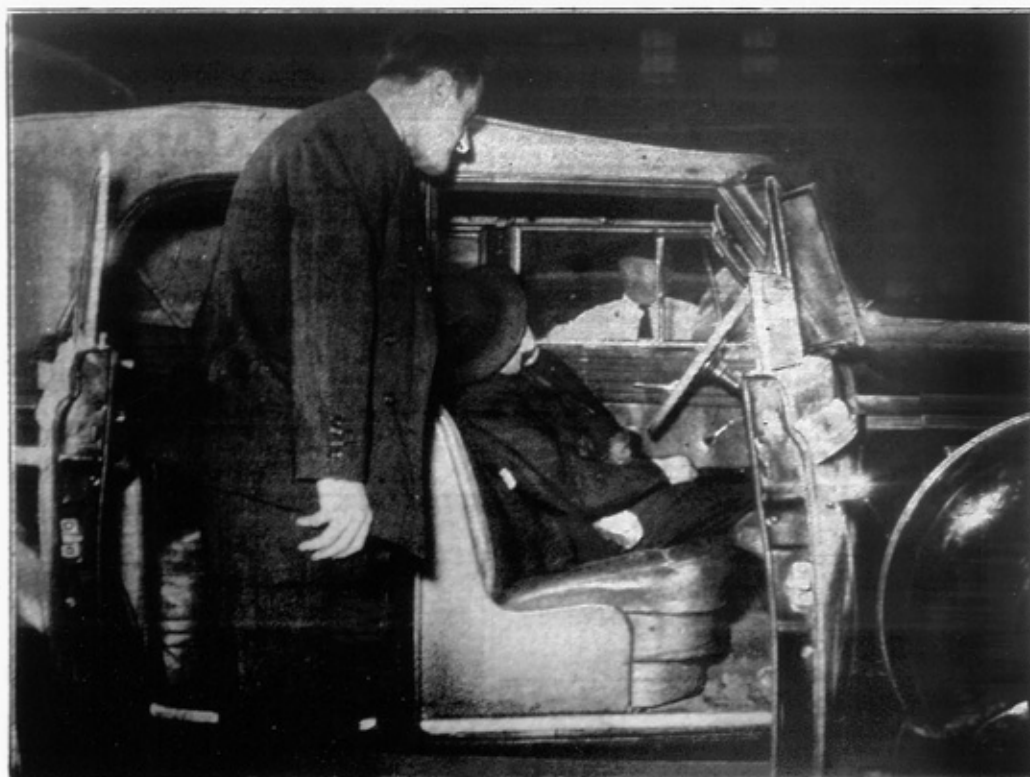


MARTIAL LAW RULES PARIS, VICHY REPORT

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(NEWS 5500)

Bullets For Breakfast *The Mobster Died at Dawn*

A detective looks over the corpse that was Abe Bechick, crap-shooting mobster, in front of 675 Empire Boulevard, near Albany Ave., Brooklyn. Bechick was slain at dawn yesterday by two bullets behind his left ear. Special Prosecutor Amen says Bechick may have been murdered to forestall exposure of a tie-up between police and policy racketeers. District Attorney O'Dwyer labeled Bechick a cheap punk who was trying to muscle in on a dice games combine. Police said Bechick had begun to operate as Brownsville's "policy king" and suggested he may have been exterminated by rivals.

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Mobster's Slaying Seen Effort To Put Lid on Cop Tie-up Expose

By Michael O'Brien and Warren Hall.

An ambitious Brooklyn racketeer named Abe Bebbich was rubbed out at dawn yesterday, but the authorities were unable to agree on his importance.

District Attorney William O'Dwyer said he was only a welscher who was trying to muscle in on a crap-shooting combine. But Special Prosecutor John Harlan Amers said he was one of Brooklyn's five biggest gamblers and implied that the city might have another Herman Rosenthal murder on its hands.

Police bankers in Brooklyn have been receiving police protection, said a statement issued by Amers' office, and the murdered man was the key link through which the prosecutor hoped to establish the connection.

"Our investigation of this murder," said Amers' assistant, Larry Cohen, "will be confined to the possibility that it was committed to balk our exposure of police-racketeers."

Found Slain in Sedan.

Bebchick was 35 and known to his intimates as Jew Murphy. He was a tough, crap-shooting mobster, who lived at 9214 Avenue B, Brooklyn.

Whatever his gambling prowess may have been, he was not able to achieve the fame of Rosenthal, also a gambler, who was shot down by four gunmen on a Manhattan street 20 years ago on orders of Police Lieut. Charles Becker. Rosenthal was killed because he had received police graft. Becker and the hired slayers, Lefty Louis, Cop the Blood, Hugo Frank and Whitey Lewis, went to the chair.

Bebchick was found shortly after 7 A. M., slumped in the right front seat of a sedan parked in front of 675 Empire Boulevard, near Avenue Ave., Brooklyn. Two bullets from a pistol pressed behind his left ear had pierced his head.

Theories Differ.

Police said he had just begun to operate as "the police king" and "Burrhead" and theorized that he had been put out of the way by rivals.

O'Dwyer said Bebbich confined himself mainly to crap-shooting. He had won between \$50,000 and \$75,000 in the last few weeks, O'Dwyer said, and only a week ago in a \$20,000 coup he broke a game in Mulberry Bend operated by Joe Schlattman, brother of the famous Paper Box Kid (so named because, after killing two cops in 1912, he escaped from Sing Sing in a paper box).

A couple of weeks ago, the District Attorney said, Bebbich led a crap game owing several thousand dollars and didn't pay up. He was ordered to get up or else.

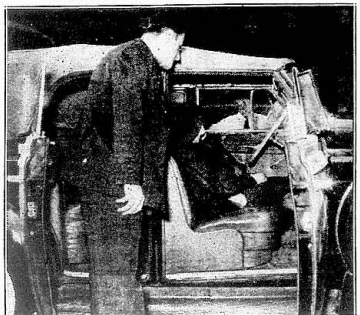
O'Dwyer's theory was robbery. Two crumpled bills, a ten and a twenty, were found in Bebbich's pockets, although members of his family insisted he never carried less than \$3,000.

But it was Cohen, the Amers assistant, who lifted the murder out of mediocrity. He said Bebbich was one of the borough's five king-pin policy bankers and bookmakers. He named the others: Teachers Conte, Joe Belleri, Prince Jordan and Louis Weber. The five employed several thousand in the underworld, Cohen said, as commission men, branch men, pickup men and collectors. Bebbich's own policy bank, he added, had had a take of between \$7,000 and \$8,000 a day.

"During the last few weeks," said Cohen, "in investigating the activities of these five men, we have questioned 20 plainclothesmen from that district, the entire borough headquarters and the Police Commissioner's staff."

"There has been police protection for the police racket and Bebbich was the one who could have told us about it. Four detectives from this office have been searching for him for weeks, but he stayed in hiding until this morning. He'll do no talking now."

End of a Mobster's Ride



Detective looks over the corpse that was Abe Bebbich, crap-shooting mobster, who was slain at dawn yesterday.

Buckner's Sole Asset: 1 Torch Singing Wife

Supplementary proceedings in a \$289 suit over a doctor's bill developed the lamentable information yesterday that the only tangible asset of Zachful Bill Buckner, the Philippine bond boy, is his wife, Adelaide Moffett, the society songstress.

She's tangible to the extent of from \$400 to \$750 per week, which is sufficient tangibility to keep her from the federal style to the style to which he's accustomed.



William Buckner

Elmer Belt, a California physician, obtained the \$289 judgment for professional services. Bill, who had plenty of other worries about that time, paid \$10 on account and skipped the rest of it. The doctor's attorney, Vincent Yardum of 41 E. 42d st., will pay before Justice James C. Madigan in City Court today for an order compelling Buckner to pay the remaining \$279 at \$5 a week.

But in the interim, the record of Bill's preliminary inquisition revealed that he did all right when he picked Little Miss Moffett. In about that time Bill was given a \$50-a-week job by his pal, Alexis Thompson, wealthy Broadway sportsman, to permit his release on parole last December, after nine months of his two-year prison term.

It also showed that he is now on leave of absence without pay from that job—it was with the Thompson-owned Pearson Pharmaceutical Co.—so he can devote his time to a motion picture venture that he's not yet hit the jackpot. Q. Who pays the living expenses of your home (at 930 Fifth Ave.) A. M. My wife. Q. All of them? A. Yes.



Adelaide Moffett Buckner, She's her husband's sole asset.

Q. Do you contribute to the support of anyone? A. When I was with the pharmaceutical company I turned over my salary to my wife, for whatever it was worth, to pay household expenses.

He admitted that the household expenses were "many times my salary," specifically \$800 a month. That included \$225 a month for rent and the salaries of two maids and a nurse. The nurse is for Andrew Patrick, the Buckner heir, who will be a year old next Monday.

The doctor's bill is his only debt, he said except for a \$2,500 fine he still owes the Government. Addie, the dazzling pretty daughter of former Federal Housing Commissioner (and Standard Oil magnate) James A. Moffett, is now a professional night club singer and a very popular one. Her two-months-old secret marriage to Bill was revealed by him the day he went to prison.

Farm Hoss Goes to Town In E. Side Steeplechase

By James Hennessy and Howard Whitman. East Side Steeplechase. Weather Clear. Track Fast. Off, 1:45-P. M. Won handily by John, a large black farm



John never wanted to be a racehorse. He rests securely tied after his first race.

horse brought to the big city only four months ago. His maiden effort, if you care to mix sexes that way.

Details of race:

John was standing pensively in his traces near Broome and Allen Sts., Second Ave. I train roared overhead, John jumped forward, making figure U-turn around U pillars. Smashed wagon all to ice-bits. Freed, he galloped northward and into Allen St. Park.

Unperturbed by Screams. Women screamed. Began to flee this way and that with baby carriages in tow. Bowers umbrellas came out of their trances. John galloped on.

Showing beautiful form, he leaped clear over the baby carriage of Mrs. Helen Selles, 35, of 284 Broom St., in which sat her 18-month-old twin daughters, Anna and Helen. Park became a bedlam. Next hurdle—over a park bench. In taking the jump he knocked down Mrs. Becky Ovidia, 75, of 284 Broom St., who grabbed her 2-year-old son, Calvin, and went away screaming. Not a clean jump. One of John's rear hoofs caught the back of the

bench, ripping it from its concrete moorings. Confronted by picket fence, He made a rush at it but decided—presumably—that it was too much. Quit race and started calmly murching the greenward. How Binshorn, 54, of 113 Ridge St., who'd left him standing outside an Allen St. brass shop, came to take him away. Binshorn received police summons for not having John properly fastened.

No apprentice allowance claimed. A second East Side steeplechase was run off at 6:25 P. M. A horse broke loose at Lewis and Livingston Sts. and sprinted for six blocks before being caught by a radio patrolman.

The steed was hauling a Blue Star Laundry wagon, driven by Morris Chappick, 42. It deposited Chappick and wagon on the Rivington St. sidewalk and then knocked down Mrs. Molly Wartzel, 79, of 77 Lewis St. She went to Gouverneur Hospital with a skull injury. Patrolman Edwin McClellan caught the runaway at Houston St. and Avenue C.

The Neighbors By George Clark



"But it isn't only at parties. My husband is like that all the time!"