

October 1933

CHIEFS CHAIR

Def Ex B

WAR to the death against the snatch gangs!

That's the federal "new deal" as it applies to this most sinister of all rackets. The Department of Justice is getting into the battle and already actual results can be seen.

In the case of August Luer, Illinois banker, federal agents stepped into the picture and assisted in arresting an ex- con known to the underworld as "The Dice Box Kid," together with a handful of assorted suspects.

Just the other day Joseph B. Keenan, Cleveland prosecutor, was made special assistant to Attorney General Cummings and has been assigned to anti-racket work. That means that the feds are going after the snatch mobs with both feet. And it isn't a minute too soon. They shouldn't stop until the kidnaping blot has been wiped off the proud record of the United States.

Down in Kansas City the other day the courts took a big step in the right direction by sentencing Walter McGee, kidnaper of Miss Mary McElroy, to death. It was the first death penalty handed out in the present war against the snatchers.

Acquit Defendants-

AT THE moment of going to press, word comes from a California correspondent that Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kintanilla, Mrs. Alberta Asis, Vincent Kang, Eustace Cadog, Ramon Costello and Mrs. Maria Galvez, all of whom were indicted for the murder of Mrs. Cecelia Novarro, have been acquitted by a jury following a trial which lasted three weeks.

Cashier Kills Terrorist—

TWO escaped convicts who figured in the Decoration Day reign of terror at Kansas penitentiary got theirs the other day when they tried to hold up a bank in Altamont, Kansas. When they cased the job they apparently didn't count on the fearlessness of Isaac McCarty, thirty-five-year-old cashier.

The bandits, afterward identified as Kenneth Conn and Alvie Peyton, hit into a hot spot when they tackled McCarty's bank. The cashier was above the vault, concealed by a curtain, when the escaped cons entered. There was a crashing thunder of sound and Peyton dropped, seriously wounded by shotgun slugs. Then, as Conn held the banker's wife as a shield, McCarty, realizing that the shotgun was useless because of the danger of injuring his wife, picked up a rifle, took deadly aim, and drilled Conn neatly through the head.

We wish to hand a large bouquet to Isaac McCarty, not only for his fearlessness but for his ability to shoot straight under desperate stress. And, certainly, Mrs. McCarty deserves just as big a floral decoration for the nerve it stood to stand unflinchingly in the grasp of the desperado while her husband calmly bumped him off.

Crime Doesn't Pay—

NO ONE knows better than we—who see evidences of it every day—that crime does not pay. Every issue of STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES is designed to carry that idea across to the reader for, after all, this crime problem is one of the biggest questions before the American public

today. Consequently, we are always happy to receive letters like the following from loyal readers:

Dear Sir:

I am a very ardent reader of *STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES* and wish to state that if all the people in the United States read it we would not need any police or any kind of law enforcement. I have just read the August issue and every story in it should be read by everyone; and from this issue, as well as any other, they will find that crime does not pay. The story I like best is "Cleveland's Deadly Love Doctor," and I sure would like to congratulate the officers who unearthed that baffling mystery.—Elmer Quigley, Philadelphia.

Madden Is Released—

OWNEY MADDEN, big shot New York racketeer, no longer is compelled to keep his finger on the numerous racket activities of his men from the confines of a cell in Sing Sing. Last month we gave you the lowdown on how Owney operated from his prison "office." Recently the doors of the big house were swung open for Madden and he was allowed to go back to a more active participation in the lucrative "business" which he had to turn over to his assistants when he went to Sing Sing to serve a year for parole violation.

Federals Aid In Search—

REMEMBER the sensational account of the Union Station massacre at Kansas City that we published in the September issue? That case certainly has started plenty of things in the last few weeks.

The country has been flooded with circulars calling for the arrest of Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, of Verne C. Miller and William Weissman, and of six members of the Bailey-Nash mob. Weissman and Miller have been spotted by federal agents as the actual choppers and their descriptions, printed elsewhere on this page, have been broadcast to the four winds.

The dope is that Miller who, according to authorities working on the case, is a former Chicago gunman, was living in a fashionable Kansas City suburb prior to the massacre and that, shortly before the six-way killing, played golf in a foursome with an official high in police circles, who, of course, was not aware of his identity.

With the federal men in on the hunt it seems certain that missing details of the case will be mopped up in due time and that those responsible for the frightful affair in which five officers and an outlaw lost their lives will be brought to justice.

The Chief

STARTLING DETECTIVE

WANTED

These men are wanted by authorities in connection with the Union Station massacre at Kansas City. Watch for them!

VERNE C. MILLER (left)—35 years old, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, about 160 pounds, blond hair, blue eyes, snappy dresser, expert machine gun operator. Learned to use machine gun in the army. WILLIAM WEISSMAN (right)—35 years old, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, about 200 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, swarthy complexion, dresses well.