

**IT CAME TO LITTLE**

**by**

**Ian Maxwell**

**"YE LOOKED FOR MUCH, AND LO, IT CAME TO LITTLE;"**

**Haggai 1.9**

## FOREWORD

It Came to Little is an attempt to record some of the events which transpired in the life of an intelligence/counterintelligence officer, who served over twenty seven years in: the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Office of Strategic Services/X-2 (Counter Intelligence, Counter Espionage Branch), the Central Intelligence Group (CIG), and finally and principally, the Central Intelligence Agency.

Not all the events cited are told completely; and several persons involved are given other than their true names; but, there are no exaggerations and no deviations from basic truth.

Persons whose real names are given in this book have not been asked that this be allowed --- I have taken the liberty of naming them and hope that they will not be offended.

Although they have no part in this effort, I, nevertheless, wish to express my most sincere admiration and utmost respect for: Mr. John Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation; Mr. James R. Murphy, wartime Director of OSS/X-2; and, particularly, the late Allen Welsh Dulles, OSS Chief in Switzerland during World War II, a principal architect in the creation of CIA for President Harry Truman and the Greatest Director CIA has had. There are others who could be cited for help given to the writer --- but most of these should be left un-named for some of them are still actively fighting communism and other lesser enemies of our country. A few of the un-named persons participated in operations which should not yet be brought to the attention of the enemy.

To all these: chiefs, fellow workers and friends, the author is grateful and gives his heartfelt thanks for the direction, guidance, assistance and sympathy in the efforts we mutually made to wipe fascism from the face of the earth and to destroy that worse blight, communism --- in the hope that men might live in democracies and nations could devote themselves to the promotion of domestic tranquility and work for the welfare of their citizens.

To date, I believe all this effort has come to little.

## Chapter I

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Until 1941, the most clandestine things I had done were of the type done by most boys and young men. I had superseded this slightly, when I signed a professional baseball contract, while still on a scholarship at my university as an undergraduate. I had signed in pseudonym, for two reasons: first, I did not want to embarrass my family, which would, individually and collectively, have been shocked to have a member become a professional athlete, paid for playing baseball; and, secondly, I did not want to lose my scholarship at the university, which had been given to me for my participation in football and baseball for that school. I have yet to be able to distinguish a difference between an athletic scholarship and professional status. Anyway, I signed, lied about my age to make it legal; and I kept my scholarship for a good while afterwards, by keeping this secret, by having this as a clandestine act and keeping knowledge of it to myself and the person who signed me, the scout.

As stated, the other clandestine acts in which I participated were of the usual types: getting a little piece on the "sly", as we said in those days; sneaking a watermelon from the patch of a neighbor, when younger; and the normal secret acts of a youngster, which I believe all normal males of the human species do.

During my undergraduate university education, I had taken all the mathematics courses I was allowed to take. This, I did because courses in mathematics required little time, practically no reading of required books and no afternoon laboratories, with the time consuming hours of work they took. I had avoided all the long-winded lecture courses I could; I took little history and, in general, tried not to take courses which entailed much note-taking, collateral reading and after class work.

My reasons were good and, I thought, patriotic to my school and its athletic program. I wanted to have the maximum amount of time free for practice, conditioning and study of plays in football and baseball. I was very anxious to convince the university that they had made a good choice when they gave me an athletic scholarship; and I worked very hard at these two sports.

When I went professional, I signed up for a graduate school — and that autumn I continued my study of mathematics. I got my master's and ph.d. degrees in pure mathematics, while playing baseball for pay. I arrived late for each school year, and left early each spring; but I had such understanding professors and counselors that I was able to complete my doctorate in, what was then, almost record time.

While in graduate school, I wrote, and I had the good fortune to have some mathematics articles published in leading mathematics journals.

One of these articles attempted to show a practical use of matrices, the diffuse and, then, somewhat ethereal matrix theory, a branch of higher algebra and group theory.

In this article, I claimed that different systems for enciphering messages

could be used in one and the same message. This was nothing very new; but, I claimed that many different systems could be used in a long message — and, by use of matrices, confuse the cryptographers who wished to read the enciphered message and make it much harder for them to break the cipher system. The article came from my desire to show another and, I thought, practical use of matrices; and it came from my fascination with cryptography and cryptanalysis and the mathematics which had been used in these fields.

Shortly after the article appeared in print, I was visited by a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigations, the justly famous investigative arm of the United States of America. This Agent's name was "Skeeter" Frost; and he, like all Special Agents of that disciplined organization, was well dressed, polite and very presentable. Frost very politely asked me to go through the article with him — which I did, knowing that he understood not one iota of it. However, he appeared to listen intently and was even complimentary; and, of course, pretended to understand the means by which I said I had proved my claims.

After some two hours of this discussion, Frost let me know the purpose of his visit. I had, up to that time, believed that he was interested in the technique I had tried very hard to explain. I had thought that he was interested in this potential means of confusing the enemies of the USA who might try to read confidential enciphered messages; or, I had thought possible that I could be accused of meddling in things which I should either have cleared with some Government department (possibly the FBI), or which I should have left alone entirely.

Frost said, "We have looked into your background, superficially and hurriedly; and we have found only one derogatory item of any importance --- and that is that you falsified your age when you signed a professional baseball contract, and then signed in a false name."

Then he continued, "Despite this, The Director, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, is interested in considering you for employment in the Bureau, possibly in a Section which will be devoted to enciphering and deciphering and the studies of methods of protection of our ciphers and of breaking enemy ciphers."

I was, of course, thrilled and very flattered that such a great American as Mr. Hoover had ever heard of me; and I was overwhelmed at the thought of being employed by him as one of his Special Agents. I thought of myself working with Mr. Hoover against enemies of the United States, both subversive and criminal. However, I did not want Frost to see how flattered I felt, did not want him to know how anxious I was to go that very day and begin to work by Mr. Hoover's side!

So, I said, as calmly as I could, that I had to have time in which to think over his proposition, for it would mean dropping a great deal of work I had begun, not to mention giving up baseball. But when he asked how long I needed to think it over, I made an error and showed him how anxious I was to join the Bureau. I said, "Two days", then, after a slight pause, added, "At least."

Frost smiled, and he told me he would come back two days from that time. He then stressed to me that, even if I should say that I wanted to become an applicant, this would not mean that I had been hired; it would merely signify that I wished to be hired by the Bureau. There would follow, he said, several weeks of investigations of my background, my family's background and our reputations; and, if all came out favorably, I would then be called for personal interviews and examinations. If I came out well



on these, I would most likely be offered a job as a Special Agent.

After this, he added, I would have to undergo training in the FBI Training School at Quantico, Virginia. If I passed these courses and got good recommendations from the instructors, I would likely be assigned to the Cryptographic Section being established by Mr. Hoover, according to Frost's understanding.

I was so sure that I would get into the FBI, and immediately, that I got in touch with my baseball manager, told him that I had decided to retire and would not report for spring training with the team. He argued that it was too late, that I had let him and the team down and asked for some explanation. I told him, then, that I had been offered a job with the FBI — and firmly said to him, "I plan to take it and quit baseball!" With this, he stopped his attempt to convince me that I should report; and he congratulated me on being able to get into such a fine organization as the Bureau. I did not stop to think that I had not been offered any job; I had not, in fact, even reached the stage of being a full-fledged applicant. My desire to get into the FBI, become a Special Agent, had carried me away from reality.

I later considered this a part of my education. I have never since that time claimed that I had been offered a job, until after the offer was firmly and definitely made to me.

The summer of 1940 was a very sad one for me, until I received a scholarship to go to the University of Edinburgh, in Edinburgh, Scotland, to study group theory and, in particular, matrix theory, under Professor E.T. Whittaker, world famous mathematician.

The few months I spent in Edinburgh were among the best I have ever lived. I found a young, intelligent and, to me, very beautiful Jewish mathematician, who had fled with her father and mother from Hitler's Germany. She was lonely, and I was more lonely, so we formed a research team — and studied many things, in addition to pure mathematics. We brought group theory to a very practical two-element level; and Anita Korow and I fell in love.

Anita Korow was a tiny, five feet three inch, slender girl; but, she had curves in all the fine and right places, and, despite the fact that she and her parents had suffered physically and had known the fear of death in Hitler's Germany, she was alert, enjoyed life and she usually trusted people, even strangers.

Below this faith in mankind, however, there was a darting look in her eyes. She had the brightest eyes, which were very black and almost always very shiny. Most of the time, her eyes looked as if she had just washed them with something which gave them a special glossiness, a liquid gloss. Anyone who looked carefully into her eyes knew immediately that she was brilliant, lively and profound. Her eyes exhibited intelligence, curiosity; and they showed profundity, above everything else. When she was puzzled, when she did not quite understand a remark or even an event, she would dartingly search for the answer --- with those beautiful eyes.

At times, I saw fear, felt she was still haunted by some deep-seated feeling that all around her was not right. She probably feared that a Nazi would appear, grab and torture her, treat her as so many of her people were then being treated.

Perhaps it was a deeply imbedded fear which I thought I saw in her eyes which made me want so much to love her; and perhaps this fear made it possible for her to make love with me. For, she said several times that life was too short and pleasures were too infrequent and fleeting for her to worry about whether it was right or not right for us to make love. She was passionate; and her small body seemed at times to be completely taken over by her inner feelings and outer expressions.

I loved her very much; and I believe she loved me as deeply as I loved her.

Still, we did not get married. She would not marry a gentile without the approval of both her father and mother. They were opposed to our marriage; although they were very kind to me and even told me that they loved me. I wanted very much to marry Anita; but she could not go against her parents, and, while we were in this confused state, I had to leave Edinburgh, Anita and Dr. Whittaker.

Mrs. Ruth Bielaski Shipley, Chief of the Passport Division, Department of State, in Washington, wrote to me ordering me home. She wrote that I should get out of the Danger Zone, in which she included Edinburgh, Scotland. War had begun in September 1939 and I had got my passport in the late summer of 1940; and I was unable to understand what had happened to change Edinburgh into a Danger Zone for Americans. So, I wrote to "Mr. R.B. Shipley", thinking the person who had sent me the demand, signed R. B. Shipley, was a man. I think my letter offended Mrs. Shipley, as much by my error in her sex, as it did by my poorly conceived and more poorly expressed arguments against her Danger Zone theory! In any case, she not only hurriedly ordered me to return, but she sent the U.S. Consul, a weak-livered, cookie-pusher type, if I ever saw one, to visit me and personally order me to the USA or give him my passport then and there.

If I had not been caught completely unawares by Consul Forsythe J. Wheeler; and, if he had not immediately shown that he suspected that Anita was living with me, I could have given better answers to his demands than I did. I told him that I would return, in order to keep my passport; and, after he had gone, promising as he departed to return very soon to see whether or not I had sailed for the USA, Anita and I thought of many things I should have said to him — and Anita,

probably trying to hide the fact that she was upset by my impending departure, said that she thought I should have punched him in the nose, just to see whether or not his expression would change. But I did nothing to him --- and this was just as well, for the FBI would probably have learned of it, if I had hit him, and I might have lost my chance for FBI employment as a Special Agent.

Soon afterwards I sailed for New York, arriving on 11 January 1941, leaving my beloved Anita with a promise that we would meet in the USA very soon; leaving wonderful Dr. Whittaker, with his wide knowledge, sharp and incisive mind and friendly attitude towards me and Anita; and leaving the University of Edinburgh, after too short a time in that beautiful and marvelous city and school.

## CHAPTER III

I returned to my graduate school, with very little money, for I had had to pay my own passage from Edinburgh to Southampton to New York and to my old university; and I had no job, no source of income and could probably expect no job until September 1941, when the next school year would begin.

Mrs. Shipley and her Danger Zone theory had caused me hardship and had, I thought, hurt me needlessly. I drafted several letters, threatening to institute claims against her and the U. S. Government; but, of course, did not finalize any one of these, nor did I send any letter to her or anyone else about her actions, which I had considered as having been directed at me, personally.

My social fraternity, which I now believe had initiated me merely to have my grades added in the fraternity average, allowed me to live, free of charge for a few weeks, "Until," they said, "a job turns up for you." I remained there for some three weeks, as long as I could and keep my self-respect. Then, I told my brothers in the fraternity that I'd received an offer to teach in a high school near my home town --- which was not true, but which might have been --- for I had written

and applied at several places, including one preparatory school near home.

Then I headed for home, where I had the fearsome event of facing my Scottish father; where I would have to listen to his repetitions of the advice he had given me long ago and had repeated several times. He had always told me that I should stop being a student; he had called me a permanent student, had said that too much time spent as a student would make a man impractical and unworldly; he had hopes that I would get a job, a job at something other than teaching, which he feared that I would take up as my lifetime profession. My father, who was a farmer, could not understand how a son of his could become a "fancy pants," teacher who did not, in my father's words, work for a living. I knew that he would say to me that I had, as he had told me, made an error when I accepted the scholarship and went to the University of Edinburgh; I knew that he would chide me for having failed to stay out the year, for having lost a portion of the scholarship money which would have come to me, if I had completed the year in residence; but, I had no alternative but to go home, sit for a while and think things out, plan my future. I agreed with my father --- I was now old enough to have decided on a career and my father did not think that

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either teaching or, even more strongly, that playing around as a mathematics student, would be a fit career.

I sat at home, went through the lectures, repetitious and boring, from my father --- and, when I could be alone, thought about what I should do. I had long since given up hope that the FBI would hire me; no longer did I dream that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and I would work together against the enemies of the U.S.A.

Neither the army nor the navy appealed to me, in the slightest; I was out of baseball and did not feel that I could crawl back and ask for a tryout, when I had so positively quit, when they wanted me to report. I had not prepared myself, when in school, despite all the years I spent studying, for any work. I had not even prepared myself for teaching; I had never had a course in educational work.

There are many over-educated failures; and I felt that I was one. I had always gone to school, instead of facing up to the fact that a man had to choose a career and work. From undergraduate school, I had gone to graduate school, I now held three degrees and had an excellent series of grades for four plus almost three years; but, I was not prepared to do any work, perform in any position I might get. Perhaps,

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I thought, I should just stay at home, be satisfied with being a farmer and forget all those years, wasted years of very hard and continual study. I knew that I would have to kill many things inside me, destroy memories, forget things learned and remake myself internally, to be able to become even an apparent farmer. I knew that I would never be happy; but, I was certainly not a contented man in my present rudderless and confused state. So I decided that after some additional thinking and, after I had decided just how to say it, I would tell my father that I had decided to give up any hopes of teaching and give up any additional study and become a farmer. I thought that I would tell him that I wanted to help him to make some improvements, some I had heard him dream of making, on the farm --- and, I believed, he would be happy with this decision.

I had decided that a Sunday would be the best day to have this talk with my father. He always relaxed on Sundays; after his visit, unhappy as he was to go and sit through Sunday School and the Sermon by the Minister, he would sit calmly and, apparently, feel that he had sacrificed for the week past and that he could relax and feel contented, like a man who has eaten too much. I had hoped that the coming



Sunday would be a warm day, despite the fact that it was still early in March, for on warm Sundays my father would sit on the porch and rock himself into a semisleep. This, I thought, would be the best time to begin the conversation, for he would be less combative, would listen better and more patiently; and would be more inclined to feel happy about my plan to join him as a farmer.

Rehearsals of my speech, or at least the beginning of my speech, to my father had made me feel that I could not but make the old man happy; he would, I believed, be proud of me ---and would let me know it --- for the first time in many, many months. I walked in the woods, along the Coke Oven Branch, and made my opening statement to my father aloud, with only squirrels, cardinals and jaybirds as overt witnesses. I had never been so concerned over any of the hundreds of examinations I had taken as I was over this decision, this future of mine, and how I should present it to my father.

On Saturday, the day before I was to talk with my father, a telegram arrived at our home. The telegram was addressed to me; and it was long and detailed. I was signed: "J. Edgar Hoover, Director." The telegram asked that I

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report to the Department of Justice Building, Washington, D.C., Room 5717, at 08:30 hours, on 17 March 1941; and I was told what to bring in the way of clothing, even to a belt, which was to be purchased and had to be of a specific pattern and size. I should, this telegram said, come prepared to travel, for I would not be in Washington for many hours. My salary as a beginning Special Agent of the FBI, was the normal salary of a beginning Special Agent, which certainly does not entice those looking for riches to become FBI employees; and pay began as of 17 March 1941 --- this, even though I had been told by "Skeeter" Frost that I would not be full-fledged as a Special Agent until after the weeks of training I would undergo in Quantico, Virginia.

I had been ashamed to mention my failure to get into the FBI to my father; so he was completely surprised by this telegram; the only person who was more surprised was the recipient himself! I had completely given up hope of getting the appointment --- and now, I relived the thrill, just as I had lived the aspiration, of getting appointed to this most fabulous, best disciplined and most efficient of investigative organizations in the whole wide world!

## CHAPTER IV

I arrived in Washington, D.C. on 16 March ready to report to Mr. Hoover on the morning of 17 March. I felt sure, because of the things I had heard from "Skeeter" Frost and because of the telegram, which sounded so personal that I actually believed that it was from Mr. Hoover, that I would be ushered in to see the Great Man himself on 17 March --- and I was nervous, so concerned over this impending introduction, that I slept very little on the night of 16 March.

I stayed in the old Dodge Hotel, near the railway station; it was conveniently located for anyone arriving by train, as I had. I did not know how long, despite the telegram from Mr. Hoover, I would be in Washington, so I left my one suitcase in the hotel room, kept the room and went, very early, to the Department of Justice Building. I was not alone; some twenty-four others were there shortly after I arrived --- and all of them were as ignorant as I about what was to happen to us.

Promptly at 08:30 a young man with an authoritative voice told us to go inside, where we would find seats. We entered Room 5717; each man found a chair and we all nervous-

ly waited. Soon, a large heavy set man with a florid face and a peculiarly shaped mouth was introduced by the young man who had told us to enter. The large man was Mr. Hugh Clegg, Assistant Director in Charge in Training and Inspection; subsequently, I learned that he was known as "Trout-Mouth" Clegg to the older and more daring Special Agents --- when he was not around. Mr. Clegg was a salesman; he told us that we would love the Training School and that we would regret that we only had six weeks there; he said that we were badly needed in the Field Offices, because work was piling up awaiting our arrivals at these offices. He made each man feel that the Assistant Director was speaking directly to him; he made us feel that we were very special and fortunate young men --- he indicated that every young man in the U.S.A. would like to be in our shoes; but, he said, unfortunately the FBI could only take the very best of all the many thousands of applicants who were anxious, just as anxious as we were, to get into the Bureau! Mr. Clegg stressed that teamwork was the basis, the foundation upon which the Bureau was built --- and, of course, he spoke with practical reverence of Mr. Hoover.

After Mr. Clegg's half hour address, we were told by

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several different young men, all of whom spoke well and with confidence, what we should buy, where we should or could buy it; and we were told to check out of our hotels and report back to the Department of Justice Building at 14:30 hours, with our luggage.

We bought the belts, the trousers, shirts and other clothing and equipment we had been told to get, ran to our respective hotels, checked out; ate hurriedly and returned to the Department of Justice Building --- and not one man of the twenty-five was late, in fact, all were ahead of time! We were told where to place our luggage and purchases --- and the same young authoritarian herded us into the large conference room again. When inside, we were told that a great event was about to take place. We were asked to align our chairs carefully, sit as if at attention, look straight ahead and wait quietly. Meanwhile, all the shades were adjusted to the same height --- and some three young men examined the lines of the chairs, had corrections made in these alignments; and saw to it that everything was clean and shipshape. Then, we were told that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and always thereafter called simply "The Director," was to honor us by coming by

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for a very brief welcome to us! We were told that Mr. Hoover could not always personally welcome young trainees, like us, for he frequently had to see the President of the United States or to appear before Congressional Committees or other groups; or, that he had some very important case which would take him to another part of the country. We, however, were very lucky, because The Director had a few minutes which he could spare, during which he would give us a very brief welcome to the Bureau.

Then, Mr. Clegg came back into the room, smiled at us as if we were old friends and well known to him. He, like the young Special Agent, told us that we were a very fortunate group, for he had just been able to get "The Director" to come by for a very brief appearance before us, to welcome us as new Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. This, he repeated to us, was a great honor to this class --- and a special privilege not enjoyed by all incoming Special Agents.

Mr. Clegg then told us that we should all stand, exactly at the time The Director appeared in the doorway; that he thought we should applaud until The Director signalled to us that we should stop; and that we should all try to be seated at the same time and as noiselessly as possible. He said that

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in no case should we get our chairs out of line; and in no case should anyone smoke or make unnecessary noises after the entrance of The Director.

Mr. Hoover appeared; and we rose as one man, applauded loudly until he had reached the lectern and signalled us to stop. He then welcomed us to the finest organization in the world, told us that he would get to know each and every one of us personally; and expressed his great appreciation for our spontaneous applause. He also said that he appreciated our willingness to come into the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for he was sure each and every one of us had been informed that, from this day on, we were on duty twenty-four hours daily, each and every day of the year; and that the work would be hard, demanding, and, at times, trying. But it was so obvious that Mr. Hoover himself was willing to work as hard as any one of us; that he was so proud of the Bureau and its achievements; that he was giving his entire life to this essential work for our country, that every man in the group was touched, deeply moved. Mr. Hoover is an excellent speaker, a very imposing man --- and his appearance gave this class a desire to get through the training immediately and get to work on some of the many cases we had heard

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were awaiting us in the field. We, each and every one of us, wanted to fight the enemies of the U.S.A., both criminal and subversive, with all our capabilities --- under Mr. Hoover's direction!

The FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, is hidden amongst the Marine Barracks and other marine buildings; and the FBI trainees and re-trainees (Special Agents who are brought back for re-training and refresher courses periodically) dress in clothes which resemble the marine fatigue dress, or working uniform. They are usually in groups which could be mistaken for marines by all but the well informed on such matters.

Buses took the twenty-five ne<sup>o</sup>phytes to Quantico; and we, all of us, went through another briefing session. In this one we were told how to make our beds, and had this demonstrated to us, even to the bouncing of a quarter dollar on the tight covers; we were told how to clean the floors, what to do about the windows, where the bath, showers and dining room were; and, most important of all, where the classroom, laboratories and study rooms were located.

At a specific time, we had to rise each morning; breakfast was served at the stated time --- 07:00 hours ---



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and those who missed went hungry until lunch, which was at 12:30 hours. Dinner was at 18:15 hours, and on certain days classes were held for an hour after dinner. Then, study was allowed until 22:00 hours, when all began preparations for bed, for at 23:00 hours lights went out and all had to be in bed. This routine was fixed for every day except Sunday, when we only had classes for three hours --- and were allowed to have breakfast at 08:00 hours.

In addition to the federal statutes over which the FBI has been assigned jurisdiction, we had to study photography, the use of firearms, how to dust and take fingerprints, public speaking; and we had physical combat, search and detention, the uses of restraining devices and how to organize and direct raids on buildings and areas. Great emphasis was placed on appearance as a witness in courts. FBI Agents are supposed to be among the best and most factual --- and the hardest to confuse --- of all witnesses who appear to testify in court trials. Reports writing was taught; and one had to be able to write a very brief and concise, but factual summary of each report; and to have the Details support the Summary statement. Each report had to be written with the idea in mind that Mr. Hoover himself might someday have to read that

report; and, we were told, it would be best if the report were in good English, clear --- with no personal opinion; and usable as written by even the newest Special Agent in testimony before a grand jury or before Congress. The informants were listed on a separate detachable page. In the report itself they were designated by symbols, like X-1, A-1, A-27, and others which were identified on the detachable page. This source sheet was always detached from any copy of any report going outside the FBI.

Most of the Class enjoyed the physical aspects more than the study of laws, rules and regulations (of the FBI) and the reports writing courses. But there were some who hated the combat classes and some even disliked the training in the uses of the different types of firearms. I recall one Boston Irishman, who had never before entering the FBI, fired a real gun. He got nervous, when handling a pump shotgun and shot himself in the foot. The big, tough instructor sent him back to Boston, with the suggestion that he return to accounting as a lifetime job.

Another Special Agent/Trainee was chained to a chair, with his hands behind his back and his legs locked backwards and to the chair. The instructor, Joseph Lynch, broke the

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key in one of the locks --- and <sup>d</sup> this poor student, who had volunteered to be used in the demonstration, went without dinner that evening, until after a special saw arrived from Washington and the chains were cut. Lynch was frightened over this one; for instructors also were under strict and continuous discipline.

Courses in memory, identifications of statements and photographs of individuals and places were given --- and those who erred in identifications were penalized, made to study additionally.

All in all, these six weeks were crammed with useful data and very useful exercises, not only for an FBI Special Agent, but data and training which could be useful in any profession one of these officers might afterwards enter.

In all, nine of the twenty-five who rode jauntily down the road to Quantico disappeared, prior to the end of the six weeks. We were never told --- except in the case of the Bostonian who shot his own <sup>foot</sup> ~~fat~~, why they left; but we were moved up a space in the classroom whenever one left. Further, we did not know how many of the remaining sixteen, who were there until the last day, actually graduated.

Very cleverly, we were assigned to the Washington Field

Office and each one of us was assigned for a week or so of actual participation in the work of a specific Special Agent in that Office. Most of the work we did was on applicants for federal government jobs; and we went around to call on references, check police and other records, as an assistant to the regular investigator. We also participated in the report made on the investigation, or any lead pertaining to an investigation. Classmates, in this way, lost contact with each other --- and one who might not have made the grade, could simply be let go, with no notice to others.

During this period each new Agent got his first assignment; and I, being from the South, was sent to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on my first Field Assignment.

I was very pleased, for I had feared that, despite my plea to Mr. Clegg that I not be sent to the Cryptographic Section, I would draw that assignment as my first one. I had been allowed to visit the Crypto Section --- and I decided immediately that I wanted to get out into the Field and learn to be a regular Special Agent, rather than spend my time trying to break anagrams on Post Toasties Box Tops, which is about the extent to which the FBI had got at that time. I was lucky, for shortly after my entry into the

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Bureau, purportedly to be in the Cryptographic Section, Mr. Hoover received orders not to establish such a Section --- but to rely on Arlington Hall and existing facilities in this field. However, the fact that I had personally put in a plea to be allowed to go to the field and to be allowed to become a regular Special Agent, made a big hit with "Trout-Mouth" Clegg, who became a friend from that point on. He told me that Mr. Hoover had personally heartily approved my request.

At Mr. Clegg's request, I gave him copies of all articles I had ever had appear in print; and I cockily autographed some of them to him, with esteem and respect.

I was very happy to have Assistant Director Clegg's approval of my request to go to the Field; for, prior to this time, I had been in slight difficulty over the fact that I had had some articles published --- and, if there is one thing the FBI fears, it is published items by Special Agents. I had been foolish enough to hold up my hand when Clegg had asked our class, during one of his lectures, whether or not anyone present had had any articles of any kind, on any subject whatsoever, published. I was asked to see Mr. Clegg in his office immediately after that class --- and

went through an interrogation about the articles I had written. After full explanation, I was ordered not to submit any other item for publication until after the item had been personally approved by Mr. Clegg for publication, in the journal or magazine to which it was to be sent. I faithfully followed this order; I sent each and every article on matrix theory to Mr. Clegg for as long as I was in the FBI --- and he approved them, in each case, without knowing the slightest thing about any one of them! I, of course, could easily use the excuse that I needed to keep up my work in mathematics in order to be better prepared for the time when I would be recalled to the Cryptographic Section.

Despite the fact that the Training School was at times very boring, often tiring and always gave one the feeling that he was back in preparatory school I enjoyed my six weeks there. I look back on these as six of the fullest weeks of my life --- and I recall with fondness the Administrative Head of the School, Richard Norris, who had once been a *Richard Norris* guitar and banjo player and wise-cracking comedian on the Orpheum Circuit, when the stage was a moving rollicking place *on which* to perform. Norris often told jokes, when no one of the higher-ups, like Clegg, was around. He enjoyed life to the hilt, despite the strict and unbending discipline imposed

upon him and his boys. The FBI Training School was an experience for any and all lucky enough to remain in it for the six busy weeks; and it added considerably to the knowledge anyone carried into the place with him.

## CHAPTER V

Pittsburgh, in 1941, was a smoky, crowded and unclean city. It is now one of the models of cleanliness and the people in Pittsburgh, after World War II, led the way in elimination of smog and smoke, in anti-pollution of the air.

The FBI Pittsburgh Field Office was on the fifteenth and sixteenth floors of the Federal Building in Pittsburgh; railways ran underneath and alongside this Building, and the FBI Office, like all others in the Building, frequently filled with smoke, more often had soot and cinders in them; and it was impossible to keep them clean, and spotlessly clean offices were a requirement in the Bureau.

"Trout-Mouth" Clegg, Assistant Director in Charge of Inspection, never announced impending arrivals of Inspectors. Inspectors arrived, unannounced, and always, it seemed at the most inopportune times. When I arrived in Pittsburgh, inspectors had just come; and Joseph Thornton, a fine gentleman, who was Special Agent in Charge, was undergoing and inspection.

A Bureau Inspection is unlike any other in the U. S. Government; and I doubt that any other entity, unless it be the KGB, puts its own through such ordeals. The Bureau



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inspector reviews files, for any, even the smallest errors; carefully scrutinizes the property, including Bureau automobiles particularly; counts and classifies the contacts of the Special Agent in Charge and all other Special Agents in the Office under inspection; and he gives examinations on rules and regulations of the Bureau to all personnel in the Office. In addition, these inspectors look for any sign of lack of cleanliness; and, of course, review the cases handled by each and every Special Agent as to status, work done to that date; and they total the numbers of cases handled by the office and the number the office has been able to close, terminate, since the last inspection.

Joe Thornton had warned the inspectors that they would, of necessity, because of the location of the FBI Offices in Pittsburgh, find evidences of soot, cinders and, at times, smoke. Despite this --- and despite the fact that, in all other aspects the Pittsburgh Field Office was in almost perfect condition, Joe Thornton was given a cut in salary and a memorandum was placed in his personnel file stating that this was done by the inspectors because the FBI Offices in Pittsburgh were not clean, as Bureau offices had to be! Joe was a real gentleman; he even announced to his staff, Special Agents, Clerks and Secretaries that he had received this

demotion, because of the fact that the Pittsburgh Field Office was too dirty, several times during the inspection, to qualify as a clean Bureau Office. He asked that renewed effort, by Agents, Clerks and Secretaries, be made to try and correct this deficiency; he expressed hope that on the next inspection, inspectors would be able to state that this condition had been rectified. To me, this was an impressive performance; I know few men to this date who would calmly take the blame for having soot, cinders and smoke from trains below their offices, when the offices had been put in the location by the Head Office, in this case, The Bureau!

I was assigned to the espionage and counter espionage squad in the Pittsburgh Field Office; and practically all cases assigned to me were German. I learned that these cases were assigned to me because of my knowledge of German --- which was limited to the amount I had had to acquire in order to pass my oral and written examinations in pure mathematics for my doctorate. But I was pleased to be put on this squad, instead of one of the criminal squads.

Germans surprised me by the fact that practically all of them were packrats. They kept almost every letter and

nearly every newspaper, magazine, pamphlet or note they had received or made for themselves. Also, they frequently kept copies of the letters they wrote to friends or relatives --- in addition to copies of all business correspondence.

They would haul out these papers and letters and show them, even translate them, to any Special Agent who made the request. In some cases, they would even allow the Special Agent to borrow their files of correspondence, so that he could take these to the office and have copies made.

The laws, as interpreted in those days just prior to and just after Pearl Harbor, made it possible to denaturalize one of these people if it could be proved that he or she had taken the oath of allegiance to the U.S.A. for U.S. citizenship, "with mental reservations." In other words, if it could be shown that the oath had been taken with no intention of completely forswearing allegiance to his or her native country.

Many letters written by Germans in and around Pittsburgh, in these days of war in Germany, to their families or friends in Germany, contained phrases expressing friendship, admiration or sympathy for the German cause. This was enough --- and these overly honest people who kept records of everything

so carefully, suffered, frequently unjustly, because of this.

Italians kept nothing; or, if they kept any letters or documents, they were never able to locate them --- and neither could the Special Agent, trained as he was to make searches. Italians in the Pittsburgh area may have been pack rats; but, if they were, they packed all important items away so carefully that they, themselves, could not subsequently locate them.

The Hill District of Pittsburgh was a predominantly Negro area. The Japanese had some success in recruiting their colored brethren, getting them to join pseudo-colored and pseudo-religious organizations. These organizations were opposed to the entry of the U.S.A. into the war; but they thought nothing wrong about the Germans and Japanese taking territories from their weaker neighbors and killing these citizens of weaker neighboring countries. The FBI in Pittsburgh and the Pittsburgh Police pulled off several raids on some of the organizations --- and, sometimes, they hauled in a good many members for questioning.

One one occasion, about one hundred Negroes were brought into the Pittsburgh Field Offices in the Federal

Building. All Special Agents were told to stand by; and were subsequently required to participate in the screening of these arrestees, in trying to we~~e~~<sup>d</sup> out the innocents from this large group. I was a fairly new Agent; but, I also had to participate in this processing; and I worked along with all other offic~~e~~<sup>s</sup> in the FBI Office, trying to determine whether persons interviewed by us were innocent victims of Japanese propaganda, or whether they were consciously trying to evade the draft or to help Germany and Japan to keep the U.S.A. out of the War.

I have the impression that certain of the present day Anti-Vietnam War Groups either sprang from, or are copying, imitating, some of the organizations the FBI fought against as early as 1941. The ones of today use the same name-changing tactics for their members; they try to use the same device by which all members can claim to be ministers of their "gospel," going so far in some cases as to claim that a member like Cassius Clay, who fights for a living, is a peace-loving Anti-War Minister of the "Gospel."

One of the Negroes who was assigned to me that night, had a green turbanlike cloth wrapped around his head. He was very shiny black and was obviously a Southern Negro. I

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asked him his name, which he gave as Farid Ali --- and, when I asked for and was given his draft card, I learned that he had erased his real name and had replaced this personally with Farid Ali. I told him that it was a federal offense to change or deface a draft card; and in those pre-World War II days, this law was enforced, frequently with alacrity. Then, this fellow said to me, "Mistah Ian Ah know you knows dat Mah name is Walter Witherspoon; but hone<sup>s</sup> Ah am now named Farid Ali." I then recognized Walter Witherspoon, from my father's farm; a lazo<sup>o</sup> good-for-nothing Negro, who had always ducked work to whatever extent he was able. So, I said to him, "Walter, take that Goddamned rag off your head and stop acting like an ass! You know damned well that you are not Farid Ali, for your father and mother named you Walter, and you are being a disgrace to your father, whose <sup>a</sup>name is John Witherspoon!" He said, "Yassuh, Mistah Ian, Please don't tell anyone from down home 'bout dis, please." I promised that I would not tell anyone; I said that this was an official conversation and that, if he would go back home and get to work, nothing should happen to him and nobody would hear about how stupid he had been. Walter did this; and I wrote a brief memorandum stating that Farid Ali, one

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of the arrestees was in reality Walter Witherspoon, who had been an innocent victim of Japanese propaganda and who had now gone back to his home to work.

Special Agents of the Pittsburgh Field Office, like those of all other Field Offices in the Bureau, were called upon to assist in whatever type case SAC Thornton might wish to assign them, because he considered it urgent or important. An Agent might be assigned to the Criminal Squad and be called to help in an espionage case; or, one might be assigned to anti-subversive or espionage work and be assigned to a squad working on an urgent, but purely criminal case.

I was supposedly training for espionage and counter espionage work; and I had been assigned to that Squad. However, after a few days in the Pittsburgh Field Office, I was sent along with a group to raid a motel and bring back a famous bank robber and his moll, who were supposedly staying at that motel. Shortly after our arrival and just after we had staked out the place, a girl came out who fitted the description of the moll, except for the color of her hair. John MacDonald, an old-timer in the Pittsburgh Office, arrested her, shoved her into a vacant room, he had taken, and told me to stay there with her and not let her call,

scream or get away. She had been thoroughly searched for weapons -- and none had been found on her or in her purse. She saw that I was new; and immediately set about trying to convince me that she was innocent of any wrong-doing. She said that she had had troubles before, because she resembled Mary Mason, who was the moll being sought. She had denied that her name was Mary Mason, or that she had ever used that name, when MacDonald had asked her. She went so far as to tell me that she was an authentic blonde and that we were, in fact, looking for a brunette. She then proved to me that she was blonde, authentically, by showing me the hair on her mound of Venus --- which was as blonde as the hair on her head! I did not think of the fact that this hair could as easily be dyed as that on her head, until experienced John MacDonald told me that close examinations of both places would likely reveal that the same dye had been used to dye her head and her hair on the mound. I had, until this lesson, been convinced that we had detained an innocent girl! Both she and her male companion were captured and, later were convicted of armed robbery.

Most of my work, however, was against the Germans. The Germans had many sumpathizers among the people in the Pitts-



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burgh and Erie, Pennsylvania, areas. They also had organizations of numerical strength in both these places. In Pittsburgh, the German American Bund was strong; and in Erie, the even more pro-Hitler, Kieffhauser Bund was of considerable size. When the auxiliary organizations, for women and others, were added to these two organizations, the Germans, under Hitler, had considerable numbers of people in sympathy with them --- and, of course, strongly opposed to U.S. entry into the war and to any assistance by the USA to enemies of Hitler, like England.

On a rotating basis, each Special Agent, except those who were considered indispensable to some important job to which they were assigned, had to take the duty for a day on the "Complaint Desk." This was a desk in a front office near the entrance into the offices, to which the receptionists or the boss sent people who arrived to tell the FBI something of importance. There are, in every area of the U.S.A., hundred<sup>s</sup> of people who consider themselves as informants of the FBI; and a great many of these people actually work at trying to learn something they think will be of interest and of value to the FBI. Many of them are patriotic Americans --- and this is especially true during a war. However, there

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are a great many who are just plain and simple nuts; such as the man in Pittsburgh who could not close his mouth, because his teeth --- natural teeth --- when they touched, uppers to lowers, acted as a receiving station for messages from Berlin. He had to prop his mouth open in order to sleep at night; but, being a very patriotic American, he did not want to have his teeth extracted, even though they were filled with cavities, and replaced with non-receptive ones made by some dentist. Daily this informant would come to the FBI Office in Pittsburgh, with pages of Morse Code which he had learned to take down rapidly; and he would leave these pages, very carefully and completely confidentially, with a Special Agent --- only after he had checked and been told by the receptionist, who was a friend of his, that that Special Agent was absolutely trustworthy. This man, and others like him, who came into the Office, no matter how absurd the story, had to be treated with courtesy and thanked for the help they thought they gave to the United States of America.

Some of these nut informants would stop coming and leaving their reports unless they were told what actions had been taken on them. Certain of them wished to get a neighbor

arrested; and, they would watch to see whether or not anybody came to arrest that neighbor. When no arrest was made, they would stop visiting the FBI --- and, at times, would turn anti-FBI. They would get angry at the FBI because, what they considered the required action had not been taken against the person on whom they had informed. But, Mr. Sam Searles, who had the receptive teeth, never stopped --- because some resourceful Special Agent had convinced him that the messages he brought to the FBI were so secret, when deciphered, that a very few people could be told what they said, what they contained when in clear text!

I learned, long after I left Pittsburgh, that Sam Searles had, after World War II, been able to tune in on Moscow --- and he continued, until his death, as an informant of the FBI in Pittsburgh. Despite troubles with his teeth, he refused to have any of them extracted; and he went with cavities to his grave, as a patriot --- a nut, but a very patriotic one!

After a little over five months in Pittsburgh, during which time I frequently went to Erie, Pennsylvania, on assignments, I became a disciplined, and, I began to think, a good Special Agent; and I was proud of my credentials,

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very, very proud to be a member of the Bureau. I learned, in very short order, that the thing which made the Bureau great was Mr. Hoover's dedication and strength of character --- and, not least in importance, his rigid enforcement of the rules and regulations by which the Bureau machinery has, since he became Director, run. Additionally, I learned that fellow agents were the very finest corps of men anyone could find in the world. There were few, very few, wrong types in the Bureau --- and these few did not last very long. No other organization has so few who gripe against the discipline, which is the hardest discipline in any democratic government agency; and, practically no one in the Bureau griped against the hierarchy of that organization!

One Sunday, when I was in Erie, Pennsylvania, on a special assignment, I got a telephone call from SAC Joe Thornton in Pittsburgh to report early on Monday morning to him in Pittsburgh; and I was told to prepare for departure from Pittsburgh on Tuesday, for a place which would have a warmer climate. I learned on arrival in Pittsburgh, that I was scheduled for assignment to La Habana, Cuba, in an undercover role; and, I was told by SAC Thornton that this assignment was being made <sup>e/</sup>because of my German! I was concerned,

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because I did not and had never had fluent German; and I had no idea what use my German would be, limited as it was, in a Spanish speaking Island --- and I had not a word of Spanish, beyond "si" (which I mispronounced) and "no" which I could pronounce.

## CHAPTER VI

I arrived in Habana, Cuba, within seventy-two hours after my departure from Pittsburgh. I was told later that practically no Special Agent got out so rapidly. In any case, I did arrive that rapidly; and I was still puzzled on arrival about my assignment, about what I was to do in that Spanish speaking Island.

I went to the Nacional, the best Hotel in Habana --- because I had been told to go to that Hotel. I registered in my true name --- and waited. I waited for six days before I heard from anyone. I was afraid to go for a swim, although the pool was beautiful and inviting; and there were beautiful señoritas in daring suits, making exhibitions and, I had the thought, invitations. I was supposed to have been contacted by a Señor Dulce immediately after my arrival in the Hotel Nacional! I could do nothing but wait --- wait to see whether or not some man, with the identification signals I had been given, would show up and identify himself to me as my contact.

Finally, on the seventh day, a tall black-haired man, who used the name Señor López, came to see me, while I was sitting beside the pool. He said, "I am Señor López López; and I have come to invite you, Sr. Jones, to dinner tonight,

at my home." I thought his accent was Spanish; and I thought he might not be my contact, for he did not have a Life Magazine, in English, under his arm --- but he had used the right statement, and he had used the correct name for himself. So, I declined the invitation, said that I had to leave Habana that very evening and turned my back on him and went up to my room.

Within fifteen minutes, I had a telephone call, from a man with a very effeminate and too pronouncedly correct accent and voice. He told me that his name was George Mahoney, and said that he and others had been interested in meeting me; and he asked that I not depart Habana as I had told a friend of his I planned to do. I knew immediately that López López and Mahoney were friends; and I hoped they were both in the Bureau, or, at least friends of the Bureau or "Bureau Contacts." Otherwise, I could only think of calling Joe Thornton, who was still in Pittsburgh, and advising him of the failure by the people who were supposed to have called on me, to appear in any form whatsoever.

But I met with George Mahoney and his friend Leo Wolff; and they apologized for the fact that López López had forgot to buy a Life Magazine and stick it under his left arm at the

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time of our meeting. I argued that he also had apparently forgot that I had been in Habana for six days, sitting near a telephone all the time, because I had been told that he would meet me, immediately after arrival in the Hotel Nacional. They both made repeated apologies; but, George said, "Así son los Cubanos" so often that I, without any Spanish got the meaning of this phrase.

While we were at the bar, López López came by and George grabbed him by the sleeve. He said, "Manolo, this is the man you were supposed to have met about one week ago. Where have you been and what is your excuse?"

Manuel López López, to use the name by which the Bureau knew him, was surprised and flustered to have his superior catch him in the bar of the Hotel Nacional; and he was embarrassed to have his superior dress him down in my presence, when he knew that he was to blame for having left me sitting and waiting for a week for him.

--- It developed that Manuel López López, an aide to General Manuel Benítez Valdés, had been so busy on urgent tasks for his General that he had had no time for me --- and he always knew that I would wait until he did have the time to come by and call on me. Manuel López López told George



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how he had passed by, had recognized me from my photographs, and had tried to make contact with me --- but, he said, he had had no time to buy a Life Magazine; and, for lack of this, I had ignored and practically insulted him!

I learned that General Manuel Benítez Valdés had established and headed the Servicio de Investigaciones de Actividades Enemigas (SIAE), the Cuban FBI; and that I was to work in and be a part of this organization.

George Mahoney and Leo Wolff were both in the U. S. Embassy, as Assistant Legal Attachés; and I had been told that my assignment to Habana was an undercover one --- or, to use a then oft-used expression I was to be on an "U.C." assignment. But we met, or rather they called on me, bought me drinks at the best attended bar in Habana and offered to help me to get a place to live.

I was shown an advertisement in the News, the Habana English language newspaper. The ad had been placed there to cover my getting the house which I would share with another (FIB) man in the Embassy's Legal Section. His name was John Bacon; and he had the assignment of handling the FBI agents who worked outside with the S.I.A.E. --- and, with my arrival he would have three of us. So what better way than to have

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me live with him in Miramar, in a small house he had there --- and he and I could meet, at least daily at breakfast.

Of course, I was pleased at this arrangement --- for I had no Spanish and would need help for a good long time, until I had picked up enough of the language to get along myself. As soon as I had agreed and we had finished our Cuba Libres, they took me to see John Bacon. He and I agreed to pay one-half the expenses of the house, each. He had already hired a Jamaican cook and had a Cuban maid; the house had two bedrooms, was near the sea and was well furnished and very clean. I was lucky and knew it.

John Bacon proved to be a fine gentleman; he was well educated, had good, even if accented, Spanish --- and he had a car. He has proved to be one of my best friends; and we have kept in contact, even though we have never served together since that assignment in Cuba, when I was U.C. and he was in the Embassy.

Next, I had to meet the Director of the S.I.A.E., General Manuel Benítez Valdés --- and John, taking over, arranged that Manuel López López would pick me up the next morning and take me to the Head Office of the S.I.A.E., where Manuel would act as interpreter in my meeting with, or

my presentation to, General Benítez Valdés.

I had asked John to help me find a German-Spanish dictionary to add to the English-Spanish and the English-German ones I had brought with me. John knew just where to go; and we purchased this, my third dictionary and I took the three of them along with me the next morning, for I expected to be put to work that very day.

General Manuel Benítez Valdés was a tall man for a Cuban; he was considered very handsome, and he, personally, showed that he did not disagree with this; he had been in some three or four Hollywood-made movies, two of them westerns; and he was considered quite a swordsman, where the ladies were concerned. He was shocked to think that I had come, loaded with dictionaries, ready for work on my first day in the S.I.A.E. He said, "Sr. Ian, first we must make a credential for you; next, you must learn something of good eating and drinking places in La Habana; and, next, you must see and try some, at least one, of our Cuban girls. Then, after you are acclimatized to La Habana, you can bring your dictionaries and we will assign you to Príncipe Prison and let you interrogate Germans all day, every day." He then added, "I can tell you how to learn Spanish very rapidly

--- that is, get a sleeping dictionary and have her teach you! That is how I learned my English!" His English was so poor and so heavily accented and his vocabulary so limited that I did not know whether he meant this as a serious recommendation; but, the General was so conceited that he did not realize that his English was bad; and he was so girl crazy that he would recommend sleeping with a girl for any difficulties a man might encounter. He thought a sleeping doctora was good for a cold; a sleeping dictionary was excellent for learning Spanish; and a sleeping beauty was just good!

Next, I met Capitán Mariano Faget, Chief of Operations of the S.I.A.E. He was as serious as General Benítez Valdés was frivolous; and he worked many hours each day and into the night, possibly to make up for the fact that his Director worked very few hours. Faget was effective against the Germans, their allies, the Spaniards, and against individuals who worked for, or sympathized with the German Nazis. I was disappointed to learn that I would not be assigned to Capitán Faget --- but, instead, that I would work directly under the Director himself.

I soon learned the reason for this. It developed that

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the United States and Cuba had signed an agreement, whereby all proved or suspected spies for the Germans, Japanese and/or the Italians, would be put on the Isle of Pines, which was made into a large prison. This was a pleasant prison, except for the lack of food and drinking water. In the agreement, the U.S.A. had agreed to pay \$3.00 daily towards the upkeep of the prison and food and clothing for each of the prisoners. The larger the number of prisoners, the more three-dollar payments came into the hands of General Benítez Valdés daily. Therefore, it was very important to him to have Germans, Japs and Italians put, as spies, either proved or suspected, on the Isle of Pines.

General Benítez could feed each individual on the Isle of Pines for less than one dollar; he had two dollars left --- and one of these he took for his personal use and the other he allowed to be divided among the other participants in the scheme. Five hundred Germans, Japs and Italians meant five hundred dollars daily for General Benítez, in U. S. dollars, from the U. S. Department of Justice.

There were many Cubans of German descent and many German nationals in Cuba; and all these were rounded up and put into the Príncipe Prison and other prisons, until they

could be brought to our interrogation rooms in Principe Prison. General Benítez took part in some of the first interrogations --- and he always had his bodyguard, Felipe, with him. He would begin the interrogation by telling the person being interrogated that we knew that he was a spy, that we had proof of this; and, if one continued to deny it, as most did, with reason, he would say to Felipe, "Teléfono ocupado!"; and, with this, Felipe, who was a very big and strong man, with enormous hands, would stand behind the suspect and bring his two hands together on the ears of the man as hard as he could. This caused a ringing in the ears, which accounted for the teléfono ocupado, or occupied telephone title. This would always amuse General Benítez; and, usually, after a few games of this type the person being interrogated would confess that he was at least a sympathizer of Hitler and the Nazis. If not, he would have a quart of castor oil poured down him and be put into a cell to think it over, until the following day --- when a few slaps usually softened him sufficiently to make him wish for the Isle of Pines. By these and similar treatments, which came to be called the Cuban Lie Detector Tests, hundreds of German,

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and a few Japanese and Italian spies were discovered to have been working against Cuba and the U.S.A. and for the Nazis! A few Cubans and several Spaniards were thrown in, so that the Isle of Pines would have the proper international flavor, according to General Benítez.

After this task had been completed, except for the few suspects who had escaped, I was assigned to act as the cryptographer for a notorious spy, Heinz August Luning, who had a radio set he had built from parts purchased in Habana and who operated by W/T to Hamburg. He was caught, through his own ineptness; and the FBI wished to run him as a double agent, and they had hopes of getting data on assignments given him by Abwehrstell<sup>e</sup>/Hamburg; and they hoped to feed a few items of deception through him to the Nazis.

This did not last very long, however, for the Cubans decided that they would shoot this known spy. They had little patience and could not be convinced that a double agent could be run to advantage --- so, with the approval of President Fulgencio Batista, Augusto Luni, who was in reality Heinz August Luning, was put against the wall and shot. This ended my second job in Habana.

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From that time, I was given assignments on specific cases, through John Bacon; and these, added to the few remaining interrogations which would arise when a German or another suspect was caught, kept me busy enough to feel that I was earning my pay as a Special Agent in the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

But the war had begun; Pearl Harbor and the next few months following it, made all able bodied young Americans feel that they should help, to the extent possible. I felt that I was not doing all that I could. I was young, strong, healthy; and I felt Americans in Cuba looking at me and wondering why I was allowed to walk around Habana in civilian clothes, when I was not even in the Embassy. I remember that we had formed a baseball club, on which several of the Embassy men played. I was on the team; and I heard some remarks from spectators, indicating that they believed I must be a draft dodger to be in Habana, playing around and not even working for the Government.

I began to worry about my work; to be concerned about the value of what I was doing. Even though I met some of the Director's contacts, such as: P. Hal Sims, from Selma,



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Alabama, who was a world famous bridge and poker player, and his wife Florence Rice Sims, daughter of Grantland Rice (renowned sports writer); "Shipwreck" Kelly and his debutante wife; and Ernest Hemingway, who with Winston Guest (Polo Star), "discovered" German submarines --- after they both had had too much to drink --- these and my work assignments were very far away from the War, and they contributed practically nothing to the Allied War Effort.

I had already considered asking for permission to resign and join the Marine Corps; and these remarks helped me to make up my mind to do just that. One night, I told John Bacon that I planned to write a personal letter to The Director and ask that he accept my resignation and that I would give him my reason --- that I wanted to join the armed forces and take part in the war as a fighting man. John said that he doubted that I would get approval immediately --- and he correctly surmised that The Director would say that I was doing more for my country than I would be doing in the front lines of a battlefield.

My concern at being a healthy young man with two arms, two legs and both eyes, walking around the streets of Habana; and my feeling that people who could not know that I was

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"U.C." with the Bureau, would think me a draft dodger, grew more pronounced daily. This feeling of guilt that I was not fighting in the war got deeper and deeper inside me --- and I got more and more embarrassed at being out of uniform. I thought of what John Bacon had told me would be the reply I would get from Washington; but I still was unable to rid myself of the guilt feeling, the feeling that I was doing less than enough for my country in the war.

In any case, I wrote the letter, sent it through the Legal Attaché's Office --- and waited, while I continued to perform the assignments given to me. Within about three weeks, I got a letter worded very much like John Bacon's guess; but, it ended by stating that, if I insisted, I would be placed on leave without pay --- and could return to the FBI, when I was demobilized from the armed forces. Further, the same letter notified me of my transfer to Cleveland, Ohio, immediately.

As soon as I had reported to Cleveland, Special Agent in Charge, L. Boardman, I wrote to him stating that I had the permission of The Director to be placed on leave without pay and join the armed forces. Within a month after my arrival, I had this repeated to me in writing --- and that day I wrote

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my final report as an Agent of the FBI and departed for Washington, D.C. I was glad to leave Cleveland which is one of the coldest places I have ever been in, in winter.

In Washington, I reported to the Marine Corps Recruiting Station nearest the Wardman Park Hotel, where I was staying, and asked to be accepted as a Marine. After a physical, they turned me down, because of a baseball injury to my nose, which had been split by spikes of the famous Beattie Feathers, former All American Football Back at the University of Tennessee, who had become a professional baseball player; and, because I had an injured right knee. I did not know what to do next; for I did not want to become an infantryman.

That night, at the bar in the Wardman Park Hotel, I met a friend from baseball days, who told me he had just been accepted by the Navy, after having been turned down by the Marines. So, early the next morning, I went to the U. S. Naval Recruiting Station --- and I was accepted and even given a commission as a Lieutenant Junior Grade!

As soon as I was sworn in and had on a uniform, I wrote a letter to The Director advising him that I had been commissioned as a Lt. (JG) in the U. S. Navy and I thanked

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him for all he and the FBI had done for me, and said that I fully intended to ask to be readmitted into the FBI as soon as the war ended. I meant it at that time.

## CHAPTER VII

57.

The day I reported to the Naval Headquarters, I thought that I would be sent to a training camp, where I would be taught naval drill and how to be a naval officer. But, I was not lucky. They had seeded me out; and a young Lieutenant, Senior Grade, named J. G. Elliott, a full two-striper officiously said to me, as a one and one-half striper, that I was going into radar research. He said, "They don't want to waste the time training you how to be a line officer; for you are going to sit at a desk, or work in a laboratory!" And I had resigned from the FBI to get into action! This, I mused, would be as bad or perhaps even worse than if I had gone into the cryptographic bureau of the FBI! I objected, and made the error of asking to see the commanding officer; and was told, in no uncertain terms, that I was talking to him, my commanding officer. The Lieutenant told me that, with or without naval training, I had better learn that, in the U. S. Navy, subordinates did as they were told --- and he repeated that I was to report to him next morning at 08:30 hours, when I would get my assignment to a group involved in radar research. I tried to apologize to him; but he dismissed me, curtly, and I thought, "He is practicing for assignment to higher rank!" I only hoped that he would have nothing to do with the radar research laboratory to which I was being sent! I also remember thinking that,

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with his initials, he would always be "Junior Grade."

That night after dinner, I went to the bar in the hotel and there I had the good luck to meet James Hurley, a former FBI Special Agent, whom I had known briefly in Pittsburgh. He was in a naval uniform; and he had been commission<sup>ed</sup> as an ensign. I outranked him, and we had a big laugh over my super grade. He asked me how long I had been in, and I told him the whole history of my Habana assignment, the transfer to Cleveland; and of my attempt to get into the Marine Corps and of my having been sworn in as a JG, only to find out that very day that I was to be sent to a laboratory to work on radar research. He then told me of his great and good luck; and promised to try to help me to follow in his footsteps. He said that a friend of his, James R. Murphy, had accepted the job as Chief, Counter Intelligence, Office of Strategic Services. He said that he, Hurley, was to be sent within the next few weeks to London, from where he would be assigned to some place to work on counter espionage and counter intelligence for OSS. Because of his Spanish, which he had from a Mexican mother, Hurley said he hoped to get sent to Spain --- and this sub-

sequently happened.

Hurley telephoned Murphy, although it was after nine o'clock, and found him still at his office in a temporary building. Murphy agreed to see us; and said that he had to pass near the Wardman Park Hotel and would drop into the bar at about nine thirty. He did; and, because General "Wild Bill" Donovan, perhaps the greatest hero of World War I, had been given the right to draft personnel from the armed services, I was drafted on the very next day, by Jim Murphy, for "an urgent job in London."

James R. Murphy, is, like Donovan, Irish; and Murphy, a lawyer by training and profession, had counter espionage and counter intelligence by nature. He had all the innate traits of the Irish, plus a well trained and incisive mind. He could put his native ability together with his masterful legal ability and come up with a wonderful mixture of logic, legality, common sense and pure practicality --- and apply it all to problems in the foreign intelligence world, so essential in those wartime days.

I never saw my first commanding officer in the Navy, Lieutenant Senior Grade J. G. Elliott again --- for Jim Murphy gave me a paper ordering me to report to OSS --- and he

arranged to have my assignment to the radar research laboratory cancelled.

Again, luck had come to my rescue, had saved me from a fate which could have changed my life --- which, in fact, would likely have ended my brief intelligence career. Certainly, if I had gone into, and got enmeshed in, the work of a laboratory doing radar research, I would not have arrived in London at the time I did; I could not have met and worked with and made friends with the people I came to know; and I could never have had the experiences I have had.

The following day I reported to the Temporary Building, along the Reflecting Pool, in front of the ~~XXX~~ Lincoln Memorial, as Jimmy Murphy had told me to do; and I showed the paper he had given me as identification. After a few brief interviews and several forms which I had to complete, I was told to store my uniform for a few weeks and get back into civilian clothes.

Within two weeks, I was back in Training School. This one was on a beautiful farm in Virginia. The farm, farmhouse, stables and other buildings, had been taken over by the OSS and was used as a training site.

Here, I again went through firearms training, had much



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more close combat training; and was taught how to kill an enemy silently. For five weeks, every waking hour of every day was devoted to either physical training exercises or to firearms practice or reading and listening to lectures on espionage and counterespionage. Some work in intelligence procurement was also given. All in all, these five weeks were the most concentrated dose of study and physical exercise I have ever undergone --- even more concentrated than the weeks in the FBI Training School at Quantico.

Each student had been given a false identity and a false name. All documents and identifying items were removed before we were allowed to go to the Training School; and one continuing exercise was to keep one's real identity secret from all persons at the School. Anyone who let himself be identified was given a poor mark, because of his inability to keep his identity secret.

After graduation, I went back to the Temporary Building to which I had reported first; and was sent to another Temporary Building in the same complex, where they assigned me to desk work in support of the London ~~D~~<sup>X</sup>-2/OSS Office. The Chief in London at the time was Professor Norman Holmes Pearson, famous scholar on American Poets and Professor at Yale. He, like Jimmy Murphy, who was Assistant Director of

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OSS in Charge of the X-2 Branch, world-wide, was a quick-minded inquisitive and, at times, very incisive person. How Jimmy ever decided to put a poetry professor in charge of the most important of his offices is still a puzzle to me; but, I admit, the choice was an excellent one.

At the time I worked in Washington on the desk supporting the X-2 Office in London, a grocery store manager from Cleveland, Ohio, who was a major in the U. S. Army (due to his having been in the National Guard for years), was head of that desk. He was pompous, and tried to give the impression that all the others in his staff were ducking front line duty, while he, because of the importance of his position was doing more than the front line soldier, just as Mr. J. Edgar Hoover had written me I would be doing, had I remained in the FBI in Habana. Anyway, Major James Botter was a real pain in the ass to every person, man or woman, who had to work for him.

I was greatly relieved when, after four weeks duty under pompous Major Botter, I was told that I was "catching a ride" on a naval bomber which would land me in Lough Neagh, North Ireland. I went to New York, where I spent one night; then, took off as the only passenger on a Coronado for Lough Neagh --- and subsequently, took a U. S. Air Force (then Army) plane

for my destination, London.

From Lough Neagh, I was able to get a flight to Croydon Airport, London; and there I was met by John Houghran, who became one of my best friends; and who made it possible to live happily in wartime London. A Californian, he hated the rain, fog and cold of London; a gourmet, he hated the wartime rationing which he, a civilian, because of poor eyesight, and I, not being eligible to eat in army messes (because of the Navy's higher per diem payments in London) had to bear; and a connoisseur of wines, he hated the lack of anything better than Truman's ales. But John had such an innate happiness that he was always able to laugh, even at his own sufferings; and he could make others laugh with him, even if they also were suffering. His quick wit, range of timely jokes and acts and overall good humor have made him an unforgettable and wonderful friend, and the years spent with him have become a form of legend to those who met and had the good luck to be around long enough to get to know him.

John took me to a little mews flat over a milk bar, just off Berkeley Square, where he and one other man lived at the time in bedrooms the size of a normal walk-in closet.

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They had an extra for me; and I was thrilled to be able to have this space awaiting me --- but, I did not realize for several days how lucky I was to be brought into a private bedroom, no matter how small, at that time in London.

The other apartment-mate was Second Lieutenant Eduardo Samaniego Galván, brother of the movie star, Ramón Novarro. Eddie was thrilled to have a person who knew some Spanish, one who had recently lived in La Habana; so, I was made welcome. Eddie was a character and a perfect straight man for many of John's best jokes. Eddie's Mexican accent, his stories about the size of his family, in which he did not know Ramón, because they belonged to different gangs, and his good humored love of life, made this a pair of friends one would dream about meeting, but would rarely in life have the opportunity of actually having as mates in a small apartment.

## CHAPTER VIII

On the following day, I went to work in the X-2 Office, which was on Ryder Street, in a partially bombed out building. I was put in charge of the German Desk in the X-2 Office and found that we shared the building with Section V (Counter Intelligence and Counter Espionage --- CI/CE Section) of the British Secret Service (also known as M.I.-6). My opposite number, Chief of the German Desk of Section V, was  a learned schoolmaster, who, as soon as the war ended became Headmaster at a famous preparatory (public, in the English sense) school in England. (b)(6)

I had a small staff at that time, with the principal ones being John, my apartment mate, and two young girls we called the "Gold Dust Twins," Barbara and Betty. We four sat in one large room with a fireplace, hurriedly used our one bucket of soft coal, the total allowance for a day, and even though we dressed in overcoats and kept our gloves on --- and John and I wore long drawers --- we shivered for the remainder of the day, except when John could swipe something to burn. John was a miraculous scavenger; and one day he beat all his previous efforts, when he scrambled to the upper floors of the building. The top of the building had

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been bombed out and was considered too dangerous for anyone to explore. John had made several surveys; and on this very cold day, he said, "Today is the day for me to make the supreme effort!"

He left the room and did not appear for some time. When he came back in, quietly, he had an arm load of toilet seats, which he had broken off the johns on the upper bombed-out floors. He said, "I have about ten more hidden up above --- but we must not let anyone in while these are burning, for I might get arrested for destruction of British Government property!" We warmed our hands and enjoyed a cup of tea, while the salty seats burned with green, red and yellow flames, which shot up high in our fireplace, our only source of heat.

We kept much warmer than others for several days, with the remaining seats John brought down, a few at a time.

Finally, as we knew would happen, Captain

(b)(6)

R. N., Administrative Chief of Section V and of the entire building, caught us, just as we had thrown on a new toilet seat! He gave us a tongue lashing and threatened to report us to Mr. Norman Holmes Pearson, our Chief and, finally, he said that, if he ever caught us burning portions of a British

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Government Building again, he would report us to the police authorities and see that we got what should be coming to us!

The Captain refused to accept our apologies --- and watched us very carefully from that time on. He even subsequently accused John and me of using toilet tissue too wastefully, in a note in which he set out the hardships under which the English were living and the lighthearted manner which we apparently used toilet tissue --- and failed to realize that there were quotas, on toilet tissue as well as on food and other essentials.

Captain [ ] was a descendant of the famous [ ] an excellent Administrative Officer for our offices; and both John and I were sorry to have offended him twice. He subsequently was friendly; but, I am sure he never forgot our misdeeds --- and we surely never did forget them. We have joked about them both many times since the war.

(b)(6)

(b)(6)

Soon, principally from intelligence successes of our British friends, we learned a great deal about the German Intelligence Services: the Sicher<sup>heits</sup>dienst, the Abwehr and others. And with both the British Security Service (M.I.-5)

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and the Secret Service (M.I.-6) scoring successes with their penetrations and double agents, a great deal of the organizational structure and operational techniques of the Germans were learned. The British were unlike any other services in the world --- and took the American neophytes, from OSS/X-2 into their own offices and shared almost everything they got in the way of intelligence and counter-intelligence with us.

As a result, my Section grew rapidly and got to be the largest of the OSS/X-2 Sections in London.

For a time, I was sent to work on special cases in M.I.-5; and had the privilege of meeting and working with: Sir David Petrie, Director of the British Security Service; Mr. Guy Liddell (nephew of Alice Liddell, the Alice of "Alice in Wonderland"), who was Sir David's Deputy; and many others, principally among whom was: [redacted] who worked on double agent cases. [redacted] was called [redacted] --- by his initials; and he taught me a great many things about double agents and how to check on them and their stories and the intelligence requirements and instructions they received from their "masters" at the other end.

[redacted] ran Eddie Chapman, a fabulous German/Englishman who had been a crook and who, after being captured by the Germans,

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convinced them that he would work for them against the British who had jailed him unjustly. His story is one of the most exciting series of human adventures of World War II. Chapman's story was told in a book called, "The Eddie Chapman Story," written by Frank Owen and published by Allan Wingate in 1953. This fabulous agent, run by [redacted] (b)(6) was a gangster turned patriotic spy; his exploits reached unbelievable heights of daring and successes. This one time safe-cracker, one time German agent, was the only Briton to be decorated with the Iron Cross during World War II. He was a Guardsman, turned bandit, who subsequently became one of the great heroes for England. [redacted] (b)(6) allowed me to meet and talk with this fabulous spy, under pseudonym --- a thrill I shall never forget.

During a tour with M.I.-5, I was assigned to Marlborough Castle for a time. A Section of M.I.-5 which worked on double agent cases and, concomitantly, on deception cases was located there. Winston Churchill's birthplace was an inspiring location for people who needed to think, deeply and patriotically; it was a particularly thrilling place for an American admirer of this Greatest Man of our Times to be sent, even if for only a few weeks.

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One of the most thrilling cases executed by this Committee in 1942, long prior to my arrival, was <sup>the</sup> ~~de~~ deception case which is now talked and written about as, "The Man Who Never Was," by Ewen Montagn, published by J. B. Lippincott Company (1954) --- and by which the Germans were completely deceived when they found what they thought was the body of a courier with top secret messages strapped around his drowned body. This man, as is now well known, was selected from a morgue in London, had food from Soho pumped into his belly and was floated to the coast of Spain from an English submarine. This developed into one of the most successful deception operations of the war.

This, and other cases of deception were the brain-children of a Committee which the British labelled the "Twenty Committee." The name "Twenty" came from "Double Cross" --- written like XX --- or "Double X," which could be translated into "Twenty." This was the Deception Committee, responsible for so many excellent operations that, in my opinion, it would not be an exaggeration to say that they played a major role in winning the war against the Nazis.

I played a very minor role in a very few of the activities of the "Twenty Committee"; but one of them is worth

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repeating. Together with [ ] and others, I had participated in drafting what we thought was a great deception project, probably even better than "Plan Nightmare," one of the famous ones. [ ] dressed in his Scottish Black Watch Colonel's uniform, let me tag along with him to present this marvelous plan to the Prime Minister, who had taken the responsibility of approving personally all deception operations, in order to be sure that nothing was done which was counter to planning and strategy of the Allies.

[ ] was very nervous; and I was even more shaky, as we walked through the halls, past the guards at Ten Downing Street.

We were finally admitted into the Great Man's private office; and he received us with a grunted welcome. [ ] made his brief speech and handed over the summary of the proposed operation, which had been put on one page for the Prime Minister's convenience.

Mr. Churchill read it, slowly; and I thought, with great interest. Then, without a word, he reached for his pen --- and I thought he was ready to sign it without a question to [ ] Later, I learned that [ ] had the same impression; and that he was thrilled at not having to reply

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to penetrating questions which Mr. Churchill was always able to ask.

Mr. Churchill then drew a line diagonally across the entire sheet of paper, wrote the word "Galls" at the right hand lower corner and, without so much as a word, handed it back to [ ] and let us know that we were dismissed!

(b)(6)

I did not realize, for a brief period, what had happened; but [ ] was close enough to read the word the Prime Minister had written, so he knew fully well what had happened to our "dream plan"! We had looked for Much, and, lo, It came to Little!

(b)(6)

We hurried outside; and, when we had arrived at the street, [ ] said, "Let's find the nearest pub. I need a mild and bitter!" As we made our way to St. James Street, where M.I.-5 had its offices during the war, we talked of our disappointment and of how this complete turndown could best be reported to our companions, who had done a lot of the work. We could think of nothing to say, except for the very brief, factual report on what had taken place. [ ] handed me the document --- and, I have it as one of my treasures, a piece of loot gathered during World War II.

(b)(6)

(b)(6)

Within a few weeks, I moved back to Ryder Street as

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Chief of the now very large German Section of OSS/X-2; and to work with my friends, John and our Gold Dust Twins and some fifty others who had come into the Section to help handle the bulk of paper, to digest the reports received (mainly from British sources and given to us by Section V) and to decide which merited dissemination to higher American officials. With the deciphering of almost all German wireless traffic, the Section V officials had mountains of excellent intelligence; and we, due to the friendliness of the British, were able to use these data, so long as we always let the British know where and to whom our disseminations would go. The British took a great risk when they allowed us to use this sensitive intelligence in the form of intelligence disseminations to our chiefs --- but, they were correct in trusting the Americans this time, for no breach of security pertaining to this highly sensitive material occurred on the American side.

My only sea duty came in August 1944, after the fall of Cherbourg. I, because I was a naval officer --- then, a Lieutenant Senior Grade, was allowed to go on a PT boat captained by Captain Raymond Guest, to Cherbourg to pick up and bring back to London, one of the few agents OSS/X-2 had had operating behind the German lines in this area. On the

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way over, we were chased by some E-Boats; and a Colonel Sam Rosenberg, American Army, who was being given a ride to Cherbourg, got seasick, went below and got into a bunk. He fell from the bunk and broke his arm; and was later awarded the Purple Heart for having been wounded in action! I had the trip to Cherbourg, a night there and the trip back to Portsmouth, as my total sea duty, although I was in the U. S. Navy (as a USNR) for four years.

## CHAPTER IX

In London, during the times of the V-1, and later during the more damaging and less predictable V-2 bombings, one saw what great people the English are. They exhibited an endurance, sense of humor and fortitude beyond belief; they might have complained --- but it was against the Germans and Hitler, the Jerries; they suffered untold hardships --- but not once did they think of giving up the fight against Nazism; they were hungry and they missed their mild and bitter, their evenings at the pub --- but they knew that if they could only hold out this would all return; they lost their loved ones in battle and in bombings --- but they held on to their hopes of better days for England.

Winston Churchill typified and exemplified the English. "Good Old Winnie," they would say, and, "God Bless 'im," would be added.

John and I lived through the V-1 and the V-2 days but not through the Battle of Britain, the worst and most dangerous days for London and the Empire. The V-1, with its putt-putt which when it cut off meant that it was beginning the descent and one should run for cover when it was near; the

76.

V-2, which hit first and one heard the sound later, if he were alive; both these were like the dying gasps of a monster which had struck its mightiest blows already and had now begun to thrash about in its death agonies. But still, deaths came to several thousands from these two frightening instruments; and damages to London were added to the already terrible destructions from the bombings which took place during the Battle of Britain.

The British Rescue Forces were so well organized that immediately following a V-1 (and later, a V-2) hit, the area in which it fell would be sealed off, wounded would be hauled off to hospitals and damaged areas would be guarded and dead taken to morgues. They were as efficient as was humanly possible --- and many heroic acts by these non-combat (at the front) personnel went unnoticed and were taken for granted.

One night, after I had received my ration of whisky from the U.S. Navy's Wine Mess, which amounted to some five bottles monthly --- and which was not wine at all, but was the choice of Scotch, Bourbon and gin --- John and I went out pub-crawling, after a few nips of Jack Daniels. We went to the Grapes of Wrath, a pub noted for its noise and for



77.

its tarts. We saw a very pretty girl, obviously a tart, with a hat pulled down over one side of her face, so that she looked like Veronica Lake, the vacuous but beautiful blonde who hid one side of her face with her hair.

John sent me to sit beside her; and soon I asked her to come to our apartment for a drink of Scotch whisky, a rarity in those days. She agreed --- and we made our way in the black-out to our news flat. As soon as we had entered and drawn the black-out curtains, we asked her to sit, take off her hat and coat and share a Scotch with us. She did --- and she exhibited a huge scar, which she said was a war wound, which ran across and hit one eye. She was suddenly horrible looking! Never had I thought of going to bed with a One-Eyed Whore; and John showed that he had the same thought, for he immediately said, "Old Man, you are first!" I tried to argue that he should go first; but, he insisted.

She also insisted, for she said she wanted to earn her five pounds sterling, which we then learned was her price for going to bed with the two of us, separately.

I took her to my small bedroom; and she turned out to be one of the best pieces of tail I have ever had in my life.

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We both undressed --- and I tried not to look at her face. I found her body to be very nicely proportioned; and her breasts were lovely forms and just the right size. Then, just before turning out the light, I looked her straight in the eye! Even after the light had completely gone out, that slash of a scar, red to the point of almost bleeding on the rims of her eyelids, and the white non-seeing eyeball, were all visible. Just as a light from a light bulb, at which one has been staring, appears to stay alight for a time after it has been turned off, so did this blind eye and its transgressing scar stay with me for a while after I turned off the light.

I felt that I could not make love to her; but when she stretched cat like and sighed; and when she began to fondle me, I forgot all about the scar --- I felt her firm, but silky breasts; I played my hands over her body, until I found her sensitive spot; and then I mounted and entered her --- and she quivered as if this were her first time to reach a climax; she let herself go, as if she were grateful for this chance to release the tensions which must have been pent up inside her. I soon felt like I was riding atop a

high and mighty wave. She was wonderful!

Afterwards we relaxed; and suddenly I was sound asleep and knew no more, until I was awakened by the putt-putt of a V-1 which was very near and which stopped suddenly as it came over us. My bedmate, who had told me her name was Ona, grabbed me and squeezed hard in fear. She had come so close to me, held me so tightly, that I thought of nothing but making love again. I entered her; and she responded, with a sigh.

As the V-1 hit the top of our building, she said, "Did you ever make love while flying?"

I say, "No, but I believe we will both have had the experience of making love while dying!"

Our small building bounced, but I remained at it and tried not to let her suffer needlessly from the fear, which I knew must have been more intense because she had got her scar and lost her eye from a bombing. We continued to make love.

Then, suddenly the water tank to my small bathroom, fell from its ceiling-high position and, I being the one on top, got it full on the back of my head. A flash, like lightning, came from behind me; and then all went black. I

80.

was knocked unconscious by this piece of metal.

John later told me that Ona had screamed, jumped up and dressed and fled. She thought that I had been killed; and she wanted no part of an investigation of her role in my death. Anyway, she fled and we never saw her again --- which I regretted very much, for she was a wonderful night-time companion, after lights were out.

When I awoke, John was standing over me, saying, "Hello Dare! Old Man!"

I soon dressed; and very shortly afterwards a lieutenant senior grade from the U. S. Naval Headquarters on Grosvenor Square, arrived. He tried to take me to the hospital; but I refused to go. However, an overly efficient seaman, who accompanied the lieutenant, took notes; and my wound became recorded and undeniable fact --- a part of U.S. Naval History --- for which I was awarded the Purple Heart, the award begun by General George Washington, to be given to members of the U. S. Armed Forces who suffered wounds, while on duty and serving their country! This is probably the only Purple Heart ever awarded for being slightly wounded while servicing a One-Eyed Whore!

John had a long-time friend, who let us stay with him

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until our flat was repaired; so we moved our few belongings --- and the remainder of my monthly naval ration of scotch and bourbon to the apartment of Wee Bobby Phelan.

Wee Bobby often got drunk; but he never, never fell or appeared to be drunk. He merely became mechanical. The drunker he got, the straighter he walked and the more erect he stood. In fact, John always enjoyed getting Wee Bobby tight, even if the rest of us had to go without drinks. John had known Wee Bobby for so many years; and was so trusted by Wee Bobby, that he could give him five drinks, heavily loaded, without a protest from Wee Bobby.

After this, John could stand behind Wee Bobby and give him a push; and Wee Bobby would walk, like a mechanical man, straight ahead, however he was faced. He would continue, with his legs moving mechanically, until someone stopped him, or, until he hit a wall or fell over a chair or another object. When he hit the wall, or fell over a chair, John would hurry to him, pick him up, turn him around and give him a slight push in another direction and he would repeat the performance.

This would make a hit with people who had not seen the performance previously --- and we who had seen it many times,

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always enjoyed seeing Wee Bobby "walk in his sleep again." We always expected that someday Wee Bobby would wake up and tell John to go to hell; but, I never saw Wee Bobby do other than John's bidding, when he was in one of these sleepy-mechanical-alcoholic moods.

One night, while John and I were still living in Wee Bobby's apartment, Eddie came back to town. He told us very confidentially that the invasion, across the channel, was to take place very soon. This happened to be incorrect information --- but we did not know at the time that it was not true; so, we decided to celebrate. I had five bottles of whisky I had been given by a friend in the Navy; and he had asked that I guard it for him --- but we decided that it was time to break into this store of liquor, and give Eddie, who was the only one of us who would go across to land in France, a proper send-off.

We drank one bottle, John tucked another into his jacket and we took off for Soho, where the food could be good and was, in most places, more reasonable than in the more respectable places in London. As we walked along, in the darkness, we heard someone banging on a piano. We went inside and saw a man with long hair and a Christ-like face. Eddie,

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who is a devout Catholic, resented this man's trying to imitate Christ while, at the same time, he played boogie-woogie music on a piano in a dump, like the one we had entered. Eddie told us that he could not stand to see this man, dressed like Christ, look like Christ and play such music, while tarts and their companions danced lewdly on the floor around him. Eddie kept saying, "Jesus Cristo!", shouting above the noise of the piano and loud talk of the room full of people.

Before we knew it, Eddie had jumped aboard the pianist's back and, while the pianist continued to play and tried not to miss a beat, Eddie pounded him on top of his head. The pianist was obviously a very strong man, for he ignored Eddie's beating. However, some of the tarts around the piano began screaming, trying, I suppose, to appear very feminine and each tart appeared to be trying to show the man who would soon screw and pay <sup>her</sup> ~~them~~ that <sup>she was a</sup> ~~they were~~ real women. With the noise, a big, ex-pug, with cauliflowered ears, ran through the crowd and grabbed Eddie and threw him out the door. With that, John and I tackled the bouncer; but, he took us both on and knocked us both out the door --- which he then closed.

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A bobby helped us locate Wee Bobby, who had run out after us and had failed to stop for a while. The bobby then said, "You Yanks never know when you've had enough to drink! Are you sure you know where you live?" We assured him that we did; and we agreed that the four of us had had a little too much to drink. He helped to locate a cab; and we went back to Wee Bobby's flat, where we washed up, had a nightcap and went to bed.

The next night, despite hangovers, John convinced us all that we had not done a proper job of giving Eddie a send-off; so, we decided to do it respectably and go to a nice restaurant where there was music and a floor show with girls. We had no dates; and did not want any, for they would have interfered with our plans to give Eddie a nice send-off to capture Old Hitler.

First, we finished another of my friend's bottles; then we went to the Milieu, a first rate night club. In fact, Bob Hope was scheduled to appear that night, to entertain the GI's who were in London on leave, and to help to raise the morale of the English --- which no actor in the allied world could do like Bob Hope. We got into the Milieu; but we had to take a table just under the stage --- just under



85.

where Bob Hope would stand when he spoke to the audience. Hope was late --- and the crowd began to get restless and noisy, so John, who had had a few drinks at Wee Bobby's apartment and a few more at the Milieu, jumped onto the stage and began to give a very good imitation of Bob Hope and his fast talking opening remarks. The crowd went wild, apparently thinking that John was Bob Hope --- but we were frightened about what would happen when Hope showed up. Eddie, Wee Bobby and I got up and went to the stage to drag John off; and the crowd thought this a part of the act, and shouted for "Hope" to return, in the person of John Houghran. We were afraid of what would happen to us, of what the management might do to us, so we ran out the stage entrance and decided that this was not the place for us to celebrate Eddie's departure for France, on D-Day, so we again went pub-crawling.

John thought that we should find the One-Eyed Whore, so we went to the Grapes of Wrath --- but, we had no luck at all in locating her. We went to The Doves, down on the Thames, in a sordid part of town, where gangsters were supposed to hang out --- and where each person could write his name and stick it up into the ceiling to remain there

until he returned to take it down.

After a few minutes in The Doves, which was so crowded that we could not stay together, and could hardly breathe, we decided to hunt another pub nearby. We reasoned that, with The Doves so popular, it was bound to be true that nearby another pub would try to cash in on the clientele of The Doves who could not be taken care of in The Doves. So, we wandered up the River Thames, seeking a pub, a drink, even if it had to be mild and bitter.

Suddenly we heard noises, many people talking, someone singing; and, because of the blackout we could not locate the place, but we thought it certainly must be a pub. We divided into four separate groups, of one each, and began to give each other whistles, indicating where each one was situated. Suddenly, we heard the "come here" whistle of John --- and we knew he had found the pub, from which the noise came. We all ran to him --- and he indicated that the pub, the jolly house, was just in front of where he was standing, slightly swaying, from all the alcohol he had consumed in the past four hours.

We entered a smoke-filled airless drinking den; and we saw, by the dim lights, British sailors, men from the Royal

87.

Navy, who appeared to resent our interruption of their conversations and songs. They obviously resented the intrusion of the Yankee civilians, a Yankee Army officer and an American Naval officer --- and though they must have known immediately that this was not a raid, not a police entry, they were resentful to the point of asking, "What the Hell do you want here?"

We said we had thought this a pub and had come for a drink; but they did not believe our story and apparently thought we had come for some unknown, but sinister, purpose. They all began to talk at once, until a large, very muscular sailor got up and said, "Leave this to me." Then, he walked over to me, since I was the Naval officer, and said, "What the Hell do you and your friends want here?"

I repeated that we were merely looking for a drink; and added that we had been to The Doves, but could not get in and had thought that, from the noises we heard emanating from this place that it must be another pub. Then he said, "We don't want to out-number you Yanks, but we do mean to show you not to stick your noses into our private affairs."

Then he called upon three other sailors, each as large and as muscular as he, and said, "Men, let's show these

88.

Yanks that they should not go sticking their noses into a place they know nothing about."

They rushed us; and, again, we took a beating. Even Wee Bobby, who tried again to run out of danger, was caught and pummeled. He wound up with a bleeding nose, a twisted arm and muddy clothes. We all wound up with good beatings --- and we decided not ever to wander around near The Doves, again.

John had his glasses broken and was almost blind for days while they were being repaired. He decided that night that Eddie would have to go to France without a real send-off, because each time we tried to give him a rousing despedida we ran into troubles. John said, "Hell, Eddie, if you cannot even get through a send-off without running into bad luck, how are you going to get across that Channel, with all those German E-Boats after you and all those cannons pointed at you?" Eddie was depressed; so we went back to Wee Bobby's flat for more drinks.

When we got to the flat, John said, "Eddie, we should help you learn how to pack and make yourself ready for that landing in France." With this, John got all the items he could find in Wee Bobby's flat; and we packed them onto

89.

Eddie's back. Into the packs, we put bricks, pieces of metal and anything heavy we could find about the place --- without Eddie's knowledge. John then said, "Eddie, this is the weight you are to be carrying when you hit the beach; now let's see you run around the room with it."

Eddie was so heavily packed that he could hardly move --- and he could see himself going down into the waters and not able to swim or walk. He began to worry; and to pray --- but, a part of his concern was due to the weight of the alcohol he had in his belly. We all had a good laugh, showed Eddie the bricks and other junk we had packed onto his back. This made him happy; so we ended the farewell parties to Eduardo Samaniego Galván, who a few months later did go across on D-Day and who performed very creditably for Uncle Sam in the invasion and subsequently.

## CHAPTER X

Soon after the fall of Paris, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, set up Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEF) at Versailles.

I had the good fortune to be selected, along with my friend Colonel  to go to Versailles to try to convince Major General Kenneth W. D. Strong, Britisher, who was G-2/SHAEF, that we needed to establish a SHAEF Counter-Intelligence War Room; and that that War Room should be in London. Just prior to this trip, I had been promoted to Lieutenant Commander, USNR.

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We were able to get the SHAEF (CI) War Room approved; and to have the General Strong approve the order to Special Counter Intelligence Units (SCI Units) (then attached at all levels up to Army Group Level) giving authority to collect all German intelligence documents and send them to the SHAEF C.I. War Room in London; and, in addition, to have the SCI Units empowered to take over the interrogation of persons (German and others) who were of intelligence interest. In this way, it was hoped that intelligence materials and persons of interest could be put into the hands of specialists who could get more from them than the ordinary soldier, inter-

91.

ested only in fighting the war.

[ ] was made Director of the SHAEF Counter Intelligence War Room; and it proved to be a great success -- and documents returned from the fronts during the war and from Germany immediately after the war, are still available and have proved very valuable to historians and others. At the time, we screened the documents rapidly, primarily for leads to Germans we wanted, German intelligence groups and their locations, and German operations we wanted to know about.

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One document was a particularly interesting and sensitive one --- and [ ] gave it to me to send to Washington. It was a Sicherheitsdienst document, purportedly listing homosexuals in strategic positions in the United States Government. This was sent to Washington --- and so far as I know no copy was made in London.

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Some two years later, when I was on a visit to Washington, I was questioned about this document and its contents by a Security Officer. I told him and his colleagues all I could remember about it; but the document could not be located. It has not been found to this day; because two young German-speaking Americans who had worked for me in London at the time the document came through, later destroyed

92.

the document when they were transferred to Washington and could locate it. These two, who were bedfellows, talked about how they had destroyed this (to them) pernicious document, while in bed together. They did not realize that the Security Officer had bugged their quarters, and listened to their chuckles over the difficulties we were having in locating the document which they had burned!

Due to the pack rat characteristics of the Germans, the files of the German Intelligence Services were filled with reports on their successes, their plans, even their failures and their knowledge and assessments of Allied Intelligence Services. Never in the history of the world have the intelligence services of a large country been so completely documented by enemies as the services of the Nazis were after Allied Armies went through the Third Reich. Many traitors were documented; and many heroes were found in these papers. In addition, the evaluations given to British, American, Soviet and other Allied Intelligence Services operations, by the Germans were most interesting. Their reports on deception operations run by the "Twenty Committee"; their comments on double agent operations and straight penetration operations, were very valuable and



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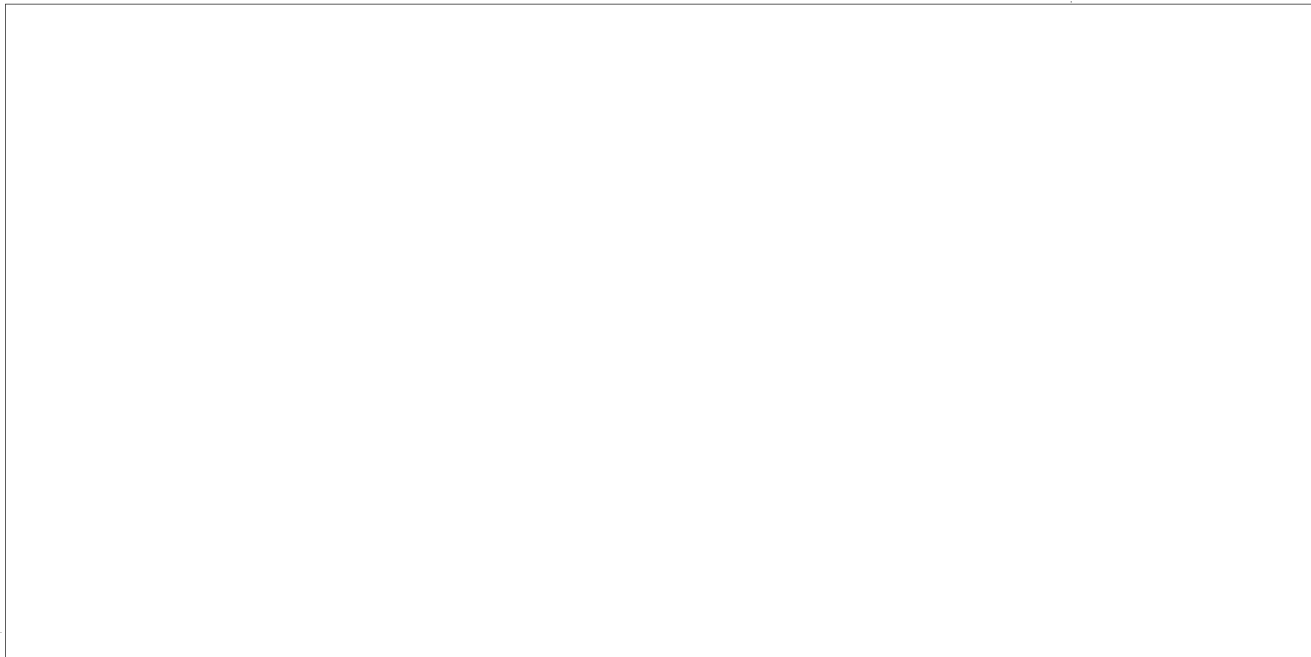
extremely interesting to intelligence officials in London and Washington.

As a result of my work with British Intelligence Services personnel, I was able to get to be a friend of such people as: Major General Sir Stewart Menzies, Chief, British Secret Service (M.I.-6), during and just after the War; Sir David Petrie and, later Sir Percy Sillitoe, Directors of the British Security Service (M.I.-5); Major General Kenneth W. D. Strong, who, after the war became Director of the (then newly formed) Joint Intelligence Bureau (JIB), established for the purpose of collating intelligence from all components of the British Government for Governmental clients and customers; and many others.

Because of the war, the British Intelligence Services brought in many men, from varied walks of life. An officer in M.I.-6 at that time was Graham Green, the famous author; a professor from Oxford, who wrote "The Last Days of Hitler," mostly from documents he garnered while working in the SHAEF Counter Intelligence War Room, was Hugh Trevor-Roper, brilliant Oxford historian; a renowned professor at Oxford, who was also an author, J.C. Masterman, worked in M.I.-5; and many other such men worked for no glory and very, very little pay in

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the service of Britain, against Nazi Germany.



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There were also those who worked against their own country, even while Great Britain was in a death struggle against Hitler and Nazism. Among these were: Harold Adrian Russell Philby, "Kim" Philby, now known as one of the most sinister and infamous spies in the world's history. His story, or stories, have been told, as thoroughly as known by the British who are loyal to their country; and Kim's version had been told in a Soviet KGB propaganda book, entitled, "My Silent War," published by Grove Press, New York, in 1968. Guy Burgess was as intent a spy as Philby; but, he did not have the ability, nor did he have the stability to do more than he had been told in advance to do. George Blake, Donald

95.

Duart McClean and others were traitors to Britain and to themselves; but they, and not even Philby, can destroy the marvelous record of the loyal and hard-working Englishmen who worked in their intelligence services during and since World War II. For after the invasion of Russia, Soviet agents like Philby could work with enthusiasm against Germany, so long as it helped communism and the U.S.S.R.

I knew Philby; but, obviously, I did not know him well enough or I would have reported long before his defection to the Soviets and past work for them became public knowledge. However, I can say, with proof, that I never trusted Philby; that I always suspected him of being anti-American. I did not, in time, suspect him of being a Soviet Agent; but, I did suspect him of being overly nervous, taut and, at one time, I reported that, in my opinion, he would soon have a nervous breakdown.

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[REDACTED] that she was a communist and that Kim sympathized with her. Further, I reported that Kim once said, when very drunk --- which state of inebriation he reached quite frequently --- that a small Russian restaurant in Soho was

the place at which he met his Soviet friends.

(b)(3)

accounts.

Guy Burgess was on the Yugoslav desk in M.I.-6 at one time during the War; and his actions at a crucial time illustrate how completely he was under Soviet (and possibly Philby's) control; and it also illustrates how a low level official can have serious and important influences on high level policies.

Burgess was a weak, drunkard, homosexual --- a man who was overwhelmed by the mere act of trying to be a man, when he knew he was not. His performances in Washington in the very late forties and early fifties, just prior to his flight with Donald Duart MacClean to Moscow, are proof enough of this statement. I was with a friend one day at lunch, in Georgetown, at Martin's, when we saw this human, covered with vomit, dirty from falling in a nearby Georgetown ditch, stagger in the door. Unfortunately, he saw my friend, with whom I was sitting; and came to us, in spite of the efforts of the

97.

waiters to keep him out of the place. He said, blubberingly, "Please help me. I have no money; and I must get home and have a wash!"

I handed him a five dollar bill, and he left. The waiter had to clean our table, from the spittle and vomit he had dropped on it, as he leaned over to ask for the loan --- which he never paid back.

Guy Burgess at the time this happened was a First Secretary in the Embassy of Great Britain in Washington; and he was living with Harold Adrian Russell (Kim) Philby, another First Secretary in that same Embassy in Washington.

An operation in which Guy Burgess played a vital role illustrates the influence which a low-level official can have in matters of even strategic importance. As noted above, Guy Burgess, during World War II worked on the Yugoslav Desk in the British Secret Service --- and he had access to Most Secret Information, including that derived from breaking German codes and ciphers. One of the jobs assigned to Burgess, because of his ability to read rapidly and write well, was that of selecting the important messages of the German services which pertained to Yugoslavia and summarizing them for higher up officials.

98.

Burgess did this; but, he did it in the manner he was instructed to do it by his masters, the Soviet Intelligence Service officials, with whom he and Philby were in touch and by whom these two British Secret Service Officers were controlled.

Burgess rewrote the messages, under orders from the Soviets, to prove that Draga Mikhailovich, the anti-communist guerilla fighter in Yugoslavia was an ally of the Nazis. It has now been proved that Burgess lied, and his superiors did not bother to check on his statements, and caused Draga Mikhailovich, a great Yugoslav patriot to be shot as a traitor, while the (then) Soviet Agent, Tito, was made a hero and a great anti-Nazi fighter. The truth is that Draga Mikhailovich had to fight Nazis on one side and communists, led by Tito, on the other, while Burgess had his lies go to Prime Minister level --- and be believed to the point where Sir Winston Churchill allowed his only son, Randolph Churchill, to be parachuted into Yugoslavia to meet with the great anti-Nazi fighter (according to Burgess), Tito. To repeat, Tito had the task, assigned to him by the Soviets, of eliminating Draga Mikhailovich, who was anti-Soviet; and this assignment

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was given priority over any fight against Hitler's forces --- which were left to Draga Mikhailovich to fight.

This case alone, should show to higher executives that reports sent by subordinates should be checked as to bases, as to fact and as to source. If any superior of Guy Burgess had asked to see the actual messages, purportedly from Draga Mikhailovich and purportedly showing that Mikhailovich was an ally of the Nazis --- if any one had asked to see these messages from the source, and not from Burgess' files, Burgess would have been uncovered as a Soviet spy in M.I.-6 at the time. But no one bothered --- for, after all, Burgess was a Cambridge graduate, one of the "Old Boy" class in England, whom "no right thinking Englishman" could question!

The same attitude prevailed concerning Harold Adrian Russell (Kim) Philby. He was a Cambridge graduate; and, although his father had been interned at the outbreak of the War because of his anti-British speeches and acts, Kim was one of the "Old Boys" --- one whose loyalty could not be questioned!

I remember talking once to Kim about the need for the British to use the Lie Detector, particularly to try and weed

100.

out some of the many homosexuals everyone knew and all admitted they had in M.I.-6. But he said, "We know who can and who cannot be trusted, simply by looking at his background and by knowing who his friends were in university!" How very correct this remark turned out to be, when we know that Guy Burgess, Donald Duart <sup>Mc</sup>Lean and Kim Philby were Cambridge classmates and friends!

I am now convinced that Philby got by, hundreds of times, by his pronounced stammer. He could, "Puh, puhpuhpuh -----" some six to ten times; and appear embarrassed, and we all thought that he and we were embarrassed by his inability to speak for some minutes. In actual fact, I believe he hid behind this defect, pronounced though it was, many, many times, in order to prevent his colleagues in M.I.-6 and the Americans with whom he had to deal, from knowing how embarrassed he was at the topic under discussion; and to give himself time to settle down and calm his nerves over the possible breach in his cover as a Soviet Agent!

Later, I learned that Kim Philby, while on assignment in Washington, had gone to great lengths to try to malign the Lie Detector, saying that its results were never known to be trustworthy. He was very obviously, with his highly



101.

nervous disposition, his frequent heavy drinking and extremely guilt-ridden conscience, afraid he would break down, if put on a Lie Detector. The more he talked against the Lie Detector, the more our higher officials in Washington, wondered why.

I remember that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover strongly disliked Kim Philby from the day he met him. He said, "That man cannot look a person in the eye. There is something very suspicious about him." Also, Mr. Allen Dulles disliked him, because he found Philby evasive and he believed even dishonest. How right these two great men were! They only needed to convince others; they only needed to have Kim removed from Washington, in disgrace, to have caused him to flee long before he did, in my opinion.

Before I got out of the Navy, prior to my demobilization, I was put in charge of the overall OSS Office in London, succeeding Colonel John Bross, who had succeeded Mr. David Bruce, later Ambassador to Great Britain.

One day in late 1946, while sitting in my office, at 71 Grosvenor Street, W.1, I had a call from an Aide to Admiral Hewitt, then CincNelm (Commander in Chief, North East Atlantic and Mediterranean), who was stationed in

102.

Grosvenor Square. The Aide said, "Admiral Leahy, who is here on a visit, wants to see you." This Aide was a prankster, so I naturally thought that he could not be serious about the Military Adviser to President Harry Truman wanting to see a Lieutenant Commander, USNR (with a capital "R"), so I said, "You tell Admiral Leahy that I am here at 71 Grosvenor Street, and will see him any time he wishes to come over."

I soon found that the request was a serious one; and I was scared out of what wits I had. I was called the second time, by Admiral Hewitt's secretary, who was a serious young Lieutenant, J.G., who told me to get over there immediately. I ran all the way; and presented myself to Admiral Leahy's aide. When I was called in, Admiral Leahy said, "How are you?" and I told him that I had been frightened, and recounted the story of my disbelief to him. He was very amused by this; and immediately made me feel at ease. He then told me that the cover story and overt reason for his visit to London was to discuss mandates of certain Pacific Islands with the British; but, he said, his real purpose in making the visit was that President Truman had decided to establish an overseas

103.

intelligence service and wanted him to discuss the British system with certain high level British Intelligence Officials. He said that he had been advised that I knew them, and could get them to come to see him, at some safe place, and that I could explain his reason for wanting to see them to these Britishers. I told him that I could do this; and, I offered to take notes of his conversations, after he said that he would want me --- and only me --- to sit in on these talks.

Admiral Leahy met with: Major General Kenneth W. D. Strong, who had founded and headed the Joint Intelligence Bureau; Major General Sir Stewart Menzies, Chief, Secret Service; and with Sir Percy Sillitoe, Director, British Security Service (M.I.-5). He asked penetrating questions about their own organizations, which all of these British officials answered with what I believe was complete frankness; and he asked for their advice on how they would, if beginning now, establish a world-wide intelligence service for the United States of America. All had helpful and thought-provoking replies.

Admiral Leahy was a very intelligent man, with one of the best memories I have ever encountered. He never forgot

104.

a young Naval Reservist, who had been scared stiff at seeing him; and much later he sent for me twice, upon seeing me enter the Army and Navy Club in Washington --- and once asked me to lunch with him. This was long after I had been demobilized; and long after his work on the foundations of the Central Intelligence Group, which later by congressional statute, became the Central Intelligence Agency, had been the embryo from which that intelligence organization developed.

In a few months, three other well known Americans, all then civilians, came to London to pursue the study of the British Intelligence System. Allen Welsh Dulles, headed the trio; William Jackson, lawyer and former army intelligence officer during the war; and Kingmann Douglass, investment banker, made up the threesome. Douglass was so in love with Lady Cavendish, who had until her marriage been known as Adele Astair, dancing partner and sister to Fred Astair, that he spent most of his time studying the Irish countryside. He subsequently married Lady Cavendish, who is now Mrs. Kingman Douglass, living on a farm in Virginia.

Dulles, Jackson and I, as their legman, errand-boy and note-taker and assistant drafter, worked long hours for many days, gathering data on the British Intelligence System. In

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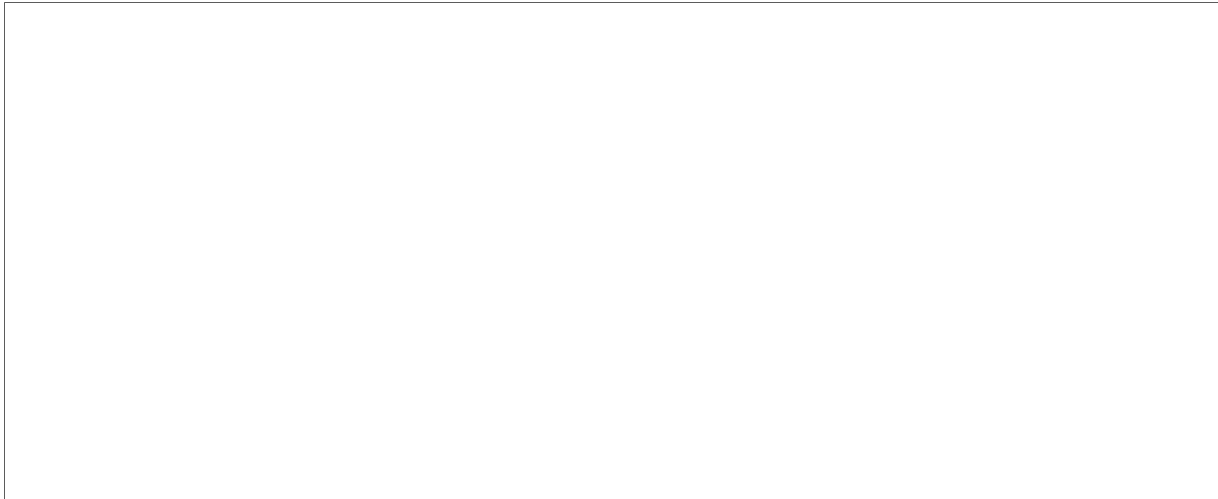
particular, we tried to determine what happened to intelligence collected by the Secret Service and other components of the Government; we repeatedly looked for methods and means by which another Pearl Harbor could be prevented. We wanted to assure that intelligence about such a possible event, as Pearl Harbor, would get to the officials who needed to know it; and not be buried like the excellent intelligence concerning the forthcoming attack at Pearl Harbor was buried.

William Jackson was particularly interested in the Joint Intelligence Bureau, the JIB, which was headed by his friend, Major General Kenneth W. D. Strong; and he spent many days studying in detail the actions taken by that Bureau on intelligence items they considered of significance. Mr. Dulles spent more time on the Secret Service and Security Service aspects; on both the collection and protection sides --- although he also studied in detail their handling of intelligence items they considered of value to customers in their Government.

The final report was drafted in Washington, by Messrs. Dulles, Jackson and Douglass; and this became the basis for the law which President Truman asked Congress to pass, establishing the Central Intelligence Agency and its authori-

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ties, responsibilities and limitations, as well as the position of Director, Central Intelligence (D~~X~~CI), who has certain authorities over all intelligence producing and collecting elements of the U. S. Government.



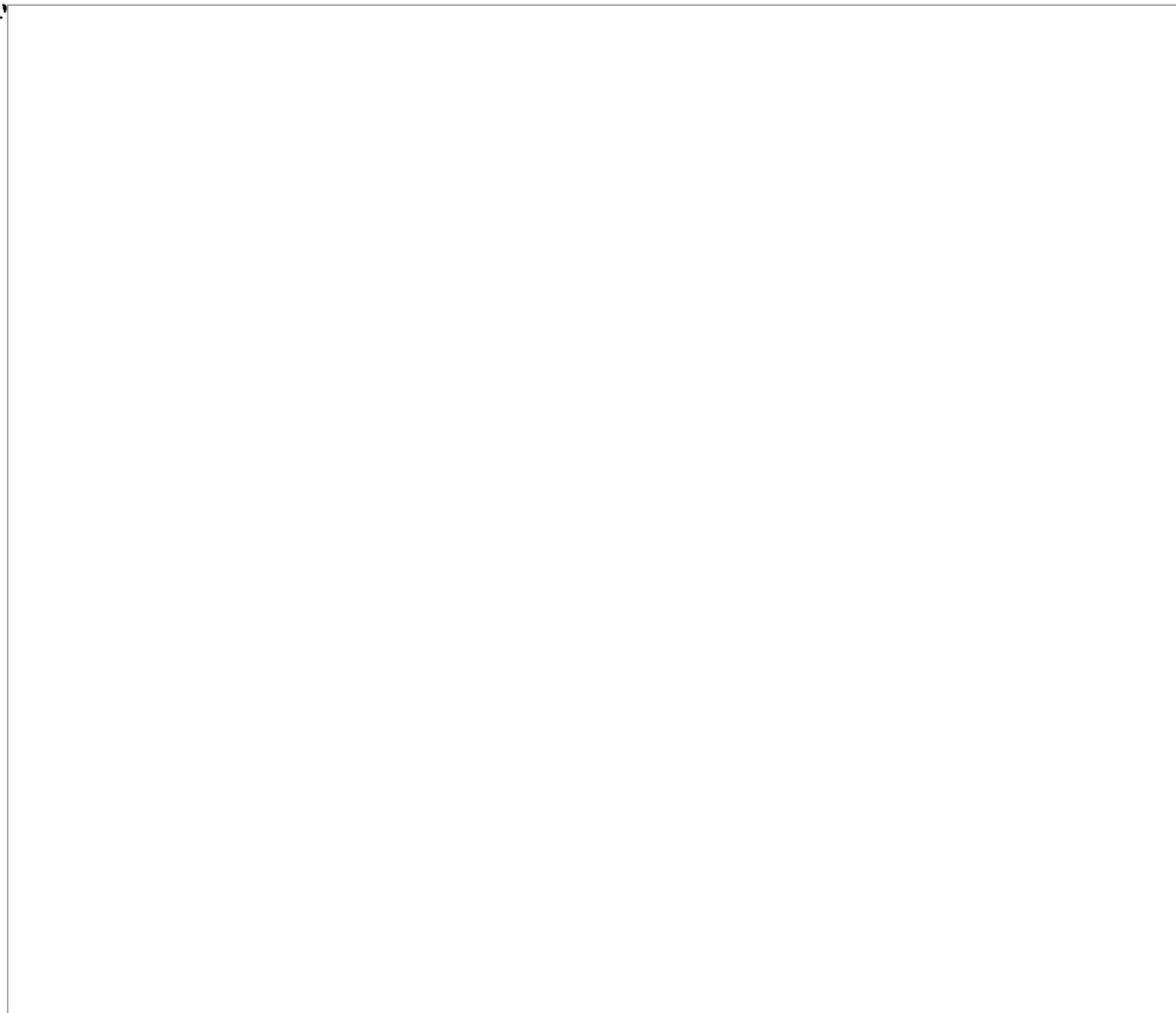
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I also had the great misfortune to work with Harold Adrian Russell (Kim) Philby, Soviet Agent; to know George Blake, traitor and Soviet Informant; to know Guy Burgess, Soviet Informant, homosexual and drunkard; and to have met Donald Duart MacLean, homosexual Soviet Agent --- and others who I now suspect were penetrations for the Soviets of the famed British Secret Service and of the British Government. This amazing conglomerate of Soviet Agents and Informers are another story --- and will only be mentioned occasionally and as they participated in the events recited herein.

CHAPTER XI

(b)(1)



In addition

to the provable damages to clandestine operations, the Soviets now have many American clandestine intelligence personnel in their files today, because of the close association American clandestine intelligence had with the Secret Service (M.I.-6), where Philby, George Blake, Guy

Burgess and others were required by their Soviet masters to report every detail they could get about all American clandestine intelligence personnel, as well as officials of the FBI they met.

"Operation Cicero" was the German code name for an operation against the British Ambassador in Turkey. This operation ran from about October 1943 until about mid-1944. The story of the operation was subsequently made into a movie entitled "Five Fingers," which was a misnomer, for the film version of the story, as shown publicly, never showed the five fingers of the unusual hand of Cicero. Cicero was the Reichsicherheits Hauptamt (RSHA) operation by which the Germans obtained photographs of all the documents kept in the safe of British Ambassador Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, during at least the period of some nine months.

These documents, including the most secret papers sent to the British Embassy in Turkey, were photographed by the valet of Sir Hughe, periodically; and it is known that at least three thousand separate classified documents --- some of the most secret category --- were passed to the RSHA by



109.

this valet. The RSHA case officer who directed the valet, Cicero, was L. C. Moyisch, who most certainly directed one of the most successful operations for the RSHA during World War II.

When the operation became known to M.I.-6, which I believe was in early 1945,  who was my counterpart, had to deal with the reports on this successful RSHA operation; and the identity of Cicero, the valet of Sr. Hughe, was made positive by the fact that his hand (his "five fingers") which was malformed, was included by him in several of the photographs, when he held documents being photographed.

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I was allowed to read the documents and reports pertaining to this operation; and, afterwards, when the German captured documents came into the SHAEF/CI War Room, the operation and the German evaluation of the documents procured through Cicero were of great interest.

All communications and documents pertaining to "Operation Cicero" were restricted, by the nature of the case. But in this operation, everything having to do with the case had to be kept closely guarded, for the daughter of Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen worked in Section V of M.I.-6.

110.

Had the Germans used the information obtained through Cicero intelligently, and had not Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop not believed this operation to be a clever and diabolic trick of the British Secret Service, this unbelievable lack of security on the part of Sir Hughe could have had an adverse effect on the War. But the Germans, and particularly von Ribbentrop, could never be convinced that such stupidity could exist in a British Diplomatic Installation --- and they failed, as they did on so many occasions during World War II, to take advantage of absolutely authentic information which could have helped them and damaged the allies.

There were stories that Sir Hughe was involved homosexually with his valet; and there were rumors that Sir Hughe shared the £ 300,000 (pounds sterling), near \$1,500,000.00 (dollars at that time) paid by SS General Kaltenbrunner, Chief of the RSHA, through Moysich to Cicero. But, so far as I know, the tremendous intelligence take from this operation was due solely to Sir Hughe's lack of security, including his hiring and keeping a valet (Cicero) of highly questionable background. Of course, one must give Cicero and his case officer L. C. Moysich credit for

111.

Cicero's continued daring and the excellent handling of Cicero by Moyisch.

[REDACTED]

In Europe, as the American, British and other allied armies pulled out, it was feared that the vacuum would be too inviting for the imperialistic Soviets; and that the USSR would not stop at gobbling up the Balkans, Poland and East Germany, would not stop at the borders of their new colonies, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, but would expand this new Empire. It was feared that the surging Soviets (who have always had and as long as they are communists, according to Lenin, will have the spread of the Communist Empire as their principal reason for existence) would over-run the low countries, Scandinavia, France and Italy, at least.

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[REDACTED]

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[Redacted]

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burying weapons,

food, communications equipment and systems and cold cash.

These items were buried in the ground at marked sites; and it was intended that, when the Soviets over-ran the country or caused communists to take over the government, previously recruited and trusted agents, likely to be able to stay in place, would be given the sites and would have supplies needed for survival and for communications with a base outside that country. The recruits were to be from cripples,

very old people and others who,

[Redacted]

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[Redacted]

would likely stay on and be free to some extent

--- at least free enough to dig up the supplies and report to a wireless operations (likely through a cut-out) who could send the information to a base outside the Soviet area.

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[Redacted]

[Redacted]

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[Redacted]

It is well that the

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Soviets were too exhausted by the Nazis to make their additional advances; for, due to various problems, most of free Europe would have been without this possible coverage.

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

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(b)(3)

[Redacted]

There were many high level officials in almost all allied countries who thought the Soviets would take advantage of the disarray, disarmament and very rapid demobilization of the U. S. and other allied forces to over-run Europe and add it to the Soviet Empire.

The Soviets missed a marvelous opportunity to add these European countries to their communistic empire and take a giant step towards their ultimate goal of making the whole world communist.

One of the things which we did not then know was that a Soviet agent was in charge of Section V, of M.I.-6; [Redacted]

[Redacted]

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[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Kim Philby, this Soviet agent, had surely reported all these (even prospective) agents in detail to his Soviet control, or case officer. This means that, even if we had succeeded in establishing networks in all the countries we dealt with, they would still have been rolled up; and, it means that, with Kim Philby occupying the position he then held, the problems solved, money and time spent and despite the dedication shown by many, "It All Came to Little." This, in itself, makes this gigantic attempt worth mentioning.

Philby got to know the American Intelligence officer in charge of each country at headquarters, for Washington, always anxious to send large numbers of officers to meetings, sent different delegations to deal with each individual country and its planned network. Because of this, Philby was able to report on many persons and on details of the stay-behind network project for each of the countries involved. Washington, as usual, sent far too many people to each and every meeting --- and thus added to Philby's reporting and to the "blown" clandestine intelligence officers working for the U.S.A.

[redacted] I sat in on and participated in [redacted] discussions; and, I lived to see and know of the futility of all this effort and expense, simply because everything being done or planned was known to far too many people, of course, in this case, including the "unofficial representative" of the Soviet Intelligence Services, Kim Philby. [redacted]

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

[redacted]

(b)(1)  
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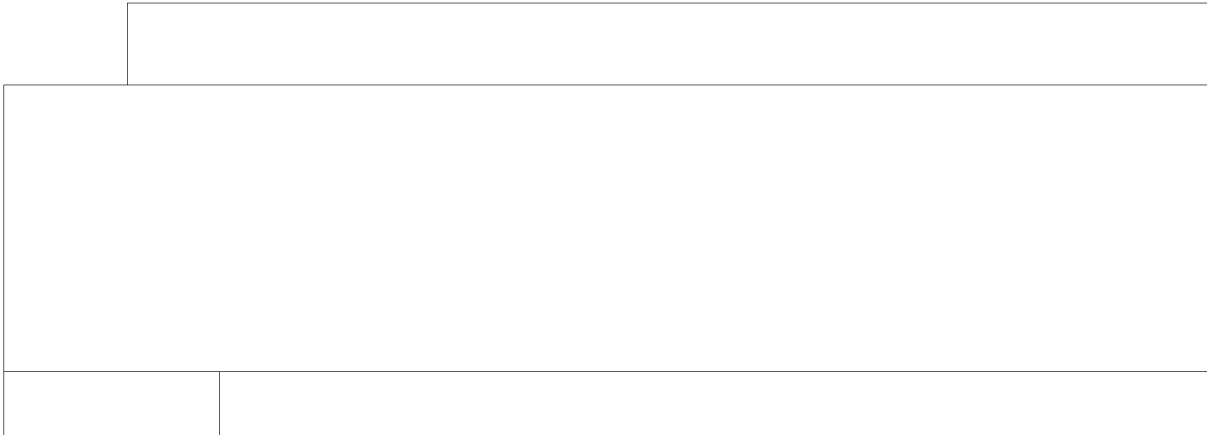
So, I repeat, the Soviets missed an opportunity to further Lenin's World Conquest Plan --- an opportunity, the likes of which, I hope they never again have!

Perhaps, with the help of Kim Philby, the Soviets got far richer from the cash they dug up and got better and more fully equipped with radio sets, cipher pads and other materials than they had ever been before. Whatever happened, the items [redacted] disappeared, and very little was recovered and acknowledged by officials who had been involved in these buryingings.

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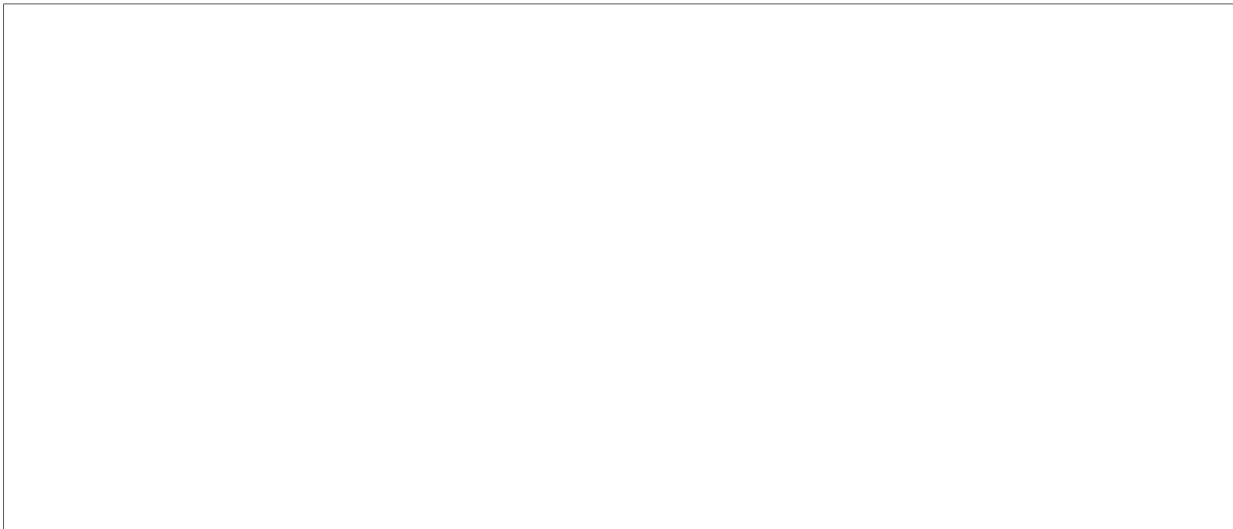


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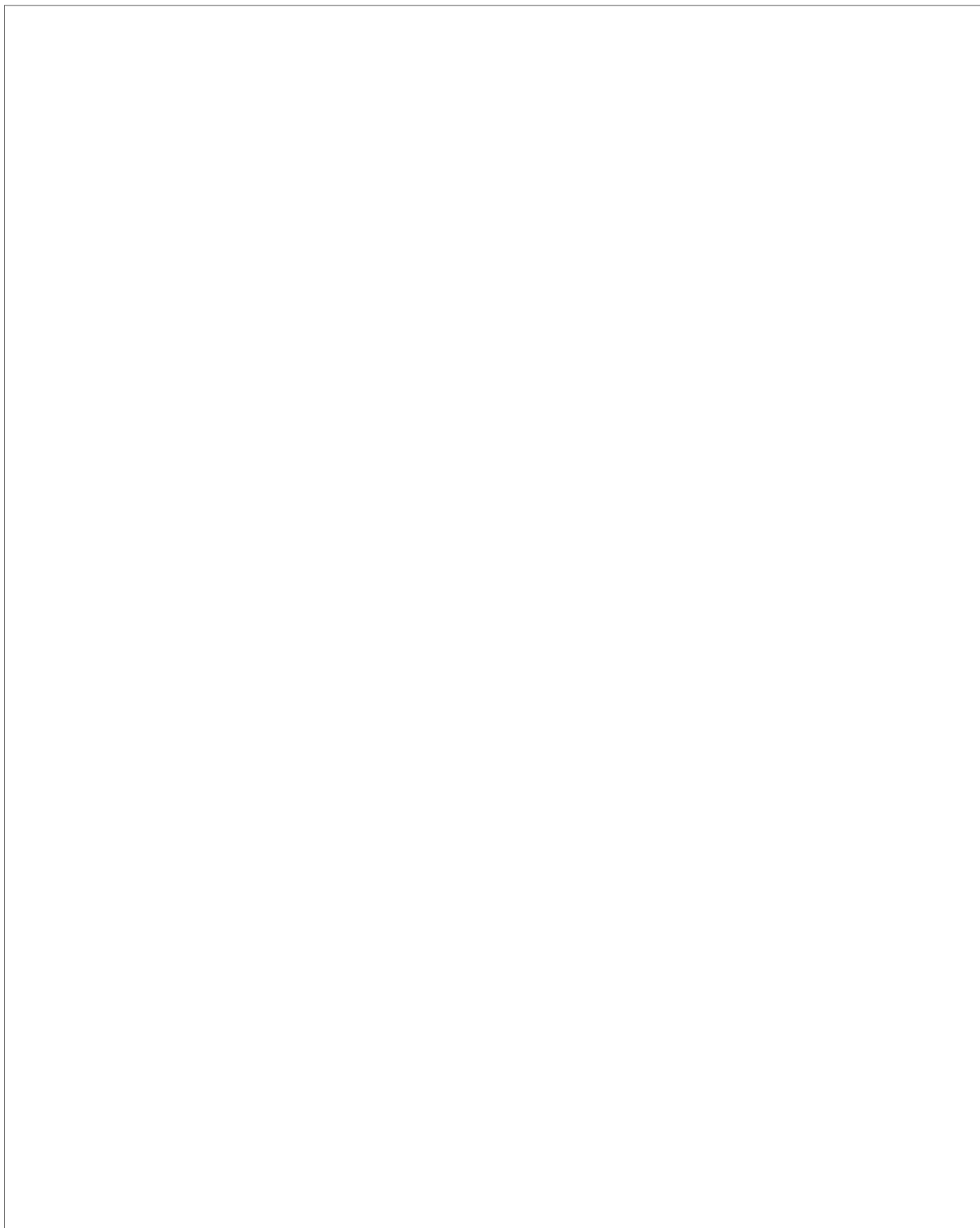
At the time of my demobilization from the Navy, I was awarded the Bronze Star, to add to my few medals and ribbons, which included the Purple Heart, an Army Commendation Medal and Ribbon, and, of course, the Theater and Duty ribbons each serviceman received for spending time in an area. Admiral Hewitt, CINCNELM, pinned this Bronze Star medal on my chest with a flair which would have been good enough for a Congressional Medal of Honor!



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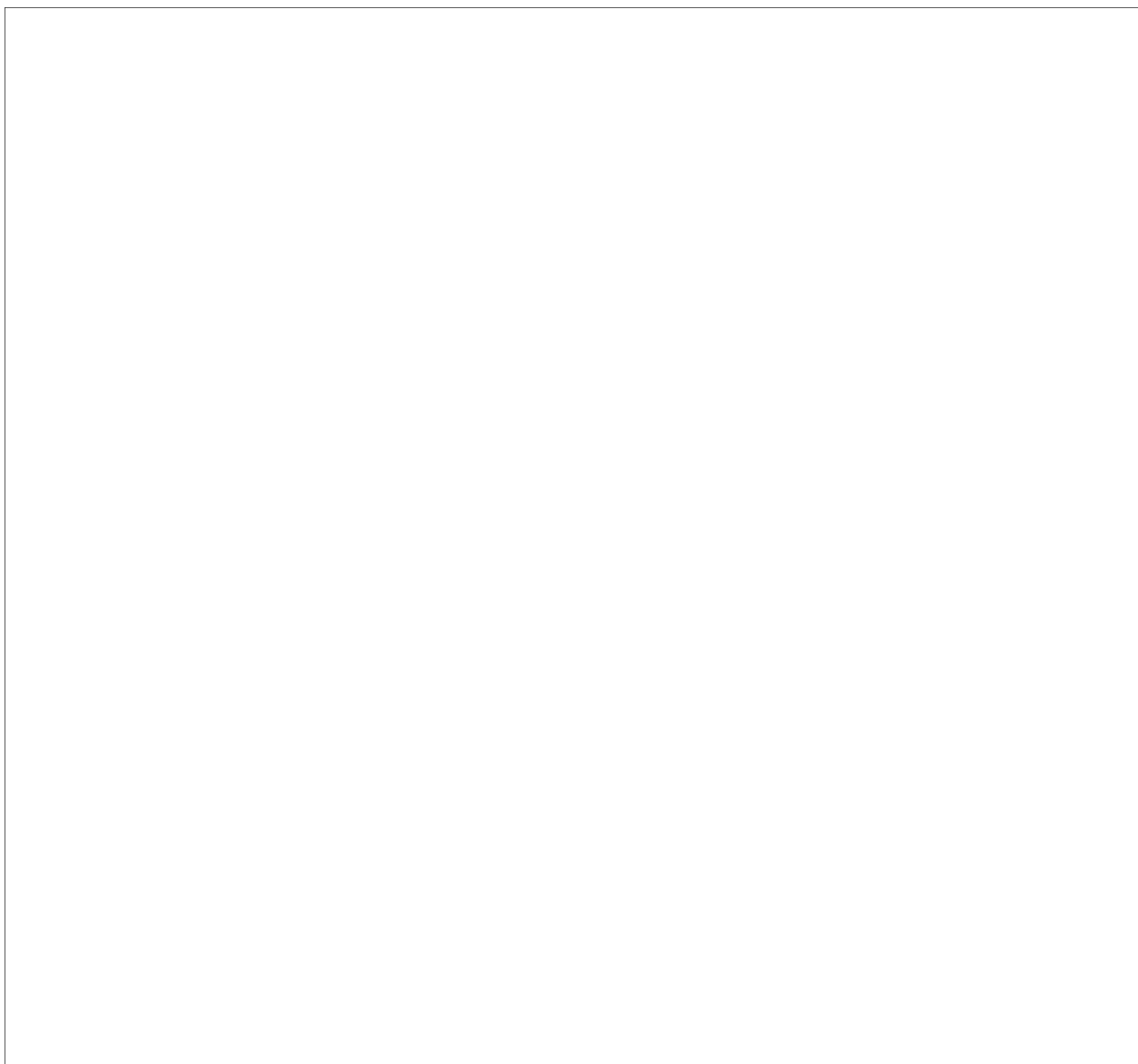


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Just after the war ended G. I. Bride Ships began to sail frequently from Southampton to New York --- loaded with British wives and babies and wives-to-be, girls who had either married or had probable plans to marry American Army, Navy or Air Force personnel. Many of these English girls were married to hillbillies from the Tennessee, West Virginia or Kentucky, some were married to, or planned to marry slum dwellers in the large cities and a few were married to, or planned to marry, Negro men who had been stationed in England and with whom they had fallen in love. They all seemed to

123.

believe that every American was wealthy; and they all thought of themselves as being a wife in a large California style home. Many of these girls were disappointed; and many letters were received by the U. S. Embassy in Grosvenor Square asking for the money to pay for a return passage to England.



(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

124.

[Redacted]

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

[Redacted]

An interesting item to me was that professional prostitutes were the only adults, male or female, who were not drafted for war service. All other women, and of course, men were required to serve either in the armed forces, in factories or in some other war work. But prostitutes were apparently considered vital to the war effort in their own professions.

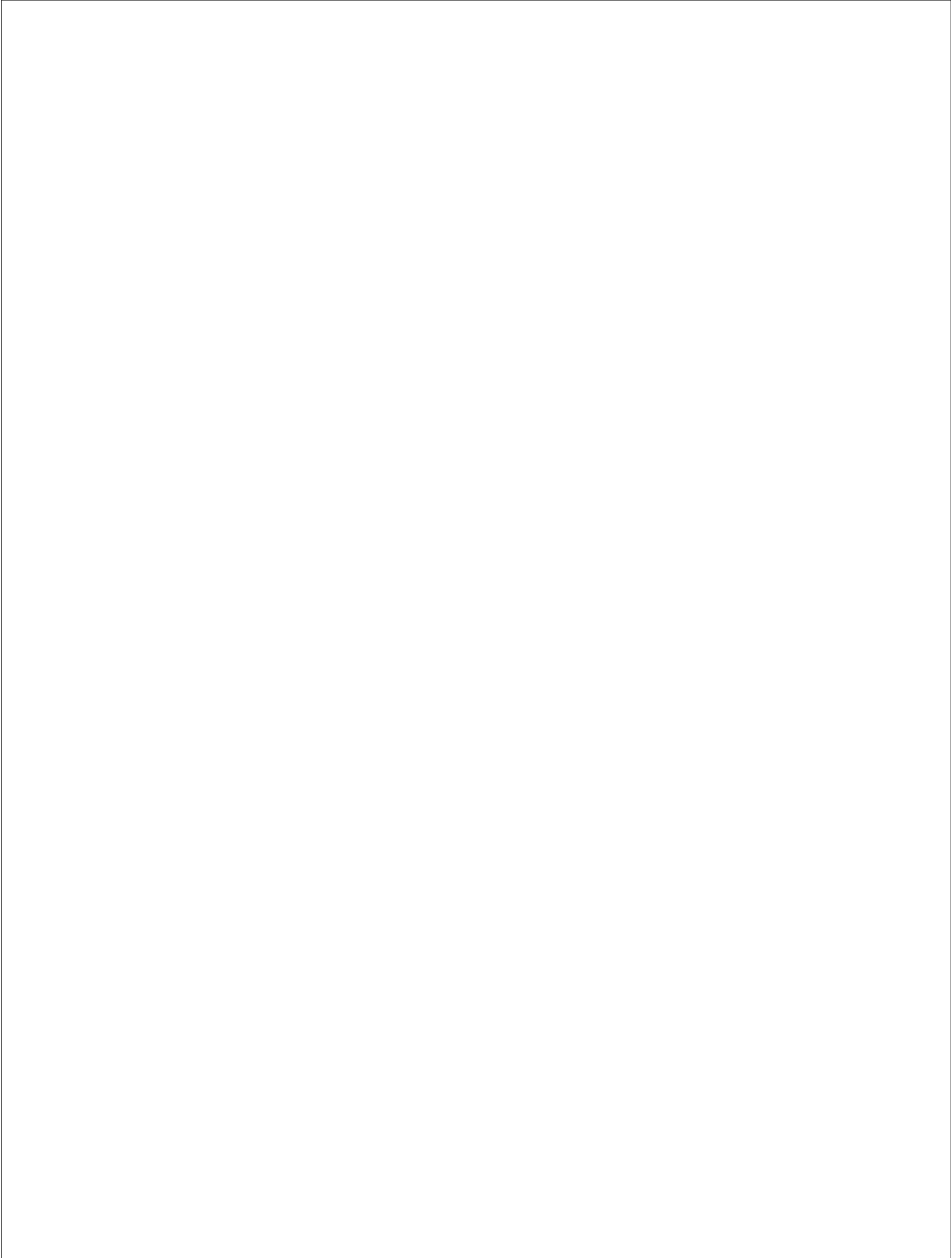
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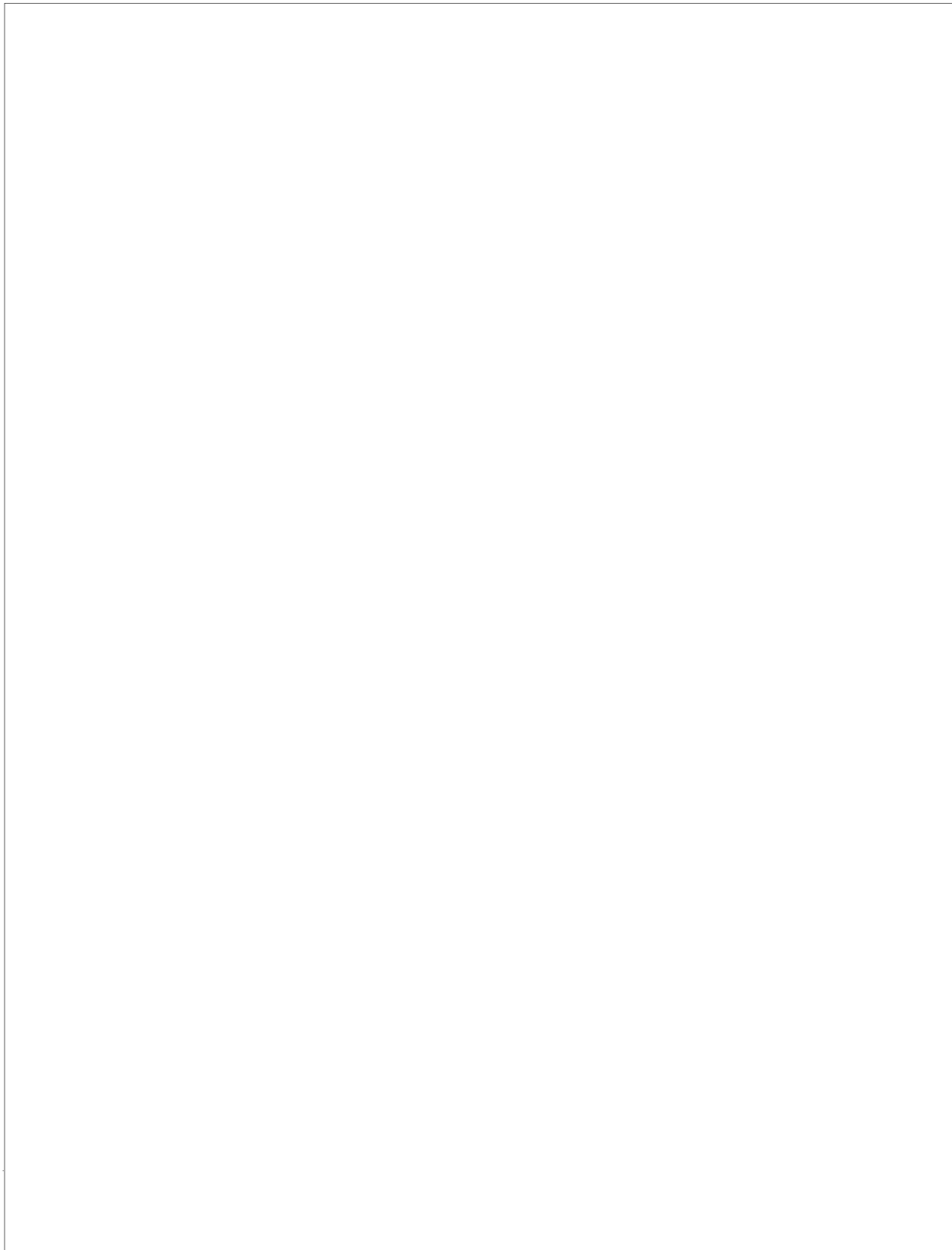
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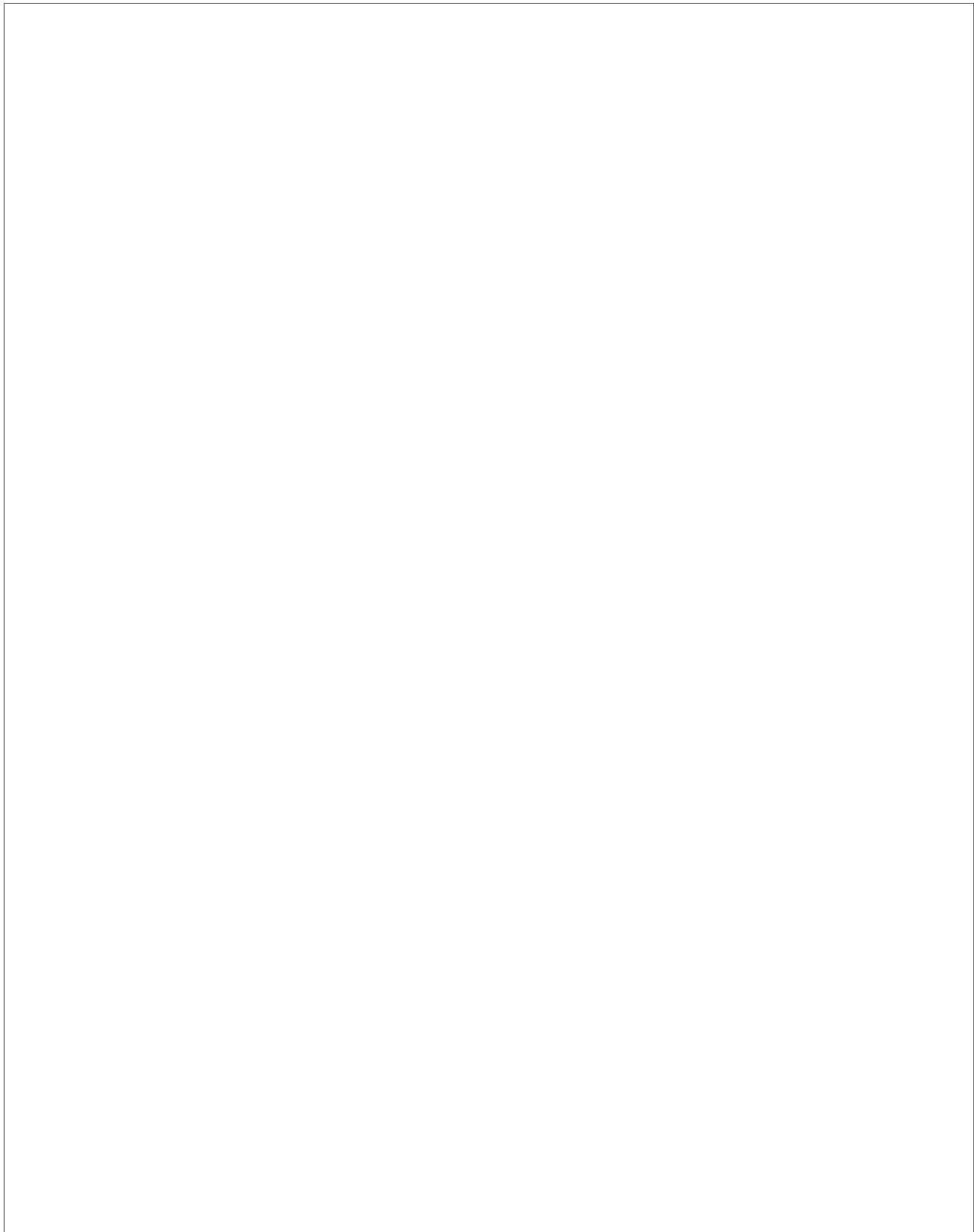


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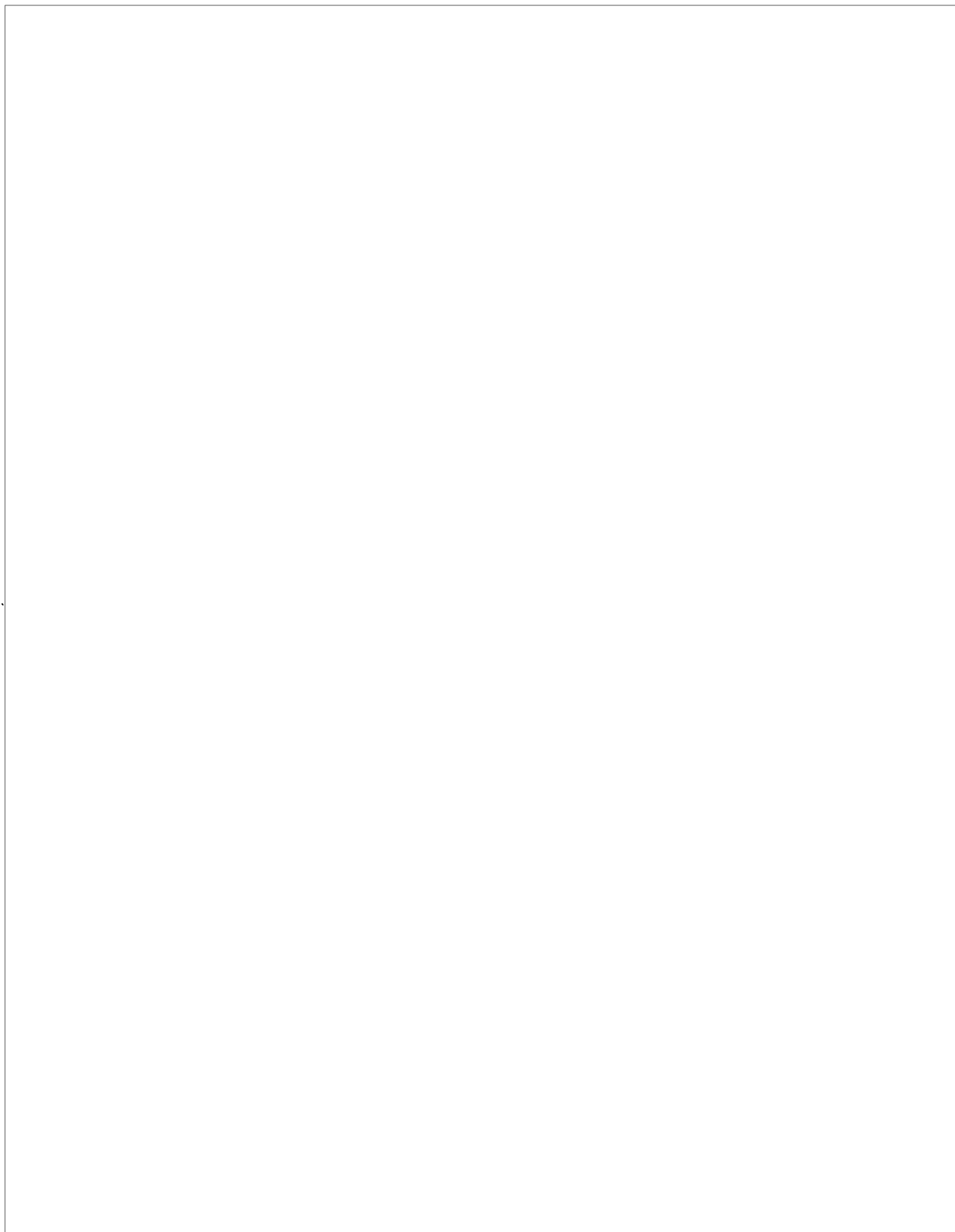
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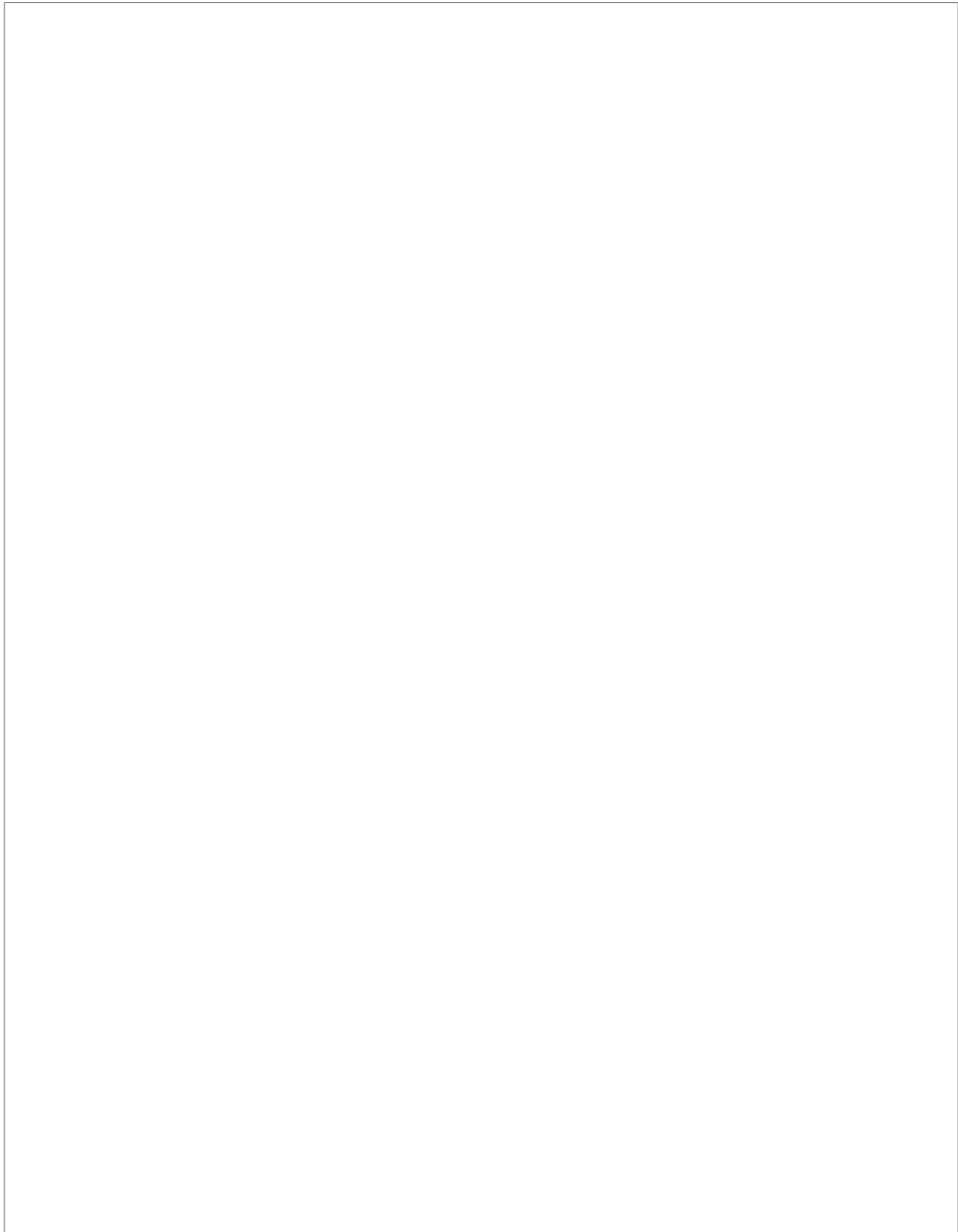
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(b)(3)



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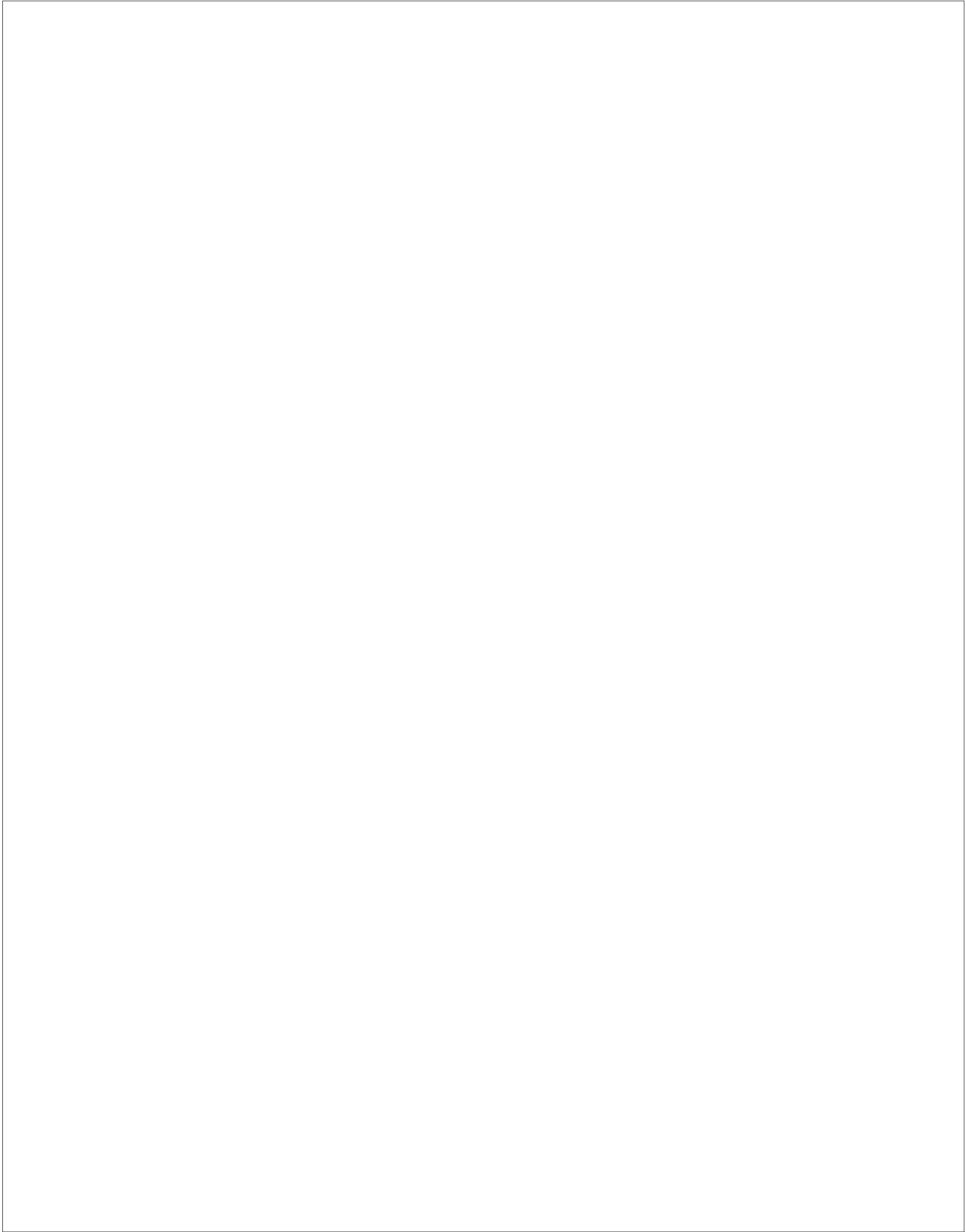
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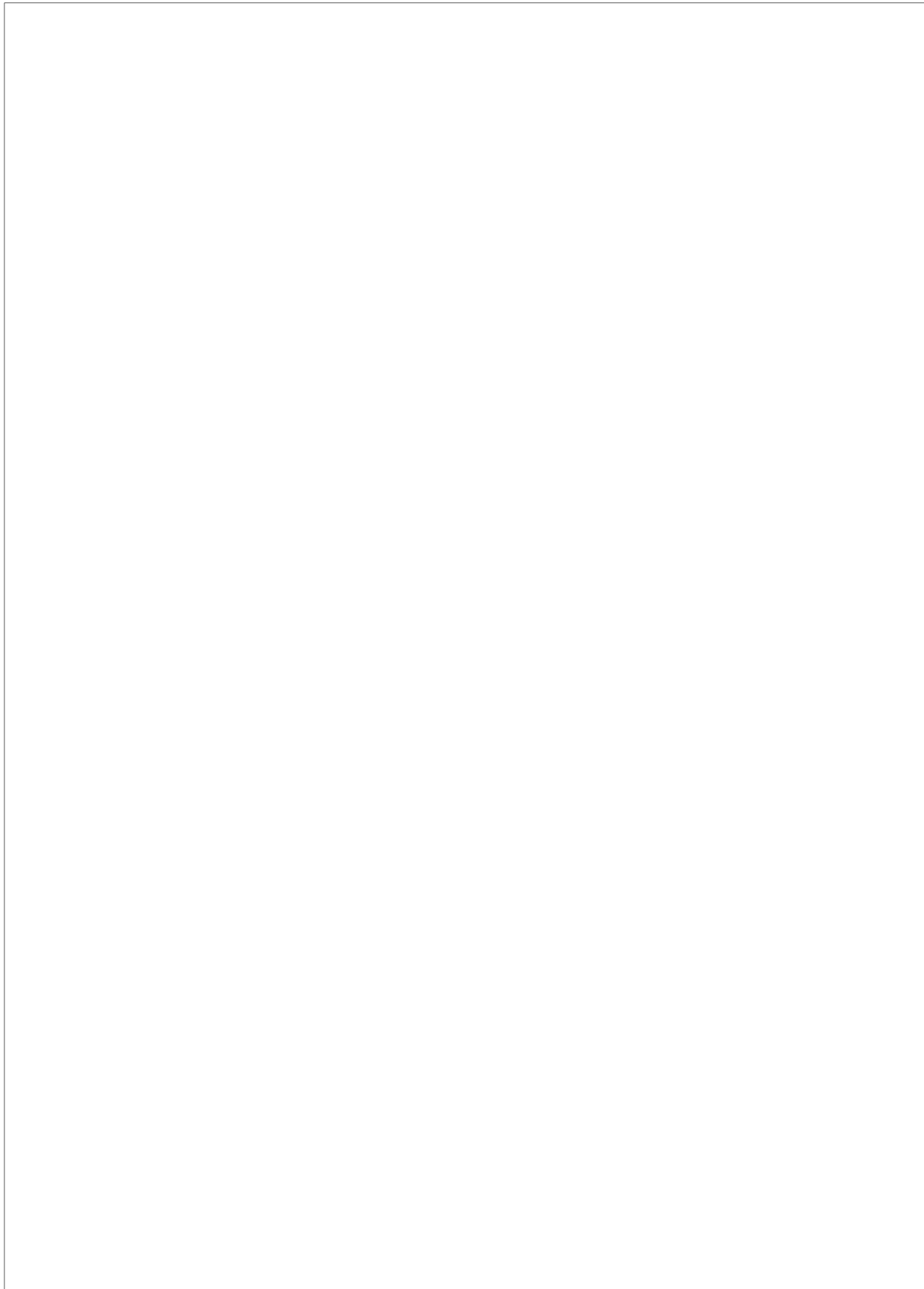
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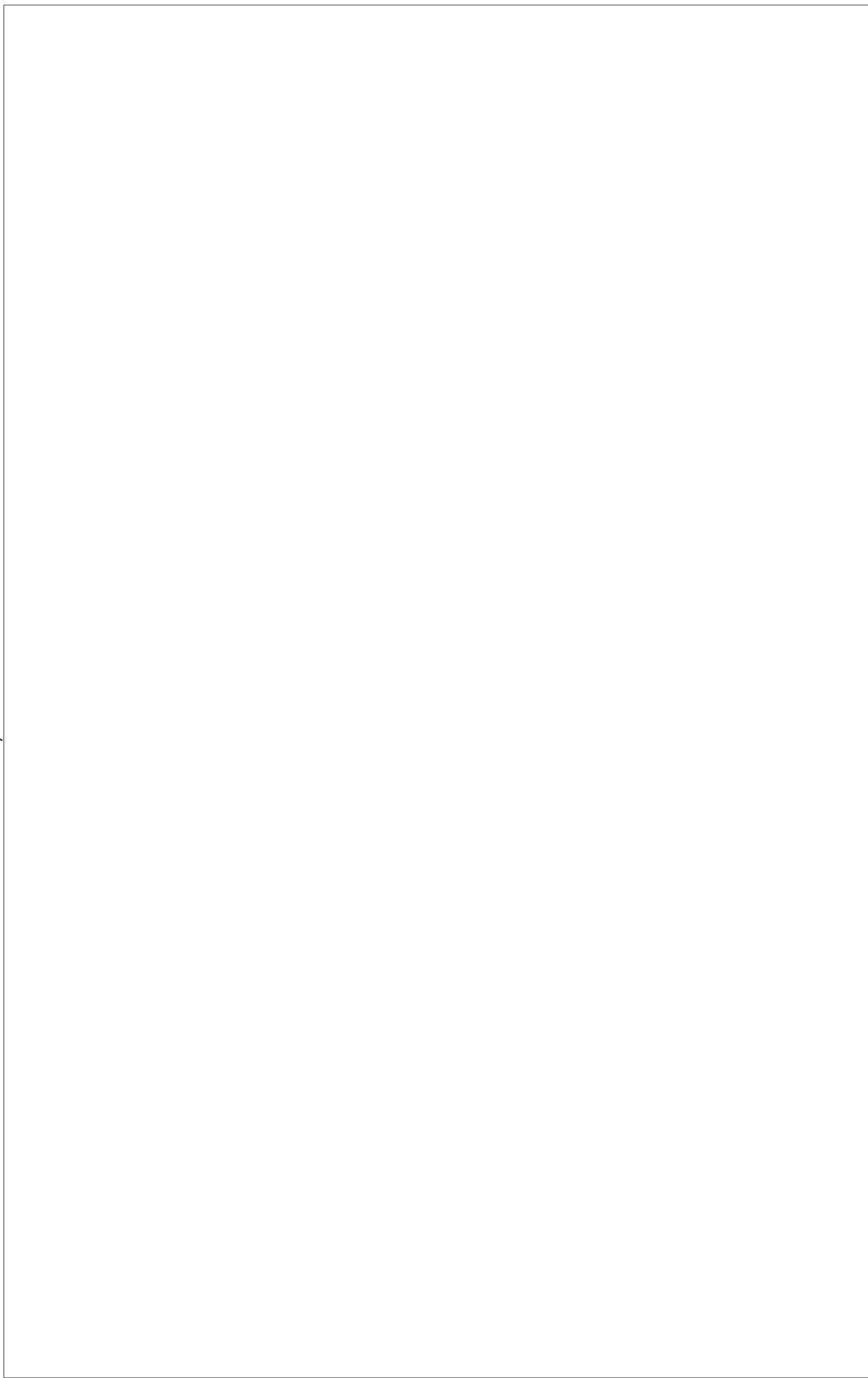
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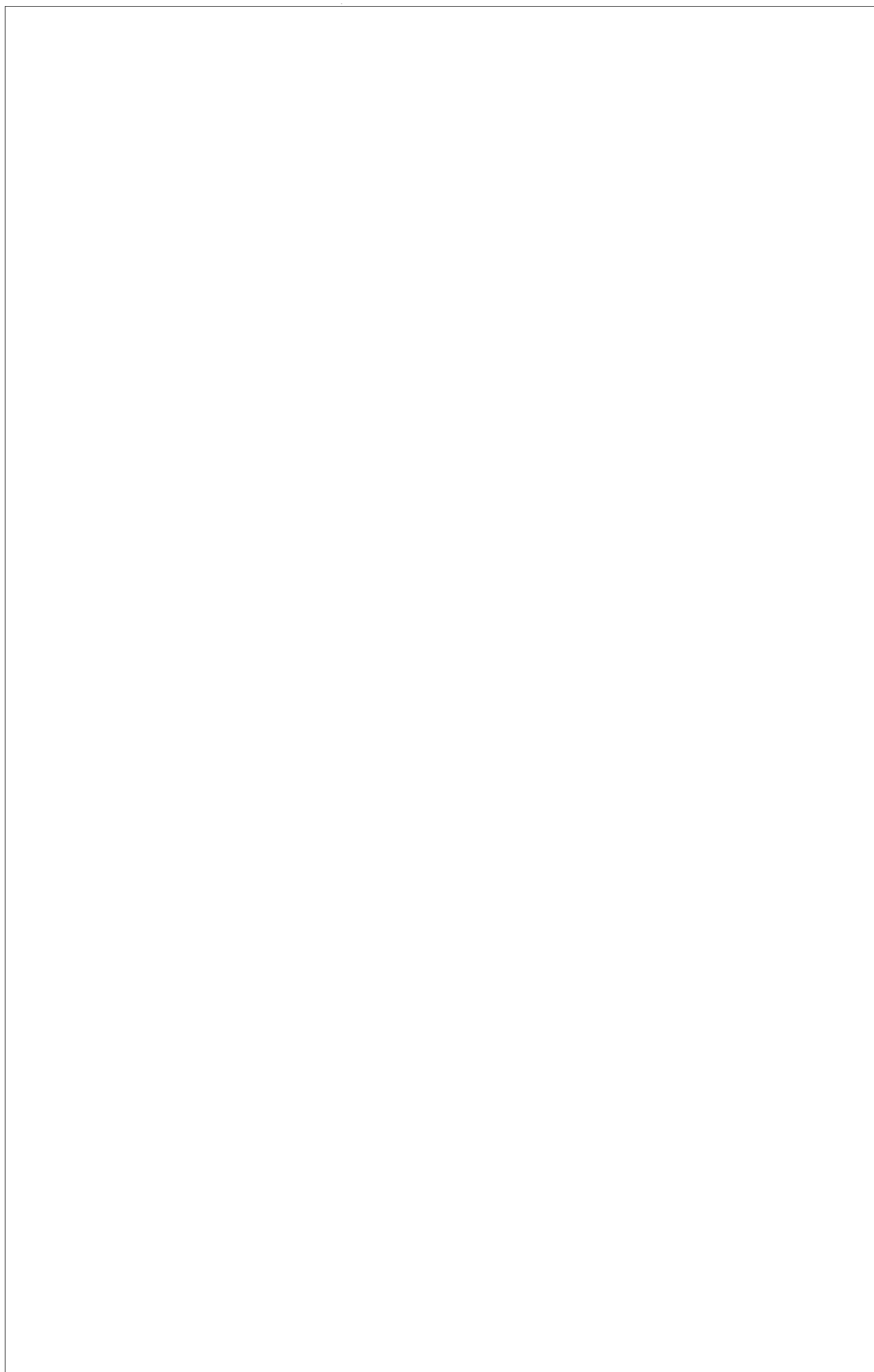
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137.

(b)(1)



138.

(b)(1)



139.

(b)(1)



CHAPTER XII

I had been outside the U.S.A. for over seven of the past eight years. In this eight-year period I had spent one month at Cleveland in the FBI Field Office there, two months in the OSS/X-2 Training School and on a desk in

Washington;

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Large Redacted Area]

(b)(3)

(b)(3)

(b)(6)



141.

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(b)(3)

I believe that most of my colleagues would agree that I and others who got close enough to work on real live operations with the British Intelligence Services brought to CIA a discipline and a deep appreciation for clandestine operations work, which helped CIA to mature more rapidly than it would have without this seasoning. But, as previously stated, Americans paid dearly for their associations with M.I.-6 particularly, because of lax personnel security on the part of that organization, due primarily to the British belief that an Englishman with the right background

142.

could do nothing against England and the British Empire.

The numbers of sensitive and valuable CIA operations which had to be considered worthless because of Philby and Blake made the price of what we learned very high indeed!

CHAPTER XIII

I arrived in Washington to learn that I had been assigned to the position of Chief, Western Europe, in the clandestine services. [redacted]

[redacted]

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

After a very few days in which I was told of [redacted]

[redacted] operations, personnel and problems,

(b)(3)

I was called by General Walter Bedell Smith, then Director of CIA and asked for a briefing on the Division and what I saw as problems and what I planned to do about them.

[redacted]

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

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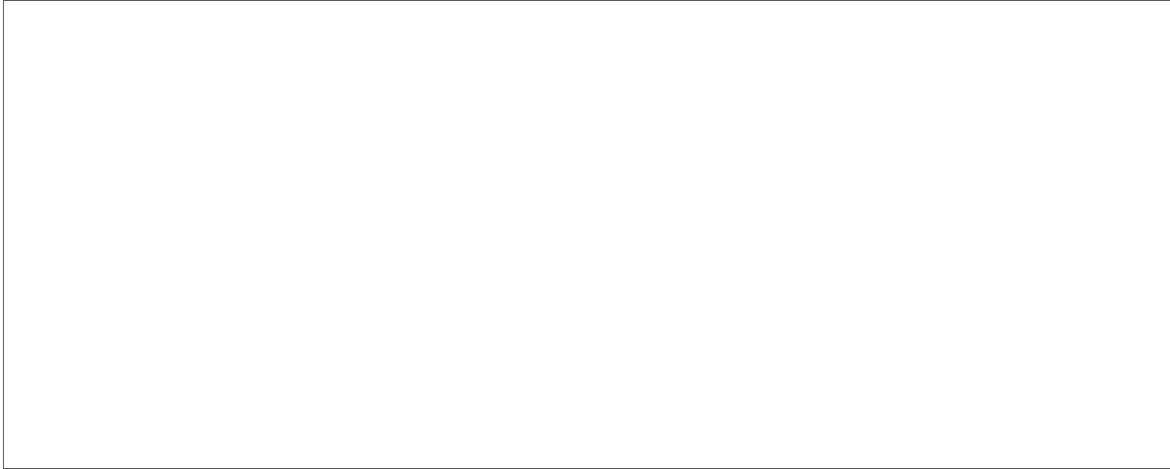
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In Washington, I found two acquaintances, from Euro-  
pean countries: Harold Adrian Russell (Kim) Philby, repre-  
senting the British Secret Service in its dealings in Wash-  
ington with the FBI and CIA;

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(b)(3)

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(b)(1)

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(b)(1)  
(b)(3)



147.



(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

148.

[REDACTED]

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

Guy Burgess, who<sup>w</sup>as living at Philby's home, was at the party --- and he became very drunk in a short time after drinks were passed around. Philby's second wife, Ailene, who was a very thin emaciated and tubercular woman, tried to get Burgess to go to bed --- to disappear from the party. But Burgess would not agree to leave.

Instead, he disappeared briefly and when he returned he sat in a corner of the large living room, with a pad of white paper and pencils. He was an excellent cartoonist; and he drew many people as they were sitting or standing around the room. Among those caricatured by him was the (then) wife of [REDACTED] She happened to be sitting on the floor with her legs spread apart; and Burgess drew in her most sensitive parts, covered with hair and made the face in his drawing plainly identifiable as Mrs. [REDACTED]

(b)(3)

(b)(3)

Before the drawing, which Burgess was brazen or drunk enough to pass around, got to me, it arrived in the hands of [REDACTED] who was and is a large and strong man, of some two hundred forty pounds.

(b)(3)

I did not know what had happened, but I saw [REDACTED]

(b)(3)



149.

grab Burgess and knock him to the floor, get astride Burgess, and put his large hands around Burgess' neck --- and I saw that Burgess began to turn purple, or black. Philby and I jumped to [redacted] back and pulled him off Burgess, with considerable effort.

(b)(3)

Burgess then took Ailene Philby's advice and went to his room --- and I believe he went to bed and rested for hours, for he was within a few minutes of death.

After this --- and after Burgess, McLean and Philby were all revealed as Soviet spies and traitors to their country, I regretted that I had taken part in the effort which saved Burgess' life. I regretted this until I thought that had Burgess been killed by [redacted] there could have been two very bad results. One, Philby would probably have been able to become Chief of the British Secret Service while still a Soviet spy; and, secondly, [redacted] might have been arrested and brought to trial for murdering a worthless drunken homosexual. This latter argument was used any time [redacted] chastised me for helping save Burgess.

(b)(3)

(b)(3)

(b)(3)

Now that Burgess has died, while in his beloved Soviet "paradise," and now that Philby, who always hated the cold,

150.

has to live in Moscow under the dire and cruel conditions this implies, I am very happy that I pulled [redacted] off Burgess, and assisted Burgess to die a natural death, because natural for Burgess would mean a drunken death, soaked in vodka and filth.

(b)(3)

Philby refers to this incident on Page 235 of "My Silent War," by saying that Guy Burgess had bitterly insulted [redacted] wife by a convivial party at his (Philby's) house. Philby continues that he had apologized handsomely for Burgess' behavior; and that it was, therefore, difficult to understand [redacted] "retrospective exercise in spite" when [redacted] had, according to Philby, assisted General Bedell Smith in drafting a letter to Sir Stewart Menzies, suggesting, in very strong terms that Philby not be returned to Washington to deal with CIA.

(b)(3)

(b)(3)

(b)(3)

(b)(1)

151.

(b)(1)



Later, Philby must have been pleased to learn that George Blake, Soviet agent in the British Secret Service had reported on  the underground tunnel in Berlin which was dug under the Soviet headquarters in East

(b)(1)

152.

Berlin and by means of which Soviet communications were being taped by the millions of groups. [REDACTED] (b)(1)

traitor had reported the tunnel; for, the Soviets came directly to the place above the tapping room and dug straight down into this tunnel --- breaking up one of the most fabulous operations designed. Blake allegedly stated that he had reported on the tunnel from its inception, from the time it was merely drawings --- but, one cannot believe that the Soviets would have allowed an enemy to tap their total communications with Moscow from East Berlin for over a year, if they had known of its existence.

In May 1961, Blake was sentenced to forty-two years in prison for this and at least five other traitorous acts he performed against the British and their allies. On 22 October 1966, he escaped and is now in the U.S.S.R.: perhaps Kim Philby believes the reporting on the tunnel by Blake gives him, in a way, revenge [REDACTED] (b)(1)

## CHAPTER XIV

As one of his acts as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, General Bedell Smith re-organized the clandestine services. Since legal formation of CIA there had been two distinct and even at times rival organizations, each claiming to work on clandestine matters having to do with intelligence and counter intelligence or subversion and black propaganda.

The Office of Policy Coordination (OPC) which had been in the Department of State, probably because no one knew where to place it as the propaganda branch of OSS, after OSS was abolished.

The head of OPC was Frank Wisner, a brilliant lawyer, but a man who talked in long and scrambled sentences when discussing operations of a clandestine nature. OPC had got permission to be placed in CIA; but, due primarily to Wisner's influence, had been allowed to continue its independence, so far as personnel, pay scales and operations were concerned. [REDACTED] (b)(3)

[REDACTED]

The Office of Special Operations (OSO) was the clandestine intelligence procurement and counter-intelligence, counter-espionage branch of CIA. Throughout the world OSO also had stations, [REDACTED] (b)(3)

General Smith, despite very strong objections from both groups, combined the OSO and OPC and said that the combined unit would be headed by a Deputy Director who would be termed the Deputy Director for Plans. Inside the "shop", of course, people called the DD/P's organization the "Clandestine Services".

The biggest error General Smith made was in trying to keep all the officers from both OPC and OSO, when only about half that number was needed. Had he abolished the OPC, he could have let most of the officers go; he could not abolish the OSO, for their assignment was one of the basic ones in the legislation founding CIA --- but, he could also have rid CIA of many officers at that time, many who were not up to the standards needed by that Agency. But, to hold them all --- and have doubly large staffs at headquarters and in the field -- caused many hardships on almost all officers from both groups.

I became Chief of the combined division when OPC and OSO were put together; and had cables from some stations saying, "If (that OPC officer) stays in this country, please accept my resignation"; and some two very similar ones from OPC officers saying, "If (that OSO officer) stays here, please accept my resignation as of the receipt of this message." After a lot of changing we were able to survive and carry out the Director's orders --- but, the combination of these

two groups caused a set-back for many months and made many people unhappy and caused a few regrettable resignations.

I agree that, if CIA had to take on the task of counter-subversion and black propaganda, then the clandestine services had to be the place to put these operations; but, I had hoped that the clandestine services would be left with the quite big enough tasks of procuring intelligence by clandestine means (which could not be got by overt means) and the jobs of counter-intelligence and counter-espionage. But, this was not to be --- and the best had to be made of the added responsibilities and tasks.

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## CHAPTER XV

A few months prior to his departure General Smith called me into his office and informed me that he was forming a staff to make inspections of all the units in the clandestine services; and, he did not ask whether or not I wished to head this Inspection Staff, he told me, "You are, as of next Monday, the Chief of this staff."

I was further advised by the General that he admired the discipline and work of the FBI very much; and, he said that he attributed much of this to their inspections and inspectors. "So", he added, "I have made an appointment for you and whoever you choose as your deputy to go to see Mr. Hoover, Director of the FBI, on next Tuesday."

On the following Tuesday I called on Mr. Hoover and told him why I was there and added that I had been in the FBI for a short period. He was very cordial to me and my deputy; and, after a very few minutes, buzzed for Mr. Hugh Clegg, old "Trout-Mouth" himself.

We were taken by Mr. Clegg into his offices, where it was very apparent that he had already been advised by Mr. Hoover to have things arranged for our introductory few hours to the mystique and methods of FBI inspections and the work of FBI inspectors. Mr. Clegg told us that things had changed considerably since we were, either of us, in the FBI. He said, "You may not believe it, but we now have Special



Agents in Charge begging us to come out and inspect their field offices and other chiefs pleading with us to inspect them and their units!"

Of course we could not believe this, for one of the most dreaded experiences of any Special Agent (including the Special Agents in Charge) was to have Bureau Inspectors pop in, always unannounced, to give the offices and the personnel a thorough series of checks.

However, Mr. Clegg said that now the offices of the Bureau were so perfect on a continuous basis that, each and every time his people did inspections, there were many promotions and many special awards which were granted because of the outstanding work, cleanliness and results from examinations given by the inspectors.

My Deputy and I had our doubts; but, it was our job to learn exactly how the FBI inspectors did their work, what they looked for and how they reported and to whom. We tried, after several hours with Mr. Clegg and his subordinates, to set up our Staff and have it perform in a similar manner --- except that we did not stress cleanliness of offices and housekeeping as much as did the FBI inspectors.

We devoted much more of our time to operations and how they were run; and how the records concerning them were kept. We found many operations being run out of some case officer's hip pocket, with little or no record of what he had done in the past or planned to do

in the future.

We made many enemies in this job; but, we performed as we thought we should for the betterment of CIA; and we let the people who wished to become angry join the group of people we ignored.

I had almost four years in this arduous position, which meant much travel, many unfriendly receptions and very hard work. But, before his departure, General Smith called me in and said that I was doing the work just like he had intended it be done; and he congratulated me and gave me another promotion, this time to GS-17.

The later years in this job were under Mr. Allen Welsh Dulles, great man and the man made for the job of Director of Central Intelligence and Director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Despite the fact that I liked and admired Mr. Dulles above everyone of stature in the CIA, I was a pleased to leave Washington as I had been sad to depart  Farewell parties, meaning that (b)(3) my date of departure was near, were a pleasure this time.

## CHAPTER XVI

I have often wondered how I came to be so lucky in foreign assignments. When one thinks of having been assigned to Habana,  (and, then afterwards, have Western Europe as a whole as an assignment) and, finally, to the most interesting and fascinating of all and the most beautiful of places to live and have friends, Mexico, it is a thing which cannot happen to many people who make a career of this service. (b)(3)

I came to Mexico City to find the largest and by far the most active Soviet Embassy in the Western Hemisphere. Ever since Igor Gouzenko had defected in Ottawa, Canada, and caused the large net of spies there to be caught and convicted, the Soviets had awakened to the fact that Mexico was a much better place from which to operate against the USA. The Soviet Embassy in Ottawa was drastically reduced in number of personnel --- and almost concomitantly, the Soviets sent officers of the GRU and KGB into Mexico to do the work which had been done or planned against the USA, with Canada as a base.

The Soviets are great believers in "third country" operations --- and they apply this in their operations against the USA with vigor. Their philosophy is that operations against the USA should be based in a third country. I believe that the principal reason for this is that they are so afraid of the FBI and its enormous manpower and faci-

lities and its efficiency.

With the millions of crossings made annually the Mexican/USA border cannot possibly be patrolled completely; it is virtually impossible to check on each person who crosses at some point along this frontier. This makes Mexico an ideal location for a base which runs Soviet operations into the USA. Both the GRU (the military intelligence organization) and the KGB (the political and economic intelligence organization) have primary targets in the USA; and many of these targets are easily accessible to visitors, including those sent by the Soviets.

In addition, the facts that birth certificates and even passports of many Latin American countries can be purchased, some of them inexpensively, make the location of the Soviets in Mexico, our friendly neighbor with over three thousand miles of land border with us, an almost perfect site for this Soviet operational base.

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

In the late fifties the Soviets had put over one hundred men into their Embassy in Mexico City; and, had the Mexican Government asked for job descriptions of each, the Soviets would have found it impossible to prepare statements which would have justified more than ten to fifteen officials.

For example, the Commercial Section of the Embassy of the USSR has grown so large that they had to rent a building outside the Soviet compound. In the late fifties and early sixties the Soviets had seven officers, several clerks and assistants, enough to make a twenty person staff which was allegedly here to handle commercial matters with the Mexicans. Soviet trade with Mexico was about one-tenth of one percent of the total Mexican foreign (export and import) trade; and the commercial business of the Soviets with Mexico could have been, and still could be, handled by one girl working two hours weekly for one man who would have less than four hours weekly to work. Their commercial business with Mexico is practically nil; and the Soviets do not seem to care to increase it --- perhaps because of some of the very embarrassing results they have had from the very few sales they have made, or, perhaps because they do not want to have the time their "commercial" employees spend on clandestine intelligence work reduced.

One of the embarrassing results of a sale the Soviets made to Mexico, which resulted from the visit of pro-communist former President General Lázaro Cardenas del Rio to Moscow, came from the sale they

made, through Cardenas' intervention and help, of one hundred farm tractors to Mexican farmers. After many, many months of delay the long-awaited tractors arrived at Tampico; and were off-loaded. But, they could not be used, for the gear shift levers broke as soon as they were touched forcefully. Also, they were rusty-looking, as a result of the sea voyage and improper coverage, while at sea. These tractors were a complete flop --- and everyone connected with that transaction would like to forget it, entirely.

The attempt to export automobiles to Mexico resulted in just as much embarrassment for the Soviets. New cars broke down, without replacement parts; and the entire effort was as complete a failure as has been seen ever in a foreign trade venture.

At the Soviet Trade Fair in 1959, then President Adolfo López Mateos asked Soviet Ambassador Bazykin if he could start the motor of one of the large Soviet automobiles on exhibit there in Mexico City. Bazykin had a Soviet "mechanic" grind for minutes on the starter; but the automobile never hit, never got started. Then, President López Mateos said to Bazykin, "Mr. Ambassador, I now see why you drive an American Cadillac!" and walked away leaving a flustered and red-faced Bazykin to chastise the "mechanic". The Soviet automobile, which had failed to start, appeared to be a very old Packard, with new polish and paint.

The visa section of the Soviet Embassy has, since 1950, been si-

milarly overstuffed. They always have several officers with the titles of consul or vice consul, and these officers, of course, have their assistants, secretaries and clerks. Yet, the visa section of this Embassy is open four hours weekly, only: from 11:00 hours to 13:00 hours, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The staff is always about ten people in size; and each and every one of them is a KGB employee or officer. They do not even pretend to be busy with consular work, as is evident from the hours they are open to the public. In any case, most visas to the USSR are handled by Intourist; and, we estimated that the number of visas issued annually never reached one thousand, which is less than the number of visas issued daily by the consular section of the US Embassy in Mexico City.

Their military attache's office is almost openly a GRU office; and any person who thought of it would ask immediately, "What do the Soviets wish to know from the Mexican Armed Forces?" The Soviets do not give any military aid or assistance to the Mexicans; and they do not need anything the Mexicans could give them, either in the way of materiel or information --- so, why do they need a sizeable military attache's office in Mexico? A little investigation would reveal that not many of the officials assigned to the military attache's office know much about military matters --- and both the officer and civilian specialists are GRU officers. They are in Mexico to try and procure military information from targets in the USA.

The political section always has so few problems to discuss with Mexico that most members of that section are not known to any Mexican in the Foreign Office. This section, like all others in this Embassy, is over-staffed; and their counselors, first and second secretaries are more frequently out on the street or in a safehouse meeting with a clandestine agent than they are working on overt political reporting to their foreign office.

Even the administrative section has personnel of either the GRU or the KGB assigned to it.

(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

A very definite indication of the principal target of the Soviet clandestine intelligence services situated in Mexico City is the very large number of officers of these services who speak English, fluently. It is also interesting to note that a great many more of these officials speak English than Spanish, although they are assigned to a Spanish speaking country.



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In Mexico, I saw the GRU, KGB and their underlings operate in a raw, wild West fashion, contrasted to their modus operandi in Europe, where I had previously been able to observe their methods.

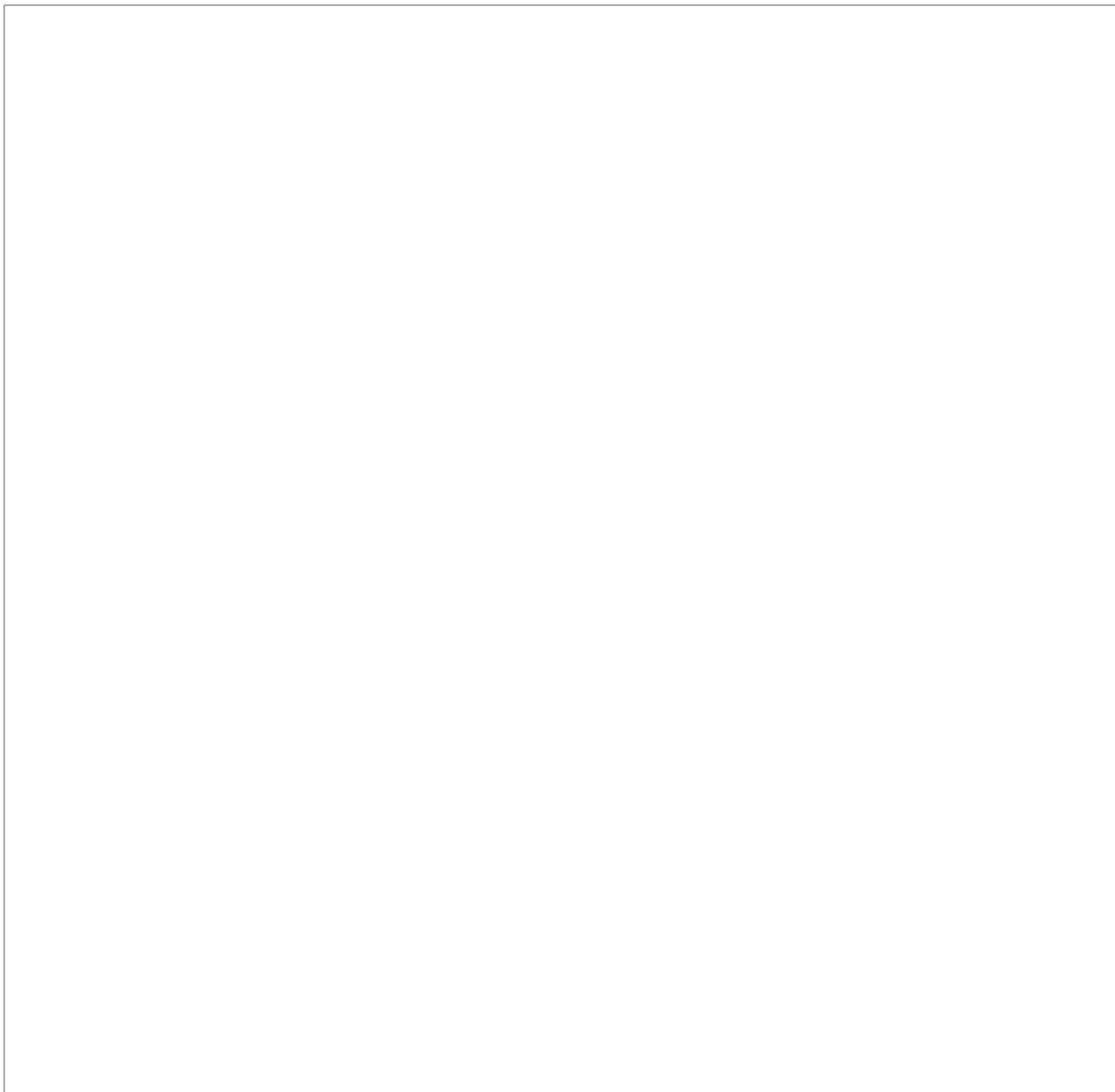
In 1959, for example, the Soviets had two high ranking officers (one of whom was the Naval Attaché) attend a meeting of a Mexican Labor Union, when that Union was attacking the Mexican Government. As a result, each of these two officers was declared persona non grata by the Mexican Government. They left at once, and their replacements were in the Soviet Embassy within a week.



(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

166

154.



(b)(1)  
(b)(3)

These and many other wild and almost open operations would make an uninformed person and casual observer wonder whether the Soviet clandestine services might not be, like so many of the falsely claimed accomplishments of the USSR, just false propaganda. But, beneath this surface, the Soviets

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~~155.~~

were busily engaged in running spies into the U.S.A. (principally), with successes. We often wondered whether these wild West ventures were not set up as diversionary operations --- to take our attention and time away from the real and worth-while (to them) operations they gave most of their time and attention.

(b)(3)



(b)(3)



A case which was of special interest in Washington, and especially to the FBI, was that of Alfred Kaufman Stern and his wife, Martha Dodd Stern. Alfred had become a millionaire when his first wife, the daughter of Julius Rosenwald, of Sears, Roebuck & Company, died and left him several millions of dollars.

He and his wife, Martha Dodd Stern had been subpoenaed by court authorities in the USA, because of their involvement in the Rosenberg case; but, they had been of interest in Mexico, prior to this time, because the Mexicans knew that they had helped to finance certain cover businesses for the Soviets in Mexico.

As soon as they heard that the subpoena was coming from the USA, they hired ex-ambassador William O'Dwyer, who had some three conferences with them, during which he advised them not to allow themselves to be talked into going back to the USA and for which he charged them \$25,000.00 (dollars) in cash.

They took O'Dwyer's advice seriously; so seriously that Alfred made an appointment with his Soviet friend who was serving in the Soviet Embassy at the time. Through this Soviet's contacts, Alfred was able to buy three Paraguayan passports, one for himself, one for Martha and one for their very unhappy adopted little boy, for thirty thousand dollars, paid in cash to the Paraguayan consul, who had them made out in the names of Horacasitas. With these, and with the help of the Soviet friend and Cuban Embassy officials, they flew to La Habana and thence to Moscow, before the slow-moving consul in the US Embassy could deliver the subpoena to them.

According to her letters to Ralph Scott, her American Negro lover, who remained in Mexico, they all three hated Moscow; and, after a brief stay there, they moved to Prague, which they also found cold and uninviting. They are now in Habana; but, Martha still writes frequently to Scott, at his dry-cleaning establishment which she gave him in appreciation for his being such a good bed-mate.

Martha has long suffered from what the Mexicans call "furore vaginal"; she is a nymphomaniac — and to sleep with and make love to three and four men a day is nothing unusual for her. Since she was young and in Berlin, where her father was US Ambassador until Pearl Harbor, she has had trouble being satisfied with men. She had young Nazi lovers, just as readily as, later, she took to communist lovers. Dodd, so the story goes, was accidentally appointed ambassador to Berlin. It is said that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt asked one of his aides to see that Professor Dodd was appointed to the post, US Ambassador to Germany. The aide, innocently, picked the wrong Professor Dodd; but, since Roosevelt did not see him until he was ready to take off for his post, it was too late to change the error, without a great deal of embarrassment; so, Martha Dodd's father went to Berlin, and she went along.

The Paraguayan consul who sold the passports to the Sterns was summarily fired by the then Paraguayan Ambassador to Mexico, as soon as the US Ambassador told him what had happened.

Prior to his departure, Alfred Kaufman Stern had arranged to sell stocks and bonds he held in the US market for several millions of dollars, which he transferred to Swiss accounts. He should, therefore, be able to pay off communist officials who will give him and his family asylum. I do not believe that he or Martha Dodd Stern will ever enter Mexico again; and I feel sure that they will stay away from the USA for the

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remainder of their lives. It is possible that, after they both die, Bobby Stern, their adopted son, may ask to return to either Mexico or to the USA.

But, I believe that both Alfred Kaufman Stern and Martha Dodd Stern are in a permanent flight to avoid prosecution!



## CHAPTER XVIII

Very soon after Fidel Castro Ruz took over in Cuba, in 1959, almost all personnel in the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City defected and asked for asylum, either in Mexico or the U. S. A.

As I recall, only one woman, a suspected communist, who later caused trouble at the United Nations in New York, remained in the Embassy --- as sole occupant, along with Mexican gardeners and cleaning people and the cook. I think her name was Teresa Casusa.

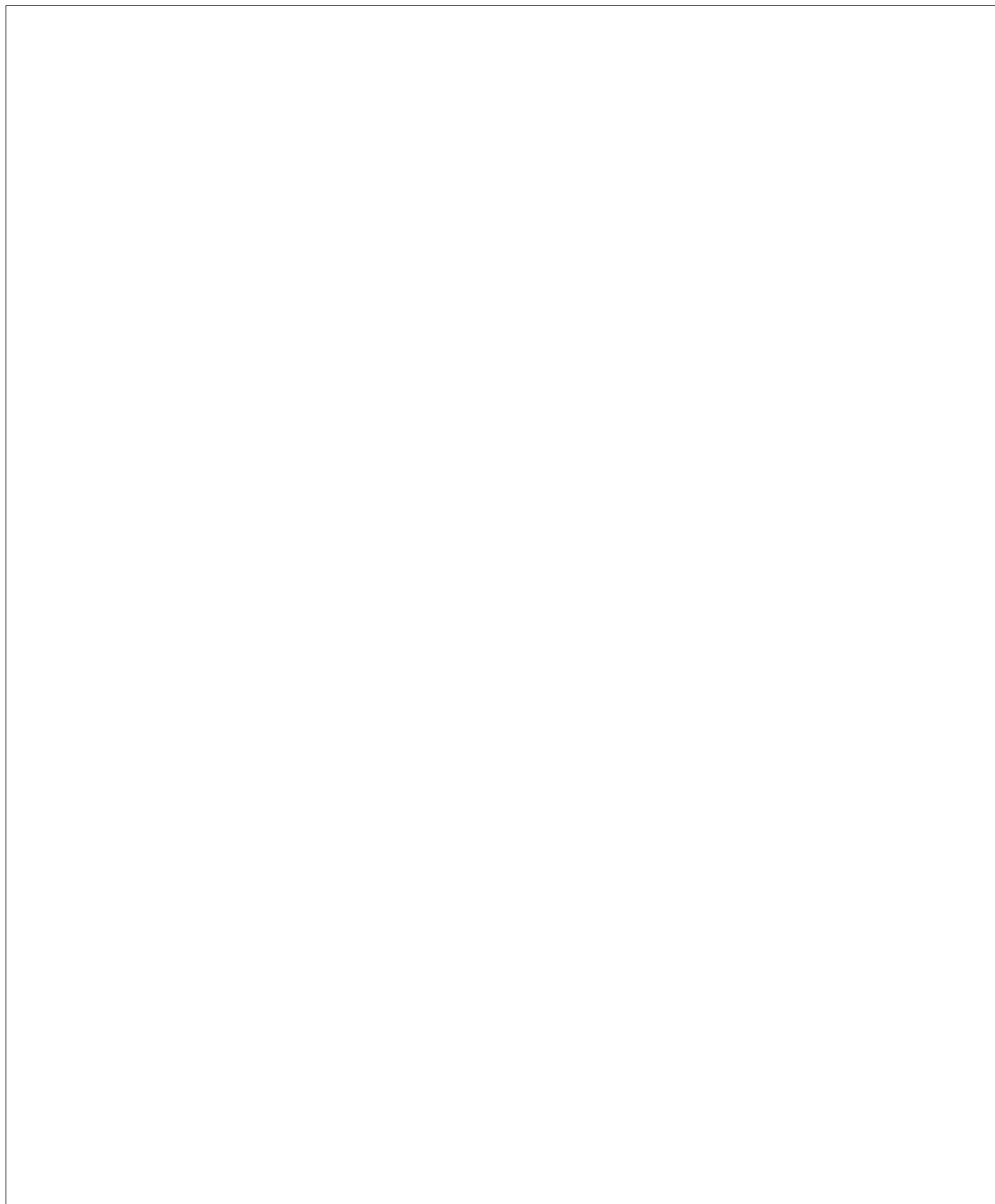
Within a few days, of course, Castro sent some barbudos to occupy the Embassy offices and living quarters. Occupy was all they could do, at first, for they knew absolutely nothing of an Embassy and what they were supposed to do. The woman who had remained, declared herself ambassadress --- and she got by with this for a few weeks.

However, it took only a few weeks for this place to begin to "shape up"; for, the Soviets took over the management of the Cuban Embassy in Mexico. If this had not been evident from close observation, it should have been known to all interested intelligence people in Mexico --- because of the radical changes which took place in the intelligence and

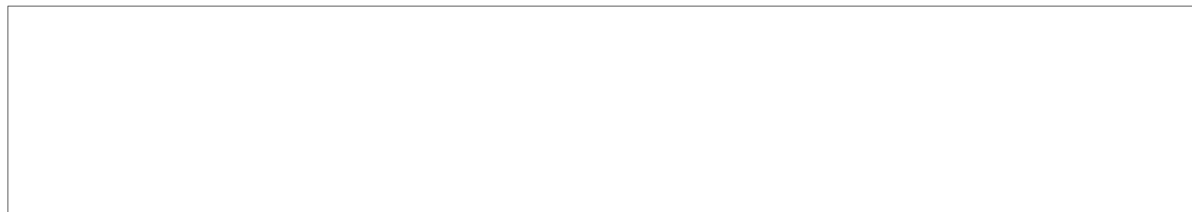
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security activities of this Embassy.



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To watch these many drastic changes (from both internal and external vantage points) made it immediately and abundantly clear that the Soviets had taken over and were giving the orders to Cuban Embassy personnel in Mexico.

The many changes we documented were absolute proof that Fidel Castro Ruz, as we had already known, was a communist, who was, from the day he took over in Cuba, under Soviet control. But, no matter how many times Ambassador Robert C. Hill, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, reported this to the Department of State and I reported it to my headquarters (from where it was also reported to the Department of State), Department leaders refused to believe that Castro was other than an agrarian reformer who wanted to help the people of Cuba. Most of the failure to believe these reports can be attributed to a low level (country desk) officer for Cuban matters, William Wieland. Wieland, like Guy Burgess, sat at a low level; but, he led his superiors into a never-never land, where there were no communists --- and where certainly a "do-gooder" like Wieland's beloved

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Fidel Castro Ruz could never-never be a communist. In fact, Wieland and others denied that Castro Ruz was a communist, even after Castro Ruz himself publicly announced that he was and had for many years been a communist!

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CHAPTER XIX



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## CHAPTER XX

It is sometimes hard for people in the democracies to understand Soviet morals (if they have any, after being taught by Lenin that to lie is an excellent thing, if it helps communism and to kill, maim and confuse a non-communist person or group of persons are honorable accomplishments, if these aid the spread of communism in its effort to take over and control the world).

One illustration of this lack of our sense of morals is illustrated by a small case which developed in Mexico City. The Soviet Naval Attaché, a Naval Captain, we will call Boris Prokovich, was Chief of the GRU, military intelligence service in Mexico --- and a person who was watched as closely as possible, for he would be the principal officer directing the efforts of the Soviets to obtain information on U. S. military installations and on missiles of the U.S.A.

It was soon learned that the second man in the Naval Attaché's office, a lieutenant commander, would leave the office he shared with Captain Prokovich and visit the Captain's wife, who lived in an apartment easily watched. Lieutenant Commander Yuri Masevich would screw the wife of his superior; and when they were both satisfied, he would



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return to the office he shared with the husband of his very recent piece of tail.

From conversations and gruntings and other noises in the apartment of Captain Prokovich we knew exactly what was taking place on these visits by Masevich.

With the permission and assistance of Headquarters, we had a Russian speaking officer intercept Captain Prokovich one morning as he was walking to the Soviet Embassy. Captain Prokovich was told orally what was happening between his wife and his principal subordinate; and he was given a piece of paper on which the story was detailed in Russian. He listened and took the paper and walked briskly to his Embassy, without a trace of emotion showing on his face.

A few days later the Captain was intercepted again by the same Russian speaking officer. After stopping and looking the American straight in the eye, the Captain said, "I cannot see what you hope to gain by telling me this story. I do not object if my aide makes love to my wife. We had much rather he made love to the wife of a Soviet Embassy officer than that he go off and get too friendly with a non-communist!"

Since the Soviets in Mexico City do not hire any non-

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Soviet personnel, even for cooking, sweeping and most lowly chores, they had no unmarried girls for the single officers, like Masevich to sleep with, so Soviet morals and philosophy and fear of penetrations by an unfriendly service, made it necessary for married men to share their wives with the unmarried ones assigned to Mexico City.

Another call was made, on a later date, to Captain Prokovich, advising him that his aide was at that moment making love to his wife --- but, the Captain replied that he did not care and hung up the telephone, immediately after he was told that his Ambassador would be informed of the fact that his aide was almost daily making visits to the Captain's apartment and having an affair with the Captain's wife. The "I don't care!" was his reply to both the threat to tell his Ambassador and to the story that his wife was, at that time, shacked-up with his aide in the Captain's bed.

Ambassador Bazykin was advised in writing of Masevich's behavior and of the fact that Captain Prokovich knew of this --- and Bazykin, whose wife lived in Moscow during his entire five years in Mexico and who was known to sleep frequently with another Soviet officer's wife, did nothing

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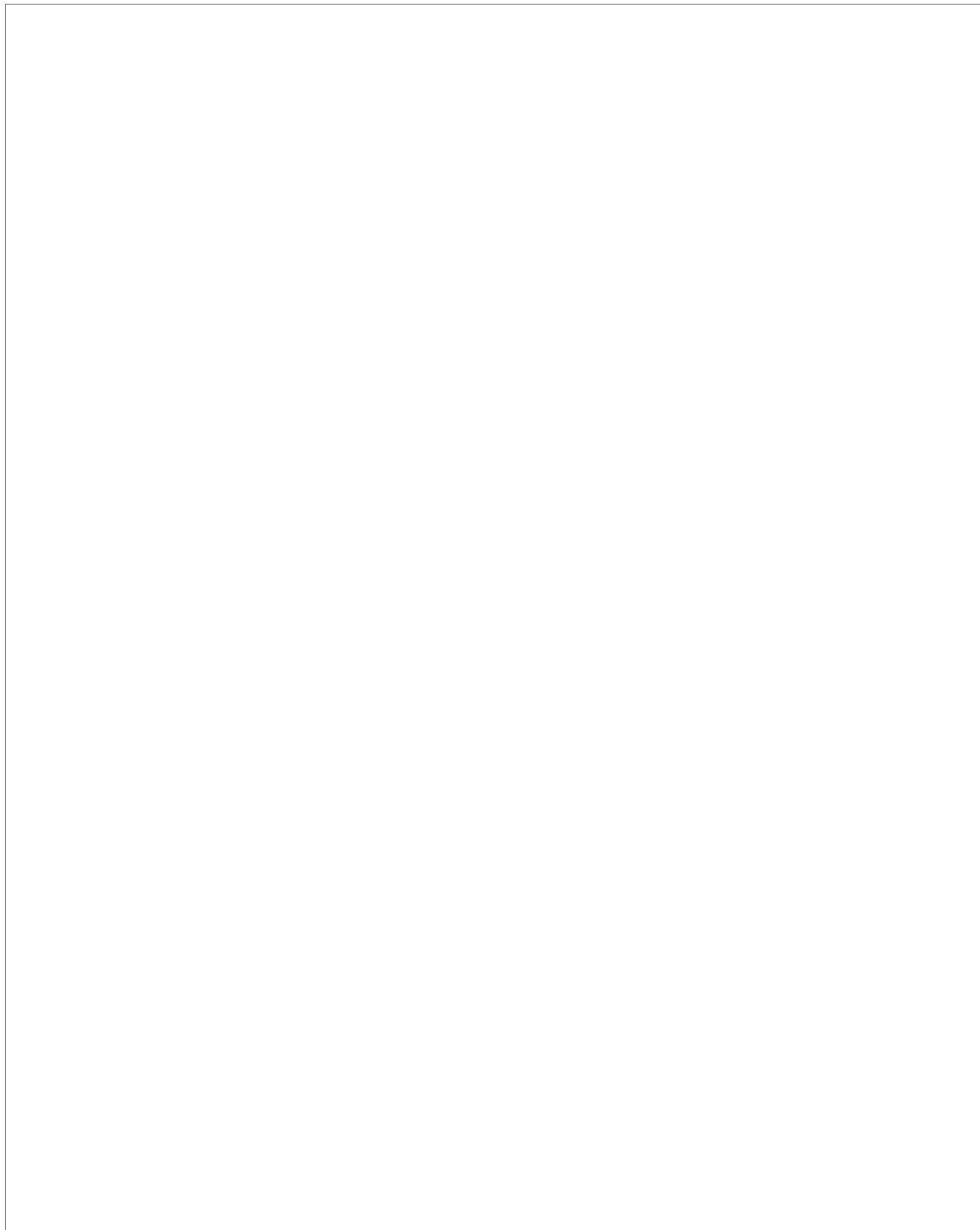
about poor Captain Prokovich's being a cuckold. It is probable that, in the U.S.S.R., such sacrifices on the part of a husband is a purifying experience, making the husband a better communist!

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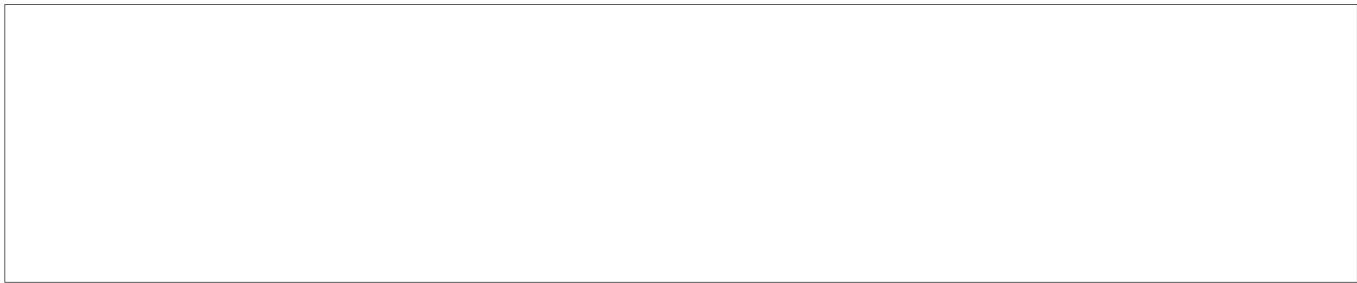
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But  as well as some others did prove to us that in spite of all the encumbrances, all the walls and wire fences and compounds behind which Soviets are made to live their miserable lives, some are human, some will disobey even though it could mean Siberia; and, they showed that there is hope that some day this prison will have its walls broken down, its jailers and guards eliminated and at this time the U.S.S.R. can be renamed Russia and become one of the family of nations and not the lying, cheating, two-faced dictatorship it is today.

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## CHAPTER XXI

A great deal has been written about Lee Harvey Oswald, the assassin of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Much of what has appeared in print was written by persons who knew nothing and who tried to conjure up, from some mysterious sources, materials which they hoped would sell. A great deal was written by people who knew a smattering and tried to divine, from that little they knew, a story in which they hoped that what they said would eventually be taken as fact.

I learned something of Lee Harvey Oswald in the period from Friday, 27 September 1963, when Lee Harvey Oswald, having just arrived in Mexico City, made his first contact with the Soviet Embassy in Mexico, giving them his name very slowly and carefully, and saying that the Soviet Embassy in Mexico should have received word from the Soviet Embassy in Washington that he (Oswald) would contact them about a visa for himself, his wife, who he said was a Soviet citizen and their child. He said that he wanted to go to the Crimea ----- to 2 October 1963, when Lee Harvey Oswald boarded Bus No. 340 of Transportes Fronteras for Laredo, Texas, at 08:30 hours on that morning.

In fact, Lee Harvey Oswald became a person of great interest to us during this 27 September to 2 October 1963 period. He con-

tacted the Soviet Embassy on at least four occasions, and once went directly from the office of Sra. Sylvia Tirado de Duran, a Mexican employee of the Cuban Consulate to his friends, the Soviets. During the conversation with the Soviet official, he said, "I was in the Cuban Embassy--- and they will not give me a transit visa through Cuba until after I have my Soviet visa". This contact became important after the Warren Commission Report on the assassination of President Kennedy was published; for, on page 777 of that report the statement was made that it was not known that Oswald had visited the Cuban Embassy until after the assassination!

Every piece of information concerning Lee Harvey Oswald was reported immediately after it was received to: US Ambassador Thomas C. Mann, by memorandum; the FBI Chief in Mexico, by memorandum; and to my headquarters by cable; and included in each and every one of these reports was the entire conversation Oswald had, so far as it was known. These reports were made on all his contacts with both the Cuban Consulate and with the Soviets.

Because we thought at first that Lee Harvey Oswald might be a dangerous potential defector from the USA to the Soviet Union, he was of great interest to us, so we kept a special watch on him and his activities. He was observed on all his visits to each of the two communist embassies; and his conversations with personnel of these embassies were studied in detail, so far as we

knew them.

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Soon after his arrival and first talk with the Soviets, we received a brief sketch on Lee Harvey Oswald from headquarters, in answer to our request for information on him. We learned then that he had spent some two and one-half years in the USSR, had married a daughter of a Soviet (who, I believe, was with the KGB) and had one child. Further, we learned that he, his wife and child were given permission to leave the Soviet Union for the USA ---- an unusual fact, on the face of it suspicious, when it is known that the USSR builds walls and that they use every means available to them to hold all inhabitants (no matter how miserable and unhappy these individuals may be) inside the Soviet "paradise".

Further, we learned from headquarters that, after the years in the USSR, Oswald visited the Embassy of the USA in Moscow; and an officer --- who failed to use his head at all --- gave Oswald an American passport and saw that the US Government helped Oswald financially to return to the USA with his Soviet wife and child.

Not long after arriving in the USA from Moscow, Oswald showed his true colors by joining and becoming a leader of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New Orleans, Louisiana. The Fair Play for Cuba Committee is and was a communist front organization.

In New Orleans, Oswald worked openly for the Fair Play for Cu-



ba Committee; and I have a recording of one of his appearances on television in that city, an appearance in which he spoke out strongly for Communist Dictator Fidel Castro Ruz and communism; and strongly chastised the USA. Oswald made no secret at all of his dissatisfaction with President Kennedy and his anti-Castro policies.

Above all, Oswald's visits at both the Communist Cuban Embassy and the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City, during his brief five-day stay in September-October 1963, are, together with what is known of what took place during these visits, sufficient to make him a suspect agent, acting on behalf of the Soviets, in several things, possibly including the assassination of President Kennedy. When one studies the conversations Oswald is known to have had with officials of both these embassies of communism, it is evident that there are sufficient data for this suspicion.

As stated above, Oswald is known to have visited both the Soviet Embassy and the Cuban Consulate in Mexico City and to have had several conversations with officers of the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City and with employees of the Cuba Consulate. The Cuban Embassy and Consulate are only two blocks distance from the Embassy of the USSR. Oswald had a long and argumentative conversation with a Mexican girl (Sylvia Tirado de Duran) who worked in the consular section of the Cuban Embassy; and, because of arguments with her and her superior, Eusebio Azcue, he got hopelessly entangled in the massive red tape

of these two communist bureaucracies.

Oswald told a high ranking officer of the Soviet Embassy that that officer should have had word from the Soviet Embassy in Washington about his visit and its purpose, after he had spelled out his full name, slowly and carefully, for this Soviet. He further told this Soviet that he should know that Oswald, his wife and child wanted to go to the Crimea, urgently; and the he (Oswald) had learned that he would have to go by way of Cuba. Oswald was then directed to the Cuban Embassy by the Soviet, who told Oswald that he would need a Cuban transit visa.

These visits and conversations are not hearsay; for persons watching these embassies photographed Oswald as he entered and left each one; and clocked the time he spent on each visit. The conversations are also known to have taken place, including the one in which he told the Soviet to whom he was talking that he should have heard, received a message, from the Soviet Embassy in Washington, indicating obviously that a Soviet Embassy official in Washington had offered to help Oswald.

While he was in the Cuban Consulate, in Sylvia Tirado de Duran's office, Oswald decided to ask the help of a Soviet Embassy official in convincing the Cubans that they should give Oswald the transit visa through Cuba, even before he had his Soviet visa. This, he did.

Oswald got disgusted at the wait required by the Cubans, who had to send a cable to Habana requesting clearance for a transit visa for him. The reply, on about 15 October, days after Oswald had re-

turned to the USA, confirmed that no Cuban transit visa could be granted to Oswald until after he had received a Soviet visa.

Oswald boarded Bus No. 340 of Transportes Frontera at 08:30 hours on Wednesday, 2 October and arrived at Laredo, Texas, at about 13:35 hours on 3 October 1963. His trip to Mexico had been a failure. He had been unable to get either of the two required visas; but, he did not blame the Soviets. He wrote a letter to the Soviet Embassy in Washington during October 1963 blaming the Cubans for his failure.

Why did Oswald wish to return urgently to the USSR? What did he plan to do in the USA, after his return from Mexico, which would make such a trip a necessity? The answer could lie in his actions of 23 November 1963.

There are those, including Miss Priscilla MacMillan, Associate at the Russian Research Center at Harvard, who claim that Oswald had planned nothing, that he only thought of killing President Kennedy some two or three days before 23 November 1963; and, as Miss MacMillan puts it, Oswald "would not have walked across Dallas to do it." I do not believe such reasoning fits the facts, including the advance purchase of the gun, the visit to Mexico and many other known actions of Oswald, shortly before the assassination.

Aren't the contacts made in Mexico by Lee Harvey Oswald in the five day period he had in that City and what took place during his visits to and conversations with communist embassies in September-October 1963, quite enough to cause a suspicion of Soviet involvement in the murder of President Kennedy?

If a conservative, or member of a conservative group, had shot President Kennedy and had been found to have had associations and conversations pertaining to escape a few weeks prior to the shooting, with members of that conservative group, what would have been the reactions of communists, leftists and of the liberals in the USA? I believe that there would have been a great outcry advocating the abolition of the conservative group involved and declarations of guilt of all members of that organization. But, the fact that communist embassies dealt with and counseled this assassin a few weeks prior to the time he murdered President Kennedy, is treated as an irrelevant bit of news, not worthy of considering. This could be due to the fact that a serious investigation into this matter would offend the Soviets, with whom our foreign policy pundits, leftists and liberals, are constantly trying to be friendly while the Soviets stab us in the back and insult us to our faces, any time they consider it opportune.

I believe it highly possible that the Soviets wanted to eliminate President John F. Kennedy; that they had picked this pro-communist ex-

marine, Lee Harvey Oswald, who had repeatedly shown his subservience to them; and, that they let him down as soon as he had committed the crime --- after being sure that there were no positive and provable leads to them and their involvement in the assassination. This would be right in line with their well known past.

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## CHAPTER XXII

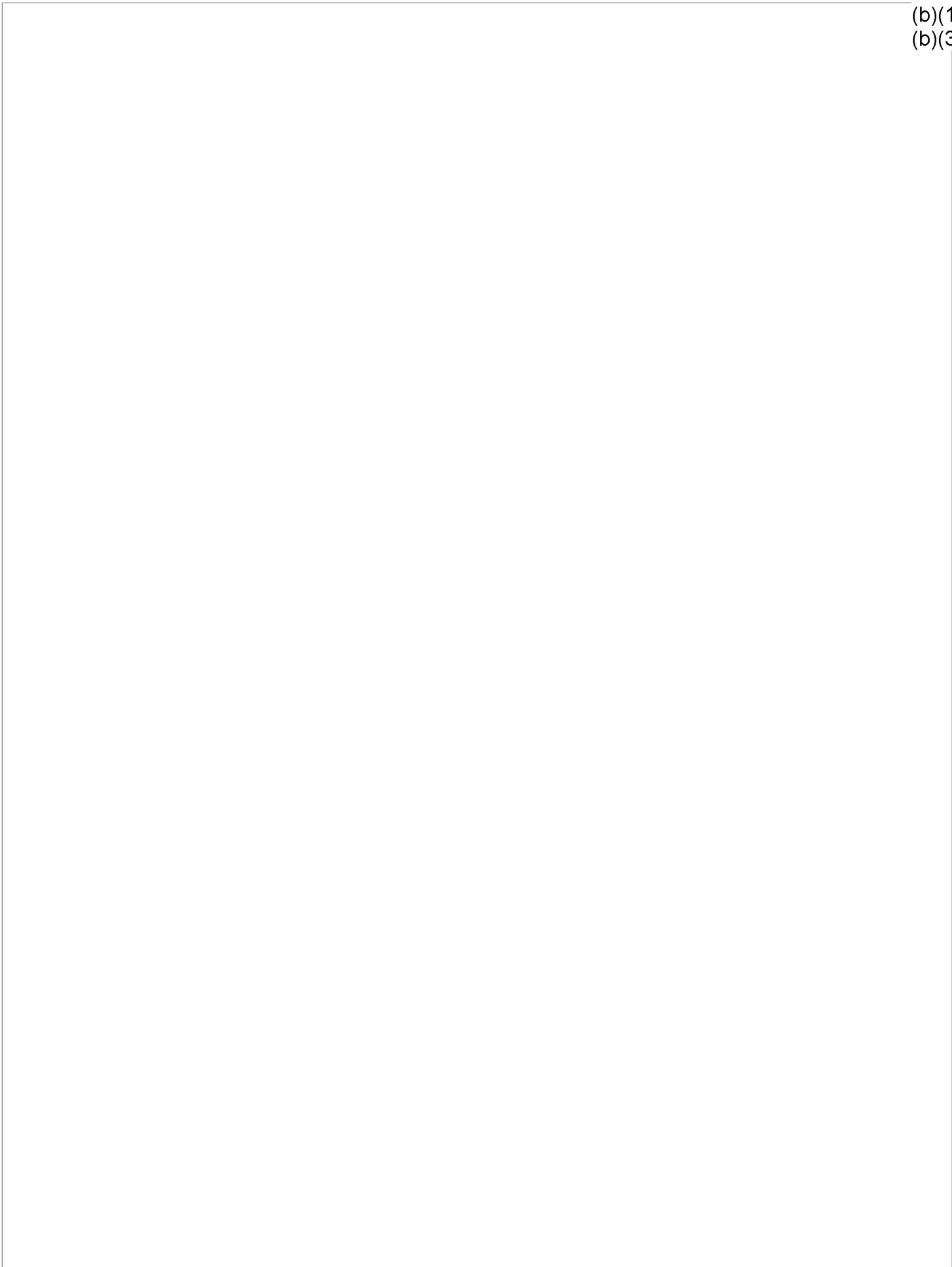
Thomas C. Mann was probably the most popular Ambassador ever to serve in Mexico. He was very popular with Mexican Government officials, with non-Government Mexicans and he was extremely popular with the Americans who live in Mexico and almost all others. The only groups or individuals who did not like him were the far leftists, communists and anti-capitalists.

His outspoken anti-communist views, his belief in competitive private enterprise, excellently presented in either English or Spanish were a real thorn in the sides of the communists and those against private enterprise.

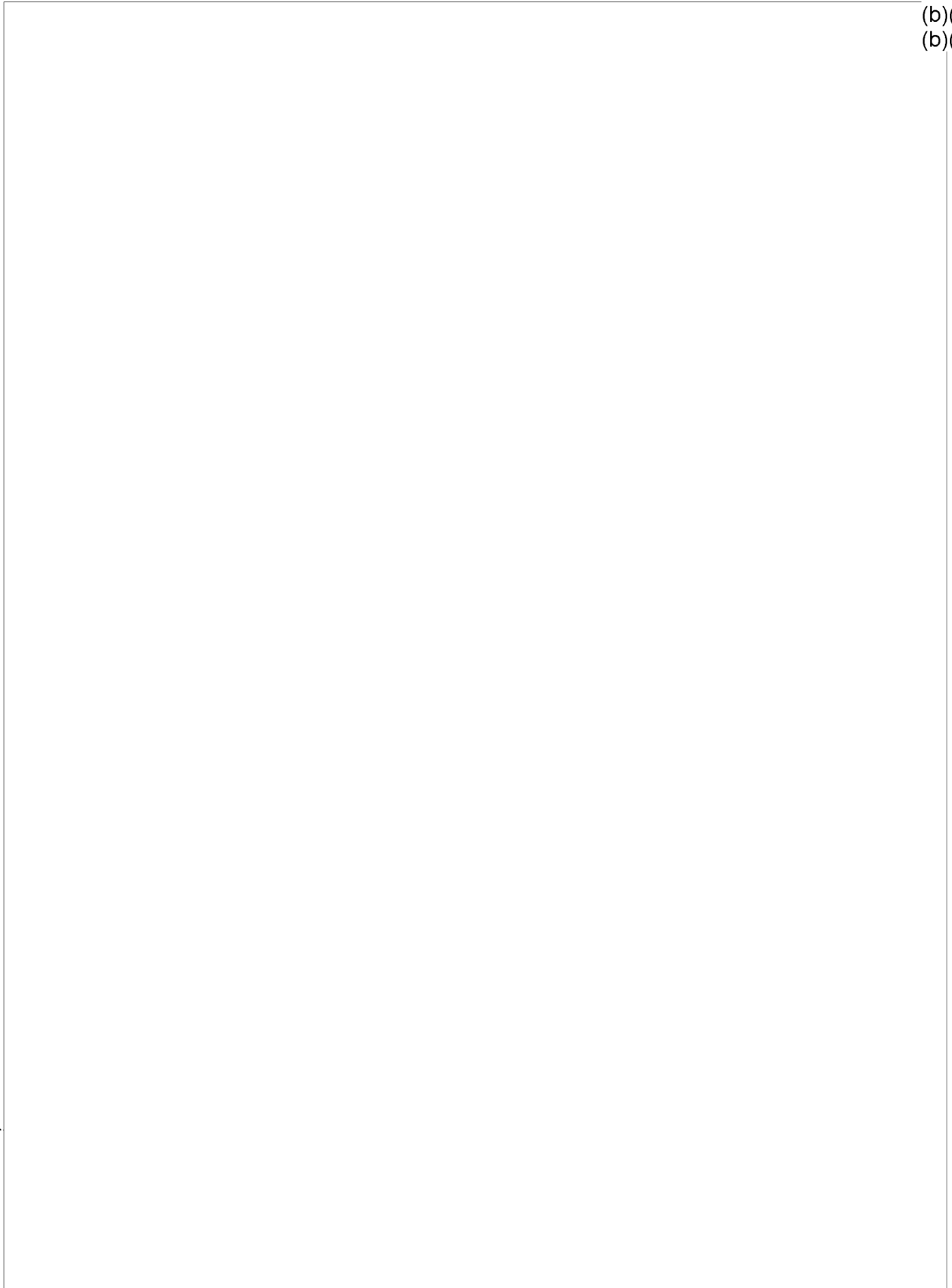
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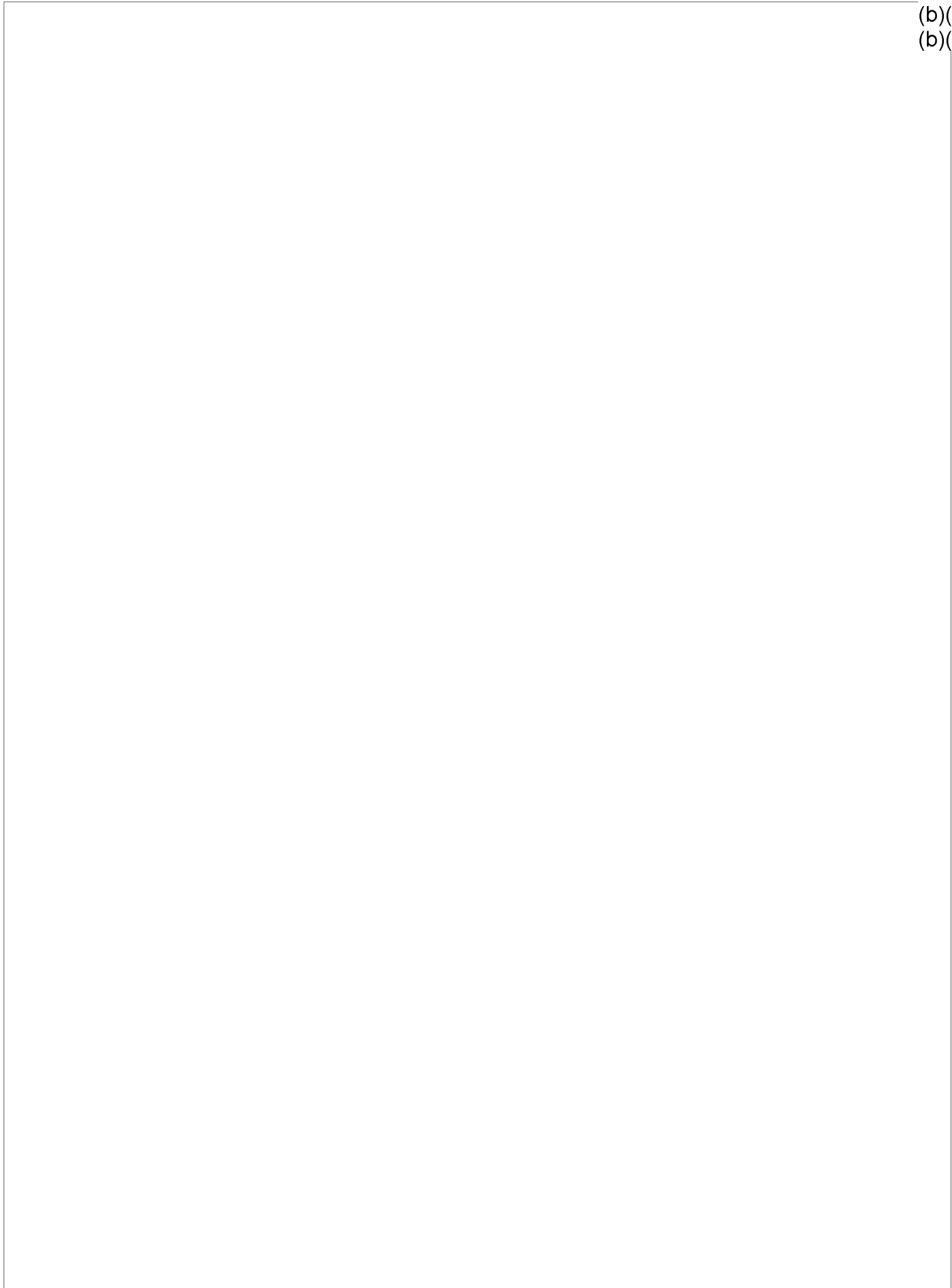


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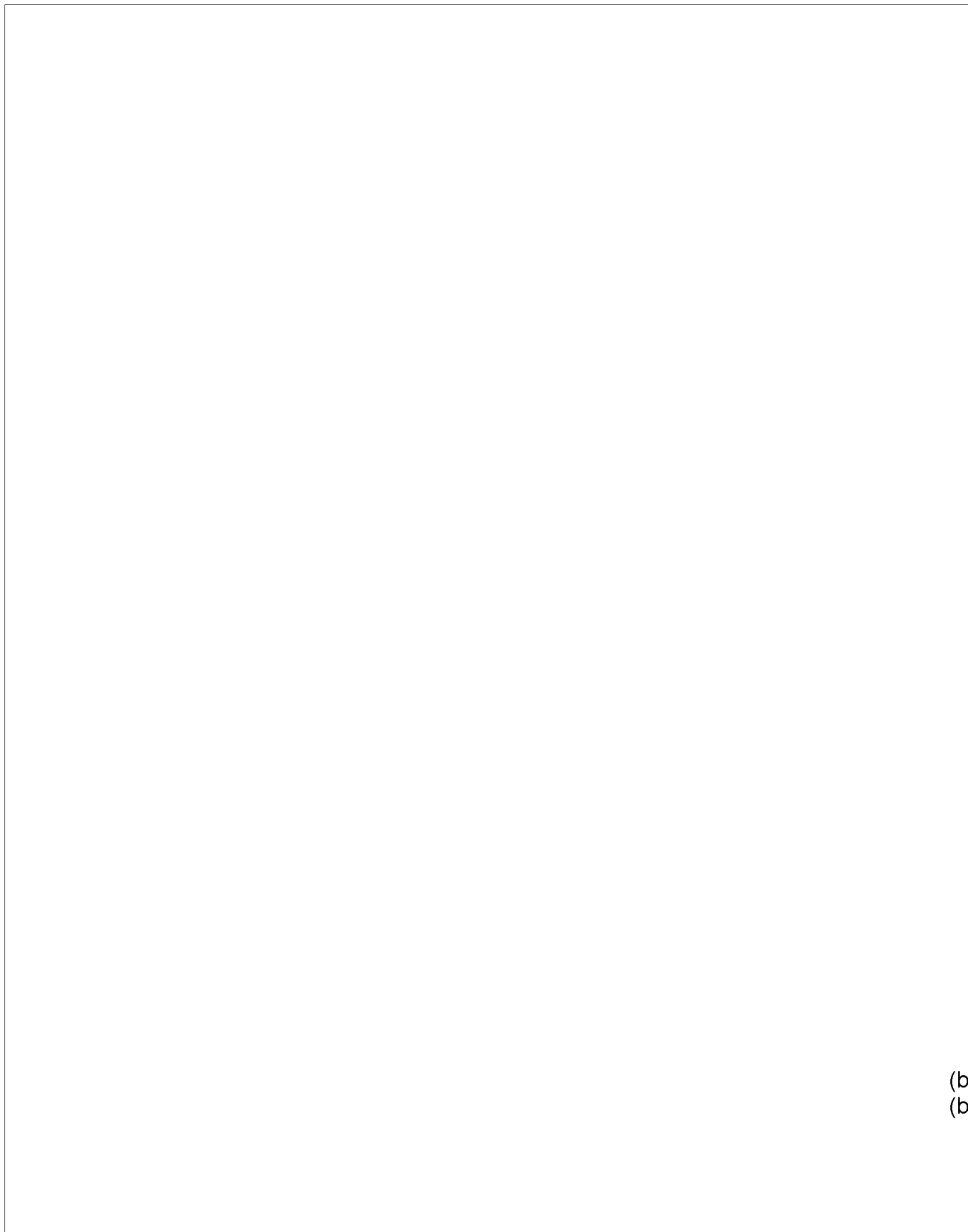
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CHAPTER XXIII



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## CHAPTER XXIV

There are many, many other examples I could cite of operations I could tell about in some detail; but, some of these are still considered sensitive and others involve people who should not yet be mentioned. I believe the operations mentioned and which took place in Habana, London, Washington or Mexico are sufficiently typical --- as typical as the always different clandestine operations can be --- of the work into which I put so many years of my life and so much effort, along with great expectations.

Clandestine operations all have the common features of seeking for wanted information or intelligence information; of looking for access and access capability; spotting a potential procurer, agent or knave; recruitment, after as careful study and assessment as is possible; protection of the agent and of yourself, the case officer; evaluations of the product obtained; and, always, careful handling of the agent, the principal agent.

Clandestine intelligence operations officer must be students, and be willing to spend hours, many hours studying each detail of each and every operation in which they are involved.

Too, these intelligence officers are often called upon to deal with other than normal people, for a great many spies are

far from normal. Each action and reaction of an agent must be looked for; and always an officer must be on the look-out for indications of deceit, excessive fear or even of a coming break-down in his agents, the agents he deals with --- and, above all, he must know and realize that almost all agents are knaves, in the worst sense of the word. But, he must treat them as if he thought them gentlemen.

## CHAPTER XXV

I had noted that, after my years of very hard and arduous work, I needed to calm down; I needed, also, to be able again to trust others to a degree, at least; and, I felt that I needed to get completely away from clandestine work.

I believe that a good clandestine intelligence officer should live two lives, all through his work-career. One of these lives makes him appear to be a normal man engaged in an overt job, a business about which he can talk openly and professionally. The other life he lives --- and it is the over-riding, the primary and principal life --- is one in which he is strictly prohibited from talking about his work. He is never able to discuss the work of of this second (clandestine) life with his family, or anyone, except fellow clandestine officials who are working on the same target, same operation, or those of his superiors who "have a need to know" about his work. In this clandestine-intelligence-officer work he is able to talk of his work only with those people who have been cleared for such discussions with him; and the clearances must be given by higher authority than the operations officer, unless he is chief of the unit in which the work is being done.

I believe it is probable that a clandestine-intelligence-operations-officer will, after several years of such work, tend to get

schizoidal. One of the simplest and probably the most used cover for such an officer is that of diplomat, assignment to a diplomatic establishment. Such an official is forced to pretend to be a normal diplomat, performing certain assigned duties; while his real work, the work which counts to him and to his superiors, is that of procuring secret intelligence from a hostile person, installation or group. I believe that a good clandestine intelligence operations officer must have a certain amount of schizoidal tendencies --- if he is to be happy while living his cover and working with success in his primary field.

Due to this double life --- and because so much is expected of him ---- a clandestine intelligence operations officer wears out, burns out and, in my opinion, should be retired in a much shorter time than the normal man with overt work.

Just as psychiatrists believe that a schizophrenic person wears out more rapidly than does a normal person, so, I believe, does a clandestine intelligence operations officer, because of the schizoidal life he is forced to live and have imposed upon his mentality and physical being, wear out more rapidly than a man who can discuss his job assignments and accomplishments with almost anyone.

The work of a counter-espionage officer is even more burdensome. At times these officers are assigned the task of protecting

the security of operations and operations personnel from their own organization; and they can find personnel of their own organization; and they can find personnel of their own organization either acting as traitors, or, for some less vile reason, breaking security. A less vile reason could be that an operations officer has become tired, worn out and begins to drink to get an extra lift --- and perhaps becomes talkative or too lax in some other way.

In my opinion, a counter-intelligence-operations-officer, whose task it is to procure information or intelligence information (data on personnel, organizational structure, assignments and modus operandi) on another clandestine intelligence organization, are not as likely to develop schizoidal characteristics as is a counter espionage (ce) officer (whose job it is to uncover and counter the operations of a hostile intelligence service).

I believe that, in the case of a good and active counter-espionage officer, the individual's self-relationship becomes a pseudo-personal one; and that his true self treats his false self as though his false self were another person --- if that ce officer has long worked for years on ce cases.

It is possible, after many years and much involvement in ce work (which would mean many successes, or that officer would not be allow-

ed to continue in ce work), the ce officer's true self could become de-personalized. The false-self which becomes dominant, could think, "He (the true self) is too cautious, too frightened and not daring enough." For, after a few successes, a ce officer is inclined to believe (or to have his false (ce) self) that his opponents are incapable of beating him. The false (ce) self comes to believe, "I am too smart for my opponents; they can never outwit me!"

This danger of conceit is something which all chiefs of operations units in clandestine intelligence organizations must watch. It can destroy --- and has destroyed --- many of the best clandestine intelligence officers long before they had reached their peaks as officers, and long before their successes warranted even the slightest conceit.

Those who become conceited and are not destroyed, ruined for future use, are frequently so shocked by a failure so deeply that they are useless, at least temporarily, as clandestine operations officers. Some such failures have been said to have developed microcosms within themselves; and, as a result of such an egotistic, private self-contained life, they cannot be used --- since, for a time, they cannot associate themselves with a life of reality, which must be lived with, and to a degree, shared with others.

A ce officer, particularly, should have a comparatively short periods of active field operational work; and in the interims he should be given less demanding work, work demanding less of a schizoidal life. The early retirement of clandestine intelligence officer, who have spent at least five years outside the USA, is a help in trying to arrive at a solution of the problem of double lives required of these officers.

Another reason for necessary early retirement of officers engaged in clandestine intelligence operations, is that they arrive at a point in life --- having met and dealt with so many dishonest people, and having, themselves, in their demanding and dominating (false) selves, lived a lie --- where they mistrust almost everyone, look for the hidden meaning and motives behind even the most sincere statements of friends and loved ones.

## CHAPTER XXVI

The administrators had taken over CIA to the point where all operations, including the most sensitive clandestine ones, were subjected to their measurements, and they are auditors, in the sense of "examine and verify".

In addition, I found it hard to ignore inadequacies, shortcomings of my co-workers; and I could no longer calmly ignore the lack of proper support from headquarters. The administrative business management types, who had no idea of what a clandestine operation was, or what essentials in the way of support were, had now taken control in Washington.

These administrators wished to run a penetration agent just as the Board of Directors of a meat packing firm would run their business. They even got to the point where they advocated paying agents time and one-half for extra hours spent working, if they worked over eight hours daily. Further, they wanted a certain number of pages of "intelligence" from each agent for each hundred dollars spent on that agent.

They made it impossible for an operations officer to be completely honest with his own headquarters. Intelligence or counter intelligence had to be produced in required amounts or the administrators would refuse further money; and, they could kill an operation



of great promise, simply because it had not, up to that date, produced what they thought was the required. Value had very little meaning to them.

It came to the point where each project, each operation had to be submitted annually, detailing all expenditures which were planned for the next or succeeding twelve months, listing all expected production, citing all past production (citing each dispatch by which this had been forwarded to headquarters and practically specifying the weight of each of these dispatches). Also, each agent had to be listed with his specific job and a justification for his use had to be given; and, of course, the amounts to be paid to each agent had to be detailed. All this information was "weighed" by administrative personnel in headquarters.

If an operations officer had honestly said, "This agent, Joe Blow, is a complete scoundrel; but, he works for us for money which he can use to get drunk and to visit whorehouses", he would never have got his project, proposed operation approved, for these administrators loved to find reasons for over-ruling a chief of station, who would have given his prior approval to the proposal. These administrative types never agreed with Sir Francis Walsingham, the founder of the British Secret Service, under Queen Elizabeth I, who said, "If there were no kanves, honest men should hardly come by the

truth of any enterprise against them."

The disapprovals of submitted projects gave them, the administrators, a reason for existence. It enabled them to show their directors at headquarters how valuable they were, how intelligently they had surveyed each project and how much money they had saved the Agency.

A very few examples of hundreds I could cite, will suffice to elucidate my point.

I once had the opportunity to rent an operational apartment, with very advantageous views of an important target and a perfect location for all kinds of electronic work on this target. Believe it or not, the real estate division of the administrative section of headquarters, insisted that their very American looking inspectors come to my station and inspect the place, after they had studied my reasons for wanting to rent it. They insisted that they would have to enter the apartment itself and carefully inspect it, to determine whether or not it was worth the price I would have to pay to get it. I had planned to rent the apartment through a trusted native, who would then allow other natives to move in on a sub-let contract. I had to ask permission to go to headquarters; and, once there, I went directly to see Mr. Allen Dulles and told him the story. He immediately approved of the request I made to

him and gave me a written statement to that effect. But, he did not abolish the real estate division, which was my suggestion. For that division was obviously staffed by people who had never considered the fact that entry into this apartment by very obvious Americans, could slow the whole operation; and, I thought that they should have nothing to do or say about clandestine operations.

Files, as every intelligence officer knows are the absolute backbone of operations; and clandestine operations cannot be run without good and correct files. In CIA files began to be subjected to physical measurements. Each station in the world had its files subjected to these measurements and each station was allowed only a fixed percentage of growth per year --- and this percentage was fixed by personnel from an administrative section, persons who worried only about the quantity of paper and the space this paper took up, and who had no more idea of content or quality of content or usefulness of the documents in the files, than a betsy bug. These specialists in weights, sizes and space filled by files, were sent to stations with over-sized files; and they were empowered to destroy --- without knowing what ----- until the files were down to the required size!

Similarly, each station was visited periodically by administrative personnel specialists. These specialists claimed

that they had to visit the station in order to look at the records and talk with the station chief about pay grades of each person working under that chief of station. All the records were in headquarters; but, it was more pleasant for these specialists to go out and see for themselves that the people to whom periodic payments were being made by headquarters were actually there at the station. Then, they went through a second grade mathematical exercise. They multiplied the grade of each person by the number of persons in that grade. For example, they would multiply "9" by the number of persons who carried the grade GS-9 in the station; and, after doing this for all personnel they added up the total. For example, if a station had one GS-14, two (2) GS-12(s), one(1) GS-9 and two(2) GS-7 (s), the total would be: 61. This 61 divided by the number of people assigned to the station would be then their "grade average" which, in this case, would be: GS-10. If such a "grade-average" came out for a station, these administrative grade average specialists would be horrified. They would insist that one or more of the higher graded people be transferred, and replaced by a lower graded individual, so that the "grade average" would become, in their terms, "more realistic". What the people were doing and how well they were doing it meant nothing to these specialists. But, I must admit, this made many high level jobs for administrative personnel. A

group of these "grade specialists" visited my last station; and they did not know what to say when I presented them with the "grade average" of their group of three. I appended my report on their "grade average", which was GS-14.3, to their report on my station, which had a "grade average" of a little above GS-9 and which they were trying to get down to an average of GS-8.5.

These accountants, real estate specialists, "grade averagers" and their administrative cohorts have bound, tied, gagged and stymied clandestine operations. These burdensome parasites have made it almost impossible for the CIA to continue and conduct clandestine operations; not realizing that they, like animal and vegetable parasites, are sucking the vitality from the body from which they live. They don't realize that they are preventing the Agency from performing the tasks for which it was established and for which it is getting millions of U.S. dollars annually, of the taxpayers money.

As a specific example, during 1968, my last station spent 68.7% of monies received that year, for administrative costs, on orders from headquarters. The remainder, less than one-third of the annual budget, was allotted (by the administrative chiefs in headquarters) to projects pertaining to procurement of intelligence, or to counter-intelligence or counter-espionage operations. As previously stated, each clandestine operation had to be sub-

mitted in great quantities of paper, setting out in minute detail all expenditures intended for the forthcoming year; all agents to be used and exactly what each was expected to do, had to be reported; and potential results of the operation had to be specifically stated. All this had to go through and be approved by literally hundreds of people in headquarters, and, principally, it had to make the administrators happy, by its format, its detailed breakdown of expenditures and its job descriptions and other details.

CIA came to little after 1968, because of these leeches who became the masters. They, as parasites often do, had by 1968, so strangled the working body that to do the work of the clandestine services, the work for which the agency had been founded, became a practical impossibility.

We, in operations still worked very, very hard; but "We looked for much, and lo, it came to little."

## Chapter XXVII

I began as an intelligence and security officer in 1941;



(b)(3)

Ten years before my retirement I became a GS-18, which is the highest civilian career service grade in the US Government, the top of the super-grades.

I decided to retire because I could not live a happy life and have to subordinate myself to people who knew nothing of the work they were approving for me to do, or disapproving and ordering me and my group not to do. Too, I feared that I had become worn out in the grind of many years in work in which one had to live two lives, had to become a schizoid, of a type.

The approval of my request for retirement was accompanied by a request that I come to Washington for a brief visit. While there, I was awarded the Distinguished Intelligence Medal, a very pleasant surprise for me and a very good way to terminate my official relationships with the Agency.

I came away from that, my last official visit to headquarters happy and with a feeling of freedom; I definitely decided to relax, talk about any work I engaged in in the future, and to try to get back my respect for and trust of people. I was happy to get out of the sludge of spies and knaves; pleased to believe that in the future, contacts could be made for friendship, or openly for business reasons; and I was very happy to get rid of the necessity to keep secret the work I did and the contacts I made.

Now that I view the twenty eight years I put into clandestine operations works, I realize that I devoted myself far too completely to the work and gave too little time and attention to recreational and normal family life and activities; and, I fully realize that, in all those thousands of hours of work as I beavered away, "I looked for much, and lo, it came to little!" for me and for my country. But, I hope that some of that "little" will serve as bases for future operations, bases upon which some productive future clandestine intelligence operations can be built; and I hope that the clandestine intelligence officers who may build these operations may get more nearly what they expected or looked for when they began. I sincerely hope, also, that the present and future directors will alleviate the administrative binds which have almost completely constipated the clandestine service; and, in the future, will allow



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freedom to work to those who know what needs to be done in the field of clandestine operations.

I know that I could never have had the tremendous experiences I had (some of the ones of lesser importance and of lower classification have been briefly cited in the preceding pages) if I had not been fortunate enough to get into the FBI, OSS/X-2 [redacted]

[redacted] CIG and the CIA. For these experiences and the hundreds of excellent people I met (many of whom are my friends), I am most grateful to Lady Luck and my Good Fortune.

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