

More Revelations From Judith Exner's Shocking Book . . . I Kept a Mafia Chief on the String While Continuing My Love Affair With John Kennedy

Here — only in The ENQUIRER — are the full, intimate details of the sensational life of Judy Campbell Exner . . . the lover of President John F. Kennedy, Frank Sinatra and Mafia chieftain Sam Giancana. Her affair with Kennedy was kept from the public until the recent Senate Select Intelligence Committee investigation linked Judy to JFK. The probe uncovered more startling information: Judy was seeing Giancana during her affair with Kennedy — and even telephoned the President from Giancana's house on several occasions. The Senate committee also revealed that Giancana, who controlled an international crime conglomerate headquartered in Chicago, was recruited by the CIA in 1960 to arrange for the assassination of Cuban premier Fidel Castro. (Just days before he was to testify before the committee about his CIA involvement, Giancana, 67, was shot to death on June 20, 1975.) FBI documents show that FBI director J. Edgar Hoover alerted Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and top presidential aide Kenneth O'Donnell about Judy's close personal relationship with Giancana. On March 22, 1962, Hoover took an FBI memo about this relationship to a luncheon with President Kennedy. Judy's affair soon ended with JFK — but not with Giancana. That affair ended in early 1963. After years of silence Judy decided to tell all to writer Ovid Demaris — and The ENQUIRER was there to outbid the world for the exclusive rights to her story. Here — and only here — in another exclusive ENQUIRER installment, Judy vividly describes the beginning of her affair with Giancana.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

By Judith Campbell Exner

Throughout my love affair with John F. Kennedy, I was seeing Sam Giancana, the world's most powerful archcriminal.

My relationship with Sam was one of gradual attraction. It was almost a year and a half before we became intimate. Being a normal male, Sam wanted to make love to me, but after I told him about my feelings for Jack, he didn't push it beyond the teasing stage for at least a year. Sam's patience so impressed me at the time that I actually felt guilty.

I told him, "I'm sorry, I just can't carry on two affairs. I love being with you, but if you want more than friendship, then I'm going to have to stop seeing you."

His response was, "It's okay, don't worry about it. Everything is fine the way it is."

And that's the way it was until the fall of 1961 when Sam's persistence finally wore down my resolve and I wound up having an affair with both Jack and Sam at the same time until the spring of 1962.

As I look back, it's possible that

Sam got exactly what he wanted from our relationship. Since he knew of my love affair with Jack, it is possible that I was used almost from the beginning. But I don't exactly know how it was done.

It never occurred to me that Sam's interest in me was simply because of my association with Jack Kennedy. Of course, there were people who wanted to be my friend because of my relationship with Jack — backslappers who wanted "little favors" — but Sam never asked me for anything, and so I never connected Sam with any of that.

Whatever may have been Sam's motivation in the beginning, I do know that he later fell deeply in love with me.

Frank Sinatra introduced me to Sam in Miami Beach in March 1960,

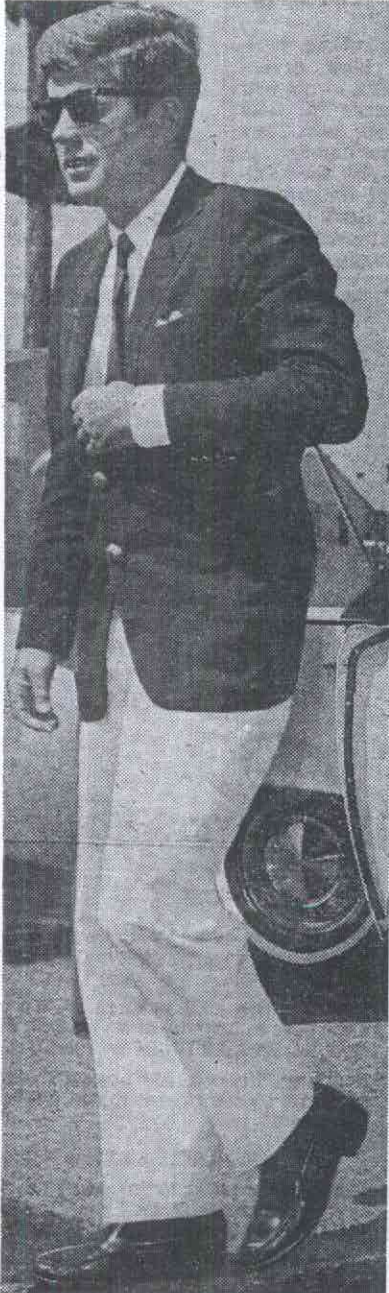
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about a month after I first met Jack. I had no idea who Sam was. He called himself Sam Flood. It was months later before I found out his real identity.

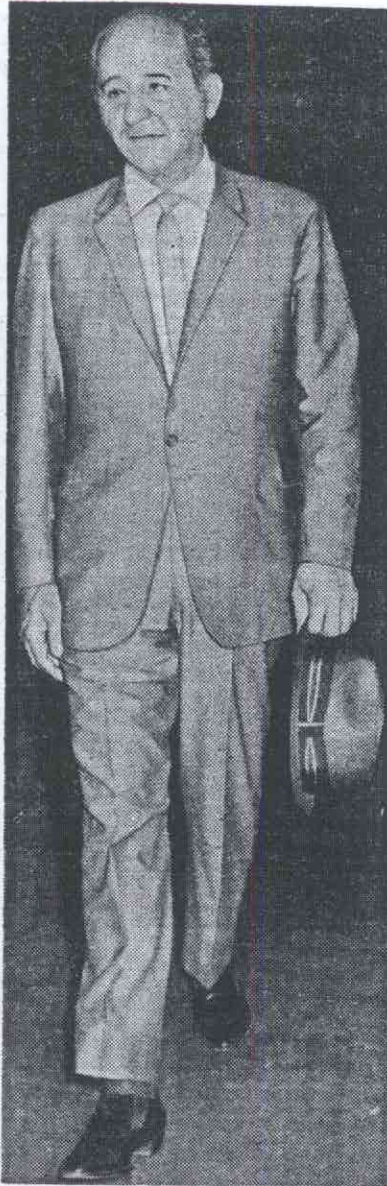
I had dinner with Sam at the Eden Roc and the conversation was pleasant and surprisingly easy. I talked about my family and he told me that he was a widower.

I enjoyed his company. He was a calm, low-key person — so much more mature than the younger people I knew. It was partly what impressed me about Jack. Sam and Jack had a different way of handling themselves.

From the way people behaved around him, Sam was obviously a man of "position." I was used to seeing the help jump whenever Frank walked into a restaurant, but with Sam they were falling all over each other trying to please him. And he,



PRESIDENT KENNEDY: "Two days after I made love with Jack . . . Sam Giancana took me for a drive to his favorite place."



SAM GIANCANA: "It never occurred to me that Sam's interest in me was simply because of my association with Jack Kennedy . . . I do know that Sam later fell deeply in love with me."



JUDITH EXNER: "I told Sam Giancana, 'I'm sorry, I just can't carry on two affairs.'"

on the other hand, was acting like royalty, completely ignoring their existence, which seemed to spur them to even greater effort. The more I watched the various performances, the more intrigued I became with Sam.

A few days after my first dinner with Sam I flew to New York and didn't think much more about him — until he started calling two and three times a day inviting me to Chicago.

Not only was he bombarding me with telephone calls, but every single day he sent me five dozen yellow roses, always in a green vase.

On April 4, Sam called four times. "Why don't you fly to Chicago?" he asked. "Give me a chance to show you a good time in my hometown. I promise you that everything is going to be on the up and up. You'll be as safe here as in your mother's arms."

"Maybe I'll take you up on it," I said. "Let me think about it."

His persistence was beginning to

win me over. It's not easy to put someone off two and three times a day, especially when you're sitting in a room full of his flowers. By the end of the week, he had pretty well broken through my defenses.

On April 8 — two days after I made love with Jack at his home in Georgetown — I arrived in Chicago.

When Sam picked me up that afternoon at my hotel, the Ambassador East, he said, "Come on, I'm going to drive you out to a place. I have to see some people. Then I'll show you around."

The place turned out to be the Armory Lounge in Forest Park. There was a jukebox and the bar was the length of one side of the room. It was Sam's favorite place and I went there often.

There was a pay phone on the wall near the kitchen entrance that Sam would keep pretty busy. There was a dining room and behind it was a backroom with a table and chairs where Sam would often have a "meet" with important people. However, he often would conduct a lot of business at our booth in the bar right in front of me — just as he did on that first day. But it was in Sicilian.

In the middle of one of those rapid-fire discussions, he turned to me and said, "Bet you can't understand that?"

I replied, "You don't know. One of these days I'm going to understand every word you're saying."

"Honey," he said, "there is no way on earth that will ever happen. We're Sicilians and we talk our own dialect. We know how to do it."

"I'll go to Berlitz," I retorted.

He just about fell over laughing. "You can go anywhere you want, but nobody will ever teach you our dialect. When I don't want you to understand, believe me, you won't understand."

For dinner that evening, we went to Whitehall, which in those days was a private club. Sam liked their steak Diane — they cooked it at your table and the aroma was sheer ambrosia. The owner, the maitre d', the wine steward, the waiter, everybody was just showering him with slavish attention. Their performance was so groveling that it was distasteful. Every other word was punctuated with "sir" and bows — I had the feeling that mentally they were walking

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on their knees. That happened often when I was with Sam.

There was the night we had dinner at the Singapore in Chicago and the bowing and scraping reached new heights. At least four people greeted him when we entered: "Would you prefer your usual table, sir?"

Sam barely nodded his head and the maitre d' called out, "Clear that table over there." Waiters and bus-boys were falling all over themselves. Sam didn't say a word. The more they kowtowed the more aloof he became.

They seemed terrified of him. I felt like I was watching the Three Stooges in a haunted house. I knew something disastrous was going to happen, somebody was going to stumble and spill something, and Sam was going to be furious. Then all hell would break loose. It had never happened in my presence but there had to be a reason for this performance.

Later in the car, I said, "You must be some kind of bully. That was a comic opera in there. They were falling all over themselves."

"What a thing to say," he said. "I was so good, so humble, so quiet. I never said a word to anybody. You had my undivided attention."

It was true. I started to laugh and then he was laughing. We had the greatest time reenacting that comic opera.

I didn't know it then, but he was the Padrone, the Godfather — and how well they knew it. One word from Sam and that restaurant would be closed. The unions would strike, the city would revoke its various licenses, its trash wouldn't be collected, a bomb might go off, fire might break out — in other words, instant and complete disaster.

He held a position of highest "honor" in his world and his cool demeanor was no less than expected. This did not only apply to the help, but to anybody who made contact with Sam. For example, nobody ever approached Sam's table unless he wished them to approach. There wasn't any buddy-buddy-back-slapping-good-time-Charlie stuff around Sam.

On occasion, Sam would embrace other Italian men of respect, but there was a distinct protocol that was rigorously followed at all times.

Sam was a martini drinker and he drank his fair share. Later, in our relationship, I began to notice that when Sam got a little in his cups, he became more abrupt with people — not with me — and this caused great consternation for whomever was at the receiving end. I could well imagine the poor fellow spending hours agonizing over it, no doubt wondering where he had gone wrong in the past and what dire fate awaited him in the future.

I got the biggest kick out of Sam.

He became a very special part of my life. Despite our 25-year age difference — I was 26 and he was 51 when we first met — we always had a good time together. I saw him often in Chicago and Florida.

He demanded nothing from me, or of me, and he wanted to give me the world. That was supremely flattering. No woman, I don't care who she is, can help but be impressed by this quality of attention from a man of wealth and power.

He had an obsession for giving me presents. For example, once we went shopping at an exclusive jeweler's in Palm Beach, Fla., and I ended up buying a pearl necklace. Naturally, Sam wanted to pay for it, but I declined so firmly that he threw his

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KENNEDY: "Of course there were people who wanted to be my friend because of my relationship with Jack," admits Judith Exner.

arms up in disgust. It cost me \$3,000.

As we drove away in his car, Sam handed me a small package and said, "Don't give me any trouble." It was a turquoise and diamond earring and ring set. I thanked him and he said, "You were standing right there and you didn't even see me buy this." It always delighted him to put something over on me.

He had another surprise for me when I was recovering from an appendix operation in May of 1960. Sam sent a trusted aide to see me at my home in Beverly Hills.

He had a white envelope in his hand. "Sam told me to give you this and he doesn't want any guff," he said, trying to hand me the envelope. "Don't get upset, you'll be happy when you look inside."

I opened it and saw a stack of

hundred-dollar bills. "I don't want it," I said, trying to thrust it back into his hand. "You better take it back to Sam."

He looked like I had slapped him across the face. This was an important assignment for him, having to come out to see Sam's girl, making sure that Sam's wishes were fulfilled. "He's sure going to be sore if you don't take this money."

"It's not your fault. You've done your job."

"No, you're gonna get me in trouble because Sam told me, 'Don't you come back unless she's taken this money.' Sam said, 'I'm worried about her. I don't see how she keeps herself going.'"

"That sounds like a rehearsed



EDEN ROC in Miami Beach, where "I had dinner with Sam Giancana and he told me that he was a widower."

speech. Go back and tell Sam that I said he gave you a rehearsed speech and that you did very well but I'm not buying it."

He looked like he was going to cry. It was a strange scene. There he was beside the bed, the big gorilla on the verge of tears. He could have throttled a man with one hand — and probably had for all I knew. Now he was failing in his mission. "All right," I said, taking a couple of bills from the envelope, "this will get you back in his good graces. Go back and tell Sam I took what I needed."

He must have called Sam the moment he left the house because Sam was on the phone within an hour. "You are unbelievable," he yelled. "A guy tries to do something nice for a gal and look what she does. She throws it back in his face."

His need to give me money and presents was becoming very frustrating to both of us.

For all his wealth, Sam had a very

modest home at 1147 S. Wenonan Ave. in Oak Park, Ill. It was a red-bricked house with a basement that had been converted into a family room and kitchen area.

It surprised me because it was such an ordinary place, with typical heavy Italian furniture. Years later I used to get hysterical whenever I read about Sam's "Oak Park mansion."

What was not ordinary, however, was Sam's collection of jewelry. He knew more about jewelry than anyone I've ever known. He showed me through the whole house, including his bedroom suite on the second floor, which did not run the full length of the house — it was more like a large attic. He had a bedroom, sitting room, bathroom and large walk-in closet to



GIANCANA'S HOME in Oak Park, Ill. "I used to get hysterical whenever I read about Sam's 'mansion' . . . It was very modest."



GIANCANA: "I enjoyed his company. He was a calm, low-key person . . . He acted like royalty."

accommodate his extensive wardrobe.

I had been seeing Sam for six months and I still hadn't known his true identity. He gave me a clue to his name when I visited him in Chicago in September.

We had a busy five days. We shopped on Michigan Avenue. We lunched and dined and spent the late hours in smoky piano bars. Sam's favorite song was "You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You," and wherever we went he would always request that song. One big blonde with a gutsy voice in a Little Italy bar sang it from the time we walked in until we left.

Sam was feeling pretty happy by now, and the first thing I knew he was singing right along with her.

Then he began to play with the words, wanting to make sure that I got the message: "I'm nobody 'til somebody like you loves me — all the way," and "You're nobody 'til somebody like me loves you — all the

way." He twisted it every which way. As if that wasn't enough, he leaned over and whispered: "When are you going to make me somebody?"

I shrugged and smiled at him over the rim of my champagne glass — the strangest little places would come up with Dom Perignon when Sam ordered it.

It was that evening that he showed me his money clip with the initials SMG and said, "I'll bet you don't know what that means?" When I shook my head, he laughed and put it back in his pocket.

He wasn't about to tell me his real name. That privilege would be left to the FBI two months later — just days before Jack was elected President.

I was living in my apartment in Los Angeles when two government agents knocked on my door.

One was named Dodge and the other was Vern Lynch. I didn't learn until some time later that Lynch was with the Internal Revenue Service.

It was obvious from the beginning that Dodge was in command. Lynch hardly spoke. He just sat there looking very menacing as Dodge conducted the interrogation. "Do you know Sam Giancana?" When I replied no, he looked at me like I had lost my mind. "Do you know Sam Flood?" I nodded and he said, "Well, they're one and the same. That's Sam Giancana. Do you know what he does for a living?"

I shook my head and he said, "What do you do for a living?"

Again before I could answer, he said, "Has Giancana ever given you any money? Does he pay your rent?"

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Does he flash big money around? Do you know Tony Accardo?" and he reeled off a long list of names.

I felt threatened. "Just a moment," I said. "What is your interest in Sam Flood?"

"Giancana," he said. "Salvatore Momo Giancana, better known as Mooney, and he's not the kind of man a nice girl should be running around with."

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me something, how do you support yourself? Are you an heiress?"

"I don't know what you mean by an heiress, but I have inherited money from my grandmother."

"Then you are an heiress."

"Whether I am or not, I don't see how it concerns you."

What is it that you want to know? I don't understand any of this."

Dodge said it was in re-



JUDITH EXNER: "I had seen my share of gangster movies, and the people who bowed and scraped before Sam were not doing it for ordinary reasons."

gard to an organized crime investigation, and he made it sound like I might be involved in it.

I didn't have anything to hide but I realized they were trying to implicate me with their questions.

From then on I kept my answers to a simple "no."

When they realized they weren't going to get anywhere they finally left. Dodge's parting words were, "Think about what we told you, we'll talk to you again."

I locked the door and leaned against it. My knees were so weak I thought I would collapse before I could reach the sofa. I was shaking like a leaf. I sat as rigidly as I could, fighting to maintain control of myself. I was terribly frightened.

At that moment, those two men appeared as a far greater threat to me than whatever it was Sam represented.

I had gradually come to accept Sam's way of life. I was not worldly, but neither was I stupid. I had seen my share of gangster movies, and the people who bowed and scraped before Sam were not doing it for ordinary reasons.

I called Sam and blurted out: "The FBI was here asking all kinds of questions about you."

His immediate concern was whether I was all right. Other than being boiling mad, I told him I was fine and then pro-

ceeded to reconstruct the encounter.

Sam was very calm. He said it was typical harassment and nothing for me to worry about. They were on a fishing expedition and the safest way to handle that was to clam up,

to completely ignore them, to act like they weren't even there. That was precisely what I did from that day forward.

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THE WINNER: Jackie looks proud of JFK who has just been elected President — only days after his lover, Judith Exner, was interrogated by the FBI about her connections with organized crime.