

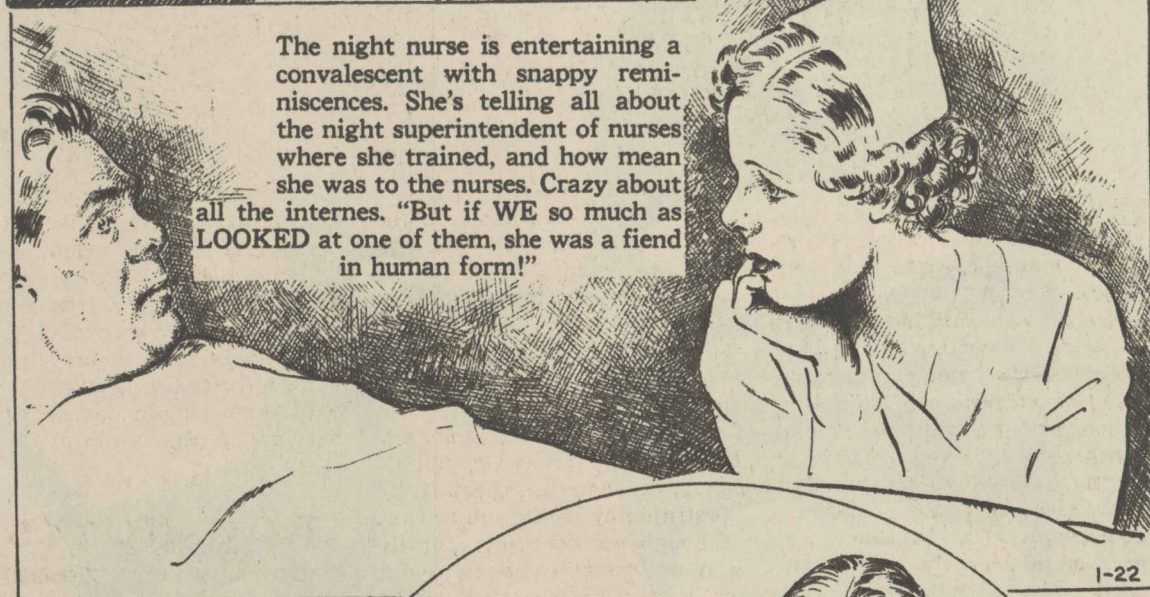
THE SEMI-INVALIDS

By W. E. Hill

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Doctor has said just the wrong things to the patient who thought she was all run down and needed a sea trip as a tonic. Says there's nothing the matter with her and to get her mind off herself.



The night nurse is entertaining a convalescent with snappy reminiscences. She's telling all about the night superintendent of nurses where she trained, and how mean she was to the nurses. Crazy about all the internes. "But if WE so much as LOOKED at one of them, she was a fiend in human form!"



"You see, Doctor, I've always been slightly allergic to cucumbers and parsnips." (The man with definite ideas on what's the matter with him and what to do about it comes in for a general overhauling.)



He has gas attacks. (Usually after two desserts.) Gets no sympathy. "You oughta go take some soda," they tell him coldly.



And this boy has a perpetual Winter head cold. This is his eleventh this season. People ask in a very cross tone, "Why don't you take an aspirin?"

"Dr. Behan found that Dr. Doodie's diagnosis was all wrong, that it's my liver, not my kidney!" (The girl with the frail constitution and interesting ailments gives an intimate friend the lowdown.)

Halting the Hijackers!

How Chicago Crushed Its Highway Robbers

(Continued from page one.)

1. That the tires had been unloaded somewhere within five miles of the known spot where the holdup occurred.

2. That they had been unloaded at a farm where a turkey gobbler was kept (the victims clearly remembered the call of the gobbler).

3. That the hijackers were of Italian blood.

Accordingly he and his men made a methodical search of the countryside within a five-mile radius of the spot, carefully looking over each farm for signs of tires or turkey gobblers. After a whole day of search they had found nothing—but they had covered only about half of the eighty square miles they had allotted themselves. It was not until nearly sundown of the second day that they drove into a farm and were greeted by a heartening "gobba-gobba-gobble" of a testy old turkey which flustered out to meet them.

With light hearts, but cautiously, they began a search of the premises, which five minutes later was rewarded by discovery of the entire load of tires in one of the sheds back of the barn. Questioning the owner of the farm brought the reluctant information that that shed had been rented to a man named Diamini, who had paid for it in advance and had stored merchandise there from time to time, moving it generally at night.

A long vigil yielded no reappearance of "Diamini" or his henchmen at the farm—but eight and a half months later, through the farm owner's description and other clues obtained from subsequent hijackings, the whole hijack gang was arrested, five of them, and successfully convicted and sent to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth for "interfering with interstate shipments." Eighteen hijackings in all were cleared up by the confessions of the five gangsters.

The Melrose Park gang was another mob of hijackers that gave Lieutenant Kerr and his assistants many a headache for many a year. Specializing in holding up butter and egg trucks, this gang seized vast quantities of these commodities. An average butter truck holds about 300 tubs weighing 64 pounds each and of a total value of from \$2,500 to \$5,000, depending on the price of butter at the time.

On the night that this gang made its fatal slip a cold wind was blowing. It was January, and there was snow on the ground. After holding up a westbound butter truck in much the same manner as Ralph Johnson was deprived of his load of tires the robbers took the lone chauffeur back to their hideout, the rear of an abandoned building in Melrose Park. It was about midnight.

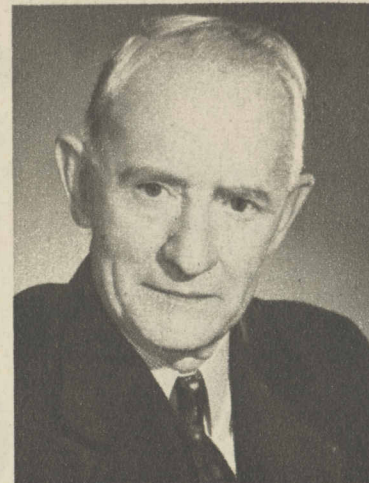
While the rest of the gang was busy unloading the truck near by, one member was detailed to guard the driver as he lay blindfolded and tied face down on a cot. It was in a cold room in an unheated wing of the building that they kept him for hour after hour through the cold night.

As 3 o'clock came and went he was shivering terribly and growing steadily more numb with cold. Even the guard, sitting beside the cot in his overcoat and with a shotgun across his knees, was shivering. In fact, the guard got so miserable after a while that he left his prisoner tied to the cot and went out, locking the door, to sit beside the stove in another part of the building.

This act was to cause the hijackers a lifetime of regret. No sooner was the shivering, tormented victim left alone than he began to work his hands loose. Aided by desperation, numbness in his twisted wrists, and the stretchiness of the rope, his hands were free in less than ten minutes. From here on it was only a matter of five minutes before his blindfold was

off, his legs free, and the rest of his things out of the way. Unable to open the door, the frantic man raised a window, leaped to the back yard, and dashed to the street.

About fifteen minutes later he was telling his story to two policemen in a squad car who had followed him when they spied him running down the



(Tribune Studio photo.)

JAMES B. KERR, now chief of the park district police.

street hatless and acting suspiciously. An hour later Kerr was on the case.

The gangsters, of course, fled as soon as they discovered their victim had escaped, and there was no one at the hideout when the police got there. Kerr assigned his men to keep watch at the place, however, "for several weeks if necessary"—and in that very simple way, as the hijackers came back one

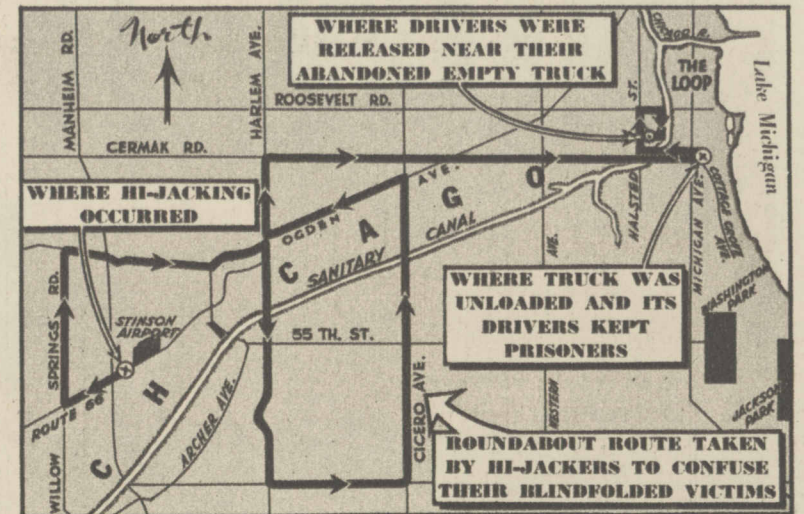


Diagram of hijacking described here.

At 6:30 in the evening a big truck with a mixed load and a crew of two was rolling along route 66 near La Grange, Ill. The driver suddenly became aware of a sedan driving beside him in an irritating sort of way. Then he noticed a nickel-plated revolver pointed at him out of the sedan's open side window. He obeyed the command to stop and parked the truck beside the road. Three men got out of the sedan and forced the two truck drivers into the sedan, making them curl up on the floor in the usual hijack manner. Then they drove, as the truckmen recalled it, for about two hours. The victims were kept from seeing anything, of course, but they knew they were in towns or a city much of the time, because the car had to stop for traffic lights and they could hear other traffic and feel car tracks.

Finally, just after leaving some car tracks, they drove into a building. Blindfolded, the captives were led over to some wooden steps and seated there.

were let out at 18th and Burlington streets, Chicago.

"You'll find your truck a couple of blocks away, down there," said one of the hijackers, driving off.

About an hour after the two truck drivers recovered their truck at Canalport avenue, finding part of the load still in it, Lieutenant Kerr was busy on the case with his men. First of all he questioned the drivers. They told the story as it has been presented here, but by persistent questioning as to just what the men heard while they were kept in the building during the unloading Kerr unearthed the additional information that the truck had had some difficulty getting into the building; that the drivers had heard the sound of breaking boards, as if the truck had fallen through some wooden platform, which had to be repaired by the gangsters before they could get the truck into the place.

With this to go on, Kerr took the two truck drivers and began a systematic search of the area within five minutes' drive of 18th and Burlington streets, looking especially along streets with car lines and keeping a sharp eye out for a garage or warehouse with a patched-up ramp or entrance.

After a few hours' hunt, while cruising slowly along Cottage Grove, they found a garage with some new planking in the roadway. They examined the place from the outside, and it seemed likely that it was what they were looking for, so they broke their way in through a window, and there they were glad to find the scratch marks on the stairs and the empty whisky bottle as described by the hijack victims. They also found the stolen load of goods.

An hour later, while two of Kerr's men were waiting in the place hidden behind piles of merchandise, the hijackers returned. The policemen waited until the criminals had unlocked the door and entered before stepping forth with the command, "Hold up your hands!" There were three hijackers. Two of them immediately submitted, but the one nearest the door tried to get away until Patrolman Oakley fired a blast from his shotgun past his ear. From then on the police had no difficulty in clearing up the case and in getting convictions.

As you have probably noticed, in all of these hijackings attention to small clues has been perhaps the largest factor in clearing up each mystery, and Lieutenant Kerr and the men of his cartage detail made themselves worthy rivals of Sherlock Holmes as masters of the art of discovering and interpreting clues. No detail of sound, sight, feel, taste, or smell could be too slight for them to consider.

(Concluded next Sunday.)



(Associated Press photo.)

A hijacker is "frisked" by police.

HIJACKERS' ARGOT

Bait can—a lunch box.
Balance—an automobile tire.
Bent one—a stolen car.
B. I.—a Buick.
Big guy—a gang leader.
Big Smoke—Pittsburgh.
Bit—a prison sentence.
Box—the trailer or freight compartment of a truck.
Box job—stealing from a truck.
Buggy bandit—an auto thief.
Bull—a cop.
Burning hot, loaded with stolen goods.
Cab-drivers' seat compartment of a truck.
Cab joint—a house of prostitution in league with cab drivers.
Caddy—a Cadillac.
Call—California.
Carry a flag—to use an alias.
Carry the mail—to travel fast.
Clean one—a stolen car with identification marks removed.
Clip a load—to cut into and pilfer a loaded truck.
Clipper—a truck pilferer.
Cold meat cart—a hearse.
Conchy—Connecticut.
Consent job—an insured car stolen with the owner's secret consent.
Crate—a truck.
Croak—to kill.
Daddy—a Cadillac.
Dauber—automobile painter who does rush jobs for thieves.
Dark horse—a night watchman.
Desk stiff—an auto worker.
Dig—a hiding place for stolen goods, a fence's joint.
Do a cross-country—to flee.
Dock monkey—a warehouse worker, dockman.
Dog wagon—a roadside eating place.
Donkey—a truck.
Down to the boards—with full throttle.
Ducker—a Dodge.
Duster—a truck thief.
Eight wheels—a freight car thief.
Empty can trick—stopping a motorist by pretending to be out of gas, then robbing him.
Fan—to frisk.
Finger man—a spy, informer.
Front or front man—a member of a gang who conducts an apparently innocent enterprise to fool the public.
Get the office—to get a signal that everything is o.k.
Gimp—courage, guts.
Girl scout—a female spy for thieves.
Golfer—a Cadillac.
Gondola—a stolen sedan.
Hacking—taxi driving.
Hairpin—a woman.
Hair pounder—a teamster.
Handy wagon—a police patrol car.
Hardware—tools, weapons.
Harness bull—a uniformed cop.
Hay bag—a female vagrant.
Heater—revolver.
Heist—to hold up.
Helper—an assistant truck driver.
Hijacking—highway robbery, especially holding up a loaded truck.
Hit the grit—to go on foot.

Hot one, hot boiler—a stolen car.
Hot shot—a fast train.
Hot car farm—a place where stolen cars are doctored up.
Hurry buggy—a patrol wagon.
In creper—in low gear.
In stir—in prison.
In the honny—having one's coat on.
In the lid—having one's hat on.
In the strides—having one's pants on.
Jacob's ladder—a dangerous zigzagging grade.
Jamoke—coffee.
Jolt—a prison sentence.
Kinky—a stolen car.
Lean on the button—to blow the horn.
Line haul—a regular truck route.
Lulu—something very desirable.
Nag—to kidnap.
On the skin—engaged in stealing furs.
On the worm—engaged in stealing silks.
Overnight job—a stolen car not yet reported to police.
Padded—carrying concealed loot.
Papa—a Lincoln.
Pedigree—a police record.
Pickup man—a truck thief's partner who follows in a car and collects loot thrown overboard.
Possum trick—feigned injury to lure a victim for robbery.
Powder wagon—a sawed-off shotgun.
Pull a pop—to fire a pistol.
Put the finger on—to point out some one to police.
Rattler—a freight train.
Red ball—a fast freight.
Red eye—a stop signal.
Road cowboy—a crude driver.
Run—a regular truck route.
Run the roads—to explore the country in order to plan a getaway.
Shake—to get rid of.
Shooting the breeze—talking.
Sidetrack—an alias.
Slap happy—punch drunk, dazed.
Sticker—a newly repainted stolen car.
Silt the tarp—to cut through a truck's tarpaulin.
Snacks—a full share of loot.
Spill—a railroad station.
Spring—to release from jail.
Stick-to hide loot.
Stick—a crowbar.
Stranger—a stolen car disposed of at a distance.
Swatch—a thief's sample shown to a buyer of stolen goods.
Ten-per—one who finds prospects for a gang and gets 10 per cent of the loot.
Toby—a highway.
Traveler—a hijacker.
Tumble—to get caught.
Turkey merchant—a buyer of stolen silks.
Turtle-back—a high-crown road.
Unmugged—not on the police records.
Whizzer—a motorcycle cop.
Whistler—a police car.
Yard dick—a railroad detective.

by one to see if the trouble had "blown over," all of them were nabbed.

Through their confessions fifteen other hijackings were cleared up and a prosperous Randolph street butter and egg merchant was revealed as the main "fence" who had been disposing of the large amounts of butter. By clever handling of the case Kerr got the fence to identify the hijackers as well as to confess his own crime—a highly important part of police work—and the whole bunch of them was sent to the federal penitentiary.

Another case, which occurred in March, 1935, illustrates further how attention to details and perseverance will solve the most baffling of crime, and will in addition build up a chain of clear evidence to win convictions in the courtroom.