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“It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets.”

— Voltaire

You’ve always seen loyalty as one of the most important things in the world. Loyalty in your friendships, loyalty to your superiors and business partners, and loyalty in your marriage. Nothing sets off your temper like somebody being disloyal. You’ve only ever had one failing in loyalty, and you’ve never been able to forgive yourself; it was to your mother.

See, your mother always wanted you to marry a nice Jewish girl. It was pretty much expected; there would be a classic Hebrew wedding presided over by a Rabbi, you’d break a glass, lots of wine, the reception would culminate with you getting carried around on a chair to Hava Nagila. It’s almost a good thing she didn’t live to see your wedding day. . . she probably would not have survived what actually happened: a Bishop, a choir, and a room full of Italians drinking brandy and smoking cigars. There were also the fellows with the machine guns.

How you got there is a long story, but it started in Chicago. Your parents were Jewish immigrants from Austria-Hungry. They sailed for the States in 1900, three years after you were born. Their village had begun having problems with a drought and they hoped to find a better life in America. You were too young to remember Ellis Island, or the “giant lady beckoning them in,” but you recall your mother’s stories of *her* first view of New York. “The land of opportunity,” she repeated constantly. You think that she even continued to believe it to her dying day, though for quite some time, you saw very little in the way of hope here.

Your parents headed to Chicago, and were unable to find decent jobs. Dad worked in a meat packing factory that paid a dollar a day. Mom was occasionally able to sell clothes that she made from discarded fabric. The poor lifestyle led you to where it did many of your generation: out to the streets. When you were eight, you joined a gang of other Jewish boys in the neighborhood called the West Racht Gang. You were the toughest group within five blocks. Everybody was loyal to each other and with your group’s reputation for violent retribution to anybody who tried anything you tended to not get messed with.

In the gang, you learned how to fight with your fists and body, with a knife, and with a gun. You also learned the arts of street cons and how to deal with authorities. Eventually, you became the leader of the group. You demanded loyalty, and you got it. The one time anybody ever betrayed the West Rachts was when you were seventeen. A fifteen-year-old had told the 23rd Streeters about where you guys were stashing booze. Hearing about his treachery enraged you, and without thinking you tracked him down and beat his head against the sidewalk for two minutes. The boy never got up.

The rest of your gang thought you took things way too far. You began to hear some muttering about your brutality. In truth, they were probably right, it was just that your temper got the better of you. Things began to go a little sour after that. The gang was always nervous around you and the success of cons started to slip. You came close to getting busted a few times. Not soon after, you decided that it might not be a bad idea to get out of Chicago for awhile. The Great War was heating up in Europe, and while the US was staying neutral in the conflict, you heard of many Americans who were heading over and enlisting in the armies of other nations.

So you found yourself an infantry man in the French army. For the next couple of years, you survived the most horrendous conditions imaginable in the trenches overlooking Germany. You learned real skills there, like ways to apply your old street knowledge to the rest of the world. The economy of the trenches was rather reminiscent of the economy of the street. When America finally entered the war, you were recruited as a combat veteran to coach the green doughboys how to survive.

The war was not the grand adventure you had been hoping for. It was putrescence, disease, dirt, and blood. Death was everywhere, and it came quickly. How you survived, you’ll never know, save that God was probably on your side. After the war, however, was a different matter. You began to notice that there were a large number of soldiers from all over the place who were “liberating” valuables and wanting to get them home surreptitiously.

In your time in Europe, you managed to meet a number of men from various walks of life, and realized that if you put together their skills you would have a lucrative money making opportunity. Most were ex-gang members from Chicago or New York, some were ex-dock workers or paper-millers. One kid, Philip Rickson, was even a Protestant farmboy from Kansas. The small group you put together were disparate in background and religion but they all had one thing in common; every last one of them wanted to make some money and did not care how it was done.

At first you just organized shipping for other people, but it did not take long for your group to start liberating for itself. Most of the stuff you acquired was artwork that you would then sell at highly inflated prices to people in Britain and the States. Pretty soon, you all had plenty of money to both throw around and return home with. Life had never been so good.

Your ad hoc gang slowly broke up as everybody headed home, and eventually you, yourself, went back to Chicago. When you arrived, you were destroyed to learn that your parents had been struck by a car and killed while you were sailing home. In a haze, you managed to squander all of the savings you had put together. Without money or purpose, you found one of the guys from your Great War gang. He was now a bodyguard of an Italian mobster by the name of Leon Cumani.

You began working for Leon from the bottom of his organization. The Cumani family was starting to become big in Springfield running liquor, gambling houses, and speakeasies. You did just about everything for them. From running and guarding their establishments, to guarding meetings, to leaning on people that were causing difficulties, to the occasional hit. You were a huge fan of the Thompson submachine gun, and mastered it in very little time.

You quickly proved your loyalty, and with your strong devotion to the family you worked your way up the ladder. In '22 you were driving Leon and his daughter Debora home from the opera. It was a rainy night, and as you turned onto the street of their manor you spotted a stalled vehicle in the road, its driver looking into the engine. You're still not sure what it was, but something struck you as odd, so you began speeding up.

It was a good thing you did, because just as you were about to reach him, the man pulled a Tommy gun from under the hood. You instinctively swerved the car, not away from the man as most people would have, but into him. Debora screamed behind you and you think Leon began swearing, but by that point you had gone into fight mode.

Two cars accelerated out of side streets nearby so you jumped from the car and retrieved the motorist's Tommy gun. It had a hundred round drum loaded. By the time you had finished working on the people in the cars, the drum was empty. You did not stay to check out your handiwork. It would not have been proper with a young lady about. You also had Leon's safety to worry about and staying at the site of this ambush was probably not the best of ideas.

You heard later that the six men in the cars were so riddled with bullets that they had a hard time identifying the bodies. Most of their guns were still fully loaded, they apparently only got off a few shots. Whatever they were aiming for, though, was completely missed. As these things tend to, the story got rather exaggerated. You've heard versions in which they unloaded six Tommy guns into you and missed with every shot. You've also heard stories where you picked up two Tommy guns and fended off two dozen attackers. But whatever people believe, your reputation as a gunman to be feared was established.

From then on, your appearance on somebody's doorstep, with or without a gun, was usually enough to strongarm them without even having to speak. Of course Leon took this to his full advantage. You didn't mind, it was nice getting respect and performing for your boss in the best way you could. Truthfully, besides this incident, you rarely had to use your Thompsons. Sure there were a few hits, but most of the stories people tell about you are rumors and exaggerations.

It didn't take long before Leon considered you his chief enforcer. You became so ingrained and respected in the family that you eventually took the hand of his daughter Debora in marriage. Saving her life that night probably had something to do with it, too.

This, of course, turned out to be the best and worst thing you have ever done. Deb is, of course, Catholic and no persuasion on your part would have convinced her to change this. You never would have tried, either, as this would have likely come off as being disloyal to Leon. But herein lies your greatest failure. Even though you love Deb with all your heart, by not marrying

within your faith you have betrayed the desires of your mother. It's been six years since the wedding, and these thoughts still continually distress you. So much so, that in all this time you have been unable to have children. This has made things tense with her recently, and the two of you have begun to bicker even more than usual.

Over the years there have been other problems with her. She used to gamble heavily and once got deeply in debt because of it. You had to borrow money from Bernie in order to pay it off. You gave her a severe scolding, but she *promised* never to gamble again so you left it at that. After all, a kept promise is loyalty, and you *know* she's loyal.

She's also taken on a sense of style that you don't find remotely appropriate. This probably stems from her involvement in this new "Swing" fad that formed around the unGodly Jazz music. Certainly something of which you don't approve. It's about time to put a stop to her galavanting. She needs to stop acting like a floozy and become a proper wife, Jewish or otherwise.

Leon's death has put yet another stress on your life and marriage. While Tommy and Bernie both see you as loyal and useful, you are not fully clear on where you will fit in now. The death of her father also seems to be making Deb ill; she has been vomiting and unable to keep food down. Perhaps if you help her get through this period your marriage will become stronger.

Of course, she's not doing a lot to make this easy for you. You're not a Catholic and she knows it. This means that you don't pray in churches and, really, even spending a lot of time in them makes you uncomfortable. Deb knows this and she gave up on trying to get you to go to church with her years ago. But, for some reason, she decided to bring it up again on the way back from the funeral this morning. She wanted you to go and say a bunch of prayers with her for Leon. She knows you will not say Christian prayers, and saying anything, even Kadish, in a Church is disrespectful, sacrilegious, and certainly disloyal to the Lord (and your mother). You almost slapped her, but just managed to stop yourself. Maybe you shouldn't have gotten so upset, but this really isn't the time for Deb to start trying to convert you again. It's bad enough that you married a Catholic, but your dear departed mother would be rolling over in her grave if you actually started acting like one.

You want to try to be accommodating to Deb. You really do. She's been going through a lot lately. But you don't need her making an issue of this again. Especially not now. You think you might be right on the verge of finding a way to make your peace with your mother, and you don't need Deb making it any harder than it already is.

Before he died, Leon told you to ace Joseph Bauer, some foreigner who was starting to move drugs into a neighborhood that Leon watched over. The guy apparently hadn't taken the hints he was given, so it was left up to you to take care of. With a little help from John Thompson, Bauer woke up dead. As you were leaving you noticed a letter on his desk addressed from your parent's old village in Austria. Curiosity overcame you and you opened it. You're not sure what you had been expecting, but there was nothing of real interest to you in the letter.

Well, nothing in the actual letter itself, anyway. But the reminder of Austria stirred up some memories. Looking at this connection to your past, you had an idea of how you might redeem yourself in the eyes of your deceased mother. You must bring the rest of your relatives over from Europe. You're sure this is what your mother wants you to do (and have strongly entertained the notion that she guided your gaze to it). Once you do this she will forgive you for your marriage. Okay, yes, this is probably a stretch and a little bit silly. But perhaps once you do this mitzvah you can feel better about yourself anyway. And with *that*, maybe you can relax when it comes to your marriage and things can go smoothly. And if this is not the case, then at least you will have done something good for family.

This means getting money, however, and enabling that many people to immigrate here from Austria is not going to be cheap. Perhaps Tommy would be able to help you out. You've set up a meeting with him for tonight.

A few days ago, Philip Rickson (from the War) got in touch with you again and said he was interested in meeting with Tommy. Rickson is now an FBI agent but is known to be on take. For quite some time he's been working for Capone, but now that Scarface has been sent up the river, Rickson seems to be looking for a new benefactor. You set up a meeting with Tommy for him as well.

Notes

- Loyalty is the most important thing to you, and disloyalty will set off your temper. While hot tempered you become fairly irrational and your violent tendencies tend to rear their head.
- You have a loaded Tommy gun in the trunk of the car. It is in a box labeled "Out of Game." You may remove the Tommy gun from this box at any time. However you may not put the Tommy gun, or anything else, back into the box.
- You need \$2,000 to move your family.
- Tony runs three of the family's speakeasies around town. They are The Juniper Lounge (119 School Street in Springfield), The Vermillion Club (84 Broadway in Springfield), and The Silver Fox (800 Parker Avenue in Springfield).

Goals

- Get enough money to bring your cousins over Europe.
- Ensure the safety and business of the Cumani family.
- Try to get Deb to be a better wife.

Contacts

- Leon Cumani (deceased): The former boss of the Cumani crime family and your father in law. He'll be missed.
- Debora Weinstein (Karen Czaplicki): Your wife. You love her dearly, but your marriage is having problems. She is Leon's daughter and Tommy and Billy's half-sister.
- Thomas Cumani (Vance Walsh): Leon's son and heir apparent to the Cumani organization. Maybe he can help you get the money to move your family.
- William Cumani (Xavid Pretzer): Tommy's younger brother. He often seems jealous of Tommy. If something unexplained were to happen to him, Billy would be the first person you would question.
- Bernard Porcellato (Rickland Powell): Another one of Leon's associates. He usually goes by Bernie or Uncle Bernie. A go-to guy. Very well connected. Likes to tell stories about how he rigged the 1914 election. You think the stories might even be true.
- Athony Pesotta (Janice Walsh): Tony Runs the family's bootlegging. A good, solid, dependable guy with a good, solid business sense.
- Philip Rickson (Jason Rownd): An old war buddy who's now a corrupt FBI agent. You've set up a meeting with Tommy for him.
- Michael Gavin (Cheryl Ann Costa): Head of the rival Gavin family. Here to meet with Tommy and discuss business.
- John Barcelione (Doug Freedman): Tommy's bodyguard. Goes by John Barcelione. Loyal, but not the sharpest tool in the shed.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| - Knock Out | - Disarm |
| - Wound | - Restrain |
| - Assist | |

Items

- .45 Semi-Automatic *Starts loaded.* - 40 Dollars
- Torn-Open Envelope *The letter that set you on your mitzvah.*

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2