



Sitting in my overstuff, drinking some Java that Joe's Donuts boy brings every morning at 6. Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor are on the Radiola. Al is singing a Stephen Foster song I grew up with, "Old Folks at Home." I look at some stray tins on the table. I usually start out the day with Five Brothers Burley, but today I picked up the new tin of Nutty Irishman that I got from Surrey's Tobacco Shop down on the wharf. What a joint! John gets all the exotic coffees, teas, and smokes from the Orient and Europe.

This Nutty Irishman was new to me. Had a pretty good scent, and yes... it was nutty. I stuffed the Bulldog with the new tobacco and lit it up. It was not too sweet. Sort of toffee and nuts. I could get to liking this stuff. Listening to Al and Eddie, filling up the room with smoke, and steam still coming from the coffee. I went to the door and opened it. There was the daily waiting for me. I picked it up, scratched my stomach through the hole in my undershirt and went back to the overstuff.

I opened the paper and staring me in the face was the headline, **CHARLES "THE BUG" WORKMAN ARRESTED! WILL GO ON TRIAL FOR THE DUTCHMAN KILLING!** I dropped the paper to the floor, took a pull of my pipe, reached over to the side of the Radiola, and got a flask of whiskey to spike my coffee. I didn't know what to think. I took another pull on this tobacco. It was quite addictive. The Juiced Java went down smooth beside it. I had to set my pipe down. My thoughts in a whirlwind. The mug who killed Dutch.

All of the sudden I am on the streets of Newark five years earlier, walking into the Palace Chophouse. There at a table by the back wall was the Dutchman himself, along with Abe Landau, Bernie (Lulu) Rosenkrantz, and Otto (Abbadabba) Berman, all related to Dutch's empire in one way or another.

"Evening guys."

All four chimed in with various greetings and invited me over. I told them I didn't want to disturb business, and if it was OK I'd chime in from here, if need be. They seemed to appreciate it and go back to what they were talking about. Was it about five million Dutch was supposed to have buried? Ya got me. I ordered up some eggs and chops with a side of bacon, along with coffee.



While I was waiting, I took some rolling papers out and my Shogun Mixture which Old Man Surrey told me would fill me with piss and vinegar, put some pep in my step, and give me vim and vigor. I told him to throw it in the bag and I wouldn't hold him to his promises. I did a tight roll and lit up. A few puffs later I hear the boys coughing and complaining. Dutch looked like he was going to pull his gat out, but simply said, "Turk, I may as well shoot you, because something died!" The boys split a gut. Once I realized I was not going to get "ventilated" I was laughing with them. Dutch got up, still laughing, and went to the restroom.

Just then, Charley the Bug walked in with a couple of his men. I happened to look at the clock and it was 10:15 PM. Shots rang out. Otto and Abe were shot, Abe through the neck. Lulu was getting jacked up with bullets like in a Cagney movie. Abbadabba (Otto) and Abe actually got up and then fell back down. The Bug went into the restroom and blasted away on Dutch. Coming out, Charley threw several hundred-dollar bills on my table, winked at me, and they all walked out and went into hiding. Winked? As if I were in on it? As the police were coming in, I slid the dough to Nick, the Chophouse owner. He would have a few bills after this and I wanted none of it. I wasn't worried what the Commission would think. If anything, I might get pinned as a point man for the shooters.

The cops on the beat knew me and let me slide back into the scenery. They figured I wasn't involved in this. The boys were on their ways to the hospital, but I wasn't giving odds on anything.

I did come around to Newark City Hospital the next morning with Father O'Halleran. Abe, Otto, and Lulu all gone, but the Dutchman had been through surgery, and he was mumbling up a storm.

I came into the corner of the room, asking the cop, Joe Conlon, how he was. He pointed to Dutch and shook his head. He continued to question Dutch, writing anything Dutch said down. The several pages of rambling had some interesting thoughts, but no one was really the wiser to what he said. I did catch some things.

Dutch: Oh, Mama, mama! Stop it! Mama, mama!

Question: Who shot you?

Dutch: The Boss himself (this would mean Lucky Luciano or Johnny Torrio [back from Chi-Town, but still a big man] had signed off on this)

Dutch: Please, Mother! A boy has never wept, nor dashed a thousand kim. Do you hear me? (this has been a point of speculation for these five years, and I am guessing will be the same for decades to come).

The Dutchman was no longer the Dutchman. He had been reduced to Arthur Flegenheimer, begging for his mom and his life in words few understood. He named names, but not what they had done. That would be left to people who knew him,

Dutch (nearing the end): I am going up and I am going to give you honey if I can. Look out. We broke that up. Mother is the best bet and don't let Satan draw you too close.

Dutch (his last words): French Canadian Bean Soup. I want to pay and let them leave me alone!

There was much more from start to finish, but I will leave that to reporter, Paul Sann, to put in his 1960 book, "Kill the Dutchman". Prescient, I know.

So, all the years after this people will think Arthur was screaming for his mama or mother. What was ill reported was why I brought Father O'Halleran in. Dutch had told me many times in our acquaintance that he wanted someone like me, living on the sunny side of twilight, to get him a priest. He felt if he asked the boys that they would laugh at him. More than that, as half German and half German Jew, he didn't want to explain why he wanted to be Catholic. So, before Dutchman's rambling, he was given last rights, while still conscious, and became a Catholic. He is buried on Catholic Soil.

Were more people aware of this it might have answered a couple of his rambles. Who was he addressing as mama. His mom had gotten there, and his wife Frances. He had two children, but that will come later. Was mama the mother of his kids? Most likely not. He was still conscious and his mom was still alive. Why did he put Mother and Satan in the same sentence? Was he saying to follow his mother would save him from Satan? Possible, but he never paid a lot of attention to his mother. The key might be found in his conversion. He was one of the cruelest of all gangsters, once stuffing cloth that had been soaked in some VD laden puss into some guy's eyes who lied to him. No, I feel he was halfway between Heaven and Hell, and the Mother he was speaking to was Mary.

After his death his wife Frances and their children sank into obscurity quite fast. She remarried. Her children took on her new husband's name, and Junior and Louise would never mention him.

I came to when the wife had come home with the kids from shopping. She happened to mention the nice room note that Nutty Irishman had. I noted how pleasant it was on the tongue and throat. She commented that if she had to grade the tobacco it would be 4 and a half stars.

I looked up at Frances with a wink, then at the kids and asked Art and Louise what mama had bought them. Arthur looked up and said that he wanted this neat cap pistol, but mommy told him no pistols.