

CHICAGO P.D., HOMICIDE

By Robert R. Railey

Copyright©2014 Robert R. Railey

ISBN: 978-1-62249-232-9

Library of Congress Control Number: 2014921913

Published by
The Educational Publisher
Biblio Publishing
BiblioPublishing.com

TABLE OF CONTENTS

A NEAR MISS

Chapter One: In the beginning	1
Chapter Two: Plans that go awry	5
Chapter Three: Missed opportunities	9
Chapter Four: To flee or not to flee	11
Chapter Five: The Carnage	13
Chapter Six: The escape	15
Chapter Seven: The paper trail	17
Chapter Eight: Safe and sound	21
Chapter Nine: Into the hunt	23
Chapter Ten: The quest	27
Chapter Eleven: The wars	29
Chapter Twelve: The clean up	31
Chapter Thirteen: The evidence	33
Chapter Fourteen: Words that should never be spoken aloud	35
Chapter Fifteen: A bitter pill to swallow	39

THE DUMPSTER

Chapter One: To Serve	41
Chapter Two: A body with no name	47
Chapter Three: The un-total picture	51
Chapter Four: A distorted image	55
Chapter Five: A journalistic view	57
Chapter Six: Dead ends and drugs	59
Chapter Seven: Routine detective work	67
Chapter Eight: The list narrows	75

Chapter Nine: Similar homicides	79
Chapter Ten: The stakeout	81

DEAD AND COVERED UP

Chapter One: Into the line of fire	89
Chapter Two: Concentrate on the woman	95
Chapter Three: The Rabbi	121
Chapter Four: The art of working cold cases	133
Chapter Five: The Mentor	137
Chapter Six: Homicide: unfortunate but routine	147
Chapter Seven: Silent witnesses	151
Chapter Eight: If you're not blue, you're through	161
Chapter Nine: Building an unnatural case	165

VICE AND VIRTUE

Chapter One: The Indoctrination	171
Chapter Two: Learning the ropes	177
Chapter Three: Devising a plan	181
Chapter Four: Part two of the plan	189

EPILOGUE	205
----------	-----

AUTHOR'S BIO	209
--------------	-----

A NEAR MISS

CHAPTER ONE

IN THE BEGINNING

Al Capone didn't necessarily believe that it was a disgrace to be poor; he did however, think that it was a great inconvenience. Capone had learned early on to appreciate the finer things in life and so when he began looking around for a way out of his poverty he found that crime does sometimes pay.

Capone began his life in crime as a bouncer in a New York City nightclub where one evening, while working a wedding party for a fellow mobster, his face was permanently scarred by a razor while he was attempting to break up a barroom brawl between a man and a woman; and then shortly thereafter, he was investigated by the police on a charge of homicide. From then on, Capone was constantly being hauled in by the New York City Police Department on numerous and nefarious charges which included racketeering, suspicion of murder, and carrying a concealed weapon; the latter being a charge for which he would ultimately spend some time in jail.

But when New York City got too hot for him Capone very wisely decided to move to Chicago, Illinois where he wasn't quite as well known by the police; and in due time, he went to work for a Chicago mobster by the name of

A NEAR MISS

Johnny Torrio who was a known associate of Capone's former Mafia boss back in New York City.

However, after having spent only a relatively short period of time in the city of Chicago, Capone killed Torrio; this then ultimately gave him complete control of all the criminal activities on the Southside of Chicago.

Therefore, the only other person still left standing in Capone's way of becoming the undisputed crime boss of the entire city of Chicago was a bootlegger on the North Side of town by the name of Bugs Moran. Eventually, however, future events would put Capone at odds with that notorious bootlegger.

Although just prior to the advent of prohibition, the various law enforcement agencies in the Chicago area had regarded the business of bootlegging as only a minor nuisance; but all that would change when in the year of nineteen hundred and nineteen the United States Congress passed into law a new bill known as the Volstead Act.

Accordingly then, and seemingly almost as if by overnight, it'd suddenly become a Federal crime to sell alcoholic beverages to the general public. Unbeknownst to the members of the United States Congress, however, they'd inadvertently left the door open for the bootlegging gangsters of America to manufacture and sell their illegal wares of liquor; and so from then on it would be up to a special group of Federal Agents such as Elliot Ness and others to put the bootleggers out of business.

Though at that point in time the Federal Agents weren't the only ones who were wreaking havoc upon the bootleggers of America since the mobsters were already doing a pretty job of destroying one another themselves. And so within only a few years following the inception of the new law over four hundred of the bootlegging mobsters had already been murdered in the city of

CHICAGO PD: HOMICIDE

Chicago alone; and also not so surprisingly, the Chicago land newspaper journalist were predicting that the total number of gangland slayings might even exceed the five hundred mark before the National Prohibition Act would eventually be repealed by the newly elected American President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his fellow Democrats who in the year of nineteen hundred and thirty-three had taken over control of the United States Congress.



CHAPTER TWO

PLANS THAT GO AWRY

During the early years of prohibition when Al Capone and all the rest of the Chicago land bootleggers were still trying to make their first millions, a lawyer and a former Chicagoan by the name of George Remus, had already made a small fortune in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio by representing bootleggers and murderers.

Eventually, however, Remus couldn't help but notice that many of his bootlegging clients had become very wealthy in a relatively short period of time. And therefore, Remus proceeded to buy up all of the legal distilleries in the state of Ohio where, at the time, a whopping eighty percent of all the liquor in America was being produced.

Then during those early years of prohibition Remus had managed to gain control of all the illegal liquor that was being sold in the Cincinnati area. And during that period of time he'd become successful beyond his wildest dreams. In fact, it's been estimated that George Remus had earned at least forty million dollars during a three year span.

It was also during those early days of prohibition when Remus, and his right-hand man George Conners, discussed the possibility of expanding their bootlegging empire beyond the Cincinnati area and very possibly even reaching out as far as Chicago, Illinois.

A NEAR MISS

“Since we already control around eighty percent of all the alcoholic spirits being produced in the United States, I don’t see why the bootleggers in the city of Chicago shouldn’t buy their liquor from us instead of those mobs up in Canada,” said George Remus.

“In some respects, I tend to agree with you; however, we must remember that the Italian gangs have a long and sordid history of either making a person sell their businesses to them at a much lower dollar value, or else they just simply kill off the owners and then take over the businesses for themselves,” said Conner.

“Perhaps you’re right, we might be better off just staying right where we are,” said Remus.

Nevertheless, back in the year of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine it was still business as usual for the bootlegging gangsters of Chicago, who by then, were producing as much of the illegal liquor as the local drinking public could ever possibly consume; and it was also during that same period of time that a notorious mobster by the name of Charles Vincente was gainfully employed as a Capo, or captain, in Al Capone’s mob.

But then on the eve of St. Valentine’s Day of that very same year, the rules of gang warfare were about to change when Al Capone ordered his Lieutenants and Captains to attend an early morning meeting which was scheduled to be held at Capone’s motel which was located in the Chicago suburb of Cicero, Illinois.

Accordingly then, it was at that early morning meeting that a gangster by the name of Charles Vincente was given orders to take care of some troublesome people for Capone; and it was also at that very same meeting when Capone told his fellow mobsters that it was imperative for him to be in his mansion in Florida on the

day that his North Side bootlegging competitors were to be eliminated.

Vincente had just received his third assignment of the month and the first two examples of his deadly work were already dead and buried in Park Lawn Cemetery. And as previously planned, Al Capone was indeed resting comfortably at his Southern estate on that fateful day in February; but, he wasn't there solely for the sunshine. Capone was in Florida on that particular day because the St. Valentine's Day Massacre was scheduled to take place on the North Side of Chicago and he needed desperately to have a solid alibi when the murders were being committed.



CHAPTER THREE

MISSED OPPORTUNITIES

As fate would have it, Charles Vincente didn't eventually stagger up the two flights of stairs to his small apartment in Cicero, Illinois until the wee early morning hours of St. Valentine's Day; it'd been a long hard day and night.

Vincente was in a foul mood that morning and he was still more than a little intoxicated from the night before which might have caused him to become a little too easily aggravated with his wife for taking so much time in the preparation of his breakfast.

Vincente was a brutish sort of a man with men and women alike: he'd once read an old English Proverb which stated, "A woman a dog a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be," and that suited him just fine. Vincente also fervently believed that women were good for just two things; one of those was cooking, and then of course, there was the other.

And just like any good practicing drunk might do, Vincente hurriedly finished drinking a cup of Prohibition Whiskey before once again reaching for the bottle; but then as he did so, his wife commented that by the looks of him that he didn't appear to need any more whiskey on that particular morning.

The whiskey, along with his own natural animalistic instincts must have compelled Charles to grab his wife by her nightgown and in a sudden violent rage he proceeded

A NEAR MISS

to slam her head into the plastered kitchen wall with such force as to render her unconscious. Then not so unexpectedly, it wasn't long before several representatives of the local village police department were banging loudly on the apartment door with their nightsticks.

Charles Vincente was then summarily hauled off to jail: and it wasn't until much later that same morning before he was allowed to appear in front of a bond magistrate; by then, however, he was already seriously late for a very important early morning meeting.

According to Vincente's boss, just the act of being tardy wasn't only a Cardinal Sin but it was an infraction that could prove to be fatal to a man; and Vincente's failure to show up for that early morning meeting was especially crucial to the prospects of his future health since it was St. Valentine's Day and there was work to be done.

CHAPTER FOUR

TO FLEE OR NOT TO FLEE

Eventually, though, Vincente was allowed to post bond for the assault and battery charge against his wife; and then once free from his jail cell he very quickly made his way out of the Cook County Courthouse where he proceeded to hurriedly walk the two blocks to a drugstore where he could make his rounds of telephone calls.

But then once in the drugstore he really began to sweat when no one answered the telephone at either his, or his underboss's apartment. Therefore, Charles had to only assume that his fellow mobsters had gone on ahead without him.

By then, however, Charles was so completely distraught and beside himself for having missed out on that very important early morning rendezvous with his underlings that he staggered over to the soda fountain where he ordered a Bromo-seltzer with water. But as he was drinking his hangover helper he just happened to overhear a news report on the radio which stated that an incident which included multiple homicides had just taken place over on the North Side of town.

"Son of a bitch," Vincente shouted, and the glass in his hand suddenly shattered when he slammed it down too forcefully onto the counter top. At that moment, Charles knew full well that he was in big trouble with the boss; and he also realized that he had but few choices to make. First, he could try to hide out in the city; but then of

A NEAR MISS

course he knew that a decision of that nature could end up being very dangerous. But after giving the situation a few moments of due consideration he then very wisely came to the proper conclusion that the smartest thing for him to do would be to leave town.

So immediately after exiting the drugstore Charles continued to walk due-south until he eventually arrived at a pawnshop where he knew that he would be able to purchase a handgun.

Vincente had assumed, and rightfully so, that the man he worked for would eventually find him if he decided to stay in the city of Chicago; and therefore, he knew there was only one logical decision left open for him to make so he hailed a taxicab. Then after first showing the cab driver the 45 caliber automatic pistol that he'd tucked away in his belt, Vincente placed up a hundred dollar bill in the cabby's hand with orders to drive him to Gary, Indiana.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE CARNAGE

Because of the dozens of haphazardly parked police cars and ambulances on the streets and sidewalks surrounding the site of the massacre, Detective Sergeant James Morris of the Chicago Police Department's Homicide Division was forced to park almost a block away from the scene of the crime. Though once on the scene, James very quickly then learned that the slaughter had actually taken place on the interior of a garage which had formerly been owned by a cartage company. In recent years, however, the building had been primarily used as a warehouse where the notorious bootlegger Bugs Moran kept much of his illegal liquor.

From past experiences with similar such situations, James knew that the fastest way to learn the facts about a new case was to first locate the uniformed police Sergeant in charge of the crime scene; and the Sergeant he found was standing guard at the front door of the old cartage company.

"What's you got Sarge?" James asked.

"Detective it's the worst massacre I've seen since World War One," the Sergeant said.

"Are there any witnesses?" James asked.

"The people in the upstairs apartment across the street were the first ones to call it in: but detective you ain't seen nothing yet, and you're sure as hell not going to believe what the witnesses told us. They said that when the gunfire ended they saw several uniformed Chicago Policemen exit the front of the warehouse and then drive

A NEAR MISS

away in a police car,” the Sergeant said.

All told, it would take three ambulances to haul away the mutilated bodies of the slaughtered bootleggers. Nonetheless, James was somewhat amazed that the body of Bugs Moran wasn't among the carnage: it looked like a near miss.

Then too, because of his past experiences with similar such circumstances, James was well aware of the importance of staying on good terms with the brass: and so he immediately then placed calls to his Lieutenant and Captain back at the stationhouse; but he also called a friend of his who worked in the Chief of Detectives office just to fill him in on the facts concerning Chicago's latest gangland slaughter.

And being that James was the highest ranking officer at the scene of the crime he knew that his primary job was to preserve the evidence; and so he immediately ordered that all of the uniformed police officers and the newspapermen should stay out of the garage until the coroner's office had completed their investigation. Then once that task had been completed, James and his partner, detective Donald Stevens, began canvassing the people who lived in the nearby surrounding neighborhood.

At such an early stage in their investigation, the two detectives knew that their main responsibility was to take statements from as many of the witnesses as possible in the hopes that someone had seen something other than those alleged police officers who'd purportedly been seen leaving the scene of the crime.

Then not so coincidentally, it was also around that same time of the morning when Al Capone received the phone call that he'd been waiting for; and then shortly thereafter he was aboard a private airplane headed for the city of Chicago.

CHAPTER SIX

THE ESCAPE

Also later on that same day, but many miles to the east of Chicago, Charles Vincente exited the taxicab near the front door of the Lowe's' Hotel in downtown Gary, Indiana. And after first tipping the cab driver an extra twenty dollars just to keep his mouth shut, he checked into the hotel. But instead of going directly to his room he walked out of the rear of the hotel and headed for the nearest department store where he planned on purchasing several changes of wardrobe, which among other items, would include a pair of work boots, a sailor's watch cap, and a pea coat.

Then once he'd completed his shopping, Vincente made his way back to the hotel room where he hurriedly changed his clothing before taking a taxicab to the train station in downtown Gary where he was planning on boarding a train that was headed for St. Louis, Missouri. Then once off the train in St. Louis he was planning on riding a city bus to the Greyhound Bus Station where he would once again change his clothes before boarding a bus headed for Kansas City, Missouri.

No one in Kansas City would recognize his face, Charles thought, and he hoped that by changing his name he might be able to find work in the coalmines like his ancestors had done when they'd first migrated to the state of Pennsylvania before then ultimately moving on to Chicago.



CHAPTER SEVEN

THE PAPER TRAIL

Janice (Tsjvold) Vincente was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed stunning beauty from a long line of Scandinavian descendants: and just four scant years prior to her latest and hopefully last visit to the hospital, she'd lived on a farm on the outskirts of a small river town in the Eastern part of the state of Iowa. But then after earning a two-year associate degree in the field of accounting from a community college in her hometown, Janice had made the momentous decision to move to Chicago, Illinois where she'd been offered a job in the main offices of the Sears & Roebuck Company.

Regrettably though, and as circumstances and events can sometimes portend, it'd just barely been a little over four years prior to that early morning altercation with Charles that Janice, and a few of the other girls in her office at Sears, had decided to visit one of the many speakeasies in the city of Chicago just so they could learn how to dance the Charleston which was a new craze that was rapidly sweeping across the nation.

Unfortunately for Janice, however, it was also at that very same speakeasy where she would meet her future husband, Charles Vincente.

Nevertheless, just a few short years following her unwise decision to marry the man she'd met in the speakeasy, Janice had once again been badly beaten and bruised. At least this time, however, she was thankful that