

Sometime before I started the "Illegal Of The day" posts I did a post showing the connections between the Dallas Mafia/James Worsham/Maurice Hotel/Benny Binion/ and a chip with WandB on it. The WandB chip is dated 1940. Part of that post will follow at the end of this one.

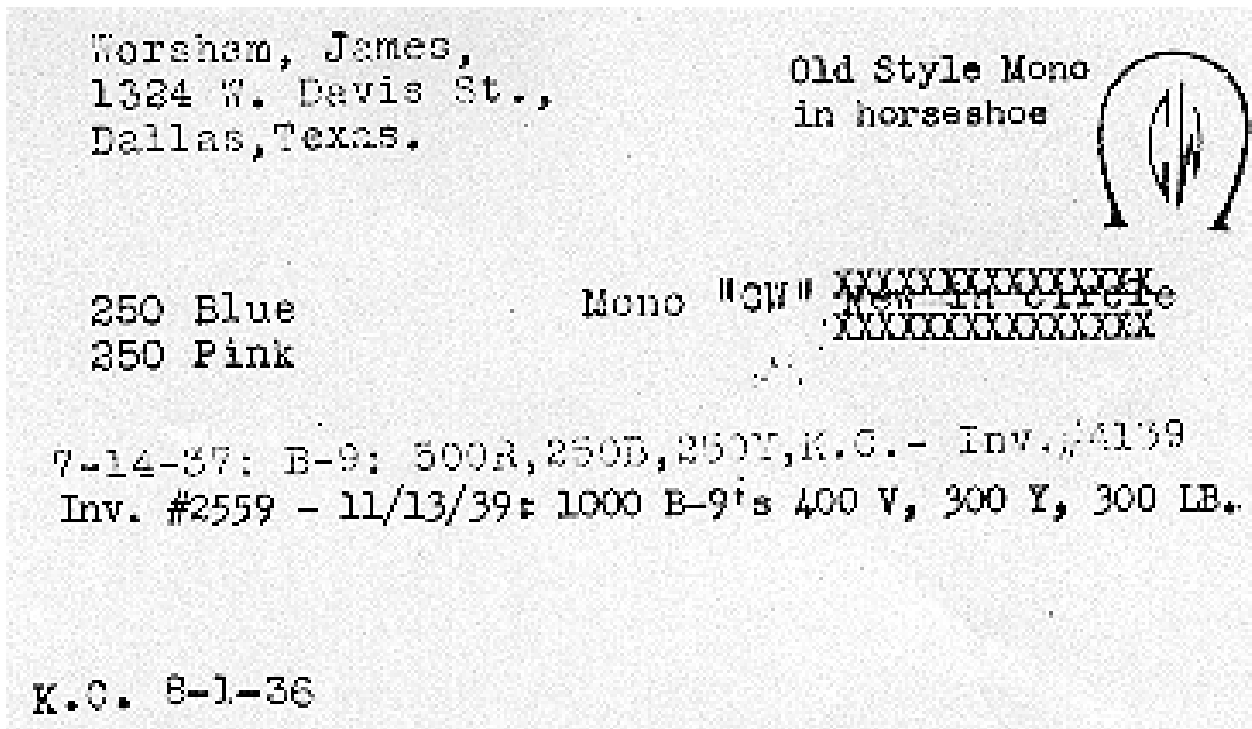
I guess you can call the first part of this post a "Prequel." <g>

Enough of that:

Texas:

A few months ago we found the red and yellow CW in a Horseshoe chips on ebay. I already had the record card from back when several of us were getting cards and pooling them. I did not have the chips.

I don't do ebay so I had Mike Vuolo buy us both one of each color red and yellow. When we got them there were 2 different fonts of the yellow. Huh???? We scrambled and had 2 more yellow, 1 of each font sent to us.



My notes:

Appears to have been an earlier order in 1936, not on this card.

Scans below clearly show there was a new die made for the 1939 order. This is not unusual as distributors misplace or lose dies. I have had it happen at Paulson. Almost impossible to make 2nd die,

100% same as the 1st one. Small font 1937 because of the small font die cast on the record card, large font and new die for the 1939 order.

W =Worsham. C =Read on.



cw in horseshoe3chips

I sent my notes to a friend as I knew he would want them if he did not have them.

Note and scan from the friend that bought the chips a little Earlier than we did:

DAMN!!! He got a blue one from the same seller!!! That sucks!!! <g>

I have both versions of the yellow. I have one that I think is the light-blue. If the chip below is light-blue, then the large "C" version of the chip is from the 1939 order (light-blue, vermillion, yellow) and the small "C" version of the yellow chip would be from 1937 (also small "C" on the order card stamp).

I think the images below are the light-blue, vermillion, yellow from 1939 and the yellow from 1937.

My note: We agreed. IMO this means there is a red and blue out there with the small font. Anyone have them to trade? I need 3. Both blues, and red small font,



cw in horseshoe 4 chips

Note: From a "Friend of the Hobby." Thank you once again.

The last order of CW chips was bought 1 year before the Maurice Hotel opened.

Not sure if the CW chips were used at the Maurice Hotel.

The Maurice was a brand-new hotel which opened just before Worsham ordered the WandB chips in Dec. 1940. I know chips can migrate with an operator, but I would think he would have used his new WandB chips at the new Maurice Hotel set-up. (maybe the CW chips continued to be used at the address they were sent to originally?).

The CW chips were sent to an address in an old south Dallas neighborhood called Oak Cliff. At the time of the 1936-37 orders the address was a drug store operated by a guy named Coffin; in 1939 the place was a five & dime store operated by a guy named Cannon (I guess either or neither could be the "C" on the chips).

Cannon was a pallbearer at Worsham's funeral in 1966).

Coffin, a pharmacist, was fined for operating a gambling device at the store in 1938 (a marble board) and fined the same year for dispensing medicinal whiskey without a prescription. (my note: what is medicinal whiskey in 1938?)

My note: C=both Coffin and Cannon are good candidates. <g>

Here's a current view of the building which housed the CW chips delivery address. It's an L-shaped building which sits on the corner of West Davis and Edgefield.

The delivery address, 1324 West Davis, was located on the corner which straddles both streets. In the 1939 Dallas city directory, Worsham is listed at the address 506 1/2 Edgefield--which puts him on the second floor, above the delivery address. The second floor of an Oak Cliff drugstore was raided in 1937 and six gamblers were arrested--not sure if this was the same drugstore. (my note: I bet it was!)

Read Down



Cw in horseshoe3

Now the Sequel:

Worsham ties himself to the Dallas Mafia.



16539

WandB believed to be Worsham and Binion

Name		Address		Town		State		Per	
JAS. WORSHAM		Maurice Hotel - #506		DALLAS		Tex			
					SPECIAL MONOGRAM W and B				
Amount	Color	Initials Both Sides	Style Type	Initials One Side	Other Side	Style Type	Monogram Color	Date Shipped	
600	sr Red	W and B	spec.				GOLD	12.30.40	
300	sr Blue	"	"				"	"	
200	Lavender	"	"				"	"	
100	White	"	"				"	"	
1400	White	"	"				"	6-10-41	

Gambling Wide Open In Dallas But Police Don't Seem to Find It

Bets Are Taken From Two Bits Up To Thousands, With Pinches Rare

BY KEN HAND.

Not too long ago a rookie policeman was called in before his superiors for an oral promotional examination.

"What would you do," he was asked, "if, for instance, a big dice game was reported in one of our leading downtown hotels?"

The rookie thought fast.

"Why," he said, "I'd find out who was running the game and then I'd go down and collect a \$100 fine for vagrancy."

The rookie didn't get promoted. He had the right answer, but he gave it at the wrong time. To the best of his knowledge that is the way the police department combats the gambling menace in Dallas, the new Monte Carlo on the Trinity.

Gambling has flourished in Dallas the last two years virtually unmolested by law-enforcement officials and the surprising circumstance is the nearly total absence of righteous wails from that element which ordinarily opposes games of chance.

You can get anything you want in Dallas from 25c bets in an obscure upstairs hotel to wagers in the thousands in a swank clubroom where liquor and food are furnished free and formal gowns, tuxedos and tails are often worn.

Let's take a trip to a clubroom where drinks are served free to lubricate the betting instincts of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Swank III.

There is a powder room for the women which opens into a larger room with an elaborately fitted dice table and a roulette wheel. The gambling members of society congregate here, especially on Saturday nights. Bets must be at least \$1 and there is a polite limit of \$50.

But if Mr. Swank has credit with Dun & Bradstreet that is sufficiently imposing, the house man will give one of those admiring coughs and up the limit with a sly wink to the guy who is gay with his money.

Run by Syndicate.
This establishment or game is operated by the anonymous syndicate that the politicians talk about before the primary elections every two years.

A couple of pleasant gentlemen—and don't worry about their gifts to charity—figure somewhere in the fabric of things, but the man on the street will tell you he cannot believe they are the higher ups. The man on the street will tell you they are bound to have assistance from above.

Suppose there is a raid. Raid is hardly the word because generally, remembering the dumb answer of the rookie policeman, a raid is a discreet knock on the door nowadays.

The pinch is so smooth that not all the players know a raid is in progress and to look at the spectacle, one would think old friends were talking things over and then decided to go somewhere else.

When there is a raid forthcoming or in progress, the joint, in the parlance of those familiar with all phases of law enforcement, is hot.

So when this particular clubroom for the mink coats is hot, operations are transferred to another room. There business continues with hardly a hitch until the joint cools off. You know what I mean.

But let's not linger longer. There are other places to go—a floating game, for instance. This game is really a floater. But by last accounts it was on the fifth floor, or could someone have been mistaken as to the day of the week?

Room 6 at another place is pretty well fixed for gaming. It is a big room and food and drinks are served free—a replica of the former scene painted with a less elaborate brush.

Or would you like to go to 401? No, you probably wouldn't. It has a suite like the other but less elegant.

And here is one advantage. You can bet as low as 50c. But there was a knock on the door the other day and they moved to 200 and 202. You may find them there now.

On the second floor of another place, an innocent-appearing mezzanine, one could find a bar and dice table. Considerable money has changed hands here, where a man can win or lose \$1,000, which is not hay.

While right across the street is a newly painted stairway which leads to a newly opened 25c game which is doing a pretty good business. Two-bit chips may be bought and anyone with as much as four bits may enter. The heat of the bookie raids and closing of most race tracks were responsible for the opening of this game by men who usually are in the bookie business.

The second floor of still another place is wide open with clubroom and everything, but it still fails to match the elegance of some of the other dice palaces.

Here is another on South Akard. This is an upstairs place and is regarded by the gambling elite as a third-rate joint. See the boss there and he will give you a run for your money from a quarter up. However, none of the upper crust frequents this place.

It is for the discontented man who earns from \$15 to \$25 a week and is gambling his baby's shoes on the hunch that this is his lucky night. Generally it isn't.

Police Chief James M. Welch says he has been doing what he can to stop gambling. For him on the credit side of the ledger is the fact that prosecution of gambling is a difficult and tedious thing at best and it seems handier to fine gamblers regularly on a charge of vagrancy.

From his public utterances it is to be gleaned that the chief, an ardent church worker, is unaware of the scope of gambling in Dallas and there are those who believe he has taken this stand so repeatedly that he actually believes it. He has made the statement frequently that he will raid any gambling dive on which he receives information.

probably the Southland

probably the Maurice

Dallas Morning News 7 Dec. 1941

16539b

January 30, 2008

Gene,

Here's the W and B chip--another Dallas chip with a 'B'. I haven't come across any direct evidence that the 'B' is for Binion, but like all the other Dallas chips with a 'B' it's a possibility. Binion stated that gambling at the Maurice Hotel was one of his three main operations (along with the Southland and the Bluebonnet). But I've also seen evidence that the Southland Syndicate owned no part of it. However, Binion's accountant kept the books for the club. One thing is for sure, and that's that the Maurice operation's bank was owned in different percentages by different people over the years. Maybe Binion had a part of it at it's inception and Worsham put his initial on the chip along with his own?

The Maurice was a brand new hotel that had just opened it's doors a few weeks before the chips were sent to Worsham. It was located at 909 Main Street (if you've ever seen a picture of the Dallas skyline at night then you might recall a tall building outlined in green argon--it sits on top of what was the Maurice). It operated on a second floor mezzanine (but sometimes in a room on an upper floor), had at least one dice table that accommodated 12 to 15 people (although the games there were known to accommodate as many as 50), served free drinks and operated in two shifts from around 11AM until about 3AM or later. When Dallas cracked down on gambling in the mid 40's, Worsham was the first person tried for felony gambling in Dallas County in over a decade.

I've also included an article from the Dallas Morning News from 1941 which gives one reporter's take on the gambling scene in Dallas.

16539c

Stay tuned for "Part 3" of an ever developing saga. Benny Binion/Herbert "The Cat" Noble and "The Dallas Mafia Wars"