The Worst Date Ever

One February evening in North Chicago, seven well-dressed men were found riddled with bullets inside the S.M.C Cartage Co. garage. They had been lined up against a wall, with their backs to their executioners and shot to death. These men were mobsters working under the leadership of gangster and bootlegger, “Bugs” Moran.

An eyewitness gave her account of what happened on that night in 1929. She claimed to have seen two uniformed policemen exit the garage while escorting two plain clothed men who held their hands up in the air, as if they were under arrest. Of course, this comforted the shaken woman, thinking that the loud gun fire that she had just heard had been resolved and the parties responsible were being taken into custody. However, the Chicago police had no record of any such activity at 2122 Clark Street until they arrived on the scene to find the horrifying blood bath.

One investigator on the scene found Frank Gusenberg lying amongst the bloody corpses, breathing heavily and choking on his own blood. Immediately, the unconscious victim was taken to the hospital where investigators waited with anticipation for their only possible lead to wake up and finger the men who were responsible. When he was asked for the identity of the killer, he simply stated “I’m not gonna talk,” before he laid his head back and died.

After a re-enactment of the crime, authorities concluded that the two men dressed as policemen entered the garage and acted as if they were police on a routine investigation. The mobsters seemed to have cooperated with the costumed officers and consequently let the fake policemen disarm them and force them up against the wall. As soon as their backs were turned, the two men in plain clothes entered with guns and shot them down.

Therefore, the eyewitnesses were somewhat accurate when they claimed to have seen two policemen arresting two men. What they had actually seen was four brutal murderers making their cleverly planned get away. No one thought to call the police, because the neighbors saw from their windows that the police were already there. Al Capone was never arrested for the crimes; the mysterious gunmen were... a lot of people in order to get to Bugs Moran. It is rumored that Capone replied by simply saying: “I’ll send flowers.”

From Mysterynet.com

Things That Make You Go Hmm...

WEIRD ANIMAL NEWS

A 42-year-old Thai man says he likes to have his pet crocodile lying next to him on his mattress at night. Prayoon Thongjon caught Kheng while fishing three years ago. Prayoon says the one-meter long freshwater crocodile also gets on well with his 10-year-old son and the family’s two dogs. “Whenever I went to bed he would follow and scratch the mosquito net over my mattress as though he was begging to join me. I gave in eventually and let him in,” Prayoon, from Phuichit Pho Thale, told The Nation. Kheng can’t even swim, as Prayoon explains: “I tried to teach him to swim once in the nearby canal, but he gave up after swallowing gallons of water. After that he never got into the canal again.” He added: “I think people are more scared.” Local fisheries staff have warned him the crocodile could become aggressive during breeding season or when hungry.

From www.bostonmetro.com

Things That Make You Go Mmm...

SALAD BAR BRUSCETTA

Ingredients:
- garlic bread (Friday’s dinner)
- diced tomatoes from sandwich/salad bar
- diced onions from sandwich/salad bar
- garlic powder/salt
- cheese (preferably mozzarella)

Mix diced tomatoes and diced onions in a dish and spread on garlic bread. Sprinkle on garlic salt/powder to taste. Lay grated cheese over top. Microwave until cheese is just melted. Enjoy!

From Mysterynet.com

Bobby Sue’s Country Music Lyrics of the Week

VALENTINE’S DAY EDITION

Paw always say that nothing captures the essence of love quite like a softly crooned backwoods ballad. This week’s actual country lyrics really get to the core of human emotion. Grab a tissue and prepare to swoon...

1. “Walk out backwards slowly so I’ll think you’re walking in”
2. “My wife ran off with my best friend, and I sure miss him”
3. “Did I shave my legs for this?”

From Mysterynet.com
Peeball: Medal Sport by 2008?
THE STRANGE WORLD OF COMPETITIVE URINATION

Matthew and Elaine Sweetapple recently invented a "game of skill, power, speed and endurance," consisting of a biodegradable ball (smaller than a golf ball) placed in a urinal, to be disintegrated by a urinator (either alone or in 'competition'). The product, Peeball, was launched for sale (equivalent of $1.70) late in 2002 by Great Britain’s Prostate Cancer Charity, which hopes the novelty will call attention to its cause, in that players with prostate problems are typically poor at the game. Player strategies, basically, are (1) direct stream and (2) intermittent stream.

From The Times (London), 1/20/03

Let’s Do It, Rockapella!
Submissions? Contact Bryan & Chris at news@leverett.harvard.edu

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Golden Nuggets
TIDBITS OF DATING WISDOM FROM BRYAN’S FAVORITE SITCOM

Rose: I have a steady boyfriend, so unfortunately I'm not available. That is unless you like jazz.
Doug: Well, I've got Glenn Miller back at my place.
Rose: Does he like jazz?

Dorothy: I haven't been this tired since my wedding night.
Blanche: I can understand one being exhausted from a night of unbridled passion!
Dorothy: Who said anything about passion, I was tired from picking up beer cans and cigarette butts from Stan and his poker buddies.