

I read your letter today
and as did Harold - that if
you would write the Storer
said.

Well, that's about all
for now.

Love,
E. L. L.

4.

EMT
SURANCE CO.
AY STREET

lt

DALLAS, TEX.
00 PM
6 JAN
1964



Mr Jack Ruby
905 Elm St
County Jail
Dallas, Texas

AGENCY OF

THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

GEORGE E. NASIF, MANAGER
SUITE 1903 - 211 NORTH ERVAY STREET
PHONE RI 1-8119

LEO C. TORTI
AGENT

RES. PHONE TA 1-8437

DALLAS 1, TEXAS

January 5, 1964

Dear Jack,

Just a short note Jackson, while I try to wake up. Its 10A,M, Sunday morning and I'm resting up after spending an hour in bed reading the Morning News, Its been so long since I've had a chance to do just that, that I forced myself to try it. Its fine for a while.

I had a cup of coffee with Wade and suggested that we might get Sheriff Decker; to let you come out and worry with taking his Cobalt treatments each day or that damn cab of mine. Actually the car is alright its just that it won't start if the ignition isn't turned on or if the gear isn't in neutral, minor things like that.

Darlene Storm closed at the Carousel last night. The night she came to work was Sunday. I had been out all day playing with the boys in the snow, and never got cold, but that night when I drove into the parking lot and saw Darlene in the waiting room keeping warm I was a miserable cuss. I wanted to get upstairs and get warm, so I hustled over to open the door, had a handful of her wardrobe, and the new M.C. was there.

He was Jackie Del Rio, remember the Skyview Club, he played there. He would ask the heaviest woman in the audience to sit in a chair and he would pick her up in the chair by his teeth and walk

1008 Palacios Street
% Mrs. Henry Horton
El Campo, Texas
77437

January 5, 1963

Dear Mr. Ruby,

I am 15 and a high school freshman. I have been thinking, wondering, and being confused since the time of President Kennedy's assassination. I don't know why you shot and killed Lee Harvey Oswald, but you had your reasons. It will be up to a jury to decide your innocence or guilt. I'm sure there was a little hatred toward Lee Harvey Oswald when he was accused as the assassinator, but we felt it was up to the courts and God to decide his punishment. I wanted you to know that I, as a fellow Texan, forgive you. I don't know if you'll ever receive this letter and read it, but if you do maybe you can explain your reasons for killing him.

Mr. Ruby, I know you have many, many letters to answer, most of which are more important than this one. I have wanted to write sooner, but I didn't have the faintest hope you'd ever receive it. I decided to write it when I saw an article in the newspaper that you had answered Steven Thomas' letter of Smithtown, N.Y. I sincerely hope you will answer this one because I know it would help me to better understand. God be with you! Put your trust in him and let him guide you.

Sincerely,
Sharon Schulte

Assurance of Forgiveness

3.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

1 John 1:9

Sharon Schulte
1008 Palacios Street
% Mrs. Henry Horton
El Campo, Texas
77437



Air Mail

Mr. Jack Ruby

Dallas, Texas

Mr. Jack Henry
Dallas County Jail,
Dallas, Texas



CHICAGO
JAN 5
5 56 PM
1964
ILL.

AVL
626

Sun. Nite, 1/5/64
From Home

Dear Bro. Jack: We received your most interesting letter the other day. Everyone here read your letter a least twice. I will personally take care of the Shearer family in Montmore, Wis. I will make it my business to ~~see~~ visit the family in person in the near future. Not over now - we have much more important things to do.

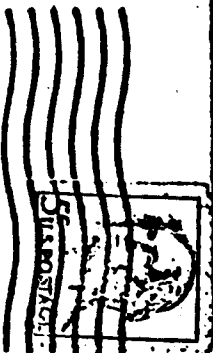
Jack, we don't worry about the papers - we know you - we've known you all your life. All your friends know you. People call all the time asking if they can do something. I just answered a letter from the West Coast (a customer's daughter) write me & wants to send me \$10.00 every now & then to help; so don't you worry about the papers. We love you & we will lay down our lives for you. We are afraid any more -

First
Express
DALLAS
TEXAS 75201

LEO F. CORRIGAN
PRESIDENT
H. H. (ANDY) ANDERSON
MANAGE DIRECTOR

*Charles Kenneth
Strode, George, Dennis
Shuman P.R. &
Yarnsworth, et al.*

Boyd



*Mr. Jack Kelly
Dallas County Jail
Dallas Texas
815*

**POPE VISITS ILL
AND POOR; GOES
TO RED SECTION**

**Given a Lamb, He
Caresses It**

(Picture on back page)

ROME, Dec. 25 (AP)—Pope Paul VI devoted this Christmas day to the poor and the ill of Rome, to the Communists who reject Christ, and to the faithful.

**S N. C. NEGROES SING
BEFORE HOME OF
KENNEDY BIRTH**

Brookline, Mass., Dec. 25 (AP)—Forty-three Negroes from Williamston, N. C., stood shivering in snow yesterday before the birthplace of the late President Kennedy and sang freedom songs.

The self-styled freedom fighters are on a Christmas pilgrimage to New England in response to invitations from a number of Protestant clergymen who participated in freedom rallies in Williamston last fall.

The group yesterday, including a number of white persons, clasped hands in front of 83 Beals st., swaying in rhythm to such freedom songs as "We Shall Overcome," "Black and White," and "The Lord Will Make Us Free."

A small group of people watched and listened from the porch of the three-story, blue-shuttered gray house, now a historical landmark.

**CHICAGO'S MOST COMPLETE M
DOWNTOWN DOWNTOWN**



BURLESQUE

ON STAGE IN PERSON

PEPPER HAYNE
FROM DALLAS, TEXAS
Cute and Pretty
T AND T MARIE
RITA FONTAINE
JANET STEVENS
UNAVACK ROBIN ROGERS
RUBY BLACK
JET POWERS
TONI HILL

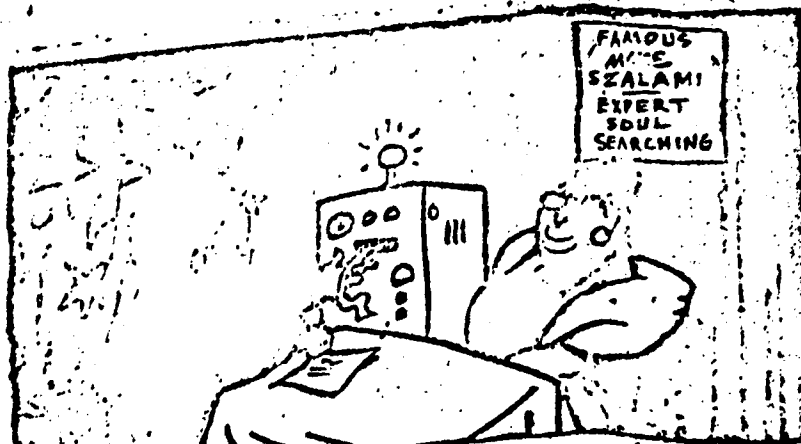
COMEDY TEAM
TOMMY GEORVY, MILLER
AND EARL ROOT

Songs by Johnny Black

Plus All Girl Revue with Jon Nigh!

ON SCREEN

**"RITUAL
OF
LOVE"**



Look at Christianity

coming of Jesus brought salvation to the world. If it had, then world history ended. If it meant the perfect society, obviously it isn't here. Yet the Christian doctrine tends to create in man a false sense of completion which is contradicted by the status of the world."

The rabbi said of Judaism: "We are looking forward to a perfected society which is in the future, and we feel our task is to work with God for this perfected society."

"Christianity has often tended to blunt man's efforts toward constructing a better world order, because all history after Jesus is anti-climatic. Judaism is still looking forward to a messianic age."

Eternal Life — "Christianity's stress on eternal life tended to make it an other-worldly religion," Rabbi Simon noted, "and deflected man from this-worldly concern. Judaism, while it accepted and taught a doctrine of eternal life, insisted that in this world man's concern was with what happens in this world."

Original sin — "We disagree with the doctrine of original sin, at least as interpreted by some Christian theologians. In their attempt to make Jesus a divine necessity, they make man so depraved that there is no way he can right himself with God, without the sacrifice," he said.

"Jesus came at a time when the temple (in Jerusalem) was in the last decades of its existence, when the Jewish world was gradually passing over to prayer, penitence and contrition as the basic method of reconciliation with God: The destruction of the temple (in 70 A.D.) did not destroy Judaism."

"Christianity picked up this idea of vicarious atonement, which was practically dying in Jewish theology, and made it fundamental to its structure. And it was the church's traditional lack of concern for this world, based on the idea that salvation was already granted to believers, that made her too prone to accept the evils of this world."

Faith and works—"Christianity tends to stress faith over works," the rabbi said. "The human mind has a wonderful way of asserting faith and not carrying it through to life. In Judaism, the ultimate test is the way you live."

Exclusiveness—Rabbi Simon pointed to one other fundamental difference: "Christianity claimed exclusive power of salvation for man, and because of this was overly aggressive in its missionary activities and its development into a state religion."

Religion

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1964 ★ 13

form to one mold. No religion can claim to be the only way to God."


Rabbi Simon said he favors stepping up the dialog between Christians and Jews. "The more we explore," he said, "the more we understand our own faith better and the more we respect the faith of our neighbors."

"The more I discuss these things with thoughtful Christians, the more I realize they are changing their ideas," he said. "We are quite excited by the Christian re-interpretation of Christianity. In this re-interpretation, we discern areas of return to Judaism."

He added that Jews also are searching: "Many Christians think Jews never read the New Testament. Actually there's an openness about our study of Christianity, and any Jew worth his salt has read the New Testament."

"But the 20th Century Jew is not prepared to surrender his basic theology, his strict monotheism, his concern for his world as a perfectable scene of human endeavor, his faith that reconciliation with God is achieved through personal prayer and repentance and works."

THE MOODS OF MUSIC



"Seek Ye The Lord" no. 55

- 9:30 A.M.—SUNDAY SCHOOL
Bible Study for All Ages
- 11:00 A.M.—SUNDAY WORSHIP
"BACK TO BETHEL"

100

Rabbi Takes Critical

A Sense of Completion Is False, He Asserts

As one of Christianity's most eminent representatives, Pope Paul VI, visits Israel in his Holy Land tour this weekend, a prominent Jewish theologian from Chicago speaks frankly and critically of the faith of his Christian brethren. Next Saturday, a noted Christian thinker will explain his beliefs.

BY DAVE MEADE

Daily News Religion Writer

Jews can accept the religion OF Jesus, but not the religion ABOUT Jesus, according to the president of the Jewish Information Society of America.

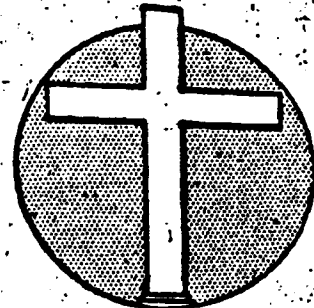
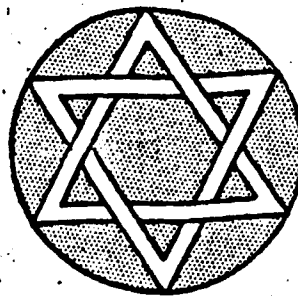
The difference, he says, is that the first is essentially Judaism, while the second is the theological structure of Christianity built by the apostle Paul.

Rabbi Ralph Simon of Congregation Rodfei Zedek in Chicago, one of the country's outstanding Jewish spiritual leaders, compared America's two major faiths:

"Judaism and Christianity share in their respect and reverence for the Old Testament. This forever will be the cement between them. They part company in the New Testament story, and especially in the theological interpretation of the events described in it."

He said there are many shared beliefs: The essential faith in God as the Father of all men, who therefore are brothers; the action of God in history, as revealed by a common Biblical tradition; the capacity of man to communicate with a personal God, as in prayer; the mandate to fulfill God's will on Earth.

On some points—such as the need for repentance of one's sins in order to change this life, and the doctrine of eternal life after one's mortal existence—there is substantial agree-



of Christianity," he said, "and to that extent are really Jews at heart."

On the other hand, he declared, "We can take the religion OF Jesus, which is essentially Judaism. It is the theological interpretation of his life to which we take exception."

RABBI SIMON WILL receive an honorary doctor of divinity degree in New York Sunday from the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. He talked in an interview about what Judaism teaches and what Jews believe. That will be the theme of the exhibit the Jewish Information Society is planning to sponsor at the New York World's Fair this year.

"Christianity conceives of Jesus as . . ." He paused and added, "It's hard to say what Christianity conceives, because there are so many expressions, with often contradicting versions." Then he continued: "Judaism interprets the life of Jesus as the human story of a martyred Jew. Christianity considers him a man-God."

In their views about the life and death of Jesus, the two faiths are poles apart. Rabbi Simon discussed these contrasts:

Atonement — "Christianity interprets the death of Jesus as a form of vicarious atonement for the sins of man," he said. "Judaism envisions the drama of atonement in a simple, direct relation between man and God."

In a part of Christianity, he explained, it's not only a matter of vicarious atonement, but a necessary act of vicarious atonement that is vital to the theology. "Jesus is the sacrifice. Jesus gives his body in sacrifice to forgive your sins," he pointed out.

"Judaism objects to the idea of vicarious suffering," Rabbi

Dear Mr. Ruby;

I am writing for the second time.
My name is Tim, how could I not give at
the Cabarrus motel on Strainman freeway
built in June of 1963. Remember, you invited
me over to your Restaurant & Strip Tease Club
but consequently I never did exhibit.

As you know I am an entertainer,
and I write many songs with the help of
my partner Ralph Wynn. We have finished
a theme and a poem in tribute to our
late President John F. Kennedy, we are
preparing a tribute which we are going to
put into the air and do on the Lyric Club
floor. I wrote and asked you to write me
and send me your feelings on the great
President's death, but you never did. I believe
the least you could do is to oblige my request,
I'm trying to do the tribute as perfect as I
can and with you personal attention on
the subject I believe I could do a much
better job.

I am working with my band now
in Washington D.C. Jan. 3rd I went up
and saw the President's grave at 8:30 in the
morning after staying up all night. Just at
a beauty's night, and I said a few prayers

FROM Paul here

McCassett Books

203 North Federal Ave.

Chicago, Illinois







U.S. AIR MAIL

Mr MR JACK RUBY

% CO-DAIL
DALLAS, TEX

Handwritten signature

Deirdre Kelly



"AERO" MAIL
BETTER BUSINESS



*1044 W. Superior
Chicago, Ill.*

Jan. 5, 1944

Dear Uncle Jack,

I never did get to thank you for the lovely shirt you bought me and the nice time you showed us.

Mom, Fran, and I wrote to the Shears children and we enclosed some money in our letters.

Love,
Patsy

Dear Uncle Jack,

I want to thank you for that beautiful blouse

SKINK ~~get~~ ~~best~~ you bought
me in 4 Dollars

I hope you are all OK.
I would love to see you
again,

A Kid.

~~Franklin~~



~~Roger Harris
162 Grove St.
Rutland, Vermont~~

RUTLAND
11-AM
JAN 6
1964
VT.



ROGER HARRIS

162 GROVE ST., RUTLAND, VERMONT

January 6, 1964

Mr. Jack Ruby
Dallas, Texas

My dear Mr. Ruby:

I should like to compile a collection of autographs
of prominent persons.

I hope you do not mind my imposing upon you and
will permit me to include you in my collection
as I sincerely believe that you, through your
efforts, have endeared yourself to many people.

If you would be so kind as to autograph the
enclosed card, I shall be very grateful. A
stamped, return envelope is included for your
convenience.

With cordial best wishes, Sir, for much happiness
and good health,

Respectfully yours,

Roger Harris

FD-340 (REV. 8-17-62)

File No. 44-1635-1A(97)

Date Received 1-3-64

From Allan Madox
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Postal
U.S.P.O. - INSPECTION OFF
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Dallas
(CITY AND STATE)

By James T. Ward
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned Yes
No

Description:

list of employees who
could have been on duty
morning 11/23/63 when
Jack Ruby complained
about his appearance
in newspaper, D.

TO:

ON DUTY 11-23-65

returned 6 07 AM

SNEED, W. E. 1411 Mentor Ave,

WILLIAMS, S. L. 2008 Lanark Ave.

BROWN, E. D.

KAVANAUGH, T. J.

TAYLOR, W. E.

MURRAY, J. E., JR.

DANIEL, G. T.

McGILL, R. C.

ESCOBEDO, L. Q. 5211 Parkland

EUBANK, Joe 3310 Ramsey

FERGUSON, J. E. 203 N. Barnett

KING, H. L. 1136 Templecliff

FRUNTY, John T, 7526 Piedmont Apt D

SMITH, Joe Douglas, 3725 Cole, Apt 2

LASELL, John R. 210 West Chico, Garland, Texas

ERRICK, B. L.

GACLIARDI, A. D. Maurice Hotel,

FR 1 - 1436

WH 2 - 3383

ME 1 - 7488

FR 6 - 5694

FE 1 - 6934

EX 1 - 6932

EV 1 - 3745

LA 6 - 0641 (unlisted)

BR 8 - 9405

RI 1 - 1051 Rm 321

DL 44-1689-1A (97)

5356

ON ROY

Tour #2 (28-224)	Absent	Tour 1	Tour 2	Window Service	Tour 3	
Allison, R. E.	6638 Lake Shore Dr					TA 1 - 1852
Black, R. F.	5910 Palo Pinto					TA 3 - 9621
Debbire, R. E.	OFF					
Brodnax, H. L.	2236 Majors					EV 1 - 7615
Butler, W. W.	3327 Feinsetta					FE 1 - 1976
Cameron, J. M.	339 West Pembroke					WH 6 - 7167
Childs, J. P.	8820 Lepanto Lane					EV 8 - 1179
Cole, J. D.	8710 Maddox					EV 1 - 1177
Coie, J. E.	OFF					
Gotton, C. D.	OFF					
Ferguson, T.	OFF					
Green, H. I.	3911 Cortez					FL 2 - 3070
Harvey, R. I.	OFF					
Haynes, W. H.	OFF					
Hernandez, R.	OFF					
Hodges, R.	OFF					
Jackson, J.	1610 Canal					EA 8 - 1295
Jennings, H. D.	OFF					
Johnson, G. H.	OFF					
McCrummen, B. N.	11,433 Lanswood					DA 1 - 2820
Moore, E. P.	2203 Village Way					FR 1 - 8380
Norris, M. E.	6911 Wafford					EV 1 - 1670
Pierce, G. W.	OFF					
Randle, E.	OFF					
Sawyer, G. R.	OFF					
Smith, A. V.	OFF					
Sneed, E. J.	OFF					

Window Service 21 168 Absent Tour 1 Tour 2 Window Service Tour 3

Dorough, C. H.	OFF					
Dummer, W. S.	OFF					
Eury, J. E.	907 Kirtwood					CA 4 - 388
Farmer, D. H.	5627 Mtalee					TA 3 - 9584
Hines, C. R.	910 Pinedale					FR 1 - 5830
Howard, A. C.	OFF					
Jones, R. E.	OFF					
Lewis, R. E.	303 Southland					HA 1 - 9895
Lysek, A.	OFF					
Modole, J. A.	OFF					
Martin, R. E.	OFF					
Matthews, A. M.	OFF					
Mitchell, J. B.	7046 Cape Lane					DA 7 - 5821
Prigmore, J. L.	OFF					
North, J. A.	OFF					
Strange, L. B.	5616 Bryan Parkway					TA 3 - 7456
Trout, T. L.	OFF					
Williams, K. W.	OFF					
Wilson, C. E.	OFF					
Zaby, M. C.	OFF					
Zatorsky, J. J.	4617 Kuckla					FR 1 - 3943

Suny, J. Lehanski, V. A. OFF

File No. 44-1639-1A(98)

Date Received 1-7-64

From D. A. Jones, Capt
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Pd. Pd.
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Sa [Signature]
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned Yes
No

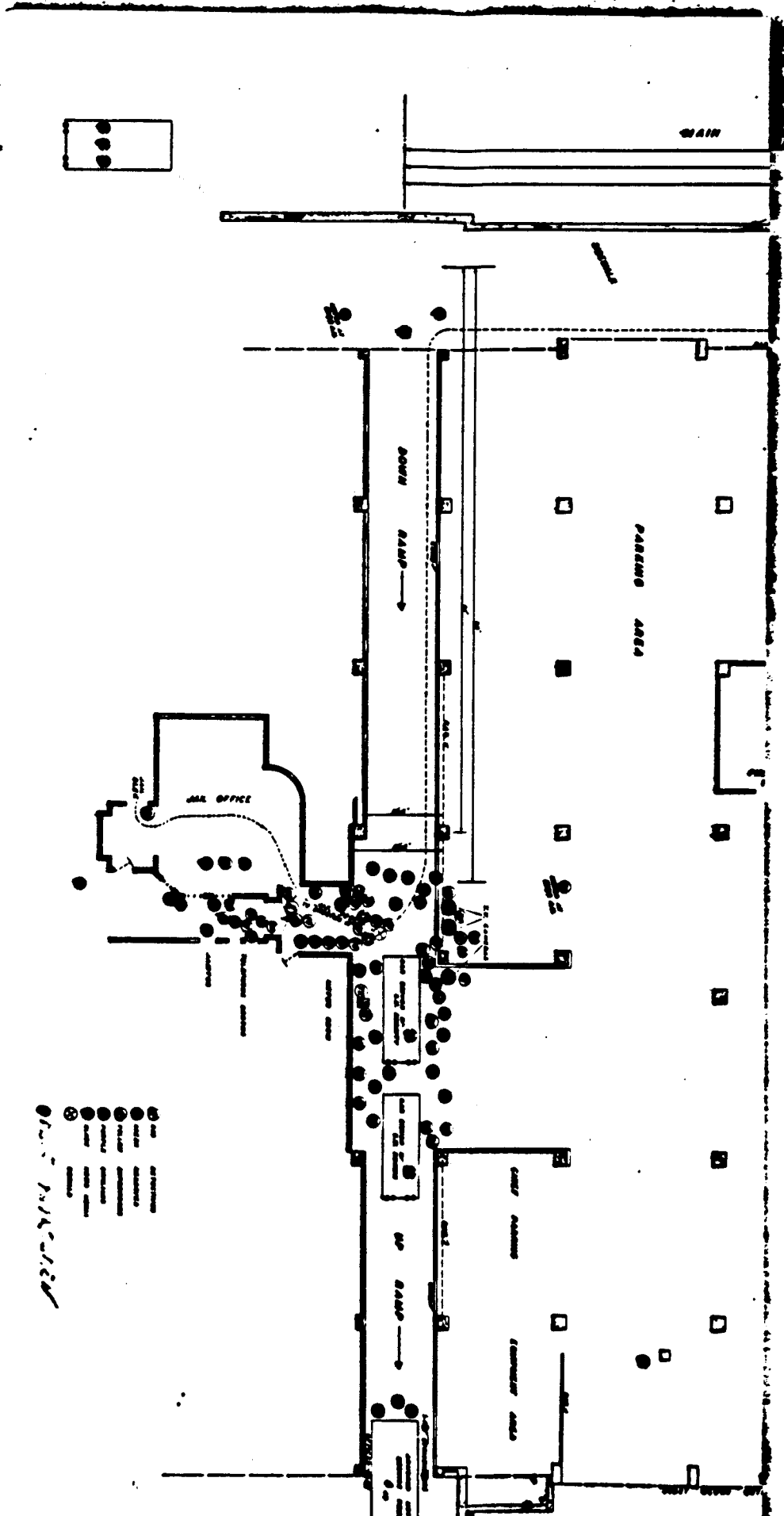
Description: List of personnel
+ a schematic diagram
of Basement Parking Area,
City Hall, involved in
a Swold shooting

THE KEY TO PERSONNEL SHOWN ON THE SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM OF THE BASEMENT PARKING AREA, CITY HALL, INVOLVED IN THE SHOOTING OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD BY JACK RUBY. NUMBERS INDICATE POSITION OF PERSONNEL AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING ON NOVEMBER 24, 1963.

2	D. R. Archer	22	W. J. Cutchshaw
3	C. O. Arnett	23	N. J. Daniels
3-A	Asst. Ch. Charles Batchelor	24	J. R. Davidson
4	B. L. Beaty	26	Harold Dawson
5	E. R. Beck	27	Sgt. P. T. Dean
6	Jack Beers	29	C. N. Dhority
7	D. G. Brantley	30	J. B. English
8	A. R. Brock	33	Warren Ferguson
9	J. D. Brockaway	34	Bob Fenley
10	C. W. Brown	37	Capt. J. W. Fritz
11	D. L. Burgess	38	C. Goolsby
13	Lt. George Butler	40	L. C. Graves
14	V. C. Campbell	41	C. A. Greeson
15	A. W. Capps	43	R. Hankal
16	W. E. Chambers	44	O. W. Harrison
17	B. S. Clardy	45	W. J. Harrison
18	B. H. Combest	49	J. R. Hopkins
19	R. A. Cox	50	R. S. Huffaker
20	A. B. Craig	52	J. D. Hutchinson
21	K. Croy	53	Robert Jackson

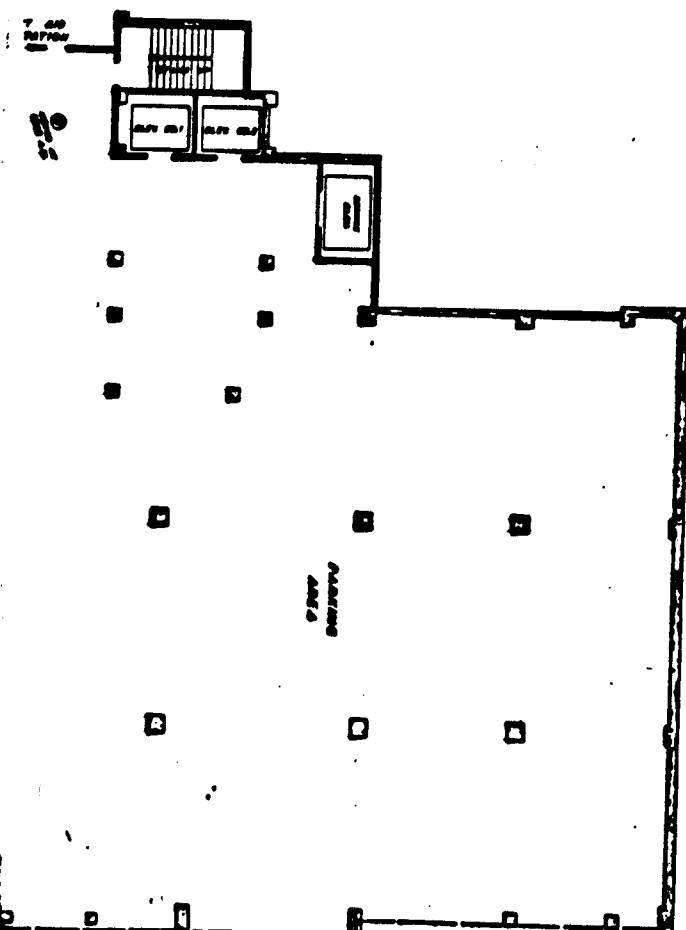
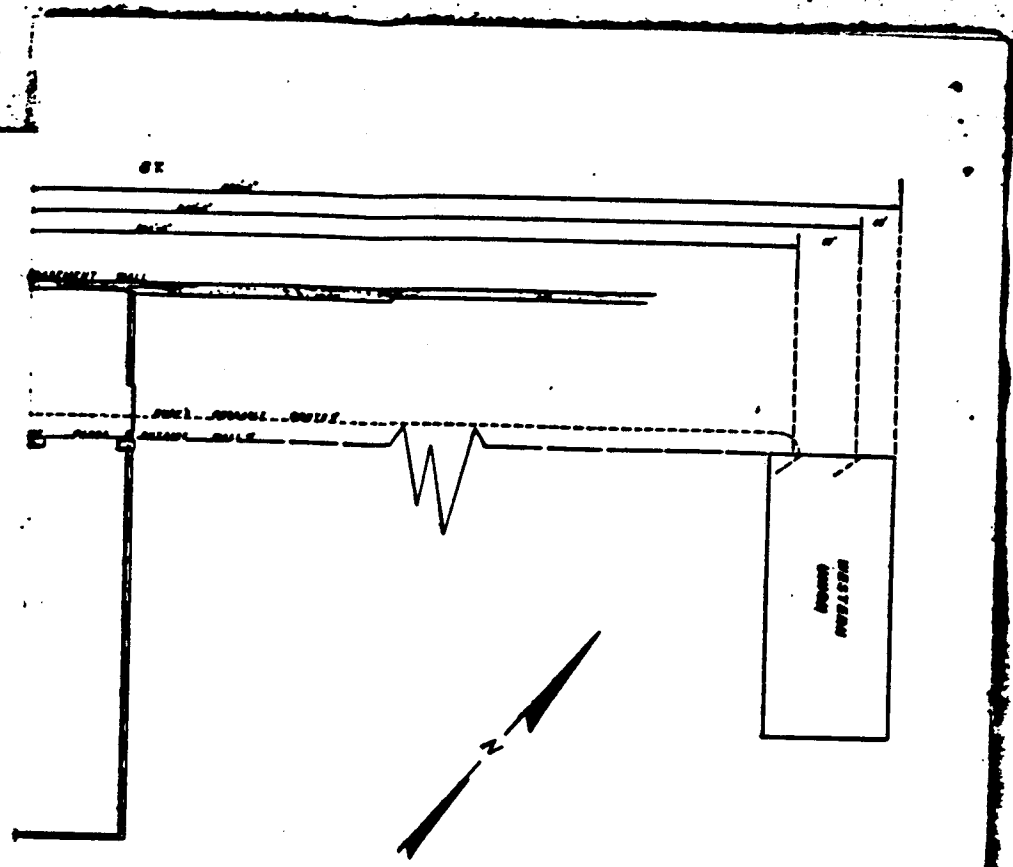
54	L. E. Jez	81	D. L. Pate
55	F. B. Johnson	82	B. G. Patterson
56	Capt. O. A. Jones	83	Francois Pelou
58	Seth Kantor	83-A	Tom Pettit
59	J. Kasten	84	George Phenix
60	Capt. G. D. King	85	Lt. R. S. Pierce
61	H. M. Kriss	86	Sgt. J. A. Putnam
63	J. R. Leavell	87	J. K. Ramsey
64	C. G. Lewis	89	H. B. Reynolds
66	R. L. Lowery	89-A	Warren Richey
66-A	Dep. Ch. G. L. Lumpkin	90	Jack Ruby
68	Capt. F. M. Martin	91	W. B. Slack
69	B. J. Maxey	92	J. D. Slocum
71	J. C. McCain	93	Lt. V. S. Smart
72	B. C. McCoy	93-A	Mike Smith
73	H. M. McGee	93-B	Johnny Smith
74	T. D. McMillon	95	I. R. Stephens
75	B. Merrell	95-A	Dep. Ch. M. W. Stevenson
76	L. D. Miller	95-B	Donald Suits
77	L. D. Montgomery	96	Lt. R. E. Swain
78	R. C. Nelson	97	Capt. C. E. Talbert
79	W. J. Newman	97-A	John Tankersly
80	J. F. Newton	98	L. C. Taylor
80-A	Ike Pappas	99	Robert Thornton

99-A David Timmons
100-A Unknown Jap. Reporter
100-B Unknown Reporter
100-C Jimmy Turner
101 I. F. VanCleave
102 R. E. Vaughn
102-A Homer Venso
104 R. C. Wagner
104-A I. N. Walker
105 R. A. Watkins
106 J. C. Watson
107 Lt. W. Wiggins
109 G. E. Worley



- DOOR
 ○ WINDOW
 □ DESK
 ○ CHAIR
 ○ FURNITURE
 ○ STAIRS
 ○ ELEVATOR
 ○ ENTRANCE
 ○ EXIT
 ○ CORRIDOR
 ○ OFFICE
 ○ PARKING

Scale: 1/4" = 1'-0"



FD-340 (REV. 8-17-62)

File No. 44-1639-1A(99)

Date Received 1-9-64

From Morris Weinkrentz
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

5508 Forest Lane Dallas,
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Dallas, Texas
(CITY AND STATE)

By Paul L. Scott
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned Yes
No

Description:

2 Copies of Photographs of
President Kennedy & Party
Taken 11-22-63.

To Madam (Widow), Tippit
Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.

Germany, 1st Januari 1964.
EUROPE.

Concerns: Factory of Your Husband's in Germany.

Dear Madam,

No doubt, it will surprise You very much hearing of a Factory of Your
deceased husband, but it is real true.

There is a lot of things You have not heard of, hence, we have taken the
liberty to send You this letter. Please, realize the following sentences
are of paramount importance, not only to You, but also to important perso-
nalities, so take good notice of them.

President Kennedy has been liquidated and Your husband has been murdered
the same day, a few days later, Lee Oswald has been shot down by Ruby.
Have You never thought there must be a secret connection between Oswald
and Ruby? Well, dear Madam, there has been indeed, and more, Your husband
was also a member of the gang. Amazed at it? Madam believe us, we have all
evidence here with us. The death of President Kennedy must be attributed
to a fanatic political opponent of the President, a certain Governor of
one of the States of the USA.

The Governor did not feel safe with regards to the Election of President
next year, so that Kennedy should be disappeared. In order to achieve this
result, this opponent sought contact with Oswald, of whom was known to be
a very strong antipode of the American Intern Policy, and also with us.

After Oswald had succeeded in liquidating Pres. Kennedy, Your husband had
the order to act as if he was going to arrest Oswald. Unfortunately, Oswald
did not recognize Your husband for some reason, and so he shot him down.

Further, each of us should receive an amount of hundred thousand dollars
from the said Governor. As agreed upon, the Governor should pay
75% in advance and the remainder by us self,

However, Your husband is no more to pay his part of the remainder ad.
35.000 dollars. Will You please complete the work of Your husband's?
Evidently, his was doing this for You and his children, beside, let him
not give his life for nothing.

Moreover, if the money should not be paid in time, the sellers of the
Factory may get impatiently and spoil the whole thing.

Ofcourse, You do not have to remain share-holder if You do not want to,
later You can sell Your share again. This is done only to prevent difficul-
ties for the time being.

So dear Madam, do not be too self-conceited or suspicious, later everthing
will be clear to You. It is urgent, so hurry, Madam, send 35.000 dollars
then You and We are safe, do not wait too long.

Go to Your Bank and send us a covered cheque of the said amount, or open
a Bank Account with a Bank at Switzerland, without conditions
On name of WOLFGANG AE 090822, message of confirmation may be sent to
Mr. Charles Rozenblad, Admiralengracht 142.L, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Please realize, Madam, if You refuse to cooperate, You will dig Your own
grave, besides, You have nothing to loose.
It is worth finishing the job, Your husband has started for You and chil-
dren. so pick up the. were Your husband had had to drop it.

BY AIRMAIL
PAR AVION

To (Widow)

BRIEVEN MET GELD
STEEDS LATEN
AANTEKENEN

MADAM TIPPIT
Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.



24

Sender: MR. D. W. W. W. W. W. W.
Admiralengracht 142, I
Amsterdam,
The Netherlands.

Date 9-21-64

To Portland

See serial 450

By Mail

To E. B. Gougeon

Article from Lat. Am. Post
10-26-63. They Call Me Diamond Lil

44-1639-1A (103)

By ALFRED G. A

"THEY CALL ME TIGER

Owner of a once-plush Philadelphia night spot, show girl Lillian Reis faces a on charges of organizing a bizarre four-man burglary of nearly half a million

Lillian Reis had been up until four in the morning with her two young daughters, burrowing through a wholesale pretzel can full of pennies for a 1943 copper endowed with the mark of the San Francisco Mint. "It's worth seventeen thousand dollars," she explained with a cigarette-cough laugh. "Believe me, I could use it. Everybody thinks I've got a hundred thousand dollars in the cellar, all that stolen cash from Pottsville. I wish I did. My walls need wallpapering. I don't mean that I'd paper the walls with the money. Not that I wouldn't love to. If I had it, I wouldn't hide it, I'd show it off."

Her voice was husky, flat, hoarse and vivid, with an accent that had been born on New York's Jewish Lower East Side and had become altered, 18 years later, amid the row-house squares of Philadelphia. It was a whiskied voice, aged atop shadowed nightclub barstools. "What people think about me," she said, "believe me, I wouldn't even want to know me.

voted against her. The forelady, in fact, cried in disappointment after announcing the jury's inability to reach a verdict. Lillian, currently free on \$25,000 bail, is awaiting a new trial.

For Lillian, an itinerant dancer who has been kicking her way through chorus lines since the age of 13, stardom of a sort arrived with her arrest and trial. But stardom occurred on the wrong stage. "I'm an entertainer," she says. "I always wanted to be a headliner, not a headline."

The evidence that led to those headlines was gathered for the most part by Clarence J. Ferguson, a 63-year-old Philadelphia policeman who has risen to a position of power much higher than his captain's rank. A man whose demeanor is grim, but who can disarm his onlookers with a babyish chuckle, Ferguson is commander of a special 40-man investigation squad. He concerns himself chiefly with narcotics but also keeps a watchful eye over other fields of crime.

The cast that Richie Blaney subsequently provided for the burglary might have been borrowed from the *Late, Late Show*. In addition to Lillian, the star, there was her boyfriend, Ralph Staino Jr., or simply "Junior," 27 at the time, full-faced, handsome and equipped with the torso of a weight lifter. "Everybody's so surprised at how nice he is when they meet him," Lillian says. "He never even lets anybody curse in front of me. He even makes me watch my language." There was John C. Berkery, a tall, sweet-smiling, cherubic-faced young man, who speaks with slow bemusement, addresses everyone as "Buddy" or "Pal," casually hands out five-dollar tips and issues commands in a voice of pleasant foreboding. He is a man who seems to have rewritten all of Humphrey Bogart's old scripts for himself. There was Robert Poulson, a hanger-on of Berkery and one of Richie Blaney's best friends. And then, in addition to the others whom Richie Blaney called on, there was his own brother.

waitress to have the ent table," she says. "There the line, and I was bought sparkling burgu And then, before I knew each girl fifty dollars to he wanted me to stay w and we went on drinkin

"He was handing o money, one hundred dol every time he wanted to fifty there, a hundred there. Anyhow, at the er be paid an eight-hun He said to me what a r I said, "You had a nice is you're giving out m Claus, everybody gets fifties, and nothing for

"I said it in jest, but I you want? I'm saving I So he asked me for a l he said, 'How much do I know, a blank check, t all night, his name he's

Lil, they call me Queen Lil, they call me Luscious Lil, they call me She-Devil, they call me everything but Mother Lil," and she coughed a laugh again.

"Now after all, I am a mother. They think I'm the personification of evil. They call me a hustler, they call me a murderess, they call me a gun moll. A gun moll! If I ever saw a loaded gun, I think I'd faint. In the meantime I don't have enough money to pay my lawyers, and the cops still keep making pinches on me. The last time they pinched me, they left black-and-blue fingerprints all over my arms." She blew out the words with cigarette smoke.

"My lawyers, my friends, they tell me not to talk," she said. "But what have I got to be afraid of? I'm not afraid to talk about myself. I like myself . . ."

It was on a Saturday night in 1960 that Lillian Reis, the 33-year-old owner of a once-plush Philadelphia night spot, the Celebrity Room, was arrested on charges of organizing a four-man burglary of nearly half a million dollars from a safe in Pottsville, Pa. Strangely enough, the owner of the safe, a coal-mine owner named John B. Rich, insisted that only \$3,500 had been stolen.

Whatever Rich's contention, the bizarre crime was labeled one of the largest burglaries in the country's history, and Lillian and her alleged accomplices were brought to trial in 1961. Before the trials opened, a chain of incredible events took place: One witness was fished from the Atlantic Ocean, another witness was severely beaten, and a third—the victim of a dynamite explosion—was scattered over his rooftop. Lillian's trial ended in a hung jury, although all six women on the panel

used to be a beautiful girl, but now she's over the hump. The mileage has got her." His voice has no baby's chuckle when he talks about her. "Did you ever hear her open her mouth?" he says. "She swears like a trooper. In my forty-five years as a policeman, I've had some interesting cases—gun battles and everything. But this, this surpasses them all. It's a movie. That's what it is, a movie. I have to retire when I'm sixty-five, it's the law. But before I do, I'd like to see them put her where she belongs." Lillian Reis has become Captain Ferguson's Moby Dick.

It was from his well-watered grapevine that Ferguson, in the late summer of 1959, first heard rumors of what is known to the trade as a "big touch," although the finger at that time did not point toward Lillian. It wasn't until six months after the burglary, when Ferguson received a message from Eastern State (Cherry Hill) Penitentiary in Philadelphia, that the trail began to lead up the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Pottsville and back again to the Celebrity Room. The message was that an inmate named Richard Blaney—a sometime police stoolie—had some important information.

When "Richie" Blaney sent his message from Cherry Hill prison, Ferguson already had been instrumental in obtaining one suspended sentence for him in return for underworld information. Now Blaney was back behind bars, charged with violation of probation. He had been there one month and seven days when he summoned Captain Ferguson to tell him that the "big touch" was for a half million dollars, that he knew the spot from which the half million had been stolen and that he knew who had stolen it. He also mentioned Lillian's name.

Vincent Blaney. Eventually Richie won his outright release from prison.

The only character missing from Richie's cast was the finger man, a shadowy Mr. Big whose name, Richie thought, was "Mueller." Richie said "Mueller" had taken a \$70,000 share of the burglary profits. It was not until Ferguson had called in state-police officers Jesse Stanton and Roy Wellendorf that they deduced that "Mueller" was Clyde (Bing) Miller, owner of a string of strip-mining machines and Lillian's sugar daddy.

Bing's wife trotted

For some time Ferguson had been uneasily aware of the costly presents Lillian had been receiving from Miller. In fact, Miller's wife, a former dancer, was an old friend of Ferguson, and she had complained to him about the situation.

"When I first met Lil," Bing Miller recalled, "she was a chorus girl. She really made an impression on me. When I met her, she was floundering around. No ambitions, no drive. She had two kids and wasn't hitting it off with her second husband, Michael Corabi. She had been divorced once, she didn't own the Celebrity Room at the time, and she was having a hard time on the \$60 a week they were paying her at the club. She was so bad off her refrigerator wasn't even working. I bought her another.

"I don't begrudge one cent I ever spent on her. She was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. When that chorus came out, you saw her—and only her. What I was spending on her, to me it was peanuts."

Lillian's memory of her meeting with Bing Miller is somewhat more detailed. "The first night he came in, he asked the

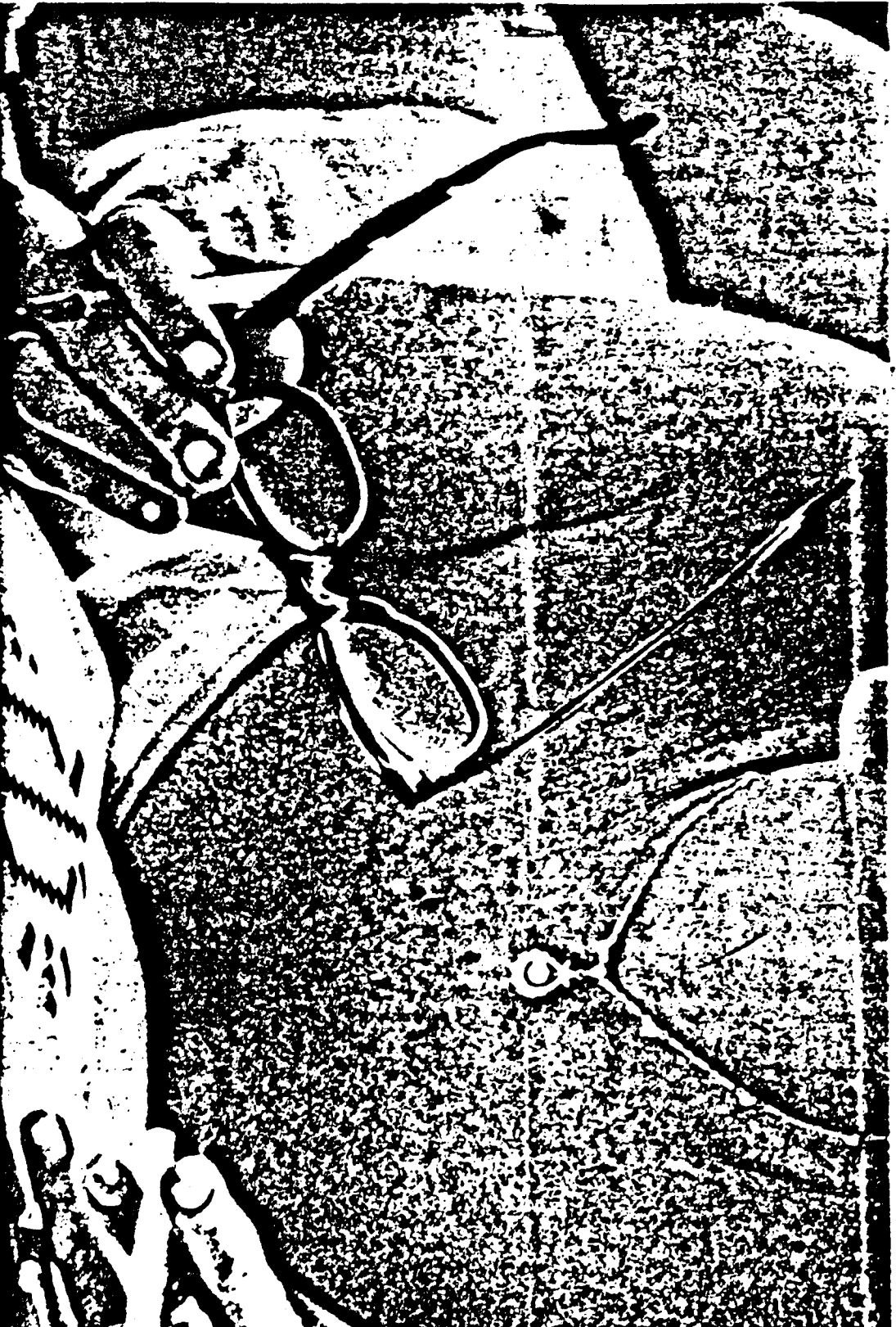
right, and it's not going to be. I said 'Give me enough money to buy a refrigerator, a washing machine, a diamond ring, a fur coat, a Florida vacation and a car.' He says, 'How I say, 'Around twelve starts writing it out. I start at it, make it two, I'll be a sister.' So they gave him a check, and he made a check, and I said, 'Thank you very much.' He says, 'I'll be a doll.' He says, 'I'll be a doll.' I'll have my personal check. And he makes a check. That if I don't drink wine, I'll eat a week, whatever I eat or drink for it. Nobody believes in me to believe him?"

Surprisingly, the check came and she bought the stove.

In the ensuing week, Captain Ferguson, Miller's quartermaster, supplied a refrigerator, a washing machine, a diamond ring, a fur coat, a Florida vacation and a car. And then, on a moment's notice in 1959, he made a date for lunch in a Philadelphia restaurant, the Saxony. Lillian said she had a heart, or as much as possible, set on buying the Celebrity Room. Miller was talking about the last piece of real estate in Arkansas, to finance the purchase.

"I was reading a picture about an income-tax fraudster testified. "And she came thinking out loud, said, 'of time and money on the tax cases.' And I said 'guy—and I mentioned it is probably netting a net he does with it, I don't

Lillian Kois relaxes with a crossword puzzle on the beach at Atlantic City, N.J. She spent the summer working as a hostess in a hotel.





The cellar safe was crammed with bills.

TIGER LIL

According to police, Miller did know. The police say Miller had lived in Pottsville, had done heavy-equipment contracting for John B. Rich, had twice gone into partnership with him, had visited his house twice to borrow money and had been there socially. According to Miller's testimony at trial, he told Lillian that John B. Rich had a half million dollars in a safe in his cellar.

John B. Rich's name was Giovanni Battista Recchione when he came to America from Italy in 1906, a 14-year-old boy without a single dollar in his pocket or a word of English on his tongue. His first job in Pottsville was for a hard-rock tunneling contractor, working in the mines for \$2.17 a day. But success came swiftly, and by the time World War II had broken out, he was the owner of the Gilberton Coal Company, a monadnock of prosperity in an industry that had been eroding for 30 years.

"This is fantastic," Rich said the day after Lillian's arrest when asked about the reported \$500,000 taken from his cellar. "Can you imagine me going to Europe and leaving nearly half a million dollars in the basement?"

At Lillian's trial, with the Internal Revenue Service among the spectators, Rich was even more vehement. In answer

make the trip for her. To accompany them Berkery recruited Robert Poulson and Vincent Blaney, two of his old pals who, Philadelphia police said, belonged to what they called the K-and-A Gang, a group of loosely affiliated second-story men who used the Philadelphia street-corner of Kensington and Allegheny as both a hangout and a hiring hall.

The burglary took place on August 7, 1959. Bing Miller happened to be visiting Pottsville at the time, although an attack of abdominal hemorrhaging gave him the alibi of a hospital bed. Later, after he turned state's evidence, he testified that Lillian had telephoned him in his hospital room the night before the burglary, complaining that she was broke and saying, "Well, I guess I'll have to come up and see your friend Johnny Rich."

"Don't come up now," Miller said he answered in all innocence, "he isn't home." According to police testimony, Lillian was in a sidewalk telephone booth in Philadelphia when she made the call, while the four members of her "gang" waited in a car parked at the curb.

According to trial testimony, including Poulson's confession, the following events took place: Lillian's alleged task force drove to Pottsville in Staino's new yellow Lincoln, stopping along the way at Reading to purchase the necessary tools—a sledge hammer, crowbars, a hacksaw.



The home of John B. Rich, a Pottsville, Pa., coal-mine owner, was the scene of a \$500,000 burglary. Rich insisted that only \$3,500 was taken.

In the white unreality of their flashlight beams the safe seemed to be crammed along its top two shelves with old newspapers. "These guys had never really seen any heavy money," Captain Stanton said later. "A big score with them might have been a couple of thousand. Berkery had told them that there was supposed to be a half million in the safe, but they didn't really believe it." It wasn't until Poulson took a closer look that he cried out, "It's money!" Indeed it was. According to police testimony at the trial, the safe was stuffed with bills.

Testimony also showed that even Berkery had come unprepared for the sight. All he had brought to cart the loot was a small zippered carryall bag. "Go get something else to put it in," Poulson said. Berkery hurried to an upstairs bedroom and returned with the cover from a bolster. Poulson began stuffing the money into it. But after a few

fuls of bills, they found Staino in a traffic jam at the trial. "Berkery was pushing to get out," Blaney later testified, lauding the witness stand. "Poulson was excited." He unlocked the car and walked out. Outside they saw the cops were coming, so they ran. The siren, it later turned out, was just a teen-age curfew enforcement siren.

The burglars finished stuffing the money in the pillowcases, estimated million and a half in bonds on the bottom shelf. Later, Richie testified at the trial, angry at the oversight. "I was never satisfied." The burglars took their tools and an envelope full of ten \$100 bills. It was the next day by a Pottsville police officer.

"They went to Staino's house to get the money in the back," Rich

to police testimony that there had been a huge sum of money in his safe, he exclaimed, red-faced, from the stand, "That's a lie!" The prosecutor asked the court to declare him a hostile witness. "John B. Rich may be the second-largest employer in Pottsville," the prosecutor said, "but that doesn't make him the second most honest man."

Lillian Reis Corabi is today as much a part of Pottsville as John B. Rich, but not even the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania claims that she ever visited his cellar. According to the prosecution's contention at her trial, Lillian hired Ralph Staino Jr. and John Berkery to

screwdrivers and a hatchet. It was after nightfall when the four finally pulled up alongside the Rich grounds. They got out of the car, walked directly to the side entrance, slipped the screen-door lock and then slipped the lock of the inside door behind it. They were through both doors in a matter of seconds.

Staino remained on the first floor, stationing himself at a front window as a lookout. Berkery, Poulson and Vincent Blaney went downstairs to the cellar, found the safe in the pantry room and wheeled it to the cellar hallway. The safe, little more than a fireproof metal cabinet, proved a surprisingly soft job.

moments he noticed that the money was pouring out the other end. Berkery threw away the empty bolster cover and hurried upstairs again, this time returning with a pillowcase. Bolster covers, he had discovered, are open at both ends.

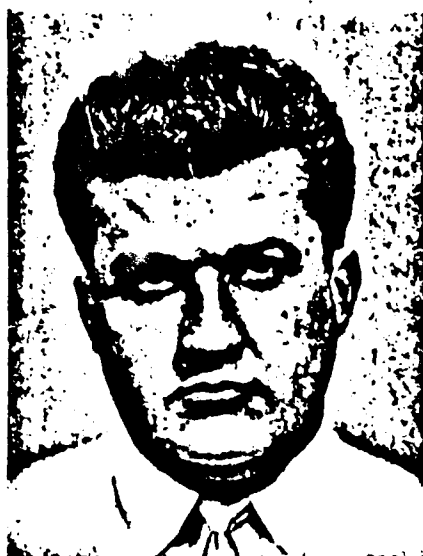
The pillowcase was almost full when, at exactly 9:50 p.m., they heard a siren in the neighborhood. Staino, from his window post, ran to the cellar door and shouted excitedly, "Here come the cops." Poulson and Vincent Blaney immediately began to grab all the money they could hold. Berkery dashed up the stairs empty-handed. When Poulson and Vincent Blaney came up after him with their fist-

testified. "My brother had his hands and kept counting, so excited he couldn't take the wheel of the car back toward Philadelphia," he confessed to police.

It was at Staino's apartment in Philadelphia that the four men began to count the night's haul. Staino threw the money on a bed and counted it. "It damn near broke the whole bed." The billings included tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds. "I never was a complete auditor," Staino later said to police. "On



Ralph Staino Jr., Lillian's boyfriend, was accused of acting as lookout in burglary.



According to trial testimony, John Berkery brought a zippered bag to cart off the loot.



Robert Poulson, said the trial testimony, tried to stuff money into a bolster cover.



The late Vincent Blaney, whose body was found in

\$100,000, to be split four ways. When they found there was even more than \$100,000, several of them wanted a bigger share. "Poulson told me that my brother wanted all the money they found in the safe split four ways and kept arguing to cut out Lillian Reis and Bing Miller," Richie Blaney later testified. "Staino, who was Lillian's boyfriend but who was not going with her at the time because they had an argument, was willing to cut out Lillian and Bing. Berkery insisted that Lillian and Miller be cut in. Berkery said, 'A deal's a deal.'"

As a compromise, Poulson and Vincent Blaney took, in addition to their \$25,000, all the five-dollar bills. They called it "pin money" and didn't bother to count it. When they did, it came to \$1,200 apiece. They left Staino's apartment and went to Richie Blaney's house in a taxicab. Each carried a brown paper bag.

"Poulson said, 'We just made a half-million-dollar score,'" Richie later testified. "I didn't believe them until they emptied the bags on my kitchen table. There was \$25,000 in each bag. Each had \$1,200 in five-dollar bills in their pockets besides." Then they went out to celebrate. Before they left, Vincent Blaney hid his money in Richie Blaney's oven.

When Richie Blaney began squealing, some six months after the burglary, Captain Ferguson knew that it was not the most credible sound ever to come from a witness. On the other hand, Ferguson knew that Lillian Reis had suddenly purchased the Celebrity Room for an announced price of \$40,000, a strange new display of opulence for a girl who until then had bought sheets and other household furnishings on an installment plan of roughly three dollars per week.

driveway. He had been beaten, stabbed in the back at least half a dozen times and shot in the base of the skull with a small-caliber bullet. An emergency operation kept him alive, but from that moment on he refused to continue as a witness for the prosecution.

A lethal fabrication

Shortly after losing Poulson as a witness, Captain Ferguson announced that he had lost Vincent Blaney too. Vincent had walked out of his house on August 3, 1960. He never returned. Two vacationers fishing from a motorboat pulled the remains of his crab-eaten body from the sea off Atlantic City on August 23. He, too, had been shot in the back of the head with a small-caliber bullet. A 37-pound weight from an industrial scale and a seven-foot chain had been padlocked on his body. Some six months later Lillian was arrested for the murder.

This turn of events occurred when an obscure character named Robert L. Russell, in the midst of telling about his own crimes, suddenly told police that he had watched John Berkery and a young accomplice kill Vincent Blaney in an Atlantic City boatyard while Lillian watched, laughing. Russell, who had a small spender's intimacy of Philadelphia night life and an avid interest in the daily newspapers, subsequently admitted his story was a fabrication.

"On account of this nut I spent three weeks in jail," Lillian later said with some heat. "I tell you it wasn't for two years that I got that New Jersey murder indictment quashed, and you know who did it? Russell's own lawyer. He felt so bad about what this nut had done to me."

at me. I'm sure they could tell you how I was dressed and how I fixed my hair, but not what was going on. They didn't seem to understand, for instance, that Bing Miller gave me enough money to buy the Celebrity Room three times over."

The evidence against Lillian was, as a matter of fact, highly circumstantial. With the brothers Blaney dead and Robert Poulson silent, Bing Miller remained as the Commonwealth's only witness to testify that he had direct knowledge of Lillian's participation in the burglary. "Our biggest drawback," one of the jurors told the court when the panel returned from its deliberations to report that it was deadlocked, "was where, or when, or who delivered the money to Lillian Reis. The other men, they took each \$25,000 apiece, and they went. They left the rest of the money at Staino's. Now how was the money delivered to this girl? We don't know."

The Commonwealth didn't know either. Instead, it tried to prove that Lillian had begun to exhibit a mysteriously sudden wealth in the days following John B. Rich's profound loss. The Commonwealth's main case in point was Lillian's purchase of the Celebrity Room.

Lillian never took the stand in her own behalf. To explain where she got the money to buy the Celebrity Room, the defense called on Michael R. Corabi, who legally is still Lillian's husband. "In September, '58," he told the court, "Lillian and I were sitting watching television. My wife, Lillian—she went down to the basement, and she came up with a hatbox. She said she wanted me to help her count some money for her, and she went upstairs in the front bedroom. She emptied out the box, and she told me to



TV rep



Let yo
fingers
the walk



Only one of the six men on the jury voted against Lillian.



Bing Miller phones from Pottsville hotel.

TIGER LIL

that I remember." According to Richie Blaney the men tried several times but couldn't count past \$400,000. It was Richie who supplied police with the prosecution's estimate of \$478,000.

Without really believing there would be that much money in the safe, the four men had contracted to do the job for

As their first step in breaking the case, Ferguson and his associates began looking for Lillian's boyfriend, Bing Miller. They found him operating a motel and restaurant in the New Jersey fishing resort of Forked River. As Miller later testified, his contracting business had gone bankrupt, and he was suffering from leukemia. Police also learned that he had served two months in a Pennsylvania jail on a charge of issuing worthless checks and that he had failed to report to his probation officer. It was under this pretext that they asked him to accompany them to the Belmont State Police Barracks at Philadelphia on April 2, 1960. Once there, he soon admitted that he had been the finger man for the burglary at John B. Rich's house and that his share of the loot had been \$7,000, paid to him in a cardboard box by Lillian Reis's stepfather, Sidney Reiskin. The transaction, he said, had taken place in Reiskin's jewelry store in New York.

The night after Miller's confession, Lillian was arrested at her club, Ralph Staino was arrested outside it and Robert Poulson was arrested at another club. Vincent Blaney was arrested in a taxicab three days later. John Berkery gave himself up through his attorney on April 8. Poulson and Vincent Blaney eventually signed confessions.

On August 13, 1960, four months after Robert Poulson had signed his confession, two nurses coming off duty at Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital in Camden, N.J., found him staggering in the rear

Robert Poulson was convicted of the Pottsville burglary on March 24, 1961. John Berkery and Ralph Staino Jr. were convicted of it on May 9, 1961. Poulson Berkery and Staino are out on bail, pending disposition of their appeals. Richie Blaney was blown up by dynamite in his car on July 27, 1961. It was his 27th birthday. Captain Ferguson, in Los Angeles at the time, told reporters, "I expected this thing all along. . . . That yellow gang of Staino, Berkery and Reis are responsible for this. I'll take care of them when I get back to Philadelphia. You can put me on record as saying I'll get every last one of them."

Lillian finally came to trial in September. The trial took place in Pottsville, the city that John O'Hara disguised as "Gibbsville" in such best-sellers as *Appointment in Samarra*. It is the capital of Pennsylvania's coal region, and for more than 30 years has ranked as one of the country's most depressed areas.

Everybody in Pottsville loves a trial, but particularly the jurors, who are paid nine dollars a day. On the night before her trial, Lillian attended a Joey Giardello fight in Philadelphia. The next morning she arrived in court 50 minutes late and explained that she had gotten lost. During the trial she wore something new every day. Only one of the six men on the jury voted against her.

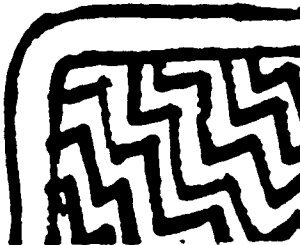
"Those jurors," she said later, "I don't think they understood what was going on. They didn't look like they were listening to the witnesses—they were looking



Chinawa



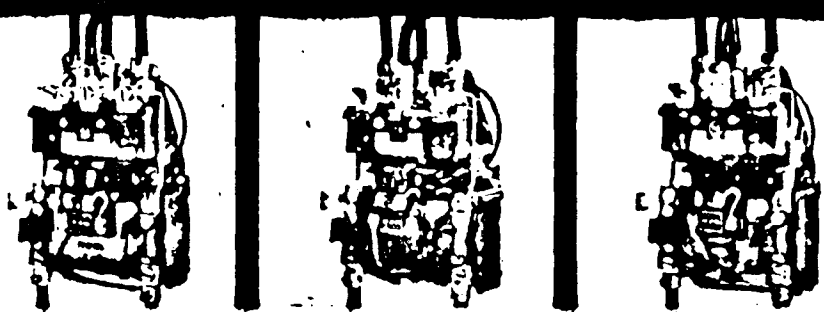
Hardwa





salt spray test

*it plays an important
part in determining
the quality of
Allen-Bradley
Series K starters*



"I'm a rat," said Lillian. "Every

TIGER LIL

count the money. She said, 'We'll put it in stacks so I can re-count it with you.' After we got done counting the money, it was \$29,950, and I had remarked to her I was amazed."

To corroborate Corabi's story, the defense produced Lillian's stepfather, Sidney Reiskin, a 54-year-old jeweler with a round, red face, a toothy smile and a pronounced anxiety at facing his stepdaughter's accusers. He said he had borrowed \$15,000 from a brother's brother-in-law to invest it in Lillian's purchase of the Celebrity Room. When he found he couldn't repay the loan, he telephoned Lillian, who told him to go to a closet in the cellar boiler room of his home in Flushing, N.Y. There, he said, he found an old valise in which Lillian had been saving money for the past six or seven years. He opened it, took out the \$12,000 necessary to repay the balance of his loan, and then brought the valise to Lillian in Philadelphia without bothering to count the remainder of its contents. "I never looked into the valise before that," he testified. "I did not know what was in the valise."

After the trial Lillian seemed annoyed at the prosecution's skepticism. "Why should it be so hard to believe that I'm

and told him, "The b last night and got \$5 testified, she told him had been in Philadelp gave him a package f "When you go to New store, and he'll give it

Lillian refuses to letter that Bing Mill courtroom. "Actually man Miller never cam would never believe s man wanted was for pe than he would ever t wanted to be known We would have lunch some godforsaken pla restaurant, or I wou friend's, and she w wouldn't go if she wa is the truth.

"My husband, M Miller. Mike knew e the respect Mike has f of the reasons why I r admire him. Mike nev anything other than w and I don't think th that I would want to. in the trial that he did

"Sure I was hurt," confesses now. He ha beautiful Italian face

I love, I hurt. I always want, want, want!"

good enough for me. I always want, want, want!"

The story of Lillian's life, as a matter of fact, has been an attempt to escape from want. "But no matter how poor we were, my family always tried to see to it that I had," she says. She won't tell who her father was. "You don't have to use his name," she said. "A Romeo, that's all I can remember about him. Gilbert Roland always reminds me of him. My dad was a milkman." Her mother was born in Budapest. "She came here, I think, when she was eleven," Lillian said. "Her name is Marge. She met my dad in New York; she was about sixteen when they got married. When I was born, they were living in Brooklyn. Then, when I was two months old, they moved to Denver. In Denver they separated about three different occasions, and the third time it was to stay."

Lillian and her mother returned to New York and moved in with her mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Goldstein, immigrant colonists among the teeming, pushcart-fronted tenements of the Lower East Side.

To describe her life in her grandmother's sixth-flight walk-up, Lillian once wrote a manuscript in a single sitting, a two-and-a-half-hour outpouring of memories.

when she quit high school to become a chorus girl. A booking agent got her a six-week job in the line at the Beachcomber in Miami Beach. Before she left her mother gave her a Saks Fifth Avenue charge plate. "Don't lose it, baby," her mother said. "I know you won't ask for anything, so take this, and if there is anything you need, go and get it." At the time, Lillian said she had no intention of using the charge plate.

When she arrived in Florida, however, the first sights that greeted her were the mink stoles, diamond bracelets, gold bathing suits and other gifts that her colleagues in the chorus line were receiving from bald-headed boyfriends. "They were just run-of-the-mill, natural gifts from the dates they had the night before," she wrote in her manuscript. "And there I was with Mom's charge plate. The beaded dresses are what really stunned me!" One day Lillian went to Saks, bought her own beaded dress and wore it in the club. "But I didn't prove anything, I guess, because—nobody believed my Mom bought it for me," she said. "They all took it for granted that I had done something wrong.

"After a while I saw I was missing out on everything, and I stopped using the charge plate. Many times the girls would



Dynamite blast killed informer Richie Blaney in car near his Ph



...you're young, and you
...see the aches and pains of
...bout you. And you don't
...rdships! You just wake up
...ng, eat your breakfast that
...the table, grab a few cookies
...ies, and away you go to play.
...t that age you soar down the
...t a thought in your mind
...on you'll only have to climb
...again."

Made flowers

...er worked in a factory, mak-
...flowers. Her grandfather
...her for walks in the fenced
...tryside of a Lower East Side
...grandmother was superinc-
...tenement.

...ian was nine years old, her
...ced her father and married
...in. "Now I wasn't the jan-
...laughter any more," Lillian
...was the jeweler's daughter,
...nd in front of the jewelry
...f anyone would say they
...something in the window, I'd
...irty looks. I wanted to tell
...This is my father's store,
...r's store." I really loved Sid."
...was 13 she ran away to join
...was riding two white horses,"
...was raised in Denver. I knew
...I would ride the horses at
...g of the rodeo and then after
...was doing ballyhoos, but I
...nobody should know me.
...y mother said I should come
...come home. She said she'll
...lessons and go into show
...right way."

...me back and was fifteen and
...months short of a diploma,

...join them, and then the whole party
...would go somewhere else, and if some-
...body didn't take me home, they would
...offer me cab fare. Cab fare would be a
...\$100 bill, and many times I'd turn it
...down. This is the truth. I really have to
...enjoy someone's company to be with
...them, and if I'm enjoying their company,
...I don't want their money. This is the way
...I felt at the start, but after awhile, I
...learned how to not refuse money.

...After this, whenever I went to work, I
...always found somebody—or somebody
...found me—that was wealthy. There was
...always somebody giving me something.
...I think every girl in show business has
...what they like to call a 'John.' She might
...not be in love with him, but he likes her,
...and he wants to do things for her. I al-
...ways had one, and later, when Bing
...Miller came along, it was like anyone
...else that had ever given me anything."

...She stayed in Florida for three months,
...then went back to New York and had
...the measles. "In the meantime," she said,
..."I had this little romance with a fellow
...from the East Side that I went to school
...with, and he was cute and polite and a
...gentleman, and maybe we'd go to the
...movies, and he'd put his arm around me."
...Then Earl Carroll hired her for his
...Vanities. "In California," she said, "it's
...bar nothing. You go out, and this is it.
...When I was out in California, what
...would go on in the parties, you wouldn't
...believe. I'd go home, I'd run home, I'd
...call me a cab and run out. I'd see movie
...stars that I'd idolized, that I had so much
...respect for. They made me sick, the
...things I saw, the things that they did.
...They were creeps. So me, all I was think-
...ing about was the guy back in New York,
...how nice and respectful he was to me."



Lil and Capt. Ferguson appear at Philadelphia extradition hearing connected with Jersey murder of Vincent Blansy. Murder charge against her was quashed.

"Junior and I," says Lillian Reis, "it's really quite a love story"

TIGER LIL

Lillian had been married, at the age of 17, to Joe Bozyk, the 19-year-old butcher. They lived on the Lower East Side. "He was working, and I was sitting home," she said. "I was scrubbing the steps, and I was a beautiful girl, I was. I'd get up at 4:30 and make him his breakfast and give him his lunch box. I had a budget book, and I had to mark everything down. If I put a nickel in the phone, I had to put it in my budget book. He was making forty-five, fifty dollars a week, and he saw that I wasn't happy, and it was bugging him. I think I had a housedress on for one month straight. Honest to God, my feet spread, I didn't wear shoes for a month. And then we tried separating, and I went to my mother, and he went to his mother, and that was it. So I left him and took a job on the chorus line at the Latin Casino in Philadelphia."

She met Mike Corabi, who was 11 years older than Lillian. He had been married once before. "Let me tell you about Mike," she said. "If this house was on fire, and he was up in the bedroom, and the steps were starting to burn, he'd tie his shoe laces, he'd fix his handkerchief, fix his tie, do his hair and very nonchalantly whistle and walk down the steps. That's how cool he was."

When she met him, he was a steady ringsider at the Latin Casino, then the headquarters of Philadelphia's good times. "I'd say without a doubt she was the

her. She was a very wild chick, always, very tempestuous. I couldn't be away from her a minute but that she was getting into a fight. She would go to the ladies' room, and on the way she would end up in some brawl. Some guy would make a pass at her, and she'd get into a fight with him, or she'd accuse some girl of having eyes for me, and I'd have to go over and haul her out of it."

They were married May 27, 1953, in Philadelphia's Blue Angel, a club which Corabi was managing at the time. "Just the way he treated everything else, that's the way he treated me, very lightly," Lillian said. "My birthday comes, but with him, it was just another day. I would say, 'Are you going to play cards? I'm going to such and such a place.' And he'd say, 'All right, enjoy yourself. You want me to pick you up? You want me to have someone come and get you?' He'd come home from the card game, I'm still not home five in the morning, I'd get home six, six-thirty. 'You get home all right? Did you have a nice time?' Maybe some women think this is what they want, but I wanted more attention."

Mike had a close friend named Larry Speed. Larry Speed had a close friend named Junior Staino. "To me," Junior said, "Lil was the unattainable woman. She was just out of my league. I was the kind of guy, all I could do was look at a woman like that and dream. I had no more thought of making out with her than the man in the moon. Lived on his

home. We were thrown at each other, that's what it was." Junior was a bartender at another club.

"I had heard a lot of things about Junior before I met him," Lillian said. "When I met him, I couldn't believe it, because to me he was just—well, I knew he was manly, but he overpowered me. Like, with Mike, he'd come home, if I cooked, all right, if I didn't cook, that's all right. But with Junior, it's like, 'What do you mean you're too busy to cook?' If I told Mike this guy came in the club and brought me a few things, he says, 'Look, if you feel that it's all right for you to keep it, keep it.' If it was Junior, he would have broke my head."

Lillian wept when a Pottsville jury convicted Junior Staino of burglary. She put her hands to her face, but the tears leaked between her fingers. "Junior and I, it's really quite a love story," Lillian said. "There's nothing wrong with it. When I met him, he was torching. He had just broke up with his wife. And I was like one of the boys. But Junior would dance with me once in a while, and it got to a point that even when Mike would be with us, I wanted to be with Junior."

When the Latin Casino closed for the summer, Lillian took her talents to the Celebrity Room, a couple of blocks away. Within six months she was captain of the line. "After the show Lil would always mix at the bar," another chorus girl recalls. "I remember she always had money. She would come back into the dressing

ing. I used to ask her, 'Does Lil get all that money?' To Lillian, she saw a week. There were good working days.

Nowadays, with the padlocked by the found in her home, brick-uniformed border to shoulder is. From her back with red and green lights. Bridge, a black r. "It's pretty, isn't it," she gazed through year and a half I us of the bridge, and was under indict Atlantic City on Russell, and if I w they could arrest enough evidence to

She put out her sized ashtray and range, her afternoon stood on one of with beef-barley so turies of Jewish ho ink-black jersey sh turquoise ribbon and another band wrist, held her w were also turquoise by contrast, and th stick blazed alone eyes, darkly paintu

most beautiful woman I'd ever met," her chauffeur. I would pick her up, drive Corabi recalled, "Everybody was after her to the Celebrity Room, drive her

room, and she would take fifty-dollar bills and hundred-dollar bills out of her stock-



While her daughters, Barbara, 14, and Midgie, 9, look on, Lillian toys with yet poodle, Toulouse, on the Atlantic City sands. Lillian, now free on bus, says, "There wa'n't one thing I've been accused of that somebody hasn't done one time or other."

Her clothes looked

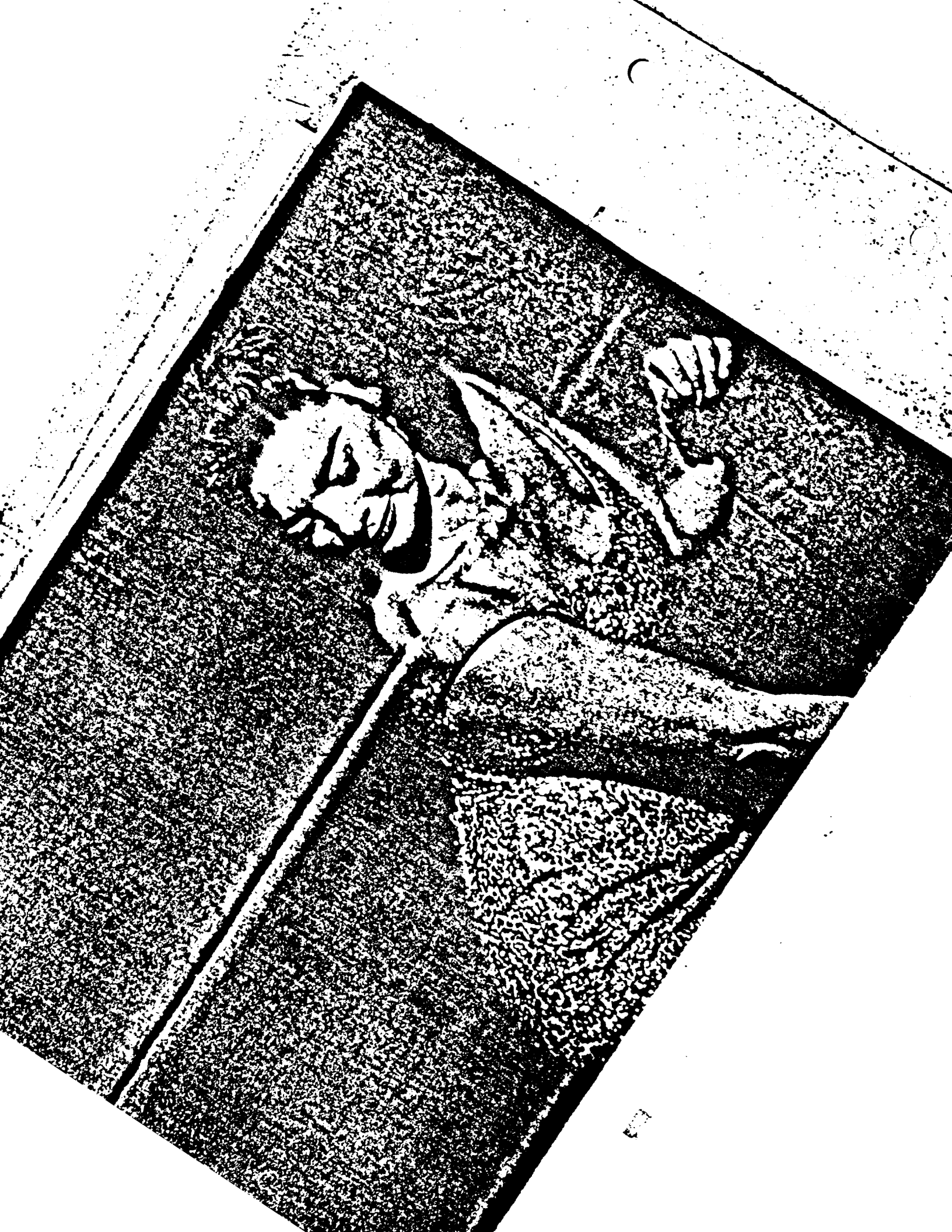
"They keep close said. "The Celebrity run club in the city; dollars tied up in holier-than-thou po names of sixteen c shots in City Hall and steady custom assure you they use their own use, and when they couldn't

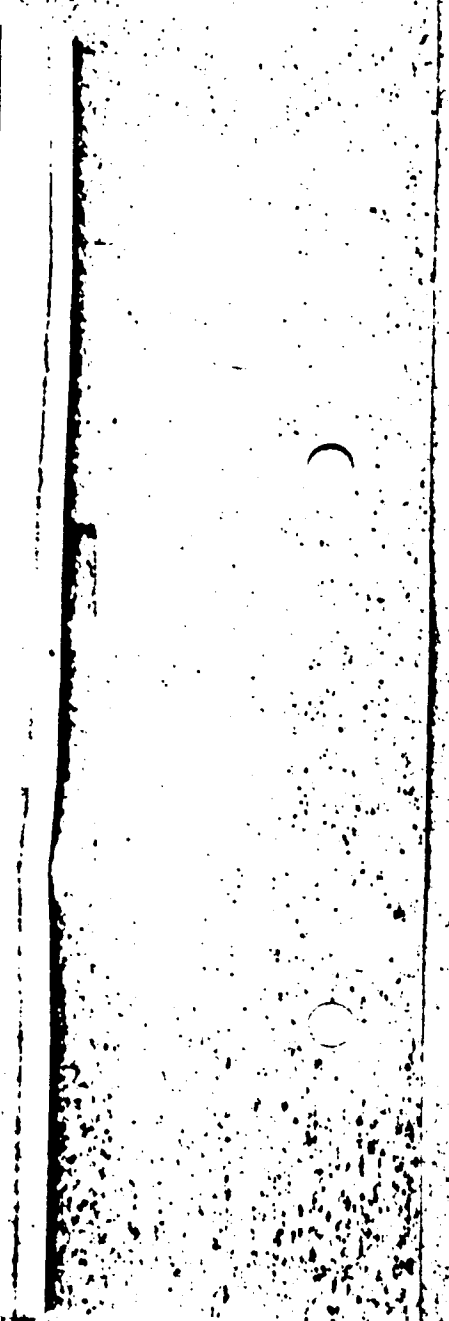
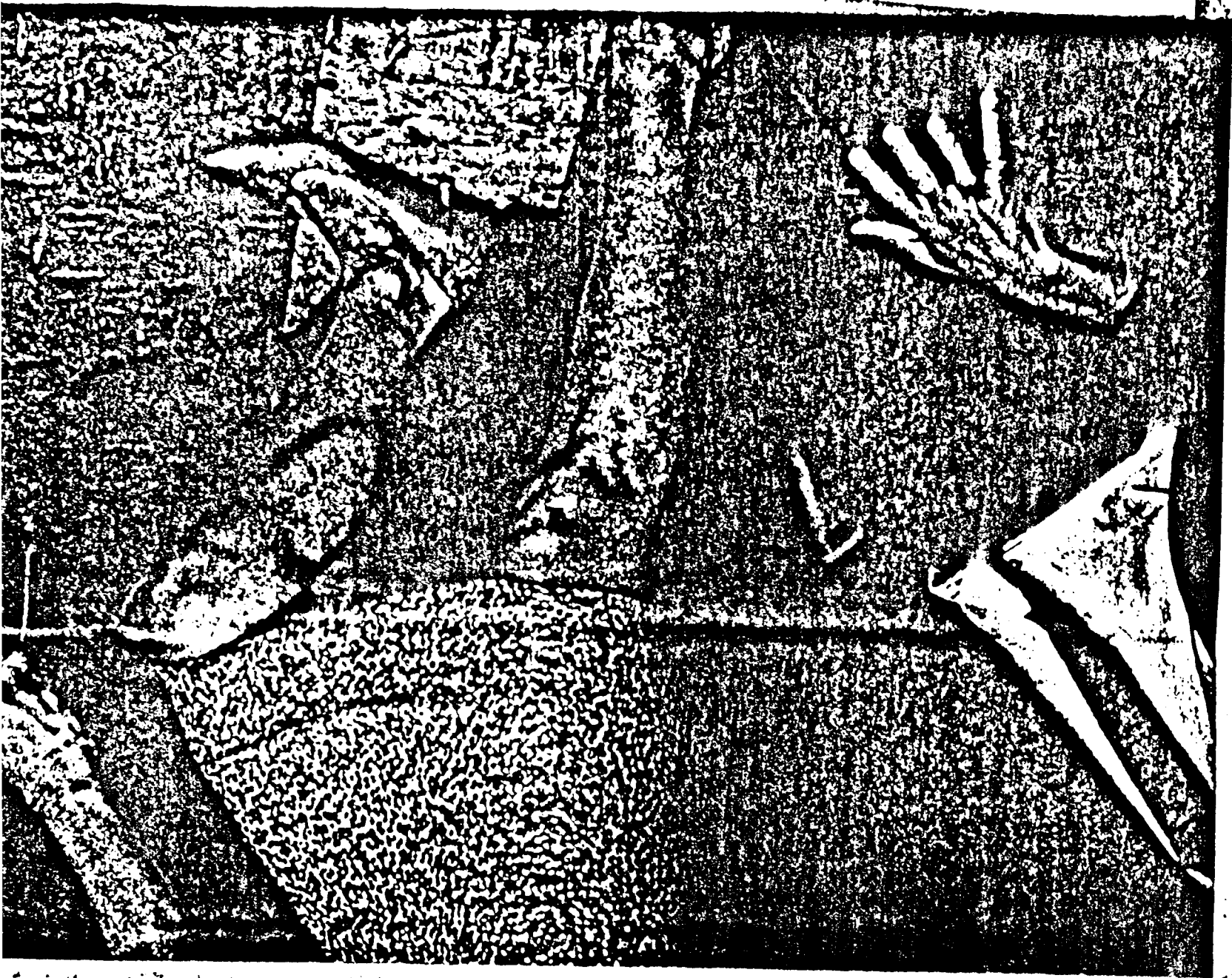
In the living room of paneled mirrors sectional sofa stain from an overflow. There was also a the room, another the Commonwealth the Pottsville bu Commonwealth's not, the television own judgment. Th

She coughed a l thing I've been acc hasn't done at one said. "Why're they they need someo They can't afford you call a booking to be my agent a that? I'll tell you, I beat it, I'm liable not wanted anyme

"Somebody tok how can you jok said? I said, 'My you lose your mo lose your sense of thing.' So all day a happy idiot."

Lillian Reis twists in Atlantic City w





... ..

HOW JACKIE RESTYLED THE WHITE HOUSE



A portrait of the First Lady in a reflective mood, painted for the Post by artist Norman Rockwell.

Paintings, antiques and historic objects have

STRA