

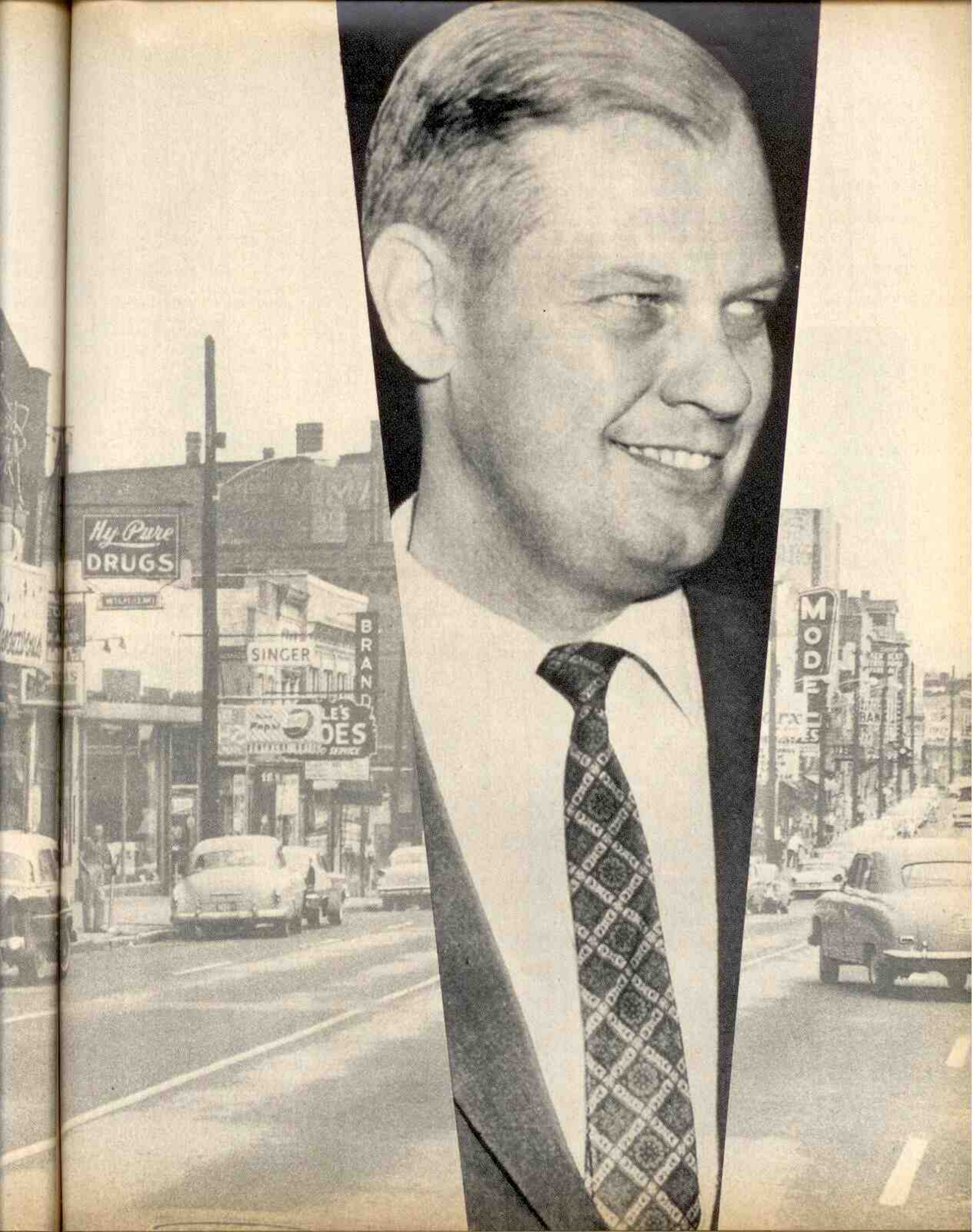
THE CURIOUS CRUSADE OF SHERIFF RATTERMAN

Newport, Kentucky, was once the wildest gambling center in the country. Not now, thanks to this "two-buck amateur"

The guy had a container of coffee in his hand and it was leaking, the way they always do, so he set it down on the bar right away and then he walked over to the checkroom and took off his coat. It was 7 o'clock at night, but this place called the Frolic, which is on Monmouth Street in Newport, Kentucky, does not get going until much later, and the one with the coffee had just put the key in the door to open for the evening. The Frolic is a big place. When you come in, there is a barroom. Then there is a hallway that leads to a big backroom where they have tables and a dance floor and an all-girl revue later on. It is a place built to do a lot of business. But, like the rest of Newport, it has been dead for the last couple of months. When the guy had hung up his coat, he walked back to the bar and started to open the coffee. "Yeah?" he asked, without looking at me. "I'm looking for this fellow Tito

By JIMMY BRESLIN





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Tito Carinci (left) managed hotel that stripper April Flowers (above) used to "work" on reformer Ratterman. But the frame didn't take, and Ratterman waltzed in as Newport sheriff.

Carinci," I said. "I heard I might find him here."
"Wouldn't be here now. He drops in late. Too early for him now."

"Where do you find him?"

"I don't know. I got no phone for him. I don't know where he lives or what he does or nothing. All I can tell you is that you come around here later and he might be here."

"Well, I was just over in Cincinnati talking to this fellow I know, George Ratterman, and he was telling me some things that involve Tito and I want to talk to Tito about them."

"Ratterman?" the guy grunted. "You got some friends."

That's the way they all talked about Ratterman, as I went around Newport. The cab driver figured him for a phony. A cop said he was just a rich fellow who is around bothering people who are trying to make the payments. Bartenders grunt and say he is a guy with an angle. And a girl named Sue, who had to move out of town because she couldn't make a living with Ratterman around, had an idea of her own.

"He's got a nickname," she was saying. "In the football games they used to call him 'the Rat' on account of his name. You know, 'Ratterman . . . Rat.' Well, he's a rat, all right. A dirty rat bastard."

These cheers are for a simple reason. Until last spring, when 36-year-old George Ratterman, a former Notre Dame and Cleveland Browns quarter-

back, announced he was running for sheriff of Campbell County, Kentucky, Newport was a mob town. This old, faded, two-story city of 30,000 was the closest thing there was to being the center of America's illegal gambling industry. Today, the place is locked tighter than a bank, indictments have been handed down against several of the syndicate boys and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been lost because of the shutdown.

The mere fact that it has happened is hard to believe. Newport became a wide-open place during the Civil War when federal troops were garrisoned there. And it never bothered to change. Openly, with the active help of local authorities, Newport kept every one of its vices and turned itself into a Las Vegas on the Ohio. Things were so open the big gambling houses took ads in the Cincinnati papers. It is over now. George Ratterman, the independent reform, anti-vice sheriff did it.

Ratterman is a six-foot-two, 178-pound guy with blond hair that needs a little help in the front. As a football player, he was best known for being somewhat of a character. Until January, he worked as an investment counsellor. He is married and lives in Fort Thomas, Kentucky, a place where you find people who know what money is. He had never been in politics, knew nothing about them last spring when he entered the picture and doesn't seem to know a whole lot more now. And when it comes to such matters as gambling and mobsters and conniving and tricks, he is a total loss.

The whole thing is implausible. But it is always this way when you have an amateur. If you make your living

in a business such as gambling, the amateur is the guy you can't do any good with. The pro can be lived with, but when an amateur comes around it is all trouble. He starts asking questions and looking things up and nobody can talk to him. And if you try to do something to him he gets his back up and before it is all over somebody goes to the can and everybody else goes broke.

Which is exactly what happened when George Ratterman, a two-dollar amateur in the business of politics, decided to make a moral issue out of running for a job that pays just \$7200 a year, about half what Ratterman has been earning a year since 1947. "I don't know exactly how to say it," George tells you, "because it can sound bad. But I believe there is a little bit of a duty to other people in this. Somebody had to run for office if this situation was going to be cleaned up. And since I had the background of making my living with the public, as a pro football player and an announcer for games and the like, I felt it was my duty. And besides that, the minute these people tried that business on me all they were doing was making sure I'd be in this thing to the end."

The business they tried on Ratterman was one of the oldest tricks around. Tito Carinci, a fellow very well connected with mobsters, and the owner of record of a gambling and night club known as the Tropicana, brought Ratterman—who had been drugged in another place—to his joint last spring, put him in an upstairs room and also placed a stripper named April Flowers with him. Then, on schedule, the police barged in, arrested Ratterman for disturbing the peace, and everybody in Newport

Battle lines were drawn in court: Carinci and his "girls" (left) lost; Ratterman and wife (right) won. And Newport stayed closed.



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figured there would be no more trouble. But Ratterman wouldn't bend. He wouldn't let the frame stick. He caused so much trouble that state and then federal authorities stepped in and they put a padlock on Newport that may never come off.

Now usually, when you tell a story such as this, there are clichés which come to mind automatically. The town is called a "Sin City" and it has been "cleaned up" by a "courageous reformer." You've read hundreds of these tales over the years, and in almost every story you were reading about a few small-timers in a 50-cent town like Phenix City, Alabama, or, if it was some place larger, you were reading fantasy.

But Newport is another story. This was the big time. This was the town of Morris Kleinman and Moe Dalitz, the top Cleveland gamblers who also own large pieces of two Las Vegas casinos; the town of Gil Beckley and Sleep-Out Looey Levinson and Big Porky and Little Porky Lazoff. And, through front men like Tito Carinci, the town of Frank Costello and Phil Kastel and Bonnie Geigerman.

Newport seemed there to stay. The telephones rang all day in the big bookmaking offices in town. Most of the calls were long distance. Bookmakers around the nation used the big Newport offices as layoff centers and they sent messengers, who carried six-figure cashiers' checks, flying into Greater Cincinnati Airport to settle up with the layoff offices in nearby Newport. The action in Newport was tremendous. The guys handling the phones in one of the large offices had to keep a milk bottle under the table because there never was time, during the day, to get up and walk to the bathroom. You almost always called Newport with a big bet. You would sit in, say, Bobby Manziel's living room at his Tyler, Texas, ranch and drink his Wild Turkey bourbon while he called Newport and bet \$1500 on the underdog in one of those old Wednesday night televised fights. The guy on the other end of the phone in Newport took the action and said, thank you, it was his pleasure.

And at night, dice clicked across green cloth-covered tables, and dealers cut cards in places like the Beverly Hills Club, which was, simply, a close copy of any big Las Vegas place; sumptuous, with big-name floor shows, fine service and open, everybody-welcome gambling. A large part of Newport's population was employed in some part of the gambling industry. There were plenty of girls around town, too, and the good cabbies made up to \$200 a week steering out-of-town businessmen to places where they could lose some money and have some fun.

Now it is all gone. I could see that on this night after I left the guy in the Frolic who was drinking coffee and went out around town. Up the street, the Glenn Hotel was closed. The ground floor, which used to be taken up by the Tropicana Club, was dark and the windows were streaked with dirt. Tito Carinci used to run a wide-open joint there. Now it's dark and Tito has to spend time with lawyers.

Out from the center of town the Beverly Hills Club

was open, but it was a shock. The huge dining room was closed. They only had a bar and a small part of the restaurant operation open. All the gambling equipment had been shipped out of the place months before. Once, you drove over from Cincinnati to the Beverly Hills and shot dice out in the open and up on the stage Joe E. Lewis drank Scotch and kept saying everybody should have tried to swim the river instead of using the bridge from Cincinnati. "You could have drowned and saved your money," he kept saying. Now it is all gone and because of this amateur.

Which is what Ratterman was talking about late one afternoon last winter in a place called the Tappery, which is in the Netherlands-Hilton Hotel in Cincinnati. "You know," George was saying, "the thing that must have everybody over there worried is the gun. When I take over the sheriff's office next week I get a gun. I've never had one in my life and I don't intend to learn what to do with one of them, either. If something happens, that means anybody can get hurt. I'm liable to shoot anybody. Some big mobster who shouldn't be shot at under any circumstances is likely to get hit. The trouble is, ole Sheriff George will be blazing away at somebody down the block. I'll be shooting one way, aiming the other. I must have them terrified."

The people at the bar with him laughed. Ratterman, in quiet gray suit and tie, looked like anything but the new Bat Masterson of the Ohio. "I don't even know the names," he said. "When this trouble came up and they started throwing names around and asking me if I had seen them, I didn't know who they were talking about. I played in Cleveland with the Browns for a couple of years but I never heard of Morris Kleinman. Mushy Wexler? This is the first time I heard the name. I guess you're right, I'm an awful amateur."

"Well, if it'll make you feel any better, I'm going to be paid what I'm worth, too. I won't lose my amateur standing on the job. The sheriff in office now, fellow named Wagner, took care of that. The budget for the sheriff's office is \$51,000 a year. Their year runs from June to June. Well, with me taking over in January, Wagner went ahead, right after the election in November, and gave everybody in the office raises. He gave one fellow a \$4000 raise. By the time I take over in January the whole \$51,000 will be gone. I'll have to operate on a budget of nothing until June. There won't even be any pay for me. These people seem to be fighting this thing right to the last minute, I guess. It'll be a lot of fun." He laughed.

"How many kids do you have?" we asked.

"Eight," he said.

"What are you going to feed them on?"

"Hope." He laughed again.

The whole thing seemed crazy. Here was a guy sitting in a bar who didn't know the first thing about the gambling business and he was taking on a job for no money. And yet he would cost the betting industry a conservative million or so just by being around. Sitting with Ratterman, it didn't seem to make any sense. But this is only typical of Ratterman. This is a guy whose off-beat style has put washboard wrinkles into the foreheads of more than a few people in his time.

There was, for example, the afternoon back in 1946 when Notre Dame was undefeated (*Continued on page 91*)

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going into its last game, against Southern California. Coach Frank Leahy was sick and Moose Krause ran the Irish from the bench. Quarterback Ratterman ran the club on the field and he got them off winging with four touchdowns. Then from nowhere George called a crazy pass play and a Southern California back picked off the throw and it was life and death to get him before he broke loose. Krause, shaken, pulled Ratterman out of the game. "What did you do that for?" Moose demanded. "You threw that ball right at the fellow."

Ratterman glared at him. "Didn't you see for yourself, Coach?" he said. "He was the only man on the field open."

On another typical occasion, Ratterman, playing the Buffalo Bills of the old All America Conference, had as a sideline a radio announcing job. It lasted until the night he delivered a thumping, hard-sell commercial about some luggage that was on sale in the sponsor's store. It was a fine commercial, except George got the stores mixed up and he was plugging the sponsor's rival.

In the Tappery Ratterman had one more drink and then asked for the check. He had to get home, he said. It had been a pleasant couple of hours with an amateur. But how much of an amateur? Ratterman talks of no money and no experience and he makes sure not to mention that in Washington, D.C., Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who likes the fact that Ratterman played football, has taken more than a passing interest in his situation. Kennedy had Newport alive with FBI agents last spring and he has spoken to Ratterman a couple of times about the situation. And in Frankfort, Kentucky, Governor Bert Combs has made it clear he not only knows Ratterman, but has hopes for him and stands behind whatever he does. And money, people who know say, is no worry for him. This is anything but a frothy kind of a guy, this Ratterman. The trouble is, somebody over in Newport figured him for an easy mark and that's where the headaches began.

It all started in the winter of 1960-61 when a Campbell County Grand Jury was convened to study reports of gambling and other assorted vice in the area. Now these hearings were normal in Newport and this one was handled the way all other probes in the past had been. After lengthy deliberations, the jury came out and William Wise, the county district attorney, wrote their report for them. Reports of gambling and vice in Campbell County, his statement read, are greatly exaggerated. In fact, none could be found.

There were people who blew up when this report was issued. One of them was a paper salesman named Bill Stegeman, who lives up the block from Ratterman in Fort Thomas, the next town from Newport. Stegeman held Sunday afternoon meetings for people interested

in doing something about the situation in Newport. Particularly the obvious corruption among elected officials. On one of these afternoons, Ratterman came around. They hooked him on the subject. By April, the meetings had grown into an outfit called the Committee of 500 and they had a group of candidates picked to run in the November elections. The key one was Ratterman. He had a name from his football days and the office he was running for would give his organization the power to clean up the entire county. On April 4th the Protestant Newport Ministerial Association came out and openly announced it would back Ratterman, a Catholic. And Catholic Bishop Richard H. Ackerman wrote an official letter which strongly backed honest government as represented by Ratterman. They were starting to line up behind George.

It was at this stage that somebody in Newport got worried.

The day after Ratterman filed intentions of running for sheriff, a friend of his in Medina, Ohio, Tom Paisley, received a long distance call from Tito Carinci. Carinci is a dark-haired, husky 210-pounder who played football for Xavier University and had brief try-outs with the Green Bay Packers and Chicago Bears as linebacker, but was too light to make it. So he wound up as manager of the Tropicana and the Glenn Hotel in Newport. Carinci knew both Paisley and Ratterman. Paisley had a food packaging firm that hired professional athletes. And Ratterman was an athlete around Cincinnati and Tito made it his business to know him. Tito knew all the ballplayers—when a pro football team would come into Cincinnati for an exhibition, the players would wind up at Tito's joint. But Tito went to Paisley first.

"He told me," Paisley says, "that he wanted to talk to me. He'd be coming up to Cleveland in a day or so and he would talk to me. A couple of days later, he called me from the airport at Cleveland and I went out to meet him. Tito told me he wanted to open a restaurant in New York and he wanted some help from Ratterman. He told me Ratterman could help him get out of the Tropicana mess. The racket people owned it, as you probably know. He made a date to meet with George on April 14 at Tito's place, but I never kept it."

Which was too bad because they were ready for Ratterman that night. Early on the evening of the 14th, Charles Lester, the lawyer for the Tropicana, called a commercial photographer, Tommy Withrow, and, Withrow says, explained that Bill Wise, the district attorney, had given him Withrow's name.

"He said he wanted me to come down to the Tropicana and take some pictures," Withrow recalls. "I went down to the place and this fellow Marty came out and said he wanted me to take a picture of a man with a woman later on. He said it would be in a room, but not to worry, I wouldn't get hurt. There'd be fellows to help me. I said, all right, when you want me, call me. And I gave my phone number. But I was just doing that to be nice. When I got out of there, I knew I wasn't going back. I mean, these pictures of a guy and a girl. That's not my pitch."

Paisley didn't show up that night. But he was in town a few days later, and during dinner at Ratterman's house he mentioned, for the first time, Carinci's phone calls.

"You know," George said, "I was just reading a story in the Cincinnati paper about bribes. Isn't that funny? The

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story said the bribe offer to an official always comes through a third party. How much have you got for me, Paisley?"

The next time Paisley was in town, it was the night of May 8, he and Ratterman were having dinner in Cincinnati when they decided to see Carinci.

"I can't go to the Tropicana," George said. "I've never been in there in my life and it's no time to start now. But we can meet him some place else."

Paisley made the arrangements. When he came back from the phone, he said Carinci was going to be in a place called the Gourmet Room, which is on top of the Terrace Plaza Hotel in downtown Cincinnati. By now Ratterman was interested in the meeting. As he admits, he was toying with an Eliot Ness-type grand notion of exposing any bribe offer he might get and turning it into a headline affair.

So at 10 P.M. that night, Ratterman and Paisley walked into the Gourmet Room and Carinci, sitting at a table in the cocktail lounge, called them over. Tito had a fellow with him whom he introduced as Gil Beckley. Ratterman had never heard of Beckley, who is one of the nation's top gambling figures and had been in quite a bit of trouble in New York as a result of the mess surrounding the promotion of the first Ingemar Johansson-Floyd Patterson heavyweight championship fight. Gil can be found in Hollywood, Florida, these days, a town which has turned into a winter resort for the nation's affluent hoodlums.

"I thought he was just another fellow," George says. "That's how much I knew. Then he got up and left and Tito and I and Paisley started to talk about sports."

Ratterman never noticed the drink which was placed in front of him. It was a Scotch Mist. It was a good-looking drink. There was a lot of cracked ice in it and the ice gleamed in the well-lighted room. George had not ordered the drink. "I never had a Scotch Mist in my life," he says. But he had this one and he still doesn't know what happened to him the rest of the night.

"Snatches," he says. "After the drink I only recall snatches of what happened. I remember I was in a car. And I remember being in a room and feeling terrible and lying down on a bed. And I remember a girl in a red dress and then I remember I was being knocked down on the floor and I kept getting up and whoever it was kept knocking me down again. But that's about all."

The drink was, of course, loaded. So was the one Paisley had. It was one of the oldest gags in the world. Which was the danger of it. They were pulling a 1920 trick on George Ratterman. He was being set up for an ancient frame. He was being taken back to the Glenn Hotel where a girl would be put alongside him and the police brought in. His reputation, the framers expected, would be ruined and he would have to withdraw from the race for sheriff. He would not wake up in time to kill the night—the chloral hydrate which had been put in his drink would insure this. There was only one thing wrong: the frame was too old and too obvious.

"Some stupid sonofabitch thought this one up," an old Newport bookmaker was complaining one afternoon. "There were thirty-seven ways to beat the rap with this kid. The big thing was to keep the boat from rocking. If things is calm you always can do something. But no, they get frightened and they go out and do something stupid. Big deal. A blind bastard could've seen through the thing. Here he has all these ministers and people behind him—the kind of people who can lose interest easy if you do things right. They're too busy running their own lives; they didn't care about Newport, they was just in politics for a lark. So what happens? So these guys in town go out and make them mad. I mean fighting mad. The first thing I said when I heard about it was, 'We're going to have a mess on account of this.' And everybody told me, 'Naw, don't worry, they got the guy so set up he'll run away and you'll never see him again.' I told them I hoped they was right. The next thing I know

I'm in a place and there's two kids dressed like they were businessmen. You know, young kids. Except I didn't like the haircuts. They both had good short haircuts. You know, well-groomed guys. I said to myself, 'I don't know who these kids are, but I know they're going to have somebody in trouble. These kids look so neat because they get inspected by somebody who makes sure they look like ideal representatives of their office.' And I figured out whose office they was from. They were kids from the FBI. The minute they left, the bartender comes running down to me. 'Do you know who they were?' he said. I beat him to the punch. 'I read them like a map.' I walked out. I knew the town was shot dead that day. We were through, all of us, on account of that stupid thing they done with Ratterman."

The stupid thing they did to Ratterman was to place him in Room 314 of the Glenn Hotel, alongside one Juanita Hodges, whose stage name was April Flowers. Then the police arrived, led by Detective Pat Ciafardini, and Ratterman was arrested for disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct. There was a scuffle and Ratterman, still out from the knockout drops, was booked a few minutes before 3 o'clock in the morning. The stripper was also booked—on a charge of prostitution. The detectives said Ratterman and the girl were in bed partly undressed. Unfortunately, somebody from the Glenn tried to get Tommy Withrow on the phone, too.

That was all there was to it. Before the ink was dry in the police blotter, Newport's status quo as a great gambling town was dead. For an attorney named Henry Cook had come to get Ratterman and Cook was a former United States attorney for Eastern Kentucky, not some country lawyer you wake up in the middle of the night. He took one look at Ratterman, then took him home and said to Anne Ratterman, "He's been drugged, obviously. First thing in the morning get him to a doctor for proof."

And the next morning, at St. Luke's Hospital, blood and urine samples showed Ratterman had been hit with a large dose of chloral hydrate. The Committee of 500, which was backing him for sheriff, now grew into a group of 2500 angry and, for the most part, affluent citizens of the rich Southgate and Fort Thomas areas and they were ready to make a crusade out of the Ratterman case. And in Washington, a 36-year-old attorney general of the United States got his back up over the story, told his secretary to get the Federal Bureau of Investigation on the phone and in a matter of hours, there were 39 agents combing Newport for evidence.

Ratterman went on trial on May 17. A day earlier, Miss April Flowers appeared on the prostitution charges. Nobody had seen her accept money or perform any act. The case was dismissed and, just as the boys promised she flounced out of the old Newport courthouse a free woman. She returned later that day to testify that Ratterman had tried to pull her down onto the bed and, well, gee, Your Honor, he just wasn't no gentleman. Detective Pat Ciafardini got up and testified that Ratterman tried to resist arrest.

Then Ratterman's lawyer, Henry Cook, went to work. First he asked Ciafardini a few questions. The cop fell apart under them. He admitted he hung out in the Tropicana; that the night Ratterman was picked up he was supposed to be off duty, but just happened to be around, and that he had never made a gambling arrest in the Tropicana.



And then, on a Saturday morning, Cook turned around and called Tommy Withrow, the photographer, to the stand. And as Withrow walked up the aisle and was sworn in, all of Newport stopped. The music wasn't playing for the town anymore and Carinci twisted in his courtroom seat a little and the district attorney looked a little puzzled. Withrow got up and told his story of the phone calls and the conversations about a picture. When he was through, there was no more case. The district attorney withdrew the complaint, Ratterman was cleared—and in the back of the room, two FBI kids taking notes on the trial looked closely at Detective Ciafardini as he walked past them. There was going to be a helluva lot of trouble, all right.

Ratterman went out and campaigned with everything but a loaded gun behind him. He had the churches, the state authorities and the decent people solidly behind him, he had all the newspaper space he needed. In November he won by a whopping 12,000 majority.

While he was running and winning, the sky caved in on Newport. First, a man from the State Alcoholic Beverage Board came around and started revoking licenses. Then some nosy investigator stuck his hand into an old file and came up with a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Sleep-Out Looey Levinson and his brother Mike. The warrant was dated 1940 and had never been served. The cops winced when the thing was thrown at them, but they still had to go out and bust Sleep-Out Looey. It was the upset of the ages. Then the Tropicana was padlocked and so was the Merchants and the Beverly Hills and the other gambling spots. And the big bookmakers, such as Gil Beckley, took off.

Ratterman wasn't even in office as sheriff yet, but he had everybody in trouble. "It is going to be worse when I get in," he kept promising. But nobody could figure out how much tougher he could make it. Things were red hot as they were.

Miss April Flowers found that out. She was served with a piece of paper which required her presence in federal court in Lexington, Kentucky. There, FBI agents and a United States attorney told a judge that George Ratterman's constitutional rights had been violated

by this girl and her friends.

Miss April Flowers flipped. "Who do I tell and what does he want to hear?" she wailed. She then got on the witness stand and said her testimony against Ratterman in Newport was a lie. When she stepped down, everybody who had been around her in Newport was in trouble.

And one night last December, Tito Carinci, holding a huge police dog on a thick leash, walked into a long, narrow bar called the Mecca, which is next door to the shuttered Tropicana and said he didn't want a drink and he didn't care to talk too much. "I don't have anything to say," he said. "You do the writing. You be the judge of what happened. A guy is out drinking and he says he wants a girl. Then he wakes up and decides he was doped and he uses it in a campaign for political office. You figure it out for yourself." Then he left.

Later, on a plane going to New York, Ratterman leaned back in his seat and tried to explain how he would keep the momentum on his crusade.

"If arrests get thrown out of court by judges," he said quietly, "then I'll use other methods to close places. I've had law training. When I was playing pro football I went back to college and got a law degree, you know. And the state attorney general has been schooling me on things I can do. For example, I can order the lights and water cut off from any place which is conducting gambling or other vice. And I can have the state ABC board revoke licenses. There are a lot of things I can do. I don't think the town has a chance of opening up again. I'm going to see to that."

Ratterman is like this. Back in New York, a man who works on Wall Street and has known George for years, was telling me, "It is hard to understand when you first talk to him, but believe me, this is one of the truly dedicated men you will meet in your lifetime. Sure, it sounds corny. It must sound corny as hell to some gambler in Newport. But believe me, this fellow means it."

"We never took him to be so tough," a guy on Monmouth Street in Newport was saying. "I guess we should of give the bum another look. It's too late now. He got big muscles now."

★ THE END

The Magnificent TOLEDO BLADE

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the blade open. "When we fight," he told me, "we must be very quick about it."

Gypsies, outside of those seen in the opera, usually don't run about pulling knives on each other lest they wind up in a very uncomfortable Spanish prison. But this, like most of the other Bermejo merchandise, represents only a portion of the blade-making industry that still retains a place in modern Spain.

The grandest of the Bermejo's swords is the "Pope's sword": a replica of a two-edged broadsword that was originally made at Toledo and given by Pope Innocent VIII to the Spanish ambassador to Rome. It weighs 25 pounds and

stands four feet, eight inches high. The blade has been finished in a high polish and the hilt is beautifully gold plated.

Cervantes had Don Quixote refer to his sword as "Queen of beauty, courage of my heart." While he made his share of foolish errors, the good knight spoke well here. Down through the centuries the sword has been the grand symbol not only of knighthood but of serious matters of state. It touches the shoulder to commemorate knighthood, it has even represented the groom at his own wedding. Even today a man's coat buttons on the right side because that once allowed a quick drawing of the sword from the left. The criminal courts of England still place, as a symbol of justice, the great broadsword above the judge's bench.

It has been said that the sword possesses the three most noteworthy parts of virtue: justice, or the power to divide right from wrong; a heart of iron, which is strength; and the form of the Cross, symbol of the Faith. After seeing the blademakers of Toledo and witnessing the quality of their workmanship, I would add but one more to the sword's virtues: "It is the soul of the race."

★ THE END

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