

"DENNIS THE MENACE"



COULD I HAVE HOT DOGS INSTEAD OF BANANAS ON MY BANANA SPLIT?

Technical Troubles Slow Work On Nuclear Rocket

LOS ALAMOS, N.M. (UPI) — For six years, the plight of a sick bird has been puzzling scientists at the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratory here.

The bird is frail and something of a diagnostician's nightmare; no one can figure out where it hurts and why.

No wonder. The bird's diet is hydrogen gas!

The bird with the belly ache is Kiwi, an experimental nuclear reactor that is the heart of the United States' first nuclear rocket engine designed for space flight.

Named for a flightless New Zealand bird, the prototype's intestinal spasms are taking a lot of time and costing millions of dollars. But the diagnosis and cure for the ailment may be worth every penny and every fretful moment.

Looking beyond the projected manned lunar journey called Project Apollo, the best minds in the American space program concede man cannot venture much farther than the moon without nuclear rocket power.

Passes Billion Mark

Kiwi is a division of Rover, a project which within the next few years probably will cost considerably more than \$1 billion. Scientists at the Los Alamos scientific laboratory have found from the beginning that almost everything is harder than in conventional rocket-building. They persist because the rewards for success will be almost incalculably great.

Science, however, is not so easily persuaded to cooperate. Project Rover is hung up with technical troubles and any hope that the first journey to the moon might have utilized nuclear power officially has been abandoned.

Rover scientists at Los Alamos remain convinced, though, that they will succeed — within this decade — in building and testing a workable nuclear rocket.

Last April, the director of the Space Nuclear Propulsion Office described a 400-day space expedition in which a nuclear-propelled vehicle would travel to an orbit around Mars, land men for 40 days of exploration, then recover and return them to earth.

Has Weight Advantage

Harold Finger, whose office co-

LITTLE PEOPLE'S PUZZLE

6 ACROSS
1 DOWN
3 ACROSS
7 ACROSS
8 DOWN
4
5
7 DOWN
9 DOWN
5 ACROSS
7
8
10 ACROSS
10 DOWN
4 DOWN

ANSWERS: ACROSS—3. RECORD, 5. BOOKCASE, 6. KNEE PELLER, 4. HOSE, 7. SEAT, 8. RAFT, 9. DIME, 10. SCREW, 10. GIRAFFE, DOWN—1. TROMBONE, 2. PRO.

'Blabbermouth Of Cosa Nostra' Fingers Eight Crime Lords

By H. D. QUIGG
United Press International

Middle-aged and jowly, pudgy-faced, with eyes that shift, Hardy, fixed on the business that's always at hand. These men rule.

Their kingdoms are eight major cities, plus the near and far suburbs that ring them. Their overall cartel of crime is a shadowy substance called "Cosa Nostra." No hard alliance here — except for recurring family ties. Just an understanding, the snarling palship of big cats that prey in a common jungle.

These men are the "commission" that presides over organized crime in the United States, according to the Justice Department. The information has been coming for some time from a former Cosa Nostra member, Joe Valachi, a frightened man in an Army fort.

Depending on which paper you read, Valachi is "Singing Joe," "The Talking Terrorist," "The Singing Hoodlum," or "The Blabbermouth of Cosa Nostra." But his song is not so funny.

A quarter-century ago, another singer named Abe Reles sang a roundelay about a kill-for-hire mob in Brooklyn called Murder, Inc. In 1941, in mid-song, Reles went out the window of a Coney Island hotel to his death, while guarded by police. And spawned an underworld saying: "This was one canary who could sing but couldn't fly." Hence the placement of Valachi in heavily guarded Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

Reles sang of a murdering gang with romantic names. Valachi's overblown have no such nonsense about them. Today's crop, underworld businessmen of distinction, born mostly in Sicily and Italy, are described as sincere, affable; one looks like a retired gentleman, another like a kindly old grandfather.

Cosa Nostra is an Italian idiom meaning "our business, our affair." Their business is vice, which the dictionary says means "evil conduct." The underworld also has invested heavily in legitimate business. Their overall take is estimated at \$40 billion a year.

As named by Valachi, the big city bosses are:

Vito Genovese, 66, New York (the head man), now in Leavenworth Penitentiary.

Sam Giancana, 55, Chicago.

Joseph Zerilli, 65, Detroit.

Sebastian LaRocca, 61, Pittsburgh.

Angelo Bruno, 53, Philadelphia.

Stefano Magaddino, 71, Buffalo.

Raymond Patriarca, 55, New England.

John T. Scalis, 51, Cleveland.

Who are these kings of glory? Let's see.

VITO GENOVESE

Might as well start at the top. Vito Genovese, "the benevolent squire," is reputed to be worth \$30 million. He once presided over a multi-million-dollar narcotics ring.

The 66-year-old native of Italy is named as the overall boss. A 1960 narcotics conviction got him a 15-year federal prison sentence, and for a long time Valachi, the present songbird of the barracks, was his cellmate.

Genovese, a nervous, wiry, bespectacled little man, rose to the top of the crime syndicate in 1957. That was the year of the notorious "underworld convention" at a country estate in the wooded hills near Apalachin, N. Y.

He had learned his lessons well in errand-running years serving the underworlds of America and Italy. According to the sing of the minstrel Valachi, Genovese elevated himself by three nods of the head in 1957. First he nodded to his chauffeur who went out and took a potshot at kingpin Frank Costello but missed it; the bullet only grazed Frank's head. But the gesture encouraged Costello to rendezvous with retirement.

Another nod, and down dead went Frank Scalsie while munching a peach outside a Bronx fruit store. The gang-gunning of Scalsie eliminated a pal of both Costello and an absentee vice lord, Lucky Luciano.

Nod three, the song goes, was for Albert Anastasia, who was caught in the act of getting tanned in a Manhattan hotel parlor. He died with his barber's bib on.

After these nods, and after the convention, Genovese was the boy on top. The two murders and the attempted murder are officially unsolved.

By this time, Genovese was living quietly in the Jersey Shore community of Atlantic Highlands. His daughter was installed next door with his six grandchildren. Neighbors spoke of his grandfatherly attitude.

Genovese had been a scared young hood in 1934 when he fled from New York to Italy to escape prosecution in the murder of one Ferdinand Boccia. He had become an American citizen in 1913. When the American army arrived in Italy in World War II, there was Vito.

He had been hobnobbing with top fascists, including Mussolini, for some years, according to later Army intelligence testimony. He got himself a job as interpreter with the incoming American army and began stealing American supplies and doing black market business with some of his fascist pals.

Army intelligence got wise. Then they found he was wanted for murder in New York. Back came Vito, in 1945. However, two key witnesses against him were quickly murdered. Genovese was acquitted.

Back home, according to the song, he got a hit jealous over what he presumed Mrs. Genovese had been doing in his absence, bickered space with her, and tinkered with having her murdered. Instead, Valachi says, he ordered the execution of one of her partners in a night spot. She is now said to be living with her aging mother "quietly," as the saying goes.

SAM GIANCANA

Next, we have a pretty dashy fellow, Sam Giancana. Back in 1928, the Chicago Crime Commission made a note to watch a tough, 20-year-old, black-haired West Sider named Salvatore Momo Giancana. Giancana was a comer. Had all it takes to make it big with the mobs.

There were right. Since 1956, Sam has been the acknowledged head of the Chicago mob.

At 55, Sam is one of the younger of the national "commission" members named by the Justice Department. Sort of a precocious kid. Been to jail only twice — 2½ years in 1929 for burglary. An indictment for murder in 1927 was dropped when the only witness was fatally shot. In 1953, it's rumored, the national syndicate chiefs told then Chicago boss Anthony Accardo

JOSEPH ZERILLI

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He was born in Sicily, came here in 1914 and was naturalized. He now lives in Grosse Pointe Park and has financial interests in a produce company and a bakery. He is married and has three daughters and a son.

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STEFANO MAGADDINO

"Look at him," said a Buffalo, N. Y., detective, staring at the picture of Stefano Magaddino. "Looks like a kindly old grandfather; looks like he wouldn't hurt a flea."

Buffalo police have no record of arrests against Magaddino, an affable, congenial old man who at 71 is co-president with his son Peter of the family undertaking business in Niagara Falls.

A Buffalo police chart titled "Mafia (syndicate) relationship" has a series of circles each representing a known underworld denizen. Arrows from the small circles point to other circles and, in the end, to a center circle marked "Stefano Magaddino."

Stefano was born in Sicily. Not long after he moved to Niagara Falls, his sister Arcangela married Nick Longo, who was connected with gambler Willie Moretti, and they lived near Stefano. In 1936, the Longo house was bombed. It killed Arcangela and damaged Stefano's house.

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asked at a 1959 Senate hearing if he hadn't escaped state troopers at the Apalachin crime convention by running away through the woods, he pleaded the Fifth Amendment.

"I know LaRocca to see," said a downtown worker. "He reminds me of a tried old Italian laborer. If he's a big wheel, he doesn't look it."

That may be the way Big John likes it.

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Scalis is a handsome type, with brown eyes and wavy black hair flecked with gray and with a crescent-shaped scar at the outer corner of his right eye. He drives a Chrysler Imperial, pays his bills in cash, has no bank accounts. He has stated his income as a partner in the Buckeye Cigaret Service is \$30,000 a year.

Scalis's police record includes arrests in the early 1930's for traffic violation, burglary, and armed robbery, and he served time in the Ohio State Reformatory.

He was one of the 20 delegates to the Apalachin crime convention convicted of a conspiracy of silence to obstruct justice, and was sentenced, and then the court of appeals upset the convictions.

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he'd have to step down. In 1956, Sam took over.

Giancana was good at investing in semi-legitimate enterprises such as construction and auto agency financing.

A widower since 1954, he lives maybe one week a month in a comfortable home in Oak Park, Ill. Rest of the time he darts around the country. Lately, been gadding about Europe. He is a friend of singer Phyllis McGuire. He has three daughters.

His main hobbies are golf, night clubs, and church work — he is highly regarded in Oak Park circles. At 5-feet-10, he's escaped a pot belly but is balding, dresses trimly, talks like a gentleman except when viciously mad. But the FBI made life miserable this year.

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They posted a 24-hour guard at his home, badgered him at golf, asked "Why don't you leave the country?" He couldn't attend to business because they were so pesky.

Sam pressed a civil rights suit against the FBI. A federal judge this summer ordered them to quit the close surveillance and placed the chief FBI agent here under sentence for contempt. Poor Sam. The appeals court reversed this, and this month Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark turned down Giancana's appeal.

JOSEPH ZERILLI

Joseph Zerilli, 65, the man listed by the Justice Department in Detroit, points out that he has been in the bakery business for 36 years and, besides that, he never heard of this singer Valachi. Zerilli was "Mr. Joe" in the Prohibition era, regarded as a leading beer baron. He was convicted in 1919 of carrying a concealed weapon. Fine \$50. That's all.

He was born in Sicily, came here in 1914 and was naturalized. He now lives in Grosse Pointe Park and has financial interests in a produce company and a bakery. He is married and has three daughters and a son.

The belief in Detroit is that, rather than being a one-man operation, the syndicate there is a "multi-man" organization with no one "boss."

JOHN LARROCCA

Nestled on several acres of woodland in a suburb 10 miles north of Pittsburgh is a rambling stone "show place" home. There lives a very wealthy man who never visits nightclubs but every Saturday without fail visits a steam bath at the Oakland YMHA.

It is no secret that he is very wealthy. But John Sebastian (Big John) LaRocca, now 61, is risen from poverty. Born in Sicily, he came here and worked in a coal mine at the age of 14. Then he operated a gasoline station. Then he moved into bootlegging and eventually the numbers racket.

His acquaintances say he would like now to cut all ties with the rackets, but he is a board member of the syndicate and has been for many years. He operates a legitimate business, a concrete block supply firm.

He wears conservative tailored suits over his 5-9, 165-pound frame, uses fairly good grammar, only in lapses allows "youse guys" to sprinkle his conversation.

LaRocca served three years in the 1920's on conviction of assault with intent to kill, and has later beaten deportation and perjury cases brought against him. When

STEFANO MAGADDINO

"Look at him," said a Buffalo, N. Y., detective, staring at the picture of Stefano Magaddino. "Looks like a kindly old grandfather; looks like he wouldn't hurt a flea."

Buffalo police have no record of arrests against Magaddino, an affable, congenial old man who at 71 is co-president with his son Peter of the family undertaking business in Niagara Falls.

A Buffalo police chart titled "Mafia (syndicate) relationship" has a series of circles each representing a known underworld denizen. Arrows from the small circles point to other circles and, in the end, to a center circle marked "Stefano Magaddino."

Stefano was born in Sicily. Not long after he moved to Niagara Falls, his sister Arcangela married Nick Longo, who was connected with gambler Willie Moretti, and they lived near Stefano. In 1936, the Longo house was bombed. It killed Arcangela and damaged Stefano's house.

Buffalo police say Stefano nowadays usually comes to town from nearby Lewistown only for funerals (usually of hoodl