

expected to be booted out of headquarters by Hoover, but strange and unknown reason Hoover kept moving me up the laybe it was because I worked hard and tried to get the jobs pite of him. Maybe because the old vanity-ridden tyrant was zled by me and curious as to what I would do next or what would cause.

it really kept me at the bureau, and some other colleagues as that we wanted to be around for the time when we could rm and reorganize it. We kept hoping that Hoover would re- ie. We weren't seeking the directorship. What we wanted ty, without publicity, to have a hand in developing the kind that the nation deserved and didn't have. So I too stayed in s.

SEVEN

Odd Man In

HOOVER ALWAYS took the public position that the United States didn't have and didn't need a national police force. But for all practical purposes we had one, a secret one at that, and it was controlled by the FBI.

This national police force was made up of graduates of the FBI National Academy's special three-week training course for police officers. It was a great honor for a member of a city or state police force to be selected for this training—in fact, the men selected for this training often rose to positions of prominence within their own organizations shortly after returning home. And they were suitably grateful. With good reason. Hoover felt that the alumni of the FBI training course were his men. Thanks to this network of FBI-trained police officers, we had a private and frequently helpful line to most city and state police organizations throughout the country. The police officer who helped me out of a jam when one of my undercover agents was arrested by the Chicago police at a pot party during the Democratic National Convention in 1968 was trained at the FBI National Academy.

Having a man accepted for FBI training was quite a plum for any chief of police. Hoover was aware of this, and he took full advantage of the leverage. When the Capitol Building in Washington was bombed, the only informant who knew anything at all about the case was working for the Washington Metropolitan Police, not the FBI. Although the bombing was within our jurisdiction and was clearly our responsibility, Hoover was so angry that the police were one up on the FBI that he refused to touch the case or let the FBI help the police in any way. When the incident blossomed into a full-scale feud between Hoover and Jerry Wilson, the chief of the Washington Metropolitan

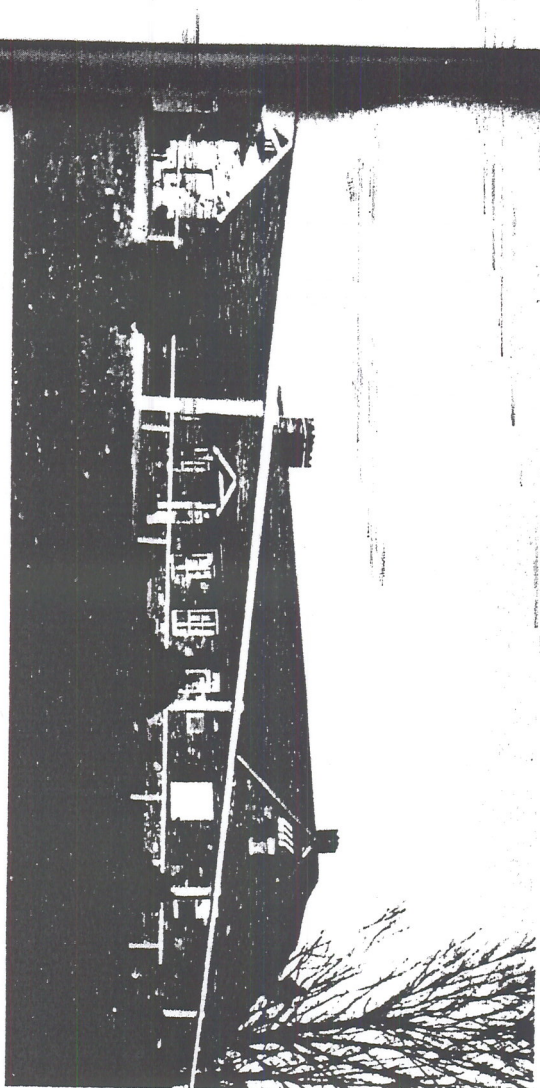
much the cars were worth (if a stolen car was worth eight hundred dollars, the agent making out the report automatically jacked up the price to fourteen or fifteen hundred)—were the heart and soul of Hoover's annual speech before the Senate Appropriations Committee. "This year, gentlemen," he would boast, "the FBI recovered two million dollars worth of stolen automobiles."

The senators on the committee would nod their heads, murmuring "wonderful, wonderful," and approve ever larger budgets for the FBI. What the senators never knew was that most (if not all) of the real work involved in investigating the kinds of crimes that made for Hoover's blockbuster statistics, juvenile car theft and the like, was done by local police, not the FBI, and credited to the FBI only because the perpetrator inadvertently crossed a state line.

Investigating the Mafia promised to be more difficult than rounding up juvenile auto thieves. Organized crime is far more complicated; the Mafia runs legitimate businesses as front for their illegal operations. Mafioso are rich and can afford the best lawyers, while we have to use government lawyers, some of whom are excellent, some of whom aren't worth a damn. And the Mafia is powerful, so powerful that entire police forces or even a mayor's office can be under Mafia control. That's why Hoover was afraid to let us tackle it. He was afraid that we'd show up poorly. Why take the risk, he reasoned, until we were forced to by public exposure of our shortcomings.

The Mafia has an ironclad rule—"Death to the informer!"—which makes investigating their activities even more difficult. Placing an informant in the Mafia is expensive and risky. We once found an informant in Detroit strangled and stuffed into the trunk of an automobile. Informing on the Mafia is more dangerous than informing on the Soviets—the Mafia is deadlier.

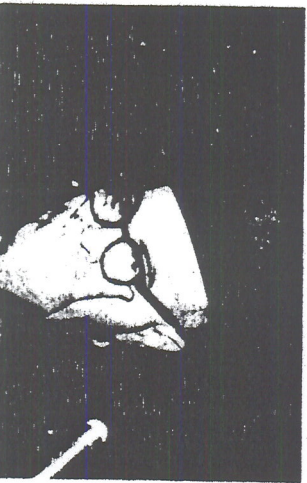
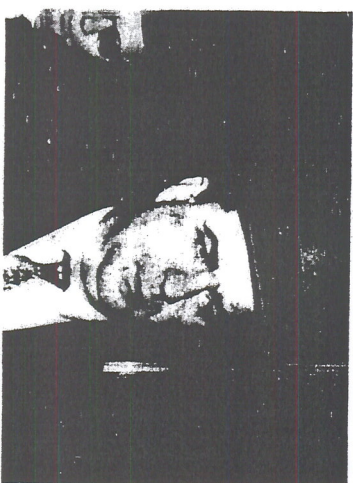
The news about the meeting of sixty-one top Mafia figures at palachin hit the FBI like a bomb. The meeting proved beyond any doubt that organized crime existed on a massive scale in this country. Hoover knew he could no longer duck and dodge and weave his way out of a confrontation with the Mafia, and he realized that his policy of nonrecognition left him and the FBI open for criticism. To prevent this, Hoover moved on two fronts. First, he put on a public relations show, telling the press that the FBI had long been contributing valu-



It took the accidental discovery by local police of a meeting of sixty-five Mafia members at this house in Apalachin, N.Y., for Hoover to finally admit that the Mafia existed.

Below: Four of the twenty delegates to the organized crime convention who were convicted for their refusal to reveal what really happened at their get-together in Apalachin on 14 November 1957. Clockwise, from top left: John Montana of Buffalo, N.Y.; Frank Majuri of Elizabeth, N.J.; Nat Evola of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Anthony Rella of West Orange, N.J.

United Press International photos



He information about organized crime to local police organizations, information that had helped these organizations prosecute Mafia members. That statement was somewhere between an exaggeration and a lie.

Once he took care of the public FBI image, Hoover tackled the more important issue: who would get the blame. After all, as Hoover himself was infallible, surely any mistake made by the FBI had to be someone else's fault. In this case, since investigating organized crime came under the jurisdiction of the Investigative Division, he blamed it on Al Belmont, assistant director in charge of the Intelligence Division. The only mistake Al had made was to follow Hoover's line that the Mafia was nothing but a bunch of hoodlums, so he got shellacked.

I had nothing to do with criminal investigation at that time—I was chief of the Research and Analysis Section investigating communism, espionage, and the Klan—so I was surprised when Hoover called me into his office to talk about the Mafia and even more surprised when he accepted my offer to do some research on organized crime for him. But he was like a drowning man, reaching for any help he could get to prevent future embarrassment, and he gave me the assignment.

It was my good fortune to have talented, dedicated men working for me then, men I had trained myself over the years, and I took the best of them off their other cases and put them to work full time on his project. One of them in particular, a man named Charles Peck, got so involved that he started working until eleven or twelve every night. He read over two hundred books on the Mafia and checked through the *New York Times* coverage of organized crime for the last hundred years. When I ordered him to leave the office by eight at night, he started coming in at five in the morning. He and the other men who worked on the project did a tremendous job, and we ended up with a two-volume study of organized crime that proved that the Mafia existed and had been operating in this country for many decades.

As this conclusion was contrary to the established FBI line, I was a little wary of presenting the study to Hoover. It was impossible to predict how he'd react, and if he got angry I wanted the blame to fall on me, not on my men or on Al Belmont who was forced to take

Hoover's position that the Mafia didn't exist. I bypassed Belmont and sent the five-page synopsis directly from "Sullivan to J. Edgar Hoover." I had never before bypassed bureau channels and it was also the first time that anyone who had the kind of minor job I then held had ever gone direct to the top in that way.

I also signed the five-page synopsis so that if someone was to be clobbered it would be me and not one of the men in my section.

The number three man at the time, Borden, intercepted it, read it, and sent a memorandum to Hoover saying "I have Sullivan's memorandum and in time I will review it." Almost at once Borden's memorandum with the synopsis on the Mafia came shooting out of Hoover's office. Hoover had written, "The point has been missed. It is not now necessary to read the two volume monograph to know that the Mafia does exist in the United States." The battle had been won. Hoover finally gave in.

I was proud of that study and I wanted to get it out to other people. I notified Hoover that we were sending copies of the large two-volume study to Harry Anslinger who headed the Bureau of Narcotics and another copy to Attorney General William Rogers. Like a shot Hoover called me into his office and said, "I see no need of giving Anslinger or the attorney general copies of our study." I told Hoover that the copies had already been sent out that morning. "Retrieve them at once," he shouted at me. I sent some men over and they sneaked the copies out and brought them back to me. After all, the study did prove that the FBI had been wrong. Copies were sent out to our field offices on a very confidential basis, and no one outside the FBI ever saw it.

When President Kennedy was elected and made his brother the attorney general, Hoover really began to get pressure about the bureau's efforts against the Mafia. Hoover divided the Investigative Division in two, making the second part a Special Division for Organized Crime so that he could create the impression for Attorney General Robert Kennedy that we were really getting the ball rolling. Hoover even selected Courtney Evans, an agent who had been working with Kennedy's office on the James Hoffa case and who became a close friend of Kennedy's, to head the new division. So here was a new division devoted to organized crime headed by a close friend of

the attorney general. Hoover thought this move would take the pressure off him, but Robert Kennedy still kept after Hoover for results until President Kennedy was killed and the whole Mafia effort slacked off again.

EIGHT

Civil Rights and Wro

SOME YEARS AGO, *Ebony* magazine published "The Lily White FBI," which focused on practices. The article was correct; there were agents and there were very few black employees level. Hoover, ever sensitive to bad publicity, wrote the article, and he decided to convince *Ebony* that the sensible thing would have been to change policy and do some quick hiring, but Hoover didn't do it. He wanted to change the image. He invited *Ebony* to visit the FBI and pressed Sam Noisette, a service. Noisette had worked for Hoover for years to please his boss. "I'm a black man who knows how to use to say."

Sam's job was to show people into and out of the job was far from secure. Hoover took his frustration and when he really got angry, Sam was demoted to a supply room in the basement. Though he dressed like he worked upstairs in Hoover's office, Sam was frayed clothes when he was in exile. It was always a small little gray coat pushing a cart of stationery supplies in the basement. Hoover would always bring him back in a month or so, but Sam had a precarious existence for odd years he worked for Hoover.

There were moments in Sam's job that made him thoughtful, and he described one to me. Hoover was germ, almost as bad as Howard Hughes, and flies, to be germ carriers, were a major preoccupation. Important duties as Hoover's office boy was to ma-