## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

You don't spend thirty years digging on a project without getting a lot of help. Starting with the finish, I am deeply grateful to Amy Farranto for taking a shot at this, and I thank the copy editors and anonymous referees from Northern Illinois University Press, whose insights helped me hammer this into final shape. I am grateful as well for the years of support I've received from the University of Scranton, where a recent sabbatical has put me over the finish line. An earlier research grant permitted me to purchase a copy of Lenny Patrick's testimony in the Gus Alex trial, and the University library has been generous in its help with interlibrary loans and photographic digitization; thanks there in particular to Kristen Yarmey, Betsey Moylan, and Kevin Kocur. I also want to acknowledge a grant from the University's Weinberg Jewish Studies program that has helped make it possible to license many of these photos from Sun-Times Media.

In my early years of researching this material, I was fortunate to find myself part of a group of supportive and knowledgeable friends. Walter Roth and I shared the same goal, and I benefited from his energy and his introductions through the Chicago Jewish Historical Society. Norman Schwartz generously looked up distant leads for me, and Dan Sharon of the Spertus Institute's Asher Library sent me every puzzle piece of the history that came his way. John Binder has been as generous with me as he has with everyone doing research on Chicago's Prohibition gangsters, and through him I came to know Rich Lindberg, Larry Raeder, and several others in and around the Merry Gangsters Literary Society. In our "Jewish wing," Nate Kaplan was generous in sharing the oral histories he took as part of preserving the cultural memories of Davey Miller. And Bill Reilly, alongside his wife Helen, was an all-around friend and inspiration, one of the first who made me believe I could write this book.

I've benefited over the years from conversation and correspondence with others curious about the history of Chicago's Jewish gangsters from general or familial curiosity, including Abe Marovitz, Sylvia Friedman, Mike Karsen, Craig Eisen, Wayne Johnson, Jerry Levine, and David Abrahams, who graciously permitted me to use photos of his relative Manny Abrahams. I could not have wrapped this up as I did—nor could I have seen the connections between Lenny Patrick and the trials that cripple the Outfit—without generous time and energy from Chris Gair. I've

also been fortunate to have a lot of research help over the years, especially from Blanche Keno, Tom Baldwin, and Josh Kraus. And then there were those who, in their professional capacity, went above and beyond to make things easier for me, including Jeremy Martin at Doc's Sports, Toby Roberts at Sun-Times Media, and Jeanette Callaway and Elisabeth Saffell at the Chicago Crime Commission.

Finally, I have to thank family and friends for putting up with me throughout this seemingly endless process. My long-suffering roommates Alex Bogdanovitch, Bill Huston, and Ray Marx took phone messages from all sorts of strange callers. Bill Irwin has listened to complaints and offered advice on many a morning run. Annie Nichols has always been there as a reader and a support. My cousins Steve Miller, Rob Miller, Leah Miller, Eric Miller, and David Miller—from my father's side of the family and so, the name being merely coincidental, not related to the Miller brothers—have all helped with access to Chicago-only research materials and general encouragement. My in-laws, Roz and Gene Chaiken, have always looked for ways to help. And my brother Ed and sister-in-law Amy have cheered at every seeming step forward, sympathized over each setback, and done everything they could think to help me tell this story of ours.

Above all, I thank my wife Paula Chaiken for putting up with me when I drifted into the tangents of this history, for her patience when I closed the study door, and for her enduring love and support when I resurfaced into our law-abiding life together. I thank my sons as well—Richie, Max, and Teddy—who've had to endure all sorts of gangster stories at all sorts of unlikely moments. And last, I thank my parents: my father who'd have burst with pride over seeing a finished copy of this, and my mother who started it all with her question.