

## PART 2

Cosa Nostra's corruption of sports, its territorial and industrial fiefdoms, its massive muscle-in on legitimate business—and the tribute it exacts from all Americans

# THE MOB

The most shocking truth about organized crime in America is that all of us, one way or another, one time or another, pay tribute to the Mob. Out of ignorance, greed, easy tolerance or fear we help it grow fat with our money—whenever we deal with the Mob's businesses, its agents or those beholden to it: when a housewife buys the product of a Mob-controlled company; when a teen-ager feeds a Syndicate-owned jukebox; when a businessman negotiates a quick loan with a Mob usurer; when a slum dweller plunks down 50 cents and hopes his lucky number will come up.

Last week LIFE described the Mob's intricate structure, its terror tactics and how it neutralizes politicians and policemen with the Fix. This week's subject is the Mob's economic muscle—often veiled by a surface legitimacy and respectability: where it comes from and how it grows. One place it comes from is illegal sports betting (*pp.* 92–93), a weakness shared by millions of American males and a business thoroughly dominated by the Mob. Another, growing source of economic strength is “legitimate” business investment, a field in which Carlos Marcello (*pp.* 94–97), the five-foot-two Mr. Big of Louisiana, is a peerless exemplar. The Mob's other money-gathering techniques, ranging from “skimming” cash at legal gambling casinos to selling munitions to foreign governments, are chronicled in the article beginning on page 98.

There was a time when you could spot a leading gangster by the hard-eyed bodyguards on either side of him. Not today. Instead of bodyguards, the men on either side are apt to be an accountant and a lawyer. The change in image signals a change in style. The direct, bullying, pay-up-or-else method of extortion has given way, except for anachronistic exceptions, to such tactics as juggling (or stealing) stock shares and acquiring memberships on corporate directorates. The Mob has shined its boots and planted them in the marketplace. “Sophistication,” it's called—the Mob has become sophisticated. But it is important to re-

# Mobsters in the Marketplace

## Money, Muscle, Murder

by **SANDY  
SMITH**

**S**ince Cosa Nostra sells no shares and files no annual reports, no one can say for sure just what its legitimate investments amount to—indeed, the way the Mob operates, it is difficult to distinguish “straight” money from crooked. The best hint came from gangland’s own financial wizard—Meyer Lansky himself—who made a modest appraisal of the Mob’s private holding.

“We’re bigger than U.S. Steel,” said Lansky.

Even though U.S. Steel’s assets are \$5,642,379,942 and its 1966 profits came to \$249,238,569, Lansky’s boast strikes federal investigative agencies as conservative. The gangsters are in almost everything, foreign and domestic. Their holdings range from Big Board securities to diaper services.

But if mobsters turn “legit,” some people will say, isn’t that all to the good? The answer is no. Over the last decade, government investigations have proved that a lawful enterprise doesn’t remain legitimate once the gangsters get into it. Thievery is their way. Their

executives are extortionists. Some of their salesmen are killers. A huge national food chain found this out, to the general horror of its personnel and its customers, as will be detailed later in this article.

The Cosa Nostra establishment in legitimate business is international and astonishingly intricate. It has employed—in addition to the predictable crew of sharpshooting accountants, gamblers and union officials—figures as diverse and improbable as a United Nations delegate and bankers with diplomatic passports from Iron Curtain countries.

**A**s highly sophisticated forms of theft have gained favor in Cosa Nostra, the old-fashioned shake-down has become almost as rare as the white hat. It is regarded as unnecessarily risky. Three mobsters in the Gambino Family—Willie Dara, Tony Esperti and Nick Farinella—tried it the old way in Miami this year: a bold attempt to squeeze \$25,000 out of a Miami store owner, John Maloney, “for the people up north.” Maloney simply called the FBI, which made the case. The three hoods, convicted of extortion on Maloney’s testimony, face prison terms up to 40 years. Such throwbacks to the

old days of the "protection" racket get one response from a majority of today's hoodlums. Stupid.

It's safer by far to make a buck the way a Genovese Family *capo*, Nicolas Ratteni, does it—hauling garbage in the New York suburb of Yonkers. Ratteni simply squeezed out other firms until he had 95% of the garbage collection business. Though he is still a gangster, at least he appears to be serving his customers as opposed to shaking them down. Woe, certainly, to would-be competitors—but most of them can be dealt with through the Fix, somewhere short of violence.

The true bonanza the Mob has struck in legitimate business is "skimming"—diverting a portion of cash receipts off the top to avoid taxes. Chiefly for this reason the tycoons of Cosa Nostra tend to flock to any enterprise that has a heavy flow of cash—vending machine companies, jukebox firms, cigarette machine routes, some box offices and ticket agencies (the scalping of sports and theater tickets is a form of skim), and, of course, licensed gambling casinos. Then they proceed to steal large sums before they can be entered on the books and come under the eye of the IRS.

It follows that the money derived from the skim is ideal for greasing the wheels of organized crime. It pays off politicians, crooked cops and killers. It is also used as tax-free bonuses to persons with no gang connections at all—only greed. One well-known film star, for example, received \$4,000 under the table in addition to his one-week contract price of \$20,000.

A single jukebox or cigarette machine business may yield thousands in skim. FBI agents in Chicago discovered that Eddie Vogel in a period of a few months skimmed \$130,000 from his music and vending machines. He and Momo Giancana actually counted it up amid the linens and tomato paste in a back room of an Italian restaurant, the Armory Lounge.

The biggest skim yet discovered took place in the legalized gambling casinos of Las Vegas from 1960 to 1965; many details of it are being disclosed here for the

first time. Its breakup by federal agencies has sent the Mob scurrying all over the world—to places like England, the Caribbean, Latin America and the Middle East—in search of a bonanza to replace its profits. Some \$12 million a year was skimmed for gangsters in just six Las Vegas casinos: the Fremont, the Sands, the Flamingo,

the Horseshoe, the Desert Inn and the Stardust.

One notable example of a skimming transaction concerned \$75,000 owed to the Fremont and Desert Inn by Alexander Guterman, a celebrated swindler. The money was collected, but never reached casino ledgers. It was conveyed as skim through Panama branches of Swiss banks by Eusebio An-

tonio Morales, at that time Panama's alternate delegate to the United Nations. (Currently Morales is Panamanian ambassador to the United Kingdom.)

**L**as Vegas is one of the so-called "open" territories agreed upon by the Mob, where all Cosa Nostra families are relatively free to operate and invest. The carving up of the gambling skim among various Cosa Nostra leaders follows a ratio determined by each mobster's secret interests in the casinos. Each hidden share of a casino was priced in underworld markets at \$52,500. The dividend on each share was \$2,000 a month—or about 45% annual return.

During the lush years of 1960-65, Gerardo (Jerry) Catena's gang in New Jersey split up some \$50,000 a month. Meyer Lansky and Vincent Alo, the Cosa Nostra shadow assigned to keep Lansky honest with the brotherhood, picked off some \$80,000 a month. The Catena-Alo-Lansky money came from four of the six casinos—the Fremont, Sands, Flamingo and Horseshoe. Momo Giancana's stake, from the Desert Inn and the Stardust, exceeded \$65,000 a month. From the same two casinos, the Cleveland gang chief, John Scalish, received another \$52,000 a month.

Skimming in Las Vegas, from casino counting room to Swiss bank, has always been overseen by Lansky, the Cosa Nostra Commission's most important non-member—always with the Cosa Nostra heavies peering over *his* shoulder. As cashier and den father of deliverymen, Lansky has remained the indispensable man.

A recurrent problem for Lansky's Las Vegas front men and accountants has been the reconciliation of the interests of a casino's owners-of-record, who hoped to profit, and its secret gangster owners, hungrily awaiting their skimming dividends. "How can you steal money and pay dividends?" Ed Levinson, chief of the Fremont Casino, once besought one of his partners. "You can't steal \$100,000 a month and pay dividends. If you steal \$50,000? Well, maybe . . ."

Each month, when the skim was given a suspended sentence for running smoothly, the bagmen concealing assets in bankruptcy. By 1958, he was given a full and unconditional pardon by President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

John Pullman, 66, a banker in Miami. There Lansky counted it all as his own. He took his own cut and then parcelled out the rest to the couriers who were to carry it to the designated Cosa Nostra houses, or the Swiss banks where they had their accounts.

Lansky's bagmen have been a diverse and colorful lot. Among his all-stars from 1960 to 1963 are: Benjamin Sigelbaum, 64, business partner of Robert G. (Bobby) Baker when Baker was secretary of the Democratic majority in the U.S. Senate. Sigelbaum is a man with general affinity for political connections. Back in 1936, he was convicted in Camden, N.J., and

Sylvain Ferdmann, 32, a Swiss citizen who is an international banker and economist. U.S. authorities have marked Ferdmann as a fugitive; he is accused of interfering with the federal inquiries into the skimming racket. In 1963, when Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa needed to raise money for union officials' surety bonds, he dickered with Ferdmann.

Ida Devine, 45, the only woman

to carry the satchel for Lansky. She is the wife of Irving "Niggy" Devine, a ubiquitous Las Vegas racketeer.

Sigelbaum and Mrs. Devine traveled from Las Vegas to Miami; Ferdmann from the Bahama casinos to Miami; Ferdmann and Pullman from Miami to the numbered-account banks in the Bahamas and Switzerland.

The Mob's skimming cash flow was a remarkable study in itself. It generally moved first through two Bahama banks—the Bank of World Commerce and the Atlas Bank—and then on to the International Credit Bank in Switzerland.

As of 1965, the boards of directors and staffs of all three banks were studded with both skimmers and couriers. The president of the International Credit Bank was Tibor Rosenbaum, a man who

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travels on a diplomatic passport from Albania. On the board were Ed Levinson, operator of the Fremont Casino, and Pullman. Ferdmann was listed as a staff "economic counselor," and it was he who organized the Atlas Bank in the Bahamas, as a subsidiary of the I.C.B.

The directors of the Bank of World Commerce, also in the Bahamas, included Pullman (for a time he was its president); Levinson; Sigelbaum, and, once again, Niggy Devine, Ida's husband.

Sigelbaum holds the overland record for bag-toters. For more than two years, he jetted between Las Vegas and Miami two or three times a month, carrying an average of \$100,000 each trip.

When investigative heat neutralized Sigelbaum as a courier, Lansky brought on the "lady in mink," Ida Devine. The list of people and places on one remarkably devious trip she made to Miami is a fascinating vignette in the annals of bag-toting.

It took her from Las Vegas to Los Angeles, thence by train (she hates flying) to Chicago, Hot

Springs, Ark., back to Chicago (see pictures), then to Miami—hanging on all the way to a bag containing \$105,650 in skim money. On her first Chicago stop she was met by Mrs. George Bieber, wife of an attorney who represents gangsters. On her second arrival in Chicago, she was met by Bieber's partner, Michael Brodtkin, whose Mob clients are even more numerous. The money ultimately was split up in Miami by Sigel-

baum and Pullman: \$63,150 for Lansky, \$42,500 for Jerry Catena in New Jersey.

At the time, Pullman was toting the skimming money from Miami to the Bank of World Commerce in the Bahamas. But a few months later he, like Sigelbaum, was forced to relinquish the bag—this time to Sylvain Ferdmann.

Ferdmann took over both the transcontinental and transatlantic bag routes for most of the next two years. His contacts in this country were bizarre, including functionaries and members of the Communist party in New York, and a man who had big financial dealings with the Czech delegation to the United Nations. The conclusion drawn by investigators—from Ferdmann's contacts, from the fact that the International Credit Bank has strong ties with Communist countries and from the fact that his bag was stuffed with money both going and coming—was that there was a flow of Communist money coming back through the skimming conduit.

Ferdmann made one bad blun-

der in all this. On March 19, 1965, as he was loading his satchels into the trunk of an auto at Miami airport, he dropped a piece of paper from one of his pockets. It was found by a parking attendant, who turned it over to authorities. It was a note on the letterhead of the International Credit Bank:

"This is to acknowledge this 28th day of December 1964, the receipt of Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand (\$350,000) Dollars, in American bank notes for deposit to the account of Maral 2812 with the International Credit Bank, Geneva, the said sum being turned over to me in the presence of the named signed below."

John Pullman was listed as a witness on the note. Under his own signature, the cautious Ferdmann had added this postscript:

"The above is subject to the notes being genuine American bank notes." Here for the first time was a document proving not only the receipt of the Mob's skimming money by the Swiss bank, but also providing the account number.

Inevitably, America's stock market fever over the last two decades caught the eyes of Cosa Nostra and led to the establishment of a highly lucrative new subsidiary racket—traffic in stolen securities. To handle everything smoothly the Mob put together yet another international network of couriers, shady financiers and banks. This apparatus began functioning two years ago during a series of Wall Street robberies that authorities traced to the Brooklyn gang of Cosa Nostra Commissioner Joe Colombo. Colombo seems to fancy the world of finance. He often stuffs a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* in his pocket, an affectation looked upon as ostentatious by those acquainted with his comic-book reading habits.

Since 1962, in just six thefts in Manhattan, Colombo's men are believed to have made off with securities valued at \$8 million. The latest score attributed to the Colombo thieves—one which received virtually no publicity—was the brazen looting last May 14 of safes in the Manhattan borough surrogate's office. The safes con-

tained securities and other assets of estates handled by the surrogate's office. It was announced at that time that the amount of the loss was undetermined. Investigators have since determined that the thieves grabbed at least \$500,000 worth of securities. That much

of the loot was transported to Belgium by a courier who dropped it into a Brussels bank. The Belgian bankers then were somehow induced to send the stolen securities back to this country for sale.

Other securities from other robberies are known to have been sold by the Colombo Mob to banks in West Germany, France and Africa. Arrangements for many of the sales were made by a London fence—another improbable character: Alan Cooper, 36, an ex-GI who served a prison term for a bank robbery in Germany.

Colombo's gangsters manage even bigger profits—though at greater risk—when they can induce a U.S. banker to accept stolen stocks as collateral for a loan. The mobsters then put the money borrowed on the hot securities into quick-profit loan-sharking, which enables the Mob to pay back the banks so soon as to cost practically nothing in interest. The gangsters retrieve the stolen stocks and bonds, and then—if all works well—post the hot securities for a second loan from yet another bank. All the time this is going on, sharking fees are still piling up from hapless borrowers who got money from the original loans. Colombo has been known to double his money in less than two months through this repeated cycle. The key, of course, is a banker devious enough to accept the stolen collateral. Federal officials have identified a dozen such bankers in the New York area who have issued loans to Colombo's men on stolen securities. All of them are "hooked" by the Mob in some way, through physical fear or blackmail.

The foremost internationalist among all Cosa Nostra entrepreneurs is neither skimmer nor stock swindler, but old Bayonne Joe

Zicarelli—the Hudson County hustler of goods and politicians. "Joe Z's" extensive line includes military aircraft parts, munitions and murder contracts.

Although Zicarelli, at 55, isn't a top-notch in the Mob, the international operations he has conducted from the Manhattan offices of the Latamer Shipping Co. show how well an enterprising Cosa Nostra second-stringer can make out if he hustles.

Zicarelli and the former Dominican Republic dictator, Rafael Trujillo, were fast friends. Trujillo shelled out more than \$1 million to Joe for machine guns, bazookas,

etc. With Trujillo's assassination, Zicarelli quickly proved he is without political bias: early this year, the U.S. State Department found that Joe's emissaries were dicker-ing with present Dominican leaders to take over an airline.

Another friend was erstwhile Venezuela President Pérez Jiménez, during whose dictatorship Zicarelli landed a \$380,000 contract to supply aircraft parts to Venezuela. Profit: some \$280,000.

This was by no means the extent of Joe Z's Common Market. In the 1950s, when his deals with Venezuela were cooking, Zicarelli staunchly volunteered to officials of that country to arrange the assassination of the exiled Venezuelan political leader Romulo Betancourt. The plot bogged down in unseemly haggling over Zicarelli's fee: \$600,000.

There is no measure of how much money Zicarelli made from Trujillo. But in the past two years federal investigators have discovered that he did a lot of work, whatever the price. Details of just how much he did have never been disclosed until now. One of his little favors for Trujillo: the 1952 execution of Andres Requena, an anti-Trujillo exile. Zicarelli gunmen shot Requena in Manhattan.

Next on Trujillo's list was another exile, Jesús de Galíndez, a teacher at Columbia University. Joe Z arranged that one, too. In a famous case, De Galíndez was kidnaped in Manhattan on March 12, 1956. At a Long Island airport, he was loaded aboard a private plane

and flown by an American pilot, Gerald Murphy, to the Dominican Republic. Both De Galindez and Murphy vanished and are presumed to have been slain.

The plane used by De Galindez' abductors was chartered at the Linden, N.J. airport on March 5, 1956. Federal authorities have learned that the aircraft was chartered by Joe Zicarelli.

On his home ground in Bayonne, Joe Z has performed similar services for prominent people. For example, in the fall of 1962, the body of a Bayonne gambler was hauled by Zicarelli's men from the home of a Hudson County political figure—placing the politician more than slightly in Zicarelli's debt.

It wasn't one of Tony Anastasio's good days. In the fall of 1957, everything seemed to be going against him. Once upon a time, the Cosa Nostra power of his brother Albert, the old Lord High Execu-

tioner of Murder, Inc. fame, had made Tony boss of the biggest local of the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA). But Albert had been murdered in a Manhattan hotel barber chair, and now Tony—"Tough Tony," as the press had taken to calling him—was a union boss in name only.

The brooding Anastasio was flying to Miami for a few days in the sun. In the seat beside him, as it happened, was an official of a federal law enforcement agency. They knew each other. After about three drinks, Tony began to share his troubles with the official, who was notably sympathetic.

They talked of what had happened to Albert, and suddenly Tony blurted: "They gave me to Gambino!"

"I got to answer to Carlo," he moaned to his astonished companion. "Joe Colozzo told me I'm nothing but a soldier."\*

"They," of course, were the Cosa Nostra Commissioners, who had put Anastasio—not to mention his 14,000 union members—under the control of Carlo Gambino, who had taken over the slain Albert's Cosa Nostra Family.

Until now, Joe Colozzo had

been just another of Tony Anastasio's gangsters in the Brooklyn longshoremen's union. Now he was Gambino's strongman—and Tony was suddenly nothing.

That was the way it was in the Brooklyn ILA in 1957. That, according to the experts, is still the way it is today—regardless of recurrent publicity about a "new look" on the seamy waterfront. Though the public was understandably eager to interpret the waning of Anastasio's power on the docks as a sign of a real clean-up of Mob control, such was not the case. After Tony's death in 1963, and despite some reforms instituted by the New York-New Jersey Waterfront Commission, it was still business as usual for the Mob.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover told a congressional subcommittee that the gangsters are so powerful on the docks that "... ultimate control ... of the New York port, including New Jersey facilities, rests with the leadership of the Vito Genovese and Carlo Gambino 'families' of La Cosa Nostra." Hoover's statement was echoed by Henry Peterson, chief of the Organized Crime Division of the Department of Justice. Peterson, in fact, went a bit further. He told a crime control conference of the "more than effective liaison between the ILA, the Cosa Nostra, and the Teamsters [union]."

The Mob's power over the nation's biggest port and its rackets—shakedowns, shylocking and thievery—stems from its grip on ILA locals. The Gambino gang today dominates the unions on the Brooklyn piers. On the docks of Manhattan and in New Jersey ports, the Vito Genovese gang is rigidly in control.

The most outspoken exponent of the waterfront's "new image"—and its most vociferous gainsayer of claims about the ILA ties with Cosa Nostra—is Tony Anastasio's son-in-law, Anthony Scotto. The death of Anastasio left his ILA local 1814 in the hands of Scotto, a handsome, remarkably self-assured young man who says he is "disturbed no end" to hear statements such as Hoover's and Peterson's. By that, one interviewer

asked, was Scotto implying that there is no Cosa Nostra?

Scotto dropped his voice.

"Between you and me, I know there is," he said. "But I'm not going to talk about it. I don't want to fight the whole world. I've got to drive home every night and back to work again in the morning."

What about the view, expressed in some parts of the law enforcement establishment, that Scotto is actually a member of Cosa Nostra?

"Pure, unadulterated —," replied Scotto.

The talk turned to the gangster Colozzo, whose privileged status in the ILA headquarters in Brooklyn almost surpasses Scotto's. "I know everything you could tell me about Colozzo," said Scotto. "He is supposed to be telling me what to do. No one tells me what to do." He is equally airy about Cosa Nostra Commissioner Gambino: "I've met him once or twice—you know, at funerals."

Now and then, nevertheless, he goes to a lot of trouble to assist

Gambino's kin. Last year, Scotto dispatched one of his union aides, Natale Arcamona, to Vietnam to speed up the unloading of Army cargo at Vietnamese ports. While Arcamona was there he received a very special assignment from Scotto: do what you can to get a comparatively safe post on the docks for a soldier—that is to say a U.S. soldier—who incidentally is a relative of Gambino.

Asked about the incident, Scotto quickly dismissed it. "I must have sent a couple of dozen of those telegrams for one guy or another," he said. "This is the first time I knew one of the fellows is related to Gambino. My name goes on a lot of things around the union. Sometimes you write a recommendation and then you regret it."

If Scotto is the prototype of the "new" ILA, it would have to be called an improvement—at least from outward appearances. He lectures at Harvard. He visits the White House. He attends international labor conferences. He is an officer of the recently founded American Italian Anti-Defamation

League, Inc. (So is Dr. Thomas J. Sinatra, an ILA physician who happens to be Gambino's son-in-law. So, for that matter is Frank Sinatra—no relation.)

Unlike most ILA bosses, Scotto is chummy with public officials. At political gatherings, whenever he can, he seeks out and chats with U.S. Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York. He lists public prosecutors as character references.

There is no question that when he's out in front doing the talking, Scotto is a polished, persuasive spokesman for the Brooklyn longshoremen. But behind him in the locals, the gangsters and their pals

seem to be doing as well as ever.

Colozzo, for example, still brings Gambino's word to the ILA locals and acts as if *he*, not Scotto, were the boss of the Brooklyn piers. While Scotto bustles about the docks, Colozzo lazes in his union office. Barbers and manicurists come to *him*.

The expenditures of some ILA locals are under constant federal scrutiny, and one of them, currently, is Scotto's Local 1814. Particularly intriguing to federal officials are the fees paid in 1965 by the union to an accounting firm, the bulk of which were passed along by the firm to pay for a pad for Scotto's girlfriend. The firm, Farber & Landis, handles the books of Colozzo's and Scotto's locals and another ILA local, and also does the accounting for the ILA medical clinic fund in Brooklyn, and five businesses operated by Scotto and members of his family. In 1965, the fees from Scotto's local to Farber & Landis jumped from the \$2,000 paid in 1964 to \$7,000, or an increase of 250%.

Scotto insists that the firm got more money that year because it did more work. It was a coincidence, he said, that the accounting firm got the extra \$5,000 at the very time that it incurred an additional expense—the \$280 monthly rental paid by Farber & Landis for Penthouse K at 210 E. 58th Street in Manhattan.

The tenant in Penthouse K was Francine Huff, an auburn-haired fashion model and a warm friend of Scotto as well as of E. Richard

Landis, the accountant, and Louis Pernice, an official of Local 1814. A federal grand jury has been looking into Penthouse K.

"The grand jury tried to establish that the rental was paid with union funds," said Scotto. "That's

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also. It was just a coincidence. The accounting firm paid the rent. [he, Landis and Pernice] had a pad—it may have been immoral, but it was not illegal."

Union expenditures for such purposes would be misapplication of membership funds, a criminal offense under federal statutes.

According to Scotto, the grand jury called Miss Huff, Landis and Pernice. Miss Huff, he said, had invoked the Fifth Amendment.

Across the Hudson, in New Jersey, Catena's tight personal control of ILA locals has made Port Newark a flat Cosa Nostra concession. Catena's men in the Port Newark longshoremen's unions are John Leonardis, an ILA vice president, and Anthony Ferrara—known as "Ray Rats"—a business agent of Local 1235.

By Catena edict, New York officials of the ILA are forbidden to set foot on Port Newark docks without Leonardis'—*i.e.*, Catena's—O.K. The order was strictly enforced. An early violator was George Barone, a Manhattan ILA boss. Barone ventured over, without a Leonardis visa, to round up business for a ship maintenance company. A Catena warning—"Nobody spits in Port Newark unless we say O.K."—promptly chased him back to Manhattan. From there, Barone apologized, pleading ignorance.

For a price, or a piece of the action, however, Jerry Catena does permit gangsters from other Cosa Nostra Families to set up shop in Port Newark. A Lucchese gang leader, John Dioguardi, for one,

gave Catena an interest in an Emerson, N.J. gambling operation, and in return controls a union that organized Port Newark cigar workers.

**O**f all the malevolent things the Mob has perpetrated or tried to perpetrate on legitimate business and an unsuspecting public, nothing ever topped the Catena detergent caper. Indeed, it stands as a textbook example of what Cosa Nostra brings to the marketplace.

In the spring of 1964, Jerry Catena and his brother Gene wangled a contract from a manufacturer to wholesale an offbreed brand of detergent in the New Jersey area. Forthwith they began to push their "Brand X," as we'll call it here, through one of their front outfits, the Best Sales Co. of Newark. Best Sales has salesmen aplenty, of a sort—some 600 members of the gang that Jerry was running for Vito Genovese, plus others, such as representatives of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, and the Teamsters. Both had organized workers in food chain stores in New Jersey.

To move the Best Sales detergent, Catena eventually pulled all the stops of Cosa Nostra power.

First, butchers' union agents began pointedly dropping word in food marts that the Best Sales product was a good thing. "Good people in that company," store managers were told, "particular friends of ours." Most of them got the message—and laid in a supply of the detergent, dutifully priced at 70¢ per box.

Early in 1964, the Catenas began thinking big, drawing a bead on the huge A & P chain. If the A & P



Anthony Scotto is "new-image" head of Brooklyn longshoremen. Mob still runs the docks.

### Official Cover-Up: a Flagrant Case in Point

If the Fix is the Mob's most useful tool, the Cover-Up is of equal importance to public officials who allow themselves to be fixed or who ignore Fixes. Case in point: the censoring of the official report on organized crime of President Johnson's own crime commission. As an apparent result of political pressure, specific findings relating to official corruption were watered down or omitted.

Convened in 1965, the commission had the mandate to conduct the most far-reaching study of U.S. crime ever attempted. To prepare a special report on syndicated crime, the commission called upon a leading criminologist, Professor G. Robert Blakey of Notre Dame. The paper he submitted ran to 63 pages and, using Chicago as an example, dealt with specific links between public officials and organized crime. But when the commission issued its own final report, the

Blakey findings had been reduced to four footnotes.

Blakey himself has refused to comment on the censorship. The crime commission's executive director, Harvard Law Professor James Vorenberg, who edited the final report, has denied to LIFE that he did any tampering: "It's all in the footnotes. We didn't change a comma, and if somebody says we did, it's a lie."

Nonetheless, a lot did get left out. One commission investigator thinks he knows why. "I believe the report was emasculated by Vorenberg because we didn't dampen this and dampen that. There were protests from officeholders in Chicago and enormous pressure on us *not* to be specific."

Here, for the first time, are some of the suppressed items:

► "The success of the Chicago group [of the Mob] has been primarily attributable to its ability to

corrupt the law enforcement processes, including police officials and members of the judiciary. . . ."

► "Control, sometimes direct, has been exercised over local, state and federal officials and representatives. Men have been told when to run or not run for office or how to vote or not to vote on legislative issues or [for judges] how to decide motions to suppress evidence or for judgments of acquittal."

Blakey's report also spoke of "racket influence" in the Illinois state legislature and charged that such influence had been used to hobble prosecutors and police.

Blakey had listed the high command of Cosa Nostra, whose names appeared in LIFE last week. Even this was deemed too hot for the final report. The reason is obvious: since Cosa Nostra leaders operate in specific localities, the mere fact of their success reflects on the performance of local officials.



could be "persuaded" to sell the product, or maybe even to push it over the big-name brands, the Catena boys would surely end up as soap czars.

There was no objection by A & P to testing the Catena detergent—indeed, it seemed for a few days that the Best Sales product was being favorably considered.

In April, however, A & P consumer tests disclosed that Catena's product didn't measure up to other brands—no sale. Within a few days, to add insult to injury, word reached Gene Catena that his detergent had been rejected *because A & P had learned that the Catenas were selling it.*

Gene, in a fury, promised to "knock A & P's brains out." And he tried.

On a May night in 1964, a fire bomb was tossed into an A & P store in Yonkers, N.Y. The store burned to the ground.

A month later, another Molotov cocktail touched off a fire that destroyed an A & P store in Peekskill, N.Y. In August, an A & P store on First Avenue in Manhattan was gutted, and in December, an A & P store in the Bronx.

Even then, though thoroughly frightened, executives of the chain did not connect the incendiary fires with their rejection of the detergent. The Catenas tried again to spell it out, in a more pointed way.

On the night of January 23, 1965, Manager James B. Walsh closed a Brooklyn A & P store and got into his auto to go home. A few blocks from the store, one of his tires seemed flat, and he got out to fix it. A car pulled up and four men got out. They killed Walsh with three pistol shots.

CONTINUED

## THE MOB CONTINUED

About two weeks later, on the evening of February 5, store manager John P. Mossner drove home to Elmont, N.Y. from his A & P supermarket in the Bronx. As he got out of his car in his driveway, a lone gunman stepped out of the shadows and shot him dead.

Two months after Mossner's murder, one more A & P store burned in the Bronx. The blaze had been started with a fire bomb.

**M**eanwhile, the butchers' union had begun negotiations on a new labor contract with A & P. The company's contract offers were rejected. The union made counter-proposals which A & P considered outrageous. The butchers threatened to strike, and the Teamsters let it be known they would not cross the picket lines.

The A & P officials were growing frantic in the face of the apparently motiveless murders and fire-bombings and the deadlocked union negotiations. In desperation they appealed to the federal government for assistance of some kind.

It took about a month for government informants to link the terrorism with the Catena detergent sales campaign. But proving that connection by producing the informants in a courtroom was out of the question. Accordingly, U.S. District Attorney Robert Morgenthau brought Jerry Catena himself before a federal grand jury. On his way into the jury room the puzzled gangster asked a government official why he had been called.

"We want to know about your

marketing procedures," the official said.

"Marketing of what?" asked Catena.

"Detergent."

Ah, *detergent!* As of that moment, the A & P's terror ended. Catena appeared briefly before the grand jury and hurried from the courthouse. At their very next negotiating session, the strike-threatening butchers signed the A & P contract they had rejected weeks before.

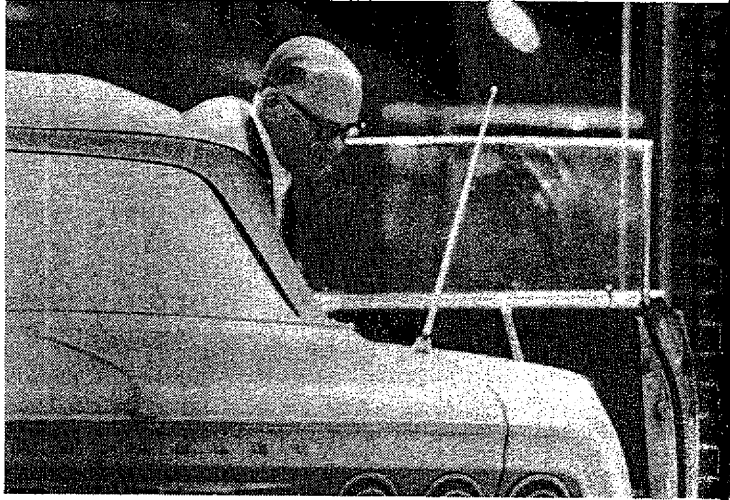
A few days later, a federal investigator ran into one Gerard Catena in lower Manhattan and asked pointedly how things were going in the detergent business. Catena's muttered answer was close to pleading.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm getting out of detergent."

And that was all. To try to muscle a mob-backed product onto A & P shelves, Catena or those in his employ had burned or destroyed five supermarkets and had murdered two innocent store managers in cold blood. And yet, because the government could not jeopardize its own informants by bringing them into court, Catena suffered only the minor inconvenience of a grand jury appearance and the failure of his detergent scheme. Gene Catena died a month ago of natural causes. Jerry Catena, the hoodlum boss, and his bomb throwers and murderers continue to walk around free.

The bloody case is a measure of what the country is up against with the Mob and what the law is up against in bringing the mobsters to justice. On the editor's page of this issue (p. 4) LIFE states what it believes can and should be done to put an end to this disgraceful state of affairs.

## Five A & P Stores Bombed, Two Managers Murdered



Mob Boss Jerry Catena tried to terrorize A & P into marketing his detergent. His henchmen fire-

bombed five supermarkets and murdered two store managers. But they failed to muscle



The problem of transporting the loot is a constant challenge to the Mob's financial "brains." Meyer Lansky (above). At left a Lunskey bagman, Sylvain Ferdmann, leaves Philadelphia carrying cash to Swiss banks. Below, a Mob bagwoman, Ida Devine (in mink coat), arrives in Chicago with \$115,650 "skim" from Las Vegas —unaware she is being photographed.



member that the boots are still caked with filth, the or-else factor is still present. For all their transparent dignity, the men who run La Cosa Nostra are still murderers and thieves. For all its superficial polish, their operating procedure still depends on violence and corruption.

The full extent of Mob involvement in legitimate business is known only to the mobsters themselves. It is at least possible that it is their major source of revenue. What is certain is that the infiltration of respectable enterprises has not decreased their sway over the less reputable variety. The Mob may venture into new and stimulating realms, but it also stays with what it knows.

**M**ore than from any other source, far more than from dope, prostitution and loan-sharking combined, the Mob thrives by exploiting the almost universal human urge to gamble. Each year it handles \$20 billion in illegal bets, of which it keeps \$7 billion profit. At least half of this is the rakeoff from betting on sports events.

Every day in every city, by telephone and in person at outlaw betting centers like the roadside market at right, thousands of sports fans lay in wagers on the outcome of football, basketball and baseball games, horse races and boxing matches. On every bet made, be it \$1 or \$10,000, the Mob collects a cut of the action, called vigorish—usually 10%.

But the appetite of the Mob is boundless. Its involvement in sports has led to widespread attempts to corrupt—or at least to “use”—individual athletes and coaches of high reputation. To the extent that such corruption succeeds, it threatens the fabric of spectator sport in the U.S., which depends for its existence on public confidence in the honesty of the game.

Inside information is the lifeblood of the bookie handicappers who run sports betting—a nationwide syndicate of big and small-time operators who are protected, partly staffed and almost totally controlled by Cosa Nostra. They need specific up-to-the-minute reports on the physical and mental condition of the teams involved—the kind of information that goes deeper than that on the sports page. They use it to set the betting line—the odds or the number of points

by which one team figures to beat another. And, if they can get even more solid indications of the outcome of a sports contest—by fixing it—all the better.

Accuracy in the assessment of a contest can pay princely dividends and mobsters are skilled at prying the information they need from the sources: the college and professional coaches and players themselves. They ingratiate themselves as friends and fellow sportsmen, doers of favors and, above all, good listeners. The success of their operation depends largely on how well the mobsters are able to build and maintain these pipelines to coaches and players who, either innocently or for their own advantage, feed them information.

The biggest of the bookie-handicappers—at least until his recent gambling conviction—is one Gilbert Beckley of Miami. When the FBI nabbed Beckley on Jan. 8, 1966, his records showed that on that day alone he handled \$250,000 in bets and turned a profit of \$129,000.

Top bookies are known among themselves by numbers—just like players on the gridiron. Beckley uses No. 1 or 111; Frank Rosenthal of Miami, 3; Eugene Nolan of Baton Rouge, La., 98. This allows for quick, nameless communication and also refers to the page number in the books in which the gamblers record business dealings among themselves.

In Beckley's black book police last year found next to a phone number the word “Skiball,” the nickname for Francesco Scibelli. Scibelli, a member of the Genovese Family of Cosa Nostra, runs a

gambling syndicate in Springfield, Mass. Scribbled next to “Skiball” was the name of Bob Cousy, one of the half-dozen greatest players in basketball history. Before his retirement in 1963, Cousy helped the professional Boston Celtics to six world championships. Since then he has been a successful head coach at Boston College.

Questioned by LIFE, Cousy denied knowing Beckley but admitted that Scibelli was a friend whom he had met through an even closer friend, Andrew Pradella. Pradella, it turned out, is Scibelli's partner in bookmaking. Because they always have such excellent information, the Scibelli-Pradella ring is known as the “Scholar Group.”

Cousy admitted he knew the two were gamblers and that he often talked to them about both pro and college basketball teams and their chances of winning. “I'd be having dinner with Pradella when Scibelli would come over,” said Cousy. “They got together each night to balance the books or something.”

Did Cousy realize his friends were using what he told them to fix betting lines and to make smart bets of their own?

“No,” said Cousy. “I thought they figured the betting line with mathematics. But it doesn't surprise me. I'm pretty cynical. I think most people who approach me want to use me in some way.”

**C**ousy conceded he had been warned about his associates by Boston police as long ago as 1963. But he refused to end the relationship,



When police arrested bigtime bookie Gil Beckley (above), they found in his notebook the name of Bob Cousy (right), former basketball great, now coach at Boston College. Cousy admitted his friendship with gamblers.



even after an experience that shook him up a bit. Pradella, he said, invited him to a banquet in Hartford that turned out to be a gangster conclave. "Police were watching the place," said Cousy, "and the whole Mob was there."

Cousy still defends his actions. "In this hypocritical world we live in," he said, "I don't see why I should stop seeing my friends just because they are gamblers. How can I tell Andy when he calls and asks about a team that I won't talk to him about that?"

The arrest of Beckley also led to the disclosure that as recently as last season he had been secretly feeding information about suspected fixing of pro football games and betting by players to the office of pro football commissioner Pete Rozelle. In return, Rozelle's chief investigator, William G. Hundley (a former head of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Divi-

sion), wrote a letter to the U.S. Probation Office seeking leniency for Beckley on grounds that he had "cooperated" with the league on "certain matters."

The "certain matters" presumably included investigation of the relationship between a star American Football League quarterback and two bookies, Carmello Cocca and Philip Cali. The inquiries were stepped up after the player's teammates were overheard in the locker room angrily accusing him of "throwing" the game they had just lost. But no public accusation has yet been made.

Another potentially explosive situation involves the strange affinity that several members of the Boston Patriots pro football team

have for a ramshackle roadside store in suburban Revere, Mass. named Arthur's Farm. Behind its shabbily humdrum front, Arthur's farm turns out to be a beehive of mob activities. It does a fast business in sports betting and the exchange of stolen property, and doubles as an informal conference hall where gangsters can get together with people who are of use to them. The proprietor is Arthur Ventola, a convicted fence. Among the regular habitués are Arthur's kinsmen—Nicholas (Junior) Ventola and Richard Castucci, both active bookies. Another is Henry Tameleo, a lieutenant of New England Cosa Nostra Boss Raymond Marcaro who, with Tameleo, is now awaiting trial for an interstate

gambling-and-murder conspiracy.

Another regular at the farm, it turns out, is Babe Parilli, quarterback of the Boston Patriots. "Half the team goes out there," Parilli told LIFE. "One of the coaches, too. But we're not doing anything wrong." Parilli admitted knowing Arthur and "Junior" and to having met Tameleo. He insisted he did not know they were mobsters, or that they used information garnered from Parilli and the other Patriots to make a killing on "informed" bets.

Why, then, do Parilli and his teammates visit Arthur's Farm so often? "We stop on the way home from practice," says Parilli, "to buy toys, razor blades and things we get at wholesale prices."



**ARTHUR'S FARM**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL





To passersby in Revere, Mass., "Arthur's Farm" appears no more sinister than any roadside store. But it is a gangster hangout, a thieves' market and sports betting center—and has such diverse customers as Boston Patriots' quarterback Babe Parilli (*left*) and mobster Henry Tameleo (*below*).

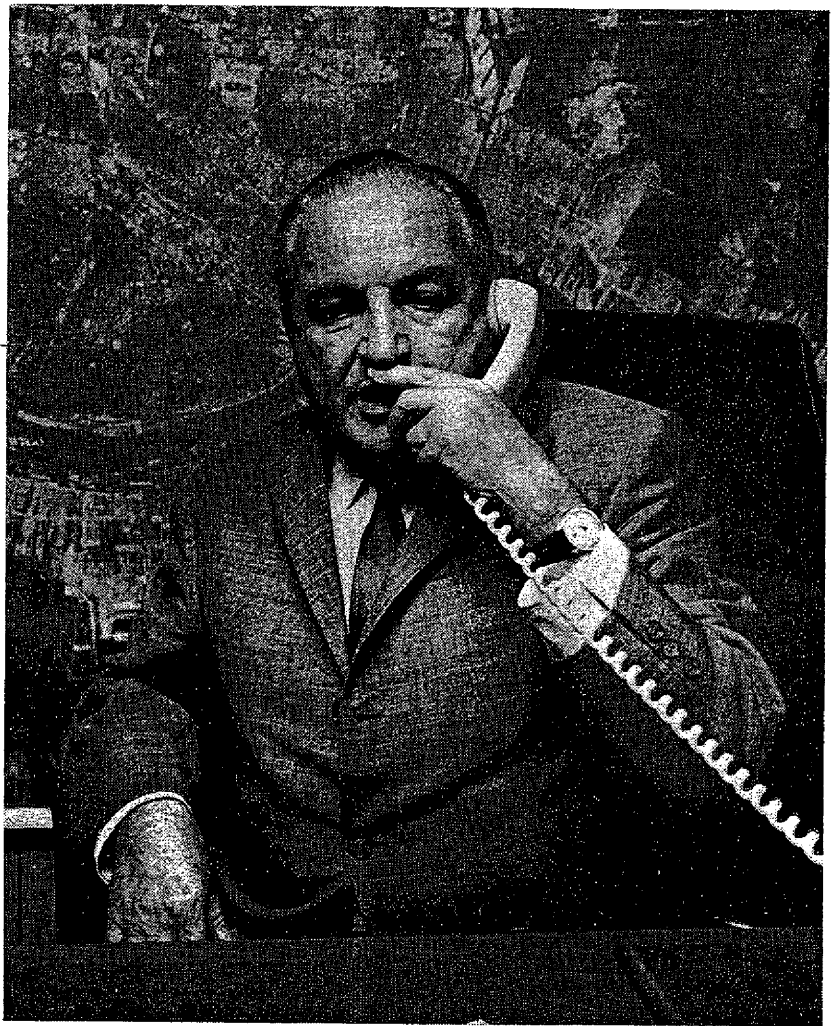


**A**sk for Carlos Marcello in Louisiana and you will immediately be recognized as an outlander. Ask for the "Little Man" and, even though you won't get him, a lot of natives will at least know whom you're after. At a barrel-chested 5-foot-2, Marcello is undeniably short. But he's not little. He is so potent, in fact, that Cosa Nostra mobsters in the east—as was reported in last week's *LIFE*—gave him the contract to try to spring Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa from prison, and put \$2 million at his disposal to take care of whatever fixing might be entailed.

Marcello is one of Louisiana's wealthiest men. His total worth has been estimated at \$40 million and more. He owns motels, a jukebox and vending machine company, a sightseeing bus line and a 6,500-acre estate in Jefferson Parish outside New Orleans. His clothes are well-tailored, his cigars imported, and when he gave his daughter in marriage, the bridesmaids all received mink stoles. He contributed \$100,000 to agencies helping victims of Hurricane Betsy in 1965 and has plunked down \$10,000 for the Girl Scouts. He is also a hoodlum and the lord of one of the richest and most corrupt criminal fiefdoms in the land.

Marcello's realm extends from the Ozark foothills to the Mississippi River Delta, and within that realm his power is majestic. He operates through a complex of political fixes which enable him to control or influence the makers and enforcers of law at every level of state government. When he's out of his realm, though, he's apt to get nervous.

Marcello and several other Cosa Nostra hoods were arrested last year after a lunch in a New York restaurant. Posting bail promptly, he flew back to New Orleans. To his chagrin, he was greeted at the airport by a horde of federal agents, policemen and reporters.



Carlos Marcello, the Mob's man in Louisiana, directs his criminal empire from this office at the Town and Country, a motel he owns near New Orleans. An aerial map of the city covers the wall in back of his desk.

This was too much for the Little Man. "I'm the boss around here!" he shouted, pushing his way through the crowd. "There'll be no more of this. Are you looking for trouble?" Then he took a roundhouse swing at the nearest offender. It happened to be FBI agent Patrick Collins, and the next day found the Little Man charged with assaulting a federal officer.

State authorities, for the most part, take the view that Marcello and his gang aren't there. "I'm thankful we haven't had any racketeering to speak of in this state," says Governor John McKeithen. To McKeithen, Marcello is noth-



ing but a "thug" without influence or power.

Marcello tries hard to encourage this dreamy notion. Few of the companies he controls are in his name, and he stays discreetly behind the scenes in the illegal but wide-open gambling casinos he controls in Jennings, Lafayette, Bossier City, West Baton Rouge and Morgan City. He is screened by his brothers and his son, Joe, who operates a motel. One brother, Pete, is the proprietor of a strip-tease bar in New Orleans. Another, Joe, runs the family restaurant, Elmwood Plantation. Brother Pasquale runs a bar, brother Vincent heads the jukebox company and brother Sammy is in charge of bookmaking. Home base, the \$22 million estate named Churchill Farms, is a corporation. The majority interest is controlled by Carlos, his son and his brother Joe.

**T**he Fix seems to weave through Louisiana like a muddy creek. Associations and alliances that would cause scandals elsewhere are amiably tolerated there. Political and economic leverage is often a matter of friendship or social connection, and there is no neat line to separate the good guys and the baddies. Aaron Kohn, who came from Chicago in 1953 to head the Metropolitan Crime Commission in New Orleans, was astonished at this. "After about a year," he recalls, "I began to realize something about the system down here. In Chicago, people were generally on

one side of the fence or the other—honest or crooked. But in Louisiana there just isn't any fence."

McKeithen will order the state police into action against gambling, but only when it becomes "flagrant or notorious"—in effect, when someone important complains or news of the gambling gets into print or is railed against from the pulpit. He knows it doesn't pay to be overzealous. "Look at Grevemberg," he says, referring to ex-State Police Superintendent Francis Grevemberg. "He cracked down on gambling. He was tough. He went around with a flashlight and an ax, busting up little honky-tonk places. Do you know where he placed when he ran for governor? FIFTH!"

In this atmosphere the Little Man can maneuver as freely and happily as a pig in a wallow. He was convicted in 1930 of assault and robbery (he received a full pardon in 1935 from Governor O. K. Allen) and in 1938 of selling marijuana, for which he served nine months in the federal prison at Atlanta. Since then there has been sporadic court action against him—most of it initiated by the federal government—but no convictions.

In Orleans Parish, the chief law officer is the celebrated Jim Garrison. Garrison is friendly with

some Marcello henchmen, but that, says the district attorney, is a coincidence without significance. "It doesn't mean anything," Garrison told LIFE, "because I have no connection with Marcello. I don't have to worry about things like that. I've cleaned up the racket in this town."

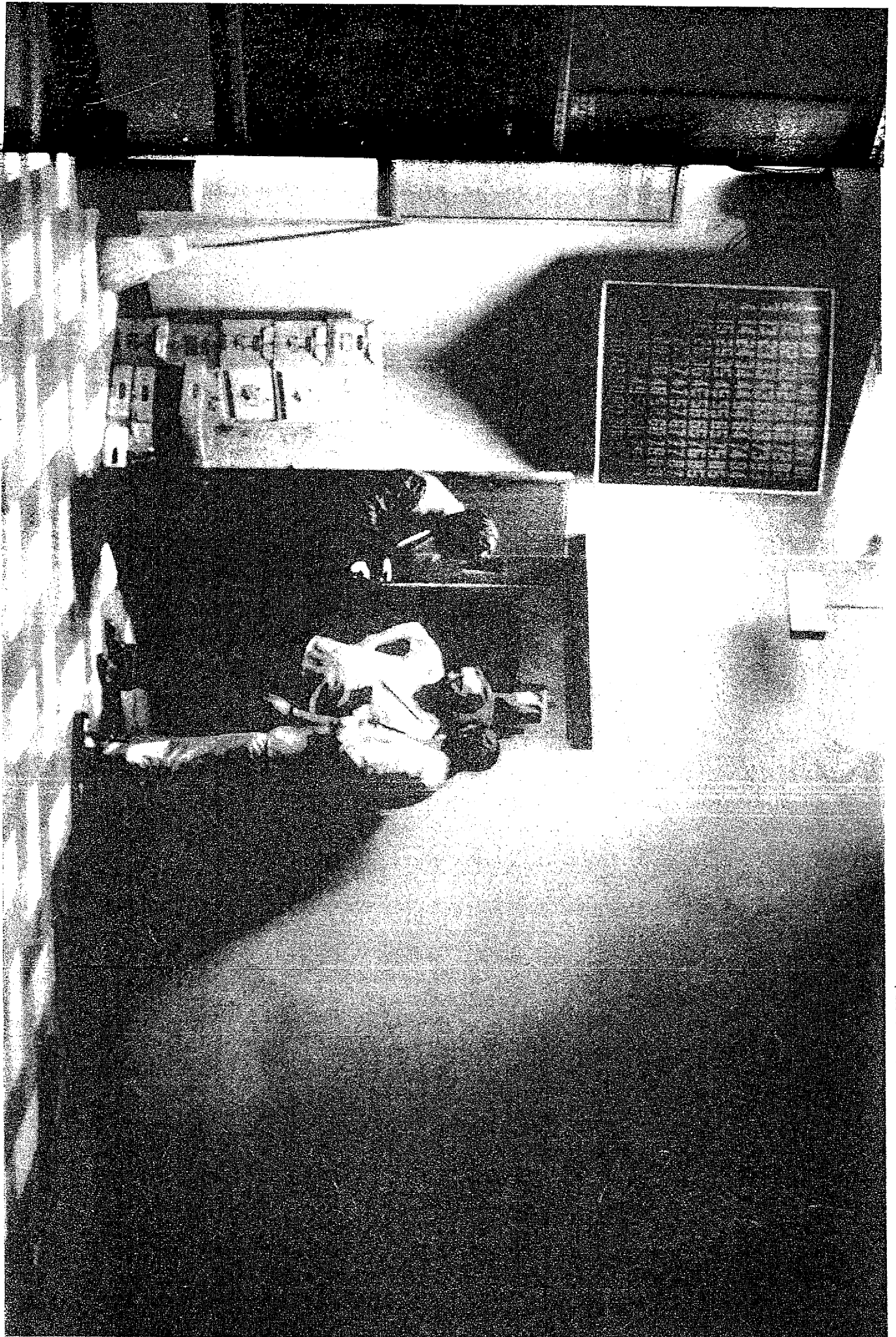
Garrison says he knows Marcello's bookmaking brother Sammy—"I've seen him at the New Orleans Athletic Club and Moran's Restaurant"—but denies knowing that he is a bookie. Also among his acquaintances is Mario Marino, a Marcello lieutenant who moved from New Orleans to the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas 10 years ago. When Garrison goes to Las Vegas, he is the guest of the Sands and Marino makes the arrangements.

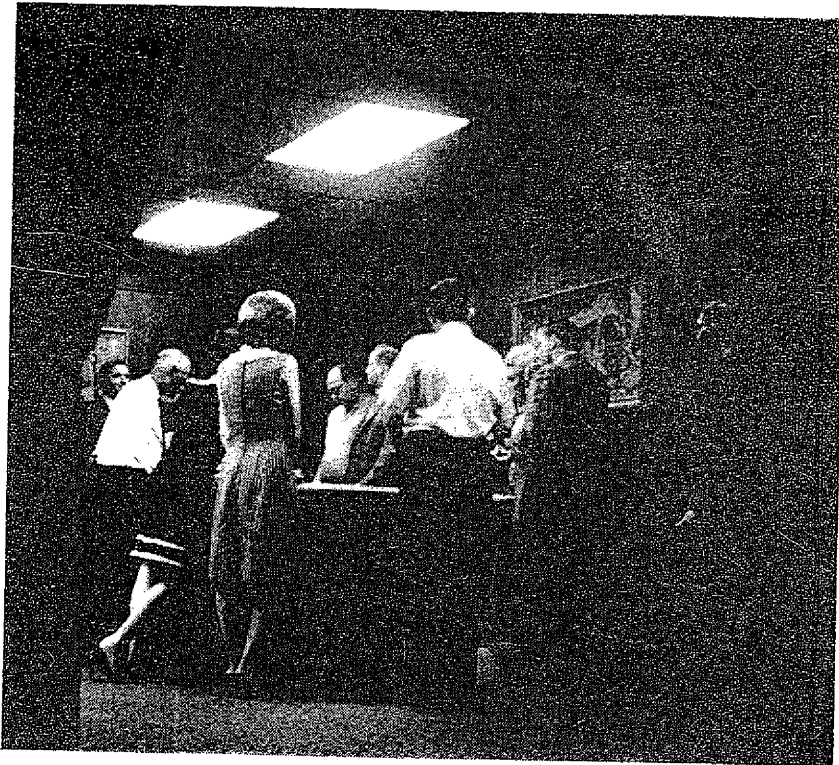
Three times since 1963, the

Sands has paid Garrison's hotel bill. On his last visit in March, the tab was signed by Marino himself. Garrison was also granted a \$1,000 credit in the cashier's cage, which meant he could gamble up to that amount without putting his own money on the table. At that time the Sands operated one of four Las Vegas gambling halls controlled by Cosa Nostra Bosses.

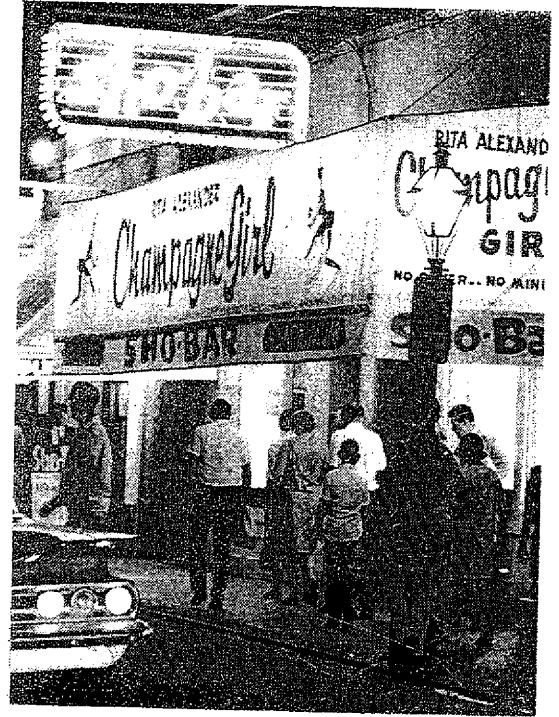
Garrison contends that he didn't gamble and that Marino gave him a credit so he could cash checks. "If I'm unable, he told LIFE, to see anything wrong with a prosecutor loading at a Mob-controlled casino. He said he felt it was customary for casinos to pick up the hotel tabs of public officials. "I might be naive—this is my first public office—but I don't see what's wrong with it," he said. "I imagine the D.A. would have a good credit

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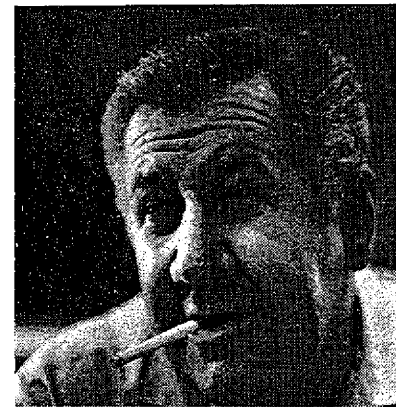


Marcello's interests include sports betting parlors such as the Bank Club (above), the Speakeasy restaurant-casino (below, left), and the Sho-Bar, a strip joint in New Orleans.



JIM GARRISON

The well-known New Orleans district attorney was the guest of Marcello mobster Mario Marino at a Las Vegas hotel. Garrison denies knowledge of Marino's connection with Marcello.



PERSHING GERVAIS

Garrison's former chief investigator, who admits frequent meetings with Marcello, Gervais now calls himself a "counselor for people who get arrested." He arranges settlements for a fee.



FRANK LANGRIDGE

Langridge has been district attorney of Jefferson Parish, Marcello's home territory, for 18 years. In all that time he has failed to prosecute Marcello or any of his top-echelon mobsters.



JOSEPH "ZIP" CHIMENTO

Langridge's chief investigator, Chimento was convicted in 1943 of bribing a witness to help two Cosa Nostra mobsters. He formerly worked as a collector for Marcello's music firm.

rating [in a casino]." He also denied knowing about Marino's involvement with Marcello, though he insisted it made no difference—"I have no connection with Carlos Marcello."

Judge Andrew Bucaro, a municipal court judge in New Orleans, freely discusses his friendship with Marcello, an old pal and a remote relative by marriage. He admits that he attends frequent parties at Churchill Farms, but says his visits have nothing to do with judicial discretion. "We don't discuss cases," he says, "we just barbecue goats on a spit. There is nothing sinister about our relationship. Carlos Marcello needs a Fix in the municipal court as much as Rockefeller needs to steal pennies."

**J**efferson Parish, south and west of New Orleans, is far more vital to Marcello than the city itself. Within it are his headquarters, the Town and Country Motel; his vending machine-jukebox firm, the Jefferson Music Company; and a bookmaking ring. And since Jefferson Parish is Marcello's home base, the fixing that goes on there is as visible as it is flagrant (see pictures at right). Marcello has prospered without noticeable interference by Jefferson's District Attorney Frank Langridge—whose chief investigator, Joseph "Zip" Chimento, was convicted in 1943 of bribing a witness to help two Mafia chieftains. Chimento was a collector for Marcello's jukebox firm before he joined the district attorney's staff.

But Marcello's interests extend far beyond Jefferson Parish. In Bossier City, an open town across the Red River from Shreveport, he owns gambling joints, B-girl bars and brothels. Many of his employees are refugees from Phenix City, Ala., who were run out of town when organized sin in that town was routed 13 years ago. In one section of east central Louisiana, Marcello controls gambling and other vice with muscle provided by the Ku Klux Klan. On Highway 190 near Baton Rouge he has a new windowless casino, officially called a bingo parlor, due to open this month. It is presided over by Frank Vuci, once personal bookie to the late Governor Earl Long.

Whenever possible, Marcello is kind to sheriffs. At a peace officers' convention in Bossier City last spring, one Louisiana sheriff was accompanied by Vuci, who paid all his expenses. When it appeared the conference was running short of cash, Marcello offered to spring for the whole meeting. Another sheriff, together with members of the Louisiana Racing Commission, was a dinner guest of Marcello at the Evangeline Downs race track last April 20.

Like all modern mobsters, Marcello has been expanding his legitimate enterprises. His Jefferson Music Company almost monopolizes vending machines and pinball games in Jefferson Parish. Each year he lends thousands of dollars to restaurant or tavern owners if



they agree to accept his jukeboxes, cigarette machines or pinball games. His bus firm, Southern Sightseeing Tours, has a near monopoly in New Orleans.

The biggest deal on his horizon, however, is the proposed domed stadium which will house New Orleans' new National Football League team, the Saints. Marcello has offered to give the city 200 acres of Churchill Farms as a site for the arena—an act of generosity at least partially motivated by the expectation of getting a \$1 million-a-year parking concession.

As his wealth, influence and infamy have increased, Marcello has become more interesting to federal lawmen. Although rarely able to prosecute him, they have managed from time to time to make him squirm. For years a deportation case has been pending against him; he was once forcibly grabbed by Justice Department agents and hustled onto a plane to Guatemala. His immigration troubles have led him to the ultimate bribe—putting the Fix on an entire nation.

Marcello was born in Tunisia of Italian parents. Because Tunisia's status has since changed—it was a French protectorate when he was born there in 1910—it will accept no responsibility for his nativity. Neither, at present, will Italy. Marcello has been paying \$25,000 a year for many years to a high-ranking official in the Italian government to ensure that Italy doesn't change its mind.

Louisiana Racing Commissioner Tom Shy (in glasses) was host to Marcello's brother Vincent (back to camera) and Vincent's wife (next to him) at Evangeline Downs race track. During the evening, Vincent exchanged greetings with at least six state legislators and the assistant director of state police. A horse owned by Vincent's wife won the fifth race, paying \$20.40.



Place: a Jefferson Parish restaurant; Subject: how to assure defeat of a sheriff who has made trouble for the Mob. Vial Blanke (*above, left*), former Parish councilman, and Joseph Armenio, convicted murderer and Marcello ally, were discussing a fund to back candidate Vincent Ebeier (*far left*), whose incumbent opponent, Alwynn Cronvich (*left*), has frequently raided Marcello joints. Ebeier says he is unaware of any Mob support.