

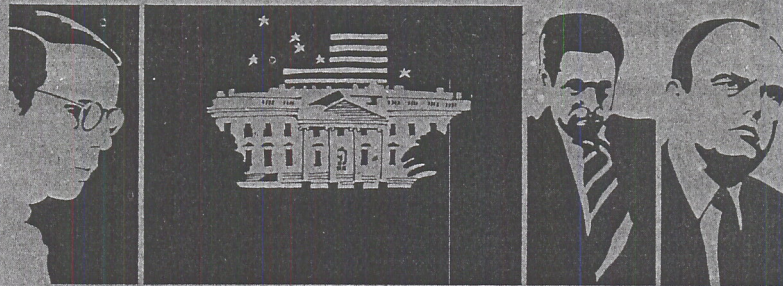
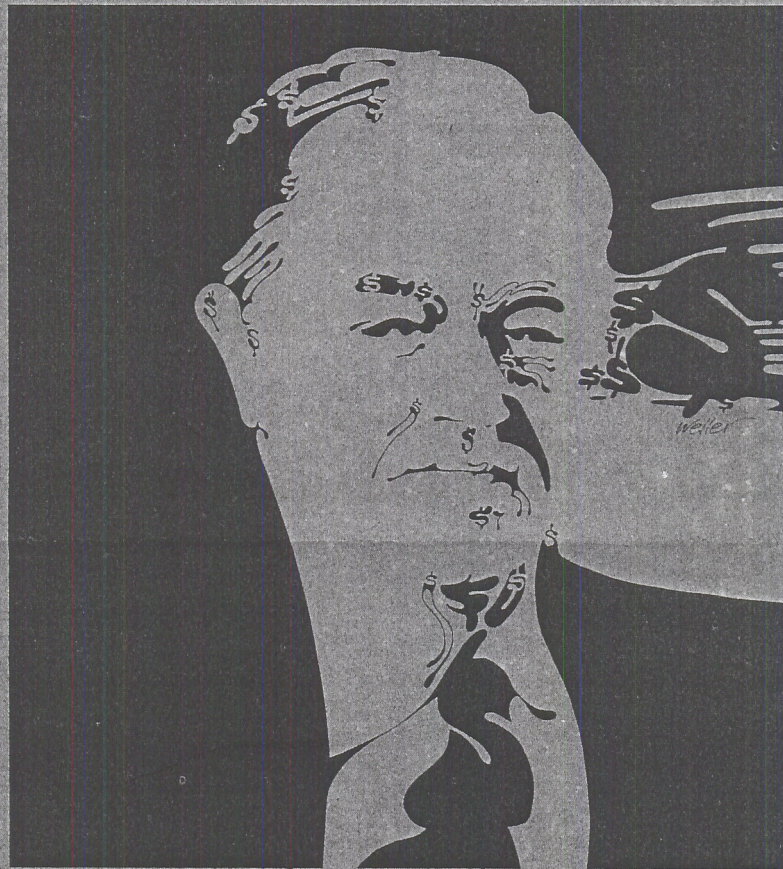
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# FOCUS ON:

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E. HOWARD HUNT

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## Dallas Watergate Connection

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by Colonel L. Fletcher Prouty

"GENESIS" & THE PROUTY'S "CONNECTION" SEEMS TENUOUS.

## FOCUS ON:

No one likes to get hit for a cool million dollars; but sometimes the other guy has all the cards. So who would ever expect that the dude with the stacked deck cooling it in jail was E. Howard Hunt and the guy rustling the hot money was the President of the United States?

The President's closest assistant, H. R. Haldeman, testified that John Dean told Nixon himself about "how much money would be involved" in payments to Hunt—"probably a million dollars." Nixon replied, "there is no problem in raising a million dollars, we can do that [followed, perhaps by the qualification Haldeman said Nixon added] but it would be wrong." By March 21, 1972, everyone from President Nixon down through Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Dean, Mardian, Colson, Kalmbach, Parkinson, Bittman, Magruder, LaRue, Liddy, Strachan, and even Ulasewicz were actively involved in what Dean had labeled "Hunt's blackmail threat." The point of all this is that they all did something about it. Hunt was paid—repeatedly—as were the others involved with him. Well, what is it about Hunt, what is it that Hunt knows, and perhaps, what is it that Hunt has done that enables him to demand and receive "hush money" from, of all places, the White House?

The Watergate cover-up has been designed to make us believe that the seven men involved in that one break-in at the Watergate complex on June 17, 1971 were relatively small-time "third-rate burglars" who had been hired by someone to do no more than repair a bad telephone bug in Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien's office and to photograph some of his files.

Planting a bug in a Washington office costs less and is easier to arrange than an abortion. So if these Watergaters are third-rate crooks, what's the big deal? Why the million dollars from the White House? The answer lies somewhere with Hunt and his spotted career, and with whoever it was who really put Hunt in the White House.

There is little doubt that Richard Nixon has known Hunt or at least known of him since the mid-1950's. After all, Hunt was the specially situated CIA agent who knew master spy Allen Dulles so well that he wrote Dulles' epochal book *The Craft of Intelligence*. And during the 1950's it

was Vice President Nixon who usually chaired the supersecret National Security Council "Special Group 5412" meetings that passed on all CIA secret operations. This is the same group that set in motion the Indonesian rebellion and the Cuban Bay of Pigs operation, of which Hunt has been called the mastermind.

Could it be that Eugenio Martinez, the clever "lock-picker" recruited from the Cuban community in Miami—he has been an acquaintance of Hunt's since the 1960-1961 Bay of Pigs days—also knows or is known to Nixon? Martinez had been until 1971 a vice president of Keyes Realty Company in Miami. This company helped Rebozo and Nixon with various real estate deals, including the assembling of the Winter White House properties. Are we seeing in these old-time relationships—Hunt, Nixon, Martinez, Rebozo—some of the deeper significance of Watergate? Does this explain somewhat the willingness of everyone "in the know" to continue paying so much "hush money" for Hunt and his cronies?

It was Nov. 13, 1972, that Hunt called his old Brown university friend Chuck Colson and demanded "the ready"—money—immediately. The transcript of this phone call describes the usually cool Colson as squirming and cringing, trying to bring the unwanted conversation to an end. It also shows the confident, rapier-sharp Hunt driving his blackmail points home where they would hurt the most, at the same time keeping Colson's feet to the fire. No wonder Colson said, "If you have them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow." Hunt may have been the one who taught him that, or at least the one who showed him how it works.

Imagine this "petty burglar" telling one of the highest officials in the White House, "the reason I called you was because commitments were made to all of us" and adding, "the stakes are very, very high" and "we've set a deadline for the close of business on the 25th of November" and "the ready is still not available." No "petty burglar" Hunt; he was going to get his or in James McCord's words, "blow the roof off the White House."

Could a "third-rate crook" put the arm on the White House like that? What is Hunt's power over the White House? It is not merely Watergate. The break-in wasn't that bad, and

Hunt wasn't even caught there. What is it that Hunt knows—and Colson knows that Hunt knows it—that gives him such leverage on an old friend, the same Colson to whom Hunt once mentioned that he knew things that would "destroy (John F.) Kennedy"?

This chapter in the amazing life of

PROFILE OF <sup>BY GEORGE O'TOOLE</sup>  
**L. Fletcher Prouty**

### THE CIA-PENTAGON CONNECTION



Thousands of people have worked for the CIA at one time or another. Many are recruited when the Agency needs a unique combination of skills and personal characteristics for some special operation; after it is over they return to their private lives. Others serve with the CIA on a regular basis for a few years, then move on. Some make a career of intelligence, staying on until retirement. All CIA alumni have one thing in common: when they join the Agency they take a vow of silence; they all sign a legal contract promising they will never reveal anything about their experiences.

All, that is, except Colonel Fletcher Prouty.

"The first time they asked me to sign it," said Prouty, "I told them I had a Top Secret clearance in the military, and that would just have to do. Allen Dulles later told me that they wanted what I had so badly they never pressed the matter. He said they couldn't afford to go to a different guy every time they needed something."

The "something" that the CIA needed so often was support from the armed services—an airplane, a sub-

Hunt (he has written more than fifty spy books, most of them while working for the CIA and none of them as exciting as his own adventures) began on July 1, 1971, two weeks after the *New York Times* had published the Pentagon papers. Colson telephoned Hunt that day from the White House.

marine, special communication equipment, or some other item required in one of the intelligence agency's clandestine information gathering or paramilitary operations. The CIA is forbidden to raise its own army, navy or air force, so it is one of the biggest borrowers in the government. Most of what it needs is the property of the Pentagon where red tape has been elevated to an art form. The only way the arrangement can work is to have one senior military man act as liaison between the CIA and the armed services. The job is called "Focal Point Officer," and it was held by Colonel L. Fletcher Prouty during the last nine years of his military career.

If Prouty's refusal to sign the secrecy agreement made the intelligence executives nervous, the news that he had written a book about the CIA must have given them ulcers. Early in 1973 Prouty published *The Secret Team*,

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**"...planting a bug in a Washington office costs less and is easier to arrange than an abortion. So, if these Watergaters are third-rate crooks, what's the big deal? Why the million dollars from the White House? ... Prouty."**

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subtitled "The CIA and its Allies in Control of the United States and the World." Prouty's study of the U.S. Intelligence Establishment was rich in personal anecdotes and revelations of some of the best-kept secrets of the CIA's twenty-seven year history.

Just before his retirement, Prouty was visited by a senior executive officer from the Agency. "Mr. Helms has an idea that somewhere in your files you have a card index," the man said. "Since you've been here for years, he thinks it must be a pretty good one. The Director would appreciate it if you would present it to him before you go."

(continued on page 94)

Hunt was in his new office with Robert R. Mullen and Company, a prestigious Washington public relations firm that had the Howard Hughes account, among others.

After a long conversation that Colson taped (recorded on page 3878 of Book 9 of the Watergate investigation), Colson wrote a brief memo to Bob Haldeman. It is most interesting that Colson was trying to convince Haldeman that he should employ his old friend Hunt to help with the Pentagon papers matter, and that he did it by recalling Hunt's Bay of Pigs involvement and his veiled "destruction of Kennedy" threat, two items about the spy that linked him and Colson to some sinister past. Were these thoughts on the minds of Colson and Haldeman on March 21, 1973 when Nixon had his discussion on the payment of "hush money?"

There were only two things about Hunt in that long talk that Colson felt he should relay to Haldeman: that "he was the CIA mastermind on the Bay of Pigs," and that "he told me a long time ago that if the truth were ever known, Kennedy would be destroyed." (Colson had jogged Hunt's memory the day before to get him to repeat the Kennedy statement, which he had made in the past. It is not known whether Hunt had first made the statement to Colson before or after Kennedy was killed on November 22, 1963.)

The implication of a connection is strong because a few days later Hunt was on the White House payroll. During that summer he worked with G. Gordon Liddy on Ellsberg-related matters that led to the decision to break into the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Dr. Fielding. Using a disguise obtained from the CIA, Hunt and Liddy flew to Los Angeles on August 25 and managed to case Dr. Fielding's office by telling the cleaning woman they were colleagues of the psychiatrist's. They took pictures, returned to Washington, and planned the burglary of Fielding's files.

Then Hunt flew to Miami to meet his Cuban friends (including Frank Sturgis/Fiorini—who was not involved in the Ellsberg break-in), men whom he had known since the Bay of Pigs days, when Hunt was a political officer for the CIA. I was connected with the development and undercover support of that project and I know Hunt, and that he was perfectly capable of find-

ing Cubans and paramilitary criminals who had been trained by CIA agents. Hunt recruited these men for Liddy and went with them to Los Angeles.

But what sort of a connection could Hunt have had with these men during the decade since the Bay of Pigs? You don't just go down to Miami and pick up some respectable businessmen to do a break-and-entry job after not even seeing them for ten years. How could he have known that these men would be ready to join him?—ostensibly he had retired from the CIA in April 1970. There had to have been some ongoing connection between Hunt and the Cubans—who would have had to have been closely affiliated among themselves.

The CIA does keep such agents on tap. It has trained experts who can do any job under any "James Bond" type circumstance. Did Hunt have access to this kind of organization himself in 1971, or was he helped in the break-in by the CIA? The CIA has admitted helping him and Liddy with disguises when they cased Dr. Fielding's office. Were the Cubans told this was a CIA job?

It is pertinent now to recall that Ehrlichman and John D. Mitchell thought the CIA should be used to pass "hush money" to Hunt. Could Ehrlichman and Mitchell actually have believed that Hunt was still with the CIA, as the Cubans may have thought? Did they believe that the agency had been involved in all aspects of the break-in project? How else can we explain their expectation that the CIA would funnel laundered money to Hunt and his team?

As this pattern of "crime on top of crime" beings to emerge it appears that Frank Sturgis/Fiorini had been implicated in several minor ways in deception and cover-up type activities involving Lee Harvey Oswald, both before and after the Kennedy assassination in Dallas. Martinez, another old hand (he claims three hundred clandestine raids on Cuba against Castro) was still on the CIA payroll when Hunt picked him up in Miami. In fact, he said that he wondered about the CIA paying him double when Hunt hired him. This is the same Eugenio Martinez who was vice president of the realty organization that had helped Rebozo and Nixon.

It was with ease that Hunt must have stepped into a familiar role as the go-between among the White House,

the Plumbers unit, and the hired undercover men from Miami. He was an old hand at setting up clandestine operations. In the summer of 1971, when someone in the White House thought it best to remove the President of Panama, it was Hunt who, without delay and before the White House realized that he would really do it, organized a team of assassins and was already in Mexico setting up the hit when the job was called off. Hunt not only talked the game and wrote about it, he knew how to play it. His peculiar zeal and ability render more meaningful Colson's note to Haldeman that Hunt had knowledge that would "destroy Kennedy" and McCord's warning that he could "blow the roof off the White House."

There are other interesting events that may tie in with Hunt's mysterious and machiavellian career. For instance, we have learned—thanks to research by Peter Dale Scott—that following the Kennedy assassination the Secret Service in Dallas intercepted a letter to Lee Harvey Oswald, post-marked Havana, November 28, 1963 and signed by "Pedro Charles." The letter indicated that Oswald had been paid by "Charles" to carry out an unidentified mission that involved accurate shooting. In addition, the FBI possessed a letter from Havana to Robert Kennedy, written by one Marie del Rosario Molina, who alleged that Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy at the direction of "Pedro Charles," a Cuban agent. According to the author of this letter, "Charles" met Oswald in Miami several months earlier and gave him \$7,000.

It was discovered that the two pieces of correspondence were expertly faked cover-up letters. They had not been mailed from Havana and they were typed on the same machine, most likely by the same author. Such items, extracted from the Warren Commission exhibits, are, of course, no more than coincidence until proven otherwise. However, other records show that Hunt, while with the CIA, had been stationed briefly in Mexico City as the Acting Station Chief during September and October 1963. This was the same period that Lee Harvey Oswald was there, ostensibly to apply for a visa to return to the Soviet Union via Cuba. It could well be that the literary Hunt wrote the fake letters and that he paid or knew who paid Oswald. In Mexico it is more likely that Oswald may have been on a cover assignment that involved giving the appearance of

trying to go to the Soviet Union as part of his role in the assassination of John Kennedy, and that he really went there to pick up Mexican-launders money. Knowledge of such a scenario could have put Hunt in a position to demand high blackmail for a crime that was otherwise too petty to account for the dime it cost him to call Colson.

I cite the "Charles" letters for several reasons, none more interesting than this. Gore Vidal has made a study of Hunt's writing (see *New York Review of Books*, Dec. 13, 1973) and among many interesting characteristics he points out that Hunt frequently uses names of his friends and acquaintances in his books, repeats these names many times, and has used some of the names as the aliases he assigned to his partners in his real-life clandestine operations. One that he used with some frequency is "Charles."

I have mentioned the Colson-Hunt taped telephone call of July 1, 1971. One week later, at Colson's urging, Hunt taped another telephone call to an old CIA friend, Lt. Col. Lucien Conien. During this telephone call Hunt used the name "Fred Charles" to cover the face that Colson was the third party on that call. Of course Colson's name is "Charles," so the "Fred Charles" may mean no more than that. But in this Watergate era, one may be permitted to conjecture that "Fred Charles" and "Pedro Charles" may have had the same creator.

One cannot avoid an awareness of an inherent pattern of prior relationships between the Kennedy assassination episode and Watergate. Nixon admits that he was in Dallas the morning of Kennedy's assassination. Later, when Nixon, as titular head of the GOP, was asked by Lyndon Johnson to appoint a ranking Republican to serve with the Warren Commission, he named the congressman from Michigan, Gerald R. Ford. Except for the eminence of Chief Justice Warren, the commission might more properly have been called the Ford Commission. Aside from Warren, it was Ford who attended most meetings. It was Ford who, with the help of a shrewd lawyer, Arlen Specter, was the strongest proponent of the fantastic and much-discredited "single-bullet" theory. It was Ford who signed the highly persuasive and influential *Life* magazine article about the commission's work and the conclusion that Oswald was a lone assassin. It was also Ford

who wrote *Portrait of an Assassin*. And after Watergate and the departure of Agnew, it was Ford again who was nominated by Nixon to be Vice President. As for Specter, he has found a place for himself in Watergate work.

Meanwhile, if Watergate actions find their way to the Supreme Court, they will find Justice L. F. Powell serving there. Curiously enough, Powell had served as Lee Harvey Oswald's appointed lawyer.

A man most likely to be involved in any case that might have to be brought to the Supreme Court on behalf of the House of Representatives is Albert Jenner, one of Congressman Peter Rodino's closest advisers. Jenner was a Warren Commission lawyer.

Of course, in politics as in real life, there are strange coincidences, and in the clandestine game of high stakes there seem to be certain people who keep appearing and re-appearing as the game moves from scene to scene. Howard Hunt is one of these.

Up until 1970 his role is clear. He was a CIA agent. By 1971 he had become a stellar player on another team. Was he being recruited by the White House or was his new team putting him into the White House environment for its own purposes? Was the Hunt-Colson taped telephone conversation of July 1, 1971 real or faked? (Hunt admits in his Watergate testimony, Book 9 page 3668, that Colson asked him to fake another one.) When the White House ostensibly wanted to send Liddy and Hunt to Los Angeles to case Dr. Fielding's office, they expected the CIA to pay the bill—\$5,000. When the CIA balked at this, Hunt and Colson got the \$5,000 from the CREEP "milk fund" via a public relations firm cut-out. So who should the Fielding Caper be blamed on, the ones who are alleged to have sent them to Los Angeles or the ones who actually did send them and cared enough to put up the money for them to go? These men used the White House as a cover to get the job done. Or to put it another way, the scope of Watergate goes beyond the White House.

At this date Watergate unquestionably involves the White House and the President. But the power behind it all—even behind Nixon's role—may well be greater than that which has yet been uncovered, and this great power is outside of our elected government. The Hunt role and the Hunt scenario provide the clues to the source and nature of that greater power.

# FOCUS ON:

## PROUTY PROFILE

Prouty did, in fact, have such a card file. He told me about it when I interviewed him recently at his Alexandria, Virginia home.

"Whenever I got a phone call, I filled out a card," he said. "Later, I'd cross-index it. It was the only way I could keep track of what was going on. For instance, there were over six hundred Army units that were really CIA covers, and three hundred more in the Navy, and four hundred in the Air Force. They were all in the file."

I asked him if he'd handed it over. "I did not," he replied. "I told the guy it was a military security matter and that I'd handle it according to military security rules. So he took something out of his pocket and put it on my desk. It was an organization chart of the Central Intelligence Agency. He said, 'Oh, I forgot to tell you—Mr. Helms said you can put an "x" anywhere on this chart and you've got the job.'"

Prouty refused. Later he burned the file in the presence of two witnesses at the Pentagon. I asked him if he ever regretted it. He shook his head.

"After Kennedy's death and Vietnam, I didn't want to have anything more to do with the business, anyhow," Prouty said. He is now a private businessman in Washington, D.C.

Fletcher Prouty is a tall, athletic-looking man in his mid-fifties. He looks like a senior military officer, but, he told me, he is not by nature a militarist. He happened to choose the profession of arms because he liked horses and airplanes.

In 1939, Prouty was in his junior year at the University of Massachusetts, the only campus at the time to have a cavalry ROTC unit. He was a city boy whose knowledge of horses was limited to western movies, but he wanted to learn to ride, so he joined up. During his senior year he took part in the last great cavalry exercise ever staged by the U.S. Army, riding six hundred and fifty miles across the New England countryside. After graduation he was commissioned and sent to Pine Camp, New York. There he reported to a young cavalry officer named Creighton Abrams, now the Army's Chief of Staff.

The Second World War was raging in Europe and it seemed only a matter of time before the United States would get into it. Prouty knew that he wouldn't see much action from the saddle of a cavalry mount, so he switched to tanks while he was waiting to be trained as a pilot in the Army Air Corps. He had flown small aircraft

during his school days and had looked on in awe as a daredevil named Jimmy Doolittle built and tested racing planes back in his hometown of Springfield, Massachusetts. If he couldn't go off to war on a horse, the next best thing was an airplane. After a long wait, Prouty's application was accepted, he earned his pilot's wings, and soon was flying transports out of central Africa loaded with anti-aircraft shells for the British Eighth Army in the northern desert.

I asked Fletcher Prouty how he happened to get involved in intelligence work. "It began," he replied, "in Casablanca in October 1943." He was called in to his division headquarters to be briefed for a special mission to Saudi Arabia, a neutral country during the war. He was to fly a "geological survey team" to some unspecified spot in the Arabian desert. The "geologists" were, in reality, American oilmen, and their mission was to assess the chance of using Arabian oil to fuel the Allied war machine.

Prouty flew the team to Bahrein, an island sheikdom in the Persian Gulf. There he and his passengers repainted the Lockheed Lodestar, obliterating the U.S. military markings, and flew on to a clandestine rendezvous with other American agents on the mainland. Prouty landed the unmarked plane in the middle of the Arabian desert. The "geological survey team" found rich oil reserves beneath the sand, and soon were on their way back to Cairo with the news. Prouty had flown his first clandestine mission.

A few months later Prouty was once again recruited for some irregular service. The war in Europe was not going well for Hitler, and some of his lieutenants could already read the handwriting on the wall. A few high-ranking Nazis set up a pipeline to smuggle gold and other booty out of Germany and across the Atlantic to South American banks, where it could be held in safety until needed to bankroll a comfortable post-war anonymity. Allied intelligence discovered that the wealth was being trans-shipped through Turkey, and had received some embarrassing indications that it was being moved west on American transport planes. Prouty was briefed for an undercover assignment and sent to Turkey to fly cargo planes. With his help, the American link in the smuggling ring was soon broken.

"I guess when you start," said Prouty, "it's put on your record in Washington, because often when I'd be due to fly someplace, somebody would take me aside and say, 'Look, I've got a little job for you; let's go somewhere and talk.' " One such little job involved some of the first aerial reconnaissance of the Soviet Union. A

group of thirty-five American transports were to fly into Russia, carrying supplies for the Red Army near Kiev. The Soviets insisted that each plane carry a Russian navigator to prevent unauthorized detours and sightseeing along the way. On the theory that one more plane wouldn't be noticed, Prouty was asked to fly a thirty-sixth transport with an all-American crew. While the main formation made the trip at eight thousand feet, Prouty flew below at five hundred feet, while the intelligence team he was carrying photographed points of interest in the Soviet heartland. He joined up with the others on the approach to Kiev and the Russians never noticed the extra plane.

After the war, Prouty stayed on in the Air Force as a career officer. For the next few years he held a variety of jobs, including an eighteen-month stint during the Korean War as manager of the Tokyo International Airport. Later, he commanded a Military Air Transport Service squadron operating in Asia and the Pacific. He refused to stay very long behind a desk, and assigned himself to a MATS flight whenever he had the chance. Prouty was first and foremost an airman. But, he says, there were always those "little jobs" that he was asked to do.

"An Agency guy in New Delhi was working under MATS cover. I began to act as a courier for him in '54, and before I knew it, I was back in the business again. At Christmas, I went back to the Pentagon and they said, 'You're going to be the CIA liaison,' so from then on that was my job.

"Whenever they had a Special Group meeting," he said, referring to the executive council that had to approve all covert operations, "they would ask me for whatever they needed—an airplane and eight or ten people, a medical doctor, an overseas facility, whatever was required for the mission. I worked out a program that came to be known as 'TAB 6.' It cut through the red tape, got them what they needed, and delivered it anywhere in the world."

Prouty told me of a clandestine arsenal in Libya which stored much of the armaments used in CIA paramilitary operations around the world. The unusual thing about the weapons was that none was of American manufacture.

"'Plausible denial' was mandatory in those days. Eisenhower wouldn't let us do anything until we had worked out the cover story, and there was always one rule: no American weapons. The Tripoli base was loaded with Czech and Russian stuff the Israelis captured from the Arabs during the desert war in '56. The Agency bought it from them, and we'd deliver some of

**"...my life would be totally incomplete if I didn't screw Lucy within the next few minutes. Nothing else mattered..."**

tor."

"No affair, Yves," Bernice said. She took off her bathrobe and stood there naked. She had small firm breasts that seemed to point at me like accusing fingers, warning me against succumbing. She was firm and fleshier than I had imagined. She had big hips and a low-slung ass. Her pubes were covered by a generous triangle of dark-brown hair. "I just want to do some things once. I want to suck a man's cock."

I started back. Hearing her say "cock" was more shocking than her nakedness. "I want to be eaten."

"Eaten?"

"Isn't that what you call it. I know you and Blanchette like oral intercourse. She's told me. I am not that unattractive, and I want to experiment. I deserve to know what it's like to be sexually aggressive. You will be doing me a disservice if you refuse. Nothing will change our relationship. I am not going to fall in love with you, Yves. I like the kind of man Victor is. I just want to put my tongue on your ass, to lick your balls." She didn't blush and said her piece in the same way she would say, "we are having peach melba for dessert."

Bernice walked closer. "Just stand there if you like. I am going to undress you, Yves. I want to see what you look like naked. I want to see your hard-on."

I stood there motionless, allowing Bernice to take off my shirt, open my trousers and let them fall, then pull down my jockey shorts. I can't recall how I felt, but I didn't get an erection. I just stood there as she knelt, first kissing my stomach, and then working her way down to my genitals, where I felt the warmth of her mouth.

We spent the night together, screw-

ing, sucking, falling asleep, getting up and doing it again. She was insatiable, but I finally collapsed. In the morning, when I left, she said, "thank you, Yves. I learned what I wanted to know. I appreciate your help and I will always be grateful. And don't worry, it will never happen again."

Bernice was right. Our relationship, except in the dark night of our memories, remained the same. We never slipped. Bernice had her night of kinky sex and was content to have tasted the fruits once. At least, I assume so, since we never discussed the subject again. But the affect on me was totally different.

I entered my own house about seven in the morning, just in time to hear the phone ring. It was Blanchette, calling from France, apologizing for waking me up, but it was mid-afternoon on the Riviera, and she missed me and loved me and wished I was there. I didn't know what to say so I said, "I went to the movies last night with Bernice, since Victor's at a seminar." Blanchette laughed. "Oh, I bet you had a wild time with old Bernice." I laughed nervously and made some kind of dull joke. But the truth of the matter was that I was happy Blanchette was away. I felt reborn—in fact, I felt as if I had slipped into a kind of sexual insanity. While talking to my wife, who I loved, I was thinking of another woman I could fuck: there was Lucy Black, one of my students with huge tits who had made overtures, which I had let slip by. When I hung up on Blanchette, I could hardly wait until it was a presentable hour so I could phone Lucy and tell her I changed my mind, that I would be her faculty advisor on her senior thesis.

When she arrived at my home that afternoon, I was very nervous. Choos-

ing a thesis topic was the farthest thing from my mind. I invited her into the living room to have some iced tea. She was short, and as the kids say, "stacked." I kept trying to look between her legs. A few weeks ago, in my office at school, she said something like, "it's too bad a groovy guy like you, Mr. Martin, has to be married." At the time I passed it off, didn't think about it except to mention it to Blanchette who said, "you're not ancient yet, Yves. I'm sure many of your students are in love with you. I think every girl has fallen in love with at least one teacher. At least that's the way it was in Europe."

Lucy asked, "where is Mrs. Martin?"

"Oh, visiting her family in Europe." Then I said, "remember when you called me a groovy guy?"

"I sure do," she said, still keeping her legs together. "I still think so."

I decided to be forward. "Was that a come on? Be truthful now. If I was wrong, we'll forget the whole thing."

"Don't forget it, Mr. Martin."

I couldn't help myself. I took the glass of iced tea from her hand, lifted her out of the chair and kissed her. Nothing else was on my mind but to get Lucy Black upstairs and into bed. The fact that it was the bed I slept in with my wife, on sheets she had bought, in a room full of Blanchette's belongings, made no difference. My life would be totally incomplete if I didn't screw Lucy within the next few minutes. Nothing else mattered.

I had no idea of what was ahead of me that summer, what amatory adventure and what involvements. And, furthest from my thoughts were the consequences to my psyche, my marriage, my career. At that moment I was only concerned with Lucy Black's ass.

# FOCUS ON:

## PROUTY PROFILE

door, strip down to the skin, put on a flight suit that didn't even have any pockets, and come out through another door. But Powers had all kinds of identification on him, his armed forces I.D. card, his driver's license, everything."

The U-2 was shot down on May 1, 1960. During the weeks before the incident, reconnaissance flights over the Soviet Union had been cancelled, and nothing was permitted that might misfire and serve as a provocation to endanger the upcoming summit talks between Eisenhower and Khrushchev.

"Just a short time before the incident," said Prouty, "we wanted to fly a mission to re-supply some anti-communist guerrillas fighting in Tibet. They wouldn't even let us do that."

Francis Gary Powers was shot down over Sverdlovsk on May Day, the annual communist "holy day." The incident could not have happened at a worse time. The summit talks were scuttled, and Prouty suspects that this is precisely what somebody had in mind. Was that somebody the CIA? That is not exactly what Prouty believes. He thinks the incident was the work of the Secret Team.

Prouty made it clear that he is not talking about some supersecret cabal of hooded men who meet by torchlight and recognize each other through a secret handshake. He is referring to a very efficient "old boy network" that permeates the Defense Department, the Intelligence Establishment and the aerospace industry.

"The only effective tool in government seems to be the word 'no,'" said Prouty. "The Secret Team members know how to get around that in the name of national security. They learned the trick right after the Second World War, when everyone was frightened of the Russians. They discovered that they could make a great deal of money in the defense business under a cloak of secrecy, because their work was classified.

"It's a little like a bank that uses a computer. If the programmers are the only ones who know what's in the machine and how to make it work, they can do damn near anything. When secrecy is applied to government, the same thing tends to happen. I could see the Team working right in the halls of the Pentagon. It would be a bank, a holding company, a group of people in the Air Force or the Navy, all of whom knew how to make the governmental machine work.

"It's not a formal organization, but it's pretty tight near the top. They be-

long to the same clubs, serve on the same boards; they know each other very well and they work together in their own interests. It's a concentration of power that exists independent of any one Presidential administration, political party or government agency."

Fletcher Prouty has written extensively about the Secret Team in his book; I asked him if he was working on another one. He said he was planning a study of what he believes to be the most critical period in recent American history, the months between September 1963 and January 1964.

"It's not just President Kennedy's assassination," said Prouty. "If you recall, Ngo Dinh Diem also was assassinated only a few weeks earlier. Some very unusual things happened, both in the government and in international affairs during that period. I'd like to lay them all out in detail."

I asked Fletcher Prouty where he was during those months.

"The South Pole," he replied, "and I'm still not sure why I was sent there."

How long was he down there?

"Just long enough," Prouty replied. "I left the first week in November 1963. They brought me back in December."

# FOCUS ON:

## MUSIC

northeast, this was the way it should be. Ohio was American. Georgia was not. In all the films of the period, southern-accented men could be friends of the heroes, or buffoons, or villains—but not the man who went to bed with the heroine.

As we have moved westward as a nation, and because the majority of our citizens are at least second-generation Americans, we have become more tolerant of our own national character. Leading romantic roles are now being given to such excellent actors as Joe Don Baker and Warren Oates, both native middle-Americans with accents tending towards southern rural. This accent is ascending, while the New York accent (heavily leaning on European sounds) is declining. Someone recently wrote that if *Bonnie and Clyde* were produced today, Warren Beatty would have a hard time getting the part, because he wasn't "very Texan."

The same thing has happened in popular music. Throughout the first half of the century, our popular music was rooted in Europe. A singer would try to sound like Edith Piaf. Jazz, becoming "respectable" in the Thirties, began to influence the European style of singing, and most popular music was jazz-oriented; certainly all our musical comedies and songs sung by

Frank Sinatra and Perry Como were of jazz derivation.

As the middle-American moved from rural areas to cities and suburbs, his culture intermarried with the rooted European urban culture, and the offspring began to take over. Many of the rock singers came from the South and the West, and they synthesized all the American popular sounds—blues and whatever, bringing a bit of country with them. Bob Dylan claims Hank Snow was his great influence. Bluegrass became popular on the campuses and New York kids came home from Ohio State and Michigan with banjos and harmonicas. In Nashville, such musicians as Chet Atkins, who liked jazz and city popular music as well as country and western, worked to bring it all together under what is called the Nashville Sound—and "uptown" version of country that seems to please America's ear. It's hard to turn to any music station in this country and not hear music influenced by Nashville.

If Tex Ritter came as a young man to Nashville today, they would try to make him sing a bit different. "Too pure," they would say. "We gotta make you more uptown, boy. They like this music in Noo Yawkk City now." All country performers bow their heads at the mention of Hank Williams, but I don't think he'd recognize country music today. "That's what they'd like in New York City," he'd say, and he'd be right. Because the *new* country is *the* American pop sound. It's mainstream. Edye Gorme and Tom Jones are singing it. It's the pop artists now who are crossing over into country instead of vice versa. You see it's respectable—and, alas, respectability can be a synonym for dull, vapid, banal, insipid. Mainstream. Middle-of-the-road.

But hallelujah, all is not yet lost. There are exceptions to every rule, and a little gritty fifteen-year-old named Tanya Tucker is breaking every rule in the book and singing masterpiece after masterpiece. And that outlaw, Waylon Jennings, who comes from rock (he played with Buddy Holly) but is honky-tonk in his heart, put out an album of Billy Joe Shaver's songs (see my best-of-best list) that will endure as a classic, whatever musical appellation you give to it, as long as there are a few original minds left in the good old U.S.A.—Melvin Shestack

## COUNTRY BEST

The biggest-selling albums aren't necessarily the best, but in this compilation, I'll try to go down the middle, starting with the albums I think are worth buying and keeping and listening- (continued on page 104)

it whenever and wherever it was needed.

"There was another supply base near Cheltenham, England that had everything from Czech machine guns to Russian television sets. I never found out why, but one operation called for some Russian refrigerators. We bought them in Teheran and flew them back. Transporting household goods in Air Force planes was strictly forbidden, and we had a hell of a time making sure that some newspaperman or congressman didn't hear about it.

One of Prouty's tasks was to keep both the CIA and the Pentagon out of trouble. "Even Allen Dulles didn't always know what his people were doing," he said, "but if they were doing it with Air Force planes, then it was my job to find out.

"Once, some of the Agency people lost one of Dulles' airplanes in Russia—it was shot down. This happened not to be an Air Force plane, but was CIA's own property. Dulles didn't even know anyone was using it. I was called at home one evening by the Air Force Chief of Staff, who told me that something was up and to get over to Allen Dulles' house right away. When I got there, Dulles said that we were in one hell of a jam. There had been news reports coming out of Moscow for the past eighteen hours saying the Russians had shot down one of our aircraft. The President wanted to know what was happening, but Dulles couldn't find out whether any of ours was missing."

Prouty went to the Air Force Command Post in the Pentagon and began calling bases around the world on the scrambler telephone system. Soon he discovered that a C-118 transport assigned to the Agency was overdue on flight from Cypress to Pakistan. Because it was a clandestine flight in support of the then active U-2 program, no alarm had been sent out; such flights often filed a cover flight plan and then flew an entirely different route. This one happened to stray over the Soviet-Turkish border near Mt. Ararat, and was shot down by a squadron of Migs.

Gradually Prouty pieced together what had happened and reported back to Dulles. The government put out a cover story that a tail wind had blown the plane off course, which was true, and that the plane was an Air Force flight, which was false. Everyone held his breath and the crew was soon released. The remaining question was: what, if anything, did the men tell the Russians?

From photographs published in the Soviet press, it was apparent that the C-118 had crash landed and that the resulting fire had only partially con-

sumed the aircraft. Significantly, the tail section which held a set of briefcases containing classified documents relating to the U-2 program was almost intact. When the returning crew was de-briefed in West Germany, it became obvious that the men had told their captors more than they realized, or more than they were willing to admit. When the crewmen were brought back to Washington, they were subjected to a second and more intensive interrogation. The man who conducted the questioning was the CIA's master counterspy, James McCord, who, thirteen years later, was caught burglarizing the Democratic National Committee Headquarters in the Watergate.

"McCord is very, very good," said Prouty. "One of the crew—a colonel—had been taken aside by the Russians and told that, since he was simply the commander of a transport unit—which was his cover story—there really was no need to interrogate him, so they suggested that he might enjoy spending a few days hiking and fishing in the area. They sent along a local man to keep him company—a schoolteacher who happened to speak English.

McCord didn't buy that one, and he concentrated on finding out everything the colonel and the 'school teacher' talked about. The more the colonel tried to remember, the more he realized that he'd told the man a great deal more than he thought he had. From the colonel's description of the 'teacher' McCord assembled a collection of photographs of likely candidates from the files of the CIA and the FBI. He brought them to the colonel and spread them out in front of him. You should have seen the guy's face when he recognized one of the pictures as the 'school teacher.' It turned out to be Kozlov's number one intelligence man. About a month later, he showed up in New York with Kozlov (a high ranking member of the Soviet Central committee) at the U.N.

"I got to know Jim McCord very well after that. He's the best interrogator I've ever encountered. If he'd been asking the questions for the Senate Watergate Committee instead of being one of the people answering them, we'd know a hell of a lot more about what went on in that operation."

I asked Prouty if he had known any of the other people involved in Watergate.

"I knew Howard Hunt," he said. "Hunt is a very different kind of guy from McCord. I met him in December '58 when we both served on a committee that was keeping track of what was happening in Cuba—Batista had fled the country and Castro was still in the hills. Allen and Foster Dulles were

## FOCUS ON:

### PROUTY PROFILE

trying to decide which horse to back. Hunt was a political officer and his job was to find out what the Cuban exiles were thinking.

"I never thought of Hunt as anything but a popular guy that everybody seemed to know. It seems as though, whenever I went over to the Agency, he was walking around in the halls, almost as if he didn't have an office. Maybe he was working out the plots for all those novels."

Did Prouty play a role in the Bay of Pigs invasion?

"No," Prouty replied. "I opened up an old Army base in Panama where the Agency trained some Cuban exiles, but it was keyed to small-scale operations. Then around the end of 1960, I began to hear talk of an invasion. Eisenhower was due to step down in a month, so he refused to either approve or cancel it. But the Agency people were talking about the invasion as if it had already been sold to the Kennedy administration.

"During the first part of January, I sent my boss a memorandum saying that I wanted out. I was immediately made administrative officer for all our programs in Africa. I didn't hear anything more about the Cuban operation until I received a phone call at 2:00 AM the morning of the invasion from Puerto Cabezas, the Nicaraguan air base the Agency was using for the operation. It was the officer in charge of air support, and he said he had the B-26s out on the runway with their engines turning for over an hour and was waiting for the order from Washington to send them to Cuba. He couldn't get through to anyone, so he asked me to help.

"I got dressed and went downtown looking for someone who could tell this guy what to do. Everything seemed to have broken down. Allen Dulles had gone to Puerto Rico to make a speech, and there was no one around who could take charge of things. There wasn't anything I could do, so I went home."

Prouty recalled another intelligence crisis of the early 1960s. While the Bay of Pigs invasion was a foul-up, he's not so sure that the U-2 affair can be explained the same way.

"Many of us who knew how the U-2 operation was run have always felt there was something very strange about that flight. It was standard procedure for the pilots to leave behind anything that could be used to identify them, even a PX receipt. They would go into a little room through one