

First of a two-part series. The audacious empire of organized crime. Its alarming power. Its structure and horror tactics. Its infiltration into the marrow of our society

THE MOB

Call it the Mob. The name fits, although any of a half-dozen others—the Outfit, the Syndicate, La Cosa Nostra, the Mafia—serves about as well. Whatever it's called, it exists, and the fact of its existence is a national disgrace. In this issue and the next, LIFE reveals the structure, tactics, ruthlessness and alarming strength of this brazen empire.

The Mob is a fraternity of thugs, but it holds such power, wealth and influence that in one way or another it poisons us all. It rigs elections and in so doing destroys the democratic process. More and more it is muscling into legitimate business—local, national and international—to the extent that nearly every American is paying into its treasury in countless unsuspected ways.

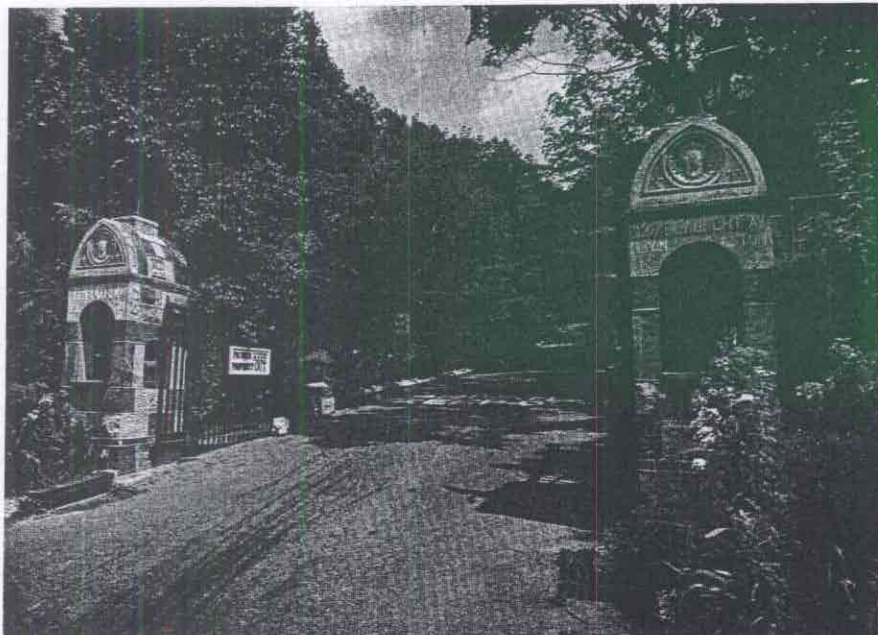
The 5,000 members of Cosa Nostra are all of Italian background, and most of them are Sicilians. Abetting them is a larger army of nonmembers—of many creeds and origins—who wittingly or unwittingly do the Mob's bidding. The scale and sophistication of its operations challenge the imagination: the President's Crime Commission estimates the Mob's annual profit from illegal gambling alone at \$6 to \$7 billion. "Loan sharking," narcotics, labor racketeering, "skimming" and all the varieties of extortion in which it deals bring in enormous additional sums wrenched out of the poor and those least able to resist the exploiters. Through the mechanism of "the fix," it can, and too often does, control congressmen, state officials and law enforcement men. The Mob is in fact a government of its own, with its own laws, enforced with torture and murder. It is organized with ruthless efficiency to achieve its ends and protect its members from prosecution. At the top is a ruling body which settles internal disputes and preserves discipline. Beneath this supreme council are the officers and troops, the men who do the corrupting, bribing, extorting, terrorizing, robbing and killing.

The crime syndicate of today came into being with Prohibition and has continued to thrive and grow despite sporadic bursts of public concern. One of the principal reasons for this is that existing legal machinery is simply unable to cope with it. Criminal laws deal with individual crimes, not an international association. The Mob's multitiered hierarchy insulates its leaders from direct participation in the crimes they order. To the continuing despair of police agencies, it has also benefited vastly from recent court decisions limiting the admissibility of evidence. Most of all, the Mob has fattened itself on the public's appetite for its services—dope, sex and gambling—and apathy toward its evil.



A statue of mobster Ruggiero Boiar-do, surrounded by busts of his family, adorns his estate in Livingston, N.J. Men marked for murder entered the gates below and never came out.

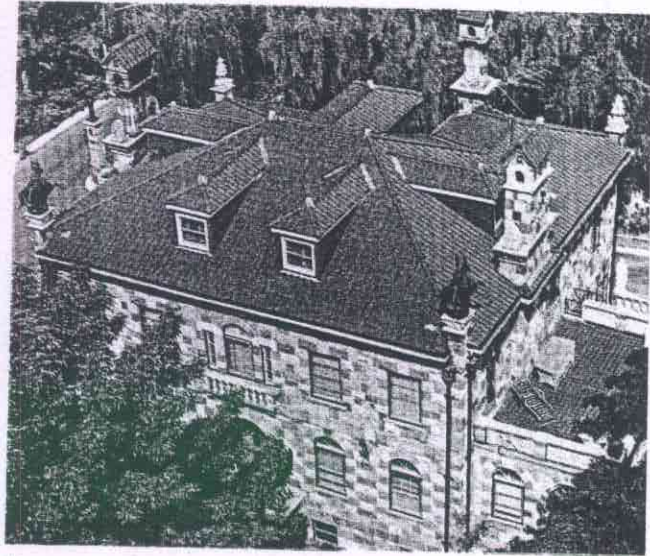
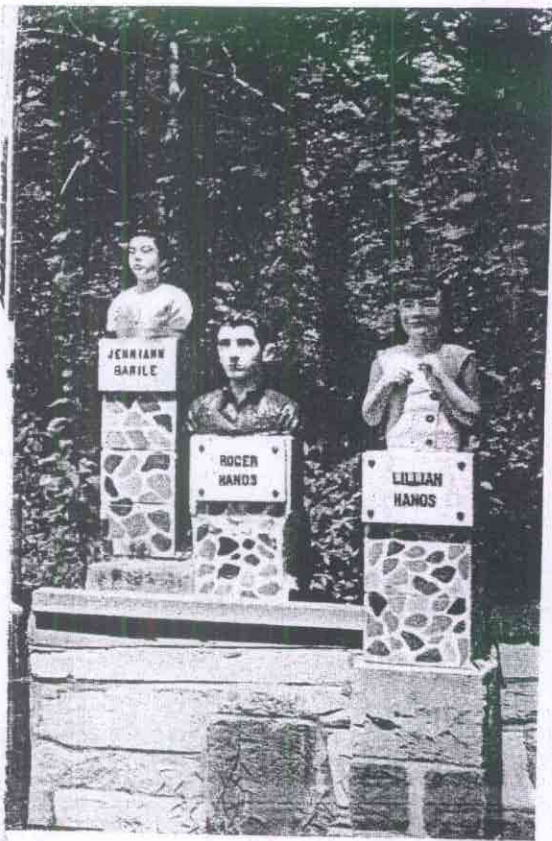
Macabre Home of a 'Capo,'



From the gateposts, topped by menacing bronze swans with wings angrily outspread, the driveway leads up about two blocks to the great stone mansion near Livingston, N.J. The drive is overhung by trees and flanked with flowers in gargoyle-shaped pots. The style might be called Transylvania traditional, with overtones of the owner's native Sicily. At a jog in the road is a cluster of painted family statues dominated by one of the squire himself, Ruggiero Boiar-do, astride a horse.

It is a chilling place even in the warmth and sun of an August morning. A lot of Mr. Boiar-do's fellow gangsters are mortally afraid of going up that driveway alone. Some who did never returned.

As mobsters go, Ruggiero Boiar-do—or Richie the Boot, as he is called—is not a very big shot. Nonetheless, he is a significant figure in organized U.S. crime and his estate, literally, is one of its monuments. Boiar-do is a *capo* (captain) in the 600-member Cosa Nostra Family of Vito Genovese.



Boiardo's baronial mansion (above), where hoods feared to go alone, was used as meeting place by crime chiefs.

On a Jersey farm used as a Mob cemetery, FBI found one victim in the pit below, another under a chicken coop.

Monument to Mob Murder

Now a stoop-shouldered man of 76, he putters in his flower beds and mutters imprecations against the world in general: "They call Boiardo a thief, a killer," he complained to one recent caller. "They call him Cosa Nostra. Trouble."

Two other New Jersey gangsters, Angelo "The Gyp" DeCarlo and Anthony Russo, once babbled like schoolboys about the foul deeds that have been committed beyond these colorful gates. As an informant was to relate, the conversation went like this:

"Stay away from there!" said Russo. "So many guys have been hit there. There's this furnace 'way up in back. That's where they burned 'em."

DeCarlo, fascinated, asked for details. Russo cheerily ticked off victims by their first names: "Oliver . . . Willie . . . Little Harold . . . Tony . . ." He himself, Russo bragged, had carried Little Harold to the furnace by a chain tied to the dead man's throat.

Authorities are convinced Russo was not exaggerating. Certainly,

the number of victims incinerated at Boiardo's estate exceeds the number buried on the much-publicized chicken farm near Lakewood, N.J. (picture at right), where remains of two bodies and traces of a third were found last March. But no corpses have ever come to light at Boiardo's; people thought to have died there are listed officially as Missing Persons.

Even the big shots of Cosa Nostra approach Boiardo's notorious estate with respect. In November 1957, when the high council met there to whack up the territory of the late Albert Anastasia, they came and left all in a group—thus avoiding the path described by Russo, "way up in back."

Richie Boiardo—and the two fellow mobsters who discussed the crematorium as casually as two men might compare golf scores—are alive and free men at this writing. They conduct various legal and illegal enterprises in New Jersey and are notably prosperous.

Deep in the rackets since Prohibition days, with a reputation for

unabashed savagery, Boiardo gets paid \$4,000 a month out of the Mob's Las Vegas "skimming" profits. He also runs a legitimate wrecking business (much of the nonfamily statuary on his estate was salvaged from buildings he wrecked; his house is built of stones from the old Newark post office). He presently is awaiting trial on a gambling charge and simultaneously is dueling with Internal Revenue.

Russo, 48, is the gambling and rackets boss of Monmouth County, N.J. and also has interests in Florida. Gyp DeCarlo, 65, an obese character who detests his nickname, like Boiardo is a capo in the Genovese Family. He grows fat off gambling and loan-shark rackets in Union County, N.J. and operates crap games that float from borough to borough in New York City.

Like countless others in the rackets, Boiardo, Russo and DeCarlo are virtually laws unto themselves, answerable only to the invisible government to which they owe their sole allegiance—Cosa Nostra.



How Joe Bonanno Schemed To Kill—and Lost

If Cosa Nostra has a failing at all from the standpoint of efficiency, it is the fact that it is composed at all levels of total scoundrels. Loyalty, as most men understand it, simply does not exist. Though elaborate oaths are required for membership in most cities, the members hang together mainly for the enormous profit this makes possible, and also out of fear of the consequences if they do otherwise. Consider, for example, the case of Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno (far right), the New York mobster whose greed almost broke up the Syndicate.

The Mob's ruling council was organized in 1931 by Lucky Luciano and Al Capone, and Bonanno, then a mean, ambitious 26-year-old, was given charter membership as the representative of a Brooklyn gang. It was not until 1963 that the name Cosa Nostra became part of the American idiom. That was the year Joe Valachi, a small-time killer for the Mob, decided to spill the brotherhood's secrets to federal agents and then, on network television, to a congressional committee. As Valachi detailed it—and as some lawmen were already aware—each of the "Commissioners" serving on the ruling council is the head of a subdivision called a "Family" which more or less has free rein over the rackets in its own territory. Any disputes over territorial jurisdictions are settled by the Commission.

At present, there are eight Commissioners on the ruling council: Vito Genovese of New York and New Jersey, now in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth; Carlo Gambino of New York; Steve Magaddino of Buffalo; Joe Colombo of New York; Joe Zerilli of Detroit; Momo Salvatore "Sam" Giancana of Chicago; Angelo Bruno of Philadelphia—and the aforementioned Joe Bonanno. (There was a ninth member, Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese, who died—of natural causes—in July; the vacancy is still up for grabs.)

Collectively, they are not a physically imposing lot, nor even frightening. Five of them are over 60. Magaddino, at 75, is widely spoken of—though never to his face—as a senile and autocratic windbag. Giancana is 59. Bruno, a tubby hypochondriac to whom the greeting "How are you?" is an invitation to deliver an organ recital, is 57. Even Colombo, at 43, doesn't stack up

as much of a headbreaker. Yet the thing to remember is that they got where they are—and have managed to stay there—by killing people.

The troublemaker in the executive club was Joe Bonanno, a fact that stemmed from his aggressive and inventive nature. A lot of his innovations worked out very well—for instance, the "split-level coffin." As the Boiardo incinerator disclosure (preceding page) points out, disposal of the bodies of victims has always been a problem taxing the mobsters' ingenuity. Bonanno solved it in Brooklyn by acquiring a funeral home. To get rid of unwanted corpses he had them stuffed into the lower compartment of a specially built casket of his own design. The corpse of record lay in the upper compartment, with family and cemetery keepers none the wiser. When such a tandem burial was to be held, Bonanno supplied muscular pallbearers who could carry the extra weight without strain. Bonanno's victims in the lower berths were put underground before police even became aware they were missing.

By 1963, at the age of 58, Bonanno had lost none of his ambition and had developed a vast disdain for his fellow Commissioners—some of whom had been mere car thieves when he was already on the council. He habitually staked out for himself areas deemed "open" by the Commission—such as the U.S. Southwest and Canada. "He's planting flags all over the world!" fumed Commissioner Magaddino when Bonanno muscled into Magaddino's Canadian preserves.

The greedy Bonanno was doing more than planting flags. Seeing a chance to seize control of the brotherhood, he issued contracts for the murders of three fellow Commissioners—Magaddino, Lucchese and Gambino—and another contract for the slaying of the head of a Family in California, Frank DeSimone. Bonanno assigned the New York murders to one Joe Magliocco, a fat hoodlum with high blood pressure. Magliocco in turn farmed the New York murder contracts out to an ambitious young torpedo named Joe Colombo.

Colombo turned out to be more of an angler than a triggerman. He tipped off the Commission to Bonanno's planned coup, and they hurriedly convened a meeting to deal with the treachery. Magliocco

and Bonanno were summoned to face charges. Magliocco appeared in a panic, made a full confession, was banished from Cosa Nostra, fined \$50,000 and sent home. Shortly thereafter he died of a heart attack. Meanwhile, his Family and his Commission seat were given to the stool pigeon Colombo.

Joe Bonanno never showed up for trial. He hid out on the West Coast, using the name "J. Santone." Then, in 1964, he went to Canada to poach once more on Magaddino's grounds. Magaddino went into a frenzy, calling a Commission meeting for Sept. 18, 1964, in the Englewood Cliffs, N.J. home of gangster Thomas Eboli. Bonanno ignored that meeting, too, despite the entreaties of the Commission's emissary Sam DeCavalcante, whose biggest previous distinction had been in trying to develop a garbage disposal unit that would reduce a human body to a meatball. In the face of Bonanno's insults, the council accepted the advice of its Chicago Commissioner, Momo Giancana: "Kill—kill! Why don't you just kill the guy?"

On Oct. 14, Magaddino met in Buffalo with two men. An informant has recalled bits of the conversation: "New York . . . the lawyer . . . we got the car."

Seven nights later, Bonanno and four lawyers dined in a New York steak house. A sixth man joined them about 11 p.m. He left the table twice, walking out in a rainstorm to use a corner phone.

Shortly after midnight, Bonanno's party left the restaurant in taxis. The sixth man, who took a separate taxi, got out at 37th Street and Park Avenue and beckoned to two men standing on the corner. A few minutes later, Bonanno arrived at an apartment house a block away. The two men stepped up and forced Bonanno into a car at gunpoint. Though there has been all sorts of speculation about the kidnaping—including a theory that Bonanno staged the whole thing to avoid an appearance before a grand jury—the fact is that he was held for about six weeks somewhere in the Catskills. There he talked his captors out of killing him by raising the specter of a nationwide gang war if they knocked him off. But if they let him go, he promised to



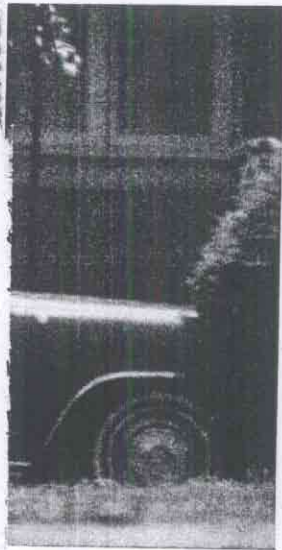
STEVE MAGADDINO



SAM DECAVALCANTE

turn over his gang and his rackets in gratitude. Apparently the Commissioners' lust for loot exceeded their lust for vengeance, for they turned him loose in December 1964.

Bonanno was only fooling. He went to Haiti to bide his time, then returned to New York last year to rally his gang, claim his place on the Commission and continue his invasion of Canada. Magaddino still howls about it, but the other Commissioners, perhaps afraid of the guns in Bonanno's Family, seem intent on trying to ignore him, hoping he'll go away, or something.



The grisly infighting for crime power was demonstrated when Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno (right) grabbed for total control of the Mob. To achieve his goal, Bonanno ordered the assassination of four of his fellow bosses: Buffalo's Steve Magaddino (above) and, from left below, Los Angeles' Frank DeSimone, and Carlo Gambino and Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese, both of New York City. After the plot was exposed, the leaders sent Sam DeCavalcante (left), boss of a New Jersey Family, to summon Bonanno to a Cosa Nostra trial. He refused and was later kidnaped. He talked his way free and, after lying low for months, reappeared last year. Now he has reasserted his power and again is grabbing for more.



JOE BONANNO



FRANK DESIMONE



CARLO GAMBINO



THOMAS LUCCHESE



Gambino, N.Y.



Genovese, N.Y.



Magaddino, N.Y.

COMMISSION



Lansky, Fla.



Patriarca, R.I.



DeCavalcante, N.J.



Corallo, N.Y.



LaRocca, Pa.



Scalish, Ohio



Trafficante, Fla.



Marcello, La.

Your Land Is Hoodland

The disturbing fact is that the Mob today is spread across the land and has been able to insinuate itself into the core of society. Most Americans are just not aware of the extent of its influence.

Cosa Nostra is a cartel of 24 semi-independent Families that vary widely in size (from 20 to 1,000 members) and their importance in the rackets. Each Family unit is headed by a Boss and several of these Bosses—the current number is eight—sit on Cosa Nostra's ruling Commission. The other Family heads (shown flanking the map) are not necessarily less powerful than individual Commissioners—Raymond Patriarca in New England and Carlos Marcello in Louisiana, for example, are more powerful than some who sit on the ruling body. But they generally follow the Commission's edicts.

Second in command in each Family is the Underboss. Beneath him are squads known as *regimes*, each headed by a *capo* (captain) and staffed by younger or less accomplished thugs known as *soldati* (soldiers). When a member grows old or infirm he may become a *consigliere*, sort of a mobster emeritus who serves only as an adviser to the Boss. The Boss passes orders down the chain of command—a system designed to screen the top man from the police. The Boss has tremendous authority in his own territory, presiding over all gangland enterprises—he is a partner in everything—and also umpiring intra-gang frictions, as New England Boss Patriarca is shown doing in the Boston gang war in the map at left. The membership rolls of Cosa Nostra supposedly have been closed since 1957—an attempt by the Commission to prevent a recruiting race that might upset the delicate balance of power within the fraternity. Nevertheless, some Families continue to add new members when an old one dies and, despite the decrepitude of the present Commissioners, there is no shortage of ambitious younger talent waiting to take over.

In the old days, a recruit had to take part in at least one murder before he was accepted. But during the World War II manpower shortage, standards slipped and later, as murder became a less popular tactic, many gangsters were let in who never had made a fatal score. This irks some oldtimers. As one graying hood complained, "Today you got a thousand guys in here that never broke an egg."

The brazen attempt to spring Hoffa with a \$1 million bribe

A case of **THE FIX**

by **SANDY SMITH**

At the heart of every successful gangster's operation is the Fix—the working arrangement with key police and elected officials and business and union executives. It guarantees the racketeers room to swing and a certain amount of acceptance in "respectable" circles. For sheer audacity and sweep, few Fixes the Mob has ever undertaken could top a plot just now unfolding in New Orleans, where the Cosa Nostra is ruled over by Carlos Marcello (opposite page). Its hoped-for objective is liberty for James Hoffa, the imprisoned boss of the Teamsters Union.

LIFE has found conclusive evidence that Hoffa's pals—some in the union, some in the Mob, some in both—dropped \$2 million into a spring-Hoffa fund late last year. The money was placed at the disposal of Cosa Nostra mobsters, and it was to be payable to anyone who could wreck the government's jury-tampering case on which Hoffa had been convicted.

In due course, the money was made available to Marcello to do the job. The chief government witness in the trial, which took place in 1964 in Chattanooga, had been Edward Grady Partin, leader of a Teamster local in Baton Rouge, La. As the Mob saw it, Partin was a logical target for a Fix. If he could be persuaded somehow to recant his own testimony, or to "taint" it by claiming that wiretaps had been used against Hoffa, the conviction would surely be reversed. By last January the Mob might have assumed that Partin already had been softened up. A series of dynamite explosions had wrecked construction sites, trucks and oil-drilling rigs of companies whose employees were members of Partin's union. Partin got the message all right, but ignored it.

Then another pitch was made to Partin. It was arranged by Aubrey Young, 45, who for years had been an aide and confidant of Louisiana Governor John J. McKeithen.

Though the governor did not know it, Young had some curious contacts outside of the executive suite. One of these was Marcello, about whose empire you will read more in next week's instalment.

In January, Young set up a meeting with Partin at the request of still another man of influence in Louisiana politics, a sometime public relations specialist and all-around operator named D'Alton Smith.

Members of Smith's family are well-placed in Louisiana. His brother, A. D. Smith, is a member of the state board of education. His sister, Mrs. Frances Pecora, is an official of the state insurance commission. Mrs. Pecora is also the wife of Nofio Pecora, former operator of the Marcello-owned Town and Country Motel in New Orleans.

The meeting with Partin took place at Young's house in Baton Rouge. Smith was there when Partin arrived.

"D'Alton had told me he wanted to see if he could straighten out Partin's testimony to help Hoffa," Young has since told LIFE. "When I saw what they were talking about in the parlor, I took a walk because I didn't want any part of it. After the meeting, D'Alton told me that he couldn't budge Partin; that Partin said his testimony was true."

Partin confirmed to LIFE that this indeed was the subject of the conversation, and has added these details of the inducements he says were held out to him: The initial offer for the changing of his testimony was \$25,000 a year for 10 years. He turned it down. The ante was hiked until it reached an overall total of \$1 million. Still Partin refused. When Smith gave it up as a bad job and went away, Partin called the Justice Department.

A short time later, Young, who had been drinking heavily, sought sanctuary for three days in the Town and Country Motel, which is Marcello's rackets headquarters. Young has offered this explanation: "I go to the Town and Coun-

try because there's always lots of politicians there. I didn't see Carlos or talk to him. I know I didn't, because there was a state policeman with me all the time."

Meanwhile, in response to Partin's call, the Justice Department began an investigation into the bribery attempt. Young returned to the capitol at Baton Rouge. When the governor asked him to explain his absence, Young blurted out the story of the attempted bribery of Partin. Furious, McKeithen threatened to fire him. Young resigned.

As to what has happened to the \$2 million, Marcello, of course, isn't talking. And Hoffa remains in federal prison.

This is a fair example of the intricate forces involved in a particular sort of Fix. But a Fix doesn't have to entail an exchange of money. It can be accomplished by putting in fear, through means as unobvious as a crack over the head, an arm broken by twisting, an implied disclosure of family skeletons, a hoarse voice on the phone, a timely murder. It can be accomplished by campaign "contributions" or by outright bribes. It can be attained through employment of public relations counsels who stress things like the good name of a city or the amount of money donated to charity by Mob



EDWARD PARTIN

Teamsters official Partin says he was offered a \$1 million bribe, ostensibly from Louisiana hoodlum boss Marcello, at a meeting set up by Young—an aide to the governor—in an attempt to overturn Hoffa's conviction.



JAMES HOFFA



AUBREY YOUNG

CARLOS MARCELLO

enterprises, or who plant in newspaper columns evidences of the charm, wit and good connections of key mobsters as they are seen about the spots where expensive people gather. It can be helped immeasurably with cheap devices like easy "loans" to a reporter whose tastes outrun his income.

A big-city mayor may have nothing but loathing for mobsters. Yet if disclosure of corruption in his city threatens the tenure of his political machine, he may make every effort to suppress the story—rationalizing that the city would be much worse off with the opposition in control. This is a solid dividend of the Fix. Ask any gangster.

ARTICLE CONTINUED ON PAGE 42B



The information and entertainment media, and ultimately the public themselves, play their part in all of this. Too often they take a scriptwriter's view of gangsters, viewing them as one would look at tenants of the great ape house at the zoo—with vague thrills of identity but with amused tolerance. When Frank Sinatra appears in public with Sam Giancana, who is a killer and a crook, the tendency is to see Sinatra as a bigger swinger than ever—not just another entertainer who has some crummy friends.

Giancana is a pretty good exhibit when it comes to illustrating the manicuring of gorillas. Despite his absence from the country, his Fix in Chicago remains as tight and traditional as any you could find.

Giancana took over the 300-member Chicago Cosa Nostra Family—the Outfit, as it is called locally—in 1957, after it became apparent to him that the incumbent Boss, Tony Accardo, was getting too slow and too rich. Giancana's decision was brought home to Accardo by a bullet fired over his head as Tony was entering his spacious \$500,000 estate in suburban River Forest. He understood.

Sam Giancana is a frail, gnome-like man whose constant cigar smoking has deformed his upper lip into a permanent sneer. Back in World War II, when asked by the draft board what he did for a living, he replied, "I steal." He was adjudged a psychopath, and Sam figures it was a bad rap. "I was telling them the truth," he said. Before he was old enough to vote, he'd been arrested three times for murder. He likes the girls—for one he purchased a remounted 30-carat stolen diamond from a fence in New York—and has made international headlines as the recurrent escort of Singer Phyllis McGuire. He likes to play golf, and when FBI agents began bothering his game when they had him under surveillance in 1963, he went to federal court and got an order stipulating that the agents must stay two foursomes back.

Ultimately, the agents won that round. Giancana was called before a grand jury, granted immunity from prosecution stemming from anything he might say and, when he refused to answer questions, served a year in jail for contempt. Fearing another such sentence, he has stayed pretty much out of the country ever since. For a time, control of the Outfit fell to Giancana's lieutenants, but as federal prosecutions sent several of them to jail, Family matters de-

manded a more experienced hand at the helm. One current theory is that Accardo has come out of retirement to resume active control.

The truth is that Giancana is still running things by remote control from a hideout in Mexico, a posh castle near Cuernavaca where he poses as Riccardo Scalzetti. The real Scalzetti, Giancana's erstwhile chauffeur and courier, is more familiar to Chicagoans as Richard Cain, a well-known former Chicago policeman and more recently a private investigator.

In Chicago, where racketeering was perfected, the connection between the Mob and the politicians remains extensive and arrogant. From an office across from City Hall, there are men ready to carry out Giancana's wishes and attend to the clockwork of the Fix.

It is a matter of particular pride to Giancana and his boys that they are firmly in control of both the Democratic and the Republican political organizations in Chicago's famous First Ward, which includes the Loop with its glittering commerce and the West Side campus of the University of Illinois as well as a warren of flophouses, honky-tonks, pool halls, pawnshops and slums. It also enfolds City Hall, the Cook County courthouse, police headquarters, the federal courthouse, the Chicago Stock Exchange, the Board of Trade, most of the major office buildings, the largest hotels and the terminals of major railroads. The Democratic organizations of two other West Side wards—the 28th and the 29th—are also nominally chattels of the Mob. But the real gangster operative power, for obvious reasons, is in the First.

The First Ward Republican apparatus is a joke. Giancana's men permit it to exist only so they can have a foot in both parties. The hoods have been known to round up a few thousand G.O.P. votes in certain elections just to avoid embarrassing Democratic winners with heavy pluralities from a gangster-dominated political organization. But aside from being something to scratch matches on, Republicans in the First Ward are handy in other ways. In Mexico City this year, for example, Giancana and Miss McGuire toiled around in a white Oldsmobile licensed to Peter Granata, the present Republican committeeman in the First Ward.

Although Cosa Nostra control over the three wards is as well-known to many Chicagoans as the Water Tower, Mayor Richard J. Daley, the longtime guru of Cook County's Democrats, stays aloof. As Chicago mayors have always done, Mayor Daley tends to bristle

at allegations of organized corruption in his city as being something less than patriotic. Leadership of ward organizations, he contends, is the exclusive concern of the people in the wards.

First Ward Democratic headquarters, just across La Salle Street from City Hall, is a handily located, permanently established center of political corruption. Here politicians, policemen, newsmen and other useful people troop into the office for favors given and received. (As in few other cities, certain journalists are part and parcel of the First Ward Fix. The First Ward Democratic organization, if it serves the gangsters' needs, can—and on occasion does—swing enough influence in city rooms to get a story killed or softened to the point where it is almost an apology.) The principal disbursing officer, and Giancana's main liaison with the First Ward-healers, is Pat Marcy, who served a prison term for robbery back before he became secretary of the First Ward Democratic organization.

Details of the First Ward's bribe trafficking were spelled out in a 1963 report on police corruption in Chicago by the U.S. Department of Justice. The report, naming names, disclosed specific payoffs that kept police from cracking down on centers of vice operated by the Giancana Mob. But Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson, a man with a reputation for incorruptibility, reacted in much the same manner as Mayor Daley, scoffing at the report as "gossip" and refusing to take any action against accused bribe-takers on the police force—including his administrative assistant, Sgt. Paul Quinn. (Wilson retired August 1. Quinn remains on the force as administrative assistant to Wilson's successor, James B. Conlisk Jr.)

Giancana rules the First Ward like a Tartar warlord. He can brush an alderman off the city council with a gesture of his hand—as he did in 1962, when he ordered the resignation of Alderman John D'Arco. (It was all brought to a head by a D'Arco *faux pas*. He and Giancana were seated at a restaurant table when an FBI agent, well-known to both men, approached. D'Arco, reacting as a politician, leaped to his feet and shook hands with the agent. Giancana disapproved. Exit Alderman D'Arco.) State Senator Anthony DeTolve, a relative of Giancana's late wife, was nominated to succeed D'Arco. Four days before the aldermanic election, the gang Boss capriciously decided that DeTolve would not do, either. In the ensuing confusion, the First Ward wound up without an alderman

The Fat

for a year. Not many constituents could discern any difference.

For seven years, U.S. Representative Roland Libonati was one of the tame congressmen from the First Ward. "Libby" got on the powerful House Judiciary Committee and became something of a Capitol Hill landmark. Tony Tisci, Giancana's son-in-law, was on the government payroll at \$11,829.84 a year as Libonati's assistant. In 1962, for reasons still undisclosed, Giancana decided that Libonati was a liability. The hapless congressman submitted without a protest and, for stated reasons of his wife's ill health, obediently did not run for re-election in 1964. Tisci stayed on as assistant to Libo-



SAM GIANCANA

Giancana, leader of the Chicago Mob Family, leaves courthouse after a 1965 grand jury appearance. He was convicted of contempt. D'Arco, a former Chicago

Man Who Died on a Meat Hook

nati's successor, Frank Annunzio.

The grand jury investigation that jailed Giancana eventually dislodged Tisci from Annunzio's payroll. The disclosure that Tisci had refused to talk to the jury, pleading fear of self-incrimination, was followed by his resignation as Annunzio's aide. Marcy and D'Arco were also Fifth Amendment witnesses. But there, as might be expected, the matter rested. U.S. Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, a Democratic appointee, did not extend immunity to Tisci, Marcy and D'Arco even though they, like Giancana, had balked at testifying. Immunity for them might have been embarrassing for Mayor Daley's Democratic machine. It

would have given the three the choice of exposing the workings of Giancana's captive organization or, like him, going to jail.

For some years, Giancana's political courier was the master fixer of the Chicago Mob, the late, notorious Murray Humphreys. Using the name "Mr. Pope," he frequently delivered messages and packages to Libonati and other members of the Illinois congressional delegation. Humphreys died in 1965, and some of his political duties now fall to Gus Alex, who runs the rackets for Giancana in the First Ward.

Giancana, perhaps spellbound by his acquaintances among celebrities and his control over paid-for political hacks, has been known to overstep his own influence. Once, during a time of tight surveillance by the FBI, he dispatched his aide-de-camp, a hoodlum named Charles English, with a message for the G-men who were waiting outside for him to leave a saloon. The message was an invitation to Robert F. Kennedy, then the Attorney General, to sit down and talk over calling the agents off. English made quite a sales pitch. "Elected officials all over the country, hundreds of 'em, owe their jobs to 'Moe,'" he explained proudly. His parting words were equally blithe: "Moe says that if Kennedy wants to talk, he should get in touch with Frank Sinatra to set it up."

Kennedy passed up the bid—and along about that time Sinatra fell out of New Frontier favor. The FBI continued its investigations, resulting in a 1965 jail sentence for Giancana.

Some of Giancana's lieutenants have their own connections with politicians, officials and important people. Gus Alex has an especially warm relationship with Chicago's city treasurer, Marshall Korshak, and his brother, Attorney Sidney Korshak. Sidney is a pal of other leading Chicago gangsters—"a message from him [Sidney]," a prominent mobster once was quoted on a witness stand, "is a message from us." On Alex's application in 1957 for an apartment on exclusive Lake Shore Drive, he described himself as a \$15,000-a-year employe of Marshall Korshak, then a state senator.

Among political favors rendered by paid-for officials to Cosa Nostra are the passing along of information that comes over their desks, and the sending up of storm signals whenever official action against the Mob is threatened.

In 1962, for example, Attorney General Kennedy sent his federal prosecutors a list of gangsters to be investigated, stipulating that the list be held in strict secrecy within the Department of Justice. In a matter of weeks a copy of the list turned up in a Michigan Avenue office used by Giancana and Alex.

Fans of Sinatra and Miss McGuire might reconsider their acceptance of Giancana as a social figure if they had heard a conversation which took place in Miami a few years ago among three Giancana employes. So, for that matter, might Sinatra and Miss McGuire. The subject was William Jackson, a grotesque slugger for the Outfit who weighed well over 350 pounds. Jackson somehow had gotten out of line and had to be dealt with. As faithfully related by an informant, James Torello and Fiore Buccieri were telling John (Jackie) Cerone with some glee how they'd gone about it.

"Jackson was hung up on that meat hook," said Torello. "He was so heavy he bent it. He was on that thing three days before he croaked."

Buccieri began to giggle. "Jackie, you shoulda seen the guy. Like an elephant, he was, and when Jimmy hit him in the — with that electric prod . . ."

Torello interrupted excitedly. "He was floppin' around on that hook, Jackie. We tossed water on him to give the prod a better charge, and he's screamin' . . ."

The conversation turned animatedly to other methods of dispensing Giancana's brand of justice—except for the revolting subject matter, they might have been men sitting around a bait shop discussing favorite fishing lures. "The stretcher is best," insisted Torello. "Put a guy on it with chains and you can stretch him until his joints pop. . . . Remember the guy that sweat so much he dried out? He was always wantin' water, water. . . . I think he died of thirst."

Once again, a reminder: these men are members of Giancana's Cosa Nostra Family. He was, and still is, the Boss who gives people like Buccieri and Torello the "contracts" for killing people like the late, heavy William Jackson.

The cardinal principle of the Fix is immutable—i.e., be with winners. Politically, this is conducive to bipartisanship. "Do like we do in Chicago," counseled

Sam Giancana when he was reviewing his secret investments in the Stardust Casino in Las Vegas in 1961. "Give to both parties."

Naturally, when the delicate matter of investments of this sort is at issue, the man whose know-how is most prized is Meyer Lansky. Though not a Cosa Nostra member (he is Jewish), he is the Mob's chief financial counselor. As such, he was the architect of "the skim," the system whereby tax-free cash is siphoned off the top of casino profits in Nevada.

Nevada has been "open" territory for Cosa Nostra racketeers ever since legalized gambling made Las Vegas synonymous with high rolling. The Mobs from Cleveland, Chicago, Miami and New York all had representatives looking after their hidden interests and therefore had something of a stake in Nevada politics.

Small wonder, then, that Giancana saw fit to give people advice. Nor is it at all remarkable that the Fremont Casino in Las Vegas found it necessary to obtain the personal approval of Lansky for its \$19,500 budget for political "contributions" in 1963: \$5,000 for a justice of the Nevada supreme court; \$200 to a justice of the peace; \$300 to a county commissioner; \$500 to a state assemblyman, and \$500 to a candidate for lieutenant governor. That was local. Another \$1,000 was anted up for a national political figure—and \$12,000 for his opponent.

The payoff, of course, was influence in Las Vegas, Carson City and Washington—not just for Ed Levinson, operator of the Fremont, but also for Lansky. (At the time, Levinson had another very useful connection in Washington. Both he and Benjamin Sigelbaum, the bagman who transported the "skim" money to Lansky in Miami Beach, were partners of Bobby Baker in the Serv-U vending machine enterprise. Baker, it will be recalled, was then the Senate majority secretary, as well as a chief dispenser of funds for the Senate Democratic campaign committee and confidant and protégé of the then Senate majority leader, Lyndon Johnson.)

The philosophy behind all this was perhaps most succinctly explained by Major Riddle, operator of the opulent Dunes Casino of Las Vegas. When the owners yelped about a \$20,000 contribution to a man very high in then-Governor Grant Sawyer's office, Riddle gave an explanation, which an informant



JOHN D'ARCO



MARSHALL KORSHAK



ROLAND LIBONATI

alderman, and Libonati, who was a congressman, were sacked by Giancana. Giancana aide Gus Alex once listed Korshak, the city treasurer, as his employer.

Boston Gang War

plained, this guy had the gall to demand *double* payoffs for each month of the summer season, when resorts like Asbury Park and Long Branch boom and so does gambling. The irony of it all, DeCarlo added bitterly, was that he, Russo and Zicarelli had only themselves to blame. They had personally picked their greedy policeman and arranged for a well-connected Hudson County politico to promote him to his high place on the force. DeCarlo promised to talk soon to the same politician about the state policeman's unseemly greed.

Whatever was said at that meeting, the result was negative, for the police officer continued to extort heavy payoffs from DeCarlo, Russo and Zicarelli until his retirement, two years later. Expensive though he was, he was worth too much to the Mob to warrant getting rid of him. He represented what is called in Cosa Nostra a "solid setup"—the ultimate protection, a direct hand-to-pocket Fix with a top law enforcement official in a policy-making position.

The power of the Fix in certain areas of New Jersey is just about total. In Long Branch, for example, a town of 26,000 on the Jersey shore, Russo told the informant that the Mob had taken charge. Russo bragged they had fixed elections and maneuvered the ouster of a city manager. "What we got in Long Branch is everything," said Russo. "Police we got. Councilmen we got, too. We're gonna make millions."

Russo said that another *capo*, Ruggiero Boiardo, no less, keeper of the crematorium near Livingston, was wanting to muscle into the Long Branch bonanza with some road-construction contracting. DeCarlo figured Boiardo was out of bounds on this—he and his son Anthony already had all they deserved with "all the electric work in Newark." (Anthony Boiardo lists his occupation as "public relations man" for an electrical contracting firm in Newark.)

Several federal agencies have confirmed and supplemented the information on the Russo-DeCarlo talk. One investigation stemming from it disclosed that DeCarlo, Zicarelli and Ruggiero

Boiardo had combined to maneuver the friend of another gangster into office as police superintendent of a large New Jersey city. The Mob-selected police chief used to work as a doorman at crap games run by gangster John Lardiere.

Actually "Bayonne Joe" Zicarelli's outwardly modest position as head of a bookie and lottery syndicate in Hudson County does him considerable injustice. True, in New Jersey, his interlocking ties with scores of Hudson County officials are so expensive that some gangsters consider him a "connection-crazy" wastrel. But Zicarelli has an international sideline so extensive that he's practically a one-man state department for the Mob. He has holdings in Venezuela and the Dominican Republic, and throughout the hemisphere is known as the man to see for guns and munitions when a government is to be overthrown or a rebellion is to be put down. For example, through the years he shipped arms to Dominican leaders, selling with fine and profitable impartiality to Trujillo and the men who overthrew him. (In next week's issue more will appear on Zicarelli's business interests.)

Even Zicarelli's domestic connections extend well beyond the confines of Hudson County, into the chambers of the U.S. Congress itself. Indeed, he is on the best of terms with the widely respected Democratic representative from Hudson County, Congressman Cornelius E. Gallagher. Gallagher is one of the bulwarks of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and was seriously mentioned before the 1964 Democratic convention as a possible running mate for Lyndon Johnson. Bayonne Joe and his congressman seem to have a lot to talk over, judging from the frequency of their get-togethers. These usually take place a long way from Washington or Bayonne—where Gallagher lives and Zicarelli runs the rackets. Sometimes the setting is a picturesque wayside inn off the Saw Mill River Parkway, north of New York, and the occasion is an unhurried and chummy Sunday brunch.

NEXT WEEK

How the Mob Moves in on Legitimate Business

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