

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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by Robert W. Morgan

Outline of Book #1.

Hell's First Trinity: Fidel, Che—and Me

Chapter One Outline

1958: Strictly as a precaution, Frank Sturgis flicked off the safety strap that held his heavy Colt .45 pistol in its holster. Then he used both hands and one Hail Mary to slip his cargo plane down onto the narrow runway newly hacked out of a sugarcane field somewhere in the Sierra Maestra Mountains of Cuba. He had no idea that his life was about to change forever. His life would change because he would meet the man who would one day order his assassination.

That man was Fidel Castro.

At that point in time, Frank Sturgis was a virile young man desperately seeking yet another adventure. He had first tasted battle on the bloody South Pacific beaches at Guadalcanal, Truk, and Saipan as the youngest member of Colonel Merritt Edson's famous USMC Raider Battalion. Sturgis had been only 19 years old when hordes of Japanese soldiers tried very hard to kill him. Those battles had changed him forever. Unlike most of his buddies who wanted only to return to Mayberry, USA, Frank was hooked for life on the rush that accompanies life-or-death danger.

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At age 24—hoping for a good fight with the Russians—he had stood guard in Berlin with the U.S. Army while a historic airlift saved the city. When no guns blazed, Sturgis relieved his boredom by working with Intelligence agents of the Hagganah to identify American surplus manufacturing equipment necessary to build Israel’s budding arms industry.

To the restless spirit of Frank Sturgis, standing guard and Intelligence agenting did not compare with a righteous war. So, when former Cuban president Carlos Prio offered him a job delivering guns, ammunition, and bandages to a tiny guerrilla group that intended to overthrow a hated goliath dictator, Frank knew he had again found action.

Fulgencio Batista was worth hating. As Cuba’s dictator, Batista held open the back doors to Havana while the infamous mobster Meyer Lansky showed his Mafia wise guy pals how to milk the casinos dry. Moreover, Batista had a bunch of sweetheart deals with some greedy American businessmen who made millions in profits from their sugar mills, and paid the average Cuban worker nickels and dimes.

Frank knew from personal experience that it was the same the world over. To Sturgis, every dictator and every Mafia wise guy deserve a bullet from a .45.

After landing in the sugarcane patch, Frank wisely swings his plane around for a quick take-off. With engines still running, he ignores all the signals and threats from the armed and bearded “*barbudoes*” guerrilla fighters who swarm out of the sugar cane to surround him. He shouts to them: “*El Jefe, solamente!*”

Ten minutes pass with the guerrillas alternately pointing their guns and banging on the aircraft’s locked cargo door while Sturgis calmly smokes a cigarette. When he

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finally snuffs the butt out, he shrugs and revs his engines. The plane barely rolls ten yards before *El Jefe* steps into view. It is Fidel Castro. Following close behind are Ernesto “Che” Guevara and his aide-de-camp, Tania.

After Frank’s plane has been unloaded, Latin machismo demands that the grizzled guerrillas test this big Yankee mercenary who had called their bluff. They quickly learn that this particular Yankee can use his Thompson .45 submachine gun like an extension of his arm.

But Tania, a fiery young revolutionary who seems glued to Che Guevara, is as hostile to Sturgis as an unpaid whore. She hates and distrusts all Yankees, even if they are delivering bullets and bandages. She wants to make love to Frank just once—and then kill him.

Chapter Two

In Santiago de Cuba, a control agent for the CIA, Jake Jacobs, recruits Frank to act as a counterspy to the movements, strengths, and tactics of the 26th of July guerrilla army. Sturgis is told to pay special attention to Fidel Castro. The CIA is anxious to know his ultimate intent for Cuba. There are nasty rumors that he is a closet Communist and that KGB agents are somehow involved as advisors.

Wary of the CIA, Frank agrees to work with them under one condition: if Frank thinks the revolutionary leader is sincerely trying to make his country a better place, he will help him. If not, Fidel Castro is fair game for whatever the CIA wants.

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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Soon, Frank witnesses a captured Cuban Army patrol being herded into a guerrilla bivouac commanded by Che Guevara. The patrol's two officers are blindfolded, gagged, and tied to trees while the disarmed enlisted men, all poorly paid peasants, share the food of their captors. While the astonished soldiers are fed, Tania adds each "new comrade's" name to her thick ledger while Che assures everyone that a liberated Cuba under Castro will provide them all with good jobs and houses and free medicines.

To seal the pact between the guerrillas and the soldiers before they are released, Che coldly executes both officers without so much as removing their blindfolds.

Recognizing a typical Soviet PSYWAR (psychological warfare) tactic, Sturgis begins to pry harder. Coughing to mask the click of his camera, Frank secretly snaps pictures of known KGB agents in close conference with Castro, Guevara, and Tania. He also learns that swarms of KGB agents are regularly being smuggled ashore by Russian submarines. Always stalked by a suspicious Tania, Sturgis narrowly escapes being caught.

Chapter Three

Resting in between his shuttle flights between Florida and the Oriente Province of Cuba, Jake awakens Frank before dawn at his Miami apartment. The situation is explosive. Fidel Castro's guerrillas have taken 21 vacationing U.S. sailors hostage. Jake surmises that if Castro's guerrillas harm them, America's ambivalent Congress could alter its position of non-interference.

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

. . . *lies our fathers told us*

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Within the hour, Sturgis is flying south.

Over the furious objections of Che and Tania, Sturgis convinces Castro to free the soldiers before Fulgencio Batista can use the kidnapping to gain American military assistance. Fidel releases the soldiers, America stays neutral, Batista's government caves in, and Frank Sturgis suddenly becomes a trusted and useful Fidelista.

As Castro prepares to make his grand entry into Havana, two men attempt to assassinate Frank. Frank fires only once, and the would-be assassins escape. Later, the body of one man is found with *two* holes in it. The man Frank had mortally wounded had been terminated by his accomplice.

Chapter Four

Shortly after a triumphant Castro marches into Havana, Fidel's hand-picked Revolutionary Council "persuades" him to assume the position of Premier in imitation of a Soviet-style dictator. As a deep-cover CIA operative with great strategic value, Sturgis must stand idly by while Castro brutally suppresses all political groups—except the Communist Party—while pretending to the world to vacillate between favoring the re-establishment of a constitutional government and openly proclaiming a revolutionary dictatorship. This vacillation is a ploy to gain time while Fidel's death squads are filling mass graves with the bodies of anyone dangerous to Castro or Communism.

The KGB attempts to compromise Sturgis: machine gun in hand, he is photographed atop one such grave.

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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Chapter Five

Unknown to Sturgis, a certain few renegade CIA agents stationed within the U.S. Embassy are deliberately lying to the U.S. Ambassador by assuring him that no hard evidence actually exists that Castro actually intends to turn Cuba Soviet Red. These same renegade agents attempt to keep a short leash on Sturgis through Jake.

Sturgis being Sturgis, he obeys every order—but slips the leash to assemble his own private Intelligence network.

Frank quickly achieves a masterful intelligence coup: he recruits as an anti-Castro agent the Commander-in-Chief of Fidel Castro's new air force, Colonel Pedro Diaz Lanz. Moreover, he convinces Lanz to recommend him for an extremely powerful Intelligence position within Castro's new government. To the astonishment of the CIA—not to mention Che and Tania—Fidel Castro personally approves the official appointment of Yankee Frank Sturgis as Chief of Security to his Cuban Air Force.

Fidel Castro has given Frank Sturgis a license to spy.

Chapter Six

With American gangster chiefs Meyer Lansky, Sam Giancana, Carlos Marcello, Santo Trafficante, Johnny Roselli, and other syndicate bosses with heavy investments in

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

. . . lies our fathers told us

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Havana furious over lost casino revenues, Fidel Castro is urged by Che to order Sturgis to assist in the enforcement of his regime’s new rules governing gambling licenses—especially those held by Americans with mob ties.

The trap is exquisite. If Frank fails, Che will have Frank killed as a traitor. If he succeeds, the mob will do the job.

Knowing that he is being watched closely, Frank promptly shuts down the Sans Souci, a once-lucrative casino operated for Meyer Lansky by the notorious gangster Santo Trafficante. The Mafia don happens to be on-site when Frank padlocks the doors for a minor violation. Always suave, Trafficante invites Frank to a private side table for a polite conversation—and a bribe.

. . . . Frank picked up a dead fly from the floor and placed it on the crisp linen tablecloth. “Look at this little bug, Mister Trafficante. I’ll bet you didn’t know there are little bugs like this in your fabulous casino.”

Frank’s message is clear: he knows that certain tables are always bugged! All he had to do was accept one stupid little bribe and the Mafia would own his ass. How? What if Trafficante would play the tape for Castro . . . Frank smashes the bug with his fist. “Confidentially, Mister Trafficante, you should be more careful. Little bugs like this could make people awfully sick”

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

. . . lies our fathers told us

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Chapter Seven

When Frank returns to the Riviera Hotel, he overhears an exceptionally sexy 19 year-old woman dressed in tight black bragging to Castro's bodyguards that her father is a former U-boat squadron commander for Hitler, that her American-born mother was a spy for the U.S. Army, and that Fidel Castro had laid her within an hour of their first meeting on her papa's boat. Frank arranges to bump into her again at the Havana Hilton. He tests her with doubletalk, knowing that every word should go straight back to Fidel.

It doesn't.

Frank knows then that he has a spy in the making. He assigns Marita Lorenz the code name "Blacky." In Blacky he sees all the elements of a disposable assassin who could be motivated and manipulated through her jealousy and greed.

When Blacky returns to her New York home, Frank plants a flea in Fidel's ear that the young sex pot might make a great little mistress. Fidel recalls Blacky within the week and installs her in a suite at the Habana (Hilton) Libre Hotel as one in his string of young mistresses.

Stupidly, Blacky assumes she is Fidel's "only one." Frank gleefully feeds that naive notion.

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Chapter Eight

Pedro Diaz Lanz is suddenly ordered to remove Cuban identification numbers from certain planes and to commence flying mapping missions over the beaches of the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Panama, and Nicaragua. It is now clear that Castro intends to spread his revolution throughout the Caribbean and into Mexico and Central and South America. It is also obvious that Castro's backing is Kremlin Red. And, unless some tough actions are taken, the U.S. will be faced with a solid Latin Communist Bloc along its southern border.

Sturgis and Lanz manage to sabotage some of the missions while Franks rants at Jake that the American Congress must get off their collective asses and take Castro down before he becomes too powerful. Jake swears the CIA is warning even the President but no actions have been planned.

Despite a second attempt on his life, Sturgis widens his personal web of covert contacts among the anti-Communist Cubans. Most 26th of July guerrillas and agents had fought to free their country from tyranny, not to have it used as a launching pad for Soviet aggression. They see in Frank a champion of their plight to the American CIA.

One night a highly-placed spy who had worked close to Castro all through the revolution relates to Frank an ominous sequence of events. The Russian Embassy had been supplied with copies of all the coastal oceanographic maps of Cuba. The Russians say they intend to build a base for a fleet of Soviet fishing trawlers. But the specifications

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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by Robert W. Morgan

are strange for the needs of fishing boats: the entrance to the bay must be very deep indeed. Deep enough for submarines.

Sturgis urges that he be given a sanction to assassinate Castro. His request is officially denied by the CIA.

Sturgis makes a rogue decision: he decides to kill Castro himself.

END OF BOOK ONE

Outline of Book #2.

Three Strikes—I'm Dead

Chapters One, Two, and Three

Amid the turmoil of Castro's freezing of billions of dollars in foreign-owned assets in Cuba and the permanent closing of the casinos, Cuban patriots aid Frank Sturgis in three separate attempts to kill Fidel Castro, once by poison, once by gunfire, and once by dynamite—*intimate and exact details will be revealed in the mss.*

Chapter Four

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Frank’s friends repeatedly warn him that Tamara “Tania” Bunke, Che, and Celia Sanchez have been agitating Castro to arrest and question him about the assassination attempts. Frank knows the game is over.

When Frank orders his personal airplane to be fueled, the driver of the gas truck corners him. Nervously, Miguel Sanchez volunteers to “keep an eye” on things for Frank—should he go somewhere. Fearing a trap, Frank brushes him off.

On June 30, 1959, in concert with the defection by sea of Pedro Dias Lanz and his younger brother Marcos, Frank escapes Cuba.

Chapter Five

As the first Castro government officials to defect, the Lanz brothers make newspaper headlines when they warn the U.S. Congress that Castro and his KGB-trained cohorts are preparing to declare Cuba a socialist state on the Soviet model with strong commercial, political, and military ties to The Kremlin.

As a CIA counterspy, Frank testifies only at a closed hearing. He is stunned to realize that none of his repeated warnings had actually reached Langley. Frank Sturgis now knows that something is rotten within the CIA itself. Maybe it includes Jake?

In private, Frank meets representatives of the powerful 54/12 Committee, a super-secret panel of policy makers who are supposed to approve—or disapprove—all covert CIA actions. Frank rankles everyone at the meeting by reciting some of the *disinformation*

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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that had been fed them by specific Havana-based CIA agents. Frank spots some grim mouths. He senses that those renegade agents in Havana may have some tentacles that reach beyond the CIA and into the political arena.

But Frank is a warrior, not a politician. He asks for permission to do something positive to assure the people he left behind in Cuba that America has not forgotten them.

The chairman of the Committee meeting knows that Frank is correct.

“. . . . Go ahead, Frank, but make it something easy.
Something quiet. Something nobody will notice—“

Frank shrugs. “Yeah, sure. Can I borrow a bomber?”

Chapter Six

The fun begins with a series of midnight raids over Cuba. Frank and Pedro Diaz Lanz fly an aging B-25 bomber under the American and Cuban radar by “belly-slapping” only a few yards above the waves. They blast sugar mills on their first few raids, but switch to dropping harmless propaganda leaflets over Havana itself. The effect of this lone enemy bomber roaring at eye-level past his hotel suite rattles Fidel Castro, and he shouts to the world about “the terrible damage done to the civilian areas of Havana by Yankee bombs.”

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

. . . *lies our fathers told us*

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The American Congress cringes, and the world news media has a field day. Few reporters bother to note that the “bomb” damage to Havana had been caused by anti-aircraft shells fired by Cuban Revolutionary anti-aircraft batteries. Entrenched on small hills above Havana, they had fired *down* at the low-flying aircraft, missed, and *shot up their own city*.

Chapter Seven

Frank’s spies in Havana relay foreboding news: The opportunistic Soviets have offered Castro a lucrative 5-year trade pact and a new air defense system consisting of improved radar, newer planes, and ground-to-air missiles. They have also whispered in his ear that they might also provide an extremely powerful deterrent to any invasion by America: medium range Soviet missiles—of the same type that could be armed with nuclear warheads.

And Castro has agreed to visit Moscow within the year.

Predictably, the renegade CIA agents in Havana continue to deny these reports through all the official channels. Except Jake. He backs up Frank in spades.

Suddenly, Jake is yanked out of Cuba and reassigned into Florida for “other” duty.

Fidel Castro now attempts to land guerrillas and saboteurs on the shores of the Dominican Republic. Although the force is small and is easily repulsed, the Dominican

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dictator, Rafael Molina Trujillo, is furious—and frightened. The entire Caribbean is in an uproar, wondering where Castro will strike next.

Chapter Eight

With the approval of the 54-12 Committee, the CIA funds Cuban exiles to begin training for their counterrevolution. Frank is a major advisor to this training. Without meeting him face-to-face, he learns the CIA's main man in all this is a shadowy figure known only as "Eduardo."

In the meantime, Fidel Castro accompanies Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to a UN General Assembly. Castro rails against the U.S. for a marathon 4-1/2 hours, and Khrushchev brings the house down by rapping one shoe on his desk to mock the British.

One night in a hot hotel in Key West, Frank Sturgis is consulting with Bruce Mainwaring, the CIA Station Chief out of Miami, and two Washington D.C. operative agents about the possibility of killing Castro without resorts to an outright war. The concept is raised about making a deal with the Mafia to make the hit.

Frank let out a big sigh. "You guys are way, way off base. Think about it: why didn't Lucky Luciano or Al Capone or Meyer Lansky knock off Hirohito, Joseph Stalin, or Adolph Hitler? I'll tell you why! The Mafia can only make a hit where they got the freedom to move around. That's why they can crack people anywhere in the States. They got

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by Robert W. Morgan

freedom! There ain't no fucking freedom in Cuba no more! You want to know how tight it is? Let me tell you: if you go six lousy blocks to get a fucking loaf of bread, that means you gotta stop at every block to get a pass just to walk down the damned street! Six blocks—six passes! Beside that, Fidel has the best security people in the world around him now. They know all the tricks, pal.”

The agent called Martine made a face, “And exactly who are these security people who are so great? Maybe we should call them in to do it!”

“Hey, go ask ‘em next time your in D.C. You might find ‘em in the phone book under K-G-B!”

Martine’s cheeks blushed red. “So who can do it? You should know—you screwed up enough times!”

Frank shrugged. “Maybe somebody who loves him.”

“Somebody who what? Loves him? Get real, Frank!”

The Station Chief knows Frank’s game. “You already have someone in mind, I assume. Someone you own?”

Frank likes Bruce Mainwaring. He is a master of understatement. “Yeah, well, I’ll let you know in a couple

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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of days.”

Pedro Diaz Lanz was waiting for Frank when he returned to his hotel room. “Hey, ‘*mano*, we have to talk.”

“Yeah, Pedro, right. First I gotta call Blacky.”

Pedro clamped Frank’s telephone to its cradle. “Frank, somebody just offered us a million dollars to kill Fidel!”

End of Book #2

Outline of Book #3.

The Vanishing Jesus

Chapter One

The dictator of the Dominican Republic, Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, has sent word that he wants to speak privately with Pedro Diaz Lanz. Wary of Latin intrigues, Lanz asks Frank to go to Ciudad Trujillo as his emissary.

Frank meets with Jake to get an official background on Trujillo. The warnings are ominous: Rafael Trujillo has built a spy network second only to the CIA in the Western Hemisphere. In some ways it is better. It can afford to take bloody short-cuts.

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Jake gives Frank a secondary mission: he is to find out exactly what happened to Professor Jesus Galindez, an important CIA informant and operative who recently disappeared right off the campus of Columbia University. But the trail had run out in Ciudad Trujillo. Jesus had vanished.

Chapter Two

Frank intends to know much more about Trujillo before he steps into his den. He makes arrangement to meet secretly with Ya-Ya, a shadowy but reliable agent of Francois “Papa Doc” Duvalier, the diabolical dictator of Haiti who rules half of the Haitian people with guns and greed. The other half he rules through voodoo.

To meet Ya-Ya, Frank is driven 60 miles into the Everglades to a rambling migrant worker camp where a treat has been prepared for him. He gets to watch a voodoo cult ritual. Up close.

Scuffing chicken blood from his shoes, Frank takes a walk with Ya-Ya among the sugarcane fields south of Lake Okeechobee.

“ . . . we call this Trujillo d’Goat, M’sieur! He take on six- mebbe even ten virgins every day! Little girls, some only got d’eight year!” A big man, Ya-Ya punctuates his words with slashes of his machete. “Oui! He is a devil incarnate! A few years back this devil goat, he hire some two-t’ree ‘tousand Haitians t’cut his cane. My hungry people, they go t’him. They sweat day and night until d’work is done. They ask for pay t’feed d’family. Instead, Trujillo slaughter them like animals in d’pen! And now d’Goat, he run scared like hell. He know Fidel Castro want to hand his ass to God on a plate!”

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

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Ya-Ya clapped one big black hand on Frank's back. "Mon ami, if you can get just a little clipping of d'hair or d'fingernail of this devil, mebbe Papa Doc do something. And when d'Goat get sent to hell, Papa Doc make you big estate in Haiti!"

Chapter Three

Sturgis grabbed the first plane into the Dominican Republic where he meets with Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, his playboy son, Ramfis, and the infamous Johnny Abbas, the deformed Dominican Intelligence chief who is loyal only to the Generalissimo.

Rafael Trujillo is blunt: "You will inform Señor Lanz that I will give him \$1,000,000 to hire the right men to get rid of Fidel Castro and his entire Communist government. I want a peaceful neighbor in Cuba! I want a neighbor I can deal with, do you understand my meaning, Señor Sturgis? Good. And if I like Señor Lanz's plan, I will provide whatever additional money he needs to do the job. And, Señor Sturgis, you will inform your own government that I must be allowed to get rid of this madman Castro in my own way. Only Latins should take care of Latin affairs!"

Chapter Four

While a party of booze and broads rages aboard the luxury yacht "*Angelina*," Sturgis is driven to *La Quarenta*, the most brutal prison in the western hemisphere.

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Ramfis Trujillo, the flamboyant and handsome beau of international film beauty Zsa Zsa Gabor, is his personal guide.

After the usual tour of overcrowded cells and filthy punishment pits, a hysterical young Dominican prisoner is dragged into a large torture room where a specially modified electric chair is bolted to the center of the floor. Begging, kicking, and weeping, the naked boy is strapped into the chair; small alligator clips with sharp copper teeth are clamped onto his nipples, his ears, under his tongue, and all around his scrotum.

Above the chair hangs a microphone. Frank is told that it is a Trujillo custom to make certain each victim's "last speech" is heard in every cell block. It is a reminder to the other prisoners that it will soon be their turn to pay for committing crimes against the Great Benefactor.

From behind his control board, Ramfis carefully tweaks each of a dozen knobs that control the hot current to each individual copper clip. Ramfis Trujillo patiently fries each of the boy's body parts until they crackle above his screams.

Ramfis saves the twitching boy's scrotum until last. He invites Frank to accept the honor of twisting the last control knob.

Frank's assesses the situation. The guards are armed and watching him. All the doors to the prison are locked. Frank knows the boy is already dying because his bowels are evacuating all over the chair. Frank deliberately mashes the "wrong" switch. A massive jolt of electricity ends the boy's suffering in a single heartbeat.

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Chapter Five

Ramfis returns to his party on the Angelina while Sturgis stops by his hotel room to puke and curse. When he can stand again, Frank makes a vow. Someday the Trujillos will pay. And it won't be quick.

Frank now makes contact for his secondary mission. After he makes contact with a furtive Dominican Army General, Frank is told that Professor Jesus Galindez had been publishing "bad things" about the Generalissimo. Johnny Abbas had personally snatched Jesus out of his apartment near the campus of Columbia University in New York City. Heavily drugged by Abbas, Jesus had been smuggled onboard a chartered plane. An American pilot named "Gerald" had been silenced shortly after the plane landed in the Dominican Republic.

Jesus had been taken directly to La Quarenta where Johnny Abbas and Ramfis had spent several hours methodically hammering ice picks over the entire length of Jesus's skeletal system. They had begun at his feet. Then they had worked upward 6" at a time. Later, Jesus had been fed to sharks with two ice picks for eyes.

Chapter Six

Pedro Diaz Lanz knows that Trujillo's money can give them the best possible chance to restore democracy to Cuba. Politically, it is a dream come true. It would indeed be "Latins taking care of Latin problems." What more could the CIA and the U.S. government ask for?

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While a happy Frank Sturgis makes plans, Lanz disappears to “go fishing somewhere along the Potomac River while he considers the offer.” Lanz returns several days later a changed man. He refuses to look Frank in the eye when he tells him they must turn the offer down.

The argument is loud and bitter when Frank’s telephone rings. The caller is a woman. “I’ve left him, Frank. I hate him. The bastard! I hate the sonofabitch! He made me get an abortion, Frank! They really screwed me up—I’m here in Miami. I came as soon as I got the word you wanted to see me.” Frank tries to ID the voice. It is young. It is sexy. It is hard as rusty nails. Then the voice whispers, “Frank? It’s Blacky.”

Chapter Seven

With Jake’s knowledge and unofficial blessings, Sturgis sends Blacky back into Cuba in December, 1960 with a single capsule of poison that is intended for Fidel Castro’s usual midnight cup of cocoa. But Blacky fails. Her version is that she had hidden the capsule of poison in a jar of cold cream and it had disintegrated before she could drop it. Her story does not ring true, but Frank has little time to think about it. It is time to fight again.

End of Chapter

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Outline of Book #4

The Bay of Pigs

The Day the Red, White and Blue Stained Yellow

Chapter One

Shortly after John F. Kennedy is inaugurated on January 20, 1961, the 54/12 Committee is transformed into the pro-active group known as the “40 Committee”. The code name for the funding and training of anti-Castro Cuban counterrevolutionaries is changed to “Operation 40.”

Robert Maheu, a new member of the 40 Committee representing Howard Hughes, leads a small task force into a sniper training camp in the Everglades where the concept of using the American Mafia to aid in the assassination of Castro resurfaces. Frank again argues that the Mafia has no real power in Cuba, and that any mobster who claims otherwise is lying.

During the heated debate a message for Maheu comes through directly from Robert Kennedy. “Forget everything. The Kennedy boys have ordered that all plans to

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kill Castro by assassination shall be immediately scrapped. But we have the green light for an invasion!”

Chapter Two

The 2506 Brigade of Cuban-born exiles is scheduled to invade Cuba on April 1, April Fools Day, 1961. The initial objective is to get into the same mountains Fidel had used. Commanding the Brigade are Fidel’s former guerrilla officers who already know the terrain, they know the tricks, they know the guajiros, the poorest people who live there—and they know Fidel. The 2506 Brigade is certain that the general population will rise up against Fidel and his Russian pals once they know help is around the corner.

Through Eduardo, the CIA assures the Brigade that the new U.S. President, John F. Kennedy, has promised them three key points of crucial support: temporary American air cover from a U.S. Navy carrier group to help make good their sprint into the mountains; full American military intervention should the Russians try to help Castro militarily; and, once they have seized political power, the 2506 Brigade will receive aid from America to rebuild a constitutional democracy in Cuba.

Chapter Three

Frank Sturgis is furious when he is denied a berth in the invasion because he is an American citizen and because he has known ties to the CIA. Instead, Jake gives him a

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curious “Top Priority” assignment to train three Dominicans for a secret assassination mission. Frank assumes they intend to target one of Castro’s agents who is operating somewhere in the Dominican Republic.

Muttering to himself about missing the invasion, Frank Sturgis quickly schools the three Dominicans in the art of ambushing an automobile.

Chapter Four

The Brigade’s invasion date is suddenly set back two weeks or so. The reason given is “to accommodate some of the new president’s delicate negotiations in Europe.” The new invasion date is set for April 17, 1961.

April 17 becomes the Cuban exile’s own Day of Infamy. On that day, and as the world watches, the 2605 Brigade is betrayed at every turn: The tide tables and the navigational charts provided the Brigade by the CIA are all wrong; worse, the promised U.S. Naval air cover is withdrawn by the direct order of President John F. Kennedy after a single sortie.

The slaughter of the Brigade on the beach is horrible. Photos of the long lines of haggard prisoners are flaunted before the world by a raging Fidel Castro.

Frank openly breaks down and weeps for friends lost in battle or clapped into prisons where he knows they will be horribly tortured. Confused, furious, and ready to kill the persons responsible for this despicable betrayal, Frank makes too many threats too loudly and too often against the Kennedy Clan. He is labeled a rogue agent; at best he

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will be the target of disinformation to blunt any possible influence he might have in the general media. In the worst case, he is in danger of being marked for liquidation.

Chapter Five

The world and the U.S. media gleefully blame the CIA for the Bay of Pigs fiasco. However, most anti-Castro Cubans look directly at U.S. President John F. Kennedy. Ugly rumors are heard on the streets of Little Havana about possible revenge against anyone proven to have betrayed them. Those Cubans who still enjoy the safety of America can hardly sleep or eat. They know that each passing hour brings more pain and suffering to the brave men and women of the Brigade who only wanted to liberate their homeland.

For weeks Sturgis struggles with his own shame. Frank wonders if perhaps they were all betrayed, including the CIA itself, and—possibly—even the president. To him it has become obvious they are all dealing with something much more sinister than anyone previously imagined. He suspects that someone—or *something* extraordinary—is protecting Fidel Castro.

But why? Why is this crazy Latin and his island so important? How do they fit into a plan so gigantic and so influential that the planners can effect the entire U.S. government?

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After one particularly sleepless night, Frank telephones Jake to tell him his decision.

“I’m going back to see Trujillo on my own hook. One way or the other, I’m going after Castro even if I have to use the devil himself to pay for it!”

There was barely a pause in Jake’s voice. “I’m on my way over. Don’t move until I get there, okay?”

“Fuck you, Jake. You ain’t talking me out of it!”

“Trust me, pal. I won’t have to.” Within the hour, Jake slams through the door and throws a newspaper across Frank’s breakfast table. The headlines are big and bold:
**DOMINICAN REPUBLIC DICTATOR TRUJILLO
ASSASSINATED. CIA LINK SUSPECTED.**

The photos of the seven accused assassins rang lots of bells for Frank Sturgis. He had trained one of them just before the invasion.

Chapter Six

Jake pushed Frank into a tiny house in Little Havana just off Southwest Eighth Street. Among the crowd of familiar Cuban faces sits one other American. Jake

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introduces him to Frank as “Beto.” Beto is a contract agent whose specialty is deep cover operations and psychological warfare. Beto is short, has a shaven head, blue eyes, and wears a black goatee. He seems to always smile when he catches people staring at him.

Jake then introduces Miguel Sanchez, the same man who had pumped aviation fuel for Frank Sturgis the day he had escaped Cuba. Miguel reminds Frank that he had promised he would keep an eye open for him. He had indeed.

Miguel Sanchez describes how hard he had worked at his job until at last he had been given charge of all the aviation fuel at the Havana airport. Then he tells everyone a chilling story with far-reaching ramifications.

“Señor Sturgis, had the invasion at the Bay of Pigs taken place even one week earlier, the air force of Fidel Castro could not have stopped the Brigade from getting into the Sierra Maestra mountains. Why? Because there was not enough aviation fuel in all of Cuba to keep our fighter aircraft in the air for over one hour!”

Frank sighed. “Yeah, hey, I wish we had known that—“

“But you *did* know, Señor.”

Frank’s head snapped up. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“My own brother personally gave that information to your CIA agents in Havana. I had been reporting

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information to them for months. Like I had promised you, I was always watching. Always!”

Jake cut in. “It gets worse, Frank. Tell him, Miguel.”

Miguel Sanchez sighed and shrugged. “It wasn’t important then. But it is now. The day my brother gave the information to your CIA about how little fuel we had was March 27 . . .”

“That was about the same day President Kennedy called everything off for two weeks, Frank!” Jake snapped.

Miguel Sanchez went on. “Pretty soon I was ordered to commandeer every fuel truck I could find to unload a Russian tanker that was due into Havana sometime before April 15 . . . ”

Frank sucked in a deep breath. “Son-of-a-bitch!”

“. . . and when the tanker showed up, I unloaded all that aviation fuel.” Miguel’s hands began to shake. “I swear to God and the Mother Mary, I did not know it was going to be used against the Brigade only two days later!”

Jake said, “Now tell him about the damned map, Miguel.”

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“About a week before the invasion, I saw a map inside the cockpit of one of our fighters. It was folded in a way that I could see a big circle around the Bay of Pigs. It caught my attention only because I have a cousin who still lives there—then the pilot came back and yelled at me. He took the map away like it was something secret.

“One last thing, Señor. I heard some Russian sailors from the tanker talking about the orders they got just after they had left port. I heard they were ordered to come to Cuba at flank speed so they could get to Havana before April 15; I heard they were promised extra shore leave for every day they saved before that. Now I hear your President Kennedy makes the Brigade wait just the right time.”

When the arguing and the cursing inside the house got too loud, Frank walked out onto the patio where Jake and Beto were huddled with Miguel. They waved Frank over. Miguel said, “Do you know what else I hear, Señor Sturgis?”

“Dunno. I’m getting afraid to ask.”

“I hear that lots of Cubans once believed in your new president. They do not believe him anymore.”

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Concept Synopses Books #5 - 10

Concept: Book #5.

Lies Our Fathers Told Us

Wherever Cuban refugees gather, resentment and suspicion toward the CIA and the Kennedy brothers festers; someone in the media coins the term “credibility gap” when dealing with the Oval Office of the White House. It seems apropos.

Ominously, Frank’s Intelligence group reports a rumor that a top-ranking General of the Soviet KGB has surfaced in Havana at a specific place. His code name is Victor.*
(*Victor’s actual name and position will be revealed in mss)

This particular information makes Jake particularly tense. He advises Frank that Victor is considered the most brilliant PSYWAR planner in the modern history of Russia; it is known at Langley that Victor heads a very special team of planners who have been placed under the direct control of Premier Nikita Khrushchev. That team’s assignment: destroy America from within by exploiting its most vulnerable flaws.

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Across the U.S. smoldering racial tensions suddenly burst into pockets of hot flames: Freedom Riders are attacked in Birmingham, Alabama, and it takes 3,000 troops to quell the riots when James Meredith, a black man, arrives on campus to attend the University of Mississippi.

Quietly, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover ponders the statistics: national law enforcement agencies are reflecting an extraordinary leap in crimes directly related to a sudden influx of hard drugs into American subcultures. Marijuana, LSD, “angel dust,” cocaine, hashish, and heroin are suddenly abundant among the poorest of black Americans and, for the first time in U.S. history, drugs are commonplace among a new white counterculture called Beatniks.

While America is being distracted by scathing internal problems which threaten to erupt into a nationwide race war, U-2 spy planes high over Cuba detect the rapid construction of strange bunkers. Analysts confirm their worst possible suspicions: the bunkers are missile platforms.

Within 24 hours, the news gets worse: Soviet cargo ships bearing medium-range missiles capable of delivering nuclear warheads into America’s heartland are detected in the Atlantic Ocean bound straight for Cuba.

Frank and Jake and every other Intelligence agent around the world work day and night as President Kennedy orders a complete naval blockade of Cuba.

The menacing little Russian bear, Premier Nikita Khrushchev, places one fat thumb just above the Big Red Nuclear Button. Calling his bluff, Kennedy does the same.

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All the same, the coded messages between the U.S. President and the Russian Premier zip back and forth:

Will the U.S. remove its air bases from Turkey if the Russian ships turn back?

No!

Will the U.S. promise never to invade Cuba?

Maybe.

Will the U.S. promise not to interfere if Russia builds a very modern fishing base in Cuba? Will the U.S. halt all future efforts to assassinate Fidel Castro? Will the U.S. prevent any future invasion of Cuba from its soil and will it rat on any planned interference by anti-Castro exiles? And, quite importantly, will the U.S. promise never to interfere with Cuban Naval ships on the open sea under any circumstances

While Americans innocently cluck their tongues over James Jones,' *The Thin Red Line*, and Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, the USAF's Strategic Air Command launches B-52 intercontinental bombers carrying nuclear bombs, interceptor aircraft are fueled and manned on tarmacs at every American air base, and the U.S. Navy plays underwater tag with all the Russian submarines bearing down on American coast lines.

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Frank begs permission to take a suicide team into Havana. Once Fidel Castro is removed, the Russians will lose their puppet, the Cuban people will revolt, and the potential of a nuclear nightmare could be defused. Jake races his plan to Langley while Frank frantically gathers his gear and two good men.

In the public eye, Nikita Khrushchev appears to blink. With both the Soviets and the Americans on Red Alert, the Soviet ships suddenly turn back as John F. Kennedy dramatically announces to the American public that he has saved the world from the very real threat of a nuclear holocaust.

But puzzling questions pour into Miami from the Cuban underground: if the Soviets are really as furious as they pretend, why are the Russian workers in Cuba laughing so loudly about “how stupid and easily fooled” the Americans are?

Pissing on protocol, Sturgis makes a dangerous midnight trip into Cuba to see for himself.

What he sees stuns him. The new harbor port for Russian “fishing trawlers” has all the earmarks of an advanced naval base for submarines big enough to carry missiles with the same nuclear capability as the forbidden land-based ones! Frank duly makes his report—he never hears a word more about it officially or unofficially. It is as though his information was swallowed by a black hole.

Angry and sullen, Frank Sturgis decides that it is time to clean house of some bad memories. He takes a very short vacation in Haiti and no one notices.

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Smug in what they believe was their “marvelous victory” over those bad, bad Russians, good old Americans return to their fevered shopping at K-Mart, gossip about the strange death of Marilyn Monroe, and Academy Award winning films *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Manchurian Candidate* make millions.

One hot and steamy night, the Haitian counterspy Ya-Ya stops by to see Frank. With him is a smiling and slightly smug Beto. They bring Frank a mound of delicious Haitian-style barbecued meat fresh from the cane fields. As Frank smacks his lips and digs in, Ya-Ya recites the news. It seems that Trujillo’s infamous ice pick man Johnny Abbas is dead. It seems that Haitian dictator Papa Doc winked, and someone burned poor Johnny alive in his “safe haven.” Frank barely pauses chewing at the news. But when he kept trying to change the subject about who burned Johnny, Ya-Ya interrupts him.

“And how do you like Haitian barbecue, *mon ami*?”

Frank finds Ya-Ya’s face too innocent; Beto’s smile is breaking into a grin. “Yeah, great! Really great—uh-oh!” Frank stops chewing. “Ya-Ya, what the hell did I just eat?”

Beto laughed, “It’s goat, pal. You eat The Goat!”

Ya-Ya giggles. “Pretty good joke, hey, *mon ami*?”

As Frank twitches into an interesting shade of green, Beto muses, “Say, Frank? Have you ever been to Madrid? Let’s go some time when we can see a bullfight, ey? Or a car race?”

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“What the hell?”

Beto explains: It seems that Ramfis Trujillo, the son of Rafael “The Goat” Trujillo, the dictator who had raped so many children during his brutal reign, has been exiled to Madrid, Spain, and has taken to terrorizing Spanish pedestrians by racing his Ferrari all over town . . .

Book #6.

The Men Who Would Murder America

Jake slapped an “intercepted and leaked” CIA document onto Frank’s table. It was marked Top Secret. It was dated only weeks after Frank and Pedro Diaz Lanz had escaped Cuba. It was “old news”—but significant because it outlined an ingenious operation that would forever alter American culture.

Under the names of Fidel’s brother Raul Castro and Tania, Frank saw the names Jack Ruby and Solomon Pratt. Both were unknown to him. Jake could only tag Ruby as a small-time hood who did errands around Texas for mob boss Carlos Marcello of New Orleans. Apparently, he had been sent to Havana to represent the mob for two reasons: he would not be noticed by US Customs—and he was expendable if this was a Castro trap.

The name Solomon Pratt was a mystery.

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But Frank blinked twice when he also saw the name Aristotle Onassis; everyone knew the name of the billionaire Greek shipping magnate and family friend to the Kennedys.

The last name on the list was “Victor,” the top Russian KGB operative in the entire western hemisphere.

This Top Secret document verified that everyone on the list had met face-to-face and under extraordinary security on an Onassis ship anchored in Havana’s harbor. The deal was succinct: In exchange for American arms, munitions, and a slice of the profits, this proposed new international smuggling cartel would supply tons of addictive drugs for sale on every street corner and schoolyard in North America.

The second page of the CIA report spelled out the duties of each partner:

The KGB was to supply the seed money while Russian submarines would ride shotgun on the high seas as extra insurance for the safe passage of the Greek’s ships;

An experienced smuggler, Aristotle Onassis would allow the use of his fleet of ships to transport the drugs safely into Havana.

Why Onassis? Because no American would dare hijack his ships, no matter how valuable the cargo.

Under the auspices of Solomon Pratt and in secret laboratories to be built outside Havana, the drugs would be refined, processed, and packaged for distribution

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throughout North America;

Raul Castro would arrange for official Cuban gunboats to transport the refined drugs on their final and most dangerous leg through international waters to rendezvous points just outside the American Territorial limits;

The American Mafia would arrange mini flotillas of speedboats to meet the Cuban gunboats. Under cover of night, these speedboats would swarm like fat mosquitoes onto quiet Florida beaches. As fast as Mafia planes could fly or trucks and cars and vans could roll, the drugs would be piped into every American ghetto, the street corners beside each school, every office high-rise, and into many locked bedrooms all across North America.

Frank instantly recognized why the American Mafia had been invited in: the American Mafia already had control of its own massive drug distribution network. Besides, in making the Mafia a partner, Meyer Lansky, Sam Giancana, Carlos Marcello, Santo Trafficante and all the other bosses would “forgive” Castro for taking away their casinos.

One piece at a time, Frank’s personal intelligence network inside Cuba compiles a puzzle that makes the famous “*French Connection*” look like very small potatoes indeed. When the data was finally in, and the verdict quite evident, Frank, Beto, and Jake knew why certain CIA agents in Havana had sold out their country. It had been simple greed.

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Two of these renegade CIA agents meet with bizarre accidents in Cuba in the presence of anti-Castro agents. Two more take refuge behind the Iron Curtain: one disappears one late night while crossing a bridge over the Danube River in Budapest, Hungary, in September, 1983; one still lives in a small dacha somewhere near Moscow.

The last renegade settled outside Medellin, Columbia.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The following books will contain details that Frank Sturgis would not have revealed during his lifetime. These details are also not totally included in this synopsis. The author has been assured complete access to all confidential records, notes, and personal data beyond what he already possesses.*

Book #7.

The Edge of Chaos

The Secret War Against the Kennedys

1963 is a time of upheaval and change. Fidel Castro visits Moscow while a special “hot line” is established between the Kremlin and the White House to avoid

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misunderstandings that could wipe out the world. Riots and beatings mark civil rights demonstrations, 200,000 “Freedom Marchers” descend on Washington, Bobby Kennedy scraps with J. Edgar Hoover over union and racketeering policies, a military coup overthrows the government of South Vietnam, and American readers reflect these bewildering times by making best selling books out of *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* by John Le Carre and *Idiots First* by Bernard Malamud.

On the surface, each meeting between Frank and Blacky in New York or in Miami appears to be casual and friendly. However, Blacky seems obsessed to know from Frank’s own mouth all the anti-Kennedy discontent that still seethes among the betrayed Cuban-American and the Intelligence communities. Blacky constantly bad-mouths the Kennedys while baiting Frank into uttering impulsive words of fury and pain over the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

Curiously, Blacky always demands that Frank tell her how he might “hit” the President of the United States should the opportunity arise. Sturgis has no clue that each conversation is being recorded by Blacky for the KGB and Cuban counterintelligence.

Despite warnings from everyone—including father Joseph Kennedy, the patriarch of the Kennedy clan—John and Bobby twist the mobsters in America even harder with indictments or investigations against the most powerful bosses in the underworld including Meyer Lansky, Carlos Marcello, Johnny Dioguardia, Jimmy Hoffa, and Sam Giancana.

Bam! . . . ***Bam-Bam!*** November 22, 1963: President John F. Kennedy is assassinated and avowed Communist—and former “defector” to the USSR—Lee Harvey Oswald is snagged, and all hell breaks loose. Cool heads in Washington make certain

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that any talk about direct Russian involvement is quickly discredited; after all, if was seriously thought by the American people that the Kremlin had ordered a wet affair for their popular young president, a war would be certain—and terminally unforgiving.

Quickly, Jack Ruby kills Lee Harvey Oswald. In the stunned malaise of accusations and counter-accusations that follows—and in a textbook example of PSYWAR disinformation—Blacky is among the first and loudest to point a finger at Sturgis, Lanz, Howard Hunt, the CIA, the FBI, and every anti-Castro Cuban she ever met. Each story is expertly sprinkled with enough truth to make it all exciting to the press and plausible enough to be damaging.

Even the Nazi preeminent propagandist Josef Goebbels would have been proud of Victor.

In an attempt to halt the squabbling and bury the dead, the Warren Commission swings into action and soberly announces that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in killing JFK; officially, there was no conspiracy.

Interestingly, the powerful Russian Premier, Nikita Khrushchev, is suddenly replaced by Brezhnev and Kosygin and the CIA monitors the departure of a special Aeroflot plane sent to return Victor and his entire team to Moscow. They are later spotted filing into the yellow and white KGB building that squats behind the statue of Felix Dzerzhinski. Jake and Frank assume that Victor has followed in the footsteps of *Ace of Spies* Captain Sidney Reilly through one of those long tunnels that spider web out to the infamous Lubianka torture rooms where KGB experts extract knowledge and life—however, Victor suddenly reappears in Havana with an even bigger team.

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While Frank Sturgis, Johnny Roselli, and Howard Hunt are being accused of being both “the three men on the knoll” and the “three tramps found hiding in a box car” near Dealy Plaza, two dozen innocent witnesses to the assassination die in accidents. Then, from his jail cell, Jack Ruby suddenly demands a new trial.

Jack Ruby is patently ignored.

Appearing frightened out of his wits, Ruby cries out to anyone who will listen that unless he receives a full pardon for his “patriotic” crime, he has one last confession to make. Claiming that he is soon to be murdered, Ruby literally pleads to be allowed to testify in Washington D.C. where he promises to tell all.

Interestingly, the American judicial system and Congress have no time to listen to Jack Ruby. Jack Ruby dies in January, 1965. The death certificate issued at the prison lists cancer as his killer. There is no autopsy.

A midnight telephone call sets up a strange and fateful meeting for Frank Sturgis and Beto. They rendezvous on Miami Beach with a frightened little burlesque comic who had been Jack Ruby’s closest friend.

In exchange for Frank’s guarantee of protection, a shaking Wally Weston reveals startling facts:

Lee Harvey Oswald definitely knew Jack Ruby before the assassination. Two weeks before the murder, Oswald caused a ruckus at Ruby’s nightclub. While Wally helped throw Oswald out, a furious Jack Ruby yelled, “You dumb

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sonofabitch, I told you not to come back here *again!*”

The week before the assassination, Wally Weston walked in on Jack Ruby huddling over a map of Dallas with Sam Giancana, Johnny Roselli, and two CIA men—visitors to the club on previous occasions—who were dressed as Cubans.

Jack Ruby had been ordered by Carlos Marcello to assassinate Oswald before Oswald could be placed under Federal protection. Ruby was the only man available who had access to the Dallas Police Department. Marcello promised Ruby that he would receive a full pardon if he was convicted of anything.

Once Jack Ruby realized he had been betrayed, he also knew he was slated for death inside prison. He told Wally Weston exactly who was killing him—and how (to be revealed in the mss).

At their last meeting, Jack Ruby shouted at Wally Weston something he did not understand. “My God, Wally, I gotta tell ‘em about the guns and the dope and about Castro and that fucking Greek—they gotta find out about the Kennedys and everything! But first I gotta get out of Texas, man. If I don’t, I’m dead!”

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It was too late to help Jack Ruby. But Frank agrees to help Wally Weston disappear. He did.

But Johnny Roselli disappears, too, at least until his dismembered body bloats enough to float a 55 gallon drum up from the bottom of Biscayne Bay.

Victor is proud. The statistics bear out his projections: crimes of violence in America increase a whopping 57% between the years 1963-1968, drug sales in America skyrocket, race riots break out in Cleveland, Detroit, and Watts while a popular black minister, Martin Luther King, leads a huge anti-war march in New York to favor a Communist regime take-over in South Vietnam; the timing seems right for the long-awaited implosion inside America.

The tinderbox is hopefully ignited when Martin Luther King is assassinated by two white men. Only the Patsy is caught. The Kremlin waits anxiously to see if this is the final event that will trigger an all-out race war in America. It comes close. But not quite.

When Senator Robert F. Kennedy announces his candidacy for president, he is also assassinated. Interestingly, an Iranian student, Sirhan Sirhan, gives every indication that he had been psychologically impaired and hypnotically induced before and during the act of firing his pistol. No one remembers *The Manchurian Candidate*. After all, it was only a movie. No one pays attention that Sirhan never comes close enough to fire a bullet into Bobby's brain and leave a ring of powder burns. No one notices that only one other armed man was in position to fire the killing bullet: the security guard.

Frank notices.

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Completely disillusioned and disgusted when John F. Kennedy's widow marries Aristotle Onassis, Frank attempts to put together his own invasion force. He enlists some adventurers to drive their American cars into Mexico where they can be sold at a great profit, albeit illegally by Mexican law. The profits are supposed to pay for a leaky old boat that will float them into Cuba just like the good old days. But U.S. legal problems shut everything down when some of the amateur adventurers are caught selling rental cars, too.

While Frank sorts that one out, the headlines scream a confusing story about Ted Kennedy, a drunken party on an island called Chappaquiddick, and a young girl named Mary Jo Kopechne who happened to drown despite the "valiant efforts" of the young Senator to save her. The reports describe the ugly incident as beginning one night when Ted Kennedy paused at the intersection that offered the choice of either the ferry to Edgartown to the left—or to a deserted beach and an open black sea to the right.

Ted squalled tires and turned right—and the incident turned frantic when Ted Kennedy recklessly drove his car off a narrow bridge at a very high speed—and the car flipped onto its back before it sank to the bottom. Like a scene from a drive-in horror movie, Ted Kennedy hesitated 1-½ hours before he fetched help. More interested in the senator's reputation than saving a young life, Mary Jo Kopechne was left to die by inches with her nose stuck up in a tiny pocket of lifeless air. She was asphyxiated while she clung to life in the back seat of the good Senator's car. When she lost consciousness, she slipped into the water. One short gasp sucked a tea cup of salt water into her lungs, and she was dead.

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Frank is invited to a tense meeting at a popular Argentinean restaurant on Calle Ocho in Miami. Two world-class assassins are there on “neutral turf” to repay a personal debt to Frank Sturgis for a service he had rendered them sometime in the past. These two men give Frank information that will give him a measure of protection from Fidel Castro and anyone within the CIA who wishes him dead.

NOTE: The following information is being made public only since Frank Sturgis—like Martha Mitchell and Jack Ruby—has “suddenly died of cancer.”

The self-professed assassins clearly state there were exactly three living and breathing reasons why Ted Kennedy had frantically turned right at that intersection on Chappaquiddick Island. After Ted Kennedy had driven past the policeman and had paused at the intersection, he had seen three men stepping onto the road from the shadows. Ted had known in that instant that it was a hit. He had swung right and had driven for his life. After the car had flipped, Ted had been too frightened to return to the party for help. The “three men” spotted rowing a stolen boat across that same channel had been the hitters.

Two of those men were sitting across the table from Frank. The third living reason was “busy” elsewhere.

“You guys were going to clobber Ted Kennedy? But why?”

“It can be explained in one word, Frank. Vendetta,” the man called Ramon said. “It’s a big contract—serious money.”

“Is it still on; the hit, I mean?”

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The smaller man, the one Frank called Julio, shrugged.
“The minute Teddy dropped out of the race for president,
we were called off. I’m guessing that’s the rule: no more
Kennedys in the White House means no money on their heads.
Anything else they do is safe.”

Frank had to lean back and tried to grasp it. “How did you
guys control the investigation—“

“We didn’t. Your guys did. See, they didn’t want us
nailed because then the lid would be blown off everything. Your
people can’t afford that, now can they?”

END OF BOOK SEVEN

Book #8

Watergate

The Secret War Against the White House

In retrospect, and after the dust had settled following his own conviction and the resignation of President Richard Nixon, Frank Sturgis firmly believed that the Watergate

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affair had been the final blow in a cleverly conceived effort to destroy forever the unbridled power of the Oval Office as exercised by John F. Kennedy. Nixon was the fall guy because his type was easy to set up.

Frank believed with certainty—and with good reasons—that the burglary had been deliberately botched.

This work will take the reader inside the actual recruitments and briefings of the anti-Castro Cubans, their individual assignments, and their behind-the-scenes interrelationships. We will reveal what Frank Sturgis *thought* they were all looking for—and *who he was certain was actually paying them*. To date, this is one item no Watergate burglar ever revealed. Frank's opinion bears strong credence: *it was no accident that so many Cuban exiles who hated Fidel Castro were set-up and sacrificed through their involvement in a national scandal.*

We will also outline in detail the deal offered Frank by the CIA. In exchange for his guilty plea and public silence, he was to be allowed to captain yet another burglary team to recover the highly controversial and widely feared personal files of the deceased director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover.

Again, Frank was betrayed by the CIA.

Two fellow Watergate burglars, Gonzalez and Martinez, have pledged their aid in making certain this account is insider-accurate.

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Book #9 Operation Angola: The War That Never Was

1977: Watergate is over, President Nixon has resigned, and Frank Sturgis has served his time. Recently made independent, the African nation of Angola has erupted into a struggle for power between the rival factions MPLA, FNLA, and UNITA. The MPLA faction favors Soviet-style Communism. Fidel Castro sends his Soviet-trained Cuban troops to shore up a fledgling Communist regime in Luanda primarily because the vast oil reserves have strategic use, and the MPLA pledges to spread black Communism throughout southern Africa.

In 1977 Frank Sturgis is recruited to head up an elite paramilitary army made up of anti-Castro Cubans who intend to fight in Angola against Fidel Castro's Cuban troops.

The plan is brilliant. Angola's FNLA leader Holden Roberto signs an accord in Brazzaville with Sturgis that if anti-Castro Cubans help him overthrow the Communist regime backed by Castro and Moscow, Roberto will formally recognize them as a "legitimate Cuban government in exile." Roberto will then provide these same Cuban

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exile allies with an official embassy in Luanda, and will initiate a petition to the UN for a seat as the “legitimate government in exile” along the path used to success by Taiwan.

What Frank, Jake, and Beto like even more is the secret side agreement offered by Roberto. The Angolan FNLA chief promises that once he is in power he will provide black Angolan troops to help them liberate Cuba under the direction of Colonel Frank Sturgis.

Along the way, Sturgis is advised by South African Intelligence that Libya’s Muammar al-Qaddafi has dispatched a squad of assassins to remove President Ronald Reagan from office. Quick action by Sturgis saves the president’s life. No one bothers to say thank you.

Instead, the American CIA scuttles the entire operation to support the FNLA by yanking the Cuban exile’s passports and threatening their Green Cards. Frank is warned—and Jake disappears.

Book #10: Run, Rabbit, Run! The Secret War Against Fidel Castro

During the demise of the Soviet Union, Frank dispatches Beto into London, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, Leningrad, Yalta, and Tbilisi, Georgia. One mission is to uncover the fate of Jake and two undercover agents Frank had once sent into Cuba. Word had it they all may have been taken to Lubyanka prison by the KGB.

THE STURGIS SPY SERIES

. . . lies our fathers told us

Property of California Avenue Productions, LLC

by Robert W. Morgan

While in Russia in 1990, Beto's mission is dangerously exposed to the KGB by a CIA traitor mole. (Rick Ames and his wife Rosario are arrested in February, 1994). Fortunately for Beto, the Cold War is waning. Instead of killing him, the KGB acknowledges him as an agent working for the CIA through Sturgis. In a surprising gesture of goodwill, they allow Beto to leave Moscow with the information that Frank's men had never made it to Russia. Castro had tortured them to death in Havana. Assuming his days as an effective spy are ended, Beto retires to a tiny town hidden in the Rocky Mountains to groom himself for a literary career.

With the subsequent and total collapse of the Soviet Union, Frank Sturgis, age 66, is suddenly back in demand in 1992. Sensing that Fidel Castro's days are numbered due to the loss of Soviet protection and financial support, Frank Sturgis is recruited to oversee the building of a secret training camp again set deep in the Everglades. Soon he has other advanced camps set up in two other countries, and he begins flooding Cuba with trained saboteurs.

The offer he makes to high ranking Cuban military officers and Cuban intelligence agents is simple: help us get rid of Castro now and your sins will be forgiven. If not

From all parts of the United States and Central and South America veteran guerrilla officers who had once fought alongside Fidel Castro now gather around Colonel Frank Sturgis. Many bring their sons to train for the promised fight for liberation; some bring their grandsons, too. All are eager to risk their lives for their beloved Cuba. Even more amazing, many weary and half-starved Cuban refugees who had quite recently risked their lives in bizarre ways to escape Cuba are willing to be trained to return to their homeland.

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Realizing that the world is sick of bloodbaths—no matter how compelling the reason—Sturgis again recruits Beto to devise the most modern PSYWAR approach possible to undermine and topple Fidel Castro. Beto joins Frank in his Everglades hideout and marvels at Frank’s ability to organize, train, and motivate Latin troops. Quickly, he develops a two-pronged approach to effect what he hopes will be the first bloodless coup in the history of Latin America.

November 1993: At a time when Fidel Castro is secretly negotiating with the U.S. Government to lift the 30-year trade embargo against Cuba in return for his own ticket to exile in Spain, Frank Sturgis is suddenly stricken with excruciating back pains and muscle weakness. Rushed to the hospital the day after Thanksgiving, Frank Sturgis dies within a week. The Death Certificate lists the cause as cancer. There is no autopsy.

Like Margaret Mitchell, the overly-talkative wife of John N. Mitchell, a man convicted for his secret roll in Watergate, and like Jack Ruby, a key man who pleaded to be allowed to tell all he knew about the JFK affair, Frank Sturgis was leading an army one week, and died of “cancer” the next.

Beto doesn’t believe it. He will list his reasons why. One reason includes a statement by a doctor who had treated Frank Sturgis one week before Thanksgiving—and found no evidence of cancer.