 7, 1931, relative to a complaint that "Bugs" Moran and four other of the Chicago racketeers are in Seattle, Washington, and that one [redacted] is the head of a large bootlegging ring in Seattle. b7D b7C

Very truly yours,
For the Director,

Assistant Director.

Incl. #758419

BUREAU FILES DIVISION
MAILED
JUL 22 1931
P. M.
DEPT. OF JUSTICE

hvr

[Handwritten signature]

133 7

U. S. Department of Justice

Bureau of Investigation

POST OFFICE BOX 1405
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



SEP 26 1932 PM

September 21st, 1932.

Director,
United States Bureau of Investigation,
Washington, D.C.

Handwritten initials

Dear Sir:

32 - 15941

This is to advise that Mr. GORDON L. HOSTETTER, Director of the Employees Association, Chicago, Illinois, has been in contact with United States Attorney Dwight H. Green, and this office, for the purpose of having the Federal Government initiate some activity against business racketeers in this city.

This matter was formally presented to U.S. Attorney Green recently, who called me into the conference. Thereafter I had a general discussion with Mr. Hostetter, at which time he agreed to submit his complaint in writing, in order that the matter could be forwarded to the Bureau for appropriate decision.

To date I have heard nothing from Mr. Hostetter, and I assume therefore that he has taken the matter up directly with Washington. At any rate I observe from the morning paper that he is now in the city of Washington, and recently delivered a speech there, concerning the cost of crime to the business people of this city.

During my conference with Mr. Hostetter he was unable to furnish any information whatever of a specific nature, but generalized along the lines that the criminal element was securing control of many of the labor unions in this city, principally the Cleaners and Dyers Union, the Teamsters Union, and the Electrical Workers Union. Through the operation of these Unions Mr. Hostetter feels that interstate commerce is being restrained and interfered with.

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INDEXED

SEP 28 1932

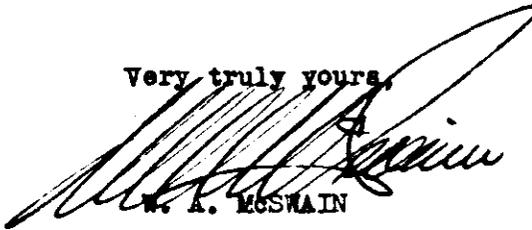
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BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION	
SEP 26 1932 A.M.	
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
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Page 2.

Of course the matter in question is in line with previous activity on the part of various people to have the Federal Government enter the local racketeering situation in this city. I gave Mr. Hostetter no encouragement whatever, although I did advise him that if he would provide me with detailed specific data concerning this matter, together with information to indicate an interstate angle, I would be pleased to transmit the matter to you for such action as you deemed appropriate in the premises.

Very truly yours,



W. K. McSWAIN

Special Agent in Charge.

WAM:JMS

135

April 23, 1933

Chicago. ILL. INVESTIGATION
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

It is may as valuable to you ^{as it is to me}

four of chinese man. [redacted] b7c

Albert Young Owner of 411, 80. Clark. St. another two name

[redacted] it is most criminal chinese man

of this conuntry they collect revenue from each chinese gamble hous amount abuo^t 25. per week that is total abuo^t \$500. weekly. they never pay any cent of government tax. and you can find that out. he chinese book they are showing how much revenue collect from each chinese gamble hous they had charge murder some of chinese man in chicago about three year a go. they owing he attorney some money yet. collect revenue from chinese gamble hous that money payment he attorney is one hundard dollar week. you can find them record of criminal court of chicago. Ill. and also some one have no right stay in this conuntry shuld be investigator and deport them back to china. this is confidently the God Thrth and I wish justice take this a matter up at onec.

You very truly [redacted] b7D

P. S.

If any infromation you wish you can ask of filipino they

work for [redacted] b7c chinese capone gangster of chicago. Ill.

*0 gangster Chicago, Ill
scanned*

*ask; letters to
Immigration +
Eastern Revenue Bureau*

*4-24-33
221P*

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

MAY 2 - 1933

32-15941-11
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
APR 24 1933 A.M.
Div. One
Div. Four
FILE

FLA:EB
32-17941-11

RECORDED

APR 29 1933

Commissioner General of Immigration,
Department of Labor,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

There is transmitted herewith a copy of a letter dated April 23, 1933, directed to this office by [REDACTED], Chicago, Illinois, stating that certain persons are in this country in violation of the Immigration Laws. b7D

This matter is being referred to you for whatever attention you deem appropriate, and the writers of the enclosed letter have been so advised.

Very truly yours,

Enc. #332358.

Director.



RECEIVED
MAY 1 1933
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

137

JLR:MB
92-19941-11

RECORDED

April 29, 1933.

MAY 2 - 1933

b7D

[Redacted]
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Receipt is acknowledged of the letter dated April 23, 1933, signed by you and [Redacted] regarding activities of four Chinese men.

You are advised that this matter would not seem to come within the jurisdiction of this Bureau and copies of your communication have been referred to the Commissioner General of Immigration and to the Intelligence Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau, for appropriate attention.

Very truly yours,

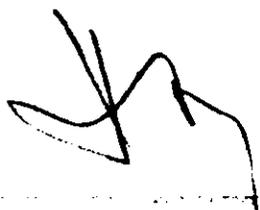
Director.



*Letter returned
not called
for JLR*

BUREAU FILED DIVISION
MAILED
APR 29 1933

hs



JLR:EB
32-15941-11

RECORDED

April 29, 1933.

MAY 2 - 1933

Mr. Elmer L. Ivey,
Chief, Intelligence Unit,
Bureau of Internal Revenue,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

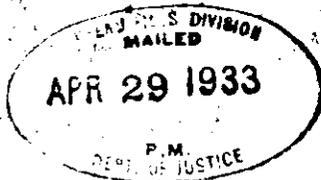
There is transmitted herewith a copy of a letter dated April 23, 1933, received in this office from [redacted] Chicago, Illinois, in which it is alleged that certain named individuals have violated the Income Tax Laws. b7D

This matter is being referred to you for appropriate attention and the writers thereof have been so advised.

Very truly yours,

Enc. #332359.

Director,



[Handwritten initials]
[Handwritten signature]

CO: for

May 4, 1933.

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32-15941-12

MAY 6

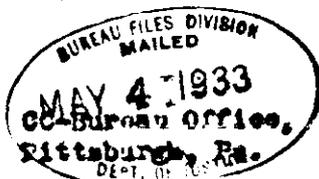
Mr. Fred Ludwick,
Sheriff,
Smithport, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:

It is noted that you recently forwarded fingerprints to the United States Bureau of Investigation for the purpose of obtaining criminal records thereon. I am greatly pleased to receive such prints and am taking the liberty of forwarding to you, under separate cover, a copy of this Bureau's pamphlet entitled "How To Take Fingerprints", which I hope will be of assistance to you in making records of such persons under arrest in your jurisdiction as you may deem necessary or desirable. I am also forwarding, under separate cover, two hundred fingerprint cards, fifty self-addressed franked envelopes and twenty-five disposition sheets which are for your use. The Bureau prefers that these forms be used if convenient and practicable to you. A copy of each fingerprint card should be mailed to this Bureau at once for identification. The disposition sheets should be mailed periodically to report dispositions in cases wherein fingerprints have been forwarded to the United States Bureau of Investigation. It is suggested that disposition sheets, when completed, be mailed with fingerprints in the 8 x 8 franked envelopes provided for that purpose.

The fingerprint files of the United States Bureau of Investigation are operated under the authority of an Act of Congress for the purpose of maintaining a central clearing house of data pertaining to criminals and furnishing free service to any legally constituted law enforcement official in the United States and foreign countries. Within thirty-six hours of the receipt of a fingerprint record a report thereon is in the mails. This cooperation will be extended to you gladly and I trust that you will make liberal use of the facilities of the Bureau. I shall be very glad to forward additional supplies whenever you desire them.

Very truly yours,



Director.

Handwritten initials and number: 140