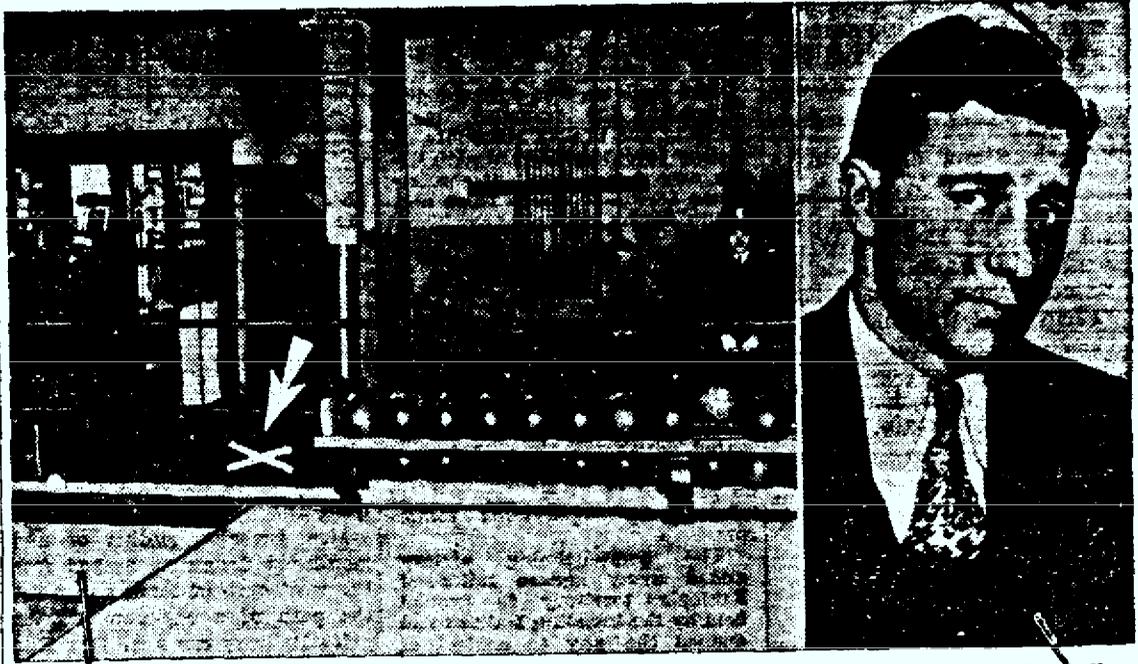


Chicago Gunman Put 'On the Spot'



CROSS MARKS SPOT where Jack McGurn "got his" the other night in a Chicago bowling alley. McGurn was a killer, and believed to have participated in the 1929 St. Valentine's Day massacre. Most recent picture of McGurn shown at right.—Acme Photo.

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2-17-36

FEB 17, 1936

AUTO PROVES CLUE IN M'GURN SLAYING

Gangster's Car Found Abandoned; Keys Recovered May Be to Safety Box.

Chicago, Feb. 17.—(A)—Finding of "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn's automobile 48 hours after the former "Scarface Al" Capone henchman was "rubbed out" in a second-floor bowling alley, gave the police their first tangible clue today in the hoodlum's crude assassination.

In the automobile, which was abandoned in an industrial section on the near North side, were two keys, one which the police believed might fit a safe deposit box. They were on a ring with three automobile keys.

Previous to this, the authorities ran up against the usual blank wall of imperturbability surrounding underworld crimes.

Reported threats against the life of the gangster's widow from an undisclosed source gave the police the additional task of guarding her.

The widow, the former Miss Louise Rolfe, became known as McGurn's "blond alibi" after she established an alibi for him seven years ago when he was accused of the bloody St. Valentine day massacre of seven George (Bugs) Moran gangsters.

Twenty persons were at the alleys when McGurn was shot twice in the back of the head, yet no one who would admit seeing the slayers has been found.

William Aloisio, proprietor of the alleys, and two employes were the only persons who admitted being at the scene. They asserted the shooting began so suddenly and was over so quickly that they were unable to tell exactly what happened.

William Schell, employed by a motor delivery company, told Sergeant Kyran Phelan that he looked out of an office window when he heard an automobile door slam and saw a man jump from a car parked in front of the office.

He said it was unusual for a car to stop there at that time of night. The man ~~who left~~ the car, which proved to be McGurn's, hurried to another machine parked across the street and drove away, Schell said.

The police found the ignition key in place, but the wires to the switch had been disconnected. A search for fingerprints was ordered.

The police held to a theory that McGurn was slain probably by a man whom he regarded as a friend. They said only such a person could have come up behind him while he was at play.

The hoodlum had entered the alleys with two companions. The investigators believed the killing was a "gang purge," as they said McGurn had been in fear of his life for some time. They also believed the slayers fled in McGurn's own car.

The pomp that marked gangster funerals in the days of prohibition will be missing at McGurn's burial Tuesday. Instead of a \$15,000 silver casket such as the one in which Dion O'Bannion, another notorious hoodlum, was laid to rest several years ago, McGurn will have one costing less than \$1,000.

The police said the lessened glory represented the fall in the status of gangsters and the lack of popularity that was McGurn's even among his own kind.

McGurn's assassination, likewise, lacked the elaborate flair shown in the slaying of O'Bannion, the Moran massacre and other notorious gangster killings.

HA

J
GATS
Wood

67-100-A

255

Hardly Profitable

Another notorious mobster has had meted out to him what so often he meted out to others, and lies dead in Chicago after being shot in the back by persons as yet unknown.

The dead man was Jack McGurn, said to have been at one time No. 1 killer of the Al Capone gang.

He was supposed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars during the prosperous and murderous prohibition days. But he died with \$3.35 in his pockets, and according to his wife that is about all there was left. Lately he had been picking up a little change by handling 50-cent bets on horse races.

Not a very glorious end, was it?

But it was a perfectly logical end, and justice has been served even though the law was violated by the killers.

Al Capone on Alcatraz Island may wonder sometimes if crime really does pay. If Jack McGurn's personality has survived his abrupt translation into another sphere of existence he probably is quite sure it does not.

PLEASE RETURN TO
DIVISION OF
PRESS INTELLIGENCE
2067 Commerce Bldg.

NO.

SYMBOL

PAPER

CITY

DATE FEB 17 1938

Mr. Tolson _____
Mr. Boardman _____
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 _____

256



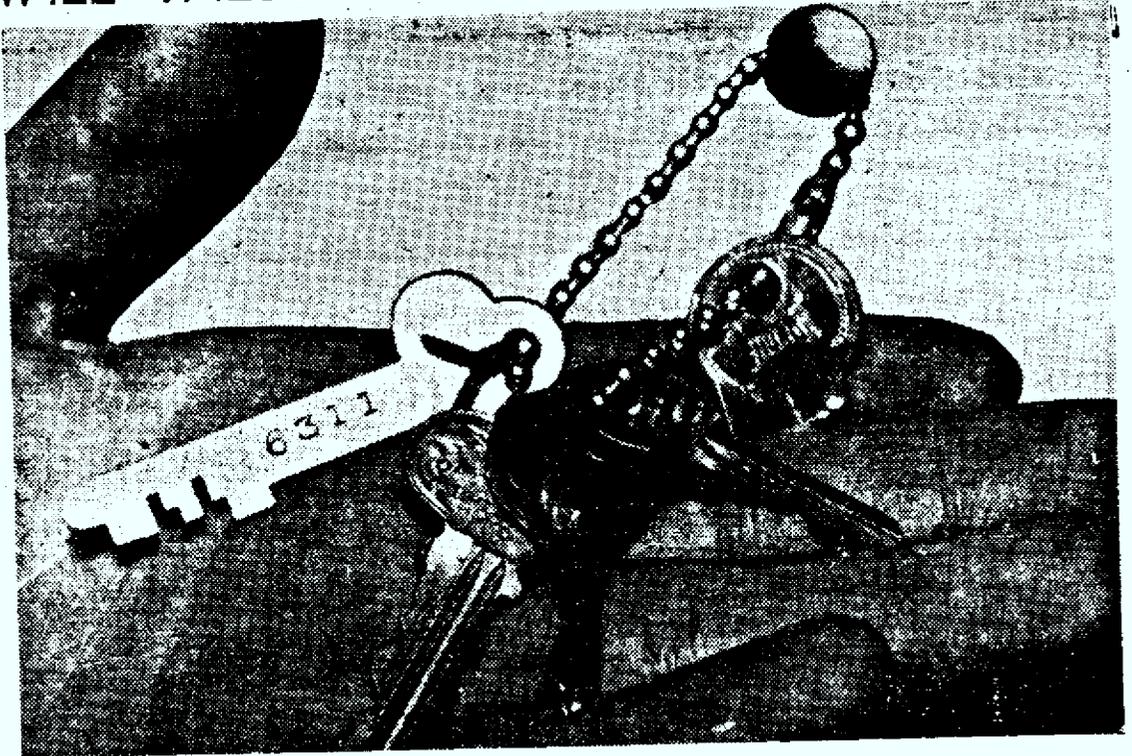
Marjorie Swift named as the companion of Louise Rolfe ("Blond Alibi") McGurn, a few hours before "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn was assassinated.



Mary Dickinson, who told police that her roommate, Marjorie Swift, was with Mrs. McGurn the afternoon before McGurn's gangland slaying.

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WILL THESE KEYS FIT GANG SLAYING?



The keys found in slain Jack McGurn's auto after it was found abandoned last night. At least one of the keys fits a safety deposit vault and if police can

locate this box they believe the contents will reveal "Machine Gun" Jack's recent activities and provide the motive for his killing.

POLICE QUESTION STENOGRAPHER IN M'GURN KILLING

Her Roommate Is Also
Due to Face Grilling;
Didn't Know Hoodlum.

AUTO, KEYS, CLEWS

BULLETIN.

One of the keys found in the abandoned automobile of "Machine-Gun" Jack McGurn, slain gangster, early today was found to be for a safe deposit box in the vaults of the Oak Park Trust and Savings Bank, 1044 Lake street, Oak Park. Police immediately went to the bank to examine the box.

An 18-year-old girl, a blonde stenographer, was questioned at the Racine avenue police station today, and her roommate at 195 East Chestnut street, sent word that she would appear at the station shortly to tell all she knew about "Machine-Gun" Jack McGurn, slain early Saturday, and his widow, the former Louise Rolfe. Both are stenographers at the Seneca hotel.

Miss Mary Dickinson, who said that she knew neither McGurn nor his wife, was questioned by Capt.

Martin Mullen, who acted upon a tip that she was overheard to say Saturday, "Well, they got him."

It developed from questioning Miss Dickinson that Miss Margaret Swift, with whom she had shared an apartment for the last six months, was a friend of Mrs. McGurn and went on a party with her Friday night. The former Capone executioner was murdered shortly after midnight that night.

Didn't Know Them.

Miss Dickinson told Capt. Mullen that she did not know McGurn or his wife, and that Miss Swift knew only the woman.

Q.—After McGurn was shot, did she say anything to you about it?
A.—No, she just said she was keeping up with the newspapers.

Q.—What time did she get home Friday night? A.—She got home about 2:30 a. m. Saturday.

Q.—Did she tell you where she was? A.—She said she went to a party and that she left the rest of them there.

Q.—Did she say McGurn's wife was there or not? A.—She said she had seen her at the party.

McGurn Not There.

Q.—Did she say whether McGurn was there? A.—She said he wasn't there.

Q.—When Louise (Mrs. McGurn) called Miss Swift Friday afternoon, Feb. 14, what time was it? A.—It was about a quarter to 5.

Q.—And what time did Margy go out? A.—I don't know.

Q.—When Margy came back at 2:30 a. m. Saturday what tavern did she say she visited? A.—She said she had been to a couple of restaurants.

Although police asked for a continuance, disorderly conduct charges were dismissed by Municipal Judge Lambert K. Hayes today against William Belmonti, 5541 West Harrison street, a tailor in whose name McGurn's car was registered, and

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

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Police Quiz Stenographer on Slaying of McGurn

(Continued from First Page.)

William Aloisio, 1121 West Huron street, owner of the Milwaukee avenue bowling alley where the hoodlum was killed.

Find Auto and Keys.

The automobile in which McGurn drove to his rendezvous with gangland bullets Friday night was abandoned early today in front of a garage at 305 North Ada street, evidently by men who had accompanied him and sped away in the machine immediately after the shooting.

In the car, which was brightly shined and had obviously been kept hidden in a garage since the killing of the one time Capone high executioner in a bowling alley at 805 Milwaukee avenue Saturday, police found two possible clues.

One was the fingerprint of a left hand on one of the car doors. The other was a key ring, inserted in the ignition switch, containing five keys, one of which police believe is to a safe deposit box.

Saw Man Board Auto.

William Schell, 2022 West 69th place, a watchman employed by a motor delivery service, heard the slam of an automobile door in front of the garage on North Ada street. He looked out the window, because there is virtually no night traffic in that industrial district, and saw a man board a slowly moving automobile headed north.

The condition of the automobile indicated that it had been gone over carefully to eliminate all fingerprints, and on this premise Policeman Arthur Linderman of the bureau of identification hopes that the one fingerprint discovered was left there carelessly by one of those abandoning the coupe. The license for the car had been taken out in the name of William Belmont, 554

Harrison street, a tailor whom McGurn patronized.

Police plan to check the supposed safe deposit keys with banks.

Police Guard Widow.

Meanwhile McGurn's widow, the former Louise Rolfe, his blonde alibi in the wiping out of seven members of the George ("Bugs") Moran gang, is under police guard. It is said she has received gang threats not to talk too much.

McGurn, who saw many gaudy funerals of gangsters during the era when a dead hoodlum's underworld status and that of his bereaved relatives was impaired by anything but the most costly coffins and floral tributes, will go to his own grave in a casket costing only a few hundred dollars.

The funeral will be held tomorrow at the chapel at 624 North Western avenue. Burial will be in Mount Carmel cemetery.

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Slain Gunman's Car Is Found in Chicago

CHICAGO—Police today found the auto in which Machine Gun Jack McGurn drove to the bowling alley where he was murdered. Two men who accompanied the gangster on his last ride early Saturday were believed to have fled in McGurn's car.

In the auto police found a Chicago newspaper which contained a front page account of the slaying of State Assemblyman A. J. Prignano of the "bloody 20th" ward.

Prignano aided in obtaining McGurn's release when the gangster was arrested on a misdemeanor charge several years ago. Police investigated the possibility that the two slayings may have had a common motive.

Mrs. (Blonde Alibi) McGurn made a solitary visit to the undertaking parlor where her husband's body lay. Funeral services will be held tomorrow without the pomp and flourish that marked gangsters' funerals in the prohibition era.

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G. H. B.

MENAC

Gangsters Want
Her Death

Ripmuth A. Miller

McGURN'S WIDOW FLEES THREATS



MRS. JACK McGURN
Former "Blond Alibi" Weeps At Death

Underworld Is Afraid She Will Disclose Secrets; Mate Begged Life

CHICAGO, Feb. 16 (N.S.). Threats against the life of Mrs. Jack McGurn, widow of the Capone gangster who was slain early Saturday morning, were reported to police today.

Steps to protect her were immediately taken, particularly because authorities are eager to obtain the secrets she is supposed to possess which they feared would be sealed with her death.

WIDOW GOES IN HIDING
Mrs. McGurn was in hiding today with her 12-year-old daughter by an earlier marriage, while preparations were being completed for McGurn's funeral.

Meanwhile detectives, seeking through a record of McGurn's recent movements a clue to his fate, came upon a curious underworld story concerning a meeting of racketeers in Miami, Fla., where McGurn is reported to have pleaded—literally—for his life. The answer was: Thumbs down.

Police learned McGurn went to Miami primarily to see Frank Nitti, formerly known as "the enforcer" of the laws which Scarface Al Capone laid down for his followers.

PROTECTION REFUSED
Instead of seeing Nitti alone, however, the story is that McGurn was brought before a "committee" which gave him a chilly reception—not definitely ordering his death but declining to protect his life.

Among the members of the "committee," it was said, were Jake Guzik, former big shot, just out of prison; Ralph Capone, brother of Al; Willie Heeney, a "utility man" in the Capone organization, and Charles "Lucky" Luciano, ruler of the "U. S."—which means "Unione Sicilian."

The business before the committee, police said, was the formation in Chicago of a branch of the big loan shark racket which already had proved highly profitable in New York—profitable because a man with a gun makes a highly efficient collector, a splendid insurance policy against "bad loans."

McGurn Killing Puzzles Police, Motive Hidden

Ex-Capone 'Machine Gunner' Had Many Enemies; Revenge Scooped.

By the Associated Press

Chicago, Feb. 15.—A tangle of gangland hostilities—extended back seven years to the St. Valentine's massacre of 1929—tonight enmeshed the hunt for the slayers of Dapper "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn.

"Public enemy No. 5" on the original Chicago list, he died today, just 12 hours past the exact anniversary of the septuple killings of George (Bugs) Moran henchmen which spotlighted him in national notoriety. Three pistol men ended his "charmed life" in a near Northwest Side bowling alley.

There were "just too many reasons" why the death of the chief machine gunner of the Capone "syndicate" could have been desired to make it easy to trace his killers, said Mal Coghlan, assistant State's attorney.

"Police will have to untangle many phases of his life before we can even get started toward a solution," he added.

In his dozen years as a major gangster, the frequent target of bullets himself, McGurn was credited in underworld boastings with the death of at least two dozen men, the extortion of thousands of dollars, a favorite with his chief, "Al" Capone (now in Federal prison), which bred jealousy among his own associates, and a suave ruthlessness with enemies of his gang which incited hopes of vengeance.

Into all these and their ramifications, authorities dug for clues.

They quickly rounded up the widow—once Louise Rolfe, the "blonde alibi," whose testimony cleared him in the St. Valentine's Day killings—and eight others for questioning. But gangland's wall of silence intervened when searching queries were put to them.

"My God, they shouldn't have done it," the widow exclaimed. But she said she had no idea of who "they" might be. She said the \$3.85 found in her husband's pockets along with two unused prize fight tickets and a "piece of a book" (horse race betting enterprise) represented their entire estate from McGurn's 12 years' gunning in the gang wars.

William Aloisio, proprietor of the bowling alley, told police the trio came into his second-story establishment, shouting "Stick them up!" and that he ducked when the volley started. Other witnesses said they heard 15 shots as the gunmen closed in on McGurn and fired away at him. He had two bullet wounds in the head.



Associated Press WIREPHOTO.

"MACHINE GUN JACK" MCGURN.

The police search concentrated on the two companions who went with McGurn late last night—his widow said he slept most of the anniversary of the killings, which caused him much trouble with authorities—to the bowling alley.

They regarded it highly significant that the pair snatched from the scoring board after the shooting the sheet presumably containing their names and Jack's. Possibly, police theorized, the pair had "fingered" the onetime shadow of Boss Al Capone, for the slaying trio.

Revenge Discounted.

There were rumors, too, of other underworld jealousies and of rivalries among the Capone counselors, returned from prisons and jails, over control of the gang's remnants. Authorities considered it strange that several recent killings, apparently motiveless, have followed the rallying of old Capone chieftains here. Among those recently restored to circulation were Murray Humphreys and Jack Guzik.

The possibility of revenge for the savage slaying of the Moran gangsters—despite the coincidence of dates—found little support from Police Capt. Richard Barry.

"The gangs don't usually shoot to avenge something that happened years ago," he commented. "My guess is that McGurn stepped on somebody's toes in the alky racket, or the gambling business, recently."

Chief of Detectives John Sullivan said the killing was likely due to "a new alky war between Chicago and Milwaukee hoodlums."

He said he learned recently that McGurn had turned to competing with the Wisconsin alky cooks and bootleggers—and that he "undoubtedly was put on the spot."

- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. Baughman
- Chief Clerk
- Mr. Clegg
- Mr. Coffey
- Mr. Edwards
- Mr. Egan
- Mr. Foxworth
- Mr. Garbo
- Mr. Joseph
- Mr. Keith
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Schmitt
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

'BLOND ALIBI'
SOBS AT INQUEST:
'I DON'T KNOW'



LOUISE ROLFE M'GURN.
"He didn't tell me," her only answer.

Mr. Nathan
 Mr. Tolson
 Mr. Clegg
 Chief Clerk
 Mr. Glavin
 Mr. Ladd
 Mr. Nichols
 Mr. Rosen
 Mr. Tracy
 Mr. Carson
 Mr. Egan
 Mr. Gurnea
 Mr. Hendon
 Mr. Pennington
 Mr. Quinn
 Mr. Nease
 Miss Gandy

61-177-A CHICAGO POLICE DEPT. 2-26-37

WIDOW 'DOESN'T KNOW' IN INQUEST QUESTIONING

A coroner's jury yesterday heard much of "Machine-Gun" Jack McGurn as Vincent Gebardi, "golf professional," but little, indeed, of his activities as a Capone gangster and public enemy, or of the reasons for his slaying.

Center of attraction at the inquest into McGurn's death in the county morgue was his widow, Louise Rolfe McGurn, the "blond alibi" who saved him from prosecution in the St. Valentine's Day massacre of 1929.

Louise, wrapped in a coat which she confided, was "Summer er-

mine," her hair glistening with a golden wash and tears threatening to carry away her stylish artificial eyelashes, insisted she didn't know what her husband's occupation had been.

HIS NUMBER NOW.

It was McGurn's brother, Anthony Gebardi, who offered the information that Jack was a golf pro, employed, Anthony said, at the Maywood Country-Club. That statement was vigorously denied by James Killgallon, president of the club. McGurn, he said, although he was not employed there, frequently played the course, shooting a neat 70—his number now at the county morgue.

Louise was asked by Deputy Coroner James J. Whalen whether she thought her husband was a "pro." She replied:

"I don't know. I know he played a lot of golf."

THEY VISIT WAKE.

Earlier she had told police that she knew her husband made money and that she thought he owned an interest in a handbook in Melrose Park—a handbook which, police said, had been operated by McGurn and closed by state's attorney's police.

Recalling her husband's activities shortly before his death, she said, without apparently realizing the grim irony of the statement, that on Thursday night he and she had attended a wake at 1335 S. Austin blvd., where Giuseppe Circella, 67, an old friend, had died.

Friday morning, she said, they had gone to the funeral, coming home only twelve hours before

McGurn himself was to be slain. McGurn slept until 11 at night, then left, telling her he was going to bowl.

GASPS AT QUESTION.

But Louise, tense, pale, her carmine fingernails digging deeply into her palms, insisted that he didn't tell her with whom he was going—that he never told her anything of his movements or companions, and that she didn't ask him.

She gasped with grief when she was asked if she knew his enemies, but insisted that she did not, that she had heard of no threats made against him. And certainly, she said, she knew of no one who would wish to kill him.

From William Aloisio, owner of the bowling alley at 805 Milwaukee av., in which McGurn was slain, and from Tony Mascarella, the porter, the coroner's jury heard excited accounts of the murder, but no clue to the slayers.

CONFLICTING STORIES.

Aloisio declared that McGurn had never been in his place before, and that he did not know him, his companions or the three "stickup men" who threw the place into confusion as McGurn was slain. At that time, Aloisio declared, McGurn and his two "friends" were waiting for an alley.

Conflicting with that story was the testimony of Edward Bontrek, 1128 Fry st., another pin boy, who said that McGurn and the other two had already bowled two frames—that he was setting up pins for them.

8 THE 11 IN MURDER OF CAPONE'S GUN-MAN

Anniversary of Massacre Saw Killer Killed

CHICAGO.—Missing the seventh anniversary of the 1929 Valentine's Day massacre by three hours, but not the man credited with that gory butchery, avengers yesterday rubbed out Killer Jack McGurn with two bullets in the back.



McGurn's executioners, still unidentified left a symbolic reference to the seven year old score they were settling in the shape of a comic valentine found beside McGurn's body in the bowling alley where he was slain.

The rhyme on the valentine read:

Jack McGurn.
"You've lost your job,
"You've lost your dough,
"You're jewels and cars and
handsome houses,
"But things could still be worse,
you know,
"You haven't lost your trousers."
SINISTER RED.

The gaudily-colored illustration, showing a scantily clad couple standing in a snow-drift outside a house marked "Sold," showed one not from the priting press—the addressee's life blood.

Twelve hours after the killing, police were holding beautiful Louise Rolfe McGurn, mate of the dead man, and vainly trying to wring from the frightened woman's lips the name of the man suspected of leadership of the three-man pistol squad which surprised McGurn in the midst of an all-night bowling game and felled him as he squared off to launch his shot.

Louise, who married McGurn four years ago when matrimony was the only escape for both from a Federal Mann Act charge, told both police and a coroner's jury that she "couldn't imagine anyone wanting to kill poor Jack."

EIGHT HELD.

The imaginations of the police were in better working order than the widow's. No less than eight men, all known to have good cause to celebrate Killer Jack's demise, were being held, while a confidential call was out for Jimmie Gusenberg, "baby" brother of Peter and Frank Gusenberg, two of the seven machine-gunned to

death in a North Side garage on St. Valentine's Day, 1929.

CAPONE'S AID.
McGurn's widow was a valued aid to Al Capone. Besides serving Capone as a dummy in his alcohol business, Louise gave yeoman aid when McGurn, Capone's executioner, was arrested as perpetrator of the Valentine Day massacre. She swore without a blush that, at the hour of the septuple murder, Jack was in her arms in her boudoir.

Her story gave McGurn his alibi, but caught both in the toils of Federal law when G-men trailed them to Miami a year later and arrested them on Mann Act charges. The wily Louise, however, had one more trick in her fertile mind. She married McGurn and the Federal case collapsed.

She freely told the coroner's jury the details of McGurn's last hours.

"We were living quietly in



Louise McGurn

the little flat where the police got me," she said.

"We were dirt poor." Her expensive furs and hair-wave, however, told a differing story.

"Jack had a Valentine dinner with me and then about midnight he got up and said, 'You go to sleep, honey. I'll go over to the Avenue Alleys and roll a few.'"

Two hours later, as he threw off his coat in the Avenue, a Northwest Side recreation hall, three men strolled up as if to watch his play, and suddenly whipped out guns. Fifteen shots in all were fired. Two took effect, one through the heart.

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Tolson
Mr. Harbo
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
Mr. Egan

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"You've Lost Your Job, You've Lost Your Dough..."



So read part of the grim Valentine which his killers left near the body of Killer Jack McGurn after they had pumped 15 bullets at him and dropped him dead in a Chicago bowling alley (as

↑ above). The killing came almost exactly seven years after the infamous St. Valentine's Day Massacre, for which McGurn was held responsible.

(International)

KILLER M'GURN SLAIN BY GANG; MOTIVE SOUGHT

Trio Mows Down Al Capone's
Machine Gunman in Bowling
Alley; Alcohol War Is Seen

CHICAGO, Feb. 15 (U.S.).
Chicago's gangland peace came
to a bloody end today with
assassination of "Machine Gun"
Jack McGurn, expert execu-
tioner for Al Capone and chief
suspect in the Valentine Day
massacre of seven mobsters
just seven years ago.

The slim 38-year-old gangster,
whose educated trigger finger was
reputed to have sent a dozen
men to death in prohibition days,
was shot down a few minutes
after midnight in a bowling alley.

Tries To Flee

Three men marched into the
place with drawn guns, announced
"This is a stickup," and then
fired an accurate stream of lead
into McGurn's head as he tried
to flee.

Two "pals" who had accom-
panied McGurn to the alley and
who scribbled their names with
his on a score sheet for their
quiet little game, vanished even
as the gunman gasped his last
on the smooth boards. They took
the score sheet with them.

Indicted in Massacre

It was a "perfect job" of gang-
land execution and left police
with an endless number of
theories—and a few witnesses who
"don't know" anything about it.
McGurn was indicted for the

wholesale slaughter of seven
hoodlums in a garage on St.
Valentine's Day, 1929, the crime
which shocked a nation already
familiar with scores of single,
double and triple slayings.

Seven men were lined up
against a wall and shot down
by a particularly accurate ma-
chine gunner.

But McGurn had an alibi,
furnished by his attractive blonde
"Moll," Louise Rolfe, now Mrs.
Louise Gebardi—McGurn was also
called Vincent Gebardi—who testi-
fied to the satisfaction of the law
that her husband was with her in
a hotel at the time of the massa-
cre.

And today, as the blonde widow
sobbed over "poor Jack" as he lay
on a morgue slab, police declared
his shooting was not in vengeance
for the shocking crime of 1929.

In Power Again

Capt. Richard Barry explained:

"Gangs don't shoot to avenge
something that happened years
ago. They put men out of the
way for what they are doing
now."

Chief of Detectives John L.
Sullivan, declaring he was certain
the three gunmen were "im-
ported" for the assassination,
gave as his theory that McGurn
was slain in the opening stage of
a new alcohol war between Chi-
cago and Milwaukee gangsters:

He said:

"Gangsters who do their kill-
ing that way pin their con-

fidence to the thought that
witnesses will either forget vol-
untarily or can be 'taught' to
forget. That is why such kill-
ers use no masks and are not
afraid of light.

McGurn Was "Broke"

"Here's the situation—Mc-
Gurn had been practically broke.
There is reason to believe he had
even been compelled to sell his
wife's jewelry and his own. He
had been trying to get along on
a petty gambling racket—book-
making. And so he tried to resur-
rect the bigger racket of his for-
mer boss, Capone.

"He undertook to muscle in on
the Milwaukee boys, and there
were three killings. Frank Sty-
powski was shot November 14, Jo-
seph Scaffido, of Milwaukee, and
Angelo Kleronomos, of Cicero,
were shot a day later in front.
I believe that a connection will
be found between these killings
and McGurn's.

"We know that McGurn had
been making desperate efforts to
raise money—and his enemies
knew that when he was desper-
ate he was dangerous. They put
him on the spot. The trouble was
that McGurn outlived the easy
days of his racket."

Inquest Postponed

An inquest, formal investigation
of McGurn's slaying, was con-
tinued until March 4 to allow
police to probe less formally into
the murder.

- Chief Clerk
- Mr. Chief
- Mr. [unclear]
- Mr. Edwards
- Mr. [unclear]
- Mr. Foxworth
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Joseph
- Mr. Keith
- Mr. Lester
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Schick
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

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MCGURN SLAIN IN GANG PURGE

Handwritten initials: *H*

Mr. Nathan	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Tolson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. E. A. Tamm	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Clegg	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Glavin	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Ladd	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Nichols	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Rosen	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Tracy	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Carson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Egan	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Gurnea	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Hendon	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Jones	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Quinn	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Nease	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Tamm	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Tracy	<input type="checkbox"/>
Miss Gandy	<input type="checkbox"/>

Handwritten initials: *AMS*

HELD USELESS AND A RENEGADE BY CAPONEITES

Underworld Silence Balks Inquiry.

TURN TO GRAPHIC SECTION.

The assassination of Machine Gun Jack McGurn recalls anew the decade of death which marked Capone's gang rule. The second chapter of the story of that era will be found in the Graphic section of this paper.

After twenty-four hours of investigating the murder of Machine Gun Jack McGurn, Sicilian born swash-buckler who flourished for half a dozen robust years under the wing of Al Capone, the police last night advanced a theory that McGurn was sent to death by some of his own supposed friends.

They elaborated.

"McGurn," they said, "was through long ago as a big shot. He was broke and a nuisance to his friends who still retained a little of the old

business of the gangs—vice, gambling and bootleg alky. They were tired of his interference or of his begging. So they put him away for good."

Deprived of His Defender.

Capt. Martin Mullen Jr. held that if Capone, now in Alcatraz prison, were at liberty and bossing the gangs, he would never have permitted the killing of McGurn.

"Al," he said, "was grateful to McGurn for exposing a plot of John Scalisi and Albert Anselmi to kill him. McGurn was credited with wiping out those two men. But with Capone locked up, McGurn had little influence. I don't think he was powerful enough to make it worth anybody's while to break up his gang by killing the man at the top.

"If he was, there will be a few revenge slayings. It's doubtful, though, if there will be any; nobody in the rackets cares much whether he's gone or not."

The Old Ignorance Gag.

At least 20 persons were present in the second floor bowling alley at 805 Milwaukee avenue, known as the Avenue Recreation rooms, at 1 a. m. yesterday when McGurn was shot in the back and in the head by an unidentified man, or men, standing close behind him.

Of the 20, only three have been found to tell what they saw. And what they saw was, from the standpoint of evidence, negligible. The wall of silence, traditional among the gangsters and the people who know them, was erected high and tight. Vagueness afflicted not only the witnesses of the actual event, but even those who were questioned merely about the victim's history [and they should have known his career thoroughly].

Blonde Alibi Is Poor Help.

"I don't know what Jack's business was," declared his widow. "He never told me and I knew I shouldn't ask him."

Mrs. McGurn, so known although her husband's real name was Vincent Gebardi, is the former Louise Rolfe. Back in 1929 she established herself as his "blonde alibi," by signing statements asserting that he was with her in a hotel room [they were not married then] when seven north side gangsters were slain in the St. Valentine's day massacre.

McGurn was slain just a few minutes after the close of the seventh anniversary of that massacre. Beside his body on the floor was found a comic valentine twitting him on his joblessness and poverty.

Sergt. Francis Donohue of the coroner's investigating force found Mrs. McGurn in her home at 1224 North Kenilworth avenue, Oak Park. Still handsome and tastefully dressed, she went to the inquest into McGurn's death, where she took the stand weeping and dabbing at her eyes—but carefully, that the mascara on her eyelashes might not become smeared.

Occupation a Family Mystery.

"We have been told your husband was a golf professional," said Deputy Coroner Grover Whalen. "Is that correct?"

"I don't know," replied the widow. "He played a lot of golf."

She then related that he had attended the wake of a friend, Giuseppe Circella, 1335 South Austin boulevard, Cicero, on Thursday night. He went to the funeral Friday morn-

ing, returned home at noon, and shortly afterward went to sleep. He arose at 11 p. m., Mrs. McGurn said, and went out with the remark that he intended to do a little bowling.

Did McGurn talk to her of any enemies, and had he mentioned any threats? Mrs. McGurn said no to both questions.

Off the stand she told Capt. Mullen that she did believe Jack had an interest in a horse racing book in Cicero, but that she didn't know much about it.

Anthony Gebardi, a brother of the slain man, said that McGurn was born in Italy, that he was brought to the United States as an infant, and that he was 32 years old. He was a golf professional employed at the Maywood Country club, according to Gabardi. This statement was denied later by James Kilgallon, president of the club, who described McGurn as a frequent patron of the links.

"He was a fine golfer," said Kilgallon. "Often got down in the 70s."

Anthony Gebardi asserted he knew nothing about his brother's underworld activities, or of his enemies, if any.

Nevertheless, the police learned from other sources that McGurn was jumpy in recent months, and apparently expected some dire fate. He frequently requested the Oak Park police to give him special protection. One informant said he "went pretty near crazy when a tire blow out close to him a few weeks ago."

Three Real Witnesses Found.

The witnesses to the shooting itself are William Aloisi, 1121 West Huron street, owner of the bowling alleys; his porter, Tony Mascarella, and a pin setter, Edward Bonarek, 20 years old, 1128 Fry street. The rest of the twenty persons in the room at the time have not been found.

"I didn't know the man who got killed," declared Aloisi. "He came in at 20 minutes before one with two other men, whom I had never seen. They all sat around a few minutes waiting for an empty alley. I paid no attention to them. About 1 o'clock I heard somebody shout that there was a stickup and not for anybody to move.

"Then there was shooting. I dived under a pool table that was near me and stayed there. There must have been 10 or 15 shots fired. But I don't know who did the firing. I stayed where I was, sheltered, until things quieted down. I don't know whether the man that did the shooting came in with the man that was killed."

Awakened By Gun Play.

Mascarella related that he was asleep on a bench when the shooting started and that he didn't see anything that preceded it.

"All I know is that I woke up to see one man shooting and telling everybody to stay down," the porter asserted. "He kept firing till he reached the stairs and then dived down the stairway. Everybody else followed him but Aloisi and he told me to call the police."

The only fact of moment added by Bonarek was that McGurn and his companions had taken off their coats and had bowled one game before the firing. He said he was not close enough to observe who did the shooting.

It was generally agreed that the shooting was furious and fast.

Stories Held Unreconcilable.

All the statements were like those that were given in the days when gangsters were important elements in the population. Moreover, these declarations were at variance with what the police asserted were verified facts. For one thing, they said, McGurn bowled in the place three times a week for the last month, and must have been well known to the owner and to other patrons.

Some one, possibly the killer, had the foresight to tear away the score sheet which bore the names or initials of McGurn and those who bowled with him. There was left, accordingly, no clue to the identity of

any person who was standing nearby when the murder took place, and the police have faint hope of ever finding one.

Rather strangely, when McGurn was shot down, he was not wearing a large diamond ring which habitually adorned his hand. His brother, Anthony, demanded this ring of the investigators, and became indignant when he was informed that no jewelry was found on the body and no money, other than \$3.85. Mrs. McGurn resolved this difficulty when she reported that her husband had left the ring at home.

An Obsolete Mercenary.

All in all, the police decided, McGurn was slain because he didn't understand that he was an anachronism. There are no gangsters left like Capone, who can afford to pay their murdering help big wages for protection. McGurn, unable to act without direction, still pushed himself in wherever he could find a loophole. There is even a fairly well founded belief that he was planning to take over a little booze and vice territory in the vicinity of the bowling alleys.

From this information the investigators reasoned that some other underling of the Capone mob remnants had been assigned to gain his confidence and to end him. He was too expensive a load to carry, considering his abilities.

With considerable more than a grain of salt the police took a persistent rumor that Capone, although he must stay behind the bars at Alcatraz for at least three or four years more, is still getting his "cut" from such business as the gang syndicate he controlled can still stir up.

Doubt Power of Capone.

Part of this story is that Capone is able to purchase favors in the prison and that his faithful boys are still loyal to him merely in gratitude for past favors.

If that were true, the investigators reasoned, Capone would still be strong enough to protect his one time favorite. It is far more likely that Frank Nitti and the other chieftains who are carrying on the tradition of gang rule in Chicago—on a miserably lessened Capone model—became bored with a useless sort of appendage who was trying to live on his past reputation, and gave out the word that he was no longer protected from harm. Even gangsters

have to work hard nowadays for a living.

Nitti and Ralph Capone, brother of the old leader, are almost alone carrying the load of organization and of syndicated marketing of the goods that Al dealt in. Frank Rio, the first string bodyguard of the old boss, died a natural death not so long ago. Louis Cowen, his Cicero publicity man, and William [Three Fingered Jack] White have been slain. So has George Barker, who with White tried to strongarm Chicago unions into the Capone field—and almost succeeded.

Most of those left are merely existing as McGurn did in fear and trembling and on the edge of poverty. McGurn's situation was described last night by Lieut. Harry Wilson of the Oak Park police.

A James Fitzjames Episode.

"A dozen times McGurn has called to say that his life was in danger," said the lieutenant. "Last October we went to the house on a call and found him locked in a clothes closet. He wouldn't come out until he was

sure we were policemen. He couldn't have been very prosperous, as a finance company took away his big automobile only a few months ago."

It may be quite a while before Capone learns that his old underling is gone.

"We won't tell him about it," said Warden Johnston at Alcatraz. "Such information is censored out of the letters and newspapers that the inmates are allowed to read. In time, it is probable, he will get word through the prison grapevine. Otherwise he would have to wait until his term is finished."



JACK MCGURN.



MRS. JACK MCGURN.



WILLIE ALOISI.

CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE

2 16 36

GANGLAND-PROBED IN M'GURN SLAYING

Gunner Linked to Valentine
Day Massacre Killed by
Pistol Men.

By the Associated Press.
CHICAGO, February 18.—A tangle of gangland hostilities—extending back seven years to the St. Valentine's massacre of 1929—unraveled tonight the hunt for the slayers of sapper "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn.

"Public Enemy No. 8" on the original Chicago list, he died early today, just 12 hours past the anniversary of the septuple killing of George (Bugs) Moran henchmen which brought him national notoriety. Three pistol men ended his "charmed life" in a near northwest side bowling alley.

There were "just too many reasons" why the death of the chief machine gunner of the Capone "syndicate" could have been desired to make it easy to trace his killers, said Mel Coghlan, assistant State's attorney.

"Police will have to untangle many phases of his life before we can even get started toward a solution," he added.

Doesn't Years as Gangster.

In his dozen years as a major gangster, the frequent target of bullets himself, McGurn was credited in underworld boastings with the deaths of at least two dozen men, the extortion of thousands of dollars, a favor with his chief, "Al" Capone, which bred jealousy among his own associates, and a suave ruthlessness with enemies.

Into all these and their ramifications authorities dug for clues.

They quickly rounded up the widow—once Louise Folie, the "blond siren" whose testimony cleared him in the St. Valentine's day killings—and eight others for questioning. But gangland's wall of silence intervened.

"They shouldn't have done it," the widow exclaimed, but she said she had no idea of who "they" might be. She said the \$288 found in her husband's pockets along with two unused prize fight tickets and a "piece of a book" (horse race betting enterprise) represented their entire estate.

Two Complicated Sights.

William A. Moran, proprietor of the bowling alley, told police the late came late his second-story establishment, shouting "pick them up," and that he started when the volley started.

The police search concentrated on two companions who went with McGurn late last night to the bowling alley.

They regarded it highly significant that the pair emerged from the bowling board after the shooting, the sheet presumably containing their names and Jack's.

The possibility of revenge for the savage slaying of the Moran gangsters—despite the acknowledgment of dates—found little support from Police Capt. Richard Barry.

"The gangs don't usually shoot to avenge something that happened years ago," he commented. "My guess is that McGurn stepped on somebody's toes in the alley racket, or the gambling business recently."

Believed "Alky" War Victim.

Chief of Detectives John Sullivan said the killing was likely due to "a new alky war between Chicago and Milwaukee hoodlums."

He said he learned recently that McGurn had turned to competing with the Wisconsin alky cooks and bootleggers.

An inquest heard brief testimony from Mrs. McGurn and from Anthony Gebardi, who said he was Jack's brother and that his real name was "Vincent Gebardi." Gebardi said he undervalued his brother was a golf professional at a suburban country club—a reminder that golf was Jack's pastime—and that he was once good enough to enter the Western open under his own name. The inquest was continued to March 4.

Late today all persons questioned in the slaying were released, including Alonzo and William Belmonte, a tailor who made many of McGurn's suits.

They will be arraigned Monday, but police said continuances would be asked pending the outcome of the coroner's inquest.

From the original "public enemy" roster of 28 names, McGurn's was the ninth to be erased by death.

By gang guns or from natural causes Jack Zuta, Joe Aiello, Frank McEriane, George (Red) Barker, William (Three-fingered Jack) White, Joseph (Pepe) Genaro, Frank Rio and Myles O'Donnell previously had died.

Capone, No. 1 on the list, is still serving a Federal prison sentence at Alcatraz, near San Francisco, for income tax evasion. Willie Niemoth is serving time in Maryland; James (Pur) Sammons in Indiana, and the others are "at large"—several after completing prison terms on income tax charges. Ralph (Bottle) Capone, Al's brother, is among the latter group.

- Mr. Joseph
- Mr. Smith
- Mr. Taylor
- Mr. Quinn
- Mr. Schiller
- Mr. Tamm
- Mr. Tracy
- Miss Gandy

McGurn's Valentine Found Near Body



YOU'VE lost your job, you've lost your dough,
Your jewels and cars and handsome houses,
But things should still be worse, you know...
At least you haven't lost your treasure!

The trampled valentine greeting, at left, was found yesterday near the body of "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, slain Chicago gangster. At right: the "Blond Alibi" widow of McGurn, being escorted to a police inquiry shortly after the shooting. Sobbing, she said she had no idea who killed her husband. Inset: McGurn, slain just seven years after the St. Valentine massacre of seven Moran gangsters, for which he was indicted, but never tried.

—Copyright, A. P. Wirephoto.

Valentine's Day Massacre

Leader Slain in Revenge

Los Angeles Herald Exp

Feb. 15, 1936

- Mr. Nathan
- Mr. Quinn
- 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. Quinn
- Mr. Nease
- Mr. Gurnea
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Mohr
- Mr. Pennington
- Mr. Nease
- Mr. Gurnea
- Mr. Harbo
- Mr. Mohr
- Mr. Pennington

REVENGE IN SLAYING OF M'GURN

McGurn's body was found

...rushed hysterically as the...
...McGurn had fallen into low...
...that they were "brute"...
...owned some piece of a...
...of Madison Park, the...
...The police said McGurn had...
...to McGurn...
...The "Valentine" was in a...
...envelope addressed to Jack...
...McGurn."

Besides the Valentine, the...
...theory, police also investi-
...the possibility of a new Chi-
...gang, was Capt. Sidney...
...declared:

"Things don't seem to average...
...that happened years...
...They got men out of the...
...for what they are doing...
..."

MIAMI DISMEMBERED
...recent return from prison of...
...powerful Capone lieutenant...
...Murray Humphreys and Jack...
...and reports of dismember in...
...the ranks of the remnants of the...
...Capone gang, enters the swiftly...
...hatched police inquiry.

The theory was that the hood-
...were quarreling over division...
...of the spoils of the holier prohi-
...bition days.

Other theories dealt with efforts...
...of gangsters to gain control of...
...night clubs, labor racket and gam-
...bling.

Five hours after McGurn's slay-
...ing, eight persons were held for...
...questioning, and before his...
...widow.

McGurn died in much the same...
...manner as the victims of the St...
...Valentine's day massacre of 1929.

McGurn entered the bowling al-
...ley with two companions shortly...
...before 1 a. m. William Aloisia, the...
...owner, told them they would have...
...to wait 15 minutes because the al-
...leys were then in use. McGurn...
...and his friends then walked to the...
...most distant of the four alleys and...
...stood watching the game in prog-
...ress.

THREE MEN ENTER
...A quarter of an hour later three...
...men entered. One shouted:

"This is a sticking!"
...Ignoring the approximately 20...
...other persons in the room, one of...
...the killers fired a volley of shots...
...Two of them entered McGurn's...
...head, killing him instantly. An-
...other bullet struck the base of his...
...brain and another hit him just be-
...hind the ear.

The killers backed out of the...
...room.

A Mr. McGurn's companion said the...
...McGurn's companions, neither of...
...whom were known to him, tearfully...
...straightened out the body. They...
...walked over to the bowling score...
...sheet, tore off the page on which...
...their names were entered and took...
...it with them as they left.

Another crumpled cigarette lay...
...on the floor near where they had...
...been sitting. It was addressed to...
...Willie de Grunk. The cigarette in-
...side had been torn up. The police...
...sought to learn whether de Grunk...
...might have been one of McGurn's...
...companions.

NAB 3 IN FLIGHT
...Three men who might be seen the...
...place when the police arrived were...
...taken into custody for questioning...
...They gave their names as John Bal-
...laglio, 31; Charles Alonzo, 22;
...and Sam Aloisia, 31, reported to be...
...a brother of the bowling alley...
...operator.

The police also took into custody...
...the janitor, who gave the name of...
...Tony Muscarello. The janitor told...
...the police he was asleep when the...
...shooting started and all he saw...
...were the persons who were fleeing...
...from the room.

On McGurn's body the authori-
...ties found \$1.50, a package of cig-
...arets and two uncut blocks of

allowed to visit the morgue to view...
...the body of the man her alibi had...
...saved from being tried for the la-
...famous St. Valentine's Day massac-
...re, seven years ago yesterday.

The police issued a description of...
...one of the slayers over the police...
...short wave radio. It said the man...
...was about 28 years of age, five feet...
...tall, weighed about 180 pounds. He...
...wore dark clothing, no hat and...
...carried an automatic pistol.

Bolmonte, in whose name the auto-
...mobile was registered, when found...
...by the police said he knew McGurn...
...and that he had permitted the slain...
...gangster to use his name in buying...
...license plates because the gangster...
...told him it would be difficult to get...
...them in his own name.

Vincent Gebhardt, alias Gebardi,
...alias "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn,
...former big time gambler and alky...
...runner for the Capone syndicate,
...rapidly descended from the heights...
...of the prohibition era, the police...
...said, to operation of a small gam-
...bling resort.

TOURNEY ENTRY
...McGurn was arrested on a ve-
...grancy warrant as he teed off at...
...Olympic Fields, Aug. 31, 1928. Mc-
...Gurn had entered the western open...
...tournament under the name of Vin-
...cent Gebhardt.

With him at the time was Louise...
...Roffe, whom he married after di-
...verting his first wife, Mrs. Helen...
...G. Demory.

McGurn was 23 years old, accord-
...ing to previous police records. Al-
...ways dapper, he had not grown up...
...his fair for good clothes. When he...
...was slain, he was wearing an ex-
...pensive gray suit, a bright red tie...
...and suspenders, and a few linen...
...shirts.

The police said they last heard...
...of McGurn on July 12, 1929, when...
...he was operating a gambling estab-
...lishment in suburban Madison Park...
...Bats on horse racing, as low as 50...
...cents, were received by McGurn...
...himself, a far cry from the afflu-
...ence displayed by the notorious...
...conductors of prohibition days, they...
...said.

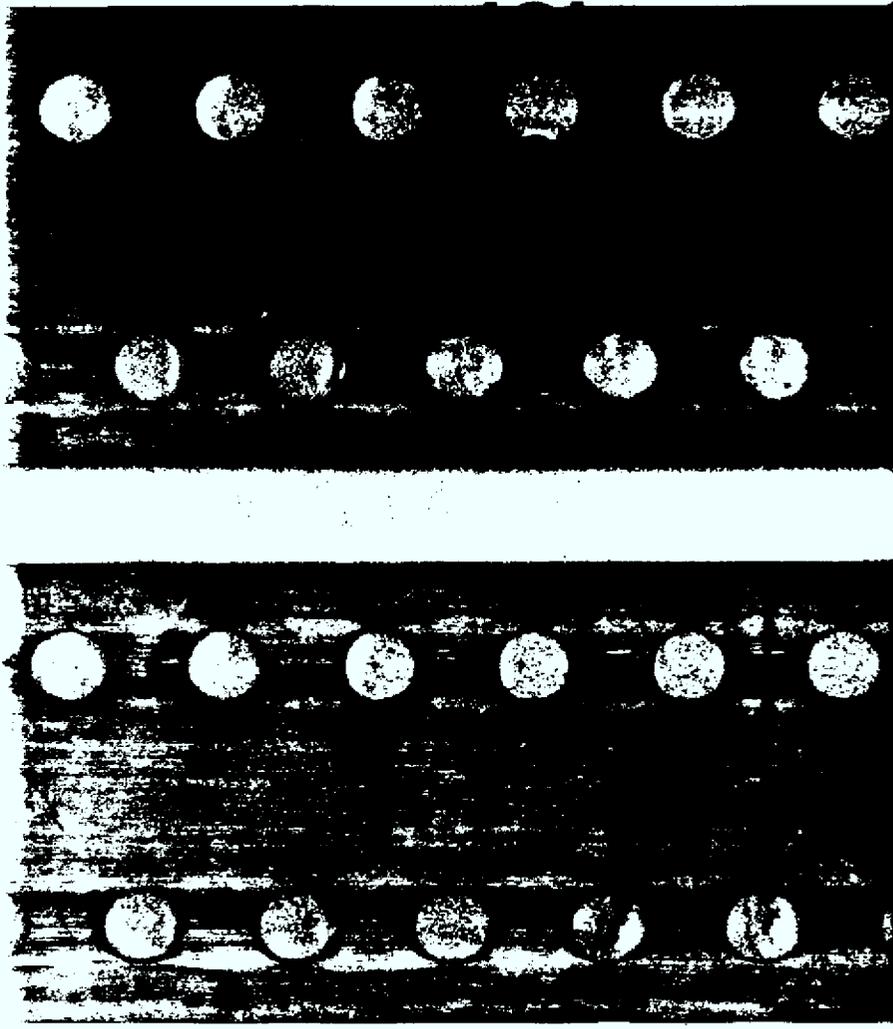
In 1921 McGurn was listed as...
...public enemy No. 4; on the list...
...posted by the Chicago crime com-
...mission.

**GANGLAND BULLETS
CATCH UP WITH M'GURN
... ONLY 7 YEARS LATE**

By International News Service
CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Underworld...
...bullets caught up with "Machine...
...Gun Jack" McGurn today—seven...
...years late.

Though police never pinned it on...
...Al Capone's chief executioner, it...
...was generally conceded McGurn...
...engineered the St. Valentine's day...
...massacre.

Seven members of "Boss" Mar-
...an's northside gang were wiped out...
...in that wholesale slaughter seven...
...years ago yesterday.
...The seven were waiting in a...
...North Clark street garage for a



...the door... they...
 ...the door... they...
 ...the door... they...

THREE MEN WHOUGHT TO SEE THE

Three men who thought to see the place when the police arrived were taken into custody for questioning. They gave their names as John B...
 ...the police also took into custody...

ON MCGURN'S BODY THE POLICE

On McGurn's body the police found...
 ...There was also an automobile...

A CALL WAS SENT OUT TO PICK UP

A call was sent out to pick up...
 ...Mrs. McGurn's doorbell early today...

KNOW ABOUT MIM

"Do you know about Jack?"...
 ...The buxom blonde bounced into...

OWNED PIECES OF BOOK

She said she didn't know what...
 ...She punctuated her answers to...

OWNED PIECES OF BOOK

She said she didn't know what...
 ...She punctuated her answers to...

...shots on... McGurn...
 ...shots on... McGurn...

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—Underworld

bullets caught up with "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn today—seven years late.
 ...Seven members of "Bugs" Moran's...

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—Underworld

bullets caught up with "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn today—seven years late.
 ...Seven members of "Bugs" Moran's...

SUCCESSFUL RUSE

That telephone call was a ruse, a successful ruse, to lure the gangsters to their execution.
 ...At 11 a. m. an automobile...

MORAN GANG HARD HIT

The executed were Pete Gosenberg, Frank Gosenberg, Al Weinstein, James Clark, John May, Adam Hoyer and Dr. R. H. Schwimmer.
 ...The massacre practically wiped out...

MORAN GANG HARD HIT

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 ...The massacre practically wiped out...

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VALENTINE DAY MASS LEADER SLAIN IN RI

Reveal 250 Periled by L. A. Harbo

ANG EXECUTIONER



Here is Louis McGurn's widow, who testified. Officers may have been Valentine's day seven gangsters so McGurn was supposed to be established



With an ironic "comic" valentine beside his body, "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn, above, sometime chief executioner for Al Capone, was found shot to death early today in a Chicago alley.

278

ENTIRE DAY MASSACRE KILN SLAIN IN REVENGE

250 Periled by L. A. Harbor Bombing

GANG EXECUTIONER SLAIN

CAPONE AIDE JACK M'GURN KILLED BY THREE MEN

New Gang War Hinted as
'Executioner' Killed on An-
niversary of Stayings

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Dapper "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn, one-time chief executioner for Al Capone, early today received a comic Valentine—and death.

It was a ghastly gangland gesture—possibly revenge for the slaying of seven "Sugar" Moran gangsters seven years ago in the bloody St. Valentine's day massacre.

McGurn, accused of the massacre, "beat the rap" by producing the now famous "blonde alibi," Louise Relfo, who later became his wife. She testified that she and McGurn were in a hotel when the seven men were slain.

McGurn, 33, was shot in the back in a northwest side bowling alley by three men with pistols about 1 a. m. Beside his body was found the "comic" valentine. It bore the picture of a scantily clad couple standing in a room with a sign that read "Household Goods." Then the note:

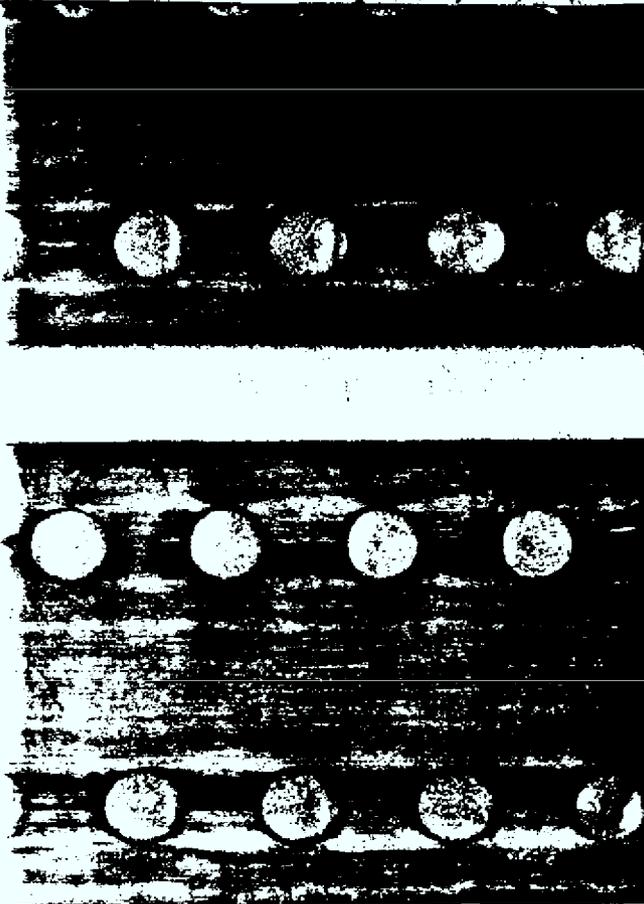
"You've lost your job, you've lost your gang.
Your jewels and cars and
handmade houses;
But things could still be worse,
you know—
At least you haven't lost your
trousers!"

And the last about McGurn's poverty was about the truth, police said.

An Capone's chief machine gun-
man in prohibition days, McGurn
was reputed to have amassed
several hundred thousand dollars.
He died on the blood soaked
bowling alley floor with \$1.35 in



With an ironic "comic" valentine buffed his body, "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn, above, one-time chief executioner for Al Capone, was found shot to death early today in a Chicago alley.



ANG EXECUTIONER, LAIN

CAPONE AIDE JACK M'GURN KILLED BY THREE MEN

New Gang War Hinted as
"Executioner" Killed on An-
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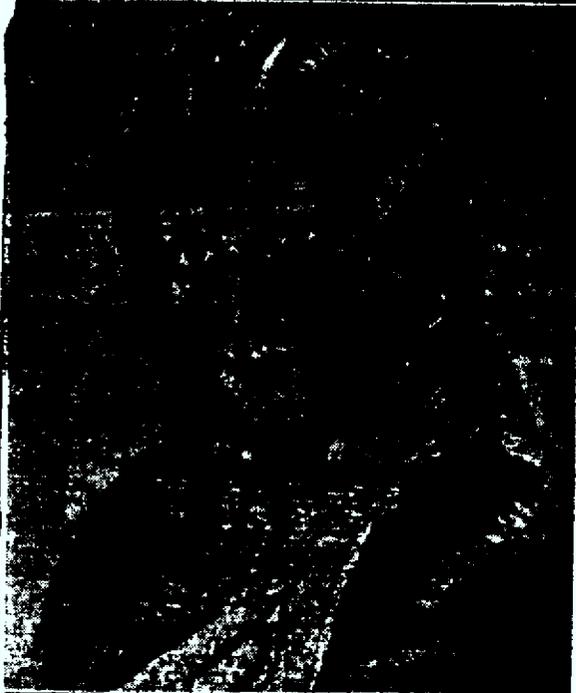
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ture of a scantily-clad couple stand-
ing back of a sign reading, "Sale
of Household Goods." Then the
verse:

"You've lost your job, you've lost
your dough,
Your jewels and cars and
handsome houses;
But things could still be worse,
you know—
At least you haven't lost your
trousers!"
And the jest about McGurn's
poverty was about the truth, police
said.

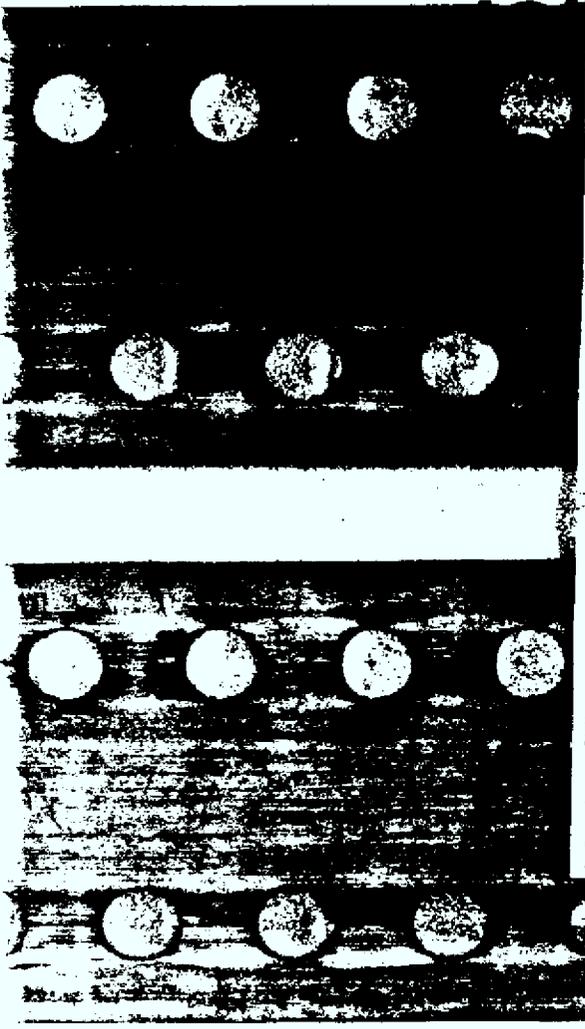
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man in prohibition days, McGurn
was reported to have amassed
several hundred thousand dollars.
He died on the blood soaked
bowling alley floor with \$2.25 in
his pockets.
His widow, the "blonde alibi,"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)



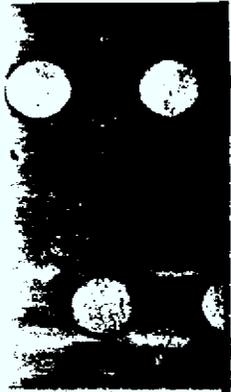
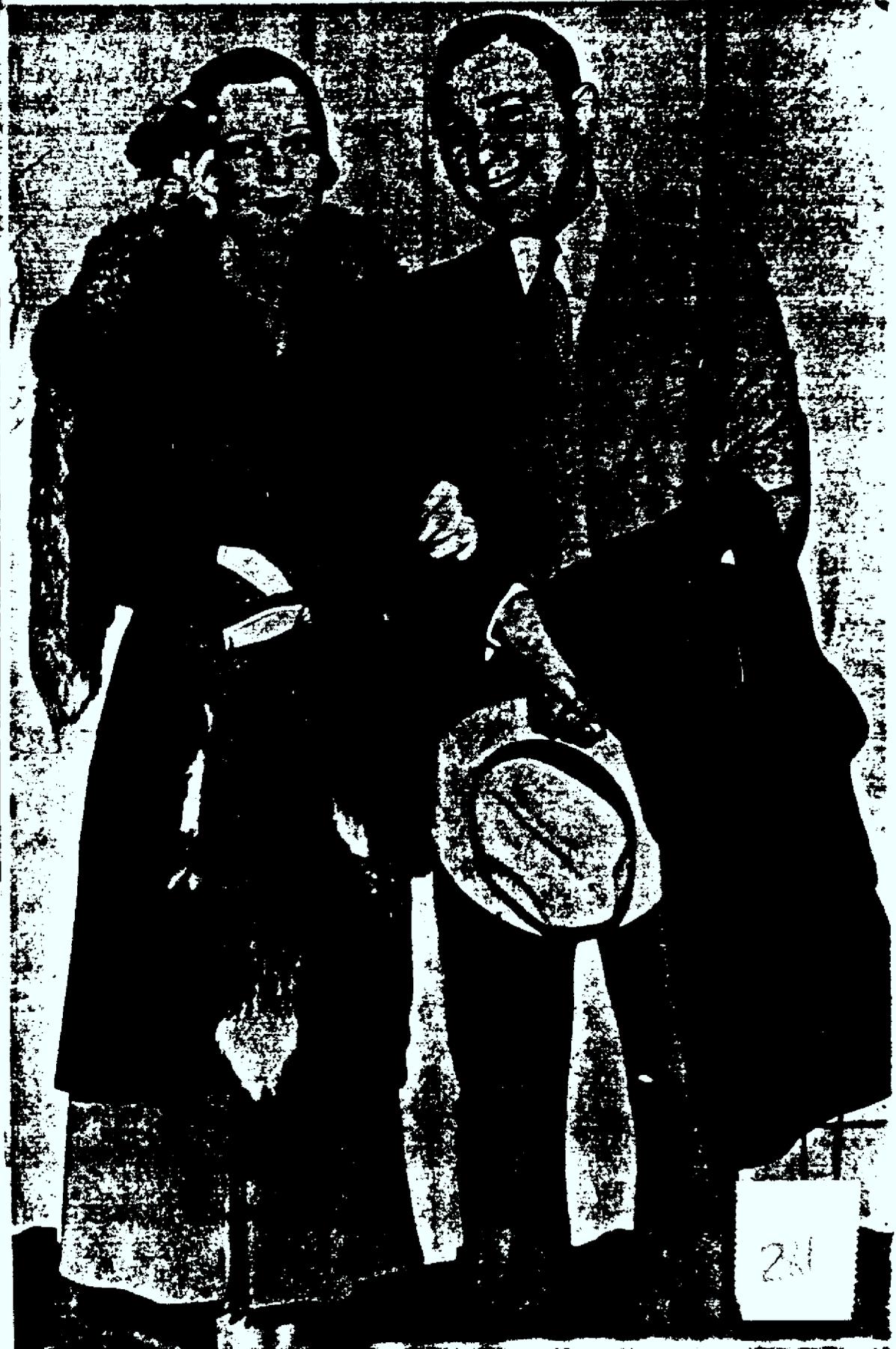
Here is Louise Reife, Mc-
Gurn's widow, who is being ques-
tioned. Officers say his murder
may have been revenge for the
Valentine's day massacre of
seven gangsters seven years ago.
McGurn was suspected, but Miss
Reife established an alibi.

With an ironic "comic" valen-
tine beside his body, "Machine
Gun Jack" McGurn, above, one-
time chief executioner for Al
Capone, was found shot to death
early today in a Chicago alley.

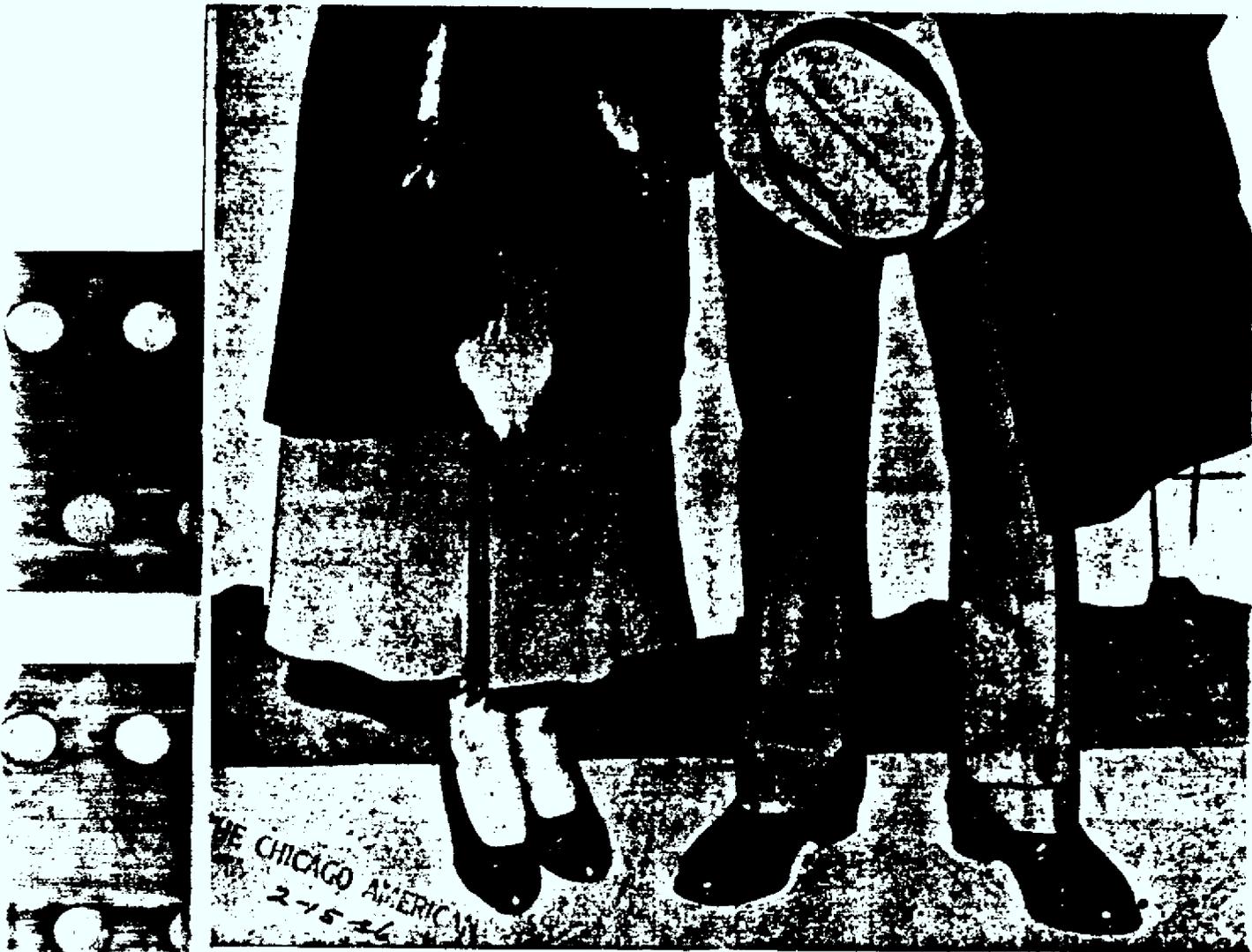


Jack McGurn and His Blond Alibi

NOTORIOUS PAIR POSE IN PEACEFUL MOMENTS



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LOUISE ROLFE M'GURN

JACK GEBARDI M'GURN

Shown at time of arrest June 5, 1929, for Mann act violation for trip to Florida together. He escaped two-year penalty by marrying her.

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St. Paul Daily News

2-15-36

2 Leaden Valentines Follow One On Paper; Capone's Gunman Slain

**Jack McGurn, Reputed
Leader In Moran Gang
Massacre Shot Down
In Bowling Alley.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—(UPI)—Two "lead valentines" in the back rubbed out machine-gun Jack McGurn, baby-faced killer of the Al Capone era, today in what police believed was retaliation for the atrocious St. Valentine's day massacre of seven years ago.

A comic valentine, mocking McGurn for his fall from former affluence, was found near the crumpled body in the bowling alley where he had gone with two supposed friends early this morning.

Detectives failed to find a motive in McGurn's recent quiet life. The valentine, addressed to McGurn in a penciled scrawl, and his death a few hours after the seventh anniversary of the mass execution of seven "Bugs" Moran gangsters in which he was chief suspect, set police trailing old clues.

As McGurn laid down his coat and derby hat, three men appeared behind him and fired more than a dozen shots. Two drilled the gangsters back and he died immediately.

The executioners vanished—also nearly a score of customers.

Police placed McGurn's wife Louise Rolfe McGurn, McGurn's blond alibi in the St. Valentine's day massacre, under technical arrest.

"I don't know who did it," she screamed.

She told Sergt. Frank Donahue that Jack "had a piece of a book" at Melrose park. The former No. 1 trigger man for Al Capone had \$3.85 in his pocket when he died.

Three young hoodlums were picked up in a restaurant below the bowling alleys immediately after the shooting.

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Carson
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Pennington
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

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"ALIBI GIRL" MOURNS PASSING OF M'GURN



Jack McGurn, former machine gunner for Al Capone, who early today was shot and killed in a bowling alley at 803 Milwaukee avenue.

[By a staff photographer.]



The widow of the slain gangster, Mrs. Louise McGurn, who had come to be known as his "alibi girl," is shown weeping bitterly after she had been informed that McGurn had been murdered by gangland rivals. She appears (in inset) as she was in more prosperous and happier days.

[By a staff photographer.]



YOU'VE lost your job, you've lost your dough;
Your jewels and cars and handsome house!
But things could still be worse, you know...
At least you haven't lost your crosses!

This comic valentine, addressed to McGurn, was found by police following his murder and is being held as a flimsy bit of evidence in the investigation.

69-100 A-15 36

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Killer Jack McGurn Is Slain; Surprised by Three Assassins

Machine Gunner Shot Dead
in Bowling Alley on Mil-
waukee Avenue.

VALENTINES ARE CLEWS

BY EDWIN A. LAHEY.

Jack McGurn, who learned the arts of homicide when most youths are still playing run-sheep-run, was shot and killed today in a bowling alley at 803 Milwaukee avenue.

McGurn, who rose to prominence with police and public under the expert guidance of "Scarface Al" Capone, was about 32 years old. In his crowded career as chief machine gunner of Capone in prohibition days he was reputed to have killed at least two dozen men and gone through several hundred thousand dollars.

In recent years McGurn, who was born Gebhardi, had yearned for respectability and a low golf score. He died in the low 80's.

Three Men in Attack.

Some wag had given McGurn a comic valentine a short time before three men barged into the bowling

alley and started cracking at him with guns. The valentine portrayed a man and a woman dispossessed and standing in front of a house with their furnishings. The verse was:

You've lost your job; you've lost your dough;

Your jewels and handsome houses;
But things could still be worse, you know,
At least you haven't lost your trousseau.

Shortly after the killing, Sgt. Francis Donohue of the coroner's office rang the bell of McGurn's home at 1244 North Kenilworth avenue, Oak Park, and was answered by McGurn's blonde wife, the former Louise Rolfe, who was his "alibi girl" in the massacre of seven Moran gangsters on Valentine's day, seven years ago yesterday.

"Heard about Jack?" said Sgt. Donohue laconically.

"My God," said Mrs. McGurn, "how bad?"

"He's washed up," answered the sergeant.

The gun widow became hysterical, but dressed and accompanied Sgt. Donohue to the Racine avenue station, where she appeared weeping bitterly.

Wife Views Body.

Then Mrs. McGurn, beautiful in her grief, and attired in an ermine coat, was taken to the county morgue, where so many of her husband's subjects had previously lain. She was shown the body of her husband, and became hysterical again. Later she lapsed into a quiet cry as she waited for the inquest to be convened.

Questioning by Assistant State's Attorney Malachi Coghlan failed to bring forth from Mrs. McGurn anything that would shed light on the murder.

Mrs. McGurn made a striking fig-

2-15-35

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'Machine Gun' McGurn Slain by Three Gunmen

(Continued from First Page.)

ure, deathly pale from grief, with spots of color showing from the red of her nails and lips, and the dark brown at the roots of her blonde hair.

It was revealed during the inquiry that Mrs. McGurn is the mother of a 12-year-old daughter. When asked about the child she exclaimed:

"Oh, don't ask me. Can't you see how I feel?"

Silence Confronts Police.

The slaying of McGurn did not have the class or the finesse that accompanied murders charged to "Machine Gun Jack," but it had all the elements of silence that confronts police in the average gang killing.

Four men were questioned by the police, but professed to know little of the killing. Two of them were in the bowling alley when McGurn's killers entered. All of them declared they knew McGurn only by what they had read in the papers.

Those questioned were William Aloisio, owner of the bowling alley; Sam, his brother; John Battaglio, 23 years old, of 1154 West Ohio street, and Charles Arozowska. The latter three were picked up when they entered a restaurant below the bowling alley after the killing.

William Aloisio was held for the inquest and was due for some more questioning, despite his assertions that he did not know McGurn.

Valentines on Counter.

One fact compelled police to believe that Aloisio might have been chummy with McGurn. On the cigar counter in the bowling alley were found four valentines similar to the one found near McGurn's body.

These valentines were all addressed in the same handwriting as that which carried the name of McGurn. They bore the names of Nick de John, Doc Pecaro, Jim Dyme and Skippy.

Aloisio told Sgt. Kyran Phalen and Capt. Martin Mullen of the Racine avenue station that he was sitting on a bench when the three killers came in and that he dived under a pool table when the shooting started. He said he believed about fifteen shots were fired.

Tony Mascarella, 2023 Grand

avenue, employe of the bowling alley, also witnessed the shooting. He dived behind a radiator when the bullets began to fly, but said he would be unable to identify the killer of McGurn.

"I was asleep in a chair at the side of one of the alleys," he said. "I awoke to see one man with an automatic pistol backing out of the entrance door, shooting as he went. I jumped for a radiator."

Two Men with Victim.

McGurn, accompanied by two other men, entered the place between midnight and 1 a. m. They chose two of the four alleys in the place, took off their coats, pawed over the balls and prepared for a game. One of the party had marked up the frames of the three on the score sheet.

Before the bowling had started the three assassins entered. There were about fifteen other men in the place besides the McGurn party.

"Stick 'em up, everybody," shouted one of the intruders.

Before anybody knew what was up the assassin with the automatic began firing at McGurn at a distance, police supposed, was between twenty and thirty feet.

Shot Twice in Head.

McGurn caught two bullets before he could turn around. One entered his skull just above the nape of the neck, the other behind his right ear.

The ex-Capone killer slumped down on his back on the sleek maple flooring of the bowling alley—dead. When police arrived he was still sprawled there in his shirt-sleeves with two rivulets of blood pouring out of his nose.

McGurn was dressed in his usual immaculate style. He wore a gray suit of good tailoring, gray spats, a fine shirt and a red tie. Slung over a bench behind the alley were his suit coat, a black overcoat and a derby.

Besides the valentine, police found among McGurn effects an automobile identification card issued to William Belmonte, 5541 Harrison street.

Belmonte, a tailor at a loop shop where McGurn had had suits made, told police he had allowed McGurn to use his name in procuring licenses for his automobile, to avoid the difficulties that beset the notorious gangster in his public business affairs.

In McGurn's pockets were two tickets to the Hank Bath-Red Burman fight at the Stadium last night. They were \$2 mezzanine seats, and had not been used. There was also \$6.85 in his pockets.

Companions Suspected.

The possibility that McGurn's two bowling partners may have led him to the slaughter engaged the police in thought, but they were at a loss to find out who they were, in view of Aloisio's statement that he did not even know McGurn, let alone his companions.

As McGurn's companions crowded out of the bowling alley with the rest of the customers, they took with them the bowling sheets on which their names were inscribed.

There was some question as to how many shots were fired in the killing. Three bullet holes were all that the police found on the premises. One was over the door, leading police to believe that McGurn's companions may have returned the fire of his killer.

There were four .45 caliber shells scattered on the floor. Two were near McGurn's body, one near the door and one near a telephone booth adjacent to the door.

Police learned that William de Grazio, a guard at the brideveil, frequented the bowling alley and planned to question him to learn if McGurn was a regular visitor there.

Aloisio, although he admitted he had conducted a gambling place before the "heat wave" last summer, said that no gambling had been carried on in the bowling alleys.

Inquest Is Opened.

McGurn's body was taken to the county morgue, where an inquest

was opened by Coroner Frank Walsh today.

Mrs. McGurn told her questioners that her husband had gone to a funeral yesterday morning, but that she did not know who the central figure at the funeral was.

McGurn returned to Oak Park in the afternoon and slept through into the late evening, she said. About 11 o'clock last night, Mrs. McGurn related, her husband dressed and announced he was going out to bowl. A retiring wife, Mrs. McGurn declared she did not learn with whom he intended to bowl, or where.

Of McGurn's business, Mrs. McGurn declared she knew little, except that he had an interest in some handbooks, one of them in Melrose Park.

This handbook, which has been conducted by McGurn and his associates for more than a year despite frequent public notice of it, is located in the quarters of the defunct Citizens State Bank of Melrose Park, at Broadway and Main street.

McGurn Slayers Leave Valentine Behind

By international News Service.
CHICAGO, Feb. 15—A ghastly interpretation was read into a "comic" valentine found lying near the bullet ridden body of "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn, slain by three unidentified assassins early today.

Beneath the picture of a scantily clad couple standing back of a sign reading "sale of household goods," were the words:
"You've lost your job; you've lost your dough;

"Your jewels and cars and hand-some houses!

"But things could still be worse, you know . . .

"At least you haven't lost your trousas!

The valentine was in a plain white envelope addressed to "Jack McGurn."

Police immediately connected it with the infamous St. Valentine's day massacre of 1929, when seven members of a rival gang were mercilessly slaughtered in a plot believed engineered by McGurn.

WISCONSIN NEWS
FEBRUARY 15, 1936

180-A

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McGURN, KILLER No. 1 FOR CAPONE, SLAIN

(Special to The News.)

Chicago, Feb. 15.—Machine Gun Jack McGurn, who in the days of Al Capone was one of the most notorious of Chicago gangsters, was shot and killed by three unidentified assailants early today in a bowling alley at 805 Milwaukee Ave. Three men, who slipped up behind McGurn, who was bowling, fired a total of more than a dozen shots from their pistols. Nearly all the bullets took effect in his body.

The murder of McGurn occurred a day after the seventh anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day massacre, when seven men were mowed down in a N.



For a long time Machine Gun Jack McGurn flouted both the law and gangland's guns. Left, he's shown in court as judge freed him on concealed weapon charge. Center, in hospital, riddled with underworld bullets, he still lived. Right, Louise Rolfe, his "blonde alibi" bride, as her testimony saved him from chair when he was arrested in St. Valentine's Day massacre.

Clark St. garage. McGurn has been suspected as the machine gun wielder who handled the gun at that time.

More than a dozen persons witnessed the shooting. All fled immediately afterward except William Alosio, proprietor of the place.

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"McGurn and two of his friends," said Alosio, "came in shortly after midnight. They engaged the second alley and took off their coats to bowl. As they stood at the end of the alley, three men who had come in after them walked up unnoticed behind McGurn and began firing.

"They didn't miss. They were standing so close to Jack that every bullet took effect. He was shot several times in the head and several times in the back. He fell dead. The



Al Capone.

His No. 1 Killer Killed

killers ran out and the other people in the house, including his friends, followed."

Yesterday was the anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day massacre, one of the most sensational crimes in American history. On Feb. 14, 1929, seven members of the North Side gang, headed by

George (Bugs) Moran, Capone's enemy in the booze and vice rackets, were lined up against the wall of a garage on N. Clark St. and were all machine-gunned to death.

McGurn Link Doubted.

There were at times reports that McGurn was implicated in that shooting. Most investigators discredited this, however. That some one wished to remind McGurn of Valentine's Day was proved by the discovery of a comic lithograph that was left with Alosio for him some time yesterday. It depicted a couple in scanty clothing with a little jingle under it which read:

"You've lost your job, you've lost your dough;
Things still could be worse, you know—
At least you haven't lost your trousers."

It was the belief of the investigators, headed by Capt. Richard Barry, that the killers had accurate knowledge that McGurn would be in the bowling alley at about the time he arrived. Possibly, it was said, they waited for him and climbed up the stairs to the second floor, where the alleys are, as soon as he and his friends had cleared the hallway.

It was even theorized that the men who went with him might have been in on the plot. To support this the police pointed out that all the bullets were directed at McGurn alone. His friends, in all probability, were armed and could have battled if they wished, in the opinion of Capt. Barry.

"But anything could have happened in this instance," he added. "McGurn had plenty of people with reason to bump him off. My guess is he stepped on somebody's toes in the alky racket or the gambling business, recently. The gangs don't usually shoot to avenge something that happened years ago. They put enemies out of business for what they're doing now."

Suspect in Many Killings.

McGurn was suspected of more than a dozen murders. But the nearest he ever came to doing a long stretch in jail was on a Mann Act conviction.

When police arrested him in Miami, Fla., on suspicion of the St. Valentine's Day murders, he was living with a golden-haired gun moll, Louise (Lulu Lou) Rolfe.

Her alibi for McGurn was graphic.

He was in her arms, she said, in a Georgia hotel, at the time police declared he was mowing down Moran's gangsters.

Witnesses who placed McGurn in



'Machine Gun' Jack McGurn
Closeup of killer who got dose of his own medicine—lead.

Chicago were rubbed out, one by one. Lulu Lou's testimony remained unconvincing—but unshakable.

The underworld hailed her as the "blonde alibi" when McGurn appeared for trial five times, each time to jeer as the State prosecutors backed down and asked for a continuance.

But when the St. Valentine's Day charges were finally dropped for lack of evidence, McGurn's alibi was turned against him.

He and his blonde paramour were indicted for violation of the Mann Act.

In an attempt to impress the jury, McGurn married the girl before trial.

The charge stuck, however, and McGurn was sentenced to two years in Leavenworth Prison and his wife to four months in the Cook County jail.

Saved by High Court.

But even in this he beat the rap when the United States Supreme Court set aside the conviction.

He served two minor terms, however, while the appeal was being argued.

In 1930 he was sentenced to the county jail for one year and fined \$300 for carrying a gun.

Later he was snatched out of the Western Open Golf Tournament, where he was playing under his real name, Vincent Gabardi, and charged with vagrancy.

With unusual consideration, the arresting officers allowed him to finish his match before taking him off to jail. He shot an 86.

Later a jury sent him to the Bridewell for six months.

Jack McGurn Of Massacre Fame Is Slain

CHICAGO, Feb. 15—(Saturday)
—(AP)—Machine Gun Jack McGurn, gangster, was shot and killed in a bowling alley early today.

The victim was identified positively as McGurn by Sergt. Kyran Phelan of the detective bureau. The scene of the shooting was on the near Northwest Side.

First reports of the shooting were that several unrecognized men walked into the bowling alley, drew a machine gun and fired directly at McGurn. They then turned and fled.

McGurn was allied with the forces of Scarface Al Capone, now serving time in Alcatraz prison for evasion of federal income tax.

The slain gangster was reputedly one of Capone's gunners in the days of the prohibition era, when the Capone gang was one of the most powerful and bloody in the history of the city.

McGurn's death came just seven years and a day after the St. Valentine's day massacre in which seven George (Bugs) Moran gangsters were slain in a near Northside garage. The Moran gang was previously a rival of the Capone mobsters.

The bowling alley where McGurn was killed was reported to have been owned by him.

The name McGurn was an alias. His true name was Vincent Gebardi. He also used the alias Jack Demory.

McGurn had been arrested several times in Chicago. He was charged with participation in the St. Valentine's day massacre in 1929. He furnished his famous "blond alibi" to beat that rap.

The "blond alibi" was Miss Louise Rolfe who testified that they were together in a hotel at the time of the slaying.

The state failed to convict McGurn but the federal government stepped in with a Mann act charge against both. They were convicted in 1931 and McGurn was sentenced to serve two years in Leavenworth. Miss Rolfe was given a lesser term. Before their conviction the couple was married legally.

John ✓
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PRIS
JW Hood

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL
FEBRUARY 15, 1936.

14-180-A

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*Victim of Slayers
Had Long Record
of Crime Charges*

Chicago, Ill. - (AP) - The Chicago police record of Machine Gun Jack McGurn was as follows:

Jan. 1, 1930, arrested under the name of Jack McGurn, on a charge of carrying concealed weapons.

Mar. 20, 1930, held under the name James Vincent for investigation in Miami, Fla.

July 3, 1930, sentenced to one year in the county jail and fined \$300 on a charge of carrying concealed weapons.

Dec. 26, 1930, that sentence was reversed and the case was remanded by the supreme court.

July 2, 1931, under name of Jack McGurn, arrested for violation of Mann act. Convicted and sentenced to two years in Leavenworth penitentiary but placed on probation for five years.

Sept. 6, 1933, under name of Jack McGurn, sentenced to six months in the house of correction on a vagrancy charge.

PK 12
Roo Tom Hood

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
FEBRUARY 15, 1936

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MACHINE GUN JACK MCGURN, one-time Capone gang assassin, was slain in a Chicago bowling alley early Saturday. He is shown (right) on trial as a participant in the St. Valentine's day massacre. He won acquittal through the alibi supplied by Louise Rolfe, whom he later married. They are shown on the beach together. At the left McGurn is pictured competing in the 1933 western open golf tourney.

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MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
 FEBRUARY 15, 1936

69-180-A

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M'GURN DEADLY AND DEBONAIR IN ALL HIS KILLINGS

Desire to Avenge Death of
Father Said to Have
Prompted Crimes.

If epitaphs must be written for hoodlums, it can be said for "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn, who was slain early today, that not since the medieval days of the Italian city states has there been a hired killer as gracious, debonair and deadly.

What their velvet-clad and plumed young men with Florentine daggers were to the Sforzas or the Medici, McGurn was to no less a buccaneer, "Scarface Al" Capone, who revered him for his deadliness and his loyalty.

The legend about McGurn on the near west side is that he started his career as a killer to avenge his father, slain by blackhanders when McGurn was a boy in his teens. This was about the time of the birth of prohibition.

McGurn, born Gebhardi, was a carefree youth living in the shadow of Notre Dame church at Sibley and Oregon streets when his father was slain.

A relative "ribbed" the young man up and told him the names of at least six men responsible for the murder of his father, the story goes.

When this relative had stirred in the young man a passionate desire for revenge, he had launched McGurn on his career. Within the next year, according to underworld gossip, McGurn had killed every one of the Sicilians "fingered" in the death of his father.

His First Murder.

The first murder was obviously a nervous piece of work for the sensitive young west sider, but once over the hill of his first homicide, McGurn went, in the parlance of the day, to town.

His efficiency and earnestness in redressing wrongs with a pistol won the admiration of "Scarface Al" Capone, then rising to prominence as Chicago's biggest gang leader. Once under the wing of the rising Capone, McGurn was made.

A close friendship developed between the two social outlaws, and among all his associates, Capone trusted McGurn to the last line.

It was McGurn, according to competent police informers, who first learned some years ago that ambition had stirred within the breasts of John Scalise, Albert Anselmi and Joseph Giunta, who planned to kill Capone and seize his organization.

McGurn informed Capone of the plot. A few nights later McGurn was host to Scalise, Anselmi and Giunta at a spaghetti party in Cicero. The next morning the bodies of the three were found in Hammond.

McGurn was shot once in an attempted assassination as he stood in a cigar store in what was then the McCormick hotel, Ontario and Rush streets. This was in the days of the intense rivalry between the Capone mob and the north side gang of George ("Bugs") Moran.

The St. Valentine Murders.

This rivalry was liquidated seven years ago yesterday, when a squad of Capone killers walked into the garage at 2122 North Clark street and mowed down seven Moranites and their associates. McGurn was reported to have been at that party, along with Fred ("Killer") Burke and the late Gus Winkler.

McGurn was the target for assassins a second time, on March 7, 1928. Machine gunners riddled his automobile on the west side, but he escaped unscathed.

McGurn in his lifetime had been accused of about everything but pickpocketing, but never served a jail term.

He was convicted in the state courts for gun carrying and on a vagrancy charge, but beat both cases in the Illinois Supreme court.

He was also convicted in a criminal court of violation of the act with the woman, but won a reprieve in the United States.

McGurn was indicted in the St. Valentine case but the case was dropped. He established that he was with the Stevens hotel at the time of the mass killing.

His golf was good and he dare to compete under the right name, in the tournament a few days after the first six holes in which he then discovered the name with a warrant issued.

Thomas A. Green in Felony court, were following him. He blew up and quit. He stood trial and was convicted in the lower court.

"It is a good thing he is gone," Judge Green said today. "Men of his type have no place in the community. His case is a point in the argument for an amendment to the constitution to permit men with reputations as gunmen to be searched on 'probable cause' by police."

Since the breakup of the Capone gang, accomplished through the income-tax conviction of the leader, McGurn, along with other notorious members of the mob, had drifted almost into obscurity. McGurn had spent his time golfing and taking care of a few handbooks in which he was interested in Cook county outside Chicago.

Brother Claims Body.

The body was claimed at the morgue by McGurn's brother, Anthony Gebardi, 622 South Morgan street, who filled out a blank containing some family history at the request of Henry Vala, a clerk in the coroner's office.

McGurn was born July 2, 1903, at La Gota, Italy, and was brought to this country as a baby by his parents, Thomas and Josephine Verderams Gebardi. The dead hoodlum's profession was given as a golf professional at the Maywood Country Club for seven years prior to February, 1935.

According to the brother, McGurn carried no insurance and had no property, real or personal.

QUIZ 8 IN

M'GURN

SLAYING

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2-15-3, 297

WITNESSES IN HIDING AFTER KILLING IN BOWLING ALLEY

A new Chicago gang war, rumblings of which have been heard in the underworld for many days, broke in Chicago early today with the assassination of "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn.

The dapper little golfer, reputed to have been Al Capone's No. 1 gunman in the wildest days of the prohibition era, was shot down at the close of a "Coca-Cola Night" in the Avenue Recreation Parlors, a bowling alley on the second floor at 805 Milwaukee av.

Three gunmen entered the place about 1 a. m., shortly behind McGurn, and, staging a fake holdup, shot down McGurn as he and two friends waited to bowl.

Eight Held for Quizzing

Strangely enough, the murder came at the close of the seventh anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day massacre of 1929, the wholesale killing of seven Moran mobsters for which McGurn was indicted but never tried.

Five hours after the killing the police held eight persons for questioning, one of them being Louise Rolfe McGurn, the "blond alibi" whose story

in 1929 got McGurn out of the St. Valentine's case and almost got him into the federal penitentiary on Mann act charges.

Louise was found about 5 o'clock in the home she occupied with Jack at 1244 N. Kenilworth av., Oak Park, by Sergt. Frank Donohue of the coroner's office.

McGurn's Two Friends Flee

At the county morgue she quivered as she looked at her husband's body and cried:

"Poor Jack. They shouldn't have done it. Oh, Jack, you poor darling."

McGurn's two companions had fled immediately after the shooting, perhaps in his automobile, which was miss-



JACK M'GURN.
They Finally Got Him!

ing, and police did not know who they were or if they had put him "on the spot."

In fact the murder of McGurn stood out as a mystery as great as the many crimes in other days attributed to "Machine Gun" Jack, but written in the record as unsolved.

Theorizing, the police pointed to stories of a wide schism in the ranks of Al Capone. The recent return from prison of powerful figures like Murray Humphreys and Jack Guzik have brought

Continued on Page 3, Column 1.

TWENTY MORE WITNESSES TO SLAYING DISAPPEAR

Continued from First Page.

stories of jealousy for control of the mob.

Hint Fight to Rule Cabarets

Other stories were that the hoodlums were quarreling over the distribution of what spoils remain of the golden days of prohibition. There have been many threats.

Other theories dealt with efforts of the hoodlums to regain control of the night clubs and the "wet spots" in the near North Side. It was reported that the old guard was challenging the rule in that sector of Bill Connors,

ward committeeman and boss of the Forty-second Ward.

There was the possibility, too, that McGurn was killed in revenge for one of the many crimes laid to him in other days of his underworld career.

EXPECT REPRISALS.

But whatever the motive, the police feared that the killing of McGurn was only the first chapter in a new gang war. They expect the friends of McGurn, who was 38, to strike back, and soon.

Near McGurn's well-dressed, well-groomed body as it lay in a pool of blood was a valentine. His name was written on the envelope in pencil. The valentine read:

"You've lost your job; you've lost your dough;

Your jewels and cars and handsome houses!

But things could still be worse, you know . . .

At least you haven't lost your trousers!"

5 15 36

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McGurn and Pals Enter Bowling Alley at 12:45

As nearly as police could piece together the scene and the action in the recreation parlors, this is what happened:

McGurn and two companions entered the place at 12:45.

They spoke to William Aloisio, 29, the proprietor, asking him when they could get alleys 1 and 2 for bowling.

Aloisio told them they would have to wait about fifteen minutes because the alleys were then in use.

There are five pool tables near the door and about twenty feet north are four alleys for bowling.

McGurn and his two companions walked to the most distant alleys, 1 and 2, and removed their coats.

TRIO WATCHES BOWLERS.

They stood watching the men using that alley, and one of the two men with McGurn put the three names on a bowling sheet.

Aloisio was seated near the counter at the door. On a bench Tony Mascarella, 37, of 2023

Grand av., the janitor, was taking a nap.

Fifteen minutes passed after McGurn had entered when the door was flung open and three men entered.

One shouted:

"This is a stickup . . . stay where you're at!"

Almost immediately he began shooting.

Aloisio thought he heard about fifteen shots.

DUCKS UNDER POOL TABLE.

Aloisio, who had his left shoe off because of an injury to his leg, scrambled for cover. He ducked under a pool table.

The twenty patrons, aside from McGurn and his companions, dove under tables and behind benches.

Mascarella, awakened by the shots, looked up to see one man backing out of the doorway. He was shouting:

"Everybody stay down!"

In an instant the three gunmen were gone.

Companions Snatch Score Sheet and Flee

Then McGurn's companions seized the bowling sheet on which their names had been written and raced each other to the door.

When the patrons and Aloisio and Mascarella emerged from cover they saw McGurn lying on the floor at the head of alley No. 1. He was dead.

That was enough for the patrons. They took their coats and hats and ran.

Only Aloisio and Mascarella were in the place with the dead "Machine Gun" Jack when police arrived.

IMMACULATE IN DEATH.

McGurn was on his back, a pool of blood spreading out from his head.

His clothing was as immaculate and costly as in the halcyon days of the Capone mob.

His overcoat, hat and suit coat lay on a bench, where he had placed them.

He wore a gray vest and trousers, gray spats, black shoes, white shirt and red checkered tie.

His red suspenders had gold c'asps, set with red stones, and he wore a gold tie chain.

\$3.85 IN HIS POCKETS.

In his pockets were \$3.85, half a package of cigarets, two hand-

kerchiefs, some memoranda, and a wallet containing an automobile license issued to William Belmonte, 5541 W. Harrison st.

The memoranda in the wallet took police to several addresses.

At the feet of the body were two .45 automatic shells. A third was near the door.

Fifteen feet from the dead McGurn were two bullet holes in the floor. There was another hole above the door, indicating this shot had been fired as the assassins were leaving.

THEY "KNOW NOTHING."

Aloisio claimed to know little about the shooting. Mascarella said he didn't know anything either.

Neither had seen McGurn before. Neither knew the two men with him.

Was McGurn killed by the three "stickup" men or did McGurn's companions do the job?

Aloisio and Mascarella said they didn't know. They hadn't any idea. They didn't know where the valentine came from.

They didn't know anything about five other valentines found on the cigar case near the entrance.

2478

Witnesses Describe Only One of Killers

One of these had been torn to bits. The pieces were put together to compose the name, "William Degrazio." Degrazio, police learned, is a guard at the Bridewell. A squad was sent out for him.

The others were addressed to "Skippy," "Jim Lyne," "Nick de John," and "Doc Pecaro."

Police were attempting to identify these men on the theory they may know who was in the place at the time of the shooting and perhaps who McGurn's companions were.

DESCRIBE ONE MAN.

Aloisio and Mascarella furnished only one description. They said one of the three "stickup" men was about 30 years old, 5 feet tall and weighing 180 pounds. He was dark complexioned and wore dark clothing and no hat. He was the one who backed out last, shouting:

"Everybody stay down!"

BELMONTE FOUND.

Checking up on the automobile license, Lieut. Richard Barry went to the Harrison st. address and found Belmonte, a tailor, with his uncle, Tony Lambert, 39, of 1334 W. Van Buren st.

Belmonte, who is 38, admitted letting McGurn use his name in purchasing a car. He had become acquainted with the gangster through making clothing for him.

TAKEN FOR GRILLING.

Belmonte and Lambert were brought to the station to be ques-

tioned by Capt. Martin Mullen, who was in charge of the investigation.

One of the squads arriving at the murder scene picked up three men who were entering a restaurant below the recreation parlors.

They were Aloisio's brother, Sam, 21, of 1141 W. Huron st.; John Battaglia, 23, of 1154 W. Ohio st., and Charles Alazowka, 22, of 668 N. Curtis st.

They were locked up at Racine av. station to be interrogated by Capt. Mullen, Deputy Chief of Detectives Storms, and Chief Deputy Coroner Victor Schlaeger.

WOMAN ALSO QUIZZED.

Also questioned was Aloisio's wife, Jacqueline, of 2020 Pierce st. She said her husband had never mentioned McGurn.

On a piece of envelope in McGurn's pocket was a telephone number, Delaware 3943, and the name "Henny." The number was traced to the Westminister Hotel, 1219 N. Clark st.

Police could find no one at the hotel by that name.

In one of McGurn's pockets two tickets to the prize fight last night at the Chicago Stadium were found. They were unused.

Capt. Mullen regarded this as an indication that "Machine Gun" Jack had been summoned to keep an important engagement and that the two men with him took him to the recreation parlors to

217

2 15 5.

put him on the spot for the killing.

OVERSLEPT, SAYS LOUISE.

But the blond Louise told Serg. Donohue that Jack has missed

the fight because he had overslept.

Thursday night Jack had gone to the wake of a friend she knew, as "Nick," Louise said, and did

not get home until Friday morning.

He slept until almost 10 p. m. last night and then left home,

explaining that he was going to do some bowling.

McGurn left in his automobile, a 1936 Ford de luxe coupe, which

had been registered under Belmonte's name.

AUTO MISSING.

The car could not be found when police arrived at the bow-

ling alley to investigate the shooting.

Capt. Mullen said he believed either McGurn's companions or the three "stickup men" had used it to make their getaway. McGurn did not have the car keys on his person.

ALOISIO HAS RECORD.

Aloisio told Capt. Mullen he had operated the recreation place only since October. Before that he booked horses and operated gambling houses. He has a police record of several arrests, but has never been convicted.

Despite his story that he had never seen McGurn before last night and didn't know him, police believe the dapper gangster had been there before.

Another point in his story which the investigators doubted was that McGurn had been shot from long range.

Since both bullets struck him in vital spots in the head and neck, they believe the assassins were much closer. However, there were no powder burns.

Capt. Mullen ordered a thorough search for patrons who fled from the recreation parlor. He wanted them produced in time for the inquest at the county morgue today.

Handwritten mark

Mr. Nathan ✓
CUTS
Mr. Wood
RET

Lived as Gentleman, Even Among Wealthy

Jack McGurn was no gentleman; but he lived like one.

And Louise Rolfe, one of the first of the gangster's molls, conducted herself very much as a lady.

Born Vincent Gebardi, he took the Irish monicker of Jack McGurn when he embarked on a short career as a lightweight pugilist.

But by the time McGurn had switched to machine guns in his business of fighting, golf had become his favorite sport.

GOOD GOLF PLAYER.

And he was a good golfer. He boasted that he shot around 78. Louise's usual score was about 96. And on the golf links they were as attractive and as fashionable a pair as could be seen.

Many a golfer filled up a foursome at the Evergreen public course without knowing the mild-mannered, trim stranger in the party was McGurn. And many a player on Lincoln Park course admired the form of Louise as she played on the fairway and the green.

In Florida on the beaches in the Winter they cut as neat a figure as the New York millionaires with whom they rubbed shoulders.

A frequenter of Chicago hotels and night clubs, McGurn, always immaculately but not flashily dressed, looked the part of a prosperous business man guest.

How well he fit into the picture was shown by the fact that he lived in the Stevens for two weeks following the St. Valentine's mas-

sacre, during most of which time all Chicago policemen were supposed to be hunting him.

ACQUIRED FINE HOME.

In the heyday of their success, they acquired a fine home at 1114 N. Kenilworth av., in the exclusive north end of Oak Park.

In the depression of post-prohibition that home was lost, but the McGurns were living in a modest home a few blocks away when Louise got word there that her husband had been killed.

In recent months McGurn had sunk many points in the underworld scale and the one-time Public Enemy No. 5 was reported to be the proprietor of a Maywood, bookmaking establishment that would take bets as low as 50 cents.

But even that emporium was properly housed. The building was a closed bank building.

5-15-36

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'Blond Alibi'

***Seized, 'Knows
Nothing'***

Louise Visits Morgue and Peers at Body, Sobbing 'Poor Jack'

'Blond Alibi' Describes Jack's Last Hours in Their Home.

Attractive Louise Gebardi, "blond alibi" of Vincent Gebardi, alias "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn, lowered a tear-stained handkerchief from her eyes at the County Morgue today to peer at her husband's body.

There were no alibis then—just a sob:

"Poor Jack! They shouldn't have done it!"

Near collapse, the gunfire widow walked across the yard supported by Sergt. Frank Donohue of the coroner's office. Her high heels clicked across the floor of the anteroom where were Attendant Justine Krutkewicz and Dr. Jerry Kearns, coroner's physician.

They took her—her black draped dress wrapped in a brown ermine coat, a veil over her eyes and a black turban hat on her head and little white ribbons on her shoes—to the second floor and—

A slab. "Machine Gun Jack," now just one of four bodies in a room where postmortems are held, was

Continued on Page 4, Column 2.

Widow Fully Dressed When Police Arrive.

Continued from First Page.

covered by a sheet. His black hair was ruffled. There was a smudge on his forehead and blood on his face.

For just a moment pretty Louise lowered her handkerchief.

Then Sergt. Donohue had to carry her back to the anteroom.

He offered her water, but she said:

"I don't want any."

Earlier, weeping softly at the Racine st. police station, where she was questioned by Sergt. Donohue, Capt. Martin Mullen, Detective Lieut. Richard Barry, Sergt. Kyran Thelan and Patrolman Richard P. Broehl, she had asked repeatedly for water and for aspirin.

WANTS DRINK EN ROUTE.

On the way to the station with Sergt. Donohue, her escort on her first day of widowhood, she had even requested him to stop at a gasoline station for a drink of water.

But that was all over at the morgue. She had answered the questions of the law. She had seen

"Machine Gun Jack's" bullet-torn body. There was nothing now. She didn't want anything. Not even a glass of water.

That was Louise Gebardi, in her happier days the sensational witness for the defense of "Machine Gun Jack" when the heat was on him for the infamous St. Valentine's Day massacre, perpetrated exactly seven years before Jack himself was massacred.

GAVE 'JACK' AN ALIBI.

She testified then that she was with Jack at the time the seven were slain in the N. Clark st. garage. He "beat the rap."

Later they were arrested together in the Stevens Hotel and convicted under the Mann act, but the United States Supreme Court reversed the conviction.

Alibis today were needless. And, perhaps, it was just as well for Louise that they were. She insisted she knew of no reason for Jack's assassination, that she didn't even know what he did for hours before his death.

STORY OF LAST HOURS.

Here, according to the police record, is her story of those hours.

Q—When did you last see your husband? A—Between 11 and 11:30 p. m. February 14, 1936.

Q—Where did he say he was going? A—He said he was going bowling.

2-12-36
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Q—Do you know where he bowled? A—No.

Q—Was any one with him when he left the house? A—No.

Q—Of your own knowledge do you know if he had any trouble with any one lately? A—No.

TOLD BY REPORTER.

Q—Do you know he was shot and killed last evening. A—Yes. A reporter came to my house and told me.

Earlier Louise had told Sergt. Donohue of a mystery phone call telling her "something had happened."

Q—Do you know of any reason why he should have been killed? A—No.

Q—Do you know if he belonged to any secret or labor organizations? A—None.

Q—Has he been out of town lately? A—No.

Q—How did he leave home last night? A—He left in his own Ford coupe.

Louise was taken to the station for questioning by Sergt. Donohue.

SWAYS IN WALK TO CAR.

Down the red tile path from the sumptuous yellow brick house at 1224 N. Kenilworth av. in one of Oak Park's most exclusive residential districts she swayed unsteadily on his arm.

She sobbed:

"Take me to him! Take me to him!"

When Sergt. Donohue rang her doorbell early today she answered after a delay. She was fully dressed, sobbing but not hysterical.

Sergt. Donohue asked:

"Do you know about Jack?"

She said:

"Yes! My God! How bad is he?"

"Well, he's gone."

And Louise threw on her fur coat, a jaunty black hat and walked down the path with Sergt. Donohue.

TELLS OF PHONE CALL.

She told of the phone call as they drove to the station, but did not mention it during the official questioning. Shortly after the shooting, she said, a voice told her over the phone:

"Something has happened to Jack!"

But she insisted that was all.

Ironically, she revealed, Jack had gone to a wake Thursday night. Yesterday morning he had gone to the funeral which followed, arriving home at 12:30 p. m. yesterday.

He went right to bed and slept until 11:30 p. m., Louise said, then he got up and announced:

"I feel like bowling."

He left—and that was the last

time Louise saw him alive.

She said she didn't know what Jack had been doing for a living lately, but she thought—

"He owned a piece of a book at Melrose Park."

When Sergt. Donohue and reporters approached McGurn's home it was evident that bad news had arrived first.

NIGHT LAMP BURNING.

Through a window they could see the master bedroom on the first floor. A night lamp burned dimly between Louis XVI twin beds of aspen wood. But the beds were deserted.

They peered through another window into a living room, carpeted in dark coffee color like the bedroom. It, too, was lighted by a dim lamp. But the lamp threw its rays on upholstered furniture which was vacant.

Two bedrooms on the second floor also were empty. It is believed one was used by McGurn's 14-year-old daughter, a dark-eyed, auburn-haired beauty. But if it was, the daughter had flown.

HOME LUXURIOUS.

The comfortable yellow house marked a transition in "Machine Gun Jack's" life.

It was luxurious, but not with the over-stuffed type of luxury

which marked another house the affluent hoodlum had occupied at 1112 N. Kenilworth av. a few years earlier.

Comparatively hard times drove Jack and Louise, the pretty, typically North Side girl, who left an Addison st. home and a Lake View High School education to join the life of the underworld—from the house at 1112 more than three years ago.

He returned to the less pretentious house at 1224. Some of the neighbors objected, but police said Jack could not be evicted unless he ran afoul of the law again.

Instead he ran afoul of the enemies of the law.

ALMOST BROKE, SHE SAYS.

Today, as she was led from the morgue to the state's attorney's office, she said:

"We were practically broke."

From the state's attorney's office she was returned to the morgue for the inquest at 11 a. m.

Her tears by then had smeared the thick mascara over her face. She would say little to reporters, but when she was asked:

"Was he good to you?"

She answered:

"Oh, he was wonderful . . . always so nice."

WAVES CAMERAS AWAY.

Newspaper photographers she

motioned away with her hand, on which was a platinum wedding ring, her only jewelry, and in which she carried a black purse with the initials "L. G."

She pleaded:

"Boys, please don't."

To the questioning of Assistant State's Attorney Hal Coughlan, too, she insisted that she knew little of her husband's business operations and that his death had been entirely unexpected.

Coughlan asked her:

Q—What has your husband been doing for a living lately?

A—I don't know.

NOT MAKING MUCH.

Q—How has he been making money? A—He hasn't been making much, but he always seemed to have some when he needed it. No, I don't know where he got it.

Q—Who has he been hanging around with? Who are his associates? A—I don't know. He never told me much about those things.

Q—Who would want to kill him? Who would profit by his death? A—I haven't any idea. I thought that sort of thing was all past and gone.

Q—Has he been threatened lately? A—I don't know. OK, please don't ask me so many questions.

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Valentine Massacre Spotlighted McGurn

The St. Valentine's massacre that disgraced Chicago and made "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn a nationally known desperado occurred February 14, 1929, in a garage at 2122 N. Clark st.

Seven members of the "Bugs" Moran mob, supposedly awaiting a shipment of booze, were in the garage when two men dressed in police uniforms walked into the place.

What happened was never known, but apparently the fake policemen lined the men up as in a raid, whereupon other machine gunners who came in the back door shot them down as they stood against a wall. The scene later, the seven men lying in the blood-spattered room, is the high spot in the history of prohibition lawlessness in Chicago.

M'GURN SHOT BEFORE.

Six of the victims were dead when police arrived. The seventh, Frank Gusenberg, died within an hour after mentioning "policemen."

Gusenberg and his brother, Peter, also killed in the massacre, had been accused a year before in the shooting of McGurn. McGurn had been shot through the lung when ambushed in his car and had been taken supposedly dying to Alexian Brothers Hospital.

He rallied and lived and his fellow gangsters spirited him away from the hospital while he was still in precarious condition.

17 WANTED FOR MASSACRE.

The massacre started a furor in Chicago. Rewards totalling \$40,000 were offered and the police listed seventeen men as wanted for the killings.

The most tangible lead came about ten days later when an automobile was found in a burning garage at 1723 N. Wood st. It was apparent an effort had been made to destroy the automobile. Police named Claude Maddox, a Capone hoodlum, as the owner of the car.

Great excitement was occasioned by the arrest of McGurn February 28, two weeks after the murder. It was found the machine gunner had been living in the Stevens Hotel with Louise Rolfe as Mr. and Mrs. Vincent D'Oro.

'BLOND ALIBI' ENTERS.

In the face of reported posi-

tive identification of McGurn by two witnesses, Jack insisted it was "a bum rap" and that at the time of the killing he was in the hotel with the fair Louise. That was where she got her name, "the blond alibi."

There was much hubbub as other gangsters were rounded up.

Eventually McGurn and John Scalise were indicted for murder and Rocco Panelli as accessory after the fact.

McGurn's lawyers, Nash and Ahern, repeatedly pressed for trial, but the state kept taking continuances, claiming that additional evidence was being uncovered.

In the meantime Scalise was assassinated in a gang killing generally laid to the Capone mob.

M'GURN'S CASE STRICKEN.

McGurn ultimately was admitted to bail and finally, in December of 1929, the indictment against him was stricken when, for the fourth consecutive term of court, he appeared ready for trial and the state was not. No one was ever tried for the crime.

So ended the prosecution of McGurn for the Valentine's Day massacre without the "blond alibi" ever appearing in court.

Several months later came the prosecution of McGurn and Louise on federal Mann act charges, resulting from their trip to Florida together, which dragged on for years until the United States Supreme Court finally upset his conviction by Federal Judge Lindley which had twice been upheld by the Court of Appeals.

AN "UNSOLVED CRIME."

The massacre of N. Clark st. ultimately went down in Chicago crime annals as an unsolved crime.

In the passing years there has been a general opinion among police and other investigators that McGurn was certainly not the leader in the plot.

The most generally accepted theory is that the head man in the execution of the seven Moran gangsters was Fred ("Killer") Burke, also a Capone ally, who is serving a life sentence in Michigan for the murder of a policeman at St. Joseph.

Handwritten notes:
H
7
9-15
Tim Hood

Handwritten numbers:
306
2-15-3

Gun Man Finds Death On Comic Valentine

Suspect in Famous Massacre Is Slain in Chicago Hangout—Rhymed Jibe Dropped at Side

CHICAGO, Feb. 15 (AP)—Machine Gun Jack McGurn, former Capone gangster, got a comic Valentine today, and two shots in the back of the head that killed him much as seven Bugs Moran gangsters were killed seven years ago in the bloody St. Valentine's Day massacre for which McGurn was later tried.

He beat the rap on the massacre charge by producing the blonde alibi who later became his wife. She testified that she and McGurn were in a hotel south of the Loop when the Moran men were murdered.

McGurn and two unidentified

companions sat in a second-floor bowling alley waiting their turn to play.

Three men entered the place and shouted: "Stick 'em up! Stand where you are!"

McGurn stiffened. Without another word, the pair opened fire. One bullet struck McGurn just behind the right ear, the other in the lower part of the neck.

Trampled on the floor near the spot where he fell police found a comic valentine addressed to McGurn. It was a picture of a man

Continued on Page J, Col. 4

MACABRE VALENTINE



JACK MCGURN **BLONDIE ROLFE**
Seven years and a day after the St. Valentine's massacre for which he was tried and acquitted, gangsters dropped Capone's old trigger-man in a Chicago bowling alley. Louise Rolfe, his blonde alibi in the massacre case, and who later became his wife, was questioned.

Handwritten notes:
4975
for the hood

347

2

Capone's Decade of Death

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. E. A. Tamm	
Mr. Clegg	
Mr. Glavin	
Mr. Ladd	
Mr. Nichols	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Tracy	
Mr. Carson	
Mr. Egan	
Mr. Gurnea	
Mr. Hendon	
Mr. Pennington	
Mr. Quinn	
Mr. Nease	
Miss Gandy	

90-15

Chicago Daily Tribune
Feb 16, 1931

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VALENTINE GUNS KILL CAPONE THUG

Suspect in Chicago Massacre
Slain—Comic Card Left
Near His Body

Continued from Page One

and a woman in their underwear. Standing in front of a house marked "Sold." The doggerel verse read:

"You've lost your job, you've lost your dough;

"Your jewels and cars and handsome houses;

"But things could still be worse, you know,

"At least you haven't lost your trousers."

William Alosio, who owns the bowling alley, said he was sitting on a pool table when the gunmen came in. He ducked under it when they began shooting.

Score Crossed Off

When they had left, he crawled out. He saw McGurn's two companions leisurely straighten out McGurn's body. Then they walked over to the bowling score sheet, tore off the page on which their names were entered, and strolled out.

Alosio told the police he didn't know who the men were.

But police found another crumpled Valentine on the floor, addressed to "Willie De Grazio." The Valentine had been torn up. Police sought to learn whether De Grazio might have been one of McGurn's companions.

Three men who sought to flee when the police arrived were taken into custody for questioning. They gave their names as John Battaglio, twenty-three; Charles Alosowka, twenty-two; and Sam Alosio, twenty-one, brother of the bowling alley proprietor.

The police also took Alosio and the janitor, Tony Moscarello. The janitor said he was asleep when the shooting started.

Victim Unarmed

On McGurn's body were found \$3.85, a package of cigarettes and two unused tickets for a prize fight at the Chicago Stadium last night. He had no gun.

There was also an auto license in the name of William Belmonte of Chicago and a bill of sale showing he purchased the car last December 24.

Police hurried to the gangster's home after the slaying.

Mrs. McGurn, partly dressed when she answered the door, had been sobbing, they said. Some one already had told her of the shooting.

She said McGurn had been at home most of the day, but had attended a funeral yesterday morning.

He had no life insurance and no bank account. She declared she was penniless and that the only money they had to their names was the \$3.85 found in McGurn's pockets.

Slayer Described

A police description of one of the slayers said the man was about twenty-five, five feet tall and weighed about 180 pounds.

Police knew of no motive for the crime. They had lost track of McGurn during the past two years.

Belmonte, in whose name McGurn's automobile was registered, said he had permitted the slain gangster to use his name in buying license plates because McGurn told him he couldn't get them in his own name.

McGurn's real name was Vincent Gebhardi. Once a big-time gambler and alky runner for Capone, he had fallen to operation of a small gambling resort.

He was arrested on a vagrancy warrant as he teed off at Olympic Fields, August 27, 1933, where he had entered the Western open tournament under his read name.

With him at the time, was Louise Rolfe, the blonde alibi, whom he married after divorcing his first wife.

McGurn was thirty-three. Always dapper, he had not given up his flair for fancy clothes. When he was killed, he was wearing an expensive gray suit, a bright red tie, red suspenders, and a fine linen shirt.

Police said they last heard of McGurn on July 15, 1935, when he was operating a gambling house in Melrose Park. Bets on horse racing, as low as 50 cents, were taken by McGurn himself, a sharp come-down from his affluence in prohibition days.

In 1931 McGurn was listed as Public Enemy No. 5 by the Chicago Crime Commission.

Gangster Rule by Bribery and Gun

"I am getting too prominent for my own good."—Al Capone, Dec. 16, 1926.

"I am not in any rackets; I am an honest real estate dealer. I wish the newspapers would leave me alone."—Al Capone, Jan. 24, 1927.

BEHOLD Alphonse Capone at the height of his arrogant power; any time between late 1926 and mid-May of 1929.

A gross man, fat, with thick lips and a scar on one cheek. A powerful man, immune to the penalties of the law that applied to lesser mortals.

When he went abroad it was in an armored car that weighed seven tons. Picture this strong man in his fortresses—the Hawthorne hotel in Cicero, with the metal shutters impervious to bullets; the Metropole or the Lexington hotel in Chicago, where he and his followers held whole floors at a time; or on his seaside estate outside Miami.

No policemen ever raided these places. They knew that raids would be futile gestures. The courts would not hold Alphonse Capone to account.

Picture Capone the politician, shaking hands with judges, calling assistant state's attorneys his friends, telling representatives in the state capitol and aldermen in the city council (whom he had set in their places) how he wanted them to vote.

The composite portrait is that of America's Public Enemy No. 1, the symbol of all the crime the prohibition era produced; of a man above the law; a man who feared nothing—except publicity.

The Capone power had ripened in obscurity.

Already it has been related how he came to be the partner of John Torrio in a business which in 1924 controlled bootlegging on the south side, owned a chain of brothels in a crescent of west and southwest suburbs, and operated dozens of gambling hells.

Early in 1924 in front of his home at 7104 Clyde avenue a spray of bullets was directed at Torrio. One leaden pellet passed through his lower jaw. It shattered his courage as well as the jawbone. When he recovered he wanted no more of the game. He retired and his mantle fell upon Capone.

That rising young executive also was the target of the men who eliminated Torrio. They poured a withering rain of bullets upon his automobile as it stood in the street, and Capone escaped only because fortune had decreed that he should be at the moment in a restaurant nearby. Promptly he bought the bulletproof car and strengthened his force of guards.

He obtained the absolute loyalty of those guards by making it more profitable for them to be his men than to be anybody else's. The salary was \$100 a week. Also Capone clothed them, fed them, and gave parties for their amusement. He asserted that it cost him \$3,500 a week for his personal protection.

In 1924 the Torrio-Capone organization dominated only the south side and the suburbs it had taken over. North side bootlegging was in the hands of a gang of tough men headed by George (Bugs) Moran and Dean O'Banion. On the

west side was another gang, of Sicilian origin, headed by the six Genna brothers.

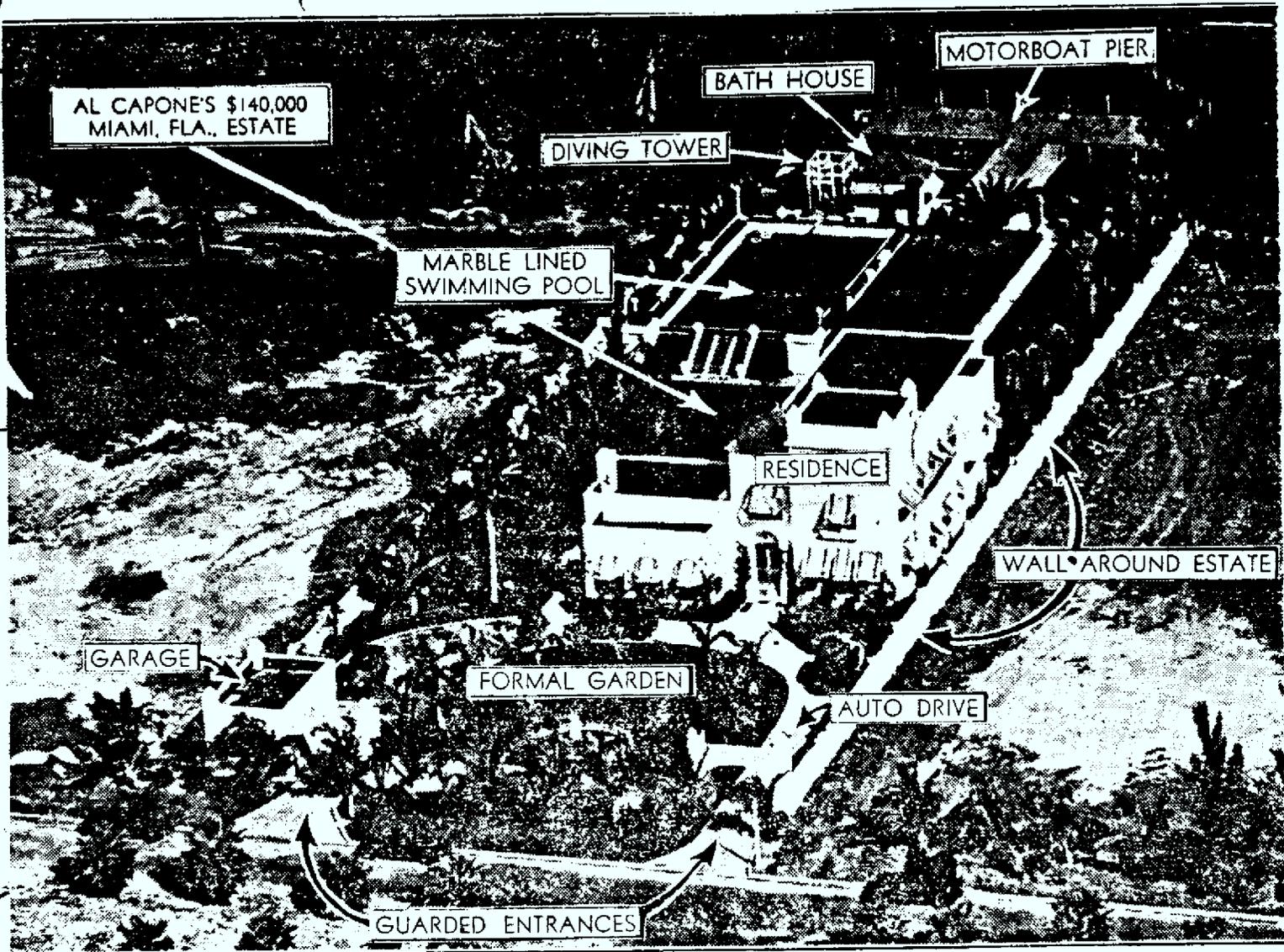
These Gennas were important people. They invented a new technique in the manufacture of alcohol. They put it in the home. Hundreds of their fellow countrymen, each in his own little house, cooked alky. The Genna organization collected each cooker's output daily and paid cash for the work.



Capone in a bathing suit in Florida, one of his alibi costumes.

CHICAGO BUREAU FILE 311

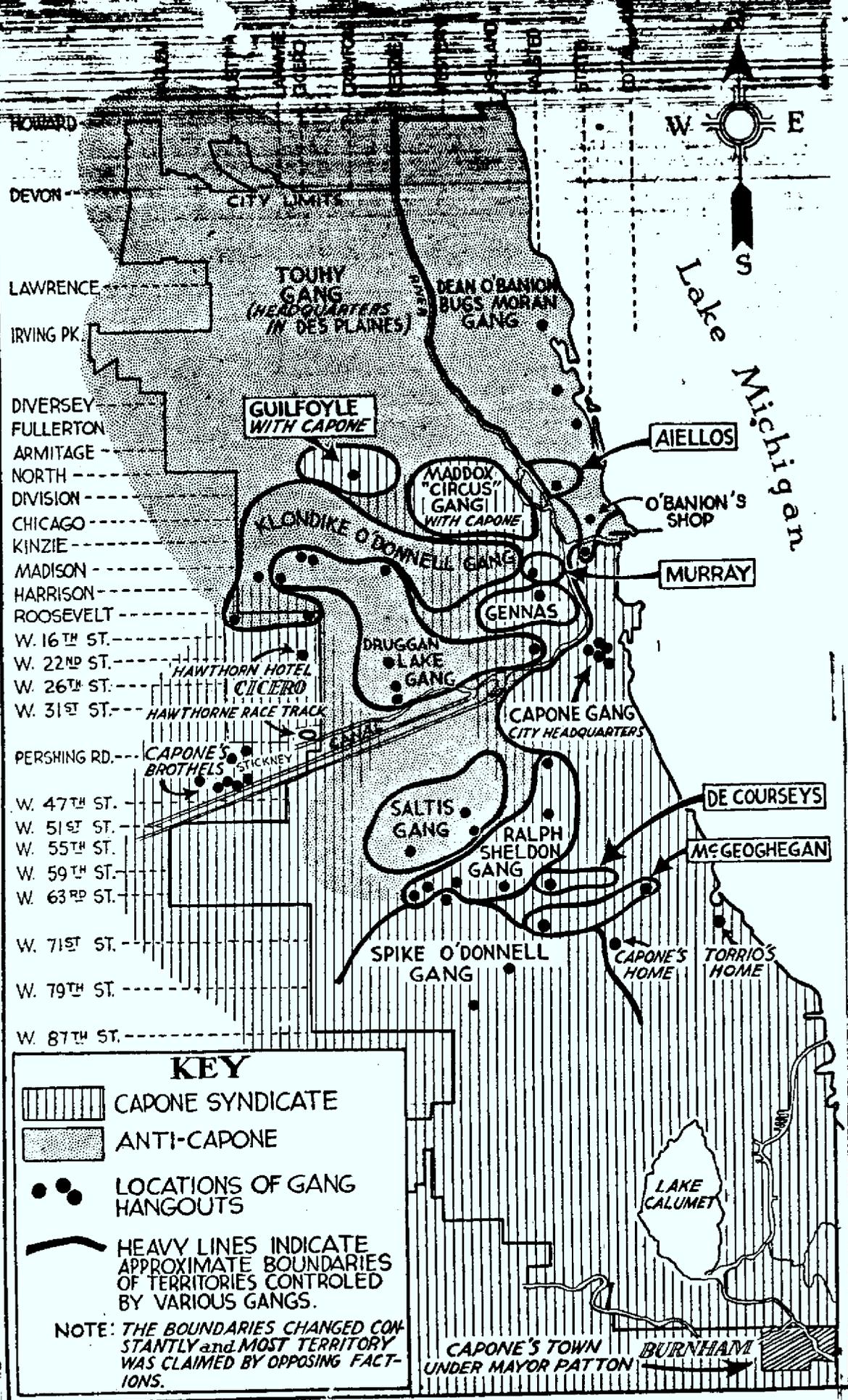
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A view of Al Capone's palatial winter abode near Miami, Fla. This estate always was closely guarded by Capone gunmen.

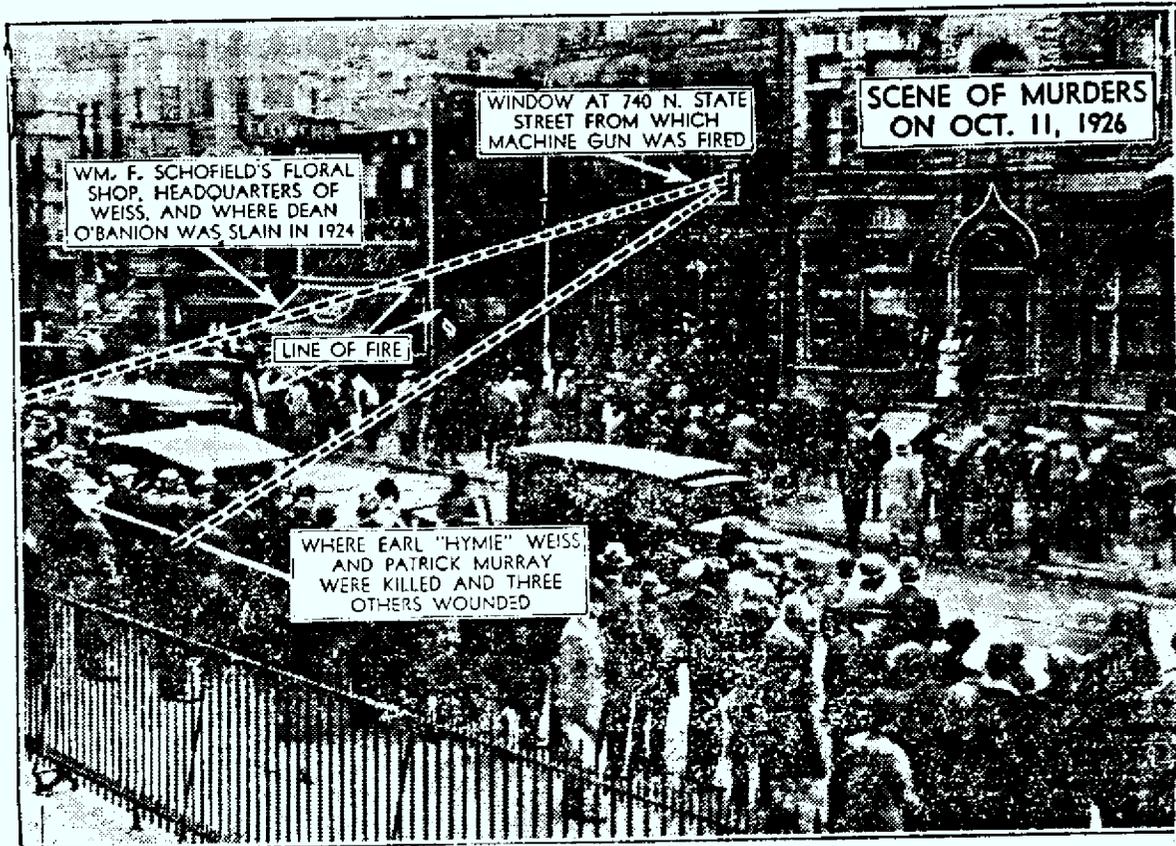
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How Chicago and some of its suburbs were divided up under the rule of various gangs during the bloody years in which Al Capone held sway as the boss criminal.



Scene of the murders of Earl (Hymie) Weiss and Patrick Murray, one of the many outbursts of violence during the reign of Capone. (Tribune photo.)

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Their importing business became a blind through which the materials for making mash could be purchased.

The pay (we find this over and over in tracing the history of the prohibition era) was good. A better grade cooker could earn \$80 to \$100 a week.

The production end outgrew the sales end of the Genna enterprise. Its leaders sold some of the product to Capone and Torrio, but not enough. Hence they came to covet the territory of Moran and O'Banion, which overlapped theirs in spots.

A precarious peace had been maintained, however, through the efforts of Mike Merlo, head of the Unione Siciliano. Merlo was no bootlegger or gangster; he was the paternal arbiter of all the actions of his countrymen on the near north side. He had decreed that there should be no warfare between the Gennas and their rival bootleggers.

In mid-November of 1924 Mike Merlo died. A magnificent funeral, with a statue of him worked in flowers to ride on a float behind the hearse, was arranged.

It was always a pleasant fiction of the gang leaders that each had a legitimate business. O'Banion, a florid, roundfaced little fellow who walked with a limp, was a florist and had a shop at 738 North State street, opposite the entrance to the Holy Name cathedral. The Merlo funeral meant much business there.

O'Banion, who was not above making an honest dollar, was in that shop on Nov. 19 when three men of dark complexion entered. He dropped his rose trimming and went forward to meet the delegation.

"Hello, boys," he said, extending his right hand to the man in the center. "You from Mike Merlo's?"

"Yes," replied the man, seizing the hand in both of his.

While he held it in a viselike grip one of the other strangers deliberately fired six bullets into the body of O'Banion. He fell dead in a bower of flowers. The killers went away.

The O'Banion killing and its aftermath gave the first inkling, to the general public, of the power that the gangs had achieved in darkness. The funeral of the bootlegger florist was one of the most magnificent ever held in the city. The coffin reputedly cost \$15,000.

But O'Banion did not go unavenged. His associates were quite tough enough to handle the Gennas. It was only a little while until three of the brothers—Tony, Mike, and Angelo—were slain. The others followed Torrio into obscurity.

Into their territory, without much trouble, stepped Capone. His genius

for organization was far beyond that of the Gennas. He established big distilleries that could turn out thousands of gallons of alcohol daily. It was impossible, of course, to keep these hidden indefinitely, but arithmetic showed that one which stayed at work six weeks paid for itself and thereafter returned a handsome profit. Raids, then, were only annoying, not damaging to a great extent.

He established breweries and made working agreements with the brewmakers already supplying the trade. He strengthened his sales organization and gave it twin objectives; to deliver the goods and to see that rival wholesalers stayed away from the saloons.

Also, Capone lifted the art of protection to new heights. It became understood just how much tribute a truckload of beer or a five gallon can of alcohol should pay the policemen and the politicians. Sometimes the police looked the other way; sometimes they convoyed the delivery trucks to destination.

The rules of the game prescribed that the driver must follow his specified route. If he failed a policeman not already "taken care of" would arrest him and take him to a station. Once it had reached that point and the capture had been reported in the newspapers, no one would dare turn the truck and its cargo back.

Capone had able fixers. One was Joe Fusco, who had in the old days outranked Capone in the Torrio organization. Another was Dennis Cooney, who acquired and still enjoys a fortune estimated in the millions, which he gathered in the conduct of houses of prostitution. He had the ear of the higher ups of politics.

Also, Capone had able allies outside the Chicago area. There was always a market here for better beverages than the home bathtub crews and the six-weeks stills could turn out. Through Frank Uale, a Brooklyn gangster, Capone was able to bring in cargoes of imported Scotch for the limousine trade.

In another way the Uale alliance was valuable. He and Capone could, at need, exchange crews of gunmen to handle each other's enforcement work. Obviously, it was an advantage to have killings done by men who would not be recognized away from their home towns.

Killers, guards, business men, fixers, allies, political friends, huge revenues—all these Capone had in plenty before the summer of 1926 ended. He had gathered them with a minimum of personal publicity.

Still left to oppose him and his schemes was the north side gang, headed by Earl (Hymie) Weiss and George (Bugs) Moran. Its

members were individualists, and consequently their setup differed from that of Capone. They organized on tribal lines. They might gather for a battle, but it was difficult to hold them together for a campaign. Capone was organized for the long pull. His men were as solidly combined as a bureaucracy and could be trusted to carry on over a period of months, or even years.

A desperate attempt to kill Capone was attributed to the cockiness of the north siders. He was attacked Sept. 20, 1926, in his retreat at the Hawthorne hotel (this was before the metal shutters were put up).

Eight carloads of gunmen drove slowly past this hotel. The first one let go a random blast of fire in the street. The supposition was that Capone and his men would hasten to the windows to see what was going on, and that the volleys from the succeeding cars would wipe them out.

The tactics were carried out exactly. Into the first floor of the hotel more than a thousand bullets were poured. Yet no Capone gangster was scratched. That was because Capone thought fast and gave a warning when the first shots were heard.

"Down to the floor, everybody!" he cried.

The bullets zipped through the windows, but the masonry saved the men on the floor. When it was all over Capone arose from his prone position.

"That's the last we'll take from that mob," he announced.

On Oct. 5 a young man who said his name was Oscar Lundin rented a room at 740 North State street. Next door was the old O'Banion place, still a flower shop and still the headquarters of the north side mob. On the same day a young woman rented a room in the rear of 6 West Superior street. It overlooked the rear of the florist shop, as the young man's overlooked the front.

In each of these rooms three men planted themselves. From behind the curtains they watched the movements of Moran, Weiss, and their cohorts. As they watched they fingered their sub-machine guns. Their orders were to make sure of their quarry—and they did not fail.

On Oct. 11 a car belonging to Weiss halted in front of the shop. In it were W. W. O'Brien, well known as a criminal lawyer; Benjamin Jacobs, a 20th ward politician; Patrick Murray, a beer peddler; Weiss, and his chauffeur, Sam Peller.

As they were getting out of the car there was a burst of machine-gun fire from the window next door. Weiss, struck ten times, died instantly. Murray also was slain on the spot. The others were seriously

wounded. Before pursuit could be organized, or even started, the three men in the room at 740 North State street had fled.

A few days later Al Capone called Chief of Police Morgan Collins.

"I hear that people are saying Capone killed Weiss," he stated. "I did not. I am sorry he's dead. When he was shot I was out of town. But if you want me to come in for questioning, I will be glad to do it."

Chief Collins told him not to come. "What was the use?" he asked later. "Capone had his alibi perfected. It undoubtedly is a good alibi. He didn't do the shooting."

In April, 1927, Assistant State's Attorney William McSwiggin, youthful son of a policeman and a product of the west side, where he became acquainted with many of the youngsters who later were important cogs in the gangland machines, was slain in Cicero. With him died two gangsters who had opposed Capone rule.

There were unofficial assertions that Capone had ordered the triple murder. These at length reached his ears.

"That is absurd," he averred. "Billy McSwiggin was my good friend. I am sorry he is dead. And I was in Florida when he was bumped off."

The police, again, did not question Capone. What was the use?

In May of that year Commander Francesco de Pinedo, Premier Mussolini's around the world flyer, set his Marchetti hydroplane down in the lake off Grant park. On a millionaire's yacht was a reception committee. With judges and other officials stood Al Capone.

He was now quite definitely the first of the public enemies. A reporter wanted to know why he had been invited to welcome the distinguished visitor.

"It's this way," was the reply. "We heard that there might be an anti-Fascist demonstration. If anything like that was planned, Capone would be more effective in squelching it than a hundred policemen."

Such appearances were ill-advised. In general, Capone realized this, and while he was often seen in public gatherings—particularly prize fights and baseball games—he never again took part in a public function.

He would have preferred the darkness. But he had grown so great that he could no longer remain out of print. And he had felt the lash of publicity as early as December, 1926, two months after the Weiss killing.

With his entourage he went to California for a vacation. An as-

sumed name failed to conceal his identity or guarantee his privacy. Attempts were made to interview him in the hotel. These were unsuccessful, but the news that so notorious a person was in their midst caused the Californians to cry loudly for his ousting. The perspiring management of the hotel, hearing this public clamor, at length requested that Capone surrender his accommodations.

This so irritated the Big Fellow (this was the name his henchmen used in referring to him) that he really did grant an interview.

"I wouldn't stay in any town that didn't want me," he declared. "I'll go back to my own city. And I'm going because I want to go. The hotel didn't ask me to leave, either."

Returning to Chicago, he made the experiment of organizing himself into a minister of propaganda. He attempted, rather clumsily, to give the news about Capone a favorable twist.

With his omnipresent guards carefully concealed, he received a reporter in the hallway of his nominal home at 7244 Prairie avenue. He was a strange appearing Capone. Over his underwear he wore a long pink apron. He had on carpet slippers and he held, in one diamonded hand, a pan of spaghetti richly drowned in sauce.

"Come in and have a little of this spaghetti I cooked myself," he urged. "Let's quit talking about bootlegging and such things. Positively I have retired. I am a plain business man, and all I ask is that the newspapers let me alone."

It was not a convincing picture and the reporter wrote it for what it was, a half comic interlude intended to deceive.

When he first went to Miami, with a huge roll of thousand dollar bills in his pockets, there was a storm of criticism. For a time it appeared that his fortune was so tainted that he wouldn't be allowed to spend it. Hardened now in such matters, the Big Fellow called on the chief of police.

"Let's lay the cards on the table," he said. "I am here to enjoy myself. I am not a criminal and I have never been in jail for anything. Against me there is nothing but gossip. Does Miami want me as a visitor who'll mind his own business and spend his money, or do I have to appeal to the courts for my constitutional rights?"

The authorities withheld their decision for a little while. Then they said there was no law that could keep him out. Further, which they didn't mention, the real estate market was not exactly booming, and there were many honest real estate men seeking buyers.

Capone purchased a splendid walled estate on Palm Island. It became a center for gay parties, and the Big Fellow's parties outshone those of many a winter colonist of ancient wealth and high social position. He kept his pledge to let Florida alone and the only complaint about his menage was that it looked funny to have armed sentinels on guard around the house.

Thus we find Capone nearing the height of his power. Bootlegging, brothels, gambling paid their tributes on a scale something more than county-wide—and the county held more than four million persons. Local governments could not touch him.

Enough, it would seem, for any man. He had, and spent, a million a year. Yet it was not enough for Capone. Like a good many others, he dreamed of dominating Chicago's labor organizations with strong arm methods.

His first chance to break into that field came almost by accident. Morris Becker, who conducted several dry cleaning establishments, began having trouble with rivals and with employes. There was a rumor that he had formed a partnership with Capone, and Becker confirmed it.

"That's right," he said, "I don't need the police to help any more. I have the best protection in the world now."

By this time the Capone methods and resources were too well known for any one to doubt that he would soon try to dominate unions.

George (Red) Barker, an ex-convict, and Murray Humphreys set out on the work. With unerring instinct Capone ordered them to attack the teamsters' and chauffeurs' organizations. They got results. How Barker seized the coal teamsters' union was told later by an official he ousted.

"Lefty Flynn was our chief in 1928," said this informant. "Like me, he had come up from the ranks. He knew the game and was useful to the union. But he was not a gunman and he was 60 years old. Barker set out on a systematic course of terrorism."

"First he tried to kidnap Flynn's children. That failed. Flynn took his family to a summer home in Wisconsin. Barker followed him there and shot him. 'If you ever come back to Chicago you'll be killed,' he told the wounded man, 'and so will your whole family.'"

"Barker appeared at the next union meeting with a bunch of fellows carrying shotguns. 'Where does the business agent sit?' he inquired. Somebody showed him. 'That's my place,' he said. 'From now on I'm boss here.'"

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Barker held on to that prize, too. Humphreys was no less successful in seizing other teamster unions. He even formed one to combat the old Milk Wagon Drivers' union, whose officials were too strong to be ousted. Legitimate organizations, including the American Federation of Labor, battled against the gangs, but the latter, with the potent name of Capone to fall back on, continued to progress in their campaign even up to 1932.

Only a crystallized public sentiment, it now became certain, would be able to halt the march of Capone to a dictatorship so wide and so strong that few businesses in Chicago would be able to refuse any demands he might make.

That sentiment was being formed. America, the whole world, now saw Capone for what he was, a criminal, big only as he was evil. Good people everywhere recognized him as the symbol of all the raw lawlessness that went to make up the prohibition era.

Capone did not understand. He went ahead. He played desperately. He scattered money. In two years he bet, and lost, two million dollars on race horses. He gave magnificent Christmas presents to his friends. Apparently he did not know what to do with his money.

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Feb. 14, 1929. In a garage on North Clark street were gathered seven men allied with the north side gang headed by George Moran. Still belligerent, still unafraid of Capone, that gang continued to serve its territory with liquor. The seven had gathered to receive a truckload of imported stuff that had been offered to Moran by a supposed friend.

At 10:30 a. m. an automobile with drawn curtains was halted at the curb near the garage. Five men stepped from it. Three wore police uniforms and two were in civilian clothing. The uniformed trio, with pistols drawn, walked into the garage.

They collected the weapons of the seven, who made no resistance, having accepted the statement: "We're police officers." All were lined up facing a wall, with their backs to the door of the garage. Their hands were in the air. Frank and Peter Gusenberg, John May, Al Weinschank, James Clark, Adam Heyer, and a young doctor named Schwimmer—those were the names, and the Gusenbergs were notoriously haters of Capone.

The supposed policemen stepped aside. One of the other men calmly sprayed the backs of the seven victims with machine gun bullets. They died, all of them.

That was the St. Valentine's day massacre. Nothing quite so ferocious had ever been known before, even in the gang wars.

At the moment Al Capone was in his stucco villa on Palm Island, taking a lesson in etiquette. A young woman, expert in such matters, was instructing him how to rid himself of his gloves and stick when he entered a drawing room.

George Moran, he of the charmed life, had been late at the garage. Seeing the car at the curb, he drove away, assuming that it belonged to the police. By so narrow a margin did he miss his own rendezvous with extinction.

"Only Capone kills like that," he asserted that same evening.

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