BOND OF SECRECY

by

SAINT JOHN HUNT

The true story of notorious American spy and Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt and his son, Saint John Hunt. Including startling new information about Watergate and The J.F.K. assassination with photos, documents and the Handwritten memos by E. Howard Hunt from his famous Death bed "last confession."

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HOW CAN I EXPRESS TO YOU
WITH WORDS I CANNOT FIND,
THE DEEPEST FEELINGS A SON CAN HAVE
WITH BODY, SOUL, AND MIND

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN A LOVE
SO POWERFUL AND TRUE
THE MAN THAT I HAVE TRIED TO BE
IS THE MAN I SEE IN YOU

WITH EVERY PASSING DAY I LEARN
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE YOUR SON
YOU AND I HAVE SUCH A BOND
THAT WILL NEVER BE UNDONE
TO MY FATHER FROM HIS SON

Saint John Hunt, for his father
E. Howard Hunt on Father's Day, 2005

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THE EULOGY FOR E. HOWARD HUNT

Ladies and gentlemen, friends and family; a man is not only measured by his accomplishments, of which my father had so many, but also by the challenges he faced and how he dealt with them. My father's greatest challenge was not to allow overwhelming personal and professional tragedy to force him to live in anger and regret. My father met that challenge, and won. He showed me that in an ever-changing world of shifting values, his values are still the ones that count the most.

When I was born in 1954, my father was a young man of 36. He had graduated from Brown University and survived World War II. He was well into his writing career, which would culminate in the publishing of his eighty fifth novel, and third memoir next month. With one tour of duty as a naval officer under his belt, he joined the fledgling O.S.S. Never one to shy from hazardous duty, he made his reputation as a man who was skilled in both overt and covert duties. Papa had that rare combination of traits which allowed him to be in the front lines of the action, and then, after changing into his Brook Brothers suit, could sit and have lunch with the Director of C.I.A. He was the classic C.I.A. man; an American James Bond. He had a sophisticated intellect, a taste for fine wine, good cigars, and international intrigue.

Deeply patriotic, he felt it was his calling to protect freedom and democracy at a time when much of the world was on the brink of Communist control. This did not come without a price: while trying to raise a family, the very nature of his work caused us to live like gypsies. True, we were exposed to the benefits of world travel and varied

cultures; we lacked a real sense of stability and security that only comes from growing up in the same area.

I remember that by the time I was twelve, I had lived in Japan, South America, Mexico, Spain, France, and The U.S. I was raised speaking Japanese and when we moved to Uruguay, I was faced with learning Spanish while attending a French school; thank you, Papa.

One of the most difficult times in my father's life was to deal with the aftermath of the Bay of Pigs operation. My father had been instrumental in merging the various anti-Castro Cuban Revolutionary groups and was something of a legendary figure known as "Eduardo". He viewed his Cuban brothers in arms as family, and was deeply committed to doing everything in his power to get them back to a free Havana. The fact that he had been betrayed by politicians whose only concern was to remain popular, was only a hint of what was to happen in later years.

I won't dwell on the topic of Watergate except to say that for him and our family it was more than a national scandal; it was a personal tragedy and a nightmare that touched our lives with unforgiving brutality. My personal feeling is that my father's deep sense of loyalty and patriotism for this country was exploited by men of petty concerns and vastly inferior moral fiber.

I have some wonderful memories of my father: when I was just a toddler he would allow me to ride on his back as he crawled on all fours and made elephant sounds while I screamed with delight. In Japan he held me protectively while we swam and at times, with mischievous intent, left me standing in waist high water while he nipped at my heels.

He was a lover of jazz and was a gifted piano and trumpet player. During holidays and celebrations we would gather around while he sang and played songs on the piano; in awe of this complex man. For all his seriousness and inapproachability, he had a sweet playful side and a great sense of humor. His laugh was robust and house-shaking. Right up to the very end when he was slipping away, he displayed his humor by raising his hands into claws, just the way he did when he chased me around the floor so many years ago.

He introduced me to jazz and showed me that he could play Harry James' trumpet solo in the classic Benny Goodman swing tune, "Sing, Sing, Sing". In the early 1970's when I was still under age he often took me to his favorite Georgetown jazz club called Blues Alley. He introduced me to Gene Krupa, Jimmy Rushing, and his close friend guitarist Steve Jordan. He shared his love of the outdoors with me and I accompanied him on many hunting and fishing trips.

I remember well that horrible night in 1972 when he returned home after his men had been arrested at the Watergate. Alone at home with him, he simply said "son, I need your help." Of course, I was there for him.

Although in the years that followed we spent less time together, we never doubted the bond we had. We looked beyond our differences and loved each other unconditionally. When he moved to Guadalajara, he made me feel welcome at his home. Just because he was no longer a spy, didn't mean he stopped thinking like one. A story I'll relate to you follows.

Desiring nothing more than a peaceful and idyllic life, he retired every night to bed and waited for sleep to take its restful hold. This was not to be! The neighbor had acquired a prize rooster and kept it on the roof. Every morning before the crack of dawn,

that rooster would crow and shriek! As time went on, my father thought he would go mad. To remedy the situation he devised a plot to rid the world of that "devil rooster". He mixed some chicken feed and rat poison with water and froze it in an ice cube tray. After waiting for the neighbors to go to sleep, my father quietly slipped up to the roof, and using a sling shot, fired the poisoned ice cubes at the rooster. When the ice melted, the rooster fed, and, well, that was the end of that problem.

In the last few years he shared precious moments with me and we often went out on walks; he in his motorized scooter, and me, walking at his side. He'd put on his old fishing cap and we would patrol the neighborhood; the old spy and his son.

He had the great fortune of falling in love, marrying, and having families with not one, but two extraordinary women: Dorothy, and Laura. Without the love and devotion of these two remarkable persons, there wouldn't have been any balance in his life. They were the glue that held us all together. They calmed him when he was angry, and soothed him when he was worried. They gave him wonderful children and filled his life with love and meaning. I've never seen anyone so devoted, so loving and caring as Laura was to my Papa.

The last time I saw my father was just days before he died. His grip was strong and his eyes were clear. He faced the last days of his life with unflinching bravery and dignity; a warrior, a fighter and my hero till the end.

To his friends and loved ones who have preceded him: Everette Howard Hunt sr., Ethel Jean Hunt, Dorothy Wetzel Hunt, Frank Rollins, Dick Helms, Pinky and Barbara Walsh, Ed Dunn, Gene Krupa, Bob and Maxine North, Kappy, Tommy Yatman, Steve Jordan, Pepe San Roman, Manolo Artime, and many, many more; welcome my father and surround him with your light.

To his friends and loved ones who have gathered here and those that couldn't: thank you for remembering him. Papa, you will be in our thoughts and our hearts forever. We will miss you. Thank you.

THOUGHTS ON WATERGATE & JFK

I've always thought of myself as being of sound moral character. As I move into my mid 50's, I feel this statement is substantiated by the fact that never once has my character been doubted. I think of myself as being ethical as well. As with all self assessments, these value judgments can be different than the ones other people may have of you. Everyone likes to think they're wonderful, except those that have a different agenda or whose story comes into conflict with your own. Having said that, and realizing full well that at least the members of my family may object to the story I'm about to relate, I will recount events in my life that have had a profound effect on me. After wrestling with many of the issues that arise out of this story, I've reached a simple ideology; you can't make everybody happy all the time. Another factor that has weighed heavily on my mind is truth. Truth is one of those lofty principles that most of us try to keep in their embrace. However, we all know that when truth hurts, it's best to turn away. But what if avoiding truth creates a deeper hurt? I guess you'd have to consider who you're hurting, and what the stakes are in telling the truth. People say "there's only one truth." I find that an arguable position. Certainly if you tell a lie, you aren't telling the truth. But consider truth as a three dimensional value. Truth would then be subject to point of view. What I see and therefore "know", might be different then what the person on the other side of this three dimensional value sees, and therefore knows. This variance then, brings into play moral and ethical issues. People "see" things in a way that supports the agenda that they have. The agenda I have in writing this story is to recount, to the best of my recollection, only those events of which I have a direct knowledge, and involvement.

As is true in many families, the children of my parents (there are four) fulfilled many of the standard, stereotypical personality traits inherent in most post WWII dysfunctional families. Lisa, the eldest, was the classic dark and brooding teen drama queen. She was the first to experiment with drugs, sex, and rock 'n' roll. For a time, in the fashion of "girl interrupted", she was held in a hospital in Maryland. To add that she has led a productive and meaningful life, raised three wonderful children, would only be fair. Her struggles in our youth were felt deeply by me, her closest ally and friend.

Kevan, was the classic goody two shoes. She was everything a daughter (or son) should be. She was highly motivated, academically superior, never a stain would she bring to her family. She strove desperately to do all the right things that would gain my father's approval and praise, while at the same time, despising him for the very things which made his opinion so important, yet unreachable.

I was the physically challenged one. Born with a club foot, suffering from petit mal epilepsy and dyslexia, and stuttering so badly I could barely speak, I was nothing for my father to be proud of. As the first born male in the family, my father had high hopes for me. I was an utter disappointment. A poor student, unable to keep still, an inferior athlete, I was thin and not competitive. I had double vision due to a lazy eye so I wore glasses. I needed constant tutoring and was at best a D student. The fact that English was the fourth of the languages I was exposed to, and the fact that by the time I was 9, I had already been raised in many conflicting cultures; namely Japanese, French, and Latin American, didn't help. I became the dreamer, lost in my own world, turning inward to find what I couldn't on the outside. I embraced my Native American heritage, learning Indian spiritualism, and I developed a gift for music, writing my first song at age ten. By

the time my mother died, I was just beginning to establish a close relationship with her, something I had always craved, but seemed out of reach.

David, 9 years younger than me, was afforded only the scraps of attention that were left over. He was perhaps the most needy, and in our family, the youngest to feel the devastation brought by Watergate and the death of our mother. At the tender age of 9, he lost everything that he hadn't yet realized he had. Shipped off to live in Miami with his Godfather, the ex Bay of Pigs leader Manuel Artime, he quickly found solace and purpose in the glamorous life of rich Miami cocaine dealers. After years of family separation, he soon lost all memory of the mother that had cradled him in her arms and sang to him softly. Whereas I and the other children have memories of our mother crystallized in time that never ages, David has nothing. For each of us, growing up in this family carries different pains and perspectives. I can't know what it meant to be my sisters or my brother, and it is in this realm that truth shows its variables and shades.

The fact that my father, choose to share details of his knowledge of historical events to no one but me, may seem ironic and far fetched to some. But in 1972, when Watergate exploded, my father had already trusted me in helping him with sensitive and illegal tasks; like destruction of evidence, and hiding large sums of unreported cash from the White house. For me, and a trusting nation, Watergate was the portal that led to doors that had been locked and buried, unknown to a naïve public for decades. The proverbial Pandora's' Box was opened and the ghosts of coverts past were unleashed. Watergate led to all things conspiratorial. By its very nature the Watergate conspiracy was part of a much larger conspiracy, already in place, running smoothly, and functioning as if it were standard procedure. The cast of players, already wallowing in the murky world of black bag jobs, plausible deniability, money laundering, and assassination plots, were there to

be assembled. Fueled by paranoia, driven by greed, sustained by fear, those that were in a position to uphold our nation's values, ultimately destroyed the almost blind trust that a nations people had bestowed upon its government. Watergate was the critical event that showed that the emperor had no clothes. From the coup on Guatemala, through the Bay of Pigs invasion, the assassination plots against Cuban president Castro, the militant Cuban exile groups and Mafia lords, through the Kennedy assassination and into Watergate, the thread that linked all these events was a man, my father, E. Howard Hunt.

Certainly he was one of a cast of hundreds, perhaps thousands, going about their jobs on a need to know basis. Sometimes the left hand doesn't need to know what the right hand is doing. In a business where information is power, nobody has all the keys, all the answers, and the truth that they know, is again, a matter of perspective. Presidents Bush and Reagan both have used deniability in their defense. "I was kept out of the loop." President Nixon was much less successful in that argument. He paved the way for those that followed him into that office to not repeat the same mistakes he had made. This of course doesn't mean not to commit crimes, but rather, cover your ass more effectively. My fathers' importance in these events can best be underscored by reading the Nixon Presidential transcripts of June 23rd, 1972. On that tape, Nixon said "Hunt will uncover a lot of things. You open that scab, there's a hell of a lot of things…This involves those Cubans, Hunt, and a lot of hanky panky that we have nothing to do with ourselves…this will open up that whole Bay of Pigs thing…it's going to make the CIA look bad, it's going to make Hunt look bad, and is likely to blow the whole Bay of Pigs thing…" H.R. Haldeman wrote in his memoir, "The Ends of Power", that when Nixon referred to "the Bay of Pigs thing", he was in reality, referring to the Kennedy assassination!

It's hard now, in retrospect, for me to think how I felt about the events that were unfolding with dramatic and merciless ferocity back in 1972, like a freight train out of control on a down hill slide, unstoppable, smashing everything in its path. I think I must have been in shock, unable to contemplate or verbalize the meaning of what was happening both to my family and to the country.

That my father had been in the CIA for 27 years was something I had learned in 1970 when I was 16. At the time, the term CIA really didn't have much meaning to me, so when he told me he was retiring from it (later, he admitted to me that he was still in fact working with for the CIA, but that would be jumping ahead to far), I didn't think much of it. My parents told me that his new job was as a public relations executive for the Robert Mullen Co. This as it turns out was another front for the CIA. I had grown up believing that my father worked for the State Dept. and this was supported by several documents he had hanging on the wall of his office in the basement of our home. My mother, I had been told, was a retired worker for the Spanish embassy in Washington D.C. I remember the stories she told of being on the last train leaving Shang Hei, China, as the city fell to the communist forces. I had even seen the pearl handled .25 cal. Automatic pistol that she carried, hidden on her body somewhere; pretty exciting for an embassy employee. She talked of having traveled to India, where she spent sometime in Calcutta, and Deli, and that she worked for Avril Harriman, tracking Nazi money through Europe. This sounded all to confusing to me, and my father would have a clearer picture of what she actually did before they married. Once they married, she became a normal housewife and mother to her children…or at least that was the story. I can't really tell the facts from the fiction, and this is the sad part of it all. Growing up in a lie, where it turns out that just about everything you thought was real isn't, and then hearing all this other

stuff about her being in the CIA and how they were the "classic" agency couple, using their superficially normal looking life as a cover for more sinister deeds…all that stuff… I wish I knew what my mother really did. I suppose it doesn't make any difference any more; she was loving, sweet, patient, compassionate, very artistic, and yet unhappy, tortured, and chronically in pain (she broke her back twice). She had married first, to an alcoholic French count of some kind; he was later killed in an automobile crash (who knows, certainly not I). Somehow between the time that she grew up on a farm near Dayton, Ohio, and the time she joined the "foreign service", she transformed herself into a world class jet setting beauty. She was exotic looking; dark thick hair with a widow's peak, strong high cheekbones, and a well developed full busted figure. She was German and Sioux Indian, and her skin was richly olive toned. Much has been written about this incident, and I will expand on this subject later. In the year before she died, however, she and I became very close and she was able to confide things about her sorrows that I never dreamed existed.

In those waning months of 1970, my father had many new friends at our rambling 14 acre estate in Potomac, Md. Set back from the road, the only visible sign was one that read "Witches Island." Follow that up a dark, unlit one lane gravel road, and our one story brick house would eventually appear. We had a front and rear paddock, horse stables, four beautiful horses, a large "pigeon coop" the size of a single wide trailer, a rabbit hutch and no home would be complete without a bomb shelter. My father's new friends would come and go for "meetings" and dinners. Some of these men I would later recognize as Watergate conspirators Bernard Barker, G. Gordon Liddy, and Manuel Artime. Later during the Senate Watergate Hearings, I was called to testify about certain things, and was counseled by my father's attorney to lie about having seen these and

other men. I remember one day when my mother and I went out for a ride on the horses, she told me that Papa was not actually working for a public relations company, but was really working for the Nixon White House, doing some secretive things that had her quite worried. She said that against her advice, he was going ahead with an operation that was being directed at the very highest levels of government. He was now so imbedded in this mess that she could not be sure of its operational security. There were men whom she didn't trust. He had gotten in with people that weren't themselves aware of what was required of them, professionally speaking. "Amateurs" she said angrily. "Your father, as smart as he is, can't see the forest from the trees."

I had heard them fighting at night and I wondered what this was about. My parents rarely fought. I was curious, and one day when they were gone, I snuck into their bedroom at the rear of the house and looked around. What I found was some ID's with my fathers' picture on it, but his name was not E. Howard Hunt. It was Edward J. Hamilton. I also found a reddish wig. This is the famous wig that my father was reported to have worn when he interviewed Dita Beard for John Mitchell, the attorney general of the United States.

WATERGATE

In 1971, my father's work took a different turn; one that sent him away from home and mired him deeper into the quicksand of Watergate. I didn't really take his travels with much notice, he had spent so much of my formative years away from home, but recently his trips were short and there was tension with his departures and arrivals. Later I was to learn that he had gone to Miami to recruit the Cuban break in crew, Los Angeles, to break into the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, and to Milwaukee, to break into the apartment of Arthur Bremmer, the man that tried to assassinate Presidential candidate George Wallace. In retrospect, it's a wonder that my father allowed himself to be used in such blatantly illegal schemes. I can't imagine that someone who holds the notions of our Republic so dear, and the ideals of Democracy in such high regard, would be swayed by such obvious Presidential paranoia. This must have been the source of the tension and arguments that he and my mother were having.

In the summer months of 1972, my mother took my sister Kevan, and my little brother David along for an extended month long vacation and sight seeing tour of Europe and England. Lisa was spending the majority of her time with a boyfriend and I was staying home dividing my time between my band and my girlfriend. My room, which my father had built, was in the basement and when the lights were turned off it was so dark, you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Being alone in the house night after night with my father didn't bring us any closer together and I missed my mother and brother very much. Our live-in housekeeper, an asthmatic English woman, would prepare meals and leave them for us either in the oven or the refrigerator. We rarely ate together or saw each other much, and the house felt overly large and gloomy. When I did

see him, he seemed very distant and preoccupied. I will say however, that my father, when he was home, could be heard tapping away at his old Royal typewriter, in his office which was adjacent to my room. He somehow managed to write and have published dozens of spy thrillers. His books were usually published under other names and for one series of books; he used David St. John. The only interest we shared was music and I remember fondly that he let me accompany him to a favorite night spot in Georgetown called Blues Alley. Politically we were much different; he, in my mind was a right winger, and I, in his mind was a left winger. The truth is a matter of perspective. I wasn't really a left wing radical; my hair was longish and I didn't support the war in Vietnam, but I wasn't out there throwing rocks or carrying signs. When our family was invited to attend a Whitehouse function at which we would be introduced to President Nixon, I quietly declined, stating that I disapproved of his foreign policies. Needless to say, my father was very, very upset.

It was sometime after midnight June 17, 1972 when my father woke me up out of a deep sleep. The blackness of my room was shattered by a shaft of light and my father was standing in the doorway silhouetted by a halo of brightness. He called to me. "Saint, Saint John!" "Wake up!" He flicked on my light and stepped quickly to the center of the room. I sat upright and looked quizzically at my father, slowly focusing on his face. He was perspiring heavily and seemed extremely agitated. His breath was quick and shallow. Talking in short bursts, he paused, searching for the right words to say. In the early morning hours, in the darkness of my room, I had no way of knowing that this was the moment that would forever change my life. From now on, so many lives would change and there would begin a bond of secrecy between my father and me that would last 35 years.

My father stood in my room, suit jacket rumpled and shirt tail hanging out. He swiped his arm across his face and loosened his tie. "Papa, what's the matter?" I asked sitting up in bed.

"Saint, I need you to get dressed and come upstairs immediately!"

"Yeah, okay…what's going on?"

"I'll fill you in when you're more awake…right now I need you to do exactly as I say, and not to ask any questions!" "Do you understand me?" He was firm and direct, and I obeyed him without hesitation. I'd never felt really needed by him before, never felt very important. Now, here was this man who I had deeply longed for his approval and he was asking me for my help! What would any good son do? I didn't have time to think that I was becoming part of a crime. I didn't know that I was to conspire to destroy evidence. It wouldn't have made any difference anyway. Starving for his attention, I did what he needed me to do.

He turned and left the room. I busied myself with dressing, and came upstairs quickly. Walking back to my parents' bedroom I knocked lightly on the door and my father opened it. He had taken his jacket and shirt off and was wiping himself off with a damp towel. Wordlessly he motioned me in and I saw that there were two suitcases tossed on the bed.

"I'm going to ask you to do something for me tonight and you must never, ever tell anyone about what happens here. Can I count on you?"

"Yes, of course", I responded.

"First, I want you to get some rags from the garage, grab some of those dishwashing gloves, and some ammonia or window cleaner. Then come back here."

I followed his instructions and gathered the requested items. When I came back to his bedroom he was talking on the phone. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but he placed the receiver back in it's' cradle and told me to open the suitcases up and remove all the items. What I saw was a jumble of cords, wires and electronic stuff, some walkie talkies, cameras and a small collapsible tripod. It had obviously been thrown together in a hurry. I removed the items and placed them on the bed next to the suitcases.

"Put these gloves on and start wiping everything down with the glass cleaner." "When you're finished, put it all back in the cases and wipe them down too." "I'll be back in a minute to help you." He put a clean shirt on and left me alone in the room. I think he headed down to his office in the basement to make some phone calls and get some papers or something because when he returned he had a small stack of envelopes and papers in his hand. Tossing them down on the bed next to me I noticed some of them were written on White House stationary. He sat down on the other bed and put some dish gloves on and started spraying and wiping the remainder of the equipment. I may have been young but I did realize that I was erasing fingerprints from this stuff. That much I knew. When we were done he said "now we have to get rid of this stuff, we don't have much time…it looks like it's getting light out." Noticing that I wasn't wearing shoes, he said "get your shoes on and meet me in the garage in five minutes!" I ran down to my basement room, put my shoes on and left; turning the light out and closing my door. I trotted through the house and out the kitchen door where my father was already placing the cases into the trunk of his Pontiac Firebird.

DESTROYING THE EVIDENCE

Slamming the lid down, he motioned for me to get in. As we pulled out of our "Witches Island" he turned left onto River Road. It was still dark as we drove silently; my father lost, somewhere in his thoughts. I can only imagine what was going through his mind. Was he making a mental check list of everything he needed to take care of? Was he wondering about his safety? Would he be found out? What were his men doing? How long would they keep silent? He was going to have to get money to secure their bail. They were going to need legal council. A million things must have been racing through his mind and as I drove with him, I too was lost in thoughts of my own. I was scared, exhilarated and still completely in the dark about what was going on.

We drove for about 45 minutes or an hour and then turned west towards the canal. This was a small waterway that served this part of Maryland a hundred years ago. Barges and small vessels plied their trade goods on its waterway, providing commerce and transportation long before there were any decent roads. Now, as dawn cleared the night from the sky, we found a good spot near the edge of the water. My father turned off the engine and waited for the silence to signal that all was clear. He got out of the car and removed the suitcases from the trunk. Walking to the edge, the water flowing lazily along, he tossed first one, then the other out into the muddy canal.

Daylight was shining around us and the temperature and humidity was rising as we drove back down River Road to our house. On the way back, my father said that he had been doing some special work for the White House Last night he had been on an assignment when things had gone sour, necessitating his quick removal from the scene and his abrupt return home.

"I don't know what's going to happen but I may need your help with some other things."

"Okay, Papa" I said.

"Let's turn in and get some shut eye, I think we're in for a long day." I headed downstairs, threw myself on the bed and fell asleep.

My mother, sister and David found out about Watergate in the papers over in England. They called and planned to return as soon as possible. I'm not sure about the time line here because I know it was at least several days before they returned. In the interim, I was to help my father out with a few more tasks. One involved the transfer of a large amount of cash ($150,000) from a safety deposit box in a Georgetown Bank to a secret hiding place in the basement of our house. The plan was this: I was to wait several hours after my father left and meet him at a pre-arraigned time in the safety deposit room of the Riggs National Bank in Georgetown. Watergate had been in the papers and from what I later learned; the FBI was looking for my father. I don't know if this is true or not but supposedly they had a huge man-hunt (no pun) for him. Agents were scouring the world for him and how they could have missed him as we hunkered down at "Witches Island", I'll never understand.

I drove through the windy hills of Potomac and into Georgetown, an affluent shopping and historical site near Washington DC. Pulling into the parking lot in my little Chevy Monza, I checked my watch. 2 pm. Right on time. As instructed I wore a suit jacket and made my way to the vault area. Ringing the bell, I was allowed into the safety deposit room. As planned, my father was to meet me at 2:10 and in a few minutes he arrived.

"Did you notice if you were being followed?"

"No, I didn't" I replied. He removed a box from the wall, opened it, and pulled out a large manila envelope. Turning me around, he lifted up my jacket and stuffed it down the small of my back. Then he said "good, you look fine." "Take your time driving back, make sure you're not being followed and when you get home go down to the basement. Unscrew the heating duct above your door, and shove this in."

TALE OF THE TYPEWRITER

Again, I blindly did as my father wished. I left the bank and headed back to the house. I kept an eye on the rear-view mirror, and as instructed, took my time in reaching my destination. Several times when a car shadowed me from behind, I turned around and doubled back. I thought I may have picked up a tail, so as I approached Potomac Village, I turned into the shopping center and parked. Watching the suspected vehicle make a turn down Falls Rd., I was confident that I had outwitted them. It was getting hot, and the envelope under my shirt was soaking up my sweat. By 4:30 I was back at "Witches Island" and busied myself unscrewing the heating duct that my father had told me about. He had left a three step ladder nearby for me to use. I shoved the envelope into the space as far as I could, and replaced the sheet metal covering. A few hours later when my father came home he thanked me.

We had dinner together that evening and I asked him how much money was in the envelope. "Not nearly enough" he said quietly, "about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars". "I know that sounds like a lot of money, but it has to be dispersed to a lot people." I asked him about the newspaper articles that I had seen about the break-in at DNC. I recognized some of the names as having been to our house this summer. Trying not to upset me, and perhaps believing in the strength and ultimate rescue by the men he had been working for, my father told me that he was confident that this was all going to be resolved soon, and everything would get back to normal. It wasn't clear to me what "getting back to normal" meant, but I was glad to accept his views. There was one more bit of dirty business that my father would have me do for him; the destruction and disposal of a certain typewriter. This occurred on the same night after our dinner. Very

late at night, my father came down to my room carrying an old manual typewriter, the same kind that he used to write his novels. He set it down on my floor and banged it several times with a hammer he had brought. Producing a cloth sack, he placed the mangled typewriter inside the bag. Handing it to me he asked me to take the sack and dump it into the Griffith pond across the road. The Griffith pond was a small fishing pond that was located in the middle of a huge field directly across the road from our property. It was owned by a General Griffith and boasted a huge southern style house at the top of a very long driveway. Unlike our property, the Generals' was easily seen from the road. I never met the General before, but he allowed us to ride our horses in his fields. I remember with great fondness, how my mother and I road through the tall grass around the pond, and through his woods. He must have had at least a hundred acres and mother brought each of us children there to ride. I spent many afternoons there with my brother David, fishing. So, on that warm, clear night, I slung that sack over my back and hopped the fence. Keeping a low profile, so as not to be seen by any car lights that might be driving past, I made my way to the edge of the pond. Without a second thought I hurled the sack into the middle of the pond where it disappeared into the water. Many years later in Miami, my father and I recounted the tale of the typewriter and it was then that I learned why he got rid of it. The typewriter had been used to forge cables linking the assassination of Vietnamese President Diem, to the Kennedy administration.

Within a few days, my mother returned and now she would be the one to help him. As it turned out, this sealed her fate and led directly to her death. My mother, always thinking of us children, took three thousand dollars from the envelope and gave it to me. I gladly took the money and headed out across the country in my van, taking my

girlfriend with me, and leaving Watergate far behind. Thinking that everything would blow over by the time I got back, I was in
for a serious disappointment when after a month and a half, I returned.

MISTAKE OR MURDER?

I returned to madness that I was wholly unprepared for. I knew from reading the papers in California that Watergate hadn't gone away. On the contrary, it had developed into a cottage industry. We had press and reporters living at the foot of our driveway. It was a media circus not unlike those of modern times. We drove into the driveway and everyone would jump up. We drove out of the driveway and everyone would jump up! In and out, up and down! We were virtual prisoners!

As Watergate deepened my mother served as the unofficial spokesperson for the jailed burglars. Nixon's personal lawyer, Herb Kalmbach, hired ex New York City Police Dept. Intelligence Unit officer, Tony Ulasewicz to funnel "hush money" to the many men that whose lives so depended on him. Using codes like "the writer" (my father), "the writers wife" (my mother), "the players" (the burglars), and "the script" (the money); more than four hundred thousand dollars were paid out. How much of this went through my mother, I don't know, but she did have many spooky rendezvous' at dimly lit bus terminals and airport lockers where keys were taped underneath secret locations. She was worried that she would be kidnapped or worse. I know this because she told me so. She felt like she was being tailed, and probably was. I can only reflect that she was an incredibly brave woman. Charles Colson called my mother a very "savvy" woman. She was frightened, under tremendous pressure, and deeply involved in some very serious

business with some of the most serious people in the world. My father was viewed as a blackmailer, and my mother the instrument of his bidding. She was out there, by herself, making demands, playing it tough, meeting desperate people in lonely, dark places. She listened, I imagine to every sound around her…footsteps echoing down empty streets, she watched shadows moving across vacant buildings. She noticed strangers glancing a little too long, or too quickly. She made her way through basement car garages, always checking her rearview mirror.

The need for money was almost suffocating. Calls from lawyers, banks, brokers, and debts piled, one on top of another and another and another. School bills needed to be paid, the car payment was late, and the children's school tuition was overdue. Multiply this by all the families whose fathers had been jailed for the Watergate burglary, add to that the need for repayment and good faith gestures, and you can begin to see what kind of pressure she was under. I saw in her face such utter depression, such loss of hope, such fear and anger. Oh, the anger, the resentment, and the bitterness! She suffered from severe pain due to having broken her back twice. She worried about her weight gain, and suffered from diabetes. She had spoken to me several times of divorcing my father, and just when she had planned to make the break, this had happened. This Watergate; like an iron chain tied around her neck. The weight of the world was attached and kept her from her freedom. She had to stay now. She couldn't leave her husband at a time like this. So, she endured. More than enduring through struggle, she fought it tooth and nail. She rose to the challenge and faced all the pressures and demons of the nation's angst. Yet, throughout all of it, she tried her best to keep a smile for her children. She never lashed out, never grew impatient, never withdrew. On the contrary, she reached out even more. I don't know if she knew the end was near, but she worked at being our friend. To each

of us, we will always have the memory of stolen moments, of shared secrets, and deep conversations. This was a new woman to us; she opened up about herself and her dreams and losses. She had suffered through ten pregnancies; six babies died in miscarriage, and four babies lived.

By December 1972, time seemed to have run out. My parents had made a desperate play to gain back control of their lives and those of the loyal Cubans. The "writer and his wife" had made a final demand to the President of the United States; pay up, or we're going to blow this whole thing right up in your face. They had the evidence to link the President to the Watergate scandal, and perhaps, it is theorized to deeper and darker things. Nixon quoted on the tapes, wanted to pay off Hunt at all costs. He figured it might cost "a million in cash". "We could get our hands on that kind of money" he said. On December 8th, 1972, she boarded United Airlines flight 553 scheduled to take off from Dulles Airport, non-stop to O'Hare airport in Chicago. The purpose of this flight has generated a lot of controversy. The facts are that she was to meet with the husband of her cousin, a man named Harold Carlstead, who owned two Holiday Inns in the Chicago area. That she was delivering a large sum of money is also fact. That some of the bills could be directly traced to the Committee to Re-Elect the President is fact. That she also carried with her almost two million dollars in American Express money orders, travelers checks, and postal money orders has been testified to before the National Transportation Safety Board during the re-opened Watergate plane crash hearings, June 13-14, 1973, is also fact. That United Flight 553 never made it to O'hare airport, is also fact.
As the big jet closed in on its' destination, the pilot received a call to divert the plane and land on the little used, and much poorer equipped Midway airport. As it approached the

outer markers to land, they flicked off and mysteriously the pilot was not able to communicate with the tower. Missing the landing strip, the plane tore into the surrounding houses, demolishing several, and came to rest amid huge fires and pieces of wing and metal housing strewn in a debris field which some have likened to a scene of total destruction and absolute hell. Miraculously, the outer markers were in perfect working order moments after the crash. The radio control tower also seemed to have suddenly started working again. What's even more remarkable is that within minutes there were 50 FBI agents at the crash site. The fire department was called within a minute and a half of the crash and yet when they arrived, they were told to stand down until the FBI was finished in their search. What were they searching for? The nearest FBI field office was twelve miles away. How could there be 50 agents at the crash site in such a short amount of time. On June 13, 1973, Chairman John Reed of the NTSB told the House Government Activities Sub-Committee that he personally sent a letter to the FBI saying a) never in living memory had the FBI acted as in the flight 553 crash; b) with what authority did they act under(they later said air piracy) and that c) before the NTSB investigators could do so, the FBI conducted 26 interviews related to the crash within 20 hours of the crash and that an FBI agent had gone into the tower immediately after the crash and confiscated the tape recording relating to the flight.

On December 9, 1972, just one day after the crash, Nixon White House aid Egil Krogh was appointed by Nixon as Undersecretary of Transportation, supervising the NTSB and FAA, the two agencies investigating the crash. Also on Dec. 9, White House Deputy Assistant to Nixon, Alex Butterfield, was appointed the new head of the FAA. Five weeks after the crash another of Nixon's men Dwight Chapin, became a top executive at United Airlines. Am I to believe that all these facts are just mere random coincidences?

I could see perhaps one or two intriguing things which might seem a little curious. But all of this as well as testimony from eye witnesses on the ground that said that the plane seemed to explode before it hit tree top level! I was taught that if something is too good to be true, it usually isn't. To quote something else; if it smells like smoke, there's probably a fire. This is perhaps one of the greatest mysteries of Watergate. I call upon, I demand that this be reopened, and using our modern technology, the case be re-investigated for possible sabotage; at the very least for cover-up.

THE END OF 'WITCHES ISLAND'

The loss brought about by my mothers' death was almost unbearable. My father was being held in various jails, and at best we only spoke with him briefly over the phone. When we could, we visited him in jail. Without any experience in living on our own, Lisa, David and I did the best we could. One day, lawyers came to" Witches Island" and told us we would have to move out in 60 days. The house needed to be sold to pay attorney fees and we should start packing and looking for somewhere to live. If things weren't bad enough already, my father had some kind of a stroke after being attacked in D.C. Jail. We worried that he wouldn't make it and for a time, he was put on suicide watch. Lisa and I packed up the house as best as we could; it was so hard to do, with so many memories of our mother and the life we had as a family that lay among the empty boxes and cartons that littered the loveless house. Lisa, fragile and waif like, cried endlessly, and nothing I could say or do would console her. We tried to cheer each other up by talking about how we'd find a lovely small house. Lisa was adamant about living near a certain bridge in Kensington. She was vulnerable and unprotected, with nerves strung tightly by lack of sleep and too much worry. We did our best to take care of little David, only 9 years old; so young and so lost. I think he may have suffered the most in his life. With so much sadness around us we became inseparable and one afternoon Lisa came home after house hunting, shouting with joy; "I found it, I found it, our perfect little home!" We danced and held each other shouting "we found a home, we found a home."

That joy was fleeting: attorneys came and took David away. The only explanation they gave was that they (my father) felt it would be a better environment for him if he moved in with his God parents in Miami. This would prove to be a huge

mistake: Miami would soon be the cocaine capital of the world, and David was right smack in the middle of it. He would be raised with few good influences and no real love. Now living alone and feeling betrayed by everyone, Lisa and I stayed alone in the house. We kept the lights low at night, and sat up late talking and crying, holding on to nothing but each other and the darkness that enveloped the Witches Island.

In 1974 we appeared together in support of our jailed father at the Senate Watergate Hearings. Our pictures, splashed across the front pages of newspapers worldwide, showed us embracing the very man that had inadvertently destroyed everything in our lives. We finally did find our little house and tried to put things back together but nothing would, nothing could be the same. The warm afterglow that was the memory of our mother stayed with us and we felt her spirit everywhere. Lisa and I would faithfully visit her grave; first, every weekend, later; every month, and slowly, we left her alone. She rests is a small cemetery near Potomac, Maryland; the pastures and woods that she so loved to ride through have all been built over; shopping malls and parking lots. No one has been to see her in decades. It's sad to me. The truth is that it's just a stone with a name carved on it. She lives in my heart and soul and in my dreams, I see her sometimes, and I know I will see her again.

THE OUTLAW LIFE

As the rest of the world was consumed by Watergate, I was consuming drugs. First, when my father went to prison, I stole his bottles of Quaaludes and obliterated the anguish of the loss of my Mother with heavy doses of the hypnotic. I have a photograph that someone took at the house I shared in Kensington, Md. with my sister Lisa. In the photo I can be seen, passed out under the coffee table in our living room. Friends who I still am in touch with still remember how often they picked me up off the floor and lay me out on the couch. This could only have lasted a month or two because soon my fathers stash ran out. As I recall, he had quite a few bottles.

As a child, my father freely offered drugs as an answer to various needs I may have had. If I was tired, he'd offer me half of a Dexedrine tablet. If I was restless, he'd offer me some Librium or Valium. So it was a natural progression to turn to drugs. My parents weren't boozers, aside from all the cocktail parties; otherwise I may have had a drinking problem. That's one area that I've never had experience with. Alas, there is still time.

I started taking LSD when I moved to Wisconsin. I read the TAO TE CHING by LAO TZU, and dropped acid with my girlfriend and band mates. We were young and the whole world was an experiment. We found a source for the highest quality 'window pane' acid and brokered a deal in Milwaukee. We traded an eighteen wheel flat bed truck worth of aged barn boards, for a candy jar full of the finest, purest and strongest four-way OWSLEY ACID in the country. We took the drug religiously and while the summer nights were warm and the sound of mosquitoes rang in the air, we sat on top of a high hill overlooking our farm house and watched the scenery dissolve into liquid beauty. An

average trip lasted 12 to 18 hours. I 'traveled' thousands of inner miles and I don't think I came down for two years. There are many unbelievable stories I have about LSD ghosts and entities. Timothy Leary would have been proud of me!

From Wisconsin's natural beauty, I moved with my band and girlfriend to Oakland Ca. The acid was all gone and Cocaine was the rage. Like everybody else, I started experimenting with street grade cocaine and found it an unproductive drug. Still, it was fashionable. It wasn't until my brother David moved out to live with me in Concord, Ca. that I first tried high grade Peruvian flake. What a difference! David had been busy at his prep school running cocaine and call girls to his school mates. He had limos parked outside of his dorm on a 24 hr. standby service. He wasn't even eighteen yet! There are some incredible tales of drug excess and endless days of sex from those crazy times. David and I were a toxic and dangerous combination together. We pushed each other on into deeper and darker corners of abuse, neither one wanting to surface and deal with the issues that propelled us into that downward spiral. I'm sure we came as close to death as anyone can. Throughout this time, David had a series of girlfriends, and I was hooked up with some very young sisters. I had met them on the streets of Berkeley and invited them out to our house. After the three of us had sex, we never left each others' company. We went everywhere together and did everything together. The girls' appetite for fun and games would have crippled most men. Cocaine fueled or sex marathons and sometimes if I was too wasted from all the partying, I would invite my brother to take over as sex master of these two nymphs. The stories we can tell would surely deserve an XXX rating. One memory I will share, is the time I took the girls to an exclusive Italian restaurant in Concord called Lou Micco's. This was a very expensive and highbrow place. We snorted cocaine on the table during dinner and for dessert, one

of the girls crawled under the table and proceeded to fellate me while the waiters and service people stood around and tried to shield it from other customers. I think the hundred dollar tips I was giving helped. David and I could be found many times at the 'Peppermill' lounge, drinking Long Island ice teas and snorting coke.

Eventually the glamour of cocaine wore off. David had moved into his own place and was doing big deals in the coke world. He had his Miami connection; Cubans and Columbians. As the world watched 'Scarface', David lived it. He was a big spender. He had lawyers and entertainment stars as clients. He flew coast to coast setting up deals and raking in the money. He carried a gun and had weapons stashed all over the place. One time as he got into my 1965 Mustang, his 9mm. went off and shot a hole clean through the drive shaft. We both kept an arsenal which included police style sawed off shotguns with clips, semi automatic weapons, nunchakas, shuriken throwing stars, and a variety of knives and lethal weapons.

The next drug of choice for me was Meth. This was like discovering dynamite after playing with fire crackers. Meth was like high octane jet fuel compared to Kerosene. I soon followed in David's footsteps and built a lucrative Meth business in the Bay Area. I didn't favor the image of high roller, instead favoring a much lower profile. Over the years, I dealt an average of several pounds of 90% pure Meth a month. At one time I was moving at least a pound a week. I had two partners that were hard core bikers. Their names were 'Dirty Dan' and Big Don. They rode BMW's and were not associated with the Hell's Angels. We did, however by and sell to the Angel's numerous times over the years. They never bothered us and we respected who they were. We dealt straight and never fucked anyone or burned them. We had our own lab which at one time produced as much as 300 lbs. After years of successful outlaw living I was eventually

busted. I lived through an attempt on my life as the result of an inside betrayal. Briefly, I was set up to be robbed. The gangsters came to my home and beat me until I was almost unconscious. They dragged me into my house, tied me up, and prepared to torture me with boiling water if I didn't reveal the location of my drug stash. Before they could get the info out of me, Big Don came to my door and let himself in. Seeing me tied and beaten, he whipped out his 45 and fired shots. The thieves ran through the house as Donny fired at them. Later we determined who they were and Dirty Dan and Big Don sent one of them to the hospital severely beaten. The other was arrested for unrelated robbery and drug charges and went to San Quentin. I was never comfortable with the enforcement end of the drug business, so I left that part of it to my partners. I heard stories from them that would curl your toes! I was a Meth addict until 2001 when I changed my whole life. I quit drugs, dealing and took my family away from the Bay Area and all the reminders of that outlaw life.

PICTURE ON A POSTER

My father served 33 months in federal prison with the longest stretch at Danbury, Conn. Frank Sturgis, the Cuban freedom fighter, arch nemesis of Castro, plotter in assassination attempt, and co-conspirator in Watergate served his sentence at Danbury as well. It was after my fathers' incarceration that the first accusations surfaced allegedly linking him and Sturgis to the murder of President Kennedy. I remember quite well how I first heard of this.

I had moved to Oakland California and got a job driving a delivery truck for a local bakery. I stopped by a payphone on my route and as I was dialing the number something caught my eye. A familiar face stared at me from a crudely printed poster on a phone pole. It was my fathers face! His was among several on a poster that read "CIA KILLED JFK". I dropped the phone and carefully removed the poster. Back in my delivery van, I looked at what it said. Below the large heading, it showed six photos; my fathers, Frank Sturgis', and a third I didn't recognize. Below my fathers picture was the picture of someone who looked exactly like my father, only older and dirty. Below Sturgis' picture was one of someone who looked a lot like Frank except older, and the third man had the same photo of him, but from a different angle. The type below the photos proclaimed E.Howard Hunt; convicted Watergate burglar and CIA assassin in 1974 and in Dealey Plaza in 1963. The poster advertised for a lecture the following day in San Francisco by Dick Gregory and was sponsored by a group calling themselves the JFK Investigating Committee or something like that. I was in shock! I could barely make it through the rest of my route. I didn't know what to think! I felt sick to my stomach. I couldn't believe something this bad could be happening to my family again!

Hadn't we paid enough? Hadn't my mother died for the sins of my father? Why would these people think such a thing? Where would it all end?

One of the first thoughts that occurred to me after I settled down was to think back and try and remember what happened the day Kennedy was shot. Surely this would clear up the question and perhaps I could attend the lecture and clear my fathers' name. As I thought about it, I felt a slow creeping illness overtake me. I remember very well that I was 9 years old and in the fifth grade at Brookmont Elementary School. I remember that they announced the news over the loudspeaker and subsequently the students were sent home. I can't remember how I got home; I may have been picked up, or taken the bus, but when I got home I remember my mother was there and she was very upset. I tried to picture my father but couldn't. Then like a bullet exploding in my brain, I remember my mother telling me that father had been to Dallas! I can't place the exact time she told me or if she was speaking in reference to the assassination, but I clearly recall her telling me this around that time period. It may have been before, but I also remembered something strangely coincidental; my father elected to have some sort of plastic surgery done to reduce the size and change the shape of his ears. In my mind these events occurred roughly at the same time. I looked at the poster, studying it over and over again. I thought of going to the lecture but chickened out. I didn't want to know any more details or speculations. The photos of the tramps, especially the one that was supposed to be my father looked amazingly like him. He has a very distinct nose and

the shape of his mouth is very unique. I felt strongly that this could be him. Now, years later, we all know that the true identity of these tramps has been discovered due to the diligent research of devoted Kennedy assassination researchers. But for years, the accusations went on and on. Still, some feel that my father has never told all of what he knows regarding this tragic chapter in our history.

My father has always maintained that he was never involved in the assassination and never knew of anyone who was involved. He firmly believed that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone and without any involvement from any intelligence agency with the exception of the KGB. This is laughable; anyone who's read the CIA's own reports knows that Oswald had connections to the CIA and the FBI. The fact that he defected to Russia at the height of the cold war, and then returned is reason enough to draw suspicions to him. I wrote my father a letter asking him about the poster and its' accusations. He wrote back to me and said that "as you well know, I was at home that day, and we watched the news broadcasting the unfortunate events until late in the evening when you children went to bed." "I was in the house all day." Later, under oath he would change this story several times. He testified under oath that he had actually been at work that day. He left the CIA office and drove home early. Later he changed it again, saying that he had stopped by his favorite Chinese grocery store to purchase some items for a home cooked meal. Still, he maintained that he was with his children throughout most of the day. When asked what the name of his favorite Chinese store was, he couldn't remember. He did offer that it was located on a certain street in china town in Washington D.C. when investigators checked all the Chinese stores in that city; none were close to that location. My father testified that he had been seen at work that day by one of his co-workers, yet when that co-worker was cross examined, he could not

specifically recall seeing my father, he only thought he might have seen him. How could a man whose life was in the intelligence business not be able to recall, without fail, where he was and what he did on the day that the President of the United States was murdered? How is that possible? Why did he change his story so many times? If his children were his alibi, why wouldn't his defense team call us to testify for him? This could have put the whole matter to rest once and for all! Why? Because it was a lie; I was at our home that day, and I never saw my father. That's not saying that he murdered the president, but it does serve to underline the life of lies and plausible deniability that was our life. I never spoke to my father about these outrageous contradictions, and he never addressed this topic…at least not until later…years later.

SUMMER 2002 – 2003

In the summer of 2002 I learned that after being hospitalized for many months, my father was still very sick, weak and in need of a leg amputation. His prognosis was poor and he was resisting the idea of being without one of his legs. He was suffering from vascular degeneration in his left leg, and although he'd had several operations already, nothing could save his gangrenous limb. My brother David had been staying at the house in Miami and trading shifts with Laura, my father's wife, at the hospital. She had practically been living there and was near exhaustion. David was due to fly to Las Vegas for a new job, and I decided it was time to see my father before his condition worsened. If he refused the amputation he would surely be dead. Embittered by the past, emotionally estranged to his eldest daughters, and not wishing to be a burden to Laura, he was tired and unable to cope with the challenge that amputation would present. I understood this, and wouldn't have blamed him if he chose death. He had after all, lived a long and fruitful life, albeit notorious at times.

I found a two for one flight on Southwest and decided to bring my four year old son Travis to meet his infamous grandfather. This might be the only opportunity to do so and I hoped seeing the youngest member of our family might cheer him up enough to reconsider his situation. Arriving in Miami, David picked us up and we had a brief reunion of our own. The next day Laura drove us to the hospital and said that although very weak, Papa was excited about seeing me and meeting his grandson. At the hospital, Laura waited in the hallway with Travis, and I walked into the dimly lit room. I was shocked by his appearance. He was emaciated and his breathing was slow and labored. The skin on his face sagged as if he were already dead. I walked quietly over to his

bedside and sat down. I was overwhelmed by his terrible condition as I fought to gain control of my emotions. "Papa", I placed my hand in his, squeezing it gently. "Papa, its Saint John." He opened his eyes slowly and I felt him grip my hand.

"Saint, it's so good to see you. Laura told me you were coming." His voice was weak but his grip was stronger than I expected.

"Papa, I'm so sorry this is happening to you."

"You know about my leg?" "They want to take it off."

"I know...Laura told me." He pulled back the sheet and revealed his damaged leg. There was a huge scar; from his ankle to his groin, and his leg was swollen and purple. "Oh Jesus" I said. I held his hand and spoke very quietly into his ear; my face pressed against his. "Papa, you are the patriarch of this family. You are deeply loved and needed by all your children. Losing you would be catastrophic for all of us and we just need you and love you so much. I know this is hard but you've had hard times before. You're the rock of Gibraltar and I don't think that Mama would want you to leave us yet. There's so many things that we haven't said or talked about". I could feel the wetness of his tears against my cheek and I began to cry. As our tears intermingled, he gripped my hand in an embrace that sought to end all the anguish that had been the focus of our life. "I love you so much Papa," I said softly into his ear.

"I love you too son." As his grip weakened, I sat up and said "Papa, there's someone I want you to meet." "Travis" I called out. "Travis, come here and meet your grandpapa." Laura slowly opened the door and Travis came into the room and I lifted him up onto the bed. "Papa, this is your grandson, Travis." Though weak and emotionally drained, he lifted his head a little and said "you are a handsome boy." Travis looked at me and asked if Papa was going to die and I said no, he was going to get

better. I slid Travis off the bed and Laura took him out to the hallway telling me that we should be getting back to the house. When they left, I sat quietly next to my father and reflected for a moment all that had happened. He had lived a remarkable life, and if this was his choice in dying, then it was up to all of us to carry on. I thought he was sleeping but he called my name softly. "I'm here Papa." I said.

"I've had some things on my mind…I… need to…tell…talk to you when I'm not so tired... Maybe we can talk tomorrow. Will you be here?"

"I'll be here Papa" I said.

"You know I've always tried to do what was…what I thought was for the best…I didn't know what would happen…your mother knew..." His voiced trailed off and I kissed him on the forehead. The following day I came back but he slept mostly and we never got the chance to speak in private. I left a day or two later and when I called Laura to check on his condition, she told me that he had decided to allow the amputation. This was a brave man I thought. I don't know if I would have made the same choice if it had been me. I respect him for it. Time passed and the operation was a success. He had two amputations; first at the knee, then farther up. His health started coming back and he seemed on his way to recovery. This was short lived and I was to hear many times that he was back in the hospital with complications, pneumonia, or high fever. It seemed like death was stalking my father but he just wasn't ready to give up.

AUGUST 2003

When I visited my father in August of 2003, he was doing better. Although he was restricted to his bed and his wheel chair, his spirits were lifted when I arrived. He

was still quite fragile and tired easily. He refused to work with his prosthetic leg saying that it was just too much effort for someone his age. I spent time watching television with him and on really nice days, I pushed him around the neighborhood in his wheel chair. Laura worked as a school teacher and both his other children had busy schedules allowing lots of time for Papa and me to talk. It was on one of these days when the air was thick and humid that we found ourselves talking about Watergate and the help I provided him when he needed it. I was glad that he recognized what I had done for him yet I really wanted to talk about the cost to our family. This was a painful subject and one that had rarely, if ever, been discussed. My father has a way of selective memory when dealing with the trauma of the past and as I prepared to transfer him from his wheelchair to his bed, I pressed the conversation. I started to explain that I had spoken several times to my sisters in an effort to reconcile some of the bitterness they felt towards him. It was no secret that Kevan and Lisa both blamed him for our mother's death, the disintegration of our family and the emotional damage that had left them with so much anger and hostility. I had tired to explain that forgiveness was the only way to heal these wounds but they seemed unwilling to make the first move. He sighed heavily and said he appreciated my efforts but with so little time left, he doubted that anything would change. What did he mean by "so little time left?"

"I have prostate cancer, Saint."

"How long have you known?" I asked.

"About a week, but they're still running some tests; we're hoping it can be treated with radiation and drugs." I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Does anyone besides Laura and I know?"

"We haven't told anyone yet and I want you to promise you won't say anything until we do."

"I promise." Then he said this:

"When your mother was killed, I feared for your lives…I wasn't sure of anything and I didn't know what would happen to you children." "Things were out of control and I couldn't protect you. Your mother was everything to this family and as long as she was alive I knew things would be all right. When she died, I knew that I had to keep quiet about a lot of things… things that I don't feel good about…some things are better left alone." The words struck me like a semi truck. Never in all these years had my father referred to her death as anything but an unfortunate accident. My father has a near genius' command of the art of spoken language, and he picks his words very carefully. To have him say that my mother was killed instead of that she had died, made a huge inference that something monstrous and evil had happened. The hair on my arms and neck stood on end and I felt the specter of death floating past me. I pressed him for more.

"If you need to talk about anything Papa, I'll just listen…maybe it would be good to get some things off your mind."

"You know I've been unable to write anymore and I had hoped that our lives would be better, financially speaking, than they are. I've never really gotten much for my novels and I'm just too old to write another book now." I knew that he was living beyond his means and that Laura's salary and his pension from CIA was not enough to provide for his family the way he'd hoped. "There are some things I could write about and it's not like people haven't tried to get me to talk about Watergate and Kennedy."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well for example when Oliver Stone asked me to join him on the set of the Nixon movie, I agreed to do so, as a consultant. I flew out to California with Snyder (my father's lawyer) and your brother (David). I met Anthony Hopkins and some of the other actors and writers on the set. Stone took us all out to a lavish dinner and I found him very irritating as he persisted to grill me about JFK's murder. Finally I looked at him and said "I'll be willing to tell you everything you want to know about JFK's murder if you'll pay me five million dollars!""

"Are you serious? Would you really do that for five million dollars?"

"Well, I would, but no one took me seriously. I did however hear from one of Stone's writers several times offering to write a book about my life. I think his name is Hamburg, Eric Hamburg…a nice guy really and quite modest. He's kept in touch every so often but I'm not sure how much money he can offer." I listened to my father letting him move the conversation wherever he wanted to. "Did you know that Kevin Costner flew down to the house here to see me?"

"No, I didn't. What was that all about?"

SECRETS REVEALED

David Giamarco is a Canadian television personality and author of a 'coffee table' book on the James Bond movies. My father became acquainted with him when Giamarco interviewed him on the failings of the CIA in the aftermath of 911. When Giamarco was working on his Bond book he asked my father to write a short intro. Unfortunately my father was too ill to write so Giamarco wrote the intro himself and gave my father credit. This was a nice gesture which my father deeply appreciated. In the course of their friendship Giamarco mentioned that Kevin Costner was one of his best friends. Costner as we know, starred in the Oliver Stone movie JFK, and had since become somewhat of a conspiracy enthusiast. Giamarco prodded my father about the assassination and my father told him the same thing he'd told Oliver Stone; "If the money was right, he would tell all he knew." Later that year Costner and Giamarco flew to Miami to discuss what my father thought was a film project about his life. When they arrived at the house Laura and Austin were there and after some small talk Costner blurted out "so, tell me Howard, did you kill the President?" They sat stunned for a moment and my father said "I don't know what you're talking about." The meeting ended and Costner left without getting the story. There were several things wrong with his approach. First of all he should have never asked my father anything about JFK in front of Laura and Austin. Laura would have never married my father if he'd admitted to having any involvement or knowledge of the Kennedy assassination, and I think she would have divorced him if he'd been lying all these years. Without Laura to care for my father, his life probably wouldn't have lasted as long as it has. Secondly, he should have been prepared to discuss a ball park dollar amount and thirdly, he didn't take the time to

get to know my father or for my father to get to know him. To my father, Costner is just another person looking to make a buck. Costner was insensitive to the fact that the events in my father's life, including the JFK period had destroyed his first family and he was very protective of his second family. So, I have to wonder; was $5 million the magic number that would ease family pain?

Before I returned to California I got Giamarco's address and phone number from my father's rolodex and decided to write him a letter. My reasoning was purely selfish; I had been working on a memoir and thought that Giamarco would be useful in helping me find a publisher. I wrote to him and he called back saying that from a marketing point if my father were willing to go public with the information that he felt sure he knew about JFK's murder, it would give my book a greater chance at success.

At this point my father had only hinted to me that he had secrets. This didn't surprise me; his whole life had revolved around secrets. To keep a secret all you have to do is keep quiet; to protect a secret you have to lie. I knew a few facts; that my father had been accused and questioned about the JFK murder; he had denied under oath any knowledge; he had lost a court case in which he was unable to satisfactorily prove that he wasn't in Dallas on Nov. 22.; a witness had testified that she had seen him in Dallas handing out envelopes of cash to Frank Sturgis; and that whether my father admitted it or not he was a key figure in just about every sinister covert operation from Guatemala, the Bay of Pigs, the assassination attempts on Castro, to Watergate. I also knew that my father had made a career using disinformation, plausible deniability, and dirty tricks. He had well known links to the Cuban underground and shared their deep hatred for Kennedy. How could he not have inside information on the assassination of JFK? Something else clicked; the cryptic words my mother said to me: "Papa was in Dallas." I

swear on her memory that she told me this. Could there be another explanation for this? Yes, but I don't know it.

I told Giamarco I would give it some thought. As a word of encouragement I told him that if my father were going to trust someone it would be me. I composed a letter to my father in which I implored him to reveal to me what he knew, if anything, about JFK's murder. Aside from the monetary gain, I tried to appeal to him on a deeper more personal level. After devoting his life to the service of his government, he had been abandoned by those he trusted and served. He had been imprisoned and stripped of his dignity. His name had been dragged through the mud by the media in connection with all manner of terrible things. His principals and his patriotism had been challenged. He lost his wife and his family had been damaged beyond repair. Authors had profited by using his name to sell their conspiracy stories. He had never been appreciated for his own writing talents. Even though he was published some eighty times, the stain of Watergate and the media portrayal of him as a bungling burglar and second rate writer had forever marked his career. Now in his last years of life shouldn't he marshal his strength and get back at everyone by finally telling the truth? Didn't he owe it to himself, the Nation, and his family to leave a legacy of truth instead of doubt?

I sent the letter off and waited for a reply. A few days passed and then Laura called me. "Saint, your father wants to talk to you." I could hear Laura hand him the phone and then he said "Saint, in regards to your letter…this is something that I'm not adverse to, however you need to understand that my time and cooperation is directly proportional to the financial prospects."

"I understand that, Papa. Papa…are you there?" The phone went dead and I hung up. Conversations with my father are at best one sided; he's so deaf he can't hear me on

the phone and when I talk to him in person, I have to shout at him. He'll often nod in agreement but he does that so you'll think he can here you. I called Giamarco and spoke with both him and Costner about my father's willingness to talk to me. My plan was to fly down to Miami and evaluate what information my father knew and report back to them. I wasn't sure at this point what he knew. Flying was not something I was fond of and it was even less so when I realized that my flight was on Dec. 7th one day short of 31 years that my mother's plane crashed. Laura picked me up at the airport.

"Your fathers been in the hospital for a few days…high fever and loss of appetite, but he's home now and I know he'll be very glad to see you Saint." I dropped her off at her school and drove to the house and let myself in. Austin and Hollis were both out of the country so I knew I'd have some one on one time with my father. I didn't discuss the reason for my visit with Laura because I knew she would be against dredging up all this bad stuff. I wondered how my father would be able to cooperate with this project while keeping it a secret from Laura. I would leave that up to him.

Pushing open the bedroom door I walked quietly to his bed. He looked frail and gaunt but as I placed my hand on his, he woke up. "Papa, its Saint."

"Saint, so good to see you, is Laura here?"

"I dropped her off at school. We're here alone."

"Good, let's go into the kitchen, I'd like to have some soup. Are you hungry?"

"I'll have some soup with you." I transferred him into his wheel chair and pushed him into the TV room. He liked to sit in front of the TV; the volume up full blast, and watch Fox News. I prepared some soup and we sat watching TV and discussing current events. "Papa, can we talk about my letter?"

"Okay, why don't you take me back to my bed in case Laura comes home early? We don't want her getting upset by this.

"How are you going to work this out; I mean with Laura?"

"Well for the moment, she's willing to let us talk as long as she doesn't hear anything unpleasant. She believes that as I told her; I don't know anything about JFK's murder."

"I think Laura's very naïve about the darker side of politics." I added.

"Well, that's one of the reasons I love her so much." he said. "Now let's understand that what I tell you must be kept in secrecy and you'll never reveal any of this without my approval. Understood?" I nodded in agreement and then I wheeled him back to his bedroom. After making him as comfortable as I could, this is what he told me.

In 1963 my father and Frank Sturgis met with David Morales, a contract killer for the CIA at a safe house in Miami. Morales explained that he had been picked by Bill Harvey, a rogue and unstable CIA agent with a long history of black ops for a secret "off the board" assignment. It was Morales' understanding that this project was coming down through a chain of command which started with LBJ, then the vice President. Intrigued, my father listened on. Harvey told Morales that he'd been brought in by Cord Myer, a CIA agent with international connections, who in turn was working with David Phillips and Antonio Veciana. Phillips was CIA station chief in Mexico City and deeply involved in the dangerous world of the Cuban underground. Veciana was the Cuban founder of the violent anti-Castro Alpha 66 group; bent on overthrowing Castro by any means necessary. All these men shared a common ground; a hatred for Kennedy who they felt was dangerous for this country's political future, and had abandoned them in their time of need. Cord Myer had his own reason to hate Kennedy; his wife Mary was one of

Kennedy's many mistresses and the gossip surrounding them infuriated Cord who swore revenge. (Later Mary Myer would be mysteriously murdered and her personal diary stolen. It's interesting to note that James Angleton, chief spook of counterintelligence was known to have broken in to her apartment and stolen the diary. The rumor was that Mary Myer had kept detailed notes about Kennedy and perhaps had information about his death. We'll never know.) Of the men mentioned thus far, my father new Cord Myer, David Phillips, Frank Sturgis and Bill Harvey. He'd never met nor heard of Morales until that night and claims he's never heard of Antonio Veciana. This seems unlikely because Alpha 66 was the leading anti-Castro faction in the Cuban underground. David Atlee Phillips worked with my father closely and was actually recruited into the CIA by him when Phillips worked as a journalist in Santiago, Chile. When Lee Harvey Oswald visited the Russian Consulate in Mexico City in the summer of '63, it was Phillips who was station chief there. Although Phillips denied every meeting Oswald, Antonio Veciana gave evidence that he had met with Oswald and his case officer, a man known to him only as Maurice Bishop, in Mexico City. Although unwilling to identify Phillips as Bishop, Veciana did provide a detailed description of Bishop to a sketch artist and the resulting drawing looked very much like Phillips. I sat by my father's bedside and asked "what happened then?"

"Well, I asked them what this assignment was." Sturgis looked at Morales and then at my father and calmly said "killing that son of a bitch Kennedy!" My father said he was stunned but I don't think he would have been that surprised; getting rid of Kennedy was a common topic of conversation among the Cuban exiles. The truth of the matter is that Kennedy was hated by much of the military-industrial complex. He was viewed as soft on communism and many factions of the government, the exiles, the Mafia, and just

about everyone else was looking to get Kennedy out. My father then simply asked "You guys seem to have enough people, what is it that you need me for?"

"Well," Frank said, "you're somebody we all look up to…we know how you feel about the man (Kennedy), are you with us?" My father looked around the room for a minute and said "Look, if Bill Harvey has anything to do with this, you can count me out. The man is an alcoholic and a psycho."

"You're right Eduardo", laughed Frank, "but that SOB has the balls to do it." The meeting ended; my father thought it nothing more than the usual 'death to Kennedy' ranting.

The next day when my father and I were alone in the house, we discussed ways that we could divulge certain information to Giamarco and Costner without giving anything away. My father came up with a good solution: put it in code. With that plan in mind, my father provided me with a hand written diagram outlining the chain of command, a list of people who were involved, and a descriptive time line of the events that led to the 'big event'. This was the name we used to refer to JFK's murder. He provided a code for each name such as 'Nu' for LBJ, 'Beta' for Cord Myer and so forth. He also wrote a few pages of background material on Sturgis, Phillips, and Cord Myer. The reason for this was that he wanted me to type out a descriptive outline in code form and fax it to Giamarco. Hopefully it would be enough to initiate a formal agreement and a good faith payment. My father wanted $150,000. to be deposited in an account. In view of the fact that Costner and Giamarco had been dangling a multi-million dollar figure for a documentary, a book, and DVD sales and rentals, I didn't think that $150,000. was too much. I had to wait until Laura was out of the house to type it up and fax it off. Before I returned to California I had one more conversation about JFK with my father.

He related to me that Oswald had in fact fired on the President that day but there was also another man, a French assassin, firing from the famous grassy knoll. The man's' name sounded something like Sarte or Satre and he had probably been recruited for the job by Cord Myer who had connections to the Corsican underworld. In his own diagram, my father outlined 'French con. Man…grassy knoll'.

Proud Papa, Japan 1955, Lisa, Saint John, Kevan

The enitre family, 1965, Washington D.C., Kevan,
Papa baby David, Mama, Saint John, Lisa

HE SUN

BALTIMORE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1973

E. Howard Hunt, Jr., the convicted Watergate burglar, straightens his jacket as he arrives in the Senate Caucus Room for the new round of Watergate hearings.

UPI

The New York Times/Mike Lien

E. Howard Hunt Jr. testifying before the Watergate committee. At rear are two children, John, 18, and Lisa, 21. Henry Goldman, of law firm representing him, is at left.

front page news, my Dad looks pretty cool

In support of my father - the Watergate hearings

Photos by Frank Johnston—The Washington Post

With his son, St. John, looking on, E. Howard Hunt's daughter, Lisa, embraces him at close of testimony yesterday.

A great emotional photo, New York Daily News Sept.'73

Below, from Newsweek Oct.8,1973

THE SPY WHO TOOK THE FALL

Prison-wan and faltering, he seemed anything but the superspy-cum-novelist whose Bondian career had crashed in the debacle of Watergate. Facing the Ervin committee, E. Howard Hunt was a burnt-out case—and as a fall guy in the Watergate scandal who has served long months in jail while higher-ups went free, he inspired considerable sympathy in the Senate Caucus Room and in living rooms across the nation. But the dark glasses he sometimes wore in the glare of the TV lights were fitting: in the end, he remained an enigma.

With two of his children, Lisa, 22, and St. John, 19, sitting behind him, Hunt, 54, recounted a Job-like ordeal. "I find myself confined under a sentence which may keep me in prison for the rest of my life," he told the senators. "I have been incarcerated for six months. For a time I was in solitary confinement. I have been physically attacked and robbed in jail. I have suffered a stroke. I have been ... manacled and chained, hand and foot. I am isolated from my four motherless children. The funds provided me ... have long been exhausted ... Beyond all this, I am crushed by the failure of my government to protect me and my family as in the past it has always done for its clandestine agents."

Naïve: But for all its pathos, Hunt's testimony suggested to some skeptical associates that the 21-year veteran of the Central Intelligence Agency was simply wearing a new disguise. "One thing Howard is not is politically naïve," a friend of Hunt told NEWSWEEK. "He *had* to know that this was the same kind of thing he had been doing in other countries for years. He *had* to know the risks were greater. He was playing for higher stakes, also. He wanted deputy director of the CIA, or something like that." One acquaintance suspects Hunt has held back hush money from his Cuban codefendants, who now feel as betrayed by their leader as he does by the men who directed him.

UPI

Hunt with Lisa and St. John: A burnt-out case—or a new disguise?

Some of Hunt's stories of prison life, knowledgeable sources say, are a bit embellished. When his children visited him in Danbury Federal prison, St. John said, "It was really nice. Almost like a boarding school." Hunt did have a fight with another inmate during a stay in the D.C. jail, but his attorneys tend to play down his account of his medical problems.

To be sure, the fifteen months since Watergate have cost Hunt dearly. Soon after the break-in, Hunt was fired from both his White House and his public-relations jobs. His wife died in a plane crash last December, on a financial mission for the Watergate cover-up. In fighting his 35-year provisional jail sentence, Hunt is piling up legal fees of $1,500 a day—an expense that the reissue of seventeen of his 47 spy novels will do little to mitigate. No less painful for Hunt is the public ridicule that has greeted his escapades as a spy. The reportedly "ill-fitting red wig" that Hunt wore to his meeting with Dita Beard has become a national joke, and former CIA director Richard Helms has called him "a bit of a romantic" with a tendency "to get a little carried away."

But if last week's appearance before the committee was an act, it was among the best in Hunt's career. "I am sorry that I did not have the wisdom to withdraw [from the Watergate operation]," he said. "At the same time, I cannot escape feeling that the country I have served for my entire life and which directed me to carry out the Watergate entry is punishing me for doing the very things it trained and directed me to do."

UPI Telephoto

All eyes on their father

St. John and Lisa Hunt watch as their father, admitted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt, testifies before Senate Watergate committee. Hunt, a spy novelist, former CIA agent, and White House consultant, told the committee that former Presidential aide Charles W. Colson approved plans for bugging the Watergate offices of the Democratic National Committee and faking diplomatic cables to discredit the Kennedy Administration. Story on page 1.

Watergate Hearings, Chicago Tribune Sept.1973

The photo in Rolling Stone Magazine
of Lisa and I, at the foot of our
driveway, in Potomac, Md. Dec. 1974

(a)

What follows is the text from the article published in the Jan. 31, 1974 issue of Rolling Stone.

LIFE WITHOUT FATHER

By JULIA CAMERON

We are angry and horrified that you would resort to a cheap journalistic trick of sensationalism by printing the article on Sherman Skolnick. He has no basis for his accusations and, as we understand, he was laughed out of the National Transportation Safety Board meeting. He has no right whatsoever to fabricate wild theories concerning the crash of United Airlines 553.

Our mother, Dorothy Hunt, was neither murdered nor was the plane sabotaged. If you realized the agony and humiliation this filthy article put us through, you would have thought twice about publishing it. Our mother is dead and cannot defend herself. So have the respect and consideration to let her rest in peace.

LISA AND ST. JOHN HUNT
POTOMAC, MD.

(A letter to the editor published in the October 11th issue of ROLLING STONE.)

December 7th. It is a clear, cold afternoon and I am driving north out of Washington, looking for an address in Potomac, 11120 River Road, the home of E. Howard Hunt. Once outside the beltway, a white-collar ring around the city, the drive is pleasant. Suburban tracts give way rapidly to the bosomy hills, wooded ravines and creosote fences of Maryland hunt country. River Road, four busy lanes near the city, dwindles into two, becomes narrow and winding, pockmarked by the frequent washouts caused by the roughening terrain. FLOOD AREA, a sign warns at a point where heavy earth-moving equipment roots at the soil and bullies it into a ridge where the new road will run like a dorsal stripe.

Newspaper friends of mine, Watergate veterans, gave me some advice on getting this story. They said: Circle slowly. Don't let them know you're coming until the end.

I spot a hitchhiker who is 20 or so, the age of the Hunt kids. I stop to pick him up. His name is Peter Lowefeld and he doesn't know them. He says that no one in Potomac knows anyone else in Potomac and that that's the whole point of living there. "Privacy," he calls it. Yes, I think, or secrecy. (In Washington, the two are frequently confused. A CIA installation in Virginia marks its entrance land PRIVATE. They could have stamped the sign TOP SECRET for all that anyone is fooled.) And so, I drive Peter where he is going in Private Potomac, thinking—privately of course—that it is the perfect place for a CIA operative to live. Hunt does "something in government" the way his neighbors do "something for the World Bank." No one asks quite what. After all, that's his private business.

I figure I will pinpoint the house first. Coming over the crest of a hill, I spot three vultures in a holding pattern. Vultures are not really uncommon here—at least in the city proper where the zoo brings them to feed on dying eel in Rock Creek and they sometimes wheel in great smooth circles above National Cathedral—but I have never seen many of them in the country and so I drive glancing up at them, certain they must be crows.

I reach the Hunts. I turn in immediately, driving rapidly up a neglected lane with sumac and bamboo spilling against the windscreen like jungle undergrowth. I brake just short of the house where two kids stand watching me. One is short and squat. He blinks nervously, the way you might under an interrogation lamp. A Hunt, I decide. The other kid is lanky, handsome in a raw-boned way, and has hair nearly to his waist. When I get out of the car, the one kid blinks and the other looks me up and down, grinning.

I say, "The Hunts live here? Either of you a Hunt?"

"Yeah, the Hunts live here—for a while anyhow," the lanky one says. "I'm St. John Hunt." The handshake is firm and preppy. The grin is not.

"I'm from ROLLING STONE. They want me to do a piece on you."

"Far out! This is about the letter Lisa and I wrote? Come on in and have some tea and we'll talk about it. We're just waiting for our drummer. This here is my friend Bill Brody—he plays bass. We've got a gig tomorrow night at my old prep school, hah, hah. . . ."

"How ya doing?" Bill, age 20, says.

"OK, but what about those vultures?"

"Oh, those," St. John says casually. "You get used to them."

From the outside, the Hunt home looks deceptively modest. It is a ranch home, painted one of those modern, gangrenous greens, with a garage attached. Saint—as his family and his friends tend to call him—leads me through the garage and into the kitchen, a large kitchen with an appliance island in the middle, the sort of American Dream kitchen they give away on game shows.

As he fills the kettle and organizes the cups, Saint says, "I used to think ROLLING STONE was OK, but that article on my mother was really fucked. That guy, what's his name, Skolnick? He's obviously out of his tree, a real paranoid . . . we have enough hassles without reading that crap. If we decide to talk with you, will ROLLING STONE print what we say or will they fuck that up too?"

"We'll see."

"Well, we asked them to apologize and they left that part out of our letter when they printed it."

"Maybe I'm their apology."

"Maybe."

Saint scoops up a Siamese cat and leads the way to a living room cluttered by packing boxes. The room is large, with a fireplace at one end and a grand piano at the other. On the piano is a forest of family photos; on the mantel, a collection of gnomish pre-Colombian statuary. The carpet is beige and needs a good vacuuming (clumps of cat hair, pieces of packing straw and tracked-in leaves). Paintings hang at tipsy angles on the walls. A giant rubber plant dies leaf by leaf on the window bay.

Saint says that his sister Lisa, 22, is home somewhere but freaked out; that his sister Kevan, 21, is at Smith and won't be home until Sunday to pack her things; that their nine-year-old brother David lives in Florida with his godparents, 'the Manolo Artimes, as of a week ago; and that it is just plain luck that I found them there at all.

By the next weekend, orders would come from their father via their lawyer—"the finger of God approach," Saint calls it—that they must live somewhere else, because their home has been sold. Just where else, they have no idea yet. And that, Saint says, is why the house is a disaster area and Lisa is freaking out. And that, he adds, is one reason he may give the interview. "It would be worth it to me," he explains, "if people would learn from it that Watergate involves real people with real families. Nobody thinks about that when they write, do they? Not when it's so much easier to divide things into bad guys and good guys so nobody gets confused. Don't get me wrong. I'm not asking for sympathy. I'm just saying that as long as people can make Watergate a scapegoat, they can avoid going through their own changes. They can say to themselves, 'Well, at least I'm not E. Howard Hunt.' "

But it is easy to get confused just watching Saint talk. The afternoon light slanting through the window behind his head haloes his profile. It is a handsome profile, classically proportioned, but it is also the profile of his father. As the thought crosses my mind, a shadow sweeps across Saint's face, flickering for a moment around his eyes as he scans the room's disarray. It leaves as quickly as it came.

"Is that you?" I ask, pointing to a photo of a cute little boy on a pony.

"No, that's my brother David. I really miss him. When Mama died, he lost a lot of security, but Lisa and I started spending a lot of time with him and he seemed to be gaining before the Florida thing. I mean, I think they could have given the kid more time than just a couple of hours. If we'd had a week or so, we could have gotten him used to the idea. You know, told him about Disney World and the palm trees and things. Instead, one afternoon, the lawyer and his godfather show up at the door and say, 'Pack your things. Plane's in an hour.' It seems Dad decided we were bringing him up in an atmosphere of drugs and sex. He gets these ideas. . . ."

E. Howard Hunt has been getting these ideas for years. As his 40-odd spy novels attest, he has a fertile imagination chock-full of ideas about drugs and sex. Then, too, according to Saint and Lisa, you have to take into account those ideas he gets with a little help from his friends—friends like William F. Buckley, their godfather and Kevan's. (Buckley himself refers to Hunt as a "very close friend.") "These ideas" range from a provincialism about drugs that is astonishing in a man who spent years spooking about South American revolutionary circles (try to imagine the scene around the campfire as Hunt—alias 'Eduardo'—declines the joint of Colombian proffered by a revolutionary comrade: "Me? Never touch the stuff. Why, that stuff's dangerous, causes . . .") to a sexual chauvinism that borders on the feudal. What, after all, is a man who writes of "delias enticingly draped" to make of his son's monogamous relationship with his girlfriend?

"My father believes in the double standard," Saint says. "Men can do whatever they want. Women must be Ivory pure. He'd rather have me fucking secretaries than sleeping with Drew [Holmes, his steady girlfriend of two years] all this time. You see, he sees her as compromised. You know the old distinction between 'good' girls and 'nice' girls?"

Yes.

Lapsing into Watergatese, that language we've heard so much of lately. Saint complains that now that his father is in jail, "He's got unreliable sources feeding him faulty information leading to erroneous conclusions." The sources? "William F. and people like that, I think. He hears little bits and pieces about us and puzzles them together all wrong. His imagination gets the best of him, you see."

In another sense, E. Howard Hunt's imagination has always gotten the best of him. Lisa and Saint recall bitterly that their father's novels came before they did in his affections, that he spent his best energy and time fleshing out his current brainchild instead of being a real father to them, his flesh and blood

—Continued on Next Page

Freelance writer Julia Cameron, 23, is a frequent contributor to the Washington Post and Washingtonian magazine.

—Continued from Preceding Page

children. "He wrote between four and eight hours a day during the week and all day every day on weekends. We were supposed to be quiet all the time he was working," Lisa will say. Saint tells the story from family folklore of the time he was asked as an eight-year-old what he wanted to be when he grew up: "'I don't know what I do want to be,' I said, 'but I know I don't want to be a writer like my father because then I would never see my family.'" (Stella, the housekeeper, will tell me the same story later that evening.)

And not unlike a family wedded to the military life, the Hunts were very mobile: Three years in Mexico City (where Lisa was born); three in Washington, D.C. (where Kevan and St. John were born); four in Tokyo; four in Montevideo; one in Georgetown; one in Madrid and finally more than six in Potomac, Maryland.

Conversations with their father were mainly confined to the dinner table. "He tried to teach us about politics," Lisa will recall, "but it was always Mom saying, 'David, be quiet. Your father's talking.' You couldn't really call it conversation, could you?" Away from the dinner table, when their father wanted to convey something to the children, it was their mother bore the tidings, "Your father says he doesn't like your . . ." As Saint describes it, "There was very little positive reinforcement, mainly negative feedback. Communication was always rough and always through a third party."

Saint takes a strand of his two-and-a-half feet of hair and sights along it like a surveyor. "My father believes in the chain of command, you see, in a structured hierarchy with orders coming down from the top and being carried out by local minions. Looking at it that way, you can see that sending the lawyer out here to tell us about David, instead of telling us himself, is just the logical progression of a certain way of thinking. The house is another thing. I talked to him on the phone last week and he could have told me about it then—he must have known he planned to sell it then—but he didn't tell me and that was very deceitful of him. He has the habit of secrecy, you see."

A car has pulled in the driveway. Jim Lobell, 20, the missing drummer, has arrived. He comes in just as Lisa, the missing sister, grabs a sheepskin jacket and darts out, catching her foot on a packing box and pausing to glare at it as though it tripped her on purpose. She is knife-thin, sloe-eyed and lovely, but her eyes are red from crying and her face is tight as a fist. "Hey, Lisa," Jim asks. "Find anywhere to live yet?" But she is gone. Saint shakes himself the way you do to ward off a chill. He tells Jim, "Maybe. We'll talk about it later. Let's just practice, OK?" They loan me a sweater because the practice shed will be cold.

The others have gone ahead and he wants to explain that my being there will probably make them nervous. We stop under some trees halfway down the path to talk about it. I ask, "The music, it means a lot, then?"

"The music helps," he says, tucking my sweater closer against the wind. "The music was really what got me through. There have been so many changes in the past two years that I'm kind of numb. For a while, after Mom, I just shut down. I got so I couldn't feel anything. I couldn't express any emotion at all. The music got me through that. The music and Drew, my old lady. It's too cold for you, let's get inside."

"Inside" is the pigeon shed that used to be their playhouse. It is insulated with egg cartons, decorated with tie-dyed sheets and has gunny sacks covering the windows. Jim adjusts his snare while Bill tunes his bass, a Gibson EB3. When we walk in, they freeze. Their faces say it all: ROLLING STONE may be one thing, but the generation gap is another. At 25, I'm just old enough to make them nervous. For their initial greeting they call me "ma'am."

Lisa Hunt: "People give him [their father] distorted information about us....I think he is in despair. He doesn't know we love him."

They will have to decide that for themselves, Saint tells them. He, for one, has had enough of paranoia. More than enough. And he's had enough of the real thing as well—FBI agents spooking through the bushes; bugs in the family cars; telephones with a murmur like the Tell-Tale Heart—to hell with it, he's decided. With everything else coming down, losing David and the house, is there energy left for paranoia? (Silence.)

Of course there is. There's plenty of energy for paranoia even as the group tunes up. Bill keeps sneaking glances at me. I catch Jim staring over the top of his Zildjian cymbals. The vibes are very bad. The vibes are horrible. Now Saint is coming over to ask me to leave—no, to crouch next to me and whisper, "Don't look so worried. You're nice. I like you."

I like him too.

Daybreak, as they call themselves, play rock & roll filtered through enough jazz that the pieces work with a shifting balance of power that keeps the ear very busy. They jam through a loose version of "El Stinger" which seems to relax everyone and then move into their own material which Saint writes. He has an ear for the odd rhyme and the brains not to overuse it. He keeps things just simple enough that the lyric has room to gain meaning.

Saint sings lead, way up high, very spooky and clear, working voice and guitar for and against each other the way you sand smooth wood to bring up the grain. On a long guitar break, he winds the sound so tight it sounds like bees swarming. Bill jokes, "I was getting a little nervous in there, Saint." He answers, "That's good. Keeps your blood running around."

Daybreak may be able to keep their blood running around, but keeping themselves fed is a little rougher. They make only half a living off the band, although for the better part of ten years each of them has been knocking around the Washington music scene, into a kind of music the Top 40 clubs wouldn't touch. In its current incarnation, Daybreak has been together a year, playing in dives like "The Godfather" and at college mixers to make ends meet. The band make 50 bucks per man, per night. They do not have an agent. Brody, the bass player who did two years with a jazz group, explains that beyond their own material, they get into Clapton, Stevie Wonder and some Jeff Beck.

The little shed is so cold that the small electric heater doesn't even put a dent in it, but practice goes until someone notices it's night. Walking back to the house, Saint stops on the path just to look at it. After a moment, he says, very quietly, "Maybe someday I'll have enough money to buy this place back. It's the only home we ever really had. What with my father's work, we were always moving, saying good-bye to friends we would never see again, going somewhere else and starting again." The house appears through the winter trees. Behind the lighted windows, Stella, the Argentine housekeeper, can be seen moving from room to room.

"Who's that?" I ask.

"That's the king's eyes and ears," Saint answers. He explains that when his father was a CIA operative in Montevideo, he himself was still in diapers and Stella McGoey was the governess who changed them. At his father's request, she came back to work for them when Dorothy Hunt died. A bad idea, Saint feels. (Later in the evening, Stella will tell me she can't see eye to eye with Saint and Lisa on anything.) A bad idea because it is Stella, Saint and Lisa believe, who fuels their father's imagination, reporting to him her disapproval of the way her "little charges have turned out." She may not see eye to eye with them, Saint says, but she does see eye to eye with their father and with their godfather, Buckley, "whom we don't know from Adam except to know that his politics are fucked." (Saint says he has never met his godfather. Lisa has met him twice.)

From the conversation I had with William F. Buckley over the Christmas holidays, it's easy to infer he may think the same of Saint's politics. Our conversation went like this:

Mr. Buckley, I understand from my editor you have some reservation about my doing a piece on the Hunt kids. Do you want to tell me about them?

"Yes. I do have reservations about your doing a piece. One of the kids has been in and out of an asylum for years. The other has had a nervous condition for ten years."

I knew about Lisa's breakdown, but what's this about Saint?

"He is a school drop-out."

They seem stable enough to me, Mr. Buckley.

"Ask their doctors. They've studied them longer than you have."

If you'd give me a doctor's name I'd be glad to call and talk to them.

"I don't see why I should give you any information about my godchildren."

I know you're close to Kevan, but are you really close to Lisa and Saint?

"No, I'm not particularly close to them, but I am the executor of their estate and a very close friend of their father's and of their mother's before she died."

Well, sir. They seemed in really fine whack when I saw them.

"They're sick."

What do you mean?

"If they weren't sick they wouldn't be talking to the ROLLING STONE, would they? Why else would they do so except to attract attention from the ROLLING STONE's constituency? I remind you they were angry at them barely two months ago."

Yes. But they gave the interview voluntarily. Perhaps they want to tell their side of the story.

"I think it's a low form of journalism—opportunism—to prey on the privation of two sick children. You wouldn't be interested in them unless their father were famous, would you?"

I think we're interested in them for themselves and for their father—both reasons. Do you have anything else that you want to say to me about it?

"No. I've said everything I had to say to you and to your editors. I leave it to your conscience."

Stella will be leaving in a week, but, Saint adds, the damage is done: David in Florida and the survival of the family as a unit is endangered. Once inside the house, Saint asks Stella to set me a place for dinner while he calls around to find Lisa. Stella does this, busily rattling dishes until Saint says, "Hello, Lisa?" Then the dish-rattling stops. It's suddenly very quiet in that kitchen as he says, "Look, I'm sorry we argued, but it's natural. No, Lisa, please don't cancel the house. I want to live with you . . . Lisa, we have got to stick together. *Please come home . . .*"

Once off the phone, he leads me out of the room ("Ears, ears," he whispers). This time, I'm the one who says, "Don't look so worried." But he is worried. The day before, Lisa found them a place to live and this afternoon when they fought, she called the realtor and canceled it. "We hardly ever fight," he explains, "I tried to tell her it's natural to fight sometimes. It's healthy to get things in the open. I pointed out that she fights with Gary, her old man, but Lisa's a Pisces and she takes everything very seriously." Just to show that he doesn't, Saint tries out a grin that fails completely. "Let's put on some music. . . . Maybe I could build a fire . . . Drew's coming over later . . ." Shoving aside a packing box to get to the stereo, Saint talks more to himself than to me.

Darker thoughts are easy to come by this evening. Tomorrow will be the first anniversary of his mother's death. No end point has been set on David's living with his godparents, and talk of reuniting the family at Christmas involves money for air tickets which may not even be available. Christmas, in any case, cannot be spent caroling by a fire in this fireplace because by then it will be someone else's and they will be living somewhere else, although that somewhere else may not be the house Lisa found unless she can convince the realtor they are a better risk than her afternoon's cancellation would indicate. For that matter, what kind of risk are they? The lawyer pays the bills—from their father's book royalties, they believe—and they have no idea what kind of money there is or isn't. Lisa worries that they are running out, but then, Lisa always worries. He, Saint, doesn't like to worry. He likes to listen to music and he likes to build fires and he likes to have Drew come over and he likes to think that if he drinks enough hot tea with honey and lemon, the sore throat he has had for a week will not get too bad for the gig tomorrow night and so he remembers to drink more tea because he doesn't want to worry because . . .

When Lisa comes home, the first thing she does is hug her brother and tell him, "Don't worry, Sweetheart." The second thing she does is shake

(c)

her head at me. "So you're from ROLLING STONE? I was expecting some frizzy-haired guy in a Mr. Natural T-shirt and jeans, driving a jeep with joints trailing from both sides of his mouth." She pauses to laugh a husky, Lauren Bacall laugh. Her eyes are still very red. "Don't get me wrong," she adds. "I'm still furious, but Saint says you're OK. At least you didn't come slinking around. That always makes me paranoid."

"I almost did. It's the recommended method."

"I believe it. We don't get along too well with the Washington Post. You can't believe everything you read, you know." She laughs again, bitterly, stubbing out one Marlboro and lighting another immediately. "Those guys Woodward and Bernstein—I can't stand them. I think they're crass. Their attitude is I-don't-give-a-damn-what-you-feel-or-what-you-think-I'm-gonna-getta-story. It's the approach, the arrogance that gets me. I find myself very defensive. I find myself defending things I don't really want to. As far as giving an interview goes, it boils down to what Joni Mitchell says, 'Will you take me as I am?' "

Lisa Hunt is the firstborn child who took 72 hours to fight her way from the womb, nearly killing herself and her mother in the process. Twenty-one years later, it was she who buried that mother, taking over for her father who was too distraught to do anything but grieve. A year after that, it is she who does the house-hunting, the dealing with lawyers, realtors, all who must be dealt with. It is she who is too thin, too nervous and who smokes too much, chipping at her fingernail polish whenever she's not holding a cigarette, crossing her legs and uncrossing them, tucking them under herself, pretzeling them Indian style, stretching them straight out, crossing them, uncrossing them. . . . When the phone rings, she races for it like a whippet.

The way things are, Lisa Hunt is sometimes strained nearly to the breaking point. She knows that, she says, because she broke once before, when she was 16, and that single breakdown cost her two years out of her life. Now, she says, she is a perfectly normal specimen. She does not want to break again, but even to look at her—the impossible fragility of those wrists, the neck practically a flower stalk—is to wonder that she has any strength at all.

Says Gary Myers, her boyfriend of three years, "I worry about her not eating, screwing up her own body, which screws up her mind. I attribute that to confusion. She's got a good, strong set of nerves now. She's stronger than people think she is, but there's been no time for her to sit down and get it together. No peace, not even a plateau; things just haven't cooled off yet at all."

Jody Rosenblatt, a good girlfriend, adds, "She seems a little bit more nervous but a lot more certain of her own values. I think she's a strong person. She still exudes an enormous amount of love to those around her, and that takes a lot of strength—since her character is what we're really talking about."

But Lisa Hunt is worried. "When my mother died, David was the first to find out. One of his teachers just called him up and said, 'Your mom just died in a plane crash.' Just like that, can you believe it? He's the one that told the rest of us. That's too heavy. He's growing up too fast."

Worried about her sister Kevan: "Kevan really worshipped Father. You see, St. John and I had dyslexia [a reading disability] and were never good in school which disappointed Father. Kevan was always his girl. He was a god to her. She never had the perspective on him we did. She is just beginning to admit that he was wrong. It's very hard on her. Her whole universe is cracking at the seams."

In his own words [Watergate] cost E. Howard Hunt "everything a man holds dear except my children." In some ways, it cost him them as well.

Worried about St. John: "He acts very cool and all, but he has lost the ability to act. He freezes underneath and what seems like nonchalance is really fear. He's a fatalist now. That's what Mother's death did to him. He keeps waiting for the next blow to fall. Sometimes, when I really need him, he's just not there. He's empty."

Worried about her father: "He's in there all alone. People give him distorted information about us and all his fears, his imagination, can just go crazy. I think he is in despair. He doesn't know we love him."

Worried about Gary: "He doesn't understand the changes that all of this puts me through. He doesn't understand I have to think about other people now, about the family. Also, I know that I've grown bitter since Mother died and that's not pleasant to find in anybody."

And Lisa worries about her own future. She quit school when their mother died in order to care for David and now, with David gone ("I got hysterical. I said, 'You can't take him away from me! You can't take him away from me.' "), there is time to think of her abandoned dream of being an actress. Bob Massey, a Washington actor, recalls Lisa Hunt as "an incredible actress." Since Watergate broke, the only limelight she has had is the glare of publicity, but now she is beginning to hope that she can return to the footlights instead. One intermediate step in that direction sent her sprawling only the week before. Eileen Ford, head of the prestigious Ford Agency, invited her to New York for a modeling interview. She used the last of her savings having a portfolio shot only to arrive for her appointment and see not Ford but an assistant who talked to her about as long as it took to say "Don't call us. We'll call you." No limelight that time.

Now, red-eyed from her fight with Saint, not quite pretty as a picture, she is chain-smoking her way through dinner. On the table where we're eating, there is a copy of the New York Times Watergate book propped against the fruit bowl. Saint leafs through the book until he finds the profile of his father. Then he reads aloud to me, " 'A girl who once spent a night in a Miami motel room with Hunt . . . ' " He asks, "Why'd they have to write that? What are we supposed to think?" Lisa interrupts, "Read the rest of that sentence. All it says is 'complained that he kept her up all night talking about the girls in his novels.' In other words, they dragged out a sordid liaison to make a simple point. Is that right?"

Lisa is saying, "Saint, tomorrow let's you and I go to Mother's grave together. Maybe we'll feel better, closer or something." Saint says, "Sure. We can do that." When the doorbell rings and a group of friends troop in, he adds, "I guess it's a good thing people are here tonight. We might be depressed tonight."

Saint's friend Bill Lewis doesn't see Saint as being depressed—exactly. The phrase he used to describe the change wrought by Watergate is "flattened out." As in: Watergate really leveled him. He is talking about what Saint called feeling "kind of numb." What Lisa calls "Saint's being frozen." Psychiatrists talk about the same thing. They call it "flatness of affect." They say it's common in cases of extreme depression.

Stuart Herr, who was captain of the football team at the prep school St. John attended, says, "Saint was really a good guy. He used to go around school in Indian outfits. I guess the family's part Indian. He was really a gentle person. When it [Watergate] broke I felt sorry, but St. John is a strong enough guy to get over it . . . but maybe most Americans would hate him for his father being involved in that."

Saint says he had undergone psychiatric treatment only once, in 1967; but he wasn't alone. Himself, both parents and his sisters embarked on a short-lived family-therapy program.

This evening, people here or not, Saint and Lisa are both cases of extreme depression. We are sitting in the living room, in front of the fire Saint built, listening to the music Lisa chose, Joni Mitchell's *Blue*. A half-dozen friends have come over and now they sit among the litter of half-packed crates, trying to be cheerful or at least compassionate. One says, "Too bad you have to leave this nice house." To which Lisa says flatly, "Yes. It's my home. The only place I've ever been able to call home."

That topic disposed of, the friends move to politics. Curt Woolf, who looks like a stand-in for Jerry Garcia, announces, "You know all this about Watergate? Wouldn't you like to see Nixon in jail for life?" Lisa says, "I wouldn't." Saint says, "No, I wouldn't want to see that happen to anybody."

Then they talk about how much trouble it is living at home with your parents, what shits they are, what a drag it is having them around. Lisa takes a long drag on her eternal Marlboro, lets the smoke seep slowly out again and says, "You're goddamn lucky you've got parents, that's all." She stalks from the room leaving Curt Woolf looking very puzzled. He knows he hit a wrong note *somewhere*. "What's eating her?" he asks.

December 8th. Noon. On the first anniversary of Dorothy Hunt's death, the sky is dark and a bitter rain is falling. Two pink carnations sit in a green vase that some well-wisher has left on the door stoop of the home she shared with her family. Since no one is home to take them in, I set them inside the shelter of the outer door, thinking as I do that it is a silly gesture, that they will die soon enough up on that windy hillside grave. I tack a note on the garage door and drive into Potomac Village to buy cigarettes and something to fix all of us for lunch.

When I return, Lisa and Saint are in the kitchen, talking about their new house. Their father, in his plea before sentencing, called them "young and innocent victims." Listening to this conversation, to their incredible naivete, it is almost possible to hear the *clip, clip* of the shears as the lambs are fleeced.

"We'll need a phone. How much does a phone cost?"

"Oh, about $50-a-month minimum."

"How many fireplaces?"

"It doesn't have any fireplaces."

"I thought we agreed that a fireplace was an absolute."

"I know we did, but—Saint!" Already, Lisa's voice holds the keen edge of desperation. She watches her brother's face with hypnotic fixedness as she tells him, "You know that bridge with the ivy that I told you about? The stone bridge? It's only a couple of blocks from the new house. We can go there. It can be our place, like the two trees. We'll still have a place to go. Really, we can go to the bridge instead. It will be just like the trees, you'll see, Saint. Really—"

"Lisa," Saint says gently. "We can always come back to the trees. We'll always come back, always." To me he adds, "It's like Strawberry Fields."

From the living-room windows, it is just possible to see the two trees they mean. They are tall old trees that stand together on the crest of a hill about a quarter-mile away. They do not belong to the Hunts, but then, unlike the house, they never did. "Have you read much Castaneda?" Saint asks me. "He talks about these places, powerful places, places where you go to get in touch with spirits." He does not need to add that on his mother's side of the family there is Sioux blood and that for Indians the spirits inhabiting sacred places may be the spirits of the dead.

There is packing to be done, equipment to be loaded, and flowers to be taken to a grave, but when Stella comes in brandishing her ticket home to Buenos Aires, we all think "ears" and retreat to the basement, to the room Hunt used for an office.

It is a macho room: rifles and hunting knives; swords, pistols and a snakeskin; a felt pennant from Brown, his alma mater, and, next to it, another, "Cuba Libre Volveremas." It is the room in which Hunt first learned of his wife's death. The room in which he and her children gathered to weep for her. "Many a time," Stella McGoey remembers, "he cried in that little office. He said, 'Poor Dorothy, poor Dorothy. I dragged everyone into this.' "

As children, Saint and Lisa say, they were not dragged in. Their mother told them their father worked in the foreign service and that was that. Only once they were older and began to question, did she say anything else. Then she said, "CIA," and again, that was that. Shortly before Watergate broke, Saint stumbled across his father's false identification papers and the now-famous red wig he had cadged from the FBI. When he asked his mother about it, she said only, "It is something he needs for his work. I can't tell you any more." But by then, Saint was old enough not only to question but to provide his own answers as well. Laughing with embarrassment, he says now, "When I found that stuff and Mama didn't know much about it, I thought, 'Holy shit. He's having an affair.' "

The affair, of course, was Watergate, and like most affairs, it was expensive. In his own words, it cost E. Howard Hunt "everything a man holds dear except my children." In some ways it

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cost him them as well. Stella McGoey says, "This is a political thing, but the children, they blame him."

But it is not quite so simple as that. Stella McGoey may be the king's eyes and ears, spooking through the halls of the home that was his castle, but eavesdrop as hard as she can she will not hear the conversations they hold in their hearts. Conversations like the one they are having now.

"My father is not really to blame for anything," Saint begins it. "Not personally . . . that was just the way his life happened and being that we were his kids, we were involved in it."

"You don't blame your father?" I ask. "You're not bitter?"

"Not really," Saint answers, but he adds, "Not any more."

"I am," Lisa says. "I *am* . . . if it [Watergate] had never happened, my mother would still be alive and we wouldn't be going through all this bullshit that we are now—"

"Or even if it had happened," Saint breaks in, "if she had just said she wasn't going to have anything to do with it, you know? Then she wouldn't have died. If she hadn't—"

"If she hadn't taken the plane," Lisa interrupts. "If she had never—if Father hadn't—I guess—talked her into it—she'd—I don't know."

They remember their mother as a warm, generous and emotional woman in contrast to their father. Many nights, while he wrote on his latest spy novel, they sat up talking with her by the living room fireplace, often until 2 or 3 AM. They talked openly to her about politics, drugs and sex—areas in which they differed sharply with their father. She seemed to understand their views and accept them, but she was also cast as the go-between, the middleman between her husband and their children.

Saint describes it this way: "It was really weird. It was like a triangle. Anything he wanted to tell us he would tell our mother and she would tell us and then we would talk to her and she would tell him. He wouldn't actually really relate to us on a one-to-one basis. But we would hope by now that he would talk to us, that he would realize that we're receptive, that the lines of communication are open. I mean, if this last flare-up with David hasn't closed them down, I guess nothing will. I wish we were closer."

The picture sketched is a Victorian one: the long-suffering wife of a demanding husband, a woman who sought solace in her children, taking them as confidantes, seeing eye to eye with them through a process of elevating them to adult status while sacrificing some of it herself. Lisa recalls her mother as her closest friend. Saint remembers she talked of buying a double bed for him and Drew to share in his room. (A plan Hunt nixed after her death.) But if her children and their friends counted themselves among Dorothy Hunt's friends, she herself could not count too many others. If your husband is a spy, casual friends are a luxury you can ill afford. Family was the bushel basket hiding the light of a warm, gay personality. Family snuffed the candle out, one, two, three!

The first thing Dorothy Hunt lost because of Watergate was her one outside diversion, a translator's job at the Spanish Embassy. Of this, Saint says bitterly, "It was so unnecessary, so unfair. Just because he went out and did some fucked thing like that—it seemed like she paid for every bummer, for every mistake he ever made . . . Her first mistake was getting married. She paid for that one her whole life."

Saint Hunt: "We would hope by now that he would talk to us, that he would realize that we're receptive, that the lines of communication are open."

The second thing Dorothy Hunt lost because of Watergate was her life. Of that, Lisa says, "When she was living in India, Mother had her fortune told by a wise man. He told her she would marry again. She did, to my father. That she would have ten children, four of which would survive. That's us. And that she would live to be 75. For the last year, I have been asking myself why two-thirds of that prophecy came true and the rest didn't."

The third thing Dorothy Hunt lost because of Watergate was her good name. While charred beyond recognition herself, the $10,000 in her purse survived the fire as fresh and green as bibb lettuce. Food for thought, that money. Lush, green hush money, some people thought, and so Dorothy Hunt's reputation also went up in smoke.

One year to the day later, in the room where her husband cried, "Poor Dorothy," I rest my tea cup on a packing box and ask her children, "How much did your mother know? The whole case that's been built up against her is based on the idea of her as co-conspirator, co-spy."

"My mother had nothing to do with it," Lisa snaps.

"No," Saint corrects her. "She knew about it all along but disapproved totally."

"That's right," Lisa says. "She *knew* about it, but she didn't agree with it. She never had any real involvement other than twice she went to Montgomery Mall to meet—"

Drew interrupts, "Lisa, she went to a lot of other places. She went to the airport; she went—"

"Do you think that had to do with hush money?" I ask. Suddenly, we are all aware that Stella is standing at the top of the basement stairs.

"What is it, Stella?" Saint asks.

"Telephone?" she says.

He does not bother to go through the motions of answering. The phone at his elbow did not ring. When Stella has gone, he says, "Well, yeah. It had to do with money, but I don't know whether or not it was to silence my father. He said it was for the Cubans, to support their families. And for us, to support us. There was no one else to do it, you see. My father had to rely on somebody. And she being his wife—she couldn't turn her back on him. There was no one else to do it."

"Did you know what she was doing?"

"Yeah. But she would never tell us a guy's name or what he looked like. She just would say she had to go make a delivery or a pickup or a phone call from a public phone so the call couldn't be traced. We were against her doing it, but she said there was no one else to do it. Certainly not us."

As they talk, it becomes clear that the money was not hush money to them. They are saying that for those involved in Watergate, it was all part of a bargain struck: "I'll do my part and if anything goes wrong, you do yours—care for my family." To suggest to them that their mother should not have ferried the money is to fail to understand the rules of the game. To put it another way, Hunt asked his wife for a favor she could not refuse. Tell his children that she *should* have and they will agree but see it as a nicety. You don't complain that the woman tossing the life jacket throws like a girl. You don't refuse a favor when blood calls blood.

"Even a favor like blackmail?"

Saint explains, "I think my father would have kept his mouth shut anyway, if the court hadn't blown the whistle. Blackmail? There was a whole lot of speculation, but he said he needed the money for the families and I believe him. He had been a spy all of his life. He was of the old school and he was going to keep his mouth shut. He knew if he was caught he was going to have to take the consequences.

"My father is a professional," Saint says. "A super-spy. But he never got caught before and that's why they hired him." And Lisa agrees. "Blackmail? What a bunch of crap!"

I ask them what they think of what their father did.

"Morally, it was totally fucked," Saint says.

"Totally fucked," Lisa agrees. But she adds, "My father is basically a good man, a super-patriot who served his country all his life and loves and respects the presidency. If they told him to do it, he did it. No questions asked . . . He believed that what he was doing was right, my father, and he believes it to this day. No matter what the law in this particular case said."

But there is a line to be drawn somewhere, isn't there? Isn't there a distinction to be made between spying on "enemies" and spying on an opponent in what was an allegedly above-board political process?

"Of course," Lisa says. "But we could never talk to him about it. We never talked about fine distinctions."

"And he had reasons," Saint says. ". . . he thought the Democratic party was getting funds from Cuba . . . which was getting funds from Russia or somewhere . . ."

What about breaking into Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office?

Lisa answers, "I think that was a little outrageous, but I wasn't really shocked. I always thought that kind of breaking in was going on back and forth between the political parties."

Saint?

"That's fucked, but that's politics and politics are fucked basically. Politicians, I think, have to have a sneaky aspect to them. I guess everybody does, but they're the ones with the heart to carry it out."

Lisa explains that their own politics are very confused, that they were raised in their father's beliefs and have had trouble sorting out fact from fiction, patriotism from patriarchy. She cites her own Nixon vote as an example: "Mama suggested I do it to show Dad I love him."

And now?

Now she has this dream: "There is a place I visited once in Syria. A place way, way out in the country. I'd like to take David there to raise him. I'd like to get away."

"I don't even want to live in this country," Saint agrees. "But I'm very confused . . . I guess Watergate is the worst thing that ever happened to it . . . but Watergate, my father's involvement in it, had a lot less impact on me than Mom's dying."

"But it stemmed from Watergate," Drew says. "And it's in that that the bitterness lies."

"You have to think that her time was up," Saint says. "You have to think of it that way to keep from freaking out." He adds, "My father never dreamed he would get caught. The heroes in his books never got caught, so why should he? My father, for a time, was quite a lucky man. He was able to live out his fantasy life. That's something we'd all like to do, if we're honest about it. He never dreamed it would end like this.

"My mother is still very much alive to me. I just can't see her physically, that's all. I mean, she is ever as much with me as she was before, more in fact, but I just don't see her physically and that's what I miss. I miss actually seeing her there and when I have dreams and she's in the dreams, it's really far out. Because then I just really remember and I wake up and say, 'Wow. I saw my mother last night.'"

From upstairs comes the sound of voices and boots on a hardwood floor. The band has arrived to load equipment. That means Dorothy Hunt's children have just one more hour for taking flowers to her at her grave. They have one more day before Kevan will come home and give them hell for giving an interview, one more week for packing away their childhood. With all of this, there is only one more story for me to tell.

This evening, on the way to the band gig in Hagerstown, piloting his van through a night of sleet along roads grown dangerously slick, Saint will suddenly hit the horn, very hard and long.

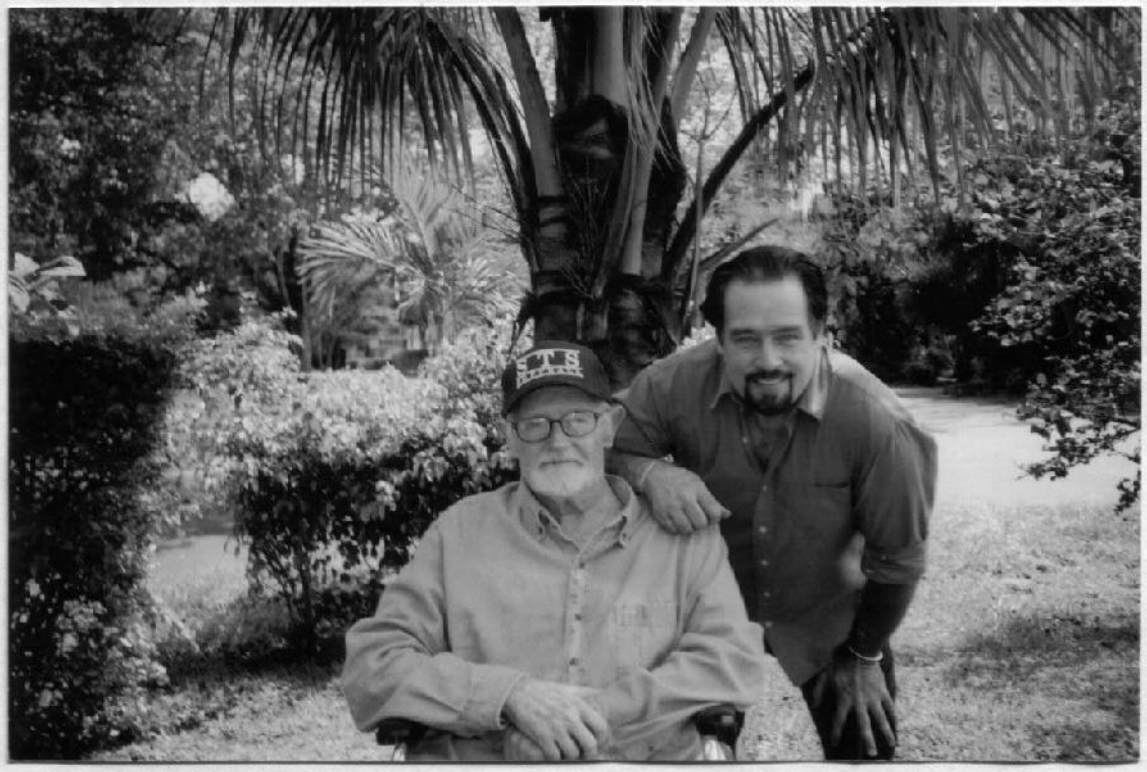
"What is it?" I will ask, waiting for the crash.

He will answer me, "That guy I just passed? He had a sticker that said, HONK IF YOU THINK HE'S GUILTY."

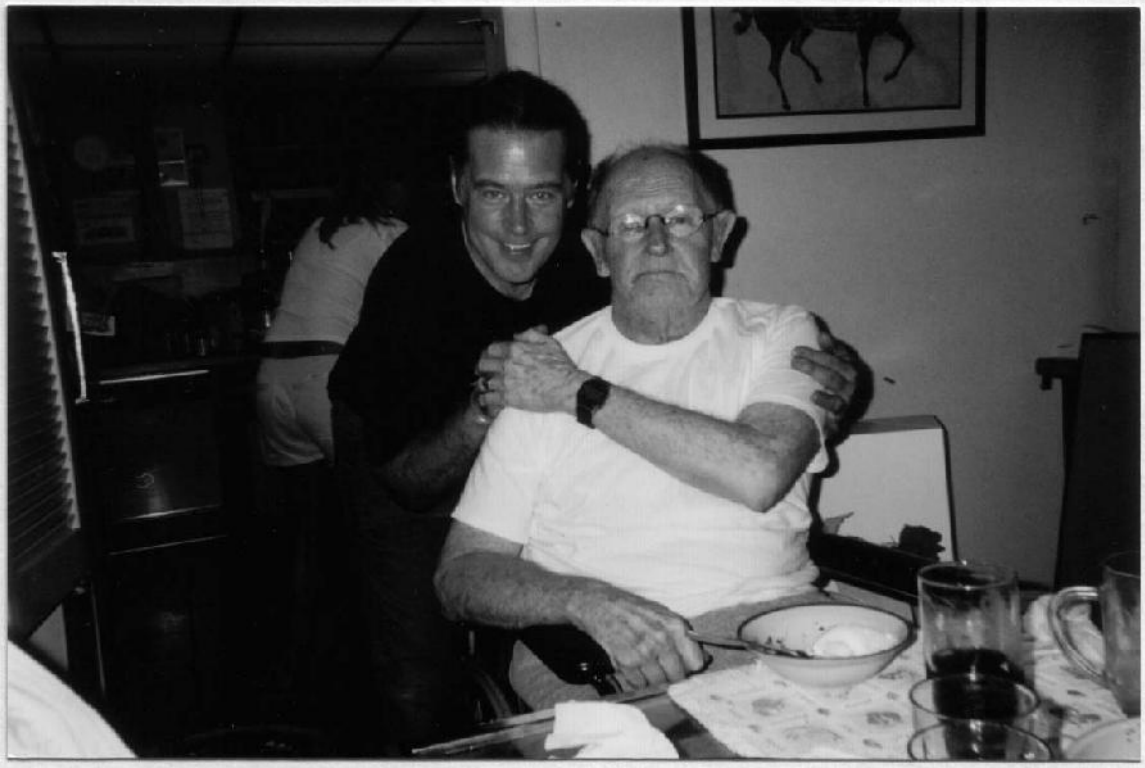
By December 23rd, Lisa and St. John Hunt were settled into their newly rented house. Saint's girlfriend, Drew Holmes, shares the house with them as does Bill Brody, the bass player. The house is small and neat, filled with green plants and the good cheer that comes with organizing a house according to your own needs: music room downstairs; sitting room on the top floor where the light is best; books everywhere; music throughout the house.

On December 24th, Lisa Hunt flew to Miami hoping to spend the holidays with her little brother David—although no one had answered her letters or the telegram she sent to announce her arrival. For 24 hours she called the Artime household from the airport—still no answer and so, she flew home without seeing her brother and with no idea where he was or where her sister, Kevan, might be. Kevan had not answered her phone for a week either.

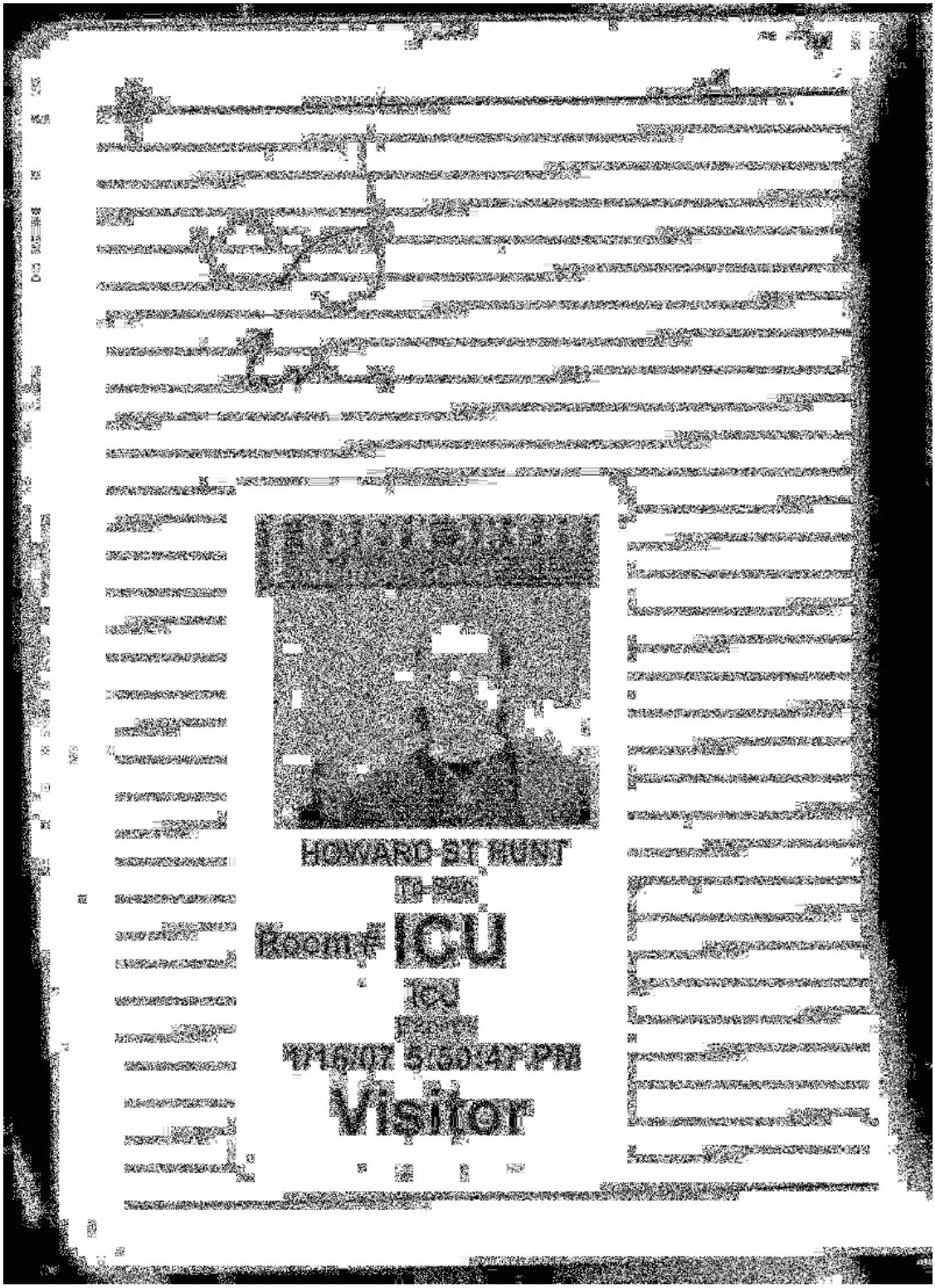
On January 1st Lisa and St. John Hunt read in the newspaper that their father was getting out of jail pending his appeal. The article mentioned that Hunt would be returning to his home in Potomac—the home that Lisa and Saint believed sold. Did that mean David was with him? Was Kevan? Lisa and Saint had no way of knowing, the locks on the doors had been changed and new locks added on the windows. Who lives there is anybody's guess.



Miami 2005 - Relaxing between the exhaustive interviews.



Miami 2003 - The day he told me the truth about J.F.K.



This page is from my address book. At the top, above my hospital visitor pass I've copied my Twitter-ID and to write my private message. I wonder what he was trying to write

The last photo - The bond, still strong. January 2007, North Shore Medical Center, Miami, Florida.

THE WINDOW OF TRUTH

The window of truth opened and closed so quickly that it barely created a breeze. If I hadn't been there, no one would know. If I hadn't heard my father's voice; with my own ears, his words would have dissipated like the early morning mist on an autumn blacktop road. Even scarier; the information regarding the "Big Event" would never have been spoken in the first place. I had conspired. We had conspired; to tell the truth. I had approached my father in a once in a lifetime moment where he felt that death was at his door; when he was nearing the end of his life and it was time to tell the truth. In a few brief days spent with him, he laid out the "chain of command" as he put it; "laying the blame on the doorstep of LBJ".

I didn't realize that my presence was essential to the fruition of his confession. After I left for California the "Miami Mafia" as I call them slowly chipped away at his resolve. Like a man drowning he reached for me and I wasn't there. How could I have known? It's true, we had these secrets, and I thought that we would follow through. This was to be his final mission. It was supposed to be our mission. In conversations we had, he said that he realized this was going to be a significant story. He was confident that based upon the information he thus far provided, we could interest an agent and eventually get a sizeable advance. He made it clear to me that there was more to add to the story as long as financial remuneration was forthcoming. He swore me to secrecy, and revealed that he was somehow going to have to work this out with Laura.

I knew this was going to be a problem for us yet I was naïve to think that he would be able to work this out. Laura is a very sweet and politically naïve person. She comes from a very strong Southern moral background. In conversations I've had with her

she reacted with disbelief that the CIA condones political assassination. She's told me many times that she married my father with the strict understanding that he had no knowledge of such immoral and evil acts. My father also told me that he had sworn his innocence of CIA/JFK plots to her. The problem my father now faced was; how was he going to break the news to Laura without losing her? How could he tell her that after all these years he had been lying? How would his family react? Laura had made it very clear to me that all the money in the world would not be enough to compensate for the disgrace this would bring. She was very adamant in her threat to leave my father. In retrospect I wonder if she would have left such a needy old man if he had followed through with the truth. Papa had been denying any knowledge of these matters for years. After all, he had testified twice in court that he knew nothing of the assassination. I wonder though, was Laura suspicious? She certainly became suspicious of my intentions. When my father went to court in the Mark Lane/Liberty Lobby trail, Laura was at his side. She watched helplessly as my father was subjected to merciless examination by Mark Lane. She must have wondered why witnesses were testifying that Howard Hunt was in Dallas during the assassination. I think that Laura must have had suspicions about the JFK thing but like a good wife, she stood by my father, and he stood by his story.

All of this weighed very heavily on my father. Once I left, the pressure was on him. Not only was this worrying him but he told me that he had caused so much pain and humiliation for his first family, that he was deeply troubled by what the fallout would bring to his second family. His second family had been raised long after Watergate and the JFK assassination charges had disappeared from the media. Every once in a while there would be the odd anniversary of Watergate interview, but Austin and Hollis

basically hadn't been affected by these events. He had made sure to shield them from the adverse publicity that had destroyed his first family. He gave up his lecture tours and settled on a life of relative obscurity and safety. He wrote frequently and continued getting published at the rate of about two books a year. I never understood how fame eluded him. Not only fame, but respect from the journalistic world. Perhaps it was the stain of Watergate? He had been publicly discredited when his memoirs came out in 1974. After initial publication it was disclosed that he had lied in at least 10 instances involving the Watergate part of his memoir. It is interesting to note that he barely discusses the JFK assassination time period in that book. He all but completely leaves it out. After his testimony at the Watergate trials showed that he lied, his book was pulled from the shelves and quickly disappeared from circulation.

Laura never knew this until I told her in the year before he died. As a matter of fact I never knew it until my father's attorney Bill Snyder revealed it to me. Secrets; Papa had a habit of keeping them. Full disclosure was a completely foreign idea.

Following my trip to Miami, I set up a meeting with Bill Snyder at restaurant in Sausalito, Ca. During our lunch, Snyder was "amused" that Howard had any information at all regarding the JFK assassination. He recounted that this had been something that Howard had been approached with before. Snyder told me that as Howard's counsel, he would have to recommend that Howard not speak of such things. He would be jeopardizing his freedom and it was a strong possibility that he could be prosecuted. "Even if prosecution were not to happen, Snyder said, he would face considerable harassment and humiliation from the media and public." Snyder pointed out that it was a grave mistake to go down the assassination conspiracy trail.

"Look what happened to Oliver Stone" he said. When the meeting was over I knew that Snyder was going to be a problem.

As I drove back to Eureka, I realized for the first time that this project would have to overcome some serious opposition. There would be pressure on my father from Laura, Austin and Hollis as well as Snyder and possibly Kevan to abandon this project. I was right. I just didn't know how bad it would get.

THE WINDOW CLOSES

After the failed Kostner project, I believed that none of this information would ever be revealed. I was disappointed and frustrated at how this had turned out. I know my father was disappointed, yet he was willing to drop the whole thing. His health was continuing to decline and the thought of dredging all this up, taping interviews, and dealing with the press was more than he was able to physically and mentally deal with. I know he must have tortured himself over the conflicts this would have caused and it was with some relief that he told me to return all the memos and audio tape I had. He asked me to promise that I would never reveal these startling details or use this information in any way. Reluctantly I agreed. Before I sent back the original memos, I copied them. I never returned the audio tape hoping he would overlook it. He never mentioned it so I assume he had forgotten that I had this critical piece of evidence. In the next few months, I put all of this behind me and resumed my normal life of school, work, and family obligations.

It was during a call from my brother that I told him about the Kostner project and what a disaster it had turned out to be. He laughed and said that he had spoken with Kostner and Giamarco the year before and although Papa never revealed anything, Kostner had flown down to the Miami house to discuss the assassination with Papa. There had been some deceit with regards to what Giamarco had told my father. As I understand it Giamarco and David were party buddies and had hung out together. Kostner and Giamarco were good friends and had offered a large sum of money to Papa through David if he could set up an interview for Kostner. Giamarco had known Papa for some time and had ghost written a forward for Papa in Giamarco's book "The James Bond

Films". Kevin Kostner hired a private jet and flew down to Miami to interview my father about the JFK assassination. At least that's what Kostner thought. My dad thought that Kostner was coming to discuss a film proposal about his life. So when Kostner showed up at my dad's house and asked him to reveal who killed JFK, my dad was very angry and cut the interview off. Kostner left feeling he had been deceived and everyone was blaming each other for the whole mess. David, was further sidelined in the family and suffered deeper alienation.

As we spoke on the phone I told him for the first time that Papa had revealed details about a plot to assassinate JFK and that I had copied hand written memos as well as kept a cassette recording that Papa had asked for back. David said that he new someone named Eric Hamburg who might be willing to discuss how best to use this information that I had. Eric Hamburg he said, had been a technical advisor on the Oliver Stone movie JFK. David had met him on the set of the NIXON movie which Hamburg had co-produced. Papa and David had been asked to come to the set while filming the Nixon movie and they had met Anthony Hopkins, Oliver Stone and Hamburg. Papa's attorney; Bill Snyder had joined them on the set and for dinner. I don't know how or why my father ever thought that Snyder was a capable attorney. He was not a trail lawyer and it was obvious even to Laura that he was in way over his head at the Mark Lane trail. As Laura recounted to me later, Snyder was a bumbling , perspiring novice when compared to Mark Lane. She thought that it was his lack of experience that had cost my father the appeals trail. Still, somehow, my father felt that Snyder was competent because he had asked him to negotiate terms during the Kostner project. In speaking to Giamarco, and Kostner on the phone, they made it very clear to me that Snyder was the single most damaging influence during negotiations. At least we were all in agreement that Bill

Snyder was no asset to my father. David said he would get in touch with Eric Hamburg and get back to me. A few days later David called me and gave me Hamburg's phone number. I think I waited a few weeks before I called him. When I did, he seemed very nice and was interested in hearing what this new information was regarding the assassination. I quickly realized that Hamburg was no ordinary Hollywood type. His mind operated like a computer with regards to the assassination. He was a well respected conspiracy researcher and had been instrumental in pushing through a bill which resulted in the declassification of thousands of government documents relating to the assassination. He had been to Cuba several times and had met Fidel Castro during a symposium about the Bay of Pigs. Hamburg told me that he always felt that Howard Hunt new much more about the assassination than he had ever admitted to.

"A man like your father; who was involved in both overt and covert CIA/Cuban plots was certainly in the position to have known about plots against JFK." "It's well known that your father's trail leads from CIA through Cuba, the Bay of Pigs, plots to kill Castro, and Watergate." "I've always felt that you dad was the thread that linked all these events and possibly the hit on JFK."

"My father never admitted to me that he had any part in the JFK murder" I said.

"Well what is it that you know?"

We had a long conversation in which I revealed to him what my dad had told me. He confirmed that some of the conspirators were well known in JFK conspiracy circles and some were not. Of these he said Cord Myer had never been offered as a conspirator. The LBJ connection was fascinating he said and noted that this was a major piece of the puzzle. "Do you think you could get your Dad to tell you more?"

"Jesus" I said. "I just don't think he's willing to get into this all over again." I told him about the Kostner project and we ended our conversation with the understanding that I would try to find a way to approach my father.

THE LAST CONFESSION

In Jan. the following year I got a letter from my father expressing concerns that the project was moving too slowly. He wrote: "The last I heard of our would be sponsors were that they were preparing papers…it is high time a good faith transfer be made. Without that, I don't want to talk or negotiate something intangible. I have two stipulations: source of info must not be identified; and any and all legal charges arising from the enterprise must be paid by the sponsors. Having said that, I look forward to seeing you here. Much Love, Papa." Later that month I received a Fed Ex package from Papa containing a cassette tape. The following is a condensed version of what was on the tape. His voice was extremely labored and he gasped many times as he fumbled with the tape recorder or the microphone.

"LBJ had designated Cord Myer to undertake a larger organization while keeping it totally secret. LBJ settled on Myer as an opportunist like himself, a man who had very little left to him in life…ever since JFK had taken Cords wife as his mistress." He spoke about Sturgis and Morales and the 'Big Event' At the end of it he said; "Let me point out that if I had wanted to fictionalize what went on in Miami and elsewhere during the run up for the 'Big Event' I would have done so, but I don't want any unreality to tinge the information…that I've provided to you and you alone…what's important is that we've back tracked a chain of command up through Cord Myer and laying the doings at the doorstep of LBJ…I'll be perfectly willing to expand on some of these matters in the future…I'll only do so if there is adequate monetary motivation. Please understand that."

Once the contract from Costner came, with no mention of 'adequate monetary motivation', I knew the deal was off. At best they offered an equal partnership to be divided between Costner, Giamarco, and my father. But an equal partnership for what? Costner wanted me to fly back to Miami and bring my father out to Los Angeles to film a documentary in which Costner acted as the interviewer and my father answering his questions. I spoke with Costner one last time and told him that this was an insulting offer and my father would never reveal to the world what he knew without being paid well. I never asked for any money for myself. I wanted this for my father and of course the prospect of writing publishing my own story sometime in the future. Laura called and Papa asked for all the paperwork and notes as well as the cassette. Before I sent them back I made copies. I kept the cassette tape.

So what's the truth? As I wrote at the beginning, truth can be viewed from many angles. It may be the same truth, but it might look different from a different angle. The way I see it, my father built his life around secrecy and I think he'll die with his secrets. He is in many ways the key to a mystery, a thread that links and binds the CIA, Bay of Pigs, assassination plots, JFK, Nixon, and Watergate. I had hoped, that he, as the last man standing, have the last word; but he isn't talking, he's keeping his secrets. This is not your average family story… it's the story of a man and his son; a family torn apart by scandal and lies, betrayal and murder, patriotism and treason. There is a woman who gave her life for his redemption, there is an old man dying a slow death; a family without love, and a son who will never be forgiven for telling the story you've just read.

A GLIMMER OF HOPE

In February 2005, I wrote my father with the idea that if I could pitch a new project; one with less emphasis on the JFK material, we could interest a writer who would be willing to co-write my father's true story as a lasting legacy. In this letter, I outlined that we would want to explore all the details of his fascinating life: "interested in writing about your whole life; childhood, education, family history, war service, OSS,CIA, prison,etc… they are also interested in the fact that you turned to me in your time of need during Watergate, how we carried out several ops of our own, what happened to us after our family was destroyed…This is far more to my liking than the Costner project. The part of the story in which you were offered a role in the "Big Event" but wisely turned it down, is just a footnote in your amazing life and although it is still a commercially strong selling point, would not be the focus of the project. Please consider coming to this project and working with me and whichever writer can offer us the best deal. It would be a cherished memory for a son to have."

During March I got a phone call from Papa approving the basic principal of the project: to co-write a truthful memoir with details regarding Watergate and JFK that had never been made public. After a month of negotiations with Eric Hamburg, it was agreed by the three of us that Hamburg and I would fly down and tape a lengthy interview with Papa to be used as material for the book. Luckily, my fathers' health was fairly good at the time and he seemed enthusiastic about the tapings.

In April Eric and I met at his hotel in Miami to discuss questions for the taping. Eric was very well prepared and had outlined each principal area to be covered. He had pages and pages of names and questions that pertained to all areas of interest: OSS, CIA,

Bay of Pigs, Guatemala, The White House, the Plumbers, Watergate, and of course the JFK assassination.

I spent nights at my fathers house and we met with Eric at his hotel room at the Holiday Inn on Miami Beach. Laura was happy to see that Papa was enthused about something. "Saint, you do your father a world of good by coming down here" she said.

"Well I'm so happy to have something for him to work on"

Austin was somewhat less enthused. I think he had his suspicions about our ideas for the book. We scheduled a 2-3 hour taping at the Holiday Inn, with a break for lunch. Papa was amazingly clear headed and answered all the questions with great interest. Each day when I returned to the house with him, Laura and Austin bombarded me with questions. They wanted to know what was going on behind those closed doors. We weren't talking about JFK stuff where we?

"Well, I said, we hadn't gotten that far yet, but we would be going over that ground in the next day or so." After Papa went to bed, Laura, Austin and I had a meeting. Austin wanted to make sure that asking questions about the JFK assassination was not what they wanted me to do. "I think that part of Papa's life is very relevant and is something that I think he needs to talk about."

"Saint, you don't seem to understand that nobody here wants you to discuss these matters, whatever they maybe, with Papa." Laura sat quietly looking on while the tension level rose quickly.

"Austin, I said, you don't seem to realize that these events; Watergate, JFK, and my Mothers death, all happened to a part of this family that you have nothing to do with!" "These events had a direct effect on my life, and there are secrets that I share with Papa that he wants to reveal; and quite frankly I just which all of you would just stop

pressuring my father into doing what you want him to do. You should be giving him the courage to do what he wants; not holding him back for your own selfish reasons!"

"St. John, we trusted you when you said this was a different project. We now feel that you still have intentions of having your father discuss matters which could become huge problems for him and OUR part of the family. We think you're the one who is selfish and narrow-minded. You're not thinking of what might happen to us and to your father if he starts talking about all this secret stuff." I felt like I was being attacked and I was getting really angry.

"Look, I said, do you think Papa is guilty of killing JFK? They sat stunned! "You're joking right?"

"No, just answer the question!"

"You're asking me if I thought my…uhm our father killed JFK?"

"That's exactly what I'm asking you."

"No, we don't. There's no way Papa would ever have done something against his own President…his own country."

"Well, I don't either!"

"You don't?"

"No I don't." "I do believe he knew about some plans to get rid of Kennedy and he's told me so. I think it's valuable information both historically and for the book." Laura, who had watched quietly as Austin and I had battled each other, shifted in her chair and said "St. John, I think you really do believe that your father had something to do with JKF's death just like you think that your mothers' death was a murder and not an accident."

"Laura, those are two different but possibly not unrelated events." There are things that Papa has told me which cause me to believe that he has had his suspicions as well." Then I said "You guys are all living this fairly perfect little life down here and I come down threatening to upset your perfect little world by wanting to find out the truth about my father! I'm sorry it upsets you! It has been deeply upsetting to me for over thirty years! My life was almost destroyed by the things he did, and although I'm only blaming myself for the way I lived my life in the years that followed, I just for once in my life want to know the truth about who my father and mother were"!! I was fighting back tears now but I continued. "So unless there is some way to stop me, Papa and I are going to continue to tape his life story, and whatever he decides to say is what it will be." I stormed out of the room and out the door. The Miami warmth, the moon and palm trees helped me to calm down.

The next morning as I got Papa ready for the trip to Eric's hotel room, I didn't talk to anyone about our fight last night. I especially didn't want Papa to see evidence that this book project was already dividing a family that desperately needed to heal. On the way to the hotel I asked Papa how much of what he had told me last year in the memos would he be willing to talk about on camera to Eric? He turned in his seat and looked at me perplexed. "How much does Eric know?"

"He knows the bare bones stuff. He wants to ask you specific questions about Sturgis, Cord Myer, Morales and those guys."

"Jesus Saint, I thought you promised not to tell anyone?" I breathed deeply and sighed. "I think it's a very strong selling point to your book." "Can't you just tell Eric what you told me?"

"I'm getting a lot of pressure from everybody to not go into that stuff."

"Who's doing it"?

"Well, Laura is going to be very upset and it could ruin our relationship." "You know she forgave me for my infidelities several years ago, but I had to really win her back. I was younger then and I've been so sick…lost my leg… and she's the only one that really takes care of me. She's all I have and I probably wouldn't be alive this long if it weren't for her." "Austin is embarking on a Naval career and may eventually decide to branch out into intel. I think these revelations might have an undesired effect on his chances."

"Do you feel that, or is it just Austin saying that?"

"Well both of us really."

"Who else?"

"Snyder is bringing up all these potential legal problems we might encounter…I just don't have the strength to engage in those types of confrontations and court appearances anymore."

"So what's the bottom line Papa?" "Are you going to talk about it truthfully or not?"

"Well, if I'm not asked, then I'm not volunteering anything."

"And what if you're asked?"

"I can't promise you honesty; I'm deeply sorry that that's the way it's going to have to be. I can't and won't jeopardize this second family that I live with for something that has already created problems that are only going to get worse. Saint…I lost my first family and wife over some of this stuff…if I bring it all out now, I may ruin more lives. Don't you understand that?" He reached over to my hand and held it firmly and I was moved to tears to see how conflicted he was about this. "I love you son, and I respect

what you've tried to do here but I just can't give you what you want." I sat quietly next to him and allowed the silence to shield the pain. It was obvious that he was making a choice; a choice that I had presented him with. It was them or me.. So far, they were winning.

As we pulled up to the hotel in silence, I felt very badly for Eric. He had come all this way and although there was no promise that my father would deliver the goods so to speak, I knew Eric was going to be disappointed. When I knocked on Eric's door I asked him if he could excuse himself and allow my father and I to have a few minutes to ourselves. Eric seemed a little bewildered but left us to our privacies. I wheeled my father over by the window and asked him one more time about the "Big Event" and Mama's death. He just closed his eyes and shook his head in a negative. I felt very badly for Papa. I felt bad too.

THE FINAL INTERVIEWS APRIL 2005

Over the next few days, my Father gave Eric Hamburg and I what was to be his final interview. Papa was always an early riser and he would often be watching Fox news and drinking coffee as I greeted him in the morning. We drove most often in silence to the Holiday Inn on Miami Beach where Eric had set up an informal taping area. I was keenly aware that these were going to be long and probably difficult sessions.

We started out that first morning with Papa talking about his Mother and Father, his early childhood and the start of his service during WWII. He was sharp, animated and had an almost encyclopedic memory of all things. For a man in his mid eighties, he was incredible. The mood was relaxed and we let Papa reminisce about whatever came to his mind. The interview concluded when after three hours Papa became tired and said he wanted to go back. Later that afternoon, when Laura, Austin and Hollis came home there was much discussion and curiosity about the days events. Papa was in a great mood and enjoying all the attention he was getting. Austin and Hollis invited themselves to come over so they could watch Papa giving the interview. This was bad news! With them there, Papa was never going to discuss anything that he had confirmed with me about the JFK assassination. I called Eric that night and told him that the Miami Mafia was going to show up unannounced and was probably either sent there by Laura or Bill Snyder to keep a handle on what Papa was talking about. Eric said that we would just have to play their little cat and mouse games; they surely wouldn't be there the whole time!

The next day we picked up where we had left off, and a nice flow began to develop. Papa was getting into some interesting stuff about the formation of O.S.S and

the early history of C.I.A. Suddenly there was a knock on the door and in popped Hollis! Just to see her Dad! I was like a cat bristling at the fact that there was an intruder, a female canine intruder! She sat there pleasantly smiling and holding his hand; the devoted daughter protecting her Papa. I was sick. I wanted to grab her by the throat and toss her out with the laundry. Luckily, this portion of the interview wasn't classified. I hoped this would be her only visit. Papa got tired after a few hours and we broke for lunch. After some delicious stone crabs and a few beers, he was ready to go again. I must say that his enthusiasm and energy was incredible! After taking him home, I met Eric at the hotel and we planned our strategy for the next round of questions. We realized that the critical issues would be coming up at the next session. We had already covered O.S.S, C.I.A., the coup in Guatemala, the Bay of Pigs, and many of the principals involved in those events. I wondered how we would ease my father into discussing the JFK hit. Would he even discuss it? Would the Miami Mafia show up and potentially ruin this most sensitive portion? Eric had a huge list of questions. He had seen the handwritten memos that my father had given me and he'd heard the confession tape.

I drove home that night watching the sun set over beautiful Miami Beach and wondered how the day would unfold. This was perhaps the most important part of the interview. Once back at Papa's home, I tip toed around looking for some alcohol to drink. I was pretty wound up and really stressed out. I found some rum and sat there blindly staring at the TV, drinking rum and cokes. I didn't like what was happening. I didn't like the fact that his second family was putting so much pressure on him. I didn't like the fact that they viewed me as an outsider; the same way I viewed them. This was a battle, no, a war really; a fight between truth and lies. I wished I could just whisk my

Papa away from here. I tried to shut my eyes; maybe one more rum and coke would wash away the stress. I drank heavily that night.

The next morning I took Papa to a doctor's appointment and then we met Eric for lunch. The interview got underway and Eric asked him about certain Mafia plots against Castro. Eric questioned him like a good attorney trying to get to the heart of the matter without losing the cooperation of his star witness. When we were just about to get to specifics regarding the JFK stuff, Austin showed up at the hotel! What timing! I was ready to blow a fuse! Eric was much calmer than I was. My contempt for Austin was thinly veiled. Now, with Austin there, Eric swiftly changed the topic to other, less critical matters. We finished out the session and Austin took Papa home. I tried to imagine what they were talking about.

When I got home later in the day, it was clear that the mood was very bad. The air was thick with tension and nobody was even making small talk with me. I felt like I should sleep outside under a bush. I stayed in my room and out of the line of fire. A few hours later I emerged hoping that I could watch a little TV. Papa was back in his hospital bed and wasn't feeling well. He was drained from the previous day's events and I wondered if he was going to be able to continue the interview tomorrow. I realized that he was the one being torn apart. I knew it must be excruciatingly difficult for him. I was feeling a lot of things: anger, sadness, resentment, frustration, so I knew he was feeling all those things ten fold. This whole project had already taken so long, and had gone through so many changes that I just wanted it to be over. I tried to talk to Laura and Austin that night, but we blew up at each other. The fear had taken over. After a very intense argument about the JFK stuff I got up and left. I didn't want to act out like this anymore. I was an unwelcome person, but it was my Fathers home, and as long as he

wanted me there, then I was going to stay. Papa could have at any time terminated the interview, so I knew at least a part of him wanted to do it. I was worried that night as I tossed and turned, I must have fallen asleep just before dawn because I could feel the air conditioning kick on as the morning sun sweltered outside. Sleep, I was happy to sleep!

I woke up with a sense of doom hanging over my head. It could have been the hangover I was nursing but after a few strong cups of coffee it didn't go away. Papa's mood hadn't changed and he was up beat and ready to go to the hotel for the final day of interviews. I called Eric and told him we were on our way. I prayed that we would be able to work with out interruption. Once we settled into our seats, Eric began questioning Papa about some of the details of the conspiracy to kill JFK. As I suspected, this was not going to be easy. My Father denied what he had previously told me. Changing his strategy, Eric asked my Father about Cord Meyer, Bill Harvey, David Morales, Sturgis and Dave Phillips. What Eric was doing was masterful. He was giving my father the means to talk about the assassination without self implication. My father, of course was equally as cunning in his choice of words. Without the fear of reprisals that would surely have come as the result of a more direct admission, my father freely talked about the JFK murder in a way that he had never done before. Papa fully realized that this was a video and audio testimony that was of historical importance. His testimony was slippery without being vague, and he let Eric guide him into answering questions while denying absolute first hand knowledge. In retrospect, if this was the best we could do then we had achieved a lot. This was E. Howard Hunt on camera talking about the JFK conspiracy. He cleverly substantiated what he had revealed in his death bed audio tape from January 2004. The tapes are a historically significant document and contain hours of fascinating information. After the JFK portion was finished, we all breathed a sigh of relief. After a

hearty lunch, we resumed our interview and moved on to many interesting topics about Watergate, Prison life, and the current state of the C.I.A. All in all, there are about nine hours of tape.

AMERICAN SPY: A STORY OF BETRAYAL

The book that was published shortly after my father passed away was the direct result of everything that Eric Hamburg and I had labored so hard and for such a long time to achieve. After we flew back to California, Eric went to work putting a proposal together. First, Eric had to put together an outline of chapters and content for my dad's approval. At the same time he initiated contact with his agent to find a publisher. The first outline that Eric sent my father was approved by my father and signed off by him. Based on that, Eric wrote up a proposal which he gave to his agent for circulation among publishers. The initial proposal looked really good. This was to be the definitive story of the life of one of our nation's most infamous intelligence operatives. Unlike my fathers last autobiography, "UNDERCOVER; memoirs of an American Secret Agent" which was published and quickly taken off the shelves in 1975 for glaring untruths, this was to be the real story. The main selling point of the book however, was of course new revelations on the conspiracy to kill JFK by one of key insiders. This was a major point: finally after forty plus years, someone with real first hand knowledge was coming forward to blow the whistle; naming names and revealing that JFK had been killed as the result of a conspiracy within the American government. Eric and I had signed a contract with my father sharing the profits from the book equally. In other words, we would each be getting one third. It seemed to be going smoothly, until Eric started getting phone calls from my father's attorney. The man's name was Bill Snyder, and a bigger buffoon there could not be. This man had represented my father since Watergate and had even been recommended to him by William F. Buckley Jr. An odd choice for a trail lawyer, Snyder had no prior experience with criminal law! I'll never understand what my father saw of

value in Snyder, he was incompetent at best. During the case of Liberty Lobby vs. E. Howard Hunt, Snyder was no match against Mark Lane who alleged that my father was indeed unable to prove his whereabouts on November 22, 1963.

Snyder was real trouble for the project and some speculate that he was more of a "handler" than a real attorney. A handler, in intelligence jargon, is someone that keeps a person in line. Eric and I felt like Snyder was my father's handler for the CIA and would go to any lengths to derail this project. Eric started getting phone calls and e-mails from Snyder protesting the nature of the revelations that were included in the book proposal. When Eric countered that Papa had approved all of this already, Snyder blew his top threatening legal action against Eric and the publishers. Snyder sent a revised proposal which excluded any mention or reference to JFK other than to say that Mr. Hunt had no knowledge of any plot to kill Kennedy. This went on for months; back and forth, revision after revision until there was nothing left of any real value or truth in the book. At the same time Snyder pressured my father into terminating our original contract for equal profits. The "Miami mafia" prevented me from speaking on the phone with my father and I was now on the outside. Snyder convinced or badgered my father into signing a letter which said that I was not to discuss any part of the book with anyone, including Eric Hamburg, and my share was reduced to a mere 7%. I couldn't believe what was happening! I was being screwed! Worse than that, Snyder had put a huge wedge between me and my father, and he had the support of the "Miami Mafia"; the selfish self serving, family that surrounded my father and kept him from doing what he wanted. On top of all that, they had convinced my sisters that I had brow beaten my poor father into making wholly untrue statement regarding the JFK assassination.

I wrote a final plea to my father, not for a reinstatement of our original profit agreement, but in hopes that he would retract the statements that he had so cruelly made in the letter to me. I pleaded for him to give me a chance to prove that the charges that Snyder and he had made against me were totally and completely false. Among the charges that were made were that I had used his good name to borrow and steal money from his friends and associates. This was a ridicules charge and without any truth. I have never borrowed or accepted any money from any person related to my father. As a matter of fact, I've never borrowed money from anyone! This was clearly a campaign by Snyder and the rest to discredit me, and destroy the relationship that I had with my father. Why were they so scared of me? Why were they so threatened? Was it really just because once these revelations came out, their precious little perfect lives would be soiled? The fact that I wasn't allowed to speak to him and that I lived so far away caused me a great deal of agony. Still, despite the hurt and bitterness, I didn't blame my father. They were the ones brow beating him…they were the ones putting lies in his head, and he was just too old and tired to do anything to stop them. In a final letter to me, the last one I ever got from Papa, he called for a truce. He said "I'm too old and sick to fight with anyone, especially you, my first born son". "Let's just say that there have been too many things to forgive and many to forget", Papa.

Snyder was now totally in control of the project. Eric eventually backed out saying that he could no longer be a part of a book which was not truthful, and which would cast doubt on his reputation. The publishers were ready to back out of the agreement, sighting that there obviously was no relevant material if my father was not going to disclose the JFK information. The point was also made that since Eric's departure from the project, the book had no author; my father was way to sick to write it

himself, and it had always been understood that Eric would write the majority of the book, and my father would approve the final manuscript.

Eventually they found a new writer for the project, changed the title from "Final Secrets" to "American Spy", and published it. My father was not to live long enough to see its publication. He died in January 2007, and the book came out I think in February. It received no critical acclaim, and was regarded as a nothing of importance. Snyder and the family had in effect won the battle. For me the greatest sadness was that I was never to speak to my father again. He died and I never felt like we had regained the love, and trust and camaraderie that we shared. After everything that had happened in our lives, after overcoming huge issues, death, family, loss, prison, drugs; it was tragic that Snyder and the Miami family had come between me and my Papa. I blame them and can never forgive them. The next time I saw Papa or any of them was in January 2007, when I flew to Miami a week before Papa passed away.

THE DEATH OF E. HOWARD HUNT

The tension was as thick as the air when I arrived at my father's home in Miami Shores. The feeling of welcome was at best thin and superficial, but I didn't let that bother me; I was there for my father. He was barely recognizable when I walked quietly into his bedroom. The caregiver told me he hadn't been out of bed for a month. He spent most of his time sleeping and Laura had finally agreed to get him a caregiver/housemaid while at work. Papa was sleeping as I pulled up a chair and sat next to his bed. This was a man I barely recognized. His face was shrunken and this was no doubt because he wasn't wearing his teeth. He never adjusted to having dentures and he seemed just as happy without them. My father accepted his decline with frank dignity. He never allowed his shortcomings to alter the fact that even at his advanced age; he was a man's man. He had lived his life the way he wanted, he had endured hardship, and no one could say that he lived without personal loss or sacrifice. He had been betrayed by his government and his colleagues, and still in the end, after all of the humiliations in the press, all the speculations and accusations, he carried himself with utmost grace and pride. I spent the next four hours sitting there, reflecting on our lives. There was so much to forgive; so much to embrace; it was utterly overwhelming.

Laura came home and she gently woke him. "Howard, look who's here".

"Do you know who this is?" "Howard", she called, "do you know who this is?" Papa looked around the room, almost in a trance and squarely looking me in the eye, he said softly, "It's Saint, it's my son, Saint John." I looked into his eyes, searching for some special sign that all was forgiven. I needed to be forgiven; even if I had to do it on his terms. Everything had always seemed to be on his terms, so why would I think it would

be any different now? Papa was the center of our family universe; mama was the gift, the work, the binding, and the sorrow. He raised his feeble hand, small as a child's and I gripped it, and poured my heart and soul, my love and devotion to him through our grasp. He held it tightly. His grip out lasted mine. He said nothing with words but he said a lifetime with his eyes; those eyes; steely, unflinching eyes that could pierce through all the layers of self protection; eyes that could uplift you or reduce you to nothing. I spent my life hating and loving those eyes. He held my hand tightly for at least 10 minutes. Laura came back in the room and felt his forehead; it was hot. "He's got a fever" she said. "Maybe we should call 911".

"I don't think his fever is unnatural Laura, it's just his body saying it time to go."

"Well you don't realize just how many times he's pulled through" she countered.

"What were Papa's wishes about his death?" I asked.

"Well, he doesn't want any major life support, and doesn't want to be fed through a tube or have his breathing maintained by a respirator."

"Don't you think he needs to die here in his home?" She ignored me and mumbled that she was calling 911. I had the fleeting thought of putting a pillow over his head and ending it all right there. I visualized myself in the act of suffocating my father and as my eyes looked around the room for a pillow, I tried to think if my actions would result in my arrest. Could they tell if I smothered my father? I didn't know. Instead I got up and followed Laura out to the back porch. "Laura, I think he's trying to die." "Do you really think he'll pull through this time?"

She looked at me, in disbelief, and then said, "Saint, I just couldn't live with myself if I didn't give your father every opportunity to get better."

"I can tell, in my gut Laura that he wants to die here at home, with you and me by his side." "Don't take that from him."

"Saint, I know you love your father, but we've gone through this before, and he's pulled out of it. I'm sorry you're here to see all this."

"Sorry?" "I'm not sorry" I said heatedly. "I'm sorry for a few things but I'm not sorry that I want my father to die in peace." "Just let him go" I pleaded. I watched her as she picked up the phone. "The ambulance will be here in a few minutes; do you want to ride with me or your father?"

"I'll ride with Papa." There was nothing to do now, no arguing my point; Laura was going to do what she thought best. As I returned to my father's bedside, I wondered why was she seemingly unable to accept that he was dying. And, what superhuman strength compelled my father to hang on. I whispered to him "You can let go, Papa. It's going to be all right." Soon I heard the siren and in a few moments the medics were moving my father out the front door and into the ambulance. "I'm riding with him, I'm his son" I said. Papa seemed barely aware of what was going on around him. One ambulance trip melted into another and another and bright lights, nurses, prodding, and questions. All this; the wonders of modern medicine and a free ride in an ambulance.

BREAKING THE STORY

I had started trying to find a way to break the incredible information my father had given me several months before he died. One of my old high school friends worked at Rolling Stone as a writer and after countless attempts to reach him, he e-mailed me back. To make a long story shorter, I told him what I had and after getting approval from his bosses, he flew to eureka for three days of interviews. He examined all the documents I had, listened to the audio tape, and questioned me exhaustively. In the mean time the news broke that E Howard Hunt had passed away, and it was all over the papers and the internet. Our local paper, The Times Standard sent someone over to cover the story from a local perspective. During that interview I let slip that there might be a big story coming out with Rolling Stone magazine. Immediately I got calls from members of my family. I got calls from Snyder, the lawyer, who I hoped would not continue to be involved in family matters. This was not to be true. There was no doubt that he was going to fight this every step of the way. When the Rolling Stone article came out in April of 2007, the shit really hit the fan! I got a call from family members saying that they never wanted to talk to me again; as far as they were concerned I was no longer a part of the Hunt family. I had betrayed them and they considered me a low life. Immediately parts of the story were up all over the net and thousands of people had opinions and set up websites to break the news that Hunt gave a "death bed confession" with startling revelations naming the assassins of JFK. The whole "death bed confession" was not a term I ever used. It was the title of the Rolling Stone article; The Last Confession of E. Howard Hunt. Still, people went with the "death bed" thing and it just exploded! I started getting calls from radio shows and I decided to go ahead and do some

live radio with some of the top programs. I picked Coast to Coast with Ian Punit and he was the first to broadcast the audio confession that my father made and sent to me back in 2004. Shortly before the airing, my sister called in to Ian and said that there was no such confession tape, that it was all a lie. Ian told her that she should remain on the phone and tune in. He said "I've heard this tape now a dozen times and I assure you that this is nothing short of astounding!" You see, the problem that my family was having was that they never knew that Papa had made the audio tape. They didn't know its contents, so when it was broadcast it completely shut them up. To me, it was a major victory! I gleefully imagined that Kevan's jaw dropped…even became dislocated! The rest of the doubters never said another thing to me. What could they say? How could they deny words from the man himself?

I don't know what, if any strategy meetings the family may have had to contain the story and destroy my character, but there did appear a "Hunt family" web site with a long letter of character assassination towards me. In it they claimed I was a drug user and had pressured an old and sick Hunt into making up false stories. The implication was that I was a liar and I shouldn't be believed. The response from the public was unanimous; I was the bearer of truth and they were the evil family that should be ashamed of themselves! Letters and e-mails started pouring in from all over the world thanking me for coming forward with the story. With all the public support, I continued bringing the truth to a larger audience and agreed to go on the Alex Jones Radio show. I had never heard of Alex, but I quickly learned that this was a man that I could totally relate to. He was a freedom fighter in the purest sense of the word. He is an inexhaustible mover and shaker; he runs around like a six headed demon attacking fraud and political corruption from every angle. He's a very controversial figure with a huge

radio audience. My interviews on his show were a huge success and I became good friends with him. His knowledge of the underside of political intrigue and misinformation is encyclopedic. Alex is a great supporter of mine and I hope I am to him.

I did some smaller radio shows…pirate radio and such, trying to reach as many people as I could. It was not only time consuming, but emotionally exhausting as well. Talking about my Mother's death and answering questions about my past sometimes left me without the energy to get up from my seat.

The next media offer that came in was from Inside Edition. Inside Edition is kind of a Hollywood/news tabloid show. They wanted to put me on the air. I flew down to Los Angeles and met my friend Eric Hamburg. We had agreed to do the show together. We drove to their studios in Hollywood and waited for them to call us in for the taping. Now, I had never done TV before and I didn't know what was going to happen. As I waited there the thought did occur to me that I might be getting a bad deal. What if Jim Moret was working to discredit me? In a few moments I would know. Moret was not only a very nice man, but he was an exceptional interviewer. He was smooth and direct without being abrupt. He handled me perfectly and the show was taped for about an hour. The final cut was much shorter than that but it was very well received. After the show, Eric and I got a chance to hang out together.

There was a lot going on in my life and I was getting tired of the radio shows. I felt like I was getting repetitive and people were asking some pretty strange questions. One caller asked if I knew where JFK's brain was! Other people asked if Lee Harvey Oswald ever came to my house! Radio shows are very time consuming. You have to wait on the phone for long periods of time while the host does his advertising spots and talks to his other guests. I wondered how guests make any money from interviews.

Every guest that appeared on the shows had a product to sell. It might be a DVD, or a book, but they all had something to sell. I decided at that time to bring something to the sales table. I went ahead and had an interview filmed which I offered on a web site that was created for me. On the web site, you could hear the entire audio of my dad's "confession" and see a transcript of his words. There was also a link to sell my DVD. I questioned the ethics of what I was doing. Was it wrong? It certainly was not. At best what little money coming in would only barely offset the cost of manufacturing the DVD's and setting up the website. Unfortunately by the time my DVD was available, I had tired of the radio shows and decided that Alex's show would be the last for a while. My father had instructed me to come forward with his information after his death and I felt like I had done a pretty good job. I had other things going on in my life. Mona Arnold was the woman I had waited my entire life to meet. We met at College of the Redwoods and I knew from that moment that I would ask her to marry me. I decided to propose to her at the big Relay for Life cancer fund raiser.

AFTERMATH

A couple of curious things happened to me just after the Rolling Stone article appeared; there was a break in at the house where I had been renting a room, and a few days after that, someone tried to run me off a very dark and deserted road. Now I didn't see anything sinister or conspiratorial about either incident, but some friends who know people that might know these things had warned me about my safety.

The break in at the house left no traces of entry and all the usual stuff people steal was untouched. There was stereo equipment, CD's, computers, DVD's, TV's, and nothing was touched. The only evidence left behind was that whoever did it was looking for some papers. All of the files had been gone through. What were they looking for? It could have been the documents and memos that my father gave me outlining the plot to kill Kennedy, or it could have been …nothing. I don't know what to think. Does this kind of thing really happen in the real world? Do people's homes get broken into by spooks? Wouldn't "they" have made it look like a "normal" robbery by a drug fiend?

Two nights later I was driving down Samoa Blvd., out by the dunes next to Humboldt Bay. It's a dark stretch of sandy wind swept two lane black top with no lighting to speak of. It was late and I was coming back to my house from my girlfriend Mona's apartment in Arcata. There was nobody else on the road that night and I noticed some headlights coming up fast behind me. As they got closer and closer I sped up a little but they pulled back. They were about ten or more car lengths behind me when they sped up again. They came up so fast, right up to my bumper with their hi-beams on that I swerved to avoid a collision. My car almost flipped on the sandy soil near the dunes.

The car sped past me and disappeared into the night. It scared me and I don't drive that stretch at night, alone…at all.

Mona and I got married on October 13th 2007, in a beautiful ceremony in Willow Creek, California. My brother David and his daughter were in attendance along with so many of my best and dearest friends. I've had to let all of this go; I felt otherwise it could become too much in my life. I want to be a "normal" person. My life has been crazy and dramatic, I've traveled all over the world, I know what people want and I've found it. It's not fame, drugs or money (although working for a living does have its rewards), it's inner peace. People still stop me on the street and thank me for what I've done. I still get plenty of e-mails from people all over the world thanking me for coming forward with these tantalizing pieces of the puzzle. Little by little some have come forward with enticing bits of information: like the guy who now in his advanced years, and after seeing my website, reached out to me telling me that in 1963 he worked for the CIA stationed in Miami at the Opa Loka air base. He was a contract agent and a pilot. He knew my father and says that he flew him to Dallas in 1963. I've checked this guy out with Eric Hamburg (one of the finest assassination researchers) and his story is credible. Other people have found the courage and come forward with tiny bits of the story. One such person is Douglas Caddy. Doug Caddy was my father's first attorney during Watergate. He had also been the attorney for Billy Sol Estes. Estes is an interesting figure in the underbelly of Texas politics. He worked with Lyndon Johnson on various crooked land and water deals. He also claims that he was one of LBJ's closest confidants. Of this, there is no dispute. That he carried out many shady and illegal activities on behalf of Johnson there is little dispute. He has gone on record that LBJ told him (Estes) that he had been part of the plot to kill Kennedy. Doug Caddy sent me an e-mail encouraging me to continue

fighting for the truth. Caddy sent me an interesting DVD about LBJ's involvement with Kennedy's death. Caddy told me that I was on the right track and that Estes told him so.

Along with all the public support I've received, there has been evidence of pressure on the media not to play up the story. 60 Minutes, the famous investigative show on CBS called me and wanted to flesh out a meeting with me in San Francisco. I phoned Eric Hamburg and we agreed to meet one of their top producers from the show. I brought down all of the memos and tapes that I had in support of my father's story and had several good meetings with this unnamed producer. He was intrigued and excited about bringing this story to a national news audience with a ten minute spot on an upcoming 60 Minutes show. He examined all the documents and we supplied handwriting experts to verify that the handwriting on the JFK memos was in fact that of E. Howard Hunt. He flew back to New York and I went back to Eureka and waited. He called the next week and said that it had been approved by his boss during a meeting that afternoon. Would I be willing to fly to New York to tape the interview? Wow! This was really the big news story now! Another week passed till he called me again; this time with bad news. "As much as I wanted to run with this story, and I think it's a very important one, Saint John, I've been shut down."

"Shut down, what does that mean?" I asked.

"Well I can't go into details but it came down from the top" he said. What I'm supposed to tell you is that all of our time slots are booked till the fall season, so we'll have to get back to this later."

It's clear that such a major story has been overlooked by the major news media because the powers that control them are putting their time and money into shows that support the lone gunman theory. Just look at the most recent books: Case Closed by

Posner and the lengthy book by crime solver Bugliosi. His book is in two volumes and weighs about fifty pounds. On a radio show recently Bugliosi was asked what he thought of the revelations coming from Saint John Hunt and Bugliosi replied," well, you know, Saint John isn't credible." I say to you Mr. Bugliosi that you've slipped by the point. It's not my credibility you need to judge, I'm only the messenger. You can't say that my father's words aren't at least worthy of investigation. I have his memos and his audio tapes and he gave me the task of bringing this to the world. I still have some surprises for people like Posner, 60 Minutes and Bugliosi. I'm working on ten hours of live interview footage shot in Miami by Eric Hamburg and I with explosive details regarding the CIA and JFK. The best is yet to come.

Alex Jones along with IFC (Independent Film Channel) flew Mona and me down to Dallas in January 2008 to be filmed for two documentaries about JFK's death. New witnesses have come forward as a result of my story and I was given the opportunity to tell my story on two films which will reach a broad audience. These films will hopefully be released by the fall of 2008. Being in Dallas at Deally Plaza was very strange. I walked up the grassy knoll to the picket fence where the fatal head shot was fired from. I went back to the railroad yard where police picked up the "tramps" and brought them into custody only to let them go without identifying them. My father's role as a "benchwarmer" may never be fully disclosed. I knew that he was downplaying his involvement when he started writing the memos. We both knew he wasn't ready yet to tell the whole story. And now he never will. I'm left with parts of a puzzle.

THE CONSPIRACY

I've been asked many times if I thought my father killed JFK or what role did he play in his death. After thinking about this for a long time, after going down to Deally Plaza and walking the grounds, after all the tid bits of information that I've been sent, and after careful examination of my fathers notes and researching who these conspirators were and what connections they may have had, I have come to a scenario which is plausible in my mind.

According to my father LBJ and it seems just about everyone else in the military-industrial complex viewed Kennedy as a threat and wanted him out of the way. LBJ, knowing that if Kennedy served another term would place him completely out of the presidential throne, was open to suggestions and agreed to control the investigation and cover up in return for his chance at the oval office. J. Edgar Hoover and the Kennedy's had been virtually at war, with Hoover having the edge and aligning himself with Johnson. It is known that just prior to the assassination, LBJ and Hoover held a secret meeting witnessed by LBJ's mistress, Madeline Brown. Brown also has gone on record as being present when LBJ said in a moment of anger, that he was "taking care" of Kennedy. Billy Sol Estes, close friend of LBJ, confided in his attorney Douglas Caddy that LBJ had told him he was part of the move to kill Kennedy. I think in trying to find the right men for the job LBJ landed on Cord Meyer. He was a CIA officer with international connections via London and was married to Mary Myer, a socialite and mistress of Kennedy's. She was later murdered on a Georgetown pathway and her home was ransacked by James Angleton, chief of counterespionage for the CIA. LBJ must have known that Myer had an ax to grind with Kennedy and went to him. From here the

plot branches out to involve (according to my father) David Atlee Phillips, a close friend of Hunt's and suspected handler of Oswald in Mexico City. Bill Harvey, another CIA officer had been involved in many of the darkest ops for the CIA/Mafia plots against Castro. He was someone who wouldn't get squeamish about killing Kennedy. In Harvey's biography there are notes and cables by Harvey discussing the need to recruit assassins from the Corsican underworld. Harvey was the one with the connections to do just that, and it's my contention that Harvey brought in Lucien Sarti as the hit man at the grassy knoll. Harvey was hoping to lead the CIA after Johnson took control.

Hunt would have been the perfect man to organize the Cuban end of the assassination. Well known and respected in the underworld of anti Castro Cuban exiles who had revenge on their minds, Hunt played the role of CIA link to these blood thirsty mercenaries. Hunt, ever loyal to his bosses at CIA feared, as they did, that Kennedy would virtually disband the CIA. Kennedy did in fact threaten to do just so. In addition he fired Hunt's bosses and thereby ended Hunt's rise up the CIA ladder. Instead after the Bay of Pigs, Hunt's position as were many others, ruined.

The Cuban para military group consisted of Antonio Veciana, ruthless leader of Alpha 66 and well known Kennedy hater whose CIA handler was none other than David Atlee Phillips, Frank Sturgis, another CIA mercenary and Bay of Pigs veteran; he would later work for Hunt during Watergate and spend time with Hunt in Federal prison. David Morales, admitted CIA executioner with a list of bodies dating back to 1954 when he and Hunt worked to over throw the Guatemala government. Morales, I believe was part of the ground team and was at the meetings with Hunt at which the "Big Event" (Kennedy's killing) was discussed and organized. Later in years personal friends of Morales' have

come forward with tales of a drunken Morales admitting to his role in Kennedy's death. Morales died mysteriously just before he was to testify before the House Select Committee on Assassinations in 1978. Lucien Sarti, was the Cosican assassin who, dressed as a policeman fired the fatal head shot from the grassy knoll. He was flown out of Dallas the day of the assassination according to witnesses. Hunt was a sniper during his stint in O.S.S. and has expert knowledge of positioning a hit using triangulation fire. I think it's plausible that with his expertise, he may have been the one who scouted out the positions for the three man sniper team at Dallas. He was flown in and out of Dallas by a pilot from CIA station in Miami in 1963 and according to this man it may have well fit the time line of events. Frank Sturgis and CIA contract agent and mistress of Fidel Castro have testified that Hunt was in Dallas on that day and met with them at a motel room at which time he gave Sturgis an envelope full of cash. Lorenz was a CIA tart that was used in attempts to kill her lover Fidel Castro.

So there it is. Of course it's only a theory, but it makes sense to me. It's not so massive and is pretty well contained. You have men who do the killing, you have the Oswald the fall guy, you have the secret team in the CIA, and you have Hoover and Johnson controlling the investigation and cover up. It's simple really

What is so important about the Kennedy assassination? It's the defining moment when the "shadow government" took control and started running this country. So I thank all the people who have written me in support of my going public, I respect those that don't, I urge others to bring forward even the smallest links of information, and I pity my family for such cowardly and disgraceful attempts to keep the truth from coming to light. Most of all and with deepest sense of pride and respect, love and admiration, I want to

thank my father, E. Howard Hunt who after living with the terrible truth for over forty years, had the courage to tell me some of his secrets.

APPENDIX

The JFK Assassination -- Witness Marita Lorenz

Attorney Mark Lane questions witness Marita Lorenz in the trial, Hunt v. Liberty Lobby. Excerpted from the book *Plausible Denial* by Mark Lane.

Lane: During and before November of 1963, did you work on behalf of the Central Intelligence Agency in the Miami area?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did you work with a man named Frank Sturgis, while you were working for the CIA?

Lorenz: Yes, I did.

Lane: Was that in Miami, during and prior to November 1963?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: What other names, to your knowledge, is Frank Sturgis known by?

Lorenz: Frank Fiorini, Hamilton; the last name, Hamilton. F-I-O-R-I-N-I-.

Lane: Was Mr. Fiorini or Mr. Sturgis, while you worked with him, also employed by the Central Intelligence Agency?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: During that time were payments made to Mr. Sturgis for the work he was doing for the CIA?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did you ever witness anyone make payments to him for the CIA work which you and Mr. Sturgis were both involved in?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Who did you witness make payments to Mr. Sturgis?

Lorenz: A man by the name of Eduardo.

Lane: Who is Eduardo?

Lorenz: That is his code name; the real name is E. Howard Hunt.

Lane: Did you know him and meet him during and prior to November 1963?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did you witness payments made by Mr. Hunt to Mr. Sturgis or Mr. Fiorini on more than one occasion prior to November of 1963?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did you go on a trip with Mr. Sturgis from Miami during November of 1963?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Was anyone else present with when you went on that trip?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: What method of transportation did you use?

Lorenz: By car.

Lane: Was there one or more cars?

Lorenz: There was a follow-up car.

Lane: Does that mean two cars?

Lorenz: Backup; yes.

Lane: What was in the follow-up car, if you know?

Lorenz: Weapons.

Lane: Without asking you any of the details regarding the activity that you and Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Hunt were involved in, may I ask you if some of that activity was related to the transportation of weapons?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did Mr. Hunt pay Mr. Sturgis sums of money for activity related to the transportation of weapons?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did Mr. Sturgis tell you where you would be going from Miami, Florida, during November of 1963, prior to the time that you traveled with him in the car?

Lorenz: Dallas, Texas.

Lane: He told you that?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did he tell you the purpose of the trip to Dallas, Texas?

Lorenz: No, he said it was confidential.

Lane: Did you arrive in Dallas during November of 1963?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: After you arrived in Dallas, did you stay at any accommodations there?

Lorenz: Motel.

Lane: While you were at that motel, did you meet anyone other than those who were in the party traveling with you from Miami to Dallas?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Who did your meet?

Lorenz: E. Howard Hunt.

Lane: Was there anyone else who you saw or met other than Mr. Hunt?

Lorenz: Excuse me?

Lane: Other than those?

Lorenz: Jack Ruby.

Lane: Tell me the circumstances regarding your seeing E. Howard Hunt in Dallas in November 1963?

Lorenz: There was a prearranged meeting that E. Howard Hunt deliver us sums of money for the so-called operation that I did not know its nature.

Lane: Were you told what your role was to be?

Lorenz: Just a decoy at the time.

Lane: Did you see Mr. Hunt actually deliver money to anyone in the motel room which you were present in?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: To whom did you see him deliver the money?

Lorenz: He gave an envelope of cash to Frank Fiorini.

Lane: When he gave him the envelope, was the cash visible as he had it in the envelope?

Lorenz: Yes.

Lane: Did you have a chance to see the cash after the envelope was given to Mr. Fiorini?

Lorenz: Frank pulled out the money and flipped it and counted it and said "that is enough" and put it in his jacket.

Lane: How long did Mr. Hunt remain in the room?

Lorenz: About forty-five minutes.

Lane: Did anyone else enter the room other than you, Mr. Fiorini, Mr. Hunt, and others who may have been there before Mr. Hunt arrived?

Lorenz: No.

Lane: Where did you see the person you identified as Jack Ruby?

Lorenz: After Eduardo left, a fellow came to the door and it was Jack Ruby, about an hour later, forty-five minutes to an hour later.

Lane: When you say Eduardo, who are you referring to?

Lorenz: E. Howard Hunt.

Lane: When did that meeting take place in terms of the hour; was it daytime or nighttime?

Lorenz: Early evening.

Lane: How soon after that evening meeting took place did you leave Dallas?

Lorenz: I left about two hours later; Frank took me to the airport and we went back to Miami.

Lane: Now, can you tell us in relationship to the day that President Kennedy was killed, when this meeting took place?

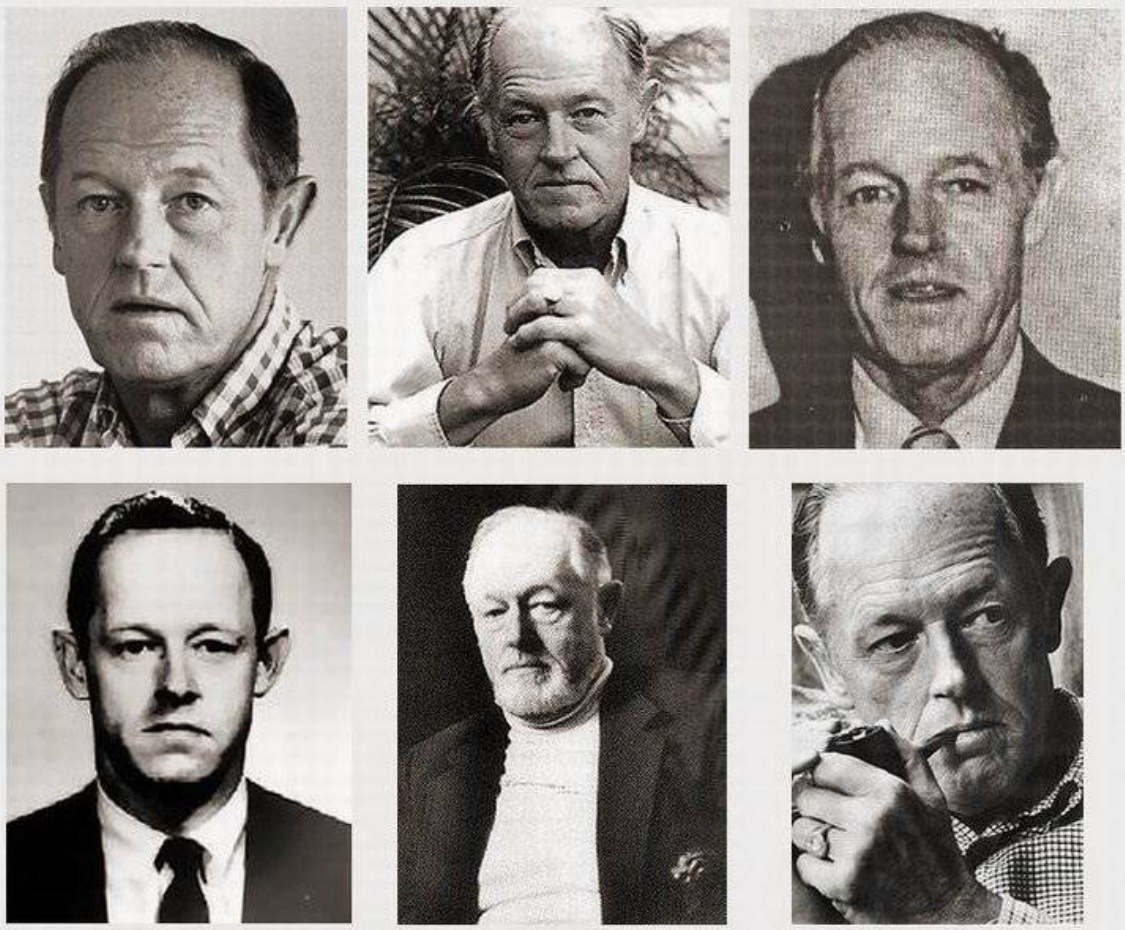
Lorenz: The day before.

Lane: Is it your testimony that the meeting which you just described with Mr. Hunt making the payment of money to Mr. Sturgis took place on November 21, 1963?

Lorenz: Yes.

[Note: Marita Lorenz returned to her home in Miami that same night, but said Frank Sturgis later told her what she had missed in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963: "We killed the president that day."]

E. Howard Hunt



Novelist; the real life American James Bond; model for "Mission Impossible" hero Ethan Hunt; CIA black ops & psy-warfare; overthrew Guatamala; secret war in Cuba; assassination attemps against Fidel Castro; Bay of Pigs leader code named "Eduardo"; assassination mastermind; Kennedy hater; team leader in Dallas; secret covert action team for Nixon; Watergate conspirator and my father.

E. Howard Hunt, L & R; Tramp, Center

Is that Dorothy Hunt hiding her face from the press? Is that Sturgis and Hunt on the right?

Cord Myer - Chief of Station Great Britian. Hated Kennedy for turning his ex-wife into a mistress.

Bill Harvey - "two fisted, guntoting, alcoholic psycho." His memo to CIA boss suggested using Corsicans for hit men.

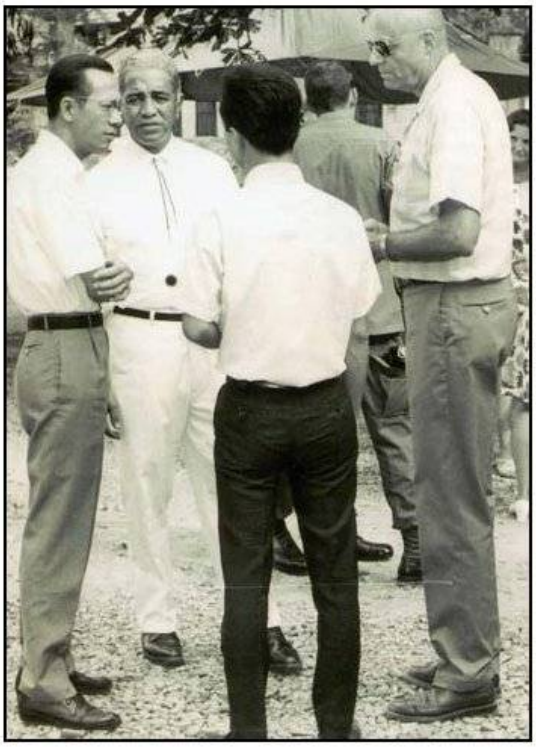
Antonio Veciana - Viscous leader of Anti-Castro Alpha 66. CIA contract agent who reported seeing his handler, Dave Phillips, with Oswald in Mexico, 1963.

Frank Sturgis



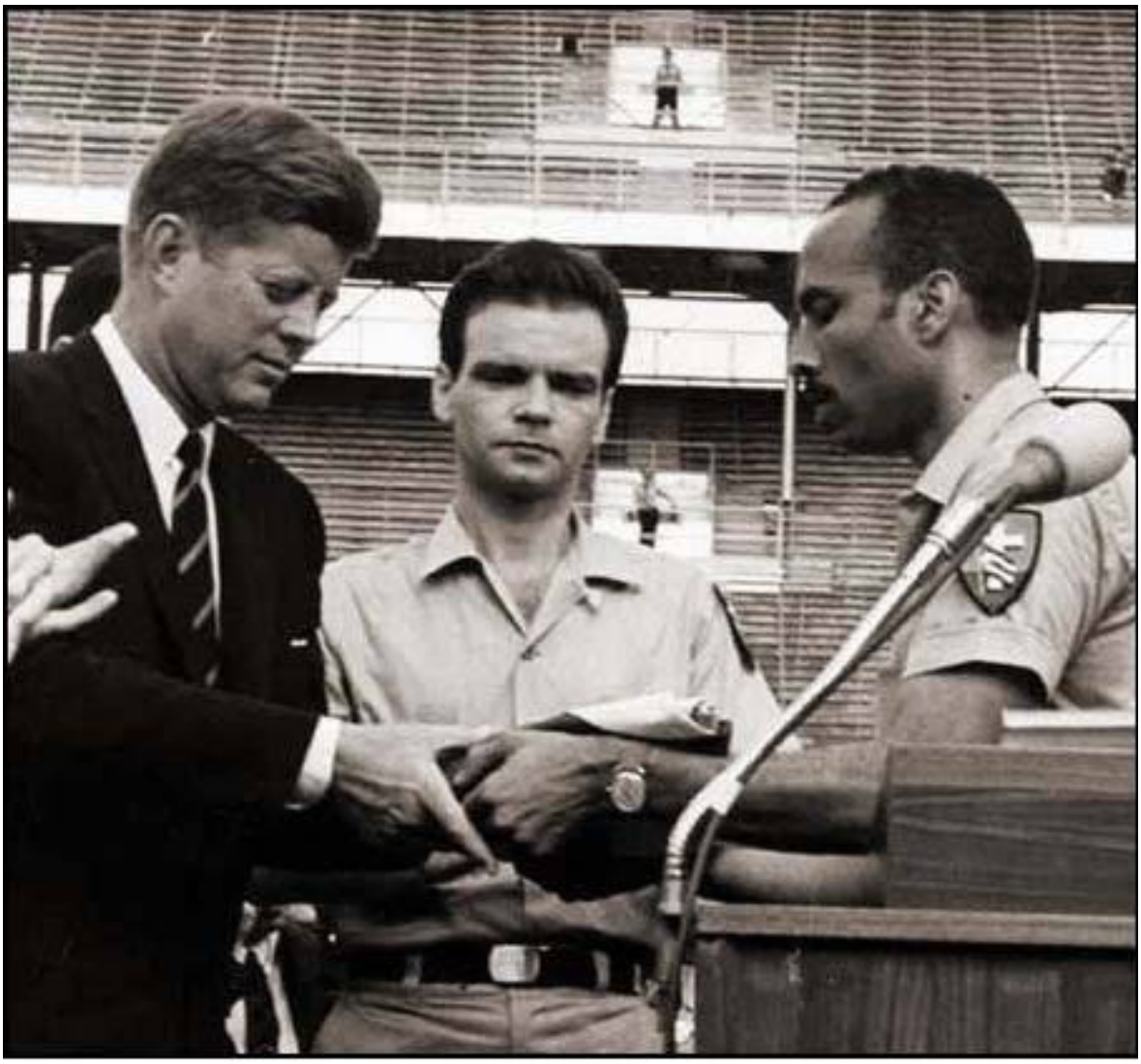



The mercenary; worked for the mob in Havana as a casino enforcer; fought alongside Fidel Castro during the overthrow of corrupt Cuban dictator Bautista; trained the CIA secret army in Guatemala and Miami for the Bay of Pigs. Close and life long friend of E. Howard Hunt and suspected tramp at the Dealey Plaza; brought guns to Dallas, November, 1963.



David Morales (second from left) - In 1953 he became involved with the CIA's Executive Action Plan, a code for the assassination of unfriendly foreign leaders. Morales worked under my father in the overthrow of the Guatamalan government. In the late 50's he became known as the CIA's top assassin in Latin America. In 1961 Bill Harvey arranged for Morales to be posted to JM/Wave, the CIA station in Miami with my father. Later Morales confessed to his long time friend, Ruben carbajal that he helped "take care of that SOB Kennedy."

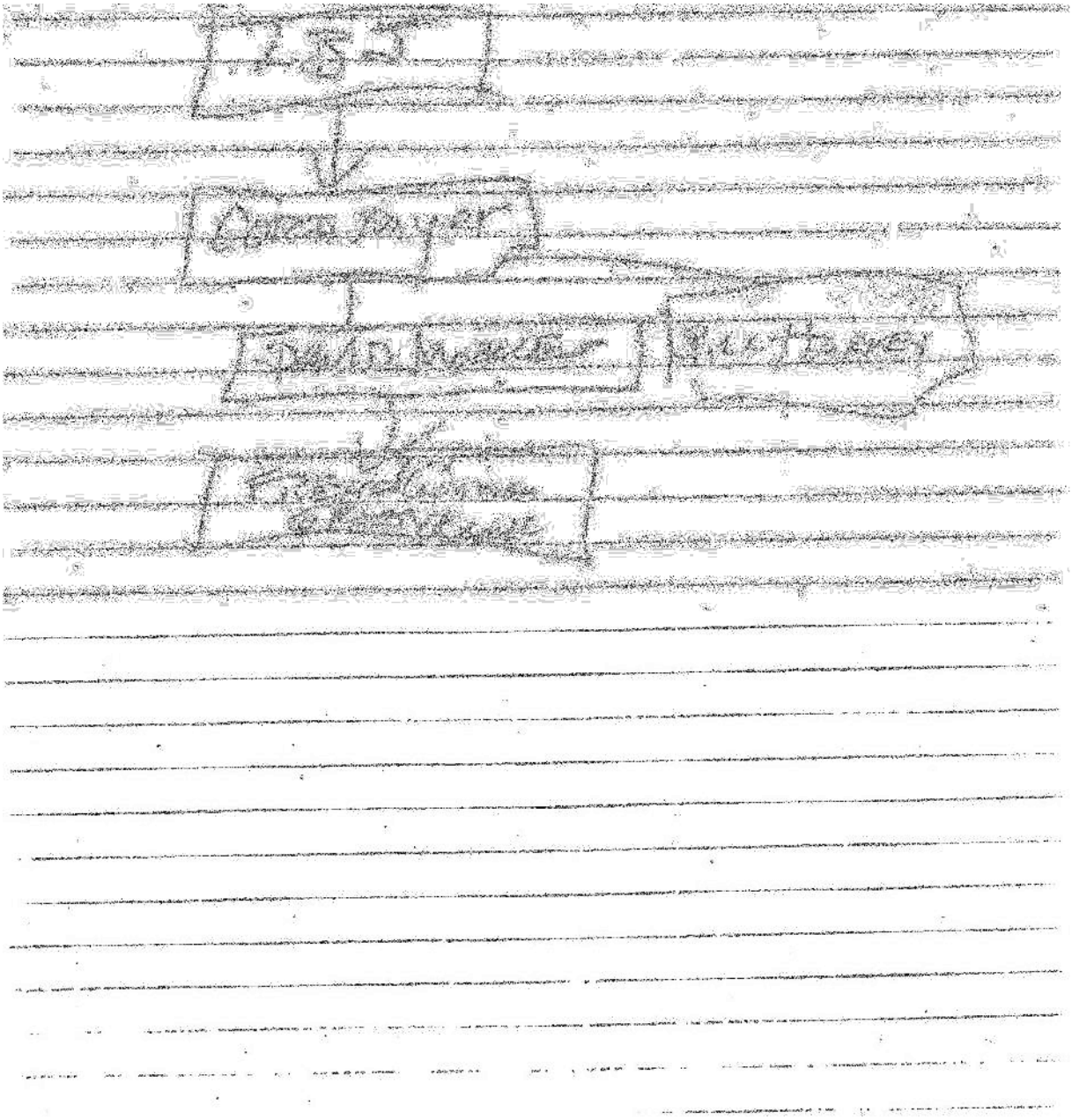
David Phillips - Recruited to the CIA by my father in 1950. He was involved in Executive Action Plan (assassination of unfriendly foreign leaders - see photo of David Morales) to overthrow Guatamalan President Arbenz with my father. Involved in Bay of Pigs Anti-Castro exiles in plots against Castro. Worked closely with David Morales at JM/Wave (CIA station) in Miami. He worked closely with Renegade, violent Anti-Castro group Alpha 66. Phillips was probably Antonio Veciana's handler, code named "Bishop." CIA agent Ron Crozier claimed that Phillips did indeed use the name Bishop.



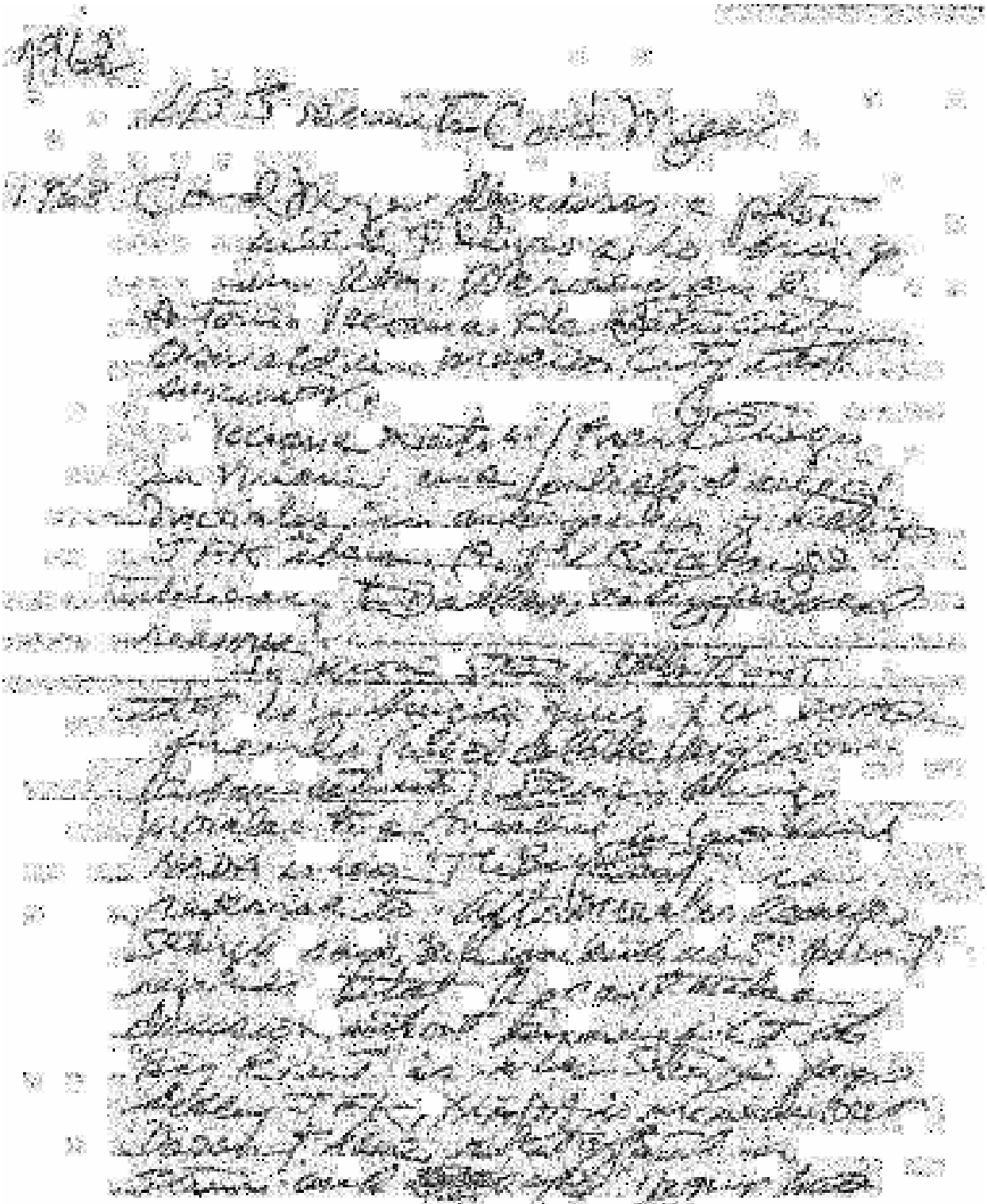
(center) "Manolo" Artime was to have been the President of Cuba if the invasion was successful. Instead he spent 18 months in Castro's prison. He was my father's best friend and God Father to my brother David. Artime and my father never forgave Kennedy for his betrayal of the Cuban Freedom Fighters. Here Artime is being given a flag by President Kennedy with the promise that "it will fly free in Havana."

Lucien Sarti

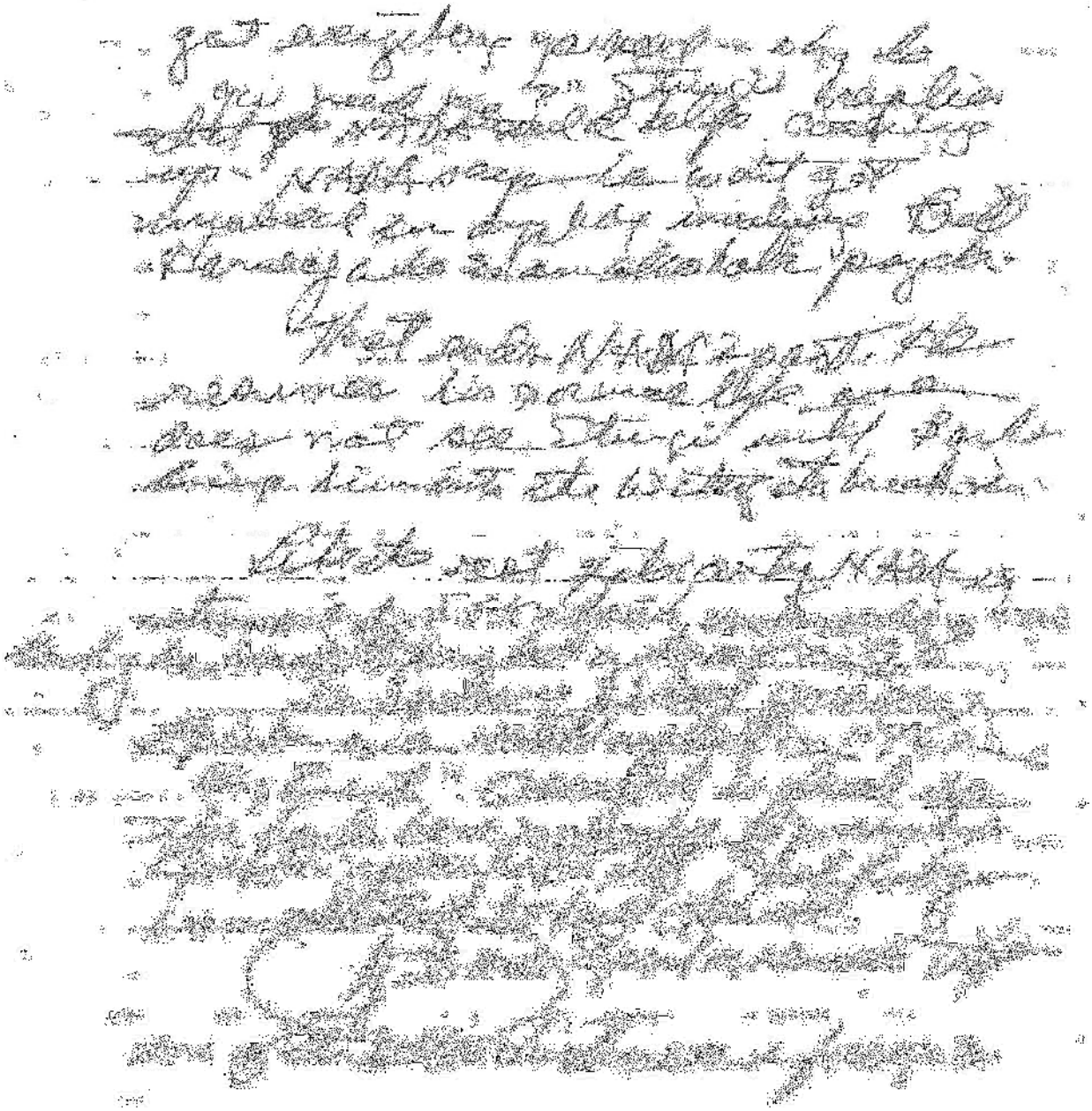
The shooter from the grassy knoll brought in by Bill Harvey and Cord Myer from the French underworlds; died in a shootout with Mexican police.



The "chain of command" - Hand written memo by E. Howard Hunt given to Saint John Hunt.



The chronology - Hand written memo by E. Howard Hunt given to Saint John Hunt.



Dr. Mahoney – Band written poems by E. Howard Hunt given to Saint John Hunt

JKK — Apple

C. Moyer — Bera

M. Gi — Chi

Building — Delta

Fraser — Epsilon

Tingley — Phi

LBJ — Nu

Dwight Prince — Iota

Hallowell — Tau

[illegible] — [illegible]

[illegible] — [illegible]

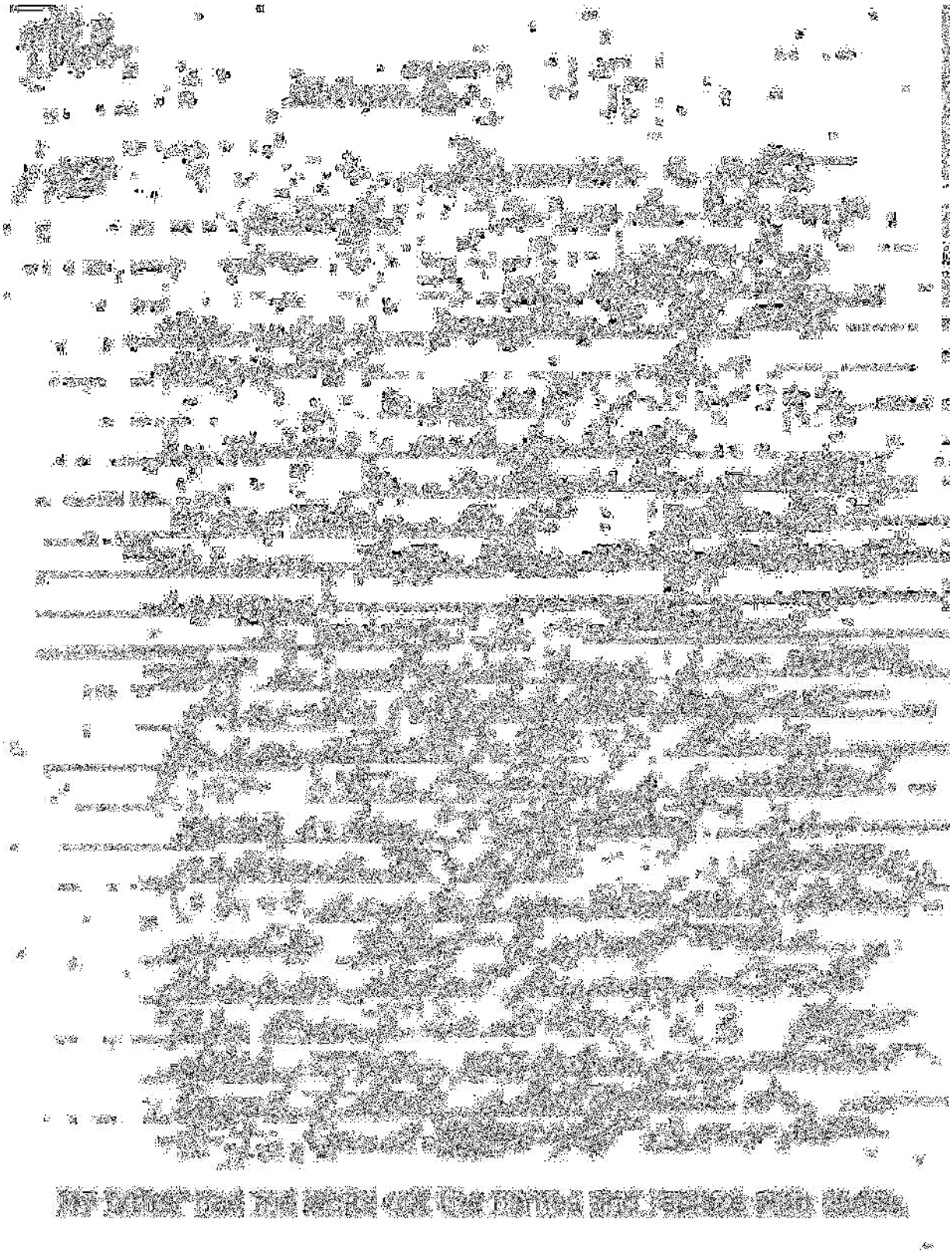
[illegible]

[illegible] — [illegible]

[illegible] — [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



Late 1962
"Nu" recruits "Beta"

1963
"Beta" discusses a plot with "Sigma" who brings in "Delta", and "Theta".

"Theta" meets with Oswald in Mexico City that summer.

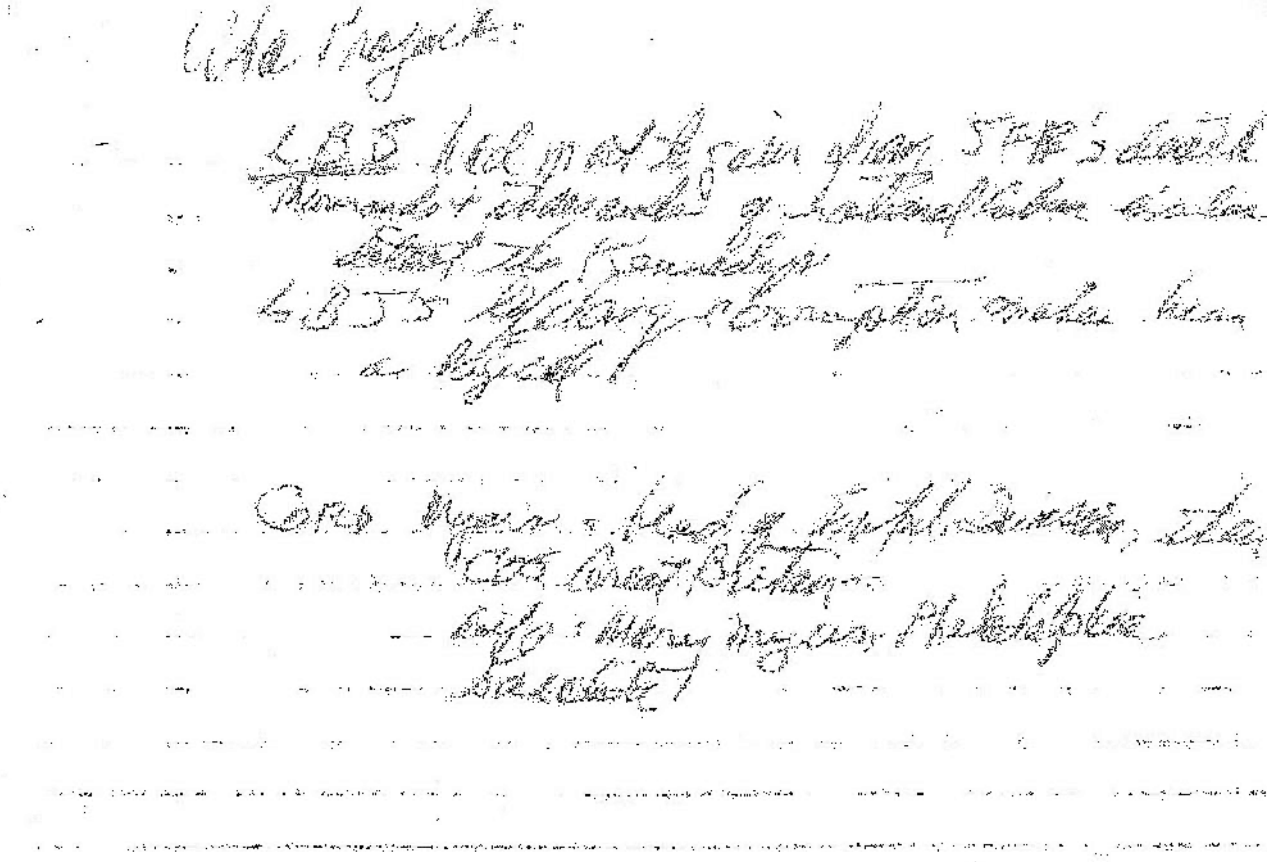
"Theta" meets with "Epsilon" in Miami, and enlists "Gemini" in anticipation of killing Kennedy there.

"Nu", changes location of "The Big Event" to Dallas, Texas, citing personal reasons.

In Miami, "Epsilon" tells "Nada" that he is buying guns for an op code named "The Big Event"
"Epsilon" brings "Gemini" to a meeting with "Nada" in which "The Big Event" is referred to.
After "Gemini" leaves, "Epsilon" says "are you with us?"
"Nada" replies that he can't make a decision without knowing what "The Big Event" is.
When "Epsilon" says "killing Kennedy" "Nada" is incredulous.
"Nada" doesn't have a lot of faith in "Epsilon" and says "you seem to have everything you need, why do you need me?"
"Epsilon" replies that "Nada" could help by lending credibility, as well as aiding in the clean up.
"Nada" says he won't get involved in anything that involves "Delta" because he is an alcoholic and a psycho.

"Nada" doesn't see "Epsilon" until many years later
In "D.F.P." "Nada", and "Epsilon" reflect on "The Big Event", and "Epsilon" reveals that Oswald fired from the rear but the fatal shot was fired by a pro from out of the country. The name of this man was told to "Nada" by "Epsilon"

I typed this letter and sent it to Kevin Costner.

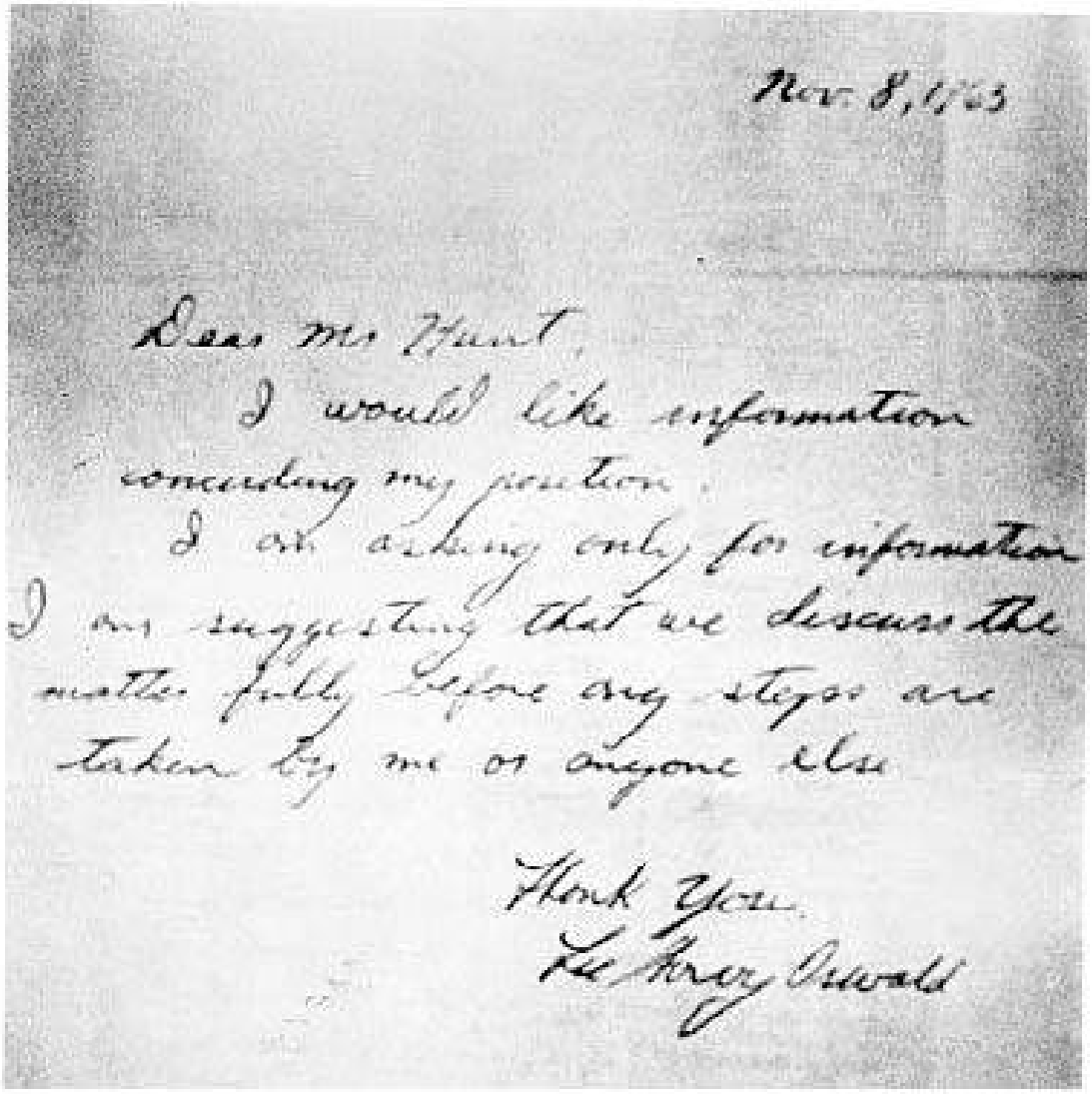


Additional hand written notes from E. Howard Hunt to his son, Saint John.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



Nov. 8, 1963

Dear Mr Hunt,

I would like information concerning my position.

I am asking only for information

I am suggesting that we discuss the matter fully before any steps are taken by me or anyone else

Thank You.

Lee Harvey Oswald

Letter written by OSWALD to HOWARD HUNT.

My father avoided questions about this note which was discovered by a Kennedy assassination researcher. He only went as far as admitting that Oswald would have been handled by David Phillips. Phillips was known to be deeply involved in Cuba and Anti-Cuba exiles with Antonio Veciana. Phillips was a very close friend and associate of my father's.

E. HOWARD HUNT
11237 NE 5th COURT
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33161
305-895-8415

Dear Saint:

The last I heard of our would-be sponsors was that that were preparing papers and that was a while ago.. It is high time for a "good faith" transfer to be made. Without that I don'Tt want to talk with or negotiate something intangible. This sp road is one I've traveled before so you must forgive me for cynicism:

HOWEVER I F AN AGREEMENT IS TO BE MADE I have two stipulations: Source of the info must not be identified, and any and all legal charges arising from the enterprise must be paid by sponsors. These two lessons I LEARNED THRU Watergate. (Remember the hordes of media folk surrounding our Potomac house???) H Hunt said all that I look forward to seeing you here. Much love,

Pop

My adventure ended & I'm really
about the time you leaving and
what is your fund from

Letter written to me by my father expressing concerns with sponsors Costner and Giamarco.

E. HOWARD HUNT
11337 NE 8th COURT
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33161
305-895-8445

2/18/04

Dear Saint:

Please let me know exactly what Giancana/Costra knew about my [illegible], and what they don't know. This is essential for Snyder and me in negotiating [illegible] important.

Hope all is well with you [illegible]

Love,

Howard

P.S. Can't [illegible] Costner [illegible]

Another letter to me about Costner from my father.

from the Partnership. Subject to their availability, each partner shall devote as much time as is reasonably necessary to the interviews and to the creation of the documentary.

REPRESENTATIONS AND ADDITIONAL AGREEMENTS: Each of the partners agrees to sign a depiction release agreement giving to the Partnership the right to use his name and likeness in connection with the Property. Each of the partners agrees to sign additional documents that may reasonably be requested to protect or sell Partnership assets. Each partner represents that he has the right and capacity to enter into this agreement. No consent from the other partners shall be required for a partner to make an assignment of his right to receive income from the Partnership.

RESERVATION OF RIGHTS BY INDIVIDUAL PARTNERS: During his lifetime, HH reserves the right to specify the earliest date that the content of the Property can be released to the general public. KC reserves the right to make "final cuts". KC reserves the right to cancel his obligations to the Partnership if he determines in good faith that the creation of Property would not have sufficient economic merit or if the information furnished for the development of the property is not honest. So that the Partnership business might continue without the participation of KC, if he did decide to cancel his participation, KC would then also offer to assign all of his rights in this Partnership in return for a refund of his capital contributions.

DEATH, INCAPACITY, OR TOTAL DISABILITY of a partner could result in the dissolution of a partnership unless the partners have an agreement concerning these events. Therefore, each partner agrees that such events shall not dissolve this Partnership and it shall continue with the representative(s) or successor(s) in interest of such partner as a Class B Partner. Class B partner shall be entitled to the same rights to distributions but shall have no rights to vote on management matters including the sale or other disposition of the Property.

DISSOLUTION AND TERMINATION OF THE PARTNERSHIP: This partnership shall continue for twenty years and thereafter for the duration of any its copyrights and agreements relating to its Property, unless earlier terminated by the mutual consent of the partners. Upon termination, the business affairs shall be wound up and assets liquidated in an orderly manner.

MISCELLANEOUS: This agreement is the entire agreement of the parties and it cannot be modified except in writing signed by them. This agreement shall be binding upon the parties, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. This agreement shall be governed and controlled by the laws of the State of California. Receive

KC: _____

DG: _____

HH: _____

Signatures of Kevin Costner and David Giamarco on the last page of a three page contract.