

Hoover Helps Mitchell Fight the Mafia

By Jack Anderson

Inside the Justice Department's Organized Crime Section, top officials are talking excitedly of breaking the back of the Mafia in the 70s.

The weapons will horrify civil libertarians: widespread use of bugs and wiretaps, singling out top hoods for prosecution and harassment, release of raw, unverified information on crime lords.

But Attorney General John Mitchell has subtly let his crime fighters know that he won't object if they need to use a little fire to fight fire.

Also, J. Edgar Hoover, whose obsession with Communists blinded his old eyes for years to the Mafia dangers, has at last ordered his agents to cooperate with Justice Department task forces in a city-by-city crime fight.

The late Bobby Kennedy was the first to mobilize all federal law agencies against pre-picked hoodlums on selected turf. But as attorney general, Kennedy couldn't get Hoover's cooperation. Kennedy's top organized crime fighters once complained to this column that Hoover stalled them every time they requested a Mafia man's criminal records.

So in those bitter days, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, with less than 300 agents, was locking up more top hoods

than the FBI with its thousands of men.

Anti-Mafia Laws

Now, Hoover and his new boss, John Mitchell, see things more alike. In fact, Mitchell's aides have agreed to help Hoover get some powerful new laws to push the Mafia up against the wall.

One bill would make it illegal to travel interstate to shakedown a gambling debt. Thus if a big spender piled up a Las Vegas deficit, the Mafia enforcer who crosses a state line to collect the debt would be subject to federal prosecution. Even a mailed inquiry about the debt could mean federal prosecution. This would tend to dry up "credit gambling."

The new gambling laws would bar "point spread" cards from interstate traffic and block information on gambling games from transmission by telephone or wire.

Hoover loves to wager a few dollars on the ponies himself and is careful when he releases FBI statistics on gambling not to include the parimutuels. But he is acutely aware that illegal gambling is the lifeblood of the Mafia.

The 70s will see vastly stepped-up use of court-approved electronic snooping. If the tapes are too gossipy and vague for use in prosecution, the FBI and Justice will leak them to the press or insert them in court records to make

them public. This identifies and shames the Mafia men who often live in fine neighborhoods and pose as ordinary businessmen.

Talk or Jail

Justice and the FBI will also use the growing crop of "immunity" laws to blackjack thugs into talking. Under these laws, a judge grants immunity from prosecution to a Mafia man who talks. If he still refuses to answer questions, he goes to jail for contempt of court.

Hoover has thrown an extra 400 agents into the fight against organized crime. Already the drive is paying off. Although in his preliminary report on FBI action in 1969, Hoover buried the organized crime story back behind the SDS, the Communists and other extremists, the FBI's progress against organized crime deserves better notice.

New England Cosa Nostra boss Raymond Patriarca was indicted for a gangland murder. His top aide, Gennaro Angiulo, was indicted in connection with a \$48,000 robbery. New York's Joe "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, a famed Mafia chief, was arrested by the FBI for conspiring to tamper with court records. New Jersey's Samuel Rizzo DeCavalcante was arrested for violating federal gambling laws. Chicago boss Sam Giancana was harassed out of the country after

a year in federal custody for contempt.

In the 70s, therefore, every crime lord in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Detroit, Miami, Chicago and other cities is expecting the firm knock of the FBI on the front door of his \$250,000 home.

Mormon Prophet

Three million Mormons looked upon David O. McKay, who died this week in his 96th year, as a prophet in the same sense as Moses or Abraham.

The high and mighty came to his book-lined office where he used to sit behind the old roll-top desk that once belonged to Brigham Young. But he was even more accessible to the meek and humble.

Once, during a tour of England on a busy schedule, he overheard his son Llewelyn turn away a small girl in a blue dress who wanted the prophet's autograph. McKay beckoned his son aside.

"Never hurt a child," he said gently. "Don't underestimate their feelings."

Then he turned to sign the autograph, but the disappointed girl had vanished.

Next day, driving to another town, McKay still had the child uppermost in his mind. He asked the head of the Mormon church in Britain to find her and send her autograph book to him. He was not at ease until this had been accomplished several days later.

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