

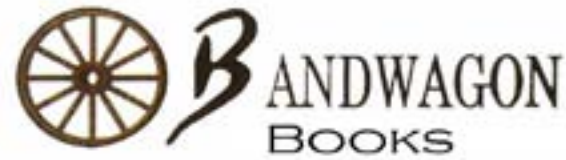
TWO GUN HART

Law Man, Cowboy,
and Long-Lost Brother
of Al Capone



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Al Capone's Long-Lost Brother was Prohibition Agent

*Dressed as a cowboy, oldest Capone brother was a hero lawman.
Full story revealed in new book by Jeff McArthur.*

Few knew that Al Capone, the most famous gangster in the world, had a long-lost brother on the opposite side of the law. Born Vincenzo Capone in 1892, he ran away from home as a teenager, joined the circus, then the army, and returned from the Great War a hero. When Prohibition began in 1920, he became a Federal officer, and fought crime dressed as a cowboy with two six-shooters on his side while riding a horse. He was known as "Two Gun" Hart, which is the title of the new book by Jeff McArthur and Bandwagon Books.

The book follows Richard's life all the way from his birth in Italy, to his youth in Brooklyn, his time in the circus and World War I, and then all the way through his storied career as a Prohibition officer. Based in the small town of Homer, Nebraska, Hart covered territory from Iowa all the way to Washington State. He worked both with the treasury department and the BIA, becoming one of the most successful law men in the country. The entire time, neither his friends nor even his family knew of his connection to the infamous mob boss in Chicago.

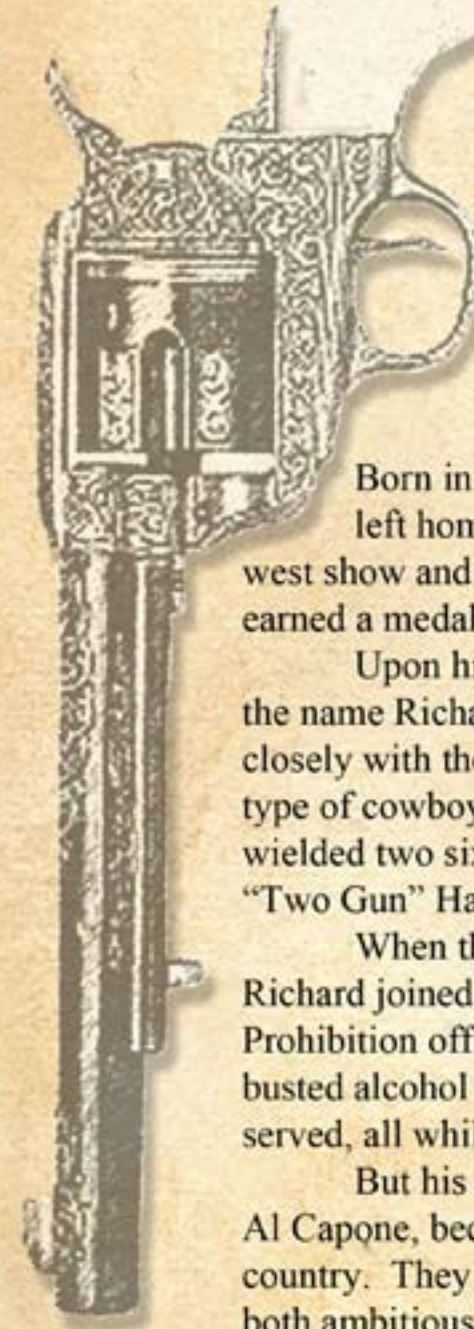
Two Gun Hart also covers the lives of the rest of the Capone family, providing an in-depth look into this famous, yet little understood family. Never before seen photographs and details are included that explore their lives in Italy, their moves to New York and Chicago, and what happened to them after Prohibition ended.

Jeff McArthur is the author of The Great Heist, Pro Bono, and the Relic Worlds science fiction series. He lives in southern California where he writes books, designs games, and produces videos for Youtube.

Two Gun Hart is currently available for pre-order on all major e-readers, and will be released in March, 2015. You can see more about the book and this extraordinary story at: www.bandwagononline.com

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If you'd like more information about this, or to schedule an interview with Jeff McArthur, please call 818-631-3185 or email him at jeff@bandwagononline.com



"I will say in this connection that Mr. Hart is the most efficient officer in this line of work that I have ever known."

"I regard him as one if not the best Special Officer we have had."

"This man Hart is a go-getter."

TWO GUN HART

Born in Italy and raised in Brooklyn, Vincenzo Capone left home when he was a teenager. He traveled with a wild-west show and fought in Europe during the Great War where he earned a medal for sharp-shooting.

Upon his return, he settled in Nebraska where he went by the name Richard Hart. He married, had children, and worked closely with the local Indian communities. He dressed like the type of cowboy he had seen in silent movies, rode a horse, and wielded two six-shooters at his side, which earned him the name "Two Gun" Hart.

When the Volstead Act made alcohol production illegal, Richard joined the ranks and became one of the most successful Prohibition officers in the country. He chased down criminals, busted alcohol stills, and protected the Indian reservations he served, all while using an assumed name.

But his past caught up with him when his younger brother, Al Capone, became one of the most infamous criminals in the country. They were two brothers on opposite sides of the law, both ambitious and skillful, and both family.



PROLOGUE



Left: Vincenzo Capone/Richard "Two Gun" Hart in his usual attire when fighting crime. Agent Hart had grown up watching western movies, and wanted his own life to reflect what he had seen. He was particularly fond of the movies of William S. Hart, which is why he chose to use the same last name. He went under an assumed name to avoid the racism against Italian-Americans. This alter ego became all the more important when his younger brother became a famous criminal in Chicago.

Below: Agent Hart (right) with two other officers after a large raid on a distillery. Hart often posed for photographs after successful raids to build upon his fame.



Below: Al Capone in his later years at his cabin in Mercer, Wisconsin. The sign above him reads, "Let no one tell you, and tell you to your shame, all was beauty until you came."



Right: Richard enjoyed showing off his many talents, such as shooting, stunt riding, fly fishing, boxing, and acrobatics. He performed all of these, and played several instruments, at local events in and around Homer, Nebraska where he lived, and on the Indian reservations where he worked. Here he is doing a handstand on his horse Buckskin Betty.



Four men sat drinking and gambling at a lone, oak table in the lobby of the only hotel in Walthill, Nebraska. It was a small, crossroads town left over from the old west; the hotel had once been its brothel complete with an overhanging balcony where the ladies plied their trade. The town sat within the borders of the Omaha Indian Reservation, a train stop from which to transport corn to Sioux City, and little had ever happened since its construction. It was primarily a place for white and Indian farmers to congregate, purchase supplies, and socialize before returning to their farms and ranches in the surrounding hills of northeastern Nebraska.

There was little to do in this quiet section of the prairie, which made gathering at the hotel to gamble and buy drinks a popular pastime, despite the fact that both were illegal. Anti-gambling laws had never been heavily enforced, and went primarily unnoticed to the populace, who saw it as a common entertainment. Drinking alcohol in itself was, in most places, not illegal. The recent passage of the Eighteenth Amendment to the US Constitution, backed by the passage of the Volstead Act to enforce it, had made the manufacture, transportation, and selling of alcohol illegal. It said nothing of its consumption.

However, laws on Indian reservations had gone further, and the consumption of alcohol within their borders had been prohibited as well. Ever since the introduction of alcohol into their cultures, many American Indian tribes struggled with alcoholism, and the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment had inspired a movement to dry up their populations. While the law was an overstepping of government power to most of the rest of the country, it had been a godsend to a people who desperately needed to overcome a cultural illness.

These restrictions caused people in the area who wanted to drink look upon bootleggers, who transported alcohol, and moonshiners, who manufactured it on nearby ranches and farms, as heroes. They were willing to pay many times the amount they had previously paid for a single glass of beer or flask of whiskey. Oftentimes, it was not clear what they were drinking. The concoctions moonshiners put together barely resembled alcohol before Prohibition when it had been regulated. Now it could be almost anything. Thus, it was often dangerous, not only because it was illegal, but the homemade alcohol sometimes resulted in a poisonous mix. But that didn't stop men from gathering at the hotel and taking part in what the moonshiners smuggled in from the stills they had hidden in the fields and ravines outside of town, or the bootleggers had driven in from distant places. Purchases were discreet, but drinking was in the open. The law seemed far away, and they would have plenty of warning if they saw those who enforced it coming.

So the four men who were gambling did as men always did at the Walthill Hotel, they sat their glasses on the table in the open where everyone could see, making no attempt to hide what they were doing.

One of the men, who had a thick-set jaw and wide nose, and wearing dusty overalls, was new to town. He was a migrant worker, like so many who had come through the area that the locals were used to. The north-south train out of Omaha passed by on its way to Homer a few miles north, and then on to Sioux City, Iowa, where a lot of drifters traveled to work. Though clearly a white man, the stranger's skin had an olive complexion, something he explained as evidence of his Indian heritage, and his constant work outdoors. Aside from explaining this, he spoke little, mostly listening and watching the others at the table, studying them.

The others, men who knew one another, talked about their lives, their families, and eventually turned to the subject of the drink they were sharing. The one who had made it explained what he called it, what was in it, and how he had brewed it.

Not much later the stranger in the dusty overalls abruptly stood. "You're all under arrest," he said sternly enough for them to know he wasn't kidding.

They looked at him surprised, but no one moved. Something in his voice made it clear he was not to be trifled with, and they knew they were caught, and were going to jail. He might even be armed, and none of them wanted to get into a gunfight. Everyone in Nebraska had heard of the notorious law man; a master of disguise who carried two pistols and could outshoot anyone. It was obvious to all the people in the room, who were now staring at him, that this was that famous Prohibition officer.

Then the man said something strange. "Now I know who all of you are, and where you all live, so don't you go anywhere, or I'll go find you. I'm going to be right back, so stay here." Then he left the room and walked up the

stairs and out of sight.

The three men sat dumbfounded at the table, unguarded, and unwatched. Others in the room who were not under arrest stared at the men to see what they would do. Aside from looking at each other, none of them moved. Where would they go? They knew the stranger was probably telling the truth. There weren't many places to hide, and he likely did know where they lived, especially after they had been talking for some time. He had listened to their entire conversation and knew everything about the booze that was being made and consumed in town. They didn't want any more trouble, so none of them tried to escape. None of them even budged from their seats. They just waited in the uncomfortable silence.

They were all still seated when they heard footsteps on the mahogany stairs again, this time much thicker than before, almost like a hammer coming down on each step accompanied by a faint clang. A pair of cowboy boots, complete with spurs and embossed with a heart on each one, appeared, followed by white pants, a white, button-down shirt, and finally, a tall, ten gallon cowboy hat. Strapped to his waist were two ivory-handled six shooters. He looked like he had walked straight out of a silent western movie. This was the man they suspected; this was "Two Gun" Hart.

Little did anyone know that Officer Hart kept a secret bigger than anyone could imagine. His real name was Vincenzo Capone, and his brother Al was the most infamous criminal in the world.

Q&A

Tell us a little about yourself.

My name is Jeff McArthur. I grew up in Lincoln, Nebraska where I began writing at a very early age. I went to New York to go to film school, then moved to Los Angeles to pursue a movie career. After 15 years working in this industry, I have returned to books, writing and releasing Pro Bono – The 18-Year Defense of Caril Ann Fugate, The Great Heist, and the Relic Worlds series.

How did you find out about Richard "Two Gun" Hart?

One day my father casually mentioned that the largest bank robbery had taken place in our home town of Lincoln, Nebraska, and that Al Capone's long-lost brother had been a law man in the state who managed to get the money back. I was so intrigued that I went out searching for the story and found the family living in Lincoln.

Tell us a little bit about who "Two Gun" Hart was.

Richard "Two Gun" Hart was born in Angri, Italy. He was the oldest in his family, and he ran away from home as a teenager to join a wild-west show and serve in World War I. He settled down in Homer, Nebraska where he dressed like a cowboy and worked as a Prohibition agent and for the BIA. He was one of the most successful agents in the entire country, but he was working under an assumed name. His real name was Vincenzo Capone, and his brother was the most notorious gangster in the world, Al Capone of Chicago.

Why did he run away from home and keep his identity secret?

No one knows exactly why he left home, but being the oldest, he left a power vacuum in the family. In Italian culture of the time, when the father died, the oldest son was supposed to take over the family, but when Gabriel Capone died, Vincenzo was not there, and Al was left to take on that responsibility. Vincenzo did not change his name because of his infamous brother, however. He had already changed it earlier because of the extreme racism that was shown toward Italians at the time.

It sounds like Richard/Vincenzo was very different from the rest of the family.

The Capone family is, of course, known because of the activities of Al and his brothers Ralph and Frank. Richard/Vincenzo was the polar opposite. He was as dedicated to enforcing the law as his brothers were to breaking it. He also dressed like cowboys in silent movies, rode a horse, and carried two six-shooters on his belt.

Is there a lot in this book about the Capones the public did not know before this?

Though the focus of the book is on Richard/Vincenzo, it also follows Al's rise and fall, and tells about the other family members both in and out of the crime syndicate. Because I worked closely with the Harts and Capones, I got a lot of inside information as to many truths and secrets of the family which have never been revealed, including some elements that have been misreported in the past, and what happened to the family after Prohibition.

You said that he was involved in solving the largest bank robbery in history?

Some of the bank robbers also committed the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Because they were associated with Al Capone, that became his business, so Richard got involved in convincing his brother to give the money back.

What motivated you to write this story?

The moment I heard about this story, I knew it was one of the most amazing stories I've ever heard, and it only got more incredible as I researched it further. He is an Italian-American hero, one of the greatest law-men the country has ever known, a war hero, the last American cowboy, and a cowboy who reached out to help the American Indians, and also happened to be the brother of the most notorious gangster in history.

Other Books by Jeff McArthur



The Great Heist: On a sunny September morning in 1930, six men entered the Lincoln National Bank in Nebraska's capital city armed with revolvers and Thompson submachine guns. In eight minutes, they emerged with more than 2.7 million dollars, the largest take of any bank heist in history. A nationwide search for the bandits would lead Nebraska authorities through the rough gangland streets of Chicago and East St. Louis, and deep into the heart of the Capone organization.

The Great Heist not only chronicles the search for the bandits and the trials that followed, but the incredible story of how they got the money back.



Pro Bono - The 18-Year Defense of Caril Ann Fugate: In 1958, 19-year-old Charles Starkweather went on a murder spree that left 11 people dead, shocked the nation, and paralyzed the state of Nebraska. With him when he was caught was his 14-year-old ex-girlfriend Caril Ann Fugate. The question soon became, was she his hostage, or his accomplice? Attorney John McArthur became so convinced that the former was true that he represented her without pay for 18 years.

Pro Bono follows the story from the murder spree, through the trials, through the years of appeals, all the way to the influences the events had on society, such as inspiring the first major movies from Peter Jackson and Terrence Mallick, an album by Bruce Springsteen, and Stephen King's entire writing career.



Relic Worlds - Lancaster James and the Search for the Promised World: Lancaster James is scouring the ruins on distant planets in search of long-lost artifacts of ancient alien civilizations. He is now hot on the trail of an alien race who believed their god had called them to a specific planet. Along the way, he will have to contend with pirates, gangsters, corporate armies, and traps left behind by the aliens to guard their most valuable artifacts. He will also have to wrestle with the question of whether it is better to know what happened to other races so the same thing doesn't happen to humans, or if such a search will open a Pandora's box that will doom us all.

Biographical Information



Jeff McArthur grew up in Lincoln, Nebraska where he began writing at a very young age. He became fascinated with movies as a teenager and began making them at 15, going on to New York University for college where he studied film, TV, and radio. In New York he worked with the comedy group The State, with PBS, and several others, before moving out to Los Angeles in 1995.

Jeff continued to work in the film industry for 15 years, working on various films and making a few of his own, including the documentary *The Forgotten Grave* and the horror film *Stolen Souls*. More recently, he has written the books *Pro Bono*, *The Great Heist*, and the *Relic Worlds* science fiction series. He has more recently released the book *The American Game*.