
SCRAPPING
WITH THE MOB

By
Doug Beaver

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Library of Congress Control Number: 2012908853
ISBN: Hardcover 978-1-4771-1317-2
Softcover 978-1-4771-1316-5
Ebook 978-1-4771-1318-9

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PREFACE

THIS BOOK IS intended for the entertainment of the reader, and any possible resemblance to a known person, being real or imaginary, is purely coincidental.

This is a fictional story that took place from the early 1970's through the late 1980's. It is about a young man, Johnathon Michaels who has his eyes opened about the ways business is done in the scrap metal industry and the connections with the mob.

Even though there are some factual events, there is no intention to replicate any real person or event. All the persons places and events in this story were made up by the author.

CHAPTER 32

GUN FIRE AT THE YARD

IT WAS LATE on the Monday after Thanksgiving, and the only ones left at Illinois Iron and Metal were Howard and myself. Usually Juan would lock up, but he was on vacation in Mexico.

My office was just inside the front office entrance to the right. Howard's office, ran the length of the far wall to the right of my small office. I was just finishing up and about to leave when I heard Pop, Pop and Pop, Pop again! I heard glass falling to the floor and immediately I knew the sound of gun shots. I had heard that sound before! I yelled, "Howard, someone is shooting at us!" Howard yelled back, "Get down, I'm crawling over to get my shotgun!" The Pop, Pop shots continued. My four foot, by six foot window was almost shattered. Glass was everywhere. Howard must have found his shotgun, because I heard a much louder Boom!

Next there was a cluster group of shots fired, I assumed at Howard's Office. I yelled, "Howard, you ok?" There was no answer. I yelled again, and then I heard a "Yes."

Howard asked, "Can you crawl into my office? Get in the safe room?" I crawled like a toddler going after candy and was in his office in a matter of seconds. The Pop Shots continued. Howard said, "Crawl along the wall into the safe room, and if the phone in there still works, call the cops."

I got to the safe room and reached for the phone receiver, but there was no dial tone. Howard yelled, “The last shots came from the front gate.” He again loaded the shot gun and fired two shots. Then there were seven or eight, Pop shots back at the window, Howard had shot from! I said, “Howard what in the hell are we going to do?” He answered, “They won’t come in as long as they think I can shoot back!”

For about 15 minutes it was quiet. I asked Howard, “Do you think they are still out there?” Howard stood up next to the window and yelled, “Hey Ass Holes, what do you want?” Pop, Pop, Pop, went shots over Howard’s head, as he went back on the floor. Howard yelled again, “Why are you shooting at us?”

About a minute later a voice yelled, “You sent me to prison, and now that I am out, I am going to square things. I am going to kill you and you will suffer for rating us out” Howard said to me, “It must be those guys, that tried to sell me the stolen steel coils years ago, when I called the cops.” Howard yelled back, “If I had bought the stolen goods from you, I’d have gone to the slammer!” Then, the voice outside yelled, “I can wait here all night. Sooner or later you will have to come out and I’ll shoot you!” Howard then got up and fired two shots from the shot gun.

After a few minutes, Howard asked me if I thought I could crawl back to the secretary’s office, and run out to the garage from the back door? I said “Maybe.” Howard told me there was a phone in the garage office that was wired to the pole in the back of the yard, and that it probably worked. I then asked Howard about the dogs, and he said, “They know you, let them out, maybe they will chew these assholes to pieces?”

I told Howard, “When I get to the back door, I’ll bang on the metal trash can, and then you open up with the shotgun!” Howard said, “Ok, be careful.”

As I was crawling down the hall, I thought to myself that this job is not worth it. This is the second time I have had live bullets shot near my body. Also, I thought that one of these close calls may be the end for me? My mind was racing and I thought all about the customers being upset with me over incorrect weights, along with all the crap Howard had me do. I wondered where I would be if I had continued selling calculators and typewriters? I thought about the bodies and the compactor as well as the money laundering with all the possible problems that could arise if there was ever a police investigation or charges.

After I got in the back office I quickly forgot about my thoughts, and I banged the metal trash can. I heard nothing, so I banged it again on the floor, this time harder, and finally I heard he shot gun. I ran as fast as I could, keeping low. I unlocked the garage door. As Howard said, the dogs went right by me, and headed toward the front. I heard more shots.

The phone was on a desk in the back of the garage. I crawled around to the back side of the desk, and it seemed like an eternity trying to find the phone receiver. Finally I grabbed the phone, fell to the floor, and as Howard said, it worked. I called 911 and after 30 some rings, which seemed to take an eternity, an operator finally answered. I said, “I am at Illinois Iron and Metal, on 85th Avenue, and we are under gun fire and need help!” I again gave the address, again my mind raced and I wondered if I would be alive at the end

of this day? Finally, which seemed an eternity, the lady said squad cars were rolling, and should be there shortly. Again, I heard the shot gun, and then the dogs barking, and then more Pop Gun Shots. I decided to go back to the office, as I should be shielded by the back of the front office. I went in the back office door, and then crawled back to Howard. As soon as I got in the hall way, I said, “Howard, the back phone worked, and cops are on the way!”

Just then we heard sirens getting louder and then we heard a car in front peels out. The dogs were really barking, as two police cars pulled up. Now there were several shots being fired which seem to come from down the street. Then we heard a series of what sounded like shot gun shots, After a few minutes everything was silent. Soon after that we heard a voice on a loud speaker identifying themselves as the Phoenix Police, asking us to come out with our hands in the air? Howard yelled, “Will you call Detective Aurino?”

The officer on the bull horn yelled back that he was on his way! We walked out as instructed and when we got outside and our identities were verified, the officer with the bull horn told me the two guys who were shooting at us were shot dead by the officers down the street, as he had just heard it over the police radio. I was able to finally take a deep breath and relax. I found that I could hardly stand up and I rested against the police car trying to recover my thoughts and my breath!

Detective Frank Aurino finally pulled up, and told the officers that he would finish our report. We quickly filled Detective Aurino in on what happened. Howard told him it was the two guys he arrested here several years ago

trying to sell him the stolen steel coils. Detective Aurino said, “Howard, these two guys really had it in for you!” Howard then came out with another gem, “I have had that shot gun for over 20 years and it was good to finally get my money’s worth. Do you think that I hit either of them?” as he turned to Detective Aurino. The detective replied, “Call the Coroner’s Office next week”! Howard again said, “I know I hit them, because every time I fired the gun, one of them shot back right away, and the other guy did not seem to do that much shooting.”

It turned out the only injury was to the back of my right leg, Apparently a piece of glass cut me sometime during the fire fight. Howard told me to go ahead and go, and get the leg looked at, before I went home. I left, looking a mess just as a television news van pulled up. I headed to the West Phoenix Medical Center. I had to have stitches after they cleaned the pieces of glass out of my leg. Next it was answering all the questions of what happened from the medical people, as they had to do reports whenever there was a shooting involved. Finally, I headed home and thank goodness, Yvonne and the kids were at her mom’s in Tucson. At least I was saved a lengthy explanation.

The next day I went to the office, and it looked like we had been in the middle of the Vietnam War, which we had just hours earlier! Howard was not there, so I had to do a lot of storytelling. Then, the last thing I needed, a newspaper reporter came by. I kept the story simple and told the reporter he should contact Detective Aurino. Their photographer took some photos, and I went in the office to call my wife, as I knew now she’d find out about the shooting.

Next I called a contractor we trusted, and asked him to come over and put our offices back together. Soon after Howard came in and told me he would handle the press. Howard said, “Good thing the cops shot them, because MO’s guys would have made them suffer a painful death!” I again said to myself, THIS JOB IS NOT WORTH ALL THE CRAP!