

THE WACKY SPY CAPER, or,



John Richard Hawke



Count Henri de Montmarin



Gregory Board

The Case of THE BUMBLING HAWKE, THE MYSTERIOUS SPARROW AND THE SEVEN WANDERING BIRDS

Did the CIA mastermind the plot
to smuggle bombers to Portugal? No, insists the CIA.
Yes, say the smugglers now awaiting trial.

Before I plunge recklessly into a wholesale breach of national security by telling all about Project Sparrow, I should point out that the Central Intelligence Agency vigorously denies it played any role whatever in the caper. The CIA's public-relations office—which you can reach at 351-7676 (Area Code 202) in Washington in case you have any questions—has stood firm on that score from the start.

I should add, too, that there is a certain neurotic propensity on the part of many Washington newspapermen to see CIA men under the bed. One CIA man I know attributes this to what he calls "The James Bond Syndrome" and deplores the fascination of both the press and public for his spying business. "The press never knows all the facts," he says,

"and it loves to make us look bad. Nothing ought to be printed about the CIA. Nothing!"

My CIA contact also stressed the fact that spying is an amoral business and that when it comes to any moment of truth in a covert operation (as a member of the In Group he called it a "black operation"), every good CIA man will lie. He included himself, which did not add to the limited confidence I had in his flat denials about the CIA's role in Sparrow. Still, one must give some weight to the CIA's protestations of innocence, since my CIA man says they came "from On High."

Having thus been scrupulously fair to the much-maligned CIA, and working on the premise that if a newspaperman can find out, so can the

By Barnard Law Collier

Russians, I shall tell you how I became aware of Project Sparrow, which was a smuggling plot that was going full blast during the first eight months of 1965. It received some attention in the press, but is still classified "Secret" in Washington, New York, Paris, Lisbon, Ottawa, Goose Bay, Winnipeg, Miami and, presumably, Moscow.

Bearing in mind that the CIA says it knows an awful lot that I don't—all of which it absolutely refuses to tell me about—the reader must draw his own conclusions.

A UPI wire story that moved during the afternoon of September 18, 1965, reported that a Frenchman and an Englishman were being held in Miami in lieu of \$25,000 bond each on charges of trying to smuggle "airplanes, parts, arms and World War II 'electronic bombs and gunsights,' apparently to an undisclosed Caribbean nation."

The UPI item went on to say that federal authorities were doing all they could to "hush up" the affair, which involved an "unfriendly government."

The two men, said UPI, were in the Dade County jail in Florida and both had attempted without success to get the extraordinarily high bond lowered. A third man, who had been sought by the U.S. Bureau of Customs on the same charges, had fled the country. The chief of Customs in Miami, Fred Patton, refused to say anything.

A CIA buff can spot that kind of spooky story 25 paces from the teletypewriter.

I made a few telephone calls and found out that the Frenchman was a distinguished-looking count from Paris named Henri Marie François de Marin de Montmarin, a 58-year-old industrialist and former pilot who was also the director of an aviation-electronics firm called EURAFRICAIR. On the side he was an aircraft broker. He was listed in France's version of *Who's Who* and is an officer of the Legion of Honor. He spoke practically no English, but did manage to make it known that he pleaded innocent.

The Englishman's background was equally intriguing. His name was John Richard Hawke. He was 28 and a resident alien retired from the Royal Air Force, in which he was an ace acrobatic pilot. He was also the author of several RAF technical manuals. At 23 he had been an instructor with the RAF's precision-acrobatic flying team, "The Firebirds," then a test pilot, a ferry pilot and jet-aircraft instructor in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., where he lived. Hawke also pleaded, in an eloquently expressive British accent, that he was innocent.

The fugitive was Gregory Board, a 45-year-old former Australian who had become an American citizen. A Hemingwayesque character with a bushy moustache, Board owns a company in Tucson, Ariz., called Aero Associates, Inc., which sells World War II military aircraft and also leases and flies them for motion-picture companies. He was supposed to be hiding out in his home in Port Antonio, Jamaica, and wasn't talking to anybody.

The same instinct that tells you that the blond, crew-cut fellow in the trench coat and horsehide ox-fords leaning against the American bar in Managua, Nicaragua, is not what he pretends to be, immediately signaled that all was not kosher. This was not a run-of-the-mill illegal aircraft export to some Caribbean island; the people involved were too overtly reputable, presumably too intelligent, apparently too honorable, to get mixed

Hawke made only \$700 profit on each flight

up in grubby private deals with either bankrupt tyrants or guerrillas in this hemisphere.

As it turned out, the UPI story had erred in two respects: (1) The country to which the planes were smuggled was really a U.S. ally, and (2) the destination was not Latin American, but European. The planes—it took a few hours to find out that seven Douglas B-26 bombers were involved—had been flown to Portugal, one of our NATO partners. This was in violation of a U.S. pledge in the United Nations that such military aircraft would not be sold to Portugal because she might use them against black rebels in her overseas colonies of Angola and Mozambique.

From all the initial evidence it seemed as if the CIA had pulled an international boner. But while it is relatively easy to uncover clandestine CIA operations in Latin America—a region the CIA regards as bush-league—to do so with a European operation is virtually hopeless. The quality of U.S. spying in Europe is very high.

I did not realize then that John Richard Hawke, the pilot who had flown all seven of the B-26's out of the United States and into Portugal, was taking it all so seriously. He did not like the Dade County jail, even though it is air-conditioned and probably the most comfortable confinement in the country. Neither did I know that U.S. Customs and the U.S. Attorney in Buffalo, N.Y., a pleasant fellow named John T. Curtin, were so serious about pressing prosecution. And nobody knew then that sometime this late summer or fall in U.S. District Court, Western District of New York, the case actually would come to trial.

The case for the defense: Everyone was working, or thought he was working, for the CIA, which gives a man carte blanche to break any and all U.S. laws. The case for the U.S.: The CIA had nothing whatever to do with it.

The biggest problem for the prosecution is going

to be antihero Hawke. If it comes to pass that Hawke is convicted of being a willful lawbreaker, he certainly will rank as one of the most delightfully direct, righteously indignant and incredibly naïve lawbreakers in the annals of espionage. His flights to Portugal, he insists, were done in the name "of your Uncle Sam," and it is very easy to believe him. The CIA man at 351-7676 denies that, of course, but one can't believe him.

Hawke's tale goes this way:

In London in July of 1963, Hawke met Gregory Board for the first time. Knowing Hawke's reputation as a crack pilot, Board asked him to ferry to the U.S. two vintage Messerschmitts which Board had bought in Germany. Hawke accepted the job and, after making the proper arrangements with Count de Montmarin (who acted as broker in the deal), he headed off for America. Sadly enough, a pilot whom Hawke had hired to fly the second plane suffered a broken oil line and crash-landed off Labrador. Hawke delivered his plane, but was penalized half the fee.

Except for a few letters of explanation about the crash, Hawke had no contact with Board until late April of 1965, when Board called Hawke and asked if he would like to ferry 10 B-26's to Europe. By then Hawke had fallen on hard times. A jet-training school in which he was an instructor had failed. He was selling encyclopedias door to door. Hawke expressed excited interest.

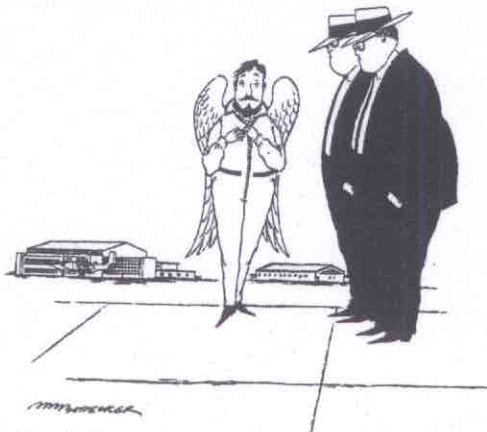
"Then two weeks went by and I still hadn't heard anything, so I called Board," says Hawke. "He told me the project would be getting under way fairly soon. He arranged to meet with me in Florida in a few days." When Hawke and his wife met Board for dinner, Board told them that the 10 planes were to go to Bordeaux, France, and then to Lisbon, Portugal, for the Portuguese Air Force. He added that 10 more B-26's might also be bought by Portugal. Hawke would be paid \$3,000 per flight, out of which would come all expenses, including repairs, fuel, lodging, and airline tickets back home. The net to Hawke averaged only \$700. Hawke later found out that the price tag on the entire deal amounted, according to federal officials, to almost one million dollars.

In the third week of May, Hawke left Florida for Tucson to prepare for the first flight. Already there were Count de Montmarin and an aircraft mechanic named Keat Griggers, who was to oversee the repair of the B-26's and then go to

Portugal to service the planes.

The day after his arrival, Hawke was shown around the Hamilton Aircraft Co. plant where the B-26's were being modified and refurbished. Gordon Hamilton, the plant's owner and the one who sold the planes to Board, was his host. For the next few days Hawke was briefed by Board and de Montmarin on radio frequencies, maps and routes. "They changed the original destination," says Hawke, "from Bordeaux to the Portuguese Air Force Base at Tancos, which is about 90 miles northeast of Lisbon. I was also given crystals for some special radio frequencies to use during the flight."

In addition, Hawke was provided with copies of a contract between Board and a Canadian named Woodrow Wilson Roderick, who was the middleman purchaser of the B-26's from Board. He also got a copy of a contract between himself and Roderick for the flights. "Then I was briefed," Hawke says, "on what to do if there was any



Antihero Hawke may rank as the most naïve lawbreaker in the annals of spying.

trouble with the Customs, particularly in Canada. I was given the name of a customs broker in St. John's, Newfoundland, and I was to call him after landing at Torbay, Newfoundland, which is the most easterly point in the province and the perfect place to jump off on a long Atlantic flight."

Hawke insists that he and the mechanic, Griggers, were convinced that the contract was "government sponsored—in effect a contract between the U.S. government and the Portuguese government. But it was arranged in such a way as to arouse no public interest, for political reasons I assumed were valid." Remarks by Board, Hamilton and de Montmarin reinforced their conviction that the flights were CIA-sponsored.

Over the Memorial Day weekend of 1965, Griggers and Hawke flew to Rochester, N.Y., where a long-range fuel tank was to be fitted on the B-26. The tank turned out to be old, rusty and leaky, and it took five days to repair and install it. Meanwhile, Griggers got a call from Board to return to Tucson. Hawke was on his own.

About 4 p.m. on June 3—after checking with the Weather Bureau and getting a clearance from U.S. Customs to Torbay—Hawke filed his flight plan and took off. Canadian Customs was waiting for him when he arrived four hours later; with them he filed a general customs declaration. There was no trouble at all with Canadian Customs, and the next morning Hawke was on his way.

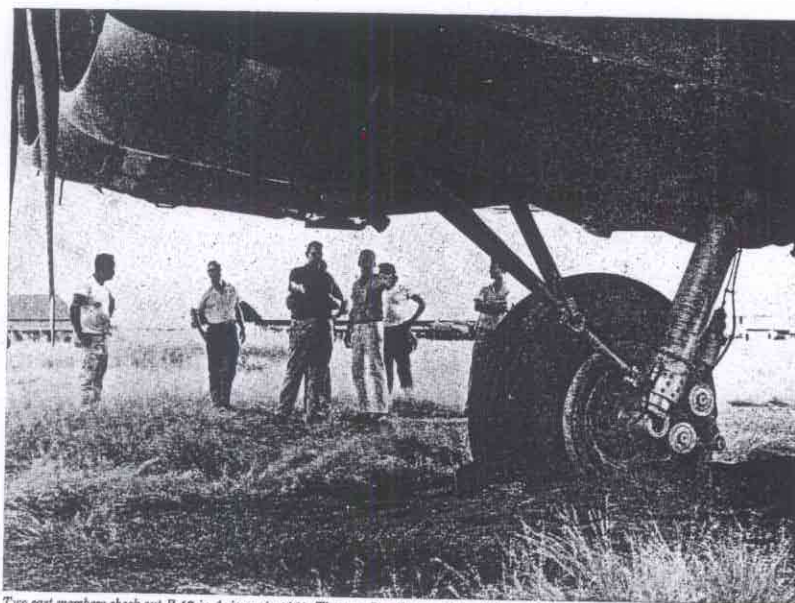
The first crisis arose about 500 miles out when Hawke's high-frequency radio quit working. Since he had filed a flight plan to Santa Maria in the Azores and then to Paris (for, as Hawke puts it, "political reasons again"), he was expected to maintain contact with Canadian Air Traffic Control and the control center in New York. When he failed to make contact, a general alert across the North Atlantic was put into effect.

When Hawke finally landed at Santa Maria, the superintendent of the airport was furious about Hawke's "violation" of air traffic regulations. He insisted on impounding the B-26 until its high-frequency radio was fixed. "I understood that little problems like that would not hinder me," Hawke says, "and after I talked to the man's superior I got all the proper clearances in a hurry." Hawke filed a new flight plan for Lisbon—and headed for the airfield at Tancos.

"About four hours later," he says, "I landed at Tancos and was greeted by a multitude of dignitaries, including a man I now know to be the Count of Beaumont (Antoine de Beaumont, a contact man with Luber Inc., a small Swiss arms and chemical dealer handling the Project Sparrow funds for the Portuguese), another who is the chief of Portuguese military security, a colonel in charge of air force matériel, and the head of the civil secret police. They were all terribly glad to see me and the airplane. After chatting about the flight, I pocketed the special VHF radio crystals—which were of no use to me since I was never contacted on any of the special frequencies—and I was taken in an air force staff car to Monsanto air base, near Lisbon, where I was put up in officers' quarters."

The Portuguese Secret Police wanted Hawke to leave for the U.S. by way of Zurich or Paris because Hawke's flight plans said that was where he was headed. But Hawke insisted on returning the cheapest way possible. He eventually talked the secret-police agents into letting him fly straight back to New York. Two high-ranking secret policemen escorted him to the Lisbon Airport, whisked him through all the formalities and helped him purchase a ticket on a commercial flight.

As he drank in the Lisbon Airport lounge, Hawke mused over the ins and outs of the covert operation business. During his sessions with the Portuguese secret police he had been given a new and powerful code word—it was Sparrow—"which



Two cast members check out B-17 in Arizona in 1961. They are Board, second from left, and Griggers, third from right.

would open all doors, close all mouths, and smooth over just about anything. This seemed a little melodramatic, but I accepted it."

His trip home to Ft. Lauderdale was eventless. Then, about June 18, Hawke flew to Tucson to get ready for flight No. 2. He complained to Board and Hamilton that everything had not gone smoothly as far as the airplane was concerned and he also rapped the airport controller at Santa Maria. That mixup, Hawke was told, would be taken care of promptly. He also talked to W. W. Roderick, in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Hawke says that Roderick assured him that Sparrow would now settle any such future mishaps. Then, says Hawke, "I met with a gentleman whose name was sort of Polish—like 'Cenevsky' or something like that—and he briefed me again. He was cognizant of what had happened throughout the flight. He told me he was from the U.S. Government, and he showed me a credential which I did not photostat in my mind but which looked very impressive."

The mysterious gentleman, Hawke says, told him that the United Nations would be most upset if it was found out that the B-26's were going to Portugal. The State Department once had been asked by the Portuguese government if it would approve the sale of the planes outright; the U.S. had refused, but there was considerable sympathy with the request—and according to the mystery man—another agency took over the job of getting them to the proper people. That was the end of the session. Was "Cenevsky" a CIA man? Hawke is not certain.

Hawke left Tucson on June 23 at 4 a.m. after getting \$3,000 in cash from the Southern Arizona Bank & Trust Co. "There was bad weather and I had some radio trouble and the compass was not working too well. I decided that I might as well land at Washington National Airport and leave the plane there overnight for repairs while I caught a commercial flight to Miami to see my

wife on our wedding anniversary. I could get back the next morning and still have plenty of time."

It is well to recall here that Hawke now is under indictment for illegally exporting B-26's. Now why would a smuggler land a B-26 at, of all places, the nation's capital, if he didn't really have to? The U.S. Customs is constantly on the lookout for such planes. Countless B-26's are seized annually on suspicion that they might be illegally leaving the country. And yet Hawke flew to Washington—and not without incident.

"I found my way through the murky weather to Washington," Hawke recalls, "and I was finally cleared to join the landing pattern with several other aircraft. I was descending behind several other planes when the engines commenced to backfire. The trouble was fuel starvation. I was low on fuel in the tanks I was using and in a descent the fuel was all going to the wrong part of the tanks. I switched the tanks, and the engines started again, but that wasn't the end of it."

"Unbeknownst to me I had flown over the White House, which is strictly off limits. And I was at a low altitude. The Control Tower was not a little upset. They advised me of this over the radio immediately. They said, 'B-26 flying over the White House please come back to the flying pattern immediately.' This was while I was still having trouble with the engines, I believe, and I told them, 'Shut up, I'm busy.' A few moments later I asked them again what they had said and they told me that when I landed I was to report to the tower because of the violation."

A Federal Aviation Agency car with a pair of FAA agents inside was waiting when Hawke parked his plane. They were duly agitated. "They told me that a violation would be filed and that normally it is a \$1,000 fine no matter what the excuse. One doesn't threaten the life of President Johnson with a bomber and get away with it lightly, they warned. And they weren't kidding."

The careful CIA student must pause again and ask himself: Why, if the export of the B-26's was without top-level clearance, didn't the FAA, the U.S. Customs, the Secret Service from the White House, the FBI or somebody stop Hawke right then? Had Hawke invented the whole absurd thing? That's what I thought until I got a copy of the FAA report which was sent to Hawke last March from the FAA installation at Washington National Airport. It read in part:

SUMMARY OF INCIDENT: Approx. 2120Z ("Z" means Greenwich Time—4:20 P.M. EST) N9422Z reported four miles northwest of the airport and was instructed to report downwind west of the airport. Approx. 2123Z a B-26 was observed westbound, north of the Washington Monument in P-56 (the prohibited area over the White House). Approx. 2124Z White House called in reference to a twin-engine silver-colored aircraft in the above position and same heading. Approx. 2131Z, N9422Z landed on runway 18. Washington weather at 2127Z: ceiling 1500 broken, visibility eight miles.

It was signed by Facility Chief Glen D. Tigner, and the date of the filing was July 2, 1965. It took eight months for the report to reach Hawke, and during the interim every FAA official I questioned said that Hawke must have cooked up the whole affair; no such violation was on record.

The FAA agents questioned Hawke for nearly three hours and Hawke invoked the word "Sparrow" several times. He still doesn't know whether the code word is responsible for his being permitted to leave. Hawke managed to catch a plane to Miami and spent what must have been an excruciatingly fleeting hour or so with his wife. He was back in Washington by 10 A.M. the next day, June 24, and he has the airline tickets to prove he actually made the trip.

Hawke spent an hour dickering over the cost of gasoline and finally managed to wheedle four cents a gallon off the usual rate. "Every penny counted," he says. "I had to scrimp here and there, and the trip to Miami had cost me good money. You can certainly see that if I had been worried about going to jail for twenty years for doing something illegal I bloody well wouldn't have bothered about the price of petrol."

He gassed up the bomber and revved up the engines. Then Hawke was startled to see "two men in dark suits—and I always worry about men in dark suits"—waving at him to stop the engines. They turned out to be FBI agents.

"What are you planning to do with this military airplane?" one asked.

"I'm taking it to France," Hawke said.

"What are the long-range fuel tanks for?" the other FBI man wanted to know.

"So I can fly over the sea," Hawke said.

"How far can it fly with those tanks?"

Hawke told them, and they realized that the range was not enough to avoid U.S. radar and fly undetected to the strife-torn Dominican Republic, which was, as Hawke puts it, "a place they said was in the height of fashion for smugglers."

Itching to get under way, Hawke climbed back into the B-26 and started up the engines again. And then two more men—"in black suits, of course"—popped up and waved for him to stop his engines. They were from the FAA, and they insisted that Hawke check out his engines with an FAA mechanic at the cost of several hours and considerable expense. Meanwhile, Hawke took the suggestion of one of the FBI men and cleared U.S. Customs at Washington National instead



A CIA source swears Hawke got ensnared in a masterful non-CIA hoax.

of going first to Rochester, N.Y., as he had originally planned. He filed his general declaration through Canada to the Azores to Paris, and finally got ready to take off, when the weather went bad for two hours. That night fog forced a very frustrated Hawke to land in Portland, Maine. And again he was stopped, this time by two FAA men who wanted to know where he intended going with a military airplane. "I told them, and I also mentioned the code word Sparrow. One of them made a few calls, and when he came back he said I could be off without any more trouble."

The rest of flight No. 2 was pretty routine. Just to be sure there was no repetition of the first flight's delay at Santa Maria, he overflew that airport and went directly to Tancos's airfield, where he again was welcomed. Hawke was driven to Monsanto, slept at the officers' mess, and flew to New York on a commercial liner.

A week or so later, on flight No. 3, bad weather forced Hawke down in Detroit, where he cleared U.S. Customs, again without incident. Then the plane's brakes stuck and Hawke spent an hour roaring up and down the taxiway trying to ungun them. Bad weather forced him down again in London, Ontario, where Canadian Customs seized the bomber because they claimed he was carrying cargo. The "cargo" turned out to be a modification kit for the B-26, and Canadian Customs soon realized their error and let Hawke go.

In Lisbon, Hawke met with a partner of de

Montmarin's named Lucien Bernard, who was handling the financial matters of Sparrow in Portugal, and two other Frenchmen. They advised him that the deal for 20 B-26's had been made firm and questioned him intensely on whether or not Hamilton Aircraft was maintaining the quality of the planes. They also warned him not to do anything to arouse any publicity. Hawke flew directly back to Tucson to pick up No. 4. That flight, and the others through No. 7, were boringly routine.

There was an interval of about three weeks between the return of Hawke from flight No. 7 and the takeoff date of No. 8. Hawke and his wife took the time to spend a week's vacation at Board's home in Jamaica, and after that, Hawke and Board and de Montmarin began to fly around the country in Board's C-46 picking up spare parts for the B-26's that were already in Portugal.

But on the 10th of September strange things began to happen to Hawke and his companions. FAA and U.S. Customs agents in Rochester, Pittsburgh, and Ocala, Fla., suddenly began taking a peculiar interest in their C-46 and their cargo of B-26 spare parts and bombing gear. Hawke felt, he says, that there was merely some mix-up in signals. "But Board seemed concerned and said he was going to call people in Washington to get the Customs off our necks."

At Taylor Field in Ocala, where Board insisted the C-46 should park for the night, a Customs agent from Tampa named Sam Johnson turned up and warned the three men not to leave the country with or without the airplane. Board and Hawke assured agent Johnson that they did not plan to go anywhere but to Miami, and added that they would leave all their cargo in Ocala in case that was what was bothering Customs people. Johnson allowed them to leave the next day.

Although more Customs agents met the C-46 at Miami International Airport and made a complete search of the plane, no arrests were made. The case, according to federal officials who cannot be named, still had not jelled.

But Hawke was growing suspicious, and with good cause. Two days before he was finally booked, Hawke noticed that two men were following him in a car. "I thought that rather funny," he says. "I played a few games with them, turning corners sharply. We eventually stopped at a railroad crossing, I got out and approached them in their car. I was a little alarmed to see a gun on the front seat. I said, 'Who are you and why are you following me?' One of them said that 'We can follow anybody we like, there's no law against that.'"

Then Hawke told them that if they didn't stop following him, he was going to go straight to the FBI. That didn't seem to faze them, and so Hawke did go to the local FBI office.

"Please, sir," Hawke says he said to the FBI agent on duty, "there are two men following me and I want to know who they are."

At that point, one of the two men shambled into the FBI office and asked to use the phone. Both men were, of course, Customs agents.

On Thursday, September 16, just 48 hours after the scene at FBI headquarters, U.S. Customs agent Wallace Shanley came to Hawke's home and gently broke the news that he was under arrest. At the time, Hawke was having a beer with the Customs men assigned to tail him. They had become good pals.

In early October a four-count indictment was brought against Hawke, Board, Griggers, de Montmarin, Roderick and Aero Associates, Inc.,

'Please, sir,
there are two men
following me.'

in the U.S. District Court in Buffalo. By that time Hawke had retained a Miami Beach lawyer-pilot named Edwin Marger and was free under \$5,000 bond. He was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the whole affair.

For one thing, Board had slipped out of the country to avoid arrest, and with him, according to federal authorities, he carried at least \$53,000 given to him by de Montmarin as payment for spare B-26 parts obtained outside the U.S. There was no sign that Board, like Hawke, was going to face the charges and maintain that it was all a big blunder the CIA would eventually straighten out. And Board was said by a friend to have protested his dismay about the whole mess in an unsigned letter postmarked from Saudi Arabia. Board was not anxious to come home. Why had he been allowed to flee the U.S.? There are only lame answers to that question. "He got out before we were ready to make arrests," is the best any government source can do.

Count de Montmarin—who maintains that he was merely a good broker—landed in jail for nearly four weeks before a New York lawyer finally got him out. While he was in jail, his wife remained in Paris to run EURAFRICAIR's odd affairs.

At the urging of lawyer Marger, who worked out an arrangement with U.S. Attorney Curtin, Griggers returned to the U.S. from Portugal (to which he had gone between flights No. 5 and 6) for arraignment. Then he went home to California. Griggers, too, was sure the CIA was going to put everything right; he is no longer certain.

Even a beginner at the game of CIA must have become aware of the obvious question which arises: How did seven—not one, two, three or five, but seven—of the bombers leave the U.S. and fly to Portugal without the vigilant CIA being aware of the plot? The answer of the CIA, and the other government agencies concerned, is that "an un-

fortunate mistake" was made somewhere along the line. In that case, one must wonder just how reliable the CIA's intelligence reporting is when an amateurish agent like Hawke can buzz the White House with a B-26 and still be in the illegal export business five planes later. A CIA student's alternate theory: If the CIA was not directly involved, then somebody at CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., certainly averted his eyes.

There is also the really ticklish issue of justice being done. For even if the U.S. mounts a massive case for conspiracy against Hawke & Co., how can the prosecution remove the nagging suspicion that the CIA was actually behind it all? The CIA can swear it is clean, but admittedly, that is all part of the CIA game.

To complicate matters, Sparrow has become a matter of concern in the United Nations. At the Trusteeship Committee of the U. N. General Assembly late last year, any chance of getting at the whole truth may have been diminished again.

Hungarian Delegate Zoltan Szilagyi had charged that the U.S. had instructed the secret delivery of the B-26's to Portugal. But Mrs. Eugenie Anderson (a U.S. Permanent Representative to the United Nations), although admitting that the planes had been delivered to Portugal, said they got there "without the U.S. authorities having the slightest knowledge of the operation." Then Mrs. Anderson proceeded to all but convict Hawke & Co. before their trial. She said, according to the Provisional Summary Record of the United Nations Fourth Committee, that "those concerned had been indicted on October 6 (1965) . . . for exporting aircraft without a license. The reason why the individuals in question had to resort to fraudulent methods in order to get the aircraft out of the U.S., and had been prosecuted for so doing, was precisely that the U.S. Government . . . had forbidden the provision of arms or military

equipment to Portugal without assurances that they would not be used in Portuguese territories. The U.S. authorities had made known to the Portuguese government its deep concern over the contravention of known U.S. arms policy. . . ."

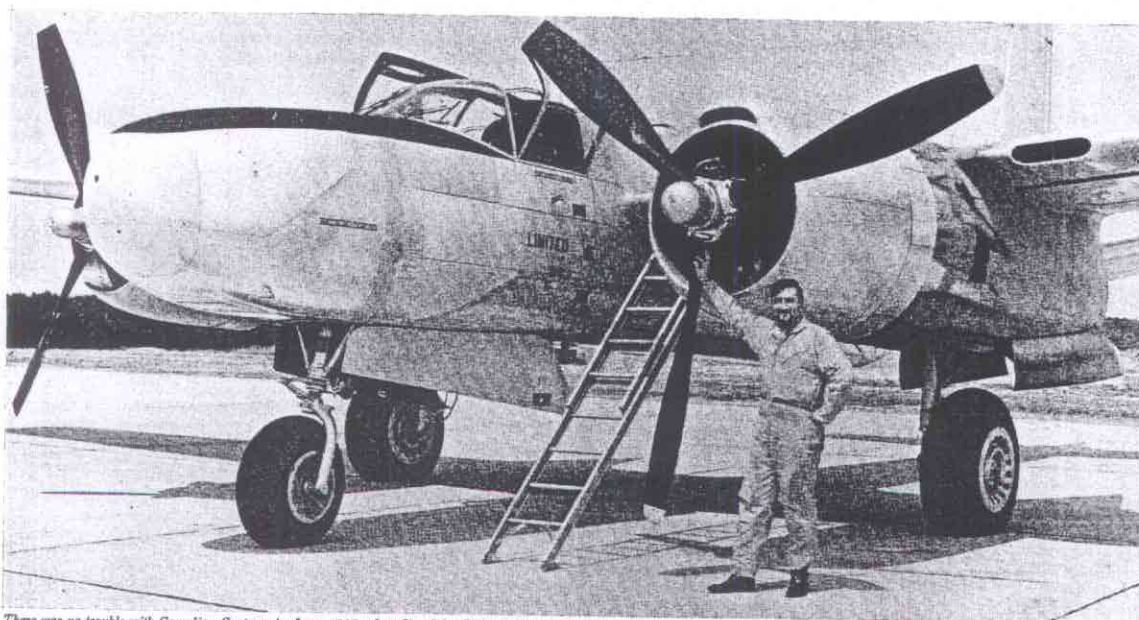
Pity poor U.S. Attorney Curtin. If the case comes to trial as expected, and Hawke and his colleagues are set free, the Soviet bloc and African delegates in the United Nations will, according to highly qualified U.N. observers, charge that Sparrow thus had been proven a CIA operation and that Mrs. Anderson lied. So Curtin has more than a newsworthy conviction riding on the outcome of the Sparrow case. He feels under pressure to convict to avoid an international fuss. On the other hand, if the alleged conspirators are convicted, there is sure to be a protest from those concerned with civil liberties—and anyone else who is worried about how much secrecy the CIA can get away with, in the courtroom and outside it.

Again, in all fairness to the CIA, I must point out that there is the chance that Hawke got himself ensnared in a masterfully complex hoax. A CIA lawyer I spoke with not long ago insisted that was the real answer, although he, too, admitted that he would never tell the truth in national security matters. With its U.N. implications, Sparrow is a matter of national security.

"Then how can I believe you even if I realize it is possible that Hawke was actually duped by Board and de Montmarin?" I asked.

"You just have to," he said. "Then how can you explain Board's easy escape, the seven successful missions, the fact that nobody has tried to get Board sent back here for trial, and all the other questions?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "But I'll tell you one thing. We're working up a hell of a case against those guys. I think we'll win because we're really in the clear this time." □



There was no trouble with Canadian Customs in June, 1965, when *John Richard Hawke* put down at Torbay, Newfoundland, prior to his first flight over the Atlantic to Portugal.