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**Interview Memoir of Former Special Agent of the FBI
Stanley A. Pimentel (1967 – 1996)
January 6 and 7, 2009
And February 10, 2009**

Edited for spelling, repetitions, etc. by Sandra Robinette on April 21, 2009. Final corrections from Mr. Pimentel made by Sandra Robinette on May 11, 2009.

Today is January 6, 2009. My name is Stanley A. Pimentel and I would like to tell my story of my career with the FBI. I will sign the Copyright Release Form at the termination of this dictation.

To begin with I was born and raised in Woodland, California on July 16, 1941 and received my early education in a small one room schoolhouse where I initiated my first grade. Then later on a larger school was built a half a mile from my home which I would walk to each day to and from.

I note that my father had a small dairy and there were about thirty, forty cows in which it was a 24/7 job being reared on the farm. As a youngster I learned to milk cows and do the sundry chores around the place.

I attended high school at St. Pius X Seminary for about three years where I guess I thought I had a vocation as a priest. However, when I turned seventeen, I found that I was not ready to become a priest and finished off my high school at Bishop Armstrong High School at Sacramento, California.

My mom was after me to apply to, no before I start that. I want to note that my father had immigrated to the United States when he was fifteen years old from the Island of Terceira, Azores Islands, about eight hundred miles off the coast of Portugal, and became an American citizen. My mom was the first generation American, also of Portuguese parents who had emigrated from the Azores Islands.

In high school my mom was after me about continuing my education and going to college and I really didn't wish to go but, at her insistence, I applied to St. Mary's College of Moraga, California a few miles east of Oakland, and was accepted. I note that in 1959 the tuition, board and room were thirteen hundred and one dollars a year, which my parents of course thought was exorbitant. I note now that that same school costs nearly thirty thousand dollars per year. I majored in languages, Spanish and Portuguese, since I had learned Portuguese at home and Spanish working in the fields with Mexican farm hands who had come up for the summer to work in the surrounding areas of my dad's dairy.

I was about ready to leave college. I kind of didn't have anything in mind other than I was not enjoying the college life and when I heard about a junior year in Brazil program. I had always wanted to go to Brazil since my father had a brother who had gone there at an early age

and they had lost touch with each other. As a result I was able to obtain a partial scholarship from NYU, New York University, to do the second half of my junior year and the first half of my senior year at the University of Sao Paolo, in Sao Paolo, Brazil.

I note that in 1962, January, when we arrived there, that Sao Paolo was probably the most radical leftist university in the western hemisphere and we were occasionally harassed by the leftist students there when they found out that there were nine gringos, although they didn't call us gringos. That's more of a Mexican term; but they were not happy that there were nine Americans there taking up space at their university.

During that year we were able to travel throughout all of Brazil and, in addition, one of my roommates and I traveled extensively to Buenos Aires and Paraguay and the western part of Brazil to get to know the country.

I graduated from St. Mary's in May or June of 1963 and, with Viet Nam starting to heat up, I was not able to get a job with any notable company because they would note that my draft status was 1-A. Therefore I [decided I] should get my military service out of the way. Consequently I enlisted in the Army, for the military intelligence side of the Army, and went to Fort Ord, California, near Monterey for my basic training where I achieved the highest score in the rifle for the whole company of two hundred and fifty people. Thereafter [I] was flown to Baltimore, Maryland where I attended Fort Holabird, the Army Intelligence School. That school has since moved from Fort Holabird to Fort Huachaca in Arizona. The three years I spent in the Army were absolutely wonderful. I enjoyed it and it probably prepared, the school especially at Fort Holabird, prepared me for the later training I would receive at FBI, once I entered the FBI.

During the first week of training at Fort Holabird, we had occasion to travel, five of us did, on the weekend, travel to Washington, D.C., because of the cherry blossom festival going on and it was at that time that I met my future bride.

I served undercover with the Military Intelligence, actually for the 902nd MI Group in the southwest for about sixteen months and, after successfully completing that tour, I was brought back to the 902nd MI Group Headquarters and they put me to work as a clerk on an Espionage case that was taking place then in Paris, France. I really enjoyed the work at the "Tempo" Building, which is no longer there in D.C. Then one of the persons coordinating the case in Paris had to return for his child's birth and I was asked if I could go to Paris. I did. And it was a very exciting three and a half months where we worked long hours and long days and nearly every day putting together the case, working together with U.S. authorities there and in Washington, D.C.

The case was resolved successfully when the Army brought back the two individuals that had been spying for the KGB, namely Leonard Safford and a guy named Ulysses Harris, who had both turned over crypto materials. In fact I think the crypto rotors they used to encrypt material for the Army to the KGB officials. I believe they both got about twenty-five years in prison at Fort Leavenworth at hard labor. The Bureau had initially gotten involved when we

brought them back to the states but declined prosecution I believe, so that the military could prosecute them under the United States Military Code of Justice.

After this, I got out of the Army in January of 1967 and in the meantime had applied to the FBI. This is an interesting aspect. I was working at the Pentagon in September of '66, when I was asked by one of my superiors to take a document to the FBI Domestic Security Office located at Ninth and D. I took the documents there, classified documents there acting as a courier and turned them over to someone there in the FBI Office, and I hear a voice, "Hey young man, are you going back to the Pentagon?" And I said, "Yes, sir, I am." And he says, "Well, could I catch I ride with you?" And I said, "Sure." I had my car parked, the Army car parked downstairs. On the way over, this individual asked me what my plans were and I said, well I was getting out in January of sixty-seven and I was writing, I had written letters to Texaco and Shell and some other oil companies about getting a job as a security officer with them in Latin America. He said, "Why don't you come into the FBI?" And I indicated that I didn't think I met all of the qualifications particularly due to eyesight and he said, "No, no." He said, "If it's corrected at twenty-twenty, you should be fine and what's your background?"

And I told him and the next thing I know he's giving me the application and the ninety-nine facts about the FBI and encouraging me to apply immediately. We arrived at the Pentagon and went our separate ways and he told me to fill out the application and when I did to call him. I did a few days later after filling out the lengthy form. He saw it and submitted it and told me that I would be called by someone to set up an interview or to actually be tested in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. Sometime later I was asked to take the language tests I believe at the, where the Washington Field Office was at the old post office building in downtown Washington. I recall it was one of the more difficult days trying to do the language tests on tape and trying to keep the two languages separate when they're so similar.

In the meantime I got out of the Army on January 13, 1967 and I'm waiting for a response from the FBI. In the meantime I got a couple of jobs; one was working at Montgomery Wards at the Landover Mall, doing credit checks on individuals for the company. In about March I had just heard from, I had gotten a letter from Mr. Hoover appointing me as a special agent at \$8,400 a year, which I thought was outstanding as that would be the most money I'd ever earned in my life; and indicating that I would start training school on July 10, 1967.

In the meantime I'd been asked to assist in conducting a security survey of a complex in D.C. I indicated my willingness to do that and it turned out that another individual would do the technical side and I would do the security survey of the Watergate complex. And after a number of weeks of talking to the occupants and talking to management and we came up with a number of recommendations on the technical and physical side, such as alarming the doors and having card readers for access into the building as well as exiting. Then as I indicated we wrote our report with those recommendations and didn't hear anything more.

Of course, in 1972, with the Democratic National Committee Headquarters being located at the Watergate complex, and we know the story now where this brought down President Nixon and his plumbers who had bugged bugged the offices of the Democratic National Committee

Headquarters there at the Watergate. I kind of chuckled after when I heard that the Watergate complex had been broken into that I learned through contacts that they had never, they meaning Watergate management and the occupants, had never authorized or considered our recommendations.

July 10, 1967 came around and I reported to the third floor, I believe, of the Justice Building and was scared, raising my right hand and swearing in as a Special Agent of the FBI. It was just so awesome and trying to describe that day is almost, it was mind-numbing, mind-boggling would be a better word, being sworn into the best and the most known law enforcement agency in the world.

We spent part of our time at the Justice Building on the third floor there at Ninth and/or Tenth and Pennsylvania, as well as at the old post office where the Washington Field Office was. I remember that in our twelfth or thirteenth week when we were assigned to, for a week with veteran agents from the Washington Field Office, that I was assigned to an agent called Billy Hayes. Billy's first question to me when he I was assigned to him was, "You got your gun?" And I said, "Of course, I have my gun." "Do you have bullets in it?" And I said, "Well, I've got six rounds plus I have another six rounds in my pocket." He said, "Good, let's go." And we went to the contract parking garage for the Bureau for Washington Field and we headed out and he said, "I presume you drink coffee?" And I said, "Yes, sir, I do." And he said, "Quit sir-ning me, I'm just an agent like you." Anyway we stopped and had a cup of coffee and he was explaining to me what we were going to be doing that day. And primarily it was an 'unlawful flight to avoid prosecution' individual, a black guy who had committed some armed robberies and was apparently or allegedly armed with a forty-five automatic. We were gonna go and try to talk to his father at Fourteenth and U Street.

Well, of course, we knew the reputation of Fourteenth and U Street and so Billy and I prepared ourselves and went up to Fourteenth and U and there was no answer at the father's apartment. So we went upstairs to the second floor and knocked on the door and we hear a voice inside say, "Who is it?" And Billy responded, "Police." The door opened and there was this young woman all in her all togetherness telling us that we had woken her up and she had just gotten in from work. Anyway to make a long story short we asked her to put something on and she did, asked her where we might find so and so, the fugitive that we were looking for, and she said she didn't know but had heard that he was possibly employed by a moving company off of Connecticut Avenue, I believe. After talking to a couple of other neighbors, we found out that in fact he might be employed by a moving company. So we found out that, yes, he was employed at that company and he would be back in around four and we should just come back to arrest him.

Well we informed the manager of the company that this man was considered armed and dangerous and he indicated that we could sit in the office and we did. We waited for him and he called in the fugitive and we arrested him right then and there. To make a long story short, out of the fifty agents who were assigned to Washington Field that week, I was the only who had made an arrest. Most of the agents had worked applicants and/or surveillances of one sort or another.

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My first office was Miami and I was assigned to the newly instituted squad, the S-Seven I believe, or it was the Seventh Squad with Bill Beane as the Supervisor. My job was to work with Mike Dooher and our jobs were to go out and capture the fugitives of Selective Service and deserters from the armed services. With the war in Viet Nam pretty much at full bore, Mike and I were kept fairly busy going out locating and apprehending fugitive deserters as well as fugitives who had violated the Selective Service laws. In an eighteen month period we apprehended something like a hundred and eighty fugitives. It was an enormous amount of fugitives that we caught in that eighteen month period. I recall that we received letters of commendation from Mr. Hoover for our efforts.

One of the more interesting cases I worked, as a brand new agent, was the Barbara Jane Mackle kidnapping. Barbara was an eighteen year old girl attending Emory College, or Emory University in Georgia. She was coming home for the Christmas holidays. Her mom had gone to pick her up early because she had a terrific cold and did not feel well and so they spent the night outside of Emory and in the middle of the night the door was broken into and two people kidnapped Barbara Jane. The FBI immediately became aware of it through the Miami Office, as well as the Atlanta Office, because Mr. Mackle was a big developer in south Florida and this was his daughter. A day later he received, or found in his yard, which had been delivered by a Catholic priest, I think his parish priest, the ransom note which rambled on for ten pages describing how the kidnapping had taken place and where Barbara Jane had been contained in a box or a coffin-like device, buried somewhere outside Atlanta, in the Atlanta division.

The kidnapers were asking for half a million dollars in twenty dollar bills issued before 1963. I was one of the individuals, about six or eight of us, who sat in a bank vault counting out half a million dollars, five hundred thousand dollars in twenty dollar bills. That was just incredible; sitting there, amidst all this money, and counting out half a million dollars in twenty dollar bills. The kidnapper had also been specific that we had to have a certain type of suitcase and that money would fit in that one suitcase. As it later turned out, Krist was, Gary Krist was a very intelligent individual. Anyway the half a million dollars in twenty dollar bills weighed about sixty-seven pounds. And that's what was done.

We then arranged for the pay-off and, unfortunately, the pay-off was, the first pay-off was bungled because a police officer came upon Krist as he was retrieving the suitcase from I think, Biscayne Isle Island. We had not alerted the police to this because of a possible leak and therefore it was with, we were chagrined. I guess the powers that be in the Miami Division had to eat crow and go explain to the chief of police our situation and retrieve the money back from the police.

In his escape, the male individual left behind his vehicle and personal items which led to his identification. He was identified as Gary Krist. He had loped across some highway there, I think Biscayne Boulevard, and had torn his clothes. And he had made a getaway. We waited hours for a re-contact or Mr. Mackle did, and eventually the kidnapper did call back and requested that the money be dropped off in a very remote location off of Alligator Alley; the road that goes to the Tampa or Naples side of Florida and therefore we could not really surveil it and the money was dropped off. Then of course the chase was on and, later that day, Krist did

call the Atlanta Division. In the excitement of things, the receptionist was able to get most of the directions down. It was fortuitous that the agents were able to locate the box, or the area where the box had been buried, and rescued Barbara Jane Mackle from this coffin-like box.

The box had been outfitted with an air pump, a battery powered lamp, and water laced with sedatives and food and two plastic pipes provided her with outside air but the battery had started to run very low, so the lack of oxygen would happen very quickly, if the agents had not gotten to her.

Then the chase was on to try to get Krist. I was on the outside kind of looking in because I had Saturday duty at the Miami Division. When my duty was about up I don't recall, I think it was the ASAC of the office who told me that they needed some additional help. That apparently Krist had, with the use of some of the ransom money, had bought a boat, a speed boat in Stewart, Florida and had started crossing the middle of Florida through Okeechobee Locks. Anyway, the Bureau had an airplane up and then I was to take a Coast Guard chopper with another agent and to go assist the other agents from the Tampa Division and some other Miami agents in that area to try to locate Krist. Krist in the meantime had hit a sand bar near Hog Island which was a mangrove covered area, that when it was low tide it was like an island but with the tide coming in it was no longer an island, but basically a covered swamp. The other agent and I were dropped off by the Coast Guard in this swamp, me and my Florsheim shoes and my Robert Hall suit. We were only in there for a few hours, maybe two or three hours when we got the word to get out, and we were rescued by one of the deputy sheriffs and another agent on an airboat and taken back to the mainland where we were put up at a motel in Punta Gorda. Sometime during that evening, about two o'clock in the morning, I believe, some deputies, a couple of deputy sheriffs located Krist as he was trying to get off the island and detained him.

We eventually got back to the Miami Division and the chase was on then to locate Ruth Eisemann Schier, who was a young student at Miami Marine College where she had met Krist and she was from Honduras, Central America. Apparently she had gotten scared off and had separated from Krist and she disappeared altogether from the Miami area. We had identified her through items left in the vehicle abandoned by Krist.

I got the ticket to do the fugitive investigation for her and for several months I was seeing Ruth Eisemann Schier in my dreams and in my sleep and trying to find her anywhere I could in the Miami Division. Eventually she had applied at a state hospital in Norman, Oklahoma when she was fingerprinted. A few days later her fingerprints came across a technician who recognized those prints as being from Ruth Eisemann Schier and the Oklahoma Office, or the RA at Norman had arrested her, caused her arrest.

I believe Gary Krist received ten years imprisonment and later on became a medical doctor and that's another story. Ruth Eisemann Schier was also convicted and sentenced to life. I'm sorry, he was sentenced to life in prison in 1969, but was released on parole after ten years and he received a pardon to allow him to attend medical school. She was convicted and sentenced to seven years in prison, paroled after serving four years, and deported to her native Honduras where she lives. I think the Hondurans keep close tabs on her.

Some of the other cases that I worked because of my Spanish language ability were working with the Security Squads on the surveillances on Orlando Bosch, who was an anti-Castro Cuban who had been involved in a number of violent activities such as bombings and assassinations of individuals who supported Castro. In fact it is suspected that he was the individual who placed the bomb aboard a Cubana Airlines between Venezuela and Cuba in which it exploded as it took off from Venezuela. Bosch specifically has set up an anti-Castro group of individuals who would try to do harm with any country dealing with Castro. Of course this included the Polish, Poland. On one occasion a Polish ship was anchored in Miami when it was shot at by a 105, I believe, recoilless rifle by some of Bosch's individuals.

A funny story about this is that for whatever reason the SAC, Fred Froboch, I believe, talked to Bill Beane the Supervisor and said, "Get Pimentel over there to the Polish vessel since he speaks Polish." And that's what I found out later anyway, why I had been sent because he thought I spoke Polish but instead I spoke Portuguese. Fortunately the Polish captain spoke some English and I was able to conduct the interviews of the crew, he and the crew members, on the firing upon their ship.

One other interesting case that I worked on was the, in the search for James Earl Ray, when he had been identified as the assassin of Martin Luther King, Jr., in Memphis, is that several of us were dispatched to the Eastern Airlines headquarters there in Miami or Hialeah to search for airline tickets in the name of James Earl Ray. I believe after a day or so of searching, we did come up with one airline ticket for James Earl Ray or the ticket coupon, and I forgot what that travel entailed. Of course later on Ray was apprehended in London and returned to the United States where he was convicted of assassinating Martin Luther King, Jr.

Another interesting case assigned to me, in my search of fugitives in the Miami Division, one interesting character seems to pop up into my sphere every once in awhile. He was a six foot ten black male who had enlisted in one of the services and had gone AWOL and he eventually was declared a deserter. I remember that Mike and I went to his aunt's house because his aunt was listed on the desertion form as his closest relative. She was. She initially told us, "No, he was not there." But then by her gesture she's telling us that he is inside her small apartment. So of course Mike and I, we continue to converse with her and banter about the day and how beautiful it was or whatever, and we're searching for him and we find him under the bed. And he eventually came out and we handcuffed him and all six foot ten of him, lanky guy, and we took him to jail.

A few months later I get another DD, whatever it was, a 214, I forget what it was, noting that this guy was, or actually this time it was a different name but I remembered the name of the aunt. He had listed the same woman as his next of kin and I remember the address and I said, "Well, let's go see if she must have another relative in the armed services." So we went there and we asked her if so and so was there, and she said, "I don't know anybody by that name." By looking at the description Mike and I deduced that it's gotta be the same guy. He's six foot ten, black male and she kind of indicates that yeah he's not there that he's due back later that afternoon. So I think we did finally capture him again.

The third time was again another Army form. Because he went into three different services so I don't recall if it was the Army, or the Marine Corps or the Navy where he had once again, he listed but he had gone AWOL and declared a deserter and his aunt told us that he was going to be receiving a check from a lawyer that afternoon because of an automobile accident. So we went to the attorney, indicated our interest, and the attorney was very cooperative and indicated, "Yeah he's due in here at two o'clock or whatever. Why don't you guys hide in the hallway and I'll come out and get you." So Mike and I are trying to peek through the little window that was on the fire escape and, eventually, we saw him going into the lawyer's office. So we waited a few minutes and then went in and, as he saw us, he almost tried to jump out of about the seventh floor window. It was a big pane glass window there. We were able to grab him and handcuff him and take him back again for the third time. But before we did catch him, he would leave calls with messages for me or if I happened to answer the phone at the office, "Pimentel, you can't catch me." He would taunt me indicating that we would never catch him. He was quite a character.

Normally a first office agent spent usually one year at his first office. However, in my case the SAC had been so kind as to request an extension to my first office because I was in the process of adopting two children. And so we were fortunate that we were able to adopt the two children; one a twenty-three month old boy, Donald and an infant Andrea. And once the adoptions were made, Mr. Hoover wrote congratulatory letters to my wife and I on the adoption of the two children.

Thereafter, two years were up, and I was assigned to the Washington Field Office in the old post office assigned to the S-Nine Squad of Herb Morgan. Herb was an incredibly wonderful supervisor. It was an all Security type squad for many different countries. Because of my Spanish and Portuguese abilities, I was assigned Security matters related to those countries such as Panama, Brazil, Mexico, etc.

One of the more interesting cases that we worked on S-Nine was the Jennifer Enid Miles [case], who was the receptionist or secretary at the South African Embassy. She had come to our attention through the, I believe, through a lookout in New York in which it was difficult to determine what side of the fence or which country she was working for. It was finally determined that she was working for the Cuban Intelligence Service, DGI.

The South African authorities were very, very helpful and assisted us in every way possible. Eventually when we asked her to cooperate with us, she was interviewed by experienced FBI Agents and she refused to cooperate, and the South Africans had her returned to South Africa where I guess life was made kind of miserable for her.

I remember those cold days in December up on Wisconsin Avenue surveilling her place with another agent trying to keep warm. That one agent was Dmitri (usual spelling), Droujenski, I believe, I'd have to see how to spell his name. He was born in Russia but had come to the United States as a young man and had come into the Bureau, and spoke English with a very heavy Russian accent. I used to kid him about, we would sometimes wonder whose side he

worked on but he turned about to be a very productive agent for us, for the Bureau, and just a wonderful individual.

I was only in S-Nine for about eleven months when I received, I had in the meantime put in for an office of preference moved to San Juan, Puerto Rico. I did not like the cold weather in the Washington area and therefore figured that a transfer to San Juan would be much more conducive to me and, because of my language ability, I did receive a transfer to San Juan in early 1970 and affected that transfer in about May, June of 1970.

There were only four squads in the whole division, San Juan, which covered Puerto Rico itself, the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John, and then from San Juan we had road trips to the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Jamaica and the British Virgin Islands. Working in San Juan was a great experience because, even though it's a Commonwealth to the United States, the laws of the U.S. Federal Government do apply there and so I was able to work applicant matters, Dominican matters involving members of the Dominican Communist Party. It was actually a leftist Marxist group that operated in Puerto Rico. I worked bank robberies, kidnappings, and you name it, it was very interesting.

One major case involved the robbery of half a million dollars, a little over half a million dollars from an armored car as it was being transferred into a bank in old San Juan. It involved about ten or eleven subjects. Ten, I believe ten individuals and one female in which right away two of the individuals were captured with quite a bit of the money when they tried to hide in the nearby Borrinquen Hotel. One guy trying to hide under a bed with a mound of, under the mattress, he had part of the money in a duffle bag. The guy thought he could hide from the authorities but he and another guy were captured on two different floors of this very tall hotel and doing a search from the top and up to meet in the middle. The race was on. These two guys rolled over quickly and the next thing I know Pedro Toledo, another agent and myself, worked with two detectives from the police of Puerto Rico, their Bayoman Precinct. These two detectives were fairly familiar with this group and we worked thirty-six straight hours - Toledo and I and the two detectives - and we arrested I believe, all of the individuals, the remainder of the individuals, and got confessions from most of them.

Another interesting case that I worked was the theft of three thousand pounds of iremite which had been stolen from a mining company in Puerto Rico by the individuals involved in the Independence Movement of Puerto Rico. Since the Commonwealth has been formed there has been an independence movement ongoing in that island. Some of the members have become violent in nature and have bombed for example, while I was there in 1970, this is '75, bombed a McDonalds, ATT offices, and a number of other American companies headquarters there. One of the individuals that was arrested, not for the theft, but having possession of ready-made bombs was Delfin Ramos Colon, where we had an informant tell us that Delfin was hiding three iremite bombs in his house. They were ready to be utilized but the source did not know where. We were, when we tried to get the arrest warrant for Delfin based on this informant information, the Assistant U.S. Attorney asked us to pass on the information to the local police. Well, the local police took our information and it did effect a search of the house but never did discover the ready-made bombs. So we, the FBI, got the warrant and went in there a few days later and we

discovered they actually were hidden underneath a work bench in a concrete hole, like in the basement part of the house. We did retrieve and de-activate; or actually the Puerto Rican bomb squad with a couple of ATF guys, did de-activate the bombs. Samples were submitted to the FBI Laboratory Bomb Data Center. In route, however, the specimens were tampered with by a curious or a curiosity seeking airman on board the C-130 that was taking the evidence to Andrews Air Force Base where it would be met by agents. This actually threw the case out of the courtroom as I was testifying a year later.

It was frustrating working sometimes in Puerto Rico because of the differences in attitude of the people that they would not necessarily cooperate with the Americans even though they are considered U.S. citizens.

Another kind of intriguing case was in the search for Filiberto Ojeda Rios, he had been a fugitive of ours for a number of years and wanted in connection with a number of bombings and he was part of this armed group of the Independence Movement. Through a source we received information that Ojeda was hiding out at some farm house out in the middle of the island there. So Mr. Anderson, Clark D. Anderson the SAC, ordered up a group of us to go out and try to effect Ojeda's arrest. He put me in charge of the gas gun because we felt that we might need gas to get him out of the house without anyone being injured.

To make a long story short we surrounded the house and when, with bullhorns it was announced in English and in Spanish for him to come out or anyone in the house to come out, no one did. I got the order to launch the tear-gas and the first grenade hit the cross bar of the door and opened up and the next thing we know that the wind had shifted and brought the gas toward us trying to enter the front of the house. So we had to don our gas masks and I was ordered to fire another round in and this time I got the middle of the door and one individual did come out quickly; a female. [She] announced there was only one other individual in there and it turned out to not be Ojeda Rios but instead one of his underlings who was caught trying to flush evidence down the toilet.

It would be years later, I think in fact just in the more recent past, that Filiberto Ojeda was killed in a gun fight with FBI agents in Puerto Rico after all these years.

Another one of the more interesting cases that I worked in Puerto Rico was the Fountain Valley Massacre. This was at St. Croix, the U.S. Virgin Islands. This was a case in which eight American, rather eight employees of Eastern Airlines at Miami were on vacation, four men and four women, the wives, were on St. Croix, the Fountain Valley Golf Course for a week of R & R. And these five guys came out of the mountains there and mowed them down with a machine gun and shot guns and not only killed the eight individuals but wounded a couple of the Fountain Valley employees. The governor of the Virgin Islands did not feel that his police force was amenable or could work this case independently. Therefore [he] asked the Attorney General of the United States; this was about 1972 I believe, and I don't recall who the Attorney General was. But the next thing I know I was getting a call in the middle of the night to report to the office as soon as possible to take a flight to the Virgin Islands the next morning. And of course I

had heard on the radio of the massacre and I presumed that we would be involved in the search and apprehension of those involved.

We soon learned upon our arrival in St. Croix that the five individuals were blacks and the victims were white; that they may be riding horseback in the mountains of St. Croix. Two of them were picked up initially right away by the local police and in interviews they gave up the other three individuals but would not, they gave up their names. The police soon learned along with us who the five individuals were. Initially it was thought it was racially motivated, the killings, however, it was believed not to be, from the interviews of the initial two individuals.

After a few days, we finally learned through a confidential source where the three individuals were hiding. We obtained search warrants and we prepared, I believe two or three search parties, because we had two or three locations near each other in downtown Christiansted. We surrounded the places and went in and captured the three individuals.

My search team, including myself, found a couple of the weapons; or I believe three of the weapons with some of the ammunition and other incriminating evidence and put everybody in jail. I believe they were taken to St. Thomas to get them away from their relatives in St. Croix, noting that this is a very tight knit and small community. They were jailed at St. Thomas.

It would be months before the trial would take place in St. Thomas and since I was one of the main witnesses to the search and discovery of the main weapons used in this case I was brought forth to testify at the trial. And as I'm walking up between the two sides, the main guy of this group, a guy named Labeet, whispers, but loud enough that I could hear as well as the Assistant U.S. Attorney, "We're gonna get you Pimentel." Of course the U.S. Attorney's office raised an objection right then and there to the verbal abuse given by Labeet.

To make a long story short, they were all convicted and charged. They had been charged with eight murders and they were convicted and found guilty and convicted of the eight murders and sentenced to eight consecutive life prison terms, I believe. On, for whatever reason, several years later Labeet is being brought back to St. Thomas for some other trial and he was able to overpower the individuals and had the plane flown to Cuba where he remains until this day. He hijacked the airplane and took it to Cuba and Labeet remains there.

Another one of the interesting cases that I worked is kind of a humorous type case was an individual at Fort Buchanan claimed that she had been raped by an individual while at her residence at Fort Buchanan. Joe Gannon and I were dispatched to investigate this matter and she related to us that she was lounging there on a couch when a guy she vaguely knew came in the house and raped her.

Well to make a long story short, she had claimed to report the rape like three days after it had occurred, she still had on the same panties when we tried to gather the evidence for the case. She had, in other words contaminated any evidence that might still be there. Well, to make a long story short, she finally admitted under questioning that she lied to us and that she was, her husband had caught her in bed with the individual and had ordered her to leave. Her husband

was a serviceman and she felt that the only way she could maybe get her husband back was to claim that she had been raped. Of course the Assistant U.S. Attorney declared that there was no cause for any arrest on this case.

I worked a couple of civil rights matters; one in which involved the police of Puerto Rico out in Mayaguez on the western part of the island. I went out there and in asking to speak to the legal beagle of the office there, the precinct there, that it was a young attorney who had just been employed by the police of Puerto Rico and he gave me basically the whole facts of the case, which later was found to be by the Department of Justice not worthy of pursuing any further.

However, an interesting note is that my trip out to speak with that young legal advisor to the police of Puerto Rico in Mayaguez lured him into the Bureau where he made a career in the Bureau as an agent and as an assistant and Legal Attaché in the Bureau years later.

Another civil rights case involved where I was dispatched to St. Thomas, the U.S. Virgin Islands, involved the complaint of two females claiming that they had been physically and verbally abused by a black police officer. Doing the interviews of witnesses and potential witnesses as well as the two females, it soon came to be noted that these two ladies had probably had too much to drink and had become overly abusive to the police officer. They too had in fact, not only verbally abused him but had physically attacked him at the same time, and for that reason he had put them in jail. That case too was found not to be worthy of being pursued by the Justice Department.

Sometime about 1973, I believe, I was designated a road trip agent by I believe the SAC Clark to assist Dick Gillette as a road trip agent to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. Well it happened that we arrived in Santo Domingo one afternoon and there's the full press core waiting for us to de-plane. Usually we had somebody from the Embassy meet us and this time it was the Defense Attaché, a Marine Colonel who, when we asked him, why all these people were there with cameras and it looked like the press, and he said, "Oh, they think you guys are here to investigate the kidnapping." And we indicated, "What kidnapping?" Well yesterday an employee of the U.S. Embassy, a U.S. AID female was kidnapped and they presume you're here to investigate that kidnapping." And of course, talk about getting off on the wrong side of the bed that morning was our presence or arrival at Santo Domingo in the midst of this kidnapping.

Of course when the Ambassador heard that we were there he immediately ordered us to return back to Puerto Rico, which we did the next day as soon as we could. It turns out that the woman was eventually released and I guess you could say that the Stockholm Syndrome can occur because she later married the main individual, the main kidnapper who was a well-known radical leftist in the Dominican Republic.

Thereafter I did make several trips to the Dominican Republic where I was able to conduct a number of liaison visits with the Dominican National Police as well as the D.N.I., the intelligence service of the country, in which they cooperated very well with the FBI. I was also liaison officer on a few occasions to Haiti as well as Jamaica. From about 1974 and '75, I was investigating bombings in Puerto Rico along with Joe Gannon and a couple of other guys from

Squad Four. I was also the main liaison person with the Police of Puerto Rico in exchanging information and getting things done by the Police of Puerto Rico on behalf of the FBI.

The five years there went by very quickly and the next thing I know is I get a call from Roger Castonguay in early 1975 asking if I would be interested in going to Mexico as an Assistant Legal Attaché. I had never really been to Mexico and didn't know too much about it and hesitated indicating that "yes" I would go but what will be my job? And he indicated that I would be replacing an agent who would soon be retiring that had part of the Central American road trip.

So eventually I got orders and I reported into Legat Mexico at the U.S. Embassy there and reported to John Wachter who was then the Legat and John Foarde who was the number one man as he was called. It turned out I was the youngest agent to ever to go out as an Assistant Legat from what other people told me.

I had learned that John Wachter had been in the SIS which is the Bureau's Security Intelligence Division I guess you could call it, when it was known as the Special Intelligence Services or Special Investigative Services which, during the early forties the Bureau had approximately five hundred and fifty agents and support people assigned to various parts of Latin America in order to combat the Nazi threat.

After World War II, the SIS I learned was disbanded around 1945, and that was when the OSS, Office of Strategic Services, was started, the pre-cursor to the CIA. I was assigned as the Assistant Legal Attaché to replace retiring Art Cammarota who is now deceased in covering the countries of Guatemala, Belize, El Salvador and Honduras. I made road trips to these four countries on a regular basis in order to pursue the liaison responsibilities of maintaining contact with the authorities in those four countries. As a result I was able to have successfully returned to the United States a number of fugitives that were deported from those countries and returned to the judicial jurisdiction in the states. In addition I recovered a number of vehicles from those countries that had been stolen from the United States.

About the same time in the mid-seventies the Sandinistas were fighting the government of Somoza, the then strong man of Nicaragua and, as well, a Civil War had started in El Salvador in which the Marxist Leninist rebels were attempting to overthrow the military dictatorship of that country.

About 1972 or '73, the other Assistant Legal Attaché, namely Dick Clark, Richard S. Clark, who has also passed away, was the other road trip agent to the countries of Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Panama. With his transfer to Legat London as a Legal Attaché I inherited the other three countries. Apparently John Foarde, who had then become Legat, had attempted to get another agent to replace Mr. Clark, however, the powers that be did not send another agent down there, and therefore I inherited these additional countries.

This was quite a burden covering those seven countries and I seemed to be on the road about three weeks out of every month. And again my job was maintaining liaison with all the

law enforcement and intelligence services of the country in order to get the FBI's work done. I worked a number of cases that impacted the FBI and/or the particular country of choice down there.

One of the more memorable ones is in addition to Panama, the Canal Zone was still in existence. That was a strip of land about ten miles wide by fifty miles long which was part of the United States Government and as a result it had judge, magistrate, U.S. Attorney's office and the Canal Zone Police, who had been, some of its executives had received training at the FBI Academy, the National Academy. That was always fun going into the Canal Zone from Panama City to meet with the Chief Kessler who was then the Chief of Police of the Canal Zone.

Of course eventually the Canal Zone was, because of President Carter and Omar Torrijos Treaty, the Canal Zone was returned to the Panamanian Government. As a result the Canal Zone Police, the magistrate's office and U.S. Attorney's office and other U.S. Government officials or officers were eventually all turned back to the Panamanian Government.

A couple of interesting matters occurred during my tenure as the Assistant Legal Attaché in Mexico City covering the seven countries of Central America; one was meeting with, at that time, Lieutenant Colonel Manuel Noriega, who was the principal contact of the law enforcement and intelligence agencies of the United States. Noriega was very proud of his affiliations or his associations with the FBI, the CIA, the DEA, Customs, Immigration, you name it. As a whole Noriega treated the FBI and myself very well and tended to assist us in our endeavors to bring about resolution to FBI cases.

One of the more important matters that I believe occurred, not necessarily in Panama but in Guyana, was the Jonestown Massacre in which over nine hundred persons had been convinced to ingest Kool-Aid laced with cyanide and died as a result. Also Congressman Ryan from California had been assassinated by followers of Jones, the guy who had founded this sect-type religion. I believe the Legat in Bogota or Caracas was sent there to look into this matter because it involved the assassination of a Congressman, a Federal official.

One of my leads, sometime around 1978, '79, was to travel to Panama from Mexico and convince the Panamanian Government to seize or freeze about ten million dollars in two bank accounts allegedly belonging to the executives of the Jonestown party. I got the lead from the Legat, Mr. Foarde, who had apparently gotten a call from headquarters, that we should make every effort to preclude the two individuals who were traveling from San Francisco to Panama to take over the two bank accounts which contained allegedly ten million dollars. I immediately got a hold of the contact, a Sergeant Latinez, also known as Lino, and told him what I had to do and asked him to make arrangements for me to meet with Colonel Noriega. I met with Noriega the next afternoon, and indicated what needed to be done. That the papers were being drawn up at the Justice Department requesting the Government of Panama to freeze these two accounts. He sent me over to see Attorney General Rodriguez, to have Rodriguez freeze the accounts on behalf of the Justice Department and the FBI.

Well, when I got to Rodriguez's office, he spoke with Noriega, and a short time later between the two of them apparently the funds were frozen or the banks that had the accounts had been told not to free up the accounts or give out the money to anybody until papers had been served from the Justice Department.

During the time I was in Mexico, approximately 1978, I was sent to Legat Buenos Aires to replace another acting Legat as we were there to keep the office open while the legal attaché was on extended vacation in the states. I know I got a lead shortly after my arrival there in the 'one man, one office' assistant office to locate and try to interview a Croatian terrorist.

Well not having met anybody because the person I replaced had already left the day before, I turned to Josephine Navarro, who was the office assistant, and indicated who might help me arrange this interview. She indicated she would call Dr. Arturo Poire, who is also now deceased, and it turned out the doctor was a medical doctor assigned to the 601st Battalion which was the chief intelligence gathering organization for the Argentine military. Dr. Poire was most gracious and indicated that he would make arrangements to have the Croatian individual interviewed, who had been a General in the Croatian Army some time back, but had been living in Argentina for a number of years.

The next morning I get a call in the office from a U.S. Marine at the reception of the Embassy, U.S. Embassy telling me that there was a nervous individual needing to speak to a Mr. Pimentel. So I went down and got him and brought him back up to the office and he was shaking and I asked him what the problem was. He said, "that I should have just called his house and he would have been more than amenable to come to talk to me." And I said, "Well, why are you upset?" And he indicated that about two in the morning some folks from the military had come to his house and told him that he needed to be rousted to make sure that he showed up at the U.S. Embassy at eight o'clock in the morning to talk to Mr. Pimentel. And the Croat was very amenable, very helpful and provided a good deal of information, which I believe was helpful to the Chicago Office, the office of origin on some Croatian matters.

That taught me that being in a Legat office or being a Legal Attaché, we had some great supporters to the FBI who enjoyed doing work for the FBI.

In about 1980 I was, getting back to before my transfer to Panama in 1980, during the times I was covering El Salvador and Guatemala. These were some bleak times; sometimes going into these countries because of the Civil War ongoing in El Salvador between the Marxist Leninist guerillas and the El Salvadoran military. It was, on occasion, very dangerous to be driving in the area or to be taken anywhere. I mean rather in Guatemala, the military was trying to make a move toward democratization instilled by other democratically established countries like the United States and Canada. And the military in Guatemala had been very ruthless toward the peasants and the people of that country. Guatemala has seemed to be, has in its history, a great deal of turmoil throughout the years and continues until this day, even though democratically an elected government has been established there, it's still seeing some turmoil.

In January, of 1980 I was transferred to Panama to establish the Legal Attaché for Central America and assigned to the U.S. Embassy in that country. I was there a little over two years and during that time a great deal of work came my way with the killing of the three nuns and a social worker in El Salvador on December 2 of 1980. This heinous crime was so despicable that the U.S. Congress demanded action on part of the U.S. Government. As a result, Judge Webster, FBI Director, had been approached by a number of people in the Congress to send the FBI into El Salvador. As a result, Judge Webster directed that I immediately travel to that country and work as an advisor with the commission that had been established to look into the murders of these four women.

This is probably one of the most gut-wrenching investigations that I had ever had to participate in. With a war going on, a Civil War going on, in that country and with a weak democratic government, with a military trying to fight its way into a democracy, made for very trying times.

[This is tape two of the dictation of Stanley A. Pimentel, in which I'm relating my story for the Oral History Project of the Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI.]

I was discussing the story of the murders of the four church women in El Salvador and mentioning the inhospitable environment that existed in the late seventies and early eighties in the country of El Salvador where the military was doing a half-hearted effort of combating the guerillas, the Marxist Leninist guerillas, who were attempting to take over the country and had poisoned the minds of many people in that country. Many had received training in Cuba and there were discussions that maybe even Cuban intelligence officers or Cuban trainers might even be assigned to El Salvador to help train the guerillas.

It was a very heart-felt moment for me when I received the call from headquarters indicating that I was to work with the U.S. Embassy and with a special commission that had been appointed to investigate the deaths of the four church women. Three of them were nuns. Sr. Ita Ford, a Maryknoll nun who had, prior to that time, served many years in Chile. There was Sr. Maura Clarke, a Maryknoll nun who had spent a lot of time in Nicaragua and Sr. Dorothy Kazel, an Ursuline nun from the Cleveland area. The fourth woman was Jean Donovan, who had volunteered to work in El Salvador through a church mission program in Cleveland. These women had been apparently kidnapped on their way from the El Salvador airport in a remote part of that country. [They were] taken in their van to a remote area some distance from the airport where they had been raped and murdered, shot at close range with rifles, and then their bodies left on the side of a dirt road.

This heinous crime made immediate international headlines across the world. The acts committed upon these four women, of course, created a time of tension between our government's efforts in helping the El Salvador military. Of course the human rights folks from around the world blamed the U.S. for the atrocities that were occurring in that country. And caught in the middle of all this was of course the FBI which had been asked to help investigate this matter and it came down to the FBI sending a lone Legat for Central America from Panama to that country.

I had been instructed by my headquarters to provide assistance with the help of the Embassy and that I was not to be staying at any public location, but to take up residence at one of the political officer's homes, in which case they were receiving some sort of protection from private security guards. Therefore, I made many, many trips to El Salvador to work with, initially with the Embassy, and then later on with the, the five or six member commission that had been put together by the Government of El Salvador to look into these murders.

Right away after the killings, a young political officer in the U.S. Embassy had developed a source in the military who told him that he knew exactly who had killed the four church women and he provided the names of six individuals. The young political officer had, with instructions from the Ambassador and others, had lent to the military officer a tape recorder in which he could secretly tape the conversation of the sergeant in charge of the group that allegedly had kidnapped, raped and killed the four church women. He was able to get the sergeant to tell him on the tape exactly what had happened, and indicated who the individuals were that had worked with him on that evening. They were working a check point near the airport where they spotted this white van with the four church women and placed a couple of their soldiers inside the van and took it to a remote area where some of the soldiers took advantage and raped several of the women, and then killed them at close range with their rifles. And then they took the van to another spot where they tried to burn the van.

I note that the van had been found in a remote area the day after the nuns' murders. In fact the priest who kind of oversaw the nuns had been taken there and verified that it was the nuns' van that had been burnt.

We then, with the tape recording that the young political officer had obtained from the military officer, determined that he had listed six individuals. With the six names, the Ambassador accompanied by me, went to see Napoleon Duarte, who was the acting President of El Salvador. He had been appointed, as probably the more moderate individual, to begin the democratization process for that country. He was an individual who had graduated from Notre Dame and was an inspiring individual, however, very weak in his ability to have anything done in this acting position. We gave him a three by five card containing the names of the six individuals indicating that these six were responsible for the murders of the church women. He wanted to know how we had been able to obtain this information and we just indicated that a reliable source had provided the names to us.

The Ambassador and I informed Duarte that we would expect that some action be taken by the National Guard of El Salvador to detain these six individuals. He apparently related the information to his Minister of Defense who then ordered the general in charge of the National Guard, Vides Casanova, to have these individuals detained.

A short time later we heard through reliable sources that Vides Casanova had indeed detained these six individuals. With that, the Regional Security Officer from the Embassy and I went to see Vides Casanova and informed him that we, the U.S. Government, would like to have the six weapons that had been assigned to these individuals be turned over to us as we expected

that these rifles would be submitted to the FBI Laboratory for examination and for comparison purposes with the bullets extracted from the bodies of the church women.

In the meantime, I had brought down ballistics experts who had obtained the bullets as well as fingerprint specialists who had obtained at least one good fingerprint from the burned out van, and these were on file at FBI Headquarters or at the FBI Lab.

Prior to gathering up the weapons, we learned from the military source who had provided us with the names of those responsible, that Vides Casanova had ordered that the weapons be switched on these individuals. In other words that the weapons that had been assigned to them be placed in a safe location and give them the assignment of other or clean weapons. With that information, and in a protective manner or in a way to protect the source, I went to Vides Casanova and told him that we had learned that the weapons had been switched and that I anticipated receiving not only the weapons that these individuals had utilized but that I expected the records pertaining to the assignment of these weapons be provided to me. I could tell that Vides Casanova was absolutely chagrined that we had caught him in this lie, in this action, and he became of course very irate, not in front of me, but later on we heard that he was very irate that he had been found out.

We eventually, I and the Regional Security Officer, eventually received the six weapons and had a box made into a diplomatic pouch so that it could be transported to the United States, accompanied by me, to the FBI Lab for examination.

A little story is that the Assistant Regional Security Officer, Jay Goodrich, I believe was his name and I - he was newly assigned to El Salvador. We had a driver take us out to the airport and I had an early morning flight to take me to Miami with the weapons. We're sitting on the tarmac to see and make sure that the box containing the weapons would be the last item in my possession, go into the belly of the airplane, when we were surrounded by about fifty National Guard soldiers all with automatic weapons and rifles surrounding the airplane and ourselves. I asked Jay how many rounds he had. He said, he had twelve rounds, six in his three fifty-seven magnum, and I indicated I had also twelve - six in my three fifty-seven and six in my pocket. Of course we didn't know which way the driver or guard would go but probably presumed he would run if we became entangled with these fifty or so folks. It turned out they were there probably more to intimidate us than anything else because I was eventually able to get on the airplane, be the last on board the airplane, and watch the door close to the belly to insure that the weapons in my custody were in the belly of the airplane and would accompany me on the flight.

Eventually I turned over those weapons to the folks in the FBI Laboratory and subsequently one rifle, the rifle of the sergeant was identified as firing one or two of the rounds into the bodies of a couple of the church women and his fingerprint was found also on the van, the burned out van.

Eventually after much turmoil and grief with the commission because every time it seemed that we turned up more evidence, there were more stumbling blocks placed in our way

by either the lawyers involved in working for the military or for the Government of El Salvador or obstacles placed in our way on purpose by the National Police of El Salvador.

We eventually, we the FBI, were allowed to polygraph the six. It turned out that there were not six individuals involved but only five, in which four out of the five confessed to their involvement in the kidnapping, rapes, and murders of these four church women. None would advise us that they had gotten orders from on high although it was suspected that these lowly troops would not be doing anything without orders from their superiors. And although the U.S. Government and other human rights groups have attempted to lay the blame that higher ups, especially the Minister of Defense and Vides Casanova and others, were aware of the kidnapping, rapes and murders of these four church women, it was never proven. Eventually the former Minister of Defense and Vides Casanova were given green cards to reside in the U.S. and are living, fat, dumb, and happy down in the Ft. Lauderdale area. They were sued civilly by the family of Jean Donovan and I believe there is a ten million dollar judgment against them. However, I don't think the families will be able to collect.

I'm getting ahead of myself here a little bit. We were able to get authorization to have the five individuals polygraphed, and along with these lines, a polygraph operator by the name of Special Agent Sinecio Gutierrez, who died of cancer about six or seven years ago. He did a great job of polygraphing these five individuals. The polygraph examinations of the four lower echelon troops confessed to their crimes of having kidnapped, raped, and murdered these four church women. The Sergeant Colindres never would admit his involvement and in fact denied that he had anything to do with the deaths of the four church women.

With the end of the Civil War and truce being declared on both sides, democracy kind of returned to El Salvador and with amnesties and whatever, the five individuals I believe have been released since then. All I can say is it's a real shame that, despite the fact that we had the five guilty individuals who had committed these atrocities, on four innocent church women who were trying to do their job of helping the poor, giving aid, and comfort to the poor individuals most affected by the Civil War, that justice has not really been done.

I still feel that despite that there was no proof that supervisors were aware, I believe Vides Casanova and the Minister of Defense most certainly had knowledge of what these folks had done, but did everything in their power to cover up the atrocities.

I can say that in my career this was probably one of the most difficult cases that I ever worked on because it implicated so many individuals. There were so many, so much diplomacy that had to be carried out and it was just in general, one had to be extremely careful how one went about in conducting this investigation in order not to tread over too many toes. Of course the human rights organizations throughout the world were watching El Salvador, watching the United States. The United States Congress was trying to see where all of its money was going in the battle of El Salvador to retain the country away from the hands of the Marxist-Leninist guerillas. Of course the President at that time and the Attorney General and the FBI were being careful that we did not step over the line as far as conducting an investigation in a foreign country without express - actually at that time, we were not allowed to conduct any investigation

because the laws were still not on the books about hostage taking or the murder of a U.S. citizen abroad. Therefore, we had to rely on liaison and having others do the investigation for us.

While all this is going on with my mini-trips and spending many days in El Salvador in trying to work as an advisor to the commission investigating the murders of the church women, I get a call one night from Assistant Director Ed O'Malley who is in charge of the Legats at that time, advising me that if I was sitting down. I told him, yes. I was in fact in my, at the I forget whose, if I was at the home of the DCM, Deputy Chief of Mission or the home of the political officer but this was before the days of cell phones. He had hunted me down to advise me that my home had been burglarized in Panama and that my wife and four children were okay. They were a little shook up but, nevertheless, okay. I was finally able to reach my wife and learned that whoever had come, apparently it was two guys, because the maid had been tied up with towels and the dog and she had been left outside the house while they burglarized the place. My two daughters, young at the time, probably four and eight years old or maybe a little older, were traumatized of course because they had taken the girls' costume jewelry, some cameras and other things.

Of course when I got back I immediately got on Noriega's case because Noriega lived two blocks from me and he used to jog with his entourage of protectors around my house, well on the same block, and would see my children almost on a daily basis. He assured me that everything was being done to locate the perpetrators in this but I still suspect that Noriega had something to do with it to see what he might find out, what I was up to as a representative of the FBI.

In 1982, I was transferred as Legat Montevideo, Uruguay to be responsible for the countries of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, and Uruguay. And here again I established another office, one agent, one support person and eventually, despite crying all the time for more assistance, as I was leaving Uruguay in 1985, a second agent came in with a second office assistant to work from that office.

Imagine trying to cover a territory larger than the continental United States as one agent trying to cover those countries in what they call the southern cone of South America. [I] had some interesting cases there as well because going into Brazil you couldn't just cover Brasilia, which was the capital about eight hundred miles northwest of Rio de Janeiro, but you had to go into the individual capitals such as San Paulo and Rio, the two major state capitals where the majority of personnel, the majority of people lived.

The federal police of Brazil were not exactly the greatest investigative group in the world because of lack of experience and lack of personnel for the whole country, which is greater than the size of the continental United States. They only had about twenty-five hundred federal agents in the whole country. Therefore, they were far and few between that were able to do their job.

One of my first matters involved when I opened up the Legal Attaché's office in Montevideo was I got a call from Mr. Revell, who was then the Assistant Director of Division Six, the Criminal Division, who wanted me to go up to San Paulo immediately because there was

word that the Justice Department, which had been hunting for the Nazis around the world, had found that Dr. Mengele may be located in San Paulo. So to make a long story short, I flew up to San Paulo and learned that apparently they had found the gravesite for Mengele in the outskirts, in San Paulo state, where he had been apparently living for a number of years under an alias and had passed away there. It turned out the Marshal Service had already sent someone down there and, when I informed Mr. Revell of that, he indicated that I should return to my Legat Office.

Another case that occurred shortly after my arrival in Montevideo was a call from Las Vegas to the effect that two individuals, a male and a female, were on their way to Rio, after having embezzled about two point three million dollars from a bank in Las Vegas. Agent John Bailey who was killed by a bank robber when he was going into a bank later on to make a transaction was the case agent of this involving Janice Krebs, who had been the bank vault manager and a casino slot machine repairman by the name of Richard Cochran. And apparently using her keys and access codes, she had gone into the bank one night with Cochran and taken off with about two point three million dollars in cash. So I made my way up to Rio de Janeiro because they allegedly had come into Rio on a Pan Am flight. Once I got to Rio, I was not received with great sympathy because, as we later learned, the police in Rio had somehow found out that these folks had money and extorted a great deal of money from them before driving them to the border of Brazil and Paraguay and dumped them. Then the police in Paraguay had found about them and picked them up and eventually took them to jail or prison there in Asuncion, Paraguay.

Anyway I got the run-around in Brazil, didn't get any satisfaction. Even went to Brasilia, met with the Minister of Justice and he assured me everything was being done to locate and apprehend these individuals. But, in the meantime, after a few days I saw it was not getting anywhere and figured that they'd either show up in jail some day or dead somewhere along the lines and went back to Uruguay to do my duties.

Several days later, might have been a couple of weeks; I get a call from the Regional Security Officer/Admin. Officer Bernie Gross asking me if I, or the FBI were looking for a couple of bank robbers. I asked him if he had any names and he said no but he said he had understood that his local investigator had determined that the Paraguayans had in custody two, a male and a female, who were believed to have been involved in a bank robbery in Las Vegas and they were trying to keep this matter very secretive, very hush, hush. So I told Bernie, "I'll be up tomorrow as soon as I can get a flight and we will get to the bottom of this, hopefully get the Paraguayans to deport these two back to the states." I got to Asuncion, Paraguay the next day, and immediately Bernie and I were stonewalled by the Chief of Police and the Minister of Justice who did not want to see either of us. That was I believe, on a Thursday or Friday night, and [I] spent the weekend trying to see the Chief of Police or the Chief of Detectives of the National Police of Paraguay who I knew, to no avail. They were purposely keeping the door shut for me and I was not making any headway in getting their cooperation in being able to ascertain in fact that these two had been apprehended.

I eventually was allowed to interview Cochran and that was under a tree in the middle of a humongous courtyard surrounded by a couple thousand prisoners where he admitted to me that

after I had read him his rights, that yes he had befriended and become enamored with Janice Krebs, the bank manager. He had been working as a slot machine repairman at one of the casinos and he took full blame for having convinced Janice to help him take out the money from the bank but that it was all his fault, and it was not hers. So that was one down. I needed to talk to Janice and eventually access was granted to us.

It should be noted that apparently the Paraguayans did not have any place to place female prisoners and they used a convent in downtown Asuncion to place female prisoners. As a result the RSO investigator and I spent a couple of hours with Janice, where she confessed to the crime and crying to us that she missed her two little boys and missed her husband and etc., etc. Confessed to having obtained, illegally, the access codes and the key of the second person that was required to open up the vault and she had gone in there with Cochran and evacuated about two point three million dollars. Some of which they couldn't get into their suitcases and left it in a locker in Los Angeles International Airport.

Along those lines, trying to interview this woman in this convent, the Mother Superior would come and stand in our faces every few minutes, to let us know that we were violating the rules of the convent by having visitors after ten o'clock at night and she was very displeased that we were there after ten o'clock interviewing one of her charges.

We eventually got all the information and I got a signed statement from Janice. They eventually were returned to the United States where I know they were both convicted and I believe they got ten years in prison.

Looking back now, one of the funnier aspects is that the Paraguayans had recouped about a million dollars from these two individuals and they had already spread that money around among the Minister of Justice and the police chief and the chief of detectives. The reason why I was not granted access, according to confidential sources later on, was that they were trying to recoup all the money that had been split around in order to put it into an escrow account at the local bank and provide it to the U.S. Government. Eventually through letters rogatory and mutual legal assistance treaty, I believe, the government got back about, they got back a million dollars. But Krebs and Cochran indicated that the police in Rio and other parts of Brazil had taken money from them. Probably the other million dollars that they had had in their possession. Consequently they did not really get to enjoy their sojourn to Brazil or Paraguay because they had been basically apprehended since the first day they arrived in Rio; believing that once they arrived in Rio, they could not be extradited to the U.S. But instead they had been apprehended by the police there in Rio and quite a bit of their money obtained and no enjoyment had by anybody.

Another one of the cases that took place while I was Legat in Montevideo, was I had received a call from headquarters to the effect that a bomb had been found aboard a Pan Am flight that come in from New York into Rio and that I should immediately proceed up there and try to get components of the bomb for comparison purposes in the FBI Bomb Data Center.

I was met there by another agent from the Bomb Data Center, and we attempted to find out, investigate to determine who had actual custody, who had found the bomb, and who had actual custody of the bomb. It turned out that a maid charged with cleaning out airplanes at Rio Airport had found a device under one of the seats in the middle of the airplane. She had reported it to her supervisor who in turn had reported it to the station chief who in turn alerted the local police. They sent the bomb squad out there who deactivated the device. It turned out to be a very small bomb about the size of or even smaller than a manila folder and about a quarter of an inch to a half inch thick with the components built into the plastique type explosives. It turns out that this device had been placed on that airplane several trips before, but that when it had been set to go off, the plastic plunger had broken and therefore caused the bomb not to detonate. It was fortuitous that the bomb did not go off in the approximately eight trips this airplane had made between the time it was placed somewhere in the Middle East, to the numerous trips across the Atlantic to eventually reach in Rio.

We finally got permission to take custody of the device itself. When we went to see the Secretary of Security for the State of Rio de Janeiro and he just took the device and handed it to us saying that we could take the whole thing. He didn't want to keep it or any of the components himself.

So we were lucky that we got that and it turned out to be a God-send for future investigations involving bombings, because this was one of the prototypes that was later on found in several other terrorist activities.

In early 1985, I received word that I would be transferred to Headquarters. That I had spent enough time abroad, that I needed to spend, do penance at Headquarters, and therefore received orders to report to FBI Headquarters in about June or July of 1985, where I was assigned to the Foreign Liaison Unit. I was in charge of overseeing some of the Legats in Latin America.

I was there several months when Joe Tierney, a Section Chief in Division Five, called me into his office and asked if I would take a unit specifically CI-Three-B, which was an analytical unit which had about twenty-six employees analyzing intelligence and information [from] around the world. There was a separate unit CI-Three-A which analyzed matters related to the Soviet Union at that time. I was honored that Joe Tierney, and more specifically his boss, Deputy Assistant Director, Tom DuHadway, had also asked for me, because Tom had been following my tenure in the Legal Attaché program. So I became the Unit Chief of CI-Three-B and remained there for approximately one year, when Buck Revell, the then EAD, I believe he was by then EAD, Executive Assistant Director of the Bureau, and was formulating a new office of Liaison and International Affairs, which would accommodate or oversee the Legal Attachés Office, be responsible for establishing new Legats, and maintaining liaison with the foreign representatives of the police and intelligence services of the Allied countries such as Spain, Israel, South Korea, France, Germany, England, Canada and others. It was a challenging job. In addition the Office of Liaison in International Affairs, fondly known as O.L.I.A., or O-lee-a (phonetic), would also have the Interpol unit as well as the domestic liaison folks, agents who would have a liaison with the domestic agencies such as the military, the State Department, CIA, etc.

It was a challenging job being Unit Chief of the Foreign Liaison Unit which was established around 1987. At that time when I began, or I was a Unit Chief of the Foreign Liaison Unit, there were thirteen Legal Attachés and we were in the process of establishing a Legat at Bridgetown, Barbados in the Caribbean as well as establishing liaison offices in Miami and along the border in the Texas border, so that these agents having the liaison responsibilities would be considered Supervisory Special Agents in GS-14 positions.

During my tenure there of about five years until 1991, I was responsible for, as I have indicated for, overseeing the Legal Attaché Offices. We established several others, I believe one in putting one agent in Madrid, Spain to cover Spain and Portugal, and additional folks in various parts of the world. I can't recall specifically the other Legats, but when I left there in 1991 I believe we had a total of twenty-two Legal Attaché Offices.

I was transferred to Mexico City, October 1, 1991, as a Senior Executive Service Legal Attaché. That was a challenging job being in charge of the largest Legat office. There were eight agents and six support people I believe. It was a very, very busy office. We had myself and a deputy and three other agents assigned to the Mexico City Office, and then there were two agents assigned to Guadalajara that covered the western part of Mexico, and one agent assigned to Monterey, Mexico, that covered the northeastern part of the country. The other agents, two agents from the Mexico City Office, covered leads in the surrounding states. Our principal jobs, of course, as Legats are to represent the FBI in the foreign countries but also to have good liaison with the local authorities in order to have our work carried out for us. In other words, folks to carry our water for us.

Mexico City has traditionally, which was established in about 1941, having been worked as a road trip from the San Antonio Division back in the thirties - so the authorities were well aware of the role of the FBI in Mexico.

During my tenure in Mexico City I ran through six Attorney Generals in Mexico, and so it was rather difficult to try to maintain liaison at the highest level of the law enforcement, the federal law enforcement in Mexico. Of course with each change of government, whether it was local, state or federal, it seemed like it was a habit on the part of the Mexicans to change everything. That meant change the way their agencies operated once new leaders came in. Everybody was re-inventing the wheel and it seems to be the case even until today, 2009.

The office was very successful in having a good number of fugitives returned to the United States through informal deportation, usually accompanied by an agent or two from the office. Sometimes driven to the border and turned over to the closest FBI Office on the border and sometimes in McAllen or Brownsville or Laredo and El Paso or even to San Diego, if the case justified that. We were successful in having a number of kidnapped children returned to the rightful parent. That was always very touching to have young children, babies, and young teenagers returned to their home.

In about 1992, Diego Valadés, the Attorney General, had approached me during one of my visits to seek a specialized training course for prosecutors, special prosecutors, he was going to establish which would eventually become; actually this was when he was Attorney General of the Federal District, the capital, that he approached me in wanting to establish a core group of special prosecutors specifically trained by the FBI and vetted, that would eventually grow to take over their system of investigations.

We were successful to run this program for two years in which fifty to sixty individuals, specifically vetted by the Attorney General's office. They were all college graduates and most of them were attorneys and had been polygraphed and were provided with specified courses; courses put together by one of my assistants and my deputy so that they could be housed and trained at Quantico for a thirty-day period. That was very successful and made many friends for the FBI.

We had a number of major cases while I was in that office. The one that probably took up a lot of our time was the Juan Garcia Abrego cartel, which was considered the, in about 1991, the major cartel, drug cartel in Mexico. Currently there are about four cartels, one still the gulf cartel. Then there's the Sinaloa cartel, Tijuana cartel as well as the Juarez cartel. All of these are now in 2009 involved in bloody torment of each other, killing each other, and in fact going after law enforcement and the military.

I had one agent specifically assigned, the deputy, Jim Wells, who was given the task of not only being the deputy and taking up the administrative duties in the office but his job was to oversee the file of Garcia Abrego and run down any leads. Since Garcia Abrego operated in the Monterey, Mexico area, the R.A. agent there was also responsible for having leads covered in that area.

Garcia Abrego eventually became a Top Ten Fugitive of the FBI. I think he was in fact the first drug cartel leader put on the FBI's Top Ten list and it turned out that the DEA also had a number of cases against him, as did the FBI. The Brownsville Office was very successful in prosecuting a number of Garcia Abrego's lieutenants and henchmen, and some of them were very ruthless.

I recall, it was exactly January 15 of 1996, when I got a call in the middle of the night from the Attorney General, Antonio Lozano, that they had apprehended Garcia Abrego. He wanted me to bring over a copy of his fingerprints, a copy of the indictment, the warrant as well as the copy of the birth certificate that we had for Garcia Abrego. I called Ed Sanchez who was the Resolution Six Agent assigned to work FBI matters, FBI drug cases in DEA space at the Embassy in Mexico and told him to meet me at the office so that we could go and bring these items to the Attorney General. Once we arrived there, it was probably two thirty, three o'clock in the morning. The Attorney General was arguing his point that it would behoove Mexico to get rid of this guy and have the states prosecute him as opposed to trying to prosecute him in Mexico, where for years he had been buying his way out. The Minister of Government, equivalent to the Vice President of the country and his immigration chief were arguing saying, "No," that since he was a Mexican that he should be tried in Mexico. Well we left the items

there with Lozano and, around noon time, - and we of course had alerted the Bureau and Houston, the office of origin, as to the apprehension. And about noon time, I get a call from Lozano indicating that at that very moment they were getting ready to put him on the airplane to fly him to Houston. I asked if one of my agents could accompany Garcia Abrego on the trip up to make the introductions with the Houston Office and he said, "No" that this was strictly a Mexican operation, that he would be turned over to the FBI agents in Houston, once the Attorney General's plane arrived there with Garcia Abrego escorted by a number of officers.

It was, I believe, on that day, January 15, of 1996, that Lozano eventually did or that Garcia Abrego was turned over to the Houston Division. Garcia Abrego was subsequently convicted of about twenty-two counts of money laundering, drug trafficking, and a host of other charges and was sentenced to I don't know how many life terms in prison. As a result, despite the fact that he is in jail or in prison forever, his cartel that he initiated way back when, continues to operate and thrive in Mexico.

The Mexico City Office became involved in many foreign police cooperation matters, high, very high profile foreign police cooperation matters in which the Mexicans had asked the FBI's assistance. In a couple of them were involving the killing of the Cardinal at the Guadalajara International Airport. Investigation by the Special Prosecutor's Office of the Attorney General's Office determined that some of the gun men involved in a fire fight with another gang, another cartel, were from the San Diego area and specifically they had provided us with some names and we were able to get the San Diego Office to provide a great deal of information on the members that had been involved in this shooting. As a matter of fact, one of the guys arrested in San Diego on behalf of the Mexican Government admitted that he had been recruited along with several others by the Arrellano Felix cartel. These are five brothers who had been involved in drugs for many years and they'd been hired by this group to battle another group of Chapo Guzman. The Cardinal happened to be arriving at the airport to receive someone and was killed in the crossfire; a very tragic event, being at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Another foreign police cooperation matter that the office was involved in involved the assassination of Presidential candidate Luis Colosio, who was a well loved individual who would soon become President of Mexico, in 1994 I believe. He was tragically gunned down while giving a speech in an outdoor area in Tijuana. This happened in the late afternoon and the Attorney General called me at home and indicated he would like to get the cooperation of the FBI in arranging for a medical flight helicopter from San Diego to Tijuana to pick up the Presidential candidate and take him to a trauma center in San Diego. Well by the time we got the helicopter there it was, it didn't take too long, less than an hour, Mr. Colosio was already dead. And the person who had assassinated him was an individual who had a love affair infatuation with a Norwegian actress - and much like John Hinckley in his infatuation with Jodie Foster when he tried to assassinate President Ronald Reagan.

We conducted, we the FBI, conducted a number of interesting leads in this investigation for the Special Prosecutors of the Attorney General's Office of Mexico and included folks from the Behavioral Science Unit to look at Mario Aburto, the assassin. Looking at his sketches and some of his drawings and poems, they deduced that he was trying to do a similar act as John

Hinckley had in his attempt to assassinate Ronald Reagan, and that was in trying to impress his love affair.

Another interesting case in which we were very much involved in to assist the Special Prosecutors Office, the third case involved the assassination of José Ruiz Massieu, who was the Secretary General of the PRI Party, the principal party in power at that time and for almost seventy-nine years. As he was coming out of breakfast, a lone gunman approached him and shot him. The gunman was eventually, in a short run away from the scene, captured, and indicated that he had been hired by a Congressman of the Mexican Congress to assassinate the PRI Secretary General.

This turned out to be a veritable soap opera in the sense that a lot of folks became involved in it. Cut out men from middle men and it eventually implicated the Attorney General's brother, rather Deputy, Principal Deputy, who happened to be Ruiz Massieu's brother, Mario, as put in charge of the investigation by Salinas. Anyway it turned out that the President's brother Raul Salinas was also implicated in this assassination. The crux of the matter was that we became involved to provide not only laboratory assistance to the Attorney General's Office and the Special Prosecutor in the submission of evidence but also with the Behavioral Science Unit in its profiling capabilities as well as other individuals from the FBI Laboratory.

It turned out that the Congressman who was vying for a higher position in the Government had apparently hired a couple of folks to assassinate someone, then those two folks hired the actual assassin to kill José Ruiz Massieu. It turned out that the Congressman ended up being killed himself and until this day I don't believe his body has ever been found. There were rumors that it was buried out in a large farm belonging to Raúl Salinas, the ex-President's brother. However, digging around out there came to no resolution.

The five years that I spent in Mexico went by very quickly. We provided a lot of training to the Mexican police authorities, police officers, as well as the Attorney General's Office. I believe we were the only office at that time that had a training budget. Although only \$45,000 budgeting for training purposes, we did get a bang for the buck in the sense that we were able to train a great deal of police officers and attorneys, prosecutors.

Just before my retirement on September 30, 1996, I was the recipient of the Director's Award for investigations in connection with the Juan Garcia Abrego case. That was a very proud moment in which in June of 1996, I was able to have my wife, daughter and her family and my two grandsons attend the presentation by Director Louis Freeh of the Director's Award. Of course, a number of other agents were also the recipient of that award, particularly the case agents in Houston and the Bureau who had been trying to effect the apprehension of Garcia Abrego for a number of years.

I retired on September 30, 1996, with twenty-nine years and two months of service with the FBI and began and incorporated SA Pimentel International Consultants, LLC in October of that year.

I was also asked by a couple of professors from Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., to assist them in the compilation of a write-up or assisting the write-up of an article having to do with the criminal political nexus of Mexico. The author would be Peter Lupsha, and we in fact got together to write up an outline and consulted with a source, a cooperating individual who assisted in providing a great deal of information on how the PRI party, PRI, the principal party for so many years in Mexico had coordinated with organized crime and criminals in Mexico in furtherance of their activities. After we had put the outline together and consulted with the one cooperating witness, Peter Lupsha backed out of the program and I was asked to continue to write the article which was later published in 1999 and 2000, both in the United States and in Mexico. I have remained a consultant on matters related to many countries in Latin America, but primarily my focus is on Mexico.

I was also a part of U.N. Committee looking into the deaths of over three hundred women in Juarez, Mexico, at the request of the Mexican Government. We reviewed over three hundred files of the incidents involving these women in Juarez, Mexico and provided some recommendations to the Mexican Government as well as to the State of Chihuahua in that they could effect, try to effect the apprehension and conviction of individuals who ultimately were involved in the assassination or the murders of these women. I don't think much has been done since that time, even though special prosecutors have been brought in to try to further the gathering of evidence and motives for these crimes.

Overall, my twenty-nine plus years in the FBI were very, very enjoyable years; provided me a great opportunity, especially working in Latin America where I could carry out the Bureau's work because of my language capabilities. I regretted retiring. I felt that I could have gone on a few more years but I felt it was time to go. Like I said, I enjoyed it very much and, if I had to do it over again, I surely would. I feel I was fortunate being able to spend twenty of my twenty-nine plus years in Latin America and Puerto Rico. Having served almost ten years in Mexico on two different tours, and then of course three years, or two years in Panama and almost three years in Uruguay, I was very fortunate.

Today is February 10th and anyway I'm trying to conclude this tape. It appears as I conducted a review of the tapes, the two tapes and find a couple of mistakes or I needed to add something.

One of the first ones is regarding my assignment to search airline tickets at the Eastern Airlines facility in Miami shortly after the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., by James Earl Ray. As I recall now the Bureau had identified an alias of Ray as being Eric Gault and that was, I believe, the name that we were trying to identify or locate a ticket for at the Eastern Airlines. I believe we were successful in finding a ticket for some domestic travel for him.

Another correction is that I replaced, when I was in an Assistant Legal Attaché in Mexico City from the period '75 through 1980, Richard Clark had the road trip through the southern part of Central America, I believe Panama, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua. When he was appointed, designated Legal Attaché London in about 1978 or '79, I ended up with the whole road trip for

Central America which included seven countries. Richard has since past away after he retired in San Diego.

Regarding the killing and rapes of the church women in El Salvador, as I've indicated it was perhaps the worst investigation that I was involved in in a foreign country, where lives apparently are not valued by anyone in some of these countries, such as El Salvador, especially during that trying time of the Civil War. But to make matters even worse, besides the El Salvador military trying to fight the guerillas, the rebel groups, that their additional para-military groups, some right wing, very right-wing groups, that had received some training, military type training that were also sometimes approved by the military folks themselves, that contributed to an overall chaotic situation in that country.

One aspect that I forgot to mention during my career, was that in December, on December 20, 1989, I woke up in the morning getting ready to go to work in the Washington, D.C., area to FBI Headquarters as the Foreign Liaison Unit Chief when I learned that the United States had invaded Panama in order to locate and detain General (by then) Manuel A. Noriega. Some time that afternoon of the 20th of December of '89, I get a call from Mr. Revell and asked me to come to his office and I did. He said, "Hey I had a call from the operational folks at the Army and they would kind of like to have you down in Panama since you know Noriega very well." As I've indicated Noriega was our principal contact at the Embassy but also for the law enforcement agencies, the U.S. Law Enforcement Agencies assigned there. I did know Noriega fairly well. In my association with him, I knew where he lived, knew where some of his mistresses lived, and therefore Mr. Revell indicated that I should pack up for an indefinite stay and take a C-141 that would be leaving Andrews Air Force Base that evening.

Well it turned out to be one of the coldest days in the Washington area and I knew that I was preparing to go into the tropics, a very hot and humid area in Central America and so I did pack up accordingly. But as a result, on the flight down, oh yeah I had been asked to select another agent and I believe I had selected Stuart Hoyt, to accompany me. On the C-141 down we did learn that there were five DEA Agents on board, as well as a number of 82nd airborne types and a couple of Humvees on the rear of the aircraft. Well, the C-141 is a cargo type aircraft and not necessarily made for smooth travel of personnel, therefore it was one of the coldest days of my life travelling on that C-141- had no heat and one of the nosiest that I've ever travelled in.

As we were heading into Howard Air Force Base in Panama in the Canal Zone, now the former Canal Zone, the load master came out and told us to strap up tight because we would be going into, we were shortly landing at Howard Air Force Base and that we would be going in with no lights. In other words we'd be basically flying just on instruments and absolutely no lights were allowed because small arms fire had been taking place during the night onto the runway. Of course that was not exactly thrilling for us to hear. The DEA folks and Stuart and myself. We landed safely, thankfully, and were met by several individuals from O.S.I., the Office of Special Investigations of the United States Air Force, who bunked us, in fact put us into an empty house on Howard Air Force Base and got a couple of cots for us that we could use there.

Eventually we were able to rent a vehicle and in trying to do our jobs, as dictated by the Bureau, had been to get to the Embassy as soon as possible to take over for the Legal Attaché who was Jack Sullivan who was there by himself and to start up investigative inquiries into the hostage taking of several Americans as well as I believe the assassination of at least one or more, one or two Americans by the Panamanian Defense Forces, P.D.F.

To make a long story short, we were involved on a number of investigations and a number of additional agents were brought down to include Herb Cousins, Herbert Cousins, who happened to have been born and raised in Panama, had been a Panamanian citizen and knew half the world there because he had been a basketball player for Panama during some Olympic competition.

The 'Operation Just Cause' took up an inordinate amount of time because the military, U.S. Military could not capture Noriega immediately. In fact he had taken, as it turned out after two or three days on the run, he had taken refuge in the Embassy of the Vatican, which is known as the Papal Nuncio. The Special Forces and Delta Force had attempted to have him come out voluntarily before coming in to extract him. Eventually he did surrender and, despite the fact that I had been given authority by Justice Department and the Bureau to accompany Noriega back to Miami where the FBI had a case on him as well as DEA; DEA took over and was responsible for bringing him back to the United States. Noriega was sentenced to about thirty years in prison and I believe, having served his time in a good manner or you know good behavior, he was allowed to be released on September 9, 2008. However, before his scheduled release date, the French had placed a retainer on him because they have charges pending against him for money laundering and I don't know what else.

We did successfully investigate and have charged in Panama, a number of individuals for having kidnapped and killed a couple, at least one American citizen that I'm aware of, but also for having kidnapped a couple of other American citizens. During the time of the invasion of Panama by the U.S. Armed Forces, a couple of the PDF individuals working for Noriega had fired a couple of rockets against the Embassy which struck the façade of the building, however it didn't really do much damage.

To say that it was an exciting and kind of a dangerous time during the invasion, it was. One little funny story is that when we were, Stu Hoyt and I, were finally able to cross the Bridge of the Americas to head towards the Embassy, this is maybe two days after we had arrived there, the Marines had a checkpoint in the middle of the bridge crossing which separates South America from Central America. We got to the checkpoint and I showed him my credentials as an FBI agent and he kind of chuckled and yells out to the other Marines around him, "Hey guys, we're okay, the FBI has arrived." Stuart and I thought that was kind of funny.

Another aspect, one more thing that I forgot to mention in the interview here was that during my tenure as the Legal Attaché in Mexico City, from '91 to '96, the Attorney General's Office of Mexico under the leadership of Ignacio Morales and his deputies had wanted an agreement between the FBI and the Attorney General's Office there known as the PGR. We did end up signing that agreement in which we would mutually work toward satisfying each other's

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investigations and I consider that a real coup that we were able to get that agreement. I don't know if that agreement is still working until this day.

I've spoken enough in these two tapes and I consider this dictation complete. Today is, as I indicated, February 10, 2009, and this is the end of this story.

Stanley A. Pimentel

Mr. Pimentel received his primary and secondary education in California. He attended St. Mary's College of California from 1959 to 1963 when he received his Bachelor of Arts Degree. He studied during 1962 at the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil, under the auspices of New York University Junior Year Program. In 1974, he received a Master of Arts Degree in Criminal Justice from the Inter American University, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

From January 1964 to 1967, he served in the United States Army Military Intelligence Corps in Washington D.C. He received the U.S. Army Commendation Medal.

He entered on duty with the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) on July 10, 1967 and was assigned to Miami, Washington D.C. and San Juan Field Offices, before his assignment in June 1975 as an Assistant Legal Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, Mexico City. There, he was responsible for all FBI matters impacting on Central America. In January, 1980, he was designated the FBI's Legal Attaché, U.S. Embassy, Panama, where he established an FBI regional office for Central America. In June, 1982, he was designated Legal Attaché, Montevideo, Uruguay, where he established an FBI regional office responsible for FBI matters impacting in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay. In June 1985, he was assigned to FBI Headquarters, Washington D.C. and was designated Unit Chief of the Foreign Liaison Unit, where he managed the FBI's Legal Attaché Program in the recruitment, selection and training of personnel. In addition, he was responsible for maintaining liaison with foreign intelligence and law enforcement representatives of approximately 20 nations assigned to Washington D.C., as well as, scheduled briefings and visits of foreign dignitaries with the FBI Director and senior executives. In September 1991, then FBI Director, William S. Sessions, promoted Mr. Pimentel to the Senior Executive Service and designated him as the FBI's Legal Attaché to Mexico where he was responsible for managing the FBI's largest overseas office. While in this position, Mr. Pimentel maintained liaison with the highest levels of the Mexican government and was successful in enhancing the relationships between U.S. and Mexican Law Enforcement, where innumerable successes were achieved. These included: recoveries and safe return of parental kidnapped victims, securities, vehicles, aircraft, and other valuables; the detention and return of numerous fugitives, to include an FBI Top Ten Fugitive, to the U.S.; the training of hundreds of Mexican Law Enforcement Offices in Mexico and the United States; and the formulation of binational working groups to combat Organized Crime, Drugs, White Collar Crime and Terrorism.

In June 1996, Mr. Pimentel received the FBI Director's Award for Outstanding Investigation. Mr. Pimentel retired from the FBI on September 30, 1996, after more than 29 years of service. Mr. Pimentel is fluent in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. In October 1996, he established the consulting firm of "S.A. Pimentel International Consultants LLC" specializing in Latin American matters.

Mr. Pimentel's case study entitled "The Nexus of Organized Crime and Politics in Mexico" was published in the spring 1999 issue of "Trends in Organized Crime" by Transaction Periodicals Consortium of Rutgers University, in conjunction with the National Strategy Information Center, Washington, D.C. This case study was published by Editorial Grijalbo in Mexico during November 2000 in a book entitled "Organized Crime and Democratic Governability – Mexico and the Border" in the Spanish language. The Pittsburgh Press published the case study in English during January 2001 in a book by the same title.

