

ROUTING SLIP		DATE
		5 Nov 1970
TO :	Mr. Hendrick	
FROM :	SAC/WFO	
SUBJECT:	attached memo	
CASE NO.:		
REMARKS	<p>The attached was solicited It was given to [redacted] by Preston Hendrick who is manager of Wash. Office of D + B and who also is a friend + high school class mate of Mr. Brown man.</p> <p>This is submitted for Hqs. info + whether action is deemed appropriate</p>	

FORM 1439
4-58

(40)

VFW

TO BE OPENED BY ADDRESSEE ONLY:

5 November 1970

MEMORANDUM FOR: Assistant Deputy Director/IOS

SUBJECT : Military Armament Corporation,
Powder Springs, Georgia; Subsidiary of
Environmental Industries, Inc.,
Washington, D. C. - alleged CIA
Involvement

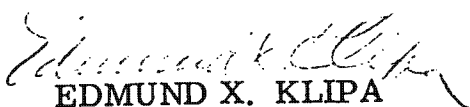
1. On 3 November 1970, T. Preston HENDRICK, Washington, D. C. District Manager, Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., (DOD Contract 61-88 ML), an extremely valuable WFO information source, contacted Special Agent ⁰³ [redacted] by telephone and said he had a matter which he thought, in the interest of national security, we possibly might be interested in looking into. He briefly explained the problem which had come to his attention from Dun & Bradstreet's Atlanta, Georgia Office, and it was agreed that Special Agent ⁰³ [redacted] would meet with him in his office the following day.

⁰³ 2. On 4 November 1970, Mr. HENDRICK gave Special Agent ⁰³ [redacted] the attached xerox copies of an informal memo dated 20 October 1970 from D&B's Atlanta, Georgia Office, Subject: Environmental Industries, Inc. (Exhibit 1); a D&B Business Information Report dated 9 September 1970 on Military Armament Corporation, Powder Springs, Georgia, representing a subsidiary of Environmental Industries, Washington, D. C. (Exhibit 2); and a ten page article from the August 1970 issue of "Atlanta" Magazine (Exhibit 3). HENDRICK commented that this article (Exhibit 3) has no by-line heading, and no mention of the author's name and is written in such a manner as to imply an association between CIA and the principal of Military Armament Corporation Mr. Mitchell L. WERBELL III.

3. Mr. HENDRICK noted that the attached memorandum from the D&B Atlanta Office (Exhibit 1) is self-explanatory, but added that the Atlanta Office is receiving a lot of inquiries on both of the companies. The D&B Report (Exhibit 2) is the first and only such report yet produced by Dun & Bradstreet's Atlanta Office. The Dun & Bradstreet Washington, D. C. Office has had no other requirements for information on the local company, Environmental Industries, Inc. However, the D&B Washington Office, in response to the D&B Atlanta Office request for information, has so far ascertained only that Environmental Industries located at 955 L'Enfant Plaza S. W., Washington, D. C. ostensibly is a one room type operation with a telephone (554-9572) and one female employee who would not identify herself; this person told D&B's investigator that he should not have come there-that everything about both firms had to come from Powder Springs, Georgia.

4. Mr. HENDRICK said his first impression after the article (Exhibit 3) was that the comments involving CIA "were ridiculous, preposterous, and were written by a nut who is as nutty as Mitchell L. WERBELL III seems to be", however, as a citizen he (HENDRICK) ^{o3} did not want to take any chances and decided to call Special Agent [redacted] HENDRICK also thought it conceivable that fraud might possibly be involved, but indicated that he has not mentioned this matter to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

5. Mr. HENDRICK said that at some point he will have to respond to Atlanta's request for information on Environmental Industries, Inc. either by saying the Washington Office is not going to write a report or stating an opinion that the information in the "Atlanta" Magazine article seems completely ridiculous. Mr. HENDRICK indicated to Special Agent [redacted] that if at all possible he would appreciate some guidelines - if nothing more than sending the D&B Atlanta Office a xerox copy of the National Security Agency Act and CIA Mission as described in the United States Government Manual or some other public document. HENDRICK made it clear he was passing all above information to us on a completely informal unofficial basis and indicated he realized it is possible confirmation or denial of implied CIA interest may not be possible.


EDMUND X. KLIPA
Special Agent in Charge

TO OFFICE NO. 101 REPORTING MANAGER DEPT. OR INDIVIDUAL FROM OFFICE NO. 69 SIGNATURE Harold C. Coley

SUBJECT ENVIRONMENTAL INDUSTRIES INC DATE Oct 20, 1970 POWDER SPRINGS, GA

WE ARE NOT ABLE TO CONFIRM THIS BRANCH DUE TO THE ABSENCE OF INFORMATION, WHICH WAS DECLINED BY THE PRINCIPALS. IN ATLANTA, WE REPORT ENVIRONMENTAL INDUSTRIES TO BE HEADQUARTERED IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WITH ITS SUBSIDIARY, MILITARY ARMAMENTS CORP, HEADQUARTERED AT POWDER SPRINGS, GA.

OUR ONLY SOURCE OF INFORMATION HAS BEEN A LOCAL PUBLICATION, WHICH STATES THAT ENVIRONMENTAL INDUSTRIES INC MAINTAINS HEADQUARTERS AT WASHINGTON, D.C., AND IS A SUBSIDIARY OF ANOTHER UNDISCLOSED CONCERN AT THAT LOCATION. A COPY OF THE REPORT IN THIS PUBLICATION IS BEING ENCLOSED FOR YOUR PURPOSES.

Dun & Bradstreet BUSINESS INFORMATION REPORT

SIC 19 11
 D-U-N-S 04-969-3849
 MILITARY ARMAMENT CORP
 (Subsidiary of Environmental Industries, Inc., Washington, D.C.)

© DUN & BRADSTREET, INC.
 ✓ OR 69 SEPT 9 1970 (FU 10-8)
 MFR GUNS

STARTED 1970
 RATING --

RT #3
 P.O. BOX 168
 POWDER SPRINGS GA 30073
 TEL 404 943-3574

SUMMARY
 PAYMENTS UNDETERMINED
 EMPLOYEES 12
 RECORD INCOMPLETE

MITCHELL L. WERBELL, III, PRINCIPAL

PAYMENTS Trade references declined.

FINANCE On Sept 9 1970, Mitchell L. Werbell, III, principal, declined any and all information. Investigation of outside quarters failed to reveal any details. An analysis by reporter is impossible due to the lack of information. A check with public records has been initiated, and will be published upon completion.

HISTORY Incorporated Cobb County, Georgia on July 1 1970. Authorized capital 1,000,000 shares of common stock at no par value. Paid in capital \$1,000. WERBELL, III, born about 1918, married. Reportedly was previously associated with Sionics, Inc., Atlanta, Ga. Also appeared as owner of Mitchell L. Werbell Advertising, Atlanta.

OPERATION Operates as a subsidiary of Environmental Industries, Inc. Environmental Industries, Inc., Washington, D.C., details not available at this time. Subject manufactures guns used in warfare. Sales are made to the U. S. Government and foreign governments. Reporter estimates 20 accounts. Employs 12, including officers. LOCATION: Operations conducted from 60 acre estate owned by Mitchell L. Werbell, III. 9-25 (32 87)

ROBERS READING THE SCRIPT

WASH. EVE. STAR 2-26-70

The Story of CBS and the Plot to Invade Haiti

By GUS CONSTANTINE
Star Staff Writer

The Columbia Broadcasting System has been accused in a confidential House subcommittee staff report of contributing \$500,000 to a 1966 plot to invade Haiti.

According to the report, CBS in return obtained exclusive rights to film, film, shipments of arms and training sites of the plotters preparatory to filming the invasion itself.

It also charges that the network has been trying to hide its involvement and that it rebuffed a CBS cameraman for reporting the matter to federal authorities.

Richard Salant, president of CBS News, confirmed in New York yesterday that "CBS News filmed governing activities and training exercises as part of an investigative report on the activities of Cuban-Haitian exile groups."

But he denied that the network helped finance the inva-

sion plans or that it had "any complicity in the plot."

Asked whether the network had knowledge that law was being violated, Salant said:

"If you're involved in filming guns and training exercises, obviously you have knowledge of a violation of law. But our general position is that where the violation is generally known, or there is reason to believe that law enforcement agencies know about it, then we proceed without notifying them."

Salant said CBS News' expenditure for the "Haitian project" was between \$150,000 and \$170,000. "About \$120,000 of this went for external costs—travel, board, lodging and payments to non-staff personnel," he said.

Although CBS has been linked to the invasion attempt in earlier news accounts, details of the network's involvement have never been dis-



RICHARD S. SALANT

-AP

closed. The invasion itself never came off.

"This committee has an excellent picture of what took place," a member of the

House Commerce Committee said in an interview.

The report, which was prepared for the subcommittee last June 20, caused some agonizing in the Commerce Committee over whether to call a public hearing.

Information in the report led to subpoenaing of CBS films, financial records and logs in connection with the invasion attempt. Executive sessions were held at which CBS personnel testified.

In their report, staff members of the Special Investigations subcommittee accused CBS of irresponsibility and said the network may have violated six federal statutes, including the Neutrality Act, the Munitions Control Law, the Communications Act of 1934 and several firearms laws.

The probers recommended that the network be called to public account in open hearings before the Commerce Committee, which has authori-

ty to investigate broadcast licensing under the Communications Act.

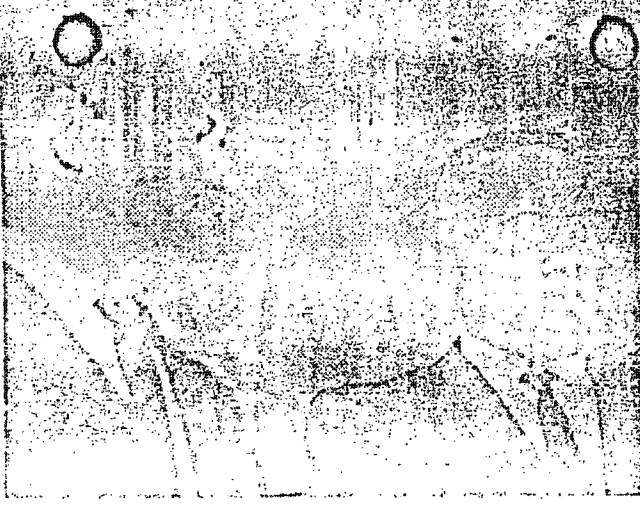
Salant said he would welcome public hearings "at this stage." However, he said, "I'd have greater hope for such hearings getting at the truth if they could be held in a forum that offers the opportunity for cross-examination."

The invasion finally was broken up by customs agents on Jan. 2, 1967, in a raid at Coco Plum Beach, Fla. CBS had ended its involvement the previous November.

Seven men were indicted by a grand jury as ringleaders of the plot. Six of them were tried and convicted in November 1967, while the charges against the seventh were dropped by the Justice Department. There is an appeal pending in New Orleans.

According to the Commerce subcommittee staff report, the plot was hatched early in 1966

See CBS, Page A-5



United Press International

Rolando Masferrer (left) and Father Jean Baptiste George.

The report contends CBS learned about it in March 1966, agreed in April to film invasion preparations, including weapons shipments and cash, and did so in June and at other times. It further contends that the network put up with the rental of a ship to serve as the invasion platform.

The report pulled out of the operation in November, the report says. A customs agent in Miami told the network the invasion of Haiti could be permitted.

But CBS officials tried to pull out as early as possible but that custom agent called and asked them to continue.

As things developed by late summer, I got the feeling of something smelly. I felt we were being had," Salant said.

Leading Figures

The leading "actors" in the "invasion" drama, according to the staff report, were:

• Rolando Masferrer Rojas, a 37-year-old Cuban right-winger known as "The Tiger." He controlled a private army in Cuba when Fulgencio Batista was dictator.

• The Rev. Jean Baptiste Georges, a Catholic priest and a former education minister under Haitian President Francois Duvalier.

• John Aton Constanzo-Pelau, a Cuban conspirator who allegedly assisted CBS in its filming. He was recently shot in Miami.

• Julio Cesar Hormilla, a Cuban who lost an eye while participating in the filming of invasion training.

• Mitchell Wer Bell III, a munitions dealer linked to clandestine operations and upheaval in Latin America. He was hired by CBS as a consultant for the invasion story.

• Jay McMullen, CBS producer for the invasion story.

• Andrew St. George, a freelance writer who tipped off CBS on the invasion plans and was hired by the network as an associate producer and writer of the story.

• James Wilson, a CBS cameraman who informed federal authorities of the invasion plans.

• Eugene Maximilian, Haitian contact to the United States and the target of an extortion attempt.

• Stanley Schacter, assistant customs agent in charge of enforcement at Miami, who kept track of the unfolding invasion scheme.

Plans Outlined

The subcommittee report says CBS' association with the conspirators began in March 1966.

The conspiracy took shape initially as just one more Latin intrigue in Florida to topple the regime of Cuba's Fidel Castro.

In this instance, the plan called for Masferrer to be installed as chief of Cuba while Father Georges took over Haiti, provided a two-stage invasion was successful.

CBS enters the picture through McMullen, a producer eager to film arms-smuggling activities. The special subcommittee's chief investigator, James P. Kelly, himself a former CBS employe, is said to have worked on a project with McMullen in 1965 to film illegal export of surplus fighter aircraft. That project was dropped.

Familiar with the interests of the invasion planners and McMullen, Andrew St. George, freelance writer, is introduced in the report as the contact who approached McMullen in March 1966. St. George is said to have told McMullen of the preparation for a Haitian invasion, and asked if CBS was still interested in illegal munitions movements.

Wer Bell, identified in the staff report as a man with a background in arms sales to Latin governments, is introduced by St. George to McMullen in April at Wer Bell's home in Powder Springs, Ga.

McMullen, said the report, was told of Wer Bell's efforts to find a suitable base in the Dominican Republic for Masferrer to launch his invasion.

Price Tag Cited

McMullen was also told, according to the report, that for a price, exclusive CBS filming of clandestine arms shipments, training exercises and the actual invasion could be arranged.

McMullen agreed to pay close to \$80,000 for these rights, the report says, and CBS hired St. George as associate producer and writer of the invasion story.

As a down payment, St. George delivered to Wer Bell \$1,500 given to him by McMullen, the report says.

In June, McMullen brought a film crew to a Miami house belonging to Masferrer's brother. An arms cache was photographed there and in other residences in the same vicinity.

Wer Bell was on location. So were immigration agents, who called to check on Masferrer's whereabouts. Masferrer was on parole and was barred from Florida. Mistaking the callers for FBI agents, McMullen hid in the closet, according to the report.

A CBS cameraman, James Wilson, contacted CIA agents in Houston while on a space shot assignment, the report says.

The CIA informed the FBI, who called on Wilson and referred him to U.S. Customs.

From that point on, according to the report, Stanley Schacter, assistant customs agent in charge of enforcement in Miami, was kept informed by Wilson of developments.

From time to time the plotters sought funds from CBS and St. George was given money by McMullen to pay them, the report says. It mentions sums totaling almost \$3,000 to Masferrer, \$750 to Wer Bell for a trip to the Dominican Republic, \$500 to Father Georges to perform "voodoo" rites in order to inspire the troops and \$500 to Julio Aton Constanzo-Pelau, another conspirator, who doubled as film assistant for CBS.

A Comic Turn

Now the narrative shifts to New Jersey and takes a comic turn.

McMullen is told he can photograph a shipment of weapons from the Shiloh Hunting Lodge on Rt. 46 to Florida. He pays Masferrer \$380 for the story but the story fails to materialize. In the mix-up, the car carrying the weapons loses contact with the CBS film crew, according to the report.

Later, a van carrying weapons from New York to Florida breaks down in Macon, Ga., and the driver has only \$15 in cash. CBS provides financial help and a 1965 Mercury station wagon is sent to Macon to complete the trip, the report says.

McMullen then pays Wer Bell \$3,000 toward rental of a yacht, the Poor Richard, which would be the invasion "flagship." The leaky ship sinks. McMullen says the ship was damaged by a storm.

CBS said yesterday it paid Wer Bell \$1,500 for the boat. Salant said, "I understand it was to be the invasion boat. We were going to be on it. The money was for board and lodging. Another \$1,500 was paid for a second yacht, which was used by St. George and later caught fire."

Suit Against CBS

During the filming of a training scene at Kendall Park, Fla., trainee Julio Cesar Hermilla was injured when a defective weapon exploded. He later lost an eye.

Hermilla sued for \$1 million,

alleging that McMullen transported weapons to Kendall and distributed them to the men. After his injury, Hermilla charged, medical aid was delayed until CBS cameramen could photograph the incident.

Hermilla later settled his suit with CBS for \$15,000, the report says.

According to the report, Wer Bell, Masferrer and St. George showed up at the Miami office of Haitian Consul Eugene Maximilian and offered to end preparations for the invasion if Duvalier put up \$200,000.

When no answer appeared to be forthcoming, the staff report says the plotters offered through an intermediary to sell a tape of their conversation with Maximilian back to the consul for \$10,000.

But the Haitian diplomat reported the matter to Duvalier, to the FBI and to U.S. Customs.

Salant said CBS was not involved in, nor knew anything about this incident until Wer Bell approached McMullen and said he had the tape.

"McMullen said, 'Hell, I won't touch it,'" according to Salant.

A falling out then apparently occurred between Masferrer and St. George and the latter goes to Stanley Schacter, the same Customs official briefed earlier by Wilson, to tell his version of the invasion story.

St. George, says the report, now drops out of the picture. He is hospitalized with bad burns suffered in a yacht accident and McMullen hires Wer Bell as a story consultant at \$500 a week.

Another shift now takes place. The Dominican Republic is "uncooperative" over the use of its territory as a base for the Haitian invasion so the plotters decide to strike directly from the United States.

Appears a Scoop

A CBS crew is flown to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and the network hires its own flagship for \$2,500 to trail the rebel flotilla. NBC and ABC were struggling to catch up with the story but the "scoop" it appeared, belonged to CBS.

Nov. 20 is the day before the invasion. But that night, CBS correspondent Bert Quint, in Haiti, reports a battle raging in the streets between rebels and forces loyal to Duvalier.

There is reason to believe, the congressional staff report

says, that he was purposely fed misinformation by Duvalier to foil the invasion.

Schacter, meanwhile, informs Masferrer, Father Georges and McMullen that the invasion would not be allowed.

At this point, CBS ends its affiliation, the staff report says.

But Masferrer and his people shift to Coco Plum Beach and begin a new countdown. On Jan. 2, U.S. Customs officials take the "army" into custody and seize its armaments, including the transport vessel, the Elena G.

A grand jury then indicted the seven men, including Masferrer, Father Georges, Constanza Pelau and Wer Bell on charges they violated the Neutrality Act and the Munitions Control Laws.

Before the trial the Justice Department dropped Wer Bell as a defendant, and the congressional investigators reported that all attempts to get an explanation from Justice failed. The other defendants were found guilty and were sentenced to prison terms ranging from 60 days to four years. The verdict is on appeal in New Orleans.

In 1967 CBS refused to let officials of the Justice Department, Customs and the U.S. Attorney see the films it took in connection with the invasion plans, the report says.

According to the report, Bill Leonard, CBS vice president, rebuked Wilson for notifying the government.

Meanwhile, the House Commerce Committee continues to study the need for public hearings.

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APRIL

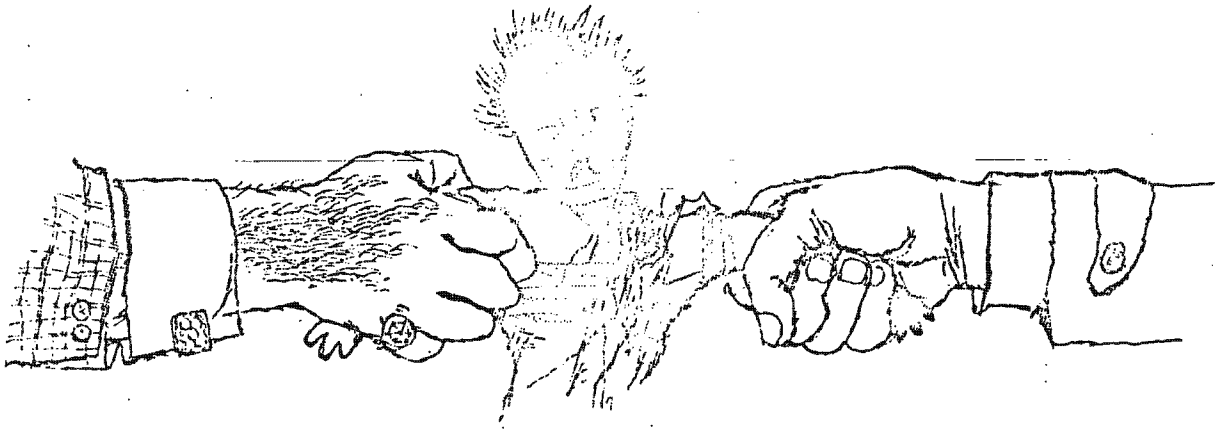
1970

152'S)
Dec 11-31

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THE MAFIA

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



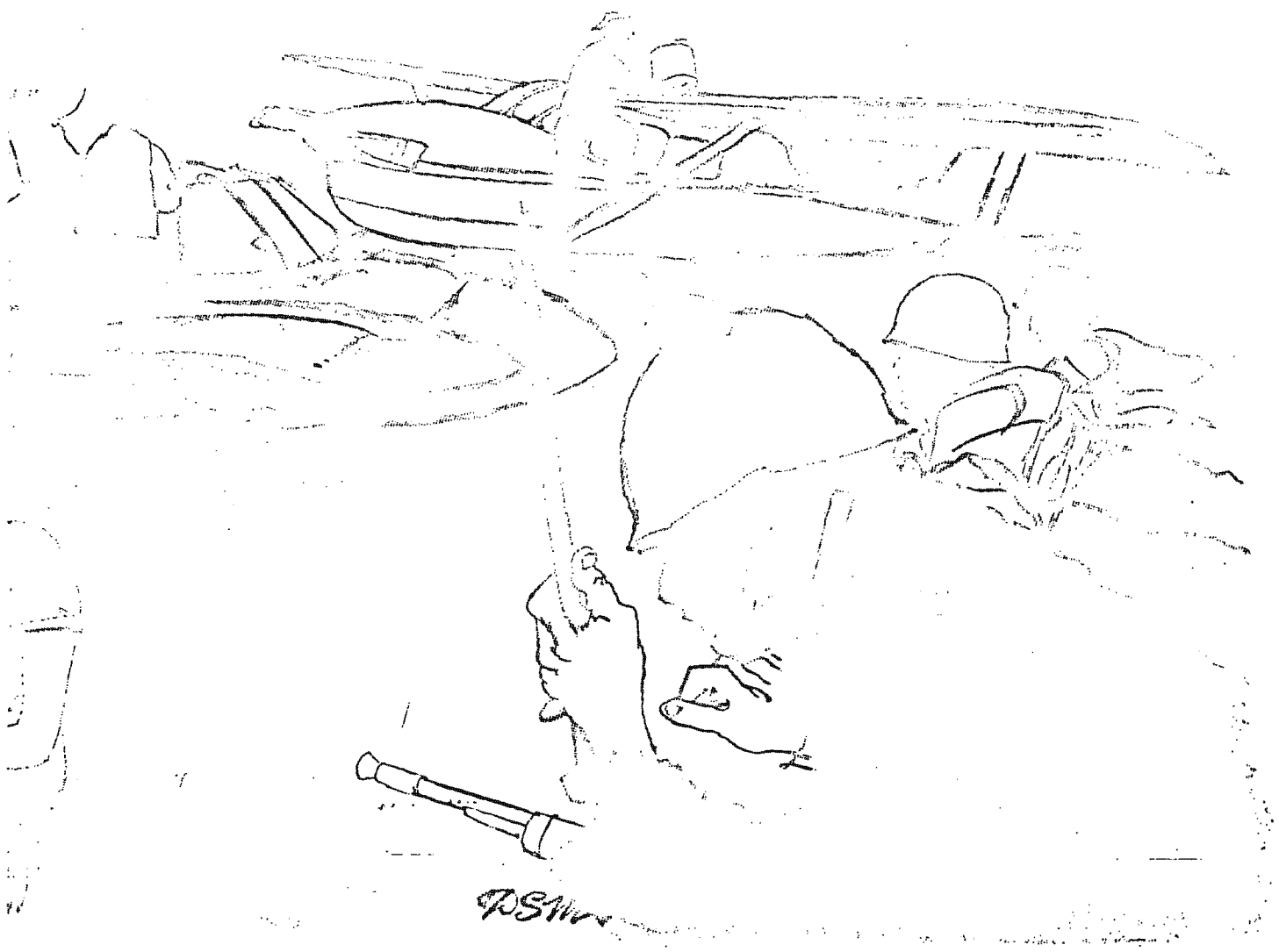
Americans who never thought of politics as anything but visible—visible *and* audible, for that matter—spent an unhappy time in the '60's adjusting to the discovery that the United States had an invisible government, too: in point of fact, *two* of them. There is, for one, the CIA, all over Washington; 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

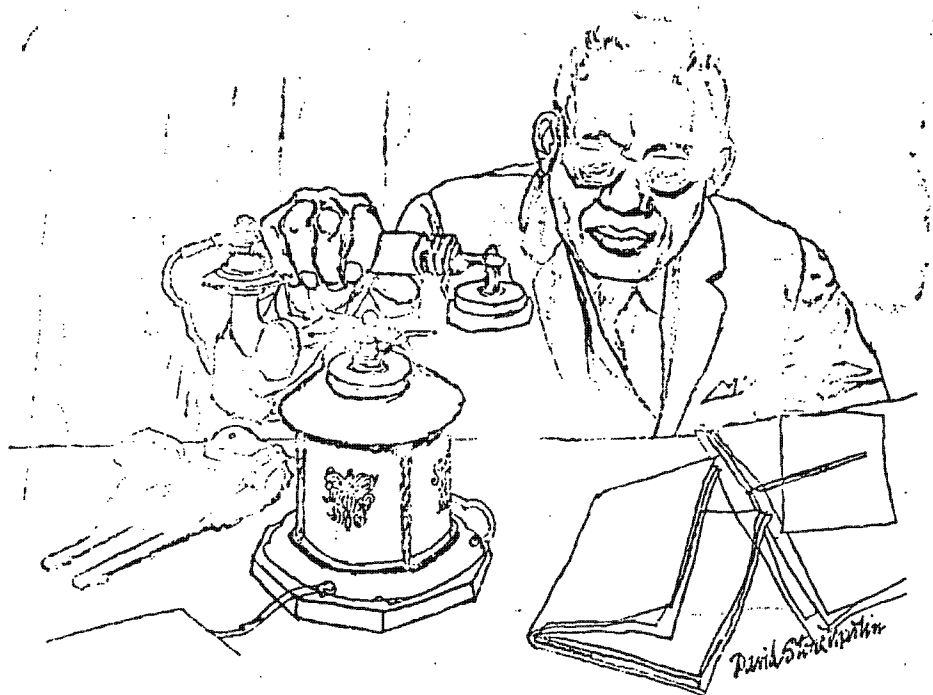


--who will publish the authoritative, firsthand account of President John F. Kennedy's 1963 decision to attempt to free Haiti from the cancerous dictatorship of Dr. Francois Duvalier, and explain why the President and the National Security Council, ignoring the then-recent Bay of Pigs disaster, decided 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.

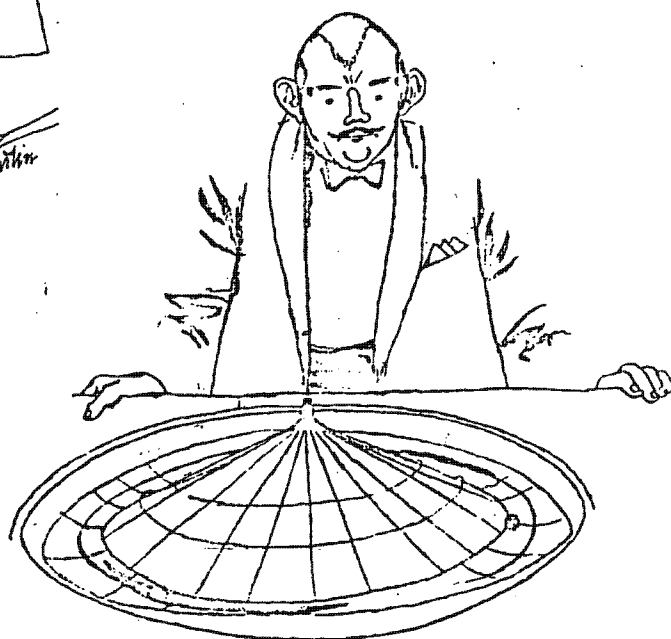
But a definitive book on the whole Haiti mess would best come from the cautious, emotionless typewriter of a seasoned crime writer. An old hand at gangland wars, nameless corpses, syndicate power struggles and

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 simflam suhrer 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 Madden; 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]

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.

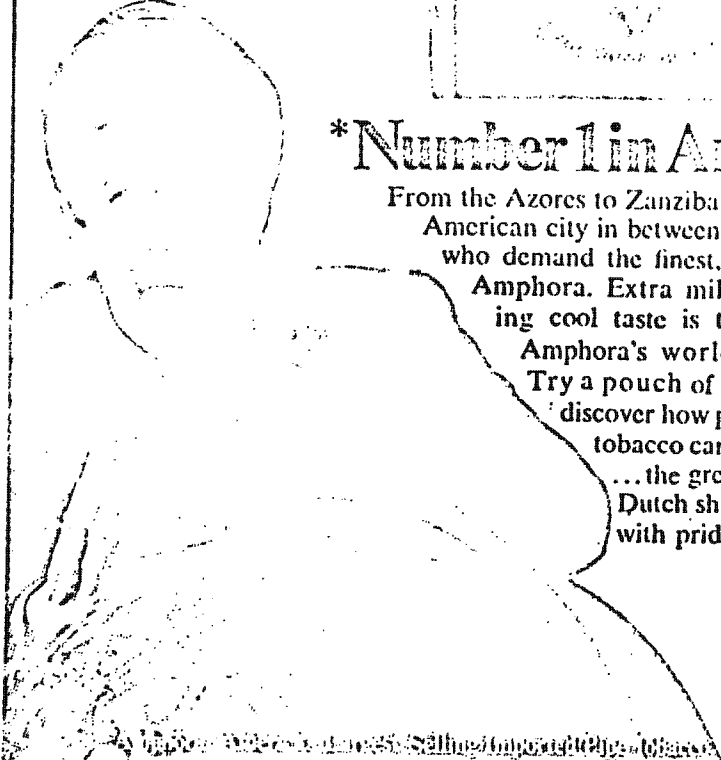
Jay Humphrey missed killing President Duvalier because three of his five bombs failed to explode—and the two that did loded slightly off-target. One left the spectacular crater that still makes a traffic hazard under Papa Doc's office balcony. Humphrey now suspects sabotage or possible betrayal: the commando force loded by three U.S. pilots at nearby Cap-Haitien 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 Vogeli, 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 concluded that the

...most 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

...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 *capo-rigimas*, 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, ... 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 suntanned, 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

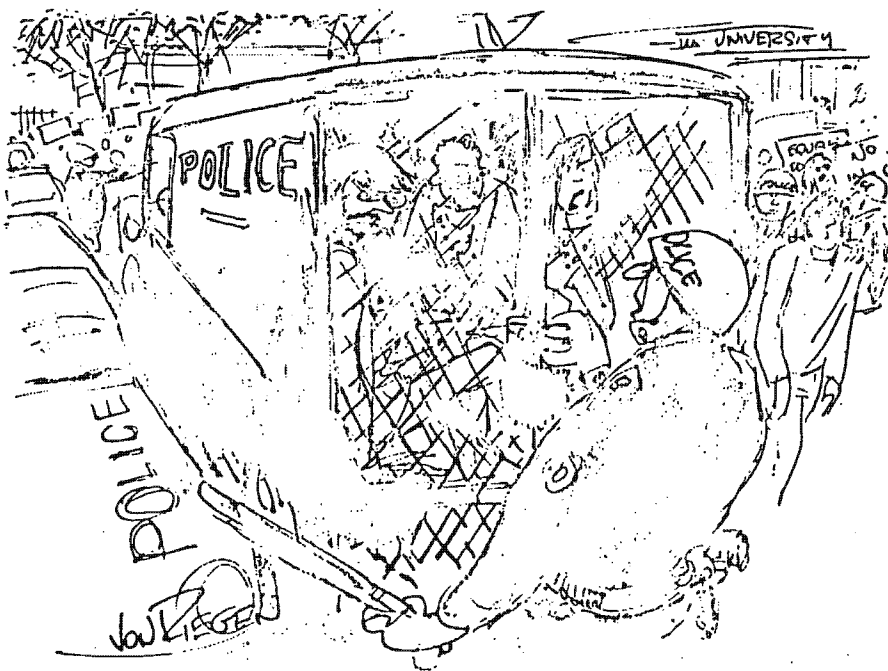
These were inoffensive coast-guard-type craft, never denied any noncommunist nation. But in the special case of Papa Doc, the State Department took a single look at the shopping list and firmly answered, "No." Nevertheless by 1965 Papa Doc's little sea squadron acquired about half the vessels Washington 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.

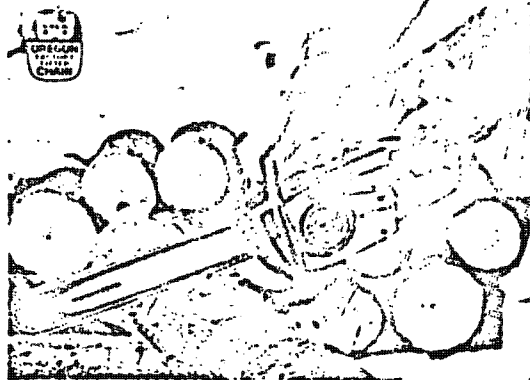
In Havana, after Castro's takeover, Max Intrator became a money mover with a front-line command, so to speak. It was his job to prevent the Maximum Chief of the Revolution from getting his hands on the roomfuls of money belonging to the Maximum Chief of the Syndicate, Meyer Lansky.

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.

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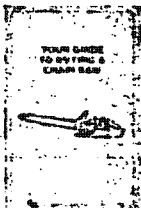
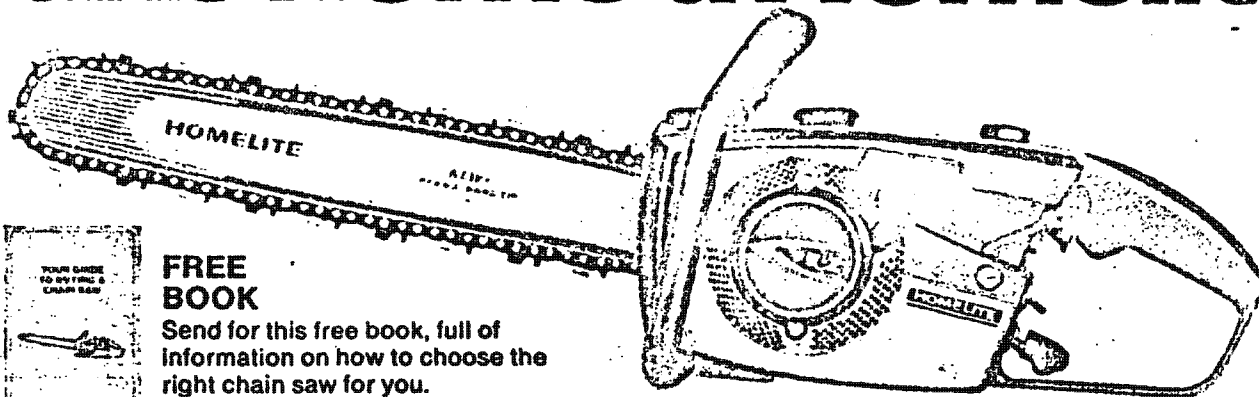


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Castro canceled the currency in favor of a new issue, and anyone caught holding more than a hundred Cuban pesos lost it. Max Intraator was obviously ready for bigger things.

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 stull 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 Mevs, 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 vicerey 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

team, as it turned out, was crested 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 witty, 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.

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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ganized 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

...ought to buy 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 1961, 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 Beason 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 \$1 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. Tragicomically, 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 Gerard 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.

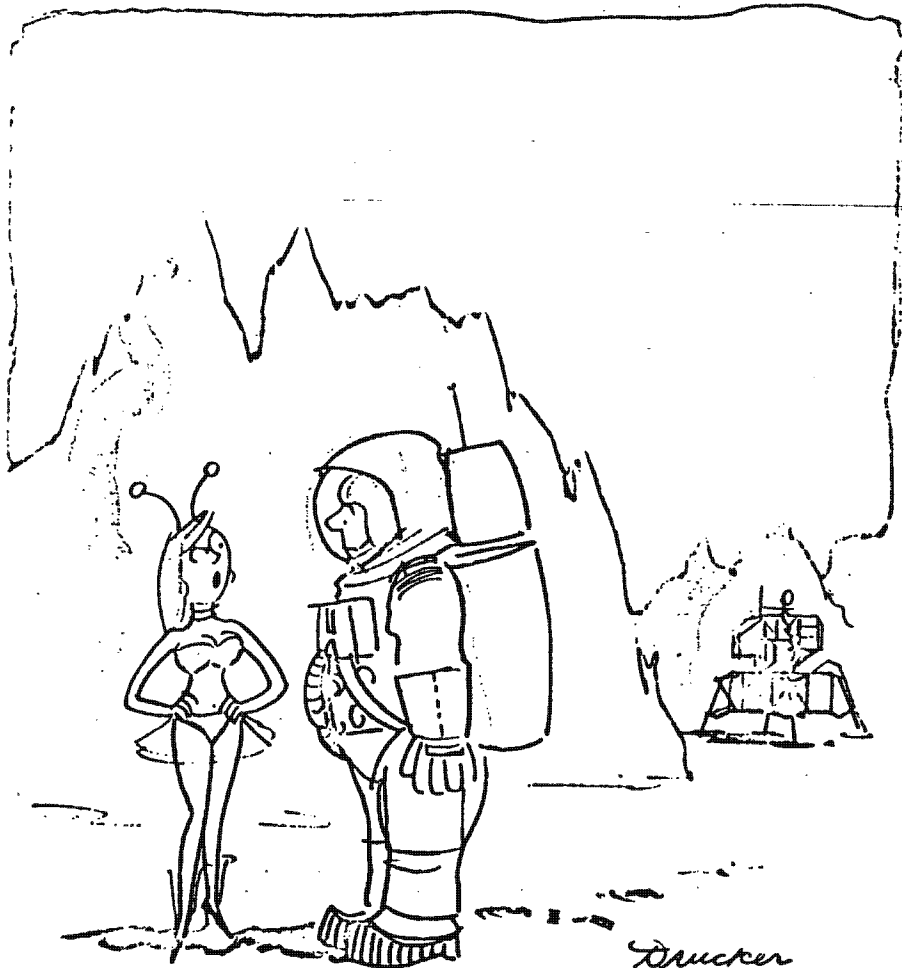
As for the syndicate, sounding off would have been unthinkable. It would have, for one thing, violated the iron code of *omertà*, the tradition of silence, a tradition deeper in the underworld than in the intelligence establishment. And the syndicate’s prize would have been worthless unless it remained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

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

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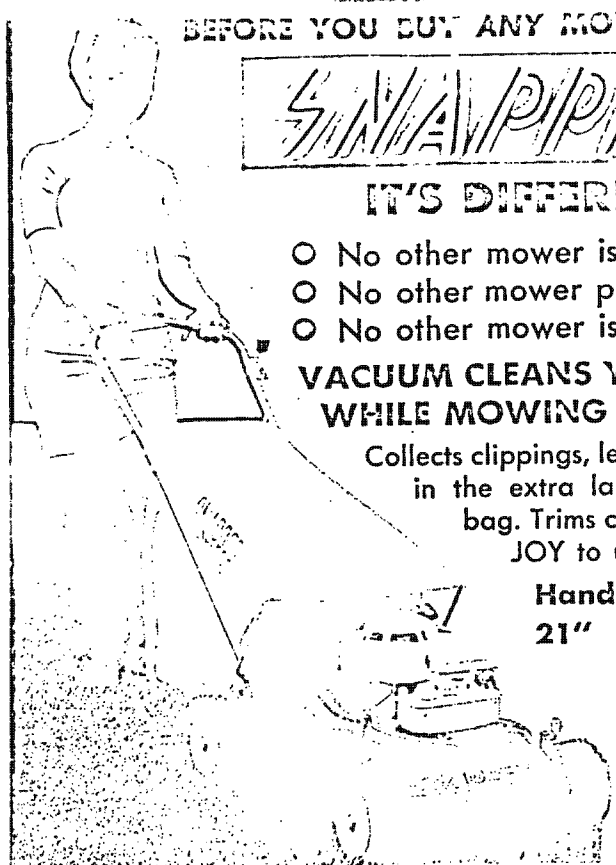
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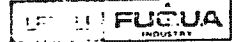
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Financial sources with an interest in Haiti are certain that the contretemps of the casino fixtures has not sidetracked the syndicate's plans for a killing in Haitian real estate. The executive vice-president of a Caribbean development corporation 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.

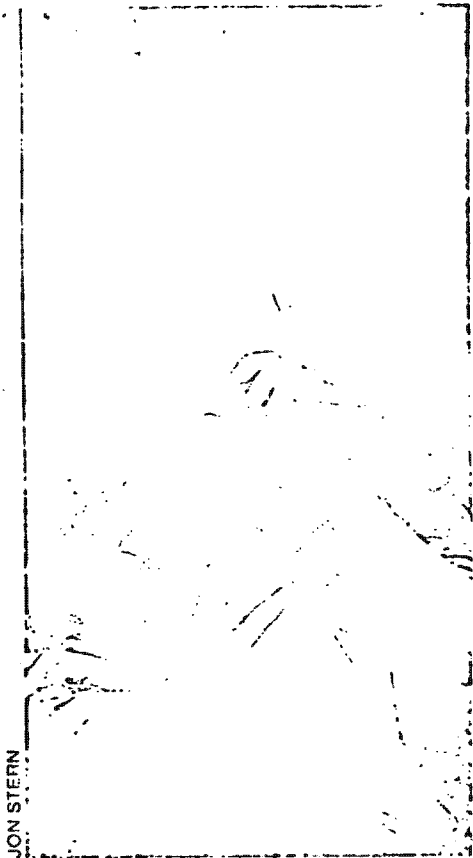
In the '50's, when Meyer Lansky ruled gambling in Cuba, Mike McLaney managed Havana's foremost casino, the glittering Nacional. In the '60's, when Lansky's trail turned to the Bahamas, so did McLaney's. As Hank Messick, the patient

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

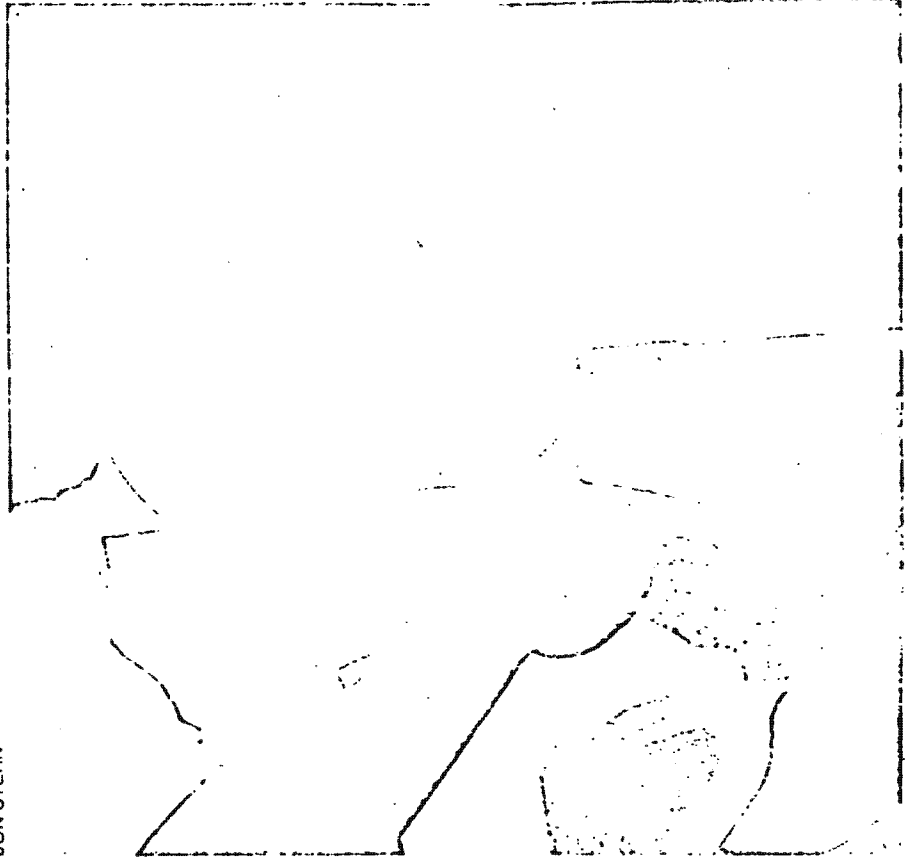
It does, indeed. For the '70's open with Mike McLaney, still the most cool and polished casino manager west of Monte Carlo, preparing to bring little orphan Haiti her first real season of big-time gambling.

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 ho-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 bus with him every single thing ever touched by Mr. Lansky and his invisible govern-



JON STERN



JON STERN

and as a paramilitary "adviser." He is a compulsive warrior, an armed crusader fighting against what Gov. Lester Maddox calls "ungodly Commonism." WerBell is not alone in this occupation, but he practices it in a unique manner. Most soldiers of fortune are nothing else, and they live from one little war to the next, brawling and boozing their way through a tough and financially unrewarding life.

WerBell, by contrast, is a businessman who dabbles in military adventure only when and as far as it suits him. If combat didn't titillate him, he wouldn't partake of it. His business is supplying weapons, not using them in anger. He specializes in the weapons and techniques of "counter-insurgency," which may be roughly defined as the forceful suppression of *coups d'état*, rebellions and the like. The way WerBell operates, this means defending established regimes, some of them dictatorships, against armed revolt. This political posture not only does not trouble WerBell, it pleases him. "I have no objection to dictatorship if it serves the interests of the country," he says. Particularly if the threat to those interests is from the left: "Communism has no place in the Western hemisphere—or in any

hemisphere. I am totally opposed to it, and to the spread of ideological germs and filth that it brings."

Now and again, WerBell's name pops into the news, bringing Powder Springs a certain national attention. Andrew St. George, a noted journalist-adventurer, a few years ago wrote pieces for *True* and London's *Daily Telegraph Magazine* on arms brokers and sprinkled them liberally with tales and pictures of WerBell's exploits. The first issue of the new muckraking magazine, *Scanlan's*, carried an exhaustive story on CBS' involvement in an abortive invasion of Haiti in 1966, and WerBell was credited with a major, if uncertain, role in the operation. (WerBell was arrested and indicted after the fiasco, but charges against him were dropped, while six others arrested were brought to trial. Asked by a friend for an explanation, WerBell replied jauntily, "When you work for the company, they take care of you. I'll never heard another word about it." So far he hasn't, he maintains.)

Last December, WerBell hit the front page of *The Atlanta Constitution* when a shipment of captured enemy weapons bound from Vietnam was detained at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida. A national columnist conjec-

tured that WerBell or his friends meant to distribute the weapons to right-wing extremist groups in the U.S. WerBell angrily denies that. They were souvenir weapons given to him by friendly forces in Vietnam, he said, and they were shipped to the States for display in military museums.

Not surprisingly, WerBell has often been called an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), a charge that angers him only when it is leveled too vehemently. It is not that he has anything against the CIA. He just doesn't, he says, happen to be one of its boys. His paramilitary work, which consists of advising and sometimes directly assisting foreign governments, is done in the employ of what he calls "an independent group of well-intentioned, patriotic Americans." The Birch Society? The Minutemen? A bunch of far-right Texas millionaires? WerBell won't say, other than to insist that it is *not* the CIA.

It hardly matters, for according to WerBell it is all in the service not only of freedom and anti-Communism but of the U.S. government; he does not supply or advise or fight for regimes not bearing the State Department seal of approval. A heavy percentage of his merchandise goes di-

DOWN: THE DRIVEWAY that snakes through the country estate came two teen-aged boys. They were clean-cut and handsome in the traditional college fashion, and they looked at home in the quiet, leafy setting. But one wore a camouflage suit and carried a large pistol in each hand; the other had an M-3 "grease gun" tucked under one arm and a silencer-equipped sniper rifle under the other. Behind them, propelling himself vigorously in a wheelchair, came their father, Mitchell Livingston WerBell III of Powder Springs, Georgia—soldier of fortune, militant anti-Communist and one of the nation's leading developers of military weapons and accessories.

Mitch IV and Geoff chatted lightly about the weapons they were carrying. Their father, temporarily immobilized by a fractured heel, punctuated the conversation with brief bursts of information about the sniper rifle, one of his most choice products. "This weapon has killed nineteen hundred V.C. [Viet Cong] in six months," he said proudly. "Those V.C. took only one-point-three rounds per kill. Twenty-seven cents apiece they cost Uncle Sam. That's the greatest cost effectiveness the Army's ever known.

And there hasn't been a single American casualty."

Moments later, as WerBell and I stood closer than I like to an operating firearm, young Mitch and Geoff pumped round after round from the weapons into the bullet-shattered hulk of an automobile that serves as the primary target on the WerBell firing range. While the boys were loading, I was struck by the incongruity of the setting. The 60-acre Powder Springs estate, designed to fulfill the hunting and fishing desires of its first owner, Talmadge Dobbs of the Life Insurance Company of Georgia, was now being used for the design and testing of deadly weapons. Dobbs, I thought, would spin in his grave.

My little reverie was interrupted by the BANG of young Mitch firing one pistol, a standard Army .45. The gun jerked upward, and the noise echoed across the fields and treetops. He then picked up a strange, smoothly rectangular handgun, an Ingram Model 11, equipped with a "flash and muzzle suppressor," and began firing it. The muzzle barely moved, and the only sound was a metallic click, followed by the zing of the bullet and the pop as it hit the target. The effect was eerie, almost chilling, especially when

young Mitch put the gun on full automatic and whipped off 15 clicking rounds in one second. Geoff provided the same kind of demonstration with the grease gun, a standard military submachine gun and the sniper rifle, which WerBell calls the XM-21 and which is also equipped with a suppressor.

On the way back to the house, WerBell explained why the suppressor, commonly called a silencer, is so effective a firearm accessory. "It hides the muzzle flash and reduces the firing sound to just metal on metal. You can't silence the bolt noise without an elaborate system, and it's not worth it. You can't hear the bolt noise anyway in a combat situation, so for all practical purposes the firing is soundless. Often, the loudest noise is when the bullet hits home. If it hits a human, it makes a peculiar, thunking sound, like hitting a watermelon."

Mitch WerBell sounds completely matter-of-fact when he talks about firearms and death, and with reason. He has been in the military hardware business for years, and he has either heard or produced—or both—the thunking watermelon sound many times—in Latin America and Southeast Asia, in the U.S. armed forces

LEFT: Mitchell WerBell and son, Mitchell WerBell, IV. BELOW: Mitchell WerBell, Sr. (seated) explains the Ingram M-11 submachine gun to Maj. Sedek Raad (HQ, M.P., Beirut, Lebanon), Amos B. Ngure (M.P., Kenya), John D. Ward, CW2 Monty C. Lutz, Sgt. Smith K. Kamaka (all of Criminal Investigation, Fort Gordon), Geoff WerBell and Gordon Ingram, designer of the M-11. (Listing from left to right)



rectly to the U.S. government, which distributes it to its own forces that need silent or exotic weapons. The balance is sold to friendly governments, either directly or through the good offices of the "independent group." He says he does not sell to individuals, not even if they're certified anti-Communists.

WerBell takes pains to point out that he is no ordinary arms broker. That is, he is not one of those shadowy figures who sell weapons to both sides at exorbitant prices or who take possession of contraband shipments on the high seas. "We do represent certain producers other than ourselves, and we can get a tank or a destroyer or an airplane for customers who want them. But we've never been in the surplus business, and we've never supplied both sides. We've always adhered to a basic policy: There is only one friend of the U.S. in a given area, and we deal only with that friend."

What does WerBell peddle? A range of firearms from machine guns to desk-sized cannons, from the meanest-looking weapons to innocent-looking swagger sticks that fire a bullet or even a small rocket; an array of techniques—"systems," he calls them—that will help an American soldier or a foreign army hold off insurgent

forces; and, occasionally, his personal services. These services preserve WerBell at his most shadowy. Serving as a combatant in the armed forces of a foreign nation is against U.S. law, and WerBell is understandably reluctant to admit having done so. He describes himself in such terms as "paramilitary" and "adviser," but acquaintances suspect he has been in the thick of the fighting a number of times. He may even have zapped an insurgent or two.

For one thing, he loves a fight. "Mitch is afraid of nothing," says a long-time Atlanta friend. "I remember he used to get into fights in bars. One time he got into a hassle at the railroad station. He was seeing some friends off, after having a few drinks, and he decided he didn't want the train to leave just then. He wound up getting arrested, and the list of charges, resisting arrest and all that, kept stressing 'profanity' at the tag end of each charge. He was a wild one, all right."

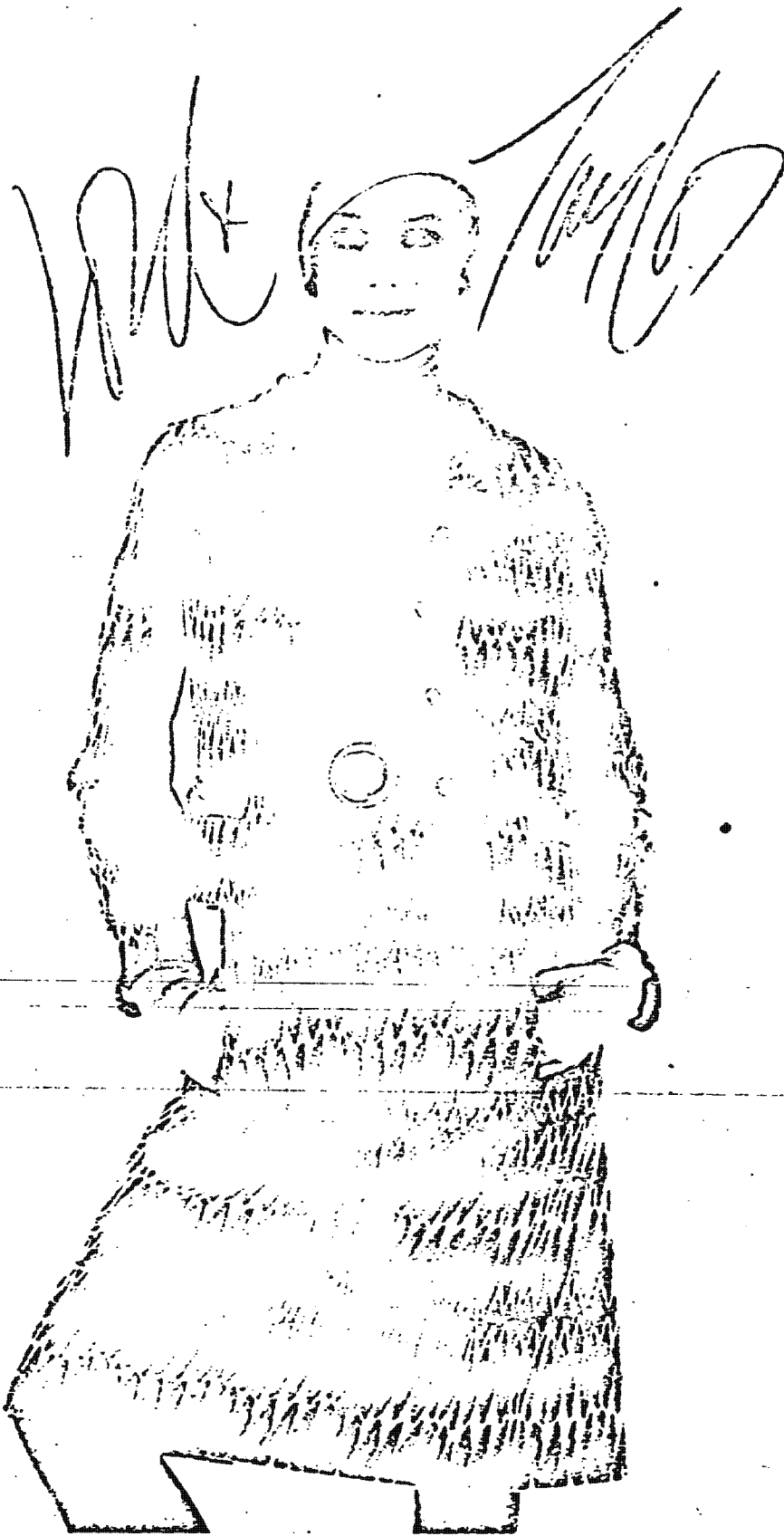
The WerBell of today still likes his whiskey and savors a good round of counter-insurgency, but the urge to fight for the hell of it is waning. He is, after all, primarily a businessman, a designer, developer, and peddler of special purpose weapons. The pur-

poses are almost as varied as the weapons themselves: from mowing down a line of combat troops to silently picking off a lone V.C. to cutting short a would-be assassin by turning the tables on the bad guys by assassinating them.

The headquarters for this work, the former Dobbs estate, is on Highway 360 just outside of Powder Springs in a remote section of Cobb County. Actually, corporate headquarters is in Washington, D.C., in a firm called Environmental Industries, Inc.—a neat euphemism for a company dedicated to killing people. Environmental Industries, WerBell says, is bankrolled by some of the East's most prominent investment houses; he is its director of international operations. He is also president of a subsidiary called Military Armaments Company, Inc. and because he is in Powder Springs, Military Armaments is there, too. (Behind Environmental Industries, WerBell says, is "a third shadow, of which E.I. is a subsidiary"—another tantalizing hint of the CIA.)

Military Armaments may well be a unique American enterprise. Nobody else, WerBell says, is in the business of designing special purpose weapons / continued on page 58

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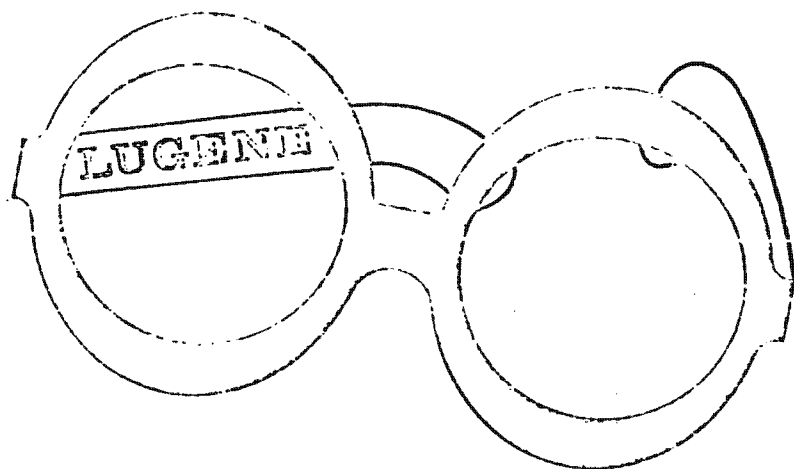
WerBell from page 49

on such a scale. A good deal of its designing and manufacturing is done under federal license. Silencers, for example, are outlawed by the National Firearms Act, along with sawed-off shotguns, submachine guns, and other vestiges of Prohibition Era gangland wars. To manufacture his suppressors, WerBell must pay a special tax of \$500 a year, collected by the U.S. Treasury Department. The T-men also check periodically to see that his awesome collection of firearms—over 200 individual pieces—is properly registered. Apparently the market for suppressors is not very large, because according to WerBell, his firm is the only one authorized to manufacture them.

WerBell will not discuss the sales or profits of Military Armaments except to say that, after two years of extensive research and development (resulting in "a tax loss of a half million dollars"), the company is now doing very well. It has about 12 employees, including four machinists who work under the direction of Gordon Ingram, the mustached, sport shirt-wearing vice-president of Engineering who has charge of the design operation. Ingram's name is on the Model 11 submachine gun that young Mitch demonstrated for me on the firing range. Ingram works in a well-equipped machine shop-lab attached to the main house on the estate, which WerBell likes to call "the farm." WerBell's office is next door to the shop. Its walls are so loaded with weapons, it is a wonder they do not collapse. There are knives and spear guns and pistols and rifles and machine guns, dozens and dozens of them, some purchased, some won in combat, some presented by the appreciative recipients of WerBell's counter-insurgency techniques.

WerBell, who has a sense of humor, calls his enterprise a "cottage industry" and likens himself to "a country doctor . . . I can fall out of the living area upstairs right down to the office." Upstairs is the domain of his German-born wife Hildegard, a pleasant, gray-haired woman who has borne WerBell six children and put up with his rather unusual way of life. (When he left for the Far East in 1968, he said he'd be gone for a year or more, and he was.) WerBell's only upstairs sanctuary is the "arms room," a small room containing a wide assortment of weapons, some of

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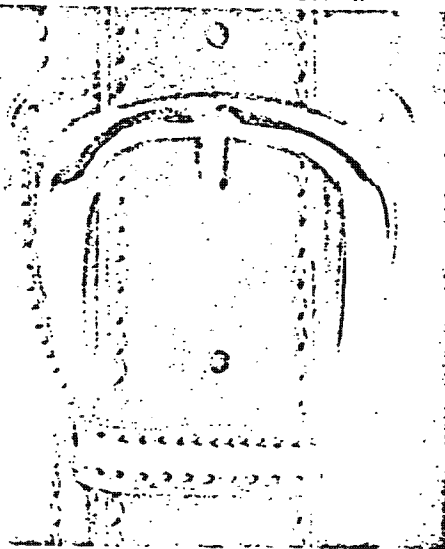
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them valuable antiques. There is a Mongolian beheading sword, a pair of 1,000-year-old Japanese short swords with laminated steel blades, and a Chinese-made Mauser carbine "worth from three to five thousand dollars."

Mitchell WerBell is a short, wiry man of 52, quick with a quip and quite sensible until he begins talking about Communism or other social issues. He has the face and bearing of a Prussian officer, an image he cultivated by wearing a mustache and occasionally a monocle. (Actually, some people think he looks like comedian Jerry Colonna with his mustache, a comparison he definitely would not find flattering. No matter. Both mustache and monocle are gone now, lost to his effort to promote a "lower profile" for himself.) He often dresses around the office in military clothing of indeterminate origin, and he embellishes the image by talking in slightly clipped sentences peppered with military phrases. There is nothing phony in this. WerBell has a strong attachment to weapons and to warfare, and he has been around them so long that the ideas and styles they foster are an ingrained part of his personality.

He comes by both his militarism and his anti-Communism honestly. His father was an officer in the Russian Imperial army, even though he was born in the United States. "It was a tricky situation," says Mitch. "He was a citizen of both the U.S. and Russia. In those days you could do that." The elder WerBell fought against the Bolsheviks, but before the collapse of the czarist regime he wisely secured an appointment as liaison officer between the Russian and American forces—stationed in the U.S. He lived in this country for the rest of his life, putting his early medical training to use in cancer research while living the good life. "My father was a man of means," Mitch says. "He traveled a lot, did a lot of big game hunting, things like that."

Father came by that honestly too. For generations, the WerBells have been men of means. Mitch traces the family to 13th-century France, where the name was spelled "Vertbelle." At least one branch of the family emigrated to Russia, where the French name became Russianized, with the final "e" dropped and the "V" changed to "W." It is impossible to know just how strongly Mitch was influenced by his father's battle against

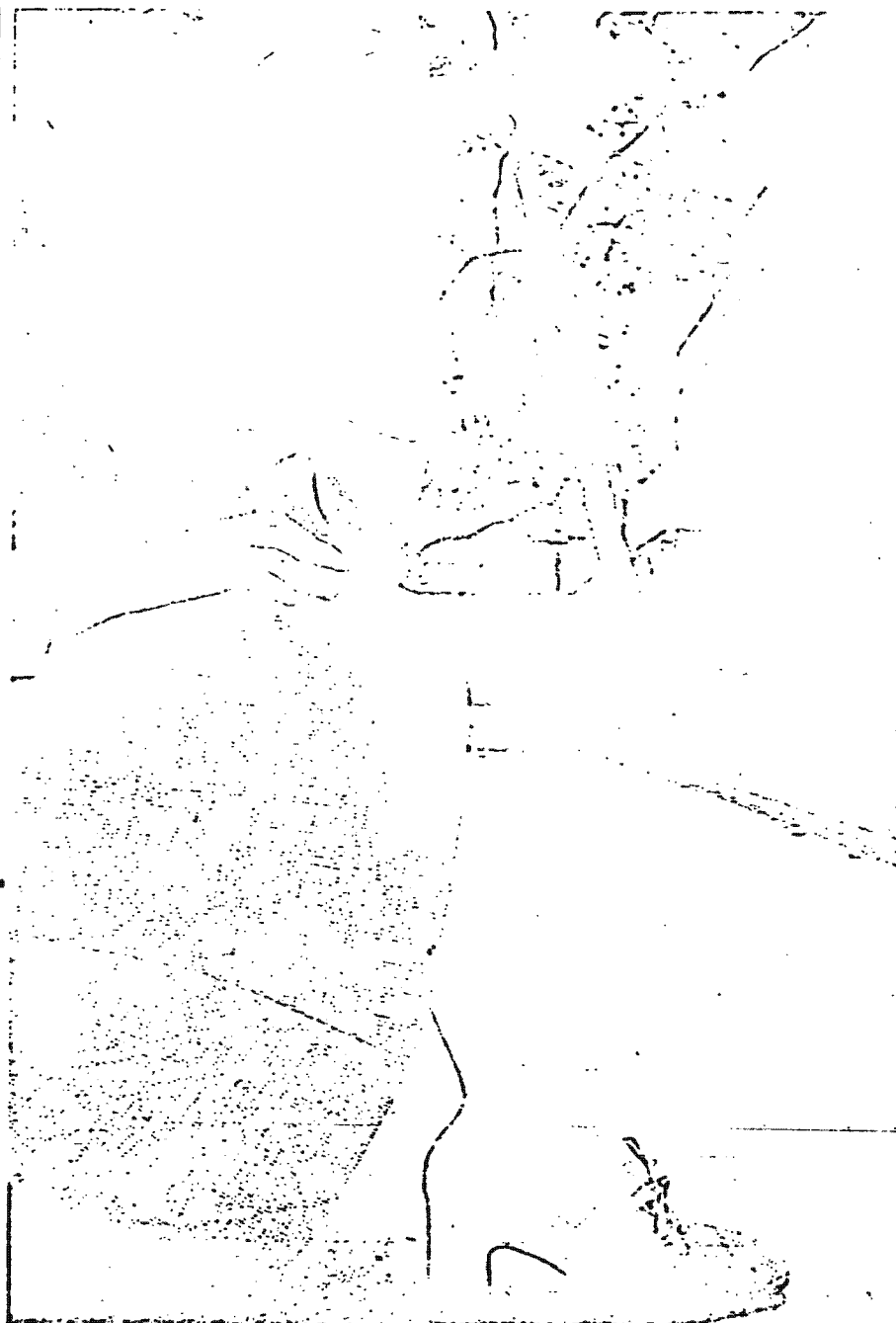
the Bolsheviks, but certainly the influence was considerable; the White Russians and their descendants have long been among the uncompromising anti-Communists.

Another legacy from father is Mitch's barely disguised aristocratic sympathies. He has been quoted as saying, "Communism is a substitution of a peasant dictatorship over the aristocracy—I prefer the aristocracy." He scoffs at such statements as "I kid about being a constitutional monarchist, but only if I'm the monarch", yet he is without question an elitist. Not surprisingly, his elite is comprised of superpatriots and military men, who would be given powerful roles in any nation's affairs.

Mitchell WerBell was born in Pennsylvania, shortly after his Russian-American father and his Scottish-born mother arrived in the U.S. at the end of World War I. His parents traveled a good deal, here and abroad, and Mitch traveled with them, picking up his education as he went. He got a degree in journalism from the University of Pennsylvania in World War II, he joined the OSS, a sort of cloak-and-dagger Green Beret operation. He served with an OSS unit behind Japanese lines in China, rising to the rank of captain and acquiring a taste for guerilla-type warfare he would never lose.

WerBell came to Atlanta shortly after the war and went to work for Rich's advertising department. It was a small department in those days, and WerBell proved himself a capable ad man. Soon he was head of the department, and soon after that he went on his own. He formed Mitchell WerBell Advertising, which later became WerBell, Seklemian and North. Veteran Atlanta advertising men recall WerBell as being aggressive and imaginative, a good addition to the business. "He did some first-rate work," says one, "and he handled some big accounts, Barwick Mills, for instance."

In the mid-fifties, WerBell pulled out of his agency (there are dark stories about how he was done in by associates), and the agency collapsed not long afterward. He then formed his own public relations firm, and here the story line gets fuzzy—because it begins to involve international military intrigue. "I'd already been drifting into international p.r.," WerBell says, "using my family background. I had tremendous contacts in



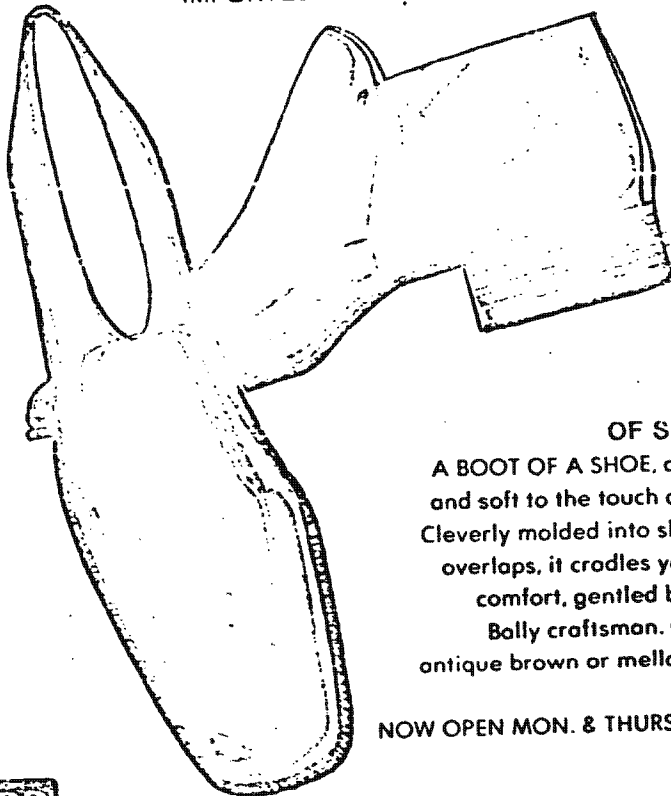
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Europe, and I moved into the Far East, too." How much of this moving in was military, WerBell won't say, but his business took on more and more of what he calls a "geopolitical" flavor. Before long, he was dabbling in Latin American dictatorships. "Before Fidel took over in Cuba, we were working closely with Batista." He adds with a grin, "Our function was to keep Batista in power, although the U.S. government was looking favorably on Fidel at that point."

From all this, even WerBell doesn't know exactly how, came a passionate concern about Communism. "I decided to devote whatever time I could to anti-Communist activities," he says. "At first it was sort of a hobby, but then it became my main drive in life. What I'm doing now"—here he gestures at the arsenal of his office walls—"affords me a damned good living. But the living is not why I do it."

In 1948, while anti-Communism was still a hobby, albeit a paying hobby, WerBell purchased the Dobbs estate. He installed rudimentary design facilities and began experimenting with weapons of counter-insurgency, weapons he believed had the best chance of preventing Communist takeovers in the small, underdeveloped nations of Asia and Latin America. "I realized that in counter-insurgency, the primary problem was a lack of depth in weaponry. People say, 'Win the hearts of the enemy, and you'll win the fight.' That's a lot of bull. The best way to get their hearts, if they're the enemy, is to shoot 'em and cut the hearts out."

While he experimented with weapons—quietly, to avoid problems with the federals—WerBell proceeded with his personal brand of geopolitics. He made himself available to anti-Communist regimes that wanted help in fighting off one band of insurgents or another. In the process, he became friendly with a number of Latin America's political strongmen. They were delighted to discover a *norte-americano* who felt as they did about the need for stable, anti-Communist regimes, especially their regimes, and who had both the savvy and the guts to help preserve them. WerBell, operating out of Powder Springs, fashioned a nice little career for himself as a paramilitary adviser. He seldom passed an opportunity to plug the weapons he was developing back home in the shop. His first major par-

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amilitary operation was in the Domini-
can Republic, during the 1965 revolt.
He was, of course, on the side of the
government, which was fending off al-
legedly Communist insurgents; the
United States was on its side too.
WerBell wound up in the midst of the
fighting. He was the second Domini-
can government man to reach the
Ozama River, scene of the major bat-
tle. Ellsworth Bunker, then U.S. am-
bassador to the Organization of
American States, became highly exer-
cised over WerBell's activities and his
hawkish views on the conflict (Wer-
Bell opposed a cessation of hostilities
and establishment of a coalition gov-
ernment). Bunker considered trying
to toss WerBell out of the DomRep,
as old Caribbean hands call the coun-
try, but nothing came of it. WerBell's
"independent group"—CIA, Texas
millionaires or whatever—saw to that.

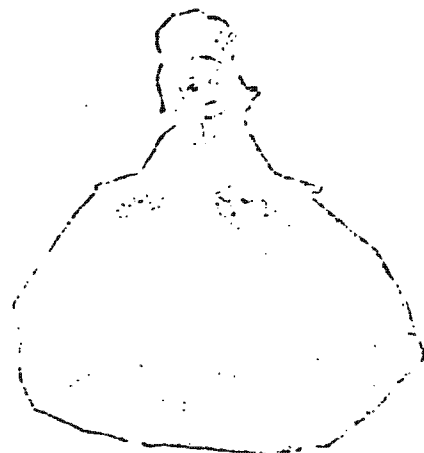
WerBell was already active in the
anti-Castro movement, and he
brought to it a sense of dash and dis-
cipline that the ragtag, bickering
bunch of Cuban exiles had seldom
seen. Perhaps his major anti-Castro
exploit was a speedboat foray into
Camarioca, on Cuba's southern coast.
The mission was to drop a swimmer,
apparently a spy, offshore, and to
pick up the family of an exile leader.
The boat, flying the Confederate flag
on the radio antenna, foundered in
high seas, and the raiding party was
captured. The Cubans, the story goes,
did not know what to make of the
brash WerBell, and he and his pals
wound up stealing a Castro boat and
spiriting some 16 anti-Castroites out
of the country before they themselves
returned to the U.S.

In the late '60s, WerBell turned his
attention to Southeast Asia. He is, of
course, a superhawk on Vietnam, and
would be happy if the U.S. were also
fighting Communism in all its neigh-
boring countries. He was in Thailand.
"working closely with the Supreme
Command," for months, promoting
the sales of his weapons and systems.
"I showed them things like surveil-
lance equipment and night vision
equipment, stuff that lets you surprise
the hell out of the bastards" (the
enemy). Did he do any fighting him-
self? WerBell chuckles. "I ain't sup-
posed to be shooting the stuff, just
demonstrating *how* to shoot it."

Three years ago, WerBell's weap-
ons business became promising
enough for him to go into it full time.
He organized a firm called Sionics

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(for "Studies in Operational Negation of Insurgency and Counter-Subversion"), tied in with Environmental Industries, and began in earnest to develop a line of military hardware. Sons Mitch IV and Geoff became integral parts of the firm. Mitch IV was already a bona fide counter-insurgent. As a 15-year-old, he had spent considerable time with Dad in the Dominican Republic, specializing in underwater probing for safe landing sites. Geoff, two years younger, barely missed out on a Cuban foray; his father took him to Miami a few years ago, but the plans fell through.

Under the company reorganization that took place in May, both of the boys have responsible positions: Mitch IV, now 21, is a vice-president in charge of sales for Military Armaments, the successor to Sionics; Geoff, 18, is assistant director of International Operations. Each of them also attends college—Mitch IV, Georgia State University, and Geoff, Kenesaw Junior College—and they drive off to night classes after a day in the lab or on the firing range. (WerBell suspects one of Geoff's teachers is a Communist because he has been saying some favorable things about student protesters. Generally, however, the old man is pleased that the boys are getting a college education. It will better equip them for the job of running Military Armaments later.)

One day I sat in WerBell's office as Geoff displayed a number of Military Armaments' most unusual weapons. (Mitch IV was in Washington, displaying some of the same to Pentagon officials.) Geoff brought out "the Stinger," a cigar-shaped tube three inches long, weighing two-and-one-half ounces, that fires a .22 cartridge. Nothing visible suggests a gun, and the bullet, on its way out, dislodges a thin plug that disguises the hole at the end of the tiny barrel. WerBell commends the Stinger to secret agents who get caught with the goods and must take "the last resort," that is, shoot themselves.

In the same exotic category is the swagger stick, bound in leather, with silver studs. By pushing between two studs, one can fire a .22 or, with a special model, a small rocket. The bodyguard of Dominican strongman General Antonio Imbert used the rocket model to blast would-be assassins a few years ago. Then there is a small, brass-fitted cannon. It makes a handsome knickknack for a soldier-

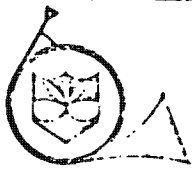
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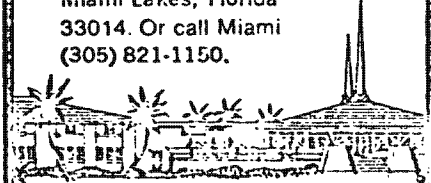
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politician's desk. It fires, with one simple finger movement, a bullet that will quiet an unruly visitor. More traditionally military is WerBell's "special long-range knocker outer," a redesigned Remington nine-millimeter rifle that "will plug 'em in the eye at 200 meters."

The bulk of WerBell's business is in sound suppressors and Ingram Model submachine guns. Suppressors can be used on large as well as small weapons, and in fact have been used effectively on the wicked-looking Vulcan machine guns mounted on American helicopters in Vietnam. The *Australian Army Journal* ran a story calling the Sionics suppressor "superior to anything previously used . . . [with it] it is now possible for the sniper to fire from relatively short ranges, especially when using subsonic projectiles."

WerBell is so enthusiastic about the Ingram Model submachine guns (there are two models, taking different sized cartridges) that he predicts they will eventually make "obsolete every individual weapon in the world." The U.S. Army, he says, is now looking carefully at the Ingram models with an eye toward making them standard equipment for American soldiers; if that happens, the financial success of Military Armaments will presumably be assured. According to data published by the firm, the Ingram models are shorter, lighter and capable of delivering more firepower than anything on the market. They are also, WerBell says, ideal for secret agents; they fit snugly into a dispatch case (Military Armaments makes the case, too), complete with suppressor and six magazines.

Does WerBell feel a twinge of conscience about providing the world with such deadly and efficient weapons? No. "I see no reason to be concerned," he says. "We're supplying a certain product that is unfortunately a part of the civilized world. As long as people exist, there's going to be an arms business. I don't see much difference between our supplying arms to combatants and a surgical supply house supplying gauze to bind up the wounds inflicted." There is his anti-Communist argument, too. WerBell is fighting the Communist menace; it is a fight that must be won and weapons are needed to win it.

Contrary to cynical opinion, Powder Springs was not named in honor of WerBell and his enterprise.

WerBell, in fact, stays as aloof from the local community as possible. His house is so well-stocked, it is practically self-sufficient save for occasional trips to the grocery and liquor stores. ("The only disadvantage of living out here," he says, "is that you have to drive into Fulton County to get whiskey.") There has been, from time to time, anti-WerBell feeling in Powder Springs. Hildegard WerBell helps hold it down by regular attendance at the McEachern Memorial Methodist Church. As for the rest of the feeling, WerBell declares, "The hell with it. Who cares? I tell 'em I'm prepared to purchase their property if they don't like the area."

WerBell also sees little of his old advertising buddies around Atlanta. "We just don't have much in common any more," he explains, in a resounding understatement. He does not suffer from loneliness, however. There is a steady stream of visitors and customers, foreigners as well as Americans. A few weeks ago WerBell's son-in-law, an Air Force lieutenant colonel, flew in from Ohio, mainly to see what was new around the shop; he hadn't been by in several months, he said, "and things change awfully quickly around here." The day I was there, the colonel and WerBell swapped ideas on ridding the State Department of no-win policy makers and on bringing the enemy to its knees, or its grave, in Vietnam.

WerBell recalls with relish one particular visitor. He came from the State Department a few years back, and according to WerBell, he said, "The functions of the foreign policies of the United States are the business of the State Department in Washington, not of Mitchell WerBell in Powder Springs, Georgia." WerBell's reply? "You can't print it. It was all in Anglo-Saxon words." But that was the old, swashbuckling WerBell. The new, low profile WerBell says with a grin, "My present policy is that I agree with that theory completely. Period."

If actions to the contrary speak too loudly, they, like WerBell's weapons, can always be suppressed by the man himself. Meanwhile, Mitch and his "independent group" march on.

