

**January 10, 1930, 1:00 a.m.**

The speedboat sliced through the icy waters of the Detroit River, the high-pitched whine of its engine rudely piercing the early morning quiet. Up ahead, the lights of the River Rouge plant glowed so brightly it looked as if the sun were rising—hours ahead of time—from the north. Henry Ford's Model A had become an even bigger hit than his Model T so, to meet demand, the plant ran twenty-four hours a day. Who had time for sleep, anyway? The world was at peace, the economy was booming, and wages were so good every man on the line could afford to buy one of Ford's cars. That thing on Wall Street a few months ago? Nothing to worry about. Why, in the half minute it took President Hoover to calmly assure the country the economy was fine, another Model A had rolled off the assembly line.

About the only thing missing during these heady times was the chance to buy a drink. Moral Crusaders, along with Know-Nothings and anti-immigrants, had decided America could no longer handle its liquor. Ten years ago they turned off the spigot, and the country was now dry and moral.

Or so the Crusaders thought.

At the wheel of the speedboat, a young man named Harry Aaronson smiled. No, make that smirked... the smirk of a young man who didn't just think he was the smartest guy in the room, but knew it. More important, he had the confidence to back it up. "Don't worry, Detroit," he said, half out loud and half to himself, "you won't be thirsty for long."

"What'd ya say?" came a voice from the stern, bathed in darkness.

Harry turned so the other man could hear him over the whine of the engine "I was just saying—" That's when he saw it... a searchlight. Which was getting brighter by the second. *So, the cops have a speedboat, too. Yea, well, they don't have what I have under the hood of this baby. Let's have some fun.* He allowed himself another smirk as he grabbed the throttle and arrogantly pushed it forward. "Hang on," he yelled. The boat lurched forward and a wall of cold air rudely smacked their faces. They were moving so fast now their boat was like a water bug, barely skimming the surface.

"They's gaining on us, Harry..."

Harry turned back to the stern to assure him there was no way the cops could catch them. It was impossible, not with the four hundred horses under their hood...not with sixteen cylinders tuned to perfection inside a boat shaped like a bullet and moving just as fast.

To his horror, Harry saw Moshe was right...they *were* catching up. He swiveled forward and grabbed the throttle. It wouldn't budge. They had been going as fast as they could. Harry's brow furrowed as he figured how many crates of hooch they'd have to throw overboard to get away...yet still have enough to still make a few bucks.

A deep, gruff voice, amplified by a bullhorn, pierced the dark interrupting his calculation. "I am very disappointed in you, Harry Aaronson..." A chill rivaling the cold of the Detroit River shot down his spine. He knew that voice, and it wasn't the cops. His warm breath formed a white cloud as he exhaled defeat. He lowered the throttle, turned off the motor and the boat settled, helpless, into the river. A floodlight on his pursuer's boat burst to life, blinding him.

Now, as they helplessly bobbed in the river, Harry heard Moshe, gently sobbing, "Why, Harry...why?"

From behind the floodlight's glare, came the mocking rejoinder. "Yea, Harry, why?"