here tell the truth, it is not true of the African government, but Britain has let it be known in New York that in the event of a unilateral declaration it could support and even contribute men to a UN force in Rhodesia. As for the Africans, their leaders have made it clear that if Smith carries through his threats they intend to establish a government-in-exile and wage a vigorous guerrilla war inside the country. The aim will be to draw the allegiance of the 4 million Africans away from the settler government. Although it is now late, decisive action by Great Britain—which is primarily responsible for the present crisis—and the international community could prevent a Congo-type chaos or a bitter, drawn-out racial conflict.

Crime Is Too Big for the FBI

Shortly after the conclave of Cosa Nostra czars at Apalachin, N.Y., on November 14, 1957, special agents of the FBI could have been seen moving stealthily up and down the ranks of automobiles in the parking lot of a large West Coast air terminal. Every so often a G-man jotted down a license number, and it looked as if they were on the spoor of big game. In the spring of the following year FBI chief, J. Edgar Hoover, rejected a request from the attorney general's Special Group on Organized Crime that a number of agents be assigned to help nab the crime bosses who had found federal sleuths napping at Apalachin. Hoover snubbed the Special Group, claiming that it had no "specific target" and would use his minions on "fishing expeditions." Obviously, he huffed, "we have neither the manpower nor the time to waste on such speculative ventures."

What was the crucial airport mission that occupied the G-men? I was there, an FBI agent on duty. It was part of a nation-wide drive, but not, I'm ashamed to say, a drive aimed at organized crime: it was the very model of a fishing expedition. The superbly trained agents were noting out-of-state license numbers on the random chance of finding a "hot" car that had been transported interstate. If they spotted one, they would be able to log a double statistic: one car recovered, one recovery value. A lot of time and manpower could thus be spent on finding just one stolen car that local police patrols would eventually stumble upon anyhow; but the airport patrol was part of the FBI's relentless campaign, year in and year out, for more and more impressive statistics. When results from all fifty-five offices are tabulated at the end of each year, Hoover can boast of "new peaks of achievement." An example: in 1961 the FBI recovered "17,430 stolen automobiles valued at more than $26.5 million," an "all-time high."

During my ten and a half years with the FBI, I learned to value the camaraderie and sense of public service that went with the job. But as time passed I became acutely aware that the bureau was hollow at the center. It buried its head in the sand where organized crime was concerned, alternatively pretending that it didn't exist or was none of the FBI's business. And it covered up this blindness with a gaudy show of statistics. The consequent sad paradox has been that over a period of forty years the FBI and organized crime have flourished together.

As a young, bustling director, J. Edgar Hoover got the FBI off to a flying start. He devised innovations that remain a tribute to his vision: the FBI laboratory, the identification division that houses the nation's fingerprints, and the National Academy that teaches the rudiments of investigation to law officers from all over the country. Though handicapped by lack of field experience, he showed a remarkably deft touch in guiding the affairs of his fledgling bureau. The Man, as his subordinates referred to him, whipped what had been a lackadaisical, ill-regarded outfit into fighting trim.

It wasn't long before the new-looking G-men were put to the test. Eliot Ness and his Treasury Department T-men had pulled the rug out from under Al Capone and his henchmen. Prohibition had been repealed, and the face of crime was changing. As Hoover described it: "Crime had been speeded up; crime had taken to the four-lane highway, and to the roar of the aeroplane... Roving bands of plunderers moved swiftly from city to city and state to state, their machine guns clattering death, their affiliations extending from one end of the country to the other."

Crime's pace and scope found local cops tripping over state borders, but the ill wind blew some good—in the FBI's direction. Congress beefed up existing federal laws and wrote new ones, to give the bureau jurisdiction in kidnaping, bank robbery, car theft and other newly beleaguered fields.

G-men donned their snap-brim hats and entered the fray. Rashly, they decided to meet gunfire with gunfire; skirmishes erupted all over the country, creating considerable hazard to innocent bystanders. In the ill-fated raid on the Little Bohemia resort, from which Dillinger and his cronies fled by the rear entrance, two taxpayers were winged by federal guns, and one of them died. And in the confusion of the manhunt the bureau was sometimes outwitted, as when Alvin "Kreepy" Karpis—Public Rat Number One, Hoover called him—evaded an elaborate trap at an Atlantic City hotel by scurrying down a fire escape in his BVDs.

When the gun smoke settled, however, these mishaps had barely dimmed the FBI shield. The press soft-pedaled them, concentrating instead on the impending triumph of good over evil. With an entire nation watching, flinty-jawed G-men systematically mowed down the Public Enemies one by one. The plot fairly cried for a hero, and as the last lone wolf outlaw's obituary was written, Hoover was cutting quite a public figure. The new celebrity hobnobbed with the famous, dispensed himself at the Stork Club and signed autographs with Shirley

William W. Turner, a special agent of the FBI from 1951 to 1961, is currently a staff writer for Ramparts. His forthcoming book, In Light and Shadow, will deal with the effects of modern investigative techniques on contemporary society.
Temple. He had become a latterday St. George—and there would always be a dragon.

But for Hoover the Dragon was never organized crime. As the years rolled by the criminal syndicate grew fatter and fatter, finally eclipsing General Motors as the nation's richest "corporation." (Said racket-smasher Thomas Dewey: "You may definitely assume that crime, too, is incorporated.") Hoover paid little heed, and after a time skeptics began to ask why. In an open letter to Hoover on October 2, 1961, columnist John Crosby spoke out:

Crime in this country has made its most substantial gains in the 36 years you have been head of the FBI. Under your benevolent eye, the crime syndicates are now rolling in wealth and respectability. Gambling, narcotics and industrial rackets are now the biggest businesses in this country, and hoodlum money is now infiltrating all sorts of respectable businesses.

Hoover, accustomed to being handled with kid gloves by the press, angrily labeled the Crosby viewpoint "appalling" and "degrading." As for the issue, he tersely stated that the FBI didn't have "blanket jurisdiction in each and every facet of crime, including narcotics and all phases of organized crime.

Hoover was right, as far as he went. But the bureau has pet crimes—bank robbery, kidnaping, car theft and the like—in which it has chosen to specialize. For the most part, they are amateurish capers that can be wrapped up without much fuss. What is more, local cops, having done most of the work, are often only too glad to turn the costly arrest and prosecution phase over to Uncle Sam.

In the 1930s, bank robbery was the stock in trade of Dillinger types. Now it's a greenhorn's sport. In San Francisco, an 18-year-old bride held up a bank and seven hours later was honeymooning on the beach at Waikiki. In Los Angeles, a grandmother stuck up several banks by brandishing a vial she said contained nitroglycerine. In a San Francisco Mack Sennett comedy, three beer-blurred bums were collared trying to make a getaway in a dilapidated car with the windshield missing.

FBI spokesman Curtis O. Lynum has confirmed this sad metamorphosis, stating: "The robber today is not necessarily a hoodlum." Kidnapers never were. Abduction for ransom is a foolish game. Smart hoodlums won't touch it, and a line-up of famous shanghaiers would look like a hobos' convention.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann was an illiterate carpenter who didn't even know that gold certificates had been recalled. Carl Hall and his paramour, Bonnie Heady, kidnap-slayers of little Bobby Greenlease in Kansas City, were in a continual alcoholic stupor. Angelo LaMarca, killer of infant Peter Weinberger on Long Island, was a penniless lone wolf. So is the still-sought chief suspect in the unsolved 1936 Charles Mattson kidnap-murder.

Little can be said for the criminal cunning of the Frank Sinatra, Jr., kidnapers, one of whom got cold feet and turned in the others. Only "Kreepy" Karpis and "Machinegun" Kelly, whose single flings at the sport ended in disaster, had an iota of criminal stature, and they were working thirty years ago. As for car thieves, they tend to be juvenile joy riders rather than hardened thugs. Once in a while the G-men run up against a tough customer, but for the most part the FBI has made a career out of nabbing the criminal lesser lights. And the problem is not one of jurisdiction. In bank robberies, the bureau takes its authority from a wisp of a technicality: federal money partially insures deposits. The federalists plunge into kidnapings on the "rebuttable presumption" that the victim has been taken from one state to another (this rarely turns out to be the case and the matter winds up in a local court). And a youngster with a poor knowledge of geography may drive a stolen car 1 mile and be doggedly pursued by G-men, whereas if he had driven 400 miles in the opposite direction, it would be strictly a local affair.

When the FBI has wanted to get into the act, it has found one excuse or another for doing so. But when the crime doesn't appeal, the bureau suddenly turns legalistic. Civil rights investigations are a good example. As the laws are now written, violence in Mississippi can't lack federal jurisdiction. Yet the same G-men who have been known to stake out a bank for weeks on a tip it might be robbed, haven't to date caught anyone in the act of incinerating a Southern church used as a civil rights meeting place. Why? The FBI stays "within the bounds of its authorized jurisdiction," says Hoover. "We can't wire everybody who goes down South."

How big a stick could the FBI wield over organized crime? As Hoover stated, the G-men don't have blanket jurisdiction. The dope traffic, a syndicate mainstay, falls under the eye of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, a modest Treasury Department force of 450 (compared to the FBI's nearly 16,000).

Led by Dr. Harry Anslinger, whose longevity in office almost matched Hoover's, the T-men have won some major skirmishes during their war on organized crime. One such was the capture of Vito Genovese, reputed evil genius behind the entire Cosa Nostra complex. Cosa Nostra czars came to look upon their do-or-die antagonists with a mixture of hate and respect: referring to "that bastard Anslinger," they decided at Apalachin to phase out narcotics in favor of rackets drawing less "heat."

Nevertheless, the inert FBI has had a legal arsenal bulging with
firepower: interstate transportation of gambling devices, lottery tickets and wagering data, stolen property, white slave traffic, labor racketeering, extortion, hijacking, bribery, fraud by wire, unlawful flight, obstruction of justice, misprision of felony, federal firearms act, and a fistful of others. The hoods obviously had to cross the G-men's sights somewhere along the line. For instance, there's hardly a syndicate "gun" who doesn't have a 2-page rap sheet, and for him just to step across a state border with gun in armpit holster is a federal crime. But the FBI didn't move.

Why not? For one thing, ever since the Dillinger days the FBI has been living the life of a federal fat cat and it didn't want to risk its reputation against the tough organized-crime foe. More than that, I doubt that Hoover has ever really understood the enemy. The hard core of organized crime is the Mafia, now called Cosa Nostra, a terrorist secret society transplanted from Sicily that adopted the trappings of modern America. No outsider can penetrate its inner sanctums. It is so powerful and tightly knit that it could exert a virtual monopoly on illicit enterprises any time it wanted. But to prevent fratricidal gang warfare, it prefers to enter into lucrative alliances with nonmember factions represented by the likes of Meyer Lansky, the late Bugsy Siegel, Joseph "Doc" Stracher and "Dandy Phil" Kastel.

There are two faces to organized crime; Detroit Police Commissioner George C. Edwards described them: On the legal side, it is involved in selling everything from horse races to fruit juice, on the illegal, everything from dope to football bets. The Mafia men are characterized by the smile, the glad hand, the tweed and the ticket to the charity ball. But the basic Mafia tools are still money, murder and corruption.

Organized crime has been called the Invisible Government because of its influence in political quarters. The 1951 Senate rackets committee claimed that mobster Frank Costello, by giving the word to the right people, could name the leader of Tammany Hall. (A not too far-fetched allegation when it is realized that a chunk of valuable Manhattan real estate is owned by mob fronts.) When "grease" won't work, organized crime gets its way by muscle. For example, when a nightclub owner balks at buying the "right" brands of liquor and supplies, syndicate "torches" burn his place down. And syndicate "guns" enforce internal codes against double-dealing and stepping out of line. In Chicago alone, almost 200 gang-style slayings remain unsolved.

Organized crime is slick, subtle, and difficult to pin down. In 1951, Sen. Estes Kefauver's rackets committee grilled top hoods from coast to coast. Arrogant and cocksure, they regarded the committee with the faint annoyance of a man flicking a fly off his arm. But Kefauver could read between the lines, and had plenty of fill-in testimony from local authorities. As the hearings ended he remarked: "A nation-wide crime syndicate does exist in the United States despite protestations . . . that there is no such combine."

Hoover has sermonized about "vermin in human form swayed forth from prison cells," "scum from the boiling pot of the underworld," and "a criminal horde larger than any of the barbarian hosts that overran Europe and Asia in ancient times." But this colorful rhetoric obviously doesn't refer to Tony Accardo, owner of a twenty-two-room mansion with two bowling alleys, a pipe organ and a black onyx bathtub. Or to Sam Giancana, the dapper spender who frequented Frank Sinatra's plush Nevada resort and squired Phyllis McGuire, of the singing McGuire sisters, around the swankiest spots in the United States and Europe. Or even to Mickey Cohen in his $275 lounging pajamas. The aging G-man was talking about a conglomeration of panderers, rapists, muggers, stick-up men and heisters that were essentially a problem for the local police.

This myopia rankled the FBI agents. It has always puzzled them that field officials who were brilliant at devising schemes for amassing quick statistics went limp when somebody mentioned organized crime. But none of us really blamed them—middle echelon G-men have been exiled to bureau Siberias for falling a conviction or two short in the annual tally.

When the FBI brass admitted the existence of the Mafia at all, they saw it in terms of rustics who hadn't gotten the dung off their shoes. A trustworthy Italian informant (this was more than a decade ago) told me that a certain restaurant owner was the Mafia chief for the area. "What Mafia?" laughed the criminal supervisor, "put it in GIIF." (The General Investigative Intelligence File was a no-action catchall.) This was the attitude that filtered down from above.

Even after Apalachin, the view changed very little. Time reporter Sherrell Hillman, assigned to find out if the Mafia was fact or fancy, ended up as perplexed as when he started. The Narcotics Bureau assured him that it was indeed very real; the FBI didn't believe "that a Mafia exists as such."

Nevertheless, Apalachin was a bombshell. The public didn't have to be steeped in criminal lore to realize that Vito Genovese, "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, Joe Profaci (last of the old guard that had attended a 1929 Mafia grand council meeting in Cleveland) and at least sixty others hadn't gathered from all over the country just to grill steaks together. And it began to wonder why it took a lone New York state trooper to find out what was going on.

The FBI was more than slightly embarrassed. Publicly, it maintained characteristic silence. Secretly, however, it undertook what was called the Top Hoodlum Program, a belated effort to bring syndicate bigwigs to justice.

Two years later, in 1959, I was assigned as an inspector's aide to
review the program's results in Los Angeles. I found that agents had installed wire taps and electronic "bugs" on hoodlums and foraged through their refuse for clues. They had also employed the conventional tactics of surveillance, interrogation and plain footwork. A tall stack of intelligence had been culled from the files of the Los Angeles police, who had started their own top hoodlum program seven years previously following the Kefauver hearings. Generally, the agents had done a good job in the short time, but it was apparent that the syndicate couldn't be toppled overnight. Moreover, the FBI's interest, never genuine, was beginning to flag.

The bureau continued to live in the past of Dillinger, Ol' Kreepy and the Osage Indian murders. By 1955, truly significant crime was syndicated. For several years I had been assigned to an office known in the service as a "country club." It was distant from Washington and run in fairly autonomous fashion by a local boss with high political connections. He was able to inflate his agent staff "just in case," and this made work light for everybody. Nevertheless I repeatedly asked for transfer to the metropolitan East where big-league crime flourished. The boss didn't understand. "Why the hell do you want to go back to those teeming cities when you have it so good out here?"

That was the idea—relax and enjoy what you can't change. Only one man called the shots in the FBI, and he didn't take kindly to advice. Grips about organized crime fell on deaf ears. No one wanted to be accused of having "mental hali-
tosis," which is how Hoover sometimes referred to those with non-conformist notions. Though everyone chuckled at the following anecdote when it made the rounds, they got the message:

Agents cornered a Top Ten fugitive at a New York subway entrance. A brief skirmish ensued. One agent was grazed in the leg by a bullet and taken to the hospital for observation. The report to Washington got slightly garbled. The next morn-
ing Hoover appeared as scheduled to deliver a speech to a civic group. "Gentlemen," he began, "I am with you today even though my heart is heavy. . . . Last night in New York one of my agents was killed in a gun battle." The director's words got back to New York agents, who drew straws to see who would go up to the hospital and finish off the wounded agent.

But as far as the public was concerned the FBI blotter was, as always, filled with big-time criminal names. A publicity gimmick called the Top Ten Fugitives Program maintained the illusion. Two-bit hoods, about as colorful as an army blanket, were arbitrarily designated "The Ten Most Wanted." Most were alcoholic tumbleweeds, tattooed megalomaniacs and kooky criminals. Recent billings: Harold Thomas O'Brien, charged with the barroom slaying of a buddy and described by the FBI as a "quick- tempered, big-talking ex-convict . . . always having one or more guns readily available." Louis Vasseli, said to be "extremely dangerous, especially when he has been drinking, and particularly dangerous to women, most particularly strip teasers." Edward H. Maps, a bearded artist accused of slaying his wife and daughter, called by the FBI "the alleged murderous heatnik." Top Ten? The only one even tentatively linked to organized crime was Fred Tenuto, and he hasn't been found.

Most so-called Top Ten fugitives are wanted for local crimes, often vicious ones. After police have solved the case, they ask the FBI to locate the fleeing suspect under the Fugitive Felon Act. The G-men are indeed the world's best bloodhounds when it comes to tracking down criminals on the lam, yet they are forced to ignore the "mobsters in gray flannel suits" (as Robert Kennedy tagged them) who thrive under their very noses.

The Top Ten Program, despite its publicity value, can't be stretched into a $150-million-per-year appropriation. When it comes before the Congressional committee that holds the purse strings, the FBI's blandishment is largely statistical: so many fugitives captured, so many convictions, so many cars recovered . . . The figures, running on and on, are impressive.

But the numbers don't just grow; they are manufactured. If a Congressman stopped to think about it, he might wonder why there is a slight increase in each category year after year. Here's the answer, in an official memorandum from a local FBI boss to all his agents:

The statistical accomplishments as of April 30, 1961, reflect that we continue to be below the statistical accomplishments for the preceding year in the categories of convictions and fines, savings and recoveries. We have already exceeded our accomplishments in the fugitive category for the entire fiscal year, and in the field of automobiles recovered, we will need five additional recoveries to equal the accomplishments of the preceding year. . . . For your information, we do not equal our accomplishments in the field of convictions, it will be necessary that we report an additional 47 convictions between now and the end of June. (The end of the fiscal year.)

Translated, the memo reads: "Ease off on fugitives. Automobiles should take care of themselves. But for God's sake, go out and get a fistful of quick convictions." This is practically an ultimatum. The local boss is under the gun from Washington, and the agents are rated for their statistical production.

It is natural that under such pressure the scales of justice get out of kilter. It's the little guy, maybe without any criminal bent, who is caught in the dragnet, not the kings of crime with their batteries of lawyers. For example, we once broke up a ring of servicemen stealing small hand tools from military supplies. The ring had a "distributor," a civilian who peddled the tools as legitimate surplus. We arrested the servicemen and the civilian, and I thought that wrapped it up. But it was almost the end of the fiscal year and the office was starving for statistics. Arrest warrants were issued for seven citizens who had bought one or two tools, thinking them clean. The arrests were delayed long enough for forms to be sent to Washington declaring the seven as fugitives. A fugitive is a person whose whereabouts is unknown. Hoover calls them "fleeing criminals." Of course, we knew exactly where our "fugitives" were—they were reputable businessmen and workers who had lived in the community for years.

When the time came to swoop down on these seven, I was put in charge of a squad of agents. We gathered to plan final details of the roundup. One agent, disgusted with the whole thing, wanted to resign on the spot. None of us was very proud; we felt the men were being unjustly stigmatized. They would have an arrest record as FBI fugitives; it would cling to them the rest of their lives and make it tough.
to get a decent job. One, I know, had applied as a deputy sheriff and this would finish him.

Three "beeps"—the bank robbery signal—sounded on the car radios. We hoped it was the real thing; anything for a reprieve from what we didn't want to do. But it was a false alarm, and we had to go ahead with the arrests. Later, when the prosecuting attorney took a long look at the facts, he hit the ceiling and dropped most of the charges. The rest were nullified in court. Secretly, we were glad. But the arrest records would never be erased.

"The Great Brick Caper," as agents sarcastically termed it, was another case of statistical pettifoggery. Residents of a small community had hauled away a few bricks from crumbling wash houses on an abandoned war-housing project. They built themselves patios and barbecue pits. The project was unfenced and unposted and the bricks, in legal parlance, were an attractive nuisance. Nevertheless, theft of government property charges were ordered. One arrested resident complained bitterly, "Why don't you guys go find Tenuto?" We also wondered.

Stolen cars are the FBI's statistical bread and butter. Here is a typical case. An alert deputy sheriff spotted two young couples in a stolen car, arrested them and notified the owner in a nearby state. Because of the interstate angle, the deputy also called the FBI. I went out and tied up a few loose ends, then arranged to precess the four through federal court. However, I was reluctant to throw the girls, both juveniles, into jail I proposed releasing them to their parents. The local boss vetoed the idea. "They won't be there long, and we need the convictions in a hurry." It was April, near the end of the fiscal year.

In addition to the four convictions, the FBI claimed the car's value, even though the deputy actually made the recovery. It tacked on the usual catch phrase. "Recovered in FBI-investigated case." G-men habitually do this even though they may never lay eyes on the car. It helps Hoover sustain his boast of returning to the taxpayers $1.37 for each dollar spent.

Hoover has long insisted that almost all crime, including organized crime, is "essentially a local problem." He has said that the only way to lick it is by "mutual cooperation at all levels of law enforcement—federal, state and local." But the theory is contradicted by the record. According to Hoover (if not to local law officers) there has always been cooperation, yet in the period 1940 to 1960, crime mushroomed some 125 per cent.

Of course, Hoover is almost alone in denying organized crime to a local problem. Senator Kefauver charged that "much of the responsibility for what is going on rests squarely upon the federal enforcement agencies." And Robert Kennedy flatly declared that hoodlums and racketeers "have become so rich and powerful that they have outgrown local authorities."

Even if organized crime became primarily a federal problem, there would still have to be teamwork all around. But the FBI won't always give as much as it gets. The testimony of state and local officers convinced Kefauver that "the Bureau tends to be overly secretive with information it collects on criminals—in other words, exchange of information with the FBI is something of a 'one-way street.'" Burt Turkus, the Manhattan D.A. who broke up Murder, Inc., said "the bleat of police departments across the country is that the FBI too ardently guards many of the things it learns on a local level—and which could aid the local officers...

How much mobsters enjoy it was shown in a 1962 Senate rackets probe. A $10-million-a-year vice syndicate lured unwed mothers into white slave rings and shunted them between mobster-dominated gambling casinos and night clubs in five states. Reputed Chicago syndicate kingpins were named in the operation. It was a white slave racket perfectly designed for FBI jurisdiction, but U.S. prosecutor William J. Scott complained, "The syndicate bosses seem better organized at times than the splintered, sporadic law-enforcement efforts of federal, state and local officials."

From contacts with police over the years I know that they resent the FBI's Big Brother attitude. Most of them keep quiet about it because they depend on the bureau for fingerprint and laboratory services, but just a few have spoken out. In the Frank Sinatra, Jr., kidnaping, Los Angeles police chief William Parker accused G-men of causing a potentially explosive situation by being "unnecess-
sarily secretive." And when the FBI failed to warn the California Highway Patrol about trigger-happy bank robbers in the Lake Tahoe area, a patrol commander thundered: "How many more times will similar circumstances be repeated to sustain the legend of the FBI with the life of one lone CHP officer hanging in the balance?"

A conspicuous FBI trait is its reluctance to share glory. The attorney general's Special Group, mentioned at the start of this article, found out in blunt fashion. After Apalachin, Attorney General William Rogers assembled the group from the country's talented prosecuting attorneys. Their mission was to try to determine what had gone wrong with the Costa Nostra prosecution and to try to spearhead a concerted campaign against the conspirators. The response of most federal agencies was enthusiastic; they gave unstintingly of men and file materials. But Hoover turned a cold shoulder to the Special Group, supplying only token cooperation. A "super-duper Dick Tracy outfit," he snorted.

Surprisingly, the "Dick Tracys" secured convictions of the Apalachin mob in federal court (later reversed on technical grounds). Whereupon the FBI tried to grab the major credit, stating that it had furnished 1,588 pages of report to the prosecution. (It didn't mention that most of these pages were forthcoming only during the trial, when the court ordered them to be produced.) This ruffled the narcotics chief, Dr. Anslinger, whose agents had worked hard in glove with the Special Group. Noting the "other people who are trying to take credit for this since this matter has been brought to the public attention," he recited the names of five agencies he felt did the whole job. Pointedly omitted was the FBI.

Around the water cooler in the FBI, Hoover was viewed, more in awe than admiration, as a bureaucratic Mr. Bigdome who knew how to win friends and influence people on Capitol Hill. Never has his power been displayed more consistently than in the battle over a national commission to crush organized crime. The idea of a rival agency is insufferable to Hoover, and whenever it is proposed he manages to shoot it down.

In 1951, Senator Kefauver enthusiastically favored a new agency. He envisioned the national crime commission as being composed of prominent citizens and representatives of the Justice and Treasury Departments. Hoover threw himself in front of it. Mustering his coterie in Congress, he invoked the specter of an incipient Gestapo. "There is no connection between a federal crime commission and a national police force," protested Kefauver. "Every Senator I know, myself included, would stand up and fight to the last breath any suggestion that we create anything resembling an American Gestapo."

But Kefauver was wasting his breath. Hoover got his way.

In 1960, Sen. John McClellan, whose racketeers committee had listened to the opinions of numerous experts, again proposed a national crime commission. John F. Kennedy, then a Senator, and two of his colleagues agreed. So did a steering committee of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, led by Edward J. Allen, who had compiled a brilliant record in fighting the syndicates of Youngstown, Ohio. So did Milton R. Wesson, a former U.S. prosecutor who had been head of the Special Group. So did Captain James Hamilton, founder of the model Los Angeles police intelligence unit, who stated, "A national clearing house for information about the organized underworld would provide us with a weapon to strike a real blow at this nation's organized criminals. . . . The definite lack has been on a federal level in furnishing local departments information as to the movements of national figures."

Robert Kennedy, at the time counsel to the McClellan committee, anticipated Hoover's objection. The national crime commission, he declared, "would not be a national police, but a national information service for police." This didn't check the G-man. In an address to the law-enforcement clan he scorned "outside theorists" and "alleged friends" who advanced the "grandiose scheme" of a national crime commission. They were, he said, "blinded by the urge of empire building."

"Nothing could be more dangerous to our democratic ideals than the establishment of an all-powerful police agency on the federal scene," cried the all-powerful police chief. The High Priest had spoken, organized crime could again heave a sigh of relief.

When Robert Kennedy became Attorney General in 1961, I took hope. In his book, The Enemy Within (Harper), he had stressed: "Our first and most urgent need is for a national crime commission." His brother shared his view, and it appeared that he might at last lay down the law to Hoover. Still in the FBI, I wrote to the Attorney General and to the old campaigner, Estes Kefauver, assuring them that "most agents would prefer to lock horns with organized crime, but are saddled with wresting minor violations from local authorities for the purposes of statistics gathering." In the end it was not Hoover who capitulated, but Robert Kennedy. He announced lamely that he wasn't "as strong for the idea as in the past." Kefauver told me candidly: Hoover is more powerful than the President.

However, Robert Kennedy wasn't totally defeated. He took the indirect means of building up what resembles a national crime commission within the Justice Department. This left Hoover in the driver's seat, but the Attorney General's hand was on the throttle. The Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, first set up in 1953 as a result of the Kefauver recommendations, now concentrated on the top echelon. "We would rather jail one important racketeer," said Kennedy, "than a dozen lesser hoodlums."

This newly animated Justice Department activity, though obviously a stopgap until Hoover steps down, for a time seemed to show real promise. "We never had a decent intelligence picture before," said William G. Hundley, head of the section. Now the section holds dossiers on 1,100 of the country's top hoodlums and Hundley boasts mildly, "We're positive now who the real overlords are. We've gotten some of them, but only some." Examples: Tony "Ducks" Corallo in New York, Mike Cuppolla in Miami and Frank "Buster" Workman in St.

*The National Crime Commission set up by President Johnson is not the sort of body Senator Kefauver had in mind. It is more a study group composed of sociologists, penologists, and sociologists, et al., to handle the sort of problems. Hoover quite approves of it, now he can say that there is a National Crime Commission."
Louis. Under indictment are Angelo Bruno, reputed Philadelphia Cosa Nostra chief, and Felix Alderisio, the reported number 2 man in Chicago. In August, 1963, the section presented its first major witness. Joe Valachi, a Cosa Nostra sublieutenant jailed by the Bureau of Narcotics, described in chilling detail the inner workings of Cosa Nostra, the organization that Hoover had always considered a phantom.

To put sharper teeth in Operation Big Squeeze, as the effort was termed, Kennedy urged the House Judiciary Subcommittee to consider supplemental laws Chairman Emanuel Celler called for the personal appearance of Hoover, for questioning about organized crime. The G-man declined. Celler then asked Robert Kennedy to try to "change Mr. Hoover's attitude." Hoover would not budge.

But a year later, the aging G-man suddenly bowed to necessity. "The battle is joined," he trumpeted. "We have taken up the gauntlet flung down by organized crime. Let us unite in a devastating assault to annihilate this mortal enemy."

The FBI quickly found that picking up the glove wasn't that easy—the syndicate hoodlums weren't the Dilinger kind of pigeon. In Chicago, for example, Sam Giancana turned the tables on the G-men in federal court by showing movies of him so close on his heels that he could smell their breath. "An admission of ineptness," admonished the judge. The local FBI boss declined, to explain why he had ordered this harassment, and was clapped into custody for contempt of court.

For Hoover's antique outfit, it looked like a long road. As Richard Ogilvie, the Chicago sheriff, had put it: "Some of Hoover's ideas are sadly behind the times. . . . The FBI is still organized to fight a crime pattern of the 20s and 30s. It is not set up to do battle with the criminal syndicate. . . ." But old G-men never die. At the end of 1964, Hoover reported sixty-five gambling and racketeering convictions. None were at the top level, and they were only a drop in the bucket of 12,850 total convictions; they hardly made a liar of Ogilvie. But it was a step in the right direction. Perhaps in another forty years . . .

The Klan Discovers HUAC . . . Walter Goodman

Washington

The House Committee on Up-American Activities' Ku Klux Klan hearings opened a day after the start, in Hayneville, Ala., of the second trial of Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., for the murder of Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo. This coincidence was unfortunate because it drained the hearing of some of the fun we have come to expect from HUAC's performances. It was delightful to learn that the North Carolina Klan's request for funds (checks to be made out to your local "improvement association" or "sportsmen's club") promises, "Your donation will be used to help make our community a better place to live." But down in Hayneville, an all-white jury was engaged in letting Klansman Wilkins go free.

There was standing room only on opening day in the spacious and ornate House Caucus Room. A dozen uniformed police were on hand, plus two plain-clothesmen who sat glumly beside the K.K.K. witness row, facing the audience—but whether defending them from us or us from them was not clear. Among the hundreds of spectators the first week were America's pre-eminent Nazi, George Lincoln Rockwell, whom the committee had been authorized to investigate, and America's pre-eminent peace striker Donna Allen, who has already been investigated and who wore a large button announcing that she is not now and never has been a member of HUAC. By the second morning plenty of seats were available and at no time was there any picketing or demonstration. The young protesters who usually enliven HUAC productions had not found it in their hearts to make a fuss over the civil rights of Imperial Wizard Robert M Shelton.

As the hearings began, the Klansmen, some ten in a row, stood along the back wall, readily recognizable as the bunch from everybody's neighborhood whom nervous mothers warn their sons and daughters to shun, but dressed up now in white shirts and dark suits for the Saturday night dance where they are certain to drink too much beer and cause a disturbance. Wizard Shelton, whose ridged, sucked-in cheeks make him look considerably older than his 36 years, seemed almost attractive in the company of his colleagues.

Four of the five prosecutor-judges seated at the Subcommittee table were fellow southerners. Chairman Willis of Louisiana; Representative Pool of Texas; Representative Welton, the Atlanta liberal who first asked for the hearings, and, at the Republican end of the table, Representative Buchanan, the freshman from Alabama. Representative Ashbrook of Ohio completed the panel.

The notion of many liberals that these men were plotting to turn the K.K.K. hearings into an attack on the civil rights movement was understandable, but misconceived. It did justice neither to the political good sense of the Congressmen nor to their personal attitudes. Far from wishing to defend the K.K.K., the Southerners who dominate HUAC are out to prove that Klansmen are crooks and freaks (Buchanan, in a burst of wit, called Shelton the Imperial Lizard) and have nothing in common with decent citizens of the South—like the members of the White Citizens Councils who sit on juries.

The show had its moments. For those who had always known that the Klan was composed of clowns and clods, it was satisfying to learn that they think of themselves as kligrapps (secretaries), klokkards (lecturers) and kludds (chaplains). There was an instant of excitement when Shelton, to the surprise and disappointment of the committee, first took the Fifth. He continued to take it, in a voice that remained remarkably expressive hour after hour, considering the