

# The Godfather Of Our Country



**Arthur Hoppe**

**P**RESIDENT KENNEDY'S staff was invariably described as "The Irish Mafia." President Johnson had "The Texas Mafia." And those close to President Nixon are known, of course, as "The German Mafia."

But what about equal employment opportunities for Sicilian-Americans? In this age of daily crises, isn't the nation entitled to the genuine article? After all, Sicilian-Americans have proved their worth in many a dramatic scene.

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**S**CENE: An Oval Office. The Godfather sits behind his desk, grim-jawed and steely-eyed. Standing nervously in front of him are his two top lieutenants (aides) — Roberto (Smiles) Haldemanni and Johnnie (Ten Fingers) Erlicmetti. Seated quietly in a chair, briefcase on his lap, is the familia's (family's) consiglieri (mouthpiece), Giovanni (John the Chatterbox) Dino.

**Godfather:** Let me make one thing perfectly clara (clear). Someone in the familia is a stoolia pigeoni (rat fink). Who is this man?

**Haldemanni:** A small-time torpedeoni (hit man), Godfather. His name is Maccordi.

**Erlicmetti:** He was hired, Godfather, to put the buggia (kiss of death) on Larry Obrioni, head of the Democratzia (opposition) familia.

**Godfather** angrily): What fool hired such a man as this? (Each of his three men immediately claps both hands over his mouth. The Godfather nods approvingly.) Good. I see none of you has forgotten

the Coda di Silencia (executive privilege).

**All Three:** Never, Godfather!

**Godfather:** The one question we must consider is can they trace this man to us?

**Haldemanni:** I don't think so, Godfather. The others they nabbed have kept their mouths shut. In return, we are supporting their families under the Coda di Charita (payoff schedule).

**Erlicmetti:** We found out they were going to put the heat on your caporetto (assistant secretary), Dwight Chapino. I took care of him myself. I placed the Kissa di Murete (bug) on each of his cheeks and dispatched him myself (shudder) to Chicago.

**Godfather:** Poor man. What of my atornia generale (war lord) Mitchelli?

**Haldemanni:** He has gone underground on the New York subway. He'll never talk, Godfather. His wife will see he never gets the chance.

**Erlicmetti:** One thing you should know, Godfather. They've got a contract out on Dino, here. They plan to put the grab on him and make him squeal.

**Dino** (blanching): Don't worry, Godfather. I'll never talk! No matter what they do to me, I'll observe our ancient and honored Privleggia di Executiva (Code of Silence).

**Godfather** (nodding approvingly): It is good. The government can never lay a fingeri (glove) on us.

**Haldemanni:** Are you sure, Godfather? The President is very powerful and . . .

**Godfather** (smiling contemptuously): He may be very powerful, my son. But — Mama Mia! (Leaping Lizards!) — he'll never learn to run a loyal, secretive, code-bound organization like ours.