

MY APPRENTICESHIP TO CRIME

An
(To the memory of my
Autobiography

Grace Maria Treadwell.

-by-

ARTHUR HARDING

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CHAPTER 15.

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Portland. I was located in D-Hall, my cell window had a

The penal servitude Act 1857 had established Portland as fine view of the harbour and miles out at sea.

a convict prison for the construction work in dockyard. The

The warden in charge of my landing was an old officer from great mole of Portland Harbour was built entirely by convicts, Borstal, who was surprised to see me back in prison, although the stone being quarried from the stone quarries where the he had read my name in the papers he was not sure it was me. convicts worked.

This officer made me feel rather ashamed of myself for

When we arrived at the prison we were taken at once to becoming another Borstal failure.

the separate cells, which was the reception centre for new

The separate cells were a block of cells for the most arrivals. Here in this block of cells all men are located on dangerous and troublesome men. Those who had committed

reception and on the day of their release. On arrival each assaults on prison officers and had been flogged and had to

prisoner changes into the convict garb or uniform of the new wear chains rivetted round their legs for a period of six months.

prison. He is interviewed for working party, medically examined Portland is a very healthy prison, the climate is ideal.

and appears before the Governor to see if he is the man he is

Discipline was very strict, the Governor believed in punishment; supposed to be. To my surprise, I found that I was classed

he was an ex-Army officer, one named Captain Shuler. The as an intermediate. The clothes we were to wear were decorated question of reformation never caused him the slightest anxiety, with red stripes on sleeves and cap, denoting that I was to he never considered it a part of his duty.

be kept apart from the recidivists. I was to work in the

The carpenter's shop where I worked was located outside carpenter's shop, so after careful consideration the authorities the back gate of the prison wall. There were some twenty men

had decided I was not such a dangerous criminal as the police would have them believe. was always open. The warder was armed with The strange conduct of the prison authorities in 1902 had evidently been investigated by the Prison Commissioners. The next day, after our arrival, we were all located in the cell blocks where we were to live for the period of our stay in Portland. I was located in D Hall, my cell window had a fine view of the harbour and miles out at sea. The warder in charge of my landing was an old officer from Borstal, who was surprised to see me back in prison, although he had read my name in the papers he was not sure it was me. This officer made me feel rather ashamed of myself for becoming another Borstal failure. The separate cells were a block of cells for the most dangerous and troublesome men. Those who had committed assaults on prison officers and had been riogged and had to wear chains rivetted round their legs for a period of six months. Portland is a very healthy prison, the climate is ideal. Discipline was very strict, the Governor believed in punishment; he was an ex-Army officer, one named Captain Shuler. The question of reformation never caused him the slightest anxiety, he never considered it a part of his duty. The carpenter's shop where I worked was located outside the back gate of the prison wall. There were some twenty men

working in the shop. One warder was in charge and he always stood by the door which was always open. The warder was armed with a truncheon which he carried in his hand attached to his wrist by a leather thong.

All the men in the shop were practically first offenders; none of the men could be classed as embryo habitual criminals conforming to Lombroso's definition of a born criminal. Four were serving life sentences for murder, all had been in the death cell and reprieved. In 1912, a life sentence was at least twenty years.

These life sentence men were well behaved men, three of them had served ten years of their sentence, they had reached a higher grade which entitled them to have a blue uniform and more privileges; on the completion of seven years a small sum of money was credited to them to buy sweets and other little comforts, but no tobacco.

The other lifer was my bench mate. I heard from him the sordid story of a drunken wife and a baby left all alone in the house for hours, sometimes all day. He was a Yorkshire miner and on coming home from work found the house deserted, the baby crying on the bed with none to care for it; he ended the brief existence of the unwanted child and was sentenced to die, reprieved to serve a life sentence. He was young, strong and cheerful; he had served some two years or more. He did

not seem to have suffered himself from the ordeal he had passed through. the overthrow of the Tsarist autocracy and the liberation of the Most of the men in the shop were long sentence men; the strange thing about these men was that none belonged to gangs or were criminal types. Most were serving sentences for violence. I was completely out of place among them, they did not even speak the same language as myself.

My cell was on the seaward side of the prison, so I had a good view of the harbour where the Home Fleet lay at anchor; as far as I can remember those far-off days, it was a fine summer. I watched the great warships as they came and went, mostly of the pre-Dreadnought class, in July 1914. We had a number of naval officers inspect the prison. In the last days of July we knew from rumours that war was in the air. The large number of warships which could be seen for miles out at sea was proof enough that there must be some truth in the rumours. Then the day arrived when the Grand Fleet had sailed in the night and we knew that peace would have sailed away too. Those of us who lived through the years of the two wars of 1914-18 and 1939-44 realise the terrible price that the people of the world paid in blood and treasure, we wonder if it was all worth while. I believe that the two wars were colossal blunders for Great Britain. Nothing good resulted

from the victory, only the rise of communism, and some people say that the overthrow of the Tsarist autocracy and the liberation of the serfs in Russia was worth the price in blood and toil which the world paid.

Portland Prison is built on a headland 500 ft. over sea level. Very bracing and healthy, on a clear day it is said you can see the Isle of Wight some 85 miles away.

Some time at the end of 1914 I met my old friend Tommy. We had been friends for many years. We were always together when there was trouble, and when the trouble came we were together in the dock at the Old Bailey when we were sentenced to long terms. He had no record so he received two years imprisonment. We were separated at Wormwood Scrubs, he was released some time in September, 1913. When he was released he went back to Brick Lane, where he soon got into trouble making counterfeit coins. For this offence he received four years; this was his second conviction, so he was sent to Portland as an intermediate to join up with me.

When I saw him first I had a shock, he looked ill, so I told him to go sick and see the M.O. When the M.O. examined him he admitted him to hospital at once. After some weeks he was released and sent back to Bethnal Green hospital; his case was hopeless. Wine, women and dope had done their worst. Life had been unkind to him. Orphaned at an early age,

he was sent to an orphanage to be cared for.

After leaving the home, he hung about Brick Lane and we became friends. He was always by my side when there was any trouble. I saw the M.O., Dr. French, and he allowed me to see him before they took him away. He died in 1915 in Bethnal Green hospital. In some unknown grave he lies and a verse from Gray's Elegy might be a fitting epitaph:

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth
And melancholy marked him for her own.

He was the third one to die of the eight men who stood together in the dock at the Old Bailey on that day in December, 1911. Before I leave the story of my life in Portland, I would like to talk of the men in the carpenter's shop.

When I first went into the shop I noticed one man specially; he was wearing a parti-coloured dress of yellow patches and brown on his convict suit. He was also wearing long chains on each leg rivetted round his ankles, which seemed to be fastened around his waist. This was the first time I had ever seen or heard of convicts in England having to wear chains, so we have not advanced very far along the road to Utopia.

The man had attempted to escape from the carpenter's shop by jumping over a wall, but the other side of the wall was

some thirteen to twenty feet deep and he nearly killed himself. After coming from hospital he was punished for his attempt to escape. I would like to introduce you to the men who were lifers. The men who had committed murder in one moment of insanity; they had taken a life and will be sorry for the rest of their life and maybe for all eternity. These men had been through the ordeal of the death sentence, condemned cell and the other things associated with the crime of murder and its dread consequences. The men I met and worked with in the shop at Portland were just the ordinary men one would meet in any workshop. Number one was a Londoner from the East End, he had served some ten years. He was the shop orderly and looked after the small garden outside the shop; he took great pride in it. One could understand the keen interest he took in it; that garden represented everything to him, the wife he had loved and lost, the care he gave to the garden was for her, what he would have given her, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever". When the Governor and other officials made their daily rounds each and everyone would show interest in the garden. You see, they understood it gave the lifers a joy, a joy of living. Lifer number two, a fine powerful man standing nearly six

feet, some fifty years of age. Very good carpenter, what the garden was to number one the carpentry was to number two. He made staircases for the new houses and he would always have some example of his work in the shop, so that visitors could see his work was first class and much admired by the many visitors. He was Yorkshire, I believe, and was the longest term man in the shop, having served twelve years. Wife strangler, no intention to kill. Mental deterioration was apparent, would become worse if not released soon.

For some reason he was very friendly with me, maybe he recognised a kindred spirit in me. I was friendly with him and he liked joking with me. Warder warned me to be careful not to upset him.

Number three, a child killer, had done some ten years, spoke like an educated man, could have been about forty years of age, same type as homosexuals. He was very far gone along the road to mental deterioration. Would ask me every morning if I had heard the crowds around the prison demanding his release. Always believed that M.P.s were demanding his release. He was a native of Birmingham, harmless, should have been in a mental hospital.

Number four was my bench mate, the Yorkshire miner, sane, strong, no pity for anyone. No illusions about the inmates of H.M. prisons. No sympathy for others, would have made an ideal

involved with the law again. Most men leaving prison have
warder at Dartmoor. Knowing him, one could understand what
good intentions, we all promise ourselves never again. Most
his home life was like and have sympathy for his wife's behaviour.
of us are moral cowards and have not the moral courage to say

There were many more lifers at Portland, but I had no
to our old friends. "Leave me out, I'm finished, had enough."
knowledge of them as individuals. My judgment of the four
lifers, I had knowledge of at Portland: numbers two and three
way of life.

were mental cases from the beginning; if released there was
a grave possibility of them repeating the same crime.
You cannot fix it. I had learned nothing from the last four

years. Pride and vanity took hold of me. I thought I was too
clever to make a mistake, but oh, how wrong I was. Like many
suffer years of imprisonment. These two men would have behaved
like normal human beings if they had been released after a
shorter term in an open prison.

I called at Scotland Yard and had the riot act read to me:
For my own opinion of Portland prison 1913-15, I think
I gained more in health, wisdom and learning in the two years
I was there than I could possibly have gained anywhere else;
looking back, I do not regret my stay although it was enforced.
I wish it could be said the same of Wormwood Scrubs.

September, 1915, duly arrived and I was taken to the
railway station, given a ticket for Waterloo. I was served
with documents stating I was to report to the police at
Scotland Yard immediately I arrived in London.

I was in the pink of condition, healthy and strong, twenty-
nine years old, with the best riches in the world - health
and intelligence. When I left Portland that morning free at
last after four years of prison, I was determined never to get

involved with the law again. Most men leaving prison have good intentions, we all promise ourselves never again. Most of us are moral cowards and have not the moral courage to say to our old friends, "Leave me out, I'm finished, had enough."

When I went back to Brick Lane, I went back to my old way of life.

You cannot mix it. I had learned nothing from the last four years. Pride and vanity took hold of me. I thought I was too clever to make a mistake, but oh, how wrong I was. Like many other fools, I was going back to the old way of life. My return ticket was already issued.

I called at Scotland Yard and had the riot act read to me: you must not do this, you must not do that. The authorities forget that after a long stay in prison where you become an automaton, that your every action is directed by some other person, the ex-prisoner has gradually become like a child, so like a child when you keep saying to him, "You must not do this, you must not do that," when he feels free from restraint he, like a child, will do the very thing you have forbidden him to do just because he knows it is wrong.

So when I left Scotland Yard that day, I resented being ordered to do this and that, and the first hint of rebellion against authority began to take seed. Why should they order me about?

My home had become more prosperous while I had been away. Business had been very brisk and we all had comfortable beds to sleep on and two houses for the family.

The war caused more employment in the East End and the country. Men and women were working long hours in munition factories earning good wages; if a man wanted to work he could easily find employment. So there was no excuse for anyone to continue to live an idle and criminal life. For myself, I had no intention of joining the Army to fight in a war which, to me, had not been necessary. I had been sent to prison for engaging in a private war against the enemies of all decent people, so for me all wars and violence were strictly forbidden.

I was too bitter against the system under which I had suffered, which had made me a criminal. What had I to fight for? I owed the country nothing.

When I arrived home in September, 1915, my family occupied three of the seven cottages in Gibraltar Gardens.

My brother George was married and lived in No. 6. My mother lived in No. 5, and in No. 4 lived a family with several young daughters. One daughter aged thirteen years was at school; she was very friendly with my mother, always doing her shopping for the family, and as the years passed and I had gone on my long travels again, the child grew to womanhood,

still doing the odd job for my mother and sisters. She was like one of the family; to me she was a stranger, I hardly knew or her existence.

At this time, November 1915, the War Office was raising a local battalion, Royal Fusiliers, City of London. They never had rifles to train with. I went to Columbia Road Market in Brick Lane to watch them march away to Waterloo station to entrain for Aldershot; the best part of them had been drinking. This battalion would fight, it was composed of Bethnal Green men and boys. They had been unemployed for years, all their lives they had never had a chance, never had sufficient food to eat, never had work to do.

They had lived all their lives in slums not fit for human habitation, some were illiterate, they never had the stamina to learn at school, they had been too hungry. They were the real under-privileged children who had never had a chance. This was the only time in their short lives that anybody would ever want them.

Your King and Country needs you. Yes, they were needed all right, needed to rot in the rat-infested trenches of Northern France, needed to make up the 60,000 casualties on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. This was the only time in their short lives that the country needed them. The young boys I had watched grow up in the rat-infested narrow

courts and alleys of "The Nichol" and Gibraltar Gardens and their like. Some like myself had slept on the bare floor of the hovels they called homes. war of 1939-45 inevitable. We kn These boys went and did not return. We remembered them by having remembrance plaques fixed on the walls of houses in the streets where they lived - "Lest we forget." They gave the only thing they had to give - their lives - for King and Country. "At the rising up and the going down of the sun, we will remember them." in the house that was hit.

It is a sobering thought to realise that if I had not met up with "Jew Boy" in March, 1902, I too may have been one of these dead heroes who died in the war to end all wars. The Second World War 1939-1944-5 came and the bombs fell and destroyed the little houses in the mean streets. So we who lived had nothing to remind us of those who gave their all for King and Country. khaki uniforms.

The little wayside shrines in the mean streets of our cities and towns disappeared under the destruction of the bombs, and we realised that all the sacrifice of the first World War had been in vain. We had still to learn that all wars are nothing but a great illusion as Norman Angel wrote. Many came back, to die of pulmonary disease caused by poison gas. They died and did not know what they were fighting for. How could they be expected to know when even the men who formed

the Government did not know? History has passed its verdict on this war of 1914-18. We know the Treaty of Versailles led to the causes which made the war of 1939-45 inevitable. We know now that the Government and the military leaders were incapable of making war or of making peace. They caused the mass slaughter of a generation of the world's youth.

In 1916, we had a few raids by Zepps and fast flying planes. One bomb on Gibraltar Walk killed quite a few people who had taken shelter in the house that was hit.

Friends wanted me to join the Army Veterinary Corps. I had a promise of non-commission rank if I joined, but after consideration I turned the offer down. If I did not want to fight for the country I certainly was not going to rob it, so I refused this very tempting offer. Horses were worth a very good price in Belgium and France. They were not all heroes, even if they wore khaki uniforms.

Early in 1916, my old enemy "Jew Boy" who was at this time a member of C.I.C. called at my home to see me; not finding me at my home he left a message to see me at 8 p.m. at the corner of Commercial Street. I was not to go into the police station. He made it known that this was a routine check. When I left Portland, I became a ticket of leave man for the unexpired part of my sentence of three years, that was nine months licence. During this period of nine months, the ex-convict

was at the mercy of the police.

They can at all times arrest him at their discretion. So I went to keep the appointment under duress, knowing that Det. Sgt. J. Stevens would avail himself of the first opportunity to send me back to prison. I met "Jew Boy" at the appointed place and we had a talk, then he told me the "governor" wished to see me about a little matter.

When I went with "Jew Boy" to meet the "governor" that night in March 1916, I knew that it was no social visit, the last time I saw D.D.I. F. Wensley was in December 1911 in No. 1 Court at the Old Bailey. I remembered a day in January 1911 when he sent "Jew Boy" and four others to tell Steinie Morrison he wished to speak to him about his licence. Why he had not reported to the police, so I wondered if I was going to be another fall guy for some villainy.

When we reached Leman Street police station I was on the verge of running away, so I hesitated in going into the station, so "Jew Boy" said to the P.C. on the door, "Tell Inspector Wensley he has a visitor." So I was invited into the spider's web to listen to statements made by a convicted thief, who having been found guilty of stealing a vanload of whisky and also a vanload of tea was put back to give information to the police. This was a statement that I had organised the

two robberies.

It will be noticed the difference in the way I am treated. No more the illegal entry into my bedroom. The arrest without warrant or evidence of a charge, the detention in a cell for many hours. No, this treatment would not be right for a pupil who has graduated with honours from Portland. Now I am politely asked to meet the C.I.D. outside the police station, where the police apologise for the inconvenience caused.

A statement is read out to me to justify my detention, then I am placed in a detention room. The usual business of a cup of tea and a cigarette to soften me up for the kill. Kind words and a couple of cigarettes work wonders, police are your friends and only wish to help you.

I was remanded in custody for a week. The following week I appeared at the court. Defended myself and submitted no case to answer. Magistrate agreed, case dismissed.

When I arrived home in 1915, my friend Spencer was already serving in the Army, R.A.S.C. When on his frequent weekend leaves he lodged at my home in the Gardens. Spencer was a confirmed thief, or rather a clever pickpocket. So when I went home and saw him in Army uniform I knew that it was not patriotism that had influenced him. In 1916, there were a number of known pickpockets in the Hoxton and Shoreditch districts, and most of them were in khaki. I was released from

Wormwood Scrubs had brought misfortune to both of us. Spencer By bribing the responsible N.C.O. they would get weekend was led into the Vendetta case by me and got 44 years. And passes and carry on their professional operations under the I got 5 years through his carelessness. My family closed the cloak of their army uniforms. Spencer was one of this gang doors on him and he had to find another lodging. The £80 that of pickpockets who numbered some ten men, and they were doing he had saved was confiscated and put in War Loan for the day remarkably well.

I finished my sentence.

One weekend, they robbed a man of some £350 at Kings Cross railway station, this money was all in Bank of England notes. During the years 1916-1917-1918-1919-1920 I passed through Dartmoor, Parkhurst and Peterhead in Scotland. I became Spencer's share of the loot was £35, one £20 note and three acquainted with most of the notorious criminals of this period. £5 notes. These notes were left with my mother to look after for him. At this time, my mother had some £80 belonging to characters. First and foremost, everyone wanted to be him so Spencer considered his savings were in safe hands. It must be remembered that in 1916 the public could not change Bank of England notes in any place unless they were known. involving thousands of pounds. I enjoyed their confidence. Spencer could have sold his notes to a fence for £30, but because I was a good listener, and they relied on my reputation as a tough guy to protect them from any enemy they made.

So I foolishly changed the notes and got arrested, tried and sentenced to five years for receiving part of the stolen the villains who passed through. Among the persons sentenced money.

at the Old Bailey Sessions in May 1916 was two members of a I firmly believe it was my destiny to be convicted and gang who practised forgery on a large scale. The youngest sentenced to a long term of penal servitude for something so of the two men was named Bruce, who was a Canadian by birth, foolish that I would always realise how ignorant I was where and the other defendant was an Australian aged about sixty-nine. the law was concerned, and never more would I convince myself Mr. Justice Darling was the Judge. that I was too clever to get caught.

The evidence was that they forged a will which they had So the friendship begun in 1903 when I was released from

Wormwood Scrubs had brought misfortune to both of us. Spencer was led into the Vendetta case by me and got $4\frac{1}{2}$ years. And I got 5 years through his carelessness. My family closed the doors on him and he had to find another lodging. The £80 that he had saved was confiscated and put in War Loan for the day I finished my sentence.

During the years 1916-1917-1918-1919-1920 I passed through Dartmoor, Parkhurst and Peterhead in Scotland. I became acquainted with most of the notorious criminals of this period. What impressed me most was the conceit and vanity of their characters. First and foremost, everyone wanted to be regarded as belonging to the highest ranks of the criminal fraternity. They told stories of their criminal activities involving thousands of pounds. I enjoyed their confidence because I was a good listener, and they relied on my reputation as a tough guy to protect them from any enemy they made.

As I spent most of my time in Parkhurst, I knew most of the villains who passed through. Among the persons sentenced at the Old Bailey Sessions in May 1916 was two members of a gang who practised forgery on a large scale. The youngest of the two men was named Bruce, who was a Canadian by birth, and the other defendant was an Australian aged about sixty-nine. Mr. Justice Darling was the Judge.

The evidence was that they forged a will which they had

sworn to in the Probate Court, by which Bruce had been left a large estate. On the evidence of the will they attempted to borrow a large sum of money from a money-lender, some £1,400. The scheme was detected and the two men were put on trial, found guilty and sentenced to Bruce, aged 27 years, 14 years, and the elder to 7 years. The Judge recommended that should they help the police to convict the actual forger, both men would receive substantial reductions in their sentences.

To tempt a man to betray his friends for his own personal gain should never be the aim of those who administer the law. How can a man regain his self-respect if he betrays his friends for the sake of profit?

While at Parkhurst, Bruce met up with his confederate who had been sentenced to seven years; being an elderly man he had become a member of the Old Boys Brigade. These two decided to give information to the police concerning their erstwhile confederates. The police acted on the information and arrested the other two men; they were convicted and sentenced to ten years, on the evidence of Bruce and his friend.

Bruce, the informer, was rewarded by having his sentence of fourteen years reduced to seven years, and his pal had his seven years reduced to five years.

Such is reality. There is no honour among criminals.

After his release, Bruce went back to the West End of

of a good education. He had a good position in the Civil London and started his activities again. He opened a small Service and got into trouble over the police, he was bound office, engaged a young girl typist. A week later he sent over. In 1902 he received his first term of penal servitude; the girl to the bank to cash a cheque for £500. The girl his first letters of his sleeve and cap (C). Like most returned with the money, was given a month's pay and discharged. convicts of his upbringing and education he became a member The young girl typist was surprised at her dismissal and told of the Chaplain's choir and clique, helped in the chapel and her parents, who were disturbed at the news. The police were library. H.T. was that kind of fellow, just a decent sort informed and a visit to the Scotland Yard picture gallery who wanted to drift through life. solved the puzzle. In a few days Bruce was picked up, a

As a smart and clever criminal he was a failure, every large part of the £500 was found in his possession. time he chanced his arm to commit an offence he nearly always

Bruce realised he was finished and hanged himself in got caught because he left his hallmark behind. Every fresh Bow Street police station.

term of penal servitude brought him nearer to his inevitable doom. Let us all ask ourselves - what would we have done if we

had been Bruce with fourteen years to serve and a chance to

During the war, while looking over a flat which had been make it seven years?

advertised to let furnished, he was disturbed by the lady who "And Judas Iscariot took the thirty pieces of silver and had returned unexpectedly and caught him in the act of helping went to the potter's field and hanged himself." himself to her property. H.L.T., now an old man of over

In a convict prison, the inmates have a tendency to only sixty, realising the penalty of years of detention, resorted associate and talk to men of their own standards of professional to violence for the first and last time in his life. behaviour. Men from London and Brum seem to dominate the prisons.

In desperation, he picked up a heavy vase and struck Let me tell you the true story of a man I shall call the unfortunate lady a violent blow; she fell to the floor H.L.T. whom I met at Parkhurst; he was in the next cell to me. unconscious. H.T. left the flat and building very hurriedly I had many conversations with him and I found him a very and escaped. The body of his victim was soon discovered and decent, gentle kind of fellow, incapable of violence. He was the hunt was on.

older than I, born to middle class parents; he had the advantage

of a good education. He had a good position in the Civil Service and got into trouble over the police, he was bound over. In 1902 he received his first term of penal servitude; description and picture. H.T. was speedily arrested. January, 1942, he was indicted at the Old Bailey for murder in pursuit of his upbringing and education he became a member of the Chaplain's choir and clique, helped in the chapel and library. H.T. was that kind of fellow, just a decent sort who wanted to drift through life.

As a smart and clever criminal he was a failure, every time he chanced his arm to commit an offence he nearly always got caught because he left his hallmark behind. Every fresh term of penal servitude brought him nearer to his inevitable doom.

During the war, while looking over a flat which had been advertised to let furnished, he was disturbed by the lady who had returned unexpectedly and caught him in the act of helping himself to her property. H.L.T., now an old man of over sixty, realising the penalty of years of detention, resorted to violence for the first and last time in his life.

In desperation, he picked up a heavy vase and struck the unfortunate lady a violent blow; she fell to the floor unconscious. H.T. left the flat and building very hurriedly and escaped. The body of his victim was soon discovered and the hunt was on.

Forty-two years in prison, forty-eight weeks of freedom

Chief Inspector Bill Salisbury was put in charge of the case. Within a few days every police station had his description and picture. H.T. was speedily arrested. January, 1942, he was indicted at the Old Bailey for murder in pursuit of theft, was found guilty, and in the blacked-out No. 1 Court was asked if he wished to speak why sentence of death should not be passed.

Then he spoke these words: "My lord, if I am called upon to take my stand in the cold grey dawn of the early morning, I pray that God in His infinite mercy will gently turn my Mother's face away as I pass into the shadows. No fear touches my heart, my heart is dead, it died when my Mother left me."

"I speak to you tonight the last speech I shall ever make. Even as I speak the moving finger writes and once written the words will never be recalled. I sincerely hope that each one of you gentlemen if the jury and Judge alike will remember these words, that when one of you as you surely must some day yourselves stand before a Higher Tribunal, you will receive a greater measure of mercy than has been meted out to me in this world. My life has been all winter."

H.L.T. was hanged in March, 1942, at Wandsworth prison, S. London.

Forty-two years in prison, forty-eight weeks of freedom

during those years. What a condemnation of our penal system. What a measure of mercy did he ever receive?

Chief Inspector Salisbury lived quite close to me and I remember how distressed he was at the time.

Chicago Ray.

In 1890, a young Irish girl named Beatrice Deamond met and married a young gangster named Dai Churchill in Chicago. She was very young, some fifteen years, also fresh from Ireland, knowing little of the young gangster who was only twenty-one years.

Beatrice Churchill was a very beautiful girl with golden hair. Her life with her gangster husband was very short and not too happy, and when she heard the news that her young husband had been killed in Arizona while attempting to rob a train, she did not die of grief for his death. After some years of happy widowhood, she met another American gangster, in the person of a man named Eddie Guerin, who lived in Chicago in the year 1900.

Beatrice Churchill became the mistress of Eddie Guerin and helped him in his criminal activities.

During the early years of the century they were living in Paris, where they took part in a burglary at the office of the