

Shavings "does not see", but consents to type the letter. Three packages of cigarettes and a couple cartons of cakes to forfeit stockade privilege and type Doc's letter, seems reasonable enough.

Shavings, we understand, respects the confidence of his clients. A secret entrusted to him (we have been informed) remains a secret. But little did we know that Shavings was not as secretive as he pretended to be. Little did we know that through his association with Doc, in Guyone's behalf, he had descended the ladder of trust, and, like all inmates, had a confidant to whom he confided when worried or in doubt. This, it is later proved, comes to light when too late to avoid disaster.

The letter, Shavings confides to his intimate, was one of the strangest epistles he had ever read. Not only that, it was one of the most vulgar! The woman -- if woman it was who wrote it -- dwelled on exotic sexual orgies that had occurred between her and the addressee: "Dearest, Darling Daddy Mine". The identity of this "darling daddy" was never clearly disclosed, although references were made frequently to "Bob". Bob, Shavings knew, was the abbreviation of Doc's given name -- Robert. Then, it stood without argument, there was a plan afoot in which Doc had some important and conspicuous part!

But what? What? Shavings asked in vain.

Let us linger for just a few minutes near Shavings as he sits on the bed in Big Pat's stall, his legs beneath him Turk fashion, a cigarette between his fingers, his voice a hucky whisper.

"I don't know what to make of it, Pat. You know I don't like to talk about anybody's business, but I'm thinking Doc's up to something, and that something's All!"

"What makes you think that?" Big Pat asks.

"Well, this letter is signed by a girl named Ruth. She refers to Bob as 'her brother'. Ruth, it seems, has some compromising pictures of a judge and a movie actress. Their names are not mentioned, but one gathers from the references made who the actress is. Anyhow, Ruth is blackmailing this judge to go to Washington and urge the authorities or muck-a-mucks there to release this 'Dearest, Darling Daddy Mine.' Now, who that could be other than Doc I don't know. But Doc has told me that

the woman writing is one he met before coming here, and the release in question is HIS! It all seems so mixed up to me, for in the beginning he said the letters were from his 'girl'. I can't make head nor tail of it. Can you?"

Big Pat rolls a "Humming Bird" (Cigarette and pipe tobacco furnished by the institution).

"It's one on me," he surrenders. "How many letters have you written for him like that?"

"There's been three a week. I go by his stall often, you know, and he's always writing. I know he makes them up, for I went in once, without announcing myself, and he was writing one of the letters -- Page 4, for I noticed certain words on it which I remembered when he brought me the letter next day. Well, the funny part of it is I can only write them for him during stockade hour. . . He always has to have them by two o'clock. And while I write them he stands at the entrance to my stall so no one can come in! And that's another thing that makes me curious. Can you beat that?"

"I noticed him several times there, while you were writing. I wondered what it was all about, but you know me . . . I wouldn't ask."

"Yes, that's the strange part of it. Nobody can ask me anything, he said, while I wrote for him. Take it from me, Pat, something's fishy. Plenty!"

"Don't think Capone's trying to get you in a jam, do you?" Pat asks concernedly.

"Hardly! What for?" exclaims Shavings.

"You never know that Dago. He's a slick article, Shavings. Shrewd. . . cunning. . . foxy!"

"Yeah! And what am I, dumb?" Shavings snaps.

"Maybe you'll learn later. That gets me, though," Big Pat admits.

"Wonder if it's got anything to do with Alcatraz? You know Al said he's positive he won't go. Did you hear what he said about the Urschel kidnapers -- Bates and Bailey, and Machine-gun Kelly? Called them punks. Said they should've taken lessons from the Lindbergh kidnapers, and hung around instead of going places where they were unknown.

and becoming suspicious. Pretty smart, eh?"

"Did Doc ever say anything to you about the Lindbergh kidnapping? He'd know something, as close as he is to Al, if Al knew."

"Pat, I never gave it a thought. Al's business doesn't worry me. I'm not concerned with him for everybody who ever let feelings with him has paid in one way or another. And I got parole to consider. If I don't make it. . . O. K., I go on Al's pay roll. If I make parole, I'm clear of him."

"What's he offer you?" Pat asks.

"Depends on what I do for him, Doc says. Won't easily get \$20.00 a month. Some pig get that for less work than taking care of his clothes."

"Getting back to Doc, Short, what do you make of the way he stays in his stall all the time. Strange, isn't it?"

"I noticed that, too. To give you my frank opinion, I think he's plotting and scheming all the time. Scheming and planning day and night, I'll wager. He doesn't sleep four hours a night. No matter when I wake, he's awake -- coughing, usually. You know he's got a. . . Don't you? Well, if ever you see him thinking you can bet your life he's some scheme in mind whereby he can make himself appear important to Capone. . . and every one else. I know! Look how he starts on the bed from six till nine every night, looking out the window, that long cigarette holder between his lips, that purple velvet lounging robe Capone gave him! Mysterious-like, you know? Say, that robe would make him a complete lounging outfit, the way it fits him!"

"Hey, Shavings!" someone calls, "Doc's looking for you!"

Shavings trots off to perform his secretarial duties for Doc, leaving Big Pat to ponder.

As time passes, Doc's letters become more frequent. They reach the point where "Ruth" has visited the judge and demanded a definite answer. Either the judge goes to Washington and effects the release of 'Dearest, Darling Daddy Mine', or the compromising photographs will be sent to "Ruth's" friend, who works for the publisher of a tabloid newspaper. The judge, of course, is pleading for time. He beseeches Ruth to have patience, and assures her he will have Bob's friend out by Christmas!

Shavings, unable to decipher the scheme of a paranoiac, since his characters are moved around so confusedly, gives up in despair. He continues to write the letters, but pays little attention to the contents. He is interested now in only the cigarettes he receives for writing them. They are, he confides to another inmate, stereotyped --- the same thing over and over, the language slightly varying. In a few words: Ruth, having the judge on his knees begging for mercy, warns him that unless he effects the release promised she will send the pictures to her newspaper friend.

Then, it develops, a date is set for the release of 'Dearest, Darling Daddy Mine!' Yes, he will walk out of the penitentiary a free man. . . two days before Christmas! Oh, how happy she (Ruth) will be to greet him! To live over again those days and nights of the past! To crush him once more to her heaving bosom. . . To feel his warm flesh against her own! Happiness too complete to dare dream of! She fears. . . fears for the gods are jealous! Fears. . . fears for his safety until then! Fears. . . fears that his happiness upon being released will make him forget all that she has done for him!

Fears. . . fears of fears! . . that he will go back to his wife, instead of proving to her (Ruth) that he loves her more! Wretched Ruth! Poor Ruth! Suppose she has worked in vain! Suppose all her effort and toil has been for an ungrateful man? Suppose?! Suppose many things, she reminds him.

But alas! the day comes. . . the day goes. . . Christmas passes and the New Year has begun, and "Dearest, Darling Daddy Mine", Ruth forlornly regrets, is still behind the walls of the Atlanta penitentiary. And Fred, the guard who is supposed to be bringing in the letters from downtown, is scheduled to go to Alcatraz for duty!

Woe is me! Doc complains.

This situation progresses to the point where Ruth, in desperation, and because of enormous sums of money she has spent flying to California once a week to see the judge, is compelled to ask for reimbursement and sufficient to continue with. Of course, it is immediately received, and her gratitude is overwhelming! Words . . . puny words seem inadequate to express her gratefulness for the money, the new car and the diamonds! All are so beautiful! Daddy, Dearest Daddy. . . how I love you!

Thus she pours out her heart to her 'daddy', who, it seems, is doomed to remain in the penitentiary until the judge is able to go to Washington!

Again and again. . . and yet again. . . she suffers the embarrassment of having a depleted banking account. Again and yet again is a fabulous sum acknowledged by her. From where, Shavings says, he has no idea. But it is so strange. . . so far-fetched. . . he opines, that the letters, though he knows they are composed by Doc, should admit the receipt of these thousands of dollars and presents!

So strange that he begins, like a fool eventually will, to see daylight!

Now let me think, Shavings reflects as he lies abed at night. Let me think! Brother Bob? Yes, that could be Doc. Fred! That could be Guard Clarke or Guard Perkins. Ethel, who is always mentioned as Bob's sister, could be his sister. But the correspondence sheet shows he has a sister Stella, not Ethel!

There is, Shavings assures himself, no record of Doc writing to a Ruth! And certainly, calling Doc "My Dearest, Great Big Handsome Cavalier" is like calling a kitten a tiger! There's a plot somewhere, but Doc's too shrewd to unfold it.

Could it be . . . My God! I'll bet on it! Shavings jumps out of bed and walks hurriedly to Big Pat's stall.

"I've got it!" shouts Shavings as he shakes Big Pat into wakefulness. "I've got it at last!"

"Got what?" growls Big Pat. "A nightmare?"

"No! Doc's racket!"

If the records of the institution were examined into by the public, what would it say to such favoritism shown Capone? For instance:

"Joseph Matchok - No. 34001

Suspected of conniving in an attempted escape.

(Signed) JULIAN A. SCUDER,
DEPUTY WARDEN.

Forfeits 180 days good time.

Isolation on restricted diet.

Reduced to Third Grade.

To be handcuffed to the door 6 hours each day until
he gives information of two keys found in his cell.

To remain in isolation until further orders.

In isolation 10 days."

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It will be observed that the man was "suspected". . . not that he actually did attempt to escape! The penalty inflicted is the severest he could suffer. True; he had two keys in his cell. But, men are allowed keys for their private lockers. This alibi did not seem to "take".

Now, let us compare that with the assault on Arnold! A man's life is decreed forfeited because he refused to attend to Capone's teeth! Refused, it has been proved, to be a slave to Capone!

Or, let us compare it with another case . . . A case in which the prisoner, whose name is immaterial, was justified in protecting himself from a deadly assault:

"ASSAULT WITH DEADLY WEAPON.

The above named prisoner assaulted Colson, No. 37333, with a knife which appeared to be a surgical knife, wounding him, the said Colson, in the abdomen.

LIEUTENANT L. E. OLIVER.

Action: Isolation on restricted diet.

This prisoner acknowledges that he did cut No. 37333, Colson; the condition of wound will decide further action.

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"ASSAULT WITH DEADLY WEAPON.

(See report on above charge)

"The above named prisoner assaulted prisoner No. 37333,
Colson, with a knife inflicting a wound in his abdomen.

Deputy Warden Julian A. Schoen.

Action: Already in solitary.

Forfeits all Good Time.

To be segregated upstairs in the Isolation building, when
released from Solitary.

In Isolation 13 days."

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Colson, serving an aggregate sentence of fifty years, is
one of the most dangerous inmates in the prison. His attacks on others
are frequent and unjustified. This attack on him, as will be noted,
brought forth such drastic action.

We weigh the above and conclude that there is something
radically wrong in the method of punishment IF CAPONE HAS A FINGER IN
THE PIE! And, if there is yet some doubt in the reader's mind that
Capone's authority does not exceed that of the Deputy Warden, we examine
the Disciplinary Report dated June 13, 1933, which reads:

"Cooper. . No. 39245. Cell D-4. Employed: Laundry.

Offense: Possession of Contraband Food.

Specifications: While passing through the Shoe Shop
this A. M. I caught the above named prisoner with a quantity
of bread and cheese which had been stolen from the kitchen.
When caught he was in the act of cutting sandwiches and
wrapping them in a cloth. Contraband accompanied with
report.

CLAUDE H. NELSON, GUARD."

(Nelson, we know, is the Stockade Guard, an enemy of Capone;
and intimate of Captain Head.

Was Cooper punished?

"Action: Placed in isolation on restricted diet until he has
given promise of obedience!"

How's that for an illustration? Cooper, like any other convict,
will promise and DID promise obedience within an hour after his arraignment
before the Deputy Warden!

Prison of Prisons! Atlanta! Capone! Punishment!
 Favoritism!

We need no further conviction that Capone can "get by with murder". It has been proven. Wiggins' write-up, as shown by the accompanying Conduct Record, is a striking example of how lenient offenders are treated if the offenders have the good fortune to be on Capone's pay roll.

For instance:

"POSSESSION OF CONTRABAND FOOD.

The above named prisoner who is the Runner in 'A' Cell house, came into the Cellhouse with a bag containing a big bunch of different kinds of food. There was pie, chicken, roast pork and cheese, and plenty of it. I have suspected this man for some time of using the job he had to carry stuff in the cellhouse, for #40886.

Guard - JOHN FINN.

ACTION: Isolation on restricted diet. This loot consisted of about three pounds of cheese, two pounds of select roast beef, one pound of baked chicken and one large apple pie. To be placed in dark cell.

In isolation 9-27-33 3:30 P. M.

Released from isolation 10-1-33 3:00 P.M.

5 days"

. And it was NOT five days. . . it was exactly 95½ hours. Figure it out! One half hour less than FOUR days! Does it not prove favoritism when EVEN THE RECORDS OF THE INSTITUTION ARE DELIBERATELY MISLEADING if Capone is concerned with the violation?

But, we say to ourselves, Capone is powerful! Capone is mighty! Capone is supremel For we KNOW!

We know because Capone tells. . . We know because we see men do the things he commands!

Yet, an article inferring Capone is shown no favoritism, is foisted upon an incredulous public! A public anxious to know just how severe is Capone's punishment. Anxious to know if Capone has been whipped into submission!

Yes, anxious to know if Capone's imprisonment has been a lesson to others!

Shades of the Catacombs! If Capone had to suffer one hour incarceration! . . . If he was divested of his prison authority and power. . . HE WOULD EXPERIENCE THE MOST DESPERATE DREAM IN PRISON ANNALES!

But he doesn't have to suffer -- except from his conscience. He is prepared. . . has been prepared for months. . . to participate in any wholesale positive break for freedom! Has been able to obtain, through sundry channels, as much ammunition and firearms as he can conceal!

When the day comes. . . well, one dare not surmise! It may never come, if it depends on him. Suffice to say, once he steps outside the forbidding walls --- where an army of his henchmen shall be waiting --- the swiftest airplane shall carry him to a kingdom all his own! A kingdom in the South Seas, where now his fortified mansion is built and awaiting him!!

A dream? Poppycock? To those who do not know Capone, yes. But a reality! A dream that he has made come true --- except for his occupancy of the mansion.

Still, a threatening shadow hangs over his head. . . The shadow of solitude in Alcatraz --- Devils Island! It becomes darker. . . it grows nearer! It is frightful. . . awful!

In a futile attempt to close the vision from his mind, he shuts his eyes as if to shun some descending catastrophe. . . Deeper and deeper are the fear and misgivings engraved!

Alcatraz, he confesses. . . he dreads! . . . shall be his tomb!

"Those letters I write for Doc? Well, can you imagine it. . . the son-of-a-gun is writing them to himself! This 'Ruth' person, you know? She's a myth! She doesn't even exist! He's using those letters to get money from Capone, telling him, I'll bet, that this Ruth will get him out through this judge. He's told me several times that he doesn't expect to serve his time out -- June 20th, it is. So that's it! Between now and June 20th he'll have Al paying out the shekels, see?"

"Yes," feebly protests Big Pat. "But that doesn't fit. The woman's supposed to be first, his sister; then, his girl. And if it were either, she surer than Hell isn't going to write those lousy letters. No decent woman would write them to another man, least of all a woman to her brother. That copy you showed me was the rottenest thing I ever read. Smut to the nth degree! And he thinks you're dumb enough to believe he receives them?"

"Sure!" exclaims Shavings. "I have to let him think that or I lose the business. Say, I haven't done so bad -- the cigarettes and cakes I got from him. Have I?"

"Boy, you have 't!" Big Pat agrees, "What was it last month -- thirty-five dollars worth or forty-five dollars worth cigarettes?"

"I don't remember now," Shavings answers.

"Did you ever stop to think what HE'S getting? Money, Kid, and more money! You're a chump. You ought to be getting it too!"

Shavings reflects the truth of this advice. Sure enough, Doc's getting thousands of dollars! I'm getting cigarettes! Well, so that's how the wind blows, huh!

It doesn't take Shavings long to drop in and see Doc. Doc, as usual, is penning a letter "from Ruth". He buries it as Shavings enters, but not too soon to prevent Shavings from seeing it. He still insists he copies the letters from originals. Shavings, for a long time, has known this to be untrue.

"Say, Doc, that last letter I wrote -- the one where Ruth said they were all in an accident on the way here, and she received the \$8000.00 for the hospital expenses and a new car? Where's that at?"

shone", continues to get cigarettes and sweets.

Now, Doc informs Shavings, since the pictures are in his possession he will insure that the judge act quickly. . . simply by enclosing one of the pictures in a letter to the judge!

Welfare Island! Joie Rae and his police dog! Drugs!
 Degeneracy! Women! Favors! Luxury! Comfort!

When Capone read of the expose at Welfare Island he laughed!
 Laughed hilariously!

"Imitators!" he shouted, throwing his head back scornfully.
 "Get wind of what I'm doing and shoot the works. Just like the bunch of
 punks they are. Aint got sense enough to buy the right men. Fool with
 chiselers.

"Kelly's another one. And Bates and Bailey, too. Punks!
 That's all. Get a big idea and aint got brains enough to work it out.
 That's what burns me up! That's what galls me! Me, in here, having to
 sit back and read what that damned toy-gunner tries. Imagine it . . .
 \$200,000.00, and couldn't make a getaway! Imagine it!"

he throws the newspaper on his bunk. The rangeman, to whom
 he is addressing his words of derision, stands outside the open cell door.
 Capone rises, anger gripping him.

"You know what!?" he exclaims, conveying the impression he
 is about to expound a theory. "You know what! It's a bunch of clucks
 like that who make it tough for me! Everytime the public reads something
 like that they think of me. Get worrying what I get away with. Well, Buddy,
 take it from me --- If I have to go to Alcatraz with a bunch of tripe like
 that, I'll have so Goddamned many men there that it's going to be too bad!
 I mean it, too! When they think. . . this Uncle Sam of yours. . . when he
 thinks he can match his wits with Scarface Al's, he's got another thought
 comin'. That's on the level.

"And get this. Buddy. I got it straight from Washington. . .
I aint goin' to Alcatraz. That's fixed up. Cummings knows damned well
 if he sends me there it means trouble. Plenty trouble! And Cummings
 aint fool enough to brew trouble. Only through ignorance will he ship
 me out there.

"Now look at Dillinger! Look at Prettyboy Floyd! Good guys,
 get me! But they aint got brains! It's brains that puts a guy over.
 Hell, yes. . . they've got nerve. But what the Hell good is nerve if you
 aint got brains to back it up?"

"But Al," protests the rangeman. "Floyd and Dillinger are cop haters. They shoot the law. That's what the guys here admire 'em for. That's why they always cheer when the radio mentions them or the movies show 'em. They say your gang always shoots each other. Bump off their own brothers! That's why the boys say Dillinger's got it all over you. Personally, though, Al, I got a lot of respect for you. I know you got brains. Hell, I wish I had been one of your men."

Flattery, such as this, never impressed Capone. He was immune to it because he KNEW his power.

"Listen, Buddy," Capone says, a finger waving, "anytime I can't pull a string and get what I want on the end of it, I aint Al Capone no more. I got stuck once! Only one time, get me? The biggest thing this country ever had. I made my plans A to Z. It would have gone through without a hitch, but someone had to throw a wrench in the works. Dumb Dutchman! If it weren't for that, I'd be out of here today! Out, get me!"

Capone drifts into recollection. What, the rangeman wonders, does he refer to. Is it presumptuous to ask? No, he decides; Al might say something more to give him an idea of this "biggest thing", which, if it terminated as Capone planned, would have had him "out of here today!"

"That's how it goes," Capone continues, thinking aloud. "Always someone to gum the works. Another thing that burns me up is that St. Valentine's Day massacre. Massacre, the papers called it. Hell, them guys got only what they deserved. Everyone of them! But I aint thinking of that. I'm regrettin' the one big chance I had to get out that was jammed up. . . . Spital! Just another Dago who thinks he's got brains and proves he aint!"

He sighs as though fatigued. "\$50,000.00 for a corpse! Clever cops!"

What, we ask ourselves as we note the defeated look upon his face, makes him so morose. He dejectedly drops on his bunk, and, his eyes looking into space, seems to be on the verge of tears. What, we further ask, could make him so sad?

Is it because this "biggest thing" didn't pan out as he planned? Does he see the freedom he so nearly found through this scheme now so far from realization?

The ranganan walks off, leaving Capone with his dreams, regrets and sorrows. For deep is the sorrow that now shrouds him in her sombre arms. Deep, indeed.

For we realize, with shocking amazement, horror and even pity, that IT COULD HAVE BEEN HIS SON!

"COMMING PLAT TO MURDER CAPONE!"

This startling title on the lurid cover of a magazine in the possession of Mr. Kenny Bates, the Record Clerk, is seen by Short Shavings. The magazine, of course, is listed as one forbidden in the institution. However, Mr. Bates is a civilian, and he undoubtedly is curious to know WHO plots to murder Capone. Short Shavings, on the other hand, is curious, too. But how to get the magazine without Mr. Bates learning of its loss?

"Say, Shavings," Doc begins when Shavings' day's work is done. "I hear Bates is got a magazine with an article in it about Al. Did you see it?"

"Yes, but not the article," Shavings replies.

"But chance is there getting it?"

"Absolutely none!" Shavings retorts with crisp finality.

"Any chance reading it and telling us what it says?"

"I can read it up there; sure! While I'm taking dictation. You know how slow Bates dictates!"

"The big boy'd give anything to get that," Doc begins to bribe.

"Does he know of it?"

"No, but I know he'd pay plenty for it."

"How much?" Shavings asks.

"That's it worth!" Doc bargains.

"I've told you plenty times, Doc, I don't want nothing to do with Al. I've got a parole now, and I can't risk losing it for him or anyone else. I been here over a year, and have kept off Al's pay roll, and I intend to keep off."

"Yes, but that's where you're a fool. Other guys are getting it. Why not you?"

After all, Shavings realizes, it might be worth the risk.

"See what he'll give for it. If he makes it interesting I'll get the magazine for him. But he's got to destroy it soon as he reads it."

"Once it's taken out of that office it can't go back! For Bates will know I had it out. And I'd rather let him think it was stolen by someone else."

"I'll see Al soon. Keep an eye on it," Doc advises.

"All right. But remember, Doc, he's not supposed to know who's doing it."

"Hell, why don't you play along with the Big Boy? He's all right!"

"All right Hell!" Short Shavings answers. "I've seen too much up in that office. He's all for himself. He never protects a guy after he gets in a jam. The guy that does the dirty work for him suffers. He sits back and enjoys things. He makes a lot of pawns out of them. I don't want nothing to do with anyone like that."

"But you'll get the magazine, won't you?"

"If he makes it worthwhile," Shavings agrees.

At Stockade House Doc visits Capone in the Shoe Shop. Capone is visibly upset when he learns of the article, and the magazine being in the institution. He must have it! Regardless of how much it costs, he must have it!

"Find out the name of the magazine. . . if Shavings can't get it, I'll get one brought in. I gotta have it! Who in Hell could've written it?" Capone is wrought up and pale.

Doc does not know. Capone cannot guess. It has been written. . . that's all! And is now being sold on the newspaper stands throughout the country. And the public'll believe it!

On the spot! Well, let them start something here!

"Al said name your price, Shavings. I got the money here. You got any way to get it out?"

Doc produces a roll of fifty-dollar bills. Shavings fully aware that there is \$100,000.00 worth of counterfeit in the institution --- the officials having already found \$10,000.00 worth of it hidden in a jar in the Duck Mill, and photographed the fingerprints on the jar --- is unwilling to accept Doc's money.

"What do you want him to do, send it to your wife?"

"No, she might write back and say she received it. She's not wise enough about these connections."

Capone, now extremely annoyed because he is compelled to send continual messages to Shavings, raising the price of the magazine from \$10.00 to \$500.00 -- for its immediate delivery! -- causes the rumor to circulate that Capone's bodyguards have deserted him, and he is to be picked off! The graying buzzes. The officials, through Capone's inability to retain a secret, learn of the bribe. The magazine is missing from Dr. Lator's desk. No questions are asked, but a close check is made of Shavings' movements. Also, the movements of all those assigned to the Record Office.

It is rumored -- and believed -- that Capone paid \$1000.00 for the magazine, believing it would divulge the names of those who plot to murder him!

Meanwhile, Dr. Fraser, and Dr. Falls, the dentist, learning of the price offered for the magazine, determine to sneak one in. Dr. Lator's successor (Dr. Fraser) lost no time in seeing this favor, if he could accomplish it, a great stepping stone to Capone's esteem! The unfortunate thing, he admits, is that neither he nor anyone knowing of the article knew the name of the magazine. However, that won't deter him from searching for the correct one. Besides, Dr. Falls resigns himself, he must make some effort to earn his monthly allowance from Capone!

Shavings, hearing of this, calls on Doc. He "soft-scapes" Doc into believing he understands how the suspense must annoy Al, and furnishes hands over the article which he had clipped from the magazine, explaining that he returned the magazine to its rightful place in Dr. Lator's desk.

Doc avidly absorbs the contents of the article. It is a most distorted story of Capone's danger. Other than mentioning that Capone had a few blows exchanged with another prisoner in the shoe shop, the story falls far short of being either exciting or convincing. It entirely and completely omits any reference to Capone's indiscretions.

"Mooney wrote that!" Doc later informs Shavings.

"You know anybody you'd want it sent to who you can trust?"

"Yes. Here's the name and address. Now's two hundred dollars strike you?"

"O. K." agrees Doc. "I know Al will approve any amount you want."

"All right. Send it here." Shavings gives Doc a name and address. "Now, when that guy wires me he got the money, you get the magazine. Meanwhile, I'm keeping it stashed."

"But Al wants it right away!" Doc protests.

"Nothing doing. Money first or no magazine." Shavings walks away. Doc follows him to his stall.

"Listen, Shavings. You don't mean you don't trust Al, do you? I'm offering you the money cash! Here!" He holds out four fifty-dollar bills. "I can't do more than guarantee you'll get it if you don't take this."

"Kope. You know there's a lot of counterfeit around here. Besides, I haven't anyone to send it out with. I don't fool with the guards. If I had to send it out it'd cost me half, and why should I give a guard a hundred for taking out a hundred? I'm no damned fool!"

"Where's the magazine now?" Doc asks.

"Stashed. I stashed it when I went back to work at noon."

"All right. Al gets a visit on the 24th -- tomorrow. John will be here and he'll tell John send it to this address. Is that O. K.?"

"It's O. K. with me. But no magazine until I hear that the money's received."

"He won't like that, but I see you want to business any other way. If you knew how easy it is to get your two hundred taken out, you'd not hesitate, Shavings."

"Any guy that gives a guard a hundred for carrying out a hundred isn't used to money. I'd pay twenty-five, no more. But after all, I'd rather it be sent from outside. I don't want any guard to know my business. I see too much what they report, when they're caught."

Doc walks off to his stall.

"How'd he get it out?" Shavings asks.

"Miller, the librarian, I suppose. Maybe he wrote it after he left, I don't know."

"I see!" Shavings exclaims.

"See what?" Doc asks.

"Washington asked for Miller's resignation. I wondered why. That's it, then. Moody evidently talked."

"Al'll burn up when he reads this. And listen, don't worry about the money. You get it if I have to steal it for you. And I'll stand there with Al while he reads it, and make him burn it up when he's through. Take my word for it!"

Shavings didn't take Doc's word. And Shavings wasn't surprised the next day when he heard from half a dozen Capone's cronies that they had read the story after it was passed on to them by Capone.

Trust Capone! Shavings said he wouldn't again. . . money or no money. But Shavings, after all, is a convict, and a convict's vows are silly prattle.

When Capone heard of Shavings ultimatum, he vehemently denied having shown the article to anyone. Doc substantiated Capone's statement in this respect. But it was evident, since Capone's own henchmen admitted it, that he had shown them the article to give them an idea just how matters stood.

"We need that guy on the pay roll," Capone tells Doc. "He's in a position to do good. What the Hell's the matter with him that he won't come in?"

"Says he doesn't want anything to do with you. Claims you let a guy down when he needs you. A smart kid, I guarantee, Al. All them bankers and lawyers use him. He even does work for the guards. . . writes letters and things for them. I can't make him out, though. Think he might be a D. J. man? He once said he used to work for the government."

"D. J. or S. B., I gotta talk to him! I been hearing a lot about him, and I know he knows a lot that I want to learn. He's got access to my file, hasn't he?"

"Yeah, Al. Has charge of them. Writes the letters and sees the answers. I can't get much out of him, though. Pretty close-mouthed

with everybody but one guy. A guy named Dick. Old gray haired fellow. They're always eating together. Guess you've seen them. At night, too, they get stuff from the Officers' Mess. This guy Dick used to work down there. He's a friend of that no-good Mackethal. I got a suspicion sometimes Shavings is a government investigator. . . getting the goods on the officials here.

"Well, for Christ's sake, don't tell me your suspicions. You get paid for knowing and doing things. Find out! Do something!"

Doc promises Al that he surely will. Al, it seems, has heard otherwise about Shavings. If Shavings, he reasons, were a U. S. man, he would not be peddling conduct record information to the other inmates. He would not be averse to accepting a position on the pay roll, "if he actually wanted to get the goods on the officials. No, Doc must be wrong. He is wrong!"

"Say," Doc spouts as he rushes to Al on the terrible morning that came afternoon. "Shavings is on Druggan's payroll! Feature that, will you. I just found it out!"

Doc is breathless and excited. He knows Al's contempt for Druggan, and what interest such information arouses.

"That lousy Irishman! No wonder we can't get him on our pay roll. Druggan keeps him off, I guess. Tryin' to put something over on me. How come?"

"Mack Lilly, the clerk in the Tailor Shop, makes a connection with Cannon, the guard, for Druggan. He loads Druggan down what Shavings can do for him, writing letters and all. Druggan's tryin' to get his Good Time restored. And this Lilly guy composes the letters and Shavings revises and types them. I just heard it all! Every damned bit of it! A guy what works in the Record Office told me. He said he saw one of Druggan's letters in Shavings' desk. . . a letter to a woman named Chichester, in Leesburg, Virginia. Druggan reminds her that he saved her life in a fire at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and asks her to return the favor by seeing Roosevelt and having his Good Time restored. She's related to the Roosevelts. Can you feature a guy like that?"

"So that shrimp is still trying to get his good time restored."

"What the Hell would he do if he had my time? And he's got Short Shavings on his pay roll, huh? And writing to a woman to help him! Went that look good to his friends?" Al is gleefully disturbed.

"I know it! This guy knows Shavings took some records out of a guy's jacket who had eight years restored what he lost for running away. Well, Druggan gave him \$10.00 for it. Sent it to his wife. That's straight. Mack Lilly told a guy about it, and the guy told me." Doc is now enthusiastic, feeling that he has Shavings in a position where he can induce him to cater to Al.

"Tell that guy I wanna see him. If he wont come to me --- Goddamn it --- I'll go to him! Turning me down for Druggan. Can you beat that? That's some of Druggan's underhand work. And it must be true, then, that loose Druggan's payin' Cannon three hundred a month for grub. I heard the report, but I couldn't believe it! Cannon brings a lunch can, don't he? Well, that's it! That's where Druggan gets his custard now.

"Get that guy Shavings out here! Arrange a meeting! Get me! And if you can't, you're through! Gee!"

Capone has spoken! Doc knows he means it. But, Capone does not reckon he has an entirely different type of criminal to deal with when he deals with Shavings. Shavings will not be browbeaten, he boasts. But we shall see whose will is the strongest --- Capone's or Shavings'.

Upon informing Shavings that "The Big Boy wants to see you. When can you meet him on the yard?" Shavings replies that he is not interested.

Is Shavings wary? Alarmed? Conceited? Or really a D. J. man?

"Yeah, but he's gotta see you! Somebody told him you were working for Druggan, and Al's burned up over it. Says that's an insult to him. Take my advice, Kid, and don't make him sore."

"And why not?" asks Shavings defiantly. "That's final, Doc. I'm supposed to get two C's for that article. If I don't get it, O. K. But talking to Capone on the yard is OUT. Absolutely out! If Head saw me it's my turn in the hole, and I'm not going in the hole for Al or anyone else. Besides, I told you I got a parole to consider."

"But you don't understand," Doc insists. "No one will see

"And then what?" Shavings sarcastically replies.

"It's no use, I guess," Doc admits.

And no use is right, for Shavings flatly and finally refuses to talk to Capone.

Why?

That is the question the inmates ask each other when the rumor circulates that Shavings refuses to go on Capone's pay roll or even obey his command to see him.

Why?

Had Shavins seen Capone in February (1934), when this conversation took place, Capone would have been richer to the tune of \$25,000.00! Capone would have learned, perhaps, that he was --- notwithstanding the fact that he was positive he was not --- scheduled to go to Alcatraz Island!

Capone, to his amazement, would have learned who were his friends and who his enemies. . . and, incidentally, that fifty per cent of his supposed friends --- to whom he paid from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a month --- were regularly and deliberately reporting his every movement and speech!

Capone, to his grief, would have learned which of the guards and civilians to whom he doled a certain monthly sum, were sincere or not.

Capone, however, with the brain he so proudly bragged about, had not the ability to weed the good from the bad. . . the straight from the crooked. Thus it happened that Shavins, who, now, it had come to become contaminated by association with the parasites and leeches that clung to the silken strings of the golden purse of Capone's.

Yet, when the most despicable and carefully planned betrayal and deceit perpetrated by a traitor of the most contemptible type was about to enrich the scoundrel \$25,000.00 more, it was Shavins who -- regardless of discretion and consequences -- apprised Capone of the disappointment in store for him.

It seems that Thorpe and Shavins were friends. Thorpe, it will be remembered, treated Capone to his daily massages and baths. Never during the acquaintance of Shavins and Thorpe -- so far as could be learned -- had they discussed Capone.

About the middle of March Shavins decided to investigate the failure of the \$200.00 to reach the friend whose name he gave Doc. He inquired of Thorpe if he would object to asking Al about it. Thorpe did. Al contended that he instructed Doc to send the money. Doc, he understood, had given it to one of Al's bodyguards to hand to Chattonier. Chattonier was supposed to mail it. Chattonier, when asked about it, denied ever having received it!

Doc, you know, knew nothing, of the inquiries being made, and as a consequence, was proven a cheat and thief before he had the opportunity to rectify his deliberate abuse of the \$200.00.

"That's just what I've always been told," stating Willie Thorpe. "He did the same thing with Berg. He had Berg make a lot of dirty pictures for him. I don't know what he wanted them for because he couldn't take them out. And he promised Berg \$700.00.

Well, Berg got a hundred. He put it in a bible, between the cover and back, and then pasted a sticker on it, and got it out. I never ---"

"What kind of pictures were those?" Thorpe asks.

"Pictures from comic magazines and nudist magazines. He did some composite work on them, you know."

"Did he ever tell you about that girl who's name is --- all the one who's got a load of dirty pictures of a judge?"

"Did he ever tell me? I wrote the letters for him," stating Al abouts.

"You wrote them? How come?" Thorpe is puzzled.

"Well, he used to pay me \$11 out of me a couple times a week to type letters he wrote. Supposed to be from his sister. When they were supposed to be from this girl. . . well, I think her name is. His sister's name is Stella, and he never wrote to my mother, according to the records. He's such a liar he didn't know where one day to the next what he had said the day before."

Thorpe laughs. It is no merry laugh. It is a strange, uncertain laugh. . . That is known as the "horse-laugh".

"What'll Al hear that!" he exclaims.

"What's Al got to do with it?"

"He told Al that judge was going to get him out by June 2nd. First it was Christmas. . . then it was January. . . then February. . . then April. Now June! Doc, you know, goes out on June 20th. And he's supposed to get Al out first! That's a rich one!"

"Do you mean that Doc told Al he received those letters and pictures?"

"He certainly did! Al talks pretty confidential to me, and I know Al believes it! He's paid out around \$35,000.00 so far, to Doc,

"Well, I'm a . . . I" Shavings is speechless. "Say, Eddie, do something for me. Tell Al I want to meet him. I turned him down a couple times, but this is important now. I have to see him if what you say is true. Imagine that! Thirty-five grand! \$35,000.00! What a racket!"

"Racket is right. I always suspected Doc was working a confidence game on Al. How about coming over the hospital in the morning. You can always catch him there at 9:00 o'clock. I'll send you a pass."

"Good! If I don't get it in time I'll tell Old Man Bates I have neuritis and he'll have to give me permission to go. See that no one's around when I come in, will you?"

Whenever Shavings had a "business appointment" -- was negotiating for writing letters, writs and so on, and the man for whom the work was to be done could not pass to stockade at the same hour Shavings did, Shavings would make an appointment with him to be kept at the hospital! Thus, when these engagements were to be fulfilled he'd pretend he had neuritis, and receive special permission to pass through the institution, at any hour of the day, to the hospital!

"O. K!" Thorpe agrees. "I'll not say anything to Al except that there's something mighty important you want to talk to him about. Is that right?"

"Boy, you got a head on you!" Shavings laughs. "You'll be President Thorpe, some day. . . if you leave money orders alone!"

The following morning Capone is sitting in the steambox. Shavings walks in, looks at him calmly, and receives a cordial greeting.

"Hello, Buddy!" Capone smiles. "What's on your mind?"

"Plenty!" Shavings answers.

"You're a hard guy to get an interview with," Capone says.

"Busier than a bank president!"

"You're getting an important interview now, Al. Now listen, Al, you always do the talking and the other guys the listening. This time I'm going to talk and you'll have to listen. If you can't, there's no use my wasting time here and running the risk of being caught. It means something to you! I think you've enough sense to realize I wouldn't be here . . .

article is a past and forgotten issue. So money's not prompting me to this interview.

"Tell me this," Shavings rattles on. "Did Doc show you some dirty pictures?"

"What do you know about them?" Capone fences.

"I'm asking you! Now you've got to be honest with me. It doesn't mean a damned thing to me one way or the other. All I want to know now is did he show them to you?"

"He surely did!" Al answers.

"And what did he say about them? Did he tell you how and where he got them?"

"He did that!"

"Well, it looks like there's no use talking," Shavings says disgustedly. "You seem to be convinced Doc, like Ceaser's wife, is above reproach. However, I'm inclined to believe Doc's more clever than you give him credit for, or dare admit. Am I right?"

"What do you mean?" Al becomes interested. Shavings is too sincere and earnest to be ignored, Al decides, and he'll quit 'stalling' him along.

"I hear things, you know. See them, too. I understand, in plain words, Al, you've paid Doc something like twenty-five grand or thirty-five grand, even. Am I right?"

"No need to mince matters. I paid him \$35,000.00."

"For what?" Shavings asks, expecting the verification of Thorpe's information.

"You know?" Capone asks.

"I got a sneaking suspicion."

"Cough it up!" Al sweats.

"What kind of story did he put across about letters from a girl named Ruth?" Shavings hurls at Capone.

"His sister? That girl's crazy about me! Why, Buddy, she's working night and day to get me out of here. Do you know her?"

"Do I know her? Nobody knows her. She doesn't exist!"

"Huh!" gasps Capone, rising and catching his neck in the opening of the sweat-box lid. "Don't exist?"

Shavings nods affirmatively.

"Let's hear more!" Capone commands, stepping from the sweat box.

"No. You tell me!" Shavings suggests. The presence of two of Capone's bodyguards standing nearby tend to cause Shavings to prefer he be the listener, not the narrator. After noting the experience of others in analogous circumstances, realizing that rumors spread swiftly and certainly, he has cause to hesitate. Furthermore, he is cognizant Doc pays money to Capone's bodyguards for information that they furnish him about Capone, which he has no other way of learning.

"Let's see, no," Capone begins. "About Christmas, I guess it was, Doc brings me a letter. No... it was before Christmas. It was a typewritten letter. It was from his sister Ethel. No ---"

"Was it addressed Dearest, Darling, Baby Mine?"

Nodding deeply, Capone nods assent.

"And did it have a lot of vulgarity in it?"

Capone again nods assent.

"I'm telling you anyhow, I see. Go ahead," urges Shavings.

"Well," Capone resumes, "Doc's sister - she's nuts about me. Reads everything in the papers she can get hold of concerning me. Made a sort of god of me, you know."

"I gathered as much from the letters," Shavings smiles.

"Anyhow, they were just love letters at first. Then she started telling me how much she wanted me out. And then later she tells me about these pictures Doc took of some movie actress and a judge. Well, she started coming here in a Packard Roadster I bought her. Doc's girl, Ethel, and Ethel's kids were coming along.

"Well, they never got here. The next letter told of an accident they had on the way, and how they were all banged up, and Ethel pretty well cut. She had to go to the hospital.

"Am I right?" Capone asks.

"Exactly! Well, you know that much and I'll tell you the rest," Shavings says, ignoring the jeopardy he courts talking about Doc in the presence of anyone. "After the accident you sent \$5000.00 to cover hospital expenses and for plastic surgery. Then, you bought her another car. Then, it was decided, because of the accident they'd not come, but return home. And they did!

"All the time the letters were being apparently sent from the same place, although I suppose you never saw an envelope with the post-office mark on it. Meanwhile, the judge had not gotten to Washington, although he begged Ruth to wait patiently, assuring her that he would go there immediately. Right?"

"Right you are!" Al assents.

"Al, how could you be so big a fool?" Shavings boldly asks. "How come you didn't think to ask what the judge's name was? I asked him once, for you see I typed those letters for him. Everyone of them! I saw the pictures. They were made up in the Record Office. Al, there is no Ruth! There never was one except in Doc's distorted brain!"

"YOU typed those letters. . .!" shouts Capone. "Well, I'm a dirty son-of-a-bitch! Say, if anybody ever paid for doing me a rotten trick, that bird's gonna pay. I been like a father to him. Believed him. Trusted him! And he's played me the dirtiest trick I ever had played on me. It all seemed too real. . . the letters and all. And he telling me his brother-in-law -- the guard, Clark, -- was bringing in the letters from town. And I been forking out grands like they were pennies, figuring the judge would have me out. Supposed to be a retired Supreme Court judge. . ."

"Doc has no wife and no brother-in-law, Al," Shavings informs Capone. "So all his characters were mythical!"

Capone is lost in reverie. . . Slowly, wearily. . . he trudges forlornly desolate down the Boulevard of Shattered Dreams. . . his head bowed, his eyes dimmed with tears.

Betrayed! he inaudibly murmurs. Betrayed!

Absently he pulls on his prison clothes. Thorpe, Shavings and Capone's bodyguards stand silently by. They gaze pityingly at the man who half an hour ago bubbled with joy and expectation. Dejection. Surrender. Desolation. All are apparent in the eyes of King Capone as

he resigns himself to Fate.

Then, like a storm in all its fury, he rages. His audience, act-
ing as if suddenly awakened from a lethargy, gaze horror-stricken at the
bile on Doc's countenance.

"Get it?" he addresses his bodyguards. "That shrimp son-
of-a-bitch pays. I say, I say! PAYS! Don't let him get back into that
barnyard when he leaves that bindery today. He's living now longer than
he should! And even, how longer he lives is cutting my soul!"

"O. K., Al," they respond in unison.

"I'll see you later, kid," he says to Shavings. "And don't
be afraid of anyone after what you've done for me!"

Shavings returns to his detail, the Record Office.

"That guy's on the level, Al," Thorpe informs. "He didn't
know the way Doc's been doing you until I let something slip yesterday,
and he was so surprised he begged me arrange a meeting with you. I under-
stand, Al, that Doc's working the same thing on Druggan. Lilly cells with
me, you know, and he said something about Doc being able to get Druggan out."

"Christ, if Druggan finds out I been taken for thirty-five
grand by a confidence man, he'll lord it all over me. Don't tell him!
Don't tell Lilly! Tell Short Shavings not to say anything to anybody!
Let Druggan find out for himself, the chiseler!"

Capone, it is a fact, has nothing but utter contempt for
Druggan. It existed before they found themselves guests of Uncle Sam.
It continues during their incarceration together. Yet, Druggan and Capone,
to all appearances, act friendly when together.

However, fear that Druggan might be apprised of his loss and
suffering, before Druggan himself loses, galls Capone. The money he has
wasted, he claims, means nothing! The ridicule he will silently suffer,
is another thing. Particularly when it shall have its origin in the mouth
of an enemy -- Druggan.

Through some source Mack Lilly learns what occurred in the
electric therapy room. He pages Druggan on the yard at evening stockade.
Druggan and Lilly, congratulating themselves on the narrow escape from
Doc's fraudulent scheme, poke fun at Capone!

Capone "can't take it!"

There were five men in the physio therapy room when Capone and Short Shavins discussed the "racket" Doc found so remunerative.

There were five men who heard every word uttered!

Five men who finished the execution of Capone's mandate: "Don't let him get back into the basement!"

Let us, merely, to illustrate how rapidly and unerringly the grapevine operates, eliminate one by one the ones who must have seen Doc the message that he was to die before noon! That he would never reach the basement once he left the Binder, that morning!

Armand "Dago" Marquis, the tall, sleek Valentino-like Italian, long Capone's trustworthiest bodyguard, despised Doc with the scorn a man has for the who takes advantage of a friend's faith for mercenary purposes. His hatred ate at his brain like a cancer. He idolized Capone. His reports to Capone, concerning Doc's double-crossing methods, had been like water upon a duck's back. Capone completely ignored them. Of the five he, under such circumstances, would really gloat in the opportunity to dispose of Doc.

"Lumawnee", a bulky, slouch-backed, bull-necked and cruel mountaineer, serving twenty-five years for mail robbery, had the reputation of being tight-lipped. He enjoyed neither relaying gossip nor listening to it. His association with Doc was too inconspicuous to even consider their acquaintances, though he was aware Doc disliked him as much as Capone's other bodyguards. . . . Disliked him because his physique and strength was to Doc an enviable, unattainable thing. No, we can conclude without hesitation, would have thought as little of Doc's welfare as he would think of getting wet under a shower!

Thorpe: Thorpe knew more about Doc than any other inmate in the hospital. He knew because Capone confided in him, and he respected Capone's confidence. He never spoke of Doc unless his words were tinged with contempt and derision. He always referred to Doc as "Dr. Jehyl and Mr. Hyde". And, considering his attachment for Al, and Al's promise of remuneration to him, it is unlikely in the extreme that he would have grapevined Doc what fate awaited him.

Short Shavings. . . The fact that Short Shavings fingered Doc and double-crossed him in conversing with Capone against Doc's explicit instructions, disposed of all doubt in our mind that he informed him of Capone's decree. It is possible that he gave thought to the outcome of the decree, and feared his first meeting with Capone might have been observed by some hospital inmate, and, in the investigation, might prove damaging. It is also possible that he permitted his sympathy to conquer him, for he was always the defender of the underdog. However, he could not have relayed the message to Doc without admitting to him that he had personally seen and talked to Capone -- which, as stated above, would have brought Doc's anger upon him.

After all, Shavings was sensible enough to conclude, Doc and Capone might continue to be friends. Why should he make an enemy of Doc, Doc possessing no sword or brain as he did?

He was, therefore, compelled to eliminate Shavings as the guilty one.

It leaves but Capone! Capone, who uttered the sentence that Doc died!

Could Capone, after assuming the possible loss of Doc, not attack on Doc, and Doc recovering, tighten the noose around his own neck? Could he actually depend on his bodyguards to retain silence? On Shorge? On Shavings? It was too great a risk. . . Too much to expect!

Besides, we believe, Capone "who treated Doc like a son", and who (we were actually advised to learn later) still believed Doc might be on the level, may have decided he was too hasty in issuing his mandate!

So of the five, one alone had any concern for Doc. . .

One alone actually FEARED Doc, dead or alive!

One -- and only one! -- placed his hope for early freedom in Doc's hands!

And he alone, it is indisputable, through a strictly private grapevine, warned Doc his life was forfeit!

For, to the surprise of Luwanes, Dago, and Shavings, Doc -- on leaving the bindery -- was accompanied by two guards! Two escorts!

Notwithstanding this exposure of Doc, Capone continued to keep him on the pay roll. For, in truth, Doc handled a portion of the pay roll. The sum Doc disposed of relieved the Chicago syndicate of possible risk, if investigated.

When being questioned concerning his action, Capone offered as excuse that he did not wish Doc to get wise. . . that he wanted Doc to believe he had upleveled faith in him and "Ruth". And further, that he would continue paying him \$200.00 a month; but, would not furnish "Ruth" another dollar!

He learned, through suggestions and information furnished by Short Shavings, how to cross-examine Doc without giving him an idea he was in possession of information which proved Doc an arch cheat. He gradually gained conviction that Doc had really played him to the sweet tune of \$15,000.00, and would have had another \$40,000.00 had not Short Shavings risked his parole and courted danger by informing Capone of Doc's racket!

Was Capone grateful? Shavings continued to deny that he ever received anything from Capone, but authentic and unquestionably reliable information induces us to believe that Shavings received the comfortable sum of \$10,000.00 for his daring visit to Capone!

Doc, of course, was shrewd enough to suspicion Capone had been in touch with Shavings. He was careful enough, too, to avoid Shavings, and eventually absolutely ignored him.

But Capone was not through! He had not had enough! Nor was Doc to be outwitted by an ordinary stenographer! He would show them! He would get that other \$40,000.00 -- or die attempting it!

And, fool like, he continued to write the phoney letters to Capone; continued to pretend they were from "Ruth", and went so far as to include in them reference to "convicts who tell you Bob is not your friend, but only a fake!"

Doc, indeed, was a character. A more confirmed paranoiac never lived!

Yet, in his greed and anxiety to amass a huge fortune -- part of which was then in a safety deposit box outside the institution -- he failed to use discretion. He pitched head first into an idea that actually convinced Capone, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Doc had gipped him. Doc, discovering this too late, had no alibi!

It resulted in disaster. . . as do all deceptions. Believing everyone now knew of his fraudulent racket, Doc dared not ask anyone to type the "Ruth" letters. He could not type himself. There was one alternative -- to write them with pen and ink! He would have presented them thus in the beginning were it not that he feared his handwriting was familiar to Capone, and would be recognized immediately.

Nevertheless, he wrote two -- two quite similar to the others, incorporating the same erotic vows and declarations of undying love! Those, Capone admitted, looked genuine; but their contents caused him to be suspicious, because "Ruth" dwelled too much on the loss of his love. . . and he had not told her in the letters HE wrote her (which Doc pretended to have mailed through Chattowier!) that he had ceased to love her!

Capone, the genius who amassed millions. . . the man who regarded the penitentiary as a haven of safety. . . the cunning, shrewd and artful Capone being tricked in a racket that resulted in his writing endearing letters to a woman who did not exist!

His vanity was offended. He could not endure this longer. Every inmate in the institution would learn of it. He must do something! Anything! Or lose his reason.

"Tell that guy Shavings I want to see him. And I won't take no for an answer," he tells Thorpe one morning.

Thorpe informs Shavings. Shavings regrets that he cannot comply, if he must meet Capone at the hospital. On the yard would be O. K. Yes, but you go to stockade at one -- Al goes at 2:30. All right, I'll fake a pass to the hospital for 2:30, and you can meet him on the yard.

So they meet again. And after rehashing Doc's entire racket Capone promises Shavings anything he wants.

"I don't want anything you have, Al," Shavings answers. "I wanted that two hundred because my mother was sick. I don't want that

... "Thanks, anyhow!"

"But Kid, you've done more for me than anyone in here. You have, and that's no kiddin'! You can have any damned thing you ask for. You saved me at least fifty grand. Seventy-five grand's as far as I was going to go before I gave up Doc's plan. He kept putting it off and putting it off. I actually believed him, to tell the truth. It aint the thirty-five grand I done paid -- that's nothing! It's realizing that he took me for a chump. And now he tells me the damn's set for July and."

"Yeah? He's going out on June 20th, isn't he?" Shavings reminds Capone.

"Wise, aint he?" Capone smiles.

"Too wise, if you ask me, Al."

"Well, lil, that's how it goes. The better you treat a guy the less he appreciates it. Here I've taken care of his wife and buried his two kids in the last six months, and ---"

"What kids?" Shavings asks, astonished.

"Doc's. Two of them died, you know."

Shavings cannot control the laughter that rocks him. He slaps Capone on the thigh. "Doc didn't have any kids! He isn't even married!"

Capone sits upright. Another shock! Shavings feels that he should not have spoken. Well, it's done now.

"You giving me the straight?"

"Nothing else, Al. I know his family history like a book. I've seen it time and again."

"But he showed me telegrams from his wife, saying they had died, and I sent \$2000.00 each time!"

"It's no use, Al. He just took you for a ride. An expensive one, too. I see now why he wanted me to stay away from you."

"Do something for me, Kid. Name your price! Nothing's too much for I'm indebted to you now more than words can express. Get me his record. Bring it to me, or send it to me. And I want to see if there's any telegrams in his jacket, from his wife."

"That's a big order, Al. But I can tell you now -- No! I file them. If he showed you a typewritten telegram, he faked it himself. We keep the originals in the jackets and send copies to the inmates. None

came for him about kids dying. There is one or two from some party downtown here -- about everything being received O. K. That must refer to the money you've been giving him for Ruth, and he's sending to someone here to put in bank. Well, to convince you, however, I'll bring you the telegrams that are there. What else do you want?"

"I want to see a copy of his record -- criminal record."

"O. K. I better be skipping now. Later is likely to call the hospital to see if I'm there. Doc'll hear about me seeing you again, and finger me sure as Hell."

"Wait a minute!" Capone commands as Shavins rises. "I owe you something. You don't want to take it. What're you going to do when you get out of here? Got a job?"

"Al, if it's one of the jobs you've been promising those other guys that have left, I'm not interested. I hear every day of how disappointed they are to learn it is only a promise."

"But those guys aren't like you, Shavings.... They've not done what you've done for me. They've not got the education you have. You'd be helpful in one of my offices. See, I ain't what people think... just a gangster. I have interests in stock and bonding houses, stock companies, hotels, syndicates and all that. I own the million dollar Hialeah race track. Also a big interest in the one in Chicago. I can give you a job there paying \$25.00 a day. Summer in Chicago, Winter in Miami. That's not bad money these days."

"Sounds interesting," Shavings admits, "but improbable."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want anything. I never got the two hundred, and if what I done wasn't worth it, then nothing else is. You promised, then the bird that's supposed to take care of the promise uses his judgment about it, and either keeps it or sends it to someone he knows. All you can do for me, Al, is remember me. . . Remember what I've done for you. That's enough. If you had told your brother to send that two hundred, I'd have had it. Since you didn't, O. K."

"Hell, I'll do that!" Capone protests.

"Oh, no you won't! You'll have plenty else to talk about and think of. You'll see plenty new faces when I'm gone. When you go to ---" Shavings halts. Almost! He condemns himself! Almost told him! And if he knew he'd write about it; and if he wrote, Washington would investigate and learn where he got his information!

"What were you going to say?" Capone asks, a strange catch in his voice.

"When you go to Doc, don't tell him what I told you," Shavings quickly alibis.

Capone is not convinced, but being no mind reader is unable to learn what Shavings was about to say.

He wondered, afterwards, if Capone had paid Shavings the two hundred dollars he was promised, would Shavings have been grateful enough at that time to have posted him? Or, was Shavings hesitancy in then informing Capone of the impending transfer due to fear of the consequence, because of Capone's inability to respect ones confidence?

Shavings, it need not be explained, produced the desired telegram and record for Capone. True enough, there were no telegrams notifying Doc of his "children's demise."

"And now," Capone sends back the message, "tell Shavings I got to have a copy of Doc's handwriting. Any piece of paper at all will do. It must be Doc's writing, though."

Shavings did not then know, but learned later, that Doc's "Ruth" letters were losing their power to convince. And Capone, when informed that there was no available writing of Doc's, demanded that the same be obtained AT ANY COST!

Every department in the institution was called upon, by Shavings, with the request that an interview slip with Doc's writing be found. There was not one procurable! Doc, it seemed, was careful with his writing!

Weeks passed without an opportunity to get into a fight. Meanwhile, Doc was bombarding Capone with letters -- writing himself, with pen and ink, ON PRISON STATIONERY!

You ask: "How could Capone be so dumb?" he asked, Doc, not only by answering: He is naturally, inherently dumb. Ammunition --- not brains --- acquired for him the power he held in the outside world. And money -- not brains --- retained it for him in the penitentiary!

Believing the tall yarn Doc assiduously spun, Capone, clutching at every straw of hope that drifted beside him as he sank deeper and deeper into the years of imprisonment and solitude ahead, was not, in our opinion, committing a surprising mistake. Considering his poor judgment, his lack of perspective and inability to analyze character, he did only what anyone else of his propensities would do.

He became desperate. He was not content with committing the many violations of the rules. . . he went further! He dragged others deeper into the mire of crime and disrespect for law and order. He determined to have Doc's writing. . . a sample of it to compare with the letters Doc was foisting upon him! Regardless of whose honor was trampled in the dust of his desire to satisfy his egotistical nature, the handwriting **MUST BE OBTAINED!** He was not completely convinced Doc was "bleeding" him. He was not, yet, sensible enough to realize that a dracula, with a lust for money, was sucking the happiness still left in his heart!

A sample of Doc's handwriting -- **AT ANY COST!**

Shavings was at his wits end. He knew not where to get it. Doc was too cautious, and since no one associated with him he could not be inveigled to write anything which could be carried away. Berg, long since gone, might have obtained it easily.

Capone was not satisfied with this failure.

"He writes letters, doesn't he?" he asked Shavings. two weeks before Doc was to be discharged.

"Yes, but I wouldn't be able to get one of them."

"Why not?" Capone demands.

"The fellow that collects the mail in the basement is a friend of Doc's. That is, he speaks to him. The fellow who lists his letters on the correspondence sheet is asked every time Doc writes a letter 'Did it go out?' What can I do with them, if they'd later tell Doc they gave me, for you, one of his letters?"

"Toll 'em I'll pay 'em what they want!"

"They're not that kind. They have money."

"They might do it as a favor for you," Capone suggests.

"They might. But they absolutely won't do it if they know it's for you. They are afraid." Shavings argues.

"Buddy, if you want to do something for me, like you did before, you'll get that letter. If you don't - -"

"Is that a threat?" asks Shavings amusingly.

Capone is lost in deep reflection.

Shavings wonders just what that unfinished sentence means. Does it convey an admonition? Veiled as it is, Shavings is uncertain. He is no longer the indifferent, reliable and trustworthy secretary he was six months ago. Capone has him in an octopus grip. . . There is no release unless he holds out a sample of Doc's handwriting. Then the tentacles might relax, and he may find himself free from worry and despair.

"Get Capone the next letter Doc writes," Shavings informs one of the mail office inmates. "He must have it!"

"What's up?" asks the man in a position to get the letter.

"Doc wrote a rap against you and Capone. Capone wants to prove it's Doc's handwriting." Shavings is a clever liar.

"I never did like that rat," the mail office inmate answers, his ire now aroused against Doc.

The letter, therefore, is promised. It is not immediately produced due to the unforeseen illness of the inmate relied upon to "get" the letter the morning after Doc deposited it in the mailbox. A substitute, of course, is not approached.

So what apparently is the last opportunity to get the desired handwriting is lost!

Doc has one more letter permissible under the privilege granted all inmates. It is Tuesday evening. Doc is to be discharged in the morning. Shavings has been passing up and down before Doc's stall, wondering if and wishing he will write that final letter. The hours pass. . . Doc reads a book. Fourteen hours from now Doc will be free . . .

Thirteen hours. . . He still reads.

Twelve hours! It is now 9:00 P. M. At 10:00 P.M. all must retire!

The letter that must be delivered to Capone is not being written. Doc is preparing to retire!

Then, as if receiving a telepathic message from Shavings, an urge. . . a command, almost. . . Doc sits down and writes. He destroys the letter before it is completed!

Again he begins a letter. He finishes it as the 9:45 signal, to prepare for bed, is sounded! Indolently walking to the mail box, unaware that his every movement is carefully and breathlessly watched, Doc drops the letter for posting. He returns to his stall and creeps into bed.

In less than twelve hours he will be a free man!

Yet, in less than twelve hours much can happen. He has been expecting it daily....Hourly! Capone will not let him get by with that racket! Never! He dreads the darkness that will soon descend on the basement. . . the night of horror that it brings along!

\$35,000.00! Not so bad, he muses. If he can only get out alive! And enjoy it! Mexico? Maybe. Then there's Europe, too! Some place where he'll never find me. Well, I can stay awake tonight. . . Aint no use taking any chance on the last night!

The letter, of course, is stolen the next morning after it reaches the mail office and posted on the correspondence book. In that way, it is explained to Shavings, there's no come-back.

The letter is immediately delivered to Capone. Doc, meanwhile, has passed to the front on his way out. The letter, later, is turned over to John Capone. What it contained remains a mystery to us. We were not able to creep between its folded pages.

"Just as I thought! Same handwriting. That louse! Good thing I didn't have this before he left. He'd never have left!"

Doc has not as yet left. He has been closeted with the warden an hour and a half! An usual procedure, all later agree!

And all wonder: What did he say? Did he trade his freedom for all he knew about Capone and every man on his pay roll? For after all, we remember, he had never been punished for his misdemeanors and connections. Inmate Sellers, we argue, rather than divulge from where he had received the \$50.00 bill he was caught with, after being dressed out and ready to step out the front gate, Christmas week 1933, was led back into the institution, forfeited his Good Time, and defied all efforts of the officials to force him to incriminate others, including the donor of the \$50.00 bill!

Doc, we know, had secreted on his person not less than ten fifty dollar bills. He dared not trust these to be posted since there would be no opportunity for him to complain if they were not. Since the Sellers' incident every discharged inmate is thoroughly and shamefully examined before he puts on his "going out" clothes -- which, too, are minutely examined.

Doc's dream. . . his life-long dream at last realized! A shining new Buick, a chauffeur at the wheel, and a woman reclining in the rear, spacious, beautifully upholstered seat, await Doc as he casts off his number, resumes a new name, and leaves the penitentiary grounds.

"An hour and twenty-five minutes! Boy, what he must have told! I'll bet he had Al deep in the grease. Scorchin' him, I bet!" Al said he'd give his left arm to know what Doc told the warden. You'd imagine with all the connections he's got he could find out, wouldn't you?" "But that's the one thing they're going to guard -- that statement Doc made. I heard a D. J. man from downtown was in there, and a stenographer took it down as they talked."

"Did you?"

He was eavesdropping on Pogley and Summace, as they discuss the impending and dreaded investigation, the unquestionable removal of Mackethal, and the incorporation of other names in the list for Alcatraz!

Gloom and despair has apparently slain their spirits. Every man who ever had the least thing to do with Capone is unnerved and ready to scream when approached, feeling it is a call to the warden's office.

Capone, King Midas himself, is bereft of every vestige of life. He sits alone. . . absolutely and completely alone! He suffers a solitude of regret, berating a brain that he boasted was imperial. He knows now what it means to be forlorn, wretched, hopeless! What poor judgment, he condemns himself! The man he treated like a son. . . The man to whom he confided his innermost and sacred secrets. . . Squalling! Battering! He protect himself.

And all the money he got. . . .

Hell, I should have listened to someone who knew! That guy in the Record Office. . .

By God! That's it! He can get that statement. Then I'll know just what's what!

Capone snaps out of his stupor. He calls the rangeman. The rangeman bends an ear to Capone's whispering.

"O. K., Al. You say his name is Short Shavings? In the basement? All right, I'll get word to him. You want it tonight on the yard, is that it? O. K!"

The rangeman walks away. Capone returns to his reveries.

"I can't do it," protests Shavings when Capone's message is

delivered. "I can't get a copy of Doc's statement because it's too closely guarded."

"Al said he's gotta have it before you leave. Tonight on the yard, he wants it."

"Gerry," Shavings apologizes. "I'm under suspicion now. I'm not going to lose my parole for Capone or anyone else. I've done enough, and I ask nothing in return."

"Cap, let it off, Shavings. We know how much you got!"

"You know more than I do, then," Shavings replies.

"You better see him, then. He'll be waiting for you."

Shavings escorts Capone near the tennis courts.

"Did you get it?" Capone asks, anxiety betraying the strain he labors under.

"Impossible, Al! In the first place, it's now in your jacket. In the second place, the file clerk's wise. I can't do it!"

"No, if you can get me that statement . . .!" Capone leaves unfinished the promise of gratitude . . . of riches.

"IF I CAN I WILL!" Shavings promises.

"And if you do, you've nothing to worry about the rest of your life. You'll be sittin' pretty!"

Shavings ignores the grandiose promise of remuneration. He decides, nevertheless, to make an attempt to get the statement. And he learns, later, that he DID GET THE STATEMENT. But let us see what he has to say to Capone. . . .

"How much did he say? Did you see it?"

"No," Shavings answers. "But another guy in the office heard the file clerk say it was 50 pages, double spaced. Questions and answers."

"That lousy - - -!"

"Al, it makes a guy sore the way you let him get by with what he did. Even after I warned you what he was doing! And you're supposed to get out July 2nd! July 2nd Doc'll be in South America. And you'll be here!"

"Take it from me, Buddy. If he goes to the jungles of Africa. . . If he goes to the North Pole -- I'll get him! I'll get him! Maybe I won't myself, but he'll know who it is when the time comes. . . He can't go no place in this world that I can't find him. And when I do, . . . I aint gonna be here all the time, you know. And if I don't have the pleasure of putting my hands around his neck, like that" (Capone makes a gesture as if he were strangling someone) "the guy that will will get as much pleasure out of it as I would!"

"He'll be dead before you ever see freedom again," unwisely informs Shavings.

"Why?" Capone excitedly asks.

"You aint out yet!"

"No," dejectedly. "I aint. And here I thought even until the last moment that maybe -- you know how it is, how you hope? -- maybe after all he might have been on the level about that judge, and you were wrong. Then I got that letter though, and saw that handwriting, and some of the things he said in it, I know then it was a frame-up. Can you beat that? A guy I'd stake my life on. . . Two-timin' me after all I done for him!"

"He's just a little more clever than you, Al. This prison -- every prison -- is filled with men who have but one thought when they're backed against the wall: Themselves! Every man for himself; the Hell with the others. Even you. . . No, I'm not trying to be smart, Al. . . even you sacrifice your best friend when the critical moment arrives. I've seen it. I've read it on the reports. I've been amazed at it. . . at what one friend will do to another and for another. Nothing for him, when he needs him most. Everything to him, if he can gain anything by so doing.

"Take that guy Cowboy. Perla paid me \$50.00 a month to write his letters. Love letters and business letters. I couldn't have it sent in, so had it sent to Cowboy. He tries to bleed Perla's brother for two grand, and keeps my money in the bargain. That's the kind of lice a guy meets here!"

"There's only one human being in this joint --- a guy that's been through the mill and found it doesn't pay. It's made a real guy of him. That's the one friend in all I know here. . . for whom I would

sacrifice my parole and everything else! You don't often meet a guy like that! When you do, cling to him like a drowning man to a raft!"

"You must know, Kid," Al opines. "No wonder you steered clear of me."

"For all you have, Al. . . For all you own, and all you can do and get. . . I wouldn't trade places with you. I wouldn't give one year of my life for one year of yours! All you know is worry. Fear. Misery. A desolate solitude which no one but yourself can endure! You're master of your own destiny. You created your own world, and the people you've put in it are human snakes and rats and leeches who suck your blood and leave you pale and shaken. I know! I've been around a lot. Traveled. I wanted experience. I wanted it in the depths as I had known it in the heights. Only in that way do we know what life really is."

"And Al, believe it or not, I wouldn't sell my memories for all your wealth. They're too precious."

"You're sort of a philosopher, or what is you call it?"

"Dreamer, maybe. Philosopher, if you want to call it that. But whatever it is, money can't buy it. What I've done for you I check off to friendship. If I took money for it time would erase the value of the favor from my memory. Things done for the sake of friendship never fade nor can they be erased."

"Buddy, you're the tonic I need right now. If I had not you or other guys like you in here, instead of the parasites that hang on, maybe I would have been lots better off."

Al is really sincere in his statement. (He confides, later, that had he to do it over again the suffering and anguish he knew would have been avoided).

"There's no question about it. You would have been. Now, all you know and will know, until you're free, is repentance. And the man in prison who worries and grieves is really making his time."

"Do you think I'll go to Alcatraz?" Capone asks, attempting to take advantage of Shavings' present attitude.

"Yes," Shavings admits. "I know you will!"

"You do?" Capone is extremely upset. "How do you know?"

"How do I know anything around here?" Shavings declares.

"Listen, and this is from the shoulder, Kid. You get me a copy of the letter that tells that, and get me a copy of Doc's statement, and tomorrow. . . today, if you want me to. . . I'll have ten grand sent to your mother. How's that?"

Shavings is not interested. He is gazing at a series of rings and circles he is drawing with a small stick, in the sand. He doesn't look up nor even indicate he has heard.

"\$50,000.00 couldn't buy a favor if I didn't want to do it. If I do anything, as I said, it is out of friendship. I know, of course, once I'm gone from here I'm forgotten. You won't remember anything but disappointments. You'll remember Doc, for you hate him, now. You won't remember the ones who risked suffering for you. . . Bishop and the others. That's the way of your world. You can't do a thing to remedy it."

"But I want to do something for you!" Capone insists.

"All right. That original \$200.00. I'll keep it for a souvenir."

"Now, cut it. You like to rub it in, don't you, Kid?" Capone pretends he is peeved.

"I mean it, Al," Shavings protests.

"All right. Guess you do, after what you've said. I'll have it sent to you so you'll get it when you get home. On the straight, now! I'll 'tend to it personally!"

"Right! And between now and the time I leave you can have what you want from the office. If I can't get you the original statement, I'll get a copy --- if I have to set fire to the office to get it!"

We desert Capone for a few days since nothing but a pronounced morbidness seems to dwell with him. He seems, in fact, obsessed with the idea that he can force Doc to retract his statement. Silly, of course, but one cannot prevent thoughts from developing into hopes. This reminds us that Shavings has promised to get Doc's statement, and also a copy of the letter informing Capone was to go to Alcatraz. Being curious we hang on to Shavings' night and day.

After an uneventful week has passed we conclude Shavings has either clandestinely delivered the statement to Capone, or could not get it. In any event, we hear no more about it. Rumors circulate that several pages of Doc's statement are missing. These rumors cannot be verified as Shavings spends all his leisure time with a Tennessee desperado. The friendship that has been progressing for sometime has only recently created comment. "Tennessee" seems to act as Capone's assigned bodyguard for Shavings.

The night before Shavings is discharged Capone sends for him for a final conversation. "Tennessee" stands in the background, his eyes glued on Shavings. Does he suspicion foul play? Suspicion Shavings is being put on the spot? Or, is he party to suspected foul play? One never knows. . . . A prison is a breeding place of intrigues and false friendships. One's most dangerous enemy occasionally develops into one's dearest friend. And vice versa.

Shavings and Capone, we observe, are engaged in an earnest conversation. It seems Capone is instructing Shavings what to do after his release. They clasp hands. . . . Capone's big, rough hand enclosing Shavings' small, smooth one. Their eyes seem floating in liquid. We are surprised! Is Capone really sentimental!

The conversation --- the only one Capone held sacred --- is never repeated! Whatever was said between them shall always remain a mystery. The bell summoning men in from stockade that evening rings unusually early. We watch Capone and Shavings as they become lost in the crowd of convicts trudging to their cells.

At times we are apprehensive. Again, certain that no harm is to befall him. And the night passes into the limbo of the empty past.

Then comes the morrow. Survivors is gone! Now what, he asks, is to become of Capone?

Capone is forlorn. He whom he trusted and loved. . . He to whom he gave without reserve. . . He who has believed and acted on his promises, his thoughts, desires and fears, is gone -- gone!

Capone is desolate. One whom he admired. . . One whom he liked in a way he has no other man. . . One whom he found was his friend for friendship's sake (we are expected to believe!). . . who sacrificed his life to warn Capone of the fraud Doc was perpetrating, is gone -- gone!

Capone is grieved. Grieved because he has for months believed the story of "Ruth" and the judge, and the promise of freedom now shattered and gone!

Capone is resentful. Resentful because his admiration, devotion and will has blinded him to the violations he has committed, and prepared him for Alcatraz.

Capone is determined! Determined that if he is sent to Alcatraz his being sent to Alcatraz Island -- the Devil's Island of the United States -- he will force his way to freedom, in time! He is powerful. . . a king who commands an army and the army obeys! Descent by air. . . attack by water! It will be a signal for a simultaneous mutiny within the walls! Better to try than wish he had. . .

The years stretch ahead. . . each day a year of yearning. The Supreme Court's decision threatens to be discouraging. . . they, too, will turn thumbs down when asked to decide if his confinement is illegal. For it is not! It means, then, he must serve his time. He can hope for no legal release before January 19, 1939!

The chances, 99 against 1, are that he shall lose Good Time. He cannot, with his arrogant attitude, his aggressiveness and uncontrollable Latin temper, serve that time among the nation's most desperate criminals without brawls and a murder or two.

Participation in a wholesale attempt to escape, if unsuccessful, and he should live, would mean release May 3, 1942!

To Capone that is Eternity!

Above all, Capone is still Capone. There is no other like him. There never was another like him. There can never be another like him! He is unique. . . distinct. . . as conspicuous in the public's eye as the sun in a clear sky. And so long as Capone lives the original Public Enemy No. 1 -- the Emperor of the South -- shall live! The man whose power was gained by trusting beneath his machine gun the corpses of friends and foes. . . the man who was so shall always be -- in Gangland!

One wonders does Capone know the agony of true grief for his crimes. Yes, he does. After all, he is human. . . as human as you or I. His one object fear is the kidnapping of his son. He not only dreads it, but he anticipates it! It shall come to pass, he knows! His kingdom. . . his rule. . . his life itself, he knows, would be forfeit and would be a slave to the man who might kidnap his son, providing they return him safely!

And how does Capone express Capone's nervous habit of crying in the presence of the subject of his son is broached. He idolizes him. . . worships him. . . as a saint of the underworld. . . the homage of all the world would be his! This is the prayer -- for he prays -- is for the safety of his son!

Is it not a pity that this man, Capone, continues to prove to himself a lucky charm? Is it not amazing that he forges ahead and onward to new fields of conquest? And it cannot be contradicted that he has successfully and comfortably maintained actual wardenship of the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, since his incarceration there!

What shall the end be?

There are two ends for Capone. If he is not killed he will crucify himself! Yes, crucify himself.

We shall now attempt to establish our well-founded predictions.

It is the evening of August 15th. Capone is on stockade. He walks and talks with Joe McCann, a powerfully built Irishman -- one of his favorite bodyguards. McCann, like Doc, has a personal racket which he plays on Capone. Al believes that the woman in town (McCann's sister) is what McCann represents her to be -- his wife. McCann's wife deserted him years ago.

The past ten years of his life have been spent in jails and penitentiaries. All pretty shivering raps. The "wife" acts as Barker in connection with Capone's pay-offs. That is, she is at all times in possession of not less than \$5000.00. Each month \$2000.00 of it she turns over to a guard -- for delivery within the walls of the penitentiary. "In case of emergency" she retains the remaining \$3000.00. What that "emergency" might be we cannot guess.

McCann, trusted implicitly by Capone, induces Capone to consent to paying \$4000.00 to an "attorney" to re-open his (McCann's) case. The \$4000.00 is presented to McCann's "wife". Capone, be it understood, will not give unless he receives something in return. He pays McCann \$2000.00 a month. That's a bodyguard's salary. Naturally, if McCann asked for \$4000.00 outright, he would be refused. He must live to get it. And live to get \$4000.00 more when the "attorney" informs the "wife" that it will cost that much to bring the prosecuting attorney over to McCann's side!

And this is not an unusual illustration of how Capone is fleeced -- by his supposed friends! But fleeced he is, no matter which way he turns.

"Didja ever hear from Doc, Al?" McCann inquires.

"That rat'll never write me. He's buried himself. Had John go to New Orleans and get some private dicks on his trail. He gave them the clip. The house told me before he left he was going to St. Louis. Didn't even take the ten bucks they give each con when he leaves. Didn't need it, no doubt!"

"You know, don't you, Al, he's the one caused that investigation of Dr. Seale?"

Capone nods.

"Just what did he get you for, Al? I heard plenty rumors, of course, but how much?"

"Thirty-five grand," Capone replies indifferently.

McCann whistles. "That a fact!" he gasps.

"The rat. He can't get by with it. I don't mind the money, Joe. I got it! But I was thinking he was on the level. On the up and up, you know. And he lets me down like this! Squeals his rotten head off to

the warden and a D. J. the day before. That's what came of it!

"Well, this is a small world after all. I was out a time you guys were following me in and Nelson told me to stop. But I told him if he pointed that club at me again I'd take it out of him. Remember that! Tryin' to get a bar on his shoulder. . . . Nelson's captain! He'll get a bar, I told him --- over his head! . . . Nelson, captain!

"But I'm getting off my point. He told me after that he was glad he was getting transferred to Alcatraz. . . . Nelson, another Captain Head's flunkie. He went, too.

"Well, Wronn gives him the contact: 'You, you'll make it for you out there, Nelson. Better watch your step!' And Nelson says, 'Yeah? Well, he don't love you too much, either.' . . . Nelson says the bigger the space that separates him from the bar, the more he likes it. . . . that the world ain't big enough for us two! See?

"Now, Joe, here's my laugh. That guy in the Prison Office tells me I'm going to Alcatraz. He's got friends in the Attorney General's Office. That's how he knows. And Nelson'll be at Alcatraz. Now follow it! He'll find out, Joe, the world ain't so big after all. JUST LIKE YOU! GET OUT! See?"

"I got you, Al. You mean - - "

"I mean one thing! Doc nor no one else can get by with anything like that on me. No falling for a confidence game! Boy, when I think of it I can go wild!! What do those cons think of me when they hear these things? Laugh behind my back, of course. I don't blame them. Any clown who'd fall for a gag like that ought to be laughed at. But if it's the last thing I do, Doc'll pay! I'll torture him until he can't beg for mercy! The rat!"

So Capone, you see, bragging and boasting, is paving his way to doom!

Revenge. . . It's in the heart of every criminal. In the mind of every prisoner! Some seek and find it. Others forget. And to forget is easy after one has been released from confinement.

During the past two weeks Capone has been unusually quiet. Occasionally some inmate would step close to him on the yard or in the Shoe Shop, whisper something mysterious, and then go on. Plans. Schemes. We know not what is coming! Yet, something is brewing. . . Something dreadful! Something that makes us fearful. Apprehensive. The most dangerous inmates are constantly together when permitted on stockade in the evenings. The force of stockade guards has been increased. Capone's bodyguards have increased two scores. They never permit him out of their sight.

As we enter there, we look we see groups whispering. The vulgar, vulgar and noisier are uttered as a guard approaches and disperses the group. They, too, we recognize, are prepared for some unexpected development.

Yesterday. The day before. And again today -- shakedown! Everything searched. Not so thoroughly as the orders directed. After all, we know, the guards are human. And one cannot quite decently expose an inmate from whom he receives gratification.

But the officials are dissatisfied. They know, through their stoolies and pigeons, that there are sufficient guns and ammunition concealed by the inmates to furnish an arsenal! They know it continues to come in. . . and are helpless to prevent it! To find it! That is it --- to find it and confiscate it before too late.

August 15th. Nothing stirring.

August 16th. The weirdness increases, but the day is uneventful.

August 17th. We are forcing the noon meal in the Dining Hall. For some strange reason we find it unpalatable. Just can't swallow a thing! The indefinable silence hanging over the heads of the men make it hardly possible for us to keep still, so anxious are we for the bell to dismiss us.

Then, so loud that it is deafening. . . so raucous that it makes us tremble. . . so frightening that it leaves us white and pale, we are apprised, in surprised whispers and shouts, that the transfer from the Lewisburg Penitentiary has arrived!

We hear them cursing, swearing, fighting! They hurl invectives and obscene, unprintable vituperations at the guards, the institution and the government. They use their free hands to remove the bloody prison shoes from

their feet and hurl them at the walls, chairs and windows. They are rebellious. Boisterous. Mutinous.

To prevent our joining in the demonstration the doors to the Dining Hall are quickly closed. The noise continues to reach us. We seem to catch the evil influence created by the uncontrollable newcomers, but are not permitted to leave the Dining Hall until everyone of them is placed in the Isolation Building. Reaching there they continue voicing their displeasure at being transferred and on the way to Alcatraz!

The day is fraught with omens of ill portent.

Rumors circulate freely. They generally presage serious forebodings. They do, in this instance, verify our suspicions. A break is imminent!

A concerted attack on the East Gate!

When? When?

Tomorrow...Tomorrow at evening stockade! Everything's ripe now. When the guard blows the police whistle it shall be the incentive for every man's dash to his door or freedom!

And we hear: 5:30 P. M. tomorrow, on stockade! On stockade tomorrow evening. 5:30! Tomorrow! Yeah, 5:30! Huh? Yeah. . . I'll be under the Parole Tree. . . No, Hell. I'm not going! You are? Who's leading it? He is! Where can I get a gat (gun)? Sure, I'm in on anything, Brother! What the Hell, we all get punished so we just as well have the fun. Yeah, that's right --- dance and pay the piper! You said it, they sure will dance when them machine gun pellets bounce around their feet! Then Tommys can talk, too! I'll say! I aint coming out, Buddy. Not me! Umpum! Da Hell wit' Capone. He aint never got no muttin'. Why should I lose my Good Time for him? You'll probably find him packed like a sardine in da middle of da crowd when dey get goin'. He aint gonna be up front, I can betcha dat!

The noise and racket of the prisoners continues throughout the day. They learn of the proposed attempt to "break". Hop! Hop!

Quiet. . . . Peace! So unlike the minds and nerves of those on the verge of freedom or death. Radios are listened to without the usual enthusiasm. Billiards, poker, dice. . . these games are forsaken to fight. For tomorrow. . . Tomorrow!

Ten o'clock. Lights out! There are no cat-calls. No rattlesnakes for the guards. No bawling talk and cursing of fellow prisoners - the customary evening prayers of some. Not even once is heard the most repeated phrase: "Well, that's another day!"

Midnight. Change of guards. Many men are still awake. Smoking cigarettes. Pipes. No words are spoken. The guards count. The count is C. I. The lights are extinguished.

Two A. M. Most prisoners have fallen asleep. To the majority sleep is far away. Impossible. Can't, that's all! Just can't sleep. Twist. Turn. Roll. Get up. Lay down. Shake. Sit on the edge of the bunk. Can't sleep. . . for tomorrow! . . Tomorrow. . . .

Three A. M. Peace. Quiet. Occasional snores in the distance.

What's this -- footsteps? Stopping in front of Capone's cell! Barely hear the rangeman slide the lever back. . . Two, three, five men in uniforms! Guards? Uh-uh! Got a flashlight playing it on Capone! Yeah, he's gettin' up! The guards are packing guns. Look! Sub-machine! Capone's gettin' dressed. My Gosh! they put irons on 'im! Takin' 'im out now!

Look! Two in front, three behind. What the hell - - -!

"Kidnapped?" a cell-mate asks.

We don't know. Inmates could have smuggled uniforms from the Tailor Shop. Maybe there's going to be an execution in the yard. . . stand him against the wall and mow him down! We wonder. . .

Then our wonder becomes curiosity. For over the grapevine comes the message that Colson's been yanked out of bed, dressed and bracelets put on him! Who? Yeah! Him too! We gasp as other names are relayed to us. We can't believe it! They're taking them out one by one. . . Operating secretly and in the dark. . . One can't even hear the shuffling feet. . .

Follow? How we wish we could follow! Follow them to wherever they are going at this hour of the morning. . . This dark, dreary hour before dawn! Dawn. . . The dawn of Capone's new home --- Alcatraz!

There goes the engine's highball! Blow, Old Boy, blow! We'll be riding you again some day. . . But not as forlorn as the guest aboard who trembles at your signal. . . Who buries his shattered hopes beneath a smiling face.

And Capone is gone!

Gone, with forty-two other desperate --- but not pampered --- convicts, to Devil's Island. . . the connection-proof prison in San Francisco Bay. But Atlanta Penitentiary is supposed to be "connection-proof", is it not?

And what of it?

And Capone, we know, dreading Alcatraz as he does, knows as well as you and I now know, that he'll get his chicken, cheese, steaks, pie and other contraband. He knows he'll have the same protection as he had in Atlanta!

Only. . . only he is afraid! Afraid, that's all!

For the hand of Lady Luck is tired of holding him. Fate, sinister and cruel, shall take him from her as one would candy from a child. Then discard him to an end parallel to the finis he had written to the lives of others. For three months he --- as well as other inmates there --- are to be deprived of all contact with the outside world. Not a letter may be sent; not a letter received! Not a visit! Complete and severe isolation from the outside world, except for the contact with the guards.

Has Capone's three months denial of all the things he wanted --- and notwithstanding the rules and regulations in the Atlanta Penitentiary, GOTTEN -- been as genuine as the public and officials believe? We'll never know unless and until someone is released from this Island of the Damned.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FROM: DIVISION #1 & DIVISION #2

1936.

TO: Director
Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Tamm
Division Three

☒ Files Section Identification Division
Personnel Files Statistical Section
Mechanical Section Technical Laboratory
Chief Clerk's Office

SUPERVISORS

Mr. Chambers Mr. Rosen
Mr. Emrich Mr. Smith
Mr. Foxworth Mr. Soucy
Mr. Hood Mr. Spear
Mr. Johnson Mr. Vincent
Mr. Lindquist Mr. Weeks

Typists, Room 424
Miss McCarthy Room

Correct
Re-write
Re-date
See me
Send file
Please return

Letter up to date

Emrich
Supervisor.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FROM DIVISION #1 & DIVISION #2.

1936.

TO

Director
Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Tamm
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Edwards

☒ Files Section
Mechanical Section
Chief Clerk's Office
Identification Division
Statistical Section
Technical Laboratory
Division Three

SUPERVISORS

Mr. Chambers
Mr. Emrich
Mr. Fletcher
Mr. Foxworth
Mr. Hood
Mr. Johnson
Mr. Lindquist

Mr. McIntire
Mr. Smith
Mr. Soucy
Mr. Spear
Mr. Vincent
Mr. Weeks

* * *

Mrs. Fisher
Typists, Room 4250
Stenographers, Room
M _____ Room
Correct

Re-write
Re-date
Send file
Note and return
Search, serialize
and return.

*Send proper file and then -
which is office of origin*

E. F. EMRICH
SUPERVISOR

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER
DIRECTOR

Federal Bureau of Investigation

U. S. Department of Justice

Washington, D. C.

WGB:MM
62-28933

June 1, 1936.

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Baughman
Chief Clerk
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Egan
Mr. Foxworth
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Carson
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Jones
Mr. Keith
Mr. Lester
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Nease
Mr. Tamm
Miss Gandy

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. EDWARDS.

Re: Alphonse Capone, with aliases, et al;
Conspiracy to receive and send contra-
band out of the United States Peni-
tentiary, Atlanta, Georgia.

Reference is made to the Director's Memorandum dated May 27, 1936 transmitting photostatic copies of two hundred and forty-four pages of the typewritten "Biography of Al Capone's Life in Atlanta Penitentiary", together with a photostatic copy of a typewritten letter addressed to Real Detective Story Magazine, dated April 29, 1935, and signed "F. Barrett"; a photostatic copy of a typewritten letter addressed to Mr. R. W. Mickam, dated May 10, 1935, and signed "F. Barrett"; and numerous photostatic copies of newspaper clippings regarding Al Capone; prisoners' photographs, and prison records of the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

As requested the typewriting appearing on the photostatic copies of the "Biography of Al Capone's Life in Atlanta Penitentiary" was compared with the typewriting on the photostatic copies of the letters from F. Barrett to Real Detective Story Magazine and Mr. R. W. Mickam and the examiner finds that these three specimens were written on the same typewriter which is a Royal equipped with Elite type. The typewriting on none of the other specimens submitted is similar to the typewriting in the Biography or on the letters signed "F. Barrett".

The specimens submitted will be retained in the Laboratory's file for use in any subsequent examinations which may be desired.

Respectfully,

E. P. Coffey.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

JUN 25 1936

62-39128-38

JUN 16 1936 P.M.

EDWARDS
TAMM
TWO
FILE

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

EFE:AF

62-39128 - 38

June 13, 1936

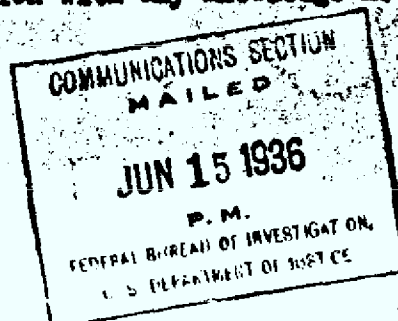
Special Agent in Charge,
Washington, D. C.

Re: ALPHONSE CAPONE, with aliases, et al.,
Conspiracy to Receive and Send Contraband Out of the U. S. Penitentiary,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to your letter dated May 6, 1936, in which you advise that all logical leads in instant case have been exhausted, and request the Bureau's authority to consider the matter closed. You are advised that a thorough review has been instituted in the files of the Bureau, and it is requested that the following investigative action be taken by your office before the matter of closing instant case will be taken into consideration.

It appears that Frank J. Guinan, the party who is suspected as being the author of the manuscript entitled "Biography of Al Capone's Life in Atlanta Penitentiary", by reason of his address at Baltimore, Maryland, together with his duties while incarcerated at Atlanta Penitentiary, and the identification which has previously been made by the Bureau's Technical Laboratory in connection with his handwriting, received his parole from Atlanta Penitentiary during the month of July, 1934, and was thereafter employed in the printing and stationery establishment of his brother, Raymond Guinan, at 217 West Franklin Street, Baltimore, Maryland, until March, 1935. Inasmuch as the Technical Laboratory of the Bureau has examined the typewriting specimens appearing in the photostatic copies of the typewritten pages of this manuscript, as well as the typewritten letters addressed to Mr. Mickam of the Real Detective Story Magazine, dated April 29, 1935, and May 10, 1935, and has identified all of these specimens as having been written on the same typewriter, which is a Royal, equipped with Elite type, the Bureau desires that at this time appropriate investigation be conducted at the printing and stationery establishment of Raymond Guinan, for the purpose of obtaining typewriting specimens from any Royal typewriters which he may have on the premises. The Bureau deems it advisable, further, to have Raymond Guinan thoroughly questioned in connection with any knowledge he may have of this matter.



Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

OFFICE OF DIRECTOR
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Record of Telephone Call of Visitor.

June 20, 1936.

Time 4:25 P. M.

Name Representative of United Press tele

Referred to

Details:

Stated he had been unable to locate Col. Gates and he wished to verify a report from the West Coast that a request by Al Capone for parole had been denied. Was informed that any statement from the Bureau would have to come from the Director who was now out of the city.

Caller inquired if the Bureau was the proper place to seek this information. Writer merely suggested he might wish to communicate with the Bureau of prisons.

A.S.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

JUN 25 1936

JUN 23 1936

TOLSON

Mr. Nathan ☒
Mr. Tolson ☒
Mr. Baughman ☐
Chief Clerk ☐
Mr. Clegg ☒
Mr. Coffey ☐
Mr. Edwards ☐
Mr. Egan ☐
Mr. Foxworth ☐
Mr. Harbo ☐
Mr. Joseph ☐
Mr. Keith ☐
Mr. Lester ☐
Mr. Quinn ☐
Mr. Schilder ☐
Mr. Tamm ☒
Mr. Tracy ☒
Miss Gandy ☐
Mr. Neinkauf ☐

OFFICE OF DIRECTOR
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Record of Telephone Call of Visitor.
June 20, 1936.

Time 3:39 P. M.
Name Mr. Glynn of the Trans-Radio
Service tele

Referred to

Details:

Requested that a comment be made on the information that he received that Al Capone was refused a petition for parole. Was advised that the Director is out of the city at the present time and that any comment would have to emanate from Mr. Hoover. Mr. Glynn asked if the writer knew Mr. Hoover's whereabouts. Was advised that the writer had not been advised of the Director's whereabouts. rhb

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Baughman
Chief Clerk
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Egan
Mr. Foxworth
Mr. Harbo
Mr. Joseph
Mr. Keith
Mr. Lester
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Schilder
Mr. Tamm
Mr. Tracy
Miss Gandy
Mr. Kleinhaus

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

JUN 25 1936

62-39128-40

JUN 28 1936

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FOLSON
TAMM
FILE

DE-INDF
DATE:
34

ANONYMOUS
IF ENVELOPE ATTACHED

Watson

May.

Dear Chief:

MAY 20 1936

MAY 19 1936

62-39128-36

over the Al Capone gang members of
with three Swedish sailors, who have
this country illegally and
two other hired stations are
disturbing Japanese settlers
late at night on phones ring
ing and threatening their
lives around Watsonville.
wish this would not lead
into any complications in
Tokio, Japan. The gang is
trying to cause trouble with
tal settlers in order some wa
have Al Capone released &
Alcares prison. This gang
calls long distance with

aid of at least two dial phon
in some hotel or rooming house
in the Middle West, probably
Missouri, or Indiana, and
could be trailed in some telephone
exchange. They have a family
in Des Plaines, Ill., who have
been forced to help them phone
by connections. They have caused
considerable trouble ringing up
private people from San Francisco
to Monterey, including such
county seats as San Jose and
Santa Cruz. They have used extr
ely indecent and improper language
on phones. They are guilty of abduc
ting the Swedish alien sailors
and one Italian.

Yours truly,
Interested Citizens.



Chief of Investigation Edgar
Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice B
Washington

Special
Delivery

May 27, 1936

KFE:DT

62-39128-37

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. EDWARDS

RECORDED

Re: ALPHONSE CAPONE, with aliases, et al.,
CONSPIRACY TO RECEIVE AND SEND CONTRABAND
OUT OF THE U. S. PENITENTIARY, ATLANTA, GA.

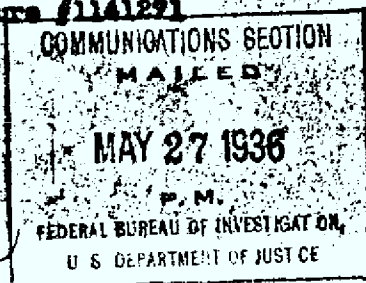
I am transmitting herewith a photostatic copy of the typewritten manuscript entitled "The Biography of Al Capone's Life in the Atlanta Penitentiary", which was delivered to Mr. R. V. Mickam, editor of Real Detective Magazine, New York City, New York, for publication by one F. Barrett of Baltimore, Maryland, whose identity the Bureau is at the present time attempting to establish. There is likewise being transmitted a photostatic copy of two typewritten letters which were also addressed to Mr. Mickam by the party F. Barrett.

It is desired that the Technical Laboratory examine these specimens for the purpose of ascertaining the make of the typewriter used in typing both the manuscript and the letters referred to, and likewise determining whether the typewriting specimens appearing in the manuscript are identical with those in instant letters. This matter should receive your prompt attention.

Very truly yours,

John Edgar Hoover,
Director.

Mr. Nathan _____
Mr. Tolson _____
Mr. Baughman _____
Chief Clerk _____
Mr. Clegg _____
Mr. Coffey _____
Mr. Edwards Enclosure #1141291
Mr. Egan _____
Mr. Foxworth _____
Mr. Harbo _____
Mr. Joseph _____
Mr. Keith _____
Mr. Lester _____
Mr. Quinn _____
Mr. Schilder _____
Mr. Tamm _____
Mr. Tracy _____
Miss Gandy _____



Bohannon
CF

Federal Bureau of Investigation

U. S. Department of Justice
Washington Field Office, Room 5252,
Washington, D. C.

E.M.

May 20, 1936.

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

RE: ALPHONSE CAPONE with aliases, et al.,
CONSPIRACY TO RECEIVE AND SEND CONTRABAND
OUT OF THE U.S. PENITENTIARY, ATLANTA, GA.

Dear Sir:

In compliance with the oral request of Mr. E.F. Emrich of the Bureau, there are attached hereto two copies each of letters dated April 29 and May 10, 1935, respectively, signed by F. Barrett.

Very truly yours,

J. M. Keith

J. M. KEITH,
Special Agent in Charge.

EKT:MBL
ENC. W

62-2696

E.M.

behind file
ENCL. BEHIND FILE

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

MAY 28 1936

Edwards
5-37-36
F F E

62-39128-37	
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION	
MAY 21 1936	A. M.
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE	
<i>TAMM</i> <i>FWAYS</i>	

Atm

Baltimore, Md.
April 29, 1935.

Real Detective Story Magazine,
444 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Attention: Secretary to
Mr. R. W. Mickam, Editor.

Dear Sirs:

Friday noon, April 26th, 1935, I called on Mr. Mickam with a manuscript entitled "Biography of Al Capone's Life in the Atlanta Penitentiary", and being advised Mr. Mickam was out of the city, and you were not expected back before an hour, I took the liberty to place the manuscript and records and photographs, etc. with the young lady with whom I conversed regarding the possibility of the story's acceptance by Real Detective Story Magazine. At that time I informed her it was compulsory I return to Baltimore before the following day, in order that I may make my parole report in person, and for that reason could not remain, since I was depending chiefly on free transportation home.

In order that you may better comprehend the story I give you a brief outline of its origin. While incarcerated in Atlanta I was secretary to the Record Clerk. In such position I had access to all correspondence and records, and was cognizant of every incident that occurred within the walls, not alone concerning Capone, but confidential matters between the prison and the Department of Justice in Washington. Recognizing my position Capone bid for and obtained my services as his prison secretary, even purchasing and giving to me a typewriter to use in the evenings with which to do his correspondence. Naturally, I was aware of every thought and desire that was born within him. My services, of course, were to be rewarded, but John, his brother, disagreed with Al concerning the lump sum I was to receive at the time I was paroled, and as a consequence I have been the loser.

The story is absolutely authentic. There is no fabrication whatsoever. Insignificant incidents, of course, have been omitted. Otherwise it gives in detail his daily life, his aspirations and so on. No significant occurrence has been overlooked, since I made it my duty to code all incidents and "kite" them out to a place where I could obtain them upon my release, knowing as I did that John would not consent to Al's wishes so far as remuneration was concerned.

Any question you desire answered I shall be glad to answer. Of course, I am still on parole and as a parolee forbidden to write of the institution, its inmates or officials. To wait until my parole expires may be too late to be of interest to the public since Al is due to go before the Parole Board in September. The article by Hearst (Tarleton Collier) left with you is a paid article and a gross fabrication, which the manuscript proves false. The desire to sell this information arises from the fact that employment is out of the question. If it is worth anything to you - I shall be glad to discuss it either personally or by mail.

Very truly yours,

Barrett

323 N. Fulton Avenue

Baltimore, Md.

May 10, 1935

Mr. P. M. Mickam,
Editor, R. M. DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE,
444 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Mickam:

I trust you have had an opportunity to read the manuscript concerning which I telephoned you yesterday, and also, to examine the records, photographs and other 'paraphernalia' accompanying it. I am quite anxious to dispose of this biography, and taking into consideration the fact that Capone is now preparing his application for parole, I do not think a better opportunity - so far as public interest is concerned - will arise. It was necessary I telephone in order that I might make arrangements regarding an appointment in New York, which appointment, of course, is for the discussion of the sale of the story. I have every confidence in your magazine, and sincerely believe - and have been definitely informed that it would be to the financial advantage of any publisher to run the story as it is. This, of course, is entirely up to the purchaser. He may alter or revise it as he sees fit, excepting, of course, falsifying facts. Such revision of facts would naturally tend to cheapen the authenticity of the biography, and it now is absolutely and entirely true.

So in conclusion I would suggest you inform me as early as you conveniently can just what your opinion is---whether you can or cannot use the material. The question of its being obtained should be a concern of mine, and being a parolee and not desirous of inflicting unnecessary punishment on myself, I do not fear the consequence of its publication since there is no proof as to how it was conveyed from the institution at Atlanta.

Please be kind enough to write me the early part of the week, for which consideration I thank you.

Very truly yours,

F. Barrett.

323 N. Fulton Avenue.

