



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

ALPHONSE CAPONE

PART 3 OF 11

BUFILE NUMBERS:

32-15941

62-32480

62-35259

SUBJECT Capone, Alphonse

FILE NUMBER 32-15941

SECTION NUMBER 1

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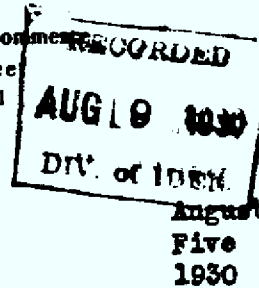
PAGES RELEASED 224

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EXEMPTION(S) USED b3, b6, b7C, b7D

Chicago Crime Commission

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



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

Attention: J. E. Hoover
Director

32

Subject: Records as to twenty-eight known
gangsters

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

R. W. Dforak

R. W. Dforak
Assistant Operating Director

RWD:CH

RECORDED & INDEXED

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

62-2120-457

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

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

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

Tony ("Mops") Volpe

✓ Ralph Capone

Frank Ric alias "Frank Kline"
"Frank Cline"

Jack Demore alias "Jack (Machine Gun) McGurn"

James Belcastro

✓ Rocco Fannelli

✓ Lawrence ("Dago Lawrence") Mangano

Jack Zuta

✓ Jack Gusiok

Frank Diamond

✓ George ("Bugs") Moran

Joe Aiello

✓ Edward ("Spike") O'Donnell

✓ Joe ("Polack Joe") Saltis

✓ Frank McErlane

Vincent McErlane

✓ William Blometh

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

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

**FINAL
EDITION**

TS IN CHICAGO AND SUBURBS ELSEWHERE THREE CENTS

DBS

U. S. GIRDS FOR DRIVE AGAINST CHICAGO CRIME

Chicago Tribune
* 11-21-30

Calls Guzik Verdict Blow to Gangs.

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

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

Help Sent from Washington.

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

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

32-15944-296

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

Hopes for More Convictions

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

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

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

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

Many Forces Included

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

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

Deport When Ever Possible

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

32-13

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LCS:CS
32-15941-1

August 11, 1930.

RECORDED

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

Dear Sir:

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

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

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

Very truly yours,

Director.

66 11
F. B. I.
RECEIVED

RG

Chicago Crime Commission

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

32-15941

August
Fifteen
1930



Dear Mr. Hoover:-

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

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

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

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

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

Attention of John Edgar Hoover, Director

RECORDED

AUG 21 1930

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

RWD-IT

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

8/19/60

Philadelphia Police Dept. Alphonse Capone alias "Boar Face Capone"

6527

"Al Capone"

"Al Brown"

1 U IO 8
1 T 0

✓ 94550 Tony ("Mops") Volpe

✓ C-1275 Ralph Capone

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

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

○ 71761 James Belcastro

Pocco Fannelli 32 IM 0
32 MM

✓ C-13362 Lawrence ("Dago Lawrence") Mangano

○ Jack Zuta 1 R t 9
1 R

• Jack Gusick 14 T 0 0
22 R IO

✓ 95167 Frank Blanton

✓ 84689 George ("Fats") Brown

✓ C-8987 Joe Brown

○ 67753 Edward ("Eddie") O'Donnell

✓ C-2263 Joe ("Polish Joe") Seltis

✓ C-999 Frank McElrath

○ C-295 Vincent McElrath

✓ C-3877 William Kiemoth

○ 91427 Danny Stanton

✓ C-17917 Myles O'Donnell

○ Frank Lake 1 U 00 16
17 U 00

San Francisco 35948

Terry Duggan

1 U 9
1a T

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

○ 78120 George ("Red") Parker

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

○ C-12751 Joseph ("Peppy") Genaro

○ C-14036 Les Mongoven

✓ C-4996 James ("Fur") Sammons

28713

32-15941-2

LOS:MM

RECORDED

AUG 21 1930

August 20, 1930.

Mr. R. W. Dwyer,
Assistant Operating Director,
Chicago Crime Commission,
500 West Adams Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

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

ALPHONSE CAPONE, Philadelphia, Pa., Eastern State Penitentiary
#0-5557: Subject as Alphonsus Capone, #B-5434, received Philadelphia County Prison, Holmesburg, Pa., May 14, 1929, charge carrying concealed deadly weapons; sentence one year.

As Alphonsus Capone, #00745, arrested Police Department, Philadelphia, Pa., May 17, 1929, charge suspicious character and carrying concealed deadly weapons; disposition not given.

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

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

As Alphonsus Capone, #0074, arrested Police Department, Miami, Fla., May 8, 1930, charge investigation - vagrancy released on writ May 8, 1930; forfeited \$100 bond.

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

As Ralph Capone, #10072, arrested Police Department, New Orleans, La., May 30, 1928, charge violation of Section 1234 - Dangerous and suspicious - visible means of support; discharged.

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

RECEIVED
AUG 20 1930

4461

12

WARRIOR - Joseph Alois, an charge of ~~murder~~ wanted by Chicago, Ill. Police.

① THE BUREAU, Chicago Police DEPT: Subject as The Bureau, 1944
of Police Department, Bureau, Indiana, July 24, 1944, Chicago meeting
also not given.

in Joe Saltin, ADWA, arrested Smith's office, Green Point, Ind.,
7/27, 1923, charge murder; held to Grand Jury, Green Point, Ind.

As Joe Seltis, JR., Inquiry made by the Chicago, Ill., Police Department, this print bearing the following information:

U-700, Joe Saltis, 4/21/54, powerll printer.
C-2002, " " , Edited by Grand Jury, 1954, 1955.

WILLIAM KIRKBY, Chicago Police # 4477. Subject as William Flanneth, 1977, arrested Police Department, Chicago, Ill., December 21, 1968, charge and principles; disposition not given. The following information appears on his card:

Mr. Harrold, Chicago, 11/1/38, Replier 101: 10 and costs.

Chicago, 2/15/34, burglary C. C. (2000).

Subject: 4/19/74, General Principles, Finance

Chicago, 12/12/34, burglary; 1 year probation.

100330. Chicago. 8/7/28. VP 515; band perforated.

WHEELER, Chicago, 1/3/35, robbery; no line shown.

Chicago, 2/20/36, W 3 20 300; 1936 and postal.

Re William Hemmelt, arrested by P. B. Baltimore, Md. per circular dated October 24, 1934 - APPROVED.

Re William Blawie, JAMES, arrested Police Department, Baltimore,
Feb 6, 1936, charge assault and robbery. Identification not given.

1. ELIAS O'DONNELL, Chicago Police #2-12217. Subject as Elias O'Donnell, 1917, arrested Police Department, Chicago, Illinois, August 6, 1928, charge manslaughter; disposition not given.

WILLIAM (KLOONING) O'DONNELL, Chicago Police #C-4986: Subject on
 #C-4986, arrested Police Department, Chicago, Illinois,
 #C-4, 1927, charge general principles; disposition not given.

As William O'Donnell, #28166, received United States Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas, August 12, 1937, from Chicago, Ill., crime conspiracy to violation Internal Revenue Law; sentence 18 months.

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

As William White, #2081, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., January 7, 1920, from Cook County, crime robbery, etc., sentence one year to life imprisonment.

As William White, #25716, arrested Police Department, Kansas City, Missouri, June 22, 1921, charge suspected of robbery; disposition not given.

As William J. White, #3-502, arrested Police Department, Chicago, Ill., May 25, 1926, charge general principles; disposition not given.

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

William White, #2081, Chicago, Ill., 12/22/19, robbery, Joliet Pen. #2081.
" " Kansas City, Mo., 4/22/20, robbery.
" " Chicago, Ill., 1/22/27, robbery, Joliet Pen.
" " #2081, Chicago, Ill., 2/10/28, robbery; not guilty.
" " " " 6/7/28, robbery."

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

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

Very truly yours,

Director.

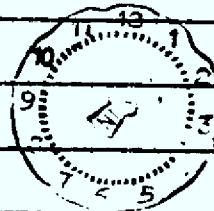
14

11/22/30
FOR ATTENTION OR ACTION

AS INDICATED

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

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



NOV 22 1930

V. W. Hughes,
Room 418.

32-15941-2X NOT RECORDED

CRIME FIGHTERS UNITE IN BATTLE TO UPHOLD LAW

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

BY PHILIP KINSLEY.

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

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

From Many Organizations.

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

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

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

Alcock Sees Hope for Future.

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

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

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

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

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

Forty Citizens Answer Call to Fight Racket in New York

New York, Nov. 20.—[Special].—

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

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

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

Tells How Rackets Work.

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

forced into compliance against their interest and to the detriment of society. Racketeering is not conducted as the professional agent would conduct them, but as he is constrained to conduct them at the command of gangsters."

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

To Send Out Inquiries.

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

crime situation were given at the conference as follows:

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

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

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

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

\$35,725 IN REWARDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many Opinions Given.

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

Opinions on various phases of the

their power.

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

Col. Robert Isham Randolph—"The

\$35,735 IN REWARD.

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

RECEIVED
 CHICAGO
 PEOPLE WHO THINK
 hment

CHICAGO LAND POLICE UNITE TO FIGHT GANGS

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

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

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

URGE CLEARING HOUSE

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

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

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

STATEWIDE POLICE WORK

A well trained state police force with power to go anywhere within the state was recommended by George E. Q. Johnson, United States district attorney.

A police organization, similar to Scotland Yard in London, was recommended by Chief Justice Olson of the Municipal Court. Scientific experts, including a pathologist, psychiatrist, chemist and criminal lawyer should surround the police chief, Judge Olson said. He also called the grand jury system obsolete and urged the trial of felonies in Municipal courts.

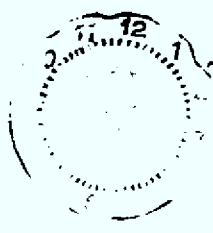
Elected vice presidents of the association were: William D. Meyerling, sheriff-elect; District Attorney Johnson; Chief Justice McGourty of the Criminal Court; Col. Calvin Goddard of the Northwestern University crime laboratory, and August Wirtz, chief of police of Aurora. Col. Robert Nathan Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and Professor August Vollmer of the University of Chicago were chosen members of the executive board.



1930 OCT

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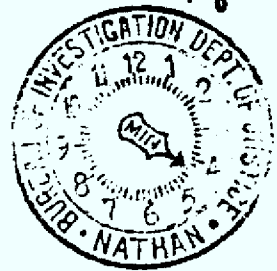
NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

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INDEXED 32-15941-29

CHICAGO HERALD & EXAMINER.
November 26, '30.

RECEIVED



NOV 28 1930 PM

HOOVER URGES PUBLIC TO RISE AGAINST GANGS

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

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—(AP)—
The head of the nation today ap-
pealed to the public to throw its
weight behind the weapons of the
law in breaking up g-
tivities.

President Hoover said he be-
lieved a mobilization of public sup-
port behind the present laws would
solve the problem.

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

REFUSES NEW LAWS

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

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

Virtually similar comment was
made by Attorney General Mitchell,
who recently disclosed the govern-
ment had sent agents to Chicago
to operate against organized gangs
there through the federal laws on
tax, narcotics, white slave and im-
migration laws.

ADMITS BREAKDOWN

"It is a fact," Mitchell said, "that
our laws are not being enforced.
Nevertheless, the control of racket-
eering is primarily a state func-
tion."

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

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

DEcries SUBTLEFOUL

Hoover
(no sat)

NOT RECORDED

32 - 15941
32-15941-2X

Chicago, Illinois
Gangster

32-15941-2X

Washington Post

November 22, 1930

CAPONE TO BE TRIED AS TAX LAW EVADER

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

HOOVER WARS ON GANGS

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAPONE TO BE TRIED AS TAX LAW EVADER

Continued from Page 1.

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

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

Assessor Is Convicted.

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

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

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

Convictions Have Effect.

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

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

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

32-15941-2 X

Saturday, November 22, 1930

UNCLE SAM TAKES A HAND

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

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

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

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

Washington Post.

November 22, 1930.

32-15941-2X

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Washington Star

November 21, 1930.

Copy.

Washington Star 11-21-30

War Against Gangsters.

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

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

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

32-15941-2X

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

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

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

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

Many Forces Included

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

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

Deport When Ever Possible

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

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

Deny Grape Juice Reports

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

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

"All the grape juice sold since pre-

over

Chicago Herald
11-21-30 N
PAPER FOR PEOPLE

Organize OLSON URGES SCOTLAND YARD SYSTEM HERE

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

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

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

Police Commissioner Alcock was elected president.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

32-15941-27

FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY AND CITY MEN JOIN

Alcock Named Head of
New Group to Combat
Lawbreakers.

Chicago News
11-20-30
MODEL POLICE SOUGHT

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

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

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

Loesch Is Speaker.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alcock's Four Points.

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

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

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

UNITE TO WAGE FIGHT ON CRIME IN CHICAGO AREA

(Continued from First Page)

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

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

"Fourth—Judges who have served a number of years as prosecutors."

Alcock had a good word to say for consolidation of the crime-fighting forces of the Chicago area.

men, under the direction of the state and federal law-enforcing agencies, and to organize these agencies and officials into a single fighting unit to more effectively protect the lives and property of our citizens, we shall not have lost our vain," he declared.

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

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

Proposes Statistics Bureau.

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

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

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

Of the judiciary, he asserted:

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

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

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

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

New Scopolamine Works.

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

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

Goddard said it had been tried

INDEXED 32-15941-27

Handwritten initials and notes:
JL
H

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

Washington Post
Sept. 24, 1930

SEP 26 1930
h

2 Chicago Guamen Face Judge Lyle on Vagrancy Charges

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

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

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

Bond of \$10,000

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

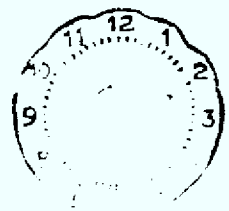
Mangano, sought by police since Judge Lyle last week ordered that every man of the city's 26 "public enemies" be brought before him, was arrested at his home. O'Donnell walked into a police station, declared he was tired of "dodging the cops" and said he was ready to stand trial. Both men were released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

26 Named As Enemies

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

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

Dis. 'ms



SEP 25 1930

Chicago Gangsters
never before caught

NOT RECORDED.

32 - 15941

INDEXED

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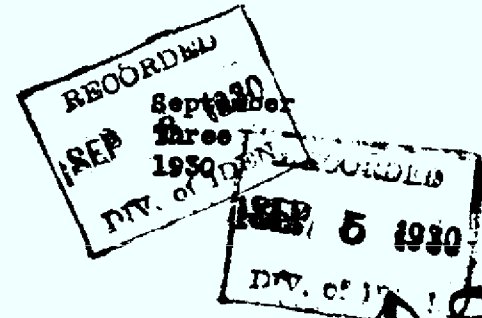
Chicago Crime Commission

ORGANIZED BY

The Chicago Association of Commerce

300 West Adams Street

Telephone Franklin 0101



Dear Mr. Hoover:

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

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

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

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

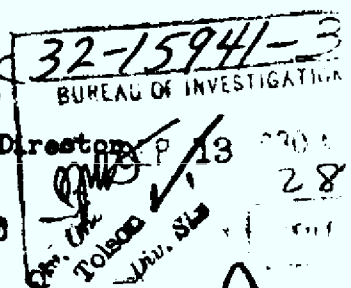
Personal
R. W. Dvorak

Assistant Operating Director

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

Attention: John Edgar Hoover
Director

SEP 17 1930



32-15941-3

*Rec'd
7/1
moy

1. Alvin Karpis alias "Doc Karpis" Capone"
"Al Karpis"
"Al Capone"
"Al Brown"

Doc ("Doc") Volpe

1 Alvin Karpis

Frank Rio alias "Frank Fline"
"Frank Cline"

Jack Remore alias "Jack ('Machine Gun') McGinn"

2 James Silvestre

2 James Silvestre

2 James ("Big I") Silvestre

Frank ("Frank")

2 Frank ("Frank")

George ("George")

1 ✓ ("George")

2 ("George")

1 ("George")

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George ("George")

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RECORDED SEP 17 1930

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

Dear Mr. Dvorak:

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

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

Vincente Volcastro
Lee McGowan
Lawrence Mangano
George Martin
Eddy Penelli
Terrence Dragan
Frank Lake
Frank Dimond
Daniel Stanton
Anthony Walpe
Edward O'Donnell
Harry Morris

The records on the other gangsters are as follows:

JOHN SULLIVAN, as James Summons, #3838, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., June 18, 1904, from Chicago, Ill., crime murder; sentence life. Escaped June 30, 1917, returned October 4, 1917.

As John Nolan, #38157, received U. S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas, August 12, 1927, from Chicago, Ill., crime conspiracy to violate Internal Revenue Laws; sentence 18 months.

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

SEP 12 1930
14 1916

JAN 10 '3

28716

December 1, 1930.

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

Dear Mr. Gullen:

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

Very truly yours,

Director.

RECORDED & INDEXED

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DEC 2 1930 A.M.	FILE
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28717

As Frank McElane, #5101, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., Nov. 15, 1916, from Cook Co., crime accessory after fact to murder; sentence 1 year.

As Frank McElane, #14526, arrested Los Angeles, Calif., PD., July 15, 1918, charge fugitive from Chicago; disposition not given.

As Frank McElane, #3885, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., July 1, 1919, from Cook County, crime conspiracy; sentence 3 years.

As Richard Richards, #35705, arrested San Francisco, Calif., PD., Oct. 23, 1924, charge vagrancy - fugitive; disposition not given.

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

As Frank McElane, #12597, received State Prison, Michigan City, Ind., Sept. 15, 1926, from Porter Co., for safe keeping.

The following notations appear on our records:

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

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

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

As Frank Gline, #C-5569, received State Penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa., May 17, 1929, on transfer from Philadelphia County Prison, Holmesburg, Pa., (#B-5407), to complete term of 1 year.

JOSEPH ARMAKID, #98835, arrested Chicago, Ill., PD., November 23, 1925, charge murder; held to Criminal Court. no bail.

JAMES GRIFFITH, as James Vincent, #4888, arrested Miami, Fla., SO., March 20, 1920, charge investigation; disposition not given.

GEORGE MILLER, as George Moran, #2909, received State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., Oct. 20, 1915, from Nelson Co., crime burglary - larceny; sentence 1 to 20 years.

The following notations appear on the above record:

"One term, Bloomington, Ill. Jail.
One term Joliet, #1896, as Geo. Miller,
State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., as George
Moran, #3015, May 21, 1918, from Cook Co.,
robbery; sentence 1 to 14 years."

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

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

As Frank Monroe, #2975, received House of Correction and Branch Prison, Marquette, Mich., Aug. 18, 1920, from Wayne Co., crime assault with intent to rob - being armed; sentence 7 1/2 to 15 years. Wanted escape, 11/26/22, reward \$50.

As George Brown, #21786, arrested San Francisco, Calif., PD., October 7, 1928, charge violation Section 5, State Revolver Law - fugitive; disposition not given.

The following notation appears on our records:

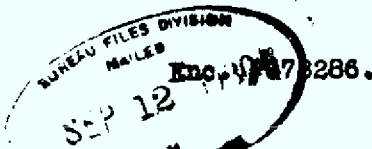
"Chicago - Bridewell; 18 months."

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

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

Very truly yours,

Director.



33

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

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

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

"HIGHER-UPS" LISTED

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

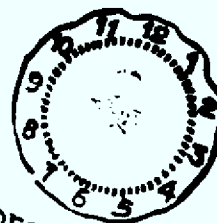
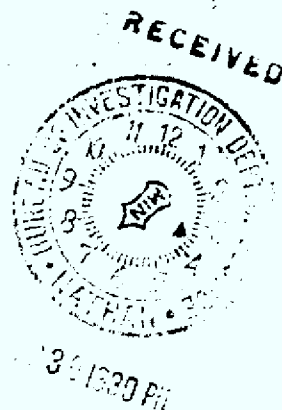
The report shows results both in "quality" and quantity. Altogether 1,626 criminal cases were closed during the first eleven months of the year—the report does not include December—as against 1,539 criminal cases filed during the same period.

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

Sentences during the period totaled 444 years two months and twelve days. The income tax crusade resulted in the imposition of \$234,276.84 in fines.

The detailed figures follow:

	total	miscellaneous	total
Total number criminal cases filed	897	894	94
Total number criminal cases closed	898	896	92
Miscellaneous criminal fines imposed—\$42,523.86.			
National prohibition act criminal fines imposed—\$174,736.28.			
Miscellaneous criminal fines realized—\$26,518.86.			
National prohibition act criminal fines realized—\$139,368.28.			
Penitentiary sentences—Miscellaneous 444 years 2 months 12 days.			
Number defendants, 172.			
Number defendants, 172.			
Number defendants, 172.			



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Total act, 20 years, 6 months, 1 day.
 Number defendants, 166.
 Industrial reformatory—Miscellaneous, 10 years, 6 months, 1 day. Number defendants, 25. National prohibition act, none.
 Industrial Institute for Women—Miscellaneous, 30 years, no months, 6 days. Number defendants, 18. National prohibition act, none.
 United States marshal—Miscellaneous, 8 days, 31 hours. Number defendants, 31. National prohibition act, 14 days, 36 hours. Number defendants, 44.
 Training school—Miscellaneous, 2 years, 6 months, 1 day. Number defendants, 3. National prohibition act, none.
 House of correction—Miscellaneous, 3 hours. Number defendants, 3. National prohibition act, none.
 Total fines, costs and judgments imposed, \$431,060.10.
 Total fines, costs and judgments realized, \$236,376.56.
 Total criminal cases filed, 1,839.
 Total criminal cases closed, 1,628.

CHICAGO Gang Wars in Pictures



marks the Spot

Price,
\$1.00

32-15941-6

37



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

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




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"HIS FAVORITE POSE"

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

the BIG BOY



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"KID" CAPONE'S underworld DEBUT



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As he acquired wealth the black-handers began to torture him with their demands and threats. Torrio, as we have said, was effective in dealing with these sinister groups, and he not only brought a measure of content and security to "Big" Jim, but his presence in the underworld seemed to cause another wave of prosperity to sweep over the underworld domain. "Big" Jim's evil business interests

began to expand. Vice and crime crept slowly into new territory, principally the great steel and industrial centers of the South Side.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

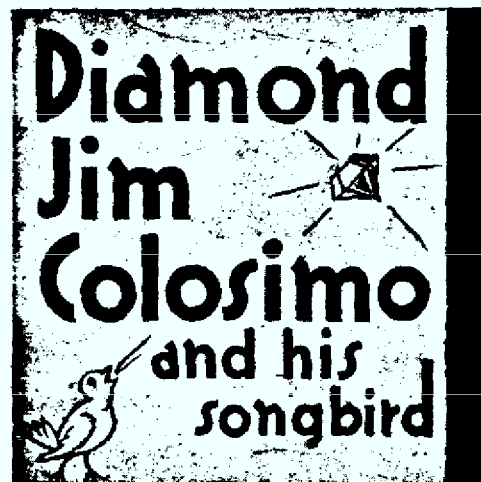
The underworld lord found Miss Winter a stranded actress, ambitious to further her vocal studies, and willing to sing in his cabaret in order that she might make enough money to realize her dream. Her appearance in his cafe was a disagreeable sensation in the underworld. Obviously she didn't belong there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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the BEER FRONT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



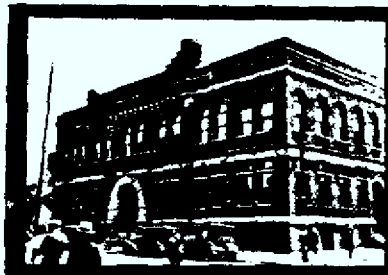
The Big Boy doesn't seem to be disturbed if you believe the smile on his face in this picture. It was snapped down in Miami, Florida, just after he had bounced out of a courtroom. "It's persecution, not prosecution," says Al.

forget himself with those lads!

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

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

POLICE BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO



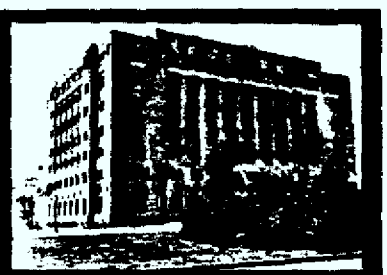
Maxwell Street Station.



Detective Headquarters



Old Criminal Court Building



The New Criminal Court Building.

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

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

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

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



George Meeghan, early casualty South Side Beer Wars.

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

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

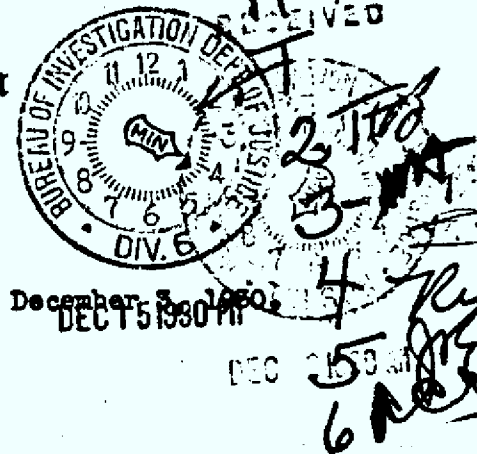


The Damon and Pythias of Boozedom and their playgrounds. (1) A typical "Valley" district scene where Terry Druggan and Frankie rose to fortune in the beer business. (2) Frankie and Terry themselves. (3) In manufactories like this one, the Beer Barons made it for \$2.50 a barrel and sold it for \$45.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

U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Investigation

P.O. Box 1405,
Chicago, Ill.

RECEIVED



December 5, 1930
DEC 5 1930 PM

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

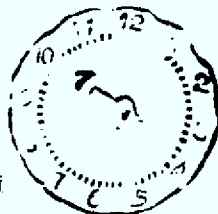
Dear Sir:

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

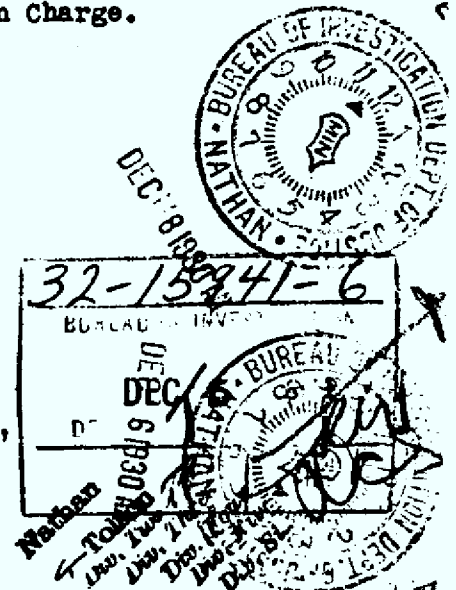
Very truly yours,

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

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

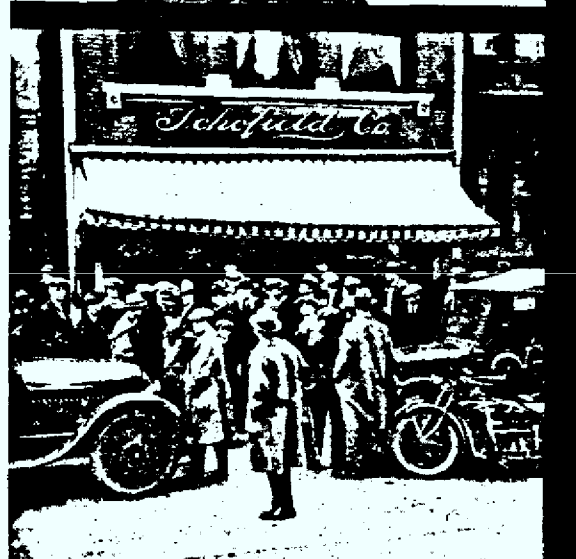
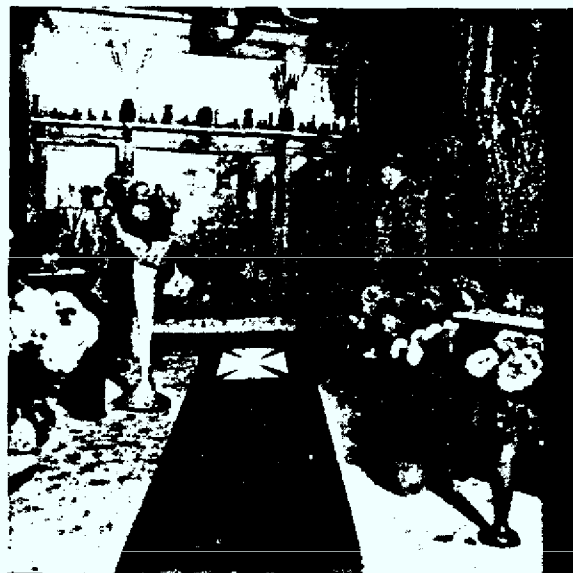
of buying flowers for the funeral. As he reached to shake O'Banion's hand, his companions whipped out revolvers and began firing at O'Banion. The porter relates that there were five shots in rapid succession, then a short pause, and a sixth shot. The sixth shot, fired into O'Banion's head at close range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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

OBANION of pistols and posies

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

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

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

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

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

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

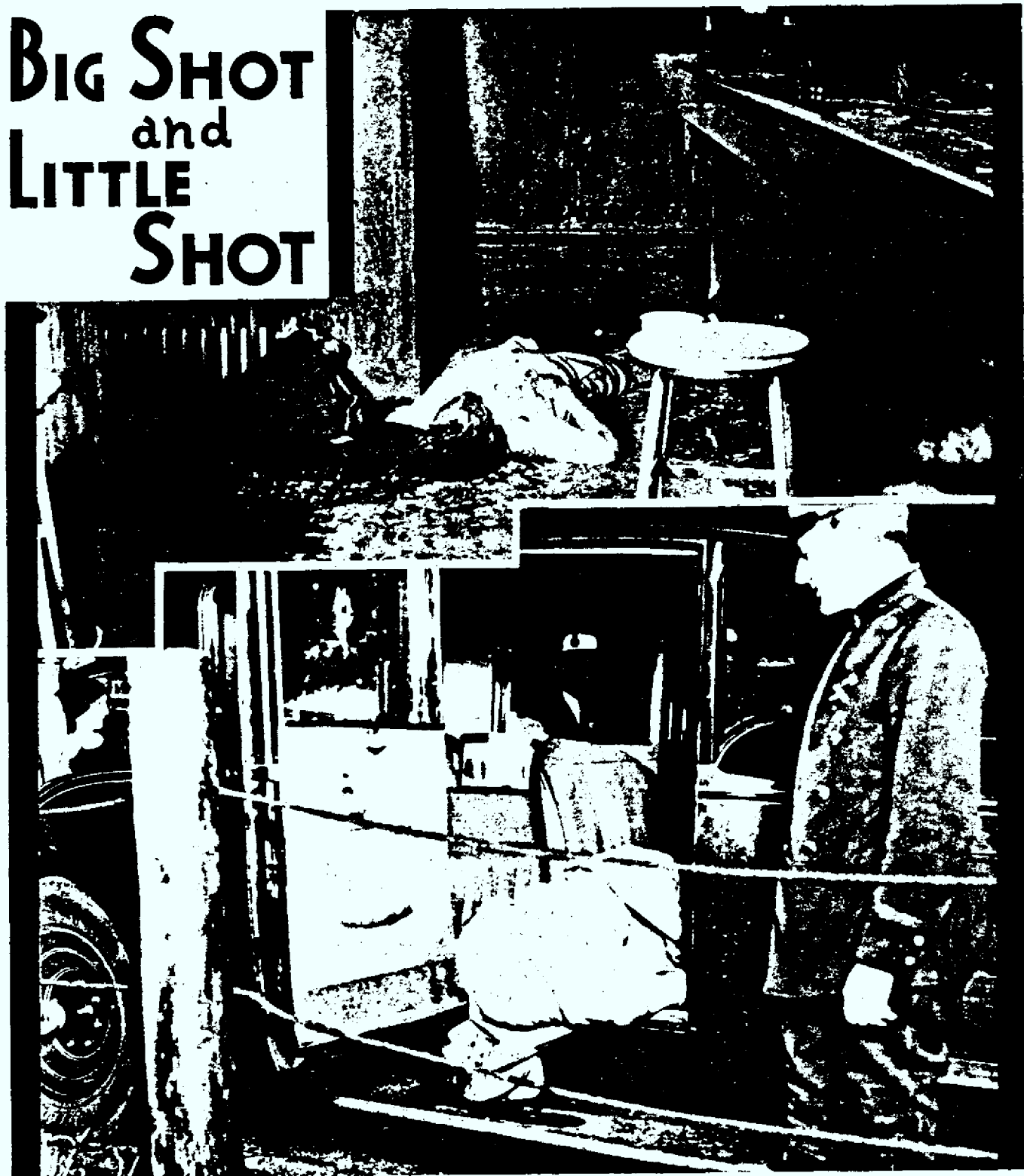
"Nails" taught O'Banion to wear dinner jackets and to live in fine hotels and how to use his knife and fork and to be a gentleman. He is given credit for also teaching the blustering Irishman that political pull is more potent for a racketeer on occasions than pistols. "Get the politicians working for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

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

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

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

BIG SHOT and LITTLE SHOT



BIG SHOT AND LITTLE SHOT

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

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

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

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



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

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



Jerry O'Conner

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

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



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

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

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

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

BEER and BLOOD

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

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

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

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

came from a .38 won owned and wielded by Sergeant William Cusiack, of the Chicago Police force.

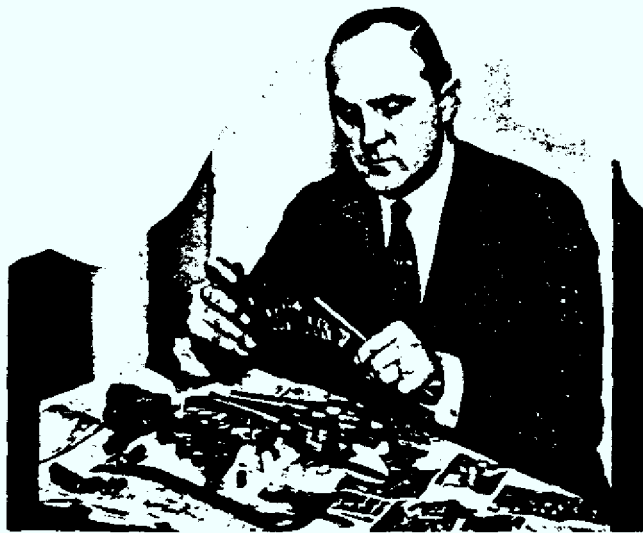
Gangland mourned the passing of Al's brother the next day, instead of celebrating their technical victory at the polls. Torrio with others important in the high councils of his organization visited at Capone's home. Every one of the 123 saloons in Cicero locked its doors by order of his majesty, Johnny,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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDDIE TANCL

BITES THE

Sawdust



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BATTLE FIELDS IN CICERO



The Ship

Mr. Dukey's Thirst Clinic

Cicero Inn

Hawthorne Smoke Shop

Capital Cafe

the



DRUCCI wears the CROWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

be kept quiet. Pat knew that the raiders would return. They did. And, as Johnny Barry who was in from some distance away, fitting a rubber tube into the ls, gave two jerks on a rope, "Klondike" and "Fur" Sammons, in the warehouse, began to pump and the whisky began to move. And Mr. Roche gathered all three of them into his automobile and drove them to the Federal building. The turmoil resultant from McSwiggin caused him to abandon all plans to break up the Saltis-Weiss alliance. Ralph Sheldon lost two more of his gangsters on April 5 in Frank DeLaurentis and John Truccello, and had obtained promises from King Al that reinforcements would be sent up to the front when the McSwiggin murder caused a change in Capone's plans. But he was too busy to step out as a diplomat for a long time and in the interval the conflict continued. On the West Side the field was more or less clear, for "Klondike," Sammons and Berry went to jail for the booze robbery. Each had a two-year tag on him. Hymie Weiss was busy aiding Saltis whenever possible and in trying to get a shot at Capone. Hymie's gangsters killed a Genna "alky" cooker, J. Cremaldi by name, who was crazy enough to appear on the Gold Coast

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



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

60

the BIG FELLOW TURNS DIPLOMAT



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



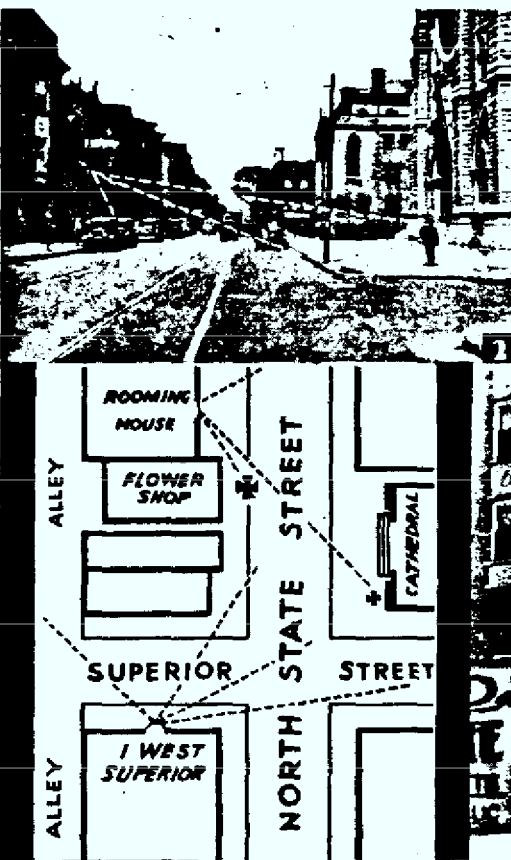
"Red" Daugherty in repose on a slab in the county morgue.

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

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

every knee should
heaven and on earth.

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



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

Valentine massacre



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





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

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

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

courtroom in a squad car in custody of three detectives.

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

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

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



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

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

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

When King Al found himself in the Loop District after walloping King George at the mayoralty election he looked around carefully and was amazed to see that a lot of

little gamblers were doing a great big business without having a king who had a standing army. This condition was observed simultaneously by George "Bugs" Moran and Barney Bertsche. In their desire to levy tribute from these little gamblers, Messrs. Capone, Bertsche, Moran and, a little later, the nine or ten Aiello brothers of the North Side, ushered another period of warfare into Chicago.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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the "PINEAPPLE PERIOD"



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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