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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

ALPHONSE CAPONE

PART 3 OF 11

BUFILE NUMBERS:

32-15941

62-32480

62-35259

SUBJECT Capone, Alphonse

FILE NUMBER 32-15941

SECTION NUMBER 1

SERIALS 1- 41X

TOTAL PAGES 226

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Chicago Crime Commission

ORGANIZED BY
The Chicago Association of Commerce
300 West Adams Street
Telephone Franklin 0101

RECORDED
AUG 19 1930
DIV. of IDENT.
August
Five
1930

6
AUG-7 1930

To: U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

Attention: J. E. Hoover
Director

32
over

Subject: Records as to twenty-eight known
gangsters

7-57-0212-9-9

- 1.- Attached you will find a list of twenty-eight persons known to be gangsters and racketeers in Chicago.
- 2.- This list is forwarded to your office for the purpose of ascertaining if any of the twenty-eight named have a previous record outside of Chicago.
- 3.- If your files contain any record as to the twenty-eight named receipt of such copies of records will be appreciated.
- 4.- There is being forwarded to you under separate cover No. 58 of Criminal Justice, the official publication of the Chicago Crime Commission. In this issue you will find matters that may be of interest to your office.

R. W. Dvorak

R. W. Dvorak
Assistant Operating Director

RWD:CH

RECORDED & INDEXED

32-15941-1
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
AUG 7 1930
4

7 1930

In re: Chicago's Well Known
Gang Leaders and Gangsters

The following is a partial list of Chicago's most prominent,
well known and notorious gangsters:

✓ Alphonse Capone alias "Scar Face Capone"
"Al Capone"
"Al Brown"

Tony ("Mops") Volpe

✓ Ralph Capone

Frank Ric alias "Frank Kline"
"Frank Cline"

✓ Jack Demore alias "Jack (Machine Gun) McGurn"

James Belcastro

✓ Kocco Fannelli

✓ Lawrence ("Dago Lawrence") Mangano

Jack Zuta

✓ Jack Gusiok

Frank Diamond

✓ George ("Bugs") Moran

Joe Aiello

✓ Edward ("Spike") O'Donnell

✓ Joe ("Polack Joe") Saltis

✓ Frank McErlane

Vincent McErlane

✓ William Blometh

✓ Danny Stanton
 ✓ Wyles O'Donnell
 ✓ Frank Lake
 ✓ Terry Druggan
 ✓ William ("Klondike") O'Donnell
 ✓ George ("Red") Barker,
 ✓ William ("Three Finger Jack") White
 Joseph ("Peppy") Genaro
 Leo Hengoven
 ✓ James ("Fur") Sammons

The above list represents persons who are constantly in conflict with the law.

**FINAL
EDITION**

TS IN CHICAGO AND SUBURBS ELSEWHERE THREE CENTS

DBS

**U. S. GIRDS FOR
DRIVE AGAINST
CHICAGO CRIME**

Chicago Tribune
* 11-21-30

**Calls Guzik Verdict
Blow to Gangs.**

All federal law enforcement agencies in Chicago are being coordinated for a concerted campaign against crime. This was announced in Washington yesterday by Attorney General Mitchell in the wake of the government's conviction of Jack Guzik, Capone gangster and public enemy on charges of evading the income tax.

The conviction of Guzik was regarded in Washington as the most far reaching blow so far dealt to the Capone gang. Attorney General Mitchell announced that the federal authorities in Chicago are being supported by the "fertilizing and strengthening" of the various federal agencies.

Help Sent from Washington.

Assistant Attorney General William J. Froelich has been in Chicago for several weeks assisting United States Attorney George E. Q. Johnson to coordinate the several branches of federal service for an assault upon crime on all fronts. The district attorney had not disclosed the purpose of Mr. Froelich's assignment, but it was stated in Washington by the attorney

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

32-15944-296

evading the income tax.
The conviction of Guzik was reported in Wash. in the same day reaching the ... to the ... Attorney General Mitchell announced that the federal authorities in Chicago are being supported by the "fortifying and strengthening" of the various federal agencies.

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Additional investigators from Washington have been sent to Chicago, but neither the attorney general nor the district attorney would discuss how many. It is known, however, that the internal revenue department's intelligence unit, headed by A. F. Madden, has been reinforced with more agents. This unit handles income tax frauds and is regarded as the most potent of federal crime fighting agencies.

Hopes for More Convictions

District Attorney Johnson, in keeping with his policy of talking only with indictments and verdicts, declined to amplify the announcement of the attorney general. As to the conviction of Guzik, he had only this to say:

"We hope it promises more and even greater achievements of a similar nature."

In refusing to discuss the federal campaign against crime, Mr. Johnson declared: "If words could drive the official and criminal gangsters out of Chicago they would have been gone long ago. The Bible says the guilty fleeeth from the shadow."

The district attorney expressed disgust with so-called crusades launched with headlines and declared that such methods have little success against machine gunners and bomb hurlers. His phraseology was reminiscent of a dictum of Sophocles in "Edipus the King"—"Words cannot scare him who blanches not at deeds."

Many Forces Included

The local federal agencies include the prohibition force, the secret service, the internal revenue agents, and intelligence unit, the immigration authorities, the department of justice bureau of investigation, the postal inspectors, the narcotic bureau, and the customs inspectors.

As an example of the type of work expected through the coordination of these forces, local authorities, cited hypothetical cases. If a police captain is found to be accepting bribes for protecting bootleggers, he can be prosecuted for conspiracy to violate the dry laws. Then his income may be found sufficient to justify prosecution for tax fraud.

Deport When Ever Possible

Immigration authorities are cooperating with all branches of the service and deporting all aliens who enter the country illegally or have sufficient criminal records.

32-13

8

LCS:CG
32-15941-1

August 11, 1930.

RECORDED

Mr. R. W. Gorch,
Assistant Operating Director,
Chicago Crime Commission,
800 West Adams Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge your letter of August 5, 1930, requesting records on twenty-eight gangsters whose names you furnished.

While, no doubt, the files of the National Division of Identification and Information contain records of many individuals answering these names, I cannot vouch for the fact that they are identical with the persons you have in mind unless copies of the fingerprints of these gangsters are furnished, or their Chicago police numbers given as a key to such records.

I will be very glad to supply you with all data in our possession concerning these individuals upon receipt of further information along the lines just set out.

Very truly yours,

Director.

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AUG 11 1930
F. B. I.
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Chicago Crime Commission

ORGANIZED BY
The Chicago Association of Commerce
300 West Adams Street
Telephone Franklin 0101

32-15941

August
Fifteen
1930

RECORDED
AUG 18 1930
DIV. of NUMBER

Dear Mr. Hoover:-

This will acknowledge receipt of your kind letter advising that you are unable to furnish the previous records of twenty-eight gangsters submitted unless these are accompanied by copy of finger prints or police numbers.

Enclosed you will find a list of the twenty-eight gangsters. Preceding each name you will find what is known in the Chicago Police Department as the Bureau of Identification picture number. Where police or picture numbers are missing you will find following the name finger print code numbers and letters.

I trust that the information now submitted is sufficient and if not I will be pleased to furnish anything further that may be necessary to obtain the previous records that may be in the possession of your department as to the persons named.

R. W. Dvorak
R. W. Dvorak
Assistant Operating Director

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

Attention of John Edgar Hoover, Director

RECORDED

AUG 21 1930

32-15941-2	
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION	
AUG. 21 1930 A. M.	
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
Div. Six	FILE

RWD-IT

Please address all communications to Chicago Crime Commission and not to individuals

8/19/05

Philadelphia Police Dept. Alphonse Capone alias "Boar Face Capone"
6527 "Al Capone"
"Al Brown"

1 U I O 8
1 T O

✓ 94550 Tony ("Mops") Volpe

✓ C-1275 Ralph Capone

✓ C-5550 Frank Rio alias "Frank Kline"
"Frank Cline"

○ C-1702 Jack Demore alias "Jack ("Machine Gun") McGurn"

○ 71761 James Belcastro

Pocco Fannelli 32 IM 0
32 MM

✓ C-13352 Lawrence ("Dago Lawrence") Mangano

○ Jack Zuta 1 R t 9
1 R

• Jack Gusick 14 T O 0
22 R IO

✓ 95167 Frank Blanton

✓ 84689 George ("Fats") Brown

✓ C-8987 Joe Marino

○ 67753 Edward ("Dope") O'Donnell

✓ C-2263 Joe ("Polish Joe") Seltis

✓ C-999 Frank McElroy

○ C-295 Vincent McElroy

✓ C-3877 William Kiemoth

○ 91427 Danny Stanton

✓ C-17917 Myles O'Donnell

○ Frank Lake 1 U 00 16
17 H 00

San Francisco 35948

Terry Duggan 1 U 9
14 T

✓ C-4993 William ("Klondike") O'Donnell

○ 78120 George ("Red") Parker

✓ C-16558 William ("Three Finger Jack") White

○ C-12751 Joseph ("Peppy") Genere

○ C-14036 Les Mongoven

✓ C-4996 James ("Fur") Sarmons

28713

32-15941-2

LOUISIANA

RECORDED

AUG 21 1930

August 20, 1930.

Mr. E. W. Dvorak,
Assistant Operating Director,
Chicago Crime Commission,
500 West Adams Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge your letter of August 13, 1930, and to furnish for your information, the following criminal records of a number of the gangsters mentioned in the list which accompanied the communication cited:

ALPHONSE CAPONE, Philadelphia, Pa., Hallowell State Penitentiary #0-5557: Subject as Alphonse Capone, #2-5404, received Philadelphia County Prison, Hallowell, Pa., May 14, 1929, charge carrying concealed deadly weapons; sentence one year.

As Alphonse Capone, #20723, arrested Police Department, Philadelphia, Pa., May 17, 1929, charge suspicious character and carrying concealed deadly weapons; disposition not given.

As Alphonse Capone, #0-5557, received State Penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa., August 8, 1928, from Philadelphia; crime carrying concealed deadly weapons; sentence one year. The following notations appear on this print:

"Al Capone, New York City, suspected of murder; discharged.
Al Capone, Chicago, Ill., "

As Alphonse Capone, #20723, arrested Police Department, Miami, Fla., May 8, 1930, charge investigation - vagrancy released on writ May 8, 1930; forfeited \$100 bond.

The following is the report of one RALPH CAPONE, possibly identical with the RALPH CAPONE referred to in your inquiry on Philadelphia Police #0-1275:

As Ralph Capone, #10772, arrested Police Department, New Orleans, La., May 30, 1928, charge violation of Section 1220 - Dangerous and suspicious - visible means of support; discharged.

As Ralph James Capone, #10144, arrested Police Department, Memphis, La., February 8, 1928, charge investigation; released.

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AUG 20 1930

F-1167

12

WILLIAM WHITE, Chicago Police #12588: Subject as William White, #21186, arrested Police Department, Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 2, 1919, charge fugitive (bank robber); turned over to Chicago, Ill., Police Department, August 12, 1920.

As William White, #2021, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., January 7, 1920, from Cook County, crime robbery, etc., sentence one year to life imprisonment.

As William White, #25716, arrested Police Department, Kansas City, Missouri, June 22, 1925, charge suspected of robbery; disposition not given.

As William J. White, #3-328, arrested Police Department, Chicago, Ill., May 22, 1926, charge general principles; disposition not given.

As Willie White, #0-10008, arrested Police Department, Chicago, Illinois, [date not given] prison received May 12, 1929). The following information appears on this print:

- William White, #70002, Chicago, Ill., 12/22/19, robbery, Joliet Pen. #0025.
- " " Kansas City, Mo., 4/22/20, robbery
- " " Chicago, Ill., 1/21/27, #20002, Joliet Pen.
- " " #20009, Chicago, Ill., 2/19/28, robbery; not guilty.
- " " " " 6/7/28, robbery."

The above records have been furnished on the basis of the Police Department numbers furnished by you. You will note that no fingerprints are in the files of the National Division of Identification and Information on the basis of some of the numbers furnished in your letter. If you desire to receive the full criminal records disclosed by this Division concerning the members of the gangsters listed by you, I will be glad to supply you with the same if you will forward a copy of the fingerprints which can be obtained from the Chicago Police Department Identification Bureau, or if you will give me additional police numbers as a check. Every Police Department fingerprint card is sent the National Division of Identification and Information, thus accounting for the fact that I am unable at this writing to give you all the records you request.

I trust that the information furnished in this letter will be of some assistance to your Commission and I desire to assure you of my desire to render all possible service to you at all times.

Very truly yours,

Director.

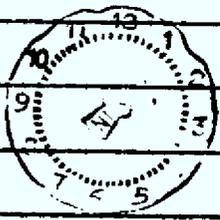
14

11/22/30
FOR ATTENTION OF ACTION
AS INDICATED

Director.....	Room 320
Mr. Nathan.....	" 318
Mr. Tolson.....	" 422
Mr. Baughman.....	" 416
Mr. Appel.....	" 433
Mr. Egan.....	" 419
Mr. Guinane.....	" 419
Mr. Harvey.....	" 420
Miss Matthew.....	" 420
Miss Beahm.....	" 420
Mrs. Peake.....	" 420

Inspectors.....
 Division Seven.....
 Bureau Files Division.....
 Personnel Files Division.....
 Local Bureau office.....
 Identification Division.....

NOV 22 1930



V. W. Hughes,
 Room 418.

32-15941-2X NOT RECORDED 3-2-

CRIME FIGHTERS UNITE IN BATTLE TO UPHOLD LAW

Chicago Tribune
11/21-30
Alcock Heads Organization Formed at U. of C.

BY PHILIP KINSLEY.

The Chicago regional group of the Association of Law Enforcement Officers of America was organized yesterday at the University of Chicago to meet the challenge of organized crime.

Its first action was to elect Acting Police Commissioner John H. Alcock as president and to adopt resolutions endorsing the new code of criminal procedure prepared by the American Institute of Law and recommending the establishment of a state bureau of criminal identification and investigation under the department of public welfare.

From Many Organizations.

More than one hundred officials and representatives of crime fighting organizations met in the hall of Social Sciences at the call of Prof. August Vollmer, head of the department of police administration at the university. They represented everything from the federal prohibition bureau to the village chief of police in the far flung metropolitan area which comprises 1,300 independent governments. In the all day forum that resulted many suggestions for meeting the crime problem were flung into the hopper.

Cooperation not only in pressure for new legislation but in the actual work of catching criminals through a new system of records and information and the extension of police radio and other means will be effected.

"We are weaklings if we don't beat the crooks," said Prof. Vollmer, former chief of police of Berkeley, Cal. "It is a question of government by gangsters, for gangsters, or a government by the people for the people. The only remedy is organization."

Alcock Sees Hope for Future.

Commissioner Alcock said he was very hopeful for the future, with such an organization to help him. He suggested that when complaints come in concerning officials it would be well to find out whether they originate with good people, "or are worked up through the racketeers to humiliate and destroy competent officials."

"From a policeman's standpoint," he said, "I know what would be ideal."

"First, a citizenry which would demand a strict enforcement of all laws, not only against the other fellow but against themselves as well."

"Second, a police force thoroughly trained in every branch of its difficult business, with promotions based strictly upon merit, and with the head of the department irremovable."

"Third, prosecutors who, after being thoroughly educated in law, take special courses in a university in the preparation and trial of criminal cases."

Forty Citizens Answer Call to Fight Racket in New York

New York, Nov. 20.—[Special.]—District Attorney T. C. Crain's appeal for a committee of public safety to help him rid New York of racketeer rule was answered today by forty men—leaders in industry, churchmen, labor leaders and public officials—who met in his office in the afternoon and outlined a program for combating the "public enemies."

The details of the program were not made public and the session was held behind closed doors, but Mr. Crain told reporters that "concrete suggestions" had been offered, that a definite course of action had been outlined, and that the program would be carried out. He hinted that the reason for withholding the details of the plan was that it might thwart the committee's work.

Mr. Crain opened the meeting with a talk on the extent to which the racketeers have gone in their raids on various branches of industry in New York. He told how they work and pleaded for emancipation from their power.

Tells How Rackets Work.

"In many lines of trade and commerce," he said, "racketeers coerce the workman, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the financier. These are

forced into court, and their interests are being to society. The racketeers are not conducted as the professional law agent would conduct them, but as he is constrained to conduct them at the command of gangsters."

"This fear of the racketeer prevents those whose conduct is controlled by it from availing themselves of the forces of government which exist for the protection of the citizen, and today a considerable portion of our business community who are the victims of the racketeer stay away from the police, the district attorney and the courts. They place themselves by their surrender to the demands of the lawless to a great extent outside the protection of the law."

To Send Out Inquiries.

It was made known today that a secret questionnaire is to be sent to merchants in all big cities asking for details of their experiences with racketeers and other "public enemies." J. Weston Allen, chairman of the national crime commission, wrote District Attorney Crain offering full cooperation of his organization in the drive against racketeers. Complete anonymity will be promised to the merchants.

crime situation were given at the conference as follows:

Prof. Charles E. Merriam — The crooks pay no attention to political geography. They rely on the inability of the rest of us to organize. They are a good deal better organized than the law enforcers. There are brains and energy enough among the peace officers to put an end to this hide and seek game. I predict that the next great advance in municipal government will be in police administration. Police and public welfare will be re-organized. It is not all man hunting. The time to deal with crime is to get at the roots of it.

Col. J. F. J. Herbert (federal prohibition officer)—You all took the same oath of office to uphold the constitution as I did. Unless you cooperate with the federal forces and there is strict observance by you we are grievously handicapped. There is too often indifference on the part of officers to that part of the constitution which led to the national prohibition act. You are as seriously charged with enforcement of prohibition as I am, and the better the provisions of that act are enforced the less grows your work.

"Our force is pitifully small for the requirements forced upon it, not by the law, but by inactivity and indifference. I am not ready yet, and do not anticipate the day when I will be ready, to stand and declare 'It can't be done.' I must be hopeful. I believe that at a not distant date there will come an awakening of civic consciousness on the part of officers and private citizens that will lessen the volume of work now required of us. I will give you cooperation until it hurts, and I ask you to give me consideration and a modicum of cooperation."

Frank J. Leach—"There should be a central bureau of criminal statis-

\$35,725 IN REWARDS.
Rewards totaling \$35,725 are offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the slayer of Alfred Lingle. Of the \$25,000 reward offered by The Tribune \$10,000 will be paid to any person who will give confidential information identifying the slayer of Lingle. All information should be sent to the headquarters established by State's Attorney Swanson in room 503 Temple building, 77 West Washington street. Telephone State 3729.

citizenry is in the last analysis responsible for present conditions. The mayoralty is the key position. The citizens of Chicago will have a chance in the spring to get a good mayor."

Lieut. Col. Calvin Goddard—"The scientific crime detection laboratory of Northwestern university is at the service of all law enforcement agencies in Cook county free. Anything that works 90 per cent of the time is not 'holoney.' We are experimenting with a truth serum, which produces twilight sleep and under which the subject answers questions truthfully. He usually confesses after he recovers consciousness and sees the record."

United States Attorney George E. Q. Johnson—"In my judgment the metropolitan area of Chicago and the surrounding states could best be served by a well trained state police force, provided with all modern means of communication, with jurisdiction anywhere in the respective states. They would break up the village canters of crime. Organized crime has no fear of committing perjury before a grand jury. It imposes the seal of silence upon witnesses who know that any one who has the temerity to testify against the monster in our cit-

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"Third, prosecutors who, after being thoroughly educated in law, take a special course in a university in the preparation and trial of criminal cases."

"Fourth, judges who have served a number of years as prosecutors."

"A start must be made to improve crime conditions in this country and this may best be done by the law enforcement officials cooperating in a large movement that ultimately may have national scope."

Many Opinions Given.

Commissioner Alcock, as well as Chief Justice Harry Olson of the Municipal court, suggested changes in the grand jury system. Judge Olson said this was often used for political purposes and made for delays. He would have indictment by information and a grand jury once a year for big investigations.

Opinions on various phases of the

Tells How Racketeers Work.

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Frank J. Loesch—"There should be a central bureau of criminal statistics. There is too much jealousy between law enforcing officers, the police, prosecuting attorney, courts. All information should be pooled for the common benefit. How can there be consistent law enforcement in this city when we have had eighteen chiefs of police in twenty years? We must get rid of the third degree methods, for they create ill will against the police."

Col. Robert Isham Randolph—"The

\$25,725 IN REWARDS.

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Vice presidents of the association elected yesterday were: William D. Meyering, sheriff-elect; United States Attorney Johnson, Chief Justice John P. McGoorty of the Criminal court; Lieut. Col. Goddard, and Chief of Police A. G. Wirz of Aurora.



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 CHICAGO
 PEOPLE WHO THINK
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**CHICAGO LAND
 POLICE UNITE
 TO FIGHT GANGS**

Chicago Herald
**Map War on Crime With
 Modern Methods; Condemn
 Grand Jury; Alcock Chief**

More than one hundred law enforcement officers, judges, professors and civic leaders of the Chicago metropolitan area, at a police conference yesterday at the University of Chicago, united to cooperate in the war on criminal forces.

Acting Police Commissioner Alcock was elected president of the Chicago Regional of the Association of Law Enforcement Officers of America, as the permanent organization was named.

URGE CLEARING HOUSE.

Resolutions recommending a state clearing house for criminal records and urging pressure on the Legislature to obtain adoption of the "ideal" criminal code, recently worked out by the American Law Institute, were adopted.

Modern methods must be used to combat modern criminals, in the opinion of those at the conference. Legal machinery must be modernized and police officers better organized than the well-organized gangs.

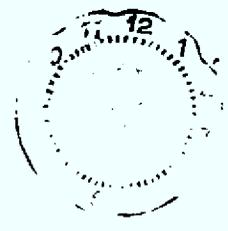
Commissioner Alcock spoke of obstacles in the rapid replacement of department heads, and the reduction of the number of policemen. He and other speakers called the grand jury system obsolete.

STATEWIDE POLICE WORK.
 A well trained state police force with power to go anywhere within the state was recommended by George E. Q. Johnson, United States district attorney.
 A police organization, similar to Scotland Yard in London, was recommended by Chief Justice Olson of the Municipal Court. Scientific experts, including a pathologist, psychiatrist, chemist and criminal lawyer should surround the police chief, Judge Olson said. He also called the grand jury system obsolete and urged the trial of felonies in Municipal courts.
 Elected vice presidents of the association were: William D. Meyerling, sheriff-elect; District Attorney Johnson; Chief Justice McGoorty of the Criminal Court; Col. Calvin Goddard of the Northwestern University crime laboratory, and August Wirtz, chief of police of Aurora. Col. Robert Nathan Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and Professor August Vollmer of the University of Chicago were chosen members of the executive board.

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 NATHAN
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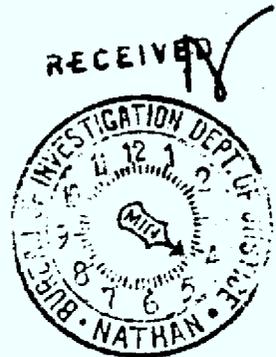
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NEWS PAPER CLIPPINGS

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INDEXED 32-15941-29



HOOVER URGES PUBLIC TO RISE AGAINST GANGS

Refuses New Laws Striking at Rackets; Admits Helping Combat 'Hideous' Violator

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—(AP)—The head of the nation today appealed to the public to throw its weight behind the weapons of the law in breaking up gang activities.

President Hoover said he believed a mobilization of public support behind the present laws would solve the problem.

The President said the federal government was assisting local authorities "to overcome a hideous gangster and corrupt control of some local governments."

REFUSES NEW LAWS

He added, however, that he did not plan to ask Congress for any extension of criminal laws to cover "racketeering" and that reports to that effect were "untrue."

"Every single state has ample laws that cover such criminality," Mr. Hoover said. "What is needed is the enforcement of these laws and not more laws."

Virtually similar comment was made by Attorney General Mitchell, who recently disclosed the government had sent agents to Chicago to operate against organized gangs there through the federal laws on tax, narcotics, white slaves and immigration laws.

ADMITS BREAKDOWN

"It is a fact," Mitchell said, "that our laws are not being enforced. Nevertheless, the control of racketeering is primarily a state function."

The Attorney General already had announced that an agent had been sent by the Department of Justice to act as an assistant to the United States attorney in Chicago.

Treasury officials also had made known that they were scrutinizing the income of Al Capone and other gangsters to see if action could be brought against them.

DEcries SUBTERRANEAN

Hoover
no sat

STINGS

Chicago, Illinois
Gangster

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DEPT. OF JUSTICE
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Washington Post

November 22, 1930.

HOUSE ACTION SEEN AGAINST GANGSTERS

What But 11-22-30
Woodruff to Request Curb;
Drive on Smugglers in
West Planned.

BLOW AT DRUG TRAFFIC

(Associated Press.)

Gangsters, racketeers and narcotic smugglers are to get a dose of preventive medicine from the law enforcing branches of the Federal Government.

Direct Congressional action against the machinations of the lawless may add potency to the Government's ministrations before it finishes.

As the Customs Bureau announced yesterday it was going to concentrate expert narcotic agents on the Pacific Coast to combat smuggling, a member of Congress said he would demand legislation specifically authorizing Federal agencies to harmonize with State and Federal governments in their work against racketeers.

Representative Woodruff (Republican), Michigan, has under formulation a measure he will present to the House ordering direct action to prevent what he termed the alarming spread of racketeering.

"When Al Capone can go from Chicago to California, as the papers have it, and threaten the life of a man who is selling grape juice, something must be done," Woodruff said.

The Michigan representative said the racketeers received most of their revenue from the man in a legitimate business "and he is entitled to protection."

He added that in many cases, city, county and State officials had failed to halt racketeering. He commended Attorney General Mitchell for fortifying Federal forces in Chicago for work against gangsters.

The Custom Bureau's staff of narcotics experts is to be headed by Melvin L. Hanks, credited with the successful prosecution of the Lau Lee opium case in Honolulu.

He will have agents in Seattle, Portland, San Diego and Los Angeles in addition to his San Francisco headquarters. The work will be to eradicate narcotic smuggling along the West Coast and across the Mexican and Canadian borders.

32-15941

Return of Copy

INDEXED

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32-15941-2X

Washington Post

November 22, 1930

CAPONE TO BE TRIED AS TAX LAW EVADER

U. S. to Push Indictment and Court Action, High Official Is Quoted.

HOOVER WARS ON GANGS

New York, Nov. 21.—A copyrighted Washington dispatch to the New York World from its bureau in the Capital says:

That Al Capone, Chicago racketeer, will be indicted and tried for defrauding the Government out of income taxes before the coming winter is over was the prediction made today by a responsible official of the Treasury Department. Already sufficient evidence to indict the gangster chief is in hand, he said, and it will be presented to a grand jury in the near future.

Capone has been under investigation by representatives of the intelligence unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue for months. He and a half dozen more of his lieutenants, it is believed, will follow his brother Ralph, Jack Guzik, Frank Nitti, and others to the bar of justice.

President Hoover is backing the drive against Capone and his lieutenants. He instructed the Attorney General and the Secretary of the Treasury to proceed and spare neither men nor money to break up the gangs that have terrorized Chicago and other cities. This step was taken last April, and immediately representatives of the Bureau of Internal Revenue met with those of the Department of Justice and mapped out a plan, which is now being carried out.

The intelligence unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, which has to do with tax law violations, has been successful in its efforts against Capone and other gangs.

A survey of the situation, which has resulted from a campaign of nine or ten months, shows that the Chicago gang led by Capone numbers about 125 persons, a large percentage of whom are dangerous, respectable slope-finders, who do the hiding of their leaders, even to murder.

CAPONE TO BE TRIED AS TAX LAW EVADER

Continued from Page 1.

men are said to provide the brain power for the racket. They are Al Capone and Ralph Capone, brothers; Jack Guzik and Sam Guzik, brothers; Frank Nitti and John Patton. Last spring Ralph Capone was convicted of defrauding the Government out of income tax, sentenced to three years in Leavenworth, and to pay a fine of \$10,000. He is now out on an appeal bond.

Jack Guzik was convicted on similar charges this week and will be sentenced in a few days. Sam Guzik and Frank Nitti are indicted and await trial. Al Capone, Bugs Moran, head of a rival gang; Harry Guzik, Patton and others are being investigated.

Assessor Is Convicted.

Gene G. Oliver, a member of the board of assessors of Cook County, Ill., was convicted, and sentenced to eighteen months in jail and to pay a fine of \$5,000. Treasury Department agents found that he had been helping the racketeers and had defrauded the Government out of taxes. He appealed and is out on bond.

Titus Haffa and eight others are under sentence for violations of the Volstead act. They were run down by Treasury agents checking on incomes. Haffa was sentenced to two years in prison and fined \$11,000. Others in the Haffa group were Sam Simons, sentenced to eighteen months and to pay \$3,000; Joseph Bighetti, one year and \$2,000; Eddie Hug, one year and \$2,000; Albert P. Bauer, two years and \$2,000, and Joseph Murray, three months and \$100. The case that netted Haffa and his associates was one of the first gone into.

These are some of the more important cases. Other indictments have been obtained, and the investigation is still going on.

Convictions Have Effect.

The convictions have had a fine effect, it was pointed out by a government agent today. Juries, carefully selected, and protected, have not faltered in their duty, he added. United States District Attorney George E. Johnson, at Chicago, has cooperated with the investigators sent from Washington. He and the entire organization are lauded for the effort done.

In the Guzik case one witness had to be guarded for months until he could give his testimony, but when the time came he went through with it, and the information given was largely responsible for conviction. Money was offered, threats made, and every other means of influence available to the gangsters, many of whom have made millions out of their rackets, restored to thwart the United States agents.

Federal agents familiar with the facts assert that they are gradually drawing a ring about the Capone gang and it will be crushed.

Saturday, November 22, 1930

UNCLE SAM TAKES A HAND

Racketeering is primarily a local evil. It may be that occasionally a Chicago gangster is imported to New York to carry out a nefarious piece of business, but generally the gangster stays close to his familiar haunts. The apprehension of gangsters and the destruction of racketeering should be the business of the police departments of the various cities. The Government should not be expected to interest itself in the apprehension of local crime, but it can and should act when Federal statutes are violated.

In revealing that Federal officers have been stationed in Chicago since June in a campaign against gangsters, Attorney General Mitchell listed the Federal statutes under which action may be taken. These pertain to the income tax, smuggling, interstate transportation of stolen vehicles, immigration, white slavery, combinations in restraint of trade, and prohibition. The Departments of Justice, Labor and the Treasury, through the Bureau of Prohibition, Narcotics, Internal Revenue and Immigration and the Secret Service, have had extra forces in Chicago all summer. These forces, says the Attorney General, are now to be "fortified."

Hope for relief from the menace of gangster rule lies in the result of the Government campaign in Chicago. If Federal agents are successful in the Windy City similar campaigns will be undertaken elsewhere, provided city officials invite the Government to take a hand. Thus far in Chicago considerable success has followed the prosecution of gangsters under the income tax laws and sections of the antitrust laws pertaining to illegal combinations in restraint of trade. Two prominent gangsters who were apparently more powerful than the law in Chicago have been found guilty of filing false income tax returns and have been sentenced to imprisonment. Seven members of a racketeering ring established to terrorize the candy trade were sent to jail, and eleven others fined for violating the antitrust statutes.

The fact that the Federal Government had to step in offers a sorry commentary on the efficiency and integrity of local police forces. The Government must prosecute gangsters for comparatively minor crimes. A criminal may be sent to prison for having falsified his income tax return when he should be electrocuted for murder. But in the breakdown of police forces in dealing with racketeering the public is thankful that there is an authority that can not be corrupted or intimidated, and which can do much to break the hold which organized gangs have gained over local governments.

Washington Post.

November 22, 1930.

32-15941-2X

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Washington Star

November 21, 1930.

copy. Wash Star 11-21-30

War Against Gangsters.

Attorney General Mitchell's announcement yesterday of a declaration of war by the Federal Government against the gangsters of big cities, especially in Capone-ridden Chicago, is the best piece of news that has come out of the Department of Justice in many a day. Reports from Chicago are likewise encouraging, relating as they do the work of citizens, proceeding on their own hook to fill a war chest of \$5,000,000 for fighting gangster activities.

The work of the Federal Government would necessarily be confined to prosecutions for violations of Federal laws. Common reports of gangster operations indicate that they have never paid particular attention to the source or to the nature of any law. There should be plenty of game for Federal agents from the Department of Justice, the secret service and the Bureaus of Prohibition, Narcotics, Internal Revenue and Immigration, which have been gradually strengthened over a period of months in the areas of war and are apparently to show the results of their preliminary work.

It is doubtful if the Federal Government could take any steps that would bring greater public support or result in more complete restoration of faith in the forces of government than by embarking upon a vigorous, determined and successful campaign against gangster activities in the big centers of population. To make the war successful there must be local co-operation. This seems to be taking tangible form now. Outraged citizens, disgusted with the obvious impotence of their constituted authorities, are beginning to take matters into their own hands. Such revolutions are not born overnight, but once underway they sweep all before them—and never move backward. It is high time for a Nation-wide revolution against gangster and hoodlum rule.

32-15941-2X

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with indictments and verdicts, declined to amplify the announcement of the attorney general as to the conviction of Al Capone. He had only this to say:

"We hope it brings there and even greater achievements of a similar nature."

In refusing to discuss the federal campaign against crime, Mr. Johnson declared: "If words could drive the official and criminal gangsters out of Chicago they would have been gone long ago. The Bible says the guilty fleeeth from the shadow."

The district attorney expressed disgust with so-called crusades launched with headlines and declared that such methods have little success against machine gunners and bomb hurlers. His phraseology was reminiscent of a dictum of Sophocles in "Edipus the King"—"Words cannot scare him who blanches not at deeds."

Many Forces Included.

The local federal agencies include the prohibition forces, the secret service, the internal revenue agents, and intelligence unit, the immigration authorities, the department of justice bureau of investigation, the postal inspectors, the narcotic bureau, and the customs inspectors.

As an example of the type of work expected through the coordination of these forces, local authorities cited hypothetical cases. If a police captain is found to be accepting bribes for protecting bootleggers, he can be prosecuted for conspiracy to violate the dry laws. Then his income may be found sufficient to justify prosecution for tax fraud.

Deport When Ever Possible.

Immigration authorities are cooperating with all branches of the service and deporting all aliens who enter the country illegally or have sufficient criminal records. Of some eighty dry law offenders recently indicted at Freeport, half a dozen were found to be deportable.

Another weapon which can be used by the government against racketeers is the restraint of interstate commerce statute, under which seventeen members of the Chicago Candy Jobbers' association were convicted. Complaints have reached the attorney general that Al Capone has threatened Chicago distributors of grape products which can be converted into wine. Such an offense would constitute a violation of this statute.

Deny Grape Juice Reports.

Dispatches from Fresno, Cal., last night credited a newspaper of that city with statements that the fresh grape industry of California had paid tribute of \$4,500,000 to racketeers, mentioning Chicago and New York specifically.

Carl A. Futter, president of the California Vineyards company, called these reports ridiculous.

"All the grape juice sold since pre-

over

Chicago Herald
Examiner

11-21-30 N

PAPER FOR PEOPLE

Organize OLSON URGES SCOTLAND YARD SYSTEM HERE

State Clearing House on Crime Records and Inquiry Sought; Alcock Elected President

Counteracting a recently developed theory that government is "of the gangster, by the gangster and for the gangster," peace officers of the Chicago metropolitan area yesterday organized the Chicago Region Group Association of Law Enforcement Officers of America.

They met at the University of Chicago in a conference called by Professor August Vollmer.

Police Commissioner Alcock was elected president.

Resolutions were adopted recommending a state clearing house of criminal investigation and records and approving adoption of the "ideal" criminal code recommended by the American Law Institute.

Chief Justice Harry Olson recommended a police organization for Chicago similar to Scotland Yard, with all the scientific experts and specialists necessary to the most perfect measure of crime detection and prevention.

Criminal court judges, sheriffs, chiefs of police, postoffice inspectors and other peace enforcement officers attended the conference.

Elected as vice presidents of the permanent association are: Sheriff-elect William D. Mayaring of Cook County; George E. Q. Johnson, United States district attorney; Judge John P. McGoorty, chief justice of the criminal courts; Col. Calvin Goddard, director of the police laboratory at Northwestern University; and A. Wirtz, chief of police of Aurora.

Col. Robert Lham Randolph was elected a member of the executive board.

Speakers at the conference unanimously recommended closer cooperation of peace enforcement officers as a method of more adequate crime control.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

32-15941-27

FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY AND CITY MEN JOIN

Alcock Named Head of
New Group to Combat
Lawbreakers.

Chicago News
11-20-30
MODEL POLICE SOUGHT

Organization of a body whose aim and function shall be a unified method of coping with crime throughout the Chicago area was perfected at a police conference late this afternoon at the University of Chicago. The alliance was officially given the name of the Chicago Regional Group Association of Law Enforcement Officers of America. It is composed of federal, state, county, municipal and private enforcement officers.

John H. Alcock, Chicago's acting commissioner of police, was elected president. Five vice-presidents chosen were William D. Meyering, sheriff-elect of Cook county; United States Attorney George E. Q. Johnson, Chief Justice John P. McGoorty of the Criminal court; Lieut.-Col. Galvin Goddard, ballistics expert and chief of the scientific crime detection bureau, and Chief of Police A. G. Wirtz of Aurora.

The organization step was taken after the conference had heard Commissioner Alcock urge that Chicago should have a police force with promotions based on merit and with a more stable status for the chief of police. Practically all law-enforcement agencies within fifty miles of Chicago were represented at the conference.

Loesch Is Speaker.

Other high lights of the day besides Alcock's recommendations included: an address by Frank J. Loesch, a member of President Hoover's law enforcement commission and president of the Chicago Crime Commission, in which he also urged more security of tenure for the police chiefs, and additional concrete proposals for fighting crime.

in which he told of a new "truth serum" more potent than the widely known "lie detector" for getting honest admissions from suspects.

Charges were made by Col. John F. J. Herbert, federal prohibition administrator here, that the police forces represented at the conference were guilty of neglect in their enforcement of the prohibition laws. He told the police chiefs they were "as seriously charged with enforcement of the prohibition act and other parts of the constitution" as he is.

A recommendation by United States District Attorney Johnson for a state police force.

District Attorney George E. Q. Johnson for a state police force.

And a short talk by Col. Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Association of Commerce, in which he indicated his conviction that an excellent way for the citizens of Chicago to attack the crime problem will be afforded by the forthcoming mayoral campaign.

"Dear old Chicago certainly has a bad reputation, but, fortunately, she is not as bad as she is painted, especially by the press of other cities," said Alcock near the outset of his talk.

But he said he was "not trying to furnish an alibi for our deficiencies." He thought much could be done to improve things.

Alcock's Four Points.

Commissioner Alcock asserted that from a policeman's standpoint he knows what would be ideal. He then advanced four recommendations, one of which had to do with the police promotions and the status of the chief:

"First—A citizenry which would demand a strict enforcement of all laws, not only against the other fellow but against themselves as well.

"Second—A police force thoroughly trained in every branch of this diffi-

UNITE TO WAGE FIGHT ON CRIME IN CHICAGO AREA

(Continued from First Page)

cult business, with promotions based strictly on merit, and with the head of the department irremovable.

"Third—Prosecutors who, after having been thoroughly educated in the law, take a special course in our university in the preparation and trial of criminal cases.

"Fourth—Judges who have served a number of years as prosecutors." Alcock had a good word to say for consolidation of the crime-fighting forces of the Chicago area.

between the various city, state and federal law-enforcing agencies, and to organize these various agencies and officials into a single fighting unit to more effectively protect the lives and property of our citizens, we shall not have done our duty," he declared.

Mr. Loesch urged that the city's police commissioner should not be politically removable.

"Chicago," he said, "has had sixteen chiefs of police in twenty years. Where would the University of Chicago be if it had had eighteen presidents in twenty years? And where would the United States be if it had had eighteen presidents in twenty years?"

Proposes Statistics Bureau.

Further, Mr. Loesch proposed establishment at Springfield of a criminal-statistics bureau. And he advised police officers of different municipalities to lay aside all jealousies and to exchange information freely when asked for records, finger prints and the like.

Regarding the Chicago civil service commission, Mr. Loesch said:

"We should have an earnest civil service commission, by which a policeman charged with drunkenness or cruelty or administering the third degree, would be tried without regard to politics."

Of the judiciary, he asserted:

"We should have men on the bench who are not crazy. They should keep their mouths shut while a criminal is being tried. What can the police or prosecutors do working with such judges?"

"In this state," said the veteran fighter of criminal-political alliances, on another subject, "a judicial council composed of judges and lawyers will report to the legislature soon on a model criminal code. But what will that do with Al Capone having a senator from the west side who was convicted of murder by me, and another from the 1st district who is his tool."

The criminal code, he declared, is archaic, made for conditions of 100 years ago.

Col. Goddard in his talk said that the new "truth serum" he has in mind may replace the third degree and is better than the lie detector now in use in various places. "Scopolamine" is the name of the serum in scientific language.

New Scopolamine Works.

It is injected under the skin, Goddard explained, like a hypodermic. About an hour is required thereafter for it to take full effect. Then the subject, when asked questions, answers them absolutely honestly because he has no mental control enabling him to deceive.

In about three hours the effect of the serum wears off and the subject does not know what he has said.

Goddard said it had been tried

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NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

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Washington Post
Sept. 24, 1930

SEP 26 1930
M

2 Chicago Guamen Face Judge Lyle on Vagrancy Charges

Notorious Gangsters Are Second and Third Caught in Drive Against 'Public Enemies'

By United Press
CHICAGO — Edward "Spike" O'Donnell and "Dago Lawrence" Mangano, both listed among Chicago's "public enemies," faced today the ordeal which gangsters have learned to dread.

They were scheduled for arraignment in the court of Judge John H. Lyle on charges of being vagrants under an old law of 1874. Their attorneys indicated they would ask for jury trials.

Bond of \$10,000

It was anticipated that Judge Lyle, following his custom since a city-wide war against criminals was launched, would set their bonds at \$10,000 each.

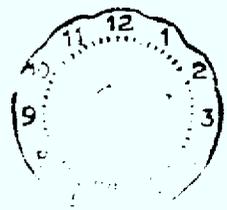
Mangano, sought by police since Judge Lyle last week ordered that every man of the city's 26 "public enemies" be brought before him, was arrested at his home. O'Donnell walked into a police station, declared he was tired of "dodging the cops" and said he was ready to stand trial. Both men were released after furnishing bonds for their appearance today.

26 Named As Enemies

The pair, both notorious for several years, were the second and third arrested since Judge Lyle's drive was started. Danny Stanton, the first, was in a police cell when Lyle's orders were issued last week.

The 26 men, headed by "Scarface Al" Capone, were termed "public enemies" by the Chicago Crime Commission, the only organization of its kind in the world. All are notorious leaders of gangs or hold influential places in the Capone organization.

Div. One



SEP 25 1930

*Chicago Gangsters
Facing Vagrancy Charges*

NOT RECORDED.

32-15941

INDEXED

32-15941-2X

27

Chicago Crime Commission

ORGANIZED BY

The Chicago Association of Commerce
300 West Adams Street
Telephone Franklin 0101

RECORDED
SEP 3 1930
DIV. of IDENTIFICATION
RECORDED
SEP 5 1930
DIV. of IDENTIFICATION

Dear Mr. Hoover:

This will acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of August 20, 1930, advising that you are unable to furnish previous records of many of the twenty-eight gangsters submitted unless you are furnished with a copy of their fingerprints.

Enclosed you will find twenty-seven photographs containing the fingerprints of an equal number of gangsters. A copy of the previous record of each as contained in your files will be appreciated.

Inasmuch as the Chicago Police Department has requested that the enclosed photographs be returned to its files your return of same when through with them will be appreciated.

You may rest assured that your cooperation in this matter and the service you have already given is highly valued and if at any time the Chicago Crime Commission can be of service to your department do not hesitate to command it.

Boyd
RECORDED
R. W. Dvorak

Assistant Operating Director

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

Attention: John Edgar Hoover
Director

32-15941-3
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
SEP 17 1930
Tolson
Jan. 28

32-15941-3

*Rec'd
7/1
ms

✓ Alvin Karpis alias "Doc Karpis" Capone"
"Al Capone"
"Al Brown"

✓ Doc ("Doc") Volpe

✓ Alvin Karpis

Frank Rio alias "Frank Fine"
"Frank Cline"

✓ Jack Devore alias "Jack ('Machine Gun') McGinn"

✓ James J. Connelley

✓ James J. Connelley

✓ James J. Connelley ("Big I") Connelley

✓ James J. Connelley

✓ Frank Devore

George ("Doc") Volpe

✓ 1 James J. Connelley

✓ 2 James J. Connelley

✓ 1 James J. Connelley

✓ 3 James J. Connelley

James J. Connelley

✓ 1 James J. Connelley

✓ 2 James J. Connelley

✓ 1 James J. Connelley

✓ 2 James J. Connelley

✓ 2 James J. Connelley

✓ 1 James J. Connelley ("Blondie") O'Donnell

George ("Doc") Volpe

✓ 1 James J. Connelley ("Blondie") O'Donnell

George ("Doc") Volpe

✓ 2 James J. Connelley

George ("Doc") Volpe

32-15941-3

September 12, 1930

RECORDED SEP 17 1930

Mr. E. W. Dvorak,
Assistant Operating Director,
Chicago Crime Commission,
300 West Adams Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Dvorak:

I beg to acknowledge your letter of September 8, 1930, with further reference to the original records of the twenty-eight gangsters mentioned in previous correspondence.

Ralph & The records contained in my letter of August 26, 1930, as to Alphonse Capone, Joe Aiello, Joe Galzio, William Hanzuth, Nyles O'Donnell, William (Klondike) O'Donnell, and William White, have been found to be correct after examination of the photographic fingerprints, which you forwarded. There is no record in the National Division of Identification and Information of this Bureau on the following:

Vincente Balcastro
Leo McCreven
Lawrence Mangano
George Martin
Eugene Farrell
Terrence Dragan
Frank Lake
Frank Diamond
Daniel Stanton
Anthony Waig
Edward O'Donnell
Harry Morris

The records on the other gangsters are as follows:

JOHN SULLIVAN, as James Summons, #2838, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., June 18, 1904, from Chicago, Ill., crime murder; sentence life. Escaped June 10, 1917, returned October 4, 1917.

As John Nolan, #28157, received U. S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas, August 12, 1927, from Chicago, Ill., crime conspiracy to violate Internal Revenue Laws; sentence 18 months.

FRANK McERLANE, #0040, arrested Oak Park, Ill., PD., June 14, 1916, charge murder; held to Grand Jury without bail.

SEP 12 1930
14 1916

JAN 10 '3

28716

December 1, 1930.

Mr. T. F. Callan,
P. O. Box 815,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

32-15941

Dear Mr. Callan:

When I was in Chicago last week Mr. Dunn stated that he had obtained some copies of a publication that was being surreptitiously circulated, which dealt with the activities of the gangsters in Chicago and contained many pictures of the leading ones, as well as a detailed story of some of the crimes committed. He stated that he had given one of these copies to you to be forwarded to me and made inquiry as to whether I had received it. As I have not received it, I am writing to inquire whether you forwarded it or are holding it to give to me when you return to Washington. If the latter, I would appreciate your sending it by special delivery in view of some angles of the Chicago investigation which we might have to take up shortly.

Very truly yours,

Director.

RECORDED & INDEXED

DEC 1 1930
MAILS
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32-1662-1
DEC 2 30 A.M.
FILE

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As Frank McElrane, #5101, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., Nov. 19, 1918, from Cook Co., crime accessory after fact to murder; sentence 1 year.

As Frank McElrane, #14226, arrested Los Angeles, Calif., PD., July 15, 1918, charge fugitive from Chicago; disposition not given.

As Frank McElrane, #3225, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., July 1, 1919, from Cook County, crime conspiracy; sentence 3 years.

As Richard Richards, #25705, arrested San Francisco, Calif., PD., Oct. 23, 1924, charge vagrancy - fugitive; disposition not given.

As Frank McElrane, #5819, arrested Crown Point, Ind., SO., Aug. 17, 1926, from Chicago, charge murder; held to Criminal Court, Crown Point, Ind.

As Frank McElrane, #12577, received State Prison, Michigan City, Ind., Sept. 18, 1926, from Porter Co., for safe keeping.

The following notations appear on our records:

"One term, Pontiac, Ill. Reformatory.
One term, Bridgwell - Chicago.
Escaped Cook Co. Jail, Chicago, Sept. 12, 1918. Captured at Bisbee, Ariz., Oct. 23, 1918, and returned to Chicago."
One term, House of Correction, Chicago, Ill."

FRANK KLIEN, as Frank Gline, #B-5407, received Philadelphia County Prison, Holmsburg, Pa., May 14, 1929, crime carrying concealed deadly weapon; sentence 1 year.

As Frank Gline, #90724, arrested Philadelphia, Pa., PD., May, 1929, (day of month unknown), charge suspicious character - carrying concealed deadly weapon; disposition not given.

As Frank Gline, #C-5509, received State Penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa., May 17, 1929, on transfer from Philadelphia County Prison, Holmsburg, Pa., (#B-5407), to complete term of 1 year.

JOSEPH ARMAKIO, #98885, arrested Chicago, Ill., PD., November 23, 1925, charge murder; held to Criminal Court. on bail.

JAMES GRIFFITH, as James Vincent, #4222, arrested Miami, Fla., SO., March 20, 1920, charge investigation; disposition not given.

GEORGE MILLER, as George Moran, #2909, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., Oct. 20, 1918, from Melton Co., crime burglary - larceny; sentence 1 to 20 years.

The following notations appear on the above record:

"One term, Mazonington, Ill. Jail.
One term Joliet, #1898, as Geo. Miller,
State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., as George
Moran, #3918, May 31, 1918, from Cook Co.,
robbery; sentence 1 to 14 years."

GEORGE BARKER, #A-1877, received State Reformatory, Pontiac, Ill., March 5, 1918, from Chicago, Ill., crime larceny, etc.; sentence 1 to 18 years. Wanted as parole violator, 9-10-28.

As Frank Monroe, #14072, arrested Detroit, Mich., PD., July 3, 1920, charge robbery armed; disposition not given.

As Frank Monroe, #2976, received House of Correction and Branch Prison, Marquette, Mich., Aug. 18, 1920, from Wayne Co., crime assault with intent to rob - being armed; sentence 7 1/2 to 15 years. Wanted escape, 11/26/22, reward \$50.

As George Brown, #21788, arrested San Francisco, Calif., PD., October 7, 1928, charge violation Section 5, State Revolver Law - fugitive; disposition not given.

The following notation appears on our records:

"Chicago - Bridewell; 18 months."

In answering your letter kindly note that I have followed the names as they appear on your fingerprint cards on all individuals of whom criminal records had not been forwarded you in my previous communication of August 20, 1930. As you requested in your letter, I am returning the photographic copies of the fingerprint cards, herewith.

Assuring you of my pleasure in being able to cooperate with you in your present objective, I am

Very truly yours,

Director.



33

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME
SPECIFIED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE MARS SYSTEM



ALL AMERICAN
CABLES

COMMERCIAL
CABLES

This is a full rate Telegram or Cablegram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NMT	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCD	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
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=W83 61 . GOVT COLLECT STPAUL MINN 3 425P
DIRE CTOR BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION=
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INVESTMENT BLDG.
15 1/2 S & K STS., N. W.
MAN 6:00 BR. 7.

32-15941

RE LETTER DECEMBER FIRST RELATIVE CHICAGO PAMPHLET PLEASE LOOK
IN MY PERSONAL MAIL AT BUREAU FOR LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE
ADDRESSED TO ME IN MY HANDWRITING MARKED PLEASE HOLD PAMPHLET
SHOULD BE THERE AS I HAD IT FORWARDED FROM SEATTLE AND
ANTICIPATED GIVING IT TO YOU UPON ARRIVAL IF NOT LOCATED WIRE
ME IN ORDER THAT I MAY INQUIRE CONCERNING IT=

=CULLEN=

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BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
DEC 4 1930 A M
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12/3/30

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Filer

Daily News
**Great U. S. Gains
 In War on Gangs.
 Told by Johnson**

**Report of District Attorney
 Shows 1,626 Criminal
 Cases Closed in '30.**

"HIGHER-UPS" LISTED

Tremendous gains made by United States District Attorney George E. Q. Johnson and his staff in their war on gangsters and other federal law violators during the year 1930, are shown in Johnson's annual report, made public today.

The report shows results both in "quality" and quantity. Altogether 1,626 criminal cases were closed during the first eleven months of the year—the report does not include December—as against 1,539 criminal cases filed during the same period.

Such "highups" in the hoodlum world and political circles as Ralph Capone, Frank Nitti, Jake Guzik, Capone gangsters, are listed, as are also Gene Oliver, county assessor and Lawrence C. O'Brien, state representative, politicians. All are among those who were convicted during the year.

Sentences during the period totaled 444 years two months and twelve days. The income tax crusade resulted in the imposition of \$236,278.84 in fines.

The detailed figures follow:

	Total	with	with
	convicted	probation	parole
Total number criminal cases filed	897	894	94
Total number criminal cases closed	388	376	97

Miscellaneous criminal fines imposed—\$82,523.86.

National prohibition act criminal fines imposed—\$174,736.28.

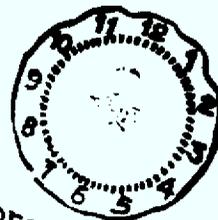
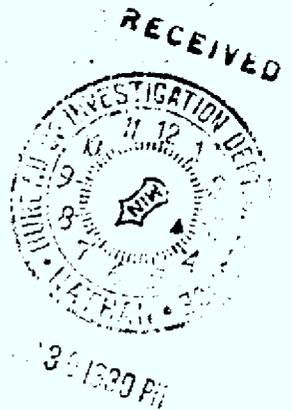
Miscellaneous criminal fines realized—\$26,518.86.

National prohibition act criminal fines realized—\$139,368.28.

Penitentiary sentences—Miscellaneous 444 years 2 months 12 days.

Number defendants, 118. National prohibition act 30 years 1 month 1 day.

Number defendants, 21.



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Number defendants, 166.

Industrial reformatory—Miscellaneous, 30 years, 6 months, 13 days. Number defendants, 22. National prohibition act, none.

Industrial Institute for Women—Miscellaneous, 30 years, no months, 6 days. Number defendants, 18. National prohibition act, none.

United States marshal—Miscellaneous, 6 days, 31 hours. Number defendants, 31. National prohibition act, 14 days, 36 hours. Number defendants, 44.

Training school—Miscellaneous, 3 years, 6 months, 1 day. Number defendants, 3. National prohibition act, none.

House of correction—Miscellaneous, 3 hours. Number defendants, 3. National prohibition act, none.

Total fines, costs and judgments imposed, \$431,060.10.

Total fines, costs and judgments realized, \$236,376.56.

Total criminal cases filed, 1,839.

Total criminal cases closed, 1,628.

CHICAGO Gang Wars in Pictures



marks the
Spot

Price,
\$1.00

32-15941-6

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Here you have the first actual photographic story ever published of the world famous beer wars of Chicago Gangland. It begins with the murder of "Diamond Jim" Colosimo at the dawn of prohibition,

and it continues on up through the years, death by death, until the killers of Gangland finally graduated from murder to massacre on St. Valentine's day, 1929, and more recently hit one below the belt by assassinating Alfred "Jake" Lingle, a newspaper reporter. ✂ With the country-wide publication of the massacre photograph, public indifference to Gangland's crimes came to an abrupt end. The work of destroying organized crime in Chicago began determinedly, coldly, sternly. To use a phrase borrowed from Gangland, the exponents of the "gat" and the machine gun are today being "pushed around" by Decency and Integrity, and they must surely fall into the abyss of oblivion. ✂ What has brought about this uprising? More than any other single factor has been the wide and unceasing publicity given to Gangland's activities. ✂ It was this fact that gave the authors the idea for this book. Newspaper reporters of long Chicago police experience, they realized that any book showing the criminals of Boozedom as they really are would necessarily be one of brutality and blood and horror. Only in such a book could it be done. ✂ X Marks The Spot is the result. In its terrible Truth, this book will become of tremendous value in obliterating gangsters from the Chicago scene. The publication of death pictures in newspapers is becoming more common every day. Editors have at last realized the terrific force a death picture can exert, particularly in driving home the lesson that the underworld has present day civilization in its grip. ✂ The ultimate good of the death picture far outweighs the shock that it may have on a certain delicate emotional segment of the newspaper readers. A famous New York newspaper editor commenting in Editor & Publisher recently on the publication of the Valentine massacre picture, declared that "it was a more powerful example of the defiance of law and order by the underworld than could be drawn by twenty-five columns of editorials." ✂ In Chicago the tendency to publish death pictures, particularly of slain gangsters, is definite and growing. And the result is the passing of the gangster. It is interesting to speculate on what the effect might have been on crime in Chicago if this tendency had manifested itself on page one four or five years ago. ✂ X Marks The Spot publishes those pictures for the first time. The body of the gangster which was blotted out and an X substituted is restored as the camera saw it. You have read the story in countless volumes, now, for the first time you can see it. You will see Chicago crime "put on the spot."



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"HIS FAVORITE POSE"

Here is an excellent likeness of Alphonse Capone, the Big Boy of Chicago Gangland, and the greatest gangster that ever lived. When King Al poses for a photograph which isn't often, he always turns his right cheek to the camera. The left one is disfigured by an ugly scar. Legend has it that Capone was struck by a machine gun bullet when he was a soldier in France.

the BIG BOY



When you look at organized crime in Chicago you first see Alphonse Capone, aptly and accurately described by his vassals of the underworld as the "Big Fellow." You may be sure he is that to them. Gangland's phrases are as full of meaning and as expressive as they are curious and original, and to be the Big Fellow is to be king.

Capone's rise to his present position of undisputed leadership has been swift, remarkable and inevitable; and the complete story of the beer wars of Chicago is his story, his biography. Other more picturesque figures have emerged from the shadowy realm of Gangland since prohibition and the Volstead Act threw it into bloody strife. Dion O'Banion stands out a gaudy figure, and so does "Little Hymie" Weiss, both of whom challenged the rule of Capone for a short violent time, and they looked like Big Fellows while they lasted, but they didn't last. Today it is quite plain that nothing either of them ever achieved in Gangland history possessed finish and perfection in the same degree as did the deft and artistic method by which they were eliminated and laid away. O'Banion and "Little Hymie" and all the others, living and dead, are but thrilling paragraphs and chapters in the rise of Capone. With each successive death Capone stepped on closer to the position where Gangland was compelled to call him the Big Fellow.

Whether you like it or not, and probably you don't, Capone has become a figure of national and even international interest. Reach for your daily newspaper, and you'll find him duly chronicled along with Lindbergh, Will Rogers, Henry Ford, William Scott McBride, Bishop Cannon, Charlie Chaplin, John Gilbert and all the others who romp daily across the front page.

At thirty-three his position has become so firm and secure as the Big Fellow of the underworld that his vast affairs move machine-like even when he

can't be on the job. When the Philadelphia police gathered him in and laid him away in a boudoir in the county jail in 1929 his henchmen, devoted to him and trained in his methods carried on and when he was freed and had returned to Chicago there was a great celebration in Gangland in honor of the Big Fellow. From every province of the underworld came representatives to a great meeting and when it was over they all departed to their rackets crying "All for Al, and Al for All."

With no intention of eulogizing him, Capone unquestionably stands out as the greatest and most successful gangster who ever lived. What is significant is that he is really a gangster, as much so as the celebrated Monk Eastman and Big Jack Zelig of New York. As a youth he was himself a member of their notorious Five Points gang, and the difference between him and all other gangsters is that he is possessed of a genius for organization and a profound business sense. It was Edwin A. Olsen, United States District Attorney, who stated in 1926 that Capone operated on a gross basis of \$70,000,000 a year which takes in only his illicit liquor business. What he profits from his prodigious gambling and vice syndicates can only be a speculative matter.

This book looks at King Al purely from an objective standpoint. What goes on under his hat, or under the hat of any of his ilk, is a profound mystery as far as this book is concerned. And, as Capone's public utterances have been few and brief, they have been of little service in revealing his mental processes. Neither is this book interested in the conditions which have made him a supreme sniffer of law and order.

But he is a glamorous figure, an actual part of the American scene. Legends already are springing up around him, fiction writers have found him the inspiration for a vast production of current literature. The magazine stands are aflame with underworld stories and Gangland stories about the man with the gat who wears a tuxedo and has a liveried chauffeur. Over in England Mr. Edgar Wallace has just evolved another thriller, this time in dramatic form, from material hastily gathered during a visit to Chicago. The visit included a crime tour of the city with Commissioner Stege of the detective bureau at his side calling out the spots.

And so this book will take you along the journey traveled by Mr. Capone in reaching his present height. It will show you What and When and How and Where, but not Why. Capone is the world's outstanding gangster and for that reason well worth writing about and looking at. Let's have a look.



"KID" CAPONE'S underworld DEBUT



"... ello. Iss dis the Beeg Jim Colosimo who is spik? ... I am ver' glad. Dis iss lettle Jimmy. I am jus callin' you to tell you that I am goin' to keel you someday ... I don't know just when it will bee, but it will come. Goobye."

The telephone clicked and "charming" Vincenzo Cosmano, perhaps the most perfect type of killer ever produced by Gangland before prohibition and the machine-gun era, had cordially announced to "Big" Jim Colosimo, Chicago's first great underworld king, that the "finger was on him."

In the picturesque argot of the half-world to put the finger on a man is to mark him for death. "Big" Jim Colosimo had had many fingers put on him, but never before had the knowledge affected him like this. It had come at a time when everything seemed going wrong, and he trembled and began to perspire.

Verging on emotional stampede "Big" Jim got in touch with his lieutenant, Johnny Torrio, who, for three years had been handling these matters in a relentless and high-handed manner. When Colosimo had brought Johnny out from New York to be his body guard, he had been able to enjoy a measure of peace and security. The black-handers had been beaten back; now again their sinister correspondence appeared in his mail. "Big" Jim didn't admit it to himself, but he was afraid. Johnny Torrio knew that "Big" Jim was afraid when, on that morning, he called and said to him, "Johnny, perhaps you would like to have another good man to help you?" And Johnny understood and said, "yes."

And so "Big" Jim left Chicago a few days later for New York. Shortly after he returned bringing with him two burly Italians, both of them young men and graduates of the celebrated Five Points Gang of New York, an organization of which Little Johnny Torrio was an alumnus. One of these men was a quiet, furtive chap who called himself Alphonse Capone, and the other was Frankie Yale. Alphonse had come to stay; Frankie would leave just as soon as he had finished a special assignment. Well, the special assignment had to do with Signor Cosmano, the boy who always called his shots.

A few days later a big automobile whirled round a corner at high speed. On the corner Jimmy, foolishly enough stood taking the air. There was a terrific roar, and Little Jimmy fell to the cement, his body full of lead. Writhing in pain he was taken to the hospital by the police, who camped outside his door, intending to grab him if death didn't, and death didn't. But, neither did the cops.

Little Jimmy was a Sicilian and he had many Sicilian friends who thought well of his talents and were distressed that the law might store him away. In desperation they took the matter up with one "Big Tim" Murphy, a powerful union official and underworld character from the "back-o-the-yards" district.

"What can do for Little Jimmy?" implored the agitated Italians. Mr. Murphy was silent for several minutes thinking. Then he said curtly and without a smile: "Go up and take him." And they did.

And there you have the debut in Chicago of Alphonse Capone who was to rise to a towering position as the "Big Fellow" of the underworld in less than a decade. A great many of the local citizenry will tell you today that the debut of Capone together with the advent of prohibition was the worst "break" sustained by Chicago since the great fire.

His first job then was that of a body guard for Colosimo. In order to better understand him it is necessary to examine the new background in which the vice lord had established him. "Big" Jim laid the foundations upon which Capone was later to build his mighty underworld empire. At the time of young Capone's arrival Colosimo was the master of the notorious old levee district. His principal interests were syndicated vice, syndicated prostitution and syndicated gambling, a fact unknown by many who believe organized crime to be a recent phenomenon in Chicago.

Colosimo's first appearance in the old levee district had been twenty years before when he was only seventeen years old. His first job was as a street-sweeper. It was the cleanest he ever held. More cunning than intelligent, something of a fist fighter and, above all, peculiarly talented in the art of making friends, young Colosimo soon became immensely popular with his countrymen who represented a majority of the population. The politicians in the old levee soon found Colosimo and marked him for their own. Smart "wops" like him were much in demand to keep political machines running smoothly. From then on young Colosimo's rise in the underworld was rapid. The step from street-sweeper to bawdy house proprietor had been easy and within a few years he had gathered in a half-dozen such places together with a few gambling dives and two cafes. The secret of it all was that he could sway the voting population at will. Politicians carried his favor, the big shots among them soon heard Colosimo telling them, instead of asking them. No one dared molest the brothels, the gambling hells and opium joints owned or controlled by him, and as early as 1915, the year he summoned Johnny Torrio from New York, he had become a law unto himself, a maker and breaker of political aspirations, a man of countless friendships and, alas, of countless enemies.

As he acquired wealth the black-handers began to torture him with their demands and threats. Torrio, as we have said, was effective in dealing with these sinister groups, and he not only brought a measure of content and security to "Big" Jim, but his presence in the underworld seemed to cause another wave of prosperity to sweep over the underworld domain. "Big" Jim's evil business interests began to expand. Vice and crime crept slowly into new territory, principally the great steel and industrial centers of the South Side.

With the adept Johnny at his side plus the heaviness of advancing age, Colosimo began to manifest symptoms of indolence. Feeling safe once more from stray bullets and powder bombs, he took things easy. Important matters were left entirely to capable Johnny. Colosimo did not stir himself even in the great reform period when the battering ram of public sentiment began tearing wide holes in the old levee district. But Johnny took care of matters pretty well, and continued to operate by the simple expedient of retiring into the buffet flat and the call house.

Colosimo was plainly in decline, and his inactivity was regarded with a cold eye by his companions and the politicians. Lassitude took firmer hold on him as the days passed, and Colosimo spent most of his days just sitting in his huge ornate cafe dreaming contentedly.



Meet Mr. Ike Bloom, manager of "The Mid-Night Frolics" a popular whoopee joint in Chicago located just around the corner from Colosimo's cafe. Ike was an old friend of "Big" Jim Colosimo.

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People began to talk, and what they said, in effect, was that Colosimo wasn't really so hot after all and that the real smart guys, the brains behind the throne were really Johnny Torrio and that relentless aid who was always with him, Alphonse Capone. And they were right.

The Golden Era, otherwise known as prohibition, went into effect on July 30, 1919. It made a swell law to break, the very best one on the book. Torrio and Capone were just pushing Colosimo into this highly lucrative business and showing him some excellent methods by which the law could be smashed when the end came for him.

This unhappy event brings us back to Colosimo's tendency to take life easy, to keep his eyes closed. It takes us to his cafe which operates to this day at 2126 South

Wabash Avenue. His death requires that we introduce one of the loveliest women who ever had the misfortune to have her name mentioned in connection with the underworld. Miss Dale Winter, church singer, musical comedy star, and, for a few days, Mrs. Jim Colosimo.

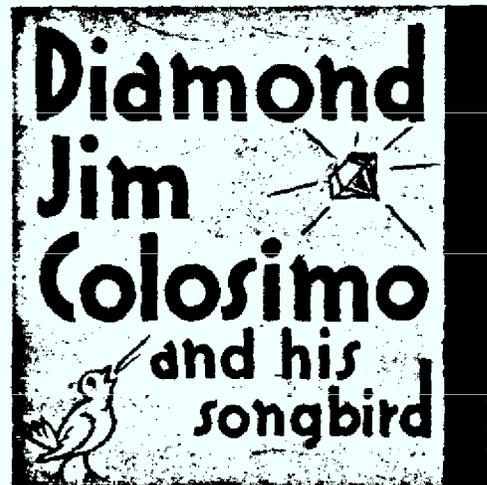
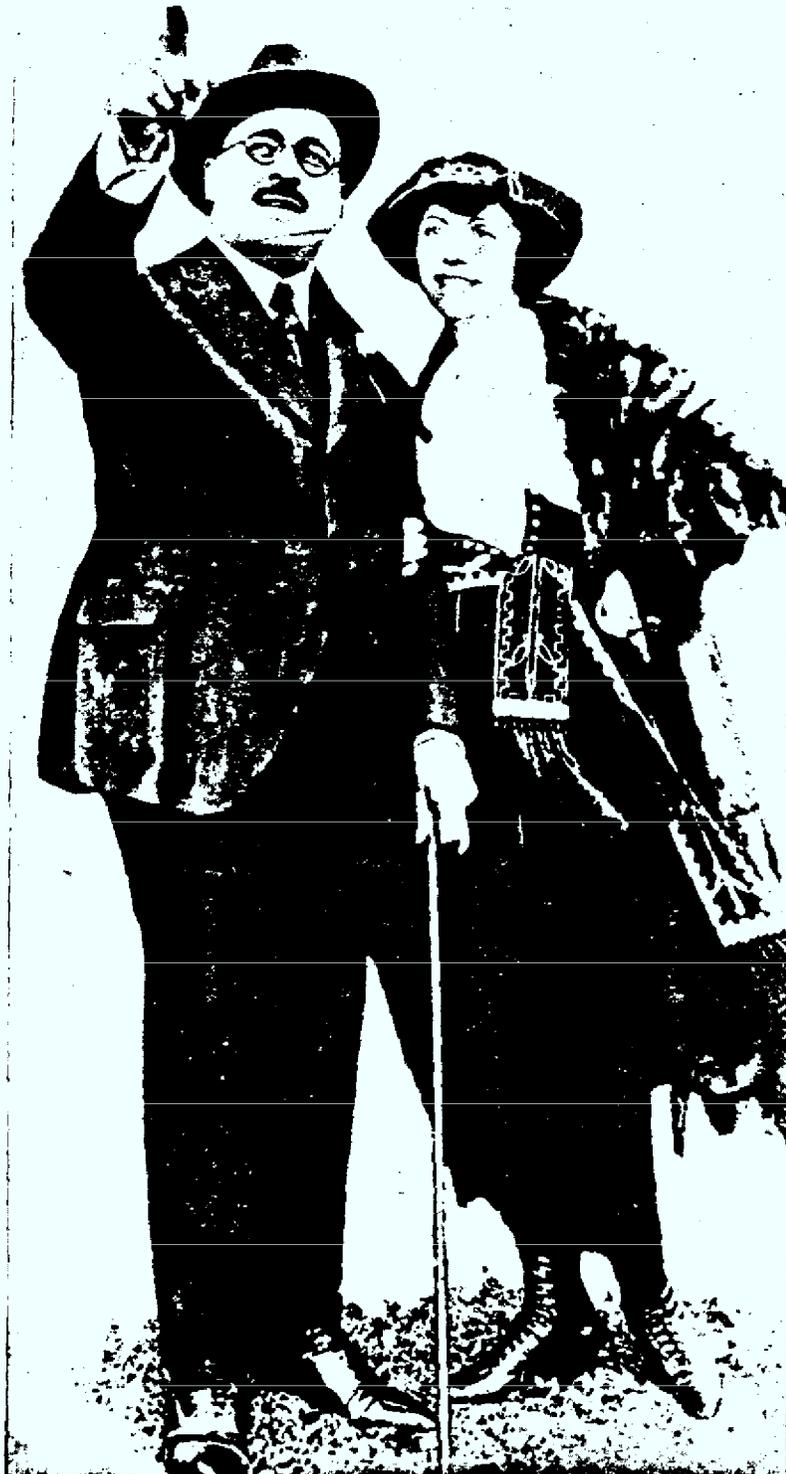
The underworld lord found Miss Winter a stranded actress, ambitious to further her vocal studies, and willing to sing in his cabaret in order that she might make enough money to realize her dream. Her appearance in his cafe was a disagreeable sensation in the underworld. Obviously she didn't belong there and what did the king mean by thus associating with respectability?

But Colosimo was more than interested in the beautiful singer who stood nightly beside the piano and the orchestra and sang to panders, dope peddlers, bootleggers, thugs, and plug uglies. Colosimo was in love with her and, for the first time in his life, decent impulses began to stir in his curious and contradictory nature.

The presence of Miss Winter in Colosimo's cafe had its effect, for the gentry of the underworld who had used it for years as their favorite rendezvous began to absent themselves as vermin before an exterminator. She seemed to renovate the place by her very presence and, more important, she seemed to renovate Colosimo himself. More and more absorbed did Colosimo become in his love for the tiny flower of a woman. He had broken definitely with his wife, despite the importunities of his friends and countrymen.

Under the delicate hand of Miss Winter the cafe, once a perfect example of what money without taste can perform, was transformed into a place of beauty. It became a popular and delightful place in which to spend an evening after the theater. The food was excellent, the music good and the singing of Miss Winter, the hostess, marvelous.

A decent element soon occupied the tables and chairs where once the denizens of the underworld were to be seen, and Colosimo's Cafe became a show place, visited by many celebrities including Enrico Caruso, the great tenor, Florenz Ziegfeld, and opera singers from the Chicago Civic Opera Company. The reputation of Colosimo's Cafe extended far and wide, and it became one of those places in Chicago you simply couldn't afford to miss seeing.



A rare photograph of "Big" Jim Colosimo and his wife, Dale Winter, taken shortly after their marriage. Note the laced shoes. Colosimo, over-lord of the Chicago underworld for twenty years, engaged Capone as his body guard when Alphonse was only a youngster.



"Big" Jim Colosimo as the photographers and police found him a few minutes after an expert killer deposited several bullets in his head. The assassination took place in Colosimo's ornate cafe.

Colosimo changed too, but not so definitely as did the cafe. Dale Winter, devoutly in love with him, worked long and assiduously to make a fine gentleman out of him and she did wonders, considering the material. But even in riding togs, in evening clothes, "Big" Jim retained some of the odor of the underworld.

The transformed Colosimo lost caste with the underworld. It was plain that the king had gone wrong, and in the dumps and dives honeycombed throughout the old levee district there were whispers that the finger was again on Colosimo. And it was. And this time neither Little Johnny nor Capone could avail him anything.

On March 29, 1920, Colosimo divorced his wife, Victoria, and on April 16 he was married to Dale Winter. The ceremony was performed in Indiana and the underworld lord with his bride went honeymooning at an Indiana resort. The newspapers smoked with the story of his marriage and there was a great flare of excitement, except of course in the underworld. Colosimo's new found happiness lasted how-

ever only twenty-five days. He met his doom on May 11, shortly after he and his bride had returned to Chicago.

Death came mysteriously and suddenly in the lobby of his cafe on a sultry afternoon whither he had gone hurriedly in response to a mysterious telephone message. The mystery of his assassination has not been solved to this day. Thirty persons were questioned at the time and among them were Capone and Torrio. It was all a waste of time, even the long session the police held at headquarters with Little Jimmy Cosmano who came forward voluntarily. Miss Winter dropped out of the underworld at once without making any claims even to the estate of her husband.

And so King Colosimo who was growing respectable came to an inevitable end. Johnny Torrio stepped forth. As Johnny had eclipsed his boss, soon too was Capone to eclipse Torrio. The end of Colosimo, you might say, was the beginning for Capone. He and Torrio began doing things in a big way as we shall see.

the BEER FRONT

Johnny Torrio and Al Capone soon had the prohibition law looking silly. All the power built up by "Big" Jim Colosimo over a period of twenty years was inherited or appropriated by them and, in their hands, it became an excellent instrument with which to make the city all wet. Under Colosimo the politicians had done business with the dapper Johnny and they had put him down as a "right guy," and so Johnny had no trouble in placing large handfuls of dough here and there where it would mean something. As for personnel, Johnny and Al could muster a small army of pimps, panders, thugs, come-on men, bouncers, pick-pockets and other vermin already employed in the dives and bawdy houses owned or controlled by them. This talented array was available at a moment's notice to exert themselves in the beer cause, provided, of course, the beer belonged to Johnny and Alphonse.

The next step in the beer scheme was to acquire a few breweries. Johnny laid hold of two or three, but they weren't enough. He went shopping again, this time northward to the Gold Coast where respectability slumbered. At the magnificent residence of a respectable gentleman, ostensibly a retired brewer, Johnny presented his proposition, emphasizing his political pull, and, most of all the fact that if he, the ex-brewer, would contribute the half-dozen or more idle breweries owned by him, nobody need know a thing about it. The ex-brewer could retain the "ex" as far as the straphangers would ever know for, in case of any trouble, Johnny would take the rap.

While Johnny was forming this famous partnership he was not a little dismayed to learn that two other ambitious gentlemen who were not at all averse to turning a hot dollar here and there in the new racket had got a running broad jump on him. These were Frankie Lake and Terry Druggan, products of the Old Valley District, who were to become famous in the annals of Gangdom as the Damon and Pythias of the beer barons. Buddies as boys, they had got their early training under the tutelage of the notorious Paddy "The Bear" Ryan and had become adept as wagon thieves, which is to say they could pry merchandise loose from trucks and delivery vans while these were in motion. When the Golden Era of prohibition dawned Frankie had become respectable and was holding down a job of putting out fires as a city fireman. At the time Torrio, with only one or two beer manufactories of his own, was trying to annex enough to make a good showing, Terry and Frankie were operating as many as six or seven. Their first brewery had been acquired through one Richard Phillips, a partner in Colosimo's Cafe after the death of "Big" Jim. From the aforementioned ex-brewer they had acquired a little later the Gambrius, the Standard, the Hoffman, the Pfeiffer and the Stege Brewing Companies.

And so Frankie and Terry must be remembered as the boys who administered prohibition in Chicago its first swift kick in the hip pocket. They produced the first barrel of amber after Volstead and they owned the first trucks and vans that moved over the streets. They were

smart, too, and were horrified at the prospect of becoming embroiled in any rough stuff. When one of their trucks was appropriated, as occasionally happened, they didn't oil a gat or reach for a machine gun.

When the toughest beer-runners in the business, employees of theirs, wanted to explode an automatic over in the O'Donnell territory, Terry and Frankie would have none of it. "Klondike" O'Donnell bought most of his beer from them anyway, so why not let him steal one occasionally. "What the hell," chorused Terry and Frankie, "it's only one load anyhow, so why bother about it. We'll just draw a lot of heat on ourselves if we rap those guys. Let 'em get away with it this time." And so no blood was shed for which Frankie and Terry were responsible. They continued on pleasant terms with "Klondike" O'Donnell, and shook hands with him when he backed up his trucks to their breweries and bought his beer for distribution. Even when the war broke out Terry and Frankie made desperate efforts to preserve neutrality, and in a measure succeeded.

Torrio's vast political drag under the administration was a convincing argument, and he induced the ex-brewer to sign on the dotted line, stipulating however that he was to retain the title of "ex" which meant that Torrio was to be the front. He would remain incognito behind Torrio's coat-tails should there be any trouble. It will be interesting to tell you that there was trouble and a long time later the ex-brewer was yanked from behind the aforementioned coat-tails. It required the combined efforts of two great newspapers to perform this feat, however. One of them, an afternoon newspaper, appeared one fine day with a mystery thriller in which the whereabouts of the ex-brewer was suggested although his name was not mentioned. This so irritated the Chicago Tribune that Mr. Joe Stenson was unceremoniously uncovered and tossed roughly right out onto page one where he was well fried on both sides.

But to return to earlier and happier days for Mr. Stenson, it may quite possibly be that he regarded the partnership with Johnny Torrio with misgivings and a sinking heart. Johnny had an unsavory reputation, and Mr. Stenson might have had an impulse to tell Johnny to go straight to our beautiful lower regions. Instead of thus speaking however, he did the next best thing which was to stipulate that there was to be no gun-powder competition between him and the Druggan-Lake interests. Torrio acquiesced and all gentlemen, Frankie, Johnny, Terry, and Joe, walked hand in hand up to the beer front.

Before long a score of breweries were operating day and night as in the good old days. Hoodlums, armed with automatics, sawed-off shot guns and other weapons, aided sometimes by the police guarded great convoys as they rumbled over the cobble-stones. So rapidly were they brought up to the beer front that Chicago soon found itself dotted with seven or eight thousand speakeasies, and the customers were lapping 'em up at twenty-five cents a stein, proving again that the public pays and pays and pays. Access to these thirst clinics sometimes involved short walks down alleys and the presentation of credentials, but more often all that was involved was a thirst and a quarter.

Johnny and Al charged fifty dollars a barrel for beer and protection, the latter item being most important because no

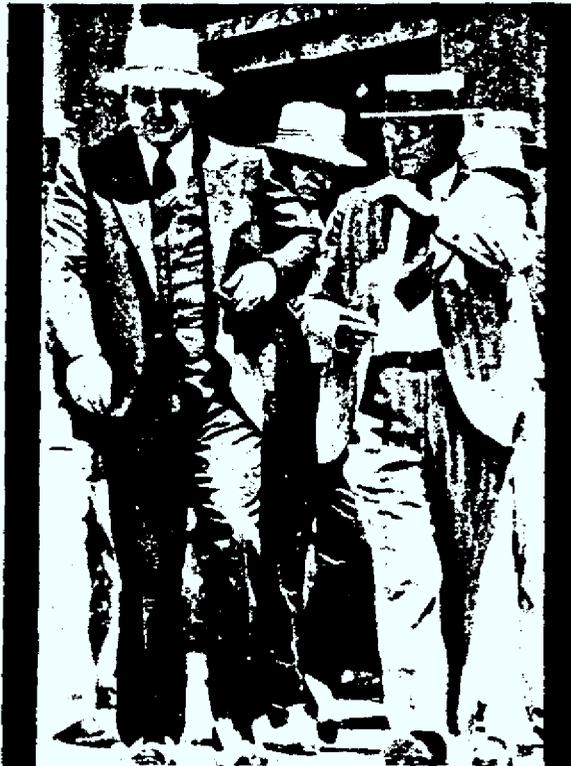


One of the few photographs in existence of Johnny Torrio, successor to "Big" Jim Colosimo. This one was taken shortly after Torrio had found Gangland too tough for him. A settled chill in his feet inspired him to scamper off to Italy where he could be out of range of the automatics and machine guns of "Little Kymie" Weiss.

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speakeasy can exist for fifteen minutes without full knowledge and consent of the police captain in whose precinct it may be located. And Johnny and Al, great contributors to the administration's war chest, were in a position to sell protection. They soon had the entire city mapped out in a systematic way, with certain definite territories allotted to the various groups. Punishment came swiftly to those who were unwise enough to violate any of the rules, for Johnny and Al established their own enforcement agencies, and there were skull-cracking crews, beer-running contingents, and regular staffs of killers. It was a great system, and when Johnny or Al told you to "laugh that one off" you didn't laugh. Even when the organization was operating with a maximum of smoothness and order there was always a little killing or beating up job to be taken care of, and Johnny and Al had it done as a routine matter. But despite all this perfection of organization the business was getting tougher every day, and Little Johnny looked upon the tell-tale signs with misgivings. His booze syndicate was causing him more trouble every day, and he began to wonder if someday these persistent little flares of revolt might not grow into a consuming conflagration. The booze business had brought him into contact with a different breed of tough guy from the pimp and the pander and the pickpocket associated in the vice business. An occasional murder was all right, but the casualties brought on by this new business were too many. Johnny's weekly payroll, estimated at more than \$25,000, included a breed of individual who had personal courage and plenty of it. Burglars, second story men, safe-crackers, sluggers for labor unions, had gone into the liquor business feeling that it afforded them a chance to go straight for the first time in their lives. The obvious rewards lured them to a frenzy comparable to that of the adventurous spirits who joined the gold rush of '49. Johnny knew that the money they were making was bad for them, but there could be no salary reductions. A hoodlum with a thousand bucks loose on the community was a dangerous man, especially when he went out to play.

Alas, Johnny saw that conditions were not the same as in the old days, when he could slap a pimp in the face with his fist and get away with it. Let him try that stuff on such vassals as Dion O'Banion over on the North Side, or Frankie MacEarlane and his barb-wire kid brother, Vincent, or Joe Saltis, or Lefty Koncil, or "Little Hymie" Weiss, or Schemer Drucci or Red Hoban. Oh yes, let him



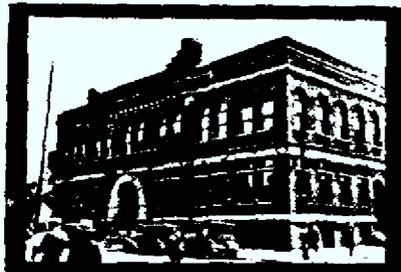
The Big Boy doesn't seem to be disturbed if you believe the smile on his face in this picture. It was snapped down in Miami, Florida, just after he had bounced out of a courtroom. "It's persecution, not prosecution," says Al.

forget himself with those lads!

Except for the O'Donnell gang on the South Side, led by the astute "Spike" O'Donnell, the underworld realm seemed fairly content under the iron rule of Johnny and Al. Their toughest lieutenant, Dion O'Banion, operating on the North Side, seemed to be a "right guy," but Little Johnny secretly expected a break with him any day. The powerful Genna brothers over in Little Italy were a surly, vain-glorious lot but still loyal. Joe Saltis and Frank MacEarlane also on the South Side were desperate babies and had already caused Torrio much embarrassment with their battles against the O'Donnells. The newspapers had sizzled with accounts of the killing of Jerry O'Connor, one of "Spike's" boys, which had happened on September 7, 1923. Of course Jerry had to go; he had been raising too much hell with good customers and that was why Torrio's tough boys put him in a horizontal position during a surprise affray in the saloon of Joseph Kepka. It was too bad that "Spike" had been missed, for the shooting of Jerry seemed rather to intensify matters. Torrio regretted, for business reasons, the slaying of George Bucher and George Meeghan, who were O'Donnell men, but then it couldn't be helped. They had been talking too much about re-

vealing the slayers of Jerry, so there was more banging and these boys folded up in death after a cloud of lead had cracked into their automobile. That was on September 17, and Torrio had a most uncomfortable time of it when a few weeks later the state's attorney, Robert E. Crowe, brought about the indictments of Frank MacEarlane, Thomas Hoban and Danny McFall. But the most disturbing murder was that of Thomas (Morrie) Keane, on December 1, 1923. "Morrie" and a companion beer-runner William "Shorty" Egan, for "Spike" O'Donnell were returning from Joliet with a truck load of beer. "Spike" had been backing his trucks up to the breweries of Frankie Lake and Terry Druggan, both Torrio boys as we have seen, but the \$45.00 price was too high, and Keane and Egan, were merrily returning to Chicago with seventy barrels of brew from a brewery which "Spike" was trying to purchase when they were hi-jacked. Ordered to get into an automobile, Keane and Egan dutifully did so. They were bound securely and sat in the rear seat for a few minutes as the car speeded down the lonely highway wondering at their fate. Suddenly they got it. One of the men in the front seat, believed to have been Frank MacEarlane, turned round, and emptied an automatic into them.

POLICE BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO



Maxwell Street Station.



Detective Headquarters



Old Criminal Court Building



The New Criminal Court Building.

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They were then tossed out into a c... in a locality known as Beer Cemetery. Keane was dead probably before he hit the earth, but Egan, with half a dozen wounds, crawled for miles crying for help. Finally he got into the Palos Park Golf Club just at dawn. Believing himself dying Egan told the only employee there at that hour that he was a bootlegger in the service of "Spike" O'Donnell. MacEarlane was arrested and held in a hotel for a few days before being released. Under pressure, however, indictments were returned in which were named Joe Saltis, Willie Channel, Johnny Hoban, Ralph Sheldon and Willie Niemoth and MacEarlane. Incidentally they were tossed into the wastebasket four months later.

All this was bad business and Torrio shuddered to think of the future with all of these tough boys doing their stuff. Johnny made no public estimate, but if he had it is doubtful if he would have fixed the number of gangsters to bite the sawdust in the next couple of years at more than 300.

"Spike" O'Donnell could not be brought into the fold, although peace was offered him. "Spike" had come from a fighting family back-o-the-yards district and had a few friends in the city hall himself, but his drag was puny and insignificant compared to that of Little Johnny. But he would not be brought to terms, and for a long time this word could be heard in Gangland: "'Spike' O'Donnell will never make another dime in the racket. He's ruined everybody else, and now they're going to gang against him."

In the investigations that followed the murder of Keane, charges were made that the police were persecuting "Spike" and his boys, while the Torrio mob went undisturbed. But



George Meeghan, early casualty South Side Beer Wars.

"Spike" had some influence, and, although he and his brothers were arrested and jailed several times, and two of them indicted, there was to come a change in their fortunes. As we have seen the great factor in Torrio's power was the vast political influence he wielded, but in 1923, the people of Chicago, becoming bored with William Hale Thompson, blew him out of office, placing in his stead William E. Dever. This brought panic to the underworld; the vast system was shot to pieces; no speakeasy proprietor knew just whether he was "in" or "out"; Torrio worked desperately and frantically to "fix" the situation, and he went about with great handfuls of dough in an effort to bring order again to his realm; he was only partially successful.

This change in the administration and its consequent disaster to Torrio's machine gave "Spike" O'Donnell the break he needed, and he again instituted terroristic proceedings in the realm of Torrio. His particular field was that controlled by Joe Saltis and Frank MacEarlane. Saltis and MacEarlane, now that Torrio's power was a doubtful quantity, operated on the South Side for themselves. As a matter of fact conditions were so precarious that every man or rather every gang realized that until Torrio could "fix" things, every man was for himself. Torrio was working to bring about the fixing, but he realized that he was up against the greatest job of his vicious career. Over on the North Side Dion O'Banion and his inseparable companion, Samuel "Nails" Morton were growing in strength and power, and Torrio could see that unless he could get a better grip on his connections, there would be trouble from that source. At this period the government annoyed Torrio by "knocking off" a brewery



The Damon and Pythias of Boosedom and their playgrounds. (1) A typical "Valley" district scene where Terry Druggan and Frankie rose to fortune in the beer business. (2) Frankie and Terry themselves. (3) In manufactories like this one, the Beer Barons made it for \$2.50 a barrel and sold it for \$45. (4) Where "Spike" O'Donnell used to appear with his trucks.

U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

P.O. Box 1405,
Chicago, Ill.

RECEIVED



December 5, 1930
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Director,
Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

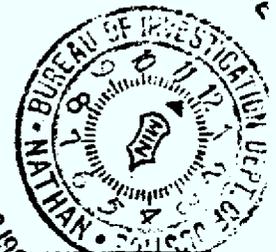
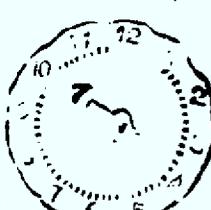
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I am transmitting herewith for your information of publication which contains what I understand is a rather dependable narrative concerning the development of the various Chicago gangs and many authentic photographs of the results of the social contacts between members of the opposing groups.

Very truly yours,

J. E. P. Dunn
J. E. P. DUNN,
Special Agent in Charge.

JEPD/EC
12/7/30



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Outstanding members of Dion O'Banion's North Side gang as they looked in the good old days when O'Banion flashed a gat. (1) George "Bugs" Moran, present leader, (2) "Little Hymie" Weiss, killed. (3) Dapper Dan McCarthy, still up and about. (4) Louie "Three Gun" Alterie (sometimes called State and Madison Street Alterie) now living on a ranch in Colorado.

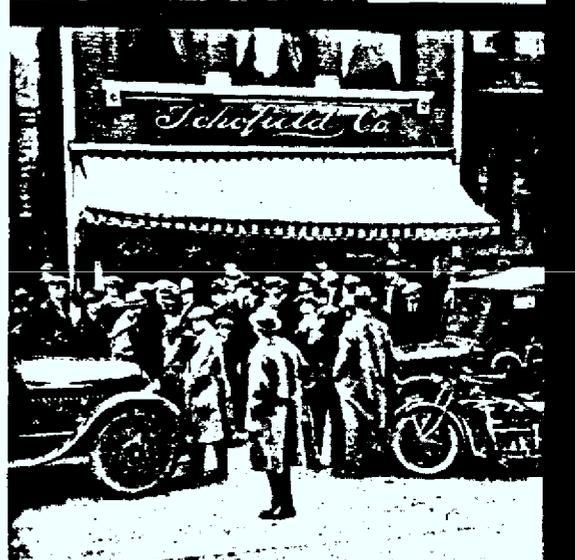
of buying flowers for the funeral. As he reached to shake O'Banion's hand, his companions whipped out revolvers and began firing at O'Banion. The porter relates that there were five shots in rapid succession, then a short pause, and a sixth shot. The sixth shot, fired into O'Banion's head at close range after he had fallen, was extra good measure just to make sure.

Crutchfield relates that he tore out into the front room at top speed, just in time to catch a glimpse of the fleeing assassins. An automobile awaited them, they jumped in, sped to Ohio Street, turned West and disappeared into the maize and blur of traffic. To this day no one has ever caught up with that car.

Earlier in this book it has been related that when Al Capone came to Chicago he was accompanied by Frankie Yale, of New York. Frankie, a tough killer from the Five Points gang, frequently came to Chicago on contract killings. He was adept. So proficient was he as a murderer that he did a lot of it on the side, probably just to keep in practice as he didn't need the money. Anyhow, if you came well recommended, you could buy Frankie's services. All you had to do was to point out the guy you didn't want and slip Frankie the dough.

We bring this up because a lot of the "wise" money maintained to this day that the tall, heavy-set individual who walked up to O'Banion, hand outstretched, was Frankie Yale. Frankie was detained by the Chicago Police a few hours later as he was about to board a train bound for

New York. But Frankie had a good alibi. He became a part of the wall of silence against which the words of the police banged in vain. Other parts of this wall, incidentally, were Alphonse Capone and Johnny Torrio. Chief of Police Morgan Collins, explaining why no solution of the murder was forthcoming, stated that O'Banion had been responsible for at least twenty-five deaths in his short career, and that, as a result, a great many people appreciated the fact that he had been put out of the way. Certain it is that the police, including Mr. Collins, wept not over O'Banion's bier. But other thousands did. His funeral set a high mark for those that came after. Nothing had been seen in Chicago quite like it since the final obsequies were made for "Big" Jim Colosimo, when the business of laying him away drew out so many judges and politicians that the affair took on the external aspect of a political pow-wow. O'Banion's funeral scandalized the public. The cortege was made up of twenty-four automobiles all loaded with flowers, one hundred twenty-two funeral cars, and with private cars stretching for blocks. As it wended its way through the streets toward the cemetery a squad of police on motorcycles cleared a path through traffic. The grief-stricken survivors of the O'Banion gang who had been crying their eyes out for days, could hardly wait until the services were over and the \$10,000 casket dropped into its hole, in order that they might devote themselves to avenging lovable Dion's death. Louie Alterie, quite beside himself, made a particularly hot remark and one that burned official ears.



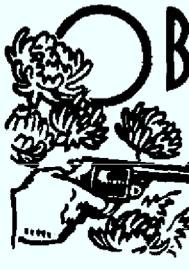
The "It" boy of Gangland, Dion O'Banion, and his wife. This is a rare picture of Boosedom's personality boy, taken on the day of his marriage. (Upper right) X marks the spot where O'Banion was killed in his little flower shop on North State Street. (Lower photo) Crowd outside the floral shop just after O'Banion's assassination.

O'Banion first began straining the ties that held him to Torrio by muscling in on the territory allotted to the Genna brothers on the West Side. Warned repeatedly he continued to defy them. O'Banion believed in free speech. He talked often and loudly. He liked to sing too, and no doubt regarded his alley tenor as something quite fine and beautiful. The most injudicious remark he ever made in his long and useless life was directed to Torrio and his Italian henchmen. "To hell with them Sicilians," he said when warned directly from headquarters to stay out of the Genna territory. "You (meaning Torrio) have got your ideas, and I got mine. We'll quit."

And so the inevitable happened. The finger was put on O'Banion, and they killed him and now, six years later, his pals are still trying to avenge him. The death of O'Banion brought more attention to Chicago's underworld

and the beer wars than any other dozen deaths. Whereas the other victims of the warfare reached page one of the local prints, O'Banion's murder and funeral filled the wires of the press associations and landed on page one of the newspapers all over the country.

O'Banion was standing in the center of the flower shop busily engaged at the pious business of trimming roses. In the rear of the shop a Negro porter, William F. Crutchfield, was unpacking a crate. Crutchfield later testified that O'Banion had just called to him to sweep up a litter of flower petals at the front of the shop. Fortunately William delayed, probably thus saving his life. For, just as O'Banion uttered these words, three men entered the front door. Crutchfield relates that he heard O'Banion greet them with, "Hello, you boys from Mike Merlo's?" As he uttered these words O'Banion, holding a large pair of shears in one hand, walked toward the three men, one hand outstretched. One of the men, in answer to the greeting, said that he was from Mike Merlo's home. Merlo, an Italian political leader, had just died and it is assumed that O'Banion expected these men there for the purpose



O'BANION of pistols and posies

The underworld lost its most fantastic and picturesque personality and Johnny Torrio lost his most persistent pain in the neck on the morning of November 19, when Dion O'Banion's body, heavier by six balls of lead, fell crashing among the chrysanthemums of his little flower shop at 738 North State Street. This flower shop, intimately connected with some of the most thrilling chapters in the long and bloody story of Boozedom, stands intact today, and the proprietor, William Schofield, stands many customers on the spot where O'Banion fell while he takes orders for flowers. O'Banion, in partnership with Schofield and Samuel "Nails" Morton, used the little shop as a blind for his prodigious criminal activities.

A glad hand artist, an expert at throwing the bull, this paradoxical mixture of ferocity and sentimentality stepped high wide and handsome through the shadowy realm of the underworld for a dozen years, cracking safes, shooting up saloons, terrorizing polling places, figuring in newspaper circulation wars, hi-jacking liquor and thumbing his nose at public prosecutors.

His ability to thumb his nose at public prosecutors, ascribable to his own more or less valuable services to certain North Side political leaders, first attracted the attention of Johnny Torrio when Johnny was looking about for brewers and talented gentlemen to aid him in what was a new and inviting racket.

O'Banion, a typical neighborhood gangster from boyhood, had assembled a formidable gang in the persons of such men as Samuel "Nails" Morton, Louie "Three-Gun" Alterie, "Little Hymie" Weiss, George "Bugs" Moran, Schemer Drucci, George and Pete Gusenberg and other lesser individuals. Torrio and O'Banion came to an understanding and O'Banion's territory was established on the North Side. Presently he had, to use his own expression, stepped up into the bucks. O'Banion's power resulted from the application of methods quite unlike those of Johnny Torrio and Capone. His realm was built on friendship, with pecuniary considerations secondary. O'Banion depended upon his pals, and his pals depended upon him. His death however proved conclusively to the interested spectator, that the almighty dollar furnishes a stronger basis for the relations between organized crime and machine politics than brotherly love. O'Banion was ever-ready to aid and protect anybody in his neighborhood and he knew everybody. The poor looked upon O'Banion as a great and good man, and he never forgot them. Across the street from his flower shop stood Holy Name Cathedral in which O'Banion had been an altar boy. Samuel "Nails" Morton was one of O'Banion's closest friends from boyhood. Morton was dubbed "Nails" when quite a lad because he was that hard. "Nails" served in the World War and emerged with several decorations for bravery and a commission.

Sammy was a great influence on O'Banion's intellectual development, if any. He took his blustering buddy by the hand and led him down the booze trail to prosperity and big dough before Torrio completed the job. In the little floral shop together these two men sat among the carnations and the lilies and plotted such booze robberies as the removal of 5,000 gallons of excellent liquors from the Royal Drug Company on forged permits. Ah! What a swell job that was! Six uniformed policemen aided in the work of loading the liquor onto trucks, and, when the last quart of Old Taylor had been gathered in, Sammy gave the signal and the cops blew whistles and you and me, scurrying down the street in our Model T stopped with screeching brakes, while Sammy and O'Banion moved out into the traffic. A great yowl, heard all over town, resulted from that job. The permits had looked all right enough,

and they had read all right, but, too late, somebody discovered that they were phony.

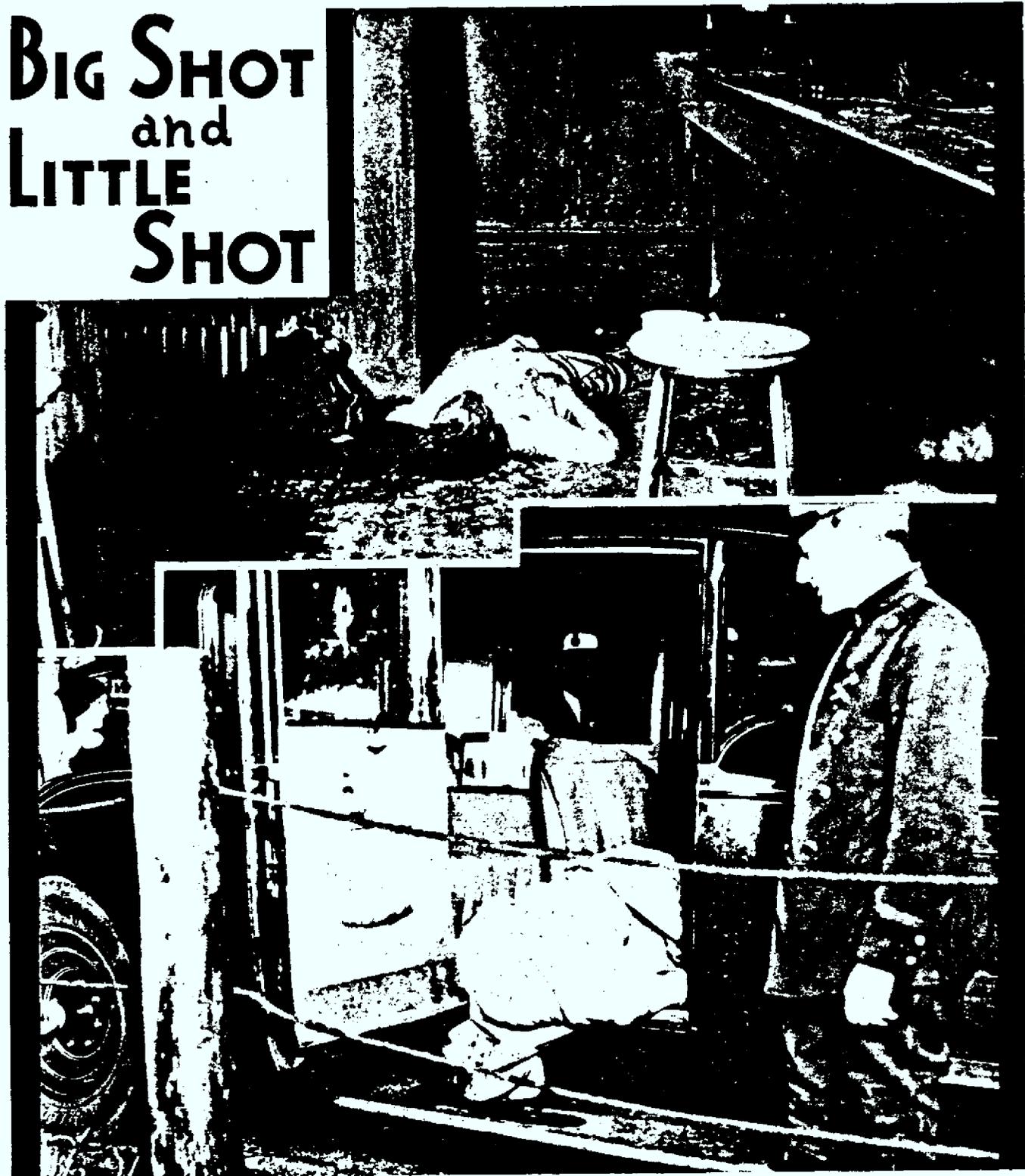
"Nails" taught O'Banion to wear dinner jackets and to live in fine hotels and how to use his knife and fork and to be a gentleman. He is given credit for also teaching the blustering Irishman that political pull is more potent for a racketeer on occasions than pistols. "Get the politicians working for you" was a complicated principle which Samuel pounded into O'Banion's head. It is said that "Nails" invented the famous phrase "take him for a ride" by which is meant that traitors, spies, squealers and stool pigeons, were disposed of by being placed in the front seat of an automobile and shot by somebody in the rear seat. Curiously enough "Nails" himself was taken for a ride one Sunday morning, only it wasn't that kind of a ride. "Nails" in riding togs was en route from a stable one Sunday morning to Lincoln Park for a canter. The horse, not knowing what a tough guy "Nails" was, became unruly before they reached the bridle path and "Nails" was thrown violently to the pavement. The horse then stepped on Mr. Morton's head. A few hours later, legend has it, Louie "Three Gun" Alterie, again rented the horse, rode it to a remote spot and then pumped a bullet into the horse's head.

A new story used to appear every day about O'Banion's loyalty to a pal, his bravery, his great love for gun play, his love for his mother and wife, and his "Robin Hood" methods. Here is one on the "pal" theme. In the days before the Golden Era of prohibition O'Banion was not at all averse to sensational holdups. Once he and his mob planned to "take" a certain race track which was about to open, on the West Side. Wind of this came to the promoters, one of whom knew a newspaper man who was friendly with O'Banion. All being native Chicagoans, instead of informing the police, the promoters went to the newspaper man. O'Banion was called by telephone and the newspaper man said, "Say Deany, I want you to do a favor for me." It was okey with O'Banion, even when the newspaper man informed him that the favor meant assembling some of his boys and working as a guard over the till at the race track. Sure enough on the day of the race, O'Banion with a gang of his hoodlums, all armed, stood around the box offices ready for war if anybody attempted to spring anything. Later O'Banion learned from the newspaper man that a fast one had been put over on him but he received the news with great relish.

It will serve to illustrate the important position O'Banion occupied to mention a party given in his honor several days prior to his death. The hosts included the commissioner of public works, the county clerk, half a dozen police lieutenants, and the chief of detectives, Michael Hughes. A diamond studded watch was presented to O'Banion on this occasion. When news of the party got out, there was a great noise and Detective Hughes explained that he had come to the party thinking it was to be given in honor of another, Jerry O'Conner, secretary of the Theater Janitors' Union. "I was framed," said Hughes, "and I got out as quickly as I could."

The unwillingness of O'Banion to take orders from Torrio, plus his ambition to extend his activities into forbidden territory brought about his break with Torrio and—his sensational and sudden death. It is likely that Torrio took O'Banion under his wing as a matter of policy. Torrio put as many boards in his political fence as he could lay hands on and O'Banion represented a wide plank on the North Side. But O'Banion's flamboyant style was irritating to Torrio, and he felt that O'Banion would bring trouble into the realm with his high-handed methods. Torrio was a business man first and a gangster second. O'Banion was a gangster. Torrio would rather bribe a policeman than kill him. O'Banion would rather bribe him too if he didn't want too much. Two policemen once appropriated a truck load of beer belonging to O'Banion and Torrio. They demanded \$300 to release it. When he was told this over the telephone by one of the beer-runners, detectives listening in on a tapped wire, heard him say, "Oh, to hell with them guys. I can bump 'em off for half that much." Later, the same voice, told O'Banion that Torrio in the meantime had instructed that the cops be paid the money. "We don't want no trouble," Torrio had said. And there you have the essential difference between Torrio and O'Banion. One didn't want trouble; the other was always looking for it.

BIG SHOT and LITTLE SHOT



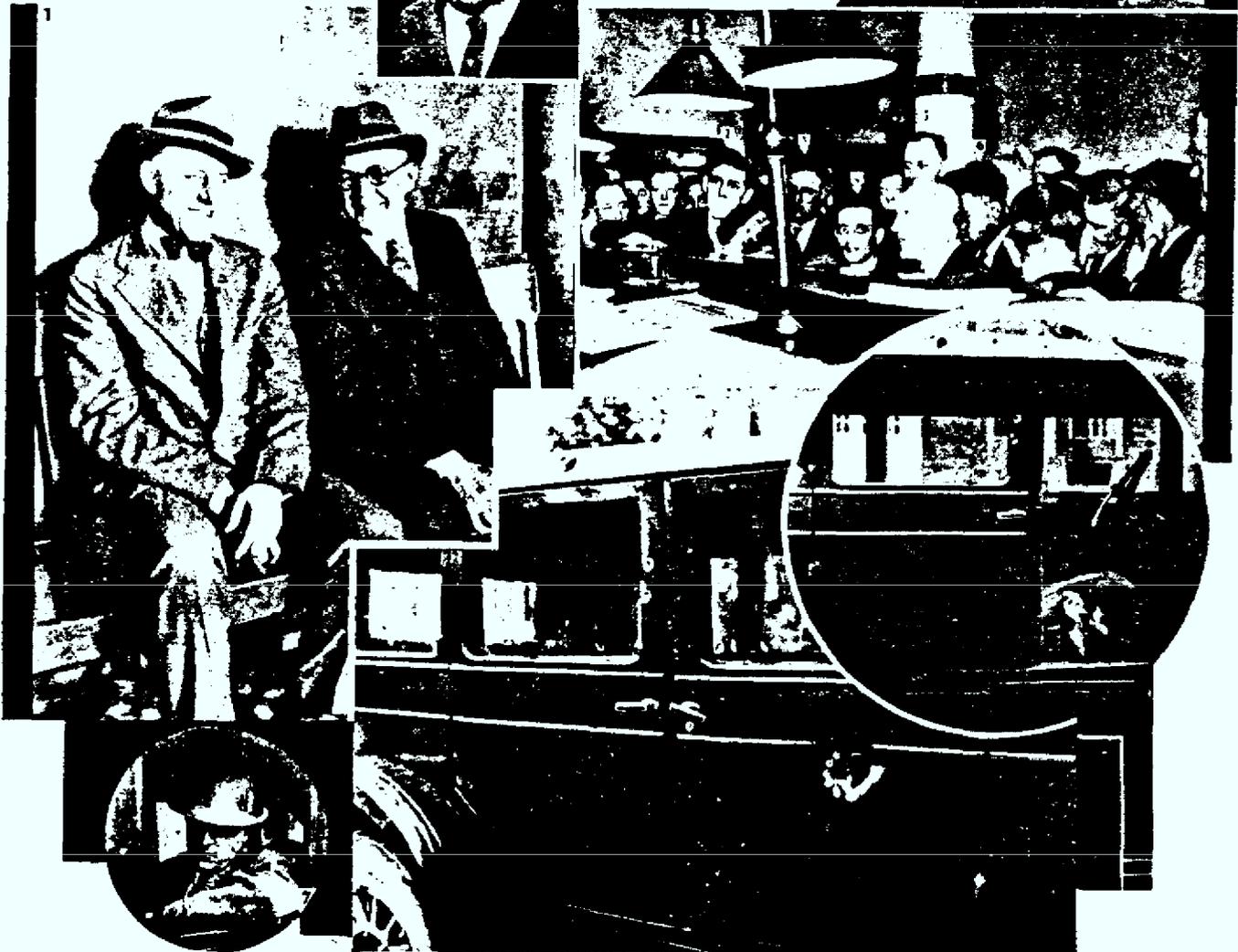
BIG SHOT AND LITTLE SHOT

Here's an interesting study in elimination as practiced by the killers of Gangland. Eddie Davis (above) a small-time gangster, apparently was punished for his many sins on the spur of the moment, as he stood in a thirst clinic holting a beer. On the other hand the elimination of Myles Canavan (below), big shot gambler, came as the result of long and careful planning. "They" finally caught up with Myles one evening behind his luxurious apartment house on the south side of Chicago.

Even the happy and carefree Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake took it on the chin during this troubled period. Having been enjoined by Federal Judge Wilkerson from operating one of their breweries this inseparable pair said "Oh, Yeah" and proceeded to remove large quantities of amber fluid therefrom. One night a squad of prohibition officers descended upon them and Damon and Pythias were brought up before the judge and he told them to go to the county jail for a year. Losing an appeal to a higher court Frankie began serving the sentence, but Terry couldn't see it that way. He set out blithely for California where, months later, he was gathered in and returned to Chicago. He walked through the portals of Sheriff Peter B. Hoffman's lodging house in November.

At this time spies from the North Side reported that O'Banion, in addition to violating the territorial rights of the Genna brothers, was "running off the chin" on the subject of Torrio's power. O'Banion's slogan at this time seems to have been, "To Hell With Torrio." The Gennas were summoned and methods devised to punish the revolting vassal.

After the Cicero election riot, Man in the cap is Charles Frischetti, companion of Frank Capone, (upper right) who was killed in a gun battle with police. Frank was a brother of King Al.



Smiling "Spike" O'Donnell's gang of hoodlums before Joe Saltis began thinning them out. (1) "Spike" O'Donnell and Chief William Shoemaker, (2) Attorney Frank McDonnell, (3) Walter O'Donnell, deceased, (4) Gimp Rosenbaum, missing, (5) "Spike" O'Donnell, (6) James Bucher, deceased, and "Steve" O'Donnell. The tin-can object is one of "Spike's" cars.

\$30,000 when the coroner went through his pockets as he lay dead in a basement room whither he had fled from police. But King Torrio, on this occasion, strangely enough only carried about \$23,000 in cash, but it was enough to bail himself and his companion, James Casey, out of custody. O'Banion, caught short remained in jail until professional bondsmen, William Skidmore and Ike Roderick, long associated with gambling and vice in Chicago, could rise earlier than their wont and pry him out with the requisite \$5,000.00. Wonder was expressed at the time over the fact that Torrio had not peeled off the \$5,000 for Dion. Later events proved that the flamboyant Irishman was in extremely bad odor with the king, and the Sieben fiasco served to bring their long association to just about the breaking point. O'Banion, walking out of the Federal building with Skidmore and Roderick, spoke in no uncertain terms of this man who supposedly told him what was what. "He's a god-dam double-crossing wop," exploded Dion, "and he's turning yellow all over." O'Banion explained that Torrio had



Jerry O'Conner

bailed Casey out of jail in order to have a body guard en route home. It was quite plain that O'Banion was in revolt.

For the next few months Torrio engaged himself in Cicero where matters were far from ideal. The O'Donnells were helping themselves to a lot of his customers, Eddie Tancil was defiant to all propositions and overtures, and, on top of it all, the Genna brothers over in Little Italy were whispering at the top of their voices that O'Banion was continuing his efforts to "muscle in" on their territory. Elsewhere in his realm was sporadic warfare. Joe Saltis was having a great time with "Spike" O'Donnell's marauding bands of hijackers, terrorists and killers. Gangsters were being taken for "rides" from which there was no return, saloons and roadhouses were being bombed with increasing regularity. Torrio probably shed no tears during this period when he learned that Walter O'Donnell, was arrested and charged with the murder of Alfred Dickman, Walter, brother of "Spike" virtually clubbed Dickman to death with his fists.



(Upper) Jerry O'Conner, owner of the deserted gambling joint in which Patrick King was killed (lower photo). The play "Seven Keys to Baldpate" had nothing on Jerry's joint. He had given out twenty-five keys to the place, a fact established when the police investigated the King murder. Jerry was a brother-in-law of the Gusenberg brothers, who were slain in the Valentine Massacre.

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from time to time. In October 1923, he was fined for illegally manipulating a brewery transfer, and the strain was too much on his over-taxed nerves. Incidentally it was in this period that Mr. Joe Stenson, aforementioned, was shocked to find his name and address published on page one of the newspapers.

The harassed Torrio began now to show definite signs of weakening. Instead of remaining on the job at this period as he had planned, he decided to take a vacation. And, for the next six months he was out of the city. Part of his vacation was spent in Europe and in Italy, the place of his birth. In Italy he purchased a great villa for his mother.

He returned in March. This period marks the date of his decline, just as it marks the beginning of the rise to power of his lieutenant, Al Capone. As Torrio had grown superior to Colosimo, so had Capone grown superior to Torrio. It is extremely doubtful that Torrio would have bothered to return to Chicago if he had known what awaited him. The beer war was about to begin. Blood was to be poured into the beer. The shooting that can still be heard round the world was to break out in the Beer War.

BEER and BLOOD



The "heat" in Chicago during those days of cold March, 1924, was intense for all gentlemen of the gat and the machine gun. When Johnny came slinking home there were no processions or celebrations in honor of the event. Matters in the Torrio-Capone camp were too grave for any display. Newspapers were smoking with propaganda against their rule. "The man with the gat" must go, they cried; Chicago must wrench itself free from the grip of crime. The attitude of Mayor Dever was conducive to a cleanup. His chief of police, Morgan A. Collins, was a fearless man of the highest integrity. He was anathema to Torrio, whose strongest point of political contact was in the state's attorney's office.

Immediately after his return to Chicago Torrio summoned his adherents to a meeting place in the Metropole Hotel on South Michigan Boulevard, where the most important matter discussed was that of holding their own in Cicero whither Torrio had moved headquarters sometime earlier by comparatively peaceful methods. Cicero, a western suburb, soon found itself completely over-run by the underworld element. Torrio made it the base of his gambling and beer-running interest, and the town leaped into national fame as one of the toughest spots on earth.

Ingress into Cicero had not been entirely without difficulty however, for now they encountered the West Side O'Donnells, also Valley boys with Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, who looked with envious eyes upon this territory. The squabbles between the Torrio-Capone and West Side O'Donnells were of comparative unimportance however until late in 1925 when William McSwiggin, an assistant state's attorney was murdered one evening when spending an evening with the O'Donnells. But there were frequent disturbances, splitting of skulls, bombing of speakeasies, and general trouble over customers. Another obstacle in the path of Torrio was Eddie Tancl, a native of Cicero, who dabbled in the illicit liquor traffic and was the proprietor of a cabaret in Cicero. Eddie regarded the advance of the O'Donnells and the Capone-Torrio outfit with hostile eyes, and he was to die for his unfriendliness a few months later.

On the eve of the Cicero election a second meeting of the Torrio-Capone gangmen was held, this time in the Four Deuces Saloon, 2222 South Wabash, owned by Capone. Every-ready Al stepped forward with the request that the business of swinging the election be placed in his capable hands. And it was. The election became a riot, the day was saved for Gangland, but Al lost his kid brother Frank Capone, in the smoke of a pistol battle with the police. The particular bullet which ended young Capone's career

came from a weapon owned and wielded by Sergeant William Cusiack, of the Chicago Police force.

Gangland mourned the passing of Al's brother the next day, instead of celebrating their technical victory at the polls. Torrio with others important in the high councils of his organization visited at Capone's home. Every one of the 123 saloons in Cicero locked its doors by order of his majesty, Johnny, and it was the dryest day in the history of the town, before or after prohibition.

The slaying of Capone together with the hell raised generally during the election, inspired another cyclone of words from the public officials, particularly from State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe. Inquests and investigations tripped up as usual. Alphonse himself testified at the inquest, but after some curious sign language between him and Charles Frischetti, companion of Frank at the time of his death, Alphonse suddenly suffered a loss of memory.

Despite this technical victory, Torrio found conditions in his realm growing increasingly unpleasant. A month after the election another one of his breweries was knocked off and, surprisingly and significantly enough, this time it was done by Chief of Police Morgan Collins and Captain Matthew Zimmer. The brewery was the Sieben Brewery on the North Side. The police attack on it was one of the most beautifully executed jobs which ever a gangster looked upon with dismay. Nobody except the leaders, Collins and Zimmer, knew what was going to happen, hence there was no tip-off. With their uniformed men wondering where and what, Chief Collins and Captain Zimmer led them after midnight to the big brewery where they swooped down on men guarding thirteen truckloads of beer, ready to be convoyed through the streets. The convoy, composed of gang leaders, was arriving in automobiles, and, as each automobile deposited its cargo of gangsters, the police gathered them up. It was a great aggregation and made a swell "who's who" of Gangland. All the big shots were there. King Torrio, Dion O'Banion, "Three-Gun" Louie Alterie, Hymie Weiss and others.

State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe was the logical public official to receive this prize, but, significantly enough Chief Collins delivered it instead to United States Attorney Olsen, a great pain in the neck to all gentlemen of the underworld. When asked why, this ace of policemen, responded vaguely that . . . Attorney Olsen had promised prompt cooperation, and despite the fact that it was a police raid, pure and simple, the government was to do the prosecuting.

A curious thing about gangsters is that they never venture out of doors without first "heeling" themselves with plenty of money. Angelo Genna, whose gaudy career, was to end in a few months, was "heeled" to the extent of



Sergeant William Cusiack, of the Central Police Station, one of the outstanding foes of gangsters. Sergeant Cusiack fought in the battle of Cicero and won a great victory by eliminating Frank Capone from this life.



... My, my, what a tough guy was Eddie Tancil! Eddie busted more skulls than John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jim Corbett combined. When Capone and "Klondike" O'Donnell came to Cicero, however, the first fighting period came to an end, and you see in the photograph Mr. Tancil as he appeared in the ring, in his saloon, and in the morgue.

The O'Donnells and the O'Banions and their breed never could learn murder nicely and cleanly. They lacked style which, incidentally, was extremely fortunate for Johnny and Al although maybe they didn't see it that way.

The murders of two beer barons, O'Banion and Tancil, in the space of a few days was too much gunpowder for the town to take in one dose, and to reduce and soothe the ensuing high temperature of public indignation Messrs. Doherty and O'Donnell were indicted by one of Mr. Crowe's grand juries. The public was assured that these desperadoes would hang. Mr. Crowe pointed to the fact that he had assigned his ace assistant, the "hanging prosecutor" to the case. The assistant's name was William E. McSwiggin.

But there was other gunpowder to be sniffed, this time out on the South Side where the Saltis-MacEarlane and

"Spike" were still having at each other on every possible occasion. Several pot shots had been taken at "Spike" and he had missed death so narrowly but so neatly so many times that already the feature writers were making something of the detail. To return the compliment, "Spike" and some of his boys had unsuccessfully tried to do away completely with Mitters Foley, one of Joe's outstanding hard boys. Frankie MacEarlane, finding the town too quiet for his tastes, had gone over into Indiana, where he had got himself indicted for the murder of a roadhouse owner who had done business with "Spike." But Frankie "beat the rap" after a complicated trial. On December 19, two weeks after Tancil's death, the Saltis mob revenged themselves plenty for the attempt on the valuable life of Mr. Foley. They killed two more of "Spike's" boys, Leo Gistinson and Jack Rapport.

"I invite the slayers of my pal to a... it out with me," cried Louie. "They can name any place, even State and Madison Streets."

Louie who was, as you might infer from this, quite a loud noise, was discovered a few weeks later in the Mid-night Frolics' Cafe by Captain Stege of the Detective Bureau. Louie was in his cups and somewhat louder than usual so you can estimate just how loud he must have been. At any rate Captain Stege went up to him and slapped his face.

Let us rush to add however that despite this humiliation which he took without any retaliating gesture, Louie was really a tough guy. He was smart enough to know however, that it just wasn't his play to slap back.

EDDIE TANCL



BITES THE

Sawdust

The flowers on O'Banion's grave had hardly withered and dropped away from their tinsel frames when another picturesque tough boy of the underworld bit the sawdust. He was Eddie Tancl, a native son of Cicero whose place of refreshment, the Hawthorne Inn was highly popular with his Bohemian countrymen. They assembled in droves there to lift a few and to hear thick-necked Edward discourse authoritatively on the refined profession of prize-fighting in which he, in his salad days, had been engaged with moderate success. The Hawthorne Inn dispensed more beer probably than any fifty of the 150 other thirst clinics in Cicero which was why the O'Donnell boys lay awake nights thinking up ways in which Eddie could be induced to become a stop on their beer-runners' rounds. Eddie however had reluctantly signed up with Johnny and Al, both of whom he regarded with hatred and as tyrants in his own realm. But Johnny and Al had told Edward that he could either buy their stuff or else and so he bought.

"Klondike" O'Donnell, leader of the horde had been quite successful in pushing himself into the preserves of Al and Torrio during the political depression in Gangland, a fact largely ascribable to the talents of the toughs who called him boss. Most of them, like "Klondike" himself, had been labor racketeers before prohibition, and weren't exactly foreigners to Rough Stuff. Some of "Klondike's" boys who were healthy and feeling well at this particular period included his brothers Myles and Bernard, Fur Sammons, James Doherty, Thomas Duffy, Mike Quirk, Johnny Barry and "Rags" McCue. Also, most of these boys are now departed this vale of tears but my, my, what hell they raised before leaving. All of them were tough, but William "Klondike" was tough enough to hold the leadership, although there were times when he had to demonstrate the fact in grisly emphatic ways. There was the sad case of "Rags" McCue who had worked

long and faithfully "Klondike" hustling beer out in the warm Cicero country where a machine gun bullet might have found him any minute. When "Rags" wasn't working he liked to plaster himself with whisky in evil places. Once, on a bender, he found himself with about \$1,600 in collections which he had not yet turned over to "Klondike." After the party, which was of several days length, "Rags" reported for work, broke but hostile. He had "spilled" the grand, but what of it? William saw his duty quite plainly. "Rags" must be punished, just as a lesson to his fellow tribesmen. And so "Klondike" whaled in and when he had finished "Rags" was bleeding and helpless. Both arms were broken. Several days later "Rags" appeared at headquarters with his arms in casts. The sight touched William and James Doherty so deeply that they inveigled him into an automobile and took him for a ride and "Rags" never came back. Nice fellows. Four of his henchmen finally became so tough that "Klondike" had to dispose of them in the usual way as we shall see in due time. At this period however he had them pretty well under his thumb.

"Klondike" had just about lost patience with Eddie Tancl.

The tubby little Bohemian wouldn't listen to reason, threats, pineapples, or gunpowder. One night as William lay awake trying to find an idea which would bring Eddie around, two of his prized henchmen, James J. Doherty and Myles O'Donnell, dropped into the Hawthorne Inn for a beer. Eddie greeted them affably enough and motioned them to a table which, from his vantage point behind the bar, he could cover with a sharp and alert eye. After about two hours and twelve or fifteen "shells" of the amber fluid, plus several "shots" of whisky, their voices had developed from quiet, gentlemanly, well-modulated tones into what we shall describe as rather loud noise. Eddie, himself, catching the gala spirit and not altogether without a little glow induced by the small ones he had been having with the customers all evening, came over and sat down with Jimmy and Myles. Well, there were a few more drinks, compliments of Eddie, when the conversation drifted into plain shop talk. Jimmy and Myles insisted on deploring the fact that Eddie was getting his stuff from the "grease ball" meaning Mr. Capone or Mr. Torrio.

Maybe Eddie tried politely to change the conversation for they sat there for a long time; but the old subject would return, and, just as the bleak country was growing into rugged outline against a tinted sky, the Sabbath day at Cicero was heralded by a succession of revolver shots. If you had been strolling down the street that morning at that time you would presently have seen two young men, rushing out from the Hawthorne Inn, cursing and brandishing smoking revolvers, and, a few seconds later you would have beheld another individual as he staggered determinedly out of that door. You would have watched Eddie Tancl, more dead than alive, trying to over-take those men, and, horrified you would have watched the little ex-prize fighter's steps grow slower and slower until finally they would move no more—even for a guy as tough as Eddie Tancl.

All of Eddie's shots however did not go awry. A few minutes after it was all over Mr. O'Donnell discovered to his intense surprise that several slugs of lead were imbedded in his tough person, and he was forced to hold long and serious sessions with a surgeon, for many months to come.

The murder of Eddie Tancl was good news to Johnny and Al, although the crude method by which he was dispatched probably illicitly contemptuous sniffs from them.

BATTLE FIELDS IN CICERO



The Ship

Mr. Dukey's Thirst Clinic

Cicero Inn

Hawthorne Smoke Shop

Capital Cafe

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the



DRUCCI wears the CROWN

The artistically efficient homicide of Hymie Weiss drove home to every ambitious hoodlum in Chicago the grim lesson that the man of destiny among them was Alphonse Capone, and that the best possible life insurance was a reserved seat on his band wagon. The prestige of the North Side gang vanished like puffs of smoke in a wind-storm when news of his demise was blazoned across the town. Vincent "Schemer" Drucci bowed apparently to the inevitable for when King Al suggested that another truce be held he was smart enough to acquiesce. But the Schemer had mental reservations as we shall see.

The meeting took place in the Morrison Hotel on October 21, 1926, and the size of the representation was in itself a tribute to Capone. The Big Fellow himself was not there, but the terms which were laid down by Anthony Lombardo and Maxie Eisen, the eminent Jewish racketeer, had come from him, and you may be sure that no stipulations were made this time. Even "Klondike" O'Donnell was represented. His delegate was instructed to say yes to everything and not to sit around with his fingers crossed either. Unfortunately Joe Saltis, still in jail awaiting the verdict on the charge of murdering Mitters Foley, could not get a leave of absence, but he was represented by the Schemer and George Moran. Ralph Sheldon was there, and so was Edward "Spike" O'Donnell. Tony Lombardo, a big shot in the Unione Siciliane, an important Italian political organization, represented Capone as did Maxie Eisen, the eminent Jewish racketeer and stink bomb thrower. Lombardo laid down the territorial lines. Drucci and Moran were presented with the entire North Side, limited on the south and west by the Chicago river, on the east by Lake Michigan but extending north as far as the Arctic Circle. The South Side was equally divided between "Spike," Sheldon and Saltis, but don't you believe a word of it. No peace pact in history has ever stifled a congenital homicidal impulse, nor did this one. The League of Nations itself could not alleviate the sad condition of affairs along the South Side beer front where, incidentally, a few days before the conference, Mr. Saltis had ordered the dynamiting of one of his customer's saloons because the proprietor, Mr. Joseph Kepka had refused to help Joe pay W. W. O'Brien's legal bill.

Another swell homicidal impulse, wearing smiles and saying yes all over the banquet hall, was Schemer Drucci, but it was destined never to be given another good play.

On November 9 the terrorized jurors announced that Saltis and Lefty Koncil were not guilty of murdering Mitters Foley and Big Joe went home to fall into numerous

huddles with John "Dingbat" Oberta, as well as to read his mail. There was an interesting letter from relatives of Hillary Clements, the Sheldon gangster, who had been missing several months, and Joe was implored to mark the spot where he had left the body so that it might be given a decent burial. But it was not until five weeks later that the body was found and, would you believe it, the spot was a vacant lot behind the house where Hillary's survivors lived.

Gangland ushered in the new year, 1926, by removing one John Costenaro, a Sheldon beer customer, from the scene and, so far as this reporter can determine Mr. Costenaro has not yet been found. Efforts to completely do away with Theodore Anton were not so successful. Theodore, known as "The Greek," owned the Hawthorne Arms, headquarters of the Big Fellow. Theodore had been a pretty tough guy in his day and had come to the Capone gang with a creditable career in the prize ring to recommend him, but as the years rolled on something happened to him, and he made a big nuisance of himself by developing the evil of his ways and the ways of his companions and tenants. Anton carried sweetness and light to the point of hinting that he was through with sin and vice and that Capone's lease on the building would not be renewed. And so Anton the Greek was soon missing roll-call around the Hawthorne Arms Hotel, and, a long, long time afterward his body, or what was left of it, was removed from a hole of quick-lime in a vacant lot in Burnham, Indiana, near the backyard of Johnny Patton, Burnham's boy mayor and a good friend of Al Capone.

On the South Side, believe it or not, Edward "Spike" O'Donnell was accused of having designs on Joe Saltis, Lefty Koncil and their blue-eyed boy, John "Dingbat" Oberta, the eminent ward committeeman. Whether true or not, Koncil and Charles "Big Hays" Hrubec, were fired at on March 11 as they were touring in "Spike" O'Donnell's territory. "Lefty" and Hrubec jumped out of the car and were running at top speed for shelter in an apartment house lobby, when, overburdened by bullets, they collapsed in death. "Spike" O'Donnell did this foul murder," said Joe Saltis to newspaper reporters, "I am not in the beer racket." On the day of his release from the county jail, "Lefty," who was a rather nasty-tempered little fellow, snarled on page one that he had been pushed around long enough by certain persons on the South Side and that he himself intended to go in for pushing in a big way.

Meanwhile Vincent Drucci, as leader of the North Side gangsters, had not been completely paralyzed by the peace conference. He had, indeed, been quite busy following Al Capone around, a privilege he had reserved mentally during the meeting and everywhere the Big Fellow went the Schemer was sure to follow. When he went to Hot Springs, Arkansas with a large body guard to rest up for the approaching mayoralty election in Chicago he did not know it, but the Schemer went along, too, taking with him numerous sawed off shut-guns, automatics and other instruments of warfare. In Hot Springs the "Schemer" made an unsuccessful attempt to murder the Big Fellow, but it was done so quietly that news of the affray reached the newspapers only by leakage.

When King Al returned to Chicago late in March the atmosphere was considerably mixed with gunpowder and



Vincent "Schemer" Drucci, successor to "Little Hymie" Weiss as leader of the North Side Gang. This is an early photograph of the opera-loving hoodlum, taken after he had spent a tough night in a jail cell.



A Gangland Victim—William E. McSwiggin, assistant state's attorney, as he looked when earning his reputation as "the hanging prosecutor." He was shot by machine gun bullets while in company with members of the O'Donnell mob.

department, shortly after the long series of investigations had begun into the mystery: "It was Al Capone, together with three of his henchmen, Frank Rio, Frank Diamond, and Bob McCullough." Sergt. McSwiggin was positive. He had inside information, he said, which he had given to the authorities. Two material witnesses were also named, Edward Moore and Willie Heeney. Moore proved, however, that he was in the loop, and nothing of value was gained from questioning Heeney.

But the dead man's father's charges inflamed the public still more, and the question "Who killed McSwiggin?" was now linked with another one, "Where is Capone?" But Al was nowhere to be found. The atmosphere was entirely too much for him, and, shortly after the first smoking headlines announcing the murder appeared, Alphonse was in his great armor-plated automobile, speeding over the highways to a secret hide-out somewhere in Indiana.

But he came back. He came back a few days later in a grand manner which must have been impressive to "Little Hymie" Weiss. Capone dictated the terms by which he would surrender to the detectives from Mr. Crowe's office, and he was met at the Indiana state line. Capone is not a great talker, but he says plenty when the public is occasionally favored with his utterances. And this time it got dynamite.

"Of course I didn't kill McSwiggin," he said. "Why should I? I liked the kid. Only the day before he got knocked off he was over at my place and when he went home I gave him a bottle of Scotch for his old man. If I'd wanted to knock him off, I could have done it then, couldn't I? We had him on the spot. I'm no squawker, but get a load of this. I paid McSwiggin and I paid him plenty, and I got what I was paying for."

Mr. Capone's precipitate flight had looked bad but he had a good answer for that question, too. "I was afraid that some saphead copper would plug me on sight, just to get himself promoted." Capone was released three days after his surrender. At this time it was reported that "Fur" Sammons, having fallen out with "Klondike," had committed the murders out of revenge. And so, one day, "Fur"

limped into Crowe's office on crutches. "See these legs," he said, pointing, "Well, I was over calling on my 'sweetie' at the Beauty Parlor, when some of these 'grease-balls' let me have it." The McSwiggin murder continued a mystery, but the mystery of the Beauty Shop shooting had been solved.

As an aftermath of the McSwiggin murder there were a series of raids in Cicero with such outstanding haunts of vice being temporarily knocked off as "The Ship," "The Stockade," and "The Hawthorne Smoke Shop," all Capone institutions. Despite this gesture on the part of the police the McSwiggin case pointed very definitely to the fact the Big Fellow of Gangland was not "Little Hymie" Weiss, or William "Klondike" O'Donnell or any of the others. The Big Fellow was Al Capone. "When I wanted to open a saloon in Cicero," said Harry Madigan, owner of the saloon in front of which McSwiggin fell, "I got a visit from Al Capone. He told me I couldn't go into business there. But I finally got some political pressure myself and opened up anyway. Al came around shortly after and told me that I would have to buy my beer from him, and not the O'Donnells. So I did."

King Al could see the handwriting on the front pages however, and he knew that peace in Gangland was about as desirable to Chicagoans as good beer.

The O'Donnells have been going great guns except for one Federal "rap" which they could not beat in the courts. This concerned their disastrous raid on the Morand Government Warehouse in the Valley, their old stamping ground. The warehouse contained thousands of barrels of excellent whisky and it was James "Fur" Sammons who conceived the bright idea of siphoning it with a hose. And so one night, a watchman making his rounds, discovered that bars on a window of the second floor had been cut and that through a small rubber hose of great length now lying on the ground, thousands of gallons of the precious liquid had been siphoned. He gave the alarm. When Pat Roche, ace of the investigators, surveyed the scene, he gave instructions that the equipment should not be disturbed and that the matter was to

be kept quiet. Pat knew that the raiders would return. They did. And, as Johnny Barry who was in from some distance away, fitting a rubber tube into the ls, gave two jerks on a rope, "Klondike" and "Fur" Sammons, in the warehouse, began to pump and the whisky began to move. And Mr. Roche gathered all three of them into his automobile and drove them to the Federal building.

The turmoil resultant from McSwiggin caused him to abandon all plans to break up the Saltis-Weiss alliance. Ralph Sheldon lost two more of his gangsters on April 5 in Frank DeLaurentis and John Truccello, and had obtained promises from King Al that reinforcements would be sent up to the front when the McSwiggin murder caused a change in Capone's plans. But he was too busy to step out as a diplomat for a long time and in the interval the conflict continued. On the West Side the field was more or less clear, for "Klondike," Sammons and Berry went to jail for the booze robbery. Each had a two-year tag on him. Hymie Weiss was busy aiding Saltis whenever possible and in trying to get a shot at Capone. Hymie's gangsters killed a Genna "alky" cooker, J. Cremaldi by name, who was crazy enough to appear on the Gold Coast

with his product. On July 20 Sheldon's men made an unsuccessful attempt to kill cent MacEarlane, tough younger brother of Frank, on July 23, made another attempt. The bullets again missed Vincent, but Frank Conlon, a Saltis chauffeur, was killed. The murder was committed by "Mitters" Foley and the Saltis gangsters were wild with rage. At this time Mr. Sheldon made a public statement to the effect that if Joe Saltis dared harm a hair of Mr. Foley's head, he, Mr. Sheldon, despite his weakening condition due to tuberculosis, would surely murder Mr. Saltis. And so, on August 6, three days later, Mr. Foley was killed. The public began to wonder whether or not the South Side beer war, like the babbling brook, was going to run on forever. Well, as a matter of fact, it was. But King Capone, beginning to get the view-point of Johnny Torrio, stepped forth as a peace-maker. The fact that Joe Saltis, Lefty Koncil, John "Dingbat" Oberta and Big Earl Herbert, were now in a lot of legal "heat" having been indicted for Foley's murder was prima facie evidence of the Big Fellow's sincerity. Even "Little Hymie" Weiss believed that Capone meant it when he went about saying "we don't want no more trouble."



"Dynamite Joe" Brooks and Edward Harmaning, members of the Ralph Sheldon gang after Frankie MacEarlane and Joe Saltis had finished with them. Note that Gangland killers aim at the face. In this job only one bullet missed its mark.

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the BIG FELLOW TURNS DIPLOMAT



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

And so King Al, the Big Fellow stepped forth as an emissary of peace. Unfortunately for prosperity in Boozedom he flopped. Except for one unfortunate little shooting affray involving Vincent "Schemer" Drucci, one of "Little Hymie's" most highly prized aids, Capone's efforts might have been unsuccessful. We hurry to the facts. The Schemer, paradoxically enough, went in for paintings and good music and beautiful things. It was passing strange how this esthetic hoodlum who wept copiously at the Civic Opera could top off an evening in company with his dynamic little chief and George "Bugs" Moran whose artistic sensibilities had developed no further perhaps than Mutt and Jeff. For in their company the Schemer was often called upon to torture a stool pigeon, or inveigle a traitor to the cause into the front seat of an automobile for a long, long ride. But the Schemer could do it. And how! It was he who represented the class of the Weiss mob, just as the aristocratic touch in the good old days when O'Banion held sway was provided by Samuel "Nails" Morton before he fell off his horse. The Schemer was largely responsible for the fact that "Little Hymie" was induced to move into more pretentious quarters on Diversey Boulevard, although headquarters still remained above the Schofield Flower Shop.

One sultry August afternoon "Little Hymie" and the Schemer, dressed in the correct mode, strolled nonchalantly down the Boul Mich. As they were passing the Harvester building whom should they meet but two of Capone's children, Frankie Rio and Tony "Molps" Volpe. Now when gangster meets gangster, the result is that gats fly out of pockets especially made and leather-lined to hold them, and that is exactly what happened on this summer afternoon. Many shots were fired, and many, many people out there on the world's most regal street, some of them visitors to Chicago, were thrown into fearful panic. And those who were visitors went back to Muscatine, and Valley Junction and Des Moines and New York and told everybody that what the papers said about Chicago was true and even worse. But nobody was killed or wounded.

The only result of the bloodless affray was that Capone's peace conference didn't mean a thing. It was held shortly after the battle, and all the Big Shots were there—Joe Saltis, Frankie MacEarlane, Ralph Sheldon, Hymie Weiss, Vincent Drucci, Capone and some of his lieutenants, "Klondike" and Myles O'Donnell, and amiable "Spike" O'Donnell from the South Side. Gats were parked outside with the top-coats as per agreement, all enmity was forgotten, whoopee was

made, jokes were cracked about the "soup" on the menu and the "pineapple" dessert, and a police official, there by special invitation, gazed on in amazement.

Capone made the speech of the evening. What he said has not, unfortunately, been preserved for posterity, just as he delivered it, but the wise money had it that the Big Fellow's words were freighted with sincerity on the "we don't want no more trouble theme." "Little Hymie" listened sullenly, remembering how Frankie and Molps Volpe had behaved themselves only a few days before. It was "okey" with "Little Hymie," this peace idea, but he put forward one stipulation which the Big Fellow alone heard. It was that Frankie Rio and Volpe be placed on the spot where "Little Hymie" might transform them into corpses. The conference ended without any of its representatives being aware of what "Little Hymie" had demanded and what the Big Fellow had replied. They learned later. He said, "I wouldn't do that to a yellow dog."

And so there was no peace in Gangland, and "Little Hymie" was marked for death. He was soon to be pushed aside. His murder represents perfection in the art. It was the most masterfully planned and executed of any of Gangland's crimes including even the Valentine Massacre which was to come after.

"Little Hymie" set out however to get the Big Fellow first and a few days after the ill-fated conference, he and "Bugs" Moran made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy Capone on South Wabash Avenue near the Four Deuces Cafe whither they had trailed him from Cicero. Capone got away, miraculously enough, although his chauffeur, Tony Ross died behind his wheel. "Little Hymie," bitterly disappointed, returned to the little flower shop and was moodily silent for a long time. He stood on the spot in the flower shop where O'Banion had died and, gazing through the huge plate glass window, stared at the inscription in stone across the street:

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

Another surge of energy a few days later inspired another desperate effort, this time in the very heart of the Big Fellow's country. For the second time a cavalcade of glistening motor cars passed slowly by the Hawthorne Hotel while machine guns poured hot lead into buildings and windows and furniture. No bullets found lodgment in the hated Capone gangsters however.

"Little Hymie" was too busy these days to be bothered by the old premonition that he would come to an early and sudden end. His gang was growing in numbers and in dollars and in prestige. Gangland looked upon him in admiration and amazement. So great was the respect with which he was held that to some he was really the Big Boy in brains, class and courage. So many hoodlums wanted to go along with him at this period that there was a waiting list; the wealthy Italian on the West Side who had backed Jack McGurn, now fearing reprisals from the Big Fellow bought his ambitious protege a job as one of Hymie's chauffeurs. It cost \$25,000. Unfortunately for "Little Hymie" most of his time at this period was spent in trying to prevent the law from catching up with his ally, Big Joe Saltis who with Lefty Koncil was being tried for the murder of John "Mit-



Joe Saltis and his aid, "Lefty" Koncil with attorneys, at time of their famous trial for the murder of John "Mitters" Foley. They were acquitted. It was reported that "Little Hymie" Weiss chased two witnesses to Montana. W. W. O'Brien attorney shot with Hymie Weiss. On the right, Frank MacDonnell, another attorney.

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ters" Foley. John "Dingbat" Oberta, originally indicted along with papa Joe had managed to prove an alibi and he was not tried. So busy was "Little Hymie" with lawyers and witnesses and jurors these days that neither he nor any of his henchmen knew that in the ancient old stone house just north of his flower shop two swarthy-complexioned men had engaged a room from whose curtained window they could observe all that took place in the street below them. Neither did "Little Hymie" know that, around the corner at No. 1 West Superior street another front room had been engaged, also by a swarthy-complexioned young man whose only luggage was a beautiful golf bag. From behind the curtain of this front room this lonely "golfer" could look squarely upon the rear entrance of the flower shop. The distance on a golf course would have been only a short chip shot with a spade mashie.

"Little Hymie's" time had come. It was October 11, 1926, just twenty-two months since his beloved pal, Dion O'Banion had died there among the flowers. Big Joe Saltis and eel-like Lefty Koncil last saw their friend and ally late in the afternoon after a long and tedious day spent trying to select a jury. "Little Hymie" held a whispered conference with Saltis and then, shaking hands, left the courtroom in company with W. W. O'Brien, the Saltis attorney. With them were two of Hymie's men, Patrick Murray and Sam Pellar. Benjamin Jacobs, an investigator for the attorney also climbed into the big motor car outside the county building.

Pellar, who drove the car, parked it on Superior Street, just south of the cathedral. The four men tumbled out and started towards the flower shop. They had taken only



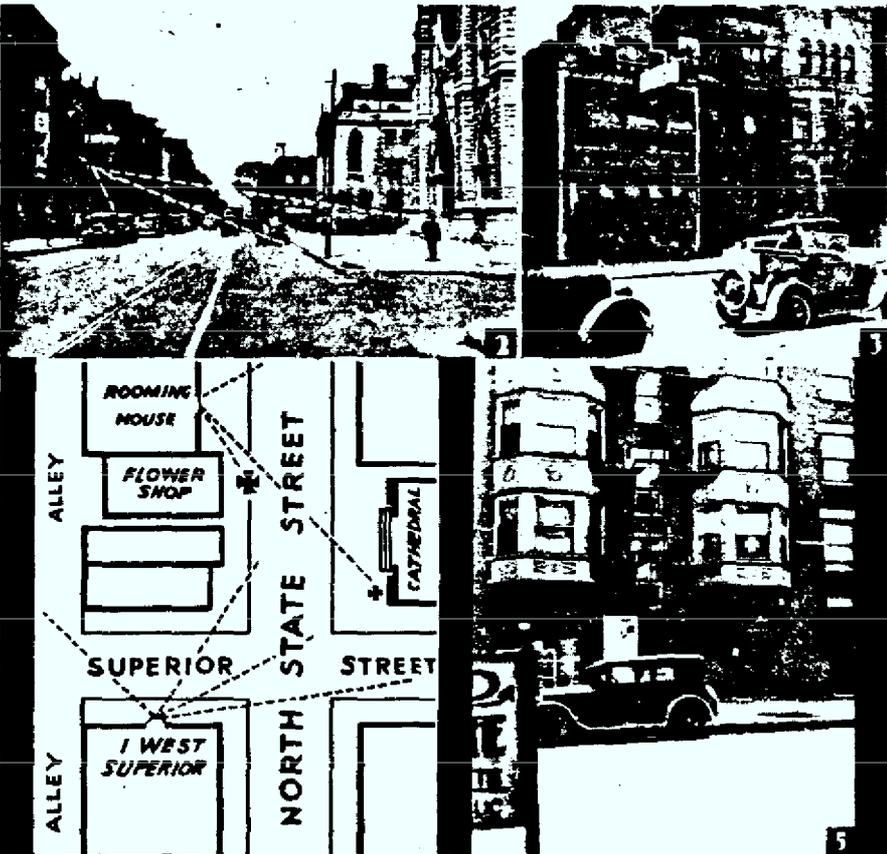
"Red" Daugherty in repose on a slab in the county morgue.

a few steps when the quietness of the street was suddenly destroyed by the harsh and deadly rattle of a machine gun. "Little Hymie's" twenty-two months of vengeance came to an end before he knew what was happening, for the men behind that curtain at 742 North State street had projected their fire at him, and the first bullet went straight into his heart. "Little Hymie" fell face downward in the gutter without uttering a word. Pat Murray also died on the pavement a few steps in front of his chief, but the other three escaped although O'Brien was terribly wounded. In agony he climbed the stairs of a nearby building and collapsed in a doctor's office. Pellar and Jacobs were also wounded.

Thirty-eight shells had been fired, and those bullets which did not find lodgment in human bones and flesh, flattened out against the old limestone corner of Holy Name Cathedral. The impact was so terrific that a large hole in the inscription crumbled away, destroying the sense of the famous Biblical inscription, and to this day people who never heard of Dion O'Banion or "Little Hymie" often pause before the facade of Holy Name Cathedral and wonder why the corner-stone reads thus:

. every knee should
heaven and on earth.

The two men in the old stone structure at 742 North State street escaped in the turmoil their fire caused; and so did the "golfer" around the corner at No. 1 Superior. He left behind him his golf bag. The janitor could find no golf clubs, but he found a long automatic shot-gun.



The killing of "Little Hymie" Weiss, Gangland's most perfect execution. (1) "Little Hymie" as he appeared when a lieutenant of Dion O'Banion. (2) Looking North on State Street, with white lines showing line of machine gun fire from the rooming house which killed "Little Hymie" and his chauffeur as they and three other men alighted from an automobile and started walking towards Weiss's headquarters in the William F. Schofield Flower Shop (3). Photograph in the lower left corner (4) shows the corner stone of the Holy Name Cathedral after it was hit by some of the bullets which missed Weiss. (5) Hair of the killers.

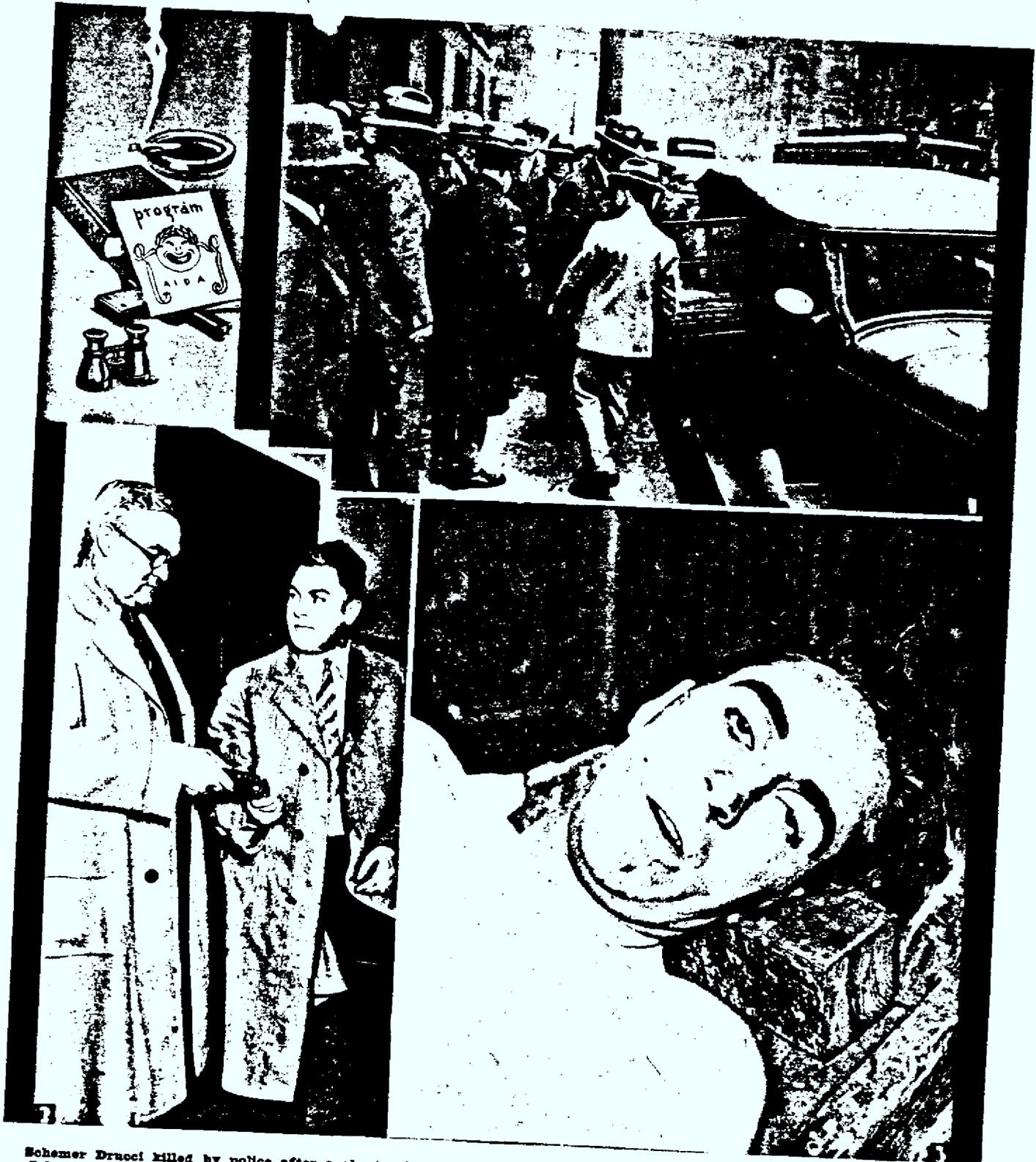
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Valentine massacre



The World Famous Gangland Slaying on St. Valentine's Day, 1929, in which seven members of George "Eugs" Moran's mob were lined up against a wall in a garage and mowed down by two machine guns. This picture shows two views. The victims, reading from right to left, are James Clark, Johnny May, Adam Eyer, Doctor Reinhardt K. Schwimmer, and Pete Gusenberg. The other victim, Frank Gusenberg, was alive when police arrived although he had twenty-seven bullets in his body, and was taken to a hospital where he died





Schemer Drucci killed by police after a short reign as North Side leader. (Upper photo) The automobile in which the Schemer was shot while being taken to a courtroom by police. (2) Commissioner John Stege examining revolver which Sergeant Healy (left) used to kill Drucci. (3) Drucci in the morgue.

political applesauce. William Hale Thompson, silent four long years, had come out again, this time squarely against King George of England. Recognizing Thompson a swell skyrocket on which to shoot his own star skyward, Capone cheered to the extent of \$200,000. Well, King George lost a great battle to Big Bill and to the Big Fellow. Chicago again became as wide open as it was in the good old days

of Johnny Torrio; Capone, cooped up in Cicero by Mayor Dever for four years, again marched triumphantly into the Loop. Everything was going beautifully for the Big Fellow. Even the problem of doing something about Schemer Drucci had been wiped out of his mind, for, on the eve of the election, the Schemer was shot and killed as he rode from the Detective bureau to a North Side

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courtroom in a squad car in custody of three detectives.

Tragically enough for the Schemer one of these detectives was a hard-boiled sergeant named Daniel Healy. It was Healy who had picked up the Schemer and one of his henchmen, Henry Finkelstein, as they stood sunning themselves on Diversey Boulevard. Picking up hoodlums was a passion with Sergeant Healy who thought that it brought him good luck. Once he had walked into a South Side saloon and helped himself to an automatic belonging to Joe Saltis. The automatic was in Joe's coat and Joe had the coat on at the time. "Oh, you're a tough guy, with a gun, eh?" inquired Mr. Saltis. Sergeant Healy offered to return the weapon but Joe, wisely enough, flatly refused. At any rate no sooner had Sergeant Healy deposited Drucci and Finkelstein in a jail cell, than an attorney appeared with a writ of habeas corpus. Out came Drucci and his henchman, and into the squad car, enroute to the courtroom. Drucci occupied a rear seat, with Sergeant Healy and one other officer. Finkelstein sat with the driver. Enough different stories have been told about what happened during the next five or ten minutes to stretch from the Rienzi hotel on Diversey Boulevard to Melrose Park. However, it is not important after all these years what Mr. Drucci said to Mr. Healy and what Mr. Healy said back to Mr. Drucci, for the altercation came to a tragic end when a bullet from Mr. Healy's revolver buried itself in Mr. Drucci's heart. Instead of going to a courtroom the squad car turned right around on the spot and proceeded to the county morgue where Mr. Drucci's body was propped up on a marble slab.

Of course there was a great hue and cry from the family and from the surviving members of the Schemer's gang, all of whom had become experienced in surviving by now. Crying murder, murder, murder they rushed to hire attorneys to see that justice was done, justice in this case being the prosecution of Mr. Healy. At the coroner's inquest a few days later four prominent criminal lawyers spat many mouthfuls of choice interrogations against a simple story related from the stand by Mr. Healy. In effect it was that Mr. Drucci had called him a punk copper and had reached for Mr. Healy's gun, but Mr. Healy having a longer reach, got there first. And Sergeant Healy went back to his job of picking up hoodlums just for good luck. The smart big city boys bespoke themselves out of the corners of their mouths that Sergeant Healy would get his in a very short while, but at this writing he is still up and about arresting hoodlums over in the tough Valley district "just for good luck."

The funeral of the Schemer was no shabby affair judged by upper-world standards, but, judged by the standards of Gangland it was a terrible flop. Whereas the last tributes to Messrs. Weiss, O'Banion, "Nails" Morton, Angelo Genna and Samoots Amatuna had been complete sell-outs with not even standing room, the final rites for Schemer Drucci



Here is Big Tim Murphy, Chicago's premier racketeer, and author of the luscious campaign slogan: "Vote for Big Tim Murphy—He's a cousin of mine." Big Tim was slain in a gambling war, recently climaxed with the assassination of Alfred "Jake" Lingle, racketeer newspaper reporter.

He played to empty seats. No politician wept copious tears over him; or over his casket to kiss him as had been done for Samuzzo. In the comparatively short parade to the cemetery you couldn't find a single automobile draped, as at the Weiss circus, with cloth signs urging you how to cast your ballot. Already decent folk had become weary of these displays, and the police had announced that squads would be in attendance to seize gangsters. But Al Capone was there. And so was George "Bugs" Moran, and Maxie Eisen, Frank and Pete Gusenberg, Potatoes Kauffman, Dapper Dan McCarthy, Jack McGurn, "Dingbat" Oberta, Frankie MacEarlane and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Saltis. Mrs. Drucci was consoled by Mrs. Dion O'Banion. The Big Fellow derived a great wallop of the fact that here was one of his enemies for whose death he would not be blamed, and he came fearlessly, even blithely. There is no record however that Alphonse wept any tears on "Bugs" Moran's shoulder because of their mutual loss. The Big Fellow was getting all the breaks just now, and he was sitting pretty on top of the underworld. One fine morning the Big Fellow discovered that he had become famous. His position had made him quite visible to the great naked eye of the public. For a time this attention may have tickled his vanity, but there is "heat" in the great naked eye of the public,

no matter whether you're a king prizefighter, king aviator, king movie actor, king author or just plain governmental king this "heat" grows unbearable at times and you will find yourself running everytime you see a king. You run for the sole reason that you want privacy, you want to live your own life. Now when King Al began anking it away from the following crowds he had two reasons. (1) To live his own life and (2) to live.

When King Al found himself in the Loop District after walloping King George at the mayoralty election he looked around carefully and was amazed to see that a lot of little gamblers were doing a great big business without having a king who had a standing army. This condition was observed simultaneously by George "Bugs" Moran and Barney Bertsche. In their desire to levy tribute from these little gamblers, Messrs. Capone, Bertsche, Moran and, a little later, the nine or ten Aiello brothers of the North Side, ushered another period of warfare into Chicago.

At the same time Bertsche, Moran and the Aiello boys further developed the scope of this growing crime syndicate by hooking up with Jack Zuta, over lord of a chain of vice resorts on the West Side. Jack and his chief lieutenant, Solly Vision, had been having a rather tough time of it all by themselves owing to the close proximity of several of their pleasure institutions to similar dives owned and operated by "Monkey-Faced" Charlie Genker, and another choice character, known as Mike de Pike Heitler.

Mike de Pike had definite Capone connections while Mr. "Monkey-Faced" Charlie,



(1) Ralph Sheldon, forced by tuberculosis to retire as leader of the South Side gang. (2) John "Mitters" Foley, shot to death by Joe Saltis. Foley, a Sheldon gangster, was "a good boy" said his mother, "what if he did sell a little beer sometimes."

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Theodore Anton, owner of the Motel in which Capone established headquarters, as he looked when a youngster trying to get somewhere with his fets. (2) Anton in one of his few courtroom appearances. (3) X marks the spot where Anton's body was found after a long search. It was buried in quick-lime. Anton made a nuisance of himself trying to get out of the racket.

strangely enough, operated on his own—a strange and inexplicable fact. "Monkey-Faced" Charlie had been an operator for many years, and maybe they tolerated him purely for sentimental reasons. It will be interesting to

note that "Monkey-Faced" Charlie was a bosom friend of Julius Rosenheim, the well-known informer, who now, alas, is with us no more.

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the "PINEAPPLE PERIOD"



In the warfare for control of loop gambling the great discovery was made by King Capone and Messrs. Bertsche, Moran and the Aiello brothers that, although pineapples are not indigenous to Chicago, they flourish as marvelously here as do potatoes in Ireland, if, of course they are cultivated properly. The laboratory experiments of these rival gang mobs may be said to have been made during their efforts to form a gambling syndicate of the Loop gambling joints and, having formed it, to gain utter and absolute control. The small fellow who ran a little game behind the counter was extremely averse to paying levy either to Al or Moran. This and other ramifications including the protracted abdication of the reigning gambling king, all too involved to be discussed here, brought on the great pineapple period. A pineapple, if tossed into a building properly, will make an insufferably loud noise. Windows bounce out of their frames, entire walls keel over, people scramble about in terror and the owner or proprietor of the building, surveying the ruins, remarks, "Well, well, I can't imagine who should have done such a thing to me, or why." But you may be sure that he is telling a big lie. It was just this sort of thing that began happening to the gamblers who cried robber when invited to join the syndicate, being formed by the Big Fellow and the North Side mob. So prevalent did pineapple cultivation become that the joke mongers the country over soon began using the word pineapple as a synonym for Chicago. Another reason was responsible for the fact that the Aiello brothers, of whom there are nine, began playing around with Moran and his new buddies, the Bertsche and Zuta mob. The Aiellos, long respectable merchants, devoutly desired control of the Unione Siciliane, a powerful Italian organization which at this time was under the leadership of Anthony Lombardo, who, as we have seen, had stepped out as an ally of Capone and had represented him at the peace conference following the demise of "Little Hymie" Weiss. And there, roughly sketched, you have the new scenery which appeared on the underworld stage following the re-election of William Hale Thompson. With "Bugs" Moran behind them, the Aiellos felt that the Big Fellow might be efficiently opposed, and when they approached Mr. Bugs he took the matter under advisement and spent several days thinking it over before he acquiesced. Big George Moran must have deplored the sad condition of affairs in his once proud mob which compelled him to align himself with an Italian organization. For years Bugs allowed himself to be widely quoted as saying that his first principle was never to let an Italian racketeer get behind him either in an automobile, a short saunter down the street, or in a business enterprise.

The underworld began to whisper early in 1927 that more and bloodier warfare was imminent. Meanwhile Capone had been attending to established business as usual and on July 27, one of his new competitors in Burnham paid for his usurpation with his life. At the same time he began muscling in on the Near North Side beer and alcohol business, thus violating the terms of the

peace pact. A hood of proven talent, Claude Maddox, was placed in charge of operations, and the first blow struck by the outraged Northsiders came on August 10, when Anthony K. Russo and Vincent Spicuzza came to a tragic end. But Capone was king and the unattached "hoods" were flocking to his standards. Others were deserting less powerful leaders and were casting their fortunes with him. One of these, at this time, was Jack McGurn, who had found himself temperamentally incapable of association with such men as Moran, Pete and Frank Gusenberg, Leo Mongoven, Barney Bertsche, Teddy Newberry and most of the others. King Capone admired Mr. McGurn and saw great possibilities in him. Two other gentlemen of the underworld, now famous, now devoted their services to him. They were John Scalice and Albert Anselmi, free at last from courtroom appearances, and ambitious to get into action. The Big Fellow's criticism of the new alliance on the North Side was first made in October when several automobiles, all equipped with machine guns, visited the Aiello headquarters which were in a small bakery on Division Street and deposited several hundreds of bullets all over the place, without, however, causing any casualties.

The Aiello-Moran-Bertsche-Zuta mob now began to make nuisances of themselves in a big way. An ambush was laid in the Atlantic hotel in the loop. From their front room the killers "covered" a cigar store across the street in which the Big Fellow occasionally made appearances. Luck was with him or else his lookouts were marvelously efficient for the Aiello killers upstairs were surprised one afternoon to find themselves trapped by the police. On the same day another ambush was uncovered, this one across the street from the residence of Tony Lombardo. Eleven Aiello boys including the leader, Joseph Aiello, were soon fuming in jail cells while lawyers flew about trying to obtain writs of habeas corpus. While still guests at the detective bureau an observant officer spotted three men loitering in front of the bureau and seized them. They were all Capone men, Louis "Little New York" Campagna, Frank Beige and Sam Marcus. All carried light artillery and were waiting, merely to offer condolences to Joe Aiello and his boys. These incidents together with sporadic warfare in the Loop gambling country brought more and more "heat" upon the Big Fellow. He had become the favorite person to blame for everything, and now the position became increasingly intolerable. But an election was coming on, a typical Chicago election, and Capone could not yet shake himself away from the city. Chicago was stirring, the pent-up feeling against the Crowe-Thompson machine, was about to vent its wrath.

The atmosphere buzzed with prophecies as to what would happen at the polls when Judge John A. Swanson got through with State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, and when Louis Emmerson was done with Len Small. Crowe and Governor Small had been in office for seven and one-half years, and defeat was to over-take them. During the campaign Chicago produced a bumper pineapple crop, and the fruit was dirt cheap. Senator Deneen and his candidate for the state's attorney's office, Judge Swanson, both received pineapples at their homes on the same evening. Other persons who were not neglected include Ex-judge Barney Barasa, Municipal Judge John Sbarbaro, Larry Cuneo, brother-in-law and secretary to Crowe, and Morris Eller, political boss of the Valley District. At this time you will be interested in knowing that the Gusenbergs, Frank and Pete, spotted their old playmate, Jack McGurn, driving on the North Side. They trailed to a cigar store in the McCormick hotel, a short block off the Boul Mich on the Near North side. When they entered, cautiously, and with hands gripping gats, they found their quarry busily talking in a telephone booth. Now telephone booths, even in Chicago are not made with bullet-proof



Ike Moderick, professional bondsman. It was Ike who bailed Dion O'Banion out of a jail cell following the famous Sieben brewery raid.

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glass, so Frank and Pete let Jack have it, and when they had reduced him to a crumpled position on the floor of the booth with blood streaming from his head and face, they bowed themselves out. But Jack was not dead, although well punctured. When the police called on him at the hospital, he told them that he did not know who had shot him or why, but that he would try his level best to find out just as soon as he could get around to it.

The election was held in a great cloud of smoke and with the better element wearing gas-masks at the polls. Judge John A. Swanson jumped out of the ballot boxes far in front of State's Attorney Crowe, and Mr. Thompson's machine was reduced to a feeble, sputtering condition. Agitation against gang anarchy continued with increasing gusto, a fact which inspired King Capone to depart on a long-needed vacation and when the press associations carried back stories to Chicago from Los Angeles, telling how detectives were pushing the Big Fellow around, one of the Chicago police officials declared that at last Gangland was beginning to disintegrate, and that its king was a homeless wanderer. The police then turned their attention to the sad case of Mr. Ben Newmark, formerly an investigator for State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, but now using his knowledge of the underworld to do a little

muscling. Alas, alas, he didn't last long, for he was out on the South Side where sweetness and light had not yet penetrated. Election or no election, the boys on the South Side continued sporadic warfare, and so one day as Mr. Newmark sat in the front room of his little bungalow in front of a window reading a newspaper, two men and a machine gun got upon a soap box, took careful aim (at about four feet) and there was a loud report and that was the end of the latest South Side muscle. For two months it was quiet on all fronts, but on June 26, the newspapers duly chronicled the fate of Big Tim Murphy, politician, racketeer, labor leader, robber and jail bird.

This famous character whom you really ought to know better than you can know him here had been given one of the numerous vice-presidencies in the Capone gang, just before the Big Fellow left on that vacation. Big Tim's duties lay mostly in the gambling field. One of his most ambitious ventures, a gambling house far out on Sheridan Road, which he had promoted in conjunction with Nicky Arnstein, had been knocked off and Big Tim, who had been out of Fort Leavenworth for only a short while, saw the need of making some good connections in a hurry. He seemed to have lost touch with the right guys during those prison years, and so he went over with the



O'BANION'S OLD GANG AS THEY LOOK TODAY. The dapper boy in the upper center is Joe Aiello, head of the Unione Siciliana. On the upper left we have Leo Mongoven, body guard to George "Bugs" Moran, who, at this writing had been missing for several weeks and was believed by some to have been taken for a ride. On the upper right we have George "Bugs" Moran, North Side leader. (1) "Potatoes" Kaufman (2) Barney Bertsche and (3) Jack Suta.

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Big Fellow, thinking himself again securely "in." Unfortunately Big Tim no longer lived out in his beloved back-of-the-yards district. His place of residence now was a charming little bungalow on the North Side, in pleasant Rogers Park. It was within cap-pistol hearing of another bungalow in which resided Joe Aiello. One warm June night the front door-bell of the Murphy domicile began to ring and ring and ring, and Big Tim, who was taking a nap, got up sleepily and went out. Nobody was there, except a couple of bullets and so the author of the priceless line, "vote for Big Tim Murphy he's a cousin of mine" rolled down the concrete steps a dead man.

Capone had left the management of his empire largely in the hands of Frank Nitti, known as the "enforcer" and Harry "Greasy Thumb" Gusick, convicted pander who had charge of a choice killing squad. Harry was ably assisted by Hymie "Loud Mouth" Levine. These boys succeeded in convincing Mr. Aiello and Mr. Moran that they could not prosper in Chicago unless drastic measures were taken to get a strong hold somewhere. There is a tale, probably apocryphal, that Joe and "Bugs" negotiated at this time for the services of the eminent Frankie Yale, whom we have met before. At any rate Frankie's greatest mistake of his long life was in aligning himself with the Aiello-Moran gang, for his punishment came on July 2, 1928 in New York. The mystery of his death still intrigues the New York police and, every time a Capone man drops into New York to see a fight or start one, the detectives push him off to jail and ply him with questions concerning the sad fate of Dion O'Banion's pet hatred. On the night of Frankie's murder detectives established the fact that three long distance telephone calls had been made from the New York home of the mother of a Capone gangster, Louis "Little New York" Campagna, to Chicago. One was to the Hotel Metropole in Chicago, known at that time as the headquarters of Frank Nitti, another was to the home of a prominent Chicago citizen and the third to a certain garage in Cicero. With these clues you can write your own thriller.

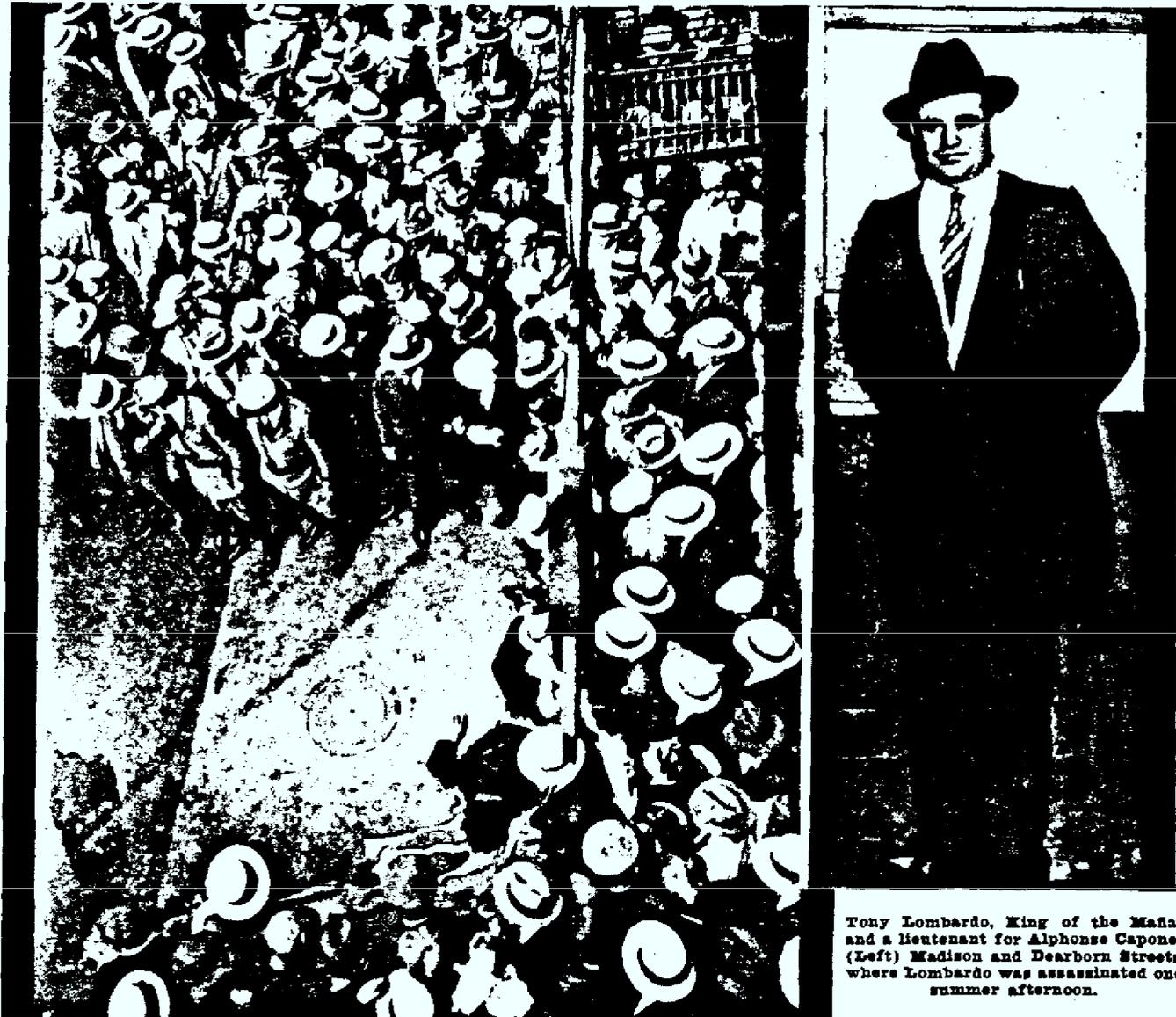
The Aiellos' felt terribly about losing Frankie and they felt more terrible on July 25 when one of their own boys

was murdered. He was Salvatore Canale and he was killed in front of his home one hot summer evening. But the Aiello mobmen continued to tug away annoyingly at the Capone outfit, terrorizing alky cooks, throwing pineapples here and there, and taking pot shots at any Capone gangster they could find. It was not until September 7, 1928, however, that they succeeded in making a really important killing. The victim was Tony Lombardo, Capone lieutenant, and head of the Unione Siciliane and the manner in which he was eliminated was inexpressibly daring. The scene of his assassination was in front of Raklios restaurant on Madison street, just west of Dearborn and little more than a block from State and Madison streets, the world's busiest corner. The time was 4:20 P. M. Countless thousands of busy loop workers scurried about the streets, for it was nearing the rush hour and the loop was soon to be emptied of the office workers.

At 4:15 the immaculate Tony with his body guards, Tony Ferraro and Joseph Lolardo, left the offices of the Unione Siciliane in room No. 1102 Hartford Building, 8 South Dearborn Street. Next door, it may be said, Tony maintained an office of the Italian-American plan, a private loan bank. Walking North they turned west on Madison street and had not proceeded more than fifty feet when a group of men detached themselves from the crowd and quickly formed a circle around them. Shots rang out and when the police could establish a semblance of order in the panic-stricken crowd, they saw Mr. Lombardo, face in the gutter, lying in a pool of his own blood. Ferraro lay dying a few feet away. Lolardo was captured a block or more away as he darted into a shoe store. "I was pursuing one of the killers," explained Joe, "and I would have caught him if you hadn't butted in." Joseph however denied that he was with the slain men or that he was Tony's body guard. "I just happened to be passing," he explained. Still the police held heavy hands on him and they were still trying to pry information from him regarding the Mafia King when an attorney appeared. "Lolardo was an innocent bystander," the attorney declared, "and unless he is immediately released I will file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus." One line of questioning was that Lolardo him-



AL CAPONE'S BIG SHOTS. (1) Frankie Romano, alias Diamond. (2) Joe "Peppi" Genaro, in charge of Capone operations in the Calumet District. (3) Mocco Fanelli, who, in London, declared that a dollar in Chicago was more powerful than any police broom. (4) The boy with the smile is "Molpe" Volpe, the boy wonder of Gangland. (5) Al Capone, the Big Fellow.



Tony Lombardo, King of the Mafia, and a lieutenant for Alphonse Capone. (Left) Madison and Dearborn Streets where Lombardo was assassinated one summer afternoon.

self had put his companions on the spot. At the same time a report was current that King Al, en route to Florida, had dropped in town and was hiding somewhere in Cicero. A choice dab of apple-sauce had it that he lay in deadly fear of assassins. If Capone was afraid of anything it was the great eye of the public.

The murder of Tony Lombardo, King of the Mafia, was a great sensation, for at that time it stood out as the most daring crime yet committed in Chicago by gangsters. The Underworld was quiet for a few weeks while Tony was being laid away. To the alky cooks for the Capone gang who lived in the so-called Aiello-Moran district Lombardo's death was a great calamity. Aiello would assume control of the Unione Siciliane, they believed, and he would surely begin a war of extermination among them. And so, while Lombardo's body lay in its casket, the terrified Capone henchmen began a quiet but quick exodus from the district bounded by Division street, Chicago avenue, Sedgwick and Larrabee streets. Signor Nitti, the "enforcer" could not stem the wave of Italians who scurried back to the old Genna district, and Signor Aiello looked upon the spectacle and found it good. The Capone gang held several huddles with the result that further action was ordered on the principle that the best defense is a swell offence. To the dismay of Signor Aiello he did not become successor to Tony Lombardo as head of the Unione Siciliane. Somehow that coveted position again came into

the hands of a Capone man—Pasqualino Lolardo, elder brother of Joseph Lolardo, the body guard of Lombardo. At the same time Mr. Nitti, acting under instructions which continually came to him from the roving Big Fellow, dispatched more muscle men into the Aiello territory. Some of the men who were immediately under the leadership of the new Mafia King were such talented thugs and pistoleers as John Scalice, Albert Anselmi, Claude Maddox, alias Johnny Moore, who had graduated from the Egan Rats mob of St. Louis, Tough Tony Caprezzo, strong-arm artist de luxe, and Murray Humphreys. Headquarters for this dangerous Capone group were in a dingy and squalid little dive, pleasantly known as The Circus, located at 1651 North Avenue. For a long time Pasqualino directed these boys in a campaign of terror. Alky stills were bowled over by the dozen, soft-drink parlors on the Near North Side were bombed with such regularity that it sounded like the Fourth of July in Ankeny, Iowa. Life became a misery for those unfortunates who had aligned themselves under the so-called protection of Joe Aiello, George "Bugs" Moran, Barney Bertsche and Jack Zuta. Pasqualino raised so much general hell on the Near North side that these terrified Italians who had fled the district following Lombardo's death now began moving in again. Well, now what do you think Mr. Aiello did about this? You are right, for on January 2, 1929, a second Mafia King was placed beyond the aid of attorneys and legal writs.



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 cookers 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. Brichet, 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 Brichet 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 Brichet 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.

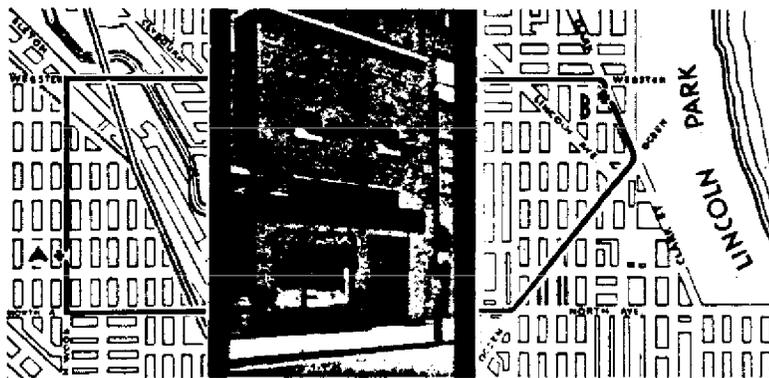
AFTERMATH



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.

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

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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 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-

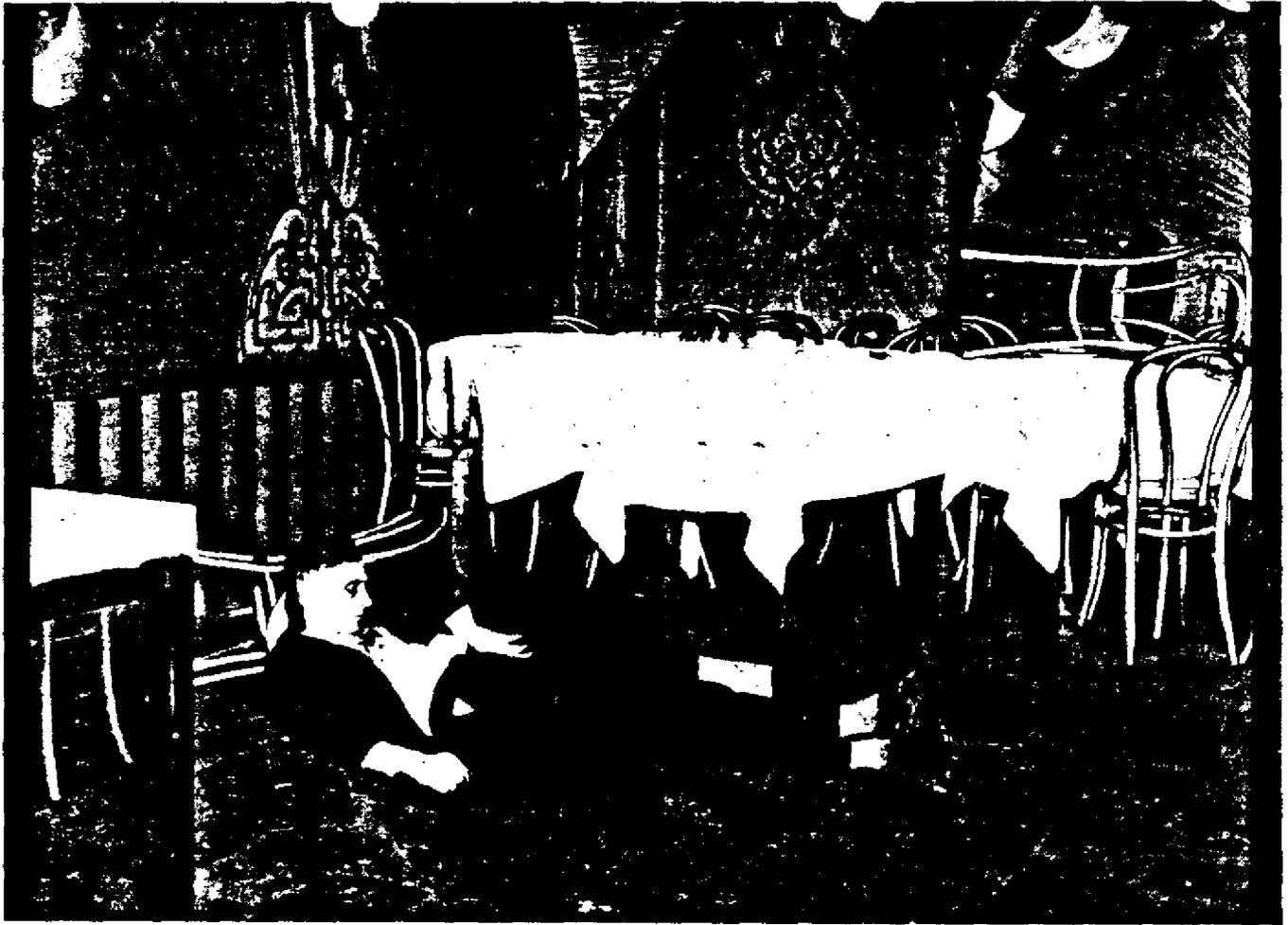
cate of high and normal intelligence. And so, a few days later, Chicago was treated to the spectacle of "Pollack" Joe and Johnny "Dingbat" Oberta in the office of the police commissioner proudly waving certificates of mental health. "We won't have to play with no blocks," said Johnny and Joe as they 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 slug-gers 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 baby-hood 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.

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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-

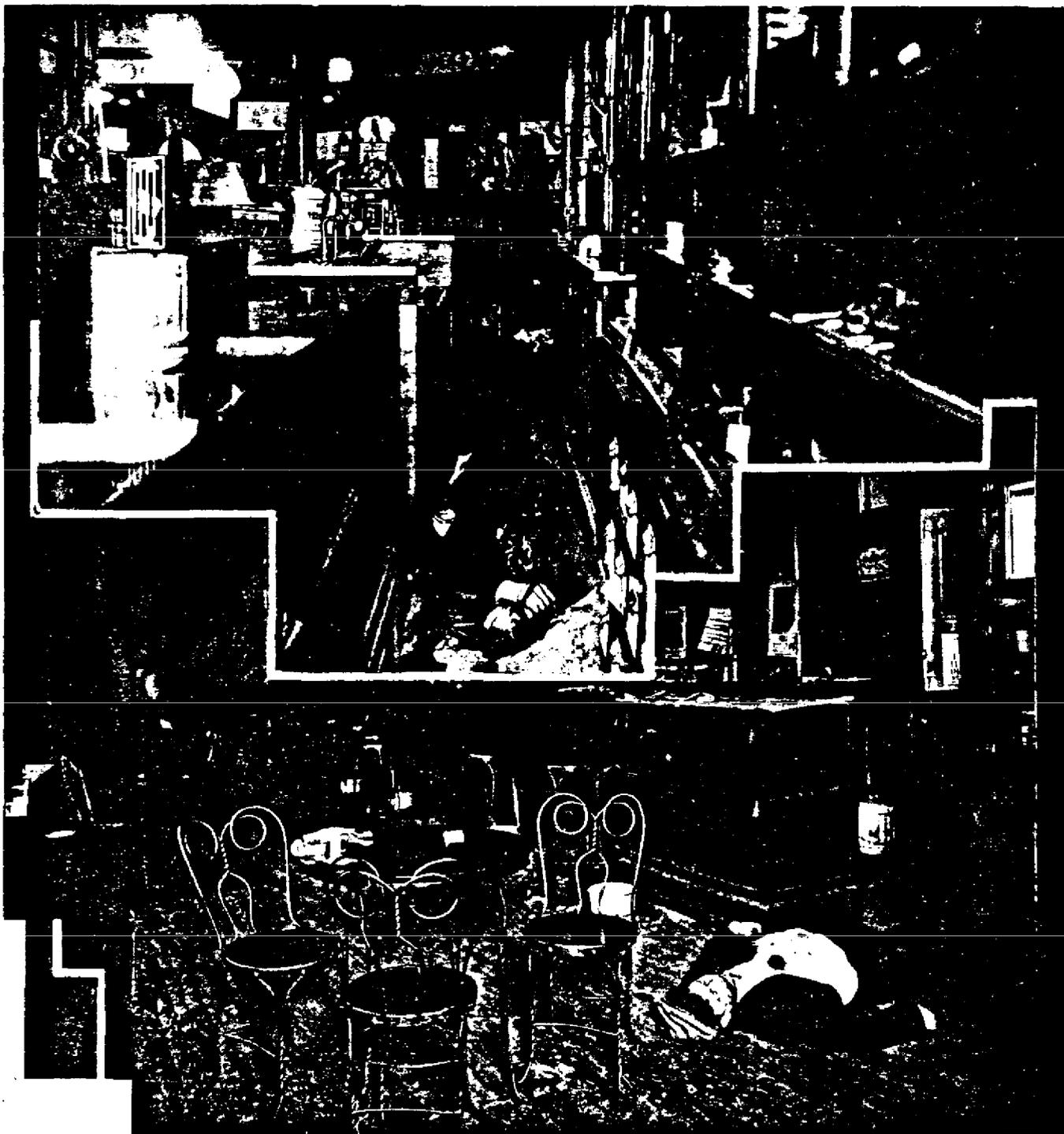
come a broker and had gone straight. Abe withstood the shake-down and was being hustled into an automobile, parked on LaSalle Street in the loop, for a "ride" when, suddenly he whipped out a revolver and began firing. Frankie disappeared into the crowds, but Leo, seriously wounded, fell to the pavement. 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 Scalise 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 pistoled, 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.



Frankie MacErlane, 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 Albian, 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.

3

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—be-



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.

86

**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 tayles 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 bootlegger 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

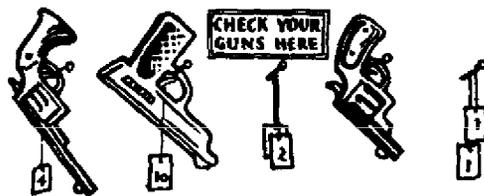


Wille Niemoth and Frankie MacErlane may have been important cogs in Joe Saltis' beer machine but they were bank robbers under the skin. Niemoth was seized in Chicago recently and hurried under heavy guard to Baltimore, Maryland, where he was convicted in short order of complicity in a pay roll robbery 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.

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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.

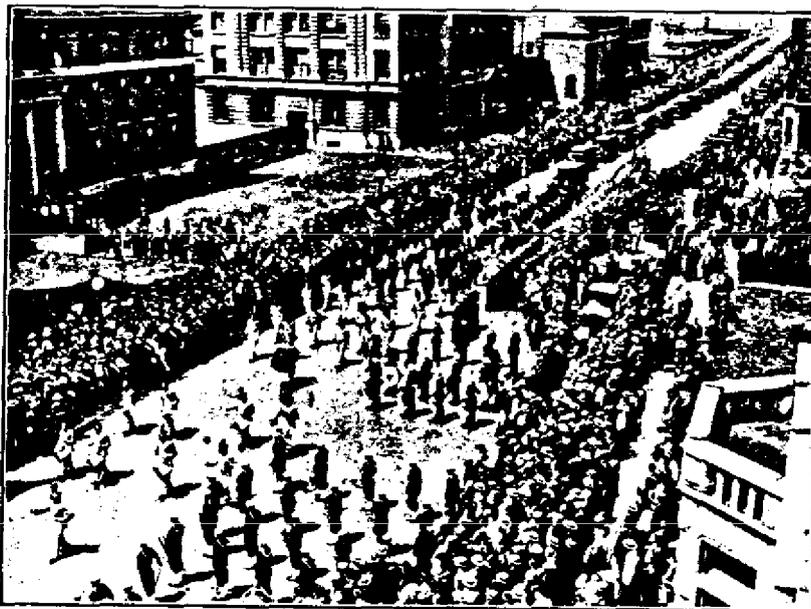
That "martyr" funeral had been held too soon—three days too soon. It soon became apparent as the financial affairs of the sixty-five dollar a week police reporter were spread out under the big headlines that Jake Lingle's funeral belonged to Gangland.

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 F. 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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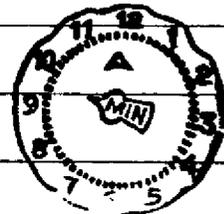
Bureau of Investigation

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 grease-ball'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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WHOOPER 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 Betzel Hotel, frequented by "Little Hymie" Weiss and Dracoli; Metropole once headquarters for Capone gang, and the Lexington Hotel, present headquarters.

100

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 Kunski 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

"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.

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.

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.

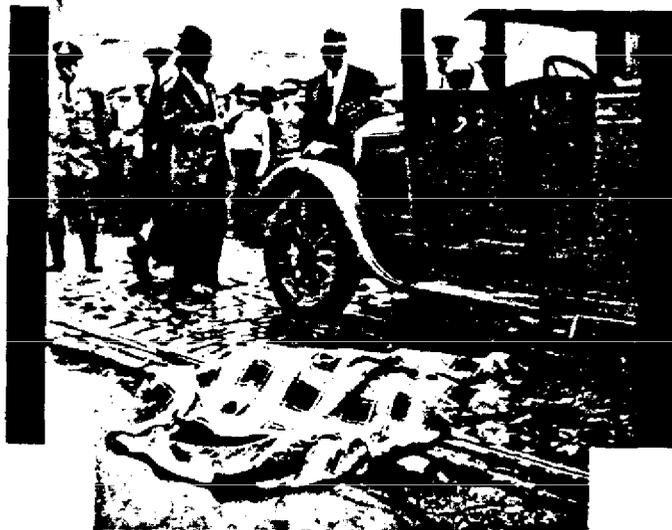
All this had been foreseen by the Italians of integrity and wealth on the West Side who understood far better than the police the methods of their conscienceless countrymen, and they had taken steps to combat it in their own way. And this brings us, for the first time, to a sleek, athletic, well-mannered 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 Fallasi, a booze collector, crouches 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.

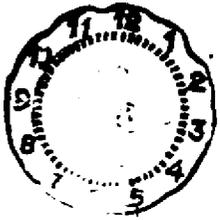
The McGurn theory was strengthened when the police found a large photo of Louise Rolfe, McGurn's blonde ally, in a room in the house.

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.)

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS



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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. 6 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."

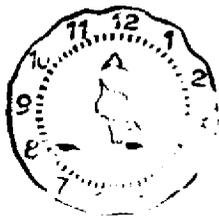
McGurn is scheduled to appear in the Felony court before Judge Frank Padden this morning.

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.



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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 offices 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 practitioners 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.

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GANGSTERS' FOE



GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON.

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

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

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

Slack Thinking Is It?

"Yes," he replied. "The slack thinking. We have left us 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 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 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 to 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 LaSalle, Du Page, Grundy, Kendall, Lake Boone, Stephenson, Carroll, and Ogles.

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

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dictments than with interviews."

Nevertheless the United States district attorney... others Illinois accompanied 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."

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For the same crime Jack Guzik, Al Capone's principal accomplice in the illicit booze traffic and in the maintenance of gambling halls, has been convicted and awaits sentence.

To the same crime Frank Nitti, alias Nitti, confessed yesterday and was sentenced to serve eighteen months in Leavenworth and to pay a fine of \$10,000.

For the same crime Sam Guzik, Jack's brother and a Capone henchman; Terry Druggan, rich beer runner, and Frankie Lake, his partner, have been indicted and await trial.

Those three convictions and three indictments are part of Mr. Johnson's bank attack and they have struck at six of the most pestiferous and insolent malefactors in the field of organized crime in Chicago.

Their "Stock in Trade" Gone.

Of the significance of the convictions Mr. Johnson said: "Ralph Capone and Jack Guzik can never again be leaders in organized crime. Their immunity—or gangdom's belief in their immunity—is gone. That was their stock in trade. They will not be able to count on old loyalties when they come out of prison. There is no friendship among the hoodlums. There are no ties such as bind honest men together and hold society together. There is no loyalty except the loyalty born of their common purpose. That purpose is easy money. Take their money away and they dry up like a weed that has been cut down."

So much for the convictions. The indictments have been hardly less effective in spreading panic through gangdom, for in the federal courts an indictment is no idle gesture.

No Emotions with Uncle Sam. "Here we are not emotional," said Mr. Johnson. "We prepare a case as a game of chess. We don't deal in theory or emotion. The work has often been slow and painful, but it has been effective. Our investigators are thorough. They will trace a check around the world."

That is why every step in the preparation of "the bank attack" has been difficult. That also is why every shred of the evidence obtained against leaders in organized crime not only has the highest value...

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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 defendant, ruled out his narrative of... 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 Mr. Johnson... send you to the penitentiary."

His Picture of Gangsters.

Having studied gangsters at first hand for nearly four years at first thoroughly understanding the now 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 without a qualm. They have no recourse to any other. And yet, to 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."

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Effect of "Wide Open Town."

"A manufacturer," he said, "go where the cost of distribution is least, and the gangsters of organized crime go where resistance is least. Criminals congregate where blind."

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

Some of men tell me that they Judge 'back' in business through the court of alleged soft drink parades which are really speakeasies. Some weeks dozens have told me that.

Years old of the disaster a city years old it permits itself to be murdered as a 'wide open town.' Perhaps it is noted that the most noxious 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 stick 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 exploited by the press. That does not hurt 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 man or a newspaper.

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 1868. 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, news came from Judge Lindsey'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 \$22,000 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 not said that. If innocent of a crime, would rather be tried in the federal courts, and, if guilty, by 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 heavy side light on the man and his antecedents.

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 his father decided on "Emerson" with distinguishing middle name George and Johnson.

But when George came to study law he found that there was a score of George E. Johnsons in the history. So he, offhand, gave his initials.

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

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

As to the Iowa farm of long ago little George Johnson learned those abiding lessons in weed-planting by which Chicago now profits. 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 Lange struggles over it and the site of the momentous garden that grew the actor among its other valuable products is forgot.

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Made to Sell up to \$5
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 Gusik 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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considerable part of the political sections goes for the election of thugs and sluggers to political offices, thus preventing an honest count of the ballot.

Big Bribes Offered.

"Organized crime—or crime with riches 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 refused to involve others, declaring that it would mean death to do so."

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

Capone Uses Cigar Trick.

"When," he said, "Ralph Capone was brought in for questioning he expected 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 accepted any. At the close of the examination 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 another who was present—Capone did not realize that the new weapon of prosecution for violation of income tax

seems to look upon gangsters as men as picturesque as their deeds, which he described as "un-speakably filthy," as the men themselves, who, he said, "are human in form only," he has found every phase of their activity to be ignominious and pitiful.

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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



"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 first Mr. Johnson, who is the antithesis 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-

...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 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

Advertisement for shoes. Text includes: "Toe. Picot. \$1.65", "Plain Tops", "Best Shades", "Values Up to", "MR. 2", "ST. PH. ST.", "Xmas".

...a man... where the... and the... the... cons...

Gangster Slain Fleeing from Police



Patty 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, 29, 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 amidship 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. Osel 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 Heljingsfors, 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-

turic lifeboat of the American consulate at Stockholm, and rescued." "The Arcturus sank by the stern, according to survivors, within Miss Hartman's last words only bodies of two Finnish sailors. Two the dead we have not heard succumbed to exposure in the icy sea. In a Danish ship, Osel, arrived a found the body of Capt. Erik Hjelt's 4 year old daughter. She was playing in the lifeboat with the other de Capt. Hjelt's wife is among the missing.

She Is Missing 30.

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 Hougst. 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 who were trapped below must have died in the blazing water."

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

The Store of "Birds"

White Bear Freshly Dressed, Toms, Weighing

So fine were our turkeys single order. White Bear because they have had every inspection. The "cream" of fine and dark meat, drumsticks inspected 3 times before i Bear Farm Label, your as 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 in the region of lawlessness.

DEC 11 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; i.e. 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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DEC 11 1930

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DEC 11 1930

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 Stege, 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 Stege 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 Weissman 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".

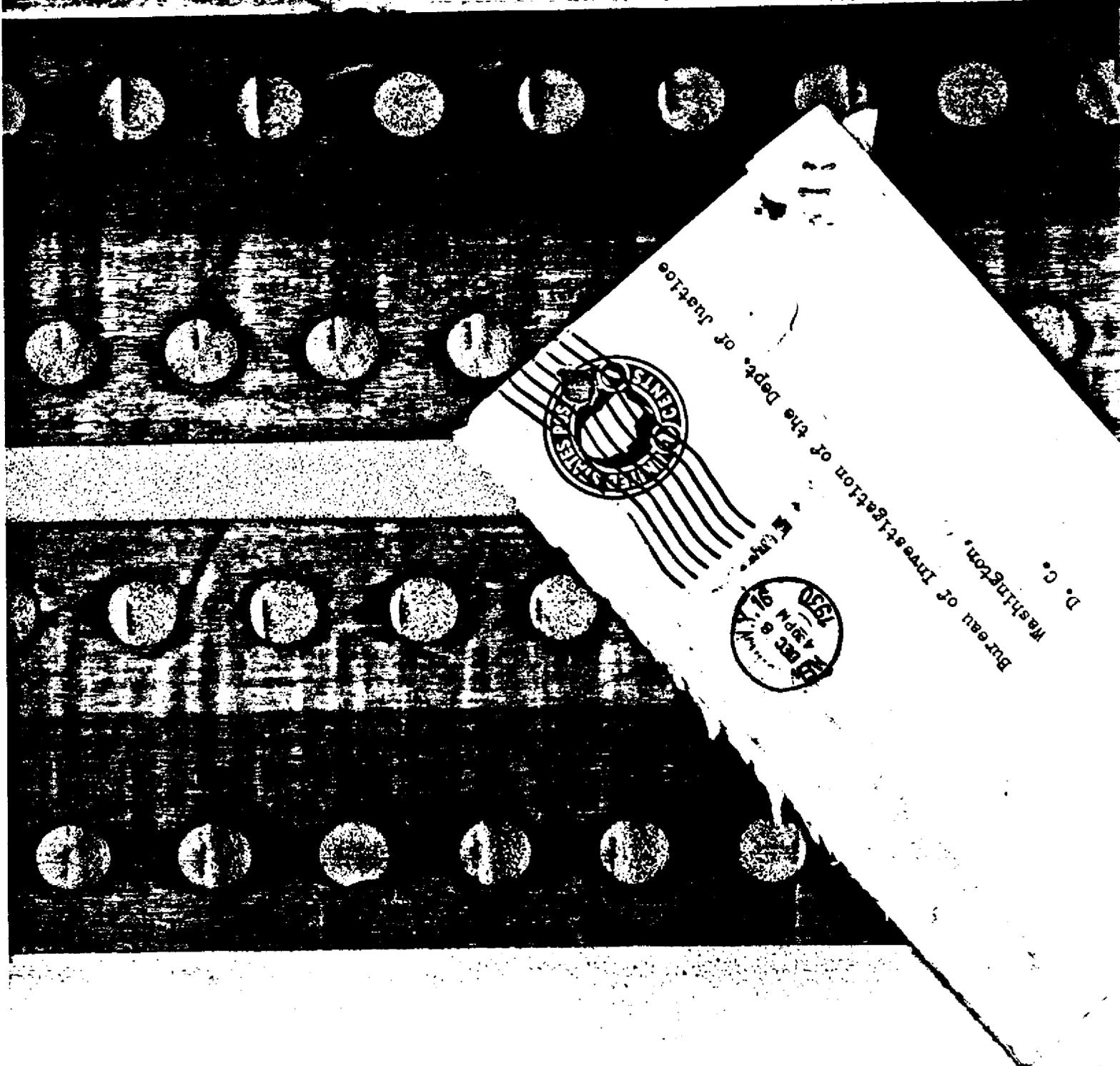
(Excerpts from recent items released by the Associated Press) Chicago, Nov. 26, (A P) James "Fur" Sammons today became the ninth of Chicago's 28 "public enemies" to be taken out of the beer, bullet and betting business. He went back to State Prison at Joliet to serve 30 years more of a murder sentence 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 gangster 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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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 Govern- ment'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."

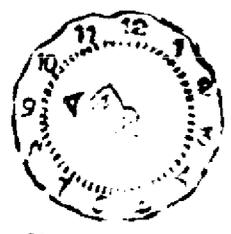
Although Chicago has suffered more by publicity than its crime situation, as compared to that of other cities, warrants, organized viciousness is a continuing challenge, the judge declared.

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 1,500 churches, and other bulwarks of our education and culture," he declared.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING



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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.

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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 18.—(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 Al 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 18.—(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 Colosia'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. Keilly, 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 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 Head.

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. Allman before he sent for him on the recommendation of the committee, and he made the appointment without any strings to it. Captain Allman 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 on 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
 10-11-31
**GANGDOM WAR FOR
 THRONE OF CAPONE
 SEEN IN KILLINGS**

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

By 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 gamblers 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 lower 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 fight-

It sounded just like one of the reports back in the Turrio-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 surrounded 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**

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

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 \$1,032,854.

Fleet of Costly Cars.
 Next came a glimpse into the Capone garage, where a fleet of costly automobiles was kept. D. J. Furter, 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 to selling Chinese rugs to Capone and delivering them to his Prairie avenue address.

Bills for the purchase of furniture were made out to Park Henderson, former manager of the Ponce de Leon hotel at Miami and Capone's Florida purchasing agent, but Miss Kievel said her books showed that Capone paid them himself.

Jack Guzik Signs Check.
 One payment of \$1,500 was made in three checks. The next three payments were in checks made out 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.

The judge postponed the hearing until tomorrow morning. D'Andrea was remanded to the custody of the marshal and taken back to the county jail where he had spent the week end. Judge Wilkerson, who Saturday afternoon declared D'Andrea's "affront to the dignity of the court so flagrant that I shall no longer consider him," again refused to let the bodyguard go.

MM-3

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

32-15941-4
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32-15941

Chicago Gangster

Washington Times 9/14/31

[Handwritten initials]

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 L. 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

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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 Iaham 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 51 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."

NEWS RELEASE OF CHICAGO

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GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, CHAIRMAN
HENRY W. ANDERSON
MERTON D. BAKER
ADA B. COMSTOCK
WILLIAM I. GRUBB
WILLIAM S. KENTON
MORTE M. LEMANN
FRANK J. LOESCH
KENNETH MACKINTOSH
PAUL J. MCCORMACK
BOSCO FORD

W. F. BARRY, SECRETARY

NATIONAL COMMISSION ON LAW OBSERVANCE AND ENFORCEMENT

ROOM 801, 1724 NEW YORK AVENUE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECEIVED



CLARENCE WILCOX
DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH

July 15, 1931

JUL 16 1931 AM

32-15941

b7D

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w

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

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

*Review
text
left
Memo Director
copy to 7-22-31
H. G. C.*

RECORDED & INDEXED

JUL 24 1931

32-15941-9
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JUL 16 1931 M.
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.

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

[redacted] 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.

Seated in the drawing room of Mrs. Edwina B. Niver's home on Warren 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 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 is 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 wars—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.'"

Fears 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 lofts and private buildings the place of the corner settlement-house, she said:

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 home 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 immunity 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 sat guards with shotguns 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."

Feels 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.

"Clearance" needed, she asserted, "is one thing I am quite clear: that what the prohibition situation needs, first of all, is clearance. If this necessitates Federal control of the sale of liquor, 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
32-15741-9

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] b7D

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. b7C

Very truly yours,
For the Director,

Assistant Director.

Incl. #75841B

BUREAU FILES DIVISION
MAILED
JUL 22 1931
P. M.
REPLY BY REGISTER

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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SEP 28 1932

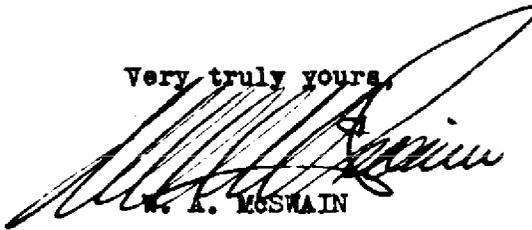
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BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION	
SEP 26 1932 A.M.	
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
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Page 2.

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.



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]

Albert Young Owner of 411, SO. 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 chicao 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 chicao. 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 Thirth and I wish justice take this a matter up at onec.

You very truly

b7D

P. S.

If any infromation you wish you can ask of filipino they

work for [redacted] chinese capone gangster of chicao. Ill.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

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

ask; letters to
Immigration +
Eastern Revenue Bureau

4-24-33
221P

MAY 2 - 1933

Chicago, Ill.
[handwritten notes]



FILED
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

JLH:MS
32-19941-11

RECORDED

April 29, 1933.

MAY 2 - 1933

b7D

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 JGR*

BUREAU FILE DIVISION
MAILED
APR 29 1933

ms



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:

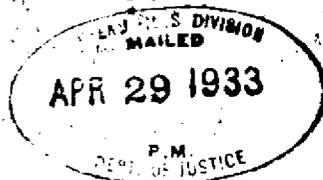
There is transmitted herewith a copy of a letter dated April 23, 1933, received in this office from [redacted] Chicago, Illinois, in which it is alleged that certain named individuals have violated the Income Tax Laws. b7D

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

Very truly yours,

Enc. #932359.

Director,



[Handwritten initials]
[Handwritten signature]

COPIES FOR

May 4, 1933.

RECORDED

32-15941-12

MAY 6

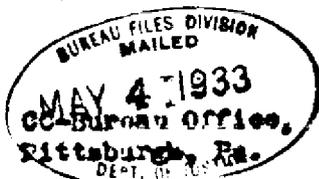
Mr. Fred Ludwick,
Sheriff,
Smithport, Pennsylvania.

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

11-174651-12

77
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON
DIVISION ONE
MAY 4 1933 AM

May 1, 1933.

32-15741-12
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
MAY 3 1933 A.M.
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
Mr. O'Keefe FILE

b7D

Mr. J. E. Hoover, Director,
U. S. Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C. RECORDED
&
INDEXED

Dear Sir: MAY 6 - 1933

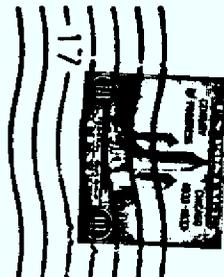
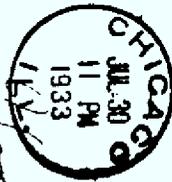
Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of April 29, transmitting a copy of one, dated April 23, received from [redacted] of Chicago, Illinois. This matter will be forwarded to the Chicago Division of this Unit in order that inquiries may be made concerning the allegations contained in the letter.

Very truly yours,
Elmer L. Irey
Elmer L. Irey,
Chief, Intelligence Unit

Chicago Bankers

OFFICE OF
COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE
ADDRESS REPLY TO
COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE
AND REFER TO
SI-GB-VSA

Wm. J. Edgar Hoover
Chief of the Bureau of
Investigation
Washington
D. C.



act. 187
9-11-33

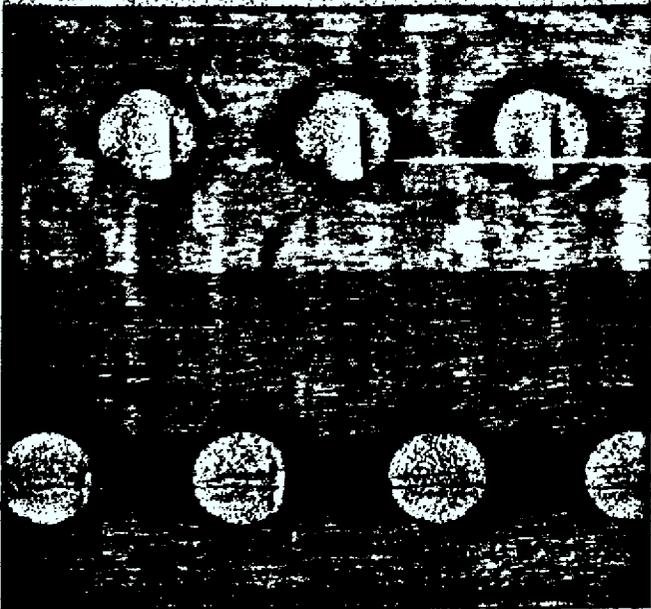
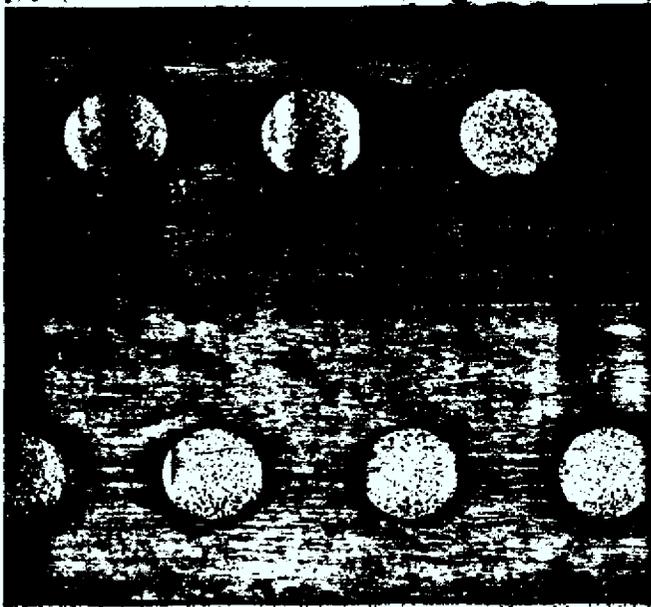
Chicago Ill.

July 30. 1933.
Mr. J. Edgar Hoover.
Washington, D.C.
Dear Sir.

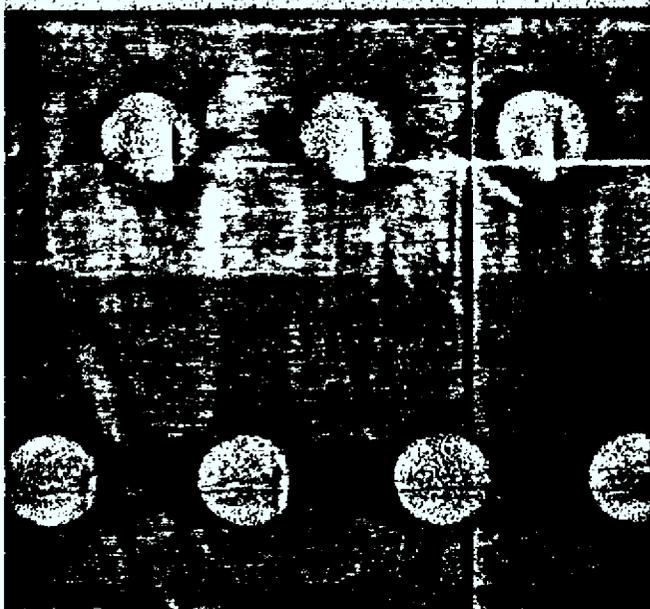
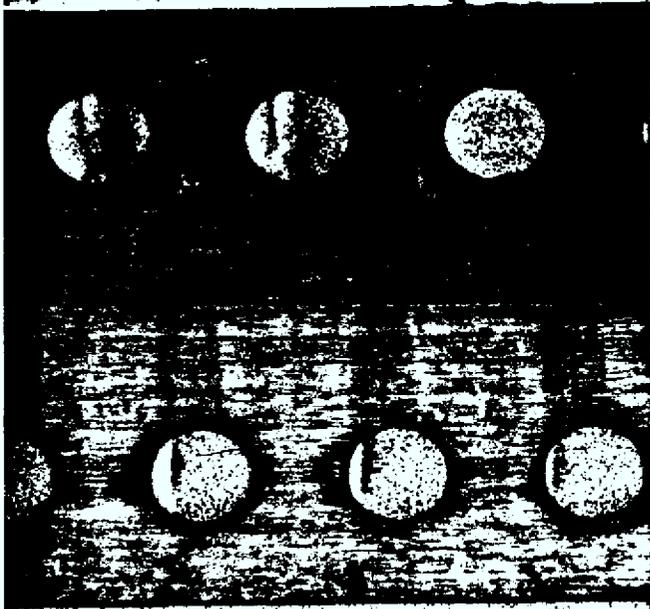
Being that you have full authorities over crime conditions I would like to explain my sad experience that have occurred to me. My husband was killed in March of this year. He was an operator. He had been of work for sometimes I should say about six months. There had been

Chicago Ill.

RECORDED
37-15941-13
AUG 5 - 1933
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FBI
ESTIMATION
P.M.



quite a bit of misunderstanding
and also mismanagement of
that union. Which cause
seven members to be
expelled but which was
so on call for. In a case
like this I would call it
selfish. So these seven
members took the case to
court to see if they could
fight it out but it seem
impossible for these boys
to get anywhere. They
have been fighting this case
for 8 months but they can't
get a judge to listen to it.
So my husband got tired
of being out of work so he
made up his mind to go up



in to the union and see
if he could go back to
work. He had been
invited by the head of the
union that is Mr. Thomas
Maloy, to come and see
him about a job to work.
It had been plan for
three days and on the
third day he went up
there to peep a job to
support his family instead
Mr. Ralph O'hara killed
him in cold blooded. Mr.
O'hara is one of the affeal
of that union. They some
are tough gang of men.
Well I had a trial but it
~~was~~^{over} in two days. I never

saw or heard a case of
so unfair that Mr. B. ha
is walking the streets as a
free man.

We have no justice it
seems I do think a matter
like this should be look
into. Do think a poor
widow to be left ^{with} a bit of funds
to carried out her plans
to care for her ^{smart} children
I have three ^{children}
but there are ^{two} girls married.
I am so glad to hear there
is somebody that is
interested in these crime
case. If I could speak to
somebody in
regarding to my case I would

be very glad to do so.

It is very serious.

Yours, Respectful

Mrs. Fred Osier

5227 Montana St.

Chicago

Illinois

W
X

A
W

RECORDED

August 3, 1933.

32-15941-13

RECORDED

Mrs. Fred Oser,
5227 Montana Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

AUG 5 - 1933

Dear Madam:

Receipt is acknowledged of your communication of July 30, 1933, relative to crime conditions in Chicago, Illinois, and to the killing of your husband.

It does not appear from the information furnished that any Federal law is involved in the killing of your husband; however, the information furnished relative to crime conditions will be given appropriate consideration.

Very truly yours,

Director.

Handwritten initials

BUREAU FILED DIVISION
MAILED
AUG 9 1933
P.M.
DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Handwritten initials

148

U. S. Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice

1900 Bankers Bldg,
Chicago, Illinois
August 9, 1933.

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

Dear Sir:-

I am enclosing herewith a list of 157 Chicago public enemies. This list was prepared by Chief of Detectives Shoemaker for the confidential information of the Mayor and the Commissioner of Police. At my request, Mr. Shoemaker furnished me with a copy of this list, after which I also requested him to furnish me with photographs of each of the persons named in this list. Some of these public enemies are now deceased, and the list has not been revised. I am taking steps to have this done, and will inform you as soon as possible.

There are attached hereto group photographs and individual police photographs of these public enemies, which were furnished me by Mr. Shoemaker. In many instances, it will be found that we will have only a group photograph and will not have a regular police picture. Mr. Shoemaker informs me that unless charges are placed against persons arrested, no individual photograph is taken, but a group, or standing photograph is taken of all persons arrested by the police.

I am forwarding these as of interest to the Bureau, and I believe it advisable that the Bureau retain a copy of each of these photographs. I also believe it advisable that a copy of each be kept in the Chicago Office, and it is requested that the Bureau make a photographic copy of each and return same to me.

Undoubtedly it will be found that the Bureau will not have fingerprints of all of the individuals mentioned in this list, and individuals, whose pictures we have. It has been my belief that the Identification Division of the Chicago Police Department has not, in the past, forwarded copies of all fingerprints taken, and if these photographs cannot be identified by

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252 AUG 15 1968

Chicago
Washington

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SEP 5 1933

ans 9-1-33
LW

32-15941-14
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
AUG 11 1933 A.
ICE
FILE

the numbers appearing thereon, with fingerprints in our files, it is suggested that I be advised, and I will make efforts to obtain fingerprints at once.

My present plan is to index all of these names and to place each photograph in a separate envelope, together with a memorandum showing all available information relative to the individual concerned. This, of course, will take some time, but I will have this done whenever it is possible.

Very truly yours,

M. H. Purvis

M. H. PURVIS,
Special Agent in Charge

MHP/dr
Att.

150

NON-IDENTS.
FROM LIST OF CHICAGO PUBLIC ENEMIES
FURNISHED BY CHICAGO BUREAU OFFICE

Lawrence Mangano	11.	Sam Aiello	117.
Rocco Pannelli	15.	Jack Sherman	124.
James Adducci	16.	William Francis	126.
Mike Spicco	22.	Martin Spicco	127.
Leonard Beltra	23.	Louis Spicco	128.
Tom McWherry	24.	Michael Costello	129.
Patrick Sullivan	25.	Mary McWherry	130.
Lee Longovan	26.	Edward Jardi	132.
George Druggan	27.	John Debiase	141.
James Rose	28.	Robert DeGrazia	145.
Frank Schrio	31.	Paul Rosen	152.
Mike Spranzo	34.	Thomas Park	154.
Leroy Marshall	35.	John Connors	44.
Robert Emmett Ryan	57.	William Heeney	64.
George Vogel	60.	Thomas Tuckey	77.
Ernest Fontana	61.	Joseph Plesh	112.
Bernard O'Connell	62.	Tony Calafiore	116.
Joseph Fusco	63.	Joseph Palumbo	153.
Harous Looney	72.		
Vincent McKriane	80.		
Hyman Levine	82.		
Sam Alex	83.		
Edward Tuckey	96.		
Thomas Sullivan	105.		
Bert Delaney	110.		
Ray Jones	118.		

COPY DESTROYED

B B 2 AUG 15 1968

32-15941-14

151

108:EM(S)
52-15941-14

September 1, 1933.

RECORDED

SEP 5 1933

Special Agent in Charge,
Division of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice,
1900 Bankers' Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

The Division is in receipt of your letter of August 9, 1933, and desires to thank you for the list of 157 Chicago public enemies included therein.

There are attached two sheets, one reporting the names of the public enemies and their numbers which could not be identified in the Division's Identification Unit and the other sheet listing those persons where there is some question relative to their identity. It is believed that in the cases of the individuals included on both of these sheets, copies of actual fingerprints should be procured, if possible, and referred to this Division for its assistance in the establishment of positive identity and in the event no previous records are located, for the proper entry in the archives of information with reference to each person listed.

It is observed that you have requested that photographic copies of the various photographs which accompanied your letter be prepared and submitted to your office. This will be done at the earliest possible date.

Very truly yours,

Director.

Enc. #201945.



FILED

September 2, 1933

an ope

32-1594-15	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
SEP 5 1933	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED

RECORDED

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR

SEP 8 - 1933

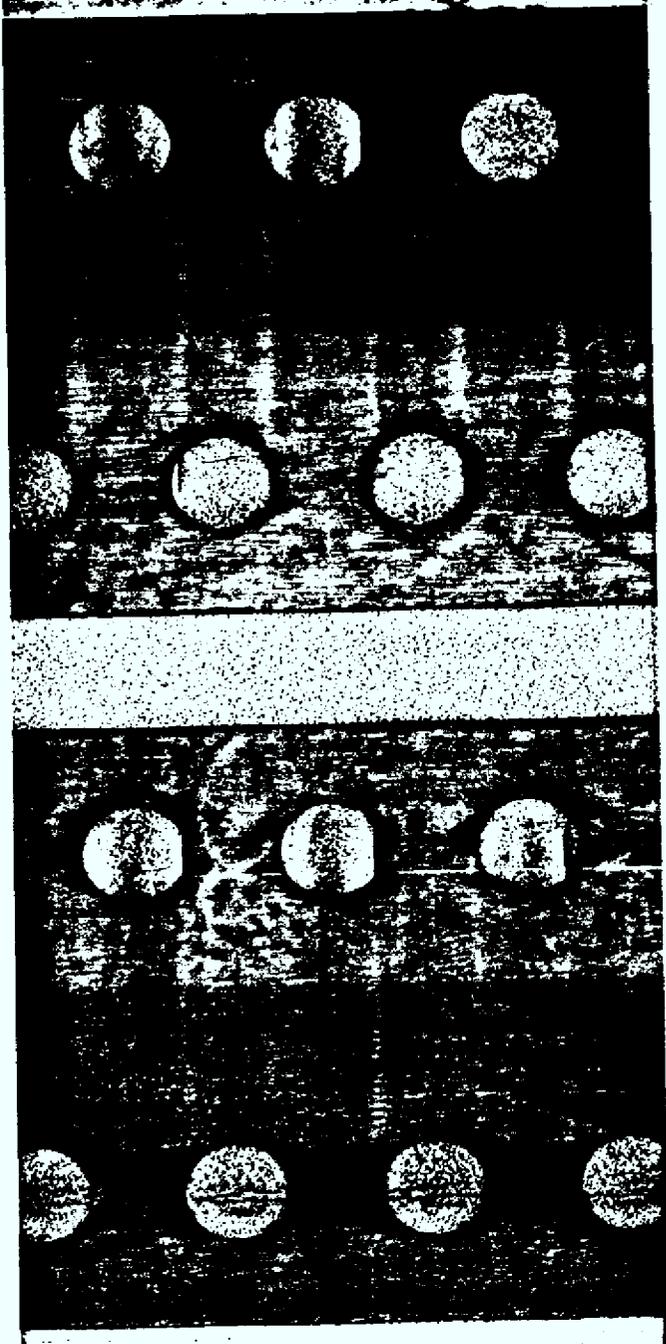
I called the Chicago office with reference to the article appearing in the Washington Star of September 3, page A-5, quoting an article in the Chicago Evening American of that date to the effect that an unnamed prisoner in the county jail had informed Federal Operators that Chicago gangsters had marked Mrs. Frank Nash for death, and furnishing certain other information. Agent in Charge Purvis stated that he knew to what prisoner this referred; that as a matter of fact the Agents had been in contact with this prisoner who had furnished this information to them. He was absolutely at sea, however, as to how the Chicago Evening American obtained the information and stated that he would make immediate inquiries in that connection. He regarded the guess that inasmuch as this unnamed prisoner is being held on a Post Office charge and the Post Office Inspectors are interviewing him from time to time he may have furnished the Post Office Inspectors with the same information he had furnished our Agents. Purvis stated that he felt this prisoner was a source of good information, although, of course, he was not placing complete reliance upon his statements. Incidentally Agent in Charge Purvis stated that Doc Stacey had waived removal and the Marshal was planning to remove him to Kansas City when he proceeded with other prisoners to Leavenworth during this week. Purvis stated that no unusual steps had been taken to transport Stacey but that he would be along with six other prisoners with the usual detail of Deputy Marshals. Purvis inquired as to whether we thought Agents should accompany them and I told him by all means I thought he should confer with the Marshal and arrange to have very careful thought and attention given to the transportation of Stacey and that he should send along at least two Agents properly equipped at the time of the removal.

I inquired of Purvis as to the information developed relative to his check of the records of the several gangsters whose criminal records had been sent to him about two weeks ago by the Director. He stated that he had not completed his inquiries; that he had developed some information but was continuing with the investigation. I suggested that he send a night letter to the Director furnishing the information he had already received in order that the Director would have that information in the morning. He stated he would do so.

Respectfully,

Chicago Gangsters

153



DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
OFFICE OF
DIRECTOR, BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Mr. Tolson	_____
Mr. Clegg	_____
Mr. Glavin	_____
Mr. Ladd	_____
Mr. Nichols	_____
Mr. Rosen	_____
Mr. Tracy	_____
Mr. Egan	_____
Mr. Gurnea	_____
Mr. Harbo	_____
Mr. Hendon	_____
Mr. Jones	_____
Mr. Quinn	_____
Mr. Nease	_____
Mr. Gandy	_____

September 11, 1933.

Mr. Aeenan asked that Mr. Hoover
look this over. He thought it might
be of interest.

hwg

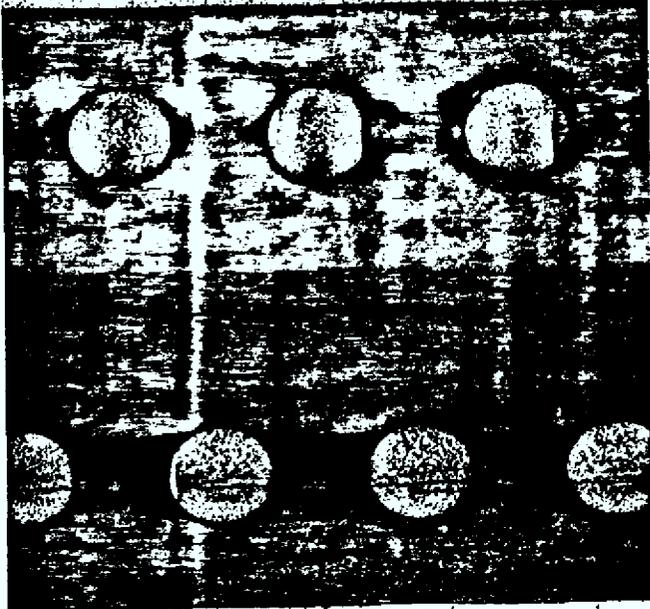
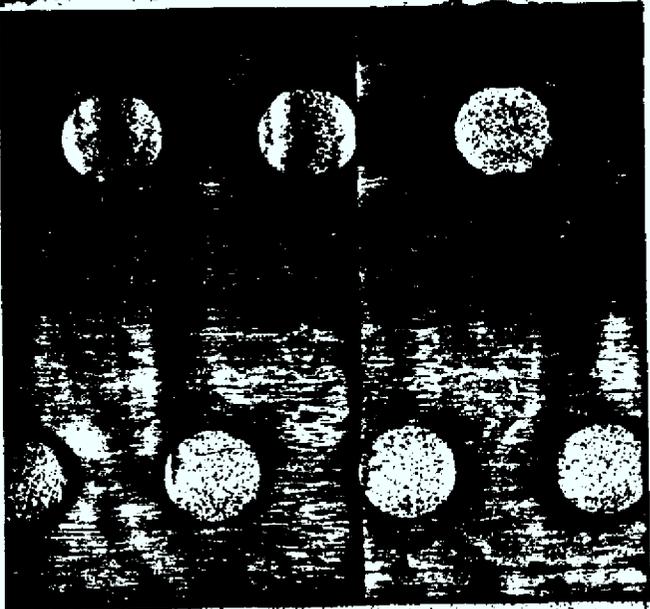
Handwritten:
1 Encl
Mr. Hoover
9/19
hwg

RECORDED

SEP 21 1933

32-15941-16
EX-100
SEP 20 1933
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
Unit One

Handwritten: 9/19/33
Ans 2/25



DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
OFFICE OF
DIRECTOR, BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Mr. Nathan	_____
Mr. Tolson	_____
Mr. Clegg	_____
Mr. Edwards	_____
Mr. Egan	_____
Mr. Hughes	✓
Mr. Looke	_____

hms

September 11, 1933.

hms

Mr. Keenan left the attached.

hwg

RECORDED

SEP 21 1933

32-15941-16

BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
SEP 20 1933
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Unit One FILE

32-15941-16
hms
hwg

SEP 21 1933
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

William Randolph Hearst is sailing in
his plane around the top of the mountain
watching men struggle in their efforts to run
our government. - If he would be with
me for a journey around the base of the hill
I could show him in a hundred ways
where the source of crime is gushing
out on all sides

The source is the most important place to work
for those who are trying to stop crime
in treason crime! A member of congress
and state legislator and city council and the
leading spirit of the dominating political
party that he controls an expression of all this
who can only see bribe at the head of all of his
activities that is like bowing them and trusting
that is what has been done by the ex-re-
publican ward committee man of the
37 ward in the city of Chicago for the last
quarter of a century. 32-15941-16

The work theme of crime does not come from the underworld as the term is used but from the elevated who have become powerful in the house of God but they have made it a den of thieves. I am a firm believer in the bible and the church but it also needs to be cleaned like politics. The church where I have been a member for more than 30 years the oldest deacon in that church with some others at the most prominent member of the church and community defrauded a poor washwoman of \$6000 more than 15 years ago and then put her out of church because she had done some favor or lent some business with some one who did not submit to corrupt politics and this has become the custom of the community so the people think they are serving God when they act in such manner. In my personal case it must have been manifested for a long time but that I was incurable as far as being turned to a corruption. The leading spirit in politics saturates all branches of government. What is or should be our greatest concern is to

Evidently it was decided by the powers that be that my name was to be wiped off the slate and through the Health Department a Health the names of my children were prevented from being entered in the birth record. When the children were young enough to look for work and birth certificates were required there was no record so I had to get evidence from those who served of their birth later on the Chicago Health Department made an effort to take me and my whole family before a professional institution for incurables. Now after my many years of labor and worry for existence the children are all grown up and living at home they are all good children 3 boys and one girl but by satanic skill some of those prominent negro children by leading them to commit perjury with an effort to put me out of my home. I lived with my home I lived there before I was married and the children were all born there. My case should be investigated. I refer to Elgin State Hospital Cook County Hospital Dr Gummerman superintendent and Chicago Historical Association at Chicago Public Library. Council Room of 110 N. Crawford St. Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Sept 5, 1933

Mr. Joseph P. Keenan, Crime Administrator
Washington D. C. U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Keenan: The United States Secretary of War speaking under the auspices of the United States Flag Association made a statement saying that there is "a scarlet army of crime in the United States invading the domestic tranquility of our people, invading the security of our homes, and confiscating our property."

Mr. Randolph Hearst published in his Chicago Herald & Examiner Sept 2, 1933 a statement of four full columns in large type criticizing George H. Dern for this statement with the object in view it seemed, that the war secretary did not know what he was talking about and that he was not competent to fill the position that he holds.

I have been a target for criminals for the last 25 or 30 years and can testify that the situation was not over drawn and there wasn't even half of it told. Chicago is the pivot point of our nation as far as detectives are concerned and its magnitude is beyond human comprehension. In fact and crime and indifference are the two outstanding words and cannot be too strongly emphasized. What prompts me to address you at this time Mr. Keenan is that I have been persecuted for no business sake, civic righteousness and am bond in the State of Illinois today. Twice I was elected to the United States Senate but when I came to seats there an account of corruption in politics and I have taken my place at the hall with those who have been against such corruption and I have fought my battle alone and the last move by the enemy was that they put me in an institution for insane people at Elgin. I think my case is important enough to be investigated by the U.S. government. From the fact that a cloud of \$500,000 so dense that it involves nearly half a million dollar income by our Mayor now in office and thousands of citizens who have their living from such sources and in

Registered Voters

OCTOBER, 1932

WARD 37
PRECINCT 17
Windsor

Issued by
BOARD OF ELECTION COMMISSIONERS
EDMUND K. JARECKI
COUNTY JUDGE
JOHN S. RUSCH
CHIEF CLERK

1001	Dunberg Frank	1003	Harrison Oscar	5500	Kemp Laura T Mrs	5537	Barrow Blanche G Mrs
1002	Dunberg Irene Miss	1004	Stenstrom Carl	5500	Engles Maude K Mrs	5537	Barrow Fred G Mrs
1003	Dunberg Hannah Mrs	1005	Steiner A	5501	Berg Roy B	5537	Barron Gertrude Mrs
1004	Gilbert Wm B	1006	Steiner Rosella	5501	Bert Martin	5506	Bender Ruth Mrs
1005	Camelto Thomas Mrs	1007	Bratt Ella Mrs	5506	Tallman Burt	5506	Bender Milton
1006	Smith George R	1008	Bratt Frank X	1009	Cowan Henry A	5506	Leigh Clara Mrs
1007	Smith Grace Miss	1009	Bratt Carl	1009	English Helen Mrs	5506	Leigh James J
1008	Smith Gertrude A Mrs	1009	Bratt Roy	1009	English Michael	5506	Carlson Nellie Mrs
1009	Carlson John A	1010	Bratt Ernest	1010	English Ralph		
1010	Carlson Anna Mrs	1011	Wiegman Herman	1010	Ambrose Agnes Mrs	5500	Pilgrim Grace Miss
1011	Johansen Hulmar C	1012	Baker Jane Mrs	1011	Falkman Theodora	5500	Pilgrim Gertrude Miss
1012	Johansen Josephine Mrs	1013	Baker Olive Mrs	1012	Falkman Esther Mrs	5500	Janney Barbara Miss
1013	Hack Neela Mrs	1014	Mahon Dominic	1013	Falkman Lillian Miss	5501	Hankforth Walter
1014	Locander Ida Mrs	1015	Daniels Katherine Mrs	1014	Falkman Catherine Mrs	5501	Hankforth Helen Mrs
1015	Locander E E	1016	Daniels George	1015	Baxter Donald	5501	Heckey Eldon
1016	Locander E E	1017	Kamberg Charles	1016	Baxter John	5506	Anderson Fred W
1017	Lamson Phil	1018	Kamberg Theodore	1017	Mathen Alma Miss	5506	Anderson Martha Mrs
1018	Lamson Hazel Mrs	1019	Kamberg Maillida Mrs	1018	Kernander Helen Miss	5507	Grelis William G
1019	Rieckmann Ivorra Miss	1020	Burdick Stanley	1019	Reynolds G G	5507	Grelis Edith Mrs
1020	Rieckmann Helen Miss	1021	Burdick Helen Mrs	1020	Reynolds Elode Mrs	5507	Norris Alfred
1021	Meyers Margaret Mrs	1022	Johnson Edward	1021	Heiligen Signs Mrs	5507	Norris Minnie Mrs
1022	Meyers Benjamin	1023	Johnson Clara Mrs	1022	Heiligen Gustav A	5509	Hoelber William P
1023	Oakes Ida Mrs	1024	Michael Hansing P	1023	McClintock Harold	5510	Hoelber Wm G
1024	Oakes Edward G	1025	Michael Elisabeth Miss	1024	McClintock Elizabeth Mrs	5510	Bregulla Joseph
1025	Oakes Mildred Miss	1026	Michael Carl H	1025	Wilder Hattie P Mrs	5510	Bregulla Rose Mrs
1026	Johnson Harry	1027	Ostermann R	1026	Mitchell Eleanor Mrs	5513	McElligott Robert
1027	Hughes Harry J	1028	Ostermann Minnie Mrs	1027	Mitchell Benjamin P	5513	McElligott Olga L Mrs
1028	Hughes Esther Mrs	1029	Soelke Oswald O	1028	Mitchell Edward	5513	McElligott Mary Miss
1029	Allen Abram	1030	Bhum Otto P	1029	Ringsstrom Howard B	5513	McElligott William P
1030	Allen Frances Mrs	1031	Wolf Emily Mrs	1030	Ringsstrom Tekla Miss	5516	Kaltchuck Miriam Mrs
1031	Richter Minnie Mrs	1032	Wilkinson Charles	1031	Nicodemus Helen Mrs	5517	Kaltchuck William
1032	Richter Minnie Mrs	1033	Swanson Gustav	1032	Nicodemus Charles	5520	Hagemelster William
1033	Callahan Francis	1034	Swanson Anna Mrs	1033	Ous Florence Mrs	5520	Masman Dora Mrs
1034	Callahan Francis	1035	Mellquist Frank	1034	Nelson Swaney	5521	Masman O O
1035	Hallvoren Alfred	1036	Mellquist John H	1035	Nelson Ingra Mrs	5521	Nelson Alyce Miss
1036	Hansen Peter	1037	Case Clara Mrs	1036	Schreiner Helen Mrs	5521	Nelson Robert L
1037	Jensen Carl	1038	Case J M	1037	Manna Egbert	5521	Nelson Emmil
1038	Carlson Adler	1039	Case Clifford	1038	Manna James	5524	Nelson Margaret Miss
1039	Knudson Clarence	1040	Case J M	1039	Gray James	5526	Ernst Elmer
1040	Knudson Emma Mrs	1041	Keith Fredland	1040	Keisy Allison	5526	Wilhelm Emil
1041	Knudson Emma Mrs	1042	Keith Lillian Mrs	1041	Johnson Anton G	5526	McIntyre I E
1042	Ingman Mae Miss	1043	Stoekel Albert	1042	Larson Anne M Mrs	5527	McIntyre Andrew Mrs
1043	Ball F W	1044	Stoekel Albert	1043		5527	Tullgren Anthony
1044	Ball Norman						
1045	Ball Bertha Mrs						
1046	Ball Bertha Mrs						
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1048	Egberer Alice Miss						
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COURTESY STREET

TNS:CSH

September 19, 1933

32-15941-16

RECORDED

SEP 21 1933

[REDACTED]
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter dated September 5, 1933, advising of the alleged corruption in your city.

Please be advised that the facts as related by you fail to indicate a violation of any Federal law, and for that reason it will not be possible for this Division to undertake an investigation.

Very truly yours,

Director.

BUREAU FILES DIVISION
MAILED
SEP 19 1933

ma

W. J. C.

162

1900 Bankers Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

October 24, 1933

Hon. Dwight H. Green,
United States Attorney,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter dated the 20th
inst., with attached anonymous letter regarding the activities of Alvin
Capone and others in Chicago.

Please be advised that the information furnished will
be handled appropriately.

Very truly yours,

D. O. SMITH, Acting,
Special Agent in Charge.

DCS/SMW
CC Division - Enc.

*Chicago Gangster
Anonymous communication*

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

OCT 27 1933

32-15941-17
OCT 25 1933
M. M.

INVESTIGATION
DIVISION
OCT 25 1933

163

672

Some bonds were given to [redacted] and he sent
 [redacted] to his son
 [redacted] also received a large sum of money
 [redacted] the head of the Mafia to accuse
 [redacted] men of the Hamm kidnaping
 [redacted] Miller and the Kellys with the
 [redacted] - Monphries - were member of the head
 [redacted] did not kill whole - it was Foraythe
 [redacted] men - killer - ordered by Nitti -
 [redacted] - [redacted] Mayor Kelly sets us big
 [redacted] get going straight and with the

DATED 1-15-1937



APR 21 1904

U. S. Bureau of Investigation

Department of Justice
1900 Bankers Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

December 5, 1933.

Director,
Division of Investigation,
U.S. Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

RE: JAMES BELCASTRO,
Known as "King of the Bombers"

In order that the records of the Identification Unit at Washington, D.C. may be complete, I am herewith setting out the description and criminal record of the above named individual, together with a specimen of his handwriting, same having been secured from the Bureau of Identification, Chicago Police Department:

Name:	JAMES BELCASTRO
Age:	37 yrs.
Height:	5'6"
Weight:	165 lbs.
Build:	Stout
Hair:	Brown
Eyes:	Grey
Complexion:	Light
Residence:	7726 S. Marshfield Ave. Chicago.
Nativity:	Italy
Occupation:	None
Marital Status:	Married
Criminal Record:	

As James Belcastro, Nov. 27, 1929, nolle prossed, asslt. to kill and murder. Judge David.

71761-Vincenzo Belcastro, July 27, 1917, 1 yr. H of C & \$25 & costs. A. D. W. Judge Robinson. Off. Starkey, 27th Dist.

C-26250 - James Belcastro, Nov. 17, 1930, G. P. Off. McFadden & Sq. 4A, B. D.

COPY DESTROYED
252 AUG 15 1966

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

DEC 14 1933

32-15941-18

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION

DEC 7 1933 A.M.

DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Went. Unit
Unit Conf.

FILE

POSTED
12/12/33
AB

*Entered in
File 12/13/33*

Belcastro

As James Belcastro - Apr. 15, 1930, nolle prossed. Sale of explosives. Judge McGoorty.

As James Belcastro, Apr. 14, 1930, nolle prossed. Sale of explosives. Judge McGoorty.

C-26302 James Belcastro, Nov. 17, 1930, G. P. Off. McFadden & Sq. 4A, D. B.

Arrested 8/28/33 by Off. McMullen & Sq. 4C, D. B. - hold for Division of Investigation. Is Public Enemy #25 - wanted on vagrancy warrant.

On August 30, 1933, James Belcastro was interviewed at the Chicago Division Office by Special Agent Jay C. Newman and the following information was elicited from him:

James Belcastro gave his residence address as 7726 South Marshfield Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and advised that he was born in Italy, February 6, 1895, and when he was approximately fifteen years of age he came to the United States and secured his second papers and citizenship in Chicago in 1921; that in applying for his first papers he made a false statement to the effect that he was married and because of this false statement his citizenship papers were taken away from him in 1931. With further reference to his statement to the effect that he was married, Belcastro explained that at the time he made this statement he was living with a common law wife and consequently considered that he was married. He stated that he resided in Chicago practically all of his life and that since 1929 or 1930 he had been operating a meat market and grocery located at 268 W. 24th Street, Chicago, Illinois. He stated that he had not been out of the city aside from being in the surrounding suburbs during the past three years; that he is not connected nor has he ever been connected with any "mob"; that he knows Vincent Gebardi, alias "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, but is not acquainted with any members of the Touhy gang.

POSTER
12/11

The records of the Municipal Court, Chicago, Illinois, disclose that James Belcastro was sentenced to serve six months in the House of Correction, Chicago, Illinois, on September 9, 1933, sentence imposed by Judge Dunn. Belcastro immediately appealed his case to the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois and was released in the sum of ten thousand dollar bond. His case will be heard by the Supreme Court on December 11, 1933.

Very truly yours,

M. H. Purvis

M. H. PURVIS,
Special Agent in Charge.

JJK:GVT

RECEIVED

1900 Bankers Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois
December 29, 1933



Special Agent in Charge,
Division of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice,
202 Liberty National Bldg.,
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sir:-

There is being forwarded herewith, a set of
wanted circulars, issued yesterday by the Chicago Police
Department, containing the photo, name and descriptions of
public enemies, whose names appear on a recent list pub-
lished by the State's Attorney's office, Chicago, Illinois.

It will be noted that several of the persons
listed on these circulars are wanted in connection with
Division cases; namely, Basil Banhart (I.O.#1205), Charles
C. Connors (I.O.#1206), W. A. Henriksen and Ludwig Schmidt,
who are wanted at Chicago for the kidnaping and holding for
ransom of John Factor; John Alutas (I.O.#1179) and Edward
Mehrus, who, as Eddie Doll, is a fugitive in a National Motor
Vehicle Theft Act case, wherein Saint Louis is the office of

Very truly yours,

H. E. HEWIS,

Special Agent in Charge

JCH:MEH
CC:Division
Encl.

Note to Division

Copies of this letter, together with the
circulars, have been sent to all Division
Offices.

Chicago Files:
7-24
26-2889
26-3139

RECORDED
INDEXED

JAN 17 1934

32-15941-19
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FILE

with
JCH
1/17/34
EPC

Chicago
1/17/34

Chicago
1/17/34

108

January 15, 1934.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

32-15941-19

Special Agent in Charge,
Division of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice,
1900 Bankers' Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

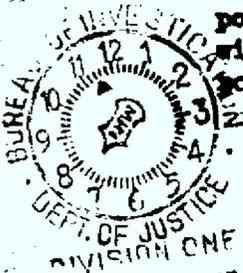
JAN 17 1934

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to copy of your letter dated December 29, 1933, addressed to the Division office at Birmingham, transmitting wanted circulars issued by the Chicago Police Department containing photographs and descriptions of public enemies, whose names appear on a recent list published by the State's Attorney's Office at Chicago, Illinois.

The information appearing in these circulars has been posted to the fingerprint records of the individuals described, with the following exceptions, in which cases it has not been possible to identify the persons in the files of the Division:

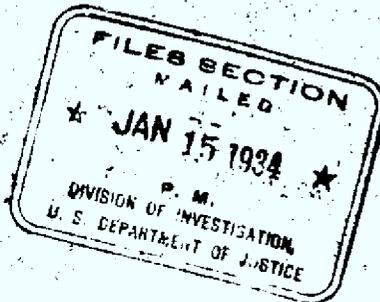
- Pearl Elliott
- Mary Linder
- Murray Humphreys.



It is suggested that, if possible, copies of the fingerprints of the above named be obtained and submitted to the Division, in order that the files may be complete.

Very truly yours,

Director.



Handwritten initials and signature: JH, EM

U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

1900 BANKERS BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

January 25, 1934

Director,
Division of Investigation
U. S. Department of Justice,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to your letter of January 15, 1934, requesting that if possible fingerprint records be obtained for MARY KINDER, PEARL ELLIOTT and MURRAY HUMPHREYS (PARTED 1/24/34 - K. G.)

With reference to the fingerprints of Murray Humphreys, the records of the Bureau of Identification, Chicago Police Department, reflect that copies of his fingerprints were forwarded to the Division on or about March 22, 1932, under Chicago Police number C-37257, classification 5 U Or 14
19 W O

Inspector Emmett Evans of the Bureau of Identification advises that they have no fingerprints on Pearl Elliott or Mary Kinder.

Lieutenant Howe advised that the photographs of Pearl Elliott and Mary Kinder which appeared in the Chicago Police circular, were obtained by Indiana State Policemen from a house of prostitution which was formerly operated by Pearl Elliott, near Kokomo, Indiana; that these photographs are not Police photographs, and so far as known no fingerprints were available for either of these persons.

Under date of January 9, 1934, Special Agent in Charge Werner Hanni of the St. Paul office advised that Pearl Elliott under the name of Marguerite Williams was thought to have operated a house of prostitution near Madison, Wisconsin, and we are therefore requesting the St. Paul office to ascertain whether fingerprints of this woman are available in that city.

Very truly yours

M. H. Purvis
M. H. PURVIS,

Special Agent in Charge

32-15941-22
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
JAN 27 1934
RECORDED
100

WCJ:JMS

21 1934

Chicago - Chicago 200.

11778

*W
ec*

805 BRIDGE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

January 27, 1934

Special Agent in Charge,
Division of Investigation
U. S. Department of Justice,
805 Post Office Building,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of a letter from the Division request-
ing that if possible copies of fingerprints of Pearl Elliott and Mary
Kinder be obtained and transmitted to the Division.

We note from your letter dated January 9, 1934, that
Sheriff Finn of Madison, Wisconsin is of the opinion that Pearl
Elliott formerly operated a house of prostitution at or near Madison
Wisconsin under the alias of Marguerite Williams. It is therefore
requested that you make inquiry at Madison, Wisconsin, and if finger-
prints are available transmit copies to the Division.

Very truly yours,

H. H. FURVIE

Special Agent in Charge.

WCF:JMS

CC Division

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

FEB 1 - 1934

32-15941-21	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
JAN 27 1934 A.M.	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
Mail Unit	FILE

Chicago

171

U. S. Bureau of Investigation

Department of Justice

1900 Bankers Building
Chicago Illinois

February 8, 1934

Director
Division of Investigation
U. S. Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Re: FINGERPRINTS OF PEARL ELLIOTT
Chicago File 32-0

On the date of January 31, 1934 we were advised by the St. Paul Office that fingerprints of Pearl Elliott could not be obtained from the sheriff of Madison, Wisconsin, but that the latter advised that the Milwaukee Police Department might have this woman's fingerprints on file.

We are in receipt of advice from Special Agent V. W. Peterson that Mr. Joseph Klucheksy, Superintendent of the Bureau of Identification, Milwaukee, Wisconsin Police Department had made a thorough search of all available records, but that they were unable to find any fingerprints of Pearl Elliott in their files.

Very truly yours,

W. A. SMITH
Acting Special Agent in Charge

WCJ:MM

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

FEB 10 1934

32-15941-22
FEB 10 1934
FILE

172

1900 BANKERS BUILDING,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

el

AIR MAIL

Special Agent in Charge,
Division of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice,
Post Office Box 200,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:

In response to the request in
telegram of this date, there is herewith for-
warded a photograph of Edward O'Donnell alias
"Spiky" O'Donnell, well known Chicago gangster.

Very truly yours,

M. H. PURVIS,
Special Agent in Charge.

NOTE
re: Division ✓
Enc.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

MAY 19 1934

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
MAY 18 1934	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
174 Ident. Unit	FILE

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED		CABLE	
DOMESTIC	TELEGRAM	FULL RATE	
	DAY LETTER	DEFERRED	
	NIGHT MESSAGE	NIGHT LETTER	
	NIGHT LETTER	SHIP RADIOGRAM	

Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted on a full-rate communication.

WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT
MERCOUR GALTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
J. C. WELLS
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CHECK

ACCTG INFN.

TIME FILED

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Los Angeles, Calif., Apr. 16, 1934

M. E. Purvis
Division of Investigation
U. S. Department of Justice
1900 Bankers Bldg
Chicago, Illinois

PLEASE OBTAIN AND FORWARD AIRMAIL FOR USE LOCAL POLICE A PICTURE OF

SPENCER DONNELL WILL KNOWN CHICAGO MORTIMER

APR 23 1934 AM
DIVISION ONE
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

DOWN

CHARGE GOVT RATE
DIV. OF INV. BY Fed. Bldg.
11:35 A.M.

482 DIVISION
JEPD:AB

RECORDED
&
INDEXED
APR 24 1934

32-15941-24
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
APR 21 1934 A.M.
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
ONE FILE

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

U. S. Bureau of Investigation

Department of Justice

Room 1900 Bankers Building
Chicago, Illinois.



June 19, 1934.

Director,
Division of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

6-25 D

There is attached hereto an editorial appearing in the
*Chicago Daily News dated June 4, 1934 entitled "Capone in the Legis-
lature."

For your information in connection with this matter, James
Adducci, alias William Pion, who was listed as Chicago public enemy
No. 16, has been elected to the Illinois Legislature from Chicago.

I am furnishing this to you as of interest to the Division.
It is being noted that the Division has previously received a copy
of Chicago Public Enemy List and on that list appears the name of
James Adducci.

Very truly yours,

M. H. Purvis

M. H. PURVIS
Special Agent in Charge.

MHP:EB

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

JUL 11 1934

32-15941-25
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
JUN 21 1934 A.M.
U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
FILE

*with file
90 and*

1764

CAPONE IN THE LEGISLATURE.

While the sworn guardians of popular government play poker politics, and citizens argue about the New Deal, the deputies of Al Capone, by terrorism, theft and defiance of all law, are laying siege to the people's legislature in Illinois. The gangsters aspire to five seats in the house and two in the senate. If the voters do not arouse themselves and their indifferent officials to the danger, Capone, now doing time in Atlanta, will be dictating orders to his representatives in the next general assembly at Springfield. That is the shockingly revealing and amazingly instructive story being told by Warren Phinney in The Daily News.

Night-prowling hoodlums thrust a gun in the ribs of a legislator and demanded his withdrawal from the primary race last April. When he nervily refused, they threatened to kidnap his daughter, and by that dastardly threat forced his surrender. James Adduci, hoodlum, got the nomination by 8,000 majority on the face of the returns. The nomination is equivalent to election. In the 27th district, hired hoodlums virtually ran the primary. Joseph N. DeGrazio, residence unknown, but for a few weeks before the voting a lodger in a cheap hotel in the district, was declared nominated by almost 1,000 majority. In three precincts, with four opponents, one of whom was Representative A. O. Galvin, the sitting member, DeGrazio got every vote on the poll lists and three more. Those are high spots in the story thus far.

Let citizens remember that such things do not happen by chance or in the lawful course of politics. There are laws which, faithfully enforced, would make them impossible. Gangland is running roughshod over the board of election commissioners and police. It is corruptly and by terrorism controlling election officials. It is even hoodwinking so eminently respectable a body as the state canvassing board, on which sit Gov. Horner, Secretary of State Hughes and State Auditor Barrett. That triumvirate, appealed to on the basis of DeGrazio's dubious residential status, stood on technicalities and declined to disallow his candidacy.

Mr. Galvin is contesting DeGrazio's nomination. The case comes to hearing before Judge Friend tomorrow. Mr. Phinney's story will continue. No citizen should neglect to follow it. His government, his liberty, his life are at stake.

32-15741-25

6-4-34

Daily News

177

ADDRESS REPLY TO
"THE ATTORNEY GENERAL"
AND REFER TO
INITIALS AND NUMBER

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, D. C. JWBS:cf

June 23, 1934.

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. J. EDGAR HOOVER,
DIRECTOR, DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION

Referring to the letter mailed to the Attorney General, en-
titled "Chicago Racketeers and Gangsters", and signed "Disgusted",
with reference to the Safe Movers Union in Chicago, I am forward-
ing this to the United States Attorney in Chicago since he is fami-
liar with this situation, and will probably know whether the facts
stated involve a violation of federal law.

Joseph B. Keenan

JOSEPH B. KEENAN
ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL.

B

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Cowley
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Egan
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Lester
Chief Clerk
Mr. Tamm

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

32-15941-26
JUN 26 1934
TAMM
One

JUN 26 1934

178

Government of the District of Columbia

28718

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT

REPLY TO
MAJOR AND SUPERINTENDENT

October 17, 1934.

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

My dear Mr. Hoover:

Forwarded herewith is a letter from
one who signs himself [redacted] of 67D
Chicago, Illinois.

This letter may be of some interest
to your Department.

Very truly yours,

Lewis I. H. Edwards
Lewis I. H. Edwards,
Acting Major and Superintendent.

E:aa

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4 J

RECORDED & INDEXED

NOV 9 - 1934

32-15941-27

COPIES
U.S.
ONE COPY
179

Chicago, Ill.,
October 10-1934.



Crime Commission,
Washington, D.C.

Honorable Gentleman:-

This letter is from one who was with Mr. Bert [redacted] in Paris, France. Please accept this letter just as a suggestion and the writer would be grateful to serve you in any capacity. Please let this letter be a confidential one because anyone who is not Italian, who resides in this neighborhood, holds his life in jeopardy and if the writer of this letter was known I would just disappear.

This city should have more policemen on the beat. Two on a beat at same time-one on each side of the street at the same time. They should be from 23 or 24 to 34 or 35 years old. Not too heavy and agile. From 34 or 35 years old they can be placed in squad cars-for after a man sits in an automobile for any length of time his legs are cramped and how can he be expected to be agile? The older the officer becomes, he should be given inside or stationary work or service.

NOV 9 - 1934 RECORDED 32-15941-

Because of my high family connections I was educated in France and studied fencing with Mr. Kilschoffer of Paris until [redacted] Then when I was to join Mr. Bertillon I also took up jiu-jitsu. My work was among the apaches. Revolver practice is such that we do not stop to aim but our aim is so sure that it usually hits the right spot.

I live in this terrible neighborhood because I have been unemployed for several years and my dear wife must work. Her employer is the owner of this building, is a widow with two young men sons and is afraid to live alone in this large four-seven room building. She started business here about 26 years ago when this neighborhood was considered the very best. At the sudden death of a young man son she sold the business and leased the entire building to owner of business and moved away. About three years ago the owner of business filed petition in bankruptcy and the owner of building had to return to take care of what was left of the building (for in the 14 or 15 years she was gone the neighborhood changed to what it is now-the worst settlement) and continues to operate the business here. We needed work in the family, so my dear wife started to work for this lady and this lady moved into the flat under us. After the owner was here sometime and she found that business did not warrant operating three stores (she has double building and double stores but rented a third store from owner of next building who is Italian now) she asked for lower rent for third store but that owner would not come down on rent-so my wife's employer moved and now operates her own double store. But short time

10/27/34
Rec. [initials]

- 2 -

later the people who failed in business here wanted to buy the business back(it was not altogether legitimate bankruptcy) and they could not so they with Italian owner of next building got together and Italian woman is now engaged in same line-operating ~~up~~ store and since that time owner of this business and building has been having lots of trouble. Her windows have been broken number of times-young fellow tried to get in thru her bedroom window-held up our store a couple of weeks ago broad daylight with number of clerks and customers in store and yesterday two of these 42 gangsters ran into my flat while I was alone-the back door being open-each with revolver in hand-when I asked them what they wanted ,they asked for quick way out front door. I presume they just committed a job jumped over high barbed wire fence up back stairs thinking the flat was vacant,changed their shirts in downstairs hall,walked around block to their car in alley and left.

This is the most notorious locality (I think in the world) There are no police on the beat. Squad car drives once in awhile. The police probably know who the boys are but they have no warrants and folks are afraid to identify them. They should be picked up as vagrants and held in jail. Most of their families are on relief. This is the neighborhood which is soon to be razed but until that time -this neighborhood should get special protection,especially those who are not Italians.

At the time the store was held up-neighbors knew of it and were standing in front of the store but none would call police and as the owner came in the robbers started for door-she grabbed one of them and they dragged her on sidewalk while she held on-and threw her hard to ground-yet not one of them standing there would even help her up-she is neither young or very strong. But this is the neighborhood which has no police on the beat.

Respectfully,
[Redacted Signature]
[Redacted Name]

b7D

181

50
32-15941-27

October 27, 1934

NA

RECORDED

Honorable James P. Allison,
Commissioner of Police,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Commissioner:

b7D

There is forwarded herewith a copy of a communication received by the Division of Investigation from [redacted] dated October 22, 1934, which pertains to matters coming within your jurisdiction, and is referred to you for appropriate attention.

Sincerely yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Enclosure #803460

1 copy

FILES SECTION
MAILED
★ OCT 27 1934 ★
P. M.
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION,
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

B

182

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C2
N
RECORDED

October 27, 1934

32-15941-27

[REDACTED]

b7D

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Your letter dated October 18, 1934, addressed to the Crime Commission has been referred to the Division of Investigation for attention.

Inasmuch as your letter pertains to matters which are under the jurisdiction of the Police Department of Chicago, I have forwarded a copy of your letter to that Department for appropriate attention.

You are advised that the investigative duties of the Division of Investigation are performed by Special Agents whose qualifications are reflected in the enclosed statement. If you are qualified for this position and are desirous of submitting an application, a blank form for that purpose will be forwarded to you upon request. However, at the present time there are no vacancies in this service.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Enclosure #803459

FILES SECTION
MAILED

OCT 27 1934

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

183

[Redacted]

Chicago, Ill.

Decr. 8, 1934.

Hon. J. Edgar Hoover,
Head Div. of Investigation,
Washington, D. C.

I read with interest in the Chicago Exam
under date of Dec. 5, 1934 an editorial
William Randolph Hearst under the caption
of "U. S. Government must conquer crime."
From my viewpoint it seems inconceivable
that the press and our great reform organizations
and churches should permit crimes and
corrupt politics to thrive right under their noses.

Every person knows that in Chicago the
bulk of all our crimes, in fact and corrupt
politics. There is no city in the world as
increased as Chicago today.

RECORDED
INDEXED
DEC 20 1934

32-15971-26

For the last decade
and kind of such an extent
will take in a manner
There are over five thousand and books
Chicago that are saying
of crime. The responsibility policy was
spread of by women a people that are

The Jews and Italians are controlling 90% of all the gambling in the South Side Black Belt with the exception of Policy Wheel. There are over one hundred police details daily to protect the enormous take of gambling on the South Side, and 80% of all Charity relief given out, is going into the hands of these grafters.

The gambling and grafting element is controlling the elections in Chicago. This condition is turning out a new crop of Tillinsers and Nelsons every day. There is been lives lost in rounding up that gang is only a beginner. The organizing has not yet begun in our country. I am not a reformer. This is an economic question I can demonstrate.

Respectfully yours
 [Redacted Signature] b7c
 [Redacted Name]

2, 1935
 (unclear)

LHM:GJ
33-19941 - 28

RECORDED

December 19, 1934.

b7C
[REDACTED]
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

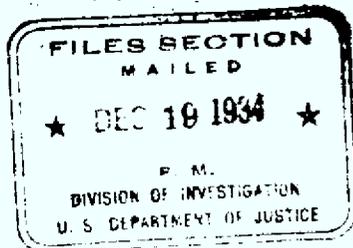
Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of December 8, 1934 commenting on an editorial in the December 5, 1934 issue of the Chicago Examiner and also commenting on the fact that crime, graft and corrupt politics are prevalent in the City of Chicago.

I wish to thank you for your letter and the comments which you have made. However, from the facts submitted there are no Federal violations within the investigative jurisdiction of this Division.

It is suggested that you may desire to refer the matter to the local law enforcement officials.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.



PHONE

E

b7c

28722

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dec 13 1934

Mr J Edgar Hoover,

Many people do not seem to know that several years ago, Miss Helen Gould issued an order to the Western Union Tel Co. not to transmit any race track news. The Pool rooms and hand books were out of business many months.

One of the law stenographers is only working forenoon. The afternoons are long to her and she goes to a pool room and as she says puts in a quarter with some one and they make a 50¢ bet and sometimes they win and sometimes they lose. There are so many men and women out of work and they get tired of sitting around the house and they spend the afternoons listening to the calling of the races. She also told of going with a bunch of girls to the same place after supper where they have a keno game (and many other kinds) which the girls all play. During the first week some one of the bunch won a pot every night but sometimes they had to stay till one o'clock or later to do it.

32-15941-29

RECORDED & INDEXED

Whenever Chicago gets a new chief of police, the gambling joint closes up tight, and afterwards it stays closed for a week or ten days and all wait for

DEC 16 1934

TAB

Phone [REDACTED]

2

Q

b7c

28723

[REDACTED]
CHICAGO, ILL.

J. Edgar Hoover 2

orders to start

I took a census of the slot machines in Cook County outside of Chicago. I understood they were allowed to contribute to the campaign fund instead of being fined.

The Policy game in my home precinct distributed business cards stating "We pay as you hit - no waiting" opening hours 7 a.m. to midnight.

A client is now getting his records ready ready as to file his 1934 income tax return. One deductible item will be the amount paid for protection for operating his race track pool room.

If Helen Gould could do this,

If appointing a new Police Chief can do this,

We all together might do something.

Yours very truly

[REDACTED]
b7c

28721

RECORDED

REN/ps
32-15941-39

December 29, 1934

[REDACTED]

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

This is to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated December 13, 1934 wherein you discuss gambling and slot machines.

Please be advised that this Division does not have jurisdiction over matters of this nature and, therefore, cannot take any action on the complaints made by you.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

1 yellow

FILED SECTION
DEC 29 1934
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

F-469

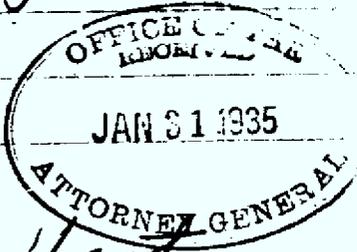
189

Chicago, Illinois
January 30, 1935

ag
ms

Attorney General
Herbert Cummings
Washington D.C.

MAK. of INV.



Dear Sir;

EB 20 1935

159-1-30

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

DVSCI-8
JAN 31 1935
ONE

For the past
eight years I've been studin
the crime situation very
deeply. My friend thinks I'm
half crack because I'm writ-
ing to you. Mr Cummings
you have the power to do
whatever I ask, providing
you will. There are man
small crime going on around
town that the police or the
"dicks" will every fine out,
just a change is all I want
I'm ^{not} going on trying to
explain the situation, because
it's impossible. All I want
you to do is to allow me
come and interview with you
at once. I waiting to catch the
C train as soon as I hear
from you
Zolner

[Redacted signature area]

COPY

Chicago, Illinois
January 30, 1935.

Attorney General
Eugene S. Cummings
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

For the past eight years I've been studying the
the crime situation very deeply. My friend thinks I'm half
crack because I'm writing to you. Mr. Cummings you have the
power to do whatever I ask, providing you will. There are
many small crime going on around town that the police nor the
"duke" will every fine out, just a chance is all I want. I'm
not going on trying to explain the situation, because its
impossible. All I want you to do is to allow me come and
interview with you at once. I waiting to catch the train
as soon as I hear from you.

P.S. Please allow me to come and interview with you at once.

orig. file in [unclear]
2/18/34
ack - a 213
191

AGB:TD

February 18, 1955

RECORDED

52-15941-50

67E

[Redacted]

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Receipt is hereby acknowledged of your letter dated January 20, 1955, addressed to the Attorney General, containing information regarding the criminal situation in the vicinity where you reside. Your letter has been referred to this Bureau for attention.

The contents of your letter have been carefully noted and nothing appears therein regarding the violation of Federal Statutes within the investigative jurisdiction of this Bureau.

Please be advised that it will be unnecessary for you to proceed to Washington for conference with the Attorney General. In the event you have any information concerning the violation of a Federal law over which this Bureau has investigative jurisdiction, please communicate with Mr. H. H. Purvis, Special Agent in Charge, Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, 1900 Bankers' Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Handwritten initials

FILES SECTION
MAILED
cc-Chicago FILE 18 1955
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Handwritten signature @-1

Division

192

COPY

28725

CHICAGO LODGE

No. 4 B. P. O. E.

174 Washington St.

Chicago.

July 11, 1935.

- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. Tolson
- Mr. Baughman
- Chief Clerk
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Edwards
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Keith
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Schilder
- Mr. Schilder
- Mr. Smith
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

Mr. Hoover, Dear Sir.

I read your speech yesterday in the Tribune, and agrees with you. Chicago is ruled by crooked Politicians and Gangsters. Our Judges are mostly poor Lawyers but good Politicians. The Jury system is bad indeed. In a criminal case when a man is selected on a jury, he is locked up and kept away from his family sometimes for 2 or 3 months, his name and address is published in all newspapers which is all wrong and when he help to convict a felon or a murderer he is waylaid or his home is bombed. A businus man can not afford to serve on such juries and naturally a poorer class is accepted which is a help to the criminal lawyer. The Judges should be taken out of Politic.

Respectfully yours

[REDACTED] b7c

[REDACTED]

*Reply
7/20/35
E.V.*

193

Chicago Tribune

No. 4

28726

OFFICE OF
JOSEPH L. GOLDEN
SECRETARY

174 W. WASHINGTON ST.

Chicago July 11 1935

- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. Tolson
- Mr. Baughman
- Chief Clerk
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Edwards
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Keith
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Scheidt
- Mr. Schilder
- Mr. Smith
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

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RECORDED & INDEXED

32-15941-

JUL 24 1935 Respectfully Yours

[Redacted signature block]

[Redacted block]

[Redacted block]

[Redacted block]

RECORDED
ES:GJ
82-1190-21

July 20, 1935

[Redacted address line]

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of July 11, 1935, the contents of which have been noted with interest.

It was gratifying to learn that you agree with the remarks made by me in the address which I delivered on July 9, 1935, before the Convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

- Mr. Edwards
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

Mr. Nathan

Mr. Tolson

Mr. Clegg

Mr. Glavin

Mr. Ladd

Mr. Nichols

Mr. Rosen

Mr. Tracy

Mr. Carson

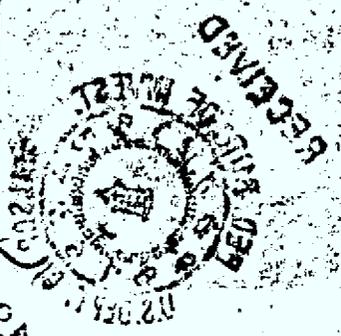
Mr. Egan

Mr. Gurnea

Mr. Harbo

Mr. Hendon

Mr. Lester



F-467

195
25

Division of Investigation

U. S. Department of Justice

Post Office Box 812

Chicago, Illinois

July 29, 1936

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Egan
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Dawsey
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Egan
Mr. Foxworth
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Harbo
Mr. Joseph
Mr. Lester
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Schilder
Mr. Tamm
Mr. Tracy
Miss Gandy

802

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

As a matter of interest and for indexing purposes, I am enclosing herewith copies of a memorandum submitted by Special Agent Jerome Doyle relative to all members of former and present day Chicago gangs.

It is believed that this information would be of interest to the Bureau.

Very truly yours,

D. M. LADD
Special Agent in Charge

DML:LJM

1 enc. to

"AMS
9-19-36
DJE"

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

JUL 13 1936

COPY DESTROYED
FEB 23 1966

32-15941-32

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

JUL 31 1936 A. M.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FILE

SFP
TAMM
ONE
TWO

Chicago
Illinois
1810
over 19

copy of letter detached in 5775
as of 12

196

Chicago, Illinois
July 28, 1936

MEMORANDUM FOR THE FILE:

On July 22, 1936, the following list was obtained from Lieutenant J. C. Wilamowsky, firearms identification expert for Cook County Coroner. The list includes the names of all members of former and present Chicago gangs and indicates by an asterisk those now dead.

This current data was compiled by Lieutenant Wilamowsky with the assistance of "Jiggs" Donahue, Chicago policeman attached to the Coroner's office and asserted to be more conversant with Chicago gangs and gangsters than any other one person in Chicago.

It might be noted that Hymie Levine is alleged to be the present leader of the Capone gang in the absence of Frank Nitti.

CAPONE GANG (South Side)

* Jack McGurn	* Tony Lombardo
Nick Perry	Joe Lolordo
Louis ("Little New York") Campagna	* Pasqualino Lolordo
Frank Diamond	Harry Guzik
"Mops" Volpe	Jake Guzik?
* Frank Rio	Hymie Levine
* Albert Anselmi	Frank Nitti
* John Scalise	Johnny Patton
* Louis ("Diamond Louie") Cowan	Frankie Kelly
Ralph ("Bottles") Capone	Mike Kelly
Tony Accardo alias Joe Batters	Chas. Fischetti
Danny Stanton	* John Genaro
Charles Blakely	"Dago" Lawrence Mangano
* Danny Vallo	Carlos Fontana
Claude Maddox	Ernest Fontana
* Tony Balcastro	Martin O'Leary
Louis Clemente	Mike Corrozzo
* Joseph Quinta	Sam Guzik
Johnny Torrio	Jack Heinan

† SALTIS GANG (Southwest Side)

Joe ("Polack Joe") † Saitis
Paddy † Sullivan
* John ("Dingbat") † Oberta
Willie † Neimoth
* Frank ("Lefty") † Koncil
Steve † Saitis
Jack † Geis
"Big Earl" † Herbert
* Frank † McLarlane
* George † Kostenek, alias Geo. † Darrow
* Charles ("Big Hayes") † Hubacek
* George ("Big") † Karl
* William † Dickman
* Sam † Melaga

† MORAN GANG (North Side)

George ("Bugs") † Moran
* Willie † Marks
William † Skidmore
Frankie † Foster
Leo † Longoven
* Joe † Aeillo
Tony † Aeillo
* Jack † Zuta
* Frank † Gusenberg
* Peter † Gusenberg
* Rinehart † Schwimmer
* John † May
* James † Clark
* Albert † Weinshenk
* Adam † Heyer
Anthony ("Red") † Kissane
* Ted † Newberry
* Dean † O'Banion
* Earl ("Hymie") † Weiss
* Vincent ("Schemer") † Drucci
* "Red" † McLaughlin
* Louie † Alterie
Maxie † Eisen
Henry † Finkelstein

† O'DONNELL GANG (West Side)

"Klondyke" † O'Donnell
* Miles † O'Donnell
Bernard † O'Donnell
* George ("Red") † Barker
* William ("Three Fingered") † White
* James † Boherty
* Thomas ("Red") † Duffy
* William ("Rags") † McCue
Harry † Madigan
"Mickey" † Wendel
* "Mickey" † Quirk

† GHETTO GANG (West Side)

Sammy † Kaplan
Johnny † Armondo
James † Balcastro
Abe ("Humpy") † Klass
* Jules † Portuguese
Ben ("Buddy") † Jacobson
* Harry † Portuguese
* Teddy † Stein
* Louis ("Big") † Smith
Sam ("Sammy the Greener") † Jacobson
* Sam ("Samoots") † Amatuna
* Sam † Peller
Rocco † Fanelli
Alex † Portuguese

† VINCI GANG (South Side)

Sam † Vinci
* Jimmy † Vinci
* Mike † Vinci
Joe † Annoreno
* John † Minatti
* "Peppy" † Genero
Johnnie † Genero
* Joe ("Machine Gun Joe") † Granata

VALLEY GANG (West Side)

Terry Luggan
Frankie Lake
* Frank ("Red") Krueger
John ("Paddy the Cub") Ryan
* "Paddy the Bear" Ryan
* "Bummy" Goldstein
* Walter Quinlan
* Harry ("The Schoolmaster")
Schneider
* "Big Steve" Weisnewski

KAGEN COLTS GANG (South Side)

Ralph Sheldon
* Hugh ("Stubby") McGovern
* William ("Gunner") McPadden
* George Maloney
* Michael ("Bubs") Quinlan
Danny Stanton
* Charles Kelly
Danny McFall

RED BOLTON GANG (West Side)

"Red" Bolton
* "Dinky" Cuan
* Frank Wilson
* Ryan

CIRCUS GANG (Northwest Side)

Claude Maddox
Tony ("Tough Tony") Capezio

NORTHWEST SIDE GANG

Marty Guilfoyle
* Matt Kolb
Al Winge
Jimmy Barry
Leonard Eoltz

NORTHWEST SIDE GANG (Continued)

Sam Thompson
Christ Madsen
Louis Stryker

Respectfully submitted,

JEROME DOYLE
Special Agent

JD:FC

QJ:JM

September 19, 1936

32-19941-32 ✓

RECORDED

Special Agent in Charge,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to your letter of July 29, 1936, transmitting a memorandum submitted by Special Agent Jerome Doyle relative to all members of former and present day Chicago gangs.

It is suggested that additional information, such as arrest numbers or aliases be submitted for these individuals in order that a more accurate search may be made in an effort to positively identify these persons for possible entry in the Bureau's single fingerprint file.

Very truly yours,

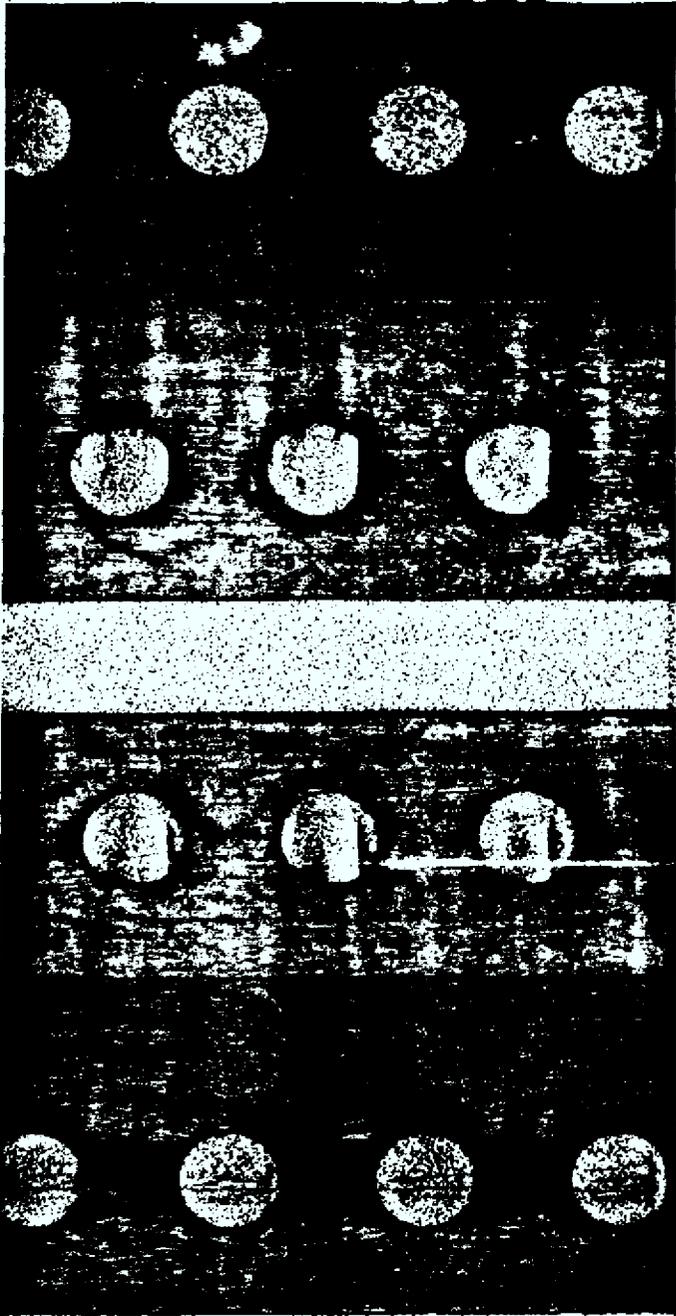
John Edgar Hoover,
Director.



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

FROM
SINGLE FINGERPRINT SECTION

DATE 11-3 1936



TO: _____ Mr. Nathan
_____ Mr. Schilder
_____ Mr. Coffey
_____ Mr. Burgess
_____ Mr. H. M. Clegg
_____ Mr. Durkin
_____ Mr. Fallon
_____ Mr. Harrington
_____ Mr. M. C. Hoover
_____ Mr. Knowles
_____ Mr. Murphy
_____ Mr. Nicoll
_____ Mr. Peterson
_____ Mr. Potter

_____ Mr. Renneberger
_____ Mr. Syphers
_____ Mr. Upton
_____ Assembly
_____ Card Index
_____ Chief Clerk
✓ _____ Files Section
_____ Recording Section
_____ Technical Section
_____ Typing Section
_____ Mrs. Kidd
_____ Miss Maiello
_____ Messenger
_____ Mr.

file

See me _____
Please handle _____
Bring file _____
Answer _____
Make index cards _____

D. Harigto
G. J. ENGE

201

28727

FW:KHG

August 27, 1936

RECORDED

62-10041 -35

Special Agent in Charge,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

There are being transmitted herewith photostatic copies of an anonymous communication dated August 11, 1936, received by the Bureau in regard to the activities of certain individuals in Chicago, Illinois and Detroit, Michigan.

The facts in this communication do not appear to relate to a violation of any Federal law but are being forwarded to you for your information and as of possible future reference.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Encl. 7/11/36.

cc - Detroit.
Enclosure.

RECEIVED
AUG 27 1936

[Handwritten initials]

F-467

[Handwritten signature]

200

28728

Aug-11-1936

Dear Sir

RECORDED & INDEXED

AUG 11 1936

32-15941-3
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
AUG 17 1936 P.M.
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

I am writing you this letter which, I think will be of some information to you. If not please destroy it. I think it is about time that the Government should break up this gang known as the Nitte, Capanaga who is a ex convict., P. andrea, Adducci Paccelli and Bertelli. They are running a gang more powerful than the Capone Mob, in the past year they have shot at & present States Attorney of Cook Co and have killed two Representatives. Not a single thing was done the Mayor, or States Attorney or District Attorney, I think they are working with them or afraid of them. This gang have cottages on N.S. Highway 12 on the outskirts of Benton Harbor Mich. They hold their meetings and plan their business, such as killings & shakedowns, muscleing people.

Chicago Ill. Langsters
 35
 36

Chicago Ill. Langsters
 36

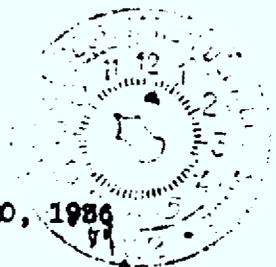
The Movie Op. Store Union is run now by
one of their gang George Brown. They
have their men working as Movie Operators.
They run all the bookie places in Toledo
and the disorderly which is run by
Hermis Cooney. They have muscled
in on the Nation Kid Service which
broadcasts the Results of the races to the
bookie places. They also muscle in on
the book places in Chicago, just a few
months ago Wago Lawrence muscled
in on two bookie places at Clerk &
Peron and Western & Peron. They also
have their gang in the Clearner & Flying
Union. Their gang have all the bookie
place in Cicero and all Suburbs of
Cook County. When in Chicago, the
big shots met at the Bismark Hotel
and at Midmore Junk Yard on Hedzi
Aducci and his gang met in a Laundry
which he is the owner known as the
Illinois Laundry located at 1529 W. Taylor
I know that you broke up the Barber
& Karpis gang, and you can break up
this gang. I know that the gang felt bad
about that Cabaret owner from St Paul who
killed himself as his was one of their gang.
Could you will investigate this?

Federal Bureau of Investigation

U. S. Department of Justice

Post Office Box 812,
Chicago, Illinois.

RECEIVED



October 20, 1936

NOV 3 1936

Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir,

In accordance with the request contained in Bureau letter of September 19, 1936, file 32-15941, there are being transmitted herewith the original and two copies of a memorandum showing Chicago Police numbers, where obtainable, of all members of former and present day Chicago gangs.

The memorandum submitted with my letter of July 29, 1936 also included the names of deceased members of these gangs. No attempt was made to secure a Police number for the deceased members of these various gangs.

Very truly yours,

D. M. Ladd
D. M. LADD

Special Agent in Charge

AHJ:mwc
Encs.

62-1690

COPIES DESTROYED

F B I AUG 23 1966

RECORDED

&
INDEXED

NOV 6 1936

32-15941-34

OCT 22 1936

S.F.P. *[Handwritten initials]*

205

[Handwritten notes on left margin]

*copy destroyed
in S.F.P.S
K.D.*

[Handwritten notes at bottom]

*CAPONE GANG
(South Side)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>GROUP NUMBER</u>
✓ Louis "Little New York" Campagna	C-75173	772
✓ Frank Diamond	C-41087	4123
✓ "Bops" Volpe	C-59009	5889
✓ Tony Accardo alias Joe Batters	C-25251	4427
✓ Danny Stanton	C-91427	2054
✓ Claude Maddox alias John Moore	C-25567	2996
✓ Louis Clemente	C-55084	5619
✓ Jake Guzik alias Jack Guzik		2110
✓ Mymie Levine alias "Loud-mouth"	C-40121	1167
✓ Frank Nitti (Nitto)	C-25924	2219
✓ Chas. Fischetti (Frischetti)		990
✓ "Dago" Lawrence Mangano	C-15356	5275
✓ Carlos Fontana alias Carl Fontana	C-57175	5755
✓ Ernest Fontana	C-87152	1392
✓ Martin O'Leary	C-57705	5755
✓ Nick Perry	79928 & C-33403	
✓ Ralph "Bottles" Capone	C-1275	
✓ Charles Blakely	None	
✓ Johnny Torrio	"	
✓ Joe Lolordo	"	
✓ Harry Guzik	"	
✓ Johnny Patton	"	
✓ Frankie Kelly	"	
✓ Mike Kelly	C-17448	
✓ Mike Corrozzo	C-1141	
✓ Sam Guzik	78160	
✓ Jack Heinan	None	

SALTIS GANG
(Southwest Side)

Joe (Polack Joe) Saitis	C-2283	
Paddy Sullivan (Patrick)	C-2400	2453
Willie Neimoth	9203	
Steve Saitis	97570	
Jack Geis	C-2398	
"Big Earl" Herbert	C-781	

COPY DESTROYED
25 AUG 15 1968

32-15941-34

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~~X~~ MORAN GANG
(North Side)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>GROUP NUMBER</u>
George "Bugs" Moran	C-84689	2194
Leo Mongoven	C-14036	3747
Anthony "Red" Kissane	C-2175	4151
Maxie Eisen	C-26361	
William Skidmore	None	
Frankie Foster	"	
Tony Aello	"	
Henry Finkelstein	B-67435	

~~X~~ O'DONNELL GANG
(West Side)

William O'Donnell alias "Klondike"	C-4993	4424
Bernard O'Donnell		1665
Harry Madigan	C-840	
"Mickey" Wendel	None	

~~X~~ GHETTO GANG
(West Side)

James Balcastro	C-26302	2976
Sam Jacobson alias "Sammy the Greener"	C-2327	2202
Rocco Fanelli	C-27403	2976
Sammy Kaplan	79486 & C-12458	
Johnny Armondo	None	
Abe "Humpy" Klass	66384	
Ben "Buddy" Jacobson	C-3143	
Alex Portuguese	C-10461 & C-12257	

~~X~~ VINCI GANG
(South Side)

Sam Vinci	98776	
Joe Annoreno	C-33617	
Johnnie Genero	C-13334	

~~X~~ VALLEY GANG
(West Side)

Terry Druggan	C-26694	
Frankie Lake	C-27508	2516
John "Paddy the Cub" Ryan		8744

207

RAGEN COLTS GANG
(South Side)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>GROUP NUMBER</u>
Danny Stanton	C-91427	2054
Ralph Sheldon	79314 & C-473	
Danny McFall	None	

RED BOLTON GANG
(West Side)

"Red" Bolton 84188 & C-44653

CIRCUS GANG
(Northwest Side)

Claude Maddox (Maddoz) alias John Moore	C-25567	2996
Tony Capezio alias "Tough Tony"	C-91593	2996

NORTHWEST SIDE GANG

Marty Guilfoyle	None
Al Winge	"
Jimmy Barry	92283
Leonard Boltz	None
Sam Thompson	"
Christ Madsen	"
Louis Stryker	"

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30th, 1936.

Edgar Hoover,
Chief of G. Men.
Dear Mr. Hoover:

We have repeatedly wrote you in regards to the all powerful Capone Gang of which the newspapers and our esteemed States attorney, Thomas P. Courtney, seem to want the public in general to think that this gang is just a skeleton of its former self. For your information beg to state that this gang is bigger, more powerful than at any time in its history. As we stated previously this organization is ruled with a iron hand by Frank Nitti, seconded by Louis Compagna alias Little New York, and Frank Rossi. There main stock in trade now is taking charge of all unions operating in Chicago and wee be to any union official that would get out of line. Well you read the papers and you know what happened to Maloy, Alterie and Galvin net to mention of the others that have disappeared and probably were buried in lime. They have as their figurehead George Browne who is international President of the Stage Hands and the Motion Picture Operators, Mike Carrezze, national President of the street sweepers, and to make a long story short they are exacting tribute from every union in Chicago and making them like it. They are net satisfied that they control all gambling, brewries, the sale of whiskies, but now they are forcing into retirement operators of dyeing and cleaning establishment, laundfess, and many other legitimate businesses. You say this is a local affair, well how can you go and report these things knowing that the next day when you are leaving your home you will be met by a volley of gunshot. It is a terrible state of affairs that exist in this city and from the States Attorney down to the mayer they even have to have a few squads to protect them. If it is so safe here, why do they each have from fifteen to twenty policemen detailed to protect their families and themselves. It is about time that the government took a hand and done something to wipe this gang out, the more time they are given the bigger and more powerful they get. You can't raise your voice above a whisper unless you want to die. They run and operate like any big gang, have their murderers, business men, line men, They have offices in the Sherman Hotel, The Congress Hotel, 124 and directly across from the City Hall, on Clark Street, in Mike Carrozze Office. They are directly responsible for at least a thousand murders committed in Chicago, in the last five years. Why don't you really do something for manking and wipe this gang of rats out. You would be doing the country at large a big favor and clean the name of this city from the way they have disgraced it.

32-1594-35

This gang use a Cottage
 at Colonia Mich. which is
 near Paw Paw, they use
 it as a meeting Place
 I also forgot to tell you
 how they muscled in
 on the Tavern & Road
 Houses in the Country
 Town of Cook County.

Here is a list of your gang

Frank Nitti
 Phil ¹⁹ Andrea Capone 1st 44
 Louis Campagnaro ex Governor
 Bank Robb

James Aducci

Jim Heaney

Paul Serrillo Senator 1st 44

Jim Paucelli Alderman 20th Wa

Tony Molis Valpe

Jim ^{1st} ^{2nd} ^{3rd} ^{4th} ^{5th} ^{6th} ^{7th} ^{8th} ^{9th} ^{10th} ^{11th} ^{12th} ^{13th} ^{14th} ^{15th} ^{16th} ^{17th} ^{18th} ^{19th} ^{20th} ^{21st} ^{22nd} ^{23rd} ^{24th} ^{25th} ^{26th} ^{27th} ^{28th} ^{29th} ^{30th} ^{31st} ^{32nd} ^{33rd} ^{34th} ^{35th} ^{36th} ^{37th} ^{38th} ^{39th} ^{40th} ^{41st} ^{42nd} ^{43rd} ^{44th} ^{45th} ^{46th} ^{47th} ^{48th} ^{49th} ^{50th} ^{51st} ^{52nd} ^{53rd} ^{54th} ^{55th} ^{56th} ^{57th} ^{58th} ^{59th} ^{60th} ^{61st} ^{62nd} ^{63rd} ^{64th} ^{65th} ^{66th} ^{67th} ^{68th} ^{69th} ^{70th} ^{71st} ^{72nd} ^{73rd} ^{74th} ^{75th} ^{76th} ^{77th} ^{78th} ^{79th} ^{80th} ^{81st} ^{82nd} ^{83rd} ^{84th} ^{85th} ^{86th} ^{87th} ^{88th} ^{89th} ^{90th} ^{91st} ^{92nd} ^{93rd} ^{94th} ^{95th} ^{96th} ^{97th} ^{98th} ^{99th} ^{100th} ^{101st} ^{102nd} ^{103rd} ^{104th} ^{105th} ^{106th} ^{107th} ^{108th} ^{109th} ^{110th} ^{111st} ^{112nd} ^{113rd} ^{114th} ^{115th} ^{116th} ^{117th} ^{118th} ^{119th} ^{120th} ^{121st} ^{122nd} 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These two hiding places
they have in Michigan
are loaded with guns
and the police of Michigan
are protecting them they
also have connections with
deputy Game Warden's to
shoot fowl out of season

LMC:RD

RECORDED

32-15941-35

December 10, 1936

Special Agent in Charge,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

The Bureau is in receipt of an anonymous communication mailed from Chicago, Illinois dated November 30, 1936, which appears to relate to certain alleged conditions existing in Chicago.

I am forwarding herewith photostatic copies of this communication for your information.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Handwritten notes on left margin:
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COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
MAIL
DEC 11 1936

Handwritten signature: EOT

212

J. Edgar Hoover Chicago
Dept of Justice
Washington D.C.

Mr. Tolson
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Miss Gandy

Dear Sir, enclosed find ^{an anonymous communication} ~~an enclosed find~~ ^{KEEP ENVELOPE ATTACHED}
 From the Chicago Tribune of Sept
 the 27th 1938. I am sending you this
 thinking it might interest you, as
 the party referred to in this item
 is one of the big shot racketeers
 of this racketeer ridden town,
 he is interested in gambling,
 babies, & doignor, and uses
 the Do, or else method. Which is
 very dangerous. to those concerned
 and it seems that now he is
 establishing a Fort, from which to
 carry on. he has a powerful
 organization in and around ^{Chicago}
 and as far back as 1933. x 4
 when the government during the first
 of the depression put several thousand
 x ^{men} ~~men~~ ^{men} to work on the streets
 they had to pay him \$100 a month
 for a permit to work or else, out of
 this he collected about \$15,000

(over)
ed

with AAC Chicago
10-25-38
J.W.C.
RECORDED
INDEXED

25-13941-36
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
TO: SAC, CHICAGO
FROM: SAC, NEW YORK
DATE: 10/25/38
P. 11
DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Chicago, Ill.

9/28/38

J. Edgar Hoover,
Dept. of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find clipping from the Chicago Tribune of Sept. the 27th, 1938. I am sending you this thinking it might interest you, as the Party referred to in this item is one of the big shot racketeers of this racketeer ridden town, he is interested in gambling, labor and liquor, and uses the Do or else method, which is very dangerous, to those concerned and it seems that now he is establishing a Fort, from which to carry on. He has a powerful organization in and around Chicago, and as far back as 1933 and 1934, when the Government during the first of the depression put several thousand X service men to work on the streets they had to pay him \$1.00 a month for a permit to work or else, out of this he collected about \$15,000.

RISE OF FORTIFIED CASTLE AMAZES INDIANA FARMERS

Carrozzo Builds Estate in Shower of \$1,000 Bills.

[Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.]

It was last May when the residents of Hobart, Ind., (pop. 5,787) came to realize that there were strange doings in the countryside. Some one of great importance—certainly one of great wealth—had come among them.

Large farms were being swiftly bought up for cash—cash in \$1,000 bills. A total of \$300,000 had been paid for land and \$100,000 was being spent in modernizing five beautiful farm residences, and in barn and outbuilding renovation and reconstruction.

Track Laid Out.

New barns the size of Zeppelin hangars were being built. A half mile dirt track had been laid out and there were special stables for blooded horses and cattle.

Six foot cyclone fences topped with barbed wire inclosed the tract. A fortified empire had been created in the heart of Lake county—John Dillinger's favorite stamping ground. The owner, the people learned, was a Mr. Carrozzo; a Mr. Michael Carrozzo, if you please.

It was something of a shock, however, when they found that their country gentleman was and is none other than the Carrozzo who has long been known as Dago Mike, Capone henchman and czar of the street laborers' council in Chicago. His name has been on many police blotters since 1934. Twice he was indicted for murder and often arrested for carrying concealed weapons, but he never was convicted on these charges.



Cross locates Superior Farms.

Subject of Discussion.

Just why the king of the street sweepers chose the old Dillinger territory for his fortified estate—and it is fortified in the most modern manner—is a subject of much discussion both in Chicago and the Hobart countryside.

Carrozzo is wealthy, but those who know him doubt that he could have laid out nearly half a million in cash at any one time in recent years. One report has it that the Carrozzo empire will be graced by no less a personage than Al Capone himself when he finishes a one year term in the county jail after his release from Alcatraz penitentiary next year.

It is said that Capone's friends, recalling the good fortune Dillinger enjoyed in Lake county, have long considered that district to be the safest possible haven for their leader in crime. Dillinger made his fabulous escape from the Lake county jail in Crown Point in 1934 to resume a life of outlawry.

Meanwhile, crews of workmen are renovating and fortifying Mr. Carrozzo's country place, which Mike named Superior farms. Wherever Mike goes on his preserves he is within sight of a number of hard faced, chunky little men. Some of them are beside him, others behind him and still others peer out from the shrubbery.

"My Secretaries," He Explains.

"My secretaries," Mr. Carrozzo explains to his neighbors. But from the many workmen on the farm, the neighbors have learned that each of the secretaries carries a large bore pistol on his hip. None speaks English.

Carrozzo's appearance in the area was unheralded. He dropped in one day at the home of a farmer who was offering for \$170,000 a 320 acre tract that had three residences on it and a number of barns. Mike laid down 145 \$1,000 bills. It was a deal.

Then he bought four adjoining farms, bringing to 900 acres his total holdings. The empire is on U. S. highway No. 6 about fifty miles southeast of Chicago. Driving toward Superior Farms you roll along nearly a mile between the high fences—fences ordinarily seen only around penal institutions—before reaching the first group of buildings.

Barriers Block Gateway.

The gateway is blocked by heavy iron barriers. Behind them is a pretty white pillared farmhouse, roofed with green slate. About 200 yards to the south stands one of the largest barns in the central west—its length is about 300 feet. There are three enormous silos and many small buildings and sheds, all painted a dazzling white.

There are signs on the fence at regular intervals, warning against trespassing. "But they haven't had any trouble about trespassers since the folks heard about the secretaries," one native remarked.

Down the road is another pretty white house, with an even heavier fence around it. You are struck by the absolute bareness of the grounds. There are no trees behind which any one could take cover.

"They tell us," remarked the guide, "that Mike can throw electrical current into the fence. That's the Carrozzo residence, you know."

Garage Roof Fenced Off.

There are two other buildings in the enclosure. One is a garage. Even over its roof extends the heavy barricade fencing with mesh made of heavy, unyielding wire.

Down the road a little farther is a fine new stable of tan tile with a slate roof. Beyond the stable is the half mile dirt track.

There are two other groups of buildings, around which carpenters and tilesetters are still working.

"Mike has a lot of guests," remarked the guide. "In their riding clothes, the men and women guests are plenty tricky. But they say Mike is not so hot. He fell off his horse the other day."

10-6 B
 215

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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET

1 Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

- Deleted under exemption(s) b3, b6 with no segregable material available for release to you.
- Information pertained only to a third party with no reference to you or the subject of your request.
- Information pertained only to a third party. Your name is listed in the title only.
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For your information: _____

The following number is to be used for reference regarding these pages:
32-15941-36

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X DELETED PAGE(S) X
X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
X FOR THIS PAGE X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

JWC:MP

October 25, 1938

32-15941-36

RECORDED

Special Agent in Charge
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

There are being transmitted herewith photo-
static copies of an anonymous communication dated
September 28, 1938, together with photostatic copies
of newspaper clippings, relative to Michael Carrosso
which have been received in the Bureau. These copies
are being forwarded to you for your information.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover
Director

Enclosure

- Mr. Tolson _____
- Mr. Nathan _____
- Mr. E. A. Tamm _____
- Mr. Clegg _____
- Mr. Coffey _____
- Mr. Glavin _____
- Mr. Egan _____
- Mr. Foxworth _____
- Mr. Gurnea _____
- Mr. Harbo _____
- Mr. Lester _____
- Mr. McIntire _____
- Mr. Nichols _____
- Mr. Tracy _____
- Miss Gandy _____

A

A

JH

W

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
MAILED
OCT 25 1938
F. B. I.
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

217

- g
2
1. An investigation should be made of the citizenship of the gangster "secretaries"; and if possible, deported.
 2. The Internal Revenue Department should ascertain as to where Mike Carozzo secured the money.
 3. A place of this type could be used not only for Al. Capone, but other gangsters as a "hideout".

see. W. Langford

**ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATION
KEEP ENVELOPE ATTACHED**

others
my
Hand
to

I ENCLY RECORDED & INDEXED

32-15941-37	
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION	
SEP 29 1938 P.M.	
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
SEARCHED	FILE

ONE

48

Fortress Rises Among Quiet Indiana Farms

It was last May when the residents of Hobart, Ind., [pop. 5,787] came to realize that there were strange doings in the countryside. Some one of great importance—certainly one of great wealth—had come among them.



Cross locates Superior Farms.

Large farms were being swiftly bought up for cash—cash in \$1,000 bills. A total of \$300,000 had been paid for land and \$100,000 was being spent in modernizing five beautiful farm residences, and in barn and outbuilding renovation and reconstruction.

Track Laid Out.

New barns the size of Zeppelin hangars were being built. A half mile dirt track had been laid out and there were special stables for blooded horses and cattle.

Six foot cyclone fences topped with barbed wire inclosed the tract. A fortified empire had been created in the heart of Lake county—John Dillinger's favorite stamping ground. The owner, the people learned, was a Mr. Carrozzo; a Mr. Michael Carrozzo, if you please.

It was something of a shock, however, when they found that their country gentleman was and is none other than the Carrozzo who has long been known as Dago Mike, Capone henchman and chair of the street laborers' council in Chicago. His name has been on many police blotters since 1916. Twice he was indicted for murder and often arrested for carrying concealed weapons, but he never was convicted on these charges.

Subject of Discussion.

Just why the king of the street sweepers chose the old Dillinger territory for his fortified estate—and it is fortified in the most modern manner—is a subject of much discussion both in Chicago and the Hobart countryside.

Carrozzo is wealthy, but those who know him doubt that he could have

paid out nearly half a million in the last year or one time in recent years. One report has it that the Carrozzo empire will be graced by no less a personage than Al Capone himself when he finishes a one year term in the county jail after his release from Alcatraz penitentiary next year.

It is said that Capone's friends, recalling the good fortune Dillinger enjoyed in Lake county, have long considered that district to be the safest possible haven for their leader in crime. Dillinger made his fabulous escape from the Lake county jail in Crown Point in 1934 to resume a life of outlawry.

Meanwhile, crews of workmen are renovating and fortifying Mr. Carrozzo's country place, which Mike named Superior farms. Wherever Mike goes on his preserves he is with in sight of a number of hard faced, chunky little men. Some of them are beside him, others behind him and still others peer out from the shrubbery.

"My Secretaries," He Explains.

"My secretaries," Mr. Carrozzo explains to his neighbors. But from the many workmen on the farm the neighbors have learned that each of the secretaries carries a large bore pistol on his hip. Nons speaks English.

Carrozzo's appearance in the area was unheralded. He dropped in one day at the home of a farmer who was offering for \$170,000 a 320 acre tract that had three residences on it and a number of barns. Mike laid down 145 \$1,000 bills. It was a deal.

Then he bought four adjoining farms, bringing to 800 acres his total holdings. The empire is on U. S. highway No. 6 about fifty miles southeast of Chicago. Driving toward Superior Farms you roll along nearly a mile between the high fences—fences ordinarily seen only around penal institutions—before reaching the first group of buildings.

Barriers Block Gateway.

The gateway is blocked by heavy iron barriers. Behind them is a pretty white pillared farmhouse, roofed with green slate. About 200 yards to the south stands one of the largest barns in the central west—its length is about 300 feet. There are three enormous silos and many small buildings and sheds, all painted a dazzling white.

There are signs on the fence at regular intervals, warning against trespassing. "But they haven't had any trouble about trespassers since the folks heard about the secretaries," one native remarked.

Down the road is another pretty white house, with an even heavier fence around it. You are struck by the absolute bareness of the grounds. There are no trees behind which any one could take cover.

"They tell us," remarked the guide, "that Mike can throw electrical current into the fence. That's the Carrozzo residence, you know."

Garage Roof Fenced Off.
There are two other buildings in the enclosure. One is a garage. Sprung over its roof extends the heavy barricade fencing with mesh shade of heavy, unyielding wire.
Down the road a little further is a fine new stable of tan tile with a slate roof. Beyond the stable is the half mile dirt track.
There are two other groups of buildings, around which carpenters and tilesetters are still working.
"Mike has a lot of guests," remarked the guide. "In their riding clothes, the men and women guests are plenty tricky. But they say Mike is not so hot. He fell off his horse the other day."

219

A Chicagoan's Farm Down in Indiana

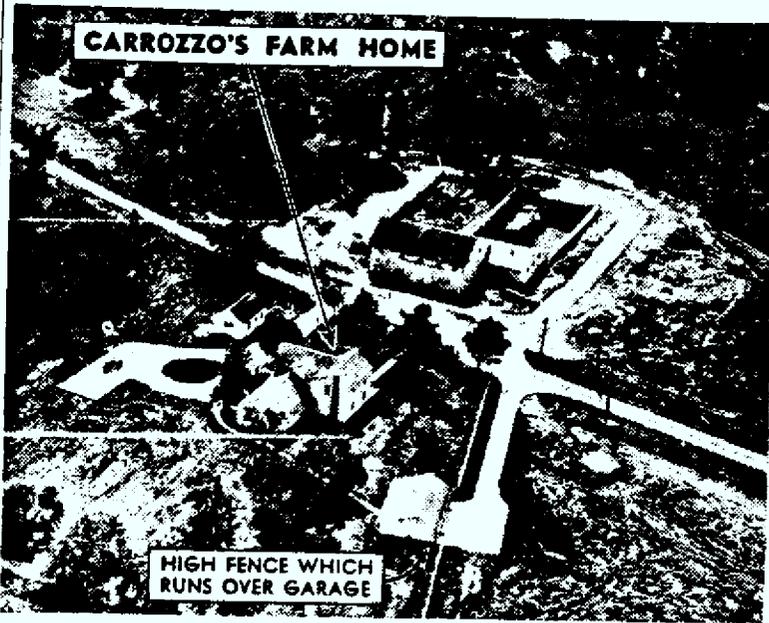
(Story starts on page 1.)

ENTRANCE TO
CARROZZO'S FARM

WATCH TOWER
AT GATE

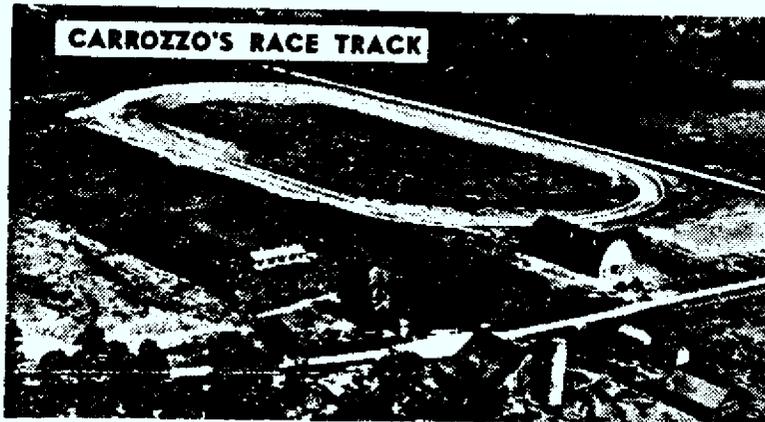


CARROZZO'S FARM HOME



HIGH FENCE WHICH
RUNS OVER GARAGE

CARROZZO'S RACE TRACK



(TRIBUNE Photos.)

Three aerial views of groups of buildings and points of interest on the 900 acre farm purchased by Michael Carrozzo, head of the Street Laborers' council in Chicago.

220

U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

Chicago, Illinois
December 6, 1938

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

Re: No Case.

Dear Sir:

Kindly furnish the known criminal record of the following:

<u>Name (inc. aliases)</u>	<u>City, Police Arrest, or Other Number.</u>	<u>Approximate Date Fingerprints forwarded Bureau of Investigation.</u>	<u>Fingerprint Classification.</u>
<i>12-87</i> [REDACTED]	Chicago PD [REDACTED]	<i>b7c</i>	

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

Very truly yours,

D. M. Ladd
D. M. LADD
Special Agent in Charge.

32-15941-38
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
14 1938
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
DIRECT UNIT

DML:IJM

*copy
5/16/38
12-13-38*

221

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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET

1 Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

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For your information: _____

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32-15941-38

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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

222

Chicago, Illinois

January 11, 1939

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

[redacted] Glenview, Illinois, was interviewed at the Chicago Bureau Office by Special Agent M. W. McFARLIN on January 6, 1939, at which time he stated he has sold [redacted] for the homes of WILLIAM JOHNSON and WILLIAM SKIDMORE, prominent members of Chicago's gambling syndicate.

He stated at one time while at the Club non-Air, which is allegedly run by WILLIAM JOHNSON, he saw Captain [redacted]

[redacted] of the Chicago Police Department, receive a large roll of bills from WILLIAM JOHNSON.

This information is being forwarded to be placed in appropriate Bureau file.

Very truly yours,

D. H. LADD,
Special Agent in Charge

MEM:RVT

Chicago file - no reports

67D

ORIGINAL FILED IN 62-5137A-119

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

32-15941-29
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JAN 13 1939

22

NATIONAL HOTEL MANAGEMENT CO., INC.

Ralph Hitz, President

EXECUTIVE OFFICES - HOTEL NEW YORKER

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

- Mr. Tolson
- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. E. A. Tamm
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Crowl
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Foxworth
- Mr. Glavin
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

March 31, 1939.



NEW YORKER
NEW YORK

BELMONT PLAZA
NEW YORK

HOOR CADILLAC
DETROIT

NETHERLAND PLAZA
CINCINNATI

ADOLPHUS
DALLAS

NICOLLET
MINNEAPOLIS

VAN CLEVE
DAYTON

CONGRESS
CHICAGO

EASTERN SLOPE INN
NORTH CONWAY, N.H.

~~PERSONAL~~

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

Dear Chief:

Enclosed is the first sheet of a letter which I received from one of my employees at the Congress Hotel and may or may not be of some value to you. When it has served its purpose, please return it to me, care of the Hotel New Yorker, where I will be all next week, leaving for Dallas on Easter Sunday.

The initials [redacted] in the letter refer to the [redacted] Congress Hotel. [redacted] is the [redacted]. As you know, this is one of the hotels we operate but it is in receivership at the present time.

b7c

I will return to the Congress on April 17th and, if at that time I can co-operate with anyone from your Department, I will be very glad to do so regarding this matter.

With kindest personal regards,

Cordially,

[redacted signature block]

b7d

1 ENCL. T

Ans. 4-14-39
letter Chicago
EAT

Enc.

32-15941-40

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
APR 17 1939

RECORDED

copy

b7c
b7D

Chicago, Ill.
March 25, 1939

Dear [redacted]

I believe that I have stumbled across the reason why [redacted] is found around the little finger of every hoodlum in Chicago. This Gusik who controls the gambling syndicate lives in I-22/24 under the alias of Levine. Gusik is in charge of the syndicate during the absence of Al Capone, and is reputed to have contributed five million dollars to Mayor Kelly's campaign. Gusik, himself, served six years for income tax evasion. His headquarters is next door to Molinaro's, but he carries on much of his business in the hotel. Messengers come and go to his room, and every morning he carries a little black bag out of the hotel accompanied by two bodyguards. Primary day, he brought in a suitcase full of money and distributed it to the president captain of the first ward.

This morning, I overheard a conversation between two men who appeared to be members of the mob, and from their conversation I gathered that [redacted] is on Gusik's payroll. This information pieces in perfectly with other things I have observed but did not attach much significance to at the time. Several times when I was on the desk, I received an order from [redacted] to deliver a large manila envelope to [redacted]. Each time, I was given particular instructions to place the envelope in his hands. Once, he opened the envelope while I paused to talk to [redacted] and I observed it was filled with one hundred dollar bills. Each time he received the envelope, he would immediately place it in his vault behind the cashier's cage.

[redacted] name was also mentioned several times during the conversation, and it lead me to believe that [redacted] might also be on [redacted] payroll. [redacted] is to the ill-famed houses the same as Gusik is to the gambling syndicate. This might explain why the hotel was operated on a wide-open basis until recently. [redacted] operates the [redacted] as a front, and makes his headquarters in the same building. Up to the last year, he was a very frequent visitor at the hotel. He still pays the expenses of an old girl friend who lives in I-32 under the name of Mrs. Smith.

If there is a pay-off, it is almost certain that [redacted] is the go-between. She bought a large farm in Wisconsin where she is raising turkeys on a fairly large scale, and she plays the horses heavily. She once told me that she had tried several times to retire,

COPY DESTROYED
2 E E AUG 15 1968

32-15941-40 25

but [redacted] asked her to stay on because she was valuable to the department. On the other hand, [redacted] tried to let her go several times because she was old and made many mistakes, but was prevented from doing so by [redacted].

The evidence is strictly circumstantial, and the man might have been discussing another man by the same name. However, the pieces of evidence fit together so perfectly that I am inclined to believe that we have found the reason why three large bookies operate on a large scale in the hotel, why the hotel is handed to the hoodlums on a silver platter, and why the place is operated loosely in general. I imagine the evidence to prove or disprove the payoff lies in [redacted] vault in the hotel.

226

INDEXED
INDEXED

EAT:HA

April 14, 1939

32-15941-40

[Redacted]
National Hotel Management Company, Inc.
Hotel New Yorker
New York, New York

Dear [Redacted]

I appreciate your courtesy in transmitting to me the first sheet of a letter you received from one of the employees of the Congress Hotel with your letter of March 31, 1939, which was brought to my attention immediately upon my return to Washington. Pursuant to your request, I am returning herewith the original sheet which you transmitted to me and I want you to know that appropriate consideration will be given to all of the facts which you have furnished to me.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

John Edgar Hoover
Director

Enclosure

- Mr. Tolson
- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. E. A. Tamm
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Crowl
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Foxworth
- Mr. Glavin
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Nease
- Mr. Gurnea
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Egan
- Miss Gandy

RECEIVED
APR 15 11 16 AM '39

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
MAILED
★ APR 14 1939 ★
P. M.
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

[Handwritten scribble]

28730

EAT:HA

April 14, 1939

Special Agent in Charge
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

I am transmitting herewith copies of the first page of a letter addressed to [redacted] National Hotel Management Company, Inc., Hotel New Yorker, New York, New York, under date of March 25, 1939, by an employee of the Congress Hotel, in which several references are made to persons generally associated with racketeering activities in the Chicago area. These data are being transmitted to you for your information only at this time.

Very truly yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

John Edgar Hoover
Director

Enclosures

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

32-15941-41
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
APR 17 1939
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
MAILED
★ APR 14 1939 ★
P. M.
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

- Tolson _____
- Nease _____
- E. A. Tamm _____
- Clegg _____
- Coffey _____
- Crowl _____
- Glavin _____
- Ladd _____
- Nichols _____
- Tracy _____
- Gandy _____

Chicago Bang the

4-14-39

228

28731

810 South Spring Building
Los Angeles, California
June 2, 1939

Special Agent in Charge
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

On June 1, 1939 one [redacted] who would not leave his address or telephone number, telephoned the office that he had good information that one [redacted] who runs cigar stores in Chicago, Illinois, and resides at [redacted] Street, Chicago, has made a lot of money as a bookie through the cigar stores; that he is a well-known racketeer and that his name might be of interest to this Bureau.

b7c
b7D

Very truly yours,

R. B. MOOD,
Special Agent in Charge.

JCK:MO
cc: Bureau

INDEXED
cc

32-15941-411
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JUN 6 1939
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
ONE [initials]

File 467

19
22

SUBJECT Capone, Alphonse

FILE NUMBER 62-32480

SECTION NUMBER

SERIALS 1-

TOTAL PAGES 3

PAGES RELEASED 3

PAGES WITHHELD 0

EXEMPTION(S) USED 0

U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

1900 Bankers Building,
Chicago, Illinois



August 2nd, 1934

Director,
Division of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice,
1001 Vermont Avenue, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Handwritten initials: m/g/a

Dear Sir,

There is attached herewith a copy of
an unsigned statement entitled "Capone Crowd
Capture Union", which purports to be from a
member of the Stage Hands Union.

This is transmitted merely for your
information.

Very truly yours,

M. H. Purvis

M. H. PURVIS,
Special Agent in Charge.

MHP:mwc

Enc. *W*

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

AUG 7 - 1934

62-32480-1	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
AUG 4 1934	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
ONE	<i>Handwritten initials</i>

Handwritten initials: MHP

Handwritten initials: per

(COPY)

an election was held...
Brown was elected through an intensive campaign of graft and
intimidation. The greater number of delegates are from large
centers of population and when any anti-union sentiment was
evident the graft syndicates were called upon to get their
wrecking crews out to intimidate the delegates and line them up
for Brown.

About two years ago a man named William Berg alias Bioff muscled
his way in the Stage Hands Union and he has been Brown's closest
companion since. He also managed Brown's campaign for International
President.

He is the representative of the gang and the real leader of the
International and also Chicago Stage Hands Union.
He is helpless and believe that one of the best things would be
laws to control labor organizations.

For A Report on the Chicago Stage Hands Union

62-32480-1

- Mr. Tolson _____
- Mr. Clegg _____
- Mr. Ladd _____
- Mr. Coffey _____
- Mr. Egan _____
- Mr. Glavin _____
- Mr. Gurnea _____
- Mr. Harbo _____
- Mr. Lester _____
- Mr. Hendon _____
- Mr. Nichols _____
- Mr. Rosen _____
- Mr. Sears _____
- Mr. Quinn Tamm _____
- Mr. Tracy _____
- Miss Gandy _____

RE: [unclear]

Request for Bioff Return Signed by Gov. Horner

By the Associated Press.
 SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 12.—Gov. Henry Horner signed and mailed to Gov. Culbert L. Olson last night a request that William Bioff, Hollywood labor leader, be returned to Illinois to complete a 1922 jail sentence for pandering.

Before he signed the requisition for Bioff's extradition, the Illinois Governor issued a statement suggesting that the defendant "be given an opportunity to relate before a grand jury how he has been able to evade for 17 years the serving of his sentence."

Bioff is Hollywood representative of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employes and Moving Picture Machine Operators.

At Chicago Assistant State's Attorney Wilbert F. Crowley said he would telegraph Los Angeles police asking Bioff's arrest on a fugitive warrant. He was taken into custody there in November but was released during hearings here.

Bioff surrendered to Federal authorities in California yesterday on an income tax evasion indictment returned Wednesday.

DE-INDEXED
 DATE 7-7-57

[Large handwritten scribble]

JAN 12 1940

62-32480-A

WASH. D.C.

SUBJECT Capone, Alphonse

FILE NUMBER 62-35259

SECTION NUMBER

SERIALS 1-9

TOTAL PAGES 42

PAGES RELEASED 42

PAGES WITHHELD 0

EXEMPTION(S) USED b7c

AGB:CSH

62-35259-1

RECORDED

April 5, 1938

Special Agent in Charge,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

There are transmitted herewith copies of an anonymous telegram received by the Department on April 3, 1938, concerning alleged disturbances by remarks of the Al Capone organization.

These copies are being transmitted for your information.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

CC Cincinnati
Cuba

Enclosure 61664.

2 copies
1 to Dept

FILES
M.A.
★ APR 6
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

3 for 661

MASSP-300



RECEIVED
[Signature]
105143

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL KEENAN

To

OFFICIAL INDICATED BELOW BY CHECK MARK

MEMORANDUM

- The Attorney General
- The Solicitor General
- Assistant to Attorney General Stanley
- Assistant Attorney General Wideman
- Assistant Attorney General Stephens
- Assistant Attorney General Sweeney
- Assistant Solicitor General MacLean
- Assistant Attorney General Blatr
- Mr. Stewart
- Mr. Hoover, Director, Division of Investigation
- Mr. Bates, Director, Bureau of Prisons
- Division of Accounts
- Chief Clerk
- Appointment Clerk
- Records Division
- Mr. Finch, Pardon Attorney
- Mr. Parrish
- Mr. Ridgely
- Mr. Kiefer
- Mr. Ramsey
- Mr. Fisher
- Mr. Butler
- Mr. Preston
- Mr. Fort
- Mr. Jones
- Mr. Dean
- Mr. Gottshall
- Mr. Well
- Mr. McGuire
- Mr. J. H. Smith
- Miss Brookley
- Miss Broomhead

APR 8 1935
 RECORDED
 INDEXED
 APR 13 1935

62-35259-1
 DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
 APR 8 - 1935
 U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
 FILE

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Continued from

4

ONE

1935 APR 7 11 20 AM

SA 357 AS EL-DAYTON CHID
ATTORNEY GENERAL, CUMMINGS
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BLDG
WASING

THE AL CAPONE REMNANT ARE RAPIDLY REESTABLISHING GERMEN AMERICAN
CITIZENS ON PHONES WITH ANNOTATED CALLERS AROUND WESTERN CHID
CALLING LONG DISTANCE FROM PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN LARGE IOWA
CITY ON MISSISSIPPI RIVER WITH TWO OR MORE REAL PHONES IN
RESIDENCE WHICH CAN BE TRACED TO LOCAL IOWA TELEPHONE COMPANY

NO SIG.

4/6/35

Alvin Karpis

RECORDED

INDEXED

APR 13 1935

~~APR 9 1935~~

62-35259-1

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION

APR 8 1935

McCoy
cc [unclear]
4/6/35

62-

5

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FROM: UNIT #1 & UNIT #3

Y-6 1935.

TO: Director
 Mr. Nathan
 Mr. Tolson
 Mr. Edwards
 Mr. Quinn
 Mr. Tamm
 Unit Two

Unit Four
 Files Section
 Personnel Files
 Mechanical Section
 Chief Clerk's Office

Unit Five
 Identification Unit
 Statistical Section
 Technical Laboratory

SUPERVISORS

Unit One
 Mr. Welles
 Mr. Lowdon
 Mr. Bryan
 Mr. Newby
 Mr. Richmond
 Mr. Thompson
 Mr. Chambers

Unit Three
 Mr. Joseph
 Mr. Berens
 Mr. Foxworth
 Mr. Weeks

Miss McCarthy

M
 Correct
 Re-write
 Re-date
 See me
 Send file

The Bureau received a
similar wire. Copies of
it have been sent to
Detroit, Cincinnati & London

Berens
Supervisor.

Post Office Department
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF INSPECTOR
Washington

IN REPLY REFER TO:
LBJ

April 5, 1935.

The Honorable

The Attorney General.

My dear Mr. Attorney General:

Attention Division of Investigation.

There is transmitted herewith an unsigned telegram sent to the Postmaster General from Dayton, Ohio, under date of April 2, 1935, stating that German-American citizens living in the western part of Ohio are being badly disturbed by long distance telephone calls from members of the Al Capone gang.

Very truly yours,

For the Postmaster General,

K.P. Aldrich
Chief Inspector.

Inclosure.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED
APR 9 1935

2 - 35259 - 2
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
APR 6 - 1935
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
RECEIVED
ONE

AGB: CJ

RECORDED

62-35259-3

Special Agent in Charge,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Sir:

There are being transmitted herewith photostatic
copies of an anonymous communication dated April 2, 1934
at Dayton, Ohio pertaining to alleged activities of the
Al Capone gang.

These data are submitted for your information.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Encl. #24495

CC - Cincinnati
Detroit

Encl. (photostatic copy of anonymous letter, dated
4/2/34 to both offices)

FILES SECTION
MAILED
APR 11 1934

APR 11 1934

9/10/34

W
Rev. 9

From ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL KEENAN

To

OFFICIAL INDICATED BELOW BY CHECK MARK

MEMORANDUM

- The Attorney General
- The Solicitor General
- Assistant to Attorney General Stanley
- Assistant Attorney General Wideman
- Assistant Attorney General Stephens
- Assistant Attorney General Sweeney
- Assistant Solicitor General MacLean
- Assistant Attorney General Blair
- Mr. Stewart
- Mr. Hoover, Director, Division of Investigation
- Mr. Bates, Director, Bureau of Prisons
- Division of Accounts
- Chief Clerk
- Appointment Clerk
- Records Division
- Mr. Finch, Pardon Attorney
- Mr. Parrish
- Mr. Ridgely
- Mr. Kiefer
- Mr. Ramsey
- Mr. Fisher
- Mr. Butler
- Mr. Preston
- Mr. Fort
- Mr. Jones
- Mr. Dean
- Mr. Gottshall
- Mr. Wall
- Mr. McGuire
- Mr. J. H. Smith
- Miss Brookley
- Miss Broomhead

RECORDED

APR 23 1935

62-35259-3	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
APR 20 1935	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
TWO	FILE

36
W. J. Prof

10

COPY

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

For Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

Correspondence from anonymous
Dayton, Ohio

dated April 2, 1935.

relating to wants Department of Justice to get
after Al Capone gang.

is herewith referred for your consideration.

The writer has been informed of this action.

/s/ Frances Perkins
Secretary of Labor.

RECORDED

APR 20 1935

62-35259-3	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
APR 20 1935 AM	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
TWO	FILE

*Return
on 4/19/35
cc: [unclear]
4/19/35
a.m.*

COPI

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Office of the Secretary

Washington

April 15, 1935

MEMORANDUM FOR DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Gentlemen:

There are inclosed for attention and disposition letters of recent date received at this office. These letters have not been acknowledged.

Very truly yours,

/s/ J. D. LeCron
J. D. LeCron
Assistant to the Secretary

Inclosures

RECORDED

1600
M APR 23 1935
W. L. E. May

62-35259-9	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
APR 20 1935 AM	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
INDEXED	FILE

Letter must be cc: returned 4/19/35
12

Note:

This same letter was sent to Secretary Wallace, of Agriculture, on April 2, 1935 by the sender. No photostatic copy was made as it is identical with one attached.

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATION
KEEP ENVELOPE ATTACHED

AKB

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

APR 20 1935

<i>62-35259-3</i>	
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION	
APR 20 1935 A.M.	
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
<i>TWO</i>	FILE

14

them phone in a ready fashion. They have kidnaped several men, who are with also forced to phone for Alvin Karpis, or Jones. The gang men and these forced hired phoners have to disturb public or phones at any hour day or night, in their fits and starts fashion. We believe the Department of Justice can find sufficient cause to get after this entire mob and stop them. We would be glad for your individual cooperation and concern about this matter in Washington, D.C., as it is only by inquiring the administration.

Yours respectfully,
Citizens of Dayton, Ohio.

SANFORD BATES
DIRECTOR

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
BUREAU OF PRISONS
WASHINGTON

Handwritten initials/signature

- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. Tolson
- Mr. Backus
- Mr. Baughman
- Chief Clerk
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Edwards
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Keith
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Schilder
- Mr. Smith
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

May 8, 1935.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR, BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

The attached telegram from Paul Miller,
Fort Wayne, Indiana, is referred to you for such
action as you deem advisable.

Sanford Bates
Director.

*no such
sent to
to dept files
with out copy
being made*

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

MAY 24 1935

62-35259-32

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

MAY 11 1935

U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

NATHAN

FWO

17

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON INTERSTATE COMMERCE

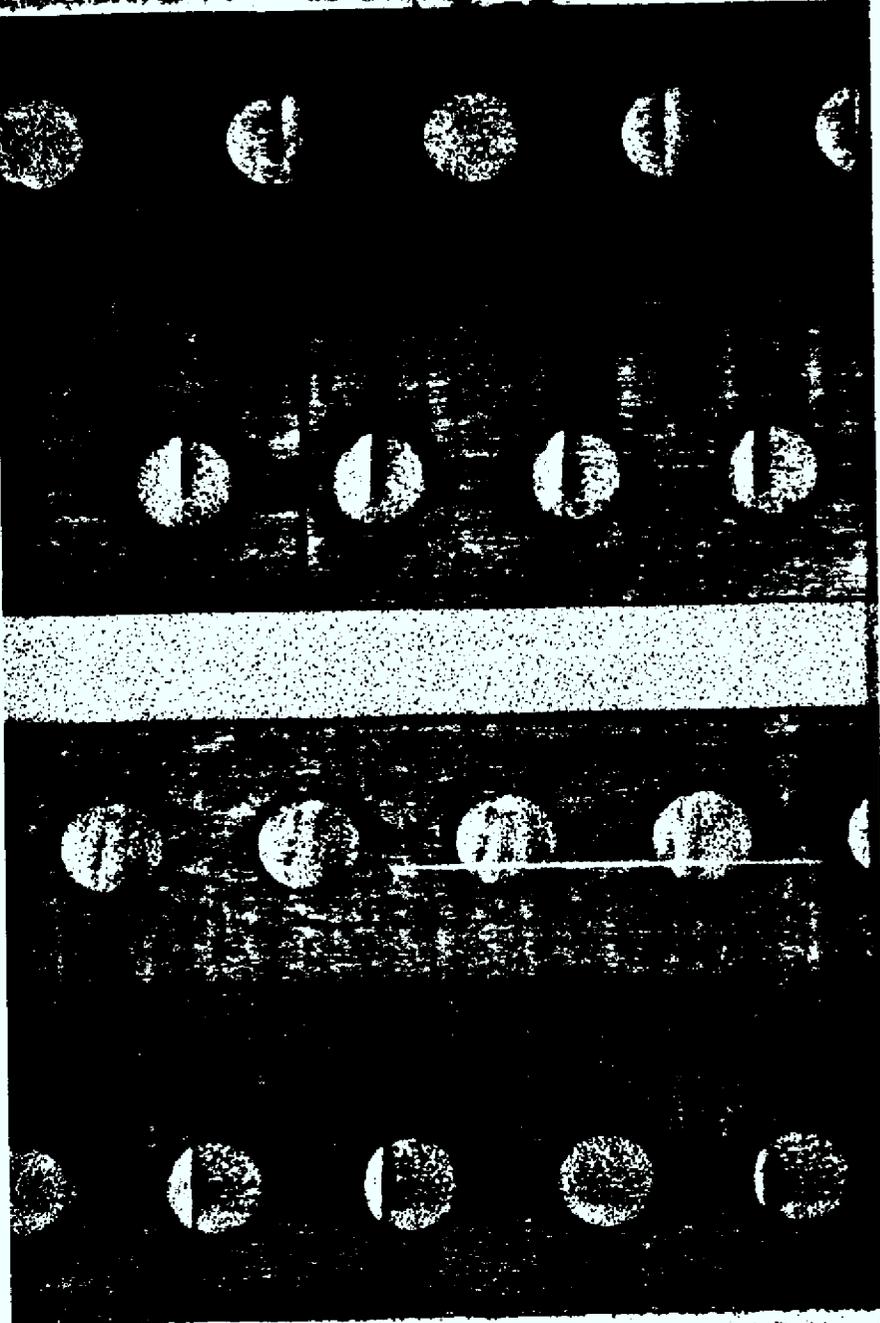
FREE



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



Wm. C. Clegg
U.S.A.



United States Senate

MEMORANDUM

The attached telegram refers to a subject in which you are interested and is, therefore, referred for your information.

RECORDED

62-35259-4
Yours very truly,

FILE COMMUNICATION
MAY 15 1935
Vic Donahy
FILE

Handwritten initials

NATHAN

TWO

MAY 15 1935

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables



All America
Cables

Blackout

Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

CB33 67 NL 6 EXTRA

1935 APR 27 AM 5 18

VANWERT OHIO 26

SENATOR VIC DONAHEY OF OHIO

SENATE BLDG WASHN DC

THE AL CAPONE SYNDICATE REMNATE WITH THREE ILLEGAL SCANDINAVIAN SAILORS AND TWO OTHERS ABDUCTED PHONE CALLERS ARE VIOLENTLY DISTURBING PEACEFUL CITIZENS IN OHIO HOMES LONG DISTANCE FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER VICINITY BETWEEN OMAHA NEBRASKAS AND KANSASCITY USING A PRIVATE RESIDENT WITH TWO OR MORE DIAL PHONES IN OPERATION WHICH NUMBERS CAN BE TRAILED TO LOCAL TELEPHONE COMPANY PLEASE INTEREST JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

INDEXED

LOUIS BARTHOFF 726 EAST MAIN ST.

Set. Chicago cc - Cleveland
Omaha, Detroit & Cincinnati

62-35259-54/35 - GAB

*not to be used as a lead
Louis Barthoff
on 4/28/35*

AGB:LL
62-36259

May 6, 1935

Special Agent in Charge
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

There are transmitted herewith copies of a telegram addressed to the Bureau, dated at Fort Wayne, Indiana, April 26, 1935, signed by Paul Miller, and copies of a telegram addressed to Senator Wm. Borah of Ohio, dated at Fort Worth, Texas, April 27, 1935, signed by Louis Werthoff, 708 First Main Street, concerning alleged long distance telephone calls by members of the Al Capone gang.

Various anonymous communications have been received by the Bureau, containing similar information. Copies of these communications have been transmitted to the Omaha, Detroit, and Cincinnati offices for their information.

The Bureau desires that the Chicago and Cleveland offices conduct appropriate investigation by determining the identity of the authors of the two telegrams. It is believed in this connection that the names "Paul Miller" and "Louis Werthoff" are probably fictitious.

The Bureau believes that an extended investigation should be made concerning this matter.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Enclosure No. 21287

- cc-Cleveland (with copies of above mentioned telegrams)
- cc-Omaha (with one copy each of above mentioned telegrams)
- cc-Detroit (with one copy each of above mentioned telegrams)
- cc-Cincinnati (with one copy each of above mentioned telegrams)

★ MAY 6 1935 ★
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

E. J. Connelley
21
any

RECEIVED AT

1872 & New York Avenue
Washington Building
Washington, D. C.
REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF.
MAY 26 1935

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables



All America
Cables

Mackay

Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLY	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLY	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

CB131 62 NL

FTWAYNE IND 28

DIRECTOR OF INVESTIGATION EDGAR HOOVER

DEPT OF JUSTICE WASHN DC

DEAR SECRETARY ABOUT SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE AL CAPONE SYNDICATE ARE
 CAUSING VIOLENT DISTURBANCE CALLS ON PHONES LONG DISTANCE DAY AND
 NIGHT IN INDIANA THEY ARE USING FOUR ABDUCTED PHONERS THREE ARE
 ALIEN SCANDINAVIAN SAILORS THEY EMPLOY TWO OR MORE DIAL PHONES
 THEIR PRIVATE QUARTERS WHICH CAN BE TRAILED TO TELEPHONE COMPANY

IN SOME MISSOURI RIVER CITY BETWEEN KANSAS CITY AND OMAHA

PAUL MILLER.



1935 APR 28 PM 11 01

RECORDED

62-35259-5

MAY 15 1935

MAY 10 1935

St. Chicago, cc.
 Cleveland, Detroit,
 Omaha, & Cincinnati
 5/9/35. GDB

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Backus
Mr. Baughman
Chief Clerk
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Egan
Mr. Keith
Mr. Lester
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Schilder
Mr. Smith
Mr. Tamm
Mr. Tracy
Miss Gandy

no record
 20-34
 NATHAN
 EWO
 FILE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FROM: DIVISION #1 DIVISION #3 1935.

TO: Director
Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Clegg
Division Three
Division Five
Identification Division
Statistical Section
Technical Laboratory

Division Four
Files Section
Personnel Files
Mechanical Section
Chief Clerk's Office
SUPERVISORS

Division Two
Mr. Joseph
Mr. Berens
Mr. Foxworth
Mr. Weeks

Division One
Mr. Welles
Mr. Lowden
Mr. Bryan
Mr. Newby
Mr. Richmond
Mr. Thompson
Mr. Chambers

Miss Gandy
Mrs. Kelley
Miss McCarthy
Mr. Ward
M

Correct
Re-write
Re-date
See me
Send file
Note and Return
Please call me concerning this
Search, serialize and route

File on Louis Bartholomew?

E. A. Tamm - Room 5107.

Mr Tamm
no record
4/30/35 1/2

W

COPY

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

CB128 50 NL

STAYNE AND 23 1935 APR 20 PM 20 50
SECRETARY OF COMMERCE WASHINGTON

DEPT OF COMMERCE BLDG WASH DC

DEAR SECRETARY KINDLY USE YOUR INFLUENCE IN INVESTIGATING ALL THE
SYNDICATE LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALLS THEY USE FOUR ABDUCTED
PHONERS TO USE BASE LANGUAGE ON HOME PHONES THREE BEING ALLEN
SAILORS THEY USE TWO OR MORE DIAL PHONES PRIVATE HOUSE WHICH CAN
BE TRACED TO PHONE COMPANY ON MISSOURI RIVER

PAUL MILLER

62-35259-1
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
MAY 20 1935
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

*no info necessary to Dept
con thing investigated
as*

25

RECEIVED AT
 STANDARD TIME
 INDICATED ON THE MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables



All America
Cables

Mackay

Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LGD	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

08129 5/3 AL
 FIVE...
 POSTMASTER...
 REAR...
 RAISING...
 NIGHT...
 ALLEN...
 PHONES...
 TELEPHONE...
 AND OTHER



ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

OFFICIAL INDICATED BELOW BY CHECK MARK

MEMORANDUM

- The Attorney General
- The Solicitor General
- Assistant to Attorney General Stanley
- Assistant Attorney General Williams
- Assistant Attorney General Stephens
- Assistant Attorney General Seaman
- Assistant Solicitor General MacLean
- Assistant Attorney General Blair
- Mr. Stewart
- Mr. Hoover, Director, Division of Investigation
- Mr. Bates, Director, Bureau of Prisons
- Division of Accounts
- Chief Clerk
- Appointment Clerk
- Records Division
- Mr. Finch, Parson Attorney
- Mr. Parrish
- Mr. Ridgely
- Mr. Kiefer
- Mr. Ramsey
- Mr. Fisher
- Mr. Butler
- Mr. Preston
- Mr. Fort
- Mr. Jones
- Mr. Dean
- Mr. Gottshall
- Mr. Wall
- Mr. McGuire
- Mr. J. H. Smith
- Miss Brookley
- Miss Broadhead

RECORDED

62-35259-5X
 FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
 JUN 1 1935
 U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
 EWO

JUN 10 1935

28

JUN 10 1935

RECORDED

62-35259-5X

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JUN 1 1935

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

TWO

9

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING
WASHINGTON

Miller

JAMES A. FARLEY
CHAIRMAN

April 30, 1935

Hon. Homer S. Cummings
Attorney General
Washington, D. C.

Dear Homer:

I am attaching hereto a telegram which I
have received from Paul Miller, Fort Wayne, Indiana,
for whatever consideration you feel it merits.

Sincerely,



JAF/dp

97-0-



ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL KEENE

OFFICIAL INDICATED BELOW BY CHECK MARK

MEMORANDUM

- The Attorney General
- The Solicitor General
- Assistant to Attorney General Stanley
- Assistant Attorney General Wideman
- Assistant Attorney General Stephens
- Assistant Attorney General Sweeney
- Assistant Solicitor General MacLean
- Assistant Attorney General Blair
- Mr. Stewart
- Mr. Hoover, Director, Division of Investigation
- Mr. Bates, Director, Bureau of Prisons
- Division of Accounts
- Chief Clerk
- Appointment Clerk
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- Mr. Finch, Pardon Attorney
- Mr. Parrish
- Mr. Ridgely
- Mr. Kiffin
- Mr. Ramsey
- Mr. Fisher
- Mr. Butler
- Mr. Preston
- Mr. Fort
- Mr. Jones
- Mr. Dean
- Mr. Gottshall
- Mr. Wall
- Mr. McGuire
- Mr. J. H. Smith
- Miss Brookley
- Miss Broomhead

I think that you should take vigorous steps to prevent Al Capone from indulging in this sort of conduct!

Parrish

- Mr. Tolson
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Glavin
- Chief Clerk
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Gurnea
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Keith
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Schuler
- Mr. Smith
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

RECORDED

MAY 2 3 1935

62-35259-6
 FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
 MAY 20 1935 A.M.
 U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



Form No. 1

THIS CASE ORIGINATED AT **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

FILE NO. **62-35259-7**

REPORT MADE AT	DATE WHEN MADE	PERIOD FOR WHICH MADE	REPORT MADE BY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	5/22/35	5/22/35	J. P. SWIFT
<p>SYNOPSIS:</p> <p>Postal telegraph dated 5/15/35 from [redacted] to [redacted] has no record of sender. Negative results obtained neighborhood investigation.</p>			

REFERENCE: Bureau letter dated 5/9/35

DETAILS: AT VAN HERT, OHIO.

Mr. J. E. [redacted] was interviewed and after a search of the records of the original of the telegram on file stating that he had forwarded it by the original telegram to the various contacts of the Western Union at Cleveland, Ohio.

<p>APPROVED FOR PUBLICATION: <i>J. P. Swif</i></p> <p>COPIES OF THIS REPORT FURNISHED TO:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 2 - Bureau 2 - Chicago 1 - Omaha 1 - Detroit 1 - Cincinnati <p style="text-align: center;">COPIES DESTROYED 40 SEP 20 1964</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">62-35259-7</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MAY 24 A.M.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION ROUTED TO: <i>STAT SECT</i> FILE</p>
<p>MAY 25 1935</p> <p>JUN 1 1935</p>	

time indicated would have been received by the Entry Tower at the Railroad depot as the office was closed at night time.

Miss Atak, who is a telephone operator at the Railroad depot, advised that she had received a telegram from the sender of the instant telegram and stated that she had accepted the instant telegram from the sender who had come into the exchange on April 26, 1935 at 9:51 P.M. Miss Atak further stated that the man had first asked her what the rate was for telegrams to Washington and upon being advised had sat down at the desk and had taken about 15 minutes to draft the message and then had paid the sum of 68 cents plus 3 cents tax, which she stated was about what looked like a large white muslin tobacco sack.

Continuing, Miss Atak stated that she had noticed the address sender had given and as she lived in that vicinity, she had looked him over in view of the fact that the wording of the telegram and the man's actions had frightened her and as she was just getting ready to go home she was curious to know who he was. Miss Atak stated that she had never seen the man before nor had she nor did she hear an automobile stop or start at the time the man entered and left. Miss Atak stated that she left her home immediately after the man left but did not see him anywhere.

A tracing of the man's signature and of Senator Vin Donahay's name as written by the sender was made by Agent and same is being retained in the files of this case.

The writer contacted Chief of Police E. J. Jackson and he advised that he had never heard of Louis Barthoff nor anyone with a name similar to that in the instant telegram.

Agent interviewed the following persons in the vicinity of 728 East Main St., the address given by the sender and it will be sufficient to state here that none of them have ever heard of any person by the name of Louis Barthoff.

Robert Stickney

808 East Main St.

Walter Collins

725 East Main St. This man
rents to about 5 persons in
the immediate vicinity and

Belle Hughes

Main

Eva Salts

720 East Main

O. A. DeVoe

800 East Main St. This party
has lived at this address for
40 years and stated that no
one that came (Barthoff) has
ever lived in the vicinity.

There is no such number as 725 on East Main Street.

The following description of Louis Barthoff was
obtained from Mellie Atak, Bell telephone operator, and the person
who accepted the telegram.

Name	Louis Barthoff
Residence	725 East Main St. Van Buren Orla, La. 715
Age	45
Weight	155 to 158 pounds
Color of hair	Brown, unkempt, curled out from under hat in rear
Color of eyes	Light
Complexion	Very dark
Mustache or beard	Shaved
Build	Medium
Race	White
Maturity	Advanced
Peculiarities	Wears glasses, carries money in large white muslin bag

REFERRED UPON COMPLETION TO OFFICE OF ORIGIN

34

Post Office Box #812

Chicago, Illinois

June 12th, 1935

Special Agent in Charge
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Sir:

Re: UNKNOWN SUBJECTS, PAUL MILLER,
LOUIS BARTHOFF, MISCELLANEOUS -
ASCERTAIN IDENTITY SENDERS OF
TELEGRAMS RE ALLEGED LONG DISTANCE
TELEPHONE CALLS BY AL CAPONE GANG

In view of the reallocation of territory the entire file
in the above entitled case is being transmitted herewith
for appropriate attention in your district.

The Indianapolis Office should be considered as the Office
of Origin and this matter is being considered referred
upon completion at Chicago.

Very truly yours,

E. H. PURVIS
Special Agent in Charge

AEL: LJM
62-2014
enc.

cc - Bureau

REGISTERED

62-35259

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JUN 15 1935
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

35

TWO

P.O. Box 512,
Chicago, Illinois.

206

Special Agent in Charge,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

Re: UNKNOWN SUBJECTS; PAUL MILLER;
LOUIS BARTHOFF; MISCELLANEOUS -
ASCERTAIN IDENTITY SENDERS OF
TELEGRAMS RE ALLEGED LONG DISTANCE
TELEPHONE CALLS BY AL CAPONE GANG

There are being transmitted herewith two copies of
report made by Special Agent J.W. Franz, Omaha, Nebraska,
dated June 10, 1935, for inclusion in the file recently
transferred to your office due to reallocation of terri-
tory.

Very truly yours,

M.H. PURVIS,
Special Agent in Charge.

ED
cc Bureau ✓
cc Omaha

62-35259
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
JUN 17 1935

36

REC 9

UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

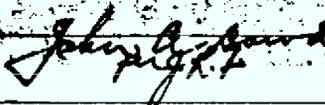
Form No. 1

THIS CASE ORIGINATED AT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FILE NO.

62-1087

REPORT MADE AT	DATE WHEN MADE	PERIOD FOR WHICH MADE	REPORT MADE BY
OMAHA, NEBRASKA	5/10/35	5/22, 24, 25/35	J. W. DRAKE
TITLE UNKNOWN SUBJECTS; PAUL MILLER; LOUIS BARTHELEMY		MISCELLANEOUS - (ADVERTISING IDENTICAL STAMPS BY AIR MAIL) IN ALLBOND LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE CALLS BY AL CAPONE (S.M.)	
SYNOPSIS OF FACTS No complaints registered with telephone companies, sheriffs' offices, Chiefs of Police, at Burlington, Muscatine, Davenport and Clinton, Iowa. No dial telephones in any Iowa city bordering Mississippi River. Remnants of Capone gang at Davenport, Iowa.			
- RUC -			
REFERENCE: Bureau letter of April 19, 1935; Bureau letter to Chicago Office, dated May 9, 1935.			
DETAILS: The following individuals were interviewed relative to any complaints they may have received from persons who had been forced to make telephone calls, as suggested in the photostatic copy of communication attached to the Bureau letter of April 19, 1935. None of these individuals have received any such complaint:-			
DETAILS: At Burlington, Iowa - Mr. H. W. Knight, Manager of the local telephone office; Chief of Police Fred J. Mackholz; Harry W. Hunt, Sheriff; At Muscatine, Iowa - Mr. W. J. Matthews, Manager of the local telephone office; Chief of Police W. S. Longstreth; V. B. Neaper, Sheriff; At Davenport, Iowa - Mr. E. W. Peterson, Manager of the Telephone Office; Chief of Police Sam Kelly; Sheriff Frank Martin.			
DO NOT WRITE IN THESE SPACES			
APPROVED AND FORWARDED: 	SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE	62-35259-8 UNITED STATES	RECORDED AND INDEXED: JUN 14 1935 CHECKED OFF: JUN 17 1935 FILED:
COPIES OF THIS REPORT FURNISHED TO: 2-Bureau 2-Chicago 1-Detroit 2-Omaha		BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION ROUTED TO:	
COPIES DESTROYED 10 SEP 29 1964		STAT. SECT.	FILE

at Clinton, Iowa - Mr. H. G. Gager, Manager of the telephone company; Chief of Police E. Kelly; Sheriff J. H. ...

The various managers of the telephone companies stated that none of the cities in Iowa, along the Mississippi River, has dial telephones; that the only cities in Eastern Iowa having dial telephones are Cedar Rapids, Iowa City and Des Moines, Iowa. They stated that if this was a matter of particular importance, a complaint should be filed with the Area Office of the Bell Telephone Company at Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. H. G. Gager is the General Manager in charge at Des Moines, Iowa.

Sheriff Frank Martin, Davenport, Iowa, informed Agent there is a remnant of the old Al Capone Gang now residing at Davenport, Iowa. Mr. John K. Wall, who was formerly connected with the old Al Capone Gang, is now operating the Casino Night Club, in Davenport, and very recently, he also took out a lease on the Montrose Hotel, at Davenport, Iowa. Sheriff Martin added he has received no complaints on the operation of either the night club or the hotel, but he has been informed that various members of the old Al Capone Gang have stopped over at the Montrose Hotel on various occasions.

As Agent found no information of value relative to the anonymous telephone calls, this case is being referred to the office of origin.

REFERRED UPON COMPLETION TO THE OFFICE OF ORIGIN.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Form No. 1
THIS CASE ORIGINATED AT **Indianapolis, Indiana.**

FILE NO. **38-38**

REPORT MADE AT Indianapolis, Indiana.	DATE WHEN MADE 9/18/35	PERIOD FOR WHICH MADE 9/8, 10, 12/35	REPORT MADE BY G. B. O'CONNELL
TITLE UNKNOWN SUBJECTS; PAUL MILLER; LOUIS BARTHOFF.		CHARACTER OF CASE MISCELLANEOUS - TO CERTAIN IDENTITY MEMBERS OF GRAND AS ALLEGED LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE CALLS BY AL CAPONE GANG	
SYNOPSIS OF FACTS: <p style="margin-left: 40px;">Four telegrams sent through Postal Telegraph Co., Fort Wayne, Ind., 4/22/35, addressed to Director of Investigation Edgar Hoover, Dept. of Justice; Secretary of Commerce Roper; Postmaster Farley; and Secretary of Treasury Mergenthau, all detailing the same information concerning long distance calls received in Indiana from Al Capone Gang in Missouri River city. Messages signed Paul Miller, 1538 Wells St. Franklin L. Bischoff residing at that address for five years, knows no Paul Miller, or anything concerning anonymous telephone calls. No complaints registered with Home Tel. & Tel. Co., nor with Ft. Wayne Police Department.</p>			
- 0 -			
REFERENCE: Bureau letter dated 5/9/35 to Chicago Bureau Office.			
DETAILS: AT FORT WAYNE, INDIANA			
<p>R. C. Hall, Manager, Fort Wayne, Indiana, office, Postal Telegraph Company, upon request of Agent reviewed all outgoing messages for April 22, 1935, looking for the original of the message addressed "Director of Investigation Edgar Hoover, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.," and with the original of the message so addressed he displayed three other messages, all signed Paul Miller, and the address 1538 Wells St. appearing on each message. All four messages are set out below:</p>			
<p>COPIES DESTROYED 40 SEP 29 1964</p>			
APPROVED AND FORWARDED: <i>[Signature]</i>	SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE	DO NOT WRITE IN THESE SPACES	
COPIES OF THIS REPORT 2 - Bureau (1 enc.) 2 - Cleveland (Info.; 1 enc.) 2 - Indianapolis		62-35259-9 JUL 18 A.M.	JUL 16 1935 JUL 22 1935

DE-INDEXED
DATE: 5-9-54
13



JUL 18 1935

[Handwritten notes and signatures]

Director of Investigation Edgar Hoover
Department of Justice Washington, D. C.

Dear Secretary:

About seven members of the Al Capone syndicate, are causing violent disturbance calls on phones long distance, day and night in Indiana. They are using four abducted phoners; three are alien Scandinavian sailors. They employ two or more dial phones in their private quarters, which can be trailed to telephone company, in some Missouri river city between Kansas City and Omaha.

Paul Miller

1628 Wells St.

Postmaster Farley
Post Office Department Washington, D. C.

Dear Secretary:

About seven members of the Al Capone syndicate are causing violent disturbance calls on phones long distance day and night in Indiana. They are using four abducted phoners three are alien Scandinavian sailors. They employ two or more dial phones in their private living quarters which can be trailed to telephone company in some Missouri river city between Kansas City and Omaha.

Paul Miller

1628 Wells St.

Secretary of Commerce Hoyer
Department of Commerce Building Washington, D. C.

Dear Secretary:

Kindly use your influence in terminating Al Capone syndicate long distance phone calls. They use four abducted phoners to use base language on home phones three being alien Sailors. They use two or more dial phones private house which can be traced to phone company on Missouri river.

Paul Miller

1628 Wells St.

Secretary of Treasury Morgenthau
Treasury Department Building Washington, D. C.

Dear Secretary:

Kindly use your influence in terminating Al Capone syndicate long distance phone calls. They use four abducted phoners to use base language on home phones three being alien sailors. They use two or more dial phones in private house which can be traced phone company on Missouri river.

Paul Miller

1628 Wells St.

The originals of the above messages show they were left at the local office at 8:30 P. M., April 25, 1935, all to go "night letter" and were received by Michael Schmitt, whose home is at Summitt, Ohio, and who terminated his employment with the Postal Telegraph Co. on June 20, 1935. At the time these messages were deposited, Schmitt was on duty alone.

Mr. Hall allowed Agent to examine the Fort Wayne city directory for 1934, which is the latest published, which, for the address given by the sender of the above-described messages listed "Franklin L. Bischoff (Alice F., 1433 Wells St., [redacted])."

The following is a listing of the Paul Miller's in the directory:
Paul E. Miller, 1849 Oakdale Drive-Anti Borax Compound Co.
Rev. Paul F. Miller-Paster, St. Paul Evan. Lutheran Church.
Paul H. Miller, 1839 Oakdale Drive, salesman-C. R. Hicks Ins. Co.
Paul H. Miller, 1304 Antoinette, ship.clerk-Ft. Wayne Drug Co.
Paul S. Miller, 304 Greenwood Ave., Knicker.
Paul Miller, 2825 Bowser Ave., Ritman-Miller Radio Service.

Inasmuch as the message sent to Senator Vic Donahay, from Van Wert, Ohio, on April 26, 1935 was signed Louis Barthoff, Agent requested that the Fort Wayne Postal Office review their files for messages delivered to, or sent by, Paul Miller, Louis Barthoff, and Franklin L. Bischoff between April 25, 1935 and May 1, 1935, which was done with negative results, no other messages being found in any of the three names between these dates than the four previously set out.

Photostatic copies of the message addressed "Director of Investigation Edgar Hoover" were obtained for such value as may be contained in having photostats of the sender's handwriting. One photostat is accompanying copies of this report to the Bureau, and one is being sent to the Cleveland Office, in which file there is contained tracing of the signature "Louis Barthoff". One copy is being retained in the Indianapolis Office file.

E. J. Ford, Supervisor of Collections, Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, 305 E. Berry Street, stated that no complaints of the nature complained of in the telegrams had come to his attention, and after he had contacted other executives of the Company, stated that nothing pertaining to such messages being received in Fort Wayne or elsewhere was known to the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Dan W. Kintz, Captain of Detectives, Fort Wayne Police Department, stated that he knew nothing of telephone calls of the nature complained of. Asked about Franklin L. Bischoff, he said there was no criminal record on Bischoff, and that he knew both Bischoff and his father.

Continuing, Captain Kintz said that he knew of no Miller residing with Bischoff, and that he believed the latter works as an engine hostler with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Sergeant E. G. Frankfather, Bureau of Identification, N. Y. State Police Department, after a review of the files, stated there were no criminal records in the names of Franklin L. Bischoff or Louis Bartholomew. Sergeant Frankfather gave the following records on persons arrested under the name of Paul Miller:

8/12/33. [REDACTED] with aliases Paul Edward Miller, [REDACTED]

8/15/30. Paul R. Miller #2376, alias [REDACTED]

C. A. Taylor, Chief Clerk, Pennsylvania Railroad, Fort Wayne Division, 1401 South Clinton St., stated that Franklin L. Bischoff had the following employment record with the Company:

Started 11/26/24 as a laborer; dropped 12/28/24. Re-employed 10/10/27 as engine wiper; resigned 1/9/28 to better himself, 10/22/29 hired as a hostler helper; 10/2/31 changed to admit laborer; 5/9/32 furloughed. Re-employed 7/12/33 as hostler helper; employment continuous to present time.

The duties of a hostler helper according to Mr. Taylor, are to fire engines coming from the engine house to the passenger depot. He further obtained the following information as to Bischoff's work record on April 26, 27, and 28, 1935:

4/26/35. 12 M. to 3 P. M., hostler helper.

4/27/35. 12M. to 3 P. M., hostler helper.

4/28/35. Off duty on account of it being his relief day.

On working days, Mr. Taylor stated that Bischoff would not be out of the terminal during his working hours.

There was no application or file in the name of Bischoff, but the office record indicated that he was born October 17, 1904 at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

After several unsuccessful attempts were made to contact Bischoff at his home, he was contacted by telephone and came to the Anthony Hotel where he was interviewed by Agent. He stated that he has resided at 1628 Wells Street for five years with his wife and children, and that during this period no other persons have resided at the above address. He said

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that he knows no Paul Miller or Louis Barthoff and could not identify anyone from the description of the sender of the messages from Van Wert, Ohio, as set out in report of Special Agent W. E. Smith, Cleveland, Ohio, dated May 29, 1935.

Questioned further, Franklin Bischoff could give no information concerning telephone calls of the nature referred to in the telegrams previously set out, and stated emphatically that he was not the sender of the messages from Fort Wayne and that he had not been in Van Wert, except to pass through while driving, for a number of years.

From Agent's dictation, Mr. Bischoff wrote the following in lead pencil, since the original telegrams were prepared in pencil, and his handwriting did not seem to compare with the handwriting in the original messages on file with the Postal Telegraph Company. This specimen of his handwriting is being retained in the Indianapolis office file:

Handwriting specimen: Quote "Paul Miller, Louis Bischoff, Sec. of Commerce Reper. Sec. of Treasury Morganthau. Director of investigation Edgar Hoover. Dear Secretary."

The following description obtained through observation and questioning of Bischoff is set out:

Name:	Franklin L. Bischoff
Address:	1628 Wells Street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Age:	51 (should be 50; born 10/17/84)
Height:	72 inches.
Weight:	172 pounds.
Build:	Medium.
Hair:	Brown.
Eyes:	Brown.
Complexion:	Fair.
Features:	Small moustache.

It will be noted that the description of Bischoff does not compare with that set out of the sender of the message from Van Wert, Ohio, on April 26, and it is further noted that Bischoff was employed on April 26 until 8 P. M., which is Central Standard Time, while the sender of the message at Van Wert, Ohio, called to deposit his message at 9:51 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Reference letter stated that no detailed investigation should be made, and since fictitious addresses were used in sending the messages from both places, it is assumed that the names, too, are fictitious. Accordingly, the Paul Miller's listed in the Fort Wayne city directory were not contacted, nor are any leads being set out to continue this investigation, it being left to the discretion of the Bureau if this matter should be further developed.

CLOSED