

ELEVEN

Espionage

THEY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN two schools of thought on the effectiveness of Soviet intelligence in this country. Some people believe that the Russians are bunglers who never succeed, while to others they are ten feet tall, brilliant, and invincible. The truth, of course, is somewhere in between. Some of their operations were failures while others were so successful that the FBI found out about them only by accident—or they are still undetected.

Like the Russians, the FBI did outstanding work on some cases and inferior work on others, but even if we had been the supermen Hoover made us out to be, we would still have had a hard time catching Russian spies, thanks to Hoover's restrictive policies. Though the pressure was always on for our boys in the field to identify Soviet agents and to gather evidence against them, Hoover was reluctant to give them the proper tools for the job.

For example, when our agents in the Philadelphia office discovered that a local couple was gathering material for the Russians on U.S. radar installations along the mid-Atlantic coast, Hoover refused to grant permission to put a microphone in their apartment because they were U.S. citizens. I knew, just as the FBI agents who were working on the case knew, that we could not gather information on professional Russian agents, which these two definitely were, without using the right equipment, so we made our own microphone and put it in. I kept after Hoover, though, and when he finally did back down, we just replaced our own microphone with a better one from the FBI inventory.

It only took one or two experiences like that to teach a man in the field to take matters into his own hands and find ways to get around Hoover's impossible restrictions. One reason I had good rapport with

the men was because I'd always stuck my neck out for them and remove as many of Hoover's obstacles as I could, at least at my level.

Another reason for our less-than-perfect record at catching Russian spies was a basic fault in the organization of the FBI itself. Every other major country in the world has two domestic investigative agencies—one to deal with criminal cases, one to deal with security problems. In England, for instance, criminal cases are handled by Scotland Yard, intelligence by MI 5. The French, the Dutch, and the Israelis all have separate criminal and security agencies to handle criminal investigation and security operations. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police never mix criminal files with security files. Not separating the two is like mixing oil and water. In contrast, the FBI's files are a hodgepodge. When the FBI is finally reorganized, this issue deserves serious attention.

When the two fields of investigation are separated at last, they must be staffed by men with very different ways of looking at their work. The man who goes into criminal investigation thinks in terms of black and white. To him issues are clear-cut, and he expects results when he acts. If a bank is robbed, he knows he must find out who did it, locate the criminals, and take them into custody.

The man who excels at criminal investigation would be lost in intelligence. Instead of having clear-cut black-and-white issues, intelligence is full of gray areas. In intelligence, a man can investigate for years without getting any real results. A man who enjoys solving tantalizing and complex problems, who likes to experiment, would be bored stiff catching bank robbers and belongs in intelligence. In the FBI, both types of men are misused and disappointed at least some of the time because most agents have to deal with both types of cases every day.

Despite being hampered by Hoover's restrictions and FBI policy, we did meet with some success in finding Russian spies. One case I remember particularly concerned a woman agent who was operating in New York City in the early 1960s. Her "cover" was as a beautician, but the agents in the New York office were convinced she was working for the Soviets and they couldn't break the case using the conventional, traditional investigative techniques.

In this instance, we had Hoover's permission to act, and I or-

the men in New York to kidnap her out of her apartment and bring her to a "safe house"—a place that we rented anonymously and that was beyond any suspicion of belonging to the FBI—that we kept in a suburb close to the city. At first she claimed to be an American citizen, and she had the documents to prove it. She warned the men that she intended to file a complaint with the police when they let her go. But they kept her there, never letting her out of their sight or out of the sight of a nurse who worked for us, for one second. They were at her night and day, asking questions, showing her the evidence they had against her, telling her to confess. Finally she realized that they knew so much on her that she broke down and admitted the truth. She turned out to be a lieutenant colonel in the G. R. U., Soviet army intelligence. She agreed to work for us as a double agent and we let her go back to her apartment in Brooklyn.

We kept in touch with her every day for months. One day when one of our agents tried to call her there was no answer at her apartment. She wasn't at work either, so he called me. "There's only one thing to do," I said, "break into her apartment." A moment later I called Hoover to get his permission to go into the apartment, which, surprisingly, he gave the first time I asked. When our men broke in they found her, but she was dead. She'd left a note for the agents, a very proper and polite note, thanking them for their courtesies and then explaining that she couldn't bring herself, one of the highest-ranking women in Soviet intelligence—and proud of it—to serve as a double agent. She knew that if she returned to Russia, which was her only other option as we wouldn't let her stay in the United States without working for us, she would break under their interrogation just as she had under ours, and admit that she had been compromised by the FBI. "There's only one way out," she wrote, her handwriting getting worse by the word, "and I'm taking it." She finally stopped writing in the middle of a word. There was a line down to the edge of the paper and the pen was lying on the floor.

The boys searched her apartment and removed all of her espionage paraphernalia: code books, forged documents, including her passport; and a large amount of cash which we turned over to the U. S. Treasury Department. Then one of my men called the police, pretending to be "someone from the building" who hadn't seen his

neighbor for a few days and was getting concerned. The police found her body, which was never claimed, and she was buried in Potter's Field.

Another case that worked out well concerned Cornelius Drummond, a black yeoman in the navy who had been recruited by the Russians while he was stationed in London shortly before he was due to be transferred to Newport, Rhode Island. When Drummond was invited out to dinner by a charming and generous Russian diplomat, he wasn't surprised when his host proposed a business deal over dessert. Soviet agents were known to single out and approach black enlisted men like Drummond who had access to classified information.

The Russian offered Drummond two hundred dollars to deliver a naval base telephone book that was not classified, that was easily and

Yeoman First Class Cornelius Drummond, a sixteen-year navy veteran, was arrested on 29 September 1962 by the FBI at Larchmont, N. Y., on charges of spying for the Soviet Union. *Wide World Photos*



legally available to anyone, and that was not worth more than fifty cents. It was an easy job for Drummond and a profitable one, and by the time he reported for duty in Newport he was hooked. Drummond had no ideological basis for his disloyalty. He was only interested in the money.

About a year after Drummond's return to the United States, we heard through an agent we had in the Soviet apparatus that the Russians were getting extremely classified top-secret information about our radar defense system, and that the information was coming from someone in the navy. Because of this leak, millions of dollars had to be spent to devise a new radar defense. The public was never told, and some of the senators and congressmen who complain so loudly about high defense budgets never knew either.

The navy asked the FBI to find the leak. By analyzing the kind of information that was being passed to the Soviets, we narrowed the focus of our investigation to four naval installations, one of which was Newport, Rhode Island. We then went through the record of every person at each installation who might have had access to the information. It was an expensive, exhaustive process, and we came up with the names of a dozen or so possible spies. One of them was Cornelius Drummond.

When our agents took a close look at Drummond's life, they discovered that he only worked at his job with the navy for a few hours a day and that some days he didn't work at all. No one in the peacetime navy had ever questioned Drummond's work habits, which left him with plenty of time for other pursuits. One was a restaurant and lounge, a damned nice place, which Drummond owned outright. How, our agents wondered, could an enlisted man with a wife and children afford to buy such a fine restaurant without even taking out a mortgage?

I told the boys to take a closer look at Drummond. They started by searching his car. When they found nothing suspicious, they opened the trunk. There wasn't a damn thing inside except a spare tire and a filthy old sponge. You don't overlook anything in this business, though, so one of the boys reached in and squeezed the sponge. It was hard in the center. He opened it carefully. There was a tiny

Minox camera inside.

After discovering Drummond's camera, we put a hidden television camera in the room where the secret radar documents were kept. Sure enough, a few days later, like a scene from a spy movie, there was Yeoman Drummond on closed-circuit TV, photographing the paper with his Minox.

We wanted to catch Drummond in the act of transferring information to the Soviets, so we put a physical surveillance on him. But he made it very, very hard for us to track him to his rendezvous: he used to drive down the Merritt Parkway, in Connecticut at sixty or sixty-five miles an hour, and then, all of a sudden, speed up till he was going ninety. Now, how in the hell can you follow someone inconspicuously at ninety miles an hour? Another of Drummond's tricks was to slow down, cross over the center divider, and head back to Rhode Island for ten or fifteen miles, then cross over again and continue on toward New York. It finally took a two-hundred-mile surveillance to track Drummond, and even two hundred agents weren't enough the first time we tried it.

We posted fixed agents with walkie-talkies in the woods and brush all the way from Rhode Island to New York. As Drummond passed each relay point, no matter how fast or in which direction he was going, the agents traced his route on their own closed-circuit network radio. When Drummond finally hit New York City traffic, a forty-car team was waiting to move in. One car would stay on him for no more than three or four minutes before the next car took over. It was all very natural, very unobtrusive, and although Drummond kept a sharp eye on his rear-view mirror, he never saw anything to alarm him. Just when it looked as if we had him though, Drummond drove right through a red light. Hell, we couldn't follow him through a red light. He'd be onto us right away. So we lost him—it was heart-breaking. There are a lot of disappointments in this business.

The next time Drummond drove to New York City, we repeated the fixed roadside surveillance, and when our mobile surveillance took over in the city, they followed him all the way to Larchmont, in Westchester County, N. Y. At one point Drummond turned the wrong way down a one-way street. Of course, we didn't follow him,

but, luckily, one of the agents in the car that was on him at that moment lived in the neighborhood. He knew that the street was a cul-de-sac and that if he followed Drummond he would give himself away, so he radioed the next car to be ready to take over when Drummond came back out. They did and followed him to the parking lot of a nearby diner.

Drummond sat in his car in that parking lot for half an hour before a second car pulled in and parked next to his. Drummond got out of his car and got into the other one.

Our boys at the diner recognized the second car as belonging to the Soviets and spread the word to the other agents nearby. Almost immediately, twenty FBI agents had the two cars surrounded. When they saw movement in the Russian car, they moved in fast and opened both car doors just as Drummond was handing photographs to one of his two contacts from an open attaché case on his lap. One of the Soviets put up a hell of a fight when he realized what was happening, but our boys just knocked him cold, picked him up, put him in one of their cars, and hauled him down to the New York office. Drummond didn't offer any resistance at all, but the boys gave him and the other Soviet agents a beating just for good measure.

I got a call from New York shortly after the agents arrived with their catch. "We've got them," one of the agents told me, "and we've been calling the Soviet Embassy, but we can't seem to get anyone who wants to talk."

"Keep at them," I told them, "and keep in touch with me."

The Soviets claimed that they had never heard of our "prisoners," but after a dozen or so phone calls, an embassy official finally came over to get them. They were never prosecuted and they left the country three days later.

Drummond, who cost this country millions, had been paid at least forty-eight thousand dollars for his work. The Soviets are penny pinchers when it comes to paying for information, and that was a lot of money by their standards. Obviously, they felt the information Drummond was selling was very valuable.

We had an airtight case against Drummond. He couldn't explain why he kept a Minox camera inside a sponge in the trunk of his car.

He couldn't explain his driving habits, and he certainly couldn't explain his television performance. But Drummond's trial ended in a hung jury.

One of the jurors, a black woman, believed that Drummond had been framed by the FBI because he was black. The trial was held in 1963 during a time of terrible racial disturbances in the South, and the sound of one of our agents testifying against Drummond in his Mississippi accent was enough to convince the black juror to vote to acquit Drummond. There were race riots in Birmingham, Alabama, at the time, and in her mind it was not Drummond, the Russian spy, who was on trial but the treatment of blacks in the South. That's not logical, but it is human. Of course, we couldn't let Drummond go free, so he was retried a few months later and sentenced to life in prison.

In the case of Cornelius Drummond, we had time to watch him in action, to set him up before we caught him red-handed. But intelligence cases aren't always long, drawn-out investigations. When I got a telephone call at two in the morning saying that an army enlisted man who had been working on top-secret projects called the Russian Embassy offering to pass on what he knew (which, as he had a photographic memory, was plenty), I had to take action right away. The projects he knew about were so secret that the army didn't want to admit they existed. In fact, the army was so sensitive about his disappearance that they had never declared him AWOL, though he had been missing for over a week.

The Russians professionally and correctly assumed that their telephone was tapped, and when the soldier called, they offered to talk to him but told him that they were not interested in his information. We called the military police as soon as we heard about it and found out that the soldier was not only unofficially AWOL but homosexual to boot. I sent about three hundred agents, as many as I could muster at that hour, to search for him in New York City's homosexual bars. Find him they did, about two hours later. Although we had no legal right to do so, FBI agents kidnapped the soldier, brought him to the New York office, and then called me to ask what they should do.

I telephoned a general who worked for Department of Defense intelligence to tell him the good news, and though he was delighted to hear that we had the soldier, when I told him I was wary of holding the man without his being charged with a crime (after all, he wasn't even officially AWOL), he said he couldn't help me and told me to call back in the morning. I knew right away that I was up against a stone wall there, so I went over the heads of the Pentagon military brass and called Cyrus Vance, then assistant secretary of defense under Robert McNamara, to ask if he could help.

Vance said he could. He knew all about the case, and he was happy and relieved to hear the soldier was in FBI custody. "This is tremendous," he said. "I'll have my men in New York come right over for him." Vance was a man after my own heart; he listened to the facts, evaluated the situation, made a decision, and went into action, all within five or ten minutes. Vance said, "We'll have a plane fly down to New York City at once, pick him up, and bring him back to Washington." And he did. Army security officers took charge of him in New York and brought him back. He was held in custody by the army while they tried to rehabilitate him because no charges were ever brought against him for fear that the sensitive information that he held would become public. He wasn't ideologically motivated, but like Drummond he was interested in the money that he could get from the Soviets.

We kept a surveillance on him after he was returned to the Washington area because he was discharged honorably from the army, had been given a good job, and a nice place to live. Our hope was that the information he had stored in his remarkable memory would eventually become hazy or that his information would, after some time, no longer be valuable. We kept up the watch on him for a couple of years, even when he took vacations. He developed a good rapport with our agents, but to this day we have him under surveillance.

We found out some months later that it had been the army's own fault that such an unstable individual was allowed to work on such a secret project. One of his commanding officers had put it right in his record that this man should never be allowed to get near classified

material. But that was overlooked somehow, probably by an officer who needed a man with a good memory and was willing to take a chance.

Another case that demanded fast action involved the arrival of a Russian assassin in Washington. The Soviets actually have an assassination squad, and when I learned through an informant that one of its members was assigned to report to the Soviet Embassy, I knew he hadn't been sent from Moscow just for the trip. He had a cover, of course—he was posing as a businessman who was in the United States to buy aluminum for export to Russia. Periodically, we were successful in developing a Soviet official and getting him to work for us, and this is one of the times that it paid off. We had successfully penetrated the Russian intelligence network a few months before and our man had informed us of the arrival of the assassin. We set up our own phony aluminum company and got in touch with him by proposing an attractive business deal, telling him that we'd seen his advertisements for aluminum in the newspapers. He expressed interest in meeting with our company's representatives, so we set up a meeting in a Washington hotel room.

Two of our agents, posing as aluminum salesmen, offered the Russian a very attractive price for the metal, and then they told him that the price could go even lower if he would just tell them what his "real business" was in the United States. The Russian looked at the two salesmen closely, then shouted "you're FBI," and headed for the door. One of the agents, a redhead, stopped him by blocking him at the door and punching him full in the face. He was put back in his chair, but he never admitted to anything more than being an aluminum buyer. They finally let him go, and as he was on his way out one of the agents said to him, "Get the hell out of this country, and fast!" At the door he turned to the agent and said, "You redheaded son of a bitch, when we take over you're going to be the first man I kill." The Soviet assassin left that same day on a Russian plane headed back for Moscow. From then on, the threat of assassination of Soviet agents under our control was always on my mind. (There were at least two cases I was sure of where they killed defectors in the United States.

One man was run over by a car in New York City, *after* he had been killed. The other, a Soviet army officer who defected, was killed in his hotel room in Washington, D.C.) *Kristy*

One of our most successful operations concerned a Russian intelligence officer who came over to us, although the Russians didn't know it. For three years we fed him disinformation, false intelligence data. He reported this information to his superiors who assumed it to be correct. The Soviet government spent countless millions of dollars in fruitless experiments trying to duplicate what they thought to be an actual article of U. S. military equipment, one which in fact never existed. Finally, when the game was played out and the Russians began questioning the authenticity of our man's reports, I had him "come out"—defect.

We gave him a job and a new identity, but I still feared for his safety. When an espionage case came up in New York City he was needed as a witness to testify against an American he knew to be a Soviet spy. I learned through another Soviet agent contact of ours that there was a plan to kill our defector before he could testify.

I had two of my men, Agents Rathburn and O'Toole, rent a house in an upper-middle-class suburb of New York City and I instructed them to stay with our defector twenty-four hours a day—to eat with him, walk with him, live with him—until the trial.

After a week up there the neighbors living near the three men began to act strangely. None of the neighbors talked to them and they even turned away when they passed our men on the street. It went on for weeks—everyone shunned them.

Finally, their closest neighbor leaned over his fence and called to O'Toole to join him. The neighbor, pointing to the other house adjoining ours, said, "See that house over there . . . the man bought a rifle to protect his children."

"To protect them from what?" asked O'Toole.

"From what . . . from what?" the neighbor stammered. "From you three men . . . from you three homosexuals." O'Toole was stunned. "You live together, eat together, walk together. None of you ever is with anyone else. Not one of you this past month has had a date with a woman."

O'Toole reached into his pocket and showed the man his FBI credentials and said, "Look, we're not gay, we're here for reasons I can't explain and we're going to be here for only another week or two."

The funny thing was that the neighbor looked carefully at the credentials, handed them back to O'Toole, and never said a word to him. He just walked away shaking his head. During the next two weeks they were there the neighbors continued to avoid them. Just part of the hazard of being an FBI agent.

The FBI and the Russians were always trying to infiltrate each other's intelligence apparatus, and we, at least, were periodically successful. I say *periodically* because once we'd developed a man, anything could happen. He could be transferred back to the Soviet Union or assigned to some other country. He could even turn against us and start to work as a triple agent. The Soviets had the same problems. And we both had the same ways of solving them. One way was by using sex.

Sex has been used as a lure, persuader, and bargaining point by espionage agents for hundreds of years and things haven't changed. They try to recruit American citizens to work for them, we try to recruit their people to work for us, and we both use men, women, and compromising photographs to bolster our efforts. I don't know how the Soviets worked things, but we went out of our way to cater to individual tastes. Once we found out that a Soviet code clerk (we didn't need to deal with ambassadors when code clerks, who read all the documents, knew just as much and sometimes more) wanted to "experience" a black woman, for instance, we saw to it that he met a black woman who was on the payroll (not the regular payroll, however—we had a special fund for this type of work) of the FBI. We would set up these "chance meetings" to get information, but the game got more serious when either side resorted to sexual blackmail.

An American scientist who was invited to Russia for a Soviet-American scientific conference was given a farewell banquet by his Soviet colleague on his last night in Moscow. The meal lasted for hours and the liquor flowed on even longer. The next morning the scientist found himself in bed in his hotel room with no memory of getting there under his own power. A few months after returning to

the United States, he was invited to lunch by a Russian businessman who surprised him by removing a stack of pictures from his briefcase and passing them across the table for the American to see. They were pictures of the American scientist, naked, in bed with another man. The Russian told him to provide classified information or else he would make the photographs "public."

The scientist realized immediately that his luncheon companion was no businessman but a Russian agent. Since he was not a homosexual he knew that he had been set up on his last night in Moscow. He didn't know what to do, so he very wisely took his problem to the FBI. And we took care of him. We let the Soviets know that we knew all about their plan, and we did the same thing to one of their people and the two cancelled each other out. It's all part of the game.

We could and did play as rough as the Soviets. When we found out that a commercial attaché in the Yugoslavian Embassy was having an affair with the wife of a colleague, we decided to use that knowledge to try to turn the attaché into a double agent. We watched them to see when and where they met—it was at a motel just outside of Washington on the Dixie Highway—and we set up a one-way mirror and a small photography studio in the next room.

Once we had the evidence, we decided to approach the Yugoslav in his natural habitat, at an embassy party. Armed with the compromising photographs, one of our agents struck up a conversation with him, reminding him of their last, but imaginary conversation at another embassy party some months ago. Of course, being a diplomat, the Yugoslav pretended to remember him, and he even agreed to give our agent a ride home ("it's only a few blocks") when he asked.

"Take a right here," our agent told him in the car, "then turn left, now down a block, now right again." The directions went on and on. After many rights and lefts, they found themselves at the end of a dead-end road.

"Where to now?" asked the Yugoslav, thoroughly irritated. "I can't drive you all over Washington."

"I'll get out here," replied the agent, "but I have something to show you before I do." He reached into his briefcase and handed the Yugoslav a picture of himself and his colleague's wife in their motel room. The Yugoslav looked at the picture for a long time. He didn't

say anything, but the expression on his face kept changing. Finally, he handed the picture back to the agent. "Good photography," he said.

"Here's another one," the agent said, handing him a second picture, "just as good. And another." In all, he showed the Yugoslav twelve photographs, all different and all "good." When he finished looking at them, the attaché took the whole stack of pictures and slammed them against the car's dashboard.

"Goddamn you, you're an FBI agent, and now you think you've got me. Well, I'm not going to work for you," he told the agent, "get out of the car." Because he wouldn't work with us, we sent the pictures to the ambassador and the attaché was sent back to Yugoslavia, his career ruined. It's a rough business.

When a prominent American journalist traveled to the Soviet Union, he was the subject of a series of photographs taken of a homosexual encounter. In this particular case the pictures were not faked, the encounter not trumped up. The Russian KGB showed him the pictures and tried to turn him into what we call an "agent of influence": someone who is not a spy, but one who can influence policy in accord with Soviet objectives.

When he returned to the United States he did an extremely outrageous thing: he came right to the FBI to tell us of the problem and the Soviet pressure. "Just because I'm a homosexual," he said, "doesn't mean that they can force me to become their rubber stamp and to write what they tell me to write. I just won't do it." We told him what to do. He went to the Soviets in Washington and told them that he had told the whole story to the FBI. The Soviets never bothered him again.

Of course, sex isn't the only lever we used to convince people to work for us. Joseph Sizmonic was a code clerk working for the Polish Mission to the United Nations in New York City. He was a key man, someone we really wanted to turn into a double agent, and we had had him under surveillance for months. He never did anything out of the ordinary, but one Sunday morning when his wife left the house alone, we decided to follow her. She took a long, involved route to another part of the city and ended up at a Catholic church in Brook-

lyn, just in time for Mass. We kept our eye on her after that and found that she attended church regularly. At that time religion was under attack in Poland, and her Catholicism was just the opening we had been searching for, the chink in Sizmonic's armor.

One of our agents, a man who spoke Polish, approached Sizmonic while he was shopping (an agent would never approach a possible recruit at work, or anywhere near his colleagues) and struck up a conversation, in Polish, of course. The conversation quickly turned into an ideological debate, communism vs. capitalism, East vs. West, but it was kept on a philosophic plane. No attempt was made to win him over at that point. The same agent "just happened" to bump into Sizmonic again a few days later in another part of town, but when he tried to resume their conversation, Sizmonic, looking frightened refused to talk and walked away. After that the FBI man would arrange to bump into Sizmonic once or twice a week, and every time they met, he would smile and say "Hi, Joseph," and walk on. He did that 111 times over the period of a year. The 112th time he said "Hi, Joseph," Sizmonic put out his arm and stopped the agent from going by.

"I want to talk to you, and I want to bring my wife," he said. Normally we like to meet with just one person at a time, but the agent agreed to meet both of them for lunch the next day in a restaurant in Queens.

At lunch, our agent tried to resume the ideological debate, but the Pole stopped him after a sentence or two. "You don't have to convince me," he said, "I've convinced myself during the past year, and my wife has always been convinced. I will work for you, and in exchange, when I am ordered back to Poland, you will let me and my family stay here and help me to get a job. I want to bring up my children in the Catholic church and I can't do that in Poland." We agreed, and he was our man for over two years. Because of him, we knew everything that went on in the Polish Mission and everything that came in through their communications system. Information like that was of enormous importance because it meant that our diplomats could sit down at the conference table knowing as much as their opposite numbers.

After two years, though, when he still had one more year to go at the United Nations, Sizmonic was asked to return to Poland for a two-week refresher course. He was ordered to leave immediately. He was worried, but willing to go back if we thought he should. We knocked it around at FBI headquarters and some of the men thought he should go. But I was the one who had to make the final decision, and something told me that they were on to him and that if he returned to Poland, he'd be executed. It was time for Sizmonic to "come out."

He went to the United Nations early the next morning and came back out soon afterward carrying two enormous suitcases, each one crammed full of secret Polish government documents. The suitcases were so heavy that he literally staggered to First Avenue, where our boys were waiting in a car at the curb, and that was the end of Sizmonic's double life.

We had a similar experience with a code clerk named Tisler who worked in the Czechoslovakian Embassy in Washington. Tisler was an extremely valuable man, and thanks to him we were party to all the Czechs' top-secret information. In exchange for his help, we promised to help him when his time in Washington was up; we agreed to give him asylum and a new identity. As he was really working as an intelligence officer for the Czechs (almost every employee of the Soviet bloc embassy is an intelligence agent, no matter what the official job), we would also reward Tisler by giving him information, something that wouldn't hurt us but that would make him look good. Our problem was that we made him look too good. Back home in Prague, they thought Tisler was doing such outstanding work that they wanted to bring him back to Czechoslovakia and give him a promotion.

We didn't want to lose Tisler, and he certainly didn't want to go back, but we didn't think the time had come for Tisler to defect. He was simply too valuable to lose. So we exposed Tisler's announced successor, another Czech embassy employee, as an intelligence agent (which wasn't difficult—we could have done the same to almost anyone at any of the embassies of the Iron Curtain countries) and had him expelled from the United States. It was a year before the Czechs

came up with another successor to Tisler, and when they finally did, it was time for Tisler to defect.

Tisler arranged to meet my men at the Czechoslovakian Embassy in the middle of the night. He planned to empty out the embassy's vaults and filing cabinets, and to throw their contents out the window to the waiting agents, who would scoop it all up and stuff it into large bags. Once full, the bags would then be whisked away to our Washington field office. Tisler himself planned to leave the embassy at 3:30 A.M. by way of the window in the file room, sliding down a rope into the waiting arms of the FBI.

Everything went as planned, and our agents were stuffing documents into bags and bags into cars for over an hour. But at 3:30 there was no sign of Tisler at the window. Our men waited and waited. Four o'clock came and went, so did 4:30. Finally, at 5:00 A.M., as dawn was breaking, down he came out of the window. The agents put him into their car just as two Czech officials were arriving at work. As Tisler and the FBI agents drove to the Washington office, he explained why he had been so late.

At 3:30, as he had been preparing to leave the embassy by way of the window, there was a knock at the door. The file room was in complete disarray, empty file drawers on the floor, the safe open and empty. Tisler didn't know what to do. He opened the door a crack, just enough to see who was there without allowing whoever it was to see in. It was a colleague, a fellow clerk, who couldn't sleep and had come to work early. Tisler joined him outside the file room and closed the door firmly behind him. "Let's go for a drink instead," he said, and while the FBI was nervously waiting outside, Tisler was drinking with his friend, waiting for him to get drunk and pass out, which he finally did at about 5:00 A.M. One of the boys asked Tisler what he would have done if the other man had insisted on going into the file room. "I would have shot him," Tisler answered.

The two Czechoslovakian diplomats who were arriving at work just as we were leaving with their code clerk discovered at once what had happened. The Czechs had no way of communicating directly with their own country; they had to go through the Soviets. They called the Soviet Embassy to tell them about it in code. "We have a

very, very sick man here in the embassy," they said. Of course the Soviets and the Czechs assumed that their telephones were tapped by the FBI. Why did we tap their phones if they spoke in code? Because sometimes they would slip and give us just a tiny insight, a small fragment of information that might fill in parts of a jigsaw puzzle.

The Czechs continued speaking to the Soviet Embassy, "Not only is the man sick, but we don't know whether he's going to live or die so we'd like to have some of you come over to our embassy right away." Almost at once a team of Soviet intelligence officials drove out of their embassy and headed toward the Czech Embassy. They didn't stay there very long before they knew what we had done, so they headed back toward the Soviet Embassy. The Russians contacted headquarters in Prague to give the coded message (which we intercepted), "There has been an explosion in the Czechoslovakian Embassy in Washington." That meant that the United States government walked off with all their codes, all their records, everything.

Our men were no slouches when it came to entering embassies and breaking into vaults. Usually, we didn't need the man inside to help—we just went in and photographed the material we wanted. The men who did that kind of work were specially trained for it at headquarters and at Quantico, Virginia. We called the training program "Sound School," an innocuous name like "crime records." The agents who went to the FBI Sound School learned to use classic bank robber's techniques, techniques we knew so well from working the other side of the street. They would study the neighborhood for weeks, "casing the joint," gauging the flow of pedestrian and automobile traffic, finding the quietest time (usually two or three in the morning) to break in. A group of agents would be posted outside the embassy with walkie-talkies, two more men with walkie-talkies were posted inside, and finally, in communication with both, were the men in the vault. If someone came too close to the embassy, the men in the vault were ready to grab their lights and cameras and run. It takes a very special man to do this work. I've known agents who couldn't even take the pressure of surveillance and began to believe that they were the ones being followed. We never got any complaints from the

countries whose embassies we broke into because they were up to their necks in illegal activities themselves, and they didn't want the delicate balance of illegality to tip.

Not all of our successes in counterespionage were the result of good hard work by the many excellent men we have in the field. Some of our most publicized cases were "walk-ins," cases that were successful only because we were given the information needed to find a Russian intelligence agent at work in the United States.

The capture of Colonel Rudolf Abel was hailed as one of the FBI's biggest espionage coups, but even though the Russian master spy was handed to us on a platter by one of his fellow agents, we almost messed up the case and lost him. Abel was the highest-ranking Soviet espionage agent known to have been in the United States. He lived under cover in Brooklyn, New York, for ten years or so—as his cover was successful, we could only guess how long he had been operating. We would never have found out about Abel at all if it hadn't been for one of his associates, Reino Haynahan, who told us all about him.

Reino Haynahan was a Finn who became a Soviet KGB agent in 1939. At the end of 1952 the KGB sent him to New York and two years later he was assigned to Colonel Abel. Haynahan was also an alcoholic, which proved to be his downfall and the end of Abel's career in the United States. Long before we knew about Abel we were onto Haynahan, and we had him under surveillance since he was operating as a courier for Soviet intelligence operations. Once in the 1950s we followed him up to West Point, near the military academy. He was seen to walk in the woods, retrace his steps, and then walk back again to his original position, as if he was looking for something. He was. He was looking for what we call a "bank" or a "dead drop," which is a small, protected cache like a hollow tree trunk, a loose brick, or a simple hole in the ground that is not likely to be spotted by a casual observer or disturbed by animals or children. He found his dead drop and took something out of it and put it in his pocket. Years later when he was under arrest, we asked him what he had taken from that hole. He told us, "It was five thousand dollars that the KGB had put there that was to go to the wife of a U. S. Communist party member that was

in jail. She needed the money for her lawyer. I took it and kept it and used most of it to buy liquor during the next year."

Because he was an alcoholic, Haynahan kept fouling up most of his assignments for Abel, so in 1957 the Russian colonel ordered him back to Moscow via Paris to make a delivery of some of Abel's intelligence information to KGB agents in Paris. That was Abel's mistake.

When Haynahan got to Paris he went right to the American Embassy and asked to speak to a representative of the FBI. He was directed to our legal attaché, a nice enough fellow but a man whose head was in the clouds, not in the world of spies and counterespies. When Haynahan told him about Abel, our man in Paris told the Finn that the FBI had no interest in that kind of information and our agent took him outside and put him into a taxicab with instructions on how to get to the CIA's offices, telling him, "It's clearly a case for the CIA." As soon as a CIA agent heard Haynahan's story, he got on the phone to our legal attaché. "This guy doesn't belong to us," he told him, "he belongs to the FBI." With that, the legal attaché cabled Washington. Haynahan was sent to the United States and Abel was arrested on 21 June 1957. The arrest was hailed as a counterespionage success by the FBI. In 1962, when Abel was exchanged for Francis Gary Powers, the CIA pilot who was shot down in his spy plane over Russia, the Soviets got the best of the bargain, for we gave them a brilliant man and got back a run-of-the-mill pilot. Back home, Abel was put in charge of all intelligence operations concerning the United States. Powers went to work as a helicopter traffic reporter for a Los Angeles radio station and was killed on the job, flying the freeway.

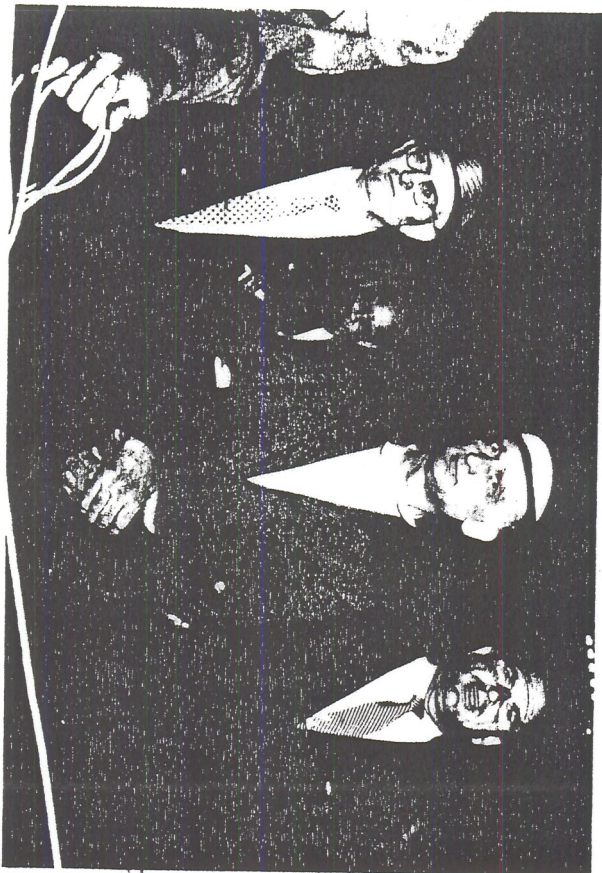
We were pleased, of course, every time we caught an enemy agent operating inside the United States, even if the capture was a fluke. But at the same time, we were also a little frightened and upset. We'd have to ask ourselves how many more of them were out there operating without our knowledge.

We did solve many of our cases by doing good, hard work, but we solved many others, famous cases like the Rudolf Abel case, through sheer luck. And as in the Abel case, we came close to losing our quarry through stupidity or inefficiency more than once. One of



Reino Hayhanen, a Finn who worked for Russian intelligence, gave himself up to the FBI and told the bureau about his boss, Colonel Rudolph Abel.

Wide World Photos



Below: Colonel Rudolph Abel, the Soviet spy who was discovered only because his associate turned him in.

the best examples of this inefficiency occurred early in World War II. One of our agents in the New York office got a phone call from a man who claimed to be a member of a Nazi sabotage squad. He said a group of them had landed off the coast of Long Island on the previous day from a German U-boat and he wanted to turn himself and the others in to the FBI. The agent laughed. "Yesterday Napoleon called," he told the desperate German and slammed down the phone. Somehow the German gathered up what was left of his courage and called back the next day. Luckily another agent answered the phone. When the newspapers wrote it up, the headlines read "FBI CAPTURES GERMAN SABOTEURS" and the story praised the bureau for its "brilliant investigative work."

When it came to the realities of espionage, J. Edgar Hoover was as much a head-in-the-clouds amateur as our legal attaché in Paris. He didn't believe that an agent of the FBI would ever defect or sell information to the enemy. I knew that the men in the FBI were human, though, and I always worried that their personal or financial problems could leave them vulnerable to our enemies. Hoover also put Capitol Hill off-limits for FBI surveillance. If an FBI agent had a Soviet or Czech or Rumanian agent under observation, he could follow his subject to the bottom of Capitol Hill but no further. Of course, once the Soviets and other eastern bloc agents caught on to Hoover's policy, Capitol Hill became their favorite place to meet. It was fortunate that Hoover never realized his ambition, which was to direct worldwide intelligence.

Hoover's domestic policy of noncooperation with other U.S. intelligence agencies extended to noncooperation with other countries. This was not a new policy. When World War II ended, the FBI was the beneficiary of a tremendous number—literally, a roomful—of Soviet intelligence communications between the Soviet Mission in Washington and Moscow. The messages had been gathered by a United States Military Intelligence officer who kept them all through the war without telling anyone what he was doing. When the war ended, he told the FBI what he had. As soon as Hoover saw how many communications were involved, he realized that there was so much valuable material that he had to share some of it. He kept most

of the material for the FBI, of course, but he did send copies of some of the communications to the CIA and to ~~British~~ intelligence. But Hoover refused to give anything at all to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Hoover had always been jealous of the Canadians, and he didn't like the RCMP commissioner, a stiff-backed old boy named Harvison, who had talked back to Hoover once or twice. It was to be ten years before Hoover changed his mind and decided to share the Russian communications with the Canadians. When he did, he asked me to help. "I want you to go to Canada," he told me in 1954, "to see Commissioner Harvison and cut them in on the Soviet material."

What a hell of an assignment! "When he asks why we kept it from them for ten years," I said to Hoover, "what will I tell him?"

"Blame it on the CIA," replied the director of the FBI. "If Harvison gets his back up," Hoover continued, "just pour it on. Don't take anything from him. The FBI doesn't have to answer to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

When I did go to see Commissioner Harvison, he was furious. I admitted that the FBI had been at fault, which helped a little (God knows what Harvison would have done if I'd tried to shift the blame to the CIA), and begged him to forget the past and make use of the material now that he had it at last.

While I was in Canada, I met the chief inspector of the RCMP, a man named McCullen. We became fast friends, each of us poking fun at our bosses, and without McCullen at my side I don't know how I could have faced Harvison. A few years later McCullen succeeded Harvison as RCMP commissioner, and when he did, he couldn't do enough to help the FBI. He'd give us permission to send our agents into Canada to surveil any subjects who tried to escape the FBI by leaving the country. We'd let them do the same thing, and when they came up with anything valuable they would share it with us. This kind of cooperation was always kept secret from Hoover.

Hoover didn't like the British, didn't care for the French, hated the Dutch, and couldn't stand the Australians. He wouldn't meet with the director of British intelligence, not even as a courtesy. "Those damn British come to Washington all the time," he said. "Quite by accident, I once discovered some year-old information on

the Profumo case that we had inadvertently kept from them. They had always leveled with me despite the way Hoover treated them, and I decided to tell them truthfully what had happened and give them what I had one year later. They were very gracious about it, and a few days later the British intelligence liaison man in Washington called me to say that the British were everlastingly grateful that they didn't received the information on schedule. As it turned out the information was wrong, given to us by a double agent who was under Russian control. Had the British gotten the information when it was first received by the FBI, their liaison man told me, it might have caused them great harm.

A Dutch intelligence officer had once done something to irritate Hoover, and Hoover had even long forgotten what it was, but from that moment on any Dutch intelligence officer was *persona non grata* at the FBI. Fourteen years after the original incident with the Dutchman took place, the director of Dutch intelligence paid a visit to Washington. I knew better than to suggest a meeting with Hoover, but I hated to let the opportunity to exchange information go by. So, together with Sam Abbott, our CIA liaison, I spent an unauthorized afternoon with the Dutchman.

Sam decided to send a carefully worded, low-key memo to Hoover about the meeting. After all, fourteen long years had passed. A day or two later, looking sick, Sam came in to see me. Sam had once played professional football. He was a huge man, and crumpled in one of his enormous hands was a piece of paper. "I think we're in trouble," he said in a worried voice, handing the piece of paper to me. It was his memo to Hoover about our meeting with the Dutchman. Across the bottom of the the memo, Hoover had written "Have nothing to do with this man."

The incident that set Hoover against the Australians concerned a Soviet agent named Vladimir Petroff who had been operating in Australia in the late 1940s and early 1950s. The Australians had done a nice job of breaking the case and arresting the fellow. On 3 April 1954, Petroff defected and began to cooperate with the Australians in earnest.

When we learned that Petroff was telling everything he knew, we wrote to the Australians asking them to send us any information he

gave them concerning the United States. It was a common request, and there was nothing out of the ordinary about the reply we got from Sir Charles Spry, director of Australian intelligence. "We will be glad to comply with your request," Sir Charles wrote, "but that will take a while longer, as we are still interrogating the subject about matters concerning Australian security."

"This is a brush-off," said Hoover, and he wrote "Have absolutely NOTHING to do with the Australians" right on the bottom of the letter from Sir Charles. And so, single-handedly, Hoover broke off intelligence relations between the FBI and Australia, rather like a sovereign who could make or break relations with any country at will. Behind Hoover's back I personally maintained good relations with Sir Charles, and whenever Sir Charles came to visit Washington, I would send a memo in to Hoover, begging him to relent and meet with the Australian. But Hoover always said no. "I don't want to see Spry," he would write on the bottom of my memos, "he gave me the brush-off in the Petroff case."

Sir Charles never knew why Hoover refused to see him, and six years after the alleged brush-off, I told him the whole story during one of his trips to the United States. At first he was stunned, then angry. He ranted and raved about Hoover for about ten minutes and then asked me about my part in the whole thing. I didn't want to argue, so I said something brief, diplomatic, and meaningless. When I finished, there was dead silence. Sir Charles looked at me. Then he spoke. "Bullshit!" he said.

Finally, twelve years after the "brush-off," Hoover gave in and agreed to see him. Sir Charles came to see me before he went in to see Hoover. By this time we had a very good relationship and I felt I could speak frankly. "Sir Charles," I said, "I want you to promise to do exactly as I tell you to do when you see the director. Flatter him," I said. "Handle him the way we do."

He agreed, and I warned him that Hoover might blame him for the rift in Australian-American relations. "If he does, I want you to get up on your feet and say, 'Mr. Hoover, you're absolutely right.'"

Sir Charles grinned. "By God, Bill," he said, "I'll do it." Fortunately he didn't have to, because Hoover behaved himself for once and we resumed "official" intelligence relations again with Australia.

I remember a physicist who worked for the National Security Agency who was aware that the FBI was not cooperating with NSA. "I'd like to talk to Hoover myself," he told me. "I think I can break down some of the barriers." When he finally met with Hoover, though, the physicist couldn't get in a word. Hoover took over the conversation, just as he always did, telling the story of the FBI. He talked about John Dillinger and "Pretty Boy" Floyd and Ma Barker and went on through organized crime and the Communist party to the "swado" intellectuals and "swado" liberals. And nothing changed between the FBI and NSA, which was just the way Hoover wanted it.

I was responsible for all espionage cases from 1961 through to 1971 and I knew that there were some fine men out in the field responsible for the true successes that we did have. One great disadvantage for us was that Hoover had never investigated any cases and had never had any practical experience in intelligence work. All his knowledge came to him while he was sitting in his swivel chair . . . in the form of memoranda and investigative reports. He had never been out on the firing line in the very field where he held the ultimate authority.

Czechoslovakian intelligence, operating in the United States, spent six years of careful planning before accepting a State Department employee to spy for them. They trusted him, but they didn't know that he really worked for the FBI. They gave him the job of planting a microphone-transmitter in a State Department office that handled Czech affairs. They hoped to know everything about United States policy toward their country, current and future. They also hoped to determine what intelligence we had about them and where it came from. The device the Czechs wanted our man to plant behind a piece of furniture was in a wooden container about two by four inches. It contained a very sophisticated system that would run for a year before the batteries gave out, and would clearly pick up everything that was said in the room. We tested it and it was incredible. It could transmit, clearly, from the Lee Mansion in Washington, D.C., all the way to the Lincoln Memorial and even to the downtown area of the district. Our laboratory tried—but failed—to come up with anything as good.

I told Hoover that the Czechs had accepted our man, and now we had a wonderful opportunity to take some of the State Department officials into our confidence and feed the Czech intelligence service misleading disinformation. We could, I told Hoover, drive them crazy with false information.

But Hoover, more interested in headlines than the work we were supposed to be doing, got as mad as hell at me and said, "No! Arrest the Czechs responsible."

I argued with him for days. Richard Helms tried to talk Hoover out of his decision, but Hoover persisted. Of course we couldn't arrest them, they were embassy officers, so the State Department declared them *persona non grata* and they had to leave the country. We lost an opportunity, but Hoover got his headlines.

He never hesitated to make a decision that would be harmful to the nation if it was helpful to him and built up his image. Hoover's passion for headlines even endangered the life of one man, a double agent, who was working for us in the Soviet Union. When Hoover read a report based on some information that this man had given us, he decided to release it to the press. I said, "Mr. Hoover, you're jeopardizing the life of this man. He's in Russia now and the Soviets will know how we got the information." "No," said Hoover, "nobody will know about it and he'll be 'all right.'" Sure enough, the KGB grabbed our man in Moscow and questioned him for hours. He managed to talk his way out of it but he never worked for us again.

The situation that disturbed me most during my thirty years in the bureau was Hoover's refusal to allow me to act on what I am convinced was Soviet intelligence operations that directly affected the FBI, and the security of the United States.

We had been, from time to time, successful in persuading Soviet officials to defect. Then all of a sudden the defections stopped. Programs that had worked in the past were no longer working, and that began to trouble me. Then I learned that the Washington field office was missing three top-secret documents that were connected with naval operations. I had a thorough search instituted but we never could find them. A Soviet defector who had come over to us before this period told us that an FBI agent had sold the files to the Soviet

Embassy. We asked the Russian for his name but he said he never knew it. But he knew that the agent had gone to the Soviet Embassy, to their naval attaché, and asked for ten thousand dollars for the three documents. For the first time my worst fears seemed to come true; the Russians had bought one of our men.

One agent in the Washington field office was suspect because of his unusually large gambling debts and because of information defected Russians gave us. We narrowed our investigation to him, and we learned that he was contacted by Soviet agents from a certain phonebooth at certain hours. To prevent the agent's realizing that we were onto him, I had men from the Baltimore office surveil him. At the exact time we were told he would be in telephone booth, he arrived. The phone in the booth rang; he spoke for a while to the caller and then left. On his way out, unfortunately, he recognized one of his colleagues from Baltimore and drove quickly away. We learned that he broke his contact with the Soviet KGB and although he would never admit to selling out to the Russians, he requested, and received, early retirement from the FBI.

Even though that agent, who I believe was a Soviet spy, retired, I was still sure that there were more leaks in our operation.

But two can play that game. The next time the Soviets had an FBI defector on their hands it was a put-up job. I instructed one of the agents in the New York office ostensibly to defect to the head of Russian intelligence, a man, who worked out of their United Nations Mission. It took our man about three years, but he finally persuaded the Russians that he was the genuine article: an FBI man who wanted money in return for secrets.

His one caveat was that although he'd try to give them what they wanted, he would never reveal his real name. He told them that he was a "watcher," a person who conducts surveillances. Men like that usually have a limited knowledge of highly sensitive information so the Russians were content to let him give them what he could. He gave them a lot over the next two years and he was very successful in persuading them that it was important. The Soviet Union spent millions of dollars on fruitless experiments trying to duplicate sophisticated military equipment that didn't work. We knew it didn't work

because we had directed scientists to develop information—that was wrong but would take the Soviets a lot of time and money to find that out.

Our man was paid thirty-eight thousand dollars by the Soviets for this disinformation, and we turned it over to the Treasury Department.

One evening the Russian intelligence chief asked our man to meet him in Riverside Park in New York City—at one o'clock in the morning. They met and walked in silence for about ten minutes until the Russian said, "In case anything goes wrong we have set up this escape route for you through Canada to Russia and I've got to have your right name." For the first time in two years our man slipped and gave the Russian his real name. The next day the whole operation was dead. The Russians wouldn't have any contact with him again, although he tried and tried to reach them.

This is what happened: the Russians learned that our man was not a "watcher" at all, but the number three man in our espionage squad in the New York office, and we have hundreds there doing that work. They knew that he not only lied to them about his position but that he was indeed a very important counterespionage agent who would never defect and who was, all that time, operating against them. There was no doubt in my mind that the Russians could learn our man's real job just by knowing his name only if there was a Russian spy in our New York office.

The leaks continued to vex us. I told Hoover what had been happening and recommended that we begin gradually transferring people out of the espionage section in New York. I wanted to replace them with all new men. It was the only way we could hope to get rid of the fellow on the Soviet payroll, a man we had been unable to discover.

Hoover said, "Find out who he is." I repeated to Hoover that it was impossible, that whoever it was was too deeply covered to allow himself to be revealed by any of our internal investigations. Then he said, "Some smart newspaper man is bound to find out that we are transferring people out of the New York office." I repeated to him that it could be done quietly and gradually, and that no one would know. And I told him, "Mr. Hoover, your reputation is going to be

severely tarnished if the public ever learns that we have been penetrated by the Russian KGB." Hoover said, "I know that, but no transfers." The next day I sent him a sealed memorandum, one that is hand-carried and can only be read by the person to whom it is directed. In the memo I repeated the details that proved we had been penetrated by the Russian intelligence service. Hours later my memo was returned to me and on the margin Hoover had written, "As I told you, find out who it is."

Hoover never asked me a question about it after that. He never asked "How is it going?" Nothing. He never again brought it up. At the time I left the FBI in 1971, the Russians still had a man in our office and none of us knew who he was.

When I was named assistant director of the FBI's Intelligence Division in 1961, Hoover also appointed me bureau representative to the U.S. Intelligence Board. I remained a regular member until I was forced out of the bureau ten years later. The USIB is the nation's highest, most prestigious intelligence body. All foreign and domestic intelligence that is relevant to the security of the country is funnelled into the USIB.

Its members are the top-ranking officials of the American intelligence community: CIA, Defense Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency, FBI, and the intelligence divisions of the army, navy, air force, State Department, Treasury Department, and the Atomic Energy Commission. The board's chairman is always the director of the CIA, and because he acts as chairman, the CIA has an additional representative on the board itself.

We met regularly once a week at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. Security regulations, I found, were always more rigorously enforced than at FBI headquarters. We always sat in the same seats around a long rectangular table, and each of us had one or two staff people sitting behind us as back-up. They did the real spade work, and they had all the facts at their disposal. When a question came up that I couldn't answer, one of my staff officers would fill me in.

When I first started attending USIB meetings, unless one of the other members asked a question which directly related to the FBI I

mostly sat quietly. But as I listened, I became increasingly impressed with the knowledge and ability of the intelligence veterans sitting around that table. I was particularly impressed by the attitude of the military men on the board, who, contrary to their image, pursued worldwide peace as actively as their civilian counterparts. I was relieved to see these admirals and generals acting as apostles of peace.

I was also impressed by the free exchange of ideas. Everyone was uninhibited; every man spoke his mind. There was very little backscratching going on; these were able, intelligent men who had done their homework and the stakes were high. A lot of hard-headed arguments took place at that table.

Because of the delicate nature of our meetings, any leaks could be damaging to the security and foreign policy of the United States. Imagine if when Henry Kissinger sat down to negotiate with the Soviets they already knew all his bargaining positions. The negotiations would be a failure before they even began. Whenever the board members discussed a particularly sensitive subject, during the Cuban Missile Crisis, for instance, or after the capture of the U.S.S. *Pueblo*, we held a special executive session and all the staff people had to leave the room. After sitting in on some of these executive sessions, I couldn't help but realize that without a very comprehensive intelligence system, we could not hope to play in the same league with other major countries.

Under Dulles the meetings of the USIB were conducted informally. No bombast, no stuffiness, and everyone had all the time needed to speak out without being cut off.

After Dulles, John McCone assumed the chairmanship of the board. McCone's background was not intelligence, but he was a cold, analytical, able man.

He didn't remain in position long before he was replaced by Admiral Raburn. Assuredly, Raburn was knowledgeable about naval affairs, but he was inexperienced in intelligence matters and was therefore at a serious disadvantage as director of the CIA and chairman of the USIB.

Richard Helms became the next director of the CIA and therefore the next chairman of the USIB. I had known Helms for years

when we were both moving up through the ranks of our respective agencies. We had even cooperated together on cases behind Hoover's back when we felt the issues were important enough.

On one occasion, for example, Hoover had cut back on funds that we needed to pay an informant on a vital national security case. Richard Helms gave me nine thousand dollars from the CIA so that we could obtain the very important information that was needed.

In my years on the board, Helms was the best chairman we had. He had a great knowledge of intelligence operations but in running the board he always avoided any parochial approach. Under him, the board was handled somewhere between the looseness of Raburn and the rigidity of McCone.

When the problem of press leaks of national security information arose at one meeting, the USIB unanimously requested the FBI to investigate the case. Unanimously, that is, except for the FBI. The subject was the Pentagon Papers and the president and the National Security Council wanted to know the identities of the people leaking these highly classified materials.

I went to Hoover that day and told him of the request. He told me to take the position that the FBI was not responsible for leaks occurring anywhere outside of the FBI and that he would not assume the investigative responsibility. I told Hoover that we should go ahead, that it was indeed our responsibility. I told him that most of the other agencies on the USIB had neither the manpower nor the skill for the investigation. Further, even if they did, it would make no sense for one agency to investigate itself because of the tendency for self-protection. Hoover was adamant and wouldn't budge.

It is significant to realize that not one among this prestigious board comprised of brilliant men, including Helms, could take a stand against Hoover and say, "Look here, you're responsible for intelligence investigations within the United States. You *are* responsible. Now get off your ass and do it." If anyone had, Hoover would have backed down. We finally got forced into the thing by the White House and Hoover reluctantly gave us the go-ahead.

On another occasion, in 1971, Helms asked me if we would look into the conduct of some former CIA employees who were suspected

of being agents of the Soviets. I went to Hoover, but again he refused on the grounds that it was the responsibility of the CIA. However, in this case he realized that he might be put in a compromising position by suggesting that the CIA conduct domestic investigations, so reluctantly he told me to go ahead, but he instructed me to conduct just the semblance of an investigation. I believe that this intransigence on the part of Hoover forced the CIA to begin its own activities within the country which resulted in the subsequent criticism of them by the Senate.

On at least one occasion Hoover's lack of cooperation with other intelligence agencies was laughable. The situation seems trivial but it really explains the psychology underlying Hoover's leadership with respect to his reluctant dealings with the USIB.

Every member of the board was asked to bring in the seal of his particular agency. They were all to be the same size, approximately twelve inches in diameter. They were all to be round—not oval, triangular, or square. The chairman, Richard Helms, wanted them all exactly the same size and shape so that they could be hung along each of the long walls behind the large rectangular table of our meeting chamber.

The following week, before leaving for the USIB meeting, I stopped at headquarters to pick up our seal. From the size of the carton it was packed in I knew something was wrong. When I checked to see if there had been some mistake, I was told that Mr. Hoover himself had approved the seal. The package was too large to carry under my arm, so I carried it by the cord wrapped around it and drove to CIA headquarters. When I got to the meeting and unwrapped the package, my worst fears came true. The FBI seal was almost three feet in diameter, almost three times larger than the others. I was embarrassed, but couldn't do anything about it.

The following week, at our next meeting, all of the seals were hung on the walls and ours stood out like a sore thumb. The other members of the board began to needle me. Admiral Noel Gayler, who headed the Defense Intelligence Agency, said, "Sullivan, I suggest that, with Mr. Hoover's approval, you make up an FBI seal twice the size even of this one and we'll hang it alone on one bare wall

and the seals of all the other agencies on the opposite wall. In that way we'll have a perfect balance."

If I had gone back to Hoover with that suggestion there is no doubt he would have approved it.