*THE ORAL HISTORY*

*of*

# *JUDGE ABRAHAM LINCOLN MAROVITZ*

As Told To

Collins T. Fitzpatrick, Circuit Executive, Seventh Judicial Circuit, and
Janet Miller, Secretary to Judge Abraham Lincoln Marovitz,
January 12, 1992 through January 31, 1997
(Updated February, 1998)

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ILLINOIS

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*This book is dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Janet Miller, longtime secretary and friend of Judge Abraham Lincoln Marovitz. Her contributions were invaluable in the preparation of this book and she will be missed greatly.*

Judge Marovitz with his parents and siblings

## FORWARD

The interviews for the oral history of District Judge Abraham Lincoln Marovitz were conducted between January 13, 1992 and January 31, 1997. The interviewers were Collins Fitzpatrick, Seventh Circuit Executive, and Janet F. Miller, secretary to the Judge.

Tapes were transcribed and edited to eliminate repetition and correct some errors: thus, this oral history is not a word-for-word transcription of the interviews. Janet Miller prepared the transcription. Final editing was done by Janet Wishinsky, Circuit Librarian, William J. Campbell Library of the United States Courts, Chicago, Illinois. Additional thanks go to Barry Herbert, Deputy Circuit Librarian, and John Klaus, Reference Librarian, both of the William J. Campbell Library, for research done during the editing process and for assistance in compiling the document for publication. Thanks also to Jonathan Levy, former law clerk to the Judge, who helped finish the oral history after Janet Miller's untimely death.

Janet Wishinsky

February, 1998

## *I. EARLY YEARS, THROUGH 1927*

CTF: Judge, maybe you could start by telling us a little bit about the family history as your parents related it to you. I know that they came from Lithuania.

ALM: Yes, but I could kick myself in the rump, Collins, for not knowing more. Unfortunately, I know very little about my mother and father's history.

CTF: When did they come to this country?

ALM: Well, they were married here in about 1896. I have my father's citizenship papers framed and here in the chambers. He was inducted a citizen in 1894. They still had the five year residency rule, so he had to have come here in 1889, when he was 19 years old.

CTF: So he met your mother here.

ALM: Yes, he met my mother here.

CTF: Did they know each other at all from Lithuania?

ALM: I don't think so. All I know is that they lived with an aunt of my mother's in Maxwell Street area.

CTF: Do you know what her name was?

ALM: I'd know it in Jewish (Yiddish). It was Aunt Fagy. In fact, just the other day, I

went to the home of my second cousin for dinner, Charlene Wexler's home in Olympia Fields. She had a picture of Aunt Fagy and her husband. Dad apparently had lived in that area. Now, as to Mother's family, I know this from her telling us:

Mother, whose name was Rachel, had three brothers and one younger sister, Lena, who was the grandmother of Charlene Wexler. The brothers all left Lithuania before the turn of the century. A younger brother of her father's, Abraham, went to Dublin, Ireland; one of mother's brothers, Jacob, went to Johannesburg, South Africa; one, Isaac, went to Melbourne, Australia; and her oldest brother, Abe, came to the United States. Shortly after the brothers left Lithuania, their mother died, their father having died previously. Her brother, Abe, sent for my mother, who was then 15, and her younger sister, Lena, who was 13. Her brother got my mother a job in the sweatshops in the garment industry in New York City. There was no age limit in those days and minors worked long hours for small pay.

I actually had three "Uncle Abe's," one was my mother's uncle in Ireland, one was her brother in New York and one was my father's half brother, here in Chicago.

What her U.S. brother, Abe, also did for my mother was to enroll her in a settlement house in New York, patterned after the Jane Adams Hull House here in Chicago. It was founded by two German Jewish bankers, the Strauss brothers. Now I don't want to offend anybody and especially not the fine German Jews that have done so much for the Jewish immigrants like my own beloved parents. They built old people's homes, orphanages and the beautiful

Chicago Hebrew Institute on the East Side of Chicago in the area referred to as the Maxwell Street area. They loaned money, I am told, without interest. They built a settlement house where people like my parents could attend classes to learn the language. But they looked down on other Jews, socially.

So Mother went to the Strauss Center in New York where she heard many lectures. Two were most impressive to her: one was on Samuel Gompers, who was an English Jew who came to the United States and founded the American Federation of Labor, the other was on Abraham Lincoln. When Mother came here, she found that the German Jews were calling their synagogues, temples. The Orthodox Jews would call them *shuls* in Yiddish, the Yiddish word for synagogues. Mother heard a lecture on Abraham Lincoln and the Strauss Center had pictures of Lincoln, like we do today, with his beard. His name was Abraham, the same as the father of Jewish people and the lecturer told how kind he was, that he freed the slaves and then the lecturer said that Lincoln was "shot in the temple." My mother was convinced that Lincoln was a German Jew who belonged to a temple and was shot while in his synagogue. She made up her mind that if she was lucky enough to marry and have children, she would name a son after the great Jewish martyr, Abraham Lincoln.

Well, after Mother got married my oldest sister, Jeanette, was born in 1900. They lived in the Maxwell Street area of Chicago. My second sister, Bess, was born in 1902 and then my older brother, Harold, who died in 1989, was born in 1903. At that time my mother wanted to name **him** Abraham Lincoln. My father, God bless his soul, said she shouldn't do that, that there was no one named after her father, whose Yiddish name was Hershel, which in English is Harry. So they named him Harold, another version of Hershel or Harry. Dad's

father was Barnett and he lived until 1911. I was born in 1905 and my younger brother, Sydney was born in 1910.

Now, shortly after Harold's birth, Dad wasn't doing well in Chicago as a tailor. From what I was told, he was an itinerant peddler tailor. He'd go door-to-door, picking up clothes . . . and he was a perfectionist. If you criticized how he pressed your clothes, he'd tell you, "Don't come back here anymore, I don't want your business." So when he wasn't doing well, he left Mother and the three children and went on the road. He didn't desert them, but he wound up in a small town called Red Granite, Wisconsin. It had a large pickle factory as well as a lot of granite used in constructing buildings. It was an important export for the town, as well as their dill pickles.

CTF: Why did he pick that town?

ALM: I don't know. He hired a horse and buggy and went around the farm houses, picking up clothes and taking them back to his room where he repaired and cleaned and pressed them. He did pretty good. Then he moved to a larger town called Oshkosh, Wisconsin and did well. He was able to bring my mother, my two sisters and my brother Harold there to join him. Of course, I wasn't on the scene yet, but shortly after Mother arrived, she became pregnant with me. Toward the end of her pregnancy, my grandmother, my father's mother, arrived in Oshkosh to help my mother. My grandmother lived in the heart of what was called "Jew Town" in those days, Canal and Maxwell Streets.

While my grandmother Esther was helping my mother, they had a conversation in which Grandma said to my mother in Yiddish, "I have no right to ask you,

because my own four daughters didn't do it, but there is nobody named after my father, and I wonder if you have a boy, if you'd do me the honor of naming him after my father?" My mother asked her what her father's name was and Grandma responded "Avrum," which is the Hebrew for Abraham. My mother said "no problem." So Mother named me Abraham Lincoln, as my birth certificate shows.

After a few years, financial circumstances were such that our family of six had to return to Chicago, settling into three tiny rooms behind a candy store where the youngest child, my brother Sydney, was born.

Many, many years later, as my mother lay dying, we were all around her bedside - my brothers, sisters, myself and Dr. Sam Hyman. Mother thought she'd had a stroke and I pinched her thigh gently to see if there was any feeling. I said "Mom, don't you feel that?" She said "Yes, who is it?" I said "Abe." Mom replied, "Oh, my Abraham Lincoln." And then she expired in 1957. Those were the last words she spoke.

CTF: Now, you also mentioned your Uncle Abe.

ALM: Yes, Uncle Abe was my father's half brother. It's interesting about Uncle Abe: he and my dad had the same father, different mothers. My dad's father, Barnett Lang, married a lady named Leha and they had one child, whom they named Abraham. Leha died and Barnett married Esther Etta, who bore him five more children, one of whom was my dad. After Barnett's death, Grandma Esther married a man named Kessel. My dad's half brother, Abraham, married and his wife, Ida Lavin had 14 children. He came to America first, then she

followed with four small children and gave birth to ten more after she settled here. I have a lot of half cousins from my Uncle Abe. In fact, my sister Bess married one of them, Jack Marovitz, when they were both about 38 years old.

CTF: But that's not the Abraham whom you're named after?

ALM: No, no, no. I'm named after my paternal grandmother's father, my great-grandfather. Esther Etta Marovitz Kessel's father, Abraham.

JFM: You mentioned that Barnett's name was Lang, not Marovitz. How could that be?

ALM: Many immigrants names were changed when they entered America, for assorted reasons, but the story I heard was that the name Marovitz belonged to a family who had one son and he was exempt from military service under the Czar: for Jews it was more like slavery than military service. Barnett's son, Abraham, took the name Marovitz when he left to come to America and all other family members, including my dad, followed suit.

CTF: What is your earliest recollection?

ALM: My earliest recollection is of having my picture taken when I was about three or four years old (showing his picture). It was taken in Oshkosh. My father had a tailor shop and he made a suit for me, which was a copy of a policeman's coat. I must have been three or four.

CTF: I was going to guess three years old. Your hair was a little longer and a and a

little darker then.

ALM: The curls are in an envelope and around here someplace.

CTF: In this picture of you, which we will have to include in this history, you have a teddy bear that has a sweater on. You're dressed up in your father's finest work and you've got two cute curls, which in our day and age make you look a little bit like a girl.

ALM: Yes. They are called *peyes* in Yiddish. It was and is customary for boys of the Orthodox Jewish faith to wear them.

CTF: A great picture.

ALM: That's the first I recall of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. We stayed there until 1910 and then moved to Chicago. Now my father's side . . .

CTF: Now, let me, before we leave your mother's side . . .

ALM: Yes . . .

CTF: Did your mother live on the Lower East Side?

ALM: In Chicago?

CTF: No, I mean in New York, when she worked in the garment district.

ALM: Oh, yes, sure.

CTF: How long was she there?

ALM: Well, she must have been there, let's see, she came to New York when she was 15. She got married here in 1896, but I don't know how old she was then.

CTF: What was her maiden name?

ALM: Glowitz, pronounced Glovitz.

CTF: Have you had any contact with any of her brothers who went throughout the world?

ALM: Yes, the oldest brother, Abe, who was in New York, eventually went to Pittsburgh because his daughter married a man named Lou Sedler. Mr. Sedler owned two theaters in Pittsburgh and a men's store, a nice men's store in East Pittsburgh as a matter of fact. My Uncle Abe had two daughters: one that married Mr. Sedler and another one who married a man named Jack Hirsch. The Sedlers were rather affluent. They came to visit Mother in Chicago several times. We were close at that time.

When I graduated from Kent Law School in 1925 we still lived in the Maxwell Street area and my cousin, Ann Sedler, wife of Lou Sedler, sent me a graduation present that was a round-trip coach train ticket to Atlantic City, where they had a home. I think I rode the train for two nights and three days. At that time, Mother was operating a penny candy store across from the Thomas

Jefferson Grammar School at Elburn - now Fillmore and Laflin Streets - and from which my two sisters, Jeanette and Bess, and my two brothers, Harold and Syd, and I, graduated. I especially remember my fifth grade teacher, Helen McGarr, a nice Irish gal whose picture I always have in my chambers.

CTF: Was she related to Judge McGarr (Frank J. McGarr, U.S. District Court, Northern District of Illinois)?

ALM: No, but Frank knew her. They may have been very distant relatives. In school, I was not too bright and I was a very busy kid, so to speak. I chased around, doing everything but studying. Miss McGarr went to Mother's store and told her that if I didn't do my homework, she wouldn't pass me. I remember my ma telling me how much Miss McGarr liked me, but if I didn't do my homework, I was going to fail. I said, "Ma, I'm doing the best I can." I will never forget her words. This is translated from the Yiddish. She said, "Fine, do the best you can, son, and then do just a little bit more, just a little bit more." And I did "just a little bit more" and Miss McGarr passed me.

Then on Lincoln's Birthday that year, because my name was Abraham Lincoln, this wonderful teacher, Helen McGarr, asked the principal, Miss Catherine Delanty, if I could recite the Gettysburg Address in front of the entire student body which would be assembled in the gymnasium. She gave her permission and for what Miss McGarr said was a good job, Miss McGarr gave me these two little Lincoln bookends I keep mounted on the wall here. That was in 1916. After that, on every special occasion, I would receive Lincoln things as gifts instead of the usual necktie or fountain pen.

CTF: Before we get to your father's side, what about the uncle who went to Melbourne and the uncle who went to Johannesburg?

ALM: That's interesting how I found them. My mother and the uncle in Pittsburgh had lost track of them. When I went into private practice, I represented show people and night club owners here. I got involved in many of the city's charitable fund-raisers and I was frequently asked to get the entertainment for the functions, from popular local entertainers. The entertainers were as a rule very accommodating. When local talent wasn't available, the out-of-town performers who were working in our local night clubs and hotels, especially those I knew personally, were generally very cooperative.

There was a very talented dance team then, Joe and Loretta Clymas. Joe was a Hungarian and Loretta, his wife, was beautiful. They also did a knife throwing act that was frightening. They were at my home for the Friday night dinner one evening prior to leaving on a trip around the world on what was called the Marcus Lowe Shows. They told my mother about it and she asked where they were going. They told her London, Africa and Australia.

So my good mother said, "I wonder, when you go to London, you could maybe find my two brothers? I have one brother that went to South Africa and if you go to the synagogues there and maybe ask if there's an Isaac Glovitz . . ." I told her, "Ma, it'll be like looking for a Cohen or a Goldstein in New York!" She told them she had a large picture of her father, which she showed them. They promised to look around in their travels and I gave them a small copy of her father's picture.

Joe wrote me from England. He had gone to the large synagogues in London and had had no luck. When they went to Johannesburg, South Africa, he went to a leading synagogue there and someone remembered that there had been a family named Glover or Goldberg who had moved to Australia.

When Joe went to Sydney, Australia, he met two brothers named Mendel and Sam Snider, who owned a chain of theaters in Australia, like our Balaban and Katz theaters of yesteryear here. They were the largest theater owners in Australia. Joe went to one of the brothers, Mendel, who was a member of the Australian parliament and happened to be Jewish. Joe told him the story about his friend in Chicago - I was then a state senator - and the desire to know about any family named Goldberg or Glovitz. Mendel said he didn't know much about the Jewish community, but that his brother Sam was very active in it. He told him that Sam was in Melbourne and Joe should ask him when he arrived there.

When Joe got to Melbourne he met Sam Snider, who told him that he went to *cheder* (Hebrew school), with a lad named Glovitz, who later changed his name to Glover. His father was a shoemaker. He told Joe he had called the Glovers, who said that yes, they had relatives in the United States, they thought in Chicago. Mr. Snider told Joe that he'd made a date to meet them after the show that night. Later that night, they all went to the Glover home and there on the wall, as big as life, was a large picture of my mother's father identical to the small one we had made for Joe before he left Chicago! They phoned me from there. This was in 1947 and Mother was 75 years old. It was a great reunion. My mother got to talk to her brother after all those years apart.

CTF: Now both of your uncles were there by then?

ALM: Yes, but one of them had died a couple of years before. The one who was still living was Isaac.

CTF: Was he the one who went to South Africa first?

ALM: No, the other uncle went to South Africa before going to Australia and was the first to die. Well, I invited Uncle Isaac and his wife to come to America for a visit. It was difficult to get transportation by ship. I had a friend named Louie Lurie, a really self-made man, originally from Chicago, who, with his brother, owned the American National Bank building and the one across the street from there. Louie moved to San Francisco and became a multi-multi millionaire, where he was popularly known as "Uncle Louie." I called Uncle Louie and said, "You have a piece of everything in San Francisco, have you got a piece of a steamship line?" He said that he did and he then arranged to bring my aunt and uncle to the United States. Uncle Louie and his son, Ben, then owned the San Francisco Giants and I think his son still does.

My aunt and uncle were Orthodox, as my ma and pa were, and Mr. Lurie arranged to have kosher meals prepared for them on board the ship. After they arrived he had them put on a train for Chicago and sent kosher meals with them for the long trip. I have pictures, which I'll show you, of my mother meeting them at the station in Chicago, in 1947. My mother and her brother looked like twins, Mother was 75 and he was 70. His wife was about 10 years older than he was. We lived on the seventh floor on the West Side on Independence Blvd. in a 10 room apartment. They stayed with us. My uncle enjoyed boxing

matches and baseball, but his poor wife could hardly walk up the steps to the apartment. They stayed with us for three months. It was a wonderful treat for my mother and the whole family. I eventually went to Australia to meet my cousins and the rest of the family there. The second time I went there, I took my brother Sydney with me. All of them - all of the cousins - have died. I do have contact with some of their children and grandchildren, especially the Castan family.

And I have remained friendly with Mrs. Snider, who's husband died, too. She comes to Chicago almost every year. She's up there in years, not as old as I am, and still goes to concerts in Europe almost every year, stopping in Chicago in her travels.

So it was a miracle my mother found her family. It was a great thrill for her. I have pictures of their arrival in Chicago. It was a wonderful, wonderful memory and experience for my mother and the whole family.

CTF: Did any of them talk about why they left Lithuania?

ALM: Oh, sure. There was a lot of persecution there. Persecution against the Jews was brutal. The Cossacks would come down and just slaughter them in the villages. Just like you see in *Fiddler on the Roof* when the Cossacks destroyed the small villages.

I recently received a book about Lithuania and after receiving permission to do so, copied the section relevant to when my parents and their parents lived there. I'd like to insert it at this point, mostly for the information and education of

family members who may read this in the future:

### *ALEXANDER III (1881-1894) - The Reactionary Czar*

"Alexander III, who succeeded his father in 1881, continued to steer the Russian Empire back toward feudalism but with greater efficiency. His reign was characterized by the use of violence as a political instrument. His attitude towards all Russian Religious minorities, including Jews, was strongly influenced by the Holy Synod and especially by its Procurator- his former tutor, mentor and trusted advisor, Konstantin Petrowitz Pobiedonovstzev, whom historian Theodor Mommsen compared to the infamous Torquemada of the Spanish Inquisition.

It was Pobiedonovstzev who cynically prophesied the disposition of Russian Jewry: one-third forced to emigrate, one-third baptized, and the remainder starved to death. The fulfillment of the first part of his prophecy had already begun, for the terrible pogroms of 1881 precipitated a mass emigration of Jews from Russia. The rest of his prediction seemed farther away, but the continuing pogroms suggested that it, too, might be imminent.

Alexander III conceived of himself as divinely chosen to defend the absolute power of the monarchy. However, he promised to adhere to his father's early reforms and was opposed to pogroms. He chose as his Minister of the Interior, Count N. Pavlovitz Ignatiev (1832-1908), a determined, ambitious politician and a strong supporter of the Slavophiles. Ignatiev promised not to tamper with existing municipal policy and pledged to alleviate the peasants' lot. He reduced land prices, abolished the poll tax, and regulated land rents. These minor reforms did little for the peasants and nothing at all for the lower classes, to which most Jews belonged.

Ignatiev used every means to distract the public mind from the general situation. Although the Slavophile government treated all their minorities as second-class citizens, the Jews remained the most convenient scapegoats for the general misery. After all, they had no mother country that could act on their behalf or field their complaints. When some censorship restrictions were waived in 1882, the press lost all inhibitions in vocalizing its attitude toward the Jews, attacking them venomously for their "enslavement of the Russian masses." (Coverage of government brutality and the terrible conditions of the masses remained strictly censored.) In addition to copious local antisemitic writings, similar works and pamphlets were imported from other countries, mainly Germany, then translated and distributed throughout the Empire. Newspaper articles and pamphlets on this theme were often recited aloud by agitators to inflame the illiterate masses. Sometimes the agitators, as if not trusting their props, gave the throngs their own written or oral instructions, citing, for example, alleged Imperial ukases that gave the local population only three days in which to savage the Jews.

The many pogroms were a turning point in Russian Jewish history. They brought

death, maiming, and suffering on a very large scale and uprooted masses of Jews who suddenly found themselves homeless and with no country of their own to which to turn. After the first spate, the communities proclaimed a fast and special prayer gatherings. For years thereafter, Russian Jews observed the fast on its anniversary in commemoration of the victim and martyrs. Powerful new national and political ideologies were beginning to develop among Russian Jews. Many young, well educated members of the community, notably those from affluent families, joined radical revolutionary movements. Others prepared to flee the country. Interestingly, Spain extended an open invitation to the new Russian Jewish exiles, an offer that few emigrants utilized.

World opinion was disgusted by Russia's behavior. Impressive crowds - comprised mostly of Jews and augmented by non-Jewish liberal elements - turned out in London, Paris, New York, and Washington to protest against the pogroms and persecutions. Reports on the pogroms, smuggled out of Russia, appeared in leading newspapers throughout the world. Diplomats forwarded eyewitness accounts to their governments. The Russian authorities were bombarded with protests against the atrocities. An American immigration commission toured several of the pogrom sites and reported home from Moscow.

The Pale began to disgorge its desperate Jewish inhabitants. Two of the favored destinations were the United States and South Africa, but many settled in England, Germany, the Netherlands, and other European centers. Hundreds of Lithuanian, Polish and Russian *landsmanshaften*, emigres' societies, sprang up all over the world to help refugees from their former cities or *shtetlakh.*

Interior Minister Ignatiev, speaking for the government, claimed that the pogroms were manifestations of popular indignation against the Jews for their exploitation of the peasants and their financial manipulations. Ignatiev even set up "Committees for Review of the Jewish Question' and commissioned reports and recommendations. To create a facade of evenhandedness, two Jewish members were co-opted onto each committee of this kind, but their oral statements were ignored and their written memoranda neither presented nor discussed. After investigating the Jews' economic activities and discussing the findings at length, the committees advocated even more repressive measures than had been enacted thus far. These, they said, would teach Jews the virtues and values of "loyalty, civility, and citizenship." The Russian press, led by *Novoya Vremya* (New Times), editorially supported these recommendations, reasoning that it was preferable and effective for the government itself to put the Jews in their proper place that to leave this task to the rabble and the pogromists.

For the record, several cabinet ministers expressed their horror that such acts of violence were taking place in Holy Russia. This may be written off to embarrassment; after all, word of the pogroms was circulating abroad and Russia's image in world opinion was plummeting. Ignatiev gave the matter more thorough treatment. Although responsible for internal security, he had turned a blind eye to what was going on during the pogroms. Now he brought criminal charges against more than 5,000 ruffians who had participated in the

pogroms. Fewer than 200 were found guilty, and the penalties they received were too mild to serve as a deterrent. Then Ignatiev argued that the true culprits were the terrorist revolutionaries and the Jews themselves: the former for struggling against the government; the latter for their own behavior. When Jewish delegations entreated to Alexander III in St. Petersburg to intervene in view of the rampant pogroms, blood libels and other accusations spreading throughout the Empire, the Czar simply repeated this formulation.

The Jews, Ignatiev elaborated, were at fault because they were the greedy innkeepers and merciless moneylenders. However, a joint investigating committee composed of Russians, some of them clergy, and Jews had established that most of the early pogroms had occurred in villages and townlets where there were neither Jewish innkeepers nor moneylenders - only poor, hardworking Jewish families. The committee also proffered conclusive evidence that both the pogrom instigators and the arms they had used had been brought in from outside the affected areas. In the face of all this evidence, Ignatiev maintained that if the Jews were unhappy with their lot, they should leave Russia. The western borders were always open for them, he noted, and many of their coreligionists had chosen this option in the past.

In May 1882, after coordinating the reports of his various committees for revision of the Jewish questions, Ignatiev introduced a package of orders that became known as the May Laws, briefly referred to previously. By terming them "provisional," Ignatiev was able to circumvent the State Council, where opposition might arise. To present his legislation to the cabinet, Ignatiev needed only the signature of the Czar, which he obtained without any difficulty. The provisional May Laws remained on the books until the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

The May Laws have been described as a perpetual administrative pogrom. First, Jews were no longer allowed to do business on Sundays and Christian holidays, traditionally their most profitable times for trade with the peasants. This restriction had the further benefit of penalizing Orthodox Jews, who closed their businesses on their own Sabbath and religious festivals. To appreciate the impact of this blow, one must bear in mind the extent of poverty in the Pale. Gentiles were hardly better off than Jews in this respect. The burghers had lost their protective Magdeburg Laws in 1878. Life was a struggle for mere existence; semistarvation had become a norm for the majority, both Jew and Gentile. An absurd tithing system was in effect: a reserve of meager resources for bribery of government officials.

Second, Jews were no longer allowed to purchase property, obtain mortgages for farmland, make leasing arrangements on landed estates, or obtain power of attorney to manage or sell such properties or even to extend existing leases. The intent of this provision was to forbid Jewish ownership of land and residence in or dealings with agricultural areas. This and other provisions of the May Laws boosted the incomes of government officials, who, for a fee, would interpret or apply them more leniently than otherwise. One official simply disregarded the new legislation altogether: Ignatiev himself. This Slavophile count, who seemed to have every reason to prefer the services of Russian Orthodox Slavs over those of Jews, always used

Jews to arrange the extension of leases on his own family estates -before the enactment of the May Laws and long afterward.

Third, the May Laws limited the Jews' right of domicile within the Pale itself, establishing a veritable Pale within the Pale. Without warning, entire regions, towns, and townlets were renamed and borders redrawn. Marketplaces and hamlets were marked as villages. In all these Jews were now forbidden to reside, although their families had lived there for generations. Thus, unless they were willing and able to tender huge bribes, as very few were, they were evicted from their homes.

In 1882, in response to bitter infighting among his ministers and the continuing protests from abroad against government policies, the Czar replaced Ignatiev with Count Dimitry Tolstoy, another reactionary who retained the May Laws and introduced additional anti-Jewish legislation. Despite official censorship, isolated reports made their way into the foreign press, leading to further outcries against the Czar and his government.

In 1883, a new Commission on the Jewish Question was established. Chaired by Count Phalen, a former minister of justice, it invested five years in its deliberations, meaning that no liberalization could be forthcoming for that time. As for further strictures, an old law passed in 1858 but never implemented, prohibiting residence of Jews within 35 miles of the German and Austrian borders, was suddenly enforced in 1884. The purpose was to stanch the spread of German Jewish influence in Russian-controlled territories. Accordingly, several Lithuanian Jewish communities within that radius were evicted. From this time on, permits allowing Jews to reside or work outside the Pale were very difficult to obtain. The residence privileges previously given to Jewish ex-soldiers (apart from "cantonists"), professionals, and trained artisans were wiped out overnight. Some 220,000 individuals were affected.

The policy of encouraging Jews to acquire an education and enter the liberal professions was reversed that year. The famous Rabbiner Seminar in Zhitomir was closed on the pretext that it was training its students in trades or professions with which they would exploit the Russian population. Jewish enrollment elsewhere, as previously noted, was subjected to quotas. Relatively wealthy Jews sent their offspring to Germany, Switzerland, France or Italy for their higher education. In 1887, Russia withdrew its recognition of diplomas earned abroad.

When the Phalen Commission concluded its deliberations in 1888, it found that there were some 650 laws specifically affecting the rights and restricting the freedom of Russian Jews. A majority of Commission members considered these laws unjust and recommended a new policy that would gradually grant Jews economic freedom. The government favored the views of the reactionary minority. Briefly stated, the Phalen Commission did nothing to alleviate the plight of the Jews in the Empire. Expulsions continued and were brutally enforced, at short notice and without compassion. By 1891, when another two-year spate of serious pogroms erupted, approximately one million Russian and vassal Jews had emigrated.

A missing element in the turmoil came into play at this time: the hitherto apathetic masses in the Empire were aroused by the great famine of 1891. The new Marxist movement turned to the masses of industrial workers and the peasants for support. The farm crisis worsened in view of heavy taxation, falling grain prices, and a decline in the value of the ruble. When the treasury came under pressure, the new Minister of Finance, Count Sergey Yulyevich Witte increased customs and excise duties and awarded the government a monopoly on the sale of liquor, a popular commodity in Russia then as now. This automatically excluded Jews from a trade in which they had traditionally been prominent.

Although this new measure deprived many Jews of their livelihood, the community leadership was quietly pleased: the reform deprived the anti-Semite of one of their favorite pretexts for agitation and, in due course showed it to be a blatant falsehood. Antisemitic propaganda in Russia had long portrayed the Jew as a greedy innkeeper, constantly encouraging impoverished peasants to drink and, in this fashion, exacerbating the general social malaise. Russians drank as heavily under the new, Jew-free government monopoly as they had before.

Still, Alexander III and his ministers continued to blame "the Jews" and "the revolutionaries" for peasant laziness and middle-class greed. They were blind to their own responsibility for the general corruption and mismanagement of the Empire's affairs; nor could they appreciate the aroused feelings of the people.

The 1890's marked a general renascence of assertive nationalism in Europe. Minorities everywhere were caught up in the fever; none more so than the Lithuanian minority in Russia. All elements of Lithuanian society were involved, including the peasantry. In the Lithuanian case, unlike that of Russia and Poland, there was no temptation to exploit traditional antisemitism for political advantage. On the contrary, the Lithuanian leadership invited the Jewish population of the country to participate in the struggle for an independent Lithuania, with the promise of full citizenship once freedom was achieved.

Alexander III died in 1894 in Livadia at the age of 50, a frightened man who saw revolutionaries under every bed and enveloped himself in police protection. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Nicholas II, a reprobate under whom the Romanoff dynasty would come to a bloody end."

Copied, with permission, from Masha Greenbaum, *The Jews of Lithuania: A History of a Remarkable Community - 1316-1946* (Hewlett, NY: Gefen Books, and Jerusalem, Israel: Gefen Publishing House Ltd., 1995).

CTF: What about the uncle who went to Ireland, what was his name?

ALM: His name was Avraham ben Yehuda Lev, known as Abraham Goldberg. He died August 7, 1944. I went to Dublin in 1935 to meet my Irish uncle and his wife and family. They had seven children. He was over six feet tall and of very striking appearance. He was an agent for Wallace & Co., who were coal merchants. He was also very fond of horses and eventually he had a large barn in Cork Street, which he converted into a livery stable where he kept a number of horses. He was also very religious and lived next door to a small synagogue. There were four boys and three girls. Three of the boys looked like me and were about my size. The youngest and tallest boy was a lawyer, or studying to be a lawyer at that time. I went back there every year.

I know Mother's brother in New York, later of Philadelphia, was named Abe Glovitz. He was a tailor "to the stars." The brothers in South Africa/Australia used the name Glover, Isaac and Jacob.

My Irish uncle in Dublin, Ireland had a very good friend named Robert Briscoe, who was the councilman of the largest Jewish district there, Teranure Park, which was like our Douglas Park on the West Side here in Chicago, which area I served as a state senator. Bob Briscoe was the first Jewish councilman there and twenty years later became the first Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin. I went there for his induction.

Bob Briscoe, the Lord Mayor, became my very good friend and I brought him here to Chicago when Richard J. Daley was mayor and the Briscoes just captivated the town. "Sis" and Mayor Daley treated the Briscoes very cordially on each of their three visits here. Twenty years later, Ben Briscoe, one of Bob's sons also became Lord Mayor, the second Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin.

The city council selects the Lord Mayor in Dublin, not the population at large. Bob Briscoe lost by one vote the first time he ran. He wrote me and said, "Abe, I lost by one vote, but I'll run again and I want you to come here for that election." The election is held in the council in the afternoon and the induction takes place that same evening. So, the next year I went there the day before the election and he was elected Lord Mayor. He served two terms. I returned to Dublin every year until the war...every year. On Mother's seventy-fifth birthday I took her to Ireland to meet her family.

Twenty years later his son Ben wrote me and said, "Abe, you brought Dad luck. Maybe you'll bring me some." I went there, stayed at his brother Joe's home, who is a dentist, and Ben was elected. I later brought him to Chicago. Like his father before him, he charmed his audiences here in Chicago.
When I took Mother to Ireland, it was one of the great thrills of her life and mine, too. But in 1936, the year following my first visit to Ireland, the family was sitting around the Passover table and my father concluded the Passover prayers, like he did every year, by saying in Hebrew, "Next year, hopefully, we can celebrate in Jerusalem." I said, "Not next year, we're going this year." But let me backtrack, because I'm skipping too much of what happened in the early days . . .

CTF: Well, let's get more of a picture of your dad's family if we can.

ALM: Yes, well, Dad's father, Barnett, married twice. The first wife, Leah, died young in 1860 at about 23, and left him with an infant son, Abraham Benjamin, born November 1, 1859 in Norgolrod, Russia. He later remarried, to Esther Etta (last name unknown). He and his second wife had one son, my dad,

Joseph, and four daughters. There were about 11 years difference in age between my dad and his half brother, Abe.

Uncle Abe married Ida Sarah Lavin in 1881. He came to America first and she followed in 1890, bringing 4 little children with her. She later had 10 more children, born in Chicago. We were half cousins, because their father was a half brother to my dad. As a matter of fact, my sister Bess married one of my half cousins, Jack. Bess and Jack had no children. But most of the others did, so there are a lot of second and third half cousins out there!

My dad had four sisters, Anna, born 1873, Bessie, Dora and Mollye. My grandmother, Esther, was born in 1850 and died in 1922. My uncle Abe died July 26, 1938 in Chicago. Dad was born in 1870 and died in 1941.

When I was much younger we had some great family parties, at least twice a year, with all the cousins from my dad's side. Except for her sister, Lena, my mother didn't have anyone from her side in Chicago.

My two sisters, Jeanette and Bess, graduated from grammar school and Jeanette went on to business school. My sister Bess went to Medill High School, the same school from which Harold, Sydney and I graduated.

CTF: Where was that?

ALM: Around the Maxwell Street area, at 14th Place and Throop Street. At that time we had a boys club called the Boys Brotherhood Republic (BBR), founded by a man whose picture I have on my credenza here. His name was Jack Robbins.

He was orphaned at a young age and raised in a boys home on the Southeast Side, the Glenwood Training School for Boys. He left there and went to New York to make some money and when he came back, he organized the BBR. It's slogan was "Where Boys Rule." It was patterned after a city government. It had its own mayor, its own city council, chief of police, judge and prosecutor. It had a bank. Robbins would invite speakers from almost every walk of life to speak to us... many from Bughouse Square in the Lincoln Park area. The BBR first met in a storefront at Taylor and Ashland and then moved into a nice building at Ashland, between Taylor and Polk Streets.

CTF: Bughouse Square was opposite the Newberry Library.

ALM: Yes, that's right. So Jack Robbins would have all these lecturers at the clubhouse. A bunch of us kids from Maxwell Street wanted to join the BBR, but the minimum age was fourteen, the maximum was 21. They wouldn't let us join the senior group, but they let us organize a BBR Juniors, for youths from 12 to 14 years old.

Now I was a pretty good boxer. I lived next door to a man named John "King" Rollo. In his youth, Rollo was a sparring partner of the late John L. Sullivan, heavyweight champion of the world in the early 1900's. He had a grandson about nine months or a year older than I. Rollo was teaching him how to box and at the same time, he taught me. For a young kid, I became a very good boxer. I had no punch, no strength, but I was a pretty good boxer.

CTF: Now, did your friend, Rollo . . . what was his first name?

ALM: He became King Rollo. He boxed professionally under the name of King Rollo.

There were two fine young lawyers, Ely and Charles Aaron of the law firm of Aaron, Aaron, Schimberg and Hess. They were very active in the Young Men's Jewish Council. They gave six of us from the Maxwell Street area each a $3.00 a year athletic scholarship to the Chicago Hebrew Institute, commonly known as the CHI, which was built by the wealthy German Jews in Chicago: the Loebs, the Leopolds, and the Rosenwalds. They had great boxers, wrestlers, basketball teams, indoor softball teams, girls basketball teams and a large swimming pool. They also had a settlement house where our parents could go and learn something of the customs and the language. Incidentally, a great amateur wrestler who won many medals, named Ben Reuben, was a product of the CHI. Ben was killed in a plane accident while he was flying to entertain our troops overseas in WWII. He was a very fine athlete, very popular and highly regarded. His son became one of Chicago's outstanding trial lawyers, Don Reuben.

The CHI was headed by a man named Dr. Philip Seaman, who held a degree in sociology. He would lecture us every couple of weeks and tell us about the importance of having a social conscience so we would help people, especially other youngsters. He gave as examples, the names of those wealthy Jews in Chicago who were very generous to many of us whose parents were struggling to make a living, how they built orphan homes and old people's home and settlement houses, with gymnasiums and pools, making it possible for some of us to have the things we normally could not, because we couldn't afford it, including summer camps.

CTF: Judge, you mentioned the names Leopold and Loeb...are those the same people

whose sons committed an infamous crime in the 20's?

ALM: Yes, in 1924 two brilliant University of Chicago students, Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, murdered a 14 year old named Bobby Franks. They wanted to commit the perfect murder for the intellectual thrill. An eloquent appeal by their attorney, Clarence Darrow, saved them from being executed.

Now, there was a family named Golan - a father, mother, five boys and a girl. The father and oldest son were lawyers. One became the head of a big national liquor company and the second youngest, Abe, was a contemporary of mine. They lived on Ashland Boulevard in a better neighborhood. My friend, Abe Golan, was also a very good wrestler. The Boys Brotherhood Republic was run by Mr. Jack Robbins. I have his picture, which I'll show you after while. He was the one who founded this BBR club.

CTF: Was the club - I mean - that was a pretty mixed neighborhood . . .

ALM: Yes, but the club was principally Jewish. The Boys Brotherhood Republic.

CTF: But Rollo wasn't Jewish.

ALM: No, no. Rollo didn't belong to the club. But the Glenwood Training School was mixed. That's were Jack Robbins, who happened to have been a young orphan Jewish kid, grew up. So, Dr. Seaman would lecture to us twice a month on the importance of having a social conscience and making something of ourselves and helping others, too. What you good Christians, and particularly Catholics, call "good works", we Jews call "*mitzvahs*" (good deeds).

My mother would say to us when we were going to grammar school, "You have to do a little *mitzvah* for someone every day, for someone not as lucky as you." We saw her do it in the candy store. The candies were all marked in those days, 4 for a penny, 3 for a penny, 5 for a penny. A family of five kids would come in and want something marked 3 or 4 for a penny. They'd say, "Mother Marovitz, how much are these?" She would count noses and say, "Today we have a sale, they're 5 for a penny today" - so every one of the children would get one. She sold bread, milk and some canned goods. She used to offer stale bread for 2 cents cheaper. But if someone asked for stale bread, she would sell them the fresh for the sale price and use the stale bread for us: she never sold the stale bread.

Mother was the first person that I knew of who would cut a pickle in half and stick a lemon or peppermint stick in it. The pickles were in a barrel and there was a cigar box where you'd drop a penny when you'd buy one. Kids would come in after school or during lunch or recess and buy them. Once in a while some kid wouldn't pay, but Mother didn't make a federal case out of it. I have a good friend from the old neighborhood, Mike Notaro, who became a millionaire. Some years ago he wrote me a check for a lot of money in payment of all the pickles he never paid for as a kid. I had my brother, Harold, my law partner, write a letter to him, asking for the interest owed! We had dinner recently, with Dr. Jim Callahan, and we were reminiscing about the old days, how wonderful they seem now. We saw so many acts of kindness: the credit extended to poor folks in order to buy food to feed their families. People knew their neighbors and cared about them more than now.

We saw Mother do all of these little things. We had what the Jews called a

*pushke*. It's a little poor-box, where we put pennies to collect for the poor people.

CTF: What is your earliest recollection of doing a *mitzvah*, of helping someone?

ALM: We had a neighbor who was an old German carpenter and was an alcoholic. He was a nice man when he was sober, which wasn't often. He had a little basement apartment and I'd help him home some nights when he was in bad shape. I was about 11 or 12 years old then. Sometimes he'd give me a nickel or dime and I'd put it in the family *pushke*.

Another memory I have from when I was a kid is that Mother used to send me to a grocery store a couple of doors away to get some soup greens. For two cents the grocer would fill up a bag about a foot high. Today, the customer pays two, three or four bucks for the same thing. Mother would throw a few beans in the soup pot and if we were really lucky, there might be a little meat: we were a family of seven and that was often our meal. Everybody lived like that in my neighborhood. We didn't think we were poor.

CTF: Was that an Italian neighborhood?

ALM: Italians, Irish and Jews. The Czechs were there first, then the Irish, then the Italians started pushing them out and the Jews came from the Maxwell Street area. Near where our candy store was, there's now an Italian restaurant, "The Rosebud," at Taylor and Laflin Streets. It's a very popular restaurant.

CTF: Rosebud?

ALM: Rosebud. My mother's candy store was just a short half block away.

CTF: Half a block east?

ALM: A half block south and right on the same street . . .

CTF: It was on Laflin.

ALM: It was on a corner of Laflin and Elburn, now Fillmore. The school was on Elburn Avenue, now Fillmore, I think on the east side of the school. There was a saloon first on the right, across the street from where the Rosebud is now. It was owned by a nice Jewish man named Jake Falk, and then the school, Jefferson School, and the school yard was right in front of my mother's candy store. The land my mother's store was on is part of a housing project now, but the school is still there and functioning.

Also across from where the Rosebud now stands was Rosenson's Dry Goods Store. A daughter of the owners, Lillian Rosenson, married Rube Dannen, the son of the owners of Dannen's Shoe Store at 7 S. Halsted. Lillian and Rube had a son, Avrum, who today is a prominent bankruptcy lawyer in Chicago.

When I was on the Superior Court in the Chancery division, there was a receiver who "wanted to make me a rich man," as he had a previous judge. I told him I already was a "rich" man and never used him. I appointed John Curtin - who was the brother of my secretary at the time - who had Avrum Dannen as his attorney. Neither of whom charged large fees and both of whom enjoy fine reputations for their integrity.

CTF: Did your mother run the family? I mean, in a sense . . .

ALM: Well, as far as we were concerned. Dad, unfortunately, had a bit of a temper. He was a frustrated man because he was having trouble making a living and I'll cover that later.

My father was the most honest man I knew. He'd be pressing a guy's pair of pants and find a dime, nickel, quarter or dollar bill and he'd say to us in Yiddish - my brother Harold and I would bring his kosher meal to him in his store - "That's that man's money, it's not mine," then he'd put the money in an envelope and write the man's name on it in Yiddish, to return it to him when he came in for his clothes.

So we saw what our parents did and learned by their example. Mother was the kindest woman I've ever known. I have never met anyone who was so solicitous of other people. She reached out to help others every day. If a new neighbor moved into the area, she'd bake something for them. She was a great cook and baker. She'd be in the store until midnight - I don't know when she slept - maybe for four or five hours only - she'd be up to meet the milkman. We wore hand-me-downs. I never had a suit until I graduated from high school. I wore brother Harold's clothes and brother Sydney wore mine.

But we were a very happy family, in the sense that there was a lot of love there.

Once in awhile Harold and I would be fighting and my mother would say, in Yiddish, "Boys, you have to learn how to disagree without being disagreeable." She made us kiss each other every night, just as we kissed our parents.

CTF: Now Harold was two years older.

ALM: Two years older than I was, yes. He had a bit of the temperament of my father. He was the best lawyer of the three of us. He was the smartest of the three boys, but, as I said, he had a bit of Dad's temper. Mother would say to us, "You can't go to bed mad, you have to kiss each other." So no matter how much we argued and fought, we had to kiss each other. I do that to this day. To my friends, close male and female friends of mine...I can be on the corner of State and Madison, run into a friend and do it.

CTF: How much was your interest in boxing related to knocking Harold's block off?

ALM: Zero. We were always three brothers and three friends. That's a different thing now, see. I was very much interested in boxing and I will tell you how it started my career. Very interesting, how it impacted on who I am today. Now, in that BBR club I told you about, the Golan boy was a very good wrestler, he was a heavy-set kid. The boys thought we ought to box and wrestle for the right to be the first junior mayor of the BBR. So we agreed to do that. It took him about fifteen seconds to pin me. So he said, very magnanimously, "I just wanted you to know I'm the better guy , but you can be the junior mayor." And I was. We had about 35 members. The first mayor of the senior group was a lad named Ralph B. Goodman, who became a successful advertising man. He ran for public office as a Republican several times, but was never elected, as I recall.

The mayor at that time, of the senior group of the BBR, was a lad named Max Swiren, then about 18 or 19 years old. He was a Northwestern University Law

School graduate and became an outstanding lawyer, a very wealthy lawyer. He became a partner of the fellow that owned the Northwest Industries, I think, a piece of the Northwestern Railroad in this town. He's still around . . .Ben Heineman . . .who was very close to Adlai Stevenson.

Well, at any rate, the Chicago Women's Club gave a benefit performance for the Boys Brotherhood Republic at the Old Illinois Theater which was on Jackson Boulevard between Wabash and Michigan. It was owned by two fellows, the Meyer brothers, whose two other brothers were senior members of the law firm of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt. Mrs. Levy Mayer, whose husband was Mr. Levy Mayer, senior member of the law firm, was the chairlady of the fundraising show for the BBR. The chief of police at that time was a "five by five" guy named John J. Garrity.

CTF: The Chief of Police of Chicago?

ALM: Yes. He introduced both Max Swiren and myself. Now I'm sure Max wrote his own speech, but I didn't write mine. Somebody wrote it, but Jack Robbins gave me a poem to recite. They had given our boys free seats in the gallery. The theater was packed. I spoke first and when I started, the BBR Junior boys sitting in the gallery started to whistle and howl and I forgot my speech. I had memorized it backwards and forwards. However, I did remember the poem I'd been given. I remember it to this day.

CTF: Why don't you tell that one because that's a great poem.

ALM: Gee fellows, let me tell you
I'd be as happy as a clam
If only I was the Abe
My mother thinks I am.

She thinks that I'm a dandy
And she knows her little Abe
Could never think of nothing
That was naughty, mean or bad.

And sometimes I sit and wonder
How wonderful everything would be
If only I was the Abe
My mother wants me to be!

I recited the poem and Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. Levy Mayer, invited me to sit in her box, with her husband, Mr. Levy Mayer. I wanted to sit with our guys in the gallery. She had also asked Max Swiren, but his family was there and mine wasn't. Jack Robbins insisted that I sit with the Mayers, and I did. Now Levy Mayer - Levy was a last name as far as I was concerned - was a very elegant looking man, tall, handsome, maybe in his late 60's. We watched the rest of the show together.

It was only fifteen minutes running time from the show to my home, but when I thanked Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, she said she wouldn't hear of my running home alone at that hour - it was about 11:00 p.m. - she insisted that they would take me home. We got into a huge chauffeured limousine and they drove me home. There was my mother, waiting for me in front of the candy store: she was worried about me. The Mayers got out of the limo and I introduced them to my mother. Mrs. Mayer said "You have a very fine boy here." And my ma, God bless her beautiful soul, said "I've got three fine boys!"

Mr. Mayer gave me his card and said, "Son, if I can ever help you, come up and see me." I thanked him. I had just graduated from grammar school and was thirteen and a half years old.

After that, Mr. Robbins, the founder of the BBR club, sent me downtown for a job. I had just entered Medill High School and I couldn't get an ROTC uniform because I wasn't five feet tall. Since I was only 13 and a half, I had my brother Harold's work certificate: he was two years older. Mr. Robbins sent me to a fancy haberdashery store on Michigan Avenue for an after-school job. Apparently they had access to such job opportunities. A very nice cashier at the store hired me for a salary of $3.00 a week.

CTF: Now who sent you down there?

ALM: Jack Robbins, the founder of the Boys Brotherhood Republic club.

CTF: Okay. Now, he's Jewish right?

ALM: Yes. This is his picture. You know, I always say I never forgot to remember a kindness. But he really did make a difference in my life, and this is how. He sent me to the fancy haberdashery for a job and I was hired, on a Friday. My hours were to have been from 4:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. every afternoon and all day on Saturday, for three bucks a week. I was told to return on the following Monday, at 3:45 p.m., which I did. The nice lady who hired me, the cashier, said, "Son, I neglected to ask you your religion on Friday." I told her I was an American and she said, "No, that's your nationality. What church do you go to?" I told her I didn't go to a church, that I went to a *shul*, that it was a

synagogue, that I was Jewish. She said, "I'm awfully sorry," and I believe that she was, "I don't make the rules here, but they don't employ Jewish people." My inclination was to break every window in that store on Michigan Avenue.

Coming out of the Maxwell Street neighborhood, I was a pretty tough kid. But I thought I was in enough trouble. My pa thought I had a job and I didn't have one. At home that night, when my dad came home, he asked me in Yiddish how I liked my job. I told him I didn't get it. He said, "I thought you told me you were hired on Friday." I said I was, but I was "unhired" today when they asked me what my religion was and I told them I was Jewish. So Dad said to me in Yiddish, "Son, it's an *alta mizah* (an old story). I can't do anything about it, son, but someday you will. You must stand for something in this life." And I've never forgotten what Dad said.

Dad was a Socialist. His idols were Eugene Debs, the Socialist candidate for vice president and the perennial Socialist presidential candidate, Norman Thomas. He read the Jewish newspapers and they were Socialist. When I got a little active in politics and would make suggestions about how he should vote, he'd say, "Don't tell me how to vote! I'm a citizen like you!" He was a very independent man.

Twenty years later, in 1938, Dad saw me elected the first professing Jew in the Illinois State Senate. There were two others before me and both became Christian Scientists. There was only one African American man in the senate - they were called "colored" in those days - his name was Chris Wimbisch, with whom I worked in the state's attorney's office in 1927. Chris and I introduced the first resolution for a fair housing act and a fair employment practice. It only

received seven votes out of fifty-one: and one of those seven was cast by my pal, Dick Daley, who I later swore in as Mayor of Chicago six times; and his son, Richard M. Daley, twice. It didn't pass the state legislature until 1963, when I was sitting on the federal bench.

When I left the senate, I received an award. This sounds awfully immodest, but I received an award for being the outstanding senator for my fight for civil rights. I never forgot what my pa said to me, "You have to stand for something in this life."

Another thing I'll never forget was when my brothers Harold and Sydney and I were going out "around the town" my mother would say, "Boys, you're leaving here with your self-respect, don't forget to come home with it." No great speeches about being good, but we got the message.

So these were things I saw in my home: the kindness, love between sisters and brothers. People used to say about us, "three brothers, three friends." We had our differences of opinion, but they were my best friends and my best critics. My brother Harold especially. He may have been right only one out of ten times, but I never discouraged him for criticizing me.

CTF: You know, you mentioned that your dad had a temper.

ALM: Yes. I'll never forget one incident as long as I live. Dad had a tailor shop at Halsted and Washington where he also sold used clothes. A big truck driver came in to the store, a fellow about six foot tall and very husky. He selected a suit marked $12.00 and offered Dad $6.00 for it. My dad told the fellow,

"There's a drug store on the corner, Mister, go buy yourself $6.00 worth of castor oil and take a good s..t for yourself!"

I thought the big guy would clobber my dad, but he didn't. That's where I think got my courage from, from my dad. He wasn't afraid of anything. He couldn't fight worth a lick, but he had no fear of any kind.

When I was kid, we lived in three rooms behind the candy store my ma operated. We would have to go down to the basement for coal, but Mother wouldn't want us to do it at night because there were rats the size of cats down there. But she or my dad would do it.

CTF: Abe, you had a lot of different jobs growing up. You sold newspapers, drove cab, ushered in a theater, worked at Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt, you worked at the telegraph office . . .

ALM: My first job was working for a fellow named Frankie Pope, "Westside" Frankie Pope. He was tied to the mob. He had a newsstand at Randolph and Clark Streets and was a bookie. He also had the newspaper concession at St. Pat's Church at Adams and DesPlaines. They used to have a 3:00 a.m. Sunday mass, which was attended by many of the people who worked nights or were night-clubbing. They would go to mass before going home in the morning. Frankie would give three of us kids 150 to 200 papers, which we divided among ourselves and which at that time sold for a nickel each. Now, this is like a confession: we didn't make our money from the half cent Frankie would give us per paper sold, but on the people who would give us a $1.00 and we'd give them "short change." We'd give them 85 cents or 90 cents change. Very few

people would count their change at that hour of the morning. Then we'd divide the profits between us. There was myself, a kid named King Rollo, the boxer, who lived next door to me - he was Irish, French and Native American - and a kid named Mugsy Cosentino, an Italian pal, whose last name I didn't learn until many years later when I performed his marriage. He was a sheet-writer for the professional bookmakers in a bookie joint and was a very decent guy.

Father Wall at St. Pat's made me honorary chairman of one of their recent fundraising groups. He was telling my story one morning at a breakfast meeting that Mayor and Mrs. Richard M. Daley gave. He said I was at the church long before any of the present parishioners who were in attendance!

CTF: Let's go back to Frankie Pope.

ALM: Frankie Pope got killed. I have the newspapers with the headlines about his death. He was killed in his hotel room. He had a cousin named Joe Pope. He was a Superior Court judge and I served with him. He was a very decent man: an excellent lawyer and judge. He died right in his chambers. My chambers was around the corner from his. When I heard that he'd collapsed, I dashed in there and tried to resuscitate him, unsuccessfully. I think there's a Pope on the bench now, he may be the son of Judge Joe Pope, who was a cousin of Frankie Pope.

CTF: You started to tell me about being a cab driver once.

ALM: Yes, when I was in high school, there was a fellow named Johnny Handtman who we called "Tape." He was a superb ball player and he was always taped

up. He quit high school and was driving a cab for the Premiere Cab Company and had more business than he could handle. I was only about 15 or 16 and he let me help him. Our best business came from driving the men visiting and returning from the houses of ill repute in Stickney, Illinois.

Tape's father was a pharmacist and, unfortunately, an alcoholic. Johnny was out of school for a couple of years, but eventually he returned. Our school never really had a baseball team, but we specialized in soccer. We had a wonderful coach named Cermak who was a superb soccer player. Eventually we organized a baseball team at the school and we were in the semi-finals with Austin for the high school championship. Tape was the star.

CTF: Was this in grammar school or high school?

ALM: Medill High School. We had a good soccer team and a good basketball team, but we organized the baseball team. We beat a lad named Black who was the star pitcher for Austin. I played left field. I think we played that year in Cub's Park. Our star pitcher had only one arm: his name was Paul Ochonicki which he later changed to Paul Niske.

As a kid, we played baseball in the street. I went to Jefferson Grammar School at Elburn and Laflin. The Clarke School was at Paulina and Washburne, which was close, and we competed with each other. Our teams were made up of kids from all ethnic backgrounds, except African Americans, none of whom lived in the neighborhood at the time. When I went to Medill High School at 13th and Throop, we played kids from Marshall, which was around Van Buren and Robey Street. Robey is now Damen Avenue. In about 1919 or 1920, Ohio won

the football championship and the team was called "The Buckeyes." We decided to organize an athletic club of the same name, The Buckeyes. There were about 35 charter members and I was the first president. Every major religion was represented. I played left field.

The Buckeyes lasted for 35-40 years and in our youth we played teams from other neighborhoods, for money. Only two members are still alive, myself and Nussie Elman, whose health is failing.

Then, at Kent College of Law, I discovered they had no athletic programs. I was working as an office boy at Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt and often had the occasion to deliver typewritten briefs to the Gunthorp-Warren Printing Co., for printing. I'd see Mr. Gunthorp, who was very kind to me and gave me tips. So one day I was bold enough to ask him if he would buy uniforms for a ball team at Kent and he did. Our baseball team consisted of ten members, Ballantyne at right field, Cawley at first base, Neuman was the pitcher - he was the older brother of Sid Neuman, who was the youngest person in our class, I was the second youngest - Quinn was short stop, Jacoby was at center field, Kargman was at second base, Sandy Frankenstein, my closest pal from childhood, was at third base, Kaiser was our captain, I was at left field and a fellow named Short was our manager. We played against other schools and had a good track record. We also organized a swim team at Kent. I wasn't a swimmer, but a classmate, John McGoorty - whose father was chief justice of the Criminal Court - won several medals for swimming.

My boxing and baseball activities got me inducted into the B'nai B'rith Sports Hall of Fame recently. Not too long ago, I gave Kent Law School a picture of

their baseball team . . . I don't think they had known there had been one. I kept a copy of the picture and it's one of my very prized sentimental possessions.

CTF: You were very close to the Polk Brothers family, weren't you?

ALM: Yes. My closeness with the Polk family came about because of my job with Postal's Telegraph. I had dinner recently with Jack Guthman and his wife, Sandra, who is a Polk and we were reminiscing. Her father was Sam Polk of the Polk Brothers Furniture and Appliance stores. They did exceptionally well. Before the stores, young Sam was working on the inside, as manager, at the Postal Telegraph. He would receive messages as they came in and send messengers out for telegrams. When we picked up a message we received ½ cent per message. We were right in back of the Board of Trade Building, which faced Jackson as it does now. There was a little corridor, a little driveway on the west of the Board of Trade.

CTF: Do you mean Sherman?

ALM: Maybe Sherman. If they brought a message in from the big brokerage offices in the Board of Trade Building, no one would get credit for it. The Board of Trade sent out a lot of messages. Sammy Polk would put down my number, 243, and I would get ½ cent a message. I would give Sammy a 1/4 cent.

It was big business. For many years Sandra and Jack Guthman would have a birthday party for her father, Sam, and I'd be invited. We were good friends through all the years and today I count Sandra and Jack among my dearest friends. As a matter of fact, the Polk Foundation made a substantial

contribution to the moot courtroom bearing my name at Kent Law School. Jack was a law clerk for Judge Hugh Will, a great judge of the U.S. District Court. The Polks have been very generous to good causes and the Foundation is doing nice things toward educating children.

You have to remember the kind of neighborhood I came from. We had Irish, Italians and Jews there. There were a lot of wonderful Catholic Italian families, whose kids were raised the way I was raised, with parents teaching them the right thing to do. Then there were other kids whose father's were dead. They wound up being some of the tough guys coming out of the neighborhood. I knew a good many of them from that neighborhood.

There was group called the "Forty-Twos," forty-two thieves who specialized in stealing cars. I eventually prosecuted some of them for breaking windows in the Thomas Jefferson Grammar School, right across the street from my mother's candy store. I had them arrested, but few of them were convicted. They shot at me when I was a kid. That was why we moved from there, because I was shot at and my mother was scared. We moved further west to 723 S. Karlov.

CTF: How old were you?

ALM: I was 21 or 22.

CTF: The move was after you became a lawyer?

ALM: Oh, yes. I still lived on the old East Side when I was a young prosecutor in the state's attorney's office.

CTF: Did you ever tell Jack Robbins that you didn't get the job he'd sent you to?

ALM: Oh yes, sure. I don't remember anything specific, but, of course, he was very disappointed for me.

To continue with that period: after I reached my 14th birthday, I had my own work certificate and my dear sister, Bess, got me a job at the Western Union Telegraph Company, where she was employed, at 427 S. LaSalle Street. I was on what was called the "check force." The hours were from 4:00 p.m. until midnight and much of the time we worked on roller skates, taking messages from one part of the building to another part. I became an expert roller-skater! I worked there for almost 3 ½ years, until I graduated from high school. We worked six days a week and every other Sunday.

I remember an incident related to my membership in an athletic club called the Buckeye Athletic Club. The Club had tickets for a show starring Al Jolson at the Loop Theater, on a Sunday night when it was my turn to work at Western Union. During the week, I asked one of the other fellows to take my turn working and told him I'd return the favor. He agreed initially, but the next day he told me he wouldn't be able to do it because a relative was being married and his mother said he had to attend the wedding. I asked my boss, a real tough guy, if he could get someone else to work for me and in street language, he told me that if I didn't show up on Sunday, I shouldn't bother to come in on Monday. Well, I'd just graduated from high school and wanted a day job anyway, so I told him that I quit. He said, "Like hell, you're fired!" I didn't feel too bad since I'd intended to quit before long anyway.

CTF: Was the Chicago Hebrew Institute similar to going for religious classes?

ALM: No, but they had a settlement house adjacent to the Institute where they did have religious classes.

CTF: Did you go to those?

ALM: No, I went to what is called a *cheder,* pronounced "haydar," which is Hebrew school. I went to a small Hebrew school after the public school classes were over for the day. I did this until I was 13. I learned to read Hebrew. I couldn't translate the Hebrew into English though. Today, the books used in services have one page in Hebrew and the other page has the English translation. In my day, Collins, in the Orthodox synagogue, they didn't have that.

CTF: Could your father speak Hebrew as well as Yiddish?

ALM: No, he knew how to speak Yiddish and he could read the Hebrew prayers, but he couldn't speak conversational Hebrew.

CTF: Did your mother know Hebrew and Yiddish?

ALM: No, she spoke Yiddish, not Hebrew. She could read the Hebrew prayers, but couldn't translate them. Hebrew is an ancient language and the ordinary Jewish person didn't use it for conversation prior to the establishment of Israel as a sovereign state. I remember Friday nights in our home, the beginning of the Sabbath at sundown. My father would come home from the synagogue and bless us in Hebrew: he'd put his hands over us. My mother would cover her

head and light the Sabbath candles and recite a prayer in Hebrew. She knew it by heart, but after we asked her to, she translated that prayer into English for us. We would all look forward to Friday nights: it was wonderful, and, it was the one day of the week we ate good!

These days I try to avoid commitments on Friday nights. I enjoy going home, usually all alone, to observe the Sabbath eve traditions. When I was younger and had live-in help, I had cardinals, bishops, priests and nuns to my home on Friday nights. I'd put my *yarmulke* (skull cap) on, recite my prayers over the candles, bread and wine and my guests would say whatever prayer they wanted to. I had men and women from all walks of life, of every color and religion as guests at my home on Friday nights.

You know, Collins, I never . . . I don't think I've ever lost a friend once I made one. There's an art, Collins, in making friends, but there's a greater art in knowing how to keep them. I remember my sister told us at the supper table one evening about some girlfriend of hers saying un-nice things about another girlfriend who wasn't present. My mother asked her if what was being said was true. My sister told her that it wasn't, that the girl being talked about was a nice girl. My mother asked my sister what she had said and my sister replied that she hadn't said anything, that she didn't want to "get in her big mouth." My mother told her, "You know what that girl will say now? She'll say that you agreed with her, that you were there and didn't say anything." Mother told my sister, "Anytime you hear anyone talking unkindly about someone you like and respect, especially when you know what they're saying is untrue, you just tell them that you don't agree with what is being said, that you think he or she is a nice person. You don't have to get into an argument, just let your feelings be

known." So I also learned that from my mother: to not stand by silently when someone is talking negatively about someone I like and I feel that what is being said about them is untrue.

Equally important, I never heard anything derogatory about anyone's nationality, religion, color or ethnic background in our home, by my parents or other family members. If some visitor or one of our playmates would say something in that regard, my mother or father, in broken English, would say, "My children don't talk like that in this house and you can't either," and ask them to leave the house. So, as a youngster, it was difficult for me to understand the kind of bigotry that was displayed when I was told that the haberdashery store didn't "hire Jewish people."

Going back, Collins, to your question about how I got involved in the study of law: I told you about Mr. Mayer giving me his card. He said, "If I can ever help you, son, come up an see me." I frequently saw his name on telegrams while I was working at Western Union, and I would tell the girls there that he was my friend.

I was fired from Western Union around the end of July and I couldn't get a another job. I had baseball cards in those days - if I had them today, I'd be a very rich man - I went through the cards to see what I could sell and found Mr. Mayer's card among them.

I went to Mr. Mayer's office, the largest law firm in Chicago at that time, located in the old Continental Bank building. I met with the receptionist, a lady named Irene Burns, who eventually became my very dear friend. I asked to see

Mr. Mayer and she asked me if I had an appointment. I told her that I didn't and she said, "I'm sorry to say this, but we buried Mr. Mayer last week. Do you mind telling me what you wanted to see him about?" I explained to her how I had met Mr. Mayer and how he had offered to help me, about 3 ½ years earlier. She had me wait and returned with Mr. Mayer's secretary, a woman named Kitty McDonald - whose brother, I think, was one of the first federal masters in our federal district court, Charles A. McDonald. I repeated the story to Miss McDonald and after about ten minutes, she took me into Mr. Alfred S. Austrian, who was one of the senior members of the law firm. I told the story again to him and he wanted to know how far I had gone in school. I explained that I had just graduated from high school. Then Mr. Isaac Mayer, the brother of the late Levy Mayer and now the senior partner in the firm, was brought in to hear my tale, as well as Mr. Henry Russell Platt, another senior member of the firm and two brothers, Abraham and Carl Meyer, also senior members of the firm.

Mr. Austrian asked me to step out of the office and 10 or 15 minutes later Miss McDonald took me to him once again. He said, "Son, I'm going to put you to work as my personal office boy for $10.00 a week."

I was boxing in amateur bouts in those days, picking up a few dollars at the Emmett Memorial Hall on Taylor and Ogden streets. The Knights of Columbus had boxing shows there and we'd earn eight or ten dollars. One night I boxed at the Republican Club, called the Hamilton Club, in the First National Bank building. It was a Republican business men's club. The Amateur Athletic Union was clamping down on phony amateur bouts and they made us weigh in. We picked opponents, according to weight, and I picked a little guy from Gary,

a steel worker. I got scared just looking at him! The referee was a tough guy from the West Side, named Davey Miller, who became a very popular referee. When the referee told us to go to our corners and "come out fighting," my opponent belted me instead and I went down. I'd never been knocked down before. I was fast. While I had no punch, my opponents couldn't hit me. The fellow I was supposed to box, Chuck Velie was hollering for me to take the count of 9. I thought he was hollering "get up, get up." I got up and was knocked down again, twice. I managed to weather the round and in the second round, I danced away from him. In the third round I gave him a boxing lesson and I got the decision.

I didn't know that four members of the law firm where I worked were in the audience. When I went to work in the morning - with a cut lip and cut eye - Mr. Austrian asked me, "What the hell happened to you?" He already knew: Paul Godehn, who was his right-hand man and who represented the United Airlines and had been in the audience, had told him. I learned that Fred Burnham, one of the top trial lawyers in Chicago at that time, John Northrup, who later taught me criminal law at Kent College of Law and a little guy named Dave Rosenthal, who came from Crookston, Minnesota and was a walking encyclopedia on law and wasn't five feet tall, had all been at the fight that night.

I told Mr. Austrian that I'd been boxing and he said, "You can't be much of a boxer if that's what's happened to you. Is that what you want to be, a prize fighter?" I told him that I didn't know what I wanted to be. He asked how far I'd gone in school and I told him I'd just finished high school.

Mr. Austrian told me to go to Kent, that it was a night law school, and see

about enrolling. I went to Kent. At that time it occupied two floors in the Lakeview building on Michigan Avenue, between Adams and Jackson. The building is still there. I was told that tuition was $120 a semester and all one needed was a high school diploma. One hundred and twenty dollars! I didn't have 120 cents!

The next day Mr. Austrian asked me if I'd gone to Kent and what had happened. I told him I could get in, but I didn't have the money to pay the tuition. He asked if my family couldn't help me and I told him that they needed the twelve dollars he was paying me. Mr. Austrian summoned Elmer Enquist, the firm cashier, and told him to give me his personal check from - Mr. Austrian's - for $120.00. He told him that as long as I stayed in school, he was to pay my tuition and to deduct $2.00 a week from my salary to repay the loan. Mr. Austrian paid my tuition for the three years I attended Kent and they never deducted the two dollars a week from my check! I was nineteen and a half when I graduated from Kent, but you had to be twenty-one to take the bar. In the interim, I continued to work for the firm, carrying books for lawyers and doing errands for Mr. Austrian and other odds and ends, including a little research.

CTF: Did you go to law school before your brother Harold did?

ALM: No, Harold was two years older and graduated from high school about a year and a half before I did, but he didn't have the tuition for law school either. He worked until he saved enough money and enrolled a semester or two before I did. I'm glad you brought that up..Harold finished six months before I did. I remember he didn't have the $15.00 to get his degree certificate, so they wouldn't give it to him!

CTF: From where did Harold graduate?

ALM: Also Kent. When he could afford to pay for his certificate, he said, "The hell with them. They wouldn't give it to me then, I don't need it now." Many years later I got it for him and presented it to him at a birthday luncheon.

CTF: Let me ask you some questions on which I want to follow-up. You lived in a neighborhood that was Jewish, Italian, Irish . . .

ALM: Irish, yes.

CTF: During World War I, was there much support for the war in the neighborhood?

ALM: In the Second World War?

CTF: No, in the First World War.

ALM: Well, I really don't recall a hell of a lot about that, Collins, I have to be honest. That was in 1917 and I was 12 or 13 years old. I remember the bond rallies. I remember seeing people march off to war and the kids in the neighborhood would parade for democracy.

One of the things that saddens me so now is all the hatred that is present. I had lunch with Judge Cudahy (Richard Cudahy, 7th Circuit Court of Appeals), of whom I'm very fond and have a great deal of respect and admiration for, as I do for many of my colleagues on both the District and Appeals court. We were talking about all the hatred on the campus at the University of Wisconsin, anti-

semitism, anti-Black.

CTF: When did you decide you wanted to be a lawyer. Was it really Mr. Austrian's idea?

ALM: Yes. I had no idea what the hell I was going to do after high school. Brother Harold wanted to be a lawyer. I was just trying to make an honest buck, I was always hustling a dollar somewhere. But when Mr. Austrian told me to go to law school, I did.

JFM: Judge, when you were in grammar school and high school, did you have any little girl friends?

ALM: Well, in grammar school there was a wonderful little Chinese girl, Katie Moy, who's father had a laundry. Katie was a very smart girl: I'd walk her home every once in awhile. Then, in high school, there were two or three girls in the class with whom I would walk home from school. There were no great romances. Then there was a gal I met at the Chicago Hebrew Institute. She was quite an athlete. I took her out several times. When I graduated from Kent Law School, I was only 19 years old. She had a good friend who got engaged to a fellow named Dave Farber. The Farbers were a well-known Jewish family who owned a matzo company. They were very young. My little friend wanted to be engaged too...she wanted to know if I was serious or not. Well, I knew I was too young and a long way from being able to support a wife or family...my folks needed whatever help I could give them. She sent me a "Dear John" letter when I took a trip to Atlantic City that I received as a graduation present from a cousin of my mother.

My little friend married a very nice guy named Ben Rueben, who was a champion wrestler. He was 15 or 20 years older than she was. They had a son, Don Rueben, who became a prominent attorney in Chicago.

Lillian Feldman, widow of the late Judge Hyman Feldman, was one of the classmates with whom I'd walk home. She's still my good friend.

There were a lot of friendships made in those days, not great romances, just lasting friendships. My best friendship was with a fellow named Sandy Frankenstein. He graduated a semester before I did and waited to continue his education a half a year until he knew whether I would as well. When Mr. Austrian had me enroll at Kent Law School, Sandy did too.

JFM: Judge, when you were attending Kent Law School, were there any teachers or professors who had a particular impact on you?

ALM: Yes, there was a teacher named Bill Lindsay, who later became a judge. He taught us equity. When I was in the state's attorney office, I was assigned to him in the Criminal Court - he'd invite me out to dinners - he was very friendly. He used to represent the Mayor of Chinatown, where he'd take me occasionally. One time he took me to a place were a lot of old Chinese were smoking opium - I thought I'd try it and did - I never did it again!

There was another very unusual professor named Pickett, he taught us evidence. He was 6'2", 6' 3", and very pompous.

JFM: When you were working at the law firm while in school there's a very funny

story about your being late to arrive in court one time.

ALM: That involved Mr. Isaac Mayer, who spoke at my induction in the State Court. He was the brother of Levy Mayer, one of the founders of the firm of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt.

Mr. Mayer represented the Wrigley Corporation. They had a long drawn out infringement suit and it was my job to get his books to the court. Be there at 9:45, 1:45, pick them up at the recess, bring them back after. It was a long trial, maybe two or three months and I was there promptly all the time. But one day I was late. They had to wait for me, and it was 2:15 before I arrived. Mr. Mayer never said see me at 4:30 or 5:00, he always used some odd number: so he told me to see him at 4:36. I went to see him and he said, "What the hell do you mean by keeping a federal court waiting?" I said, "My watch went on the bum." He said to me, "Well, goddamn it, get yourself a new one!"

So, about a month later, his secretary, Kitty McDonald, whose brother was a master in the federal court, sent for me. She asked me, "Did you buy something at C. D. Peacock and charge it to Mr. Mayer?" I said, "Yes, I did. He told me to." She took me in to see Mr. Mayer and said to him, "He did! He did!" Mr. Mayer said, "What do you mean? He did what?" She said, "He bought the watch! He bought the watch!" Mr. Mayer said to me, "What the hell do you mean buying a watch and charging it to me?" I replied, "Don't you remember last month when I was late and I told you my watch was broken and you told me to get myself a new one? Well, I thought you wanted to buy me one, so I went over to Peacock's and picked one out."

He told that story at my induction for the State Court. He said he knew then that I would amount to something someday.

## *II. STATE'S ATTORNEY YEARS, 1927-1932*

CTF: How did you get to the state's attorney's office?

ALM: Mr. Austrian was general counsel for the Democratic Party and the personal attorney for Bob Crowe, the then Republican state's attorney, who prosecuted Loeb and Leopold. One day, after I had passed the bar and received my license to practice law, Mr. Austrian asked me how I would like to be an assistant state's attorney. I told him I'd love it! He phoned Crowe in my presence and told him that I had been trying cases with him . . . all I'd been doing was carrying his books over to the courtroom for him. He told Crowe that I'd make a damn good trial man and he should put me to work.

I was then being paid $22 a week at the firm. Crowe presented me to a wonderful woman named Mae Heffernan and told her to put "my young friend to work in Grade 7 or 8." I looked at my payroll voucher, it was for $203 a month! Fifty dollars a week! My mother had just had a phone installed in the candy store, I still remember the number: Haymarket 0038. I called her and said, "Ma, Ma, we're rich, we're rich!" She asked me what I had found and I told her I had a new job, paying $50 a week. She wanted to know what I was doing for $50 a week: in my neighborhood you had to be a thief or a bootlegger to make $50 a week!

There were about 15 women at the law firm when I left including the switchboard operators, stenographers, and the receptionist; no lawyers; and they gave me this book, *Blackstone Commentaries*, when I passed the bar, inscribed as follows:

Out of an internationally known firm of legal lights
Arose a lad of "I will" minus "mights".
Through hours of strenuous study he passed the bar,
Let's pray no misdemeanors his reputation will mar.
Here's hoping to M.M.A.P.'s long list
Will someday be added Abe Marovitz,
Let superior, federal and circuit courts beware
When attorney A. L. Marovitz takes the air,
And let all the lawyers hurry and hide their clients
Or they'll surely lose them now, saith this affiant.

So Mr. Austrian was responsible for putting me in the state's attorney's office. When I eventually left there to go into private practice, he took me to lunch at the Standard Club and I told him I was going to specialize in criminal law. He said, "Abe, the only advice I'm going to give you is to be a high-priced, high-class criminal lawyer. Don't be meeting anybody in restaurants or saloons or taverns or hotels or bookie joints - and don't be traveling with your clients or become buddies with them. Only meet with them in your office." That was the best professional advice I ever received. I maintained those rules, with one exception: which at some session I'll give you an idea of what that has meant to me professionally.

CTF: How long were you in the state's attorney's office?

ALM: From 1927 to September of 1932.

CTF: O.K., continue . . .

ALM: In 1928 I was put in-charge of a courtroom and I had a young lad assigned to me named Al Woll, J. Albert Woll. Al was a native Chicagoan. I think he went to St. Ignatius High School and the University of Illinois Law School. His

father was Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor. Al was a very religious lad, a good Catholic lad. We took to each other like ducks to water. We worked together until I was fired, on my birthday in 1932. Al went to work in Washington, D.C. for Tom Clark, who was in the Attorney General's office and in charge of the Blue Sky Prosecuting Division, the phony stock operators. I don't recall who the attorney general was at that time, but I think it was Homer Cummings.

One day I was playing ball outside of my beloved mother's candy store with my kid brother, Sydney, who was five years younger than I am. Sydney was obese for a kid. He jumped up for the ball and landed on his rump. He was paralyzed from the waist down: we didn't know what was wrong with him. We put him in a free hospital clinic in the neighborhood. I was working in the state's attorney's office and I went to my old boss, Mr. Austrian. We had no money, but I asked him to recommend a doctor. Mr. Austrian represented the White Sox, so he referred me to a Dr. Kruescher, who was a doctor for the team. The doctor had us move Sydney to Mercy Hospital. He was there seven or eight weeks and nothing encouraging was happening. There was no improvement.

There was a young intern there by the name of Drago, who took me aside and told me that I should take Sydney to Mayo Clinic. I told him that we didn't have any money. I asked Dr. Kruescher for a prognosis and he told me that one day the paralysis would hit Sydney's heart and that would be the end of him. I asked him what he thought about Mayo Clinic and he told me that if we could afford to take him to Mayo, we could afford to pay him! He sent us a bill for $750. I didn't have 750 cents!

I then went to the first assistant state's attorney, a wonderful man named George Gorman, and asked if I could get a month's pay in advance. I was making $406 a month. He told me he couldn't do it: I'd only worked there a year. I told him I had to have the money to take my brother to Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. He told me he couldn't give me an advance on my salary, but he would personally lend me the $400, which he did! Bit by bit, from each paycheck, I paid him back in full.

In the meantime, I recalled a lawyer named Ray Friend, who worked at Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt when I did, and who had a friend in Rochester, who was the editor of the daily newspaper in Rochester and I believe was a nephew to Dr. Mayo. I contacted Ray Friend and he arranged an appointment for us at the Mayo Clinic.

I took Mother and brother Sydney on the train to the Mayo Clinic. There were only two doctors there who performed brain and spinal surgery. The senior doctor was named Adson. We were assigned the younger doctor, a very handsome man, by the name of Craig. While Sydney was undergoing tests, Mother and I would spend a lot of the time in a little synagogue in Rochester. Someone told her that the better doctor was the older one, Dr. Adson. The younger doctor, Winchell McKendrick Craig, later became an Admiral in the Navy. Mother wanted the older doctor do the surgery. I told her that they were both outstanding doctors and we couldn't tell them who we wanted. Well, Mother was adamant. I went to Dr. Craig and explained the situation to him and how embarrassed I was, but that folks at the synagogue in town had told her that Dr. Adson was senior in age and had much more experience and that Mother would prefer to have Dr. Adson operate on Sydney. Dr. Craig was

very gracious. He told me that he had taken his own father to a clinic in Cleveland some years earlier for a goiter condition and had the best surgeon there operate: unfortunately, his dad died on the operating table. He told me that he understood that if he was permitted to operate on Sydney and anything happened to him, my mother would never forgive herself or me. He said that Dr. Adson was arriving the next day at noon from Duluth, at which time the operation was scheduled. He said he'd meet Dr. Adson at the train and if his schedule permitted it, Dr. Adson would perform the surgery, and that he'd be there, too. Mother was much relieved. The next day she saw Dr. Adson and compared to the tall, distinguished Dr. Craig, he didn't fit her image of a doctor. She took one look at him and in Yiddish told me she wanted to go back to having Dr. Craig. I told her, "Ma, you can't do this to them and you can't do this to me: Sydney doesn't care who operates on him, he just wants to get better and go home." So Dr. Adson operated on him, with Dr. Craig present.

CTF: What were they going to do?

ALM: An exploratory operation.

CTF: So they just weren't sure what they were doing.

ALM: There were looking for a way to do something to his back. He was in surgery for five and a half hours. Mother was in the synagogue, praying, then she returned to the clinic. The manager of the hospital came to us and showed her tumor the size of a silver dollar that the surgeon had removed from Sydney's spinal cord. That man was Van Adams and he became a dear friend. The surgery took place on Christmas Eve. On New Year's Eve I brought a little

cake and some wine in to the hospital for us and to share with the nurses. That night Sydney was able to move his toes, which he hadn't been able to do since the accident! He was able to return to school and graduated with his class. I think our whole bill was maybe three or four hundred dollars.

CTF: As opposed to the $750.00.

ALM: I, of course, repaid Mr. Gorman.

During the following summer, I borrowed Charlie Dougherty's car and took Sydney up to Mayo to show them the job they had done - Charlie was the senior attorney in the courtroom where we worked. They asked me to represent them in collections, but I was never authorized to sue anyone. I was able to get some outstanding money for them. Of course, I never charged them a fee. I have enjoyed a wonderful relationship with Mayo Clinic. I later met Dr. David Utz from Mayo, who became one of the very top cancer doctors in the world. We call each other "brother." He had the occasion to operate on Sydney in connection with his prostate cancer many years later.

There are so many people to whom I'm indebted, for all their kindness to me in my life.

CTF: There was a Republican state's attorney. What was the political climate?

ALM: Yes. I was put in there under former Judge Robert E. Crowe, a Republican who was elected state's attorney. I was not involved in politics, although I did vote Democratic. I was never a precinct captain and I lived in Crowe's ward,

the 29th. You remember that Mr. Austrian asked Judge Crowe to appoint me an assistant state's attorney not long after I was admitted to the Bar.

CTF: So you weren't expected to be active politically?

ALM: No, I wasn't. But then Judge Swanson beat Crowe in the Republican primary and he was elected.

CTF: Had Swanson beaten Crowe?

ALM: In the primary. The two factions, the Dineen faction and the Thompson/Crowe faction, were fighting it out and the Dineen faction won. Swanson was the Dineen candidate. He ran as a reformer and had been on the state court as a Superior Court judge.

CTF: But Swanson was not happy with you moving a case along that he had asked you to continue until after the next primary election?

ALM: Yes. That's right, he fired me after I tried the case and got a hung jury. Later the defendants were sent to the penitentiary on a plea bargain.

CTF: Who was the defendant?

ALM: Sam Bataglia was one . . . there were three of them. Johnnie Wolek was another. They had stuck-up a night club owned by Johnny Connors, who was the brother of Bill "Botchie" Connors, the boss of the 42nd Ward at that time. They stuck it up on New Year's eve and shot a policeman named Martin Joyce.

There were some shenanigans going on, not with the judge, but with the prosecutor's office. The case was being kicked around. The policeman who was shot was my friend, Marty Joyce. I told the prosecutor in the courtroom that I had been assigned to the case, although I had not. The second assistant state's attorney was Bill Rittenhouse, who was a wonderful old country lawyer who had one good eye and liked the horses. Every once in awhile, I used to drive him out to the race track. When I told the prosecutor that I had been assigned to the case, I immediately went and told Mr. Rittenhouse what I had done and asked him to say that he had assigned me to it in the event anyone inquired. He had me tell him about the case and what I suspected was going on and he laughed.

The following Saturday I received a call from Chris Keasling, who was Crowe's trusted guy and who became Swanson's, too. He said, "The boss wants to see you right away. It looks like the end for you, you little Jew." I saw Swanson and he told me to kick the case over - continue it - and I did, once. When I tried it, the jury was 11 to 1 for conviction. One of the members of the jury was the brother of a "runner" for the defendant's lawyer. The runner had changed his name to Sidney Lewis and the juror brother was using the correct, longer name. I knew the juror looked vaguely familiar to me, but I thought that was to my benefit and accepted him on the jury. Sidney Lewis' brother was the holdout in the 11 to 1 verdict.

I could have had the juror and the defense counsel and his runner indicted, but I kind of figured it was my own fault and that they had put one over on me. Swanson wanted me to dismiss the case, but I told him I could retry it and get a conviction. Swanson unenthusiastically agreed to let me do that. The

defendants offered me a bribe and I let them think we had a deal and worked out a plea bargain agreement. They were really shocked when I stood before the judge and told him that we had worked out a plea bargain agreement that the defendants who had already been in jail for about three months, would be sentenced to three years and that they had "given" me $1000.00 to go in a trust fund for the newly born baby of the policeman who'd been shot! The defendant's lawyer thought it was going into my pocket. A much larger amount had been offered to me earlier and they were really shocked when I told the judge there was money to go into a trust for the minor child.

Shortly after that incident, my former boss, Judge Crowe, and his wife, invited me to spend the weekend with them at their summer home in Wisconsin. The Crowe's didn't know it, but it was the weekend of my birthday, August 10th. When the judge and I came back from playing a round of golf, there was a birthday cake on the table and I asked Mrs. Crowe how she had found out. She told me my family had called to wish me a happy birthday and that I should "phone home." I did and everyone congratulated me. Then, when brother Harold was finished congratulating me, he said, "That was the good news, here's the bad news. There's a special delivery letter from your boss, Judge Swanson, saying that because of a "retrenchment policy" he regrets he has to terminate your service as of September 1st." This was August 10th. That was really an important turning point in my life.

## *III. PRIVATE PRACTICE AND ILLINOIS SENATE YEARS, 1932-1950*

CTF: That was when you went into private practice?

ALM: I opened a law office with my late brother Harold, and the Good Lord was exceptionally kind to me, for which I am eternally grateful to Him. The next time I saw Swanson - incidentally, he was defeated for reelection - was just before Christmas the year he fired me. We met as I was entering and he was leaving One N. LaSalle. I wished him a Merry Christmas and he didn't respond, so I followed him outside and tugged at his coat and said, "I said "Merry Christmas," Judge, and you didn't acknowledge it. Are you mad at me? I should be mad at you for firing me!" I invited him to lunch and I guess I took him by surprise, because he accepted. We had a nice lunch and at the conclusion I left a $2.00 tip instead of the customary 50 cents. It **was** Christmastime. Judge Swanson said, "You're leaving a $2.00 tip! I sure did you a favor when I fired you!" And he did.

I opened the law office with brother Harold the day after Labor Day in 1932 and I made more money in four months that I thought I would make all my life! There is a picture on my wall in the chambers study of someone few persons recognize, no more than they recognize Tommy Callahan. The first picture is one of a labor leader very few people recognize today, named Bill "Witt" Hanley. Right after I opened my office, he came in with seven $5,000 retainer fees: from six different local unions, and one from the Joint Council of Teamsters.

That's an example of the help I've received all my life, right out of left field,

totally unexpected.

CTF: What union was Hanley with?

ALM: He was with the Teamsters Union. There was a guy named Joey Glimco, who had recently died. He took over the Taxi Cab Driver's Union, which I represented and was muscling in on Hanley's commission drivers union. Some years later, when I was on the bench, he came before me and took a change of venue. I told him that it was the finest compliment he could pay me.

I think I earned a good reputation as a lawyer, because I never lied to clients. I think I told you about the first experience I had with crooked lawyers that met in my office when I was in private practice. They were arranging to fix the coroner to hold their clients over to the grand jury, even though the prosecutor really had no case against their clients, so they could charge their clients more money. I was flabbergasted. They asked, "How do you think you make any money?" I told them, "I don't know how the hell you guys make it, but if that deputy coroner holds my client over to the grand jury, I'll have **him** indicted!" I told that to the deputy coroner, whom I knew as well: and he didn't hold my client over to the grand jury because there really wasn't any evidence to justify it.

CTF: They kept them in jail so that when they freed them, it looked like there lawyers had done something for them?

ALM: Sure. I will never forget as long as I live what I told you Mr. Austrian told me, you know, we all have patron saints who helped us. Mr. Jack Arvey was one of

mine and before that Mr. Alfred S. Austrian. When I told him I was going to concentrate on criminal law, he said, "You be a high-priced, high-class criminal lawyer. Don't meet anybody in saloons, restaurants or at ungodly hours. Meet them in your office."

The firm of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt was a very ethical, highly regarded office. I have a grand-nephew, Andrew Marovitz, a partner with that firm now (now called Mayer, Brown & Platt). He was a law clerk for Judge Cudahy of the Circuit Court of Appeals. And I have a grand-niece, Debra Bernard, also employed at the same law firm.

CTF: Sure, Andy Marovitz, a good kid.

ALM: Yes, Andy. Isn't he wonderful?

When my father was dying in 1941, he had the three of us brothers gathered around his bedside and he said, "Boys, I got nothin' " - in broken English and Yiddish - "to leave you. You know I owed a lot of money." A lot of money to him in those days was $2,500 to $3,000. "I paid everybody off. I don't owe one red cent: and I never hurt the name, I never hurt the name, I never hurt the name." He repeated it three times and then passed away.

In our Orthodox religion, Collins, we go to the synagogue every day for 11 months after the death of a parent, child, or sibling. We recite what is called the Kaddish prayer for the dead three times a day, once at the morning service, once at the afternoon service, and again at the evening service which immediately follows the conclusion of the afternoon service. I remember on one

occasion in particular, the rabbi reminded those assembled that there are three crowns in the Jewish religion: the crown of learning - the Jews were always great for the book; the crown of priesthood - in the time of Christ, rabbis were called priests; and the crown of royalty - we had our King Solomon and King David. He told us that the late Rabbi Simeon said, "The crown of a good name exceeds them all." While my father, God bless his soul, didn't know anything about the *Harvard Classics*, any more than I do, he knew the Bible and the "Ethics of the Fathers." The "crown of a good name" was important to him, and my brothers, sisters, and I were raised that way, on the importance of a good name.

CTF: Judge, I'd like to hear about your starting in the legislature, at least in the state senate, with the late Mayor Richard J. Daley.

ALM: Well, initially, I knew Dick, but not very well. He was the best man at a wedding of his friend, Bill Cusack. Bill married a nice girl by the name of Curtin, whose sister, Bernice, worked in the state's attorney's office with me. Bernice became my secretary when I went into private practice and was with me for many, many years. She retired sometime after I went on the federal bench (and passed away in the fall, 1997). I got to know Dick Daley when he worked in City Hall. We were both elected at the same time to the Illinois State Senate. He first went to the House. That was an interesting election, when he was associated with the Ninth Ward Democratic Party. The Republican representative from that district was an outstanding representative, named Dave Shanahan, who was Speaker of the House. When he died, the Democrats cleverly ran Daley as a Republican to fill the vacancy and he was elected. In the following election, he ran as a Democrat for state senator and was elected: that

was 1938.

At our inauguration our parents were there and sitting next to each other. We became very, very close friends. We did a lot of walking and talking to each other in Springfield. Many of the fellows did things down there that they wouldn't do in their home towns, but Dick and I walked a lot and talked about legislation and other things. We visited all of the historic sights and were together practically every night.

Daley was politically active and ambitious. I was not politically active and had no desire to do anything except to practice law and, immodestly, I was doing very well with my two brothers, Harold and Sydney, bless their souls.

CTF: Did you take the train back and forth to Springfield?

ALM: No . . . well, I did in bad weather. In good weather I usually drove.

CTF: Was Bill Lynch in the legislature at that time?

ALM: No, he succeeded Daley.

CTF: When Daley ran for Clerk?

ALM: Yes, then he took Daley's place.

I swore Daley in to be County Clerk in 1950 and then six times as Mayor of Chicago. I remember we ran Daley for Sheriff once. Bill Lee was the head of

the Chicago Federation of Labor and Steve Bailey was the head of the Plumbers Union - they were very good friends of Dick and they helped him get the nomination to be Sheriff. When we went to Daley's home - policemen may resent this, but - we were all excited about his getting the nomination, however, his mother wasn't and she said, "I didn't raise my son to be policeman!" He was an only child and she died the summer before he was defeated by Elmer Walsh for Sheriff.

Courtney succeeded Crowe as state's attorney and I believe he was put up to be knocked down. Swanson picked him as the softest touch in the election. Swanson was friendly with Cermak, who was mayor and head of the Democratic Party at that time. I was very friendly with Cermak's then son-in-law, Floyd Kenlay, who worked with me in the state's attorney's office. He was then married to Cermak's daughter, Helen, who later married Otto Kerner. I was a guest in the Cermak home a couple of days a week. Swanson would be there and they'd talk about politics and who the softest touch would be to oppose him in the election and decided Courtney would be the one. But Roosevelt swept everybody in, when he was elected.

Courtney got elected and so did Henry Horner, as governor. Horner was a very popular judge in Probate and had strong support in the Jewish community.

CTF: Is this '32 or '36?

ALM: 1932. Henry Horner was a very beloved judge. He happened to be Jewish, a bachelor, a very fine after-dinner speaker. Very much admired and respected, honorable. I really think the Democratic Party at that time, led by Nash and

Kelly, put him up not expecting him to win. Horner brought a lot of Jewish money into the coffers of the Party. There were a lot of wealthy Jewish families on the South Side of Chicago: the Rosenwalds, the Loebs, and the Leopolds. Horner got swept into office along with everyone else in the 1932 election. As I said, Henry Horner was a very honorable guy and there were people interested in contracts and making money, both Republicans and Democrats. They had spent a lot of money in the election, getting their favorites elected. Horner was not interested in awarding contracts to anyone but the lowest bidder and thereby incurred the political wrath of those running the Democratic Party, the people responsible for putting him on the ticket. So the next election, they decided to dump him.

In the meantime, my dear friend Jacob (Jack) Arvey became not only the alderman of the 24th ward but the ward committeeman. Moe Rosenberg, the former ward committeeman, died and "Colonel" Arvey became both the alderman and the ward committeeman. I lived in Judge Crowe's ward, the 29th. He was the boss of that ward.

CTF: Judge who?

ALM: Judge Robert E. Crowe, who was state's attorney. He was a judge when he ran for and was elected to be the state's attorney. We all continued to refer to him as "Judge."

The story of Moe Rosenberg's death is interesting. He was indicted for income tax evasion and had the case kicked around as long as he could. I think Judge Wilkerson had the case, I'm not sure. Whoever it was set a date for trial and

said there'd be no further continuances. The story is that Moe allegedly arranged to be admitted to a hospital for an appendectomy he really didn't need to avoid the trial, and he died on the operating table.

I first met Jack Arvey when I was president of the Jewish Big Brothers. We became very good friends and when he became committeeman, he suggested that I move into his ward. I lived with my parents. Jack told me that he might give up the role of being alderman and might make me the alderman. He moved out of his ten room apartment at 1323 Independence Blvd. and bought a house directly across the street from there. My parents and I moved into his former apartment, a huge eight room apartment.

You may be interested in the story about how we came to leave that apartment. It was one of three eight room apartments. County Commissioner Arthur X. Elrod, father of Judge Elrod, and his family lived on one of the floors. The father of Marty Ashman (presently Federal Magistrate Judge Martin C. Ashman), bought the building and moved into the first floor apartment with his wife and four sons. The older son got married and couldn't find an apartment for himself and his bride: it was a time of rent control. The father decided that he'd have to divide one of the large apartments to make room for his newly married son and picked the one we were living in. Mr. Ashman, who had a very thick Jewish accent, approached me and very humbly explained the situation to me. I told him that if he had just served me with a notice without being so apologetic and courteous, I might have still been there three years later, but, because he was such a *mensch,* I'd make arrangements to move, and did, to 3260 N. Lake Shore Drive, my present address.

Many years later, Gary Ashman, a lawyer and the son of the fellow who got half of my former apartment, wanted to be admitted to the Federal Bar. His uncle, Marty, asked me to do it. The courtroom was full of people for other matters, but I had Marty's motion called first. In addition to making the motion for Gary's admittance, he told the audience how Gary was the product of my vacating the apartment many years earlier!

When I was in the state senate, Collins, I may have told you the story about how Senator Paul Douglas came to be my friend. Did I?

CTF: I don't think so.

ALM: Senator Broyles introduced a resolution to investigate the University of Chicago for "its Communistic leanings," and I brought Paul Douglas, who was teaching there, down to Springfield to speak against it: also a professor named Louie Wirth who was in charge of the Social Science Department.

CTF: Now, this is before Paul Douglas became a U.S. senator?

ALM: Yes, he was then an alderman. I was the only one in the entire legislature who voted against that resolution.

CTF: Was this in the late thirties, early forties?

ALM: That's right, yes. It was in the early forties. Here's another story from my days in the senate. When I came back from the service, Governor Green, a very decent man in my judgment, a Republican and former U.S. District

Attorney, introduced a bill on a special call to provide the largest bonus of any state in the union for its returning veterans. I opposed it, but in lieu thereof, I introduced a bill for a million dollar bond issue for veteran's housing and I brought Paul Douglas down and the managing editor of the *(Chicago) Sun-Times* named Lou Ruppel - who was a friend of mine - to speak in favor of my bill for an appropriation for Vets housing in lieu of the bonus. I was the only vote in the entire Senate and House of Representatives who opposed the bonus. I was then very active in the Jewish War Veterans and American Legion Marine Post. They criticized me. I later was elected state commander of the Jewish War Veterans and the commander of the Marine Post of the American Legion.

CTF: How much support did you get for the housing bill?

ALM: Governor Green ruled my bill outside of his special call for the bonus. We had to vote the bonus bill up or down. The returning vets wanted the money and I was the only one who voted against it. I was convinced that the bonus, in the form of cash, would be squandered quickly and thought housing was much more important in the long run. I remember a reporter from the *American*, his name was Tod Sloan, who wrote an article and quoted President Jackson who said, "One man with courage makes a majority." But it looked like my political career was through. I received a phone call from Paul Douglas about that time, expressing his agreement with me.

CTF: Did Paul Douglas serve in the Marines, too?

ALM: Yes, he did. He was shot, very seriously wounded. It left him with a bad left hand. I got a bit of shrapnel in my right arm. This sounds very immodest, but I

could have received a Purple Heart medal for that slight wound: but how could I accept it when I saw fellows without eyes, without limbs? I refused the medal.

CTF: Judge, you were saying about going to New York for a prize fight and how you were offered a judgeship on the Municipal Court in Chicago by the Democratic chairman.

ALM: Yes. I attended an heavyweight championship fight in New York with the chairman of the Boxing Commission, Joe Triner. Horner was just elected governor and had appointed Joe, an old friend of mine, chairman of the Boxing Commission. He had a pharmaceutical company in my neighborhood and was a very nice guy. Arvey, Kelly and Nash were in the group.

CTF: We were just talking about the people you went with to the fight in New York after Governor Horner appointed your friend, Joe Triner, chairman of the Boxing Commission.

ALM: It was 1933. A judge had died, Judge John Buggee. We received that message while we were in New York City. So Nash said to me, "Abe, how would you like that vacancy?"

CTF: What was Kelly like? What was Nash like? I always hear of them referred to as "Kelly/Nash."

ALM: Well, Kelly was a tall, handsome guy. He had been the engineer for the Chicago Park District and became its president. There was a lot of patronage in the Park District. He was not an academically educated fellow, but was very

street-wise.

CTF: Is there any connection between him and the later president of the Park District, Ed Kelly?

ALM: No. Mayor Anton "Tony" Cermak was assassinated in Florida at a large gathering honoring President Franklin Roosevelt. It was rumored that the bullet that killed Cermak was intended for President Roosevelt.

The City Council elected the alderman from the 18th Ward, a nice quiet guy, I believe his name was Corr. He wasn't very forceful, as an interim mayor. After a while they had a special election and they ran Kelly as the candidate. He was elected. For a while there was a pretty good machine, the Kelly/Nash machine.

There was a lot of patronage in those days. My friend, Jack Arvey, was an alderman who became the chairman of the finance committee, the most powerful job in the city council, of course. Being around Arvey a lot after Kelly came in, and having been at Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt when I was an office boy for Mr. Austrian, I had met Ed Kelly and Pat Nash. Pat had two sons, both nice guys, Tom and John, and John was Assistant Mayor under Kelly. They called it the Nash/Kelly organization: and when Arvey came into power it was the Nash/Kelly/Arvey machine.

Now, back to the trip to New York City for the fight. When Nash said, "Abe, that's a good spot for you, we'll put you in the vacancy," I said, "I'm not old enough Uncle Pat, you have to be thirty years old." He said, "You mean

you're not thirty?" I told him I was twenty-eight. He said, "Abe, I don't believe it! I've seen you around this town for thirty years myself!" 'Course he'd seen me at the law firm as a kid when I was an office boy.

Back in Chicago I told my brother Harold how close I'd come to becoming a judge and he asked me if I'd told them that I had a brother who was two years older than I. I asked Harold if he wanted to be a judge and he said, "Of course, I want to be a judge!"

I phoned Joe Triner and told him I wanted to have some fun with my brother, Harold. Joe Triner had been in New York with us for the fight and knew the story of the judgeship offer. I asked Joe to write a letter to my brother, which he did, saying, "On recommendation of your brother, Abe, I am very happy to appoint you judge . . . of the Boxing Commission!"

Brother Harold became one of the best judges in the boxing business. He had longevity there. It started out as a gag, but it turned out fine. He became very well known in boxing circles and enjoyed his role very much. I always took credit for making him a "judge."

CTF: Had Harold ever boxed?

ALM: No, just me.

CTF: What happened to Horner, I mean, when he became governor?

ALM: Well, the pressure you know. He was elected in 1932. I think it's an

interesting story about him, Collins. He was an outstanding judge, a probate judge, a bachelor like myself. He was a very fine after-dinner speaker, very much in demand and very down-to-earth. Immodestly, he was fond of me. Horner was a good friend of Abe and Carl Meyer, the two senior members of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt, where I was working as an office boy. The Meyer brothers and Mr. Austrian were boxing fans, as was Governor Horner. Governor Horner became my good friend, too, and was instrumental in my career in a unique way.

As I said earlier, in 1932 the Nash-Kelly party put Horner up for governor, not with the expectation of winning, in my judgment. Maybe it's a harsh judgment, but I think the fact that Horner brought a lot of Jewish money to the party from prominent, successful Jewish businessmen who were very fond of him was their motive. He was nominated, but I don't think the party leaders really expected him to win. There was a lot of anti-semitism downstate then. Roosevelt, running for president on the Democratic ticket, swept everybody in when he won. After Horner was elected the "powers that be" found it difficult to get Horner to reward the so-called wheelers and dealers with state contracts as a pay-off for their campaign contributions. Horner was a very honorable man. He didn't want any part of that. So, in 1936, they decided to dump him. And some very good friends of mine were involved in that dumping. I was for Horner, although I wasn't active in politics. I was living in a different ward than my friend, Jack Arvey, who was they leading political Jew in Chicago. He was responsible for making me the first professing Jew elected to the state senate, in 1938. The regular Democratic organization, headed by Kelly and Nash, decided to dump Horner and run the City Health Commissioner, Dr. Herman Bundesen, against Horner.

Now, it's hard for some people to understand the machine politics of those days. It wasn't all bad. I moved into the 24th Ward later, about 1936. It seemed like a part social, part welfare organization. The ward was 99.9 pure Jewish. We only had one precinct where, I think, the majority were Italian and the precinct captain was Carmen Fratto, who I later appointed to be my personal bailiff when I was elected to the bench on the State Court in 1949. Carmi was a very good precinct captain and the only non-Jewish precinct captain in the ward. When somebody in his precinct needed help, he'd come to see me. I knew he wasn't taking money for his efforts. Carmi was a very honest person.

When I was elected, but before I was inducted, someone important in the ward - not Arvey - brought a fellow to see me and told me he would be my bailiff. I told him very frankly that fellow was the last guy I would appoint. He was working for the city and was involved in shake-downs. I insisted on getting Carmie and I did.

So, at primary election time, Arvey's ward, the largest Jewish ward in the country, beat Horner by a substantial margin. They voted for Bundesen. Of course, Horner was heart-broken and Arvey was on his "bad list." That's where I think I came into the picture.

CTF: How did Horner do in the rest of the state?

ALM: He won. He won the election in spite of the 24th Ward, but it was a real slap in the face to Horner.

CTF: Okay, so he lost in the 24th Ward, but he won the nomination.

ALM: Yes. Jack Arvey was my very dear friend: I always speak highly of him and I think I knew him better than his own family at that time. Dumping Horner was something, in my judgment, he was conned into doing by a supposedly good friend of his.

After the election, Jack suggested that I move into the ward. I was then living in the 29th Ward, where my old boss, State's Attorney Bob Crowe, was the Republican ward committeeman. Jack said he was buying a house across the street from where he was living and his big ten room apartment was becoming available. I moved into his old apartment with my mother and father and joined his political organization. I never was a precinct captain, but they made me an honorary vice president.

I was not popular, I must confess, with the precinct captains because they all aspired for the job. They were the ones pushing the doorbells. Here I was, an interloper, coming in as Arvey's friend and getting this plum, to be the first professing Jew in the Illinois State Senate. There were other Jews, who were Christian Scientists or joined to some other religion.

The 24th Ward was in the 19th senatorial district, which was the second largest district in the state. The state senator was the late Mayor Cermak's son-in-law, Richard Graham, a very decent man. The 19th District was comprised of a part of the 22nd Ward, all of the 23rd, all of the 24th, part of the 25th, part of the 26th, part of the 27th, part of the 28th, all of the 29th, part of the 30th and Cicero, Berwyn and Riverside.

Cermak was shot and died in Miami. The shot was supposed to have been

directed at President Roosevelt, but Cermak was standing close to him and he was killed. Some people said that the mob got Cermak. Cermak, as mayor, it was said, was trying to minimize the influence of the mob when he became the chairman of the Democratic Party and again as head of the county board, and then as mayor.

Speaking about the mob, I later defended a couple of policemen for shooting Frank Nitti, who succeeded Capone when Capone was sentenced to Alcatraz.

CTF: I saw the news-clipping on that. Nobody would guess that Nitti was the prosecuting witness in a case in which the defendants were coppers.

ALM: Yes, a great story there. I'm reluctant to tell some of these things, you know.

CTF: Why don't you tell them, put them on the tape and you can recopy what you want and you can keep it.

ALM: It was an interesting part of my life. I'm glad I acquired the ability to say "no" when I should.

During Cermak's tenure, someone sent two policemen to shoot Nitti. When Mayor Thompson was in office, the mob really ran this town: it was Capone's town. Cermak, to his credit, wanted to change it. Two policemen were supposed to be raiding a place and they claimed Nitti tried to pull a gun on them, so they shot him . . . didn't kill him. Actually, Nitti didn't have a gun on him. State's Attorney Courtney indicted the policemen for assault to murder. I knew both of the policemen well. I was hired to defend the two policemen,

Lang and Miller.

CTF: What were the politics of that decision? Courtney was the state's attorney, wasn't he a Republican?

ALM: No. He was a Democrat.

I believe Courtney realized later on, that he was put up to get knocked down so he was against Kelly, Nash and Arvey. Whenever I would be defending a case, a case that would receive a good deal of newspaper coverage, he would send his top prosecutors to prosecute the case against me. I really had to do it the hard way every time I had an important case there.

CTF: So they figured that Kelly/Nash had the coppers shoot Nitti?

ALM: No. Kelly/Nash, no. Cermak was the mayor. Kelly/Nash were out of the picture. Cermak was the one who became the boss of the party.

CTF: Did Courtney represent the Kelly/Nash faction?

ALM: No, Courtney was against Kelly/Nash. He was a part of it and when he found out he was put up for state's attorney to get knocked down, he just turned on them and the Democratic Party was split between the Kelly/Nash/Arvey group and the Courtney faction.

CTF: But who did they figure put the coppers up to shooting Nitti?

ALM: Well, they thought Cermak might have. Just to get rid of that kind of an element. Cermak was trying to run a better city and was trying to nullify the so-called mob influence. I don't know that he wanted the officers to kill Nitti, but to let Nitti and his outfit know that they were in disfavor with the new administration.

CTF: It couldn't have been a very popular prosecution, I wouldn't think.

ALM: No, it wasn't. But Courtney sent his three top assistants to try the case. He had Bill Crowley, who later became a judge, Gordon Nash, Sr., who later became a judge and Mal Coghlan, who ran for state's attorney on the Republican ticket at one time.

I worked with Mal in the state's attorney's office way back in 1927, until 1932 when I got fired by Swanson for sending some hoodlum to jail who had pretty good clout with some ward leader in the Republican Party.

Coghlan was an excellent lawyer and prosecutor, as were Crowley and Nash. The only defense that I had was that the policemen thought Nitti was going to shoot them. Nitti testified. He had cold steel blue eyes. He was a little guy, about my size, 5'6". He sat all through the trial. He was sitting in the first row, facing the jury. I walked up to him and said to the jury, "Gentlemen of the jury, if you convict these two policemen for shooting this man here, you'll see the biggest party the mob has ever had in this town. It'll be a victory over law and order. There are a lot of hoodlums in this city who will be very happy." The prosecutors were objecting and I think the judge may have sustained some of their objections. I said, "I suggest that if you find them guilty of anything,

find them guilty of assault." It only carried a $100 fine, which I didn't tell the jury, of course. I said, "I told these policemen that they needed a better lawyer than I am, to compete with these prosecutors." At the closing arguments, Bill Crowley got up and said, "Don't let this fellow bunk you. He spent almost six years in the state's attorney's office. He's one of the top trial lawyers, no matter how young he is, or anything else."

The jury found the defendants, the policemen, guilty of simple assault and I paid the $100 fine. The newspapers played it up in a big way.

When I left the state's attorney's office and went into private practice, I specialized" in criminal law and much of my business came from other lawyers who'd had contact with me when I was an assistant state's attorney. When a decent and reputable criminal defense lawyer would come in to see me about a case we were going to prosecute and say, "Abe, can you tell me what you have on my client?" I'd respond, "Sure, here's the file, copy whatever you want, just don't remove anything from it." Most of the assistant state's attorneys, for one reason or another, would not do that but compel the lawyers to go to court and have orders issued. There were always a few attorneys who wanted to do something for me in return, but I was always mindful of my beloved mother's advice to her children, "Wherever you go, walk in with your self-respect and make sure you leave with it!"

Then, two nights after the policemen/Nitti trial, I received a call from either the nephew or son-in-law of a man prominent in what was referred to as the outfit or mob. He wanted me to meet with a relative in some restaurant/nightclub in Cicero. I told him I didn't meet with anyone in restaurants or saloons, only in

my office. In four-letter words, I was asked, who did I think I was, that bigger-shots than I was had met with his relative in that place! I also never forgot what Mr. Austrian told me about never meeting clients anywhere but in my office.

Anyway, I received this call to go to the restaurant/night club owned by Ralph Capone, Al Capone's brother, in Cicero. They had a matter for me to handle. At that time I owned a fancy custom-built show car, a Fleetwood LaSalle. It was the first car that had a hard top, with windows that would be lowered and have air and sun all around. There was a policeman named Pat Beckhan who lived two doors away from me who was a great athlete, he could have been a great professional baseball player, if he hadn't been so fond of booze. He liked me and I liked him. I called Pat and asked him to accompany me. I told him that if I wasn't out of the place in three minutes, I'd be in trouble. We drove out there and as I entered the place I saw the guy who had phoned me sitting at the end of a long bar, with his arms resting on it. I walked up to him and said, "If anything happens to me, you won't live for fifteen minutes, " and I walked out of the bar.

There's a picture on my wall in the chambers of someone no one ever recognizes. He's a man named Tommy Callahan who was the head of the United States Secret Service in this town, and his brother, Sam, the head of the Secret Service office in New York. Well, the next morning, Tommy called me. He was a very pleasant, affable Irishman. I knew him because sometimes I represented a counterfeiter and if I knew the client was guilty, I'd plead him so. I'd do the best I could to get probation or a short sentence. So, Tommy called me and asked me to come to his office in the old federal building right away. I did and he said, "Kid, your guts saved your life last night. Now I've made a

date for you to meet with Nitti. Nothing is going to happen to you, you have my word for it. You just tell him that you did what you had to do as a lawyer and that he should understand that" (my representing the two policemen who had shot him).

Now, Callahan was "friendly" with Capone, because Capone kept phony money out of Chicago. Capone would tip off Tommy when there were counterfeiters coming in to town so Callahan could catch them. Tommy was a very decent, honorable and honest man, but he made a mistake by accepting a diamond belt buckle from Capone and I believe, as a result, he was asked to take an early retirement. I am as sure as I ever will be about anything that Tommy was as honest as anyone could be. He became friendly with Capone to do the job he was assigned to do: rid our community of counterfeiters. When Tommy retired, I was able to get him a job in Public Relations at Bally Manufacturing: they made slot machines. The founder of Bally was Ray Maloney, a good friend of mine.

Getting back to Nitti: I went to the office of someone who shall remain nameless, whom I knew well and who was apparently a good friend of Nitti. In Yiddish, he told me not to be a "wise guy" and to tell Nitti I was sorry. Nitti was sitting there and demanded to know what the nameless person had said to me. I told him, "He told me not to be a smart aleck and to tell you that I was sorry, but representing the policemen and saying the things I did was just part of my business." Nitti told me that I wasn't going to get any of their business anymore, that I had made a sucker out of him. I said, "Well, Frank, how do you think I win cases for your people, just sit on the side and be very nice?" He replied, "I don't care, you're not getting any of our business!" I said, "Well, if

that's the penalty I have to pay, I'll pay it." And I never lost much of their business in spite of what he said.

Nitti committed suicide one day before he was to go to jail after having been convicted with several other mobsters for conspiracy to shake down the movie industry leaders in California and elsewhere.

Right about that time I was representing some unions: some were very wholesome, good unions with good labor leaders. Others were run by the mob. One was the Motion Picture Operators Union. A fellow named George Brown, a pretty decent guy, was the business agent. Then the mob put a fellow named Willie Bioff in it. I never liked him. I did what I should have done as a lawyer, and I didn't do what I shouldn't have done. Bioff didn't like me and I didn't like him.

I'll tell you a Willie Bioff story. I was in New York City, trying a case. While I was there a feature article written by Westbrook Pegler appeared in the newspapers, saying that Willie Bioff had been convicted of being a panderer in 1923, eighteen years before he became head of the Stage Hands Union. He had been convicted and sentenced to six months. Some police court lawyer represented him at trial. I didn't learn until sometime later that my office wrote a brief for him in the Appellate Court. The conviction was affirmed but he never surrendered on a *caxias*. In 1941, eighteen years later, he's a big-shot in California, heading the Stage Hands Union there, which serviced of all the motion picture companies as well as the movie picture houses: all of the moving picture industry was at his mercy. Bioff called me in New York and demanded that I go to California immediately. I told him I couldn't do so until I

completed my trial and asked him if the article was true, but he wouldn't tell me. I told him I call him in a couple of days, when the trial was finished. Before I left New York, I called my brothers and had them get a copy of the record of the pandering conviction for me. I returned to Chicago on a Friday and read the record. I was surprised to see that my office had written the brief. If I occasionally lost a case - immodestly, that didn't happen very often - I would hire a brief specialist to prepare the appeal brief.

So, I went to California on a Sunday. Bioff had his car meet me at the airport and take me to a very impressive large law office. Bioff was there with his lawyer, a fine Irish Catholic lawyer, who represented the Catholic diocese, a member of the highly regarded law firm. We small-talked a little bit, then I said we'd better get down to business. I said, "Willie, I don't think you're going to like what I have to say, but this is my considered judgment. You should surrender to the authorities in Chicago. It's possible you'll get your own room in the house of corrections and probably carry on your union business." In four-letter words, he said basically, "What the . . . do I need you to come out here and pay your fee just to tell me to go to jail! I want you to keep me out of jail!" I told him that I was not a miracle worker, but a lawyer.

He said, "You never liked me!" I said, "That's right, I never did and I don't now, but that's never affected my services." He went on to say a lot of things that weren't true about some of the politicians, accusing me of being in cahoots with them and with the police and he ranted and raved a bit. I responded, "Thank God I don't need you . . . and you certainly don't need me." I gathered my things together and left the office. The distinguished lawyer followed me into the hall. I was then a state senator. He said, "Senator, you know I would

check-up on you. I'm sure you would do the same with me. I called some lawyer friends in Chicago and was informed that you have an excellent reputation. Isn't there anything you can do or suggest about Willie's situation?" I said, "Yes, you can file a writ for him when he gets arrested here and maybe kick it around for two or three months. Maybe by that time the newspapers and Pegler might get off his back. But, if he comes into Chicago, I won't be able to do a thing for him." The lawyer asked me to return to the office and repeat what I'd said to Bioff, as a courtesy to the lawyer. So I did, I told him that if he returned to Chicago and was "pinched," I wouldn't be able to do a thing for him. That in my judgment I couldn't even get bond for him: he'd be put in jail.

This is what happened next. I had lost the case in New York, been in Chicago only a couple of days, gone to California and I was tired.

CTF: What was the case in New York?

ALM: It was a narcotics defense case, a tough one, and it was just a delaying action there. I did get early parole for my client. I don't think I mentioned it, but I plead my client guilty on the last day of the trial.

But I was tired and Joe E. Lewis, my dear friend, was appearing at a night club in Florida. So after leaving Bioff, I went to meet with Joe for a few days and then went on to Havana, Cuba to visit with another friend, named Ben Marden who owned the Riviera night club in New York. It was the leading night club in America, with a big gambling casino. It had the highest priced night club performers there. Juan Batista arranged to have Ben Marden go to Cuba to run

the gambling houses and the race track in Havana for him. Ben arranged for me to meet the mayor of Havana, who was a horseback rider. Ben knew that I kept a saddle horse in Chicago and enjoyed riding him on Sundays.

That reminds me, there was a real tough guy named "Nails" Morton who had a great war record. When he returned from overseas and was discharged from the service, he got tied up with the mob. One day he was riding his horse in Lincoln Park and the horse threw him and he died: so one of the guys riding with him shot and killed the horse!

Well, the Mayor and I went out riding and some kids on their bicycles scared the horses. Both horses bolted and we were thrown off them. I suffered a broken ankle and the mayor got a concussion. The Cuban doctors wanted to operate on my knee, but I called Dr. Danny Leventhal, a friend of mine who was the doctor for the Cubs and Bears. He said, " Don't let them cut you, come back to Chicago!"

I couldn't get a plane reservation. It was the height of the season, but I called a friend of mine named Benny Gans, one of the partners in Jack Dempsey's hotel, the Dempsey Vanderbilt. Benny was a rich Boston shoe manufacturer and married to a show girl I knew, Joan Abbott. Benny couldn't get me a reservation either, but he told me in confidence that he'd arranged for two drawing rooms on a train going back to Chicago, for George Brown, who had been head of the Motion Picture Operator's Union when I represented Bioff. Benny said George had two drawing rooms and thought he only needed one and gave me George's phone number. George couldn't figure out how I knew about his train accommodations - and I didn't tell him - but he gave me one of his

drawing rooms. I phoned my brothers and asked them to meet me at the train. I arrived, on crutches, and they were there, with a writ of habeas corpus prepared for me to file for Bioff. Capt. Dan Gilbert, head of the police for the state's attorney's office and a longtime friend of mine, had received word that Bioff was coming in to Chicago, incognito, as "Walter Berg" and he was going to apprehend him. However, he knew I represented him and informed my office.

I went to court, on the crutches, and the chief justice was a man named John Prystalski, a good judge and a very honorable man. He had been a prosecutor in the state's attorney's office with a fellow they called "Ropes" O'Brien. Prystalski and O'Brien had been known as "hanging" prosecutors. I remember they later defended a fellow for murder when they were in private practice. The defendant was a man named Marshall, who was a bailiff to a judge named David Brothers. There were two judges named Brothers on the circuit court, a father, David, a cantankerous sort; and his son, Bill, who was a delightful man . . . totally different than his father.

CTF: Where were they, in criminal court?

ALM: Yes. The criminal court was in the old building at Dearborn and the then Austin Street. Marshall, the bailiff, had shot and killed his sweetheart at the corner of Winthrop and Wilson, because she had jilted him. The case was kicked around for almost four years. First it was tried before a judge named Eller, and the jury found Marshall guilty and his sentence was fixed at ten or twelve years: but Judge Eller granted him a new trial. It was kicked around again and finally wound up in the court where I was the prosecutor. Judge Tom

Lynch had just moved over to the new criminal court building and the case was assigned to him. Judge Lynch called me into his chambers and said, "Abe, I know what you can do. I want you to try this case just like you would any other. Don't let the fact that Marshall was Judge David Brother's bailiff influence you." Marshall's lawyers pled him guilty and he was sentenced to 14 years and became the warden's driver.

Returning to the Bioff story: I asked for a continuance and the state's attorney's office vehemently opposed it, but it was granted because I was going directly to the hospital from the courtroom for an operation on my knee. I asked for a bond, which was set at $5,000 and it was put over for a month. The next day I received a visit from Frank Nitti, who wanted to know what was going to happen to Bioff and I told him he was going to jail and he was going to cause trouble for all of them, that I didn't see what they saw in him.

Another time, while I was having lunch at Henrici's one day, my secretary called and said that Bioff had a bad cold, wanted to see me and could I come to his room at the Bismark Hotel. I told her to tell him no, that he didn't have to even leave the hotel to see me, he just had to go on the second floor, walk down a corridor and take an elevator to my office, where I would see him. A few minutes later I received a call from a good friend who pleaded with me to go see Bioff and not make him leave his room. I told him that only for him would I break a long standing rule and consented. When I went there, every important guy in the mob from all over the country was there and they wanted to know what was going to happen to Bioff and I told them that I thought he was going to the penitentiary. Someone asked about my "friend, the governor", and I told them the governor wouldn't do anything for him and I wouldn't ask him to.

JFM: What happened to Willie Bioff?

ALM: He turned government witness and got a lot of his former cohorts indicted, just as I had told them he would do some day. Bioff was given a new identity after testifying for the government - his best friend became Senator Goldwater of Arizona. Eight years later, Bioff turned the keys in the ignition of his car and it blew up with him in it.

After I was fired from the state's attorney's office in September of 1932 and went into private practice, I would frequently have the occasion to go to Washington and would arrange to have lunch with Al Woll, my former colleague in the state's attorney's office and sometimes Tom Clark would join us. Clark became a good friend and was later appointed to the Supreme Court. Tom's son, Ramsey, was attending the University of Chicago, so when Al would come to Chicago for a visit, sometime we'd invite Ramsey to join us for lunch or dinner. One time, as a gag, I had Ramsey locked up in a cell in the East Chicago police station . . . but he didn't appreciate the humor in it . . .

When I was inducted as a judge of the state court, Justices Tom Clark and Sherman Minton, both of whom were then on the Supreme Court of the United States and were in town and stopped in at my induction to congratulate me. They were in Chicago for a conference and I was privileged to have their friendship.

When I came back from the service in the Marine Corps, Col. Arvey tried to have me appointed the U.S. District Attorney. The *(Chicago) Tribune* was very much opposed to me because of some speech they thought I had made, critical

of Col. McCormick of the *Tribune* and Sen. Taft of Ohio, which I had not made. I never denied making the speech because I didn't want to embarrass my friend, Jacob Arvey, who was chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party, from which office the speech **I didn't make** originated. And they didn't find out that I didn't until some years later. When they did find out, they wrote a series of articles in the *Tribune*. There were six installments, covering my life from the day I was born. The articles were authored by Wayne Thomas, who had been Col. McCormick's personal pilot.

CTF: The articles appeared May 21st through May 26th, 1967 in the *Tribune*. What did they think you had said?

ALM: Well, when we came back from the service, the Cook County Democratic organization, of which Arvey was chairman, sponsored a big veteran's meeting at a hall, called Keyman's Hall, on West Madison Street. Col. Jack Arvey, my friend and political sponsor, was county chairman of the Democratic Party then and he, himself, had been in the service. He became a colonel in the Judge Advocate's Division and was shipped over to the Philippines when I was there.

At the veteran's meeting, there was Eddie Barrett, who had served in the First World War as well as the Second, and was elected Illinois secretary of state; Otto Kerner, who later became governor; Mike Howlett, who received a Medal of Honor and became secretary of state; and Joe McCarthy, a Chicago fireman who was a Congressional Medal of Honor recipient; and another downstate legislator, whose name escapes me now, who also was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor. They had all of us at the hall.

Arvey had sent me a letter - he was then county chairman - at least, the letter came to me over Arvey's signature - and enclosed was a copy of a press release that was going out to all the newspapers, supposedly quoting me, which raised hell with McCormick and Taft, who was running for president. Arvey had attached a little note that said, "Abe, say something along these lines tonight." Now Arvey was my friend, but I didn't feel I should say those things. I had no trouble, no fault to find with the *Tribune*. I did not make the speech that night, that Arvey had asked me to, nor at any other time. Of course, the press release said that I was going to say those things and other papers picked it up, too.

Instead of saying what Arvey suggested that I say, I told this amusing, but true, story that was embarrassing to Arvey. My Marine outfit was bombed and the *Tribune* had a little write-up about the bombing of my tent in the Philippines and a picture of me appeared in the *Tribune*. I remember a *Tribune* reporter by the name of Walter Simmons, who was highly regarded by our guys, wrote a piece about me when my tent was bombed. Arvey was in Manila with the Illinois 33rd Division of the Army and heard about the bombing. I was in Dugupan, some distance away. Arvey flew up to see me and I heard someone hollering, "Sergeant Marovitz! Sergeant Marovitz!" I yelled back to the Marine calling me, "Who wants him?" The Marine who was calling my name said, "There are three Army Colonels here to see you." There was Col. Arvey, another big one named McAnce from Southern Illinois another Colonel named Eli Paris from Philadelphia. Arvey and I greeted each other like long-lost brothers, huggin' and kissin'. Our guys were looking at us a little strange! I took them to meet my Commanding Officer, Col. Meyer.

When I was the attorney for the Chez Paree, a leading night club in Chicago, I

represented a man named Mike Fritzel who was one of the owners. I'm a co-trustee for his estate today: I had to get special permission from the court to do so.

When I was in the Philippine Islands, Mike Fritzel would send me scotch, in Campbell's tomato juice cans, in care of my commanding officer. If any of the guys knew there was scotch in there, I'd never have seen it! So every night I would go and have a "belt" or two with my commanding officer. Col. Meyer offered my visitors a "nice cold glass of tomato juice" and Col. McAnce said, "Is that the best you've got?" Col. Meyer said, "I think you'll like this form of tomato juice." He opened the can and there was the scotch!

Arvey invited me to go and visit the 33rd Division because there were a lot of Illinois fellows in it. One of them was a fellow named Orr, whom I knew very well - his father was on the Supreme Court of Illinois - and there were a lot of other people I knew, too. It involved an hour or so plane ride and I got permission from Col. Meyer to go the following weekend. Arvey had a car meet me at the airport and take me to an officer's club. I met a lot of guys I knew. We were embracing and embracing and having a few drinks. One fellow in particular was a little guy who was a *Tribune* reporter, but his name escapes me at the moment. The two of us really tied one on. After an hour or so, a couple of Colonels took Arvey away and when he returned, he said, "Abe, this is awfully embarrassing, but the Colonel in charge says you have to leave. We don't allow our own enlisted men in here and you can't stay." I thought Arvey was kidding me and I said, "Sure, fine" and I kept drinking with the reporter. Pretty soon a Colonel came up to me and said, "I don't give a goddamn who you are! We don't let our own enlisted men in here and you can't be here

either! Get out of here! Get out or we'll throw you out!" I said, "With all due respect, sir, I have been thrown out of better places than this. You can take your club and stick it up your rump!" And I walked out. That Colonel was Col. LaFollette, the former governor of Wisconsin, the state where I was born.

Arvey was very embarrassed. The little reporter followed me out, he was stiff and I was half-stiff. He drove me to the airport and I flew back to my base. Some time after that we were shellacked again by the Japanese. Arvey returned and said that General Clarkson wanted me to join him in the general's mess, which didn't have anything to do with the Officer's Club. First I told Arvey I didn't want any part of his guys, but I did go and we had a nice time. I took young O'Connor of O'Connor and Goldberg Shoe Stores and another kid from someplace in Ohio with me. Sadly, he was later killed.

CTF: Had Arvey approved the McCormick speech that was sent to you?

ALM: Oh, sure, I'm sure he did and he was disappointed that I didn't make it. But the political editor of the *Tribune*, a fellow named George Tagge, was at the meeting and he knew I didn't make it. I called Louie Rose, who was the circulation director and who thought that McCormick was the epitome of everything beautiful in the world and said, "Uncle Louie, I just want you to know that I didn't make that speech attributed to me. George Tagge was there and he will tell you that I didn't." He asked me who did make it and I told him that I didn't know, it had come out of the Morrison Hotel. He called me a goddamn liar and said, "You know who wrote that speech and I want to know who it was. Don't ever call me. We (the *Tribune*), will never do anything for you." He was really mad and I had to hang up on him.

So, the *Tribune* never mentioned my name favorably: I was in deep trouble with them. Arvey wanted to put my name in for U.S. Attorney, but I was dead because of the *Tribune*. A friend of mine named Grenville Beadsley, with whom I worked in the state's attorney's office, and who was a partner of C. Wayland "Curly" Brooks, a U.S. senator, called me. He told me that Curly wanted to know what I had done to cause the *Tribune* to oppose me so vigorously and that Curly was coming in to Chicago for the St. Patrick's Day parade and wanted me to have breakfast with him. Curly and I had worked together in the state's attorney's office. It was a toss-up between us on who would prosecute a man named Leo Brothers, who was charged and was found guilty of killing a man named Jake Lingle, who was a *Tribune* reporter. He was killed at the IC (Illinois Central) station over on Randolph and Michigan.

I had heard stories from some policemen involved in the case that they had some doubts about who had killed Lingle, and I wasn't enthusiastic about taking the case. Normally, I would have and there would have been a lot of publicity, but the *Tribune*, I was told, picked Curly Brooks and that made Curly the United States senator eventually.

CTF: Was Lingle supposedly writing unfavorable things about somebody, to get killed?

ALM: Yes, he was rumored to have been tied up with the outfit some way and had crossed them, as rumor had it. I don't know the true story. It made Curly Brooks the U.S. senator and Curly and I remained good friends. Curly called me for a breakfast date and said, "Abe, this is the toughest call I have ever made in my life. I got a call from the tower himself, meaning McCormick, to oppose

you as district attorney. He said you made a speech against him." I told Curly that it was a long story, that he shouldn't worry about it. As a matter of fact, I couldn't afford the job. I figure they were paying $6,000 or $7,000 a year for district attorney in those days. He said, "No, I do worry about it. This could lead you to the federal bench."

We met at the Congress Hotel for breakfast when he came in for the Decoration Day (now Memorial Day) parade and he was almost in tears. He said, "Abe, you have been my friend and I had hoped to sponsor your for the federal bench and now there is this situation where I have to oppose you." I told him not to worry about it, that I couldn't afford to take it anyway. Then I told him the true story about the speech I'd never made. "Spike" Hennessy, the head of publicity for the Democratic organization, was the guy who wrote it. I don't know that Arvey ever read it, but he did send it to me to deliver. I told Curly that he must never repeat what I was telling him, that I would deny it if he did. Soon after, I saw Arvey and talked to him about appointing Al Woll, whom he knew through me. I reminded him that Al had come up through the Justice Department and had worked with me at the state's attorney's office and was a very decent guy. Someone else wanted the position, but Arvey talked to Kelly and they sponsored Al Woll for District Attorney, where he stayed for seven years.

Al Woll and I were very close. We visited in each other's homes. His mother had a place at Long Beach, Indiana. She was a wonderful woman, a brave, devout Irish Catholic. Her husband was one of the vice presidents of the American Federation of Labor. She took my mother and another lady friend of hers out to the West Coast by car. Mother was kosher, very observant, and Mrs. Woll went out of her way to accommodate Mother's dietary restrictions on

their trip.

One time I got word that someone who I thought was a very dear friend, a very important man here, told someone else in the Attorney General's office that I was running the show in the District Attorney's office, that Al Woll was taking orders from me, and of course, there wasn't an ounce of truth in it. Al was called in and told that he wasn't to have anything to do with me. He told them that I was the very best friend he had, that there wasn't any truth to the charge and he would continue to see me anywhere and anytime.

CTF: Who called him in, Justice?

ALM: The attorney general . . . and I got this story from a colleague of his in the Attorney General's office, who later became a judge on the federal bench in Washington, DC and eventually became chief judge there, Matt McGuire. Al was almost given an ultimatum. When I heard what had happened from Matt McGuire, I stayed away from Al. He called me and said, "Where the hell have you been, come on over." I told him I wouldn't, but he insisted and I suggested we meet at the Empire Room in the Palmer House, but he insisted I go to his office where he told me himself what had happened.

Sometime later I was in Florida and one evening was a guest in the home of Walter Jacobs, who was one of the principals in the Hertz drive-it-yourself company. He had another guest there, who shall remain nameless, who offered to drive me to where I was staying at the end of the evening. On the way, he said, "Abe, I owe you an apology. I did you a grave injustice." And he told me how he had complained to Washington about my friendship with Al Woll. I told

him that I had known about it two hours after he had done it. He asked me, "Is that why you've been so strange?" I told him I could not "wrap my arms around him" when he said things about me that weren't true. I found out the reason he had done that was that he had recommended a good friend of his to succeed him and he felt I was responsible for getting support for Al. We did become good friends again before he passed away.

When Curly Brooks was defeated by Douglas, he was here in town. Curly was a good friend of Maxwell, Don Maxwell, who was the Managing Editor of the *Tribune*, and a dear friend of my friend, Henry Crown. They used to meet in a private room at a supper club, a wholesome place on Rush Street. Maxwell liked to play the piano. One night when Joe E. Lewis was in town, he and I went there. Maxwell was very fond of Joe E. because in the early days, before I was in bad with the *Tribune*, we would go to see Joe perform wherever he was working, along with George Halas and Henry Crown. This particular night we walked in and there were only two people in the private room, just Don Maxwell and Curly Brooks. They were both feeling pretty good, having had a cocktail or two. Curly embraced me, then Joe and turned to Maxwell and said, "This is the richest guy in town and you have done him a great disservice for many years, let me tell you the truth about that." I was on the Superior Court bench at the time. He proceeded to tell him the whole story about the McCormick speech I was supposed to have made at the veteran's meeting.

The next day Howard Ellis of the *Tribune*'s law firm called me and asked if he could see me. When he did, he said, "I heard the story. If it's true, we have done you a great injustice at the *Tribune* for a long time."

CTF: Now, Howard Ellis is representing the *Tribune*?

ALM: Yes. I asked Ellis what he had heard and he told me the story. I told Ellis that I considered myself the luckiest guy in town, that I never thought I would get as far as I had and that whatever had happened, happened, forget about it. Ellis said he wanted to follow through and asked what Arvey had to do with it. I told him, "Not a damn thing." Ellis said he was going to see Arvey and, to Arvey's credit, he admitted that the speech went out to the newspapers from the Democratic headquarters and that he had been angry with me because I hadn't used it!

From then on, Don Maxwell and the *Tribune* were very kind to me.

Don Maxwell, Henry Crown, George Halas, two others and I would have lunch about once a month. At one of those lunches, I was trying to get the *Tribune* to endorse Richard J. Daley for Mayor. One year I was putting together a birthday lunch for George Halas. The group included Irv Kupcinet and we all met in the Grill Room of the Standard Club. We met about 1:00 and by 2:30 everyone had to return to their offices, but Maxwell and I stayed there talking until 4:00 in the afternoon. Maxwell said, "Forget about your friend, Daley, at the moment. I'm going to write a story about you. I told him he had enough stories in his files to bury me! He told me I was right, and one of them was a memo from Colonel McCormick, himself, saying they were to never mention my name favorably. Then they wrote the series of six articles on six consecutive days in May, 1967 on the front page.

CTF: The series was a long time after you were trying to get Daley to be endorsed.

ALM: Well, Daley was running for reelection in 1967, for his fourth term, and the *Tribune* did endorse him.

They published the series and received so many requests for copies that 50,000 copies, in booklet form, were printed.

One day, a lawyer named Bernard Frank, who was a top brief man, especially involving federal cases, who was single and an accomplished pianist, phoned me. When I would occasionally lose a case, he would handle my brief work. He also did the confidential work for Dwight "Pete" Green, the U.S. District Attorney. He called me and invited me to his home for dinner; I believe he lived on Fullerton where the late Judge Julius Miner lived (U.S. District Court, Northern District, Illinois). At the dinner table he said, "What I'm about to tell you is very confidential, but Dwight Green told me he had a copy of an intercepted telephone call between you and some hoodlum" - it was Gus Winkler - "in which you asked him what bank he had robbed that day." The FBI sent a copy of the tape to Pete Green and Bernie Frank told me that Green was very surprised: that he was fond of me and surprised and couldn't imagine my being so stupid. I asked Bernie to make a date for me to see Pete Green and he did. Green was very pleasant and I told him that I was terribly embarrassed and not proud of myself for making a remark like that.

I'd better explain what happened in more detail. I had prosecuted bank robbers as a young prosecutor in the state's attorney's office, which cases I had inherited the from Charlie Dougherty, my senior, when he resigned and I took over the call before Judge Lynch in the state criminal court. At that time, there were two men from the Burns Detective Agency who prepared our cases and we became

good friends. When I went into private practice, they knew I represented Gus Winkler, who had a reputation as a notorious alleged bank robber. The fellows from Burns came to me and said they knew Winkler did not rob a certain bank in northern Wisconsin, but probably knew who did. They said it would mean a lot to them if he could recover some of the loot. A couple of million dollars in negotiable bonds were involved. I told them I didn't want any part of it, but they reminded me of their many favors and all the referrals they had made to me, for no fee.

Well, I phoned Winkler and he didn't want any part of it either. I told him that he wasn't suspected, that the robbers had been short and Winkler was 6'3". He asked my advice and I advised him to cooperate, so he said he would try, for me. Winkler was successful in recovering about a half million dollars of the bonds. The fellows from Burns took me to see Melvin Purvis, who was head of the FBI here, to have him thank me for my help. Purvis was cold and distant. He was about my age, 28 or 29. They were telling him what a nice fellow I was, but Purvis told us he didn't think so, and he was serious. He wasn't kidding. I told him I didn't know why he would say that and in answer, he pulled out from his desk a copy of the tapped phone message where I said to Winkler, "What bank did you rob today?" I read the transcript and felt sick. I told Purvis that he might not believe it, but it would never happen again in my career. That I was just being a smart-aleck, a wise guy. He indicated he didn't believe my chagrin. He was very un-nice to me and the fellows with me were very embarrassed. Purvis apparently had sent a copy of the transcribed phone conversation to Dwight Green.

So, I went up to see Green and I said, "Mr. Green, I am terribly embarrassed.

I understand you have a copy of the taped comments I had with Winkler. He said, "Well, that was pretty stupid of you. Abe, we kind of like you around here. We always took your word for whatever you said." I told him it would never happen again, and I told him that I'd said the same to Purvis, but he didn't act like he believed me. Green said that he believed me and tore up the transcript, throwing it into the waste basket. I said to Green, "It sounds awfully corny, Mr. Green, but you just made a friend for life. I don't know what I will be able to do for you, but some day I will be able to show my appreciation."

Green was elected governor. I was in the state senate. When he was inaugurated I had my beloved mother, my sisters and my friend, Bernice "Mickey" Curtin, join me in Springfield for it and I introduced them to him. In their presence, I said to him, "I once told you that you'd made a friend for life. Governor, you're a Republican and I'm a Democrat, but regardless where my party stands, when I think you're right, I'll be for you. When I think you're wrong, I'll be against you." He said, "Fair enough."

Now we're down in Springfield and when the Democratic Party leaders were against Horner in the primaries - they supported Dr. Herman Bundesen, the city Health Commissioner - and Horner lost the 24th Ward, but Horner was elected and he got even with the party by reducing the school peg levy and the Park Board levy. He cut the hell out of both of them. He indicated he might restore them in the next session, if they cut out the pork. The Republicans agreed to help do that, too.

We used to meet every other year then, for six months. The next time we were

back in Springfield, the Republicans reneged on the deal. Horner had died. John Stelle was acting governor. Although he was a Democrat, he hated Horner's guts and sided with the Republican's more often than the Democrats. In my judgment, Stelle wasn't fond of any member of my faith, including me. We were filibustering and accomplishing nothing. I never will forget, I was speaking and I picked up our rule book and heaved it toward a half open window, some distance from where I was standing and it went sailing right out the window! My colleagues gave me a big hand, not for my speech, but for having a good throwing arm!

ALM: Benson was the Republican leader in the senate, a very nice guy, Arnold Benson. He wouldn't go along with the program, he wanted to keep the cuts. Daley was the minority leader. I went to see Governor Green on my own and I reminded him that I had told him I would support him when he was right and oppose him when he was wrong, regardless of where my party stood. I said, "Well, my party is right on this and you are on the wrong side." I told him what the deal had been and suggested he talk to Benson. I told him that there was conversation about his becoming a candidate for vice president, but that he wouldn't get elected dog-catcher if he didn't get his program off the road. I told him how we were filibustering and nothing was being accomplished in those three weeks. I told him the history of why Horner had made the cuts: to get even with Kelly and Nash and the president of the Park District who had opposed his reelection, Dunham, an autocratic, arrogant guy. The governor wanted time to think about it, but I suggested he have Benson contacted immediately and just ask him if he hadn't agreed to put the levy cuts back that session. He called Benson and I returned to the senate. About ten minutes later a recess was called and the governor talked to Benson. About twenty minutes

later, Benson returned, took the rostrum and called over Harold Ward . . . Ward was our leader in the senate then and later became a very good judge. Dick Daley was our whip.

CTF: Harold Ward?

ALM: Yes. Ward went to the rostrum to listen to Benson. When he returned to the back he was smiling and said, "Okay, we've got our money back in." A little while later, the messenger approached me and told me that the governor wanted to see me. I hadn't told anyone, not even Dick Daley, that I had been to see the governor earlier. This time he had Bill Pacelli, who was a mob guy and was the Alderman and Ward Committeeman for the 20th Ward with him. He was just leaving the governor's office as I arrived, but he heard Governor Green thank me.

CTF: Where was the 20th Ward?

ALM: Where the 1st Ward has been.

He said, "Why the hell are you thanking him, he's a Democrat, Governor." Green said, "He's my friend. He helped me straighten out this mess. I want to thank him." Later, the *Tribune* reporter covering this asked me why I went down there and I asked him how he knew I'd been there. He said the governor's office told him. No one knew, including Daley, that I had gone to see the governor. They played it up in the newspapers, so I finally said that Dick Daley and I had gone to see the governor and had given him the "facts of life," but Daley had nothing to do with it. As long as something good came out

of my meeting with the governor, I wanted my friend, Dick Daley, to share this with me. They had a big headline about the "young Turks" going in to see the governor. Daley was pleased with the publicity and so was I, but Ward was mad as hell at me because he was our leader and he was not aware of what I was doing. Dick Daley, several times, went out of his way to share credit with me for legislation we co-sponsored.

I received a phone message to "stop and see Mayor Kelly" when I returned to Chicago. He said, "Who the hell do you think you are, what right did you have to see the governor? You take orders like anybody else down there!" I told him Green was my friend. He told me, "You don't do a goddamn thing without clearing it with Harold Ward." I said, "I was just trying to do the right thing," but that was politics. It didn't sit well with Mayor Kelly.

The worst thing that happened between Kelly and myself was when there was a bill introduced to bar refugee doctors from practicing medicine until they obtained full citizenship, which would mean a wait of five years, as it does now. The man who introduced that bill was a lawyer, Earl Searcy, who later became Clerk of the Supreme Court and a very decent man from Springfield. I said to Earl, "Earl, this affects my people, primarily. These are doctors under whom our doctors went to study in Austria, Germany and Hungary. If they don't want to be part of this country, I agree, the heck with them. But, if they do, don't deprive the people of their talents. Let them come in and have to apply for citizenship within 30 days after arrival and then permit them to take our medical exams and if they pass them, let them pursue the citizenship process.

CTF: These were people fleeing the Nazis? Who objected?

ALM: Oh, yes, oh sure. I think it was primarily the Illinois Medical Society.

He said, "That makes sense to me." I told him I was going to New York to try a case and asked him not to advance the bill beyond a second reading, that I would have an amendment, and he assured me that he would comply. When I returned, the bill had been advanced to the third reading, beyond the amendment stage. I thought Earl had forgotten about our conversation and he told me he was terribly embarrassed. I believe he was, he was sincere. He said, "Lt. Governor Stelle wanted me to advance the bill and I told him what had happened and that you had had to leave to try a case and Stelle said you belonged here, not trying any cases." We were getting $2,500 a session, every two years, which was $5,000 for the four years, plus expenses. I think we got $60 for expenses for a session.

I went to see Stelle and he abused the hell out of me. "Who do you think you are? You're no different that anyone else down here! Don't be trying cases in New York. If you can't afford to stay in Springfield, don't be a senator!"

Well, you had to get unanimous consent to bring a bill back for the second reading, in order to attach an amendment. I've made a lot of speeches in my career, but that time I really made a speech! I told them it was a sad commentary on public life if a senator couldn't take the word of another senator in a situation like this. I told them that none of us were there for the salary: we were there to do a service for our people whomever we represented. I told them the story of my conversation with Searcy and turned to him and asked him if I had misstated a single word of our conversation, and Searcy backed me up. I asked for unanimous consent to bring the bill back for the second reading and

told them that they could beat it, but just give me a chance. Stelle was at the rostrum, banging the gavel. I got the unanimous consent and then they beat it, beat my amendment.

Next, I went to the attorney general, who was a wonderful man and superb lawyer, named John Cassidy. His son is practicing law in Peoria. I said to him, "Take a look at this bill" and I gave him a memorandum prepared by two young lawyers in the Legislative Reference Bureau, a fellow named McCaffrey and a fellow named Rubin Cohn, who became one of the top constitutional lawyers in Illinois. I said, "If this makes sense to you, I ask that you recommend to the governor that he veto the bill." I had gone to see the governor originally and Horner had told me not to worry about it, he would veto it, but you can overcome the veto. The next day the attorney general called me in and gave me a copy of a letter that he was sending to the governor, recommending a veto because it was unconstitutional. The governor vetoed it.

They re-introduced the bill again two years later, when Green was governor. I made the same speeches. The attorney general was then a fellow named Barrett, George Barrett. His father was a lawyer - he was later elected a judge on our Circuit Court, his uncle was a lawyer and his cousin was a lawyer. Two fathers and two sons, representing the Yellow Cab Company and insurance companies. The bill was introduced again. I went to see Barrett.

I had first met him when I was a young lawyer in the state's attorney's office and a cousin of theirs was arrested for drunken driving and someone was killed. The case was before Judge Rudolph DeSort and I was the prosecutor. I said the death was a very unfortunate thing, but the maximum the family could collect

was $10,000. I asked if there was a civil suit filed and there had been one. I suggested that they bring the family in, and the lawyer who filed the civil suit and offer them the $10,000 - the maximum for a wrongful death - and give them another $5,000 for their lawyers fee. The Barretts authorized me to do that and I told the deceased's family and their lawyer that while there would be a conviction and the defendant would go to jail, they'd get nothing from that. The defendant had never been arrested and had an excellent reputation, but did admit he had "one too many". I told them that the lawyer could get more for them than the insurance would pay and their lawyer recommended that they accept the deal. The family got $20,000: $10,000 from the insurance, and $10,000 from the defendant's family, and that was the end of that. The Barrett cousin didn't go to jail. He was put on probation and to my knowledge, never again got into trouble.

Sometime afterward, the Barretts took me to an Italian restaurant and said they were very appreciative and asked if there was anything they could do for me. I told them that some day I might ask them for something they could and should do.

Now it's 15 years later and I asked George Barrett if he remembered how we first met. He said he'd never forget it. And I told him he could do something for me. I gave him the opinion of his predecessor on the unconstitutionality of the bill and the veto message of Horner. I asked him to read them and said if they made sense to him and it was justice, to please do what they had done. To Barrett's credit, he wrote practically the same veto message and Governor Green vetoed it. That was the end of it.

I had earlier said I would tell you about the worst thing that happened between Mayor Kelly and I. It was when I was trying to get the Foreign Doctor Bill recalled for my amendment. I had asked to see Kelly and when he sent for me, Sullivan and Ward were sitting in his outer office. I think they were there to report to him on what had transpired in the legislature. He had us all come in together and I said to him, "Mr. Mayor, I don't know why you are favoring these folks who are against us, the Chicago and Illinois Medical Societies which were predominantly Republican. You received the largest majority of votes from the West Side, especially the 24th Ward - which is 99.5 percent Jewish, and when we asked your help in a matter very important to the people of our community in general, you won't give us any help." Now the Mayor could be very charming, but he said something very un-nice to me: told me I was through in public life, or something to that effect. I told him I would run for re-election if I only got my mother's vote and my own, and I'd let my constituents know where he stood as far as we were concerned when we needed him. I told him he was worried about people who didn't even vote for the Democratic Party. He told me to get the hell out! He said that I wouldn't get elected dog-catcher, all because I hadn't gone through Harold Ward on the Foreign Doctor Bill.

When the *Tribune* had my picture in the paper after my tent was bombed when I was overseas, Kelly wrote me a very nice letter and we became good friends and he endorsed me for reelection when I ran for the state senate again.

CTF: When you were in the senate, who were your close friends?

ALM: My closest friend was Dick Daley, and there were two fellows from downstate

Illinois: John Parish from Centralia, who, as a matter of fact, left me a bequest of $5,000 when he died, to be contributed to the Jewish charity of my choice. And, there was a very nice fellow who owned a newspaper in the far southern part of Illinois by the name of Kent Lewis. I was going through some drawers recently and came across some printed signs: "Abraham Lincoln Marovitz for Governor." He wanted to handle my campaign downstate.

CTF: What about among the state representatives, did you have any people close to you there with whom you worked?

ALM: Yes. I was very close to and fond of Sam Shapiro, who was from Kankakee who later was elected lieutenant governor, then became acting governor. He ran and lost to Oglivie. Sam was a very high-class fellow.

There was a big fellow, named Pete Kaminski, who must have weighed 400 pounds. He worked as Assistant Superintendent at the House of Corrections in Chicago. There was a bill to widen the highways to accommodate the big trucking companies and its chief sponsor was a man named Jack Keeshin, really a self-made man, who owned a trucking company. And there was a fellow named Jimmy Leonardo, from a neighboring district in the westside of Taylor and Halsted. Like Keeshin, he had a trucking company. I was opposed to the bill because there wasn't enough in the budget to build the larger highways. Jimmy, who was a decent fellow, was unhappy with my opposition. He walked up to me on the senate floor and made some threats to me. As I started walking toward him, following right in back of me, was Dick Daley. Jimmy turned around and back to his seat, telling me that I was "through" and would never get reelected.

Well, there were some tough days down there. Vito Marzullo was a very conscientious member of the House. He was born in Italy and spoke with an accent. He was the creator of and introduced the bill for the Medical Center on the near West Side in his legislative district.

CTF: For the Westside Medical Center?

ALM: Yes. The Republican leadership opposed it and a leader named Thompson (not former Governor Jim Thompson), led the fight. He said that any of us who voted for that bill had to be tied up with the mob and the outfit, because the mob guys were going to buy up all the property in that area and sell it to the state at inflated prices. I took the floor and talked about my friend, Vito, and he never forgot it. He had very little education, but was very street-wise. He was very well intentioned, very honest and sponsored good legislation. That bill was passed. The legislator who had led that fight later left the senate, under a cloud.

My two brothers were very annoyed with me. I was the principal trial lawyer in the firm with a substantial practice, spending valuable time in Springfield. It was worth it and I wouldn't have missed it for the world. My close friendship with Dick Daley originated there. In my opinion, he knew more about budgeting and public financing than anyone else did. I don't know if he had an accounting degree, but both Republicans and Democrats would go to him for budgeting matters. He became the Democratic minority leader.

CTF: Judge, did you ever have any problems, philosophically, in representing people like Bioff?

ALM: Sure I did.

I had an experience not too long ago, involving a very important person who was under investigation and who was/is a friend of mine. His very experienced lawyer told me he would have my friend plead guilty to some minor offense. My friend told me he wasn't guilty of anything and I asked him if he'd take a lie detector test. I told his lawyer that I had never pled a person guilty who said that they weren't. I told the lawyer that my friend was willing to take a lie detector test and I couldn't understand why he would plead him guilty - to anything - if he wasn't. The lawyer kind of snickered. I suggested he tell the district attorney that his client was willing to take it with any reliable agency, which he did, and passed with flying colors. It developed that some one else in the company in which he was involved pled guilty to the original specific charge. But my friend's lawyer was ready to plead him guilty to a misdemeanor!

When I practiced criminal law and a client would tell me he wasn't guilty, I would never be a party to having him tell a perjured story. I would make the state or government prove their case. Much of my criminal law business came from other lawyers, often because of my relationship with those same lawyers when I was a state's attorney. Sometimes those lawyers would have multiple-defendant cases and invariably I'd be one of those they would hire. They'd set a fee higher that I would normally charge, in many instances!

Whenever I talk to young lawyers, I always tell them that decency pays off. If they are nice people, don't change when they get into the courtroom or get personally involved in the trial of a case.

CTF: Judge, what is your earliest memory of public speaking?

ALM: Interesting you should ask. Last night I was shuffling some papers and came across a transcript of a 24th Ward Democratic Club meeting on November 1st, 1935, at 3242 West Roosevelt Road, at which I was singled out for tribute as "One of Chicago's Younger Leaders." It contains what I believe is my first speech. Since this oral history is for my family, too, this may be a good place to include it.

The "Notables Present" were: Mayor Ed J. Kelly, Michael L. Igoe, Capt. Tom Callaghan and Patrick A. Nash. The State Officers present were: Edward J. Barrett, Congressman Tom O'Brien and Joseph Triner. From the Sanitary District were: J. L. Friedman and Paul Coliani; and, the County Officers present were: Emmett Whealen, Fred Fischman, Dr. Karl Meyer, Mitchell C. Robin and Dr. Harry Hoffman. The City Officers were: Ald. James McDermott, Ald. Tom Keene, Al Prignano, James McCahey, Harry Lipsky and Jeff O'Connor. The Judges present were: James F. Fardy, Walter T. Stanton, John J. Lupe, Joseph Drucker, Cornelius Harrington, Thomas Greene, Joseph Burke, Thomas J. Lynch, R. Jerome Dunne, Erwin J. Hasten, Matthew Hartigan, Michael Feinberg and Francis Borrelli. The Police Officers present were: Capt. Andy Barry, Capt. Charles McGurn, Lt. Tommy Harrison, Capt. Tom Duffy, Capt. Roger Shanahan, Lt. Louis Klatzko and Capt. Pat Collins. Friends were: Robert E. Crowe, Joseph Kehoe, Barney Ross, Jocko Conlon, Bill Rittenhouse, Dave Miller, Joe Gould, Lou Gordon, Jimmy Braddock, Mort Kallis and Packy McFarland. Telegrams were received from: Oscar F. Nelson, Capt. Ryan, Barnet Hodes, George Lavin, Judge John J. O'Connell, Ald. Roger Kiley, Judge Padden, Judge Schwaba, Charlie Dougherty, Judge Epstein, Judge Sabath, Judge McGoorty and Judge James J. Kelly.

Ald. Arvey: I should like to stop the fights for just a moment, and take this opportunity of introducing to you a man whom we all know and love, and who has come up here tonight for the same purpose all the rest of us have: to pay tribute to Abe Marovitz, a fine upstanding young man from our own west side. This man has to leave to catch a train; he's going down to Columbus to the game, and must leave. Mr. Patrick A. Nash.

Mr. Nash: Ladies and gentlemen, I consider it an honor to be here. I only wish I could remain throughout the evening, but I must get away. I hope you all have a good evening, good fights, and let the best man win.

Ald. Arvey: I should like to introduce another man to you, and then we'll let the fights go on. I'm sure he really needs no introduction, former State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe.

Mr. Crowe: I just want to say to you that you have a very fine man in Abe. I had the privilege of appointing him assistant state's attorney, and I'd like to help make him state's attorney when Arvey gets through.

Ald. Arvey: In the presence of so many people in business life, professional life and political life, I just want to say that this is a tribute that I have never seen duplicated. I've seen many men honored, but never have I seen a man of Abe's age in such a short time attract so many prominent men of politics, the business world, and the professions. I want you all to know that the 24th Ward conducts these affairs for charitable purposes and we all appreciate the tribute to Abe Marovitz, in helping to promote such a worthy undertaking.

Now I would like to introduce you to a man, who in a very short time, has climbed the ladder to pugilistic fame and success: James J. Braddock. Joe Triner has been kind enough to bring Jim up here tonight, and I'd like him to say a few words to you.

Mr. Braddock: At the request of Joe Triner and Alderman Arvey, I stopped off here. I am on my way through to Portland, Oregon for some exhibition bouts. I suppose what you are most interested in is what I think of Joe Louis. Joe is a swell fellow and a good fighter, and the outstanding contender for the title. I cherish the thought of our stepping into the ring together. It will be a tough fight for Joe has many hard punches, but I believe after all is said and done, with all respect to Joe Louis, that little Jimmied will still be champion.

Ald. Arvey: So far we have refrained from ribbing Abe. It seems that every time we have an affair at this Club, someone is constantly ribbing someone else. But tonight I don't want anyone to rib Abe. This is his night, given in his honor, and we want him to have a good time.

I should like to introduce you now a very good friend of Abe's and mine, of this entire ward organization and one of the finest Democrats I know. He is District Attorney of this District, former Congressman at Large, and certainly a great leader of the Democratic Party, Michael L. Igoe.

Mr. Igoe: Alderman Arvey, and you ladies and gentlemen, Arvey said he didn't want anybody to rib Abe Marovitz, but he wasn't very particular in the manner in which he ribbed me.

I don't know just what the setting of this affair is, outside of honoring Abe. You are now in perhaps the largest and finest Jewish section in Chicago and you will notice that they've quite a fringe of these Irish politicians all around here. In this part of Chicago years ago, the Irish used to fight out on the streets, and now we come back and find our Jewish friends fighting in a ring.

They have been having a series of these affairs around Chicago. Last night they had a dinner for Judge David and you did the same thing here tonight that they did last night: you left out his initial. It's Joseph E. David! He is not only an eminent jurist, but also a violin artist of note, and he sings and dances. Last night when he should have had better treatment, when a very fine party was being given, he wanted to sing. He called out, "What shall it be?" And his stooge, Mort Kallis, said, "Sing far, far away, Judge." But it was a very pleasant evening in honor of a very distinguished citizen.

And now they have moved us over on the west side, over here to pay tribute to one of the most active and best liked young men in Chicago, Abe Marovitz. I don't know of anyone who has gone further - I know of no one who has accomplished more in the span of this years - than has our friend Abe. And as the Alderman has already said, this is a fine tribute to a young man of his years, to see all these people here. It is also a tribute to the organization, a tribute to Arvey, and those associated with him. They have made this part of Chicago well worthwhile, and they have made many fine contributions to the community in which we live; in the making of these contributions in this section, I don't know of anyone who has striven harder, nor served more honestly to bring about those results than the guest of the present occasion.

I don't get the angle on the Fillmore Police Station. It must be a pretty good station because they don't like for a captain to stay there long. I don't want the Mayor to understand that I know anything about the situation, I am only drawing my conclusions. All the captains Arvey has introduced were "formerly with Fillmore" and they all looked pretty healthy as introduced.

As I said before, this is a great section of Chicago, your west side. I am particularly glad that Davey Miller is going to referee one of the fights here tonight. As long as there has been boxing in the State of Illinois, Davey Miller has been associated with the sport, and it has always been in a clean, wholesome manner. He is a credit to this neighborhood and a credit to the cause in which he has enlisted his services.

I know you all came here to see the fights, and I am going to conclude by sincerely saying, I sincerely hope that Abe Marovitz, as he goes through life, will never have a night more unpleasant than this night when we meet on this

west side to acclaim his as our friend.

Ald. Arvey: Thank you Mike Igoe. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have something here, but I want Mayor Kelly to present it to Abe. I could make an ordinary speech and present the gift, I suppose, but I'd like our Mayor to do it because he is a friend of Abe's too. Mayor Kelly, will you kindly step up here and do the honors, please?

Mayor Kelly: My dear friends, I am overwhelmed by this introduction. Ordinarily I would not pay much attention to that kind of an introduction, but I know Arvey well, so anything Jack says is on the level, and whenever he talks that way it sort of fills me up with not pride, but with emotion. I am delighted to be here tonight because of that fact.

I am delighted also because the young man you are honoring typifies Chicago and typifies the spirit of Chicago. I suppose one reason he is such a fine young man is because his mother was born in Ireland*, and that makes it a little different.

Abe started as many people in this neighborhood - he wasn't born with any silver spoon. He had to hustle, and he's been hustling ever since. Since that time he has endeavored to be his brother's keeper; he has always endeavored to treat everyone nicely, as he wanted to be treated himself. He has been just what you would expect a real loving citizen to be. I know Abe to be a man who gets more pleasure out of doing things for other people than he does doing things for himself. The reason he has succeeded is because he tried to do things for pals and friends, believed in his country, believed in his God, and believed in his pals and the city.

He is going to continue to grow with the city. All of you will see the day when Abe Marovitz will be a comparatively big man in this community, either in business life or in his profession. He has lots of ability. He doesn't brag. You will find he gets results in almost everything he undertakes in politics as far as politics are concerned. You will find he has won almost every case he has been interested in.

I am delighted to be here regardless of any engagement, just because I like Abe, and just because I know he is on the level. He is honest-minded, and I know he is going to do in the future just as he has done in the past. It is an honor and a privilege, on behalf of the 24th Ward Democratic Organization, to give him a sort of token of our esteem, something he will remember, something he would like to have had with him in Ireland. Tonight the organization decided to give him a movie camera, something he can use in his trips. I traveled from Havana

to Miami with Abe by airplane at the time our late Mayor Cermak was shot, and at that time we thought he was dead. Of course, when we arrived we found out otherwise. And I want you ladies and gentlemen to know that no one could have a better companion when down in the dumps. When everything seemed darkest he tried to cheer us up. There is no better smiling, genial man than Abe Marovitz, and on behalf of the organization and at the request of your Organization, I take pleasure in presenting to Abe this wonderful outfit.

Abe Marovitz: Mr. Mayor, Mr. Igoe, and members of our Ward Organization, and friends - not only am I the happiest fellow in Chicago tonight, but I am also the luckiest fellow in Chicago.

You know I attended some banquets recently - one given in honor of Judge Alschuler of the Circuit Court of Appeals, and one given last night for Judge David. Both Judge Alschuler and Judge David expressed what I have always felt in my heart, the thanks for being born in this wonderful country.

It was my good fortune to travel a little this summer, the first time in my life I have traveled extensively. I covered twelve countries, and no where in the world has a lad, born the way I was, in the slums of Chicago, the opportunity that is given us in this great liberty loving country of America. I came back with a greater appreciation of the wonderful opportunities this country offers to us. And may I say in passing, as I said before, when I told a little about the trip, our people, and of course I mean the Jews, are treated better and are happier in the Irish Free State than anywhere else in the world.

They have the most beautiful synagogue I have ever entered, right in Ireland, where our people go to worship as they please, unmolested.

Tonight as I listened to Mr. Igoe and our good Mayor, a certain feeling of emotion swept over me, and I didn't think I would be capable of saying one word. I am naturally emotional, but I guess if I stand on my feet, I am able to say a little bit. Tonight to all my friends, be they high in political life or just hard working people whom I have had the good fortune to meet in life, I want you to know that I deeply appreciate your coming here. Well, all of them did not come to see me, that I know - the Alderman has a couple of friends, and so has our good friend, Fred Fischman.

I hope that as the years go on that these people will feel the same toward me, and I hope I make no serious mistakes to make them feel one bit sorry that I have had any of them as a friend. As far as Jack Arvey is concerned, he is the biggest little man I know. There is too much in my heart now to express in mere words my feelings, and how grateful I am not only to Jack, but every

member of the organization, precinct captain and assistant precinct captain, and statesmen like myself.

I hope Jimmy Braddock will in the very near future convince the world that he is going to remain champion for a long time to come, and the dark hope remains dark. Just as I hope he wins, I hope I continue to keep the friends I have who may not number many, but in quality mean much. Thank you again.

* Mrs. Marovitz was born in Lithuania

JFM: How about the "Judge Learned Hand dissenting opinion" story?

ALM: Oh yes, I enjoy telling that story. As you know, I specialized in criminal law when I went into private practice. On this occasion I was representing a couple of fellows before Judge Michael Igoe. When Charley Dougherty worked at Railway Express Company, they were co-workers of his. On this occasion, many years later, they had been indicted for staging a fake robbery. They had no criminal records and were family men. A couple of professional con men conned them into staging a robbery. Charley asked me to represent them, without fee, and to try to help them. I was trying to get probation, but the prosecutor was Francis McCreal and he said no, they're going to jail.

I was making a motion to suppress the evidence and I quoted Judge Learned Hand's dissenting opinion in a case: I told the judge that was what it was, a dissenting opinion. McCreal felt it necessary to call the judge's attention, again, to the fact that I had quoted a dissenting opinion. The judge said, "That's the first thing I heard the Senator say, and I agree with the dissenting opinion!" He sustained my motion and discharged the two fellows. McCreal threw his papers against the bench and turned his back on the judge. Judge Igoe made him apologize to me and to the court and McCreal never spoke to me again. The

two defendants stayed in touch with me for many years: they were never again in trouble.

JFM: What about the National Lawyer's Guild . Weren't you a member?

ALM: Yes, and at that time there were a number of prominent attorneys whom I knew who were also members, including an outstanding lawyer and banker, Earl Dickerson, and former chief justice of our Court of Appeals, Judge Luther Swygert. There were rumors to have been some members who were Communists. One of the members was a lady named Pearl Hart, who supposedly had Communistic leanings. When I was on the State Court, I often appointed her to defend people and had a high regard for her legal ability.

I remember when she was being honored at the time of her retirement, she asked if I would consider making the presentation to her at the dinner and I told her that I would be honored to do so. I did and I said some nice things about her and the pro bono work she did at my request.

Then, when I was being considered for the federal bench and was interviewed by the late, former FBI agent Bill Roemer, who later wrote many books about the mob, one of the questions he raised was my association with Pearl Hart and my speaking at her retirement dinner. I told him that I had high regard for her and owed no apology. He also talked to me about my night-clubbing, about being a bachelor, etc. I told him that if they wanted a "gelding," they had the wrong guy!

CTF: Wasn't the National Lawyer's Guild formed as an alternative to the ultra-

conservative American Bar Association?

ALM: I believe so.

JFM: Tell us about Murray "The Camel" Humphreys.

ALM: I represented him when he was one of the top guys in the outfit.

JFM: He was a very courtly looking man, wasn't he?

ALM: Oh, yes, very handsome, very well dressed. You'd see him around town in the restaurants, sitting with the chairman of the board of some bank or some very prominent political person. You'd never take him for a hoodlum - you'd take him for a banker or executive. He was very courteous and considerate in that he would never say hello to me in public places unless I acknowledged him first. Some of my other clients would hail me from across a crowded room or send drinks over to my table when I'd be with guests, but not Murray.

Humphrey was indicted for the violation of the income tax law, some income tax thing when I was on the bench, and Joe E. Lewis phoned me to tell me about it. He'd heard it on the radio. I learned that the case was assigned to me! When I confirmed it had been assigned to me, I didn't know if I'd recuse myself or not, but I was tending toward not doing it. I went to see Roger Kiley - who's son was with Mayor Daley's office and his father had been a great football player at Notre Dame. Rog had a problem with his voice and was appointed to our Circuit Court of Appeals. He had been with Nash and Ahern, top criminal lawyers and both my good friends.

So I went up to see Rog Kiley and I said, "Rog, it's on the record that I've defended Murray Humphrey and his case is on the call tomorrow morning . He said, "Just transfer it out, people knew you represented him. It wouldn't be good." I said, "Maybe if they ask, but I don't want to volunteer to do it." That night, the police went to arrest Humphrey and he gave them a little tussle and when he was released on bond and returned to his apartment at Marina City, he died! They found about $12,000 on him and the government wanted the $12,000. His brother appeared and he wanted it. There were no judgments against Murray, so I let the brother have it.

JFM: Tell about your office being burglarized.

ALM: Oh. Well, I represented Gus Winkler. When he was killed, the newspaper mentioned that I had represented him and I guess it was thought that I had his money in my office and someone burglarized my office.

There was a big headline about the burglary and when my late sister Bess arrived at work and saw the headline on the newsstand outside the entrance to where she worked, she fainted. My family was very upset.

JFM: Tell us about first meeting "Mickey," Bernice Curtin.

ALM: After I got my license to practice law, Mr. Austrian asked me if I'd like to be an assistant state's attorney and I said, sure. He called up Crowe, who was a former Circuit Court judge and was then the state's attorney, and told him I'd been trying cases with him . . . all I'd been doing was carrying his books. "I'm sending him over, put him to work - he'll make a good trial lawyer." When I

went over there I was making $22 bucks a week from the firm, but at the state's attorney office I started at $203.00 a month!

JFM: I think we have all that already. So now you're working there and one day you notice . . .

ALM: I went in there in 1927 and the next year a nice little Irish Catholic girl named Bernice Curtin was assigned to three of us as a stenographer. She was very refined, gorgeous, smart and independent. We became very, very good friends and we still are.

JFM: Well, you started dating, and then . . .

ALM: Yes, we dated often.

JFM: Did you have a car? You lived far apart, didn't you?

ALM: Yes, we did. But Charley Dougherty, who broke me into the state's attorney's office would let me use his car occasionally. Then I bought a used car for $35.00, a Haynes car. She lived way out south and I would drive her home once in awhile. I was really smitten.

In those days if you married outside the faith you'd break your family's heart: you had the choice to break your own instead. She was a very devout Catholic girl. Later, she and her sister raised three orphaned children, their sister's kids. Two boys and a girl. First the father died, then the mother, so Bernice and her sister Kay raised those children. One became a priest, one became a nun . . .

she later left the order and became a teacher.

JFM: When you left the state's attorney's office, did Mickey leave too?

ALM: She stayed awhile, then went to work someplace else and then I hired her as my secretary.

JFM: When you were in private practice?

ALM: Yes, and when I was on the state court and on the federal court - until Aileen Jensen replaced her.

JFM: If I remember the story, she was having some health problems and retired.

ALM: And now, unfortunately, she's in a nursing home and has Alzheimer's. Her sister is there too, on a floor that has assisted living accommodations. Her sister, Kay, looks after Bernice. It's a real rough thing - I feel so helpless - and she was so wonderful, had more brains in her rump than I have in my head. It's awful to see what has become of her. I go to visit her at least once a week. She knows who I am, but we can't have a conversation anymore.

JFM: There was always speculation. Mickey always lived with her sister and although you traveled together, you were accompanied by her sister. Mickey was always very, very concerned about even the appearance of impropriety.

ALM: Yes, we didn't have the kind of relationship people take for granted these days. Bernice always worked, she was self-supporting, and she lived with her sister. I

remember one time I asked them both how they'd like to go to a nice Bar Mitzvah. Bernice was not impressed, she'd been to a lot of Bar Mitzvahs with me. But I told her that this one was going to be in Ireland, the grandson of Bob Briscoe, the former Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin, was going to be Bar Mitzvahed there and we'd been invited!

She and Kay and I went and we traveled all over Ireland. We had a great time. It's been a great relationship . . . they had a wonderful family. The nun left her order and became a teacher and is now retired. The priest is still a priest, and the other boy is retired after working for the city. They have a wonderful, wonderful grandniece, Maureen, and her husband David Space, who keep a close eye on them.

JFM: So, for all those people who speculated . . . your relationship was always very proper?

ALM: (Laughter) Oh yes, yes, and I can't take any credit for that, she was always . . .

JFM: And so you did date others?

ALM: Yes, but not as often as the newspapers would have had people think. It was very rough on Mickey, 'cause I was bouncing around night clubs and flying out to the West Coast at the drop of a hat. I think I made most of Joe E's openings, wherever he was.

I always told anyone who exhibited a romantic interest in me, who hoped our friendship would lead to matrimony, that my heart belonged to Bernice, "Mickey," and if I couldn't marry her, I wouldn't marry anyone. I told them

early on.

JFM: I heard that people expected you and Mickey would marry after both your parents were gone, but if your mother died in 1957, the both of you were in your early 50's then. When I asked you about this a long time ago, your response was something like, "Why would I have any less respect for my parents feelings after they were gone than when they were alive?"

ALM: Well, that's how I felt. Also, we were both very settled in our own lives and routines. I had a wonderful housekeeper, Arie Lee Harris - we called her Lee - who made a comfortable home for me. Everything just remained status quo. If Bernice wasn't with me at the functions I attended, I generally stopped at their apartment every night, before I'd go home. We were always very close.

They also had a small home on a lake in Michigan in the midst of other homes belonging to their family members and I would go there on retreat during the summer. I did a lot of swimming there until I one time I came close to being decapitated by a motor boat - my bald head must have looked like just another lily pad - then, when skin cancer began showing up on me and I couldn't be in the sun, I didn't spend as much time there as I had in the past. But I do have wonderful memories of those times. It didn't hurt that Mickey's sister Kay was, and is, a great cook!

JFM: In the "It's a Small World" department, would you tell how you first met your colleague, Walter Cummings, who's on the (Seventh) Circuit Court of Appeals.

ALM: When I was a kid in the office of Mayer, Meyer, Austrian & Platt, they

represented the Continental Bank and Walter's father was chairman of the board. I delivered many letters from the law office to Mr. Cummings, personally and I got to know him very well. He always called me Abe. When Walter was getting his law license in Springfield, I was in the state senate. His father brought him over to meet me, so I met Walter the day he was inducted as a lawyer! And he's been my very good friend ever since, through thick and thin as they say.

JFM: I think I understand now why you always try to meet each messenger who comes to your chambers personally, and ask them their names and about their families and their ambitions, as well as waiters and busboys.

ALM: I've never forgotten how it made me feel to be called by name instead of "hey you" or "kid", especially by people in authority.

JFM: I think the story about Jimmy Petrillo is worth including.

ALM: Well, I had a friend, Witt Hanley, the man who gave me retainers for five unions after I had just opened my private law practice. He introduced me to Jimmy Petrillo who I did some work for and we became close personal friends and would go out to dinner together, at Eli's about once a week after it opened. In those days the white musicians had one union and the black musicians had their own union. I was always opposed to segregation and with the help of a nice African American alderman, who represented the black musicians, we succeeded in getting them united. I wish I could remember the alderman's name, but it escapes me at the moment, but I do want it mentioned. He made an excellent contribution to the consolidation.

After I met Petrillo, I administered the oath of his office to him each time he was reelected and to this day, the presidents of the musician's union have me administer the oath to them. Jimmy gave me a life membership, Card No. 1. I delivered the eulogy at the Cathedral for Jimmy when he died. I have a picture in my chambers of President Truman playing the piano for Jim, with Jim playing his saxophone. We had a great friendship through the years.

JFM: You mentioned Harry Truman - would you tell the story of your meeting him?

ALM: Governor Henry Horner had a campaign manager by the name of Jim Slattery. He was the Democratic Ward Committeeman of the 49th or 50th ward. He was a very good lawyer: Governor Horner appointed him chairman of the Commerce Commission. I did his criminal law work for him. We became very good friends. When James Hamilton Lewis, one of our two senators in Washington, died, Horner appointed Slattery to fill the vacancy. I went to his induction in Washington and learned that he sat between Harry Truman, the senator from Missouri, and Minton, the senator from Indiana. They all became very good friends and since I visited there often, I became close to them, too.

Minton was defeated for re-election and President Roosevelt appointed him to the Circuit Court of Appeals. He lived in a little town in Indiana. Whenever he didn't go back home for the weekend, I had him at my home for dinner. We were very dear friends. Through his friendship with Truman, I became a good friend of Truman, too. Whenever he came to town, Kup (columnist Irv Kupcinet), and a fellow named Russ Stewart and myself would take him to dinner. Then he became vice president.

Then, when Roosevelt died, Truman became president.

On one occasion, I was going to Washington and I asked Tom Clark, who was on the Supreme Court and whom I'd known for many years, to make an appointment for me to see Truman. In fact, Clark was responsible for making me the first president of the State Court's Trial Judges Association. So I went to see Truman and I noticed he had a picture of Chaim Weizman, the first president of Israel, presenting Truman with a copy of our Torah. I admired it and he told me to take it. I said, "I can't do that Mr. President!" He said, "Take it, I'm giving it to you, I've got another one around here somewhere!" So I took the picture off the wall and said, "Without your "Hancock . . . "" He took the picture from me and took it out of the frame and inscribed it to me.

JFM: If I'm not mistaken, you maintained a friendship with his daughter and she has inscribed a book she wrote about her father, to me.

ALM: Yes, that's right.

You know, I told you how when I was in the service I was so unhappy over the separation of the black and white people in the armed forces. I wrote to Truman, and I think I wrote to his former partner in the haberdashery business, too - I think his name was Jacobson. We had him come to a B'nai B'rith meeting from Kansas City, where I'd met him. I'm sure others wrote to the president, as well. But by presidential edict, he abolished the separation. I honestly believe in my heart that he was our greatest president.

JFM: You have another story about Learned Hand.

ALM: I had a case in New York, a narcotic case, and while I was in New York I phoned Justice Learned Hand's secretary and asked if I could visit and she made a luncheon date for us. He took me over to the New York Bar Association and their was a long poem on the wall, which I started to read: "*I Am The Lawyer*". He said, "Oh, don't read that now, I've got a copy in the chambers I'll give you." So we had quite a luncheon. He was a very down to earth, wonderful, brilliant man, more brains in his rump than I have in my head. I told him during lunch how I had won that case on the basis of his dissenting opinion and when we got back to his office, I asked his secretary if she thought he would autograph a picture to me and she said, sure. She mailed it to me.

Many years later, I was attending a meeting of the Learned Hand Series at the University of Chicago. Because of my sole stance against efforts to investigate the university because of supposed Communists, I was invited, and still am, to some of their affairs.

I was sitting with the former dean of the university (Phil Neal) and some professors, none of whom I knew. I told them about my autographed picture of Learned Hand and this fellow, the former dean, in front of these people whom I didn't know and who were connected with the university said, "He never autographed any pictures." In other words, he was calling me an out and out liar! I told them that I didn't know what Learned Hand did generally, but I had one and invited Neal to come to the chambers. We were at the University Club on Monroe Street. He saw the photo and the inscription and the transmittal letter that accompanied it, but didn't make any comment. Now I make mistakes and when I know I have, I apologize, but this fellow didn't say, "I'm sorry, I apologize."

JFM: How about Carl Sandburg? You have a story involving a photo and him, too.

ALM: I first met him through Ralph Newman, the Abraham Lincoln expert. We'd go to dinner together and have a few drinks. Sandburg wrote this inscription to me on a picture I have hanging in my chambers: "To Senator Abraham Lincoln Marovitz, with loving regards" Ralph said he never saw him autograph a picture to any **man** "with loving regards!"