


SECTION XIII					BROTHERS AND SISTERS	
FULL NAME	SEX		YEAR OF BIRTH	PLACE OF BIRTH	NATIONALITY AT BIRTH*	
	M	F				
Emilio	X		1932	Omaja, Oriente, Cuba	Cuban	
Jose	X		1934	" " "	"	
Mirtha		X	1936	" " "	"	
Omar	X		1944	" " "	"	
*SUBSEQUENT CITIZENSHIPS HELD BY ANY BROTHER OR SISTER (Identify brother, or sister and give his, or her, present address) <p style="text-align: center;">NA</p>						
SECTION XIV						
RELATIVES, ACQUAINTANCES AND CONTACTS						
55. NAMES OF RELATIVES IN ANY GOVERNMENT SERVICE: INDICATE NAME OF GOVERNMENTS AND POSITIONS HELD.						
<p style="text-align: center;">NA</p>						
56. RELATIVES, FRIENDS, CORRESPONDENTS IN U.S. (Explain relationship)						
<p style="text-align: center;">Subject's brothers Jose and Omar PEREZ Alamo are also living in the United States.</p>						
57. NATURALIZATION OF CLOSE RELATIVES IN U.S. (Give name, date, city and number of certificate granted)						
<p style="text-align: center;">NA</p>						
58. NAMES, ALIASES, TELECODES AND RELATIONSHIP OF ALL PERSONS KNOWN TO BE CONNECTED IN ANY WAY WITH ANY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE.						
<p style="text-align: center;">NA</p>						
SECTION XV						
PERSONAL ASSOCIATIONS						
59. LIST CLOSE ASSOCIATES, INDIVIDUALS OR GROUPS						
<p style="text-align: center;">Evelio CAPOTE, Eloy LOPEZ and Claudio LOZADAGO</p>						
SECTION XVI.						
MISCELLANEOUS						
<p style="text-align: center;">Subject has signed Secrecy Agreement.</p>						
DATE			SIGNATURE			
						

ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

INSTRUCTIONS

PRIOR TO FILING

1. Fill in Sect. 2. on back. Detach back flap and forward to RID.
2. Destroy front cover sheet, unless it records significant action taken or comments requiring preservation.

TO: ACTION BRANCH

If file no. and title shown are proper, insert proper file no. below and forward document to RID/AN.

FROM: *tb*

RID/AN

PROPER FILE NO.

TO: ALL ADDRESSEES

FILL IN SECTION 1 ON BACK, IF APPROPRIATE

COMMENTS

TO	ROOM NO.	DATE		OFFICER'S INITIALS
		RECEIVED	FORWARDED	
1. <i>WH/cles</i>		<i>28-9-65</i>	<i>JA</i>	<i>Copy Detached</i>
2.				
3. <i>Spoke: WH/crrlos</i>		<i>30/9/65</i>	<i>10/10/65</i>	<i>M.H.O.</i>
4.				
5. <i>WH/c/mo/pm</i>				<i>QS</i>
6.				
7. <i>WH/crrlos-MHAPAN</i>				
8.				
9.				
10.				
11.				
12.				
13.				
14.				
15.				
16.				

3. 5-7: POA requested w/12 Oct 65
Deadline. M.H.O.

17 RID/PI

FILE TITLE

TRACE REQUEST

ABSTRACT INDEX

FILE NUMBER (PRIMARY CODE)

201-334081

DATE MICROFILMED

DOCUMENT DATE

DOCUMENT NUMBER

UFGA 23252

245-26 1965

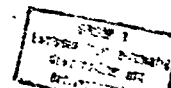
DISPATCH

CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

PROCESSING ACTION

TO	CHIEF, WH	X	NO INDEXING REQUIRED
INFO			ONLY QUALIFIED DESK CAN JUDGE INDEXING
FROM	CHIEF OF STATION, JMWAVE		MICROFILM
SUBJECT	TYPIC/OPERATIONAL REQUEST PRIORITY POA - DUNEY /PEREZ/ ALAMO		
ACTION REQUIRED REFERENCES			
GRANT POA BY 15 OCT 65 AND FORWARD HQS TRACES ON NON-PRIORITY BASIS			
A. UFGA-5641, 7 SEPT 62			
B. WAVE-8248, 6 SEPT 62			
<p>1. REQUEST PRIORITY POA FOR DUNEY /PEREZ/ ALAMO, BORN 11 JULY 37, BAIRE, ORIENTE, CUBA, SON OF EMELIO /PEREZ/ SUAREZ, BORN C1903 IN SPAIN, AND FELIBERTA /ALAMO/ FERNANDEZ BORN C1911, HOLGUIN, ORIENTE. SUBJ IS MARRIED TO CELESTE /MARTINEZ/ DE LA VEGA, BORN 1937, SANTA CRUZ DEL SUR, CAMAGUEY. FROM 1956 TO 1959, SUBJ WAS 2ND IN COMMAND OF 9TH COLUMN OF REBEL ARMY IN CAMAGUEY PROVINCE WHICH WAS COMMANDED BY HUBER /MATOS/. IN 1959 SUBJ WAS CHIEF DIER, CAMAGUEY PROV. AND IN 1960-61, CHIEF OF INSPECTORS, PEOPLES STORES, CAMAGUE Y.</p> <p>2. JMWAVE AND LOCAL ODENVY TRACES - SAS/CE CARD - DBA-594, MILITARY AND NAVAL MATTERS CUBA, 23 JAN 62. DIR-39547, MEETING WITH 'EJERCITO LIBERTADOR' REPRESENTATIVE, 29 SEP 62. WAVE-9309, AMDENIM-11 OPS, 1 OCT 62. WAVE-3890, REVIEW AMLUNT FILES, 28 JAN 63. UFGA-9676, BI ON CUBAN AMBASSADOR TO ALGERIA, 4 JULY 63. WAVE-4453, WAVE ATTEMPT LOCATE SUBJ, 16 SEP 63. DIR-65471, HQS INTEREST CUBAN AMB ALGI, 31 AUG 63. DBA-60217, ODENVY INVESTIGATION OF ELCY /LOPEZ/ VIAMONTE, 2 JAN 64. DBA-62256, ODENVY INVESTIGATION OF MANUEL /DUASSO/, 21 JAN 64. DBA-62340, ODENVY, 'EJERCITO LIBERTADOR DE CUBA', 3 FEB 64.</p> <p>3. PER REF A WHICH TRANSMITTED PRQ PART I ON SUBJ, IT CANNOT BE DETERMINED FROM JMWAVE FILES WHETHER SUBJ WAS EVER GRANTED A POA. IF SUBJ HAS BEEN GRANTED PREVIOUS POA, PLEASE REINSTATE. IF NOT, PLEASE GRANT POA.</p> <p>4. PRQ PART I FOLLOWS BY SEPARATE DISPATCH.</p> <p>5. SUBJECT'S INTENDED USE IS FORWARDED UNDER SEPARATE COVER.</p> <p>PHILIP G. ELMARD</p> <p>ATTACHMENT - INTENDED USE DISTRIBUTION BY TAPE 3 - WH/C W/ATT.</p>			
CROSS REFERENCE TO	DISPATCH SYMBOL AND NUMBER	DATE	
	UFGA-23252	24 SEPTEMBER 1965	
	CLASSIFICATION	HQS FILE NUMBER	
	SECRET	201-334081	



SUBJECT, AMLUNT-2 IS TO BE USED AS A TEAM LEADER FOR MHAPRON INFILTRATION OPERATIONS INTO CAMAGUEY PROVINCE. PLEASE NOTE THAT PER REF B, AMLUNT-2 WAS INVOLVED IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE AMLUNT-1 OPERATION. HOWEVER HE WAS CUT OUT AND BYPASSED FROM ANY SUBSEQUENT CONNECTION WHEN A JMWAVE CASE OFFICER TOOK OVER DIRECT CONTACT WITH AMLUNT-1.

END

83 COPY

Att. 1 UFGA - 23252

201-334081

FORM
D-64
1601

53a

USE PREVIOUS EDITION.

CLASSIFICATION



CONTINUED

PAGE NO.

13 Sept 77
201-286,382

RETURN TO CIA
Background Use Only
Do Not Reproduce

6/90

FORM 100-
1-1-1975

CABLE SEC DISSEM BY _____ PER _____ TOTAL COPIES _____ RUN BY _____

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ADVANCE COPY ISSUED/BLOTTED		BY	AT	Z	STAFF	
ACTION UNIT	I	RF	FILE	VR.	1	4
	N				2	5
	F				3	6
ACTION #	O					

T 105665

EIA686

PAGE 02-02

IN 400871

TOR: 131726Z SEP 77

21-22
[MANA] 13110

OF INFO CONCERNING MDC ACTIVITIES". UFG-05576

AND WAVE 09715. NO LONGER AVAILABLE IN

[10-22]
[STATION] FILES.

5. REQUEST HQS TRACES ON PANEQUE.
6. DEFER FILE. E2. IMPDET.

LL50100 L Y

SECRET

3/90

OUTGOING MESSAGE

AGE	CON	ACP	TOB	TPE	SAO	DCI	PAGE	OF	PAGES
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CLASSIFICATION
SECRET
MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR
STAFF
DATE-TIME GROUP
152041Z
DIRECTOR
MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER
095686

CONF: 9/LA8 INFO: FILE, 9/10/65, 9/APS/EC2,
9/PS, 9/PS/LSN,
TO: [MANAGUA] 4
REF: [MANAGUA] 13110 [IN 400871] 4

1. SUBJECT REF IS AMRUG-5: BORN 22 SEPTEMBER 1918 IN
HOLGUIN, CUBA. FORMER MEMBER CASTRO FORCES WHO LEFT CUBA
CLANDESTINELY IN 1960 FOLLOWING RAUL CASTRO'S PURGE OF UNSYMPATHETIC/
RIGHTIST PERSONNEL WITHIN CUBAN MILITARY. DURING VISIT TO MIAMI
I&NS OFFICE IN SEPTEMBER 1960, SUBJECT GAVE RESIDENCE OF DR. ORLANDO
B O S C H AS HIS ADDRESS IN STATES. BECAME ACTIVE WITH
ANTI-CASTRO GROUP IN FLORIDA AND INFILTRATED INTO CUBA TO SET UP
FIGHTING FORCES PRIOR TO BAY OF PIGS INVASION. PARTICIPATED CUBAN
EXILE ACTIVITIES IN NEW YORK AREA IN EARLY 1962 AND LATER
REGISTERED IN ISR TO DEPT OF ARMY IN AUGUST 1962 (DROPPED WITHOUT
PREJUDICE ON 18 NOVEMBER 1963). IN 1964 SUBJECT WAS MEMBER
MOVIMIENTO DEMOCRATA CRISTIANO (CUBAN EXILE GROUP - MDC)
INFILTRATION TEAM. RECRUITED BY MIAMI STATION AS RADIO OPERATOR/
INFILTREE AND FAVORABLY SWIRLED ON 5 AUGUST 1964. POA GRANTED
13 NOV 64. PAID \$275 MONTHLY BEGINNING 1 SEP 64. TRAINED

The following action is
ORIG authorized:
UNIT:
EXT:

Signed: [Signature]
R.O. 1011 - [Signature]
RELEASING OFFICER

RECORD COPY
COORDINATING OFFICER

15 Sept 77
21-286382
AUTHENTICATING OFFICER
E 2 IMPDET

in instruction, etc
S E C Reasons and coordinate
if appropriate

2/90

OUTGOING MESSAGE

SIGNAL CENTER USE ONLY										PAGE 2	
OMF	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
CLASSIFICATION											
SECRET											
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STAFF											
CONF: INFO: FILE											
DATE-TIME GROUP											
CITY											
DIRECTOR											
095086											
MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER											
DISSEM BY:											
NO INDEX											
RETURN TO PER											
IF FILE #											

BY CUBAN AGENTS IN MIAMI BUT NEVER USED OPERATIONALLY. AMICABLY
 TERMINATED 1 OCT 65 AND RECOMMENDED FOR RE-USE ON BASIS HIS CONTACTS
 INSIDE CUBA. REPORTED IN 1969 AS CONDUCTING CLANDESTINE TRIPS
 INSIDE CUBA ON BEHALF OF EXILE GROUP KNOWN AS "JUNTA MILITAR DE
 CUBA". LATEST INFO REPORTED SUBJECT TRAVELED MIAMI FROM MANAGUA
 ABOARD PRIVATE PLANE OF CUBAN BORN GUATEMALAN INDUSTRIALIST
 DOMINGO M O R E I R A MARTINEZ ON 3 APRIL 1973. THERE NO RECORD
 OF AGENCY CONTACT WITH SUBJECT SINCE 1965 TERMINATION. 4

2. 201 FILE CONTAINS COPY OF I&NS "ADJUSTMENT OF STATUS"
 REQUEST FILED BY SUBJECT ON 7 SEPTEMBER 1967. PER REQUEST FORM,
 SUBJECT LISTED AS CUBAN NATIONAL WITH U.S. ALIEN REGISTRATION NO.
 877 601. THERE NO RECORD FINAL DISPOSITION OF SUBJECT'S
 REQUEST OR I&NS DECISION. 4

3. PLS BRIEF AMBASSADOR (ONLY) THIS CASE- 03
 4. FILE: 201-0286382. E2, IMPDET-H
 ORIG: LA/MCA/CNH [PAYNE] X10693; COORD: PCS/LSN(), LA/SEC [SWANN]
 C/LA/COG [TRASH] 03
 C/LA/OPS [Thom] AUTH: C/LA/MCA [HAWKINS]; REL: C/LA
 [WARREN]-J

DATE: 14 SEPTEMBER 1973 E2p PCS/LSN [SPH] 03
 ORIG: E. CHARLES PAYNE JS
 UNIT: LA/MCA/CNH 03 LA/SEC [C] 03
 EXT: 1069 C/LA/COG [HAWKINS] 03
 C/LA/OPS [Thom]

RELEASING OFFICER

COORDINATING OFFICER

AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION
 SECRET

7/90

HOUSE SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS STAFF MEMBERS

MEROLA. Joseph P.

201-257804

FILE TITLE/SUBJECT/VOLUME: MEYOLA, JOSEPH R.
201-257804

INCLUSIVE DATES: 1959-1977

CUSTODIAL UNIT/LOCATION: LSN/ISR

ROOM: _____

DELETIONS, IF ANY: THIRD AGENCY DOCUMENTS

[illegible]

NO DOCUMENTS MAY BE COPIED OR REMOVED FROM THIS FILE.

ORIGINAL FILED IN THIS FILE
IS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

201 27786

FBI DOCUMENTS:

DATE: 1 OCTOBER 1959
SUBJECT: CARIBBEAN POLITICAL ACTIVITIES - CUBA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE #: NONE GIVEN

DATE: 1 JUNE 1959
SUBJECT: RUBEN OSCAR MIRO GUARDIA
CLASSIFICATION: SECRET
FILE #: MIAMI 97-261 BUREAU 105-75663

14-00000

AGENCY DOCUMENT CONTAINING FBI INFORMATION
DATE: 16 JUNE 1959
CLASSIFICATION: SECRET

FBI REPORTS:

DATE: 11 MARCH 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTERS-PANAMA
FBI FILE #: 109-12-225 (BUREAU)

DATE: 30 SEPTEMBER 1958
SUBJECT: JOSEPH MEROLA; B. LEONARD BIRD;
ROBERT DILLARD: UNKNOWN PILOT
FBI FILE #: 97-230 (MIAMI)

FBI DOCUMENT
DATE: 1 JUNE 1959
SUBJECT: RUBEN OSCAR MIRO GUARDIA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE#: NY 97-261

DEPT OF ARMY DOCUMENT
DATE: 13 MAY 1959
SUBJECT: JOSEPH R. MEROLA (SD 7083-A) (C)
CLASSIFICATION: SECRET
FILE #: ACSI-CO

FBI DOCUMENTS (SOME NOT COMPLETE)

DATE: 22 APRIL 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTERS - PANAMA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE: 109-12-223

DATE: 21 APRIL 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTERS - PANAMA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE: 109-12-223

DATE: 20 APRIL 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTERS - PANAMA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE: 109-12-223

DATE: 17 APRIL 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTERS - PANAMA
FILE: 109-12-223
CLASSIFICATION: NONE

DATE: 10 APRIL 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTERS - CUBA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE #: 109-12-223

DATE: 2 April 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
FOREIGN POLITICAL MATTER - PANAMA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE: SAC, MIAMI (109-43)

DATE: 5 MARCH 1959
SUBJECT: PANAMANIAN REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES
INTERNAL SECURITY - PANAMA
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE: 109-12-223

14-00000
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20505

OGC 77-2335
11 April 1977

David M. Curry, Esq.
First Assistant U.S. Attorney
Western District of Pennsylvania
633 U.S. Post Office and Courthouse
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219

Dear Mr. Curry:

Re: Joseph Raymond Merola

In response to your letter of March 10, 1977 I wish to advise you that the Central Intelligence Agency had one meeting with Joseph Raymond Merola prior to August 1961. In late 1960 Joseph Raymond Merola made several telephone calls to a CIA office offering his assistance in a general way in connection with Cuban matters, which was refused. However, on 6 February 1961 Merola claimed to have information on a Latin American senator who was a "close friend and confidant" of "Che" Guevara. Since Guevara was listed as being the subject of foreign intelligence requirements, the CIA employee agreed to meet with Mr. Merola. The meeting took place on 6 February 1961 and is the only meeting with Merola prior to his incarceration which you stated in your letter began in August 1961.

Mr. Merola was not employed by the Central Intelligence Agency. His contact with the CIA could not be described as an undercover Government informant as alleged in the Writs of Error Coram Nobis by Victor Carlucci and Daniel Hanna. This one contact on 6 February 1961 by Merola with the CIA was voluntary on his part.

Mathew McVane, an employee of the CIA, did testify in San Diego in November 1975 concerning CIA contacts with Joseph Raymond Merola. The citation we have for that case is U.S. v. Dalton C. Smith, et al. in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of California, No. 75-2277-GT.

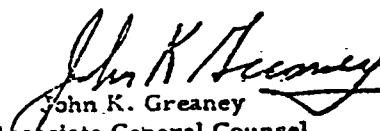


14-00000

The testimony given in that trial is not inconsistent with the response given above. It is true that after Merola was released from prison he again volunteered information to the CIA. Merola was a voluntary source of foreign intelligence.

I hope this provides sufficient information for you to file your response. If not, please call me at (AC 703) 351-7531.

Sincerely,


John K. Greaney
Associate General Counsel

cc: John Martin, Esq., Dept. of Justice

000118012

☒ UNCLASSIFIED

☐ INTERNAL
USE ONLY

☐ CONFIDENTIAL

☐ SECRET

ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

SUBJECT: (Optional)

Joseph Raymond Merola

FROM: Maurice A. Sovern
O/SA/DO/O
2D0109

EXTENSION

NO.

1542

DATE

8 April 1977

TO: (Officer designation, room number, and building)

DATE

OFFICER'S
INITIALS

COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)

1. Mr. Raymond Warren
C/LA
3C2019 Hqs.

11 APR 1977

1

2.

SC/LA

1 APR 1977

2

3.

SC/LA

14

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File - 201

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FORM
3-67

610

USE PREVIOUS
EDITIONS

☐ SECRET

☐ CONFIDENTIAL

☐ INTERNAL
USE ONLY

☐ UNCLASSIFIED

FOR CIA OFFICIALS ONLY

LITIGATION

8 April 1977

MEMORANDUM FOR: Mr. John K. Greaney
Special Assistant to the
General Counsel

FROM : Maurice A. Sovern
O/SA/DO/O

SUBJECT : Joseph R. Merola

REFERENCE : Assistant United States Attorney,
Pennsylvania Letter, 10 March 1977,
Subject as Above

1. The question in reference is the nature of any involvement of Merola with CIA prior to August 1961.

2. The Directorate's first recorded contact with Joseph Raymond Merola prior to August 1961 occurred on 6 February 1961. It followed a series of telephone calls over a period of several months (late 1960 - early 1961) in which Merola had expressed interest in offering his assistance in connection with Cuban matters. Our officer had declined contact until 6 February when Merola claimed to have information on a Latin American senator who was a "close friend and confidante" of "Che" Guevara. Because Guevara was the proper subject of foreign positive intelligence collection requirement our officer agreed to a meeting.

3. The last recorded contact, except for the litigation outlined below, with Merola was a telephone contact with Merola in late July 1975 when he volunteered additional foreign positive intelligence.

4. At the end of August 1975, Merola contacted a staff officer to ask for testimony in the criminal fraud trial in San Diego, California (U.S. v. Joseph R. Merola, et al, Southern District of California, CR 74-2277-GT) which we subsequently

E2 IMPDET
CL BY 012860

FOR CIA OFFICIALS ONLY

14-00000

FOR CIA OFFICIALS ONLY

provided on 13 November 1975.

5. Subject is characterized as a voluntary occasional source of foreign positive intelligence who was in sporadic contact with us.

6. We greatly appreciate the Assistant United States Attorney's concern for the confidentiality of our information. The information above may be made available to the AUSA and the court as appropriate without further restriction.

/s/
Maurice A. Sovern

O/SA/DO/O:MASovern:kaw (1542)

Distribution

Orig & 1 - OGC
1 - C/DCD
1 - C/LA
2 - SA/DO/O

FOR CIA OFFICIALS ONLY

SPEED LETTER		REPLY REQUESTED	DATE
		YES NO	LETTER NO.
TO :	ISS/PIICG	FROM: Crocky Long	
ATTN:	Frederic McCann	SA/LA	
<p>SUBJECT: Joseph R. Merola-Litigation</p> <p>REFERENCE: ISS/PIICG Memo Dtd 17 March 1977</p> <p>A review of the files confirms that the DDC was not in any way involved operationally with Joseph R. Merola prior to 1961. However, it should be noted that subsequent to his release from prison in November 1962, Merola was in contact with members of the Frente Revolucionario Democratico, an anti-Castro organization of interest to this Agency.</p>			
REPLY		DATE	
RESPONDER'S FILE			

ROUTING SLIP			
TO: (Officer designation, room number, and division)			
FROM: (Officer designation, room number, and division)			
SUBJECT: (Officer designation, room number, and division)		DATE: (Month, day, year)	
1.	SA/LA/EICO RM-5	DATE RECEIVED	COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)
2.	<i>McCarthy</i>	3/21	<i>Bill: The Merola file is changed to MAS. When you're done drop it off in RM(112) and cancel my charge, please.</i>
3.	<i>CG/CAS</i>		<i>Manner.</i>
4.			
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CONFIDENTIAL

17 March 1977

MEMORANDUM FOR: SA/LA/EICO
DCD

FROM : Frederic McCann
ISS/PICG

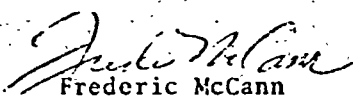
SUBJECT : Litigation: Joseph R. Merola

1. Attached herewith is an unclassified memorandum received from OGC which requests information on the "extent and nature of any involvement of (Joseph R.) Merola with federal agencies prior to August 1961".

2. A review of 201-257894 reveals that Mr. Merola may have been in contact with WH/Miami in 1961 and was in contact with DCD prior to 1961.

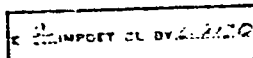
3. Please review your files and provide whatever information is pertinent to paragraph 1., above. No information will be released outside of CIA without your concurrence.

4. 201-257894 is attached to the SA/LA/EICO copy of this memorandum. Please return it with your reply by 1 April 1977.


Frederic McCann

Attachments: a/s

CONFIDENTIAL



DEPT OF JUSTICE DOCUMENT
SUBJECT: JOSEPH RAYMOND MEROLA
DATE: 10 MARCH 1977
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE: NONE

trist, "actively engaged in the service of the government."

Irving Green, attorney for Carlucci and Hanna, said the prosecutors, Herbert I. Teitelbaum and Daniel J. Snyder, knew Merola was a government agent and therefore "perpetrated a fraud upon the trial court."

Teitelbaum and Snyder are now federal judges in Pittsburgh and have not commented about the action filed by Green, which is still pending. But an official familiar with their position said the two judges will, if necessary, swear they did not know Merola was a government agent.

Cuban Connection

"The answer to this whole thing revolves around Cuba," said this official.

Green, who represents Mannarino's son-in-law, said he didn't think Merola's testimony in Chicago had been particularly "helpful" to the prosecution. A "more logical assumption" is that Merola was freed from prison because of what he could do for the government in Cuba, he said.

"This guy works anywhere he wants to," said Green. "The government has protected him in California, Chicago and everywhere else. He still has to be of value to the government."

One thing is certain: Merola is well known in the Miami Cuban community and among those who have been linked to alleged Castro assassination attempts.

"Joe was an undercover agent, he was closely associated with the government," Frank Sturgis, of Miami, told The Bulletin. "He did have an association with the CIA."

Sturgis, who gained notoriety as one of those convicted in the Watergate burglary, was a top Castro lieutenant during the revolution who served as a double agent for the CIA. He later worked against Castro in the Bay of Pigs operation and has admitted plotting to kill Castro.

"I know Joe was involved with the revolutionaries," said Sturgis. "I know he had an association with the CIA, but because of compartmentalization, you don't know what they're doing."

Tied to Burglar

A source close to the House Assassina-

tions Committee said Merola was "a good friend" of Eugenio (Rolando) Martinez, another of those convicted of the Watergate burglary. Martinez was associated with the CIA in the Bay of Pigs effort and in other anti-Castro moves.

"Joe's place in Miami Beach was on the water and it was used by anti-Castro groups to smuggle arms to Cuba," this source said. "Martinez was one of them."

"I can't recall," Martinez said, when asked by The Bulletin about using Merola's dock. "Really, I can't tell you anything about it."

"He was connected with helping people here in Miami against the dictatorship of Batista. He might have been in some other branch that I don't know about."

Alfredo Borges, a Miami business consultant and a Bay of Pigs veteran, told a Bulletin reporter inquiring about Merola to "please write me a letter."

"I don't know who you are," Borges said. "I cannot talk over the telephone."

One investigator interested in Merola said the matter is "very sensitive, records are hard to come by."

"He seems to fit everything," this investigator said. "He's a pilot, he speaks Spanish, he knows Cuba and he's connected. But nobody wants to cooperate."

A Scared Man

Records indeed are hard to come by. Official and unofficial attempts to obtain complete records of Merola's arrests proved fruitless. So did efforts to determine what encounters he might have had with officials responsible for watching the nation's borders.

But despite the belief of some that Merola enjoys the protection of the government while at the same time being welcomed by organized crime, those who know him say that is not the case.

"Joe has got a little money," said one Florida acquaintance. "I don't know where he gets it. But he's an informer and they hate informers. The man is concerned."

"He goes around Dade (County), but he is very, very careful where he goes. Joe is scared."

14-00000

TO: HONORABLE JUDGE

SUBJECT: Court Appearance on 13 November 1975, San Diego, California

1. On 13 November 1975, Matt MacVane appeared as a witness for the defense at the United States District Court for the Southern District of California, 325 West F Street, San Diego, California. The case was the United States of America V. Dalton C. Smith, et al. MacVane was called to testify by E. Mac Amos Jr., attorney for defendant Joe Merola. In honor of the subpoena MacVane appeared at the court. On 13 November 1975 at approximately 16:30 hours San Diego time MacVane was called to the witness stand.

2. Mac Amos, attorney for defendant Joe Merola began questioning after MacVane was sworn in as a witness. Amos asked how long MacVane had been employed by the CIA? He asked if MacVane knew defendant Merola? He asked if MacVane were told by Merola about a shipment of surplus helicopter parts going to the country of El Salvador? He asked MacVane if Merola had volunteered other information to the Agency? He then asked if Merola were ever paid for such information? Amos also tried to establish the value of surplus parts in Latin America compared to the US. This was objected to by attorney Robert Thaller, prosecutor in the case. The judge sustained the objection and MacVane did not have to answer the question. Amos finished his questioning and Thaller began a short cross examination. Thaller asked if MacVane ever heard Merola mention stocks? He also asked if MacVane knew the name of the corporation that Merola represented? He then pointed out that even if some stock fraud were occurring, MacVane would not be witting because MacVane was not an investigator, but rather a collector of foreign information. The cross examination then ended. All questions were answered to the best of MacVane's ability and knowledge.

3. There appeared to be little purpose in the appearance of MacVane because it was obvious that MacVane knew nothing of any value concerning the case. MacVane's total time on the witness stand was about 10 minutes. After completion of his testimony MacVane was released.

Bruce E. Thompson
BRUCE E. THOMPSON

MMacVane:ljh

E2 IMPDET CL BY Q11668



Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

30

GORDON THOMPSON
GORDON THOMPSON
DISTRICT JUDGE

SENDER WILL CHECK CLASSIFICATION TOP AND BOTTOM			
UNCLASSIFIED		CONFIDENTIAL	SECRET
OFFICIAL ROUTING SLIP			
TO	NAME AND ADDRESS	DATE	INITIALS
1	<i>Mr. Darnier</i>	<i>6/4/11</i>	<i>SD</i>
2			
3	<i>Mr. Young</i>		<i>Y</i>
4			
5			
6	<i>SD</i>		
ACTION		DIRECT REPLY	PREPARE REPLY
APPROVAL		DISPATCH	RECOMMENDATION
COMMENT		FILE	RETURN
CONCURRENCE		INFORMATION	SIGNATURE
Remarks: <i>Any results of the meeting.</i>			
FOLD HERE TO RETURN TO SENDER			
FROM: NAME, ADDRESS AND PHONE NO.			DATE
<i>See 6/4/11</i>			
UNCLASSIFIED		CONFIDENTIAL	SECRET

SECRET

6 November 1975

MEMO FOR RECORD:

RE: MEROLA, Joseph R.
201-257804
U.S. Citizen Registered to DEA/MIAMI Dec 74

FYI:

Today, Randy Daugherty, DCD case officer, asked to borrow subject 201 because he wanted to take it to Office of Genl. Counsel for Mr. John Greany.

There is to be a meeting today between Mr. Greany, Bob Starling, DCD COPS, and Matt McVane, DCD man in Miami who is visiting Hqs. McVane has an interest in MEROLA.

Told Randy that MEROLA was DEA source and that matter should be coordinated with NARCOG.

This transpired during lunch hour - Randy was in a hurry and I gave him file. He said he would tell Mr. Greany that Subj. was DEA source.

L.

SECRET

5 November 1975

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

SUBJECT: Joseph Raymond Merola

1. On 3 November I talked to Mr. Matt McVane, DCD officer stationed in Miami, and he said that he had received the subpoena from E. Mac Amos, Jr. to appear as a defense witness in the trial in San Diego on 11 November. Mr. McVane agreed to come to Headquarters on 6 November to discuss the information in the files and Mr. Robert Starling of DCD agreed to join in the meeting. Mr. McVane told me that Lt. Colonel Douglas W. Haldane, who had previously been on detail to the DCD Miami Office, had returned to the Army and was currently assigned somewhere in Europe and that his address was Headquarters, USAREUR, APO New York, New York 09403.

2. Since this Office had received a letter from Mr. Amos with a request for the current address of Colonel Haldane, I called Mr. Amos on 4 November and explained to him that Colonel Haldane was no longer with the Central Intelligence Agency and it was our understanding that Colonel Haldane was stationed in Europe. Mr. Amos did not want the current address of Colonel Haldane. He did state, however, that Mr. McVane would not be needed in San Diego until Wednesday morning, 12 November. As things stood now, Mr. Merola was the fifth defendant and it would be that length of time before Mr. McVane's testimony would be needed.

3. Mr. McVane told me that he had been called by Mr. Robert Thaler of the U.S. Attorney's Office in California. I told Mr. McVane that I would contact Mr. Thaler. I called Mr. Thaler who is a member of the Organized Crime Strike Force, Department of Justice, Room 2307, 300 North Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, California 90012, telephone No. (AC 213) 688-5808. Mr. Thaler was pleased to hear that Mr. McVane

was being made available to testify and explained that he thought Mr. Amos had already prepared a motion to dismiss if Mr. McVane was to be denied as a witness for the defense. I explained to Mr. Thaler that Mr. McVane was coming to Headquarters on Thursday, 6 November, and said that we would call him to discuss the role Mr. McVane played in receiving information from Mr. Merola.

4. If this case runs parallel to many criminal prosecutions, the defense may never put Mr. McVane on the stand when he actually shows up as this may prove detrimental to their defense. However, we should be prepared for his testimony if, in fact, it does take place.

John K. Greaney
John K. Greaney
Associate General Counsel

cc: Chief, DCD

Matt McVane

OGC/JKG/eh

Distribution:

Original - OGC SUBJ: LITIGATION CRIMINAL

1 - JKG Signer

1 - Chrono

John T. Holt
John Skyrsted Rhoades
Harrison R. Hollywood
Douglas R. Reynolds
David W. Ault
Michael L. Neil
Dan H. Deuprey
Thomas H. Ault
E. Mac Amos, Jr.
Thomas M. Dymott

HOLT, RHOADES AND HOLLYWOOD

A PROFESSIONAL CORPORATION
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
1010 SECOND AVENUE, SUITE 1712
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101

Area 714
Telephone 238-1712

October 28, 1975

Office of the General Counsel
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C. 20505

Dear Sirs:

Our firm represents Mr. Joseph Merola who is presently on trial as a defendant in the Southern District of California in an action entitled United States of America v. Dalton C. Smith, et al. (No. 74-2277-GT). In order to properly defend Mr. Merola, we need to utilize the testimony of Mr. Matt McVane and possibly the testimony of Col. Douglas Haldane. We understand that Mr. McVane is employed by the Central Intelligence Agency and works out of the Miami office. We also understand that Col. Douglas Haldane is employed by the Central Intelligence Agency but we do not have an address for service upon Col. Haldane.

Enclosed you will find copies of Subpoenas issued for Mr. McVane and Col. Haldane. These Subpoenas require the attendance of the individuals in the Southern District of California at San Diego, California on November 11, 1975 at 9:00 a.m. Enclosed you will also find a copy of the Order signed by Judge Gordon Thompson authorizing the issuance of the Subpoena for Mr. McVane. Since we do not have an address for Col. Haldane at this time, the court has not approved the issuance of a Subpoena for him in which the government would be responsible for all of the expenses and costs.

We have been informed by Mr. McVane that it is necessary for him to obtain the approval of your office before he can testify in this matter. Accordingly, we request that he be granted the necessary approval in order to allow him to testify in this matter. In addition, we request that we be provided with an address for Col. Haldane and that he also be allowed to testify in this case. We would appreciate being advised as soon as

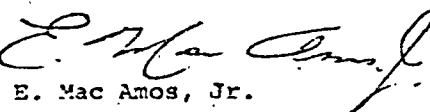
Office of the General Counsel
October 28, 1975
Page Two

possible with respect to whether these persons will be available for testimony. If we can provide any additional information with respect to this case, please do not hesitate to contact the undersigned. Thank you for your courtesy and cooperation.

Very truly yours,

HOLT, RHOADES & HOLLYWOOD

By



E. Mac Amos, Jr.

EMA/db

Enclosures

United States District Court

FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

v.

DALTON C. SMITH, et al.

No. 74-2277-GT

TRATT MCVANE

You are hereby commanded to appear in the United States District Court for the Southern District of California at 325 West E Street in the city of San Diego on the 11th day of November 1975 at 9:00 o'clock A.M. to testify in the above-entitled case.

This subpoena is issued on application of the defendant.

October 23, 1975

E. MAC AMOS, JR.
Attorney for Defendant MEROLA

1910 Second Ave., Suite 1712
San Diego, CA 92101

WILLIAM W. LUDDY

Clerk.

SEAL

JOSEPH GALLAGHER

Deputy Clerk.

RETURN

Received this subpoena at _____ on _____ I served it on the _____ and on _____ at _____ within named _____ by delivering a copy to _____ and tendering to _____ the fee for one day's attendance and the mileage allowed by law.

Service Fees

By _____

Travel _____ \$

Services _____ \$

Total _____ \$

* Insert "United States," or "defendant" as the case may be.
* Fees and mileage need not be tendered to the witness upon service of a subpoena issued in behalf of the United States or an officer or agency thereof, 28 USC 1825, or on behalf of a defendant who is financially unable to pay such costs (Rule 17 (b), Federal Rules Criminal Procedure).

United States District Court

FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

v.

DALTON C. SMITH, et al.

No. 74-2277-GT

To, COL. DOUGLAS HALDANE

You are hereby commanded to appear in the United States District Court for the Southern District of California at 325 West F Street in the city of San Diego on the 11th day of November 1975 at 9:00 o'clock A.M. to testify in the above-entitled case.

This subpoena is issued on application of the defendant.

October 23, 1975

E. JAC AMOS, JR.
Attorney for Defendant MEROLA

1010 Second Ave., Suite 1712
San Diego, CA 92101

WILLIAM W. LUDDY

Clerk.

SEAL

ROSIE GALLAGHER

Deputy Clerk.

RETURN

Received this subpoena at _____ on _____ at _____ I served it on the _____ within named _____ and on _____ by delivering a copy to _____ and tendering to _____ the fee for one day's attendance and the mileage allowed by law.

Service Fees

By

Travel _____ \$
Services _____ \$
Total _____ \$

* Insert "United States," or "defendant" as the case may be.
* Fees and mileage need not be tendered to the witness upon service of a subpoena issued in behalf of the United States or an officer or agency thereof, 28 USC 1825, or on behalf of a defendant who is financially unable to pay such costs (Rule 17 (b), Federal Rules Criminal Procedure).

1 E. MAC AMOS, JR.
2 HOLT, REYNOLDS & HOLLYWOOD
3 1010 Second Avenue, Suite 1712
4 San Diego, CA 92101
5 (714) 238-1712

6 Attorneys for Defendant
7 JOSEPH R. MEROLA

FILED

OCT 22 1975

CLERK, U.S. DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA
By DEPUTY

8 UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
9 SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA

10 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

11 Plaintiff,

12 v.

13 JOSEPH R. MEROLA, et al.,

14 Defendants.

NO. CR 74-2277-GT

ORDER FOR ISSUANCE OF
SUBPOENAS

15 This court having considered the application of defend
16 Joseph Merola, and the supporting affidavit of E. Mac Amos, Jr.
17 for issuance of subpoenas directed to Edward Stanton and Matt
18 McVane and having found that good cause exists for the issuance
19 of said subpoenas,

20 IT IS HEREBY ORDERED THAT the clerk of this court issue
21 subpoenas requiring the attendance of Matt McVane and Edward
22 Stanton on November 11, 1975 at 9:00 a.m. in this court and,
23 further, that all costs and fees in relation to the attendance of
24 said witnesses shall be borne by the United States under the
25 provisions of the Criminal Justice Act.

26 DATED: OCT 22 1975

27 BY: GORDON THOMPSON, JR.
28 GORDON THOMPSON
29 DISTRICT JUDGE
30 SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA
31
32

A PROFESSIONAL CORPORATION
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
1010 SECOND AVENUE, SUITE 1712
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101
PHONE 238-1712

14-00000

24 October 75

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

SUBJECT: Joseph Raymond Merola

1. On 23 October, Mr. Robert Starling of DCD called to say that Matthew McVane (phonetic), a DCD officer who is stationed in Miami, Florida, had received a telephone call from a San Diego attorney saying that he was mailing a subpoena to him. The attorney, E. Mac Amos, Jr., is a member of the law firm of Holt, Rhodes and Hollywood at 1010 Second Avenue, San Diego, California 92101, telephone No. (AC 714) 238-1712. Mr. Amos advised Mr. McVane that the subpoena was for his appearance on behalf of Mr. Merola who was on trial in San Diego.
2. Mr. Starling indicated that the charges against Merola had something to do with exporting airplane parts without a license. I called Mr. Clyde Bryant, Office of Munitions Control, Department of State, to determine if this prosecution was related to 22 U.S.C. 1934. Mr. Bryant called back and said that Merola was one of seven defendants being tried on criminal fraud charges for having engaged in a flimflam operation against the Salvadorian government. The scheme was to establish a facility in Salvador to assemble and service helicopters. The group had assembled a collection of Army surplus parts for helicopters and was in the process of shipping them without an export license and they were seized by U.S. Customs officers on 21 February 1974. Mr. Bryant indicated that the Assistant U.S. Attorney in San Diego in charge of the prosecution was a Mr. Robert Thaller, telephone No. (AC 714) 293-5668. Mr. Bryant also indicated that an individual by the name of Henry Maierhoffer was also one of the defendants and it was Mr. Bryant's recollection that Maierhoffer had some previous connection with CIA.
3. I called Mr. Starling and reported this information to him and he said that Mr. Merola was a real operator in the Miami area, always involved in some scheme to buy and sell weapons but that he had volunteered information to the DCD Office, some of which was useful. I asked Mr. Starling to have Mr. McVane call me when he got the subpoena but that he would not have to go unless they furnished the travel funds.


John K. Greaney
Associate General Counsel

cc: Chief/DCD

Distribution - OVER

CONFIDENTIAL

SECRET
(When Filled In)

30 Jan 1975

201 File on U.S. Citizen

The 201 file on Marola (surname) (201 number indicated below)
can be most accurately be categorized as indicated below:

- ☐ should be closed.
- ☐ witting collaborator. OI Code A1.
- ☐ potential witting collaborator; date opened _____ OI Code A2.
- ☐ former witting collaborator (relationship terminated). OI Code A3.
- ☐ potential witting collaborator never contacted (security reasons, derogatory information). OI Code A4.
- ☐ counterintelligence case (i.e., involving a foreign intelligence or security service). OI Code A5.
- ☒ all others. OI Code A6. ISR

Signed [Signature] C/LSN/ISR
(name) (title) (component)

This assignment of category has been entered into STAR.

Signed [Signature] 1975
(initials) (date)

This document in a permanent part of this file.

201- 257804

CONFIDENTIAL

E2 IMPDET
CL BY 002216SECRET
(When Filled In)

☐ UNCLASSIFIED

☐ INTERNAL
USE ONLY

☐ CONFIDENTIAL

☒ SECRET

ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

SUBJECT (Optional)

REGISTRATION REQUEST

FROM

OPS/LSN/INTERAGENCY SOURCE REGISTER BU-5

EXTENSION

1064/
5045

NO

ISRM

38170

DATE

10 DEC 1974

TO: (Officer designation, room number, and building)

DATE

RECEIVED

FORWARDED

OFFICER'S
INITIALS

COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)

1. IP/AIS
HT-3

12/11

mb

Hit!

2.

3. IP/EIB
DW-7

11/11

ML

4.

5. IP/RMS
DW-6

6.

7. IP/LDI
GT-6

W

8.

9. LSN/ISR
BU-5

10.

11.

12.

13.

14.

15.

FILE NO. 201-

0257804

DOCUMENT DATE

ABSTRACT

X

FORM
3-51

610

USE PREVIOUS
EDITIONS

☒

SECRET

☐

CONFIDENTIAL

☐

INTERNAL
USE ONLY

☐

UNCLASSIFIED

SECRET (When Filled In)			
ISR LOG		NAT. FILE NO.	DATE
<i>NAC's Conducted</i> <i>July 1972 - FBI/P</i> <i>Oct 1972 - State/P</i> <i>CSCI-N</i> <i>DDOCI-N</i> 17 DEC 1974		NEW	RE-REGISTRATION
		UTILIZATION	RE-CHECK
		DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS SPACE	
TO:		TO: SECURITY	
TO:		TO:	
18 DEC 1974		ISRM NO.	ZOI NO.
NAME			

FORM 1797 USE PREVIOUS EDITIONS SECRET 11 DEC 1974 (4-38)

SECRET (When Filled In)			
ISR LOG		NAT. FILE NO.	DATE
<p>No Objection to Registration. DCS reserves the right to object to use in accordance with its policy in accordance with DCID 2. DCID 2/5 and 2/6, and this right by mutual agreement if intended use so requires.</p> <p>INTELLIGENCE COLLECTION DIVISION Support Branch/Operational Support Section Room 900, K-1 Building - ext. 2268</p>		NEW	RE-REGISTRATION
		UTILIZATION	RE-CHECK
		DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS SPACE	
TO:		TO: SECURITY	
TO:		TO:	
18 DEC 1974		ISRM NO.	ZOI NO.
NAME			

FORM 1797 USE PREVIOUS EDITIONS SECRET 11 DEC 1974 (4-38)

FORM 1797 (Rev. 7-74)

SECRET

(When Filled In)

OPS/ISR 61-703
2-1 3308 10015 79-5

REQUEST FOR REGISTRATION IN THE INTERAGENCY SOURCE REGISTER

REQUESTER: Daryl XXXX Geisler		LA/CARI	DATE SUBMITTED 9 Dec 1974
DEA	201-	257804	DATE RECEIVED IN ISR 9 Dec 74
XX NEW	RE-REGISTRATION	RE-CHECKED OPERATIONS STAFF/DOO	UTILIZATION
NAME (Last, First, Middle) MEROLA, Joseph Raymond			
ALIASES AND/OR SPELLING VARIATIONS			
DATE OF BIRTH 9 Oct 1925		PLACE OF BIRTH NEW JERSEY	CITIZENSHIP U.S.
RESIDENCE 135 Dupont Plaza, Miami, Fla			
PRESENT EMPLOYER		OCCUPATION Pilot	
ADDITIONAL IDENTIFYING DATA (including references) Based on LA/Miami 22730 IN 432300, 3 Dec 74 (attached) Traces sent DIRECTOR 630872, 6 Dec 74 (attached) Send cards to UFP 872 HVC HLB HTP			
IP/AS TRACE RESULTS FNIS LISTED REF me lat			
IP/EIB REMARKS (OUTGOING CABLE) NAI TO THAT KNOWN TO THE REQUESTER (630872) 16 DEC 1974 JH			
ISR REPLY TO REQUESTER:		DATE 18 Dec 74	ISRM NUMBER 39,170
<p>1. Nothing in addition to that known by the requester. xxxxx For possible further information you are referred to the FBI and the Department of State.</p> <p>2. The ISR has no record of a current operational interest in subject Subject who is hereby registered in the ISR to DEA Miami.</p> <p>EVB</p> <p>SS:</p>			
<div style="text-align: right;">Classified by 002216 Exempt from general declassification schedule of E.O. 11652, exemption category: 2B(1), (2), (3) or 4 (circle one or more). Automatically declassified on _____ (unless impossible, insert date or event)</div>			

SECRET

CABLE DEC 01888 8/14 PER SEP 10-3 TOTAL COPIES 15-1
 PERSON UNIT NOTIFIED _____
 REPRODUCTION BY OTHER THAN ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED
 AGENCY COPY ISSUED 8/14 BY H A 1133
 ACTION UNIT
 I AF FILE VR DDP, C/IC/AN, C/OPS/NAR2 C/OPS
 N C/LSA/MI/
 F
 O
 T 617399 EJA292 PAGE 01 IN 432300
 TORI 032226Z DEC 74 LHM 22730

SECRET 032214Z DEC 74 STAFF

CITE LA/MIAMI 22730

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR,

RYBAT CUMHABYSS PBRAMPART

REF: UFPS-1727, 25 OCT 74

1. PLEASE PROVIDE PRIORITY TRACES ON THE FOLLOWING
 DEA NARCOTICS SOURCE AND REGISTER IN THE INTER-AGENCY
 SOURCE REGISTER (ISR):

JOSEPH RAYMOND M E R O L A (201-257804)

DPOB: 9 OCT 25 IN NEW JERSEY

U.S. CITIZEN

OCCI PILOT

ADD: 135 DUPONT PLAZA, MIAMI, FL.

LOCATION OF USE: COLOMBIA AND HAITI

2. PER REF, ATT. NO. 2 PLS PROVIDE PRIORITY
 TRACES ON DEA NARCOTICS SOURCE ORLANDO
 B A T L S T A VIERA, AND ADVISE IF REGISTERED IN
 ISR.

3. FILE: 220-11-111 200-11-11/17. E2. IMPDET

1P 4/10
 Sec
 220 220

SECRET

Ruth
 Dick
 Daryl
 (Action)

S E C R E T

DO DOCUMENT EXTRACT

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE SUBJECT OF THIS 201 DOSSIER HAS BEEN EXTRACTED FROM ANOTHER OFFICIAL DO FILE. PERSONS PERFORMING NAME TRACES ARE CAUTIONED THAT THE DOCUMENT FROM WHICH THIS EXTRACT WAS PREPARED CONTAINS ADDITIONAL INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE SUBJECT AND SHOULD BE REQUESTED FROM LP/FILES.

MEROLA, JOSEPH RAYMOND

201-0257804

200-011-011/19

SEX M DOB 09 OCT 25

LWIN-22730

POB USA, NJ

03 DEC 74

CIT USA

OCC PILOT

RES USA, FLA, MIAMI, 135 DUPONT PLAZA. TRACES
DFA NARCS

DATE 05 MAR 75 CORR CARD

09231716

201-0257804

S E C R E T

E2 IMPDET CL BY 054979

14-00000

SECRET

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20505

12 JUN 1974

MEMORANDUM FOR: Mr. Lucien E. Conein
Acting Chief, Special Operations and
Field Support Staff
Office of Intelligence
Drug Enforcement Administration

VIA: Mr. John Warner
Chief, International Intelligence Division

SUBJECT: Name Trace

REFERENCE: Memorandum, Same Subject, SEC-IGI-74-0037,
dated June 5, 1974

1. The matter of Joseph R. Merola (Reference) has been discussed between Mr. Richard Kobakoff of your office and Mr. Stanley Archenhold of this office. Mr. Merola has never worked for this Agency, although we are aware he has made such claims on a number of previous instances.

2. It is suggested that you contact the Federal Bureau of Investigation for information concerning Merola.

Seymour R. Bolten
Seymour R. Bolten
Special Assistant for
Narcotics Control Operations

DONC 74-052

THIS DOCUMENT IS NOT TO BE DISSEMINATED ABROAD OR
OUTSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RECEIVING AGENCY
WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE ORIGINATOR

EXEMPT FROM GENERAL DECLASSIFICATION SCHEDULE OF
E. O. 11652, EXEMPTION CATEGORY: 5 B (2)
DECLASSIFICATION DATE IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE
CLASSIFIED BY 003604

201-257804

SECRET

SECRET

DONC 74-052

DDO/OPS/NARCOG:S.Archenhold:el

COORDINATION: 5/ (622)
WH/NARC

12 2 1974
DATE

Distribution:

Orig. & 1 - Addressee
1 - WH/NARC
1 - 201-257804
1 - DDO/NARCOG DONC File

SECRET

DEPT OF JUSTICE DOCUMENT
DATE: 5 JUNE 1974
SUBJECT: NAME TRACE
CLASSIFICATION: SECRET
FILE #: NONE GIVEN

DISPATCH

SECRET

PROCESSING ACTION

MARKED FOR INDEXING

NO INDEXING REQUIRED

ONLY QUALIFIED DESK
CAN JUDGE INDEXING

MICROFILM

TO Chief of Station, San Salvador

INFO

FROM

Chief, Western Hemisphere Division

SUBJECT

AMEMB SAN SALVADOR 0048, 5 February 1974

ACTION REQUIRED REFERENCES

Headquarters requested LNERGO traces on Larry A. C a r r,
because of his business association with Joseph R. M e r o l a.
Trace results were negative.

MAD

Marilyn A. DAKOSKI

DISTRIBUTION:

Orig. & 1 - COS, San Salvador

E2 IMPDET
CL BY 031685

RECORD COPY

CROSS REFERENCE TO

DISPATCH SYMBOL AND NUMBER

DATE

HSSW-3154

typed 1 April 1974

CLASSIFICATION

FILE NUMBER

SECRET

✓201-257804

ORIGINATING

OFFICE

OFFICER

TYPIST

FILE

WM/2/65

Patti Burke mll

1454

COORDINATING

OFFICE SYMBOL

DATE

OFFICER'S NAME

C/WM/2/65

George Colman

AC/WM/2

James M. Laurier

1 - Chrono
1 - IP/AN

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
FEB 1974	
FBI - SAN SALVADOR	

DISPATCH

F-7-2849

Chief, WH/2
ATTN : David L. Snock

039-559-74
22 March 1974

Chief, Domestic Collection Division

Joseph E. Merola

REF : Your Memorandum of 11 March 1974

1. For your information, subject has been a volunteer source since 1961. DCD is aware of his unsavory record, but he has from time-to-time produced information of interest.

2. DCD wishes to advise you, however, that we have broken off contact with Merola. Should he contact DCD again, we are obligated to listen politely, take down his information for transmittal to the appropriate area desk, and make absolutely no promises for future contact.

3. Please direct further inquiries to Mr. Evan B. Ames, DCD/Support Branch/Operational Support Section, Room 910, Key Building, extension 2263.

JACKSON R. BOSTON

EVAN B. AMES/b
cc: Services Branch (Control)

FILE: BH-25826

SUO

SECRET

EX-3 EXPIRY CL BY 010630

DEPT OF STATE DOCUMENT
DATE: 19 MARCH 1974
SUBJECT: PATTERSON CORPORATION (CENTRAL
AMERICAN AEROSCAPE)
CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL
NO FILE # GIVEN

~~SECRET~~
MEROLA

SECRET

11 March 1974

MEMORANDUM FOR: Domestic Collection Division
ATTENTION: Mr. Shaun P. Ryan
SUBJECT: Joseph R. MEROLA
REFERENCE: HH 25826, 8 January 1974

1. On 10 January 1974 the WH/2/GS desk received the referenced memorandum from the Domestic Collection Division indicating the Miami field office had been in contact with one Joseph R. MEROLA. MEROLA had just returned from a business trip to El Salvador; and he reported that a friend of his had identified a Mr. Gremillion in the Political Section of the American Embassy in San Salvador as a suspect CIA representative. Headquarters traces on Joseph R. MEROLA indicated that on several occasions in the past MEROLA had claimed that he was a CIA agent. The Chief of Station, the Mr. Gremillion referred to above, was recently questioned regarding any Embassy contact with MEROLA while the latter was in San Salvador. The COS stated that both within the Embassy community and at social functions MEROLA had frequently referred to his contact with the CIA, past and present. He also volunteered this information to a former Station contact.

2. In light of the above, it would appear that MEROLA had taken advantage of his agency contacts in an inappropriate manner to the potential embarrassment of the San Salvador Station. We would, accordingly, appreciate that this be given due consideration in your assessment of the advantage of your continued contact with him.

David L. Smock
C/WH/2

E2 IMPDET
CL BY 509407

SECRET

TRANSMITTAL SLIP		DATE
TO: LWH 2 GS-Patti		
ROOM NO.	BUILDING	
REMARKS: Reply from State		
FROM: OPS/LSN		
ROOM NO.	BUILDING	EXTENSION

FORM NO.
1 FEB 53 241REPLACES FORM 35-4
WHICH MAY BE USED.

(47)

SPEED LETTER		REPLY REQUESTED		DATE
		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES	<input type="checkbox"/> NO	6 February 1974
TO : OPS/LIAISON		FROM:		
ATTN:		WH/2/GS		
<p>Request Dept. of State Passport Office biographic information on Larry A. CARR, U.S. citizen, currently in El Salvador negotiating on behalf of the Patterson Corp. to build a helicopter plant.</p>				
				SIGNATURE
Patti Burke				WH/2/GS
REPLY				DATE
<p>RETURN TO ORIGINATOR</p>				
SIGNATURE				

DEPT OF STATE DOCUMENT (PASSPORT DIVISION)
DATE: 20 FEBRUARY 1974
SUBJECT: LARRY ALTON CARR
CLASSIFICATION: NONE
FILE #: NONE

STATE DEPT DOCUMENTS:

DATE: 13 FEBRUARY 1974
SUBJECT: PATTERSON CORPORATION (CENTRAL
AMERICAN AEROSPACE)
CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL
NO FILE # GIVEN (DOC #: SAN SALV. 0568)

DATE: 5 FEBRUARY 1974
SUBJECT: PROPOSED HELICOPTER/AIRCRAFT PLANT
(PATTERSON CORP.)
CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL
NO FILE # GIVEN (DOC #: SAN SAL. 0048)

DATE: 5 FEBRUARY 1974
SUBJECT: PROPOSED HELICOPTER/AIRCRAFT PLANT
(PATTERSON CORP.)
CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL
NO FILE # GIVEN
DOCUMENT #: SAN SALVADOR 0448

ratti,

We have sent a private channel letter to the CGS on this matter, ~~noting that we are~~ asking at the end for comments as to whether MCROLA is "embarrassing" the Station of CIA generally by talking so much about his CIA connections. If his reply is in the affirmative, it will probably be best for you to draft a note to ~~DCD~~ DCD suggesting that he somehow be silenced, perhaps by their withdrawing from contact with them since it is obviously something that he brags about and otherwise tries to take advantage of

etc.

Matt MacVane, DCD officer in Miami, met with Joseph R. MEROLA on 15 January 1974; at which time MEROLA identified the friend in San Salvador who had identified a Mr. Gremillion in the American Embassy in San Salvador as a CIA representative. ~~He also provided~~ MEROLA also provided the names of two women employed in the Embassy who were ~~reported~~ involved in compromising situations with both Americans and local nationals. MEROLA identified the two women as Nancy SHALLOT and Delia OBESA. MEROLA was met again on 17 January 1974 ~~in a meeting with the~~ at which time he provided the name of a third woman in the Embassy, Gloria, who has also been involved in compromising situations. Upon ~~her~~ inquiring Headquarters personnel who had recently returned from San Salvador, the above identities were confirmed; all three are American citizens assigned to the Embassy in San Salvador.

SECRET

SPEED LETTER		ACELY REQUESTED		DATE
		YES	NO	23 January 1974
TO : Chief, WH/2/GS (3 B 4402 Hqs.)		FROM: DCD/SB/OSS SPRyan/ds		
ATTN: Patty Burke		LETTER NO. OSS-172-74		
<p>SUBJECT: Case 61401 - Joseph Merola</p> <p>On 18 January 1974, our Miami Field Office advised us of the name of a third person reportedly involved in potentially compromising situations who works at the Embassy. This person was identified as "Gloria" by our source. This information passed verbally to El Salvador Desk Officer on 18 January 1974.</p> <p>E-2 IMPDET CL B 010650</p> <p>SHAUN P. RYAN <i>Shaun P. Ryan</i></p> <p>SIGNATURE: <i>Shaun</i></p>				
REPLY		DATE		
<p>SECRET</p> <p>RETURNS TO ORIGINATOR</p> <p>SIGNATURE</p>				

STATE DEPT DOCUMENT
DATE: 22 JANUARY 1974
SUBJECT: PROPOSED HELICOPTER/AIRCRAFT PLANT
CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL
DOCUMENT #: SAN SALV 0256

SECRET

ROUTING AND RECCRD SHEET

SUBJECT: (Optional)

Case 61401 - CIA Operative in El Salvador

FROM DOMESTIC COLLECTION DIVISION

Support Branch/Operational Support Section

Room 900, Key Building - ext. 2268

Mr. Shaun P. Ryan *SLP*

15:14:20	NO
----------	----

NO

DATE _____

18 January 1974

TO: (Officer designation, room number, and building)

DATE _____

OFFICER'S
INITIALS

COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment)

RECEIVED

FORWARDED

SPECIALS

1. WH/2/GS
Attn. Patty Burke
3 B 4402 Hqs.

The attached is for your information and possible interest.

(OSS-142-74)

E 2 IMPDET CL BY 00,022

SECRET/SENSITIVE

OSS-142-74
18 January 1974

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

SUBJECT: Case 61401 - CIA Operative in El Salvador

REFS : A.) MIM-006-74, 4 January 1974
B.) TWX DCD/Washington 26860, 16 January 1974
C.) Ryan/MacVane telecon 16 January 1974
D.) Ryan/MacVane telecon 17 January 1974
E.) Ryan/Mainwaring telecon 17 January 1974
F.) TWX DCD/Miami 12475, 17 January 1974
G.) TWX DCD/Miami 12476, 17 January 1974

1. One of our sources in Miami, Joseph Merola, revealed the name and position of an individual reported to be an Agency official in El Salvador to Matt MacVane during the course of an interview on 21 December 1973. This was reported in MIM-006-74 4 January 1974. This report was forwarded to the El Salvador Desk on 8 January 1974. On 16 January 1974 the Desk requested that DCD obtain the name of the individual mentioned in this memorandum who said he knew a CIA officer in the Embassy. This request was passed by telecon and TWX to MacVane by Ryan on 16 January 1974. The El Salvador Desk also questioned the reliability of our source, Joseph Merola, at this time and requested we query Miami as to his reliability.

2. On 17 January 1974 at the request of MacVane, Ryan visited the El Salvador Desk to ascertain their objections to our source, known to us as a convicted felon. Desk objections stemmed from a 1964 report which indicated that Merola had informed persons that he was a "CIA agent". Further conversation elicited the fact that Merola had again made this statement in 1973 at an Embassy function. We advised the Desk that DCD was well aware of Merola's criminal background but that he had provided DCD with reliable reports in the past unrelated to his own "pursuits".

3. The El Salvador desk confirmed the fact that the individual mentioned by Merola's informant as being a CIA officer was in fact such. Ryan advised MacVane of this per telecon on 17 January 1974. MacVane and Mainwaring told Ryan they were sending two cables relating to this case. The first would provide the name of the person who reportedly knew the CIA official. The second provided the names of two women employed in the Embassy who were reportedly involved in

E 2 IMPDET CL BY 010650

SECRET/SENSITIVE

14-00000
SECRET/SENSITIVE

compromising situations with both Americans and local nationals. This latter cable was requested after the El Salvador desk officer advised that all avenues and possible leads were to be pursued to determine who leaked the information relating to the CIA official. These two names (phonetically spelled) were provided in the second cable by Miami. All of the information received in these cables was passed via secure phone to the El Salvador desk by Ryan upon receipt.

4. MacVane advised Ryan via telecon that he anticipated meeting with Joseph Merola at 1300 on 17 January to address further matters concerned with this case. MacVane advised Ryan that he would forward such information as soon as possible.

SEJON P. RYAN

cc: Miami Field Office
cc: WH/2/CS
cc: Sensitive Control Officer

SECRET/SENSITIVE

~~SECRET~~

S E C R E T 171845Z JAN 74 STAFF

CITE DCD/MIAMI 12476

DCD/WASHINGTON

AITH: SUPPORT BRANCH/OSS (S.RYAN)

SUBJ: CASE 61481

REF : OOA(S) 322/82566-74

THE IDENTITIES OF THE TWO GIRLS WHO WERE THE SUBJECT OF
OUR TELECON ARE:

NANCY SHALLOT

DELIA OBESA

BOTH SPELLINGS ARE PHONETIC, BUT SHOULD BE IDENTIFIABLE.

ONE IS SUPPOSEDLY SECRETARY TO MR. TAYLOR. E2 IMPDET CL BY 212638

S E C R E T

JAN 17 1 51 PM '74

14-00000

SECRET

S E C R E T 171845Z JAN 74 STAFF

CITE DCD/MIAMI 12476

DCD/WASHINGTON

ATTN: SUPPORT BRANCH/CSS (S.HYAN)

SUBJ: CASE 61421

REF : OOA(S) 322/02566-74

**THE IDENTITIES OF THE TWO GIRLS WHO WERE THE SUBJECT OF
OUR TELECON ARE:**

NANCY SHALLOT

DELIA OBESA

BOTH SPELLINGS ARE PHONETIC, BUT SHOULD BE IDENTIFIABLE.

ONE IS SUPPOSEDLY SECRETARY TO MR. TAYLOR. E2 IMPDET CL BY 812652

S E C R E T

JAN 17 1 51 PM '74

E 2 IMPDET
CL BY: 0316A

OUTGOING MESSAGE

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PAGE 82 OF 2

CLASSIFICATION
SECRET

STAFF

DIRECTOR

CONF:

INFO: FILE

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 0 NO INDEX
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502254

SEE SUCH A MAN. FRIEND TOLD MEROLA HE ONLY TELLING HIM FOR HIS OWN GOOD BECAUSE IF MEROLA SAW GREMILLION, MEROLA WOULD BECOME A SUSPECT CIA AGENT AS WELL.

4. DCD MIAMI RECONTACTED MEROLA 15 JANUARY DETERMINE ~~ABOVE~~ IDENTITY "FRIEND" IN SAN SALVADOR. FRIEND IDENTIFIED AS GUILLERMO R O B F E D E R, PRESIDENT INSATI, MARRIED TO SECRETARY AT US EMBASSY ^{IN SALVADOR} CURRENTLY ON MATERNITY LEAVE.

5. MEROLA TO PROVIDE ADDITIONAL INFO AT MTG WITH DCD MIAMI 17 JAN 74. WILL ADVISE.

6. FILE: 201-257804. E2 IMPDET.H

WH COMMENT: *REQUESTED HQS TRACES JOSEPH MEROLA, WHO CLAIMED TO BE AERONAUTICAL CONSULTANT WITH PATTERSON AIRCRAFT COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

**WH/MIAMI TRACE REPLY

***NEGATIVE SLIGO BTRACES

DATE: 17 JAN 74
 ORIG: PATTI BURKE
 UNIT: WH/2/GS
 EXT: 1868

EDCD SHAUN RYAN (DRAFT)
 WH/PEMS W. LAMBOURNE (DRAFT)
 C/WH/COG O. BATHE (DRAFT)

James E. Hamner
 C/UND

Asinaburck
 C/WH/2

SECRET

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T 889803

PAGE 01-21

IM 137730

TOR1151451Z JAN 74

WMIM 28685

SECRET 142112Z JAN 74 STAFF

CITE WM/MIAMI 28685

TO: SAN SALVADOR INFO DIRECTOR.

REF: A. SAN SALVADOR 28685 (IN 134284)

B. WM/MIAMI 28684 (IN 135313)

1. NO ADDITIONAL SLIGO TRACES ON JOSEPH M E R O L A.

2. FILE: 288-11-11/3. E-2, IMPDET.

SECRET

Hufy C

11/21

CL	_____
R	_____
CL	_____
U	_____
M	_____
EN	_____

STATE DEPT DOCUMENT
SUBJECT: PROPOSED HELICOPTER/AIRCRAFT PLANT
DATE: 17 JANUARY 1974
CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL
DOCUMENT #: SAN SALVADOR CC193
NO FILE # GIVEN.

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PAGE 21

135313

TOR: 112119Z JAN 74

WHIM 20664

S E C R E T 112059Z JAN 74 STAFF

CITE WH/MIAMI 20664

TO: SAN SALVADOR INFO DIRECTOR,

REF: SAN SALVADOR 20665 (ZWN 134684)

1. JOSEPH R. M E R O L A, DPOB 9 OCT 1925,
TURTLE CREEK, PA, STATION CARDS FROM PERIOD 1959-1963
INDICATE HE EX-CONVICT, NOTORIOUS SMUGGLER, GUNRUNNER AND
GENERAL TROUBLE-MAKER. CARDS TO LNERGO REPORTS INDICATE HE
WAS INVOLVED IN PANAMA INVASION PLAN IN 1959, AND IN
HAITIAN INVASION PLANS IN 1958 AND 1963. IN 1959,
HE WAS UNDER INDICTMENT IN PA, FOR INTERSTATE TRANSPORTATION
OF STOLEN ARMS. IN 1960, HE WAS PRINCIPAL IN
PROPOSED CUBAN COUNTERFEIT PESO DEAL. LNERGO WAS CONTACTED
IN 1961, AND INDICATED THAT ALTHOUGH HE
HAD LONG RECORD, HE UNDOUBTEDLY COULD SPEAK AUTHORITATIVELY
ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. ALSO IN 1961, HE WAS INTERESTED
IN PROVIDING CONTRABAND WHISKY TO A CHILIAN
SENATOR, AND ATTEMPTED HAVE LIFTED "TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS"
WHICH PLACED ON HIM AFTER CONVICTION FOR ILLEGALLY CLADESTINELY
BRINGING IN TO U.S. THE SON OF AN AMERICAN LICTATOR

A 2

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T 803593		PAGE 02-02		IN 135313	
		TUR 112119Z JAN 74		WHIN 20664	

FULGENCIO BATISTA, OR FOR CHARGE THAT HE INVOLVED IN THEFT OF GUNS FROM NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY.

2. SUBJECT NOT LISTED 1973 MIAMI TELEPHONE BOOK. LATEST ADDRESS IN CARDS IS: 2218 NORTH BAY RD, MIAMI BEACH, FLA. HE WAS VISITED AT THIS ADDRESS IN 1961 BY MBR OF SLIGO ORGANIZATION, WHO DESCRIBED HOME AS "PALATIAL".

3. ALTHOUGH WE HAVE NO RECENT INFO ON SUBJECT, SUGGEST THAT HIS PLANS ESTABLISH HELICOPTER PLANT IN SAN SALVADOR MAY HAVE SHADY SIDE, POSSIBLY SMUGGLING ARMS OR LUCRATIVE NARCOTICS TRAFFIC.

4. SINCE SUBJ IS U.S. CIT, REQUEST AGOVE INFO NOT BE PASED. LIAISON ON OTHER U.S. GOVT AGENCIES WITHOUT HQS APPROVAL.

5. WILL FORWARD PERTINENT SLIGO TRACES,

6. FILE: 280-11-11/3, E-2, IMPDET.

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PAGE 01-01

IN 134684

TOR:111322Z JAN 74

SALV 20685

S E C R E T 102325Z JAN 74 STAFF

CITE SAN SALVADOR 20685

TO: DIRECTOR INFO WH/MIAMI.

1. REQUEST TRACES ON MR. JOSEPH R. MEROLA, AGE 48,

K BORN PENNSYLVANIA, RESIDENCE QS MIAMI SHORES, FLORIDA.
MEROLA CLAIMS BE AERONAUTICAL CONSULTANT WITH PATTERSON
AIRCRAFT COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA. HE SUPPOSEDLY TRYING
NEGOTIATE DEAL TO ESTABLISH HELICOPTER PLANT EL SALVADOR.
DURING TALKS AT SOCIAL PARTIES WITH EMBASSY PERSONNEL HE
INDICATED PREVIOUS WORK WITH BKHERALD.

2. FILE: DEFER. E2 IMPDET

* Svc'd

S E C R E T

RECORD COPY

201-357,814
11 JAN 74

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ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

SUBJECT: (Optional)

CIA Operative in El Salvador

FROM: DOMESTIC COLLECTION DIVISION
Support Branch, Operational Support Section
Room 900, Key Building - ext. 2283
Mr. Shaun P. Ryan

EXTENSION

NO

HH-25826

DATE

8 January 1974

TO: (Officer designation, room number, and building)

DATE

RECEIVED

FORWARDED

OFFICER'S INITIALS

COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)

1. C/WH/2/GS.
Attn. Kathy Maurer
3 B 4402 Hqs.

10 JAN 1974

10/20

The attached Memorandum HHM-006-74, is for your interest and retention. Please advise us at your earliest convenience of any additional interest or requirements in this matter. Thank you.

cc: CI/OP/WH

2.

3. D4/WH/2

11 JAN 1974

4.

5.

6. C/WH/2

11 JAN 1974

11 Jan

7. C/WH/2/GS

8. WH/2/GS/Patti

9.

10.

11.

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14.

15.

- Action -

(a) file call DCD to find out who's involved - get, etc.

(b) send them to look for the secret service man

(c) then send memo to file. FYI to station.

E 2 IMPDET CL BY 007623

3:50G suggest no change the matter.

610

USE PREVIOUS EDITIONS

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☐ CONFIDENTIAL

☐ INTERNAL USE ONLY

☐ UNCLASSIFIED

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT . CONFIDENTIAL

Memorandum

MEM-006-74

TO : Chief, Domestic Collection Division
ATTN : Support Branch/OSS (JGross)
FROM : Chief, Miami Field Office

DATE: 4 January 1974

SUBJECT: CIA Operative in El Salvador

MURANSKI??

*ok'd
by VEB
Gravitt
pol action*

1. Joe Merola contacted the Miami Office on 21 December 1973 to explain that he recently had spoken with a friend of his in San Salvador, El Salvador. The friend, who allegedly works for the El Salvadoran Secret Service, told Merola that when he (Merola) comes to El Salvador not to go to the US Embassy to see a man named Vermillion. The friend told Merola that Vermillion is the Commercial Attache at the embassy and is under surveillance because he is suspected of being the CIA man in San Salvador. Merola told his friend that he did not know a man named Vermillion, nor would he ever have cause to see such a man. The friend then told Merola that he was only telling him for his own good, and that if he (Merola) were to see this Vermillion that Merola would become a suspected CIA agent as well.

2. Merola said that he was passing this information to us in case we did indeed have a man in San Salvador by the name of Vermillion. Merola has been a contact of the Miami Field Office for some ten years, and during that period he has passed to this office some very reliable information.

Bruce E. Mainwaring
BRUCE E. MAINWARING

MM
NCMacVane:pav

E 2 IMPDET CL BY 010650



. CONFIDENTIAL

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

SECRET

4 February 1964

Chief, Security Branch

FROM: Greg Naruca

785

1. Information
2. Individuals Contacted: Lt. Van Buskirk, Metro Intelligence
3. Purpose of Contact: To pass info and receive advice.
4. Time and Date of Contact: 0930 hours, 4 Feb 64, telephonically
5. Disposition

Lt. Van Buskirk advised that Clifford W. CONNELL, who was arrested about two months ago for illegal possession of about 1/2 tons of dynamite will claim as his defense that he was performing a patriotic service for his country by working with Joseph Raymond MEROLA who has on numerous occasions claimed to be working for KUBARK. The trail date has not yet been set. Others involved the same case: Remer Estue ODOM, and Harold WIDDEN. MEROLA was born 10/9/25, Pittsburgh, Pa. and possesses FBI #4989299. Van Buskirk wanted to know if any of the above are working for KUBARK. Results of Station traces are attached.

Charlie McKay said "Joe has been interviewed on intelligence level, informant type not an agent, not on payroll and not in position claim employment". McKay does not want to lose this source of info. He said one John Alie, French National, trying to overthrow Duvalier govt Haiti which might account for dynamite cache.

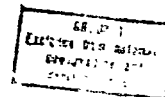
Advise OO. Advise Van Buskirk that the above individuals are not working for KUBARK.

OO advised 1515 hrs 4 Feb by C.O.S. C/O said to tell police Subject (Merola) has been of interest in past as informant - not

Greg Naruca
Greg Naruca

Metro

SECRET



Associated with KUBARK and is not aware Subpat's
present activities.

Varonskiuk ^{advised of above.} advised by Althaus 1600 hr. 4 Feb 64
The Broker said he doesn't he prepared has somebody
in contact from so office, ready to deny claim
of Connell as he intends use this as defence. C.O.S.
was so advised.

From Mitch Lawrence

Regarding Joe Merola: Information passed on to Lt. Van Buskirk per our discussion. Van Buskirk advised that we should have somebody ready to go to court and to deny the claim of Connel that he was working on our behalf. The date for the trial is not as yet set and Van Buskirk said there is no hurry, but he would like to know whether or not we would have somebody there in as much as this person intends to base his defense on the basis of his working for us.

1045

SECRET

I 0100-50 U-1A-95 PAGE 31 IN 7-19

S-E C R E T 021322Z AF 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32956

TO: DIRECTOR.

UNINTEL BYBAT PLV 7-10-77/PODRIEL 2450XER

LAUREN FROM T. J. J. J.

1. AS OF DATE, 12 MARCH 1977 MR. EUGENE M. P. 10 11 P. M., ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND E. LAWRENCE HARRIS, ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, MET WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF FBI AND REQUESTED WHATEVER LEADS AND INFORMATION VERIFICATION INVESTIGATIVE AGENCIES COULD PROVIDE IN ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN ORLANDO B O S C H AVILA AND THE ASSASSINATION OF FORMER CHILEAN AMBASSADOR AND CABINET MINISTER ORLANDO LETELLIER.

2. WASCARLET REPORTED ON 29 APRIL THAT CTE, C I A, CHIEF OF OPERATIONS, OF DISIP, HAD SAID THAT DISIP HAS EXPRESSED DISSATISFACTION WITH THE LACK OF ASSISTANCE GAVE TO HIM IN THE INVESTIGATION OF THE REMELER INVESTIGATION. DISIP OFFICIALS WERE SURPRISED AND UNHAPPY WITH ACH TUNG'S ALLEGED STATEMENT, SINCE DISIP OFFICIALS HAD EXTENDED COURTESIES, COOPERATION, TIME AND INFORMATION TO PROPER DURING HIS VISIT IN

S E C R E T

RICARDO MORALES / 201

TO:	FROM:	DATE:

T 810090 810095 1708 02 IN 1 1962

TOP SECRET MAY 77

CARACAS. DISIP OFFICIALS HAD FACILITATED PROPPER'S INTERVIEW AND DEBRIEFING OF CARLORO BOSCH AND THEY HAD PROVIDED PROPPER WITH ONE PIECE OF EVIDENCE WHICH PROPPER APPARENTLY WAS SEEKING EAGERLY, A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES DELINEATING AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITY TO INDICATE THAT GUILTERO N O V O, AND IGNACIO ROYO, CUBAN EXILES, WERE TO HAVE INSPECTION FOR CUBAN GATE ACTIVITY IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE THE RE-ENTRY ASSOCIATION OCCURRED. PROPPER WAS CONCERNED THAT A MAP INDICATING AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITIES WOULD DISCLOSE SOMEONE ELSE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT AREA, AS THE ROYO BROTHERS WERE PROPPER'S FORMER COLLEGS.

3. GARCIA ALSO SAID THAT RICARDO M O R A L E S, A DISIP OFFICIAL, HAD BEEN SUMMONED BY PROPPER TO APPEAR IN COURT AS A WITNESS. MORALES WAS CONCERNED THAT ONCE WITHIN THE JURISDICTION OF THE U.S. COURTS, HE COULD BE CHARGED WITH UNSPECIFIED VIOLATIONS. MORALES, WHO IS IN THE U.S., HAD GONE THIS MORNING.

4. WE ARE REMOVING THIS INFORMATION VIA THE TELETYPE CHANNEL BECAUSE OF POSSIBLE SENSITIVITY CONCERNING REFERENCE TO ALLEGED ACTIVITIES OF DISIP OFFICIALS. IF HQS DOES NOT PERCEIVE ANY SUCH SENSITIVITY, WE OF COURSE HAVE NO OBJECTION TO REMOVAL OF THIS COPY.

SECRET

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PAGE 00-03

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TOP SECRET MAY 77

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FROM THE PLVKADET CATEGORY.

5. FILE: 75-2-20/3, 200-12-200/1. E2. IMPDET.

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PAGE 21

IN 266922

TOR:292234Z APR 77

CARA 32949

SECRET 292205Z APR 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32949

TO: DIRECTOR, LA/MIAMI

RYBAT WMINTEL REAM

DOC. MICRO. SER.

JUN 02 1977

MICROFILMED

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SERIALIZED	FILED
APR 1977	
FBI - MIAMI	

1. ON 28 APRIL 1977 WKDIET-5 REPORTED THAT RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE (SUBJECT OF 281-2285923), AKA "EL MONO", IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED IN MIAMI A CUBAN EXILE BY THE NAME OF ROBERTO PARSONS. WKDIET-5 SAYS THAT PARSONS WORKED FOR BKHERALD AND UNDERTOOK SEVERAL CLANDESTINE TRIPS TO CUBA. HE SAID AT TIMES PARSONS HELPED GET PEOPLE OUT OF CUBA FOR A PRICE. PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976. THE EXACT REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN.

2. FOLLOWING ARE TRACES ON ROBERTO PARSONS: ACCORDING TO JMWAVE-1302, 16 FEBRUARY 1968, AN AMCLEVE-15 MIAMI CONTACT WAS PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH ROBERTO PARSONS RAMIREZ, BORN 12 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO. PARSONS WAS A BKHERALD AGENT FROM 1965 THROUGH 1967 WHEN HE WAS TERMINATED ON 30 NOVEMBER WITHOUT PREJUDICE. HE WAS USED IN INFILTRATION AND INFILTRATION OPERATIONS AND OCCASIONALLY REPORTED GRATUITOUSLY

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3. INDEX PARSONS, FILE: 75-120-20- 201-0205923.

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The Incident

by Taylor Branch and John Rothchild

How two mild-mannered reporters, on the trail of a Washington bomber, landed in Caracas and ran afoul of the Venezuelan secret service, warring Cuban terrorists, the Miami police, the State Department, the C.I.A., the F.B.I. and the most dangerous man alive—all this, and their mothers didn't know a damn thing about it

Are There Pay Phones in Caracas?

They are on the Pan Am night flight to Caracas, three hours away from at least a hundred murder stories and a lot of steaming intrigue.

"What are our chances of getting through this alive?" asks Rothchild.

"Well, that all depends on who you talk to and how paranoid they are," says Branch. "Our friends in Washington used to be simple journalists and policy analysts. Now they are three-pay-phone men. That means you can't call them without using three pay phones. You call them up and all they'll say is 'phone number one.' Then they go to pay phone number one and you call them again. Then they ask you for the number of *another* pay phone near yours, and they call you on that one."

"What do you talk about?"

"Things like pay phones and letter bombs and whether the Feds can be trusted. The last time I called they told me we would be walking into four nests of known killers: the Cuban exiles in Venezuela, the Venezuelan secret police, the C.I.A. and the Chilean secret police."

"Is that true?"

"Well, it's true that all those people are down there," Branch says, "but I don't think they would be after us."

Rothchild does not look reassured. He does not like the way Branch reels off the life histories of all the C.I.A. Cubans he has known, especially since the point is, always that the situation is too complicated for words. "Tell me," Rothchild says gravely, "did you tell your mother you were going to Venezuela?"

Branch squirms at the cruel question. He wants to appear as knowledgeable and confident as possible, because he has dragged Rothchild into this adventure on less than a day's notice. "No, I didn't tell her," he admits. "It's too complicated. But I think we'll only have one point of danger."

"When's the point of danger?"

"Well, we may get into the prison and get our answers," Branch replies, "or we may get them from people in the Venezuelan government. Either way, we'll know who did the murders and who paid the killers and what other murders they've done. That's what we hope, anyway. If we get that information, we'll be hot until we get rid of it. We'll have to phone it out of

The Incident continued



Orlando Bosch

Ricardo Morales

there and then run like bandits."

Branch looks out the airplane window and pictures Orlando Letelier lying in the middle of Massachusetts Avenue, his legs blown off at the thigh, his torso pulverized, detectives all around. On the curb nearby sat his passenger Ronni Moffitt, her eyes frozen, holding her throat. The bomb in Letelier's car had blown a sliver of metal through Ronni Moffitt's carotid artery, and she was drowning in her own blood. Her husband sat nearby, suffering from shock, watching his wife die. She was twenty-five. The killers were the kind of people who would machine-gun a whole crowd of people in a public square just to hit their mark. They wouldn't care about the others. Ronni Moffitt could just as easily have been half the people Branch knew in Washington. The next day Jerry Ford rode right over the bloody spots in the road on his way to a reception for the president of Liberia; he never said a word about Washington's first gangland-style political assassination. Unwise to talk about it, especially if the force behind the murders is most likely the government of Chile. The military junta there overthrew Salvador Allende with a big boost from the C.I.A., which is still thick as thieves with the generals. Letelier was ambassador to the United States under Allende, then foreign affairs minister, interior minister and defense minister. He had been jailed and tortured by the generals after the coup, then, a year later, deported, and in September of last year he was stripped of his citizenship.

From the day of the murder, Branch had been pondering the bomb he thought was used on Letelier—C-4, a white, odorless dough resembling Silly Putty. Branch had heard many Cubans tell tales about C-4 and its predecessor, C-3. It was the C.I.A.'s favorite substance for sabotage in the war against Castro, and thousands of Cubans were trained in its use. Branch had not been surprised when evidence came out that Cuban exiles might have pulled the Letelier job, but he was surprised by tips he received that they had also killed hundreds of others on a big spree in the Caribbean. God, there is something big going on, he had thought. And all his sources and his instincts told him the answers were in Venezuela, of all places.

It was now October 21, one month to the day since the Letelier murder.

"So you decided to take a little trip to Caracas too, I

guess." It is Hilda I., a reporter for *The Miami News*, standing in the aisle, looking down at us. She is a specialist on Latin terrorism in Miami.

"Looks like it," says Branch, shrugging. So much for the secret trip. Yet he is inclined to trust Inclán, even though he and Rothchild had met her only that day, while going through clips at the morgue of the *News*. The three work out a way to make contact in Caracas. Branch is embarrassed at being a little reserved. Inclán is candid, her face cheerful and open.

Inclán leans over and whispers, "Listen, I think you should be careful. There's something strange going on. This flight is crawling with cops and prosecutors from Miami."

Branch and Rothchild turn their heads in unison, and their necks sink down into their shoulders. There are two young Latin men in the back with neatly trimmed beards, unisex hairdos and brightly colored shirts. There are several men in the front who do not look like ordinary passengers. Rothchild decides there might not be any ordinary passengers.

"What are they doing here?" Branch asks bluntly.

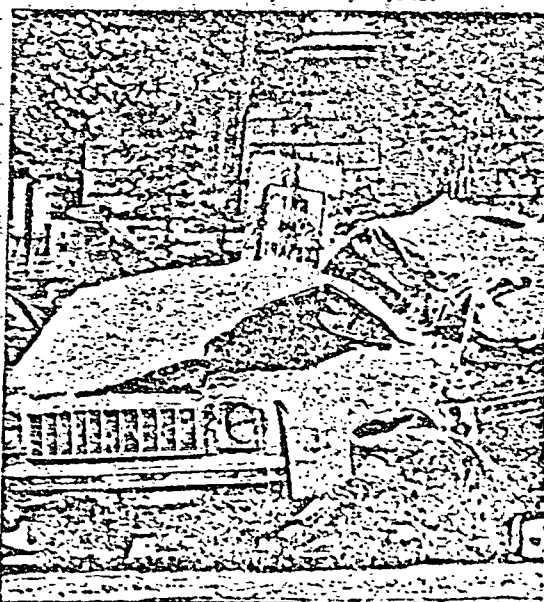
"Who knows?" says Inclán. "I know these guys from Miami. They give me tips sometimes. But now they aren't giving me the time of day. I don't understand them, so I'm going to act just like they are. I don't think you should let them in on what you're up to, either."

"Those cops are Cubans, aren't they?" Branch asks.

Inclán nods. Branch worries. Cubans on the Miami police force are a strange lot, he has heard. The cops want to infiltrate Cuban terrorist groups and drug-running organizations, but sometimes it turns out that the terrorists and drug runners are infiltrating the cops.

Branch and Rothchild exchange signs of bewilderment as Inclán drifts back to her seat. "Jesus Christ,

Orlando Letelier's bombed car, Washington, D.C.



continued

John," Branch mutters. "I figured we'd be in for some scrapes, but I never thought it would start before we even got there." Then he's all business. "I've got to give you a quick briefing on our main man while we have the chance. We may not have as much leisure time as we expected."

Branch pulls down their dinner trays and spreads out a pile of notes and news clippings. Then he pulls out a police mug shot. "Meet Orlando Bosch," he says.

Rothchild stares incredulously at a porcine Cuban man with a thin moustache and thick lips. "He looks like the headmaster of a military school."

"I know," Branch says, "but he's a killer. He's also a pediatrician. This whole thing's like that—yin and yang, Boston Strangler and Mad Hatter all mixed up." Branch eyes the mass of clippings and notes, wondering where to begin. "It would take all night to go through what I've heard about Bosch, so I'll get you up to Letelier as quick as I can for now. The background is simple: Bosch has been a political terrorist—what they call an action man—ever since the late Forties in Cuba. He worked for Castro, then for the C.I.A., and then he denounced the C.I.A. He has been an anti-Castro outlaw since the mid-Sixties, always telling the Miami Cubans not to trust the C.I.A. in their war against Castro. Now most of the hard-line Cubans believe him. Bosch is the patriarch of Cuban terrorism."

Branch pauses, then flips briskly through the clippings. "Bosch got arrested and indicted pretty regularly all through the Sixties. He usually got off. The witnesses against him tended to sweat a lot and forget things on the stand, if they even showed up. In general, Bosch had a threefold operation: first, political terror against Castro sympathizers; second, ordinary crimes like extortion from rich people and companies to finance the political terror; and third, all kinds of wars and feuds with his terrorist rivals. Finally, Bosch got nailed in 1968 for shelling a Polish freighter in



John Rothchild Hilda Inclán Taylor Branch

Miami harbor. He got ten years, but he was paroled in 1972. That brings us to his international period."

Branch picks up one particular clip and holds it in readiness. "Bosch went underground two years after his parole and the pace of Miami bombings escalated. So did terrorist bombings against Castro's embassies all over the world. Then, in 1974, important Cubans started getting knocked off in gangland-style murders. A lot of groups, including Bosch's, took credit for them. The word was that C.I.A. stooges were being eliminated. Bosch became a phantom. Mysterious figures with names like Ernesto would pop up in the Miami press to speak for him. Here's a *Miami News* clip from this period. It's headlined 'Bosch Declares War on Castro.' Hilda wrote it. She's the last American reporter to interview Bosch. Shortly after it came out, Bosch slipped out of the country."

While Rothchild studies the clip, Branch continues. "He got arrested in Venezuela about two years ago. The Justice Department decided not to ask for his return to the United States despite all he's wanted for. That's weird. Then the Venezuelans turned him loose and he left with a bunch of Chilean bodyguards and a big pile of money. I heard all kinds of stories about Bosch being down in Chile with the Pinochet junta there, bargaining. Now the stories jump to February of last year, when Bosch got arrested in Costa Rica right before Kissinger visited. The rumor is that he was plotting to assassinate Kissinger. Bosch got out of Costa Rica somehow, and pretty soon there was a secret meeting in the Dominican Republic of all the major Cuban terrorist groups, which the Dominicans allowed, of course. There was a negotiated truce, and the terrorists united under Bosch in an umbrella group called CORU, supposedly with the support of several juntas in Latin America."

"Now in the last month there has been the Letelier murder," Branch continues grimly. "The terrorists showed that they were not afraid to kill in the United States, right in the capital. They have even threatened to kill one of the F.B.I. agents on the Letelier case. And his fiancée. The anonymous threats show they have collected a lot of intelligence about the agent's life. The F.B.I. is upset. Then, two weeks after Letelier was killed, terrorists blew up a Cuban plane near Barbados, killing seventy-three people. Castro blamed the C.I.A. and canceled the anti-skjacking treaty. The terrorists loved it; Castro and the Americans getting



ROTHCHILD

mad at each other. Then Bosch got arrested in Venezuela again, along with a whole bunch of Cuban exiles. Stories have been seeping out in the Venezuelan press linking Bosch with both Letelier and the Cuban plane. I picked up similar stories in Miami. My sources there tell me the Cubans in jail are almost all former C.I.A. men, F.B.I. informants and a few veterans of the Venezuelan secret police, the DISIP. Some people say DISIP has tortured the hell out of these guys, but other people say DISIP is in bed with them—holding them under protective custody till the heat blows over. It's the biggest damn mess you ever saw."

"You folks wouldn't mind telling me who you are and what you're up to, would you?"

Rothchild and Branch look up at the man standing in the aisle. He wears a leisure suit with a flashy shirt opened to his sternum, showing a lot of tan and some tufted chest hair.

"Well," says Branch, "I'm not sure. What are you doing? We're just thinking about racetracks and Cubans and stuff like that."

"Come on now. You can tell me," the man urges.

"Don't tell him anything," says Hilda Inclán from behind. She is laughing as if it were a game, but her eyes signal a warning.

Branch is way off-balance. "I'll take the fifth. Why don't we start with you?"

"Okay," says the man, smiling. "I'll play it your way, friend. My name's George Yoss. I'm an assistant state's attorney out of Miami." He flashes an ID card. Branch and Rothchild can't believe it. He seems more like a condominium salesman who wishes he could be a golf pro. "Is that right, Hilda?" Branch asks.

"Yeah, but he's being a bad boy tonight," she replies. "Tell him to mind his own business, whatever that is."

"Okay," says Yoss, "I'm going to give you one more chance. I know you're a journalist. Why don't we start with who you work for?"

Branch looks down and notices that his hands have been covering up the news clippings unconsciously.

"These gave me away, eh?" he says weakly. "I'll tell you what. You've got me a little paranoid. Why don't you give me the name of your hotel and I'll call you when we get our feet on the ground? We can talk this over."

"Why don't we start with who you work for?" Yoss persists. He is still kidding, but there is an edge to it. "You may need me down here. You never know. This is a strange country and you guys could find yourselves on the next plane out. I'll give you one more chance."

"I think I'll lay low for the moment," Branch says. Yoss makes a few more thrusts, then saunters off.

"Maybe I was too set on getting into the country on the sly," Branch says. "That sure didn't work out. This fight's like a goddamn convention! Tell me, Hilda. None of the Cuban cops is named Raúl Diaz, I hope?"

"That's Diaz right behind you," she replies.

"Oh, shit!" says Branch. He turns slowly in his seat and finds himself staring at one of the handsome Cubans.

"You must be Taylor Branch," Raúl Diaz says with a smile.

"And you're Raúl," Br. gives him a limp handshake and stumps down in his seat. Hilda Inclán shakes her head and walks off.

"Who's Raúl?" asks Rothchild.

"He's Rolando Martinez' son-in-law. One of the Wargate guys. I spent a lot of time with him in Miami."

"What's so bad about that?" asks Rothchild.

"I don't know. It's just that he probably knows who my Cuban contacts are, and I don't know what the hell he's up to. You see, some of the people who have been telling me about the terrorists are right-wingers and some of them are left-wingers. I don't care about anything except the Letelier murder, but I think it would be healthy for us if we could keep the two groups separate. The only way we can do that is to stay kind of incognito."

"You're doing great so far," Rothchild says. His mind has been wandering over the Bosch briefing. "What makes you think we can get into the prison to see Bosch and his friends?" he asks. "And why would they want to talk to us?"

"It's a long shot," Branch answers. "But Bosch is in a tough spot. The Castro government wants him, and Bosch knows that would mean curtains for him. He also knows that he could get killed any day in Venezuela by either his friends or his enemies. He may figure that his best chance to survive is to come to the United States. What we hope is that he wants to get some of his story out in the American press to force the government to turn the screws and get him back in the States. That's what I hear from some of our Venezuelan contacts. I don't know if it's true, but they are pretty high up. Now even if we can't talk to Bosch and the other prisoners directly, we might get stuff indirectly from the Venezuelans."

"What happens if all the Venezuelan contacts turn out to be flaky?"

"Then we'll just have to poke around," says Branch.

"I have a lot of names. There's only one guy I know down here personally. He's a Cuban named Ricardo Morales. I interviewed him back in 1974, just before he came to Venezuela. People in Miami tell me he's way up high in the DISIP, the secret police. I don't know what he's doing now, but he might be a good fallback if nothing else works out."

Rothchild is encouraged. At least Branch knows one real person. "What's he like?"

"He's one of the most cynical people I've ever met," Branch replies, "but I liked him anyway. He doesn't have any illusions about the business he's in, and he makes fun of all the people who do. Ricardo is an old operator, even though he's only in his late thirties. He worked for Castro's secret police. Then he worked for the C.I.A. as an explosives expert. He fought for the Agency in the Congo in the mid-Sixties, and then became an F.B.I. informant. He's the guy who got Bosch convicted in 1968. Small world, isn't it? He surfaced in court with everything on tape. Then all hell broke loose. Morales' car was blown up. He survived but blamed Bosch for trying to kill him. Morales himself was indicted for first-degree murder, but he got off. He's a survivor if there ever was one."

"So he must hate Bosch, then," says Rothchild.

"Well, yes," says Branch. **continued**

"It sounds like Bosch and Morales have tried hard enough to kill each other," Branch hesitates and then decides not to tell Rothchild that some of the old C.I.A. Cubans in Miami believe Bosch and Morales have patched things up. Branch does not believe it and it would make things too garbled. "It's amazing that the Venezuelans would have a guy like Morales high up in their security apparatus," he says absentmindedly. "I mean he's a Cuban, and he has worked for Castro, the C.I.A., and the F.B.I., and he's a veteran of gangland-type warfare. It's like finding a West German high up in the C.I.A. and then discovering that he has also worked for the KGB and the Shah of Iran. But from what I hear, that's a pretty common background to have down here. There are Cubans all over Latin America."

Branch begins packing up the newsclips. "I'm paranoid as hell about this plane," he says. "We're supposed to get a call at the hotel around midnight. That gives us an hour to get through customs and get settled. I want to hustle away from these guys and make sure we're on time."

A Greeting from Rómulo

Rothchild and Inclán notice a huddle of shady five-footers lurking in a dark corner beside the airport entrance. They must be a Venezuelan tour group, Rothchild thinks, waiting for a bargain flight out of the country. I'm not going to get paranoid about everything I see. But the group stares at the passengers; their suits blend so well into the shadows that all you see are their mirror sunglasses. They look like a display of Foster Grants at the back of an unlighted drugstore.

They stop looking only when the Miami assistant state's attorneys and cops, the same ones who have been bugging Branch on the plane, go over and give some of the men in the shadows warm, Latin embraces. Inclán thinks it is a meeting between the Miami law-enforcement contingent and the Venezuelan secret police. She catches up in the line and says she has recognized one of the people in the police huddle as Ricardo Morales, the mysterious Cuban who is supposed to be Branch's fallback contact in Caracas. Branch is stunned. First he is reading clips about Cubans and cops, and the Cubans and cops start fingering him on the airplane. Now Morales.

"Give me your papers and follow me!" a voice booms suddenly. It belongs to a man in a turtle-neck sweater and leather jacket. A flunky moves next to each reporter in the line. There is nothing to do but hand over the passports and follow.

Turtleneck and his gang herd the reporters into a special room at the back of the airport. He disappears into another office, leaving them alone with an old man seated behind a desk. There is furious typing coming from the adjacent room, into which Turtleneck has disappeared. His dunkies keep running

back and forth from one room to the other.

In about ten minutes, Turtleneck returns and hands each of the reporters a citation—in triplicate. Rothchild, translating for Branch, doesn't remember the legal definition of the word *citación*. He does, however, recognize a word farther down in the document—*cárcel*. *Cárcel* means jail. The reporters are being summoned to attend some kind of meeting in a sinister-sounding room, D-034, in a building somewhere in Caracas at nine a.m. the following day. The letterhead belongs to DISIP.

Turtleneck keeps saying it is all routine—just sign the citation and everybody can get a good night's sleep. While Rothchild struggles to understand the fine print, Inclán tells him she thinks it might be a mistake to acknowledge the summons. It might conceivably be construed as an admission of something, and the reporters don't know what it is for. Inclán decides to try an offensive to get information. She whips out her notebook as if to write a traffic ticket and asks Turtleneck what his name is. He doesn't answer. She repeats the question and finally he mumbles, "Inspector Rómulo."

"That's all there is to it?"

"Yeah. Just Rómulo."

"Who ordered you to do this?"

"I don't know. I can't say. It's just a procedure."

"Why is this happening to us?"

"It is so because it is so."

Inclán writes that down.

Branch, whose rudimentary knowledge of Spanish often led him to offend the Cuban community in Miami—where he would mean to say "what a grand wedding this is" and end up saying "what tremendous tits you have"—is getting a headache trying to keep up with the conversation. "Isn't there somebody who speaks English here?" he keeps asking.

"That's all right," says Rothchild. "The guy isn't saying a damn thing in Spanish, either." Inclán agrees.

The reporters get nowhere. Police keep circling, and an evasive Rómulo keeps cracking his knuckles, pacing back and forth between rooms, thrusting pens into the reporters' hands like a door-to-door salesman pushing magazine subscriptions. Inclán asks him if they will go to jail for not signing. Rómulo says, "No, you won't go to jail for that, and I don't care what you do. My orders were to hand you this *citación*, and that I have done. The rest is entirely up to you."

Inclán decides to accept the summons but not to sign it, based on Rómulo's assertion that it remains in force no matter what. Branch and Rothchild go along after a brief huddle. Rómulo is definitely peeved. He hands each of them a summons in an envelope and tells them to leave.

"I don't understand how they picked us out," says Inclán in the cab. "Especially you, John. You're not even coming as a reporter. They couldn't have gotten us off our documents." The

logical explanation is that someone on the plane tipped off the Venezuelans. But why?

Branch thrashes around in his spy world for answers. Nothing seems to fit. The three of them theorize all the way to the hotel, and they can only settle, like Alexander Haig, on a sinister force. Branch is still sure that the summons will be lifted as soon as he can talk to his friendly contacts in Venezuela. Rothchild keeps looking out the window for a tail.

A Visit to a Small Hotel

The taxi drops them off at the Anauco Hilton, where Inclán is staying. Branch offers to carry Inclán's bags. The lobby, amazingly, is filled with the same DISIP lunkers; they have managed to move their whole scene intact. They are leaning against walls and sitting on the couches. Branch looks toward the elevator in time to see the Miami attorneys and cops scurrying to get inside, frantically pushing buttons to get the door to close. They are as jittery about seeing the reporters as the reporters are about seeing the Venezuelan goons. And the most jittery of all, in the middle of the elevator, is Ricardo Morales himself. Morales is staring at the ceiling, trying to avoid eye contact, and Branch has the feeling that Morales is scared. It is the first time he has seen fear on the face of this hardened veteran of Congo wars and Castro plots and murders. Seeing Morales scared makes Branch scared. He warns Inclán not to go anywhere or do anything—just to call him when he arrives at his hotel, the Avila.

Back in a taxi Branch is going through another run of Cuban politics. "I don't know, John," he says. "Maybe Morales is behind all this, but I can't figure out why he's doing it. He sure looked as if he's in trouble. He could have been making some secret deal with those cops. Something he knows about one of those bombings in Miami. Morales might not know that we were on the flight by accident. He might think we were tailing the cops."

Rothchild is trying not to listen. The only sure contact he thought Branch had has suddenly turned into a potential enemy. Rothchild is petrified by the thought that Branch has gotten in over his head. "I think we are in more trouble," he says. "Look behind you."

This time there is a tail. The other car is right on their bumper as they wind up the back streets of Caracas. "They aren't even pretending not to be following," Rothchild says. "I don't think that's a good sign."

Branch, overwhelmed, keeps looking at the car behind them. "You know," he says with a smile, "this is the first time I've ever been tailed." Rothchild feels as if he is being cranked through the roller of Graham Greene's typewriter.

They reach the Hotel Avila, a Casablanca-type place at the top of a hill. It seems deserted until Rothchild looks down from a balcony near their room. There are people pulling into the driveway in small cars, and they have

Continued

walkie-talkies and revolver bulges at the waists of their plain dark suits. They station themselves around the hotel entrance and even in the flower beds. They have the place surrounded.

There have been no phone calls—or at least that is the word from the desk. Branch paces nervously around the room. He thinks that something he already knows about C.I.A. Cubans and terrorism must be the key to what's happening, but he doesn't know what it is. He tells everything he knows to Rothchild, going all the way back through Prio and the pre-Castro student movement. Rothchild thinks Branch has lost his mind. It is fear, he figures. Branch realizes that Rothchild is lying down on the bed pretending not to be awake, that he has fallen into a stupor. It is fear, Branch figures.

Then a call comes through, but it is not the contact Branch awaits. It is Inclán, who has been denied a room at the Hilton (even though she had a reservation) and she can't reach anybody at the U.S. Embassy. She wonders what the hell is going on. Branch tells her the situation at the Avila, but she decides to come over; there are lots of rooms and at least the reporters can show some solidarity.

It takes a long time, too long, for Inclán to show up. Branch wanders downstairs; Rothchild waits by the phone for calls that never come. There is an uproar at the desk. The clerk is telling Inclán there are no rooms available even though the bank of keys is behind him in full view. He holds that position for about five minutes, then retreats to "there is some problem with you people. I can't give you a room." He seems scared. Everybody seems scared. Denying a woman a room at three a.m. in Venezuela is a serious violation of the chivalric code. The three reporters talk about it, but they can't sit down or move around without being followed, almost mimicked, by cops. There are now at least six of

them in the lobby at all times. Inclán decides she will sleep on a couch in the lobby, and she wonders if she should put on her nightgown for the goons. She sets her bags beside one couch, and the bellhop directs her over to a better one with a gracious flourish; he could have been opening the door to the wedding suite.

After vainly scouring the lobby for pay phones, the reporters agree that they have to make a move for the room so they can talk near a phone. The three make their way up the stairs like Cary Grant tiptoeing between bedrooms. To their relief, no one stops Inclán.

Branch offers Inclán his bed, saying he will sleep on the floor. Rothchild doesn't say anything, but his paranoia tells him it is foolish to give the Venezuelans a chance to arrest them under the pretext of immoral conduct. Rothchild keeps opening the door because of his paranoia; Branch keeps closing it because of his. He doesn't want to be listened in on. Branch and Rothchild are not communicating much with each other by now. Each is worried that whatever he says the other will think it is crazy.

Inclán tries to phone her editor in Miami, but it becomes clear after about an hour of excuses that the desk clerk isn't going to put through her call. Local lines still seem to be available, but whom to call? Branch has his list of connections, but these people are in their own delicate situations and Branch doesn't want to blow their covers by calling at four a.m. on what is certainly a tapped line. Inclán can't get an answer at the U.S. Embassy. Rothchild has nobody to call, and that is one of his problems. Since he is so unconnected with the story, he is sure that the police will figure he is the heavy—a deep-cover C.I.A. man out of retirement from the Everglades.

By elimination, the reporters can think of only one person in Venezuela that they could contact. Inclán has

figured out, from her visit to the Avila Hilton, what floor Ricardo Morales is staying on and she thinks she knows what his room number is. Her plan is to call him directly. It is clearly a desperation move. Inclán rings up Morales at the Anaeco Hilton, apologizes for the hour and begins to explain her predicament, but it is clear things are not going well. Morales apparently is denying that he is Morales. "You aren't Ricardo Morales?" Inclán asks incredulously. "You know me and I know you. I talked to your nephew in Miami yesterday. His family is fine and he sends his warmest regards."

There is a pause and Inclán begins to sound like a panelist on *What's My Line?* "You've never heard of a Morales? Who are you then? Your voice sounds familiar. You're not a Venezuelan. You sound Cuban. Are you a Cuban?" Morales says he is tired of being interrupted in his sleep; he hangs up the phone.

An air of resignation has settled over the room. It is almost morning and the goons are still standing by the bushes. The reporters are under some kind of house arrest and they feel caged. They wonder why Morales has just denied being himself. Maybe all this is happening because they know who he is and Morales fears they will ruin his cover identity. Or maybe Morales doesn't want Branch to reveal his background to anybody in Venezuela. The reporters kick this notion around, but it doesn't fit. It seems preposterous that the Venezuelans don't know about Morales' previous lives, which are talked about all the time in the Miami rumor mill.

Branch paces around the room, trying to make his mind catch up with his fears. He even asks Inclán whether she is guarding some secret that might have caused the trouble. Inclán says no and politely doesn't return the question. The reporters already trust each other instinctively, but the spy world threatens to swallow them up, too. They decide there is nothing to do except try anything to reach the outside world in the morning before getting shuttled off to the DISIP.

Inclán goes off to the lobby for some sleep on her couch. Branch tells Rothchild the rumor about the rapprochement between Morales and Bosch, saying he'd even heard Bosch had been staying in Morales' apartment. But it doesn't make any sense. Nothing does. Branch babbles on until he finally runs out of nervous energy. "Well, John," he says, smiling thinly as he sinks onto the bed, "I was right about one thing. I told you it wouldn't be a boring weekend."

Morales Takes Over

It is five-thirty a.m. and somebody is pounding on the door. Rothchild, a light sleeper, jumps out of bed. He opens the door just a crack, and then the door is thrown back so hard it bangs against the wall like a gunshot. A man in a green suit with a long walkie-talkie hanging from his belt bursts past Rothchild, throwing on all the lights.



continued

"Pack!" he yells. In half a second he is all the way across the room. "Pack!" Branch sits up straight in bed and in the most plaintive voice Rothchild has ever heard him use, a mixture of recognition, terror, disappointment, confusion and pleading, says just one word: "Ricardo?"

It is Morales all right. Branch watches him snatch back the curtains to check the balcony, then dart around the chairs. "Pack!" There is a rhythm to his order. He is moving like a cat, frenzied but in total control. Rothchild feels the energy coming off him in waves. He slips into the bathroom to piss just to get away from Morales, but he is so scared that nothing comes.

More orders come out in staccato bursts—"Get those bags closed! Give me your passports! Give me your airline tickets!" Branch and Rothchild are convinced that he wants to destroy the documents before he kills them. Morales leaves the room within two minutes, but his performance leaves so much afterlife that Rothchild and Branch don't do anything once he has left. They don't call anybody, they don't sneak off the balcony, they don't even say a word to each other.

Both of them jump off the floor when the phone rings, then look dumbly at each other. Branch picks up the receiver, grunts, and puts it down. "All the guy said was, 'He is waiting,'" he tells Rothchild. Branch's own voice sounds far off to him.

Inclán has had rough going downstairs, maybe rougher than the other two because she is alone and also because she is not yet a U.S. citizen. Morales wakes her up with the same staccato commands. She thinks maybe he is going to take her away and have her deported back to Havana. She is so scared that she locks herself in the bathroom and doesn't come out until she hears the other two reporters stumbling downstairs with their bags.

Morales twists the knife with a little humiliation. "Pay your bill!" he yells. Branch doesn't think he should have to pay for the hospitality he has received, but he pulls out his wallet without a second's hesitation. "Pick up your bags! Let's go!" The reporters are hustled out of the lobby, past a squadron of sunglasses. Morales is already ahead of them, barking orders on his walkie-talkie. It is still dark.

The reporters are put into the back of a car. Morales and a driver are up front. Nobody is talking much. Branch is wearing his best suit, which he does not remember putting on during Morales' brutal prodding. Now he thinks maybe something deep in his unconscious had ordered him to look his best. Rothchild is terrified that they are traveling in a private car instead of an official police car. His fear of being officially detained is rapidly being replaced by a fear of being unofficially bumped off. He keeps looking back at the car full of goons that is following close behind as they career down the mountain at one hundred twenty kilometers an hour.

The car is heading out of town now,

the populated areas and into those areas where executions and accidents take place. Branch is desperately trying to make contact with Morales. He mentions some people from Miami that he and Morales had once talked to together. But every time Branch drops a name, Morales turns the volume up on the radio. He leaves it that way, blaring, until the questioner gives up and sits back in his seat. But desperation creates another question, another try, which ends in another mambo blast. Branch gives up on the name-dropping and even tries some spy-world guilt production. "Rip would not like what you are doing to us," he says. "Rip would be ashamed." Rip Robertson was Morales' gun-toting case officer in the Congo operations. Rothchild thinks Branch is foolish to bring up the Congo and remind Morales how little he cares for human life. Morales says nothing. He just gives the radio knob another twist.

Inclán is taking the personal route again, talking about this nephew she has seen, mentioning other relatives of Morales who live in Miami. Morales isn't answering her, either. He is getting tired of the radio. Now he just leans his head over against the door to get some sleep. Watching Morales nod, the fury turned off like a light, Branch's mind is filled with memories of Miami Cubans telling stories of legendary agents who would drop off to sleep just before landing in Cuba on a C.I.A. commando raid. He never quite believed the stories, but he thinks Morales' nap is very effective theater. Rothchild is also watching the nap. Every time Morales nods, Rothchild thinks he is ducking so that the bullets from the car behind won't hit him. Rothchild ducks, too.

After about twenty minutes of driving, the road flattens out and the reporters can see the airport in the distance. Morales mentioned "airport" once back in the hotel lobby, but the reporters were never sure he intended to take them there. If he were just planning to expel them, it would seem that he could afford to be more communicative, more curious about what the reporters were doing, more worried about the kind of story they might write about him. But Morales asked no questions. Rothchild knew from Branch's incessant briefings that Morales wore a lot of hats: terrorist as well as informant, mercenary as well as cop, bomber as well as representative of a government. It might be more paranoia to think he would kill them, but all last night's paranoia had come true.

The reporters know one thing: they have stumbled onto a story that is big enough and sensitive enough that top people in the Venezuelan DISIP are interrupting their sleep and risking diplomatic reprisals to scare the hell out of them. It isn't routine in Venezuela, one of the few South American countries left with any sense of freedom of the press. There is something big going on, and the reporters don't know, as they speed through

Cara whether they will ever get to find out what it is. Nobody, after all, knows where the reporters are, and the only thing on their side, besides some vestigial compassion that might reside somewhere even in goons, is the sense that world opinion would be on Morales' back if they did get tortured or killed. But that's just the point—world opinion was on the terrorists' backs about the Cuban airline crash and about Letelier and Mohr. They killed them anyway. They didn't give a damn.

The car pulls up at the airport. It is less than eight hours since the reporters entered the country, and they have talked to nobody except Morales, the goons and each other. Their best guess is that Morales plans to keep it that way.

Breakfast at Ricardo's

Morales marches the group through part of the airport lobby and then up some back stairs, past the meteorology room and into the tower section. They arrive at a locked, knobless door with a small pass-through window, and Morales has to knock before it is opened from the inside. They have arrived at the goon control center. There is a four-drawer cabinet where the DISIP police file their guns and bullet clips like memos. There is an old couch, a few desks, and in an adjoining room some bunk beds. All the people from the night shift are still there, including Romulo, in the same turtleneck and the same leather jacket. The most impressive new lurker is a character they call "El Largo," or "The Long One."

It is clear now that the plan is not torture, it is deportation, but the reporters sense that the plan could easily be changed. Morales is stalking between rooms, giving orders and making calls, and when he looks at the reporters he seethes with anger. Inclán and Branch are directing more questions at him from the couch. He answers only with contemptuous looks.

No one is prepared for what happens next. Morales walks out with a wide grin on his face. He clasps his hands together like a waiter and cheerfully addresses the reporters: "Is anybody hungry? Are you ready for some breakfast?"

The reporters follow Morales dumbly down the maze of corridors. They decide there is something oriental about recent developments, and they are convinced Morales could show them great courtesy one moment and yank out their toenails the next. They follow Morales down the corridors until they come to a small dining room that appears to be reserved for airport personnel. Branch gives fleeting thought to the idea of making a scene, but he decides Morales would not have brought them here unless he controlled the area. Besides, Branch realizes, he does not have the courage to make a scene in front of Morales, who still has the reporters nearly paralyzed with fright.

Morales lays his big walkie-talkie down on the table and snaps for a

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waiter. "Well, will you have?" he asks. "Station?"

The reporters had figured breakfast was probably a ruse, so they think about food for the first time. It is a struggle. Rothchild's stomach is filled with embalming fluid. He feels queasy looking at the menu. Branch asks only for coffee and an order of toast. Rothchild follows suit. Morales looks disappointed and urges them to eat more heartily. Inclán orders eggs and Morales looks pleased. He orders a sumptuous breakfast for himself. It arrives promptly.

"Well," he asks grandly, "who do you think will win your election, Carter or Ford?"

The reporters exchange the look, familiar by now, that signals their agreement that absurdity has reached new heights. They mumble offhand answers as Morales listens intently.

"You don't really have much choice, do you?" he asks. "I mean, you have two guys who don't have any ideas and don't have any backbone, right? And neither one of them can command anything or stop anything, so it doesn't make any difference, right? At least that's what I get from *Time* magazine."

Inclán tries to change the subject. She asks Morales about his position in the DISIP and gets no response. She mentions Morales' nephew, whom she knows in Miami, and Morales parries the remark. Suddenly a cloud comes across his face.

"What's the matter with you?" he demands. "Why aren't you eating?" He points down at the dry toast, which Branch and Rothchild have been picking at like wafflers at Communion. "Aren't you hungry?"

Branch nods yes; Rothchild nods no. "You told me you hadn't gotten any breakfast, so I give you breakfast," Morales declares angrily, waving his arms. "If you are not hungry, you are liars! What's the matter with you?"

The reporters are exasperated. "We are afraid and confused," says Inclán, "because nobody will tell us why this is happening to us. I am a reporter like all the other reporters down here. I want to interview Orlando Bosch like I did once before..."

"Never heard of him," interrupts Morales. He gives us an exaggerated shrug and a quizzical look.

Inclán shakes her head in despair. "Oh, come on. You testified against him eight years ago in Miami and now he's the most famous prisoner in Latin America. He's in your jail."

"Did he make *Time* magazine?" asks Morales.

"Yes," says Branch.

"I guess I missed it," says Morales. He pauses, then turns to Inclán. "You should not be running around asking so many questions," he says sternly. "You are a woman. Women should be at home having babies and making their men happy. Nothing else."

Inclán is rattled. "I can work as well as most other reporters," she says.

Morales shakes his head vigorously. "No you can't. You are a hundred miles

away from reality." He looks off and says again.

"I don't think so," says Inclán. "I think you are."

"No," says Morales. "You are a hundred miles from reality, and I am a hundred years from reality. You understand the difference?"

"I don't know what I understand," says Inclán. "I know something about you. Taylor says he talked to you about your background in Miami and you talked to him like a friend. He says you were nice and now you are..."

"I am not nice," snaps Morales. "You know what I used to do in Cuba when I was a kid? I sent anonymous death wreaths to my friends. All the time. Is that nice?"

Branch does not like this subject or the faintly homicidal look he sees before him. He decides to make another stab at levity. "Look, Ricardo," he says, "I'm upset that you and your men have kept me from seeing anything about the last game of the World Series last night."

"The World Series," he says, his eyes opening wide. "Let me tell you about the World Series. It is just like the world everywhere: the Reds are winning and the Yanks are losing!" Morales breaks into laughter. Something snaps in the reporters and they laugh, too, uncontrollably. Fear floats out of their mouths and they feel better.

Branch wades in to reestablish contact. "Look, Ricardo," he says gamely, "I can't help thinking this is some kind of mistake. I want to be straight with you. All I'm interested in is the murder of Orlando Letelier. That's what I came down here for, and I want..."

"He's the guy who got blown up in Washington, right?" Morales breaks in. "I think I saw that in *Time*."

"That's right. He was blown up right around the corner from my apartment."

"Well, what are you doing in Venezuela? I was killed in Washington!" Morales demands.

"Because I think the people who conspired to kill him are here. That's what my sources say, and it has even been in some of the Venezuelan newspapers."

Morales looks disgusted. "You shouldn't read the newspapers," he says tightly. "They lie. And you should investigate that murder in Washington instead of coming halfway around the world."

Branch tries another tack. "I don't understand what's behind this, Ricardo. You aren't like you were the last time I saw you, in 1974. Don't you remember? It was at night in Miami Beach, and you brought your girl friend over to the house I was staying in. And Fotingo Silva was there. And Tamayo was there. We talked almost all night about the Congo. Why have you changed? Is there something..." Branch stops because of what he sees on Morales' face.

"You are lying!" he explodes. "I have never heard of Ricardo Morales! This is the first time I have ever met you, and it is the first time you have met me! Understand? I have never seen you before in my life! If you say different you are lying! And bad things happen to liars!"

Inclán comes to Branch's rescue. "I have seen your picture," she says, "and I'm sure who you are. If you're not Morales, then what is your name?"

"I don't answer personal questions," Morales says, smiling, trying to look shy.

"I think maybe you figure there's a little spy conspiracy here," Branch observes, stabbing in the dark. "But there isn't. John and I are old friends, but we just met Hilda yesterday. She is interested in Bosch and his friends because of the bombings in Miami and the Cuban plane. We are interested in them because of Letelier. The three of us just happened to come down here on the same plane."

"Oh, really?" says Morales dubiously. "I guess you are good friends now."

"I guess we've gone through something together," says Rothchild.

"Now you have something in common," he nods, feigning tenderness. "Let's see, what else is there? Have you all been married?" The reporters nod. "How about divorced?" The reporters nod again. "Once?" They nod again.

Morales holds up three fingers. "I have been divorced three times," he says, "after four kids. I haven't seen them in seven years." This hangs in the air.

"Do you miss them?" asks Inclán.

"Not the children," Morales says softly. "Just the wives sometimes. I don't miss much. You know I haven't slept in two years." The reporters give each other significant looks, like shrinks attending a primal-therapy session.

"If you are going to kick us out of the country, you should at least let us call our families," Inclán says. "My editors are going to be worried. We

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have appointments and those people don't have any idea where we are. Why can't you let us make at least one phone call?"

Morales has shed his melancholy and slipped into a new persona. He is eager. "You're right," he says. "I'll call them. Anybody you want. Tell me who your appointments are with." He pulls out a pen in a flash. Branch blinks. He is startled by how fast Morales moves and how fiercely he snaps the point down.

The reporters glance knowingly at each other. They share a vision of Morales hauling their contacts down to DISIP's welcome wagon. We're not that dumb, they think.

Inclán tells Morales to call her editor at *The Miami News*, a safe, serious call. Morales spells out the name letter by letter, as he writes on his napkin like a schoolboy taking down his homework. He is putting on a show. He looks at Branch.

"Tell Orlando Bosch it doesn't look as if I'll be able to make it this trip," Branch says. "He's in the DISIP prison."

The reporters giggle, but Morales deadpans. "T-o-l-l O-r-l-a-n-d-o B-o-s-c-h."

"You've spelled Bosch wrong," says Inclán. "It's B-o-s-c-h."

"I'm sorry," says Morales.

Morales keeps writing. "You are a funny one," he says jovially. He looks up. "Anybody else?"

"Yes," says Branch. He has been trying to think of one of his contacts in Venezuela who would not be vulnerable to Morales but whose clout might impress him. Any name is a risk, but he decides to take one. "Tell the governor of Caracas that I won't be able to see him. His name is Diego Arias. Do you know him?"

Branch studies Morales for a reaction, but there is none.

After breakfast, as the procession goes by a pay phone, Inclán suddenly announces, "I'd like to make one call to the American Embassy." She breaks step and marches toward it, the first sign of overt resistance. Morales freezes Branch and Rothchild with a malicious glance and walks with her, shaking his head. Support goons appear from around corners. They seem relaxed. Morales fingers his walkie-talkie. Inclán gets to the phone and starts fumbling for Venezuelan change and her phone numbers. Morales leans up against the wall near the phone. He looks amused. His body seems to twitch a little under his suit, as if he might need some exercise.

Branch and Rothchild keep telling themselves that Inclán is making a futile gesture, but they admire her. "She's got more guts than we do," whispers Rothchild.

Branch and Rothchild watch her lift the phone from the cradle, but they don't think she has the change or the number. She is nervous. She looks Morales in the face, which is probably a mistake. He stares at her, shakes his head, and hangs up the phone gently.

An hour later, Morales suddenly mobilizes his entire office. Some of his men grab the reporters' suitcases and vanish. Others take off for unknown destinations. The rest fall in around the reporters and Morales leads them briskly out the door.

Rothchild figures they have just enough time to make the ten a.m. flight to Miami that he had seen posted on a board some time earlier. He senses an end coming and feels some relief. But when the entourage emerges on the airport's main concourse, Morales turns toward the exit into Caracas, not toward the planes.

"I thought you were putting us on the plane," says Branch. "Where are we going?"

"To the other airport," says Morales. His mind is elsewhere.

"What happens if we make a fuss when you put us on the plane?" Inclán asks. "What then?"

Morales' face is taut but breaks into a tour-guide smile. "You will either leave Venezuela nice and happy, or..." He pauses. "Or you will leave nice and happy." He delivers the last line with a lilt, as if making a rhyme. The reporters absorb the menacing smile and fall silent.

Several cars screech up to the curb. Once loaded, they take off at the usual torrid pace. Branch feels panic opening trapdoors under his lungs and he leans over to Rothchild. "Holy shit, John," he whispers. "I don't think there is another airport in Caracas."

After racing a quarter mile down the road, the cars turn abruptly into a parking lot. The reporters are baffled by the rush and the short trip but relieved to be staying near the airport. They figure they are headed for a plane from a different direction, but Morales leads them through another maze of corridors and into a new holding room. It has a big waiting area with two rooms partitioned off on the side. The doors are metal with no handles. They lock from both sides.

Morales vanishes, leaving Rómulo and El Largo in charge. Rómulo's fingertips do push-ups on his desk while he looks on, stone-faced. Rothchild gets the impression that Rómulo likes to stare at blank walls more than at people. El Largo, who seems to be a notch above Rómulo in the pecking order, moves into one of the partitioned offices and stays almost continuously on the phone. He reminds the reporters of his presence from time to time by loudly sucking phlegm up his long spiny nose.

After about ten minutes, Branch starts pacing away from Rómulo. "God damn it," Branch spurs, "I don't think we know enough about Morales to make him do all this. He's going to a lot of trouble to seal us off from Venezuela, but it doesn't make sense that he would do it just because we know who he is."

"Why not?" asks Inclán.

"Because," says Rothchild, "what we already know is going to come out anyway if he kicks us out of the country."

"I think maybe Morales is more

worried about what we might find out if we ever get out of his clutches," says Branch. "I think maybe it's the fact that this terrorism is organized internationally. Bosch moves around on illegal passports and has fancy fundraising dinners with supposedly respectable people in lots of countries. He's supported by at least part of a lot of governments. And this stuff looks cross-national—Cubans killing Chileans and so forth. Now look at how Venezuela fits in. It's kind of an entrepôt for everybody on all sides. The government is in a real pickle. It has to get along with the military juntas that have taken over most of Latin America, and it also has to get along with Castro. This country is filled with left-wing Chilean exiles and right-wing Cuban exiles. Letelier is buried here, which is a tilt to the left, but the people who helped conspire to kill him might well be right in the DISIP, which is full of Cubans like Morales. President Pérez [Carlos Andrés, of Venezuela] has got his own little Watergate here, because his own government is tangled up with both the terrorists and the anti-terrorists. This whole country is like a tinderbox. The government is making little gestures to both sides, trying to keep the lid on."

"Okay," Branch continues. "Let's assume that Morales is not bootlegging us out of the country on his own. That seems stupid to me. Let's assume that at least the people in the interior ministry know what's going on. And let's assume they're afraid we'll get into the country and find a story that goes something like INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST ORGANIZATION HEADQUARTERED IN VENEZUELA. OPERATIVES MOSTLY CUBAN. EXILES WITH CIA AND FBI TIES. VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT PLAYING BOTH SIDES. And we go on to say that Bosch has brought a lot of Latin governments around to his position, which is that it's better to trust each other than to trust the C.I.A. Now, what I'm saying is that a story like that would really screw up the Venezuelans, especially if it's fleshed out. It's the last thing the government here needs right now."

"So what side is Morales on?" asks Rothchild.

"I think he's on both sides," says Inclán.

"I think so, too," says Branch, "just like the government. Morales is in the underworld of both sides."

Inclán thinks for a moment. "There's only one big problem," she says. "If they're so afraid of a story like that, why do they let other reporters stay and just throw us out? Why do they pick on us?"

"I don't know," Branch sighs. "I don't know much about the correspondents here. They're getting some stuff out, but my impression is that they cover nine countries and just fly in for the coups and earthquakes. That still doesn't make us so special. But maybe we are to Morales. We know him. He knows Hilda knows a lot about Bosch and Miami connections. He knows that I got pretty deeply into the C.I.A. Cubans. Then he sees us with the pro-

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cutors. That may have been too much for him to take chances with us. I don't know. Maybe he thinks we're C.I.A."

Swords on the Runway

El Largo picks up the three passports off Rómulo's desk and points them toward the locked door like a baton. "Vamos," is all he says.

The metal door is unlocked by El Largo, and once again the DISIP cortege appears from nowhere. They escort the reporters down another staircase and cut toward an immigration stall in a large room that is completely isolated. It is a busy part of the day at a major airport, but the DISIP keeps finding these empty halls and empty rooms to stick the reporters in.

Something about approaching this immigration stall, which is not attended, and knowing he will pass through it and get on an airplane and not find Letelier's murderer starts to galvanize Branch. There is a tiny passage to go through and El Largo is motioning them to walk on, but Branch is having these visions of the bombed car outside his apartment and he is getting mad. The madder he gets, the slower he walks. "We can't just get on this plane," he says to Rothchild. "We have to at least do something." He and Rothchild, and then Inclán behind them, go into a stall—not a complete stop, but they are slowing it way down. Morales might have clamped down on this little insurrection in a second, but El Largo seems merely agitated. He is getting in front of the reporters, pleading and begging, pulling with his arms as if they are all connected by an invisible rope.

In complete exasperation, he starts sputtering threats. "If you don't move through here, I am going to use *the force*!" Two guards go running down to the end of the room, apparently to go find the force, which turns out to be four young soldiers in green fatigues and paratrooper boots.

With the army behind them, the reporters continue their shuffle. Two move ahead a few feet and one hangs back. Then the members of the armed forces plus the DISIP people surround the straggler, prodding him along, while one of the other two breaks away to the same spot the straggler just vacated.

Out of a picture window the reporters can see the plane being gassed up. It is VIASA, the Venezuelan airline, and not Pan Am. Inclán, finally expressing some paranoia herself, says, "Well they could blow us up on the plane, but they wouldn't sacrifice a Venezuelan plane. They don't have that many of them."

They have been dragging on this walk for almost forty minutes now, and they can see the busloads of tourists being flushed back out from their vacations. The buses are stopping at the back stairway of the plane. Then Branch gets his idea. "In here where there is nobody to see us we can't do much," he tells Rothchild. "But out there, in front of all those tourists, we can get some help. Let's go." Rothchild

and Branch huddle with Inclán. They huddle the plan and agree. Then all three abandon their shuffle, to the surprise of the herders, who have been pushing all along. Suddenly they are their quarry running off in front of them. El Largo doesn't catch on right away, but he knows that whatever the reporters want to do, it must be the wrong thing. So he starts running after them, yelling, "Stop!" Branch and Rothchild hit the double glass door with Inclán and El Largo and the army just behind. They all pour out onto the runway to the curious looks of hundreds who are lined up to get on the plane.

For the first time since they landed in Venezuela, Inclán is visibly upset. She rushes out to the line of passengers, screaming in Spanish and English that she is a woman reporter whose dignity has been trampled on by the secret police. The police, who are massing behind her in greater numbers than ever before, don't know quite how to deal with this. The passengers don't know whether to accept her as a lunatic traveler whom they don't want with them on the plane, or to believe what she is saying, which would be unpleasant. Most of them pretend that nothing is happening and go on up the ramp.

Branch, meanwhile, has planted himself on the stairs that lead to the front cabin of the plane. He is sitting down and his hands are clenched to the rails like a Quaker chained to the White House fence. Rothchild is sitting on the steps just below Branch, and they are being surrounded by a brigade of reinforcements; the sword company. The men in brown uniforms have circled them, and they pull the swords a few inches out of their long scabbards ready to hog-stick Rothchild and Branch into the airplane. Behind them officials and police seem to be pouring out of the doors and official jeeps are screeching up and screeching off, and Rómulo has even showed up again.

The captain of the airplane, a Venezuelan, comes down the same ramp on which Branch and Rothchild have been doing their sit-in, and he has a scowl on his face. Venezuela has enough trouble developing tourism and here is his plane being held up and his passengers' last memory of Venezuela will be these goons with swords and blackjacks prodding Americans up the ramp. He steps over Branch and goes right down to the huddle of secret police, where the current brains of the operation, Rómulo and El Largo, are standing. The captain proceeds to chew them out, tell them that they are idiots to pull a show like this and that he will not take passengers on his airplane if they are loaded by force. The security risk, for one thing. If these people are that dangerous, then why should they be flying on his airplane?

El Largo and Rómulo don't quite know how to handle this sudden obstacle. They get a let's-talk-this-one-over-buddy look on their faces and go into a huddle with the captain. They also defer to even higher authority, a beefy cop named Camargo, who is wearing a short-sleeve shirt. Camargo arrives in

the middle of the scene, looking like the frustrated director of a runaway cast. There are now dozens of DISIP men in plain clothes, a few representatives from about four different military detachments, frantic jeep drivers, airline authorities, pilots and ground-crew personnel, all crowding around to watch or take part in the action. Camargo looks skyward, thinking under pressure, and gets his idea. "Why don't you let me go with these people?" he asks the pilot. "If I take them to Miami, I guarantee there won't be any funny stuff on your plane." Rothchild thinks this is a little ironic. The reporters come down to investigate one plane bombing and return under guard so that they can't pull one off themselves.

The pilot doesn't think too much of Camargo's idea. "Do you have a U.S. visa?" he asks Camargo. "No." "Then, do you know what they will do to you when you get to Miami? Much worse than whatever you have done to them here." Camargo doesn't like the way that sounds. He scraps the plan, and the captain returns to the plane.

The reporters aren't sure of what they have just done. They have scored a theatrical victory—just look around at all these cars and soldiers and distressed officials—but they don't like the prospect of lunch with Ricardo Morales. Nobody seems to be running to call the American Embassy or any other outside help, so the plan is a qualified failure.

The three of them head back to the passenger line, where people are still loading, and start writing phone numbers on little scraps of paper—the numbers are of editors in Miami, friends, and even mothers. They try handing them out to boarding passengers. The reporters are received in this effort like Salvation Army collectors at the race-track. Only a few of the passengers actually take the notes, but just to make sure, the DISIP people are picking them off at the higher end of the line. Some passengers even go out of their way to hand over the notes, with an air of having done their civic duty. It develops into a kind of assembly line: notes in and notes out, the DISIP goes collecting just as fast as Inclán, Branch and Rothchild can scrawl.

It is now, with the plane about to close its doors, that Branch comes up with another plan: send one, leave two. Branch still is hoping he can break the Morales logjam and get out into friendly territory, where his contacts are waiting to help him. Inclán speaks the best Spanish and seems the most adept at handling inspectors and bureaucrats. They will stay and Rothchild is chosen to leave. Branch reminds him, in front of the sword brigade, that he is an "expectant father," but Rothchild needs no encouragement. He instantly calls for the captain and explains that he wants to get on the plane. The captain hesitates, then agrees, and Rothchild runs for the stairs. As he passes Branch and Inclán, Branch sticks one page of phone numbers in his pocket and, as a diversionary tactic, clumsily sticks another note in his hand, this one in full

view of the cops. As the sword carriers are frisking Rothchild, the second note is triumphantly confiscated. They don't know that it says "Joe Morgan" on it. The name of the great Cincinnati second baseman will go somewhere into the DISIP files.

Halfway up the ramp, Rothchild senses that the pressure has somehow been reversed, that now the DISIP wants to keep him on the ground. Several cops are following him as if they want to get ahead and stop him at the door. He scurries inside the plane and rushes back to a seat; they are still following him. He has his seat belt buckled almost before his ass hits the cushion, and the two cops reach out as if to grab him, then change their minds and abruptly leave the aircraft. But they quickly return. They tell Rothchild in a very friendly tone that his friends down on the ground want to have a word with him and that he better unbuckle and come down. Rothchild is so agitated he believes them. He gets as far as the plane entrance, the top of the stairs, when he hears Branch yelling, "Get back." He bowls over a stewardess on the way to his seat.

The cops are not through yet. They return with another ploy: Rothchild has not filled out the necessary papers and he must return to an office in the airport. "Are you sure this isn't a trick?" Rothchild asks. "No, no trick. Just a procedural matter." Rothchild tells them he isn't moving an inch until he talks to the captain.

Out his little window, Rothchild sees further agitation on the runway. They have brought up a car and they are trying to force Branch and Inclán to get into it. Camargo is flailing his arms like a giant windmill, determined to get all three reporters together—on or off the plane. The reporters are equally determined to split up. Branch and Inclán keep telling Camargo that they will not move from the runway until the plane takes off. They want to stay in plain view of all the passengers, fearing that the goons will grab Rothchild once the other two are safely out of view. Branch and Inclán keep encouraging each other and making jokes about how incredible all the commotion has become. Workmen in orange suits are crouched in the shade, smoking cigarettes, and several hundred gawkers are spread out in a semicircle like fans in the bleachers.

Camargo tries a whole string of tricks to get Branch and Inclán out of sight. Will they move into the airport, please? No. He goes off into a huddle and comes back. Will they get in the car so they can get out of the hot sun? No. Will they get in the car if he promises they can watch the plane from there? No. After one huddle, the mood changes and several goons swing little brown blackjacks. Branch and Inclán say a prayer, refuse to move and wave ostentatiously at the airplane. The goons shove and menace but then go off again. Rómulo comes back with his gun pulled, looking like a crazed assassin. Camargo soor yanks him back to the goon huddle. The plane starts taxiing

on the runway and Camargo says, "You've won. Let's go." The reporters huddle and say not until it's off the ground. Camargo looks furious and barks a command to his walkie-talkie man. The plane stops immediately and sits in the middle of the airstrip. Camargo controls the tower, the reporters conclude. The game, played by inches and bluffs, goes on for nearly an hour.

Camargo Plays Hardball

Branch and Inclán are spread-eagled against the back-door openings of the goon car, facing each other, when the jet finally takes off. They have held this position for the last fifteen minutes or so of the cat-and-mouse game. The roar of the jet engines sets off tremors in Branch's gut, and he is flooded with relief. He feels tears welling up.

Rómulo is now wearing his gun tucked inside his pants at the navel. His turtle-neck is soaked with sweat. He and Camargo and the head black-jack man escalate their nudging again, and extras crowd in behind them. The reporters, talking over the roof of the car, decide that the plane will not be called back. They get in the car. Rómulo sits next to Branch, and Camargo takes the front seat. They peel off down the runway with other cars following.

"How long will it take the plane to get to Miami?" Inclán asks Camargo.

"A little more than three hours," says Camargo. "It has to stop in Maracaibo."

Branch shivers and asks Inclán to translate the Spanish to make sure he heard right.

"I thought you said it was a direct flight to Miami," Inclán says in disbelief.

"It is going direct to Miami, señora," replies Camargo, "but it is stopping in Maracaibo."

The reporters discuss with renewed horror the fact that Maracaibo is still in Venezuela; they envision the DISIP people paying a call on Rothchild. Ca-

mal grins at them. His lips slant in one direction, and the upper row of his front teeth slants in the other, making an X. Branch thinks Camargo must file his teeth. He inches away from Rómulo until he is almost in Inclán's lap.

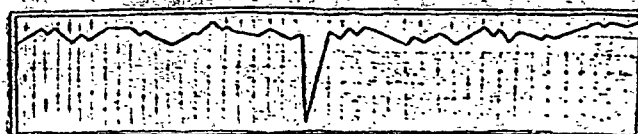
Three hours later, Camargo summons the two reporters to his office after more consultation with Central Caracas. Only one thing has changed, he says graciously. Both their visas have been officially revoked; they are ordered to leave at three-thirty. The reporters ask why, and Camargo shrugs.

Without warning, the session is interrupted when one of the younger goons strolls in and hands Camargo a brand-new Jim Palmer baseball glove and a box of six baseballs. The reporters are astonished.

"Excuse me," says Camargo, who begins to pound his fist in the new glove. He is beaming. He and Branch start talking baseball, with a bewildered Inclán translating. A bond is formed: Camargo lets Branch pound his fist into the glove.

Camargo is now expansive, as if the reporters were guests in his home. He says he knows a lot about the United States and walks over to a corner where there is a stack of framed diplomas on the floor. He flips through them and hands Branch a diploma from the U.S. Army School of Special Warfare. It is signed by General Joseph W. Stilwell, Commandant. Then he hands Branch a certificate from the International Police Academy, a training school for the world's policemen. It has closed after a dose of scandal, Branch wonders if all the DISIP goons have been trained by the Agency; he would like to meet their American contacts.

Rothchild has landed in Miami. He goes straight to *The Miami News* and causes an uproar with his story. The editors there have been worried about Inclán since she missed her check-in call six hours ago. The managing edi-



"Any suggestions on who to get rid of?"

continued

tor calls the American Embassy in Caracas and lifts it off the ground with rage. The embassy promises to investigate immediately. Rothchild begins to reconsider his views on newspaper editors.

Camargo comes into the holding room wearing the look of a man who has just accomplished something.

"Your visas have been officially confiscated," he announces.

The reporters look at him blankly. "What's new about that?" asks Inclán. "You have had them all day."

"Now they are permanently confiscated," says Camargo. He shows them a new Venezuelan seal stamped on each one. Over the seals, someone has scrawled, "Visa fue revocada."

Before the reporters have time to figure out what this signifies, Camargo gives the order to move out. He says the plane is late. The goon squads materialize.

Inclán explains to Branch that they are in big trouble. Even if Camargo lets them go, she says, they could be stopped ten feet outside the airport and asked for their papers. They could be slapped in prison for the "revocada" on their passports. For the first time they are not on solid legal ground. Branch shakes his head wearily and tells Inclán they have lost a round of hardball.

They follow a triumphant Camargo to the plane.

Epilogue: More Pay Phones

On October 24, two days after the reporters left Caracas, Deputy Interior Minister Marco Tulio Brunicelli talked with the press to clear up the matter. Brunicelli said Hilda Inclán had arrived carrying documents that "did not conform with national norms," and that "she was cordially asked to leave the country because it is necessary to comply with our laws." As for Branch and Rothchild, he declared that they "expressed solidarity with their colleague and decided to leave the country."

That same day, Branch was checking with Cuban sources in Miami to find out why Morales had turned on him. He received worse than a cold shoulder, and some of his best Cuban friends told him to stay out of Miami. The most loyal veterans of the C.I.A.—people who had spent years denouncing and exposing terrorists as a detriment to the anti-Castro cause—now supported the terrorists and expected nothing but opposition from the Agency. "If you don't help the good people fight Castro," said one old C.I.A. Cuban, "then we have to help the bad ones do it. There's nothing left but terrorism." Branch was stunned by how rapidly the anti-C.I.A., pro-terrorist trend had progressed in even the two years since he had left Miami. C.I.A. loyalists were now in very short supply. The last defectors were Cubans whose secret histories stretched back to the Fifties and Sixties, when their anti-Communist movement was in the American mainstream. The C.I.A. trained the Cubans to work by stealth—to lie, smuggle weapons, move illegally in and out of countries, make bombs

strike secretly against Castro targets. Some of them were "official" terrorists, who would stoically accept long jail sentences rather than reveal a C.I.A. secret. Now they were no longer official.

Rothchild was back home in the Everglades. On Monday he received the first of several phone calls from a man identifying himself as a "consultant to the government of Venezuela." He wanted to give Rothchild some money to write about Rothchild's background. Very weird, thought Rothchild. He began to worry that his trip to Caracas would follow him.

Press reports from Venezuela quoted interior ministry officials in Venezuela as saying that Ricardo Morales "did not cause the expulsion of the American journalists." In an official statement on October 26 the ministry said Morales "does not even work for the DISIP."

A few days later, Branch received a letter from someone in Venezuela who was working on the terrorist network. It came by messenger and read like Sherlock Holmes: "The key to this thing—whatever it is—is Morales, and the key to him is something you already know. It seems that something he once told you or knows you know will click with something you would be likely to hear here, or would reveal something here, that he didn't want out. Think."

Branch went to see Eugene Propper, the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the Letelier investigation. Propper wanted to know about the Venezuela trip because he was thinking of going there himself. The leads pointed there, he said. He asked questions about the Cuban terrorists, Branch outlined what he knew. He took a reading of Propper and was satisfied that he wanted badly to solve the case. Branch only worried that they were both way over their heads. His worries skyrocketed when Propper asked to see a copy of *The Miami News*, which contained articles about Morales and the Venezuela trip.

Propper knitted his eyebrows and scrutinized the *News* as if it were a moon rock. Something gave Branch a sinking feeling. "The *News* and the *Herald* in Miami have an awful lot of stuff about terrorists," he said. "You have all that, don't you?"

"I don't think we get them," said Propper.

"You have to have them," Branch pleaded. Propper made a couple of unsuccessful phone calls around the Justice Department and said he would get these newspapers from the Library of Congress as soon as possible.

Branch knew what it must be like to call the police station in the middle of a robbery and find its phone disconnected. He recovered and offered to do anything he could to help, even to go back to Venezuela.

"I've only got one major reservation," he said, "and that is the informant problem. You have to rely on the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. to investigate, and the fact is that most of the suspects and likely witnesses are old C.I.A. and F.B.I. men of some sort."

Propper said it could be handled. The F.B.I. people on the case would arrest their own mothers if they had to. The terrorists had threatened to kill an F.B.I. agent. The bureau had two hundred agents on the case. It was the biggest thing in the F.B.I.

"What about the Agency?" asked Branch. "Look, I don't think the C.I.A. had anything to do with these murders, but the terrorists are using their old C.I.A. connections in more ways than one. The Agency is in a bind. It has created a monster. The whole world of secrets in Miami has turned upside down. But I'll let those old pros over at the Agency aren't about to sacrifice their security and secrecy to help solve a murder."

Propper said he was getting cooperation, remains of stuff in fact. Branch asked him to test it. "Ask them for their file on Luis Posada," he said. "I know they've got one on him. He came into the Agency through the M.R.P. before the Bay of Pigs. Ask the Agency what it has about Posada's involvement with a bootleg assassination attempt against Castro in 1965 involving a guy named Herminio Diaz. Diaz was caught and killed in Cuba. Now, if the Agency doesn't have anything on that, they're just giving you a lot of smoke." (Posada is the Cuban detective from the DISIP now held by the DISIP for the Cuban de Aviación bombing.)

Propper agreed. (On a later visit, Propper would say he was getting Agency cooperation but declined to give Branch any details.)

On November 4, the State Department responded to Branch's request for a position statement on the Venezuelan expulsion, which the U.S. Embassy in Caracas had been investigating. A State Department representative read a portion of a press briefing as follows:

Q: What did he (Branch) say and what's the State Department going to do about it?

A: He described the dealings he and two others had with the Venezuelan authorities at Miquetia Airport when they arrived there last week. I'm not going to discuss details of what he said. That would be for him to do, if he wishes. Our Embassy has expressed our concern over this incident to the appropriate Government of Venezuela officials.

An hour later, an agitated woman from the State Department called back. "Mr. Branch," she said, "I'm afraid there's been a big mistake. That briefing that was just read to you does not constitute the department's public position. It is a guideline."

"What is a guideline?"

"It is a policy draft setting out what the people here are authorized to say in response to inquiries. What you have there is what we would have said had we been asked. But it is not what we have said publicly. We have no record of being asked on the record, although some reporters may have inquired privately, in which case we would have responded according to the guideline."

"So what is the State Department's position, then?"

continued

The woman went on to say, in so many words, that State was holding steady at an expression of concern.

That afternoon, Branch met with Propper and the senior F.B.I. agent on the Letelier case. The agent was convincingly determined to solve the murders. Branch sketched out what he knew again. The agent advised him strongly not to return to Venezuela, observing that the DISIP was perfectly capable of chopping off his hands and assembling a dozen Venezuelans within thirty minutes to swear it was an accident. He felt the F.B.I. had to put away the killers, who had come to Washington in order to check the terrorists' boldness. Otherwise Washington could gradually turn into Miami, and Miami could turn into Beirut.

Branch agreed and asked if the F.B.I. was planning a trip to Venezuela. The

agent replied that he was not sure of the Bureau's own physical safety there, and that furthermore the F.B.I. did not have jurisdiction for such a trip. He outlined the restrictions on the F.B.I. and C.I.A. as they apply to cases that are both domestic and international, criminal and related to the national security. It added up to catch-22, but it did not destroy the agent's confidence.

Branch's confidence, however, was low. He was just offering to do what he could again when a call came through for Propper. The agent became excited and asked Branch to excuse him. On the way out the door, Branch overheard the salutation: "Is that you, Joe?" asked Propper. "Listen, are you calling from a pay phone? Okay. Give me the number of another pay phone near there and I'll call you back." #

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INFO USSS LIAISON DIVISION

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AGUIAR, FELIX 6-8-52

ALFONSO-RUIZ, HECTOR FRANCISCO 5-12-39 - Refer to FBI 3/17

ALVAREZ-LAZARO, JESUS ESTEBEN 12-26-49 - Refer to FBI

ARCE, SIXTO LORENZO 5-9-41 - Refer to FBI

BIENZA, ORLANDO 7-21-38 - Refer to FBI

BLANCO, HUMBERTO 4-14-40 - NP 8 MAR 77

BOBILLO, ARMANDO 1-4-40

BRERA-VEGA, HECTOR ALBERTO 7-30-44 - Refer to FBI

BRERA-VEGA, RAUL ALBERTO 7-7-43 - Refer to FBI

CARBALLO, ROBERTO 12-10-38 - Refer to FBI

CALATAYUD, ANTONIO 10-3-39 - Refer to FBI

CALVINO, WILFREDO 2-14-50 - Refer to FBI

CARBONELL-ARENES, HECTOR AUGUSTO 10-1-40 - ND

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CASTILLO, PABLO GUSTAVO 4-28-46 - NP 9 MAR 77

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CIMENARES, ANTONION 6-28-25 - Refer to FBI

CRESPO, LUIS ALBERTO 7-24-41 - Refer to FBI

DECASTOVERDE, WALDO IGNACIO 1-15-41 - Refer to FBI

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAKE, RAMIRO - Refer to FBI

DETORRES, GERARDO 3-26-34 - Refer to DEA

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ELIAS-NAZIN, JOSE 3-19-20 *ref-NPII OR*
 ENCINOSA, PEDRO 4-27-49 *ref-NPII OR*
 ESPINOSA, MANUEL, REV. 37 YRS. 1940 *ref-NPII OR*
 ESTRADA, ARMANDO LOPEZ 3-15-39 *ref-Memo OR*
 GONZALEZ, FELIPE LUIS 11-10-22 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 GONZALEZ, AVELINO LAZARO 11-10-50 *ref-NPII*
 GONZALEZ, VALENTE JORGE LUCILO 10-31-41 *ref-NPII*
 HERNANDEZ, RAUL ADOLFO 8-9-32; 8-9-41 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 HERNANDEZ-RAMIREZ, VALENTIN 11-8-42 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 IZQUIERDO-DIAZ, NESTOR 3-20-36 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 JIMENEZ-ESCOBEDO, GASPAR EUGENIO 10-6-35 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 JUNCOSA-PENA, RALPH 1-15-41 *ref-NPII OR*
 LABRADA, RAFAEL GONZALEZ *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 LAZO-RODRIGUEZ, JESUS 5-7-46 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 LOPEZ-AVALOS, ROGELIO 12-30-27 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 LOZANO, BIENVENIDO 3-22-44 *ref-NPII OR*
 MANSITO, GIL S. 9-1-43 *ref-NPII*
 MARIN-DUARTE, GUSTAVO *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 MARIZAL, FRANCISCO 10-4-38 *ref-NPII OR*
 MARQUEZ-HERNANDEZ, JUAN BALTISTA *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 MENDOZA, ORLANDO *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*
 MENENDEZ, GALIS *ref-NPII*
 MORALES, RICARDO NAVARRETTE 6-14-39 *ref-Rpt to FBI*
 MORENO, RAFAEL *ref-NPII*
 MUNIZ, ANTONIO 3-25-48 *ref-Rpt to FBI 11 MAR 1977*
 NOVO-SAMPOL, GUILLELMO 6-6-39 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*
 NOVO-SAMPOL, IGNACIO ROBERTO 6-7-38 *ref-NPII*
 ORZCO-CRESPO, RAMON IGNACIO 2-1-34 *ref-NPII*
 ORRONDO, CIRIO D. 10-21-48 *ref-NPII*
 PARENTE, PEDRO ANTONIO 8-16-46 *ref-NPII*
 PARSONS, ROBERTO 10-7-30 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*
 PATRICIO, JOSE 7-6-47 *ref-NPII*
 PAZ-BELLO, EDUARDO ALEJANDRO 10-13-52; 10-23-51 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*
 PEREZ-ALAMO, DUNNE 11-32 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*
 PEREZ-FRANCO, JUAN *ref-Rpt to the FBI*
 PEREZ, JULIO *ref-NPII*
 PEREZ-VALDEZ, RAFAEL 12-3-49 *ref-NPII*
 PILERO, RAMON 11-27-31 *ref-NPII*
 PINEIRO, FELIPE *ref-NPII*
 RODRIGUEZ, FRANCISCO MAYAYO 3-9-32 *ref-Rpt to FBI*

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PAGE 01-01

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TOR 1113332 FEB 77

CARA 32190

SECRET 1113262 FEB 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32190

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR,

WINTEL KMSTONE

REF: CARACAS 32143 (HVC-7589) (w/177816)

1. FYI: AMBASSADOR WAS UNIMPRESSED WITH EITHER IMPORTANCE OF REF INFO OR URGENCY IN GETTING IT INTO VENEZUELAN GOVT HANDS. HE THINKS REPORT MAY REPRESENT MORE BRAGGADOCIO ON PART OF RICARDO MORALES THAN ACTUAL PLAN OF ACTION AND HE PRIVATELY FEELS EXCITEMENT IN DEPARTMENT OVER THIS SORT OF THING IS BIT OF TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. NONETHELESS, TO DO OUR PART, HE ASKED STATION TO GIVE GIST OF REF TO WKSCARLET-9 AT NEXT LIAISON MEETING SCHEDULED FOR 11 OR 12 FEBRUARY.

2. FILE: 201-0285923, E2 IMPDET.

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1. ON 9 FEB, THE ACTING DEPUTY FOR ARA IN STATE INQUIRED RE
 THE POSSIBILITY AND FEASIBILITY OF PASSING GIST OF REF INTEL TO
APPROPRIATE REP OF VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT ON AN URGENT BASIS. Y

2. HEADQUARTERS HAS AGREED TO FORWARD REQUEST TO STATION WITH
 SUGGESTION THAT THE AMBASSADOR BE CONSULTED AND THAT HE MAY WISH TO
 HAVE THE EMBASSY PASS THE INFORMATION DIRECTLY TO AN APPROPRIATE
 VENEZUELAN OFFICIAL AS COMING FROM PERSONS OUTSIDE OF VENEZUELA. Y

3. PLEASE ADVISE ACTION TAKEN. Y

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 EXT: 1033

AC/LA/OPS - J. MATHEUS {DRAFT}

C/LA/RR - L.E. BORING {DRAFT}

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PAGE 01

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HVC-7589

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR INFO PRIORITY LA/MIAMI

WMINTEL INTEL KMSTONE

SUPDATA: ERWAOO FOR SOURCE DESCRIPTION FOR WKDIET-2. SOURCE
PARA 2 WKDIET/WKDIET-5 DIRECTLY. SOURCE PARAS 4 AND
5: WKDIET/WKDIET-2 DIRECTLY. NOT FOR LIAISON.
OD OBJECTIVE: J.1. NO INDEX. FILE: 201-0285923.
(NOTE: SHOWN TO AMBASSADOR AND FBI AT CARACAS.)
CL. BY 035133.

FILED: 042032Z XXXXX

IID COMMENT: LIFTER CABLE SENT.

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COUNTRY: VENEZUELA

DOI: LATE JANUARY -3 FEBRUARY 1977

SUBJECT: POSSIBLE ATTEMPT BY RICARDO MORALES TO GAIN THE RELEASE
OF CUBAN EXILE LEADER ORLANDO BOSCH BY FORCE

ACQ: VENEZUELA, CARACAS (4 FEBRUARY 1977) FIELD NO. HVC-7589

SOURCE: SEE BELOW.

1. SOURCE OF PARAGRAPH 2: A CUBAN EXILE WHO MAINTAINS CLOSE
CONTACT WITH OTHER EXILES. HIS RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.
2. IN LATE JANUARY 1977 RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE, A
CUBAN-EXILE WHO IS AN OFFICIAL OF THE VENEZUELAN DIRECTORATE FOR THE
SERVICES OF INTELLIGENCE AND PREVENTION (DISIP), SAID THAT HE IS
PLANNING TO GET CUBAN EXILE LEADER ORLANDO BOSCH OUT OF JAIL
BY FORCE. THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT, MORALES SAID, INTENDS TO TRY
AND CONVICT BOSCH OF CHARGES IN CONNECTION WITH THE 6 OCTOBER 1976
BOMBING OF A CUBANA AIRLINER AND INTENDS TO USE BOSCH AS A SCAPEGOAT.
MORALES SAID THAT HE IS CURRENTLY ENLISTING THE SUPPORT OF UN-

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SPECIFIED CUBAN EXILES TO CARRY OUT HIS PLANS TO GAIN BOSCH'S RELEASE.
(SOURCE COMMENT: MORALES DID NOT EXPLAIN WHAT TYPE OF FORCE WOULD
BE USED TO GAIN BOSCH'S RELEASE. MORALES IS AN UNSTABLE INDIVIDUAL AND
IS CAPABLE OF USING FORCE TO GAIN HIS ENDS.)

3. SOURCE OF PARAGRAPHS 4 AND 5: A VENEZUELAN WITH A WIDE
VARIETY OF CONTACTS AMONG VENEZUELAN SECURITY OFFICIALS. HIS RELIABILITY
HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.

4. ON 3 FEBRUARY 1977 MORALES SAID THAT HE INTENDED TO LEAVE
VENEZUELA FOR MIAMI, FLORIDA, LATER THAT DAY. MORALES SAID THAT HE
EXPECTED TO BE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR APPROXIMATELY ONE WEEK.
(SOURCE COMMENT: THE REASON FOR HIS TRIP IS NOT KNOWN.)

5. MORALES CONTINUES TO RECEIVE HIS DISIP SALARY DESPITE AN
EARLIER SCANDAL CONCERNING HIS DISIP STATUS. (FIELD COMMENT:
FOR AN EARLIER REPORT ON MORALES SEE HVC-7548, TDFIRDB-315//11772-76,
OF MID-NOVEMBER 1976, FROM ANOTHER SOURCE OF UNDETERMINED RELIABILITY.)
MORALES HAS RECENTLY RENTED AN EXPENSIVE APARTMENT IN A FASHIONABLE
AREA OF CARACAS. THE RENT ON WHICH IS ALMOST EQUAL TO HIS DISIP
SALARY.

6. FIELD DISSEM: EMBASSY, FBI AT CARACAS.
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