are in luck today because I know someone who can give you the loan which does not require the collateral or the net worth statement that we require."

In one case a fellow needed $20,000. I might state here parenthetically that in the jargon of the Chicago underworld, a $20,000 loan is referred to as a classic loan. Why they would call it "classic," I still have not been able to determine.

There are two methods of granting loans and repayment. In one, the borrower pays 10 percent interest per week. The principal can be paid back whenever it is convenient. In that case, the loans are not amortized.

In other situations, loans must be amortized at the rate of 10 to 20 percent a week, within a previously stipulated period. If, however, the customer can pay off the principal within that period, he still does not escape from the interest—must pay the collective interest payment.

At this point, there is no threat, there is no violence. There is no semblance of any kind of gangster activity.

The longer the man cannot repay his principal, the better it suits the juice gangster. They would rather have juice than interest.

This one case we investigated, $1,000 in interest was paid over a few years' period on an initial loan of a hundred dollars. In this case, the $100 loan principal is still outstanding.

The picture of the juice racket changes when customers find difficulty in paying. This is where the otherwise unsuspecting juice customer has the peace very rudely interrupted.

The collector says, "Look, Buster, my boss has got a hot temper, he wants his money on time or else."

I am paraphrasing this language, because it is invariably expressed in extremely obscene, threatening fashion.

One man ran around frantically to his close friends and relatives. He finally got up the money to make the payment, which represented previous payments in which he was in arrears, plus the current payment. But the day arrives when he just has exhausted all of his friends and all of his relatives. Now he begins to hide. He does not answer the telephone at home. He tells his fellow workers where he works "If anybody calls me, I am not in."

I should state at this point that before a loan is given, and even though there might not be any written contract, the juice man knows the true identity of the customer, knows where he lives, including the telephone number. If the man is working, he knows where he works.

In one case a juice customer in broad daylight was cornered on the street and given a few punches to the ribs. Another time two real plug-uglies—whom he never met before—came to his house. They fractured his ribs, broke a few bones—elbow bones seem to be preferred, shin bones are pretty good—baseball bats are in season in Chicago all year around, even when the baseball season is on. They think nothing of telephone calls, terribly threatening calls to the individual. If he is not there, to his wife. They like to use iron pipes. These have become tools of the trade in Chicago—iron pipes, baseball bats, ice picks—none of which can be construed as illegal.

On top of this physical and mental torture, juice customers are punished with financial weapons. They tell juice customers "You