"I see," Capone nods, his eyes marrowing. "O.K." Dago assufes Capone. "Italian." "Dumb!" Dago speaks through the corner of his mouth. "The kid?" "What about that bird over there?" Capene mode towards the

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

Shop! Yeah, Caponel In the Shoe shop!

Thue, the news of Capone's "soft" assignment raced through the Thue, the news of Capone's "soft" assignment raced this assign-prison. And, of course, we are not amered at the constornation this assignment sausses. Others, however, determine to investigate the authenticity of the rumor. And curious as we have proved we are, we decide to tag along the rumor. And curious as we have proved we are, we decide to tag along the rumor. And curious as we have proved we are, we decide to tag along.

of seeing if Capone works there. We must have some excuse. Well, what better excuse than to have rubber heels put on our shoes? The very thing? peliberately and with satisfaction of ourlosity aforethought, we each remove one of our rubber heels. There! Now we have a walld and plausible excuse for asking for and being granted permission to visit the

Shoe Shop. . . and see Capone at work (1)

As we enter the building and climb the stairs leading to the day we get to our left many men froming "whites". . . pillowslips, first floor, we see to our left many men froming "whites". . . pillowslips, sheets - and as we look closer, linen belonging to the civilians and guards amployed in the institution. We are not so interested in this just now; swe came to see Capone work. We turn to the right, and there, sitting in a we came to see Capone work. We turn to the right, and there, sitting in a left. He does not look up as one of the inmates approaches us and we explain left. He does not look up as one of the inmates approaches us and we explain new rubber heels. Our eyes, meanwhile, are glued on Capone. We wonder why new rubber heels. Our eyes, meanwhile, are glued on Capone. We wonder why afting there meticulously does not reprimend him. How pompous he seems the guard, standing nearby, does not reprimend him. How pompous he seems the grand and bleached denim pants, silk socks and Floreheims. The guard must creased and bleached denim pants, silk socks and Floreheims. The guard must from observed us whispering. He stares at us. "He become frightened. have observed us whispering. He stares at us. "He become frightened."

descension in his woice.
"The wash wist windows?" growls Capone, rolling the magazine

"What about washing these windows?" he aske, no trace of con-

into a clublike resemblance.

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

"You're telling me! Yeah? Well, this new man don't wash no

windows, See!" inflectively.

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

"pagn' right! And what you goin' to do about it?"
Insolence! the guard reflects. But dare he do anything about

it? It might be easier for one of the ignorant mountaineers to wash the windows, and thus save himself probable enbarrassment by a reprisend from

"Say, you!" he calls to a 300 pound mountain of flesh busily engaged sweeping the floor. "Drop that brock and get to those windows. They got to be washed."

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

As he sits ostentatiously in his comfortable Morris chair. It aint my turn

"I washed them that windows last time, Mister. It sint my turn

now," he addresses the guard numbly.

"Moll, I'm giring you orders. Tou'll wash them, or --- "
"Say, that guy aint no better'n me." The mountaineer's ite has

been aroused and he is unconscious that he is pointing the brocen at Capone.

"If he's too dann' good to wash them windows, then, by God, so sa Il Aint nobody goin' put nothin' over on me. I been yer too long for that, Kister. I'm just a ignuant moonshiner, maybe, and I got five years yer for makin' a gallon corn liquor, but I aint no killer and no robber, like that guy!"

(he shakes the broom at Capone).

"And you all! Aint no man yet our yer that maint do somethin".

Naybe you all are a big shot outside, but in yer you're just another convict.

Like me and everybody also. And -- "

Capone rises from his chair, throws the magazine into the hollow of the cushion he leaves behind, doubles his fists and swings at

the mountaineer. His firt lands on the mountaineer's jaw. The mountaineer syings his broom above his head and brings its straw end down on Capone's

slaughter. The broom is cast aside and he grabs the first thing his crased He seems to us like a huge, angry, snarling bull being brought in for eyes fall upon - a obair. He raises it above his bead, twirls it case and hourse it at Capone, now standing back in what he feels is a safe place. The chair, flying through the mir, barely grases Capone's head, orashes through the window and hangs on the iron bars. Capone becomes furious. Six occuriots rush the sountainer. The guard shouts for order. His shouts are ignored as Capone

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

thrown back. "What the Holl's a matter wit' you guys? This is my sorap. "Heit a mimitel" Capone shouts, his hand upraised, his head

Now lister, you!" He points a shaking finger at the mountaineer. "You're minin' to get in the hole. If you don't wanna wash the windows, 0.K. Somebody elso will. But you're goin' to get yourself in a jam if you try to

tell me what to do. Get me?" "I'll wash 'om, Al," an immate offers. "I don't mind washin'

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

to make a report. Well, that's that! "Capone's on the spot!" " Capone's on the spot!" "Capone was

or the incident; egain, diminished ones. The prisoners are on edge. They've clipped in the Shoe Short Yeah, Est written up! bosh waiting for this! Bosh expecting it. It just had to happen adoner The runors sproud. Comotimos they are exaggerated conceptions

or later. And now. . 1

1:00 P.M. the olerical force, kitchen and hospital workers, and a few others, stockade between 12:30 and 1:00 P.M. They then return to their duties. At the Duck Mill Industries (comprising the majority of immates) are permitted are permitted stockade for an hour. From 2:00 to 3:00 F.M. another group mitted stockade from 3:20 until 4:15 P.M. have their stockeds period. The Shoe Shop and Tailor Shop details are per-It is the 100 P.M. stookade hour. The prisoners employed in

by Captain Fry, Captain Head and the guard assigned to the Shoe Shop. We follow Capone to the Deputy Warden's Office, accompanied "Mell, Capone," begins the Deputy Warden, "you're getting

off with a good start. What's the trouble?"

"Aint no trouble," sneers Capone.

The Deputy looks at the guard's written report.

to obey his order to wash the windows. You must remember, you're in the "if. Yates seems to think there was. He reports you refused

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

come here to wash windows. I come here --- " "Mait a minute; Just a minute;" The Deputy jumps to his feet,

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

"Then you'll go to the hole!" retorts the exasperated Deputy "I'll go to the hole first!" Capone spits.

Warden. "Captain - - -"

put me in the hole I want to talk to my lawyer. You got no right to put Fry, Captain Head and the Guard, Mr. Yates, block the door. "Before you They are less than ten feet wrart, facing each other hostilely. Captuin Hold on there a minute, you!" He points his finger et the Seguty Wardel. me in the hole! None at all, get me!" Capone raises a restraining hand. "No you don't, Deputy.

stand this, Capene. I'm Deputy Marden here. Not you. You'll either obey anyone else who shows recellion, desurves. Now you're not going to see your orders or suffer the consequence for refusing to obey them." leayer. And you're not going to fell me how to run this institution! Under-"I have the right to inflict whatever punishment I feel you or The offunction is a dramatic cros. Capone's throne is being

tilics. The face is livid with race. Ho is being stripped of his arro-Being and coincest. In a defient attitude is places his hands on his hips Cartain Head's fingers tightly pripping his club while Captain Pry's lands and stures at the Deputy Marden. Captair Fry and Captair Head look on, are posspiring as they circle the paken came he always carries. Mr. Yates, ill ar succ, holds his club in roadiness. In his eyes shines a thwarted

dautes to use it. anytiang that's resonable. But I aint gonna do no window wishin'. I aint gones do no floor scrubbin!. And I mint gomes do nothing you fellows toll me to do if I feel like I'm being humiliated!" "now get this! Once and for all time, I mean, too! I'll do The Ming has spoken! The Deputy, a wise max, and capable of

judicially canding a can in such a or eis, recumes his seat-"Capore," he says, " are you telling no what you're going to

do ?'

"no, I'm not. I'm tellirg you what I sint gome do. Take

it or leave it!"

avoid trouble, yet, one that will improve upon Capone that he's not going The Deputy Harden's mind is busy weighing a decision that will

to get by with his attitude. the next time you came before me on a report by a guard, I'm going to be "Capone, I'm going to dismiss you this time. But bear in mind,

less lenient."

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

Shoe Shop.

get that jollow-bellied Yates. Natch! He don't know who he's foolin' with." Just let the try Int to in the Fole!! This God dammed joint! I be torn up t fore the for the there! In which footist with no his pocket bootlegger on the second case . Charged his much executed quick them. I know my t personalis residence de la toda four dimento esta line, esta e notrestia. agour, Deal, prison or to gainer. I all todome reduce to be published fore ; ; ; te guellet with "". The second that is an even through "That last rod, Alt soudone asks. "That son-of-server Threatened to put me in the hole: I'll "Said if I come before him ugain I'd go to the hele. Well, That's felmorate say" The common the following the description of the company and entry of the Toul, I told its I wanted to see at larger first. That threw To end to the If to the the handle you of to then you're Calle The second secon **4**8.

I is directly, day for Ca one. Ils brother John, his wife court, the son uniterity year old niece are seated across from the court income the Courted doom. They are not in the regular that year. The Guards' your, a large a spacious room, contains a long that the chairs. Its balls are lived with lockers. It adjoins to be the chairs. Shard Nu hes is assigned to the visit.

Victors are not allowed to pass any article to an immate they are is thin. On containing and kins at greeting and parting, but hands on one one can articles belonging to either be handled during the containing can retain on which there is writing or printing are not one can be not be not been described. The conversation is carefully not one of the other. The conversation is carefully in the containing it rigid and strict.

charge in the property term longingly across at his son - a boy of fourteen.

The last is blood niece as she sits on the table toying with

the createstable producted. Guard Hughes, who has the reputation of

the createstable beat all blood guards, becomes suspicious as the child playfully

the createstable obtained the pockerbook. Each time she drops it it is

the unit dress to rection is lander pockerbook. Each time she drops it it is

the control of the called the lander pockerbook. Each time she drops it it is

the control of the called the lander pockerbook. Fishing latin eyes

the control of the called the lander riching merrily throughout the

the control of the called the lander riching merrily throughout the

the control of the called the structed files. Flashing latin eyes

From soid about the rather plant cause on his lips and the darks eyes so full of

the recent the gains, and any debly are turned back to the child. It

Here I could be read the child, and effereed her, kissing her full the could be little waist. His climb to the child arms to then about her little waist. His climb to child the could need not organized dress. His fingers class and to betty folias shall purcel that is attached to her underwear. He classily

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

"None of that! Cut it! What you got there?"

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

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

"The the Bell you talking to?" demands John Capone, rushing towards Mr. Bughes. "That's my brother, get med I'll break your dammed neck if you talk to him like that!"

 $^{\mathrm{H}\mathrm{I}}$ Eat the right to love the kid, wint I?" wake Capone, his voice apologatic.

"Maybe you have. But you're not supposed to be aligned some-

thing," argues Mr. Hughes.
"Who was alipped something?" begs Capone.

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

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

"You're not supposed to touch the child again until she leaves," Mr. Hughes informs Capone.

"All right," Al answers pecwishly, winking at John. "Here. You, you take her." He hands the child to his mother. The visit ends

as a guard stops in and signifies the hour is up.

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

ដ

he'll have to arrange for emother guard, "Hughes was sorts masty," he confides to an inpate. "Dangerous. Ootta be more careful next time. Might've Well, boys, you're going to get your gnow. It'll keep you quiet for another searched me and found it, Where the Hell did I put it. Yes, here it is. month, anyhow. Have to find another way to get this stuff in. Shouldn't bother with it. Wont do to get eaught red-handed and the Dep get on my tail

again. Son-of-a-----1" Shoe Shop lavatory, withdraws the small parcel from his shirt bosom, and alips it in a slit out in the ouff of his parts. Safe there, anyhow! quit work. And sint done a damn! thing today, mind you. Sure is tiring. . . Capone places his neatly leathered foot on the hopper of the He returns to his Morris chair and relaxes. Almost time to

leaving the hidden parcel in those removed. They are relied into a bundle and slipped, with a pleuched blue shirt and two sheets, in a pillowelip, for laundershakedown is a thorough search of a man's personal effects. Somethes there ing. The last place they'd look for anything, if there's a'shalledown". (A are individual "simbedowns" - whom an inmete "fingers" another invate, and conctines a seneral "sinkedow" - when it is believed sufficient contraband Reaching his cell a few minutes later he changes palts, knowledly

articles are in the institution to warrant the shaledown). icar the cell house dwer. Other invetes throw in theirs, too. When the slip with its precious parcel of drupe is thrown into a large curvan tasket bushed is filled it is theeled to the laundry. Each article of elething and linon bears the immate's number, Each backet bears the cell house designation The next semint, as Cupers leaves for breakfast, the pillow-

pillowalips in one pile, "blues" in mrother. yours, spets the conveyor. The laundr, is to be segmented --- sheets and sold in the unloader's mind as he arxiously plances at the numbered pieces "40580. 40800. 40500." The marker methodically repeats it-

from which it care. The unlosder, on the lockout for laundry from 'A' cell

in search for 40850.

"ah!" he sighs, hestiating in his mechanical discarding of

I make out O.K. . . ?" He assorts the pieces behind a pile of dirty linem. other bundles. He raises his eyes to see how close a guard may be. Feels the cuffs of the pants. A beaming light gleans from his sunfan eyes. It's there! Nervous fingers push it through the almost invisible slit. . . The parcel drops into his itching palm, is quickly slipped in his pocket and

his work ended --- for the time being. Glancing furtively about to insure that he has not been observed

by other innates or a guard, he walks out of the building and towards the ing him. Doe is a frail, dark individual. He wears tortoise shell pince-mes. hospital. We makes his way to Doe, the inmate chiropodist. Doe is await-Large brown eyes are such in dark-rismed eye sockets in his typically original face. Thick, plastered fron-gray hair give him a dignified appearance, yet, does not rob him of the consumptive ravishes he has suffered from repeated

One has seard through the private grapevine operated by Capons.

that the "stuff" got in O.A. Jenkins emters Doc's office and closes the door behind i.im. The purcel is delivered. Doc opens it, slips Jenkins our lie me, ber reserved and the contraceptive then sealed with glue and of drum is emptical into a contraceptive. The contraceptive is flattemed. his siere, then heatily removes his false teeth. The small, valuable package the container in wedch the drug arrived, and is ready to return to 'A' basehis t of all infatered by Doe, departs. Doe distroys the remaining evidence carprolity placed against bee's palate. The false teethare replaced. Jenkins.

ot a word is attered during the entire exchange of possession.

Diving thes are placed at strategetic points throughout the institution, and Care at .a., I been in every jail from Florida to Washington State -ratif while to lours. Too wise for them birds, he soliloguizes. Humph! per known one is secreted in his cubbyhole office. Exactly where he has they court frust us woll uso them in a deaf and dumb school as around me! is them somet of the best foints in the country. Dielauves for 'A' barement, where he'll remain until the dinner gong surment but let us follow Doc as ho tidies up his little place and

ili, Luce to the forparal whore to onjoys an excellent diet. He is nervous

and apprehensive. He's "hot", if you ask him. Hot in the sense that anyone seen talking to him is later questioned by Captain Head. Hot in the sense that he has clothed himself with a "record" that is the savy the sense that he has clothed himself with a "record" that is the savy the sense that he characters who find prison a lucrative place to abide, and his "record" sales of him a here unto himself. A braggart. A beaster. "Loaded" with drugs he's in no humor to hold a conversation boaster. "Loaded" with drugs he's in no humor to hold a conversation beaster. "Loaded" with drugs he's in no humor to hold a conversation bearing anyone. And Head might stop him en route to 'A' hasement -- which he frequently does -- and "shake him down". Damned shrimpi Always he frequently does -- and "shake him down". Damned shrimpi Always be frequently does -- and making me remove my clothes. Examining me pulling me in that room and making me remove my clothes. Examining me there is not getting wise to me! Yet!

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

Doc reaches the practically described hasement. The clarical force doesn't start getting in until 11:25 A.E., Got ten minutes to "plant it". He walks boldly into his stall, unlocks his locker and produces a carton of Canel cigarettes. The table at which he sits is concealed behind a sheet draped on wires. One would not know he were in there unless he a sheet draped on wires. One would not know he were in these unless he a sheet draped on wires. One would not know he were in these unless he

or uninvited:

Each package of eigarettes is carefully opened and the drug,
Each package of eigarettes in carefully opened and the drug,
in small quantities, wrapped in tissue paper, inserted where eigarette
in small quantities, wrapped in tissue paper, inserted where eigarette
tobacco has been removed. The package of eigarettes is re-sealed, and it
tobacco has been removed. The package of eigarettes is returned to the carton from which it came. The cartons of eigarettes at
An immate cannot buy more than two cartons of eigarettes at

one time. We is not supposed to have more than two cartoms in his possession, at any one time, regardless of how he came into possession of them. Realizing the danger of having may excess, Doc does not risk retaining more than the allotment. However, he has more grains of heroin and morphine than he is to distribute to Capone's henchmen and friends. It must be planted! Would to distribute to Capone's henchmen and friends.

the hole, if caught.

than the in he is all Would to means

ago. Berg is assigned as Photographer. We are aware that Berg and Doo are for counterfeiting. Doo and Berg. were inmates at St. Quentin several years on the North Side. No. 9 is occupied by Berg, a Dane, serving six years "pretty thick". We never know why. Berg is sitting on his bunk, reading. We can't see the name of the book, but we feel that he is expecting Dos. for without any apparent interest in the book he rises, and both step back behind the draped sheet in Berg's stall. We cannot hear their conversation as clearly as we would like to, but we do hear Doc's woice in a wehenout whispor. Berl valks with a broken accent. He steps out of his stall, No. 23, and walks around to No. 9,

" . . and keep it 'stashod' until I ask for it. It's safer

up there, as you never get shook down in the Dark Room."

"Ar I for Christ's make, don't lose it! And don't forget where "Yah, I East you. I hide it, Doc."

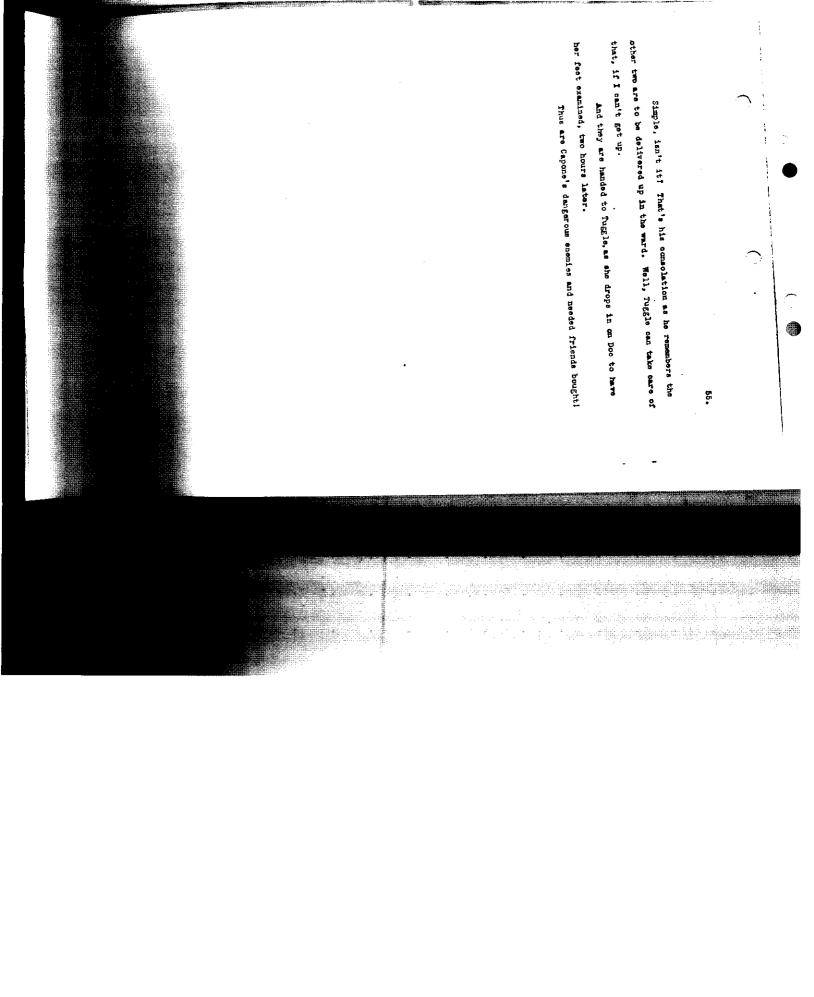
you stank it." "het. Doc, don't be fullish. I just tole you I hide it. Moest

I to be you on the hard to conclude you?" "Till are care of you. You'll get your money before you

leave the joint." \mathfrak{t}° . This topular at the basement exit, availably the signal to disher. He to lare decrease that apart him as he energes from it a few minutes later to join coplatily ignores were as he takes a place farther back in line. Borg is Loc strute out and back to his stall. A sense of relief see.s

allong. . . Or and the, we would many as he can convent or his person without appearing "located". It is AND THESE. TORRESTS OUR LESS TO taked charges. . . and so by with it. Thy and it I by affald to carry a couple pucks of smoker? one than to should have on the percent one thme --- in fact, three packages the first core of author to reprimented, and the amoses taken and, A good The domain the lowesting of trage, we find the permitted to make and In Jocia pocuats are four puchages of eight-beths. Thut's as Nous in- the Eospital dining room he looks for and sees the

opportunity mess doe concludes. He sitte a pactage of eigarottes to an What is the partice to another. Well, that's two, anyhor!



Another menth passes. We were unable to learn how the two succeeding visits of Capone's passed, but we do learn that Mr. Bishop, next in command to Lieutenant Oliver, was the guard assigned to them. And this seems all the more interesting because Mr. Bishop spands the greater part of the day in the radio control room, with Colbeck. Esturally, are curious to know why he is again on this month's (July's) wisit by Capone's relatives. Odd, we think, that he should be selected. Mr. Bishop, we have since learned, is a very congenial sort. In fact, as well liked by the imates as is Captain Kadden, whereas they'd mob any of the other Capone's wife sits beside him in the Guarde' Room. Our un-

concealed anamement threatons to divulge our presence. However, we repeatfully snother a gasp of astonialment as they sit there in a fond pectfully snother a gasp of astonialment as they sit there in a fond shippers. He dearly loves his wife --- there's no question about it. Here blonds begaty has made him her slave. Sho is faithful, one can see. And she'll wait for him. . . if it's a hundred years! Tes, she's telling him see. But he answers that it wont be a hundred. . . that it'll be only until the first year is ended.

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

"Listen, I needn't tell you I can have anything done. I wint boon here no time, Honey, and I'm getting anything I want. Money.

airt oon here no the, how, serial of the foney, money! It buys even Washington!"
"But Al, Dear, who in the world can do anything for you be-

"But Al, Dear, who in the world can do anything for you see sides the attorney General? That is, so far as your freedom is concerned?"
"Honey, I'm not telling you anything but that this time next

year you and I' 1 be together --- outside! Honest, I'm not kiddin'. I

mean it, Jaby. You think I'd tell you that if it wasn't so?"
"Ch, if I could only believe it!" Her jeweled red-tipped
"Ch, if I could only believe it!" Her jeweled red-tipped
fingers press his arm. "You don't know, Dear, how I've cried night after
fingers press his arm. "You don't know, Dear, how I've cried night after
fingers press his arm. "You don't know, Dear, how I've cried night after
fingers press his arm. "You don't know, Dear, how I've cried night after
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better and safer for you here than if you hadn't come. Homey, they'd never the have done anything to you back home. You know very well they dared not? Not with the power you had for revence. But if you feel that it was a Godsend, you must know. Everything happens for the best, Sweetheart, and I suppose God knows what He's doing when He takes you away from me and lets them put you here." Mrs. Capone is torn between her desire for Al and the gratofulness that he had not had his feare materialized by the lead slugs from an enomy's machine gun. "You try to make me feel content with the thought that it is

thing! iny, kon, sint I lookin' swell? been playin' tennis and getting some of that fut off. Get a sitz bath every morning; a steam bath three times a wook; three rub downs a week; and the best food money can buy. It's like a hotel here --- except I can't leave when I want to. Now, what "Er. Bishop'll tell you, Homey, I want for nothing. Not a

more could a convict desire? family join the laughter, but it is a restrained laughter on their part. capons lauths as he refers to himself as a "convict". The

ir. .irlop displays a broad, encouraging saile. and discloses to them an expensive plak silk underchirt. "Drawers, too," "That aidt a'l, eitaer. Look at this!" Carone opens his shirt

he sulles. "Livi look at this!" We calls their attention to the stitches. in a c octally tailored blow-hed blue shirt. "Eads to order! Pants, tool and long Itll bo warder hero if I have to stay. Kark my

world foull for line to have a son warden of a "pen'f".

"The of down to pusiness, il. You got the list of mames

on wrote about! John Capons is spending.

"yes, the ones who are to jot raid; and tou much." The motors to be sent or share acts wit. "A dil bare." Curono roduces a alig of perer from his shirt

turber. They lister, each ore is to ret the amount res opposite his mame. The second contract of the second of the sec many that officely for a digt and sous to it my meals from the contract of the contract of the production of the product of t 1) Tropodist's wir are lets worth it. Fixed things up for

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

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

1010

"That's right. It's worth it. Besides, his kids are alok

and they need it. His wife's an invalid."

"What's this --- Fenters: \$500.00f"

you got to do is get the correct mames and addresses from Mr. Bishop whon he meets you in town at whatever place he says. You gotta be careful you you two." don't get seen. I just got the notations. The restill work out between "That's the gay what has charge of the Officers' Mess. All

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

car, and I understand from Eacksthal - -- Say, an I got him down for \$230.00 John, mint no use you thinking I'm being held up, for I mint. I mint outa month? --- ho wants an auburn. Sort of surprise, you know. You listen, side now. I gotta pay for what I get. Evergone here who wants a orthicals got to pay for it, someway. And that's dirt cheep?" "Oh, yeal. An Auburn car. Fenters is planning on getting . "but do you realize how much this amounts to a month?" John

food, mostly. You and Mon got all you need. That's my money. I'd spend "I never figure unything. I got it, and I'm spending it. For

or gamble it oustide, wouldn't I? Well, what's the difference? "out al. The not looking at it that way. Its talking about

taking \$300.400 worth of risk a month. Can't you realize - - the rish. You want to make purole, don't you? kewording to this you're "The Hell with the risk. They can't --- they wort do nothing

to me."

"They got perfect alibis. Leave that to thous" "but think of these other wan. Suppose it is fame and

"Er. Bishop, I suppose you understand just --- ";

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

Al's generosity, and fooling that alias being "taken for a run". "I don't want anything happen that would jeopardize his parole." "That's understood," agrees John, still dissatisfied with "He's got nothing to worry about. Your Senator assures him

heill be outs here in a year. He oughts know. He's been in conference with Roosevelt, wint he?" Bishop is not quite sure \$1's information regarding this is on the up and up. He takes this opportunity to verify it. a muard. Stars on his sleeves don't keep his wife satisfied. Momey! after all, alls made him some pretty steep promises. Hels tired of being made the grade. . . why can't he?" Loney's what the wife wants and needs. Travel, maybe. Lots of it. Others

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

I'm getting out soom's I done a year. The public would raise a heluva stink If I con't make it one way, I'll make it the other. See? Why worry about if they turned me out sooner. Besides, the lawyers are working on an appeal. nced to get upset. See, there you go! When I try to tell you something what's it? Sure I went to get out! The dammed place is killing me. And I mever on my mind you all get worked up and scared. Every dammed time it's the same Erow one day to the next what's goin' to happen. Now wait a minute....no "Aw, Lon, quit sin in; the blues," laughs Al. "I tell you

Capone is peered and sulkily turns away from his wife, who is wisibly upset by his inference. She begs he calm binself, and assues him she is not upset. She can't help how his mother feels. . "Mell, aint I trying to quiet her?" she protests. "My God, Al, I can't stop her from trying to quiet her?" she protests. "My God, Al, I can't stop her from trying to quiet her?" she protests. "My God, Al, I can't stop her from trying to call you're going to be telling her you're in danger all the getting excited if you're going to be telling her you're in danger all the

hrs. Alphonse Capons is now angry. John holds his tongue. A hrs. Alphonse Capons is now angry. John holds his tongue. A forlorn, exasperated look upon his features. These scenesi How he datests forlorn, exasperated look upon his features. These scenesi How he datests exyling that. . . them. Kother's always so easily upset. Al had no business saying that. . . them. Kother's always so easily upset. Al had no business saying that. . . them. Kother's always so easily upset. All hear now till next month is: "I should have had more sense. . All I'll hear now till next month is: "I wonder if anything happened to Al. I dreamed last night . . ."

drops a half burned eigarette to the floor, decisively steps on and erushes it, and as if giving went to his feeling, grinds it under his heel-

Al's mother audibly weeps.
There is a knock at the door. All recover their dignity. . .

Mrs. Alphone Capone rushes back to the other side of the table, and when Mrs. Alphone Capone rushes back to the other side of the table, and when is Mrs. Bishop answers ".11 right!" a guard walks in, announces the hour is

up, and the visitors prepare to leave.
Fond farewells. . . Embraces. . . kisses. . and tears.

And once again the promise to return on the morrow.

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

"How do ye get by with it?" Al interrupts Doc. "Does the

warden know?"

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

like Hell. Then I decided to do it myself. I applied a local anacothetic, bungled the job. You know what we've got here? Just a bunch of quacks. foot. "I operated on that $\underline{m/self.}$ The doctors here started it, but they If they were any good they'd have a practice outside instead of working for \$100,00 or \$125,00 a month in here. Anyhow, after they operated it hurt and aint been troubled with it since. I know my business. You know yours! "Look at this! " Doc removes the shoe and sock from his left

"What kind of 'connections' you got?" inquirus the foxed Sepone,

his interest aroused.

"That kind do you need?" asks Doc.

"All kinds," Al smiles.

gotts get money in here. Some of the guys don't want smokes. They want off with the goods. And they're no good to me after they're caught. I Greenbucks!" Capone conveys an attitude of impationce. "But you got commentions. How about Bishop? Adkan? Fonter.? "Yeah, but you never know when one of them's gonna get bumped

it sent to their wives. That's their business, of course. Wives are " Couple thousand, anyhow. See, some of the 'sorews' wont have "How much do you want in?" "How much what?" asks Al. How much, for instance !"

And I got a record, you know that! And damed if I didn't get in stir again!" dangerous, they say. I gotta get it to them without any in-between party. de abeve three years, if I miss parole. I can't make it, I know. I made it last time I was here because I had Dr. Wilson fix up a letter that I wouldn't live wirty days more. That was in '25. I got out on parole on that letter. "I'll handle your cash. I'm here on a four year stretch. I'll "You got a pretty bad 'rep' around here, Doc. I'd like to do

there retter branchiste been jealous of me since I been here. Look! (Doc buriness with you, but some of the old timers tell me you 'rat'." "Who rate?" Doc is offended. His dark brown eyes flash. "Why

vicks up a small piece of thread and wraps it around his finger) That's how I can handle these quacks here. I know plenty, seef I give you my word! Give me a ciance. You know, though, it costsi"

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

You'll get yours."

him and leaves him brouthless, as Capone, satisfied with himself and his Doe is deeply grateful and affected. His mervousness deserts

new conquest, makes his exit.

I've ever reen! Boy, let we get my hands on that! Lamme see, now - - If I lose it. . . or if I tell him Head bumped me off with it, how in Hell will "Ihree Grand!" whispers Doc. "Three Grand! Jesus, more than

he feel about it? Boy, that's a mint!"

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

. .

legging. Gosh, wont she be glad to see the bank roll! Pretty nice kid, You bet! And that dear Ida. . . . up in Alderson. . . doing time for boother. Don't know what the seet in me. Guess she believed everything I told her in juil. A surgeon from Viennal Ha hal wid she fall for that line! And inugine it. . . two kide to take care of. Aw, Helli What's the difference? If she's stringing me just to have somebody to write to, I'm stringing her. Those sars here --- thinking ends my wife. Well, that's the only way I can write to her. Damed rules about writing to other joints. She oughts make rarole. . . on account of the kids, anyhow. I wonder if she's act some me roll of he bungalow in my Buick. That's my car, baby! Buick! And bose valish for her? Well, we'll egg. . . She'll ditch tim when she sees you're _cing to trest you well to one ell your own. I gotta get a chaiffeur. every desired time I steal one I get a stretch. Now. . . NOW, Doc, Old Men. and come to atlante to make Good! The Comma play Dig Doy like he's never teo. Meald leek batter. hog, wont I put on swank? All my life in prison, used played sefered Ital show all those other pikers that I of a head on io. Seil. Massle tru, buo about with Banc. Nork? I wouldn't work for the

pur user.

Due curries on his endless collinguy of success. He builds souther carries on his endless collinguy of success. He builds souther the rie clouds. Contact. What's it; That's what ha's continued carries of the first the big Boy would come the rie receiver or later. That's what he call dops. Demand if he can't could carrie. Too bot, too! head carried dops. Demand if he can't couldn't it. Those "juritors" (drug addite) are bound to squal some collists it. Those "juritors" (drug addite) are bound to squal some continued to the proposition.

The later of the couldness of the call it is different proposition. It can be a different proposition.

outo, took from our hilling place celled Doc's eart, and race to buy take a Ciffice. The faith said is spaidle over the tolerhous. The Lie out his take a conversation and Captain docing and his fact his take is at the other and, but from the conversation and Captain docing the later who is at the later and, but from the conversations and Captain docing the later and the spain and the spain and the later and the conversations.

ioversument arout, no doubt.

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

the name if there wasn't some foundation for his suspicion? One never eredible! Preposterous! But then, would his informant have mentioned belief. One of his trusted men bringing in drugs! Unbelieveable! Inknows . . in a penitentiary! Captain Head ignores the query. He is lost in a maze of un-Well, he thinks as he rises with difficulty and lack of

energy, nothing like taking a tip. Tips sometimes prove fruitful. And

other times a will-o'-the-wisp. But this one . . .

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

in on him unexpectedly. I'm going to the hespital, if anyone wants me." Captain Head, his short steps unusually fast, hastens to the

"No. ... wait a him te! I'll go over there. Better to bust

hospital.

Engrish Each to listen to the cross-examination. We look at each other and captain Feard to listen to the cross-examination. We look at each other and smile wanly. We are confident Doc will have a perfect alibit. He ean't be smile wanly. We are confident Doc will have a perfect alibit. He ean't be frightered into believing Head's got the goods on him, so far as delivering "dope" is concerned. Head catch me! Say, it'd take a beluva lot smarter "dope" is concerned. Head catch me! Say, it'd take a bluva lot smarter guy thun Head to get anything on me. I've been in more joints than Head can guy thun Head to get anything on me. I've been in more joints than Head can count. Like to take a sock at him sometime! Just my size, too! Lose Good Fine, though, and I can't do that. Hot now, anyhor. Am on the road to

yet, to satisfy our curiosity we exvesdrop on the conversation.
"But I tell you, Captain, I've not even seen any, least of all kandled it. You got no proof. You're surmising, that's all. Well, you're wasting time, Captain, if you think I'm handlin' it. That's etraight from wasting time, Captain, if you think I'm handlin' it. That's etraight from the choulder."

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

"I don't know what Capone buys, I don't fool with him. He's

"hot', and I know it. All I got to do with him is 'tend his feet. That's

my duty. I do that for any convict. He don't mean a damn' thing to me,

and I don't have a damn' thing to do with him. That's my word!"

"Your word!", sneers Captain Head. "That is your word against

the word of five others?" gasps Doc. For it is exactly five to whom he "Fire others!" gasps Doc. For it is exactly five to whom he demands, recovering his poise.

had delivered drugs. "Five who?" he demands, recovering his poise.

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

uce retaliates, realizing now that Head was bulling him into a confession.

"I don't now anything, and I told you you can't prove anything."

"You can put me in the hole from now till my short time date, but I still mon't know anything!"

"Fretty smart, aren't you?" Head is seressie. "But I'm poing to get you yet, Dumlap. I'm not warning you, mind: I'm telling you!"

Tith these parting words Head makes an exit. Doc climbs into the patient's chair --- similar to a barber's chair --- and smiles a smile of victory as

the quahion head-rest and exhales cigarette smoke.

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"Too demned smart for you, anyhow. If you were so smart you wouldn't put me wise. He had What they need here is a bunch of toons!. They'd know my tail for it, and me with the chance I got now to get rich!" Doc emphaagain if it meant my freedom. . . Not after you let me know you're hot on how to find things out. Dope! Say, Shrimp, I wouldn't touch dope in here sizes his mental resolve by banging his small clenched fist on the arm rest. "'Pretty amart!" he mirmirs. "Betcha life I am, Captain.

in a position now to pur Capane on his guard. That's the kind of work On bags bursting. . . shakedowns. tell do for the Bin Boy. . . keep him posted on the bigger things. . . The Mi- Toy's his must, and he's point to get it! the Big Boy it'll be just too bad for anyone who tries to "cut-in" on him-A Gloating laugh escapes Doc's throat. Ho a won the tilt and He'll make himself so waluable to

67.

"More listen. I've told you before, and this is the last time "-pon't snesk up can me on the yard! Don't come near me. I can't be seen
talking with everyone. You'll have me so dammed 'hot' I wont be able to get
a breath of air any more. If you got business, handle it with Doc, or somebody he tells you to handle it with. I aint got nothing to do with the
money. I told you you'd get it. He'll give it to you, or you can do what
I suggested in the beginning - - let me have it sent to you."
Capone is angry. The immate accosting him is sore because he

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

not know of the arrangements, connections and conspiracies.

but once or twice a week. And den when I see 'in da beze's wit' you. I can't get near 'im," complains the innate.
"Toll, you'll get it. how about eigarettes? "mait to take it

out in the Commissary: I'll get sommone buy you ten bucks' worth of stuff."
"Hell, yes. I'll have somethir' den."

"...ll right. Make up the list of what you want and give it to Lare, on the tennis court. You know him? Got charge of the courts."

"harry lane? Yes, a little guy. All right. "Panks, All"
The insate shuffles off and is soon relating to a buddy what

trumspired between himself and Capens.

"Lame'll char,s you for landling the stuff. He's crooked as "Lame'll char,s you for landling the stuff. He's crooked as a confecre. Algives him y60.00 a south to reserve a court for him evergacy. And notedy deres go on it, either: Fe's a dirty snake, that lame."

day, And notedy deres go on it, either: Fe's a dirty snake, that lame."

"We wont fool with me, buddy. I'll get my ten bushs worth or

elso. . "

"Elec what?"
"I'll put in a 'rap'. Snitch. What da holl do I cure 'Wort "I'll put in a 'rap'. Snitch. What da holl do I cure 'Wort the "I'll put in a 'cell wit' dat.

to get the ten he offered for it. He gives every guy double what day spends give me da run-u-round, he's got anudder t'ought comin'; I aint afraid of but it looks like I can't even get my five back. If he t'inks he's gonna 'im a got dam bit. Lat's why I'm quitting buying for the no good sucker!" in or any of his bodyguards, sabbet I got a gand, too! And day don't like "Did you know he got three grand in last week?"

"Tiree grand!" gasps the peered inmate.

"Un-ham!"

was down in the electric therapy room, where Capone gets two hours treatment Note supposed to to batty. Maybe he is, I don't pass on that. Anyhow, he giving al his rub-down, this guy was supposed to be taking a sitz bath, but every day --- baths, rub-downs and hot box --- and while the guy there was he left the water runds, and come over to the door, and the guy what gives there and heard Capone tellin' Thorpe that IF. Beale was taking care of his inseds, and brining him underwear and stuff he couldn't get inside here. And the rub-down, Thorpe, was with his back to the door. So the mut just stood have it each or have it sent to his mother. So the nut walks away, cause that he just got three grand to pay off, and if Thorpe wanted his, he could "I heard it from a guy in the hospital. A guy in the mut ward.

"Cn da level:" asks his astonished listener, eyes wide in

"Well, I'm a lowdown what-cha-may-call it! And here I gotta

plenty. Else, whoever handles the dough has. I don't know who does, but "Tay, you won't be the first one to get Eypped. He's Eypped

I heard complaints."

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

he did: 't want them see him listening."

"'SE TECT!"

pull de weepin' act to get my teni"

the balance."

let's take a walk up to the tennis courts and see how many's up there. There are seven courts; one for negroes. Capone has the best kept court... one that lane takes extra pains with, daily rolling it to a smooth, finished Louann, And Old Man Pernfield. Dat odder Evy works in de kischen. I don't ever surface, and living it more conspicuously than the others. Load an Carona missist da b.111 to hat whith he fundy do way to jumps. Nuch his name. Note in climation, but supposed to we do but player here. Too harm clums; to play termis. Like a hipperpoterment, Jesus, look! is bashed his rucket on de ground because he aissed da bolli And lock at 'in jumpin' on it! Tel., I'm a son-and-so! Did you ever see a companishe dat!? "Oh yeah? Well, we'll see 'bout dat!" "In other words, Buddy, you're just five bucks out!" They proceed towards the slope overlooking the tennis court. "Say, by the way. How much does Capone pay his bodyguards? "Dere's Jugo Marks. . . And Joe LoCann. Capone's playin' wit'

seek the runter ever so the beach and bear the bench with it until all the string was out of it. Then he sits it up against a weard std jumps on the haliz one that to gots with My for he. And the dural macheta wint world it. randle. Then in brenks he walks ever and buys one from sont 1815 1825 of must elected. You outly by thou as the positionary and no reactions? . Show the control of a Garden of enemals. Beautiful account the transfer of the account of the masks the institution promises also worth a dark one ball ose with the solidar from and chapter policy to got ordinary with and the cost of a "bell, puril The other day I sam him do that size. Chee o the professional controls dut for your promotor's resound tool of all the

Those describe what note was not want day all come running to the

due. Theries, no orme to one woulde plays termio."

ಗಳ ಸಂಧ್ಯಾತ ಗ್ರೀತ ವಿಶಾಧಕ್ಷಣೆ ಕಣಕಾಗಿ ಹಾಗಿ governo and expenses till the demosts off, and don somewhat Oupons to a EV laging of the only telling the take a good one?" "I' to industrable as the head three though Language operated to "Say, I heard that, too! Mice the hell wold no, mor? Date?"

"Da guy what works on da hadball court?"

papered them. Aint that a smart guy for you? A racket racket in the peni We's ripe for anything. Some of the fellows in your cell --- the moonshiners ---Boy, what a joke on Capone! made some bead necklaces. They cost about fifty cents to make, and they sold them to Capone for \$10.00 each. Easy! Say, I'd bet he'd fork over plant; if the right buy gets the right racket on him. Some confidence te omes me. Its comma see Doc. See what he has to say and den I'll know man, for instance." where I stand. So long! See you amonth purch of Doc, the other drawing closer to examine the rackets being bargained for. The bell rings, surmening the men in from stockade. Capone's bodyguards three behind him, two before him, and two on each side, . . All a distance of less than three feet from him. He is now inviluerally to attacks. "Youh, that's him. He said he sold Capene two, after lane sand-"Listen, Buddy, you could sell Capane the Washington monument. "You said it, Budly. But dat aint getting me da ten bucke The two part, the one with the Bronx accent walking off in And there are clever men in the Atlanta institution. . . .

Days. . . weeks. . . months pass. Daily, men charged with wio-

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the glad tidings that his appeal will effect his freedom, or Senator Lewis Capone, self-satisfied, content, indifferent. He continues to yearn for arising out of the web of intrigue and conspiracy at the head of which sits lations of the rules, are arraigned before the Deputy Marden ... Offenses will be successful in his endeavor to induce the President of the United tentiary for Capone's release. There are conferences two and three times a States to use his prestige as t. e key to open the gates of the Atlanta Femiweek --- lawyers from Mashington, lawyers from Chicago, lawyers from atlanta. Interspersed with these business visits are social visits from "Bugs" Moran,

"Pur" Sammons and "Gus" Winkler --- under aliases; Needless to say the best legal minds in the country assemble

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

Capone MUST be freed. That's the conclusion of his splendid

and expensive array of lawyers and lieutenants. But, Capone stays on. The claws of his power-greedy hands con-

timme to drag in almost powerty stricken guards and inmates, civilians and outsiders. Money! Koney! Money! Everyone is getting it! Anyone can have

it --- for services rendered! Steadily, and with an eye to insuring his incorceration shall

be as pleasant --- and safe --- as money can make it, with a shrewd and Oliver: Guards, civilians, physicians, Captain's Assistants! everyone of his employees from the lowest immate on his pay roll to Lieutemant ascends rung by rung he crushes beneath his feet, in a quicksand of pollution, cunning brain he builds a ladder of victory and conquest. As he smilingly

it striving insamely and with determination to conquer

more inaccessible to reach than all the others --- Captain Head and Warden the last two rungs of the ladder --- the two rungs that seem higher and Aderhold: A. C. Aderhold: He'll get A. C. yet: Sartain was bought.

Other wardens were bought! Why not A. C? must choose between money and duty, he chooses money: oan't!" The challenge is directed at Mr. Bishop. dollars. Head's of the old school. The school of loyalty $I^{\rm H}$ lir. bislop defensively argues. I've bought and I've sold. Nothing stands in my way. See? Nothing! If thumbs down, then watch! "atch me!" I'm going to be here. . . if my especial fails, and the Signals Count turns be a mystery to mo. But I'll wager you wont get Head in a comprendaind years. I tell you it can't be done. I don't buck about i. C. Co'll what's position." been throwin' parties, and bought a car, you know, while the last you been bot on anything. me. On, ma/be a few hundred. . . just to short you I'm a spent. Ext. (c) of to set a definite date, now. That ic, set a late by which you this got that on your pay roll." 11ttle under .0000.00. but you see, we had write. Lots of to a smile? lot loft. And if I should got bumped off for takin your loss, the ethil bought! Lought lots of things we what's number. Tweet we time of a mode your life, if ever you got in a jun for me. I got planty. I om he such reck at Hisbook. I own sixty per cont of the steed in the much that the Duty? "Ab, Brother," he tells his confederates, "when a man "I can't buy Captain Head?" he boasts. "The wester to bet I "It's hard to do Al. He's got his eye on biccer things tran "Listen, Bishop. I've bought Wigger men than Captain Huad. "Al, I know Captain Head. I've been working wish him towled "That'll you bet?" Capone is an involuerate cambler. Fo'll "Eaven't got a hell of a lot, Al. You men that. It's Maste "How much've you get so fur?" "From you?" " has just figurio, it up with the size last inhibe. The s "I told you before, whichop, lenter you a justion the fore of

with me if it comes to a showlown.

"How, talking about the bet. You know I don't like to be bluffed. I'll take you on \$2500.00 to a thousand that I have Head on the pay roll

before Master!"
"Fuir emough, Al. by word good for it?"

"Jure thing." They seal the wager with a hand clasp. "Jid ya get the Christmas gift O.K?"

"Your. Ine is swell of you, Al. The wife's muts about it.

"Just's mention it."

"iweer you better get going now. Head might come back and et etglifor. See you letter. Oh, yeah! About those letters. . You

name no orefo wise to it?"

"Genliatt be. Only Dunlay, of course. See, I send them to in an envelope. He plants them for collection unit of them in an envelope. He plants them for collection agrees. I couldn't take we chance, you know. You gotta name (constitution them.) I wouldn't mant you to get nabbed. And if the collection, you now bon I'd feel about it. Particularly since the collection, you now bon I'd feel about it. Particularly since the collection of the charge do."

"The control of the same. The wife said the other night she dreamt the in the hole! So she begged the control of the control o

Following the sound of misfortume Capone should beed.

der Dagore re cher dis cell he is confronted with hundreds collections are packages. There are so many parcels that it is use most be care himself in and out of the cell. Every bunk is piled than a large regime to cluttered up. Every chair is stacked. Candles...

called....nuts...fruit....nm assortment that would make the department handling such so redities in the MarshallField Department Store in Chicago elekeningly

the har hact. Cakes bailed in California. Fruit grown in the South Seas. Truly, an claborate conploneration to please the most exacting gourmet's There are fruited candies from Italy. Glased fruits from

I sea my eyes on that from the beginning! The article creating the onerided argument is a theory-five pound box of glazed pineapple slices. salted pround and almonds, we se clasps the pineapple slices to his bosom-"Get 'en out!" Capone shouts. "Who wants 'en! Come get 'em!" "Jon't think I can eat them, do ya!" is the barking response. "What, you forms give 'em away, Al?" asks one of his cellmates. "jood gravy! Ney!" yells the one addressed. "Imy off that! "For about this?" he holds up a twenty pound box of assorted "Take it, for Christ's sake! Jion't ask me for it," Capone

Ercsit.

wirt supposed to take anything from immetes, you know? Yeah, I thought you and some for the others. You know who. The jig'll take 'em over. They Yiek some took stuff for poot. Them get some for Beale, some for Miss Tuggle, ions the basement. Some's got to go to the hospital. You there -- Rockie, did. Well, see that they get there. And if anybody stops you delivering ver, to the jig, tell me who it is." "Soy, weit a minute," he orders. "Some of this is gotta go

then day I tried to carry out those cartons of fig mertons for you, for on how's the jig gomma slibi?" that guy. Said nothin' doing. O.K. to bring stuff in -- but mothing out. "Hell, Al," whines Rockie, "you know what Wrenn did to me

scrottent of packages, deliberately upsetting their contents on the condemands, reclining in a Club chair from which he has angrily removed an croke floor, manbling, "I've told you guys keep things outs this chair!" "Sither you take 'en or leave 'en. Which is it!" Capone

^ 0

down the toilet if you want. I don't want 'em aroundie to him for Christmas. He is in constant dread of being poisoned, and fears it might be done in any of many ways. His meals, according to his though he yearns for the luscious fruits, excorments and delicacios -- he is innates. No one else must come within five feet of them. For this reason ** explicit and oft-repeated instructions, are handled by well paid, trusted thrown into a violent fit of anger because he cannot appease his enormous thinking it would be his ill luck to select the one, or part of one, in ten, apperate. . . not even daring to eat them after someone else has tasted them. that may have been purposely poisoned. Capone, we later learn, dares not even smell a thing sent Enough to give a package to every man in the joint," smiles

unior His bunk. "Thanks, Al." Dinty selects several packages and slips them "Take some more. There's pleaty."

Colonck as no enters the cell.

"nolp yourself, Dinty," Al suggests.

"Low's bricks?" Got enough, al. Thut'll last me a while."

"Adut this a Merry Christmast" Capone sichs. "C: so so!

'I been here gover. Got mine to Bo. You get used to it,

,1. · this joint upside down first! I'll do this one. . . Dut no more!" "To get used to it?" shouts Capone. "By Christ, 1:11 turn

"Got Good new" "Dans old stuff. Fromises. Folities. All that hoosy."

In our court lie world with the world. "Low alost Decreasing" (Frank Daughman, Capone's Atlanta

"Long. That's all I hear. hone; for this and money for

that. I don't mind the money, but they mint doin' a damn' thing!" take time to get you out. Personally, Al, I can say it's sure nerve-"Give 'em time. Took time to get you here; it's going to

wracking. I been through it.

get out! I mean that, Dinty. I started broke, and I can start broke again!" "I'd give every God-damned cent I got in the world if I could "You're talking through your hat now," admonishes Dinty. "Hat hell! I'm talking from my heart. What the hell good's

thing if you can't enjoy it? Money I wish I never had a red penny. the dough when you're cooped up in this lousy joint? What the holl's any-Dinty. I'd never been here if I hadn't. "

I had to do it. You know how it is, Dinty. You been through the same thing exoited and irritable or mervous. "That gets me is my mother. She always yourself. It's them or me. Same as it was thum or you. Punishment! Godmays it's my punishment for being rotten and having those mage wiped out. damned if I didn't go through enough of it since I come here: He begins biting his finger-mails --- a habit he has when That first night! Jesus, I'd not go through that again. I'd

hang mycelf first: Hould you believe that, Dinty? Well, that's struight. But I can'th I can't! Sometimed I wake in the middle of the night. . . give anything if I could erase that from my mind. Co plately forgat it! Like a murderer. . . Cogodi . . The crowl yelling for my lood! Disay, I'd I can feel the whole game here strangling me. It's awfull! ... I see the faces of them guys that her wiped off. . . their tooth chine like radium on a wrist watch at might. I see their mothers behind the , curst I don't ony out for I'm afraid it would make trem think I'm yellowbeating me lith sticks and polers. I lay helpless while all this goes oning hell outs mo. . . I see their wives and they're hielding by guts out. . . Yet, I want to yell, but that's why I don't. It's Neili I ma's up is a head. That's that gives me them nightmeres. . . That's why I want to get if it hadn't been for that first sight derosstration. That get it in FF cold sweat. It's Hell! That's what it is. And I'd nover go through it God dawn M. I want out!"

Carone jumps to his fast and kicks over a stack of candy filled

OUT! Out, Dinty, CUT!

concrete floor three tiers below. "Hey, what the Hell's goin! on up there?" someone yells. "Aw, go to Rell, you!" retorts Capane.

"Is poor little Al-ec upset!" taunts the annoyer, disguising

his voice.

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

right of 3-7.

"Say, this is Christmas," someone attempts, pacifyingly. "Give 'im a rope:" yell: still another.

" to should love one another. Come, Dear, kiss and be still!" Capone rants. He rips the shirt from his back and tears it

to his latiz temper. These exhibitions are not umisual. The louder Capone playing at the corners of his lips. He understand Capone must give went in siredo, kicking and screaming. Dinty sits calmly by, a faint anile curses, the more racuous becomes the taunting laughter of the other immates. One is reminded of a caged tiger being annoyed by a crowd of boodines.

Finally, exhausted, Capone sinks back to his Club chair. "You need a drink, Al. A good stiff whishy." Dinty suggests.

"There the Bell is it?" he asks. "Tell Whitey. He'll get it for you."

"The laundry guy? Gregar?"

"Poy," calls Capone. "You, rangemant Tell Whitey I wanna

sec him."

"Richt, all"

conves Carome. Consequently, his interests in Al's moeds are but casual. Dinty, a gang chieften in his own right, neither bows to nor

What's up?" he asks.

"How about a shot of gin?" Al demands.

"No gim. Give you some good Sherwood."

"Bring it on. Pronto, too!"

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

Ne hands it to Capone. Capone takes a lusty swallow, coughs and gags. "I don't like the stuff. Hever did," he apologizes.

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

at parting, and makes his way to Doc, in 'A' basement. Whitey, assistant to the civilian in charge of the laundry, is permitted freedom of the inand visits Doc, it is surmised, by those who observe him, that it is somealtories and basement, katurally, when he walks boldly into 'A' basement, No is not questioned as he enters and leaves the warlous cell bouses, dorstitution in his duties of collecting and distributing lavatory towels. thing for Capone, since Doc, avergone now knows, represents Capone in the "Any time you want it, sing out," Whitey offers. "O. K. Sorry!" answers Capone with a wave of the hand. Whitey places the flack under Capone's pillow, waves a hand "Leave it hore. Tell Doc how much I owe you for it."

position of puppaster. "Al said dive me twenty-five."

Honorial not), he removes the elongated eigarette holder from his mouth and Doc hesitates, though he knows Thitey is on Al's pay roll.

have a ctream of smoke into the mir.

"You gotta know what it's for?" smaps Whitoy, his dislike for

Der quite apparent.

into a non connection, with the wier in mind of eventually being in a position bandhung I'm doing. If Al said \$25.00 . . . here it is." He bands Whitey , that's and a five dollar bill extracted from his pants pocket. "the to your commetten now?" acks bec, always on the alert to "..ct mocesserily, Gregar. Just like to know what kind of

"Not I know," teases Doc, an innate curiosity urging him-"Bot!" agrees Dos, placing a twenty dollar bill on the bed-"Bet twenty you don't!" "hitey retorts. "That's personal, wint supposed to tell."

to be the only source through which Capone Lay be able to obtain contraband.

"Not his brother!" laughs Whitey, walking away as he pockets "McAdams!" smiles Noc. "Who, then?" Doc asks. "Mrong!" Whitey laughs. "Dr. Lynn?" gasps Doc, his eyes narrowing. "Lynn!" Whitey whispers hoarsely.

■ good one for the Big Boy!" the forty-five dollars. himself. "I thought be was acting kinds nervous lately. Woll, that'll be waiting for it for months! Turkey! Turkey for Airmer! Oh, Boyl Lote "And to think I been talking to him every day!" Doe chides The dinner gond rings. Christmas Dinner! How thegive been

Diming Hall or on the diet at the hospital, and because he demanded it be a cost of \$200.00 for two! Because he dared not eat the turkey in the prepared exactly as he reliahed it. And he had turkey every day for two weel:6! And what did Capone have for Christmas Dinner? Turke; --- at

14

Capone's repeated ekirmishes on the tennis courts resulted in rumors of Lane's demotion to assistant, and the promotion of Riddell *** gartage truck driver --- to the position. Riddell had been an interne in the hospital, but because of an unaggravated and murderous assault on an invalid, which necosmitated the surgeon using seventeen stitches to close the invalid's wound, Riddell was doubly punished by being confined in the hole and amb addited to the disagreeable task of removing garbage. Now, however, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between ever, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between ever, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between ever, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between ever, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between the termis courts conversatly to the protests of Guard Simpson, the Stadium to the termis courts conversatly to the protests of Guard Simpson, the Stadium

Chase assignments, it must be borne in mind, are not made at the request of the inmate. Innates frequently submit a request for a particular assignment, bt only on the recommendation of a guard, civilian or influential innate, are their requests granted. In this instance, it will be observed, Guard Simpson's objections were overruled by the Deputy Marden, and Guard School's request granted.

cigars, keeping a fill box on the courts at all times. Simpson naturally cigars, keeping a fill box on the courts at all times. Simpson naturally had access to these. Hatred existed between helson and Capons. It had its inception wher Capone was ordered to step a little faster (about a month inception wher Capone was ordered to step a little faster (about a month inception wher Capone was delaying other men (his bodyguards) reaching after his arrival), since he was delaying other men (his bodyguards) reaching their cells and being counted. Helson, it was known, "stood in" with Captain their cells and being counted. Helson, it was known, "stood in" with Captain their cells and being counted. Helson, it was known, "stood in" with Captain

Delson, it seems, knew of the reservations on the courts...

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

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

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

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

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

This, as we have seen, resulted in Riddell's assignment to the

tennis courts --- appurently, as lano's helper.

Upon being assigned to the Stadium Dețail, Riddell, at the upon time, was assigned sleeping quarters in 'A' basement. The Clerk in 'A' basement, "cappy", takes him to Bed 35, on the "flats". The flats are so numed because the beds are arranged in dermitory style, each one opposite a numbered stall. An innate is not entitled to a stall and its privacy, until he has reached his seniority and a stall is vacated by an outgoing or moved privacer. He then, if he so desires, moves in.

It must be borno in mind that Riddell's bed is situated in the section renormed for backers, lawrons, postmasters and men of decided social standing in the outside world. Lame, on the same day, moves in beside middell. Eidderl's bed is separated the usual three feet from Lame such the innate on the next sed, Short Shavings.

Chart Charings, sorving three years for working a money order racket outside, because of this being his first offense has been assigned or scending to the Record Clerk -- the most responsible and confidential assignment an impact can hold. The fact that he is an experienced steno-

57 (Short Shavings), is Lee, the warden's runner. Both Lane and Riddell for this sasignment. have unerviable prison records, having served in other institutions. Riddell has eight more months to serve. . . Lane, slightly over a year. In the immediate vicinity of beds 35 (lame), 36(Riddell), and It is but matural that Riddell and Short Shavings become

a typical oriminal --- hardened, obnoxious, ruthless, loud-mouthed and friends, though each is the extreme opposite of the other, Riddell being arrogant. His contempt for those in the gloinity surrounding him is an tunity. With Short Shavings slone is he decemb and friendly, and the unusual outspoken one, ridicule and sarcasm falling from his lips at every opporfriendship is one that creates endless comment, since Short Shavings is gentlemanly, quiet and confonial with everyone, and immensely popular with the bankers, lawyers and others because he does their personal letter writing and typing (though the rules forbid it). It is only natural, under the circumstances, that Riddell, through Short Shavings, is induced to be less

disagreeable with his fellow immates. It is the month of April, 1933. Kiddell takes charge of the

longer in a position to earn the fifty dollars a month from Capone, spreads tennis courts. Lame, "burned up" over the loss of his connection, and no

the rumor that Riddeli wont last.

the change in positions between Lane and Riddell. Every court is occupied. He looks for lame, and seeing him performing a monial task, beckons him over Capone, as is his daily habit, goes to the courts ignorant of

to inquire why his court isn't reserved.

sprinkle 'en now, and roll 'en." "I mint got nothin! to do with 'um no more, al. All I do is

things --- my am ater, tennin shoes and racket. You you came along and tell no you wint got nothing to do with the ... may more!" complete Carone. "I'm paying you for keeping a court for me, and staching my wal, you're 'hot' now more than over. Kiddell's down here

for some purpose beside work. Neebody's tellin' me he sint. Him and Melson's like that!" (Lano holds out two fingers pressed tightly tegether).

Gapone approaches Riddell. "Hay, you!" he calls.

Kiddell, noting in a memorandum book the time the players enter the courts that he say inform them when the allotted time is up, to permit others an opportunity to play before the stockade period ends.

looks up. We gives no indication that he will move towards Capone.

Capone strides over to Riddell, rage and annoyance that Eddell innored his command to come to him wishly shaking him.

Withy wasn't a court held open for mo? he demands.

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

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

"I been having a court reserved since I been playing here. You going to stop it?" threaters Capone, concluding the best way to handle hiddell would be through frightening him instead of cajoling him. "I get want I want around here. You know that, I suppose?"
"Al, you're just another convict to me," nonchalantly replies

Riddell. "There are to be no more reservations. That's orders!"
"O', there aimt, hub?" Capone sarcastically replies. "And whose orders are they?"

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

"Cell, get this, Smart Guy!" warms Capone, ignoring the several impates who have approached and are standing nearby, but insuring that his body; mards are within hearing distance, "You'll hold a court open for us, or else . . !"

"Eles?' inflectively asks Riddell, his eyebrows arching. And us trongs the matter were closed he calls to the players on No. 4 that their period has ended, and duly notes it in the notebook, completely ignoring (Lyche and his wrath.

This indifference "slays" Capons. No draws measure Riddell, the first doubled measuredly, and his head thrust forward. His lips are less that tex inches from kiddell's ears as he threatens, "I'll out your threat if you ---- with me. Get that?"

"Oh yeak?" smiles the fearless Kiddell.

Capone stalks off the courts, his bodyguards dropping in behind

if the is joined by Dunlap.

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

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

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

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

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

onswers.

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

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

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

"I'll get him. He made me good like that giving me lip!"

of cheap convicts. That burns me up --- a no good like that giving me lip!"

of cheap convicts. That burns me up --- a no good like that giving me lip!"

hardle hin."

"Yow d ya mean?" asks the interested Capone. To him, tennis is the spice of life, and he wants it without trouble. If he can't get it is the spice of life, and he wants it without thout in he'll get it at any cost.

"Y'ever near of Short Shavings?"

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

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

Canche For elect Telech and didell were.

"Then They continue to main the cinder track, a goorcation which they continue to main the cinder track, a goorcation which plant later an experimently to spoul intimacios without the four of the grant approaching and listensing. Guards never "walk the track."

Later to you, didn't I? while, have It brags Doc. "Every man you that the you, didn't I? while, I'll get Riddell through Shavings. Te'll do this good on continued in no time."

Exercise one of continued in no time."

does for:

Lucione delivers the eliberation. He has no intention of forLucione delivers the eliberation. He has no intention of forLucione local states of the course, did not the states of the course, did not

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

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

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

"That do you mean?" asks Short Shavings.

"Did'n you hear what Capone told him?" whispers Lane, knowing

that Shawings had heard.

"No; what?"

"He said if Cowboy gave him any lip he'd cut his threat. He

swung at him." Lane looks around to see that no one is listening.

"What for?" asks the disinterested Shavings, having heard

that Lane was a tale-bearer and trouble-maker.

"Got sore because Cowboy wont reserve a court for him. You know, Shavings, I been taking care of Al since he's been hers. And he's been taking care of he. Cowboy's the one put in a snitch against me to Helson.

I knew Melson used to sit up in the Duck Mill and watch the courts. Well, Cowboy's gonna have his hunds full now, for Capone'll knock the Hell out

"ALL, that's hosely a thow, I don't give a darm what goes on on the courts. I don't play tennis, and don't expect to." "With this parting shot Shavings walks off) leaving law puzzled. Iame feels that Shavings would rather not have heard the warning. Ferhaps including boy. Perhaps . . .

It is thirty minutes before bedther. Combo, and blavings are enjoying hot chocolate and cookies. Leto, disputed and proved broance Mis words to Shaving add not bring on a dispolution of the Stiendenian between Shavings and Aiddell, walks off to complain his cary to somether else.

"That the holzematter with him?" Combo, which is "e"s been

runnis' around will day like a chicken with its head out off."
"Suppose he's worried about you!" Charitys tonces.

"Thy about me?" gasps middell.

"Sadn't any trouble down there today?"

"Had a run-in with the Dago. Aut what the Hell can be do about it? Said held out my throat! Yoah? Well, whom that prospoudly

he bettor by cursful whose it is!"

"What happened?" Shavings is concerned, for sime Eide 11

admits it, he believes.

Inne. But that's what I'm down there for. . . to stop that consists and connection business. Too many complaints from the other gays.

"Aren't you afraid of him? Afraid of his gang?"
"Say, that bunch of sissies he's got followin' him around

"Say, that bunch of sassars and in here -- and I know "em would run if anybody jumped him. I know a gang in here -- and I know "em well, Shawings, for I done time with some of them -- who'd just as soon bump him off as smoke a cigarette. They don't like him because of his damn' bump him off as smoke a cigarette. They don't like him because of his damn' buttitude towards the other 'come', and the way he gives them the go-by to attitude towards the other 'come', and the way he gives them the go-by to

"Say, can you keep a secret?"

" That do you think I'm working for Bates for? See any minro-

phone around my neck?"

"No, this is on the level, see! You mark my word... Capone's point to get it! There's too many birds in here who get it in for his. Eince he come here everythings tightened up. He's bought all the guards be could, and paid them well. The little guy can't get nothin' now. They got plenty against him, and if ever there's a riot in the Dining Room, goodbye Capone! Hobody'll ever know who did it!

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

dressing Middell by his given name.

"Short," replies Middell, "take my advice and lay off Capons.

"Short," replies Middell, "take my advice and lay off Capons.

If he wants you do or get anything for him --- refuse! Now I know what I'm talking about. He had Stewart, who used to be Bates! secretary, on his talking about. He had Stewart, who used to be Bates! secretary, on his talking about. He had Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as pay roll, before you cole.

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

think you can trust are the ones you can't. You kno "Tee, you're right. But I'm warning you for this rea

lane's told Capone that you and I are think. Seet and through you had yourself from. I been in joints before. . . a couple of them. I worked then you're going to get messed up in something it ill be hard to untinging might work no. You know I'd do anything for you. And if he knows that, like Bell on the Florida Chain Cang. It was Bell. But I'd rather do it any day than put up with orders from Capone. When he's done with you and you happen to know too much about him --- he's got man out there who

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

him?" protests the doubtful Shawings. 'Your word's sufficient. But it certainly sounds like a "You want proof" argues Riddell, "I'll give you planty!"

far-fetched yarn to me. Prison gossip, you know. the reasons I'm stearing olear of him. We might become very good friends, him and no. Like him and lane was. But then, after I leave here, what?" the hot checolate and sticking a cigarette between his lips. "Well, it mint," kiddell assures Shavings. "That's cop of "Got insurance?" laughs Shavings, dipping a cookie into

oup from his hand and puts it beside him, then wrestles with him. There is much shouting and laughing as they playfully tussle, and Riddell places With the other he reaches for the needle and thread at the head of the bed. his knee on Shavings' back. With one hand he holds both of Shavings' wriste. lave Sathered around, he laughs heartily at Shavings efforts to un-sew e laughingly sews Shavings pants to the bed, and having completed a job he colleved lasting, he releases Shavings' wrists. Then, joining these who Eiddell places his aluminum oup on the chair, takes Shavings

friendship Riddoll and Shavings enjoy. To the end, naturally, that the himself from the bed. romarkable friendship is one Capone takes advantage of eventually. This, incidentally, is not an unusual illustration of the

Capone is taking no steps to rectify the injustice. Lame is determined between himself and Lane, Lane feeling that Riddell had him demoted and that Riddell's promotion shall not go unprotested. He therefore, sets about to gossiping, relating his wersion of Capone's threat to Riddell. Enowing he is unpopular, it angers Riddell that Lane tattles and makes him sprear "taken down a peg". No is, in truth, a vain and self-centered individual, and beneath the surface of his apparently hardened weneer is a sensitive pride. confesses Capone is bribing him, frequently loweing a can of "Granger" tobacco the institution, which are not discussed between them. Fideel eventually confides daily to Shavings. Few incidents occur on the courts, or in or a box of candy, as "beit". previous evenism, repardimb information Capone wanted about soleon of record. Doe I believe him too dangerous to meedly with, because of his close association with Capone, and the fact tunt exempting berg, the warr, no che ever held a conversation with Min. This, you see, but discours in the the corcoited ass. worth fifty buows in I would not this some information for Cuponite. I take in a friendlist reatening my core-Plantation of the cold of the manufacture of the process of the cold of the co suspicion. I have as the foot world into the manner of the transfer of Riddell's encounter with Capone tends to serve as a divide A tense situation develops. It exists for days. Eiddell Shavings then tells Riddell that Doc had approached him the "Like the perfect Centleta: I way I exchand the lit. I told "What did you do?" asks Riddell. Wait that practic and tell no just what has said, " . I dell. " oil, it was like while you can to so wild teld to it was

old fly that came into the spider's parton, is granted the spider's

ser, would be of intrinsic value.

Itll write letters for you or all one also we is the treat to don't don't

on the Record Office.

""Corre, week I anid, "I do to de tent his der to is to

8

'By the way...Do you know anything about drawing up a will? Here, have a

subte."
"I helped myself to a eigerette, and removed the radio earphones from my head, admitting while I did so that I was familiar with preparing wills.

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

"Withat kind of ranch have you! I ask, just to be wheeled into satisfying Doc's inate desire for flattery. I had heard before, of course, that Doc delights in paramoise dresss of grandeur.

"Covers about 5200 seres. I got twenty-one sen working on

it. I own several lots and buildings in downtown los Angeles. And got safety deposit boxes loaded with jevelry and cash all through the West. If you want to pull along with me --- That is, if you do my private correspondence --- I'll see that you get well paid. But if you work for me you can't do work for these other cons. They'd be always prying into my affairs, and I don't want that.

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

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

It had often been remarked that Snavings, had he an inclination

at the control of the

Riddell, when apprised of Doo's proposition, urges Shavings to pass it up, and, not inclined to have snything to do with Dunisp anyhors, to pass it up, and, not inclined to have snything to do with Dunisp anyhors.

Shavings contends he will do as Middell suggests.

Riddell, meanwhile --- unknown to Shavings --- is becoming

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

Capone, nonetheless, is paving the way for a showdown. He has never forgiven Riddell for the insult that "burned him up". Being a man who cannot keep a secret -- not even one concerning his wife and family-capone confides to Hackethal his desire to retaliate for Riddell's affront. Hackethal, it will be remembered, is the twenty-five year mail to feed Capone. . . to the tune of \$250.00 a month. Fackethal, seeing the opportunity to earn a few hundred, assures Capone he will handle Riddell. Hackethal and Riddell have never had anything in common: hardly bidding the each other the time of day. Monetheless, Hackethal --- as is his method each other the time of day. Monetheless, Hackethal --- begins when attempting to win someone's friendship for his own benefit --- begins when attempting to himself is not infinate with Backethal but is with

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

wo'll leave the basement now, and take a walk to the tennis courts. It is morning --- between 9 and 10 A. E. Hiddell, on his stockade hour, is lounging in the busement. Lane is on the courts, whispering to killer, an assistant. They stand close together at the far end of the courts. Eitler, an assistant. We carnot understand it, but from what we do hear it hear the conversation. We carnot understand it, but from what we do hear it appears that Lane is begging Miller to accept five cartons of eigarettes from appears that Lane is objecting for the reason that he doesn't snoke, nor does cant to get into trouble because of Capone. We hear Lane assure Miller

accepts. Miller agrees under that emdition.

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

Laro, from a short distance, protends to be engrossed in rolling the courts. Miller walks to him, tells him Riddell refused, and. co...c., while, he must too. Laro ridicules Miller for being a "scare-cati", half only and for the time being, forgets the attempt to "plant" Riddell. Svend; c... Riddell and Shavings... hot chocolate, sand-winder... fruits and candidas.

Lane is consumed with a burning hatred for Riddell. He beckens his version of the incidents of the day. Shavings, in this manner, gets both mills of the courts, for middell calco it a habit to discuss the happenings of the courts, the numers, gossip and news, while Shavings holds up his part of the convenction by giving Riddell the "lowdown" on immates written-up for violations, limit punishment, and soon. In addition, betraying his confidence to its superior and the institution heads, by relating what letters were sent and received, concerning various immates, the "wanteds", the letters and other pertinent and confidential information.

There are wish to know things about, and as we hop behind Lame's ears and goes at Shavings opposite him, we are astonished to hear Lame may:
"I have what I'm talking about, Shavings. Capone's got Cowboy in a spot where he can make him do anything. Did Cowboy tell you he was before the Dop about taking care of Capone's things? I'll bet he didn'ti

It is our practice to get as close as possible to the ears of

Well, he want And he denied it. Now, Capone threatens to tell the Dep personally that Cowboy does take care of his stuff, instead of Capone carrying it in and out like he's supposed to do. Nothing belong to Capone is allowed

to be kept on the courts. Simpson told me to be sarried and to be sarried and the told me to be sarried and to be the told me to be sarried and the told me to

"Shavinge, you're going to get into this damn' mee if you don't drop Cowboy. I'm warning you! Don't my I mere told you. Capons a big guy, and gets wint he wants. . . and is mants Cowboy off the course and is going to get him off. Mark my word!"

"Soe you comerce"," Shavings remarks as he rises to return Riddell. Lane stoically scoopts the dismissal.

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

Shavings tells him. Riddell laughs.

It develops that lane, knowing where Capone's tennis articles are being hidden on the courts, and unable to longer omitrol his sury and jealousy, "smitches". A "smitch" is an unsigned note dropped in the mail box and delivered to the Deputy Warden. Immediately it is read by the box and delivered to the Deputy Warden. Simpson, aware of the situation, deputy, he orders Simpson to investigate. Simpson, aware of the situation, pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises pretends a thorough search to be predicted the have Riddell move the things. Simpson, of course, having permitted the violation of the rule when lane was in charge of the courts, cannot wary well write-up Riddell for the infraction.

Shavings, through his assignment, learning of all official movements, urger Riddell to ask for another assignment before he is the center of a "blow-up". Riddell laughs at Shavings fears, but becomes increasingly sullen and morose. The gaiety and fun have ceased. Riddell mo longer enjoys the hot chocolate and goodles, nor is he able to remain still longer than five minutes. He attempts reading, and gives it up in disgust. longer than five minutes. He attempts reading, and gives it up in disgust. lie listens to the radio, then throws the earphomes on the bed, volubly cursing the program. He cannot visit and talk with anyone in the basement as his friends are less than the fingers on one's hand. Hacksthal, the pretending friendship, does not encourage his visits.

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

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with his prison would in so far as accomplishments are concerned. One, with his prison would in so far as accomplishments are concerned. One, with his prison would in so far as accomplishments are concerned. One, with his prison would in so far as accomplishments are concerned. One with his prison that him and capable of reading his sind, is amused at the perfect and artonishing mechanism that his brain controls. One can at the perfect and directing control leading see, as if drawn on a chart, a contribugal and directing control leading reades it carries a remembrance to the control, reminding him that there is an unfinished job --- a task to be performed or completed. The star is an account from the courts, flashes assignating Biddell and his proposed removal from the courts, flashes factorality. The star indicating Enckethal, nearby, reflects the flash. The star designating Doc does libewise. An unfinished job! A job, that when completed, will lessen the reminders and thus grant relief, for there when completed, will lessen the reminders and thus grant relief, for there are many flashing stars on the brain chart.

And, as if by a decree of the gods, an event occurs which necessitates immediate action. It is May 24, 1955. It is wisiting day for Capons. Three hours association with his family. . . the 24th, 25th and 26th.

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

Hackethal is informed Los quist be "bumped off". And, the edict is: Kiddell must do it! Thus, Capone, in one swooping order, has his vanity eased.

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

pertain ple reaching Capone because That evening Riddell gets his orde

remmeration at some future time. He is too continus to blak being or carry food himself, delegating that danger to someone else wh even had ice orean brought for Riddell, be never making it a re-The conference between Hacksthal and Riddell last obeying a relayed order from Capone. He believes for the reason that the usual guard gets an eccasional day eff, and the Officers Wess loaded down with concealed food. Capone's delicable was situte guard - - Mr. Bead - - mever falls to spot an immate leaving the could not demy that the mame written on the concealed parcel was amything occasionally undelivered for this reason, though the immate when eaught, was written-up for the wielstion. but CAPONE. He (Capone) however, was seldom mentioned when the inmate

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

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

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

that," Hackethal advises. States Board of Parole. He had served one third of his twenty-five years, had been duly beard, and his case continued to Washington. He could not Hackethal, it happens, was awaiting a decision of the United "I know, Leave it to me. I don't like that guy Lee, anyhow."

reason, he argues with himself, his refusal to obey Capme might result risk open complicity in the deed about to be performed, but it stands to in his being considered yellow. He must not, on the other hand -- if he pick a quarrel with Lee. . . One loud and serious enough to cause the other can prevent it -- place himself in jeopardy. Thus, Riddell is wreed to immates in 'A' basement to conclude it was a private quarrel between Lee

Returning to his bed at 9:50 P.M. -- thirty minutes before the lights are extinguished -- Riddell appears to have been subjected to a "shot" of dope. He is strangely exuberant. Iame is frightened, and cament understand why Riddell is so talkative and friendly with him tonight, because since his demotion lane has been practically ignored by Riddell.

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

"That do you mean?" sake the frightened Lame.

"Wait and seel" laughs the tormenting Riddell.

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

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

"Simpson, the big farmer, looked right at them today and pretended he didn't see them. Even he's afraid of Capone. Some guard!" lane is unable to sleep that night. Riddell, after a restless night, rises at 5:30 A.M. Lane rises shortly thereafter. Immediately after Riddell has left the vicinity, Lane seeks Shavings advice. Shavings confesses he heard part of the conversation, but is at a loss to understand, or even conjecture, what Riddell meant by a "bag bursting".

Riddell's unusual quiet creates comment among the other innates. Els rising is usually accompanied by loud, bolsterous talking and sarcasm. Charged drawn is suspended in the air. One feels impending events are now about to reach a climax. The glances Riddell casts at Lee, in his stall, are fraught with mulevolence and hatred. Lee, ignorant of Riddell's intention, does not notice him.

It is now 0:45 A.M. Riddell stalks to the front of the basement, where the breakfast line forms at 7:0 A.M. He returns five minutes later, and present up and down before Lee's stall. He covers a distance of about twenty-five feet in his determined walk, each moment his anger and nerve increasing. No one has the faintest idea what is disturbing him.

lane and therings apprehensively watch him.

"What the Hell's entin' you?" asks Patton, a joyial 800 pound expostmaster. Riddell ignores the remark. Fatton's stall adjoins Lee's.

..s he passes for the twentieth time lane, in a slurring manner

remarks to Lee about the "new efficer on the termie courts", referring, of ready for breakfast, are gradually proceeding towards the front. Lee and course, to Riddell. Riddell does not hear the whispered slight. Lee makes some inche response, as de one or two others in the vicinity. The immites ferocious, marderous look each time his eyes rest on Lee. several others daily and tarry behind. Riddell, meanwhile, exhibits a of Capone's sentence: Lee must not leave the basement this morning. . . The time has come! Riddell cannot longer delay the execution

10411 wanity was offended by Riddelli A price indeed for so worthless an article-He must diel He must pay, with his life, because Capone's

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

ten minutes to live! prepared to march to the Dining Hall. Mr. Cook, 'A' basement guard, is up at the head of the line --- now out of sight. The line stretches back two hundred men in length. They stand there, laughing, talking. . . joking. . . The rigual to leave for breakfast is sounded! All are in line.

discussing the morning paper's headlines. Lane, Chavings, Doc, Lilly and three or four others sit on a "Lot's go!" squeene say: as the line begins to advance.

Riddell takes his place at the extreme end of the line. Lane, and those they, more so than the others, are concerned with Riddell's movements. table facing the diminishing line. They are quiet and apprehensive, for sitting on the table a few minutes since, fall in about twenty-five men

make any effort to halt him, Kiddell acts. He smalehes up a piece of lumber 10' x 2"x 4", and brings it resoundingly down on Loo's head! There is a sickening crushing of bone. . . blood spurts out over the immakes standing

blow clanese off Loe's shoulder. He falls to the concrete floor. Hiddell blow upon Lee as Leufs Islaus sag and consciousnoss is leading him. The socond Before it dams on anyone what is happening Hiddell rains another

A Sec

ahead of Riddell. Then, before anyone can utter a word, screen a warning, or

casts the piece of lumber from him and races up to the head of the line.
The astonished innates draw away from the preme figure on the concrete
floor. Mr. Gook, noting the commotion, walks back. He sees the wietin
of the marderous assault stretched out on the floor. His eyes travel to
the cilent innates. Useless, he knows, to question anyone now. He'll get
nothing from them. Not now. . . Later, when he gets one of them alone. .
lee is rushed to the hospital. Riddell goes on into the Dining

"Shocking!" "Marderous!" are the comments of eye-witnesses.

The whispers reach Kiddell as he eats his breakfast. The news repidly travels throughout the Dining Hall. Inmates rise to get a glance at the assailant. Riddell does not heed them.

Hall with the others.

Sehind him, in a voice sufficiently loud emough to arouse his anger, someone remarks:

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

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

And Capone? Capone, when he learng that it mocessitated seventeen stitches to close Lee's wound, expands his permanent smile and nurmares:
"He got what was comin' to him. A couple more get that and the 'll know who in Hell's runnin' this joint!"

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

essent on Loo. Riddell refuses to tell the Deputy Warder why he comwitted the assault. This refusal costs him loss of grade, the Dep ty Warden of obedience, his transfer from the Tennis Court Detail to the Tailor Shop. ordering his punishment be confinement in the hole until he gives a proxime and Reduction to Third Grade, thus depriving him for four months of stochade, movie, mail and other privileges. There is an investigation to determine what instigated the

"atoolies" to work. The "stoolies" weave in and out among the inpaths. One and such a statement. The thing to do, the officials decide, is put what never knows who is and who isn't a "stoolia". Charthing is in a jouition to are filed. But it is dangerous to point the finger of score at any can in know, for the statements of "stoolies" pass through his hands before they the penitentiary, and Charings, no have pointed out, is too clover to rish It is whispered, as things usually are, that Capono made such

confiding too much in anyone. the investigation, as it proceeds, follows a strangt, rounder-

bout course. Assigned to the Officers' Moss is Shu-h:, a Chinoso, called the bout graduate of Stanford University. Le is cervis four percoler ficiality 20 stood, from a woulth-Climose family. The late one locotted on the succession Drug Act. No has been assigned the duties of Couf, and comes, in is enter-

of his term.

and Femters an enormous sure sactioned for the foot of the intermedial to so spoils. Hackstial does not feel that to stocklike to love, while the feel that earefully and tastefully prepare, Su institution of strike full share of the tells the however, that when is such a state of the to will state a sate lated to has been informed that do was retain; such it is to the control of from Capone awaiting this knowing this, and place inowing with Union 2 in 1912, the 2 ml

left and found that Copolish promises now work. In a discussion and the it would bring licantrous results for all. Follows would be ruled. An along not the swipp to this. To the the most of the arm of the arm "To revel "the transfer to his other." Macrockal Property on tells -- withhouse of the second with the second

(Hackethal) would be transferred to another institution, and Watime, no satisfactory solution to the troublescene problem of heeping promoted to his position. But he is too avariences. There seems, at effect that he is "ripe" to divulge some information regarding Capone. "T warden promises to hasten Wu's departure if he will talk. Wh. a gentleman refuses to do so. The warden tells Wu he (the warden) knows of Capane's Ferters, liadistial and a dozen others. Wu, he says, knows of this too, so influence, and how he successfully manipulates the strings on which hand children in Chima?" temps the warden. to whom does he pay it? That's all I'm asking you. I'm not asking It. Cimpl, asking who gets the money? The brings it in? You've seen some you tell who takes the food to him, or who prepares it for him. I know that. of it, and handled it, haven't you?" The the front of the mouths! He remembers the incident in the kitchen of Cos 60 learns tooms, which one of Capono's placed men threatened him with a Live if is derived a rone to let mean Capone's food. . . how he resented (34) Litterness, that he dare not go to stockade. . . That he has not been the hellingtion. Yes, le rememberel even almatem 47 The is called before the warden as a result of rumous to the "Isn't it worth something to you to get back to your wife and λ "to, Me no squeal," protests Mu. "jut you know that Capone is paying money for his food, den't "medbe so; mebbe not. I no rat, Warden." ".e no tal", forden. Too danger talk." "To see plenty tiant. We no touch money, no talk." "lowed do you mean, "plenty things?!" "Tou ever been directeded, Mu?" tu remains silent, a faramay look in his eyes. He reflects. "You hard my question, Wuy" gently asks the warden. "Here you Lirles, us no talk. We no say yes, me no say no. Me mind my

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er related."

Unding how frobless is his inquiries, the warden dismisses

Unding how frobless is his inquiries, the warden dismisses

is to do so, reaching Fenters and Mackethal, causes them great strain. And is to do so, reaching fit, new threats reach No. However, Fenters and Mackethal, then Capone Jeans of it, new threats reach No. However, Fenters and Mackethal, and a charge for the profession of the control of the color, in acchange for a birestend written teachers, to the warden —— the shord of Damooles that We half over the head of Fenters, to the warden —— the shord of Damooles that We half over the head of Fenters,

It is June 6, 1935. The Director of Prisons has arrived. On the 7th a conference, attended by the Director, Warden and Record Clerk, is held. The topic is Capone and the stories reaching Washington, through the Dining Hall "snitch box", that he is "running Atlanta". It becomes necessary for instructions to be issued to all discharged prisoners that anyone talking or writing about the institution, or Capone, subjects himself to return to the institution to serve his full term; and perhaps prescention. Too into, as a woole, are ignorant creatures, and for that reason heed the tigrat.

It is the practice of the Director, when visiting the various institutions, to grant selected interview requests. Among these received on this visit is one from Lane. Lane proposes, in his request, to inform a Director of all he known concerning Cagona's detivities. . . If The propose of the Theory of the Cagona's detivities. . . If The propose of the Theory of th

The interview offm is one the Director does not onet moids. The control of tubes . . . "
The off out to be control of the rest begind that to be continued.

Colonials . Love to its resident as inter ion.

the Director of Fridoms, is, wanderd safety, in a self-three time equation and include the second is smalled and a off-more than the first of the first of the second is standard the front in the ratio of the second is smalled and the second in the second in the second in the second in the second is smalled the second in the second is smalled the second in the second in the second is smalled the second in the second in the second is smalled the second in the se

Unit do not be easy to investible? The remines

It to 1 to 1 to 10 to 10 to 15 to 15

Consticuloss, after inquiries it is learned that br. -eale had because 45000,00 from Capone! Certainly, a Law who can distribute ,5000,00

be fetting something for it! We shall see!

.cll, he had intended seeing him enghow. Bring him ini And weat is this? A request from Capone for an interviews

floor and black knit tie, faces the Director of Prisons. in his robin-our blue shirt, freshly laundered, pressed trouses, Florsheim and with the determined purpose of "buying" the Director, Capone, arrayed Ignorant of the fact that Lame had "squawked his bead off",

plane, sed coust roly on Capone's repetition as authentic. He contends that the Director is on the make. In prison parlance, the Director can be bought! of the lighter being on the pay roll, he knew somemine: And instead of giving Wirroson wordiled to Fin he knew of Dr. Beale's being on the pay roll, and the Capene interesting knows of what he is talking, and admits that when the suppose to consider the discolleres it. In fact, calls Capone a fool for beliaving the belly of madebully the for the bribary, he indicated that he, too, er evel. Suppose, of course, is taking things for granted. Unfortunate γ we could not listen to the conversation that took Us one's confident warns Capone it is a trap. Capone dismisses our the callwalle antonel

to my section to sear to heard white to me, and I'm willing to pay for what I entire erasting of that is conditite call him a limit. I had to show him that in on the jet roll or ay name wint Caponel "state the heil that I come say when he tells me he knows Beale a lite yet out of this joint! He sees that now. You watch ---

"Li Eric Grungel, Livo i in "Rodelio? Ask him if you ever see

The following day an investigation to determine Capone's position in the institution is conducted. The tray sent to him at the hospital, daily, is "knocked off". The news reaches Hackethal immediately. He rushes to Capone's cell in order that they can prepare an alibi to withstand discountenance, the blame for the tray being placed on the shoulders of the "jig" delivering it. He, Hackethal outlines to Capone, should receive \$100,00 to compensate him for the punishment that will be meted out to him by the Deputy Warden, when he confesses he stole the stuff while Hackethal's back was turned.

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

his allowance from Capone, Dr. Lynn suggests the food be sent in his box.

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

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

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

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

Hackethal's envy makes him bitter.

"Fe's turned me Lany a good trick here. I've paid him well,
and he's not got no in a jam yet. You do what I say. Let him take care of
the rest." Capone, confident of simpelf and Doo, overrules Euckethal's

objections.

O.E. Romember, I got a lot to lose. Se've you. He's only doing four years." has so successfully gained Capone's confidence, and obtained all his hospital coupled with the fact that he does not associate with other immates (because connections for him, convinces Capone that he is worthy of trust. This, they dislike him, of course, makes it doubly econvincing to Capone that he is safe. Capone, in Doc's hands, is now like the piece of string Doc wrapped around his finger when he told Capone how he could handle the "quacks". His first concern is the promised \$500.00. Where is it? During his condinoment Eachethal managed to equagle him several meals. tet out." esis, bridg. If I don't get it --- -!" the shoulder and assures him Caponetll come across. Riddell has his doubts. I see, he jot me with it." richt. Looked w run-in with Caponels wife, huh? And Capone wanted to jet no and jet los, to that it? And you said you had a gruinge against Loo! "I wouldn't let him know anything about me. But if you say so, The fact that Doc, an exceptionally clever and shrewd crook, At this time Riddell is released from solitary confinement. "You know who's coing to pay it, don't you?" asks Hackethal. "You, I supposo," replies Riddell. "You did that for ... you sap!" Hackethal laukhs. "It'll take the, you know. I guest you'll get in when you "M.e. will I got paid for it?" Riddell asks. 'For Capone?' Garps the astonished Kiddell. The throat is left unfinished. Mackethal puts Hiddell on "Theph! Time! Always time," complains Hiddell. "Well, get "For Capone, hub?" withell nuttero. "I guess Stavings was "Get 4t!" says Middell contemptionsly. "Gome more of that "Locit worry. You'll per yours, Frunk," improving consoles.

Premise stuff!"

"woll, for Christ's take, don't you trust hin!" asks Tackothal.

liar in here. Always promising. You know as well as I do mint we may here any more takes him at his word. They want their money saft pre in the institution are responsible for the dispensation of the money too many. Unintentionally, he apologizes when reminded, since his agents ship for Riddell having never ceased throughout all the unpleasantness, to calls on Stavings and Patton. Shavings produces it, his regard and friend-Riddell charge) with attempted nurder, and incidentally name Capone accessory ;lot, asks lee to be less masty; particularly at this time. Lee, deeply : the institution. Les it called before the warden and forbidden to write of to vio fultor, coluting the incident. The letter is not permitted to leave offer had well bitter, insists. - nonecle Like there eded in laving his decree executed, he occumulates with Lae. jurel , then its ec.so.t to drop the proposed charge. to a tribe. The through the promise to Lee that he would aid him in making one open to the control of a sensutional scandal about the Atlanta institution. (the murdenia) removal immediately. He is helpless to meric: is inited at his witts end, a disclosure of Capone's activities It is granted. He informs the warden he has determined to have "Only as far as I trust any other commict, here Hackethal very well knows this to be true. Capene has graph However, Riddell feels Capone could insure that his be paid. And Carone could. . . if he intended it be paid! Then Middell discovers he can't even "bum" a can of tobacque 150, released from the hospital, requests an interview with the The warden, laving since learned in detail who instigated the After) is dismissal from the warden's office he writes a letter And the face -- through un immate who is leaving the institution. "All right," he orneludes. "I'll get the message there just ? Then lacts father learns of his son's danger, and how Capone For the present, the marden tells the deputy as he mops his brown.

(Lee, Fronteally, our deried parolet)

the Officers' Mess will be assigned at a cost of from \$100,00 to \$300,00, is exceptionally good today. He has had a long conference with Hacksthal, and it is understood between them that any man Capone desires assigned to depending on whether he is a dishwasher, waiter or baker. The list of new prisoners is sommed daily, their financial position outside determined of jobs in the institution. . . assignment to the Officers' Mess, with its Prospects are propositioned diplomatically. They are offered the oream through insates in the Morale Office, and a contact man interviews themadvantages -- better food, opportunity to form connections (if desirable), June 16th. . . Capone is holding sway on the courts. His game

and afternoons idle.

hr. Pike (now in charge of the Fire Department) for from \$50,00 to \$100.00. \$500.00 and as much as \$1000.00. Stalls, in 'A' basement, were sold by being sent to Atlanta, jobs in the Officers' Mess sold for as little as At one time, when the bigger bootleggers of the country were

depending on how much the immate had-Capone, now smacking the ball hither and yon, feels a sense Anything could be bought --- except freedom!

Officers' Mess. He removes his undershirt and stands stripped to the waist. of security that he has succeeded in placing most reliable men in the Men are permitted to remove top shirts when playing termis -- never their But a man not enjoying some recreation is forbidden to remove his shirt. undershirts. If playing basketball or handball, top shirts may be removed. Someone calls Capone's attention to Captain Head standing on

the slope behind. Capone casually looks over his shoulder and resumes his playing, remarking:

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

Head wont tell him!

June 30, 1933. Temis rackets are being destroyed by Capono at the rate of three a week. Those solling their rackets are unable to secure more. Hardly a decent racket remains. Fifty dollars for one is the

pr. Lynn, learning of the situation, decides to take up tomis.

Dr. Lynn, learning of the situation, decides to take up tomis.

Dr. Lynn, learning of the situation, decides to take up tomis.

Phaving brought the insignificant sum of \$100.00. On the following Sunday that a completely dectroyed by Capone because the ball he aired at appurently it is completely dectroyed by Capone because the ball he aired at appurently through it. See has the most difficult time convincing his partners went "through it. See has the most difficult time quarter inch boles in that the ball be misses actually pass through the quarter inch boles in the rechest, bring jut not less actually pass through the granter out the partners which the partners which the final forth will cornel a in falsetto voce from the countainners which reaches, bring forth will cornel a in falsetto voce from the countainners which

"In my little man breaking his rucket again!" from another.

"In my little man breaking his rucket again!" from another.

"Journ chall" arother yells.

"Journ chall" arother yells.

Capone, erruged by the jeers, doubles his fi to and chales then exertise should be him about the from at the fill-fillies swalling on the slope height in, separted from at the fill-fillies swalling on the slope height in hards at them exercisely by a light most screen. The manus and epiteins to hards at them on four of him to the fill the fill and the fill th

Entries in to "yet the lowsy moons iners", Capone would forbid it! It cannot not be interested in the first eventual of his incarceration left not only not be injected in the first eventual of his incarceration left not only not be injected in the first eventual of his incarceration left not only not included in the first eventual of his incarceration left not only nountain here. And larm to one, he must have known, though unknown that one may be to the others, nearthis (Caponole) life one forfeit.

They are sick of it along time. They are sick of it! They've been along that bell of fare. The man are sick of it! They've been along that along time. They are sick of many things here. Nout only thice a wook; and then where obed or mostly bones.

Capone. He have to suffer for it. (Some foolishly ecnelude). Chunks of red, tender neat are cut out and grissle inserted. The chunks are bake especially for Capone; the grissle fed the officers as part of their roast In this way every ounce resated (grissle is not weighed, of course) ean be accounted for by Machethal. loft, before and behind, complaints and disgusting remarks concerning the and the ector pactor is from bekind. . . One from up front. There is a es 13 % a labeliant. It becomes a rearing cry, composed of three words: or tuluminum lates on the engaged tables. Feet start beating time on the or arrive, sugressible by econsands of savages charting a dirge as they beat Alled Theer. The jest the feeling that he is lost semewhere in the jungles personally a criss is resoled. . . when the men stert hurling things and Steam (with the mean. Take a patriarch) a nonchalantly walks into the and the introduct of the their clubs. They remain immobile. They earnot Large, luscious reasts are baked in the Officers' Mess ? So today we can endure no more. We hear to the right and the "I'm sick of this garbage!" an old timer whines. "and Capone suting chicken! Imagine it! A convict like us!" "Aint dut Hell, feeding us dat trash?" another complains. "Dut gug's sure made it tough for us, Buddy, beliave ma!" hirst we hear a man's voice raised in protest. "c.i. . rother, I'm with you," our neighbor agrees. Thue's square. That say?" whispers one behind us. The ony is schood from the other side of the Diming Hall. "No har something to eat! " he shouts. to then hear enother's: "Something to eath Something to eath" hard it to accompaned by the banging of knives, forks Their fingers are COURT TO IC EAST SOUTHING TO EAST!" an spargeto, cull is sent to Captain Madden. He is the only man is very appearance quiets the convicts. He knows they are une, loty eler weithing, over the heads of the noisy, rearing

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

a holiday is the boxing bouts. There is betting of eighrettes, as on the to practically all an opportunity to enjoy the day. The big attraction on to the movies are swarming over the yard. Few men work on a holiday, giving As many as 3000 cartons of eigarettes exchange hands each time a boxing bout baseball games. A syndicate, composed of wealthy immates, holds the stakes. July 4, 1933; The boxing bouts are on. The men who did not go

Carone is close to the ringside, famners, leeches and his

bodyguards surrounding him. He has bet \$1000,00 on one man! Cash! The bec is with Dr. Hendrix. In addition to that he has placed minor bots with impaces and Quards. He stands ready to win in the neighborhood of \$5000.00-

if his man wins.

He does win! Capono's man always wins! The opponent, knowing

he is less to all by suffering defeat, doesn't hasitato to lose, regardless

of how you a fathwer he is. The west passes. The rumor that Capone has collected, and his

Terrory Iwo- in Yellow (so maind because of an attack of yellow fewer in the control _main has a "couple grand" in his possession, creates a conspiracy leavermorts, which resulted in his transfer to atlanta), and The Darb --ereplace), Dil. Hilliams, Footbaine (leader of a proposed mass delivery at all from Responde, rutilless characters. . . Son who regard life worthless

Pither to thrill!

to the Tailor Fron. Non in the Tailor Shop have a means of obtaining dangerous hel of the quartet, because of his record, has been assigned

composer. Commeynountly a clum to Eddnap Capone is conceived.

o ladrur lin within the very walls of the atlant. Ponitentiary! on one, playing termie, is landed a message. It reads: Lett no on the bushetrall Field 2:50, alone. Important! a Pricul."

county, to them as objectioning, Carono, after a conference with two of his jeromionn locality. 's leading against the goal post as Canone, too late to ich inche, proceed to the bud edual court. Millam, tall, sin and Tropulo of the souder's rotive, and at all times emitious, yet uponue of specifity because his bodyguards are

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

"Koop goin'!" Two-gun barks, his hand concealing an automatic which bulges accasingly from his aweater.

"What's this, a hold up?" Capone asks, Clancing up to the sloge where his botymusts have been stationed, and are now motionless and saturated with ord.

"Total that! Now get over there!" Two-gun prods Capene with a raised knee. Capene, the structural intendic. Fortains madges Capene with a raised knee. Capene, for a classing sector, lecitates, raises a restraining finger towards his for a classing sector, lecitates, raises a restraining finger towards his collypards - "Ribulia they should wait-- and obegs Two-gun Yellow's collypards -- "Ribulia they should wait-- and obegs Two-gun Yellow's collypards -- "Ribulia they should be the quartet of blackguards.

The way the life of the chard, Capene. The way the new! You don't leave

of Min bely murice. An expeculity said be gets it, get us?"

Our one realizes Two-gun means business. He beckens to one of Min bely murice. An fruit, frightened creature whose spectacles con-

of the things of the section and the cell one of your purits up there and

coul souly, origin, of co.

(all we give you too grand. Pronto!" Cupone orders.

intermition tell, successing the ment continues. They are desperate, dangerous, They are desperate, dangerous, Suppose that he address their spunk ... truly address them? It's guestiant crimicals! He address their spunk ... truly address that he pays \$200.00 to the danged lessless that he pays \$200.00

o reach.

The Linuted pand Wearily. His messenger has not returned,

He's certainly had emple time to see Doc and return with the money. What can be keeping him? What delaying him? Doc's got the dough? Capone plances again at his expensive wrist-watch. It's tiny

hands point to 4:10. Capone raises his eyes towards the steps leading to hands point to 4:10. Capone raises his eyes towards the steps leading to hands point to 4:10. Capone raises his eyes towards the steps leading to hand point to enjoy conversation with his captors are fruitthe stockade. His efforts to enjoy conversation with his captors are fruitten

less. Little more than murbling escapes their lips.

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

drag andlesely by, he reflects!

Three more minutes! Three more minutes! Then what?

Three more minutes! Three more minutes! Then what?

Once again he raises his eyes towards the steps. Perhaps his conseanger was detained by a guard. Perhaps Kr. Mack, the hospital guard, mossanger was detained by a guard. Perhaps Doc has a petient, and not aware of the is conversing with him. Perhaps Doc has a petient, and not aware of the seriousness of Capona's situation, is compelling the bodyguard to wait! seriousness of Capona's situation, is compelling the bodyguard to wait! seriousness of Capona's situation, is compelling the bodyguard to wait!

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

the mercy of these four desperate men; Thy can't that guard in the tower see what's going on? Thy does

He strikes it!

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

is no reason why he can't give it to themwhile Americaned. He has it to equander on punks and leeches, and there They must \$2000.00 for his release. They dofy my attempt to rescue him! He is their proy. . . Their meat! They need money, and will need it often, had better luck, that's all. A politician outside. . . They were in it for the thrill. He went in it for power! Well, they'll see how much power he has in here. . . lot of good his power is now. "Can't this be settled later?" that punk to Doo. . . Woll, Buddy, you got it comin' to you, and you're gorma take it etandin' up -- like a mani What say, boys. . Let him have almost closed lids. grand, get me? We're gomma get it! Savvy? Do wo or durit we?" Don't you! I sent for it. That wasn't a stall. You guys know I don't pack greens (money). You'll got it; don't worry about tratt You'll 'est this on the Q. T., wont you?" After all, they argue, he's no better than they are. Just forget it," Two-gun informs hit. someone here, it'll leak out. I'd have to 'ell what the money's for. See how I'm fixed?" power! The Darb laughs as he thinks of it, Power! A heluva "Lot's go in, boys," whimpers Capone, his nerves shattered. The gummen look at each other. "One of your rotten tricks, is it? Bluffin' us by sending Two-gun addresses the assemblage, his eyes peoria; between "I get ys," Capone usgents, "You see I y position, "Op". "Wait a minutoi" Fonteino suggests, "Capono, we want byo "O. K. That's your word?" "That'll cost half a grand," The Darb spouls 'P. "On the level. Oct us the two and a half trunk and still "That's gonna take time," Capers fences. "Give me till my visit. If I have to ha dle this through "How much?" Williams asks. "All right: Right after the wisit, then. And liets , 'e'

sending it to a mouthpiece (lawyer). He's the bird'il take care of 18 me this: Two and a half grand's too much for us to pack in her we can use it." Blabber-mouth Welson." el corner of the Duck Mill, when Melson steps close and mambles comething about harging on stochale after the bell has been rung. No one answers his, and he makes no further attempt to reprimend them. Traphic word from his brother, to whom he had a message wired relating his profice contract an account. They proceed towards the steps, ascend, and are about to turn "Novil got you the name later. Let's get in now. Here comes "Suits me," Capone consents. Cuffice to cay Capono spent a restless evening, amaiting tele-