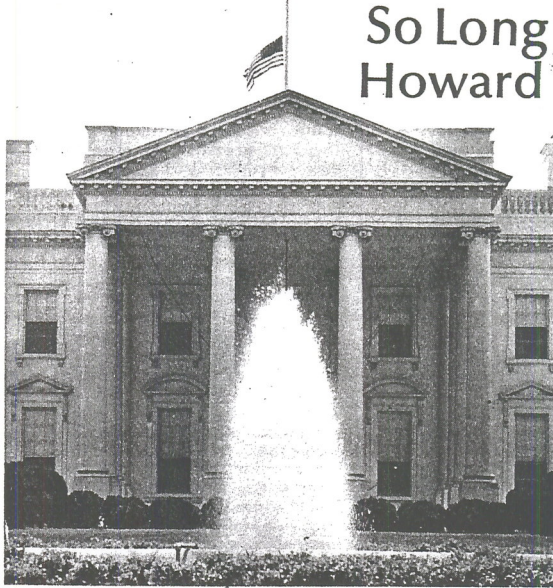


# So Long, Howard



## "Good God!"

moaned E. Howard Hunt. Then he muttered "no comment" and slammed down the phone.

It was a balmy spring day, June 19, 1972. And Hunt, the former CIA operative and White House consultant, had just been informed that his name and home telephone number were in the address books of two of the five men arrested two days earlier at the Democrats' Watergate headquarters.

For Hunt that phone call, that rare June day, that sudden exclamation must now be an especially bitter memory. It was, apparently, the first he knew of any public connection between him and the Watergate bugging; three months later he was indicted by a federal grand jury for playing a part in that alleged conspiracy. By then he had lost his jobs, been hounded by photographers and reporters, been the object of considerable unkind speculation and joking, been plastered across front pages.

He was, in short, suffering the woes common to Washington figures caught up in the furies of a political scandal. If for no other reason, the sheer inelegance, the slipshod quality of the break-in and its aftermath must have rankled Hunt because, on the surface at least, he has a lot of dazzle—as do the heroes of his 40-plus novels, many of which are tales of suspense and spying. Now, associated not with a coup but with a calamity he has emerged reluctantly into the harsh limelight; he came out of a session of early testimony behind shades and beneath a straw hat, looking more like a Florida motel manager than a superspy.

But he has remained in many respects—as he wished—a Mystery Man, a Gatsby of the cloak-and-walkie-talkie set.

After Hunt's name was linked with the suspects, he abruptly dropped from sight. At one point 150 FBI agents were reliably reported to be searching for him here and abroad.

In July he re-surfaced and appeared before the grand jury. Repeated attempts to reach him directly or through his lawyer (William O. Bittman, a former Justice Department attorney who successfully prosecuted former Teamster chief James Hoffa) have been unsuccessful.

As of this writing in mid-September, Howard Hunt has maintained his no-comment posture—unflinchingly.

Bob Woodward is a writer on the Metropolitan staff of The Washington Post

### Just a Few Facts

Everett Howard Hunt Jr. is 54 years old. He lives in a \$125,000 house in Potomac, Maryland. He is the father of four. He smokes a pipe. He is an only child. He plays jazz on the piano. He attended Brown University, graduating with a B.A. in 1940. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II and was decorated. The CIA acknowledges that he was in their employ from 1949 until 1970. Before the Watergate affair he was a \$100-a-day White House consultant and a writer for the public relations firm of Robert R. Mullen & Co. Today he is neither. An unloaded .25 caliber pistol was found by Federal investigators in his desk at the White House. Friends call him urbane and witty.

### The Past

*"Someone would mention a country abroad, almost any country, and then Howard would start his 'I-served-there' routine."*

—A Friend

According to Who's Who, Hunt served: Paris, attache American embassy, 1948-49; Vienna, 1949-50; Mexico City, 1950-53; The Far East, Uruguay, and the Defense Department as a consultant. "Howard always brought up the CIA, recalls the 'friend.'

"He was fascinated with his association with them and would bring it up in any conversation. He was never important at the CIA. He was never able to do all the things he thought up. I recall once he got down to the issue. Someone was talking about the slowness of government and Howard perked up. He said the CIA used to have guts but then it got bureaucratic and hierarchical. The CIA, he said, has lost its guts and that's too bad.

"Well," the friend continued, "I take that to mean they became responsible and wouldn't let him run wild." (A typically harsh comment from former Hunt friends with a stake in remaining politically alive.)

What was Hunt doing in all those places? A State Department spokesman was asked if the

embassy jobs and that title "consultant" had anything to do with a CIA cover.

"You'd never get me to say that out loud, but that's the net effect," the spokesman replied.

According to Hunt's associates, Hunt was a political conservative with right wing leanings.

The New York Times went so far as to quote sources who said that Hunt, using the code name "Eduardo," was in charge of the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961.

This is just not so, according to government sources and friends.

Hunt was never really in charge of much, they say, and though several compared him to James Bond, they backed off the comparison when probed.

"We never really considered him colorful," his wife Dorothy said.

But the novels were something else again. Under at least four pseudonyms—Robert Dietrich, John Baxter, Gordon Davis, and most recently David St. John—he has penned the 40 novels including such titles as *The Cheat, I Came to Kill, Unfaithful, Violent Ones, and Murder on the Rocks.*

### So Long, Howard

White House insiders have said that one of Hunt's main functions at 1600 Pennsylvania was as a "plumber," the wry title given to a special cadre that investigated leaks to the news media.

Listening in on the phone conversations of White House staffers was included in the job, according to these same sources.

But officially the White House maintains that Hunt worked on the declassification of the Pentagon Papers and on narcotics intelligence.

When a call was placed through the White House switchboard to Hunt's office—two days after the Watergate break-in and just as news of Hunt's appearance in the address books broke, there was no answer.

"There is one other place he might be," a cheery White House operator added helpfully,

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By Bob Woodward, CIA, NY, 10/8/72



"in Mr. Colson's office."

That was an escalation. Charles W. Colson, 40, is one of the most powerful Presidential aides, variously described as a troubleshooter and as a "master of dirty tricks."

Colson has denied any involvement in the Watergate affair; he did, however, recommend that Hunt, a fellow Brown University alumnus, be hired as a consultant.

Soon the White House spokesman began denying that Hunt ever did work specifically for Colson despite a statement by the White House personnel office that Hunt was a consultant to Colson.

Another reliable source places the glib Hunt among Vice President Agnew's part-time speechwriters. But Agnew's press secretary, Vic Gold, denies any such tinkering with Agnewian rhetoric.

As soon as Hunt's name broke into print a White House spokesman said Hunt's consultancy had been terminated.

Meanwhile over at the Robert R. Mullen public relations firm, where Hunt did some work, the word was . . .

### So Long, Howard

Like other Washington institutions, the Mullen firm is, to a certain extent, inexactly named. A public relations outfit, some of its work involves preserving privacy.

The firm's president, Robert F. Bennett, who is the son of Sen. Wallace F. Bennett (R-Utah), has acknowledged that he is the organizer of many of the so-called "dummy" campaign committees which collected \$10 million in secret contributions for President Nixon's re-election. The money was collected prior to April 7, when the stricter campaign finance disclosure law took effect, and \$114,000 of it has been traced to the bank account of Bernard L. Barker, a suspect in the Watergate affair.

As Hunt became newsworthy, the Mullen firm found its affairs being publicly related.

*The Washington Post/Potomac/October 8, 1972*

- A Washington lawyer, M. Douglas Caddy, who at one time shared an office with Hunt at the Mullen firm, charged in court last July that he had "intimations" that the Mullen firm did work for the CIA. Bennett replied that Caddy's assertion probably referred to work the firm did in the 1960s for Radio Free Cuba. (It is generally understood that Radio Free Cuba was funded by the CIA; four of the five Watergate suspects have ties with the Free-Cuba, anti-Castro movement in Miami and the CIA.)

- The firm has a European affiliate, Interprogress, which is "trying to increase trade behind the Iron Curtain," according to Robert Bennett.

- Mullen has also done public relations work for another mysterious Howard, billionaire Howard Hughes and his tool company, as well as the less exotic General Foods.

As Hunt, the man Bennett described as "the perfect spy because nobody would remember him," began imprinting himself on the public consciousness, the Mullen firm did a fade.

Robert R. Mullen, the 63-year-old chairman of the public relations firm's board of directors, said that Hunt called July 21 to inquire about his status with the firm. Hunt had been suspended several days after the June 17 incident when he dropped from sight and failed to show up for work.

Mullen said he told Hunt that he was "permanently disengaged."

"I'm terribly disappointed that he misused our hospitality. He understood that I had to let him go. He bowed to it. He didn't argue about it," Mullen intoned.

### So Long, Mrs. Hunt, Too

Dorothy Hunt says she was fired as a translator for the Spanish Embassy because of her husband's connection with the Watergate.

"Orders from Madrid," she insisted before the Hunts' phone went unlisted in early July.

Nonsense, said a spokesman for the Spanish embassy, laughing at her explanation that orders came from Madrid.

## Why Are All These People Saying 'So Long'?

Political scandal in Washington is something everyone should urge their children to avoid. It's a high stakes game on a fast track—a race known for its losers rather than its winners.

Generally, there are only one or two losers. And the one who stumbles and falls, gets, yes, kicked by old friends and anyone else who might lose face, money or position for having associated with the wretched of the Washington earth.

Normally, when a person becomes involved in an everyday, non-political scandal, most friends and associates say, "I never would have guessed . . ."

In Washington, the politicos say, "Now that it's out, let me tell you about . . ." preceded with a request that you withhold their name.

Fixing up Washington scandal is like fixing up police corruption—only a matter of throwing out that one rotten apple, officials harumph, the one who never did seem to fit, etc.

This is another way of saying "so long" to a fallen pal in Washington—tough, knowing quotes start turning up in the newspapers. The short knives come out.

### You've Got a Friend

*"I have never known anybody who this country is so indebted to as Howard Hunt."*

—Bernard L. Barker, one of the five men arrested inside the Democrats' headquarters on June 17, quoted in a *New York Times* interview, on Sept. 8.

### The Evidence

Along with the unloaded .25 caliber pistol that investigators found in Hunt's Executive Office Building desk were parts of a walkie-talkie.

The five suspects arrested during the early morning hours of June 17 were also carrying walkie-talkies.

A stamped, unmailed envelope containing Hunt's personal check for \$6.36 made out to the Lakewood Country Club in Rockville was found among the suspects' belongings. (Hunt was a non-resident member of the club.)

Apparently, investigators say, Hunt gave the envelope to one of the five men to mail for him.

Another piece of evidence linking Hunt with the Watergate Five turned up later. Telephone records show that Bernard L. Barker, the Miami real estate broker who was arrested inside the Watergate, made no less than 29 long distance calls to Hunt's home or to his unlisted work number at the Mullen firm between Nov. 19, 1971, and June 16—the day before the Watergate break-in.

### Some Characters in Search of an Author

When the five men were arrested inside the Democrats' Watergate headquarters in the early hours of June 17, they all gave false names to the police—names that crop up in some of Hunt's novels.

James W. McCord Jr., the former security chief for the Nixon re-election committee, told police his name was Edward Martin.

Two of Hunt's fictional characters used the same alias when trapped in embarrassing situations.

*Continued on page 30*

**Marchetti, from page 14**  
Somehow, the talk always seemed to get around to working for the government.

"The professor told me, 'You could get your doctorate, Vic, but you're not a scholar. You'd go crazy in the academic world.'"

One spring night in 1955, a man called and said he was a friend of Marchetti's brother. Would Marchetti like to stop by his hotel room and say hello? But: "Don't talk to the desk clerk, just take the elevator upstairs and knock on the door."

The professor, of course, was one of the "cleared faculty consultants" the CIA uses to spot likely agents, a connection which clicked to Marchetti's wry satisfaction when he opened the door and met the man with the two fingers missing.

An hour or so later, Marchetti, the poor kid from a mining town, the ex-hustler of Junior-Year-in-France girls, the would-be writer and reluctant scholar, had found a vocation that had—everything he'd ever wanted—romance, camaraderie, and more social cachet than his grandparents had ever even imagined, with their Pierce Arrows and picnics.

And, in Army intelligence, where the highest security clearance was maybe Top Secret/Crypto, Marchetti had heard stories about the CIA spooks who had clearances so high and strange that even the names of them were classified.

Marchetti had grown up hearing stories like that about the priests, how they knew secrets, like the unforgivable sin, how the Pope had this letter that told the day the world would end, and only he could open it. Sin! Confession! —all of it swarmed back at Marchetti like a plague of forgotten embarrassments on one morning months after the hotel room rendezvous.

Marchetti had been marking time reading Russian newspapers in the Library of Congress while the CIA ran its security check on him. One morning they asked him to report to Building 13, one of the old Foggy Bottom buildings

put up in wartime, before the CIA moved out to Langley.

"I didn't like the smell of it. I was right. They sat me down and strapped those wires on me . . . no amount of training in the confessional gets you ready for a lie detector. It was one of the worst things that ever happened to me. In the confessional you're bad, but you're absolved. But with the lie detector . . . I didn't even have anything to hide, and I walked out of there feeling like I was nothing.

"Four days later they called me down again, and a bunch of people were smiling and shaking my hand and saying 'Welcome aboard.' " Absolution, apparently, was superfluous.

There was operational training, day and night, broken only by ferocious afternoon volleyball games between these chosen collegiate few. Then a year undercover, and then a desk in the Intelligence Directorate.

It was sometime around 1960 that it started to go wrong, Marchetti thinks now.

It surprised him, he says, when a national estimate he worked on was rejected by the Secretary of Defense, because it didn't provide the proper political ammunition the secretary needed right then.

It surprised him when the director appeared before Congress and delivered what some CIA people called the yearly "magic lantern show," in which certain things were emphasized and certain other things were not mentioned, in the style of modern corporate advertising, say.

Today, Marchetti admits that Congress would not have understood the truth as the CIA saw it if the CIA gave Congress mere facts. He acknowledges that the CIA demanded an almost Augustinian loyalty, referring to St. Augustine's dictum that no proof of God will seem true without faith, and with faith, the proof becomes unquestionably true.

Still, he says, it was starting to nag at him despite the loyalty he remembers, despite the fact he "still

believed there was some kind of Ultimate Truth to be found at the agency."

If truth were anywhere, it was in the executive suite, "the wheelhouse," they called it, or "the head shed." His GS-15's office had a glass wall overlooking the Potomac. He drank morning coffee with the director and the blue-ribbon spooks, the sort of Ivy League old boys that Gen. William "Wild Bill" Donovan had brought together in the pre-CIA, World War II intelligence club called the Office of Strategic Services—the sort of old China hands who had worried terribly what would happen to their cooks when Mao Tse-Tung took over.

With all their frozen, Protestant self-reliance, had these gentlemen been able to stand up from the lie detector test as easily as if they were getting out of a barber chair?

Marchetti says he was disturbed that the CIA was blemished by the same kind of bureaucratic end runs and evasion of responsibilities that have tended to flaw organizations of humans ever since the forests receded and the first hairless apes formed hunting packs.

There was the unwritten procedure for transmitting the impossible orders, for instance.

"The director would come back from the White House and shake his head and say 'The President is very, very upset about—. We agreed that the only solution was—. But of course that's impossible, we can't be responsible for a thing like that.'

"The second man would say the same thing to the third man, and on down through the station chief in some country until somebody went out and—nobody was responsible."

One day someone was requesting more money for one of the agency's clandestine airlines (such as Indochina's Air America, before its cover was blown.)

"I was in charge of some administration aspects of these airlines. As far as I knew, this particular airline had produced nothing. I asked the guy why we should fund it at all. He kind of mumbled. Then somebody at the head of

the table said, okay, that's approved. I said wait a minute. I got mad. So they tabled it. Somebody took me aside and said 'There's a time to fight, and a time not to fight.'

"Five days later I found out the funding had gone through. I found out that the airline actually had been producing for us, but there was only a certain crowd that knew about it. I found out that after you get the last security clearance, there are private little clique clearances beyond even that."

The ultimate secret, it seemed, was just a whim of office politics.

Marchetti couldn't sleep, he was getting these chest pains and stomach pains, his wife was telling him to quit, and he was having this crazy daydream about taking every secret the executive suite had been hoarding since the Foggy Bottom OSS days, and handing them to the Russians.

It was as if Marchetti had believed for years in the ultimate secret; had known only that it was powerful, menacing, necessary. Then he found there wasn't any secret, any more than there was absolutism after a lie detector test. There were only people who believed in it.

Like his neighbors, probably, out there in Oakton, who had seen all the spy movies, just like Marchetti. They believed, but they didn't understand, of course.

Sometime in the germination of his apostasy, Marchetti discovered that the only people that he and his wife saw on weekends were CIA people. Then he realized that every party seemed to end with the men clustered over a sixth or seventh drink, swapping old war stories, the Guatemala show in 1958, that Kashmir trade mission business...

"So we started to make other friends," Marchetti says. "At first, I have to admit it, I was bored stiff. For those people, talking about important things means talking about things like elections, or the latest war news on television."

Now, most of his friends are non-agency.

Afternoons, the neigh-

bors see him weeding his vegetable garden in his jeans and T-shirt and heavy black-rimmed glasses.

At small hours of the morning, they can see his cellar lights burning. In the summer, when his three sons—Victor III, 17, Jeffrey, 12, and Christian, 10, were on vacation, Marchetti was going to bed after dinner and getting up at 2 or 3 in the morning to sit at his electric Smith Corona, down in the rumpus room, and type the books that a court injunction had made futile, it seemed.

On Sept. 11, the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the injunction against Marchetti's dissemination of information about the CIA without prior CIA approval. The decision limited the injunction to classified material, however. Marchetti's ACLU lawyers immediately started mulling an appeal to the Supreme Court.

In it or out of it, Marchetti can make a living only by doing something that involves the intelligence community. As yet, however, "I'm not destitute. I have family to fall back on. Maybe the agency will approve what I write. Maybe the Supreme Court will throw out the injunction.

"But when the chips are down, the government closes ranks to protect its holy secrecy. It's been a bad summer.

"I find myself occasionally getting out the old St. Joseph's Missal, with both the Latin and the English, and reading the Latin out loud. Just the ring of the words . . . I guess it hits something way down deep from the days of childhood comfort. We go over to St. James church in Falls Church, sometimes, too. Most of these suburban churches are so modern and austere, but St. James has the old stained glass and relics."

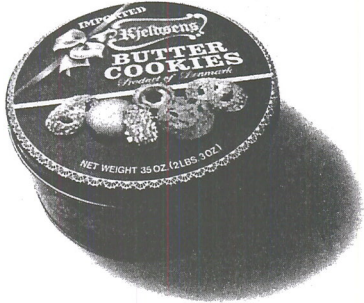
He plays table hockey with his sons—he used to hustle bistro soccer games in Paris. Two summers ago he coached a Little League team, but he insisted that every kid get to play, no matter how bad he was. The team won two games. Marchetti wasn't invited back.

He can spend five hours slicing and dicing the kind

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of Chinese salad the CIA China hands had taught him to appreciate. He listens to the soundtrack of "Cabaret" over and over again, along with his Billie Holiday records.

Sometimes, late at night, he and Bernice drive out to some all night drugstore for a cup of coffee. His father lives with them now. Also, there's "a half-Australian terrier named Spar-ky, and a half-Abyssinian cat named Fido—mongrels, just like us. I'm one-quarter Italian, Austrian, German and Polish, and my wife is Russian and Slovak."

After all those years of war stories and politics at the purebreds' conference table, the "mongrel" discovered that a gathering of some of the most powerful men in the American government wasn't much different than his Polish uncles sitting around the kitchen in their undershirts, playing pinochle, drinking beer, talking politics and war—Truman, Jap snipers, the great coal strikes . . .

That's another Marchetti daydream these days.

"If I'd never gone to college, I'd be driving a truck down the main street of Hazleton," he muses.

"My cousin Eddie, one of my Polish cousins, he drives a bulldozer. He was down here a while back, building a road out by Lorton, and he'd come around for beers with his buddies at the house, after work. Those are the guys I feel most comfortable with."

Marchetti says he has considered driving a truck for a living, but "I don't know . . . it wouldn't work."

He darts out of his kitchen, then reappears in the door in an electric-orange baseball cap stenciled "KATS Diesel Powered," and "Bear Kat" work gloves. "I got these from Eddie," he announces, grinning madly.

He looks as excited as he may well have been the first night a Wellesley girl believed that he was a struggling artist, or the night he nodded a discreet goodbye to Mr. Two-Fingers in the hotel lobby, and walked home a superspy.

Is there any way Victor Marchetti could believe that anyone will ever understand? ■

Woodward on Hunt "continued on page 30."

No page 30.

Pseudonym David St. John - combination  
of sons' names?