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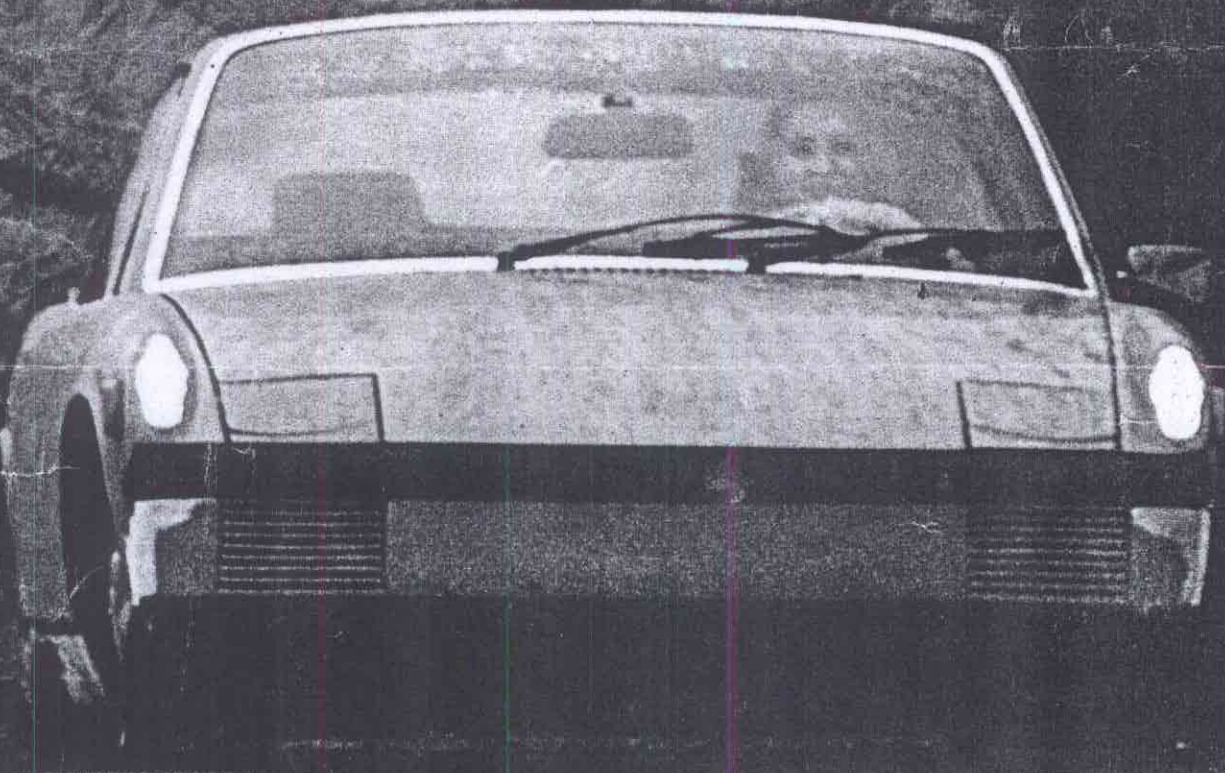
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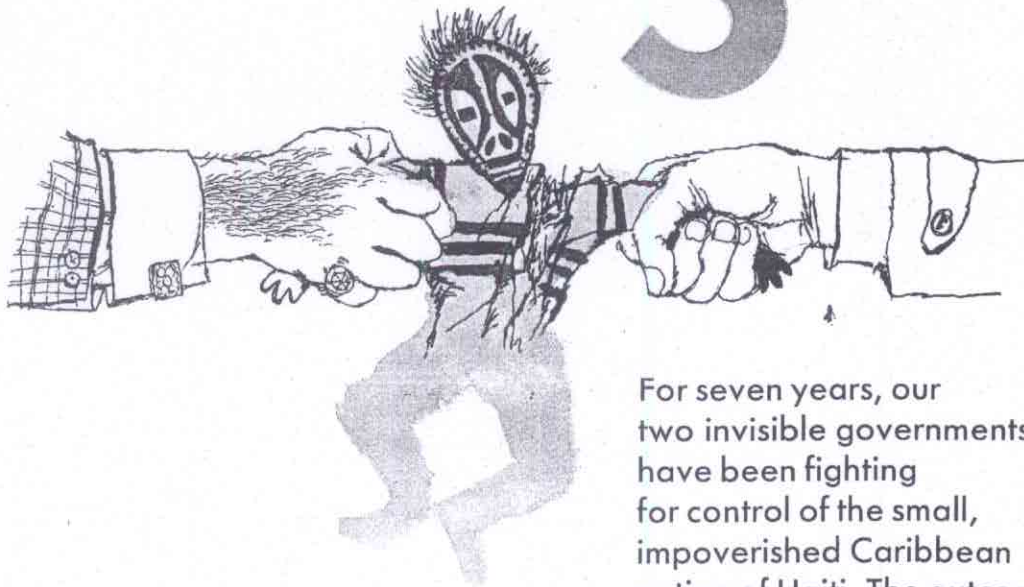
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TRUE • FOR TODAY'S MAN

APRIL 1970

**TRUE**  
APRIL

# THE MAFIA VS THE CIA



For seven years, our two invisible governments have been fighting for control of the small, impoverished Caribbean nation of Haiti. The outcome is still in doubt

**BY ANDREW ST. GEORGE**

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN



The CIA equipped guerrillas, amphibious-landing parties, spies and terrorists—and even bombed the president's palace



Americans who never thought of politics as anything but visible—visible *and* audible, for that matter—spent an unhappy time in the '60's adjusting to the discovery that the United States had an invisible government, too: in point of fact, *two* of them. There is, for one, the CIA, all over Washington; then, second, there is the national syndicate of organized crime, all over everything else. But it has remained for the generation of the '70's to discover that—perhaps inevitably—once these two shadow powers collided somewhere, the confrontation escalated into an invisible war.

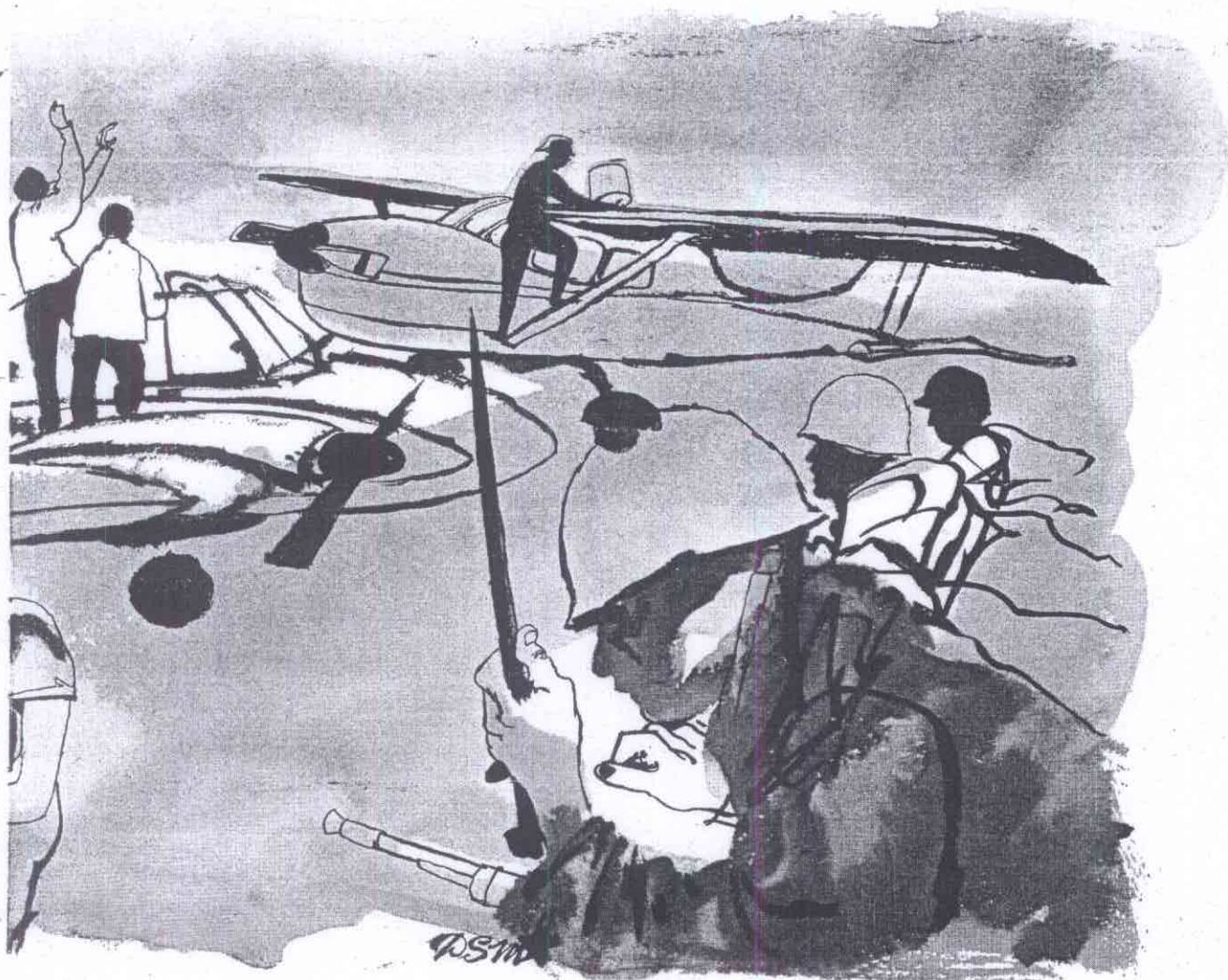
It may well be the first full-scale secret war Americans have ever fought: its origins disguised, its battles unreported, its casualties anonymous, even its most obvious scars so blithely ignored that when a French reporter recently wrecked her car in one of its gaping bomb craters, she complained of "potholes." The

battleground is the nearby Caribbean nation of Haiti and the immediate issue is simple: who will control her Maryland-sized national territory and 4.5 million desperate people? But the real struggle is for far bigger stakes: primacy over the entire Caribbean and its vast potential wealth. And—in the ultimate upset to American tradition—the bad guys seem to be winning.

It is not impossible that, as in Viet Nam, our undeclared war in Haiti might flicker on and off until the '80's arrive, but one of its most un-American aspects is bound to disappear by then: it will no longer be a secret. It will be the much-debated public property of historians, policy scholars, social scientists—the stuff of Sunday book supplements and John Wayne movie options.

There is bound to appear a best seller by a White House insider—an Arthur Schlesinger III, so to speak





—who will publish the authoritative, firsthand account of President John F. Kennedy's 1963 decision to attempt to free Haiti from the cancerous dictatorship of Dr. Francois Duvalier, and explain why the President and the National Security Council, ignoring the then-recent Bay of Pigs disaster, decided to entrust the liberation of Haiti to our "intelligence community." How the intelligence community—a joint operations group of the CIA, the Navy and the Pentagon's huge Defense Intelligence Agency—fell down on the job will probably be reviewed by an award-winning Washington newsman in a hard-hitting book that will call for a Congressional investigation—and likely get one started.

But a definitive book on the whole Haiti mess would best come from the cautious, emotionless typewriter of a seasoned crime writer. An old hand at gangland wars, nameless corpses, syndicate power struggles and

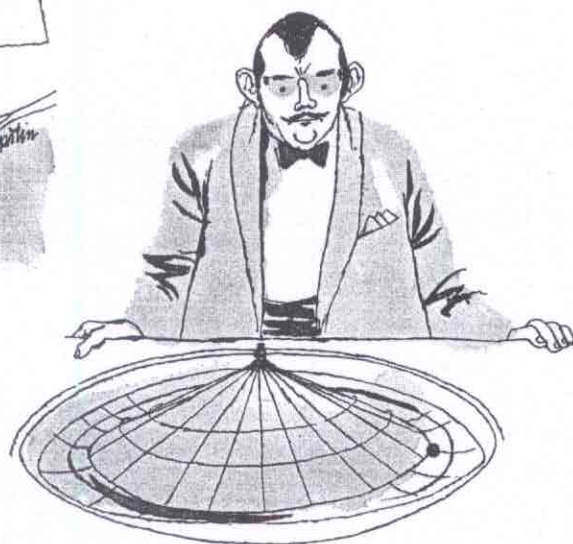
numbered bank transactions would go to Haiti and find the scene familiar. He would poke his toe at the bomb crater in the presidential driveway and never mistake it for a pothole. He would talk to President Duvalier himself and understand why Washington thought, back in 1963, that Papa Doc was a freak and a pushover—this frumpy, feeble-sounding, frog-faced little slimflam fuehrer without a friend in the world.

He would spot more than one CIA "spook" in the capital city of Port-au-Prince. But he would see that the influential Americans who come and go in the palace, who dance with slim, bronze bar girls in the new government guesthouses, who are passed through the menacing militia roadblocks with a nod, belong to a different secret society: the "syndicate." And our connoisseur of crime would reflect with a moment's awe on the sheer genius of Duvalier's successful sur-





When dictator Duvalier  
couldn't get arms and  
ammo, the mob helped.  
Now the Mafia men are  
collecting their debt



vival strategy: the discovery that if you are under attack from Washington's spooks, you can find an ally in America's *other* invisible government—organized crime—make a common front, and *win*.

All this would have struck the generation of the '60's as startling news. It was news, as late as 1968, even to people touched by the war, like Jay W. Humphrey, a plumbing contractor in Melbourne, Florida. One spring morning two men in neat dark suits drove up to the Humphrey house in Melbourne and handed Jay a strange draft notice. They were friendly men with an easy way of getting down to first names ("I'm Bernie," "I'm Raymond, just call me Ray"), and they had all the usual accoutrements: a basic Chevy with a clipboard on the dash; some papers to sign; some money in an envelope; an air ticket to Miami.

Eight weeks later Jay Humphrey, a six-foot-four, spectacularly muscled Air Force veteran and champion weight lifter who had flown combat in Korea, found himself back at the controls of a heavily laden attack bomber. Coming in on deck over the glittering Caribbean, roaring rooftop level past the piers of Port-au-Prince, Humphrey banked sharply into a low-altitude bombing run on the triple-domed presidential palace of Doctor Duvalier.

Dead ahead, the bomber crew saw the presidential guard's gunnery crew scramble wildly for the four-barreled Oerlikon ack-ack cannon mounted on the palace roof, but Humphrey felt only elation. He had

a passion for flying and for adventure. In a way, he was a volunteer. Years ago, when Double Chek Company and Gibraltar Steamship and the Mineral Carrying Corporation and two or three other one-room outfits—all of them thinly disguised fronts for the Central Intelligence Agency—were combing Florida for combat pilots, Jay Humphrey had signed up to fly in an operation then called "Operation Pluto," but now better known as the Bay of Pigs.

"If *that* do had lasted another week, I'd made first-line crew; I was on the list," Jay later told a friend. And although the Cuban invasion beachhead vanished in 48 hours, the list with Jay Humphrey's name on it stayed on file in Washington. This time he was called to flight duty against another tropical tyrant.

But how did Jay, a good ol' boy from grits-and-gravy country, where he left a petite, pregnant, blonde wife named Kathy and a baby son—how did he happen to find himself up here in the sultry, sinister tropical sky, aiming explosive eggs at the president of a nation legally





at peace with his own? And how did Haiti get to be the CIA's priority target?

For 18 months, *TRUE* Magazine and this reporter have been asking precisely this question in one of the longest and most far-flung investigations ever undertaken by a publication, carrying the query from Paris to San Juan to Miami, Washington and New York: Just what is happening in Haiti?

We found more distrust, deception and double-talk than on any foreign affairs investigation we have attempted. But gradually we also found some friends, and among the friends, in occasional moments of confidence, or frustration, we began to encounter answers with the feel of truth. Our first clues came from Gen. Leon Cantave, Haiti's former chief of staff; his executive officer, Col. Rene Leon; and from three Americans with tropical adventure in the blood—lawyer-pilot Edwin Marger of Miami; munitions merchant Mitchell Livingston WerBell III of Atlanta; and Tom Dunkin, a sky-diving swashbuckling reporter long interested in Haiti, who nowadays keeps out of trouble by working for the Columbus, Georgia, *Ledger-Enquirer*.

Take Jay Humphrey, for instance, plummeting in midair toward his moment of truth with 1,000 pounds of high-velocity plastic-compound explosive, packed in five specially rigged aerial bombs, to blow out the life of an incumbent president whom Jay had never seen in person. We know now that Jay was little more than

a cog in a formidable special-war machine. He was part of a small army including six American combat pilots (Larry DeGraff, Art Sims, Fred Harte, Clarence "Bud" Miller, Howard Davis and Humphrey himself), as well as a marine and transport detachment led by William G. Smith and Wes Maden; a demolition and bombardier group under Larry Hunter; and an assault rifle company of 241 Haitians trained in Florida and the Bahamas by experienced U.S. unconventional-warfare instructors who were mostly veterans of the Special Forces (like S/Sgt. Edmund Kolby) or of the Marines (like M/Sgt. Bill Miller).

The autonomous tactical strike force even had some strategic support facilities: broadcast and psychological warfare units for stirring up the population of Haiti; its own matériel procurement; and its own paymaster—the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, disbursing money for the project jointly with the Defense Intelligence Agency from vouchered but confidential Class "A" funds audited only within the agency.

The aerial assault was preceded by an intense radio barrage aimed at undermining President Duvalier's domestic support. Our investigation traced the tapes of these broadcasts to a New York radio studio then identified as WRUL, now called WNYW (Radio New York Worldwide), which often handles CIA-sponsored propaganda programs. They [Continued on page 79]



## THE MAFIA VS. THE CIA

[Continued from page 37]

were beamed to Haiti through the facilities of Radio Americas, of 101 Madeira Avenue, Coral Gables. It is a whispered fact in Haitian and Cuban exile circles that Radio Americas is a CIA front, also used as a transmission facility for daily propaganda broadcasts to Cuba.

In Coral Gables, Radio Americas, Inc., maintains an eminently impeccable facade. Its president of record is Roosevelt C. Houser, a member of the board of directors of Miami's giant First National Bank, and the secretary-treasurer is a prestigious Miami attorney, Walter Rogers. But others—mostly Americanized Cuban exiles—actually manage the broadcasting activities of Radio Americas in Coral Gables and on Swan Island in the Caribbean, where it maintains a tower well within shortwave and mediumwave range of both Cuba and Haiti. The CIA agent in charge of programming is known to be an experienced psychological warfare specialist, identified as Robert J. Wilkinson.

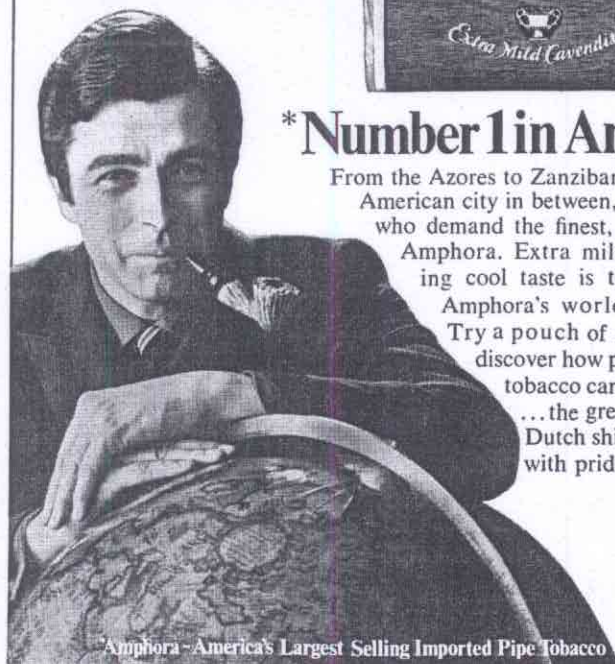
Jay Humphrey missed killing President Duvalier because three of his five bombs failed to explode—and the two that did landed slightly off-target. One left the spectacular crater that still makes a traffic hazard under Papa Doc's office balcony. Humphrey now suspects sabotage or possible betrayal: the commando force landed by three U.S. pilots at nearby Cap-Haïtien simultaneously with Humphrey's attack on the palace found itself under fire from one of Duvalier's coast-guard vessels suspiciously standing offshore just where the invaders struck.

All of these incredible special-warfare activities were aimed at the most incredible dictator ever to emerge on the inter-American scene. Dr. Francois Duvalier, Papa Doc, President for Life, Protector of the People, Maximum Chief of the Revolution, Apostle of National Unity, Electrifier of Souls, Grand Patron of Commerce and Industry, Benefactor of the Poor has been, for more than 12 years, the absolute ruler of Haiti. He has shown himself a more durable despot than Hitler; more murderously cunning than Stalin; more feared than Mussolini; and a good bit richer than all three departed dictators put together.

It is estimated that fully half of Haiti's \$28-million national budget goes directly into Duvalier's pocket. His secret bank holdings in the U.S. and Europe were said to be in excess of \$22 million in 1965, at a time when Haiti's national bank reserves were down to \$700,000. Part of this wealth is explained simply by Papa Doc's reluctance to spend. Not long ago, an American businessman trying to reach Arthur Bonhomme, Haiti's ambassador in Washington, found that the embassy phone had been disconnected for nonpayment. But most of it stems from Papa Doc's unique vision of statesmanship. Considering himself a living incarnation of the Haitian flag and "national spirit," he views all public revenues as his personal assets.

Yet while Papa Doc has grown fat in

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power, his country has starved as no republic of the Americas ever starved in modern history. In the arid, rocky, roadless backcountry, babies with a birth defect are drowned by their desperate parents like unwanted cats; and healthy children are offered for sale like cattle. Corrosive famine has eaten away the basic bonds of humanity; in 1962 Washington began receiving reports—although it has long been reluctant to discuss them in public—that for the first time since pre-Columbian days cannibalism has infiltrated the western hemisphere in Haiti.

In 1962—after the bitter Bay of Pigs was over and done with—Adolf A. Berle, one of the Kennedy Administration's advisers on Caribbean affairs, published a startling article in *The Reporter*, known to reveal the President's thinking. It began with these words:

"The current Caribbean crisis in Haiti may prove bigger and more dangerous than Cuba. Bigger, because it builds on the already perilous Cuban situation. More dangerous, because it presents the possibility of a race war."

Only 50 miles from Cuba across the crucial Windward Passage (and 600 miles from the U.S.), Haiti thus became a high-priority problem. Throughout 1962, Washington—first the State Department, then State and the Defense Department, then State and Defense and the CIA, finally even the White House foreign-policy shop—pulled and hauled at all the customary strings used to make Caribbean *caciques* change their ways. But, much like Castro, Duvalier refused to jump.

He sent the US ambassador, Robert Newbegin, packing, threw out the American military mission, expelled any U.S. aid official heard raising his voice in remonstrance, and later—lest he appear neglectful of the spiritual side of things—had the long-resident Episcopal bishop of Haiti, a gentle midwesterner named Alfred Voegeli, carted to the airport with a pistol at his head and dumped aboard the first plane out.

But Fidel Castro was one thing; Castro, as President Kennedy came to realize, had unmistakable political genius and powerful allies in the vast Eastern bloc. Duvalier, on the other hand, with his uncontrollable behavior, first struck Washington as demented. At the suggestion of his baffled advisers, President Kennedy decided to give Papa Doc a surreptitious sanity checkup.

Late in 1962 a distinguished U.S. psychiatrist experienced in dealing with the eccentricities of executives was summoned to Washington and enlisted in a cloak-and-dagger stratagem to diagnose Papa Doc. To provide the psychiatrist with a safe cover and access to the unpredictable Haitian dictator, he was ostensibly appointed to a senior position with the U.S. embassy in Haiti. The embassy, on White House orders, arranged a private dinner with Doctor Duvalier and saw to it that the visiting doctor was seated strategically opposite the unsuspecting president—where he could engage both in observation and conversation with Papa Doc.

Next day, having completed what may



well be the shortest diplomatic tour of duty in U.S. Foreign Service annals, the psychiatrist flew back to Washington. He returned his diplomatic passport to a high White House adviser with the report that, "Duvalier is a psychopath—there are unmistakable symptoms of paranoid megalomania. He is a very sick man. He needs to be relieved from the pressures of the presidency, and competent treatment and a long rest."

To see to it that Papa Doc was relieved from the burdens of the presidency now became, on President Kennedy's orders, the responsibility of the U.S. intelligence and security establishment. The last warning, however, was to be delivered by tradition through the State Department.

On May 23, 1963, U.S. Ambassador Raymond Thurston (who had succeeded Ambassador Newbegin), flanked by every senior U.S. military officer not yet kicked out of Haiti, drove up to the palace with the Stars and Stripes flying and strode into President Duvalier's private office. What happened next has been a closely guarded secret, until Duvalier himself recounted it to a European visitor recently:

"Ambassador Thurston appeared one evening to tell me plainly that I must go. He came and said that the country was in revolt and my enemies about to seize power, but that the United States would help save me personally provided, of course, that I gave no trouble and went quietly. Well, I was seated at this very desk and the ambassador exactly where you are sitting now. I knew that the American fleet was in our coastal waters, but when the ambassador finished, I looked at that clock there and then I said: 'It is you who must go. I give you 24 hours to leave our country. And now, get out of my presence.' Thurston left Port-au-Prince, and, you know, nothing

he predicted came true—there was no revolution, no real attempt to overthrow me, none of the things Washington expected in order to begin landing its Marines ever came to pass."

But Papa Doc was far too modest. We know now that if the American ambassador's threats failed to materialize, it was not for want of Washington's trying—and trying, trying again—to wipe the Duvalier regime off the map. But what no one has been able to find out until now is just how Papa Doc has managed to resist seven years of border invasions, amphibious commando landings, assassination attempts and Special Forces-trained guerrilla infiltrators.

Last year, for the first time, the CIA and the U.S. Justice Department came into "hard" information indicating that in early 1963, just as his troubles with Washington were beginning to boil, Papa Doc was visited by a plenipotentiary envoy of U.S. organized crime: Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, then boss of New York's biggest and potentially most powerful Mafia family.

Joe Bananas had not come to Port-au-Prince looking to fight anyone; he came looking for the casino concession, and after some private talks with Papa Doc, he got it. As peacefully as if he were franchising a Mr. Softee ice-cream stand, Joe Bananas installed Vito de Filippo, one of his veteran *caporegins*, to handle the Port-au-Prince gambling setup, and returned to New York—head-on into a shooting war.

It was a murderous intra-Mafia power struggle, now known as the Banana War. After several months—and a toll of 14 corpses—Joe Bananas had to retreat. He decided to move to Haiti. Now he came to see Papa Doc in the bone-white palace, not as a visiting businessman, but as an ally in search of a confederate.

For a full year, Papa Doc protected Joe Bananas in Port-au-Prince. Although the aging gang boss kept running his gambling concessions, his whereabouts remained a well-kept secret. Baffled speculation everywhere leaned toward the conclusion that old Bananas had gone to sea in concrete overshoes. And when Joe Bananas finally reappeared in the U.S., sound and untanned, the Mafia was, for once, genuinely awed. A tropical, touristy little country like that, where CIA and FBI and Treasury and other federal agents were excluded as archenemies, had obvious potential of its own.

Papa Doc, for his part, had also discovered the special advantages of a mutual assistance pact with the syndicate. He discovered them when—hard pressed by clandestine enemy landings on his long coastline—he went to Washington to buy some badly needed patrol craft.

The specifications on the procurement list Haiti submitted to the U.S. State Department in late 1963 looked harmless enough:

- 1 Ten PT boats, 95 to 125 feet in length with metal hulls and diesel engines, armed with multiple cannon and machine-gun mounts
- 2 Three small LCS's (Landing Craft, Support)
- 3 Five LCVP's (Landing Craft Vehicles-Personnel)
- 4 One small metal-hulled tugboat
- 5 One small buoy-tender vessel

These were inoffensive coast-guard-type craft, never denied any noncommunist nation. But in the special case of Papa Doc, the State Department took a single look at the shopping list and firmly answered, "No." Nevertheless by 1965 Papa Doc's little sea squadron acquired about half the vessels Washington never intended it to have. (The requirement for LCVP's was scratched.) Where did they come from? U.S. intelligence points to a shadowy man, Max Intrator—and the syndicate.

Intrator, a short, rotund, charming European known as a *Hundertpassler*—i.e., a man whose origins are lost among the hundred different passports he uses—was an important syndicate specialist when the Lansky mob controlled gambling in pre-Castro Havana: a money mover. In mob hierarchy, a money mover ranks very near the top, a trusted executive skillful in exactly what the name implies—safekeeping, hiding, smuggling, exchanging, depositing, investing and paying out money without ever revealing the real owner or causing him trouble with tax authorities.

In Havana, after Castro's takeover, Max Intrator became a money mover with a front-line command, so to speak. It was his job to prevent the Maximum Chief of the Revolution from getting his hands on the roomfuls of money belonging to the Maximum Chief of the Syndicate, Meyer Lansky.

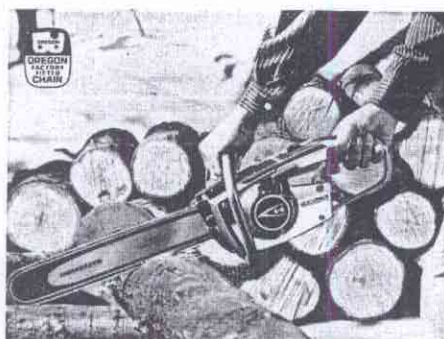
This involved exchanging all of it into U.S. currency—moderate-denomination, unlisted dollar bills—a job Intrator accomplished with marvelous speed, paying two, three, four pesos to the dollar throughout 1959: a shrewd maneuver, as it turned out, for by the end of 1959



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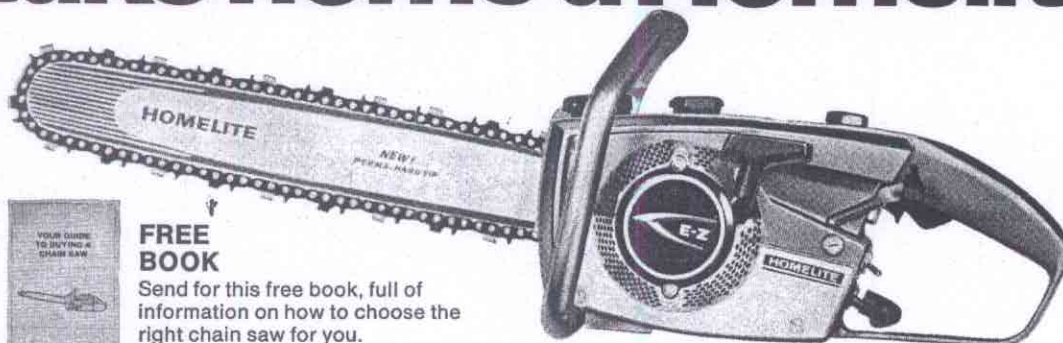


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Castro canceled the currency in favor of a new issue, and anyone caught holding more than a hundred Cuban pesos lost it. Max Intrattor was obviously ready for bigger things.

In 1964 Max appeared in Rome with a naval shopping list. It showed no wear or tear from having been crumpled and discarded by the U.S. State Department. In fact, it looked like a *different* shopping list. What Max was looking for was the sort of small, surplus, inoffensive little offshore boat the European shipyards will produce at surprisingly low cost from converted U.S. subchasers, old PT boat hulls or steel-hulled Mosquito boats. Papa Doc learned there is no need to truckle to Washington for naval craft: the U.S. Navy has sold hundreds as surplus in recent years, and all you need to find the right ships with the right gun mounts is the right connections. And in Italy, the mob had *connections*—far, far better connections than the stuffed-shirt State Department, for instance.

"Although we knew that Haiti needed coast-guard craft, the buyers were so crafty that it took us a year to realize those Italian patrol boats had gone to Duvalier," a U.S. agent said recently in Washington. "They were first routed to Belgium, then to Montreal, then to a lot of dummy Bahamian consignees—no Haitian government had ever used that sort of quadruple shuffle before."

Washington does know, however, that Duvalier's dreadnoughts were in service

by the end of 1965. As recently as 1968, one of them, equipped with U.S. 50-caliber machine guns and a 20mm. automatic cannon, helped frustrate a CIA-sponsored commando landing at Cap-Haitien.

Machine guns, cannon, rifles, ammo—these were equally burning problems. They could not very well be bought in Italy, because Haiti's existing stockpiles were all U.S.-made. Duvalier turned to the syndicate.

"It was like Castro turning to the Russians," says Edwin Marger, a Miami lawyer-pilot who is one of the top experts on munitions law in the U.S. "Remember, Duvalier was under a war embargo, too—except this one was secret. The fact is, Haiti could not clear a BB gun through Washington between 1963 and 1965; U.S. Customs would confiscate the shotgun shells in your suitcase if they learned you were emplaning for Haiti. So the Haitians went to the only people around who could help them. Meyer Lansky's crowd. And Lansky—when you get south of Jacksonville, well, there is Nixon and Agnew, and in the British and French islands there's the Queen and de Gaulle, but when you say 'Boss' you mean only *one* man, all over the blue water—Lansky. So when Lansky's crowd decided to help Haiti, the Washington crowd was in trouble."

In some cases, Marger acknowledged, the mob helped Papa Doc locate hard-to-find munitions in the gunrunning market; in others, actual purchases were fi-

nanced; and in still others, the syndicate's role was to smuggle guns past the U.S. embargo and deliver them to Port-au-Prince.

"Do you mean to say," Marger was asked, "that while the CIA was buying ships, guns and planes to overthrow Duvalier, the syndicate was giving him the guns and ships to stand off the spooks?"

"And planes, too," Marger grinned; he had served as defense counsel for more than one gunrunner caught skating stuff to Haiti, and warmed to the possibilities of the question. "If you want more expertise, ask Wally Shandley."

Supervising Customs Agent Wallace T. Shandley is one of the U.S. government's most prestigious Caribbean experts. Posted in Miami during the '60's, he has been in charge of more gunrunning investigations than any other single federal agent. He *never* talks to reporters. We finally met at dinner—Marger, Shandley and Charles Meys, a towering, stolid Haitian businessman who had once been a clandestine gun shopper himself for Papa Doc Duvalier—and while Agent Shandley will not declare himself for the record on anything traceable to Washington's invisible government, he has no similar communications block on syndicate activities: "There is no doubt," he said slowly, a tall, lanky man staring into his drink, "that organized crime is responsible for supplying prohibited military equipment to the Haitian government."





Asked about the planes mentioned by Marger, Shandley nodded:

"Military aircraft have been repeatedly smuggled to Haiti from the U.S.," he said. "Take the T-28 all-purpose fighter-bomber training plane. Washington specifically put them on embargo, but Duvalier got some anyway, and it was a criminal transaction."

The mysterious case of the contraband T-28's threw a sharp instant's light on the hidden workings of secret wars. Two of the smuggled warplanes purchased from private dealers were traced to Randall Lee Ethridge, a Palm Beach pilot known as a busy friend of Haiti; beyond Ethridge, the trail led to Vito de Filippo, the Cosa Nostra viceroy in Port-au-Prince.

"The T-28 case demonstrates the fallacy of trying to wage undeclared war in a democracy," says a distinguished Washington observer familiar with Caribbean affairs. "Those aircraft were smuggled to Haiti 'baredeck'—that is, Duvalier needed an expert air-craft armorer to install gun mounts and cannon and automated bomb bays and rocket struts. It's a tricky job. The mob found Papa Doc an armorer in Miami and hired him at \$200 per diem, and sent him secretly to Port-au-Prince via Lucayan Beach and Kingston. The trouble was that this happened to be the best free-lance armorer between Atlanta and Key Largo, so naturally he was also the CIA's occasional contract armorer—he'd done quite a few quiet jobs for the spooks. Eventually Customs heard about the T-28 caper. When the armorer came back to Miami—job all done, money in the bank in Nassau—he was arrested and interrogated. Customs was rubbing its hands and working up indictments against a whole line of mobsters from New York to Haiti—except that it turned out that their key informant, the armorer,

could not be produced in court without the danger of revealing the same sort of shady secrets about the CIA. Finally the government just dropped the case."

Wherever the military equipment came from, Papa Doc needed it desperately, for throughout the '60's Washington's invisible government pressed its attack on the detested dictator.

In 1963 Gen. Leon Cantave, the white-haired, widely respected former chief of staff of Haiti's army and a self-exile from Duvalier's dictatorship, was secretly offered funds and facilities by a White House adviser for a commando invasion of Haiti across the Dominican frontier. The funds subsequently came from the joint CIA-DIA operations group. When money proved insufficient, General Cantave's little anti-Duvalier army was provided with weapons, ammunition and other war supplies via direct night drops into the Dominican mountains from an unmarked U.S. Navy plane, much as U.S. units on the firing line would be resupplied.

There were, however, some necessities—training and discipline, for instance—that could not be supplied by direct airdrop. When Cantave's campaign failed for want of such essentials, the CIA-DIA task force began to train anti-Duvalier activists directly, first in a secret camp near Fort Holabird, Maryland, then at the JFK Special Warfare Center in Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

In 1964 and 1965 two U.S.-trained Haitian commando groups, organized like the basic Special Forces "A" team, in 13-man units, went ashore in southern Haiti. The first one was a spearhead force, intended to set up a resupply drop zone and to provide leadership for local insurgents. Six months later, the second team—a smaller unit of eight men, four of them Americans—went briefly ashore on a simpler mission: to check the area around Jeremie and find out firsthand

what happened to the first team. The first team, as it turned out, had been discovered and chewed up to the last man by Duvalier's butcher-bird militia, the Tonton Macoutes.

The invisible government in Washington became convinced that overthrowing Papa Doc and taking charge of Haiti called for American leadership. In 1966, when Father Jean-Baptiste Georges, a Catholic priest who had been Haiti's Minister of Education, began to organize a major commando expedition in Florida, a U.S. Special Forces captain named Robert K. Brown suddenly appeared among the recruits.

A Miami journalist with intimate CIA connections arranged a secret meeting in his Coral Gables home between the Haitian exile leader and the U.S. officer. At this meeting Captain Brown, a wiry, commanding figure in his Viet Nam combat fatigues, squatted on the living-room rug with a sheet of paper and showed Father Georges how a commando operation against Duvalier's stronghold should be planned.

The captain was ready to lead the assault in person, provided he was given operational command of Father Georges' little 300-man army. Unexpectedly the secretive, stubborn Haitian leader decided against handing command to an unfamiliar American; a few weeks later, his entire "invasion force" and all their arsenal were seized by U.S. Customs. Although Father Georges had been repeatedly arrested in Florida for similar violations of the U.S. Neutrality Act, but somehow never indicted, this time he was hauled into federal court and given a prison sentence.

In 1968 another major anti-Duvalier air-sea assault, spearheaded by Jay Humphrey, was launched from Florida by a group of Haitian exiles. U.S. pilots, instructors, boatmen and demolition experts handled all key operational assignments. Most of the financing came from the secret funds of Washington's invisible government.

But by far the heaviest toll was paid by the men—and their wives and children—who became involved in Washington's anti-Duvalier campaign.

One of the young Haitian militants who participated was Bernard Sansaricq, 29, a graduate of the Bordentown Military Institute, who risked his life repeatedly to liberate his country. A recent confidential report of the Organization of American States on the destruction of human rights in Haiti lists the name of Sansaricq a dozen times, including three children under seven and a pregnant mother.

Every one of these men, women and children was put to death by the Tonton Macoutes in retaliation for Bernard Sansaricq's enlistment in the Haitian secret war. The women were raped, time and again, until they shrieked for death; it came, in some cases, with the slaving assault of a sadistic torturer known as "Ti Fer" (Iron Uncle), who tore his victims apart with a spiky iron collar attached to his genitals.

There are also reports of small girls sexually abused and impaled with bottles



which were then kicked to smithereens; babies' brains shattered against the wall before their mothers' eyes.

In this anti-Duvalier campaign, the CIA, incredibly, often was forced to stand by helplessly while its trainees were slaughtered.

Geraldine Carro is a slim, sophisticated blonde, an American magazine writer who has been familiar with the Haitian freedom fight for years; she has given it time and effort, and finally she gave her fiancé, too:

"What happened was the CIA picked up my fiancé, Max Armand, along with some 30 others, took them all to Maryland in two covered trucks for training," Miss Carro told TRUE recently. "They were young men from fine Haitian families—they called themselves the *Jeune Haiti* group. They got eight weeks' Special Forces training, ending in some sort of jungle training exercise. And they got some gear—firearms, communications and amphibious equipment, whatever they needed. They were supposed to begin organizing the opposition, serve as a spearhead.

"When the first team landed in the south of Haiti, Max was second-in-command. After the first few days, they ran into Duvalier's militia all around Jeremie, and there were fire fights almost every day and they began taking casualties. Then their radio conked out—broken or lost, we don't know; we just couldn't communicate with them.

"It gradually became obvious that unless something was done these boys were cooked. And we tried—listen, the CIA really tried—to get some help to the boys or somehow save what was left of them. And we couldn't do a thing. Washington just shut down on us: it was like running into a stone wall—nothing. All the boys were killed. My fiancé, too. I have since found out how he died, but I don't think I can talk about it. Anyhow, the CIA guys—the people who trained and equipped the boys—were terrifically bitter, and said someone was pulling strings behind their backs to destroy the expedition. The only thing they could do was chip in, just like an office collection, and pay for a Requiem Mass, a memorial service for the dead. It was right here in New York, on 14th Street. I went too. All the CIA guys and families and girls of the dead boys were there; the aisle was a river of tears."

In all this sad scene—Washington's invisible government praying for the heroic men it had trained but could not support—the significant sentence concerns the "pulling of strings" behind the CIA's back.

Even in Washington, where the local industries are lobbying, fixing, influence peddling and public relations, this must have been a difficult feat. Whoever went to bat for Duvalier confronted the vast Washington foreign-affairs bureaucracy—the State Department, the intelligence establishment, the angry Organization of American States, some of whose member states were privately urging the U.S. to forget about diplomatic niceties and send in the Marines.

Our investigation encountered virtual consensus that only one statesman of or-

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gunized crime could have turned the trick: Meyer Lansky, mighty Meyer, *capo di capi re*, boss of bosses, the world's most influential money mover and corrupter.

We know that when Papa Doc's time of troubles began, mysterious go-betweens procured him a very influential Washington ally—Bobby Gene Baker, who was then secretary to the Senate Majority and had been right-hand man to Vice-President Lyndon Johnson. Bobby Baker had a rare galaxy of gifts: he was an influential figure among elected officials, a close friend of LBJ, and a natural-born fixer with a quick mind.

Baker was taken to the mountaintop and shown the promise of Haiti by a pair of Meyer Lansky's Washington lobbyists: Ben Sigelbaum—a senior mob money mover—and Ed Levinson, who came to Lansky and Haiti by way of Las Vegas and Miami. Quicker than you can say "rake-off," Baker found himself plugged into a setup which paid him a penny tribute on every pound of meat slaughtered and exported from Haiti—animal meat, not human flesh. Magically, meat exports began to soar.

Bobby Baker's butcher bonus was, however, merely a beachhead for Duvalier's and Lansky's combined forces.

Lansky's vision of the Caribbean as a lush blue-water empire of gambling, tourism, covert banking and real-estate manipulation came to include Haiti in a central position by the mid-'60's. This statesmanlike concept from the dean of U.S. organized crime in turn permeated every nook and cranny of the many busi-

ness organizations under his influence.

In Miami, Lansky money helped set up a far-flung outfit known as International Airport Hotel Systems, whose associates came to include some influential Washington figures, most prominently Maxwell M. Rabb, who served as secretary to the Cabinet under President Eisenhower. By 1965 International Airport Hotel Systems developed an unmistakable interest in Haiti. Lansky money found its way into another promotion-minded outfit with strong Washington connections—Bobby Gene Baker's Serv-U Corporation. Serv-U was basically just a vending-machine company, but in the mid-'60's it found itself with some new associates—Ed Levinson, Dino Cellini and former Nevada Lt. Gov. Cliff Jones—all of whom had, as if by coincidence, served brief tours of duty in Haiti tending some chore or other connected with gambling. Naturally enough, they were all enthusiastic Duvalier boosters. Cliff Jones—who, along with Cellini, has been long considered by U.S. authorities as a front for Lansky—proved an indefatigable lobbyist for Haiti and its many potential pleasures.

In 1964 Bobby Baker and Ben Sigelbaum became involved in helping to charter a new bank in Washington. The banking venture attracted influential people—one of them a powerful Congressional activist in Caribbean affairs. Becoming involved with banking also gave Baker an idea of another way to help Papa Doc—by giving him money. The giant international banks began to



give some of their foreign-aid and loan funds to Duvalier—at a time when the “invisible government” was sending men to their deaths trying to overthrow him.

Another key area in which Washington’s “invisible government” proved powerless was the assigning of U.S. ambassadors. Here, the Senate and the White House “kitchen cabinet” had the decisive influence.

What developed gradually was a mysterious “the-eagle-has-two-heads” policy with macabre results:

In early 1964, just as the CIA began to send off anti-Duvalier recruits to train at secret U.S. camps, the White House sent off a new U.S. ambassador to Haiti. The new envoy, Benson L. Timmons III, was meek, manageable, a man who seemed prepared to coexist with Papa Doc at any price.

Moreover, although Duvalier could not pry a penny out of Washington through 1963, by 1964 the Johnson Administration-American Development Bank told Papa Doc to pick up a \$2.6 million loan; the Haitians did so hastily, for under the exceptionally generous terms set by the bank, it was an outright gift in all but name. The Alliance for Progress also smiled on Duvalier and granted him a \$4 million funding guarantee for a new petroleum refinery.

U.S. policy on Haiti grew ever more self-contradictory. From Washington and New York, the CIA inaugurated daily radio broadcasts beamed to Haiti from Station WRUL and Radio Americas, then officially known as the Vanguard Service Corporation, urging the people to overthrow the “bloody despot” Duvalier. But other sources in Washington and New York, some close to the White House kitchen cabinet, began to urge a revival of U.S. tourism in Haiti. Tragically, the U.S. Navy—deeply involved behind the scenes in attempts to get rid of Duvalier—was told to prime the pump for tourism by reactivating Port-au-Prince as a leave port for sailors.

As his syndicate support solidified, Papa Doc grew bolder. To prove that he could outspook the CIA anywhere, even on its own home grounds, his secret agents in New York infiltrated the studios of WRUL one night and switched the recorded tapes being processed for shipment to Swan Island. What went on the air a few days later, instead of the programmed half-hour anti-Duvalier broadcast, was a song of praise for Papa Doc.

The spooks struck back by instigating a customs investigation of the Haitian consul general in Miami, Eugene Maximilien, who was suspected of abusing his duty-free diplomatic privileges in the im-

portation of Scotch whisky and other taxable goods.

As the invisible war continued, no one was safe. After the Jay Humphrey bombing raid on Duvalier’s palace, the young U.S. foreign service officer suspected of being the CIA station chief in Haiti, Thomas H. Carter—officially accredited as the third secretary of the U.S. embassy—was beaten bloody by a Tonton Macoute thug. Duvalier sent him back to Washington on a stretcher, along with an “apology” for the “incident.”

Oddly enough, while hundreds of people died in the invisible war, and millions of dollars went down the drain, it remained a secret. The Haitians, Cubans and Americans enlisted by the CIA could not reveal their rage at Washington’s “double shuffle” without compromising the intelligence establishment—their single source of support.

This held true even when the casualties were Americans. It is largely forgotten now that the first diplomatic crisis between Washington and the newborn Duvalier regime occurred over the 1957 murder of an American citizen, Shibley Talamas, by the Port-au-Prince police. Duvalier sent the widow \$100,000 in cash, and the matter was considered settled. But there were no indemnities last year when a machine gunner named Gerald Smith died in the course of a second bombing raid on Papa Doc’s palace, led by veteran tropical combat flier Howard Davis, who has flown for the CIA both in Cuba and Viet Nam.

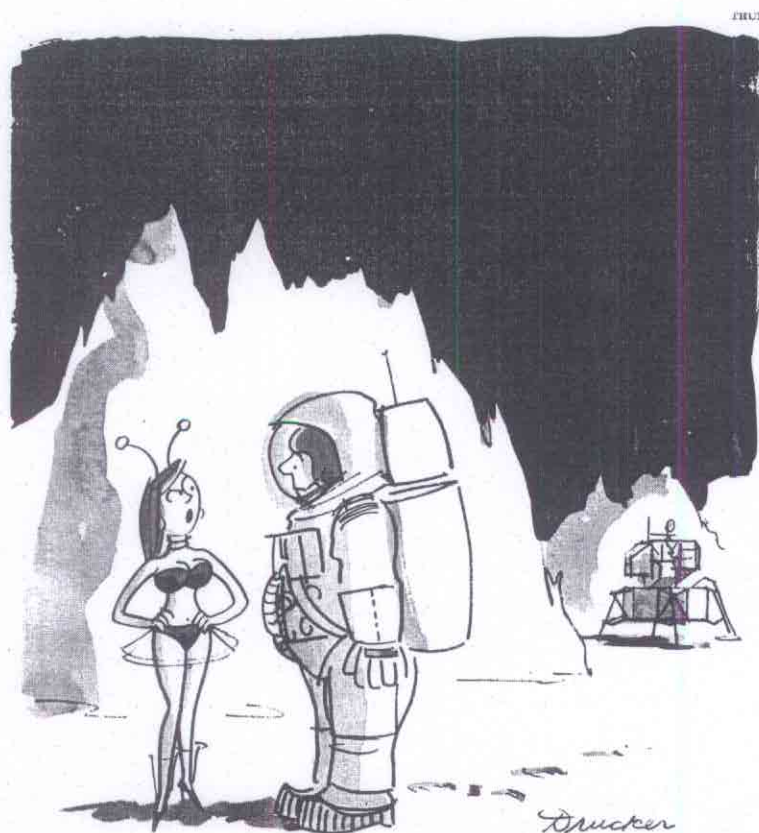
As for the syndicate, sounding off would have been unthinkable. It would have, for one thing, violated the iron code of *omertà*, the tradition of silence, a tradition deeper in the underworld than in the intelligence establishment. And the syndicate’s prize would have been worthless unless it remained a secret.

“Ever since organized crime became an invisible empire of sorts,” a Justice Department official told TRUE, “People like Lansky have looked for the perfect setup—a completely controlled province, free of intruders of every sort, free of U.S. agents, tax snoops, undercover investigators, local politicians hustling payoffs—free of all the intrusions that make gambling fundamentally a dicey proposition.”

The U.S. official explained that in such a controlled setup gambling could, for once, be fixed “as it should be” in the professional gambler’s dream—scientifically, invisibly, permanently and precisely, so as not to scare away the suckers.

“Suppose,” he said, “that this perfect gambling haven comes with its own treasury system; that is, a wholly autonomous trading enclave, a free port, where money can be collected, exchanged, transferred or converted—into gold, for instance—once again, without snooping or hassling. Now suppose that the big boss who has had the strength and patience to build up this perfect property, investing millions over a long period when the proposition looked like just another rathole—as Lansky has done in Haiti—suppose this boss of bosses also has an exclusive option on thousands of acres of beach-

[Continued on page 87]



“Who are you? Why didn’t Neil and Buzz come back?”



[Continued from page 84]  
front land that is bound to become valuable as the result of his scheme? What sort of winnings would that make? Well, on Grand Bahama, Wallace Groves, a petty ex-convict whose one stroke of genius may well have been finding a connection to Meyer Lansky, not long ago bought 211 square miles of land at the average price of \$2.80 per acre. Not quite three dollars, eh? Now the same land sells to American suckers at prices up to \$50,000 per acre. This sort of option is known simply as a license to print money."

TRUE has seen hitherto unpublished evidence that this lush Lanskyland in the heart of Haiti is no utopia but a working blueprint. Some of the evidence was turned up by the U.S. Justice Department's organized crime strike force created by Attorney General Ramsey Clark during his recent tenure.

On January 8, 1969, at Miami International Airport, a strike force under Justice Department attorneys William Earle and Wallace Johnson, seized a chartered Super-Constellation and its planeload of huge crates consigned to Port-au-Prince. Inside the crates were the very latest electronically rigged, practically detection-proof gambling gear, remotely controlled to cheat a tourist out of a single C-note or his life savings. It took FBI technicians a month to assemble them.

"It was worth the effort," an experienced investigator told TRUE in Miami. "These electromagnetically controlled dice and roulette tables are fantastic. They are not just another gimmick; they open up a whole new era in which the 'house'—the professional gamblers—will never have to gamble again."

TRUE obtained official FBI color photographs of the crooked casino equipment, revealing that under the green felt all the tables contained invisible electromagnets. These magnets remain inert—that is to say, impossible to detect—until a "juice man" activates them with a tiny remote-control device known as a "grip." Then all it takes is a quick electronic signal (transmitted to the tables via a hidden amplifier) for the juice man to control the roll of any dice or wheel in the casino. The pitmen and croupiers and other identifiable casino employees can keep their hands in sight with perfect innocence; they don't have to do a thing.

A second Haiti-bound planeload of trick casino furniture was seized at the same airport somewhat later. The crooked tables were connected by federal investigators to Sid Jacobs, Dino Cellini, Joe Napolitano and Joseph Krikorian—all longtime Lansky men.

"Remember that when we grabbed these 'juice tables' a million-dollar tourist campaign was starting up to lure American suckers to Haiti," says a federal investigator. "Both Pan American and Trans Caribbean Airways were eagerly promoting travel there. Their leaflets and ads emphasized that in Haiti the casinos were 'Happy to take care of your gambling needs.' It was true—but how!"

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Financial sources with an interest in Haiti are certain that the contretemps of the casino fixtures has not sidetracked the syndicate's plans for a killing in Haitian real estate. The executive vice-president of a Caribbean development corporation based in Montreal is so firmly convinced of this that he had recently acquired a chauffeur for his Alfa-Romeo sports car, along with a shotgun to be kept under the chauffeur's seat.

"I never dreamed I'd need a bodyguard," the executive told TRUE recently. "But we are under increasing pressure from hoodlums to relinquish our beach-front land options near Port-au-Prince and on Gonave Island to some 'very good people' in Florida. Relinquish them, mind you, for token payment. Of course, we have stockholders to think of. We can't sell off land options if we know they are about to appreciate; and that's what will happen if a new gambling and tourist boom starts up in Haiti. But we are really feeling the mob pressure to sell out."

Moreover, as 1970 began, a new figure appeared in Port-au-Prince. Immaculate and dapper as ever, Smiling Mike McLaney radiated charm and the promise of easy riches as he made ready to reopen the International Casino.

In the '50's, when Meyer Lansky ruled gambling in Cuba, Mike McLaney managed Havana's foremost casino, the glittering Nacional. In the '60's, when Lansky's trail turned to the Bahamas, so did McLaney's. As Hank Messick, the patient historian of syndicate operations, has

noted in this connection: "Where organized crime is concerned, history has a way of repeating itself."

It does, indeed. For the '70's open with Mike McLaney, still the most cool and polished casino manager west of Monte Carlo, preparing to bring little orphan Haiti her first real season of big-time gambling.

Will it work? In recent months, the Nixon Administration has begun to press indictments of Haitian anti-Duvalier militants who, in earlier years, enjoyed strong CIA support. Washington is said to have decided to live with Papa Doc. It is now entirely possible that Haiti will blossom into the El Dorado of croupiers, casino operators, hoodlums, rain-makers, promoters, real-estate sharks, numbered-account brokers, and hotel whores envisioned as the crowning achievement of Meyer Lansky's Caribbean empire-building. But it will remain a land of beggars, blood and bestiality for Haitians so long as Papa Doc is alive.

"And maybe that is Mr. Lansky's one miscalculation—an actuarial error," says Bernard Sansaricq, the sad-eyed, soft-spoken young anti-Duvalier leader whose entire family has vanished into the palace's torture chambers. "Mister Lansky is smart, but he has seen so much killing, he is hard to surprise, no? Maybe we will surprise him soon with just one killing. And when we kill Duvalier, we will bury with him every single thing ever touched by Mr. Lansky and his invisible government."

—Andrew St. George