

mountain.

"Just about that bird over there!" Capone nods towards the

"Dumb!" Dago speaks through the corner of his mouth.

"The kid!"

"O.K." Dago assures Capone. "Italian."

"I see," Capone nods, his eyes narrowing.

"Capone's in the Shoe Shop!" "Hey, Whitey, they assigned Capone to the Shoe Shop." "Say, did you hear? Al's working in the Shoe Shop! Yeah, Capone! In the Shoe Shop!"

Thus, the news of Capone's "soft" assignment raced through the prison. And, of course, we are not amazed at the consternation this assignment causes. Others, however, determine to investigate the authenticity of the rumor. And curious as we have proved we are, we decide to tag along. Of course, we can't walk in the Shoe Shop just for the purpose

of seeing if Capone works there. We must have some excuse. Well, what better excuse than to have rubber heels put on our shoes? The very thing!

Deliberately and with satisfaction of curiosity beforehand, we each remove one of our rubber heels. There! Now we have a valid and plausible excuse for asking for and being granted permission to visit the Shoe Shop. . . and see Capone at work (!)

As we enter the building and climb the stairs leading to the first floor, we see to our left many men ironing "whites". . . pillowslips, sheets - and as we look closer, linen belonging to the oilmen and guards employed in the institution. We are not so interested in this just now; we came to see Capone work. We turn to the right, and there, sitting in a large Morris chair, is Capone, a magazine in his right hand, a cigar in the left. He does not look up as one of the inmates approaches us and we explain our difficulty. We remove our shoes, hand them to the inmate, and he attaches new rubber heels. Our eyes, meanwhile, are glued on Capone. We wonder why the guard, standing nearby, does not reprimand him. How pompous he seems sitting there motionlessly dressed in his robin-egg blue shirt, black tie, creamed and bleached denim pants, silk socks and flanneling. The guard must have observed us whispering. He stares at us. We become frightened.

Then, to our sheer amazement, he walks over to Capone!

"What about washing these windows?" he asks, no trace of condescension in his voice.

"Who wash what windows?" growls Capone, rolling the magazine into a clublike resemblance.

"Each man's got it to do once a week. You're the new man here, and it's the custom for a new man to do it his first week."

"You're telling me! Yeah! Well, this new man don't wash no windows, See!" indifferently.

"That's how you feel about it?" The guard is uncertain how to proceed with this rebellious celebrity.

"Don't right! And what you gotta' do about it?" Insolence! the guard reflects. But dare he do anything about it?

It might be easier for one of the ignorant mountaineers to wash the windows, and thus save himself probable embarrassment by a reprimand from his superiors.

"Say, you!" he calls to a 300 pound mountain of flesh badly engaged sweeping the floor. "Drop that broom and get to those windows."

They got to be washed."

The mountaineer, who had heard Capone refusing to do the work, strides over to the guard. They are both legs than five feet from His Majesty as he sits ostentatiously in his comfortable Morris chair.

"I washed them that windows last time, Mister. It aint my turn now," he addresses the guard humbly.

"Well, I'm giving you orders. You'll wash them, or ---"

"Say, that guy aint no better'n me." The mountaineer's fire has been aroused and he is unconscious that he is pointing the broom at Capone.

"If he's too damn' good to wash them windows, then, by God, so am I! Aint nobody gotta' put nothin' over on me. I been yer too long fer that, Mister. I'm just a ignorant mountaineer, maybe, and I got five years yer for makin' a gallon corn liquor, but I aint no killer and no robber, like that guy!"

(He shakes the broom at Capone).

"And you all! Aint no man yet cum yer that wa'nt do somethin'. Maybe you all are a big shot outside, but in yer yer's just another corner. Like me and everybody else. And ---"

Capone rises from his chair, throws the magazine into the hollow of the cushion he leans behind, doubles his fists and swings at the mountaineer. His fist lands on the mountaineer's jaw. The mountaineer swings his broom above his head and brings its straw end down on Capone's

Capone becomes furious. Six convicts rush the mountaineer.

He seems to us like a huge, angry, snarling bull being brought in for slaughter. The brown is cast aside and he grabs the first thing his crazed eyes fall upon - a chair. He rears it above his head, twists it once and hurls it at Capone, now standing back in what he feels is a safe place. The chair, flying through the air, barely grazes Capone's head, crashes through the window and hangs on the iron bars.

The guard shouts for order. His shouts are ignored as Capone rushes towards and clinches with the mountaineer. The club in the guard's hand cannot be used unless he is attacked. His muscles ache to ignore this order. He wants to bring the club down on someone's head, but dares not, without justification. The entire floor is in an uproar. Capone is uncertain just how great is his strength compared to that of the mountaineer's. After all, he begins to realize, the mountaineer has been in prison longer than he, and has many friends of whom he (Capone) is ignorant. It might be best . . .

"Wait a minute!" Capone shouts, his hand upraised, his head thrown back. "What the hell's a matter with you guys? This is my soap. Now listen, you!" He points a shaking finger at the mountaineer. "You're ain't to get in the hole. If you don't wanna wash the windows, O.K. Some body else will. But you're gotta get yourself in a jam if you try to tell me what to do. Get me?"

"I'll wash 'em, Al," an inmate offers. "I don't mind washin' 'em."

The guard orders them to their respective duties, seeing in this offer a solution to his difficulties. But Hollis he muses, he's got to make a report. Hollis, that's that!

"Capone's on the spot!" "Capone's on the spot!" "Capone was clipped in the shoe shop! You! Get written up!"

The rumors spread. Sometimes they are exaggerated conceptions of the incident; again, diminished ones. The prisoners are on edge. They've been waiting for this! Been expecting it. It just had to happen sooner or later. And now. . . !

It is the 1:00 P.M. stockade hour. The prisoners employed in the Duck Mill Industries (comprising the majority of inmates) are permitted stockade between 12:30 and 1:00 P.M. They then return to their duties. At 1:00 P.M. the clerical force, kitchen and hospital workers, and a few others, are permitted stockade for an hour. From 2:00 to 3:00 P.M. another group have their stockade period. The Shoe Shop and Tailor Shop details are permitted stockade from 3:20 until 4:15 P.M.

He follows Capone to the Deputy Warden's Office, accompanied by Captain Fry, Captain Head and the guard assigned to the Shoe Shop.

"Well, Capone," begins the Deputy Warden, "you're getting off with a good start. What's the trouble?"

"Aint no trouble," sneers Capone.

The Deputy looks at the guard's written report.

"Mr. Yates seems to think there was. He reports you refused

to obey his order to wash the windows. You must remember, you're in the

penit--"

"I aint washing no windows, see?" Capone snaps. "I didn't

come here to wash windows. I come here --"

"Wait a minute! Just a minute!" The Deputy jumps to his feet, anger and rage engulfing him. "This is a penal institution. You are expected to obey the rules and regulations. Every man here has work assigned him. Your duties in the Shoe Shop demand you repair shoes. If there are other duties -- whatever the guard assigns you to do -- you are to perform them. Now, you have my orders. You'll do what you're told to do!"

"I'll go to the hole first!" Capone spits.

"Then you'll go to the hole!" retorts the exasperated Deputy

Warden. "Captain --"

Capone raises a restraining hand. "No you don't, Deputy."

Hold on there a minute, you!" He points his finger at the Deputy Warden. They are less than ten feet apart, facing each other hostilely. Captain Fry, Captain Head and the Guard, Mr. Yates, block the door. "Before you put me in the hole I want to talk to my lawyer. You got no right to put me in the hole! None at all, got me!"

"I have the right to inflict whatever punishment I feel you or anyone else who shows rebellion, deserves. Now you're not going to see your lawyer. And you're not going to tell me how to run this institution! Understand this, Capone. I'm Deputy Warden here. Not you. You'll either obey orders or suffer the consequence for refusing to obey them."

The situation is a dramatic one. Capone's throne is being pulled. His face is livid with rage. He is being stripped of his armor and conceals, in a defiant attitude as if across his hands on his hips and stares at the Deputy Warden. Captain Fry and Captain Head look on, and Captain Head's fingers tightly gripping his club while Captain Fry's hands are porting as they circle the oaken cane he always carries. Mr. Yates, all at once, holds his club in readiness. In his eyes shines a threatened desire to use it.

"Now get this! Once and for all time, I mean, too! I'll do anything that's reasonable. But I ain't gonna do no window washing. I ain't gonna do no floor scrubbing. And I ain't gonna do nothing you fellows tell me to do if I feel like I'm being humiliated!"

The King has spoken! The Deputy, a wise man, and capable of successfully handling a man in such a crisis, resumes his seat.

"Capone," he says, "are you telling me what you're going to do?"

"No, I'm not. I'm telling you what I ain't gonna do. Take it or leave it!"

The Deputy Warden's mind is busy weighing a decision that will avoid trouble, yet, one that will impress upon Capone that he's not going to get by with his attitude.

"Capone, I'm going to dismiss you this time. But bear in mind, the next time you come before me on a report by a guard, I'm going to be less lenient."

As Capone turns and makes his exit the Deputy Warden, Captain Fry, Captain Head and Mr. Yates go into conference. Capone returns to the Shoe Shop.

removes it from the thing that fastens it there. He is about to withdraw it when Mr. Hughes rises and speaks.

"Come of that! Out it! What you got there?"

Capone jumps to his feet, the child in his arms frightened and fearful. The movement enables him to conceal the small parcel on his person. The ensuing excitement caused by the women rising to their feet, their chattering, and Capone's words, frighten the guard.

"Put the kid down," Mr. Hughes gruffly orders.

"Who the hell you talking to?" demands John Capone, rushing towards Mr. Hughes. "That's my brother, get me! I'll break your damned neck if you talk to him like that!"

"I got the right to love the kid, ain't I?" asks Capone, his voice apologetic.

"Maybe you have. But you're not supposed to be slipped something," argues Mr. Hughes.

"Who was slipped something?" begs Capone.

"You! I seen it!" answers Mr. Hughes.

"Listen, you!" John Capone speaks, "when we come visit here we don't come slip Al something, and we don't want no scene. I'll report you to the warden for this, unless you apologize to my brother now. You ain't seen anything, and there's nothing been done wrong." John's voice has become more persuasive as his hand withdraws a wallet from his coat pocket.

"You're not supposed to touch the child again until she leaves,"

Mr. Hughes informs Capone.

"All right," Al answers peevishly, winking at John. "Here, Ken, you take her." He hands the child to his mother. The visit ends as a guard steps in and signifies the hour is up.

After affectionate farewells and the promise to return on the morrow, they file out, and are escorted to the front. Capone is then permitted to return to the Shoe Shop. It is the twenty-fourth of the month, and he will receive another visit on the twenty-fifth and another on the twenty-sixth. Three days! Very much can be accomplished in three days. . . But

"He'll have to arrange for another guard. Hughes was sorta nasty," he continued. "Dangerous. Gotta be more careful next time. Might've slides to an inmate."

"Where the hell did I put it. Yes, here it is."

searched me and found it. Where the hell was it? Well, boys, you're going to get your money. I'll keep you quiet for another month, anyhow. Have to find another way to get this stuff in. Shouldn't bother with it. Won't do to get caught red-handed and the Dog Eat on my tail again. Son-of-a-----!"

Capone places his heavy coat over his shoulders, takes the small parcel from his shirt bosom, and goes down the stairs to the shoe shop lavatory, withdraws the small parcel from his shirt bosom, and goes down the stairs to the shoe shop lavatory, withdraws the small parcel from his shirt bosom, and goes down the stairs to the shoe shop lavatory.

slips it in a slit cut in the cuff of her pants. Almost time to

He returns to his Morris chair and relaxes. Sure is tiring. . .

...tiring today, mind you.

quit work. And five days a dam, thing was. Reaching his cell a few minutes later he changed pants, knowingly leaving the hidden parcel in those removed. They are rolled into a bundle and striped, with a cleached blue shirt and two sheets, in a pillowlip, for laundering. The last place they'd look for anything, if there's a "shieldown" - (a shieldown is a thorough search of a man's personal effects. Sometimes there are individual "shieldowns" - when an inmate "informs" another inmate, and sometimes a general "shieldown" - when it is believed sufficient contraband something to warrant the "shieldown").

The next morning, as uniforms are changed, the laundryman takes the next morning's change of clothes from the prisoners and slips it into a large canvas bag. The prisoner's change of clothes is thrown into a large canvas basket along with his precious parcel of drugs is thrown into a large canvas basket. Other inmates throw in towels, too. When the basket is filled it is wheeled to the laundry. Each article of clothing and linen bears the inmate's number. Each basket bears the cell house designation from which it came. The underwear, on the lookout for laundry from "A" cell from which it came. The underwear is to be separated -- sheets and towels, spots the conveyor. The laundry is to be separated -- sheets and towels, spots the conveyor.

"46586, 40806, 40506." The number 40506 was the number of the "unlabeled" mind as he anxiously glances at the numbered pieces in search for 40566.

"Ah!" he sighs, hesitating in his mechanical discarding of other bundles. He raises his eyes to see how close a guard may be. "If I make out O.K. . . ." He snorts the pieces behind a pile of dirty linen. Feels the cuffs of the pants. A beaming light gleams from his swollen eyes. It's there! Nervous fingers push it through the almost invisible slit. . . . The parcel drops into his itching palm, is quickly slipped in his pocket and his work ended --- for the time being.

Glancing furtively about to insure that he has not been observed by other inmates or a guard, he walks out of the building and towards the hospital. He leaves his way to Doc, the inmate chiropodist. Doc is awaiting him. Doc is a frail, dark individual. He wears tortoise shell pince-nez. Large brown eyes are sunk in dark-lined eye sockets in his typically criminal face. Thick, plastered iron-gray hair gave him a dignified appearance, yet does not rob him of the consumptive ravishes he has suffered from repeated prison terms.

Doc has peered through the private grapevine operated by Capone, that the "stuff" got in O.K. Jenkins enters Doc's office and closes the door behind him. The parcel is delivered. Doc opens it, slips Jenkins his share, then hastily removes his false teeth. The small, valuable package of drugs is emptied into a contraceptive. The contraceptive is flattened, hurriedly reboxed and the contraceptive then sealed with glue and accurately placed against Doc's palate. The false teeth are replaced. Jenkins, his coat unfastened by Doc, departs. Doc destroys the remaining evidence - the container in which the drug arrived, and is ready to return to 'A' base -

Let a word be uttered during the entire exchange of possession. Jenkins' words are placed at strategic points throughout the institution, and Doc knows one is reported in his cubbyhole office. Exactly where he has seen Doc walk to town. Too wise for them birds, he soliloquizes. Bump! Doc is in, I been in every jail from Florida to Washington State - "Doc! Doc! Doc!" I been in stir in the best joints in the country. Die! Just as well use them in a deaf and dumb school as around me! But let us follow Doc as he tidies up his little place and knows for 'A' in effect, where he'll remain until the dinner gong summons him back to the official where he enjoys an excellent diet. He is nervous

and apprehensive. He's "hot". If you ask him. Not in the sense that anyone seen talking to him is later questioned by Captain Head. Not in the sense that he has clothed himself with a "record" that is the envy of more desperate characters who find prison a lucrative place to abide, and his "reputation" makes of him a hero unto himself. A braggart. A boaster. "Loaded" with drugs he's in no humor to hold a conversation with anyone. And Head might stop him en route to 'A' basement --- which he frequently does --- and "shake him down". Damned shrimp! Always pulling me in that room and making me remove my clothes. Examining me thoroughly! Well, I'm too smart for him. . . No matter where he looks he's not getting wise to me! Yet!

He effuses an insouciant air as he literally preenes through the corridor. There's Head --- waiting as usual! Well, we'll see, you little so-and-so! Blumpf! Let me by! Thought sure he'd nab me this time. Boy, I got to get rid of this P.D.Q!

Doc reaches the practically deserted basement. The clerical force doesn't start getting in until 11:25 A.M., Got ten minutes to "plant it". He walks boldly into his stall, unlocks his locker and produces a carton of Camel cigarettes. The table at which he sits is concealed behind a sheet draped on wires. One would not know he were in there unless he walked in and saw him. And WD dare walk in Doc's stall -- unannounced or unwitted!

Each package of cigarettes is carefully opened and the drug, in small quantities, wrapped in tissue paper, inserted where cigarette tobacco has been removed. The package of cigarettes is re-sealed, and it is returned to the carton from which it came. The carton is not re-sealed.

An inmate cannot buy more than two cartons of cigarettes at one time. He is not supposed to have more than two cartons in his possession at any one time, regardless of how he came into possession of them. Realizing the danger of having any excess, Doc does not risk retaining more than the allotment. However, he has more grains of heroin and morphine than he is allowed to distribute to Wagon's henchmen and friends. It must be planted! Would never do to lose it! Too damn' much trouble getting more. And it means the hole, if caught.

He steps out of his stall, No. 25, and walks around to No. 9, on the North Side. No. 9 is occupied by Berg. A Duro, serving six years for counterfeiting. Doc and Berg were inmates at St. Quentin several years ago. Berg is assigned as Photographer. We are aware that Berg and Doc are "pretty thick". We never know why. Berg is sitting on his bunk, reading. We can't see the name of the book, but we feel that he is expecting Doc, for without any apparent interest in the book he rises, and both step back behind the draped sheet in Berg's stall. We cannot hear their conversation as clearly as we would like to, but we do hear Doc's voice in a vehement whisper. Berg talks with a broken accent.

"... and down in the Dark Room."

"Up there, as you never used to do," I hilde it, Doc."

"Yeah, I love you," and don't forget where

I told you I did it. Most

"Well, Doc, don't be foolish."

You'll get your money before you

leave the joint."

Bob stands out above the crowd, and he emerges from the few minutes later to join the line. He is the last to arrive, waiting the signal to dinner. He is the first to leave, waiting the signal to dinner. He is the last to leave, waiting the signal to dinner. He is the first to leave, waiting the signal to dinner.

[illegible]

He looks for and sees the

[illegible]

Simple, isn't it? That's his consolation as he remembers the other two are to be delivered up in the ward. Well, Fugate can take care of that, if I can't get up.

And they are handed to Fugate, as she drops in on Doc to have her feet examined, two hours later.

Thus are Capone's dangerous enemies and needed friends brought!

Another month passes. We were unable to learn how the two succeeding visits of Capone's passed, but we do learn that Mr. Bishop, next in command to Lieutenant Oliver, was the guard assigned to them. And this seems all the more interesting because Mr. Bishop spends the greater part of the day in the radio control room, with Colbeck. Naturally, we are curious to know why he is again on this month's (July's) visit by Capone's relatives. Odd, we think, that he should be selected. Mr. Bishop, we have since learned, is a very congenial sort. In fact, as well liked by the inmates as is Captain Madden, whereas they'd mob any of the other officers in comparison.

Capone's wife sits beside him in the Guards' Room. Our unconcealed resentment threatens to divulge our presence. However, we respectfully smother a gasp of astonishment as they sit there in a fond embrace. He dearly loves his wife --- there's no question about it. Her blond beauty has made him her slave. She is faithful, one can see. And she'll wait for him. . . if it's a hundred years! Yes, she's telling him so. But he answers that it won't be a hundred. . . that it'll be only until the first year is ended.

"But Al, how can you do it?" she feebly remonstrates.

"Listen, I needn't tell you I can have anything done. I

wait soon here no time, Forey, and I'm getting anything I want. Money, money, money! It buys even Washington!"

"But Al, dear, who in the world can do anything for you besides the Attorney General? That is, so far as your freedom is concerned!"

"Money, I'm not telling you anything but that this time next year you and I'll be together --- outside! Honest, I'm not kidding. I mean it, baby. You think I'd tell you that if it wasn't so?"

"Oh, if I could only believe it!" Her jeweled red-tipped fingers press his arm. "You don't know, dear, how I've cried night after night. . . Day in and day out. . . since you've been here. It's maddening! Cruel! Sometimes I fear I'll lose my reason. I can't help it, Darling. I can't!"

"You try to make me feel content with the thought that it is better and safer for you here than if you hadn't come. Honey, they'd never have done anything to you back home. You know very well they dared not! Not with the power you had for revenge. But if you feel that it was a God-send, you must know. Everything happens for the best, sweetheart, and I suppose God knows what He's doing when He takes you away from me and lets them put you here." Mrs. Capone is torn between her desire for Al and the atrocities that he had not had his fears materialized by the lead slugs from an enemy's machine gun.

"Mr. Bishop'll tell you, Honey, I want for nothing. Not a thing! Say, Mom, since I lookin' swell? Been playin' tennis and getting some of that fat off. Got a six bath every morning; a steam bath three times a week; three rub downs a week; and the best food money can buy. It's like a hotel here --- except I can't leave when I want to. Now, what more could a convict desire?"

Capone laughs as he refers to himself as a "convict". The

family join the laughter, but it is a restrained laughter on their part.

Mr. Bishop displays a broad, encouraging smile. "That ain't a 'I, either. Look at this!" Capone opens his shirt and discloses to them an extensive pink silk undershirt. "Drawers, too," he smiles. "And look at this!" He calls their attention to the stitches in a specially tailored diamond blue shirt. "Made to order! Paris, too."

"A, Mom, I'll be warden here if I have to stay. Mark my word! You'll go if I have a conviction of a 'pen'!"

all laugh heartily. "Not a word about business, Al. You got the list of names

on wrote about John Capone is spending. "Not a word about business, Al. You got the list of names

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the Officers' Mess got to me there. Had to quit eating in the cell for a while. Something blew up. . . Head got wise, and before I got caught Doc ordered it sent to his place. Bishop here keeps me posted so that keeps me from getting nabbed red-handed. They know it's been getting to me, but they can't catch me with it."

"But you got \$300.00 a month until further orders," complains

John.

"That's right. It's worth it. Besides, his kids are sick and they need it. His wife's an invalid."

"What's this --- Fenters; \$500.00?"

"That's the guy what has charge of the Officers' Mess. All

you got to do is get the correct names and addresses from Mr. Bishop when he meets you in town at whatever place he says. You gotta be careful you don't get seen. I just got the notations. The rest'll work out between you two."

"What's this mean down here --- Auburn?"

"Oh, yeah. An Auburn car. Fenters is planning on getting a car, and I understand from Henschel --- Say, am I got him down for \$250.00 a month? --- he wants an Auburn. Sort of surprise, you know. Now listen, John, ain't no use you thinking I'm being held up, for I ain't. I ain't out-ride now. I gotta pay for what I got. Everyone here who wants anything's got to pay for it, some way. And that's dirt cheap?"

"But do you realize how much this amounts to a month?" John

asks.

"I never figure anything. I got it, and I'm spending it. For food, really. You and Tom got all you need. That's my money. I'd spend or gamble it outside, wouldn't I? Well, what's the difference?"

"But all, I'm not looking at it that way. I'm talking about the fish. You want to make parole, don't you? According to this you're taking \$700.00 worth of risk a month. Can't you realize ---"

"The hell with the risk. They can't --- they won't do nothing

to me."

"But think of these other men. Suppose it is for your own . . ."

"They got perfect alibis. Leave that to them."

"Mr. Bishop, I suppose you understand just ---"

"No need to explain to me, John. I see Al every day. I keep my eyes and ears open. He's right. You can't get anything done for you here unless you pay for it. If a fellow types a letter for another, he gets a carton of cigarettes for his trouble. If he types court papers, he gets five cartons. Some of them have their wives send money to other fellows, wives, mothers, sisters and so on. It's done every day and a hundred times a day," explains Mr. Bishop.

"That's understood," agrees John, still dissatisfied with Al's generosity, and feeling that Al is being "taken for a raw". "I don't want anything happen that would jeopardize his parole."

"He's got nothing to worry about. Your Senator assures him he'll be out here in a year. He oughta know. He's been in conference with Roosevelt, ain't he?" Bishop is not quite sure Al's information regarding this is on the up and up. He takes this opportunity to verify it. After all, Al's made him some pretty steep promises. He's tired of being a guard. Stars on his sleeves don't keep his wife satisfied. Money! Money's what the wife wants and needs. Gravel, maybe. Lots of it. Others like the Graders. . . why can't he?"

"Yes," speaks Al's mother. "I was with him when he said he would do what he could for my Al. Senator Lewis is sincere. He took me direct to the President and I heard every word he said. But you know how politicians are. Al always said that, and that's why we hesitate to believe everything that is promised."

"Aw, Mom, quit singing the blues," laughs Al. "I tell you I'm getting out soon's I done a year. The public would raise a helluva stink if they turned me out sooner. Besides, the lawyers are working on an appeal. If I can't make it one way, I'll make it the other. See? Why worry about it? Sure I want to get out! The damned place is killing me. And I never hear one day to the next what's goin' to happen. Now wait a minute....no need to get upset. See, there you go! When I try to tell you something that's on my mind you all get worked up and scared. Every damned time it's the same thing!"

Capone is pestered and suddenly turns away from his wife, who is visibly upset by his inference. She begs he calm himself, and argues his she is not upset. She can't help how his mother feels. . . "Well, shut I trying to quiet her?" she protests. "By God, Al, I can't stop her from getting excited if you're going to be telling her you're in danger all the time. You make me mad!"

Mr. Alphonse Capone is now angry. John holds his tongue, a forlorn, exasperated look upon his features. "These women! How he detests them. Mother's always so easily upset. Al had no business saying that. . . should have had more sense. . . All I'll hear now till next month is: 'I wonder if anything happened to Al. I dreamed last night. . .'"

"Hell!" exclaims John, unable to control his emotion. He drops a half burned cigarette to the floor, decisively steps on and crushes it, and as if giving vent to his feelings, grinds it under his heel.

Al's mother audibly weeps. There is a knock at the door. Al recovers their dignity. . . Mrs. Alphonse Capone rushes back to the other side of the table, and when Mr. Bishop answers "all right!" a guard walks in, announces the hour is up, and the visitors prepare to leave.

Fond farewells. . . embraces. . . kisses. . . and tears. And once again the promise to return on the morrow.

"Al, what you need is arch supports. I can make you a pair that'll give your feet the proper rests. You see, you're heavy, and walking over the tennis courts in tennis shoes don't help a lot. Now, for instance, look at these . . . I made these for Miss Fugle. You know how big and fat she is! Well, this is the second pair. The first pair gave her such comfort that she brought her sister in. You know, of course, it's against rules for us inmates to do anything for outsiders. But hell, I make arch supports for most of the guards, and civilians and their families. There's Mr. Snelgers. . . he's brought his wife and daughter in, and I fixed them O. K. Then, there's - - -"

"How do ya get by with it?" Al interrupts Doc. "Does the warden know?"

"Say," brags Doc. "I take care of that." A thrilling sense of importance flows through his being as he --- a mouse telling a lion how powerful he is (and the lion believing it!) --- relates what "connections" he has made.

"Look at this!" Doc removes the shoe and sock from his left foot. "I operated on that myself! The doctors here started it, but they bungled the job. You know what we've got here? Just a bunch of quacks. If they were any good they'd have a practice outside instead of working for \$100.00 or \$125.00 a month in here. Anyhow, after they operated it hurt like hell. Then I decided to do it myself. I applied a local anesthetic, and ain't been troubled with it since. I know my business. You know yours! If---"

"What kind of 'connections' you got?" inquires the foxey Capone, his interest aroused.

"What kind do you need?" asks Doc.

"All kinds," Al smiles.

"But you got connections. How about Bishop? Adams? Fentor?"

"Yeah, but you never know when one of them's gonna get bumped off with the goods. And they're no good to me after they're caught. I gotta get money in here. Some of the guys don't want snaffles. They want cash. Greenbacks!" Capone conveys an attitude of impatience.

"How much, for instance?"

"How much what?" asks Al.

"How much do you want in?"

"Couple thousand, anyhow. See, some of the 'scams' won't have it sent to their wives. That's their business, of course. Wives are dangerous, they say. I gotta get it to them without any in-between party."

"I'll handle your cash. I'm here on a four year stretch. I'll do about three years, if I miss parole. I can't make it, I know. I made it last time I was here because I had Dr. Wilson fix up a letter that I wouldn't live thirty days more. That was in '25. I got out on parole on that letter. And I got a record, you know that! And damned if I didn't get in stir again!"

"You got a pretty bad 'rep' around here, Doc. I'd like to do

business with you, but some of the old timers tell me you 'rat'."

"Who rats?" Doc is offended. His dark brown eyes flash. "Why those rotten b----- have been jealous of me since I been here. Look! (Doc picks up a small piece of thread and wraps it around his finger) That's how I can handle these quacks here. I know plenty, see? I give you my word! I can handle these quacks here. You know, though, it costs!"

"Yeah!" with a disdainful turn of the head Capone acknowledges "I know. I know! But all right. See what you can do. I want \$3000.00 brought in. Don't bother me with details, understand? I want a list made up of the guys what's supposed to get it, and how much. You're to take care of that end, and deliver. Got me? If you come across O.K. . .

Cut You'll get yours."

Doc is deeply grateful and affected. His nervousness deserts him and leaves him breathless, as Capone, satisfied with himself and his new conquest, raises his exit.

"Three Grand!" whispers Doc. "Three Grand! Jesus, more than I've ever seen! Boy, let me get my hands on that! Lemme see, now - - If I lose it. . . or if I tell him head bumped me off with it, how in Hell will he feel about it? Boy, that's a clint!"

Doc loses himself in dreams of splendour. He visions himself rolling away from the penitentiary in an elegant motor car. "All dolled up" in a prison outfit for him. No sir! He'll have a made-to-order suit sent in.

... on his endless collation of success. He builds

[illegible]

"I know, sir. I have used every effort to trace its source, but am up against a stone wall. No. No, sir, it is not being dropped from air planes. I have given the tower guards particular instructions regarding observing them. . . Who? He's a guard here! . . Is that so? What makes you think ---? All right, I'll wait on it from that angle."

As he replaces the French telephone he sighs, "Well, I'm a ---!"

"What's that?" asks Mr. Wrenn, his clerk.

Captain Head ignores the query. He is lost in a maze of unbelief. One of his trusted men bringing in drugs! Unbelievable! Incredible! Preposterous! But then, would his informant have mentioned the name if there wasn't some foundation for his suspicion? One never knows . . . in a pentecostary!

Well, he thinks as he rises with difficulty and lack of energy, nothing like taking a tip. Tips sometimes prove fruitful. And other times a will-o'-the-wisp. But this one . . .

"I got it!" Captain Head exclaims, forgetting Mr. Wrenn is closely observing his features. "Smith is Guard in the Duck Mill. He gets regular treatments from Dunlap, the chiropodist. So does Capone! I knew that Dunlap worked on Capone's feet as a bluff. I got it! Call the hospital and have them send Dunlap over. I want to see him at once!

"No. . . wait a minute! I'll go over there. Better to bust in on him unexpectedly. I'm going to the hospital, if anyone wants me."

Captain Head, his short steps unusually fast, hastens to the hospital.

Knowing Doc as we do, we realize the fruitlessness of following Captain Head to listen to the cross-examination. We look at each other and smile wryly. We are confident Doc will have a perfect alibi. He can't be frightened into believing Head's got the goods on him, so far as delivering "dope" is concerned. Head catch me! Say, it'd take a heaver lot smarter guy than Head to get anything on me. I've been in more joints than Head can count. Like to take a sock at him sometime! Just my size, too! Lose Good time, though. And I can't do that. Not now, anyhow. Am on the road to plenty.

Yet, to satisfy our curiosity we eavesdrop on the conversation.

"But I tell you, Captain, I've not even seen any, least of all handed it. You got no proof. You're surmising, that's all. Well, you're wasting time, Captain, if you think I'm handling it. That's straight from the shoulder."

"And you deny that Capone doesn't buy it for the men here?"

"I don't know what Capone buys. I don't fool with him. He's hot, and I know it. All I got to do with him is 'send his feet. That's my duty. I do that for any convict. He don't mean a damn' thing to me, and I don't have a damn' thing to do with him. That's my word!"

"Your word!" sneers Captain Head. "What is your word against the word of five others?"

"Five others!" gasps Doc. For it is exactly five to whom he had delivered drugs. "Five who?" he demands, recovering his poise.

"So you do know something!" exclaims Captain Head. "Well, out with it. . ."

"I don't know anything, and I told you you can't prove anything." Doc retaliates, realizing now that Head was bullying him into a confession. "You can put me in the hole from now till my short time date, but I still won't know anything!"

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" Head is sarcastic. "But I'm going to get you yet, Dunlap. I'm not warning you, mind! I'm telling you!" With these parting words Head makes an exit. Doc climbs into the patient's chair -- similar to a barber's chair -- and smokes a smile of victory as he heads on the cushion head-rest and exhales cigarette smoke.

"Pretty smart!" he murmurs. "Betcha life I am, Captain."

"Too damned smart for you, anyhow. If you were so smart you wouldn't put me wise. Ha ha! What they need here is a bunch of 'cons'. They'd know how to find things out. Dope! Say, Shrimp, I wouldn't touch dope in here again if it meant my freedom. . . Not after you let me know you're hot on my tail for it, and me with the chance I got now to get rich!" Doc emphasizes his mental resolve by banging his small clenched fist on the arm rest.

A glowing laugh escapes Doc's throat. He's won the tilt and is in a position now to put Capone on his guard. That's the kind of work he'll do for the Big Boy. . . Keep him posted on the bigger things. . . On bugs bursting. . . shakedowns. He'll make himself so valuable to the Big Boy it'll be just too bad for anyone who tries to "cut-in" on him. The Big Boy's his man, and he's going to get it!

"Now listen. I've told you before, and this is the last time ---

Don't sneak up on me on the yard! Don't come near me. I can't be seen talking with everyone. You'll have me so damned 'hot' I won't be able to get a breath of air any more. If you got business, handle it with Doc, or some body he tells you to handle it with. I ain't got nothing to do with the money. I told you you'd get it. He'll give it to you, or you can do what I suggested in the beginning - - let me have it sent to you."

Capone is angry. The inmate accusing him is sore because he was promised a "tenner" (\$10.00), and it has not been forthcoming. Three weeks have passed since Capone's visit, and the inmate feels that he should have had the money by now. He, like many others, believes it is handled by Capone personally, after being handed to him in the visiting room. All do not know of the arrangements, connections and conspiracies.

"But Doc don't come out when I'm out. He don't take stockade but once or twice a week. And den when I see 'im da boro's wit' you. I can't get near 'im," complains the inmate.

"Well, you'll get it. How about cigarettes? Want to take it out in the Commissary? I'll get someone buy you ten bucks' worth of stuff."

"Hell, yes. I'll have something den."

"All right. Make up the list of what you want and I'll give it to you."

"Harry Lane? Yes, a little guy. All right. Thanks, all!"

The inmate shuffles off and is soon talking to a buddy what transpired between himself and Capone.

"Lane'll charge you for the thing the stuff. He's crooked as a co/sacker. Al gives him \$50.00 a month to run the court for him over the day. And nobody dares go on it, either! He's a dirty snake, that Lane."

"He won't fool wit' me, buddy. I'll get my ten bucks worth or else, . . ."

"Life what?"

"I'll put in a 'ref'. Snitch. What da hell do I care 'bout Capone now? I ain't gonna do no more business wit' 'im. Da hell wit' dat."

to get the ten he offered for it. He gives every guy double what they spend, but it looks like I can't even get my five back. If he thinks he's gonna give me da run-a-round, he's got another t'ought comin'. I ain't afraid of him or any of his bodyguards, s'pose? I got a gun, too! And dey don't like 'im a got dem bit. Dat's why I'm quitting buying for the no good nokers!"

"Did you know he got three grand in last week?"

"Three grand?" gasps the peered inmate.

"Un-fun!"

"No ---?"

"I heard it from a guy in the hospital, a guy in the nut ward."

"Maybe he is, I don't pass on that. Anyhow, he was supposed to be batty. Maybe he is, I don't pass on that. Anyhow, he was down in the electric therapy room, where Capone gets two hours treatment every day --- baths, rub-downs and hot box --- and while the guy there was sitting at his rub-down, this guy was supposed to be taking a sitz bath, but he left the water runnin' and come over to the door. So the nut just stood the rub-down, Thorpe, was with his back to the door. So the nut just stood there and heard Capone tellin' Thorpe that if Beale was taking care of his needs, and bringin' him underwear and stuff he couldn't get inside here. And that he just got three grand to pay off, and if Thorpe wanted his, he could have it cash or have it sent to his mother. So the nut walks away, 'cause he didn't want them see him listening."

"On da level?" asks his astonished listener, eyes wide in amazement.

"Ya fact!"

"Well, I'm a lowdown what-cha-may-call it! And here I gotta pull da weepin' act to get my ten!"

"Eh, you won't be the first one to get copped. He's copped plenty. Also, whoever handles the dough has. I don't know who does, but I heard complaints."

"Doc handles it. Dunlap, you know. He no good rat! I wonder if he told Capone he gave it to me? Ya see, Capone don't know who gets it. Tho's supposed to get it, he tells Doc. Dat leaves him out. Doc den does the balance."

"Oh yeah? Well, we'll see 'bout dat!"

"Say, by the way. How much does anyone pay ...
... the family courts and see how many's up there."

They proceed towards the slope overlooking the tennis court.

There are seven courts; and for negroes. Capone has the best kept court...

one that lame takes extra pains with, daily rolling it to a ball.

...and hiring it more conspicuously than...
"Horse" John Marks... And Joe... Capone's playin' wit'

and Old Man Fernside. Dat odder Ew' wor's in de kitcher. I don'

And his father, he's an old timer, but supposed to be the best player here.

1000 de Capetou mestei de Bulli. En fin! Altes de l'any, un any més.

... because he missed the bull and lost at 'L'

Q. Did you ever see a person like that?

[illegible]

"...the fact that our friends are playing tennis."

On 11/11/61, the other day I saw him at the office. Once

each line packet, over to the bench and bent the brace with a screw driver.

... of it, then he sits it up against a wall and ...

... and in this way for it. And the local recipients did well.

10. Only buy from the "reputable" and "big" stores.

...and

1. The Commission has received information from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, that the Bureau is currently conducting a study of the feasibility of establishing a National System of Public Lands. The study is being conducted in cooperation with the Department of the Army, Corps of Engineers, and the Department of the Navy, Bureau of Naval Facilities. The study is being conducted in order to determine the need for a National System of Public Lands and to develop a plan for the establishment of such a system. The study is being conducted in order to determine the need for a National System of Public Lands and to develop a plan for the establishment of such a system.

1. The first group of people who are not in the labor force are those who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force.

of material in 2016 trace back last investigation

and poor
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... I heard that, too! And she said, 'no! Not yet!'

$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} \right) = \frac{1}{4}$

"Da Guy what Morris on da football court?"

"Yeah, that's him. He said he sold Capone two, after Lane said -
repeated them. Aint that a smart guy for you? A real racket in the pen!
Boy, what a joke on Capone!

"Listen, Buddy, you could sell Capone the Washington monument.
He's ripe for anything. Some of the fellows in your cell --- the moonshiners ---
made some bead necklaces. They cost about fifty cents to make, and they
sold them to Capone for \$10.00 each. Easy! Say, I'd bet he'd fork over
plenty if the right guy gets the right racket on him. Some confidence
men, for instance."

"You said it, Buddy. But dat aint getting no da ten bucks
to even me. I'd gonna see Doc. See what he has to say and den I'll know
where I stand. So long! See you anon!"

The two part, the one with the Bronx accent walking off in
search of Doc, the other drawing closer to examine the rackets being bargained
for. The tall fellow, summing, the men in from stockade. Capone's bodyguards
were still a pointed places --- three behind him, two before him, and two on
each side. . . all a distance of less than three feet from him. He is now
immediately to attack.

One of the clever men in the Atlanta institution. . .

Days . . . weeks . . . months pass. Daily, men charged with violations of the rules, are arraigned before the Deputy Warden. Offenses arising out of the web of intrigue and conspiracy at the head of which sits Capone, self-satisfied, content, indifferent. He continues to yearn for the glad tidings that his appeal will effect his freedom, or Senator Lewis will be successful in his endeavor to induce the President of the United States to use his prestige as a key to open the gates of the Atlanta Penitentiary for Capone's release. There are conferences two and three times a week --- lawyers from Washington, lawyers from Chicago, lawyers from Atlanta, interspersed with these business visits are social visits from "Bugs" Moran, "Pur" Sammons and "Gus" Winkler --- under aliases!

Needless to say the best legal minds in the country assemble in the Guards' Room and discuss various and sundry loopholes, all of which, to Capone's unintelligent mind, seem certain and definite grounds for his release. Yes, they tell him, from the United States District Court they will go to the Circuit Court of Appeals. That failing, to the Supreme Court of the United States. They'll go the limit!!

Capone MUST be freed. That's the conclusion of his splendid and expensive array of lawyers and lieutenants.

But, Capone stays on. The claws of his power-greedy hands continue to drag in almost poverty stricken guards and inmates, civilians and outsiders. Money! Money! Money! Everyone is getting it! Anyone can have it --- for services rendered!

Stealthily, and with an eye to insuring his incarceration shall be as pleasant --- and safe --- as money can make it, with a sword and cunning brain he builds a ladder of victory and conquest. As he skillfully ascends rung by rung he cruises beneath his feet, in a quakesand of pollution, everyone of his employees from the lowest inmates on his pay roll to lieutenant Oliver! Guards, civilians, physicians, Captain's assistants!

He is striving tirelessly and with determination to conquer the last two rungs of the ladder --- the two rungs that seem higher and more inaccessible to reach than all the others --- Captain Head and Warden Abernold! A. C. Abernold! He'll get A. C. yet! Certain was bought.

Other students were bought! Why not A. C?

Duty! "A. C. Brother," he tells his confederates, "when a man must choose between money and duty, he chooses money!"

"I can't buy Captain Head!" he boasts. "Who wants to bet I can't?" The challenge is directed at Mr. Bishop.

"It's hard to do A. C. He's got his eye on bigger things than dollars. Head's of the old school. The school of loyalty!" Mr. Bishop defensively argues.

"Listen, Bishop. I've bought bigger men than Captain Head. I've bought and I've sold. Nothing stands in my way. Go on looking! If I'm going to be here . . . if my appeal fails, and the Supreme Court turns thumbs down, then watch! Watch me!"

"A. C. I know Captain Head. I've been working with him twenty years. I tell you it can't be done. I don't know about A. C. He'll always be a mystery to me. But I'll wager you won't get Head in a compromising position."

"What'll you bet?" Capone is an inveterate gambler. He'll bet on anything.

"Haven't got a hell of a lot, A. C. You know that. I've just been throwin' parties, and bought a car, you know, since the last time you saw me. Oh, maybe a few hundred. . . just to show you I'm a success. But I can't bet a definite date, now. That is, set a date by which you'll get Head on your pay roll."

"How much've you got to bet?"

"From you?"

"Yes!"

"I've just figured it up. I've got five last night. Five hundred under \$1000.00. But you see, we had a lot. Lots of 'em. And I bought lots of things we always wanted. There we are, at a million dollars. And if I should get bumped off for taking your side, this is all I got left. And if I should get bumped off for taking your side, this is all I got left."

"I told you before, Bishop. I've got a lot for the rest of your life, if ever you get in a jam for me. I got plenty. I got a lot of track at Havana. I own sixty per cent of the track in the new hotel in

chicago. I got money in a dozen banking houses. I own stock in department stores, buildings, building and loan associations. I'm just what the boys say -- 'lousy with money'. So you got no cause to be worried about a job with me if it comes to a showdown.

"Now, talking about the bet. You know I don't like to be shuffed. I'll take you on \$2500.00 to a thousand that I have heard on the pay roll before Easter!"

"Put enough, Al. My word good for it!"
"Sure thing." They seal the wager with a hand clasp.

"Did ya get the Christmas gift O.K.?"

There is swell of you, Al. The wife's nuts about it.

...a car like that a long time."

"Just mention it."

"Hurry, you better get going now. Head might come back and get you killed." Gee you letter. Oh, yeah! About those letters. . . You

What is the place to 1-2-3?

"Qualit'ec. Only Dunning, of course. See, I send them to him and I write them and seal them in an envelope. He plants them for me. I'm a pro. I couldn't take the chance, you know. You gotta have the right talent there. I wouldn't want you to get nabbed. And if I get nabbed, you know how I'd feel about it. Particularly since I've got to do this thing do."

"What of her two sons. The wife said the other night she dreamt
of them in a hole. Can it be true? Are they in the hole? So she begged
me to go and look for them. I went and found them in the hole. They were
asleep and were funny with their dreams they believed in the hole."

[illegible]

Now, before we enter the cell he is confronted with hundreds of cardboard boxes and packages. There are so many parcels that it is impossible to move himself in and out of the cell. Every bunk is piled high with boxes and packages. The floor is covered with boxes and packages. The room is cluttered up. Every chair is stacked. Candles....

called...nuts...fruit...an assortment that would make the department handling such commodities in the Marshall Field Department Store in Chicago sickeningly obvious.

There are fruited candies from Italy. Glazed fruits from the far East. Cakes baked in California. Fruit grown in the South Seas. Fruit, an elaborate conglomeration to please the most exacting gourmet's taste.

"Get 'em out!" Capone shouts. "The nuts 'an' Come get 'em!"

"Nuts, you gonna give 'em away, Al?" asks one of his cellmates.

"Don't think I can eat them, do ya?" is the barking response.

"Good 'ferry! Hey!" yells the one addressed. "Lay off that!"

I look up eyes on that from the beginning! The article creating the one-sided argument is a twenty-five pound box of glazed pineapple slices.

"Or about this?" he holds up a twenty pound box of assorted colored pineapples and almonds, as he clasps the pineapple slices to his bosom.

"Take it, for Christ's sake! Don't ask me for it," Capone

groans.

"O.K., wait a minute," he orders. "Some of this is gotta go from the basement. Come's got to go to the hospital. You there -- Rookie, check some good stuff for Doc. Then get some for Beale, some for Miss Tugelo, and some for the others. You know who. The jig'll take 'em over. They ain't supposed to take anything from inmates, y'w know? Yeah, I thought you did. Well, see that they get there. And if anybody stops you delivering 'em to the jig, tell me who it is."

"Well, Al," whines Rookie, "you know what Wren did to me that day I tried to carry out those cartons of fig newtons for you, for that guy. Said nothing! doing. O.K. to bring stuff in -- but nothing out. Or how's the jig gonna siddy?"

"Either you take 'em or leave 'em. Which is it?" Capone demands, reclining in a Club chair from which he has angrily removed an assortment of packages, deliberately upsetting their contents on the concrete floor, muttering, "I've told you guys keep things outa this chair!"

"I'll get the jig. He'll take 'em in the laundry basket."

Oke!"

"I don't want to know anything more about 'em. Follow 'em down the toilet if you want. I don't want 'em around!"

Capone, we later learn, dares not even well a thing sent to him for Christmas. He is in constant dread of being poisoned, and fears it might be done in any of many ways. His meals, according to his explicit and oft-repeated instructions, are handled by well paid, trusted inmates. No one else must come within five feet of them. For this reason -- though he yearns for the luscious fruits, sweetmeats and delicacies -- he is thrown into a violent fit of anger because he cannot appease his enormous appetite. . . . not even daring to eat them after someone else has tasted them, thinking it would be his ill luck to select the one, or part of one, in ten, that may have been purposely poisoned.

"Enough to give a package to every man in the joint," smiles Cichonch as he enters the cell.

"Help yourself, Dirty," Al suggests.

"Thanks, Al." Dirty selects several packages and slips them

under his bunk.

"Take some more. There's plenty."

Get enough, Al. You'll last me a while."

"You're tricking?"

"Oh, so not!"

"What's this a Merry Christmas?" Capone sighs.

"I mean here never. Got mine to go. You get used to it."

Al.

"You get used to it?" shouts Capone. "By Christ, I'll turn this joint upside down first! I'll do this one. . . . Get me more!"

"Get good news?"

"Have old stuff. Premises. Politics. All that hokey."

Is our world dominated with the world?

"How about Democracy?" (Frank Dandridge, Capone's Atlanta

partner).

"How about that? All I hear. Money for this and money for

that. I don't mind the money, but they ain't doin' a damn' thing!"

"Give 'em time. Took time to get you here; it's going to take time to get you out. Personally, Al, I can say it's sure nerve-wrecking. I been through it."

"I'd give every God-damned cent I got in the world if I could get out! I mean that, Dirty. I started broke, and I can start broke again!"

"You're talking through your hat now," admonishes Dirty.

"What hell! I'm talking from my heart. What the hell good's the dough when you're cooped up in this lousy joint? What the hell's any-

thing if you can't enjoy it? Money... I wish I never had a red penny, thing if you can't enjoy it! Money..."

Dirty. I'd never been here if I hadn't."

He begins biting his finger-nails --- a habit he has when excited and irritable or nervous. "That gets me to my mother. She always says it's my punishment for being rotten and having those mugs wiped out. I had to do it. You know how it is, Dirty. You been through the same thing yourself. It's them or me. Same as it was them or you. Punishment! God-damned if I didn't go through enough of it since I come here!"

That first night Jesus, I'd not go through that again. I'd hang myself first! Would you believe that, Dirty? Well, that's straight. Like a murderer... Osgood... The crowd yelling for my blood! Dirty, I'd give anything if I could erase that from my mind. So please forget it! But I can't! I can't! Some times I wake in the middle of the night... I can feel the whole Gang here straggling me. It's awful! ... I see the faces of them guys that got wiped off... their teeth shining like

redium on a wrist watch at night. I see their mothers behind them, cursing me with sticks and stones. I say helpless while all this goes on. I don't cry out for I'm afraid it would make them think I'm yellow.

Yes, I want to yell, but that's why I don't. It's hell! I wake up in a cold sweat. It's hell! That's what it is. And I'd never go through it if it hadn't been for that first night demonstration. That put it in my head. That's what gives me those nightmares... That's why I want to get out! Out, Dirty. Out! God damn it I want out!"

Capone jumps to his feet and kicks over a stack of candy filled

concrete floor three tiers below.

"Hey, what the hell's going on up there?" someone yells.

"Aw, go to hell, you!" retorts Capone.

"Is poor little Al-ee upset?" taunts the rumbler, disgusting

his voice.

"Give the Dago a sock on the jaw!" another yells from the

right of 3-7.

"Give 'im a rope!" yells still another.

"Say, this is Christmas," someone attempts, peevishly.

"He should leave one another. Come, dear, kiss and be still!"

Capone pants. He rips the shirt from his back and tears it in shreds, kicking and screaming. Dirty side calmly by, a faint smile playing at the corners of his lips. He understand Capone must give vent to his latent temper. These exhibitions are not unusual. The louder Capone curses, the more rancorous becomes the taunting laughter of the other inmates. One is reminded of a caged tiger being annoyed by a crowd of hoodlums.

Finally, exhausted, Capone sinks back to his club chair.

"You need a drink, Al. A good stiff whiskey," Dirty suggests.

"Where the hell is it?" he asks.

"Tell Whitey. He'll get it for you."

"The laundry guy? Creep?"

"Yeah."

"Hey," calls Capone. "You, rumbler! Tell Whitey I wanna

see him."

"Right, Al!"

Dirty, a gang chieftain in his own right, neither bows to nor serves Capone. Consequently, his interests in Al's needs are but casual.

Whitey comes hastily. "What's up?" he asks.

"He's about a shot of gin," Al demands.

"No gin. Give you some good Sherwood."

"Bring it on. Pronto, too!"

Whitey departs, returning in five minutes with a hip flask.

He hands it to Capone. Capone takes a lusty swallow, coughs and gags.

"I don't like the stuff. Never did," he apologizes.

"Where'd you get it?" he asks when able to speak clearly.
"Make any difference?" parries Whitey, reluctant to divulge the connection, feeling if he can peddle it to Al he'll make more than if Al can get it direct.

"O. K. Sorry!" answers Capone with a wave of the hand.

"Any time you want it, sing out," Whitey offers.

"Leave it here. Tell Doc how much I owe you for it."

Whitey places the flask under Capone's pillow, waves a hand at parting, and makes his way to Doc, in 'A' basement. Whitey, assistant to the civilian in charge of the laundry, is permitted freedom of the institution in his duties of collecting and distributing laundry towels. He is not questioned as he enters and leaves the various cell houses, dormitories and basement. Naturally, when he walks boldly into 'A' basement, and visits Doc, it is surmised, by those who observe him, that it is something for Capone, since Doc, everyone now knows, represents Capone in the position of paymaster.

"Al said give me twenty-five."

Doc hesitates, though he knows Whitey is on Al's pay roll.

Instantly, he removes the elongated cigarette holder from his mouth and blows a stream of smoke into the air.

"You gotta know what it's for!" snaps Whitey, his dislike for Doc quite apparent.

"Not necessarily, Creagar. Just like to know what kind of business I'm doing. If Al said \$25.00 . . . here it is." He hands Whitey a twenty and a five dollar bill extracted from his pants pocket.

"Who's your connection now?" asks Doc, always on the alert to make a new connection, with the view in mind of eventually being in a position to be the only source through which Capone may be able to obtain contraband.

"That's personal. Ain't supposed to tell."

"Not I know," teases Doc, an innate curiosity writhing him.

"Get twenty you don't?" Whitey retorts.

"Let's agree Doc, placing a twenty dollar bill on the bed."

"Right!"

"Makams!" smiles Doc.

"Wrong!" Whitey laughs.

"Who, then?" Doc asks.

"Lyons!" Whitey whispers hoarsely.

"Dr. Lyons?" gasps Doc, his eyes narrowing.

"Not his brother!" laughs Whitey, waving away as he pockets

the forty-five dollars.

"And to think I been talking to him every day!" Doc chides himself. "I thought he was acting kinda nervous lately. Well, that'll be

a food one for the Big Boy!"

The dinner gang rings. Christmas dinner! How they've been waiting for it for months! Turkey for dinner! Oh, boy! Lots of turkey!

And what did Capone have for Christmas dinner? Turkey --- at a cost of \$100.00 for two! Because he dared not eat the turkey in the Dining Hall or on the diet at the hospital, and because he demanded it be prepared exactly as he relished it. And he had turkey every day for two weeks!

Capone's repeated skirmishes on the tennis courts resulted in rumors of Lane's devotion to assistant, and the promotion of Riddell --- garbage truck driver --- to the position. Riddell had been an interne in the hospital, but because of an unaggravated and underhanded assault on an inmate, which necessitated the surgeon using seventeen stitches to close the inmate's wound, Riddell was doubly punished by being confined in the hole and assigned to the disagreeable task of removing garbage. Now, however, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between Riddell and Guard Claude Nelson -- the Stockade Guard -- Riddell is assigned to the tennis courts contrary to the protests of Guard Simpson, the Stadium Guard.

Those assignments, it must be borne in mind, are not made at the request of the inmate. Inmates frequently submit a request for a particular assignment, but only on the recommendation of a Guard, civilian or institutional inmate, are their requests granted. In this instance, it will be observed, Guard Simpson's objections were overruled by the Deputy Warden, and Guard Nelson's request granted.

Simpson was an habitual cigar smoker. Lane was never without cigars, keeping a full box on the courts at all times. Simpson naturally had access to these. Hatred existed between Nelson and Capone. It had its inception when Capone was ordered to stop a little faster (about a month after his arrival), since he was delaying other men (his bodyguards) reaching their cells and being counted. Nelson, it was known, "stood in" with Captain Reed. Simpson and Lane frequently discussed these phases of the existing affairs.

Nelson, it seems, knew of the reservations on the courts. . . . He knew of --- since he saw it --- the exchange of tennis balls over the wall! A perfectly new tennis ball, bearing the number 4-0-8-6-6 (numbered with an indelible pencil, to prevent confiscation by others, of course), would be hit so hard by Capone that it would go over the insurmountable wall. Directly, and

while the game continued, a used ball would come back over the wall, and bounce on the tennis court. . . generally, the one assigned Capone by Lane, and for which he arranged reservation.

"40-8861" Lane, or whoever reached the ball before he did, would yell. The ball, of course, would be placed on the side for Capone. This avoided conflict between others whose balls occasionally were knocked over the wall.

"What is in those balls?" was the question troubling Nelson, hiding in the Duck Kill and peering through the frosted windows, knowing as he did that the ball returned was not the one knocked over. "And who is sending them over?"

These questions so annoyed him, after he had witnessed the know-drug addicts' gladdened countenances as they sat on the slope overlooking the tennis courts and were helpless to control their excitement when the balls came back, that he confided his suspicions to the Deputy Warden.

This, as we have seen, resulted in Riddell's assignment to the tennis courts --- apparently, as Lane's helper.

Upon being assigned to the Stadium Detail, Riddell, at the same time, was assigned sleeping quarters in 'A' basement. The Clerk in 'A' basement, "Happy", took him to Bed 36, on the "flats". The flats are so named because the beds are arranged in dormitory style, each one opposite a numbered stall. An inmate is not entitled to a stall and its privacy, until he has reached his seniority and a stall is vacated by an outgoing or moved prisoner. He then, if he so desires, moves in.

It must be borne in mind that Riddell's bed is situated in the section reserved for bankers, lawyers, politicians and men of decided social standing in the outside world. Lane, on the same day, moves in beside Riddell. Riddell's bed is separated the usual three feet from Lane and the inmate on the next bed, Short Shavings.

Short Shavings, serving three years for working a money order racket outside, because of this being his first offense has been assigned as secretary to the Record Clerk -- the most respectable and confidential assignment an inmate can hold. The fact that he is an experienced stenographer and has held responsible positions outside, makes him eligible

for this assignment.

In the immediate vicinity of beds 55 (Lane), 56 (Riddell), and 57 (Short Shavings), is Lee, the warden's runner. Both Lane and Riddell have unimpeachable prison records, having served in other institutions. Riddell has eight more months to serve... Lane, slightly over a year.

It is but natural that Riddell and Short Shavings become friends, though each is the extreme opposite of the other, Riddell being a typical criminal -- hardened, obnoxious, ruthless, loud-mouthed and arrogant. His contempt for those in the vicinity surrounding him is an outspoken one, Riddell's and sarcasm falling from his lips at every opportunity. With Short Shavings alone is he decent and friendly, and the unusual friendship is one that creates endless comment, since Short Shavings is gentlemanly, quiet and congenial with everyone, and immensely popular with the bankers, lawyers and others because he does their personal letter writing and typing (though the rules forbid it). It is only natural, under the circumstances, that Riddell, through Short Shavings, is induced to be less disagreeable with his fellow inmates.

It is the month of April, 1932. Riddell takes charge of the tennis courts. Lane, "burned up" over the loss of his connection, and no longer in a position to earn the fifty dollars a month from Capone, spreads the rumor that Riddell won't last.

Capone, as is his daily habit, goes to the courts ignorant of the change in positions between Lane and Riddell. Every court is occupied. He looks for Lane, and seeing him performing a social task, beckons him over to inquire why his court isn't reserved.

"I ain't got nothing to do with 'em no more, Al. All I do is sprinkle 'em now, and roll 'em."

"I'm paying you for keeping a court for me, and stretching my things -- my sweater, tennis shoes and racket. Now you come along and tell me you ain't got nothing to do with 'em, my nigger!" complains Capone.

"Al, you're 'bout now more than ever. Riddell's down here for some purpose besides work. Nobody's telling me he ain't. Him and Nelson's like that!" (Lane holds out two fingers pressed tightly together).

Capone approaches Riddell. "Hey, you!" he calls.

Riddell, noting in a memorandum book the time the players enter the courts that he may inform them when the allotted time is up, to permit others an opportunity to play before the stroke period ends, looks up. He gives no indication that he will move towards Capone.

Capone strides over to Riddell, rage and annoyance that

Riddell ignored his command to come to him visibly shaking him.

"Why wasn't a court held open for me?" he demands.

Riddell gives him a straight-from-the-shoulder stare.

"Yes, why wasn't it?" Riddell answers.

"I been having a court reserved since I been playing here.

You going to stop it?" threatens Capone, concluding the best way to handle

Riddell would be through frightening him instead of cajoling him. "I got

what I want around here. You know that, I suppose?"

"No, you're just another convict to me," nonchalantly replies

Riddell. "There are to be no more reservations. That's orders!"

"Oo, there ain't, huh?" Capone sarcastically replies. "and

about orders are they?"

"Dep's," informs Riddell, continuing to write in the notebook.

"Well, get this, Smart Guy!" warns Capone, ignoring the

several inmates who have approached and are standing nearby, but insuring

that his bodyguards are within hearing distance. "You'll hold a court open

for me, or else . . . !"

"Zise?" Ineffectively asks Riddell, his eyebrows arching. And

as though the matter were closed he calls to the players on No. 4 that their

period has ended, and duly notes it in the notebook, completely ignoring

Capone and his wrath.

While indifference "shuts" Capone, he draws nearer Riddell,

his right hand held menacingly, and his head thrust forward. His lips are

just that ten inches from Riddell's ears as he threatens, "I'll cut your

throat if you ---- with me. Get that!"

"Oh yeah?" smiles the fearless Riddell.

Capone stalks off the courts, his bodyguards dropping in behind him. He is joined by Dunlap.

"Out lane off the list," he orders. His tone is severe.

"What about the other guy -- Cowboy?" asks Dunlap. (Riddell

is known as Cowboy).

"He comes across in a week or takes the consequences," Capone

answers.

"He's a rotten son-of-a-----!" Dunlap informs Capone.

"I'll get him. He made me feel cheap in front of that gang."

"That hurts me up --- a no good like that giving me lip!"

"Don't work yourself up, Al. Leave it to me. I think I can

handle him."

"How'd ya mean?" asks the interested Capone. To him, tennis

is the sport of life, and he wants it without trouble. If he can't get it

just say, and leave his way about the entire thing, he'll get it at any cost.

"Never hear of Short Shavings?"

"Short Shavings? No, don't think I have."

"He's the Record Clerk's secretary. Well, him and Riddell's

little thing. Dunlap makes the sure gesture lane used when trying to tell

Capone "or else" Nelson and Riddell were.

"Then what?" asks Capone.

"They continue to walk the cinder track, a recreation which

gives them an opportunity to spend intimacies without the fear of

being forced into listening. Guards never "walk the track."

"Don't talk to you yet, have it?" says Doc. "Every man you

talk to you, didn't it well, I'll get Riddell through Shavings. He'll

be walking out of your mind in no time."

"I'll get a lane one way or the other, Doc. I'd rather

no laws any trouble, though. If you can handle it with that guy Short

Shavings, or whatever you call him, C.R. by me. If you can't -- Riddell's

down for!"

Capone delivers the ultimatum. He has no intention of for-

getting his tennis playing privileges. Particularly since he has just had

Dr. Brown, of course, did not

instantly leave it on the courts, but did accept the \$100.00 bill (under the coffee pot on his dinner tray) for the racket.

That same evening Lane confides to Short Shavings that Riddell has put himself "on the spot".

"That do you mean?" asks Short Shavings.

"Didn't you hear what Capone told him?" whispers Lane, knowing that Shavings had heard.

"No; what?"

"He said if Cowboy gave him any lip he'd cut his throat. He swung at him." Lane looks around to see that no one is listening.

"What for?" asks the disinterested Shavings, having heard that Lane was a tale-bearer and trouble-maker.

"Got sore because Cowboy won't reserve a court for him. You know, Shavings, I been taking care of Al since he's been here. And he's been taking care of me. Cowboy's the one put in a snitch against me to Nelson. I knew Nelson used to sit up in the Duck Hill and watch the courts. Well, Cowboy's gonna have his hands full now, for Capone'll knock the Bell out of him."

"Aw, that's honey! anyhow, I don't give a damn what goes on on the courts. I don't play tennis, and don't expect to." With this parting shot Shavings walks off, leaving Lane puzzled. Lane feels that Shavings would rather not have heard the warning. Perhaps he will repeat it to Cowboy. Perhaps . . .

It is thirty minutes before bedtime. Cowboy and Shavings are enjoying hot chocolates and cookies. In a disquieted and pained because his words to Shavings did not bring on a dissolution of the friendship between Shavings and Riddell, walks off to complain his err, to someone else.

"What the hellman's with him?" Cowboy asks, "he's been running around all day like a chicken with its head cut off."

"Suppose he's worried about you?" Shavings ventures.

"Worried about me?" gasps Riddell.

"Worried about me?" gasps Riddell.

"Had a run-in with the Dago. At what the hell can he do

about it? Said he'd cut my throat! Yeah? Well, when that (Pascoulli)

thinks he better be careful who's in his

"What happened?" Shavings is concerned, for since Hiddell

admits it, he believes.

"He's no reserve a court. Said he'll pay me, then he did

lane. But that's what I'm down there for... to stop that equity's and
connection business. Too many complaints from the other guys."

"Aren't you afraid of him? Afraid of his gang?"

"Say, that bunch of sissies he's got following him around

would run if anybody jumped him. I know a gang is here -- and I know 'em
well, Shavings, for I done time with some of them --- who'd just as soon
bump him off as smoke a cigarette. They don't like him because of his damn
attitude towards the other 'cons', and the way he gives them the go-by to
feel around playing tennis with them bankers and judges.

"Say, can you keep a secret?"

"What do you think I'm working for Bates for? See any aluro-

phone around my neck?"

"No, this is on the level, see! You mark my word. . . Capone's
going to get it! There's too many birds in here who got it in for him.

Since he come here everything's tightened up. He's bought all the guards
he could, and paid them well. The little guy can't get nothin' now. They
got plenty against him, and if ever there's a riot in the Dining Room, good-
bye Capone! Nobody'll ever know who did it!"

"Sort of optimistic, aren't you, Frank?" asks Shavings, ad-

dressing Hiddell by his given name.

"Short," replies Hiddell, "take my advice and lay off Capone's.

If he wants you do or get anything for him --- refuse! Now I know what I'm
talking about. He had Stewart, who used to be Bates' secretary, on his
paw, roll, before you could. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as
a firecracker, and you've got three years to make. Parole, Buddy! Don't
forget you'll want to make it."

"Thanks for the tip, Frank. But Capone'll not get me on his
paw, roll. I'm not interested in him. In fact, I hardly know he's here,
except in instances when some confidential report reaches the office. And
then that's as far as it goes, for I know how convicts are. The ones you

"Think you can trust me the case you want. You know that."

"Yes, you're right. But I'm warning you for this reason."

Lano's told Capone that you and I are thick. See? And through you he might work me. You know I'd do anything for you. And if he knows that, then you're going to get mixed up in something it'll be hard to untangle yourself from. I been in joints before. . . a couple of times. I worked like hell on the Florida Chain Gang. It was hell. But I'd rather do it any day than put up with orders from Capone. When he's done with you, and you happen to know too much about him --- he's got men out there who 'get' you."

"Aw, quit talking nonsense, Frank. What good would that do

him?" protests the doubtful Shavings.

"You want proof?" argues Riddell. "I'll give you plenty!"

"Your word's sufficient. But it certainly sounds like a

far-fetched yard to me. Prison gossip, you know."

"Well, it ain't," Riddell assures Shavings. "That's one of

the reasons I'm staying clear of him. We might become very good friends,

him and me. Like him and Lano was. But then, after I leave here, what?"

"Got insurance?" laughs Shavings, dipping a cookie into

the hot chocolate and sticking a cigarette between his lips.

Riddell places his aluminum cup on the chair, takes Shavings

cup from his hand and puts it beside him, then wrestles with him. There

is much shouting and laughing as they playfully tussle, and Riddell places

his knee on Shavings' back. With one hand he holds both of Shavings' wrists.

With the other he reaches for the needle and thread at the head of the bed.

Laughingly sews Shavings' pants to the bed, and having completed a job he

believes lasting, he releases Shavings' wrists. Then, joining those who

have gathered around, he laughs heartily at Shavings' efforts to "un-sew"

himself from the bed.

This, incidentally, is not an unusual illustration of the

friendship Riddell and Shavings enjoy. To the end, naturally, that the

remarkable friendship is one Capone takes advantage of eventually.

Riddell's encounter with Capone tends to serve as a divide between himself and Lane, Lane feeling that Riddell had him demoted and Capone is taking no steps to rectify the injustice. Lane is determined that Riddell's promotion shall not go unprotected. He therefore, sets about to gossiping, relating his version of Capone's threat to Riddell. Knowing he is unpopular, it angers Riddell that Lane battles and makes him appear "taken down a peg". He is, in truth, a vain and self-centered individual, and beneath the surface of his apparently hardened veneer is a sensitive pride.

A tense situation developed between the two confidees daily to Smeargle. Few incidents occur on the courts, or in the institution, which are not discussed between them. Kibbell eventually confessed Capore is bribing him, frequently leaving a can of "Granor" tobacco or a box of candy, as "bribe".

CHARLES then tells RUSSELL that CAPONE wanted about 100,000
previous evening, regarding information CAPONE wanted about 100,000
record.

"What did you do?" asks attorney.
"Like the perfect gentleman I was, I excused myself," I told
him. "I believe him too dangerous to meet with, because of his close asso-
ciation with Capone, and the fact that excepting me, he has no one
ever held a conversation with him." His son said, "But, if you had
the corrected age."

in a flared-out position, and was

[illegible]

"GORT," JOHN I SAID, "I DO NOT WANT TO GO."

I'll write letters for you or someone else -- let them go if they want.

District Office,

"By the way...do you know anything about drawing up a will? Here, have a smoke."

"I helped myself to a cigarette, and removed the radio ear-phones from my head, admitting while I did so that I was familiar with preparing wills."

"If you can draw me up a will, the regular kind, you know, I'd sure like you to do it. I don't think I'll ever make it here. Kinda gettin' me --- my lungs, you know. Cough all night. Weigh only 98 now. And that damned ranch in Arizona's going to cause a hell of a stink of trouble if I don't make some proper disposition of it."

"What kind of ranch have you?" I ask, just to be wheedled into satisfying Doc's innate desire for flattery. I had heard before, of course, that Doc delights in paranoiac dreams of grandeur."

"Covers about 3200 acres. I got twenty-one men working on it. I own several lots and buildings in downtown Los Angeles. And got safety deposit boxes loaded with jewelry and cash all through the West. If you want to pull along with me --- That is, if you do my private correspondence --- I'll see that you get well paid. But if you work for me you can't do work for those other sons. They'd be always prying into my affairs, and I don't want that."

"You know, of course, I represent Al. I used to attend to his men back in East St. Louis when they'd get shot. Damned many a one I pulled a bullet from, and saved his life and kept him under cover while the bulls were looking for him. That's why Al is grateful to me now. I've known him, you know, for about twelve years. Him and me's old cronies. Everybody in here don't know that, for I do lots of favors for Al, and if it got around it'd be just too bad for him and me too."

"Doc ranted on, and I weeded the true from the false statements as they tumbled from his mouth. You see, Pard, I'm a slick city feller. One of those kind who keeps it behind his ears. Deep water kind, you know."

It had often been remarked that Snowlegs, had he an inclination to pursue a criminal career, would stack up dollars as Penni did. That truly arouses one's interest in him was his indifference to his surroundings. His attitude towards confinement was puzzling. His frequent jowls, and some-times cryptic responses to "How're you making it?" (the prison 'hello'), having

Riddell, when apprised of Doc's proposition, urges Shavings to pass it up, and, not inclined to have anything to do with Dunlap anyhow, Shavings contends he will do as Riddell suggests.

Riddell, meanwhile, -- unknown to Shavings -- is becoming "swell-headed", his position with Capone having taken on a decidedly favorable aspect, his locker being well-stocked at all times.

Capone, nonetheless, is paying the way for a showdown. He has never forgiven Riddell for the insult that "burned him up". Being a man who cannot keep a secret -- not even one concerning his wife and family -- Capone confides to Hackethal his desire to retaliate for Riddell's affront.

Hackethal, it will be remembered, is the twenty-five year mail robber, whose duties as inmate in charge of the Officers' mess permits him to feed Capone. . . to the tune of \$250.00 a month. Hackethal, seeing the opportunity to earn a few hundred, assures Capone he will handle Riddell. Hackethal and Riddell have never had anything in common; hardly bidding each other the time of day. Nonetheless, Hackethal -- as is his method when attempting to win someone's friendship for his own benefit -- begins feeding Riddell cheese, pork, cake and other delicacies through Shavings.

Shavings himself is not intimate with Hackethal but is with

Lack Lilly, former Director in Charge of the Prohibition Unit in West Virginia, and one of the famous West Virginia Lillys. Lilly, using Shavings for his elevator in writing letters to women, to compose letters to the woman who had him sent to Atlanta through her deception -- and whom he still loves -- occupied the stall next to Hackethal's. This completes the picture of the four, and illustrates how Hackethal proceeds with his scheme to oblige Capone.

He'll leave the basement now, and take a walk to the tennis courts. It is morning -- between 9 and 10 A. M. Riddell, on his stroke hour, is lounging in the basement. Lane is on the courts, whispering to Miller, an assistant. They stand close together at the far end of the courts. He are compelled to queue ourselves into the rose lane is using in order to hear the conversation. We cannot understand it, but from what we do hear it appears that Lane is begging Miller to accept five cartons of cigarettes from Capone. Miller is objecting for the reason that he doesn't smoke, nor does he get into trouble because of Capone. He hear Lane assure Miller

accepted. Miller agrees under that condition.

At this time Riddell approaches, his hour of rest ended.

Miller calls to him, as Lane suggests, and propositions him. Riddell staunchly refuses. He has had word that Nelson's wife to him, having been told by Guard Simpson that Capone's favors had been accepted, and that besides being paid for reserving the courts daily for Capone, Riddell is now taking care of Capone's shoes, sweat shirt and racket. This, of course, annoys Riddell, because he doesn't want to get into trouble through any action committed for Capone, having only a few months left before his release by short time.

Lane, from a short distance, pretends to be engrossed in rolling the courts. Miller walks to him, tells him Riddell refused, and, accordingly, he must too. Lane ridicules Miller for being a "sore-head", calls out, and for the time being, forgets the attempt to "plant" Riddell.

Smith . . . Riddell and Shawings. . . hot chocolate, sand-

Lane is consumed with a burning hatred for Riddell. He beckons Shawings, explaining to him only be "a minute". He then relates to Shawings his version of the incidents of the day. Shawings, in this manner, gets both a lot of his stories, for Riddell makes it a habit to discuss the happenings on the courts, the rumors, gossip and news, while Shawings holds up his part of the conversation by giving Riddell the "lowdown" on inmates' misbehavior or violations, their punishment, and so on. In addition, betraying his no regard to his superior and the institution head, by relating what letters were sent and received, concerning various inmates, the "wankoids", to Riddell and other pertinent and confidential information.

It is our practice to get as close as possible to the ears of those we wish to know things about, and as we hop behind Lane's ears and peer at Shawings' objective him, we are astonished to hear Lane say:

"I know what I'm talking about, Shawings. Capone's got Cowboy in a spot where he can make him do anything. Did Cowboy tell you he was before the Dep about taking care of Capone's things? I'll bet he didn't! Well, he was! And he denied it. Now, Capone threatens to tell the Dep personally that Cowboy does take care of his stuff. Instead of Capone carrying it in and out like he's supposed to do. Nothing belong to Capone is allowed

to be kept on the courts. Simpson told me to be careful and not to get in a jam because of that.

"Shawings, you're going to get into this damn mess if you don't drop Cowboy. I'm warning you! Don't say I never told you. Capone's a big guy, and gets what he wants. . . and he wants Cowboy off the court, and is going to get him off. Mark my word!"

"See you tomorrow," Shawings remarks as he rises to return to Riddell.

Lane stoically accepts the dismissal.

Riddell asks, "What's the shrimp want?"

Shawings tells him. Riddell laughs.

It develops that Lane, knowing where Capone's tennis articles are being hidden on the courts, and unable to longer control his envy and jealousy, "snitches". A "snitch" is an unsigned note dropped in the mail box and delivered to the Deputy Warden. Immediately it is read by the deputy, he orders Simpson to investigate. Simpson, aware of the situation, pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises him to keep a sharp look-out. He promises to do so, telling Lane later to have Riddell move the things. Simpson, of course, having permitted the violation of the rule when Lane was in charge of the courts, cannot very well write-up Riddell for the infraction.

Shawings, through his assignment, learning of all official movements, urges Riddell to ask for another assignment before he is the center of a "blow-up". Riddell laughs at Shawings' fears, but becomes increasingly sullen and morose. The gaiety and fun have ceased. Riddell no longer enjoys the hot chocolate and goodies, nor is he able to remain still longer than five minutes. He attempts reading, and gives it up in disgust. He listens to the radio, then throws the earphones on the bed, volubly cursing the program. He cannot visit and talk with anyone in the basement as his friends are less than the fingers on one's hand. Hackett, the pretending friendship, does not encourage his visits.

Something. . . one cannot help but feel it. . . something is about to explode! And Capone, all seem to feel, shall be the one who sets off the explosion.

Things cannot go on like this much longer. . . It must happen. . . Whatever it is it must happen soon. . . Today! Tonight! Tomorrow! The suspense makes the days seem endlessly long. A noticeable and gaping silence

Capone, except for occasional fits of temperment, when his voice becomes a small organ, remains serenely content and satisfied with his prison world in so far as accomplishments are concerned. One, standing invisibly near him and capable of reading his mind, is amazed at the perfect and astonishing mechanism that his brain controls. One can see, as if drawn on a chart, a contrivance and directing control leading to numerous points, each designated by a flashing star. As the star flashes it carries a remembrance to the control, reminding him that there is an unfinished job --- a task to be performed or completed. The star designating Riddell and his proposed removal from the courts, flashes intermittently. The star indicating Hackett, nearby, reflects the flash. The star designating Doc does likewise. An unfinished job! A job, that when completed, will lessen the reminders and thus grant relief, for there are many flashing stars on the brain chart.

And, as if by a decree of the gods, an event occurs which necessitates immediate action. It is May 24, 1933. It is a visiting day for Capone. Three hours association with his family. . . the 24th, 25th and 26th.

The Capone family enters the front gate, receiving an unusually cordial greeting from Mr. Wesley, the front gate guard. They are as is customary, required to give their names to the inmate warden's runner, Leo Fageneback, No. 42000. A word of friendliness is uttered by Leo. Before in an ill humor this morning, Mrs. Capone directs a contemptible glance at Leo for his greeting. It grates on her nerves. She reports it to her esteemed husband. Al raves because a convict dared to speak to his wife! It is the spark which sets the wheels of retaliation in motion!

Hackett is informed Leo must be "bumped off". And, the edict is: Riddell must do it! Thus, Capone, in one swooping order, has his vanity eased.

Hackett reluctantly consents. He assures Capone that Riddell will do it, in turn informing Riddell that he (Hackett) dislikes Leo because he has a habit of coming down to the Officers' Mess and boldly outting himself a piece of pie and sloppily eating it, his action preventing that

certain file reaching Capone because it has been sent.

That evening Riddell gets his orders, namely that he is to obeying a relayed order from Capone. He believes it is to oblige Hackett. The conference between Hackett and Riddell last evening was a private one even had ice cream brought for Riddell, he never making it a practice to carry food himself, delegating that danger to someone else who was provided remuneration at some future time. He is too cautious to risk being caught for the reason that the usual guard gets an occasional day off, and the substitute guard - Mr. Reed - never fails to spot an inmate leaving the Officers' Mess loaded down with concealed food. Capone's delinquent were occasionally undelivered for this reason, though the inmate whom caught, could not deny that the memo written on the concealed parcel was anything but CARPONE. He (Capone) however, was seldom mentioned when the inmate was written-up for the violation.

An assault, when unaggravated, is a serious thing. It means forfeiture of Good Time. An aggravated assault, on the other hand, may result in only ten or twelve days confinement in the hole, and reduction to Third Grade. A Third Grade prisoner, of course, is denied all privileges. It, therefore, is agreed that the assault must be an aggravated one, as Riddell has 252 days Good Time at stake. He is assured \$500.00 if he makes a successful job of the assault.

"I'll kill him deadlier than Hell!" he assures Hackett, who is now in a position where he must comply with Capone's decree.

"All right. But keep your mouth shut when you get over the Dep's. I'll see that you don't get much punishment. Take my word for that," Hackett advises.

"I know. Leave it to me. I don't like that guy Leo, anyhow," Hackett, it happens, was awaiting a decision of the United States Board of Parole. He had served one-third of his twenty-five years, had been duly heard, and his case continued to Washington. He could not risk open complicity in the deed about to be performed, but it stands to reason, he argues with himself, his refusal to obey Capone might result in his being considered yellow. He must not, on the other hand -- if he can prevent it -- place himself in jeopardy. Thus, Riddell is urged to pick a quarrel with Leo. . . . One loud and serious enough to cause the other inmates in 'A' to assume to conclude it was a private quarrel between Leo

Returning to his bed at 9:30 P.M. -- thirty minutes before the lights are extinguished -- Riddell appears to have been subjected to a "shot" of dope. He is strangely exuberant. Lane is frightened, and cannot understand why Riddell is so talkative and friendly with him tonight, because since his detention Lane has been practically ignored by Riddell.

"Boy," he tells Lane, "a bag's going to burst tomorrow, and you don't want to be under it."

"What do you mean?" asks the frightened Lane.

"Wait and see!" laughs the tormenting Riddell.

The conversation -- comprised of Lane's despairing questions and Riddell's gloating, torturing bits of warning -- goes on until after midnight.

Riddell asks Lane if he still swashes Capone's things. Lane replies in the negative. Riddell laughs, remarking:

"Simpson, the big farmer, looked right at them today and pretended he didn't see them. Even he's afraid of Capone. Some guards!"

Lane is unable to sleep that night. Riddell, after a restless night, rises at 5:30 A.M. Lane rises shortly thereafter. Immediately after Riddell has left the vicinity, Lane seeks Shavling's advice. Shavling confesses he heard part of the conversation, but is at a loss to understand, or even conjecture, what Riddell meant by a "bag bursting".

Riddell's unusual quiet creates comment among the other inmates.

His rising is usually accompanied by loud, boisterous talking and sarcasm. Charged drama is suspended in the air. One feels impending events are now about to reach a climax. The glances Riddell casts at Lee, in his stall, are fraught with malice and hatred. Lee, ignorant of Riddell's intention, does not notice him.

It is now 6:45 A.M. Riddell stalks to the front of the basement, where the breakfast line forms at 7:00 A.M. He returns five minutes later, and paces up and down before Lee's stall. He covers a distance of about twenty-five feet in his dazed walk, each moment his anger and nerve increasing. No one has the faintest idea what is disturbing him.

Lane and Shavling apprehensively watch him.

"What the Hell's out'n' you?" asks Patton, a jovial 300 pound ex-portmaster. Riddell ignores the remark. Patton's stall adjoins Lee's.

As he passes for the twentieth time Lane, in a stirring manner

remarks to Lee about the "new officer on the tennis courts", referring, of course, to Riddell. Riddell does not hear the whispered slight. Lee makes some vague response, as do one or two others in the vicinity. The inmates ready for breakfast, are gradually proceeding toward the front. Lee and several others dally and tarry behind. Riddell, meanwhile, exhibits a ferocious, murderous look each time his eyes rest on Lee.

The time has come! Riddell cannot longer delay the execution of Capone's sentence! Lee must not leave the basement this morning. . .

alive!

He must die! He must pay, with his life, because Capone's

travesty was offended by Riddell! A price indeed for so worthless an article.

Little does Lee dream, as he laughs and talks with other inmates and makes arrangements to play ball with them that afternoon, that tragedy is stalking him and reaching out its hand to grasp him! Little does he dream that the cruel, brutal, offensive Riddell has given him less than ten minutes to live!

The signal to leave for breakfast is sounded! All are in line, prepared to march to the Dining Hall. Mr. Cook, 'A' Basement Guard, is up at the head of the line --- now out of sight. The line stretches back two hundred men in length. They stand there, laughing, talking. . . joking. . . discussing the morning paper's headlines.

"Lee's got" someone says as the line begins to advance. Lane, Chavins, Doc, Lilly and three or four others sit on a table facing the diminishing line. They are quiet and apprehensive, for they, more so than the others, are concerned with Riddell's movements. Riddell takes his place at the extreme end of the line. Lane, and those sitting on the table a few minutes since, fall in about twenty-five men ahead of Riddell.

Then, before anyone can utter a word, scream a warning, or make any effort to halt him, Riddell acts. He scratches up a piece of lumber 10' x 2' x 4", and brings it resoundingly down on Lee's head! There is a sickening crushing of bone. . . blood spurts out over the inmates' startling

nearby.

Before it dawns on anyone what is happening Riddell falls another blow upon Lee as Lee's head sag and consciousness is leaving him. The second blow cleaves off Lee's shoulder. He falls to the concrete floor. Riddell

cast a piece of lumber from him and races up to the head of the line. The astonished inmates draw away from the prone figure on the concrete floor. Mr. Cook, noting the commotion, walks back. He sees the victim of the murderous assault stretched out on the floor. His eyes travel to the silent inmates. Useless, he knows, to question anyone now. He'll get nothing from them. Not now. . . Later, when he gets one of them alone. . . Lee is rushed to the hospital. Riddell goes on into the Dining Hall with the others.

"Shocking!" "Murderous!" are the comments of eye-witnesses. The whispers reach Riddell as he sets his breakfast. The news rapidly travels throughout the Dining Hall. Inmates rise to get a glance at the assailant. Riddell does not heed them.

Behind him, in a voice sufficiently loud enough to arouse his anger, someone remarks:

"It was yellow!" This remark causes Riddell to turn his head.

In a loud, threatening voice Riddell warns the speaker that he'll get the same thing if he doesn't keep his mouth shut.

And Capone? Capone, when he learns that it necessitated seventeen stitches to close Lee's wound, expands his permanent smile and murmurs:

"He got what was co'm'n' to him. A couple more get that and the 'll know who in Hell's runnin' this joint!"

These, his exact words, brought on most of his ensuing troubles.

It is whispered, as things usually are, and such a statement. The thing to do, the official desire, is put their "stoolies" to work. The "stoolies" wave in and out among the inmates. One never knows who is and who isn't a "stoolie". Nothing is in a position to know, for the statements of "stoolies" pass through his hands before they are filed. But it is dangerous to point the finger of scorn at a man in the penitentiary, and CHARLES, who have pointed out, is too clever to risk confiding too much in anyone.

including this, and also showing that the Wentworth and Peters are enormous quantities of material to be carefully and tactfully prepared, the Wentworth and Peters will start on the spoils. Hackett will soon see that the Wentworth is not, where Wentworth has been informed that he was getting something out of it. Wentworth tells me, however, that when he reached the Wentworth will find out that from Wentworth something else.

[illegible]

(Hackett) would be transferred to another institution, and Mr. Hackett promoted to his position. But he is too suspicious. There seems, at this time, no satisfactory solution to the troublesome problem of keeping Mr. Hackett.

Mr. Hackett before the warden as a result of rumors to the effect that he is "ripe" to divulge some information regarding Capone. The warden promises to hasten Mr. Hackett's departure if he will talk. Mr. Hackett refuses to do so. The warden tells Mr. Hackett (the warden) knows of Capone's influence, and how he successfully manipulates the strings on which hang Pennington, Hackett and a dozen others. Mr. Hackett, knows of this too, so won't he tell?

"No, no no equal," protests Mr. Hackett.

"Isn't it worth something to you to get back to your wife and

children in Chicago?" tempts the warden.

"Maybe so; maybe not. I no rat, Hackett."

But you know that Capone is paying money for his food, don't

you? To whom does he pay it? That's all I'm asking you. I'm not asking

you tell who takes the food to him, or who prepares it for him. I know that.

It's simple, asking who gets the money? Who brings it in? You've seen some

of it, and handled it, haven't you?"

"No, no plenty thing. He no touch money, no talk."

"Then do you mean, 'plenty things'?"

"No no talk, Hackett. Too danger talk."

"You ever been threatened, Mr. Hackett?"

Mr. Hackett, a faraway look in his eyes. He reflects, a minute silent, a faraway look in his eyes. He reflects,

that he dare not go to stockade. . . That he has not been

in the position of Mr. Hackett! He remembers the incident in the kitchen of

Mr. Hackett's home, when one of Capone's placed men threatened him with a

gun. He remembers the incident in the kitchen of Mr. Hackett's home, when

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home, when one of Capone's placed men threatened him with a gun. He

is to do so, reaching Penters and Hackethal, causes them great strain. And when Capone learns of it, new threats reach Wu. However, Penters and Hackethal, after much deliberation, prevail upon Capone to have \$500.00 waiting in San Francisco for Wu, to be delivered to him before he sails. This money was delivered to Wu at the docks, in exchange for a threatened written statement to the warden --- the sword of Damocles that Wu held over the heads of Penters, Hackethal and Capone!

be getting something for it! We shall see!

And what is this? A request from Capone for an interview!

Well, he had intended seeing him anyhow. Bring him in!

Ignorant of the fact that Lano had "squawked his head off", and with the determined purpose of "buying" the Director, Capone, arrayed in his robin-blue shirt, freshly laundered, pressed trousers, flannel shirt and black knit tie, faces the Director of Prisons.

Unfortunately if we could not listen to the conversation that took place, we must rely on Capone's repetition as authentic. He contends that the Director is on the make. In prison parlance, the Director can be bought! Capone's confident disbeliever it. In fact, calls Capone a fool for believing so. Capone's idea he knows of what he is talking, and admits that when the Director's word is given, he knows of Dr. Beale's being on the pay roll, and of the list of being on the pay roll, he KNEW SOMETHING! And instead of giving credit to the Director for his bribery, he indicated that he, too, was a bribe collector. Capone, of course, is taking things for granted.

Capone's confident warns Capone it is a trap. Capone dismisses

Capone's warning as a double bluff!

"What the hell was I going to say when he tells me he knows Beale

and I can't call him a liar. I had to show him that

he was a liar and a hypocrite to me, and I'm willing to pay for what I

do. I'm a big part of this joint! He sees that now. You watch ---

Capone's on the pay roll or my name and Capone!

Capone's on the pay roll or my name and Capone!

Capone's on the pay roll or my name and Capone!

The following day an investigation to determine Capone's

position in the institution is conducted. The tray sent to him at the

hospital, daily, is "knocked off". The news reaches Hackett immediately.

He rushes to Capone's cell in order that they can prepare an alibi to withstand discouragement, the blame for the tray being placed on the shoulders of the "jig" delivering it. He, Hackett, outlines to Capone, should receive \$100.00 to compensate him for the punishment that will be meted out to him by the Deputy Warden, whom he confesses he stole the stuff while Hackett's back was turned.

It is then agreed that the food will be sent to the laundry guard, concealed in the proper place in the box, reaching there it can be delivered and eaten in the Shoe Shop.

Learning of the interference, and with a desire for increasing his allowance from Capone, Dr. Lynn suggests the food be sent in his box.

(Each guard or civilian, not desiring to eat in the Dining Room of the Officers' Mess, may have his meals delivered in a box or on a tray).

To avoid being deprived of it at any future time, Capone orders that with each meal delivered a can of fruit, vegetables, soup, ground coffee and other edibles in cans, be sent along. These, he outlines, can be "stashed" until an occasion demands they be brought forth. Doc, he insists, can safely "stash" them.

Doc, Hackett argues, is a "rat" playing both ends. No good! Capone, with a wave of the hand, silences Hackett.

"But I don't want him to get anything on me. He squawks to Head. I know he does. Haven't the guards told me? I come in contact with them every day. Ah, he's going to get you in a jam sooner or later!"

Hackett's envy makes him bitter.

"He's turned me away a good trick here. I've paid him well, and he's not got me in a jam yet. You do what I say. Let him take care of the rest." Capone, confident of himself and Doc, overrules Hackett's objections.

"I wouldn't let him know anything about me. But if you say so, O.K. Remember, I got a lot to lose. So've you. He's only being four years."

The fact that Doc, an exceptionally clever and shrewd crook, has so successfully gained Capone's confidence, and obtained all his hospital connections for him, convinces Capone that he is worthy of trust. This, coupled with the fact that he does not associate with other inmates (because they dislike him, of course, makes it doubly convincing to Capone that he is safe. Capone, in Doc's hands, is now like the piece of string Doc wrapped around his finger when he told Capone how he could handle the "quacks".

At this time Riddell is released from solitary confinement.

During his confinement Hackett managed to squeeze him several meals. His first concern is the promised \$500.00. Where is it?

"You know who's going to pay it, don't you?" asks Hackett.

"You, I suppose," replies Riddell.

"You did that for all, you say?" Hackett laughs.

For Capone?" Gets the astonished Riddell.

"Sure!"

"When will I get paid for it?" Riddell asks.

"It'll take time, you know. I guess you'll get it when you get out."

Get out?

"Tonight! Time! Always time," complains Riddell. "Well, get out, really. If I don't get it --"

The trust is left unfulfilled. Hackett puts Riddell on the stool and assures him Capone'll come across. Riddell has his doubts.

"For Capone, huh?" Riddell mutters. "I guess Cravins was right. Doc had a run-in with Capone's wife, huh? And Capone wanted to get me and get Doc, is that it? And you said you had a guide a piece too!"

I see, he got me with it!"

"Don't worry. You'll get yours, Frank," Hackett consoles.

"Get it?" says Riddell contemptuously. "Come more of that promise stuff!"

"Well, for Christ's sake, don't you trust him?" asks Hackett.

"Only as far as I trust any other convict here. He's the blackest liar in here. Always promising. You know as well as I do that no guy in here any more takes him at his word. They want their money...not promises!"

Heckathal very well knows this to be true. Capone has spent too many. Unintentionally, he apologizes when reminded, since his agents in the institution are responsible for the dissemination of the money.

However, Riddell feels Capone could insure that his be paid. And Capone could... if he intended it be paid!

Then Riddell discovers he can't even "buy" a can of tomatoes. He calls on Sharkey and Patton. Sharkey produces it, his regard and friend-

ship for Riddell having never ceased throughout all the unpleasantness. Lee, released from the hospital, requests an interview with the

warden. It is granted. He informs the warden he has determined to have Riddell charged with attempted murder, and incidentally name Capone accessory

before the fact!

The warden, having since learned in detail who instigated the plot, asks Lee to be less hasty; particularly at this time. Lee, deeply

offended and bitter, insists. After his dismissal from the warden's office he writes a letter to the factory, detailing the incident. The letter is not permitted to leave

the institution. Lee is called before the warden and forbidden to write of the incident.

"All right," he concludes. "I'll get the message there just the same."

Lee does -- through an inmate who is leaving the institution. Lee's father learns of his son's danger, and how Capone

is now charged in having his decree executed, he communicates with Lee. Lee is informed as his wife and a disclosure of Capone's activities

to a friend. Through the promise to Lee that he would aid him in making

parole, Lee is caused to drop the proposed charge.

For the present, the warden tells the deputy as he mops his brow, (Lee, fortunately, was denied parole!)

June 16th. . . Capone is holding sway on the courts. His game is exceptionally good today. He has had a long conference with Basketball, and it is understood between them that any man Capone desires assigned to the Officers' Mess will be assigned at a cost of from \$100.00 to \$300.00, depending on whether he is a dishwasher, waiter or baker. The list of new prisoners is scanned daily, their financial position outside determined through inmates in the Normal Office, and a contact man interviews them. Prospects are propositioned diplomatically. They are offered the cream of jobs in the institution. . . assignment to the Officers' Mess, with its advantages -- better food, opportunity to form connections (if desirable), and afterwards idle.

At one time, when the bigger bootleggers of the country were being sent to Atlanta, jobs in the Officers' Mess sold for as little as \$500.00 and as much as \$1000.00. Steaks, in 'A' basement, were sold by Mr. Pilo (now in charge of the Fire Department) for from \$50.00 to \$100.00, depending on how much the inmate had.

Anything could be bought --- except freedom!

Capone, now smacking the wall wither and you, feels a sense of security that he has succeeded in placing most reliable men in the Officers' Mess. He removes his undershirt and stands striped to the waist. Men are permitted to remove top shirts when playing tennis -- never their undershirts. If playing basketball or handball, top shirts may be removed. But a man not enjoying some recreation is forbidden to remove his shirt.

Someone calls Capone's attention to Captain Head standing on the slope behind. Capone casually looks over his shoulder and resumes his playing, remarking:

"The Hell with that shrimp. He wont tell me put my shirt on!"
Head, undecided what to do, walks away. Capone is right...

Head wont tell him!

June 30, 1935. Tom's rackets are being destroyed by Caputo at the rate of three a week. Those selling their rackets are unable to secure more. Hardly a decent racket remains. Fifty dollars for one is the average price he pays now.

Dr. Lynn, learning of the situation, immediately buys a moderately priced racket. The racket, next day, is owned by Capone. Having bought the insignificant sum of \$100.00. On the following Sunday it is completely destroyed by Capone because the ball he aimed at apparently went "through it". He has the most difficult time convincing his partners that the ball he missed actually past through the quarter inch holes in the racket's netting. His burning critics when he jumped on the bandwagon reflected that not only was Capone's racket a failure, but also that the racket, with, possibly, several hundred dollars worth of false voice from the manufacturers who -

the line
... "narrow speak" one calls.

"Little boy, have 'is toy train spark?" one called.
"Yes, little man, breaking his 'rocket again!" from another.
"Train engine!" another yelled.

correct, carried by the jeep, handles it as an object from the forest still-likes standing on the slope behind it, separate from the forest and appears to help at them occasionally by a little more respect. The names and epithets to help at them occasionally for struggle as it sees they have no fear of him.

2011-12-01

But the fact of this is that this is a mystery no one could solve. Though his ranchmen would not let him to "let the loose horse in here", Capone would forbid it! It is not out of the question that the first evening of his incarceration left not only a terrible impression on his mind, but an eternal fear of these ignorant and terrible men, and later to one, the first have known, though unknown that one would be the same (Carpenter) in the end of the world.

Today, for the third time in a week, today, tomorrow, perhaps may go to the others; want his horse.

Sadly, for the third time in a week, today, tomorrow, perhaps may go to the others; want his horse.

The man are sick of it! They've been sick of it a long time. They are sick of many things here. Not only twice a week; and they're sick of mostly horses.

Large, succulent roasts are baked in the Officers' Mess for Capone. We have to suffer for it. (Some foolishly complained). Chunks of red, tender meat are cut out and gristle inserted. The chunks are baked especially for Capone; the gristle fed the officers as part of their roast. In this way every ounce roasted (gristle is not weighed, of course) can be accounted for by MacArthur.

So today we can endure no more. We hear to the right and the left, before and behind, complaints and disgusting remarks concerning the food.

"I'm sick of this garbage!" an old timer whines.

"Aint dat hell, feeding us dat trash?" another complains.

"and Capone eating chicken! Imagine it! A convict like us!"

"Dat guy's sure made it tough for us, buddy, believe me!"

"Let's square. Dat say?" whispers one behind us.

"Oh... other, I'm with you," our neighbor agrees.

Just as we hear a man's voice raised in protest.

"I want something to eat!" he shouts.

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111.

food! He explains this to the Deputy Warden, immobile on the platform overlooking the Dining Hall. This understanding pacifies us. We finish our coffee and return to our cells before going to evening stockade. And the food, next day, is an improvement over what we had been getting!

bodyguards surrounding him. He has bet \$1000.00 on one man! Cash! The bet is with Dr. Hendrix. In addition to that he has placed minor bets with inmates and guards. He stands ready to win in the neighborhood of \$5000.00--

He does win! Caprice's men always win! The opponent, knowing he has to lose by suffering defeat, doesn't hesitate to lose, regardless of how good a fighter he is.

Not on the contrary, because of his record, has been assigned to the Tailor Shop. Not in the Tailor Shop have a record of obtaining dangerous to the public. Not in the Tailor Shop have a record of obtaining dangerous to the public. Not in the Tailor Shop have a record of obtaining dangerous to the public.

[illegible]

trailing him -- steps on the field. Whether to turn back now or see what Williams wants is the thought dominating his mind. He is aware Williams is part of a prison gang which despises him and his associates. Capone, deciding the former decision would be best, turns on his heel, and is about to retrace his steps, when Two-Gun Yellow, Fontaine and The Barb block his path, completely surrounding him.

"Keep going!" Two-Gun barks, his hand concealing an automatic which bulges noticeably from his sweater.

"What's this, a hold up?" Capone asks, glancing up to the slope where the bodyguards have been stationed, and are now motionless and at their wit's end.

"Just that! Now get over there!" Two-Gun prods Capone with his concealed automatic. Fontaine nudges Capone with a raised knee. Capone, for a fleeting second, vacillates, raises a restraining finger towards his bodyguards -- "Wait! In they should wait!" -- and obeys Two-Gun Yellow's command. He glances up in the midst of the quarter of blackguards.

"Now wait two grand, Capone. We wait it now! You don't leave 'em waiting!" he bawled! He call one of your pulps up there and tell 'em to get the hell out of here! Get it, get it!"

Capone realized Two-Gun means business. He beckons to one of his bodyguards. . . . Finally, frightened creature whose spectacles conceal a pair of burning eyes.

"Will you give you two grand. Pronto!" Capone orders. "All right, all right!" answers the bodyguard, leaving the situation in a hurry, all the while looking back towards the hospital.

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The doctor paces quickly. His messenger has not returned.

He's certainly had ample time to see Doc and return with the money. What can be keeping him? What delaying him? Doc's got the dough!

Capone glances again at his expensive wrist-watch. It's tiny black point to 4:10. Capone raises his eyes towards the steps leading to the stockade. His efforts to enjoy conversation with his captors are fruitless. Little more than mumbling escapes their lips.

Capone's mind is in a turmoil. He digs the toe of his tennis shoe into the soft clay of the sand-lot. The silence is unbearable! He is becoming uneasy. Impatient. . .

He glances again at the watch. 4:12 P.M. How the minutes drag endlessly by, he reflects!

Three more minutes! Three more minutes! Then what?

Once again he raises his eyes towards the steps. Perhaps his messenger was detained by a Guard. Perhaps Mr. Mack, the hospital guard, is conversing with him. Perhaps Doc has a pettier, and not aware of the seriousness of Capone's situation, is compelling the bodyguard to wait!

Perhaps a thousand things, he lamely matters, damning Doc.

How the minutes drag! How long they seem! His eyes travel from

the gold numerals on the wrist watch to the concrete steps in the distance. Inmates are gathering at the foot of the steps, waiting for the signal to ascend and go to their cells. In a minute he will be out here, alone, at the mercy of these four desperate men!

Why can't that guard in the tower see what's going on? Why does he not look down and try to understand? He walks round and round. . .

All recreational activities have ceased and the yard proper is deserted except for the men at the foot of the steps ready to return to their cells. Nelson, the guard on the yard, stands at the head of the steps. An iron bar is clasped in one hand, a watch in the other. He, too, is counting the minutes. He evidently does not see the five men on the basketball court. He does not know Capone is kidnapped! He knows that it is his duty, at 4:15, to strike the triangular iron with the iron rod..

He strikes it!

Capone's heart skips a beat. The men climb the steps and disappear behind the Duck Wall. Capone is now in the hands of his enemies!

They want \$2000.00 for his release. They defy any attempt to rescue him! He is their prey. . . Their want! They need money, and will need it often, while imprisoned. He has it to squander on punks and leeches, and there is no reason why he can't give it to them.

After all, they argue, he's no better than they are. Just had better luck, that's all. A politician outside. . . They were in it for the thrill. He went in it for power! Well, they'll see how much power he has in here. . .

Power! The Darb laughs as he thinks of it. Power! A helluva lot of good his power is now.

"Let's go in, boys," whispers Capone, his nerves shattered. "Can't this be settled later?"

The gunmen look at each other. "One of your rotten tricks, is it? Bluffin' us by sending that punk to Doc. . . Well, Buddy, you got it comin' to you, and you're gonna take it standin' up -- like a man! What say, boys? . . . Let him have it!"

Two-gun addresses the assemblage, his eyes peering between almost closed lids. "Wait a minute!" Fortaino suggests. "Capone, we want two grand, get me! We're gonna get it! Savvy? Do we or don't we?"

"I got ya," Capone usents. "You see my position, boys? Don't you? I sent for it. That wasn't a stall. You guys know I don't pack greens (money). You'll get it; don't worry about that! You'll see this on the Q. T., won't you?"

"That'll cost half a grand," The Darb speaks up. "O. K. That's your word?"

"On the level. Out us the two and a half grand and we'll forget it," Two-gun informs him. "That's gonna take time," Capone frowns.

"How much?" William asks. "Give me till my wife. If I have to ha die it is through someone here, I'll leak out. I'd have to tell what the money's for. See how I'm fixed?"

"All right! Right after the victs, then. And then, . . ."

this! Two and a half grand's too much for us to part in here. But about sending it to a mouthpiece (lawyer). He's the bird'll take care of it so's we can use it."

"Suits me," Capone comments.

"We'll get you the name later. Let's get in now. Here comes Blubber-mouth Nelson."

They proceed towards the steps, ascend, and are about to turn the corner of the Dutch Hill, when Nelson steps close and mumbles something about hanging on stockings after the bell has been rung. No one answers him, and he makes no further attempt to reprint them.

Offices to say Capone spent a restless evening, awaiting telephone word from his brother, to whom he had a message wired relating his predicament in Detroit.