

second security barrier at which a sign announced OFF LIMITS TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL. Len winced at each step as we went into interior offices; his artificial leg was bothering him.

In his office "Cliff" poured coffee. I had met Cliff several times. He was a veteran in Western Hemisphere operations, out of the University of Pennsylvania and O.S.S. operations in Burma. Cliff was a husky man with a resonant voice, trained in his youth when he aspired to be a singer. He came to the point: "We have a new project. Len is my deputy, and we're pulling together the team now. I'll give you three guesses."

"Cuba," I said. "Cuba and Cuba."

"That's why we need you. In fact we've asked for all officers who have served recently in Havana. The Cuba project will require people with area knowledge. There are only ten of us so far, but we will have a task force of about forty officers within the next few weeks. Eisenhower approved the operation last week, and we have someone in Miami now looking for a secure base area."

"What's the plan?" I asked.

"The Guatemala scenario," Len said. I noticed he still had the habit of scratching his underwrist, as he had five years earlier when we worked together in K Building. "The propaganda shop will be yours. You can pick your own staff officers from any now in Washington and draw up your own program."

"How long is all this to take?"

"November, maybe early December," Cliff said. It was then the third week of March 1960.

"The papers are ready for you to sign, to come aboard again as a staffer." Cliff acted as if there was no doubt I would again become a full-time CIA officer. Of course he was right. "We have our first organizational meeting this afternoon. Come on, we have time for lunch at Napoleon's."

Allen Dulles chaired the meeting in Quarters Eye that afternoon. The genial DDCI—Director of Central Intelligence—had just begun his opening remarks when he was summoned to Cliff's office to answer a call from the President. We chatted in his absence. General Charles P. Cabell, the DDCI—Deputy Director, Central Intelligence—slouched in the chair to the right of Dulles's; I had never seen the Texan, a craggy man who looked like he might be the mayor of Dallas (a job held by his brother in November of 1963). Dick Bissell, who had become DDP succeeding Wisner, sat across from him, a head taller than anyone else in the room, leaning through a stack of cables, reading rapidly. Dick Helms, Chief of Operations of the Directorate of Plans, chatted with Tracy Barnes about a Georgetown party of the night before. I wondered why

Colonel King, Chief of the Western Hemisphere Division, was not there. Below the salt sat the working-level officers. Cliff, as the Task Force Chief, would be responsible for day-to-day decisions which had short of policy determinations. His deputy, Len, shifted uncomfortably in his chair and scratched his wrists. There were several others, some of whom I had never seen. Sitting against the wall behind Bissell was a slender man with an American Gothic face, freckles, and bifocals, not at all like the other men in the room.

"Who's the fellow behind Bissell?" I asked Len. He told me his name was "Abe," Bissell's staff aide.

"Who's the political action officer?" I asked.

"There will be two," Len said. "One is out of Europe Division . . ." He identified the man I—and a great many more people—would know as "Mr. Bender." "Hell! be joining us next week. And so will his sidekick, Howard Hunt."

Allen Dulles returned and resumed the meeting. The Director was ebullient as he recounted an anecdote he had related to the President. Dulles was a great storyteller, and he seldom missed an opportunity to enliven a meeting; no matter how small, with an historical excerpt from his long association with United States intelligence. His favorite recollection was of the time in Switzerland after World War I when he opted to play tennis instead of returning to his office to see a man who wanted to talk to him. Dulles told this story many times to students in CIA training courses as an example of an opportunity lost—the man who wanted to see him, but never returned, was a Russian named Vladimir Ilich Lenin.

Dulles provided the overview. Eisenhower had approved on March 17 the proposal that CIA unseat Fidel Castro and replace him with a regime that was neither extreme left nor right. The plan was to be devised within coming weeks. Guerrillas and aviators were to be recruited from the increasingly large community of Cuban exiles in Miami and elsewhere. The President of Guatemala had agreed to provide a training area, and Nicaragua an airfield and port facilities. Once the recruits were trained, a government-in-exile formed, and the populace of Cuba influenced by a sustained propaganda effort, Eisenhower would authorize a landing of guerrilla forces.

Dick Bissell elaborated and refined, being understandably pedantic in his presentation. The former economics professor was to be the architect of the Cuba project, a role he also played in the U-2 operation and Guatemala. Cabell asked a number of questions which made it clear he knew little of the Cuban situation, and Barnes spoke frequently. Dick Helms listened carefully, often inspecting his carefully manicured fingernails, but said nothing. It was the first time I had seen the usually articulate Chief of Operations so reserved.

That evening I went back to the hotel to tell Helen that we would not be going to New York. That was unnecessary; she told me she had looked at three houses and one, off Massachusetts Avenue near the Wood Acres school, seemed to be fine.

"Hello, Chico." I looked up from my desk and found Howard Hunt, his hand outstretched and a pleasant smile on his face. "Good to be working with you again."*

"Welcome aboard." I was genuinely glad to see Hunt again. He had just flown in from Uruguay, his first COS tour (and, it turned out, his final command assignment).

"Tracy wants me to visit Havana," Howard said. "I'll soak up atmosphere at the Florida bar, and think of you when I have a few *mulitas*. Do you have time for a briefing?"

I filled Howard in on the Cuban political picture and gave him a number of names and addresses which might be useful in Cuba. As he left my office he grinned and pulled at the brim of his stylish hat, as a golf professional will touch the bill of his cap in acknowledging the applause of the gallery. Howard was happy to be back.

A few days later I visited Bissell and his aide in K Building to outline my plans for the propaganda operation. I intended to organize exile groups of women, workers, professionals, and students to act as propaganda fronts. I would support a number of exile publications. Radio broadcasts and, eventually, leaflet drops would be the vital operations. I would need my own airplane for the leaflet drops just before and on the day of the invasion, and a large medium-wave radio station in the Florida Keys under commercial cover—with the overwater path only ninety miles from Key West, a radio signal could fry an egg in Havana.

"A station in Florida or anywhere on the United States mainland

*Howard Hunt describes this encounter and our subsequent association during the Bay of Pigs operation in his book *Give Us This Day*, "I called on Knight, the Propaganda Chief, an officer who had worked for me brilliantly on the Guatemala Project. We greeted each other warmly and remarked that the old crowd was rallying to the new cause. Knight was a tall, almost theatrically handsome man who had spent most of his CIA career on the outside, i.e. under cover. He spoke fluent Spanish and at one time had owned and edited a Spanish newspaper. For the three preceding years he had served under cover in Havana, and was well versed in current Cuban politics and personalities. Knight was imaginative, enthusiastic, and a tireless worker." In this effusive passage Howard was protecting my identity. He knew, for instance, that my paper had been an English-language one. Retowing the name of Knight was the ultimate accolade—people who have worked in CIA will recall that pseudonym belonged to one of the Agency's most senior officers, a man Howard idolized.

is out," Bissell said. "State Department would never agree. You'll have to find another location and we will give you everything you need."

I told Bissell that in view of that restriction I would need a powerful transmitter, perhaps fifty kilowatts, to broadcast on medium-wave. Cuban listeners, unlike Guatemalans, were not accustomed to short-wave. Further, we would be competing with Fidel Castro, a master performer who appeared frequently on Cuban television.

"Do the necessary," Bissell said. "Abe will work with you. How long will it take to create the proper psychological climate?"

"In Guatemala it was only six weeks," I said, "but in Cuba it will be nearer six months."

"Can you start broadcasting in a month?" Bissell asked.

"Absolutely impossible. A short-wave transmitter can be loaded into a truck. Medium-wave of the power we need will fill three box cars."

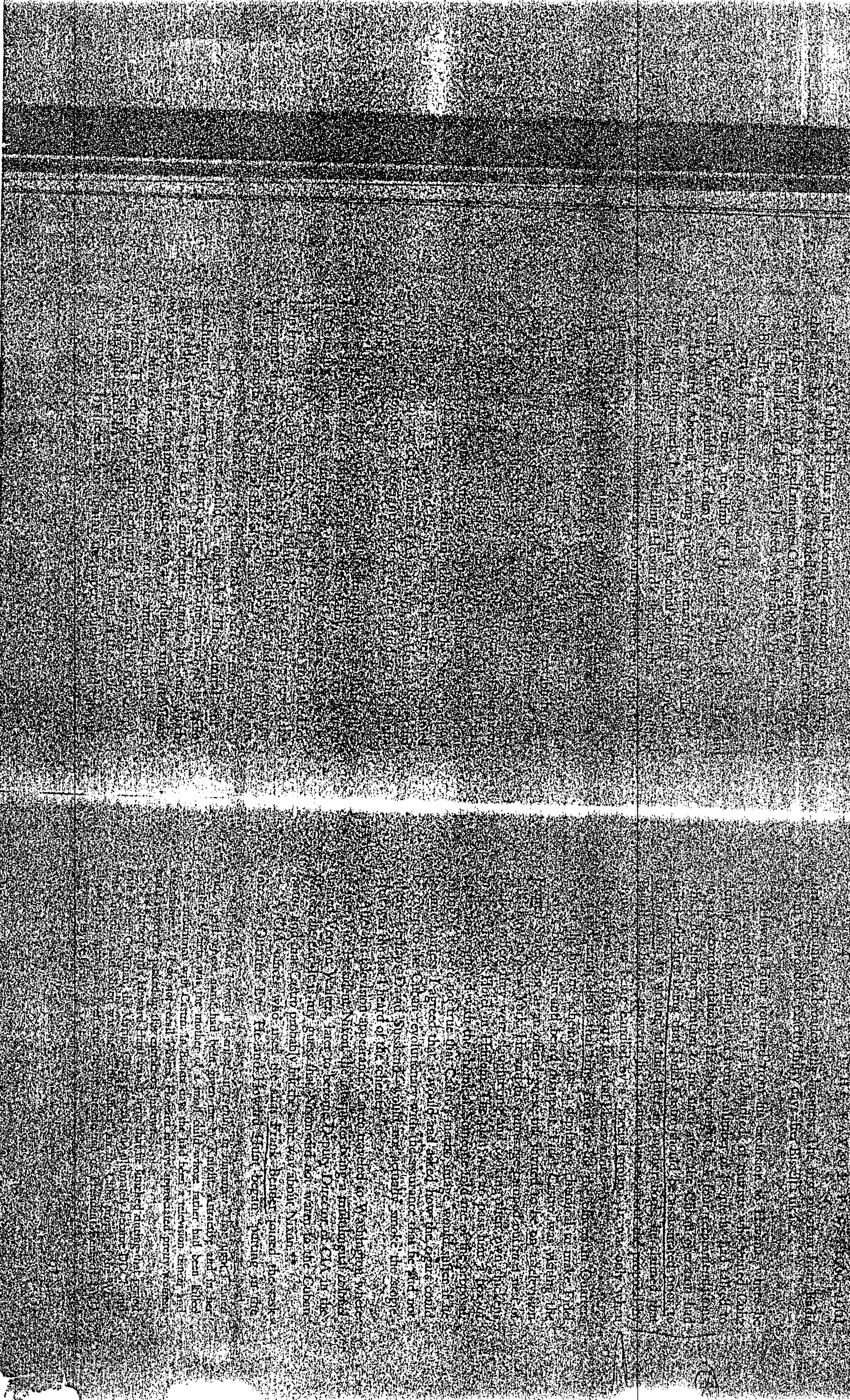
"I'm sure you and Abe can do it," Bissell said, smiling tauntly.

Abe and I lunched in the K Building cafeteria, which was, with its warped floor and deteriorating clapboard walls, more like a prison camp than a government lunchroom. It was good to have Bissell's personal assistant working with me but I was dubious about Abe's qualifications. The twinkle in his eyes seemed too innocent for the tough job ahead; Abe certainly did not fit the picture of CIA officers I had imagined at the time to be typical. During lunch I learned that Abe was a fellow Texan. He was addicted to picturesque speech, and his humor was wry. Soon I realized that his droll stories were never told unless he had a point to make and that he was gifted with insight, intuition, and consistent good judgment.*

"Helms seemed to be very quiet at the meeting," I said to Abe, "That disturbs me. Has he decided this operation is not going to work?"

"Don't think so," Abe said. "As Chief of Operations under Wisner, Helms ran operations his own way. Bissell doesn't really use a deputy. When he became DDP he asked that all incoming cables be sent to him early in the morning; previously Helms had selected only a few for Wis-

*Cliff later told me of his background. As an infantry captain in World War II he landed on Utah Beach and fought with his company across Europe. At a headquarters in the Sudetenland section of Czechoslovakia, Abe's office was swept by a young German girl. After American occupation troops had been withdrawn, he visited the area and heard she and other single German girls were about to be shipped away as factory workers. He offered to smuggle her into West Germany dressed as a G.I. They passed muster with the Czech border guards, but the American sergeant logging them through the checkpoint a half mile downroad allowed that was "a mighty fine-looking G.I. you have there, Captain." They were married in the wake of much red tape. Abe then joined the CIA as a logistics officer after studying at the Foreign Service School at Georgetown and a stint as aide to a Texas Congressman.



The next night, I went to Cliff's office. Only Abe was there.

"Abe, go home and get some sleep," I said.

"Can't," Abe said. "The others are at Bissell's house. I'm in charge." There were still messages to be sent, and sad remnants of the dreary episode to be pulled together.

I went home. I peeled off my socks like dirty layers of skin—I realized I hadn't changed them for a week. Helen tried to feed me, but I couldn't eat. I bathed, then fell into bed to sleep for several hours. On awakening I tried to eat again, but couldn't. Outside, the day was sheer spring beauty.

I carried a portable radio to the yard at the rear of the house and listened to the gloomy newscasts about Cuba as I sat on the ground, my back against a tree.

Helen came out from the house and handed me a martini, a large one. I was half drunk when I finished. I went to the house for the gin bottle, the vermouth, and ice and sat again with my back to the tree. I could look up and see a clear blue sky above the foliage. Suddenly my stomach churned. I was sick. My body heaved.

Then I began to cry.

Helen came out of the house and pleaded with me to come in.

"Get the hell away," I sobbed.

It was growing dark. Helen came out of the house again with a blanket, which she draped around my shoulders.

I wept for two hours. I was sick again, then drunk again. I kept thinking of other tears, in another place, of a colonel from St.-Cyr whom I had made weep.

Oh shit! Shit!

How did it go so wrong? In the accretion of institutional error there was plenty of blame to go around, as President Kennedy said when he resolutely accepted the ultimate responsibility. Two mistakes eclipsed all others. The first was the decision to cancel the air strike on D-Day. The blame here was not just Kennedy's, but Cabell's, the air force general who allowed "headsy-headsy" instead of action.*

The second, and to me equally egregious, error, was CIA's. Dulles' fault, Bissell's fault, a fault shared by all of us. At some time we should have cried "enough." When told the plan was to be changed from a classic guerrilla landing at Trinidad to a military operation we should have protested individually to the point of refusing to go along. We should have

* Several years later in Boston, professor Ernst Haipertin, who was among the first Americans to visit Havana after the Bay of Pigs, told me he was present when a newsman asked Fidel Castro, "Why did the Americans fail?" Castro replied, simply, "They had no air support."

been more astute in recognizing the realities of CIA's operational situation in contrast to the inhibiting political realities.

Later I talked to Abe about it. I had come to realize the sagacity of the man who had been so unimpressive when first we met. "Abe," I asked, "how could we have been so dumb?"

Abe was philosophical. "I don't know. Even after the change from the Trinidad Plan I believed it still had a pretty good chance of working. Probably would have worked, if we had been able to knock out the rest of Castro's planes when they were lined up like sitting ducks."

Abe removed his glasses and cleaned them. He was more sober than I'd ever seen him.

"But you know, it was inevitable." Abe blew softly on the lenses of his bifocals. "The fiasco, I mean. The disaster. If it hadn't been the Bay of Pigs it would have been something else, some time in the future. In 1953 Kermitt and a few fellows manipulated that crowd which toppled Mossadegh without any trouble at all. Then in 1954 we took care of Eisenhower's little problem in Guatemala. So easy, it seemed. All those successes just had to lead to a failure eventually, because the system kept calling on us for more and more even when it should have been obvious that secret shenanigans couldn't do what armies are supposed to do."

Abe pushed his glasses onto the bridge of his nose.

"If it hadn't been this time at the Bay of Pigs, it would have been somewhere else, at some other time."

5

MEXICO 1962-1964

Depressing weeks of picking up sad pieces followed the disaster at the Bay of Pigs. The training camp in Guatemala and the airbase in Nicaragua were dismantled, and the CIA officers in Miami came back to Washington or were assigned overseas. The exile newspapers I had supported folded, the radio programs in the Caribbean littoral were suspended. Radio Swan continued to broadcast, purposelessly. Most members of the Cuba project checked out of Quarters Eye and returned to their regular jobs in the four wooden buildings on the reflecting pool.

There were a number of post-mortem investigations, within and from outside of CIA. Kennedy appointed his own commission. I went to the Pentagon to be questioned by General Maxwell Taylor, who headed the presidential probe. The multilingual general shook his head slowly from side to side as I described the frustrated propaganda plans, the eleven million leaflets not dropped. Robert Kennedy, in shirtsleeves, delved into the inner workings of the Agency; in the end he did not shake it up as his brother had wanted, but fell in love with CIA and the concept of clandestine operations. Colonel J. C. King regained leadership of the Western Hemisphere Division, obviously pleased that he had been on the periphery of the abortive operation, and that his authority had been re-established. The few officers remaining in Quarters Eye moved up and down the hall-like attendants at a sepulcher. There were long lunches after too many martinis at Napoleon's. "The Agency is finished," said some.

A former CIA colleague in business in New York telephoned offering me a job concerned with Latin America at \$25,000 a year, much more than I was making with CIA. I grasped at the opportunity, at the chance

to escape the depressing corridors of Quarters Eye. I went to Richard Bissell and told him I intended to resign.

The tall economist rose from his chair and paced, hands clasped behind his back. He rang for his secretary and dictated. He finished, saying, "Mr. Phillips has a promising potential for operations and leadership." He looked at the secretary, and not at me. "Should he remain with CIA he can expect promotion and, eventually, assignment as a Division Chief. Thus I have asked him today to reconsider his decision to resign."

The secretary left to type the short memorandum, the most tangible incentive a Deputy Director for Plans could offer a relatively young officer. The prediction that I would become a Division Chief would weigh heavily with promotion panels, or with those considering senior assignments. Bissell asked me to talk with Winston Scott, COS in Mexico City, who was visiting Washington to find a new cover action officer: the job was the number-three position in the Mexico City station, and one which would be an excellent first official cover assignment in preparation for future managerial posts, perhaps as a COS. When the secretary returned Bissell signed the memorandum, marking it for my personnel file. He went to the window and looked out at the reflecting pool for several minutes, without speaking. He turned, "Don't go to New York. Some of us will *have* to leave. The others must stay." See Scott."

I talked with Win Scott. He asked me to join him in Mexico City, in the job Howard Hunt had held in the early fifties and in which Hunt had handled, among others, an American contract agent named William F. Buckley.

After discussing our future again with Helen, I called my friend in New York to say I would not be taking him up on his offer. We packed for Mexico. We both knew, then, that I would never make that personal fortune I had sought. Actor, writer, lecturer, editor. Now my career was set. I had become a professional intelligence officer.

The CIA station in Mexico is one of the most important in the world. This status does not derive from any special interest in Mexico and Mexicans as intelligence targets as Mexico doesn't have much in the way of secrets except for the identity of the man selected each six years by the ruling political party as the next candidate for President, and, perhaps, a few foreign ministry intentions. The reason for a large CIA contingent in Mexico City is to conduct what are known as "third country operations." That is, using Mexico for access to the nationals of other countries.

Traditionally, Mexico City has been the main outpost of Soviet intelligence for its activities throughout Latin America and, since 1959, for the support of Cuban skulduggery in the Western Hemisphere. The main-

with civilian clothes, money, and a compass. He also provided me with a tin of hot venison stew: the reason he frequented the forest was to catch deer which belonged to a fat German air force marshal named Oering. I was determined to repay Pierre somehow after the war. I asked him for his address in France, so I could write to him, and learned my first lesson in what is known in the intelligence trade as tradecraft. Pierre smiled and noted down my address in Texas—should I be captured gain by the Germans they would find nothing to incriminate him.

After seventeen days of sleeping under bushes and seventeen nights of skulking across the German countryside I found a column of American tanks clanking down a dirt road. I jumped in front of the first tank, shouting my appreciation for being liberated from the Nazis. A sergeant aimed a sub-machine gun at my nose and challenged me to prove I was an American. I couldn't. "What's the name of Betty Grable's husband?" he asked. I didn't know that bandleader Harry James was. "If you don't know who's the luckiest man in the world you can't be no American," was the retort. I finally talked my way past the tank gunner and back to the United States, after a short stop in Wiesbaden to be interrogated by military intelligence officers on the area in which I had been hiding since escape. I met General Omar Bradley, who assigned to his personal cook the task of helping me regain some of the sixty-five pounds I had lost in the prison camp. The cook was a peacetime chef from the El Morocco nightclub in New York, so I ate well.

Six months after the war I heard from Pierre, who had returned to his native village near Lyon. I mailed him a package of chocolates and cigarettes and in a letter asked him what I could possibly do to repay him for his gallant assistance. He replied that he did indeed need help; that since the war he had grown bald. The United States, he knew, was a country where no problem remained unsolved. Would I please send him something to make his hair grow again?

I consulted a dermatologist, who suggested a hair piece. I remonstrated, emphasizing that it was important that I really try to help Pierre. I was told the only way a bald man could grow hair was by some sort of massage, a ten-million-to-one shot. So I mailed Pierre a massage machine. He replied some weeks later that he appreciated the rich gift, but that unfortunately there was no electricity in his village. I despaired of helping, but was cheered when I received a heartening letter from him: "While I do not find your little machine useful for my own problem," he wrote, "I have found it to be most rewarding financially. Each Sunday morning I go to the nearest village which does have electricity and I rent your machine to the local baldies, explaining that it will regenerate their hair. We are all being patient. Meanwhile I make enough to pay for the week's wine and bread. How can I ever thank you?"

Again I turned to being an actor, touring in road shows of *You Can't Take It with You* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. When it became obvious that my talent was modest, I decided to be a radio announcer, and was given an opportunity after working at NBC as a guide. Unfortunately I did not heed the advice of Martin Block, one of America's first disc jockeys with his popular "Make-Believe Ball Room Time." He warned me to be careful in correcting bloopers, counseling it was better to allow a mistake to slide by so that the listener would at least wonder if he really heard it. My big chance came when I was to say "and now we take you to the smoky city of Pittsburgh and the music of..." It came out "smoky shirty." Alas, I failed to remember Block's admonition and tried to correct my error, the final sentence in my radio announcer's career being "and now we take you to the smoky, shirty city of Pittsburgh..."

Perhaps I could be a dramatist. My first play was a comedy about my experiences in the German prisoner-of-war camp. Herman Shumlin, one of Broadway's top producers, optioned the play but delayed production fearing the public was not ready for wartime humor. Shumlin's associate, a young lawyer, disagreed with him. While they debated timing, *Stalag 17* was produced and became a hit. Shumlin and his partner separated. I often reflect on whether my life might not have been different had David Merrick taken my play with him when he broke with Shumlin.

There was a guarantee of \$200 a month from Shumlin's option for at least a year. I had a serious talk with the airline stewardess I met in Fort Worth on my first visit after being mustered out of service. Helen agreed (a) to marry me and (b) to live in South America where I could continue to write in a place where \$200 would go a long way. We chose Chile on the basis of an encyclopedia article which said that in Chile it was possible to ski in the Andes in the morning and swim in the Pacific on the same afternoon. Later we found this to be true, if it did make for an arduous day.

We were surprised to find that it was snowing the day we arrived in Santiago from the port of Valparaiso. We had no way of knowing then—July 14, 1948—that it had been the first snow to fall on the Chilean capital in thirty-seven years. We had failed to comprehend that if you go far enough south you outdistance the birds; that it is possible to travel just as far on the other side of the equator as it is on "our" side. That on the other side the world has summer in winter, a reversal of seasons. Thus by choosing July as our arrival date we had inadvertently hit the middle of winter. We had come to a land where oysters are eaten in the months without "r." We were almost as far from New York

Chile
1948

as Moscow is farther south than the tip of South Africa.

Our adjustment to a new life was made easier because Helen and I both knew Spanish; I had studied the language casually in college and seriously while visiting a brother who lived in Mexico, and Helen had learned conversational Spanish while an airline stewardess.

We spent our first six months in gray and drab Santiago, hardly a jewel of a city but one enhanced by a perfect setting in the lush central valley of Chile with the snow-covered Andes looming over the capital. I wrote, selling a juvenile play and sending another comedy to an agent in New York. I attended classes at the University of Chile and joined a

local theater group of the English-speaking community. Word came from Shumlin that *Stalag 17* had pre-empted production of my play. Money was running out, so my wife Helen and I decided to return to the United States. But, just after we spent our remaining funds on two airplane tickets, an unexpected opportunity arose to buy *The South Pacific Mail*, Latin America's oldest English-language newspaper. The British owner had sent his son to the London School of Journalism, planning to turn the family business over to him, but the son was killed in World War II. The father died, leaving the paper in debt, and the family was delighted to find a young American incautious enough to take the paper and its debts off their hands for a small payment I borrowed. After trading in our two return tickets, Helen and I moved to the port of Valparaiso, where the paper was printed in a local newspaper plant. After a year it became obvious that our journal would never survive unless we could afford a printing plant and augment our income from advertising with profitable, commercial printing. We moved back to Santiago and purchased some old, secondhand presses.

The morning I signed the contract for the printing equipment I received a telephone call from the man I had thought to be a diplomat from the American embassy, inviting me to lunch.

The Cold War had begun to heat up in 1950; Joseph Stalin was still living. The combination of a printing press and a clearable American—then—was irresistible to the local CIA chief.

As we drove slowly through the countryside and up the road to the mountains the CIA Station Chief told me that an investigation of my background, and Helen's, had been carried out over a period of several months, which explained letters from Texas reporting that "credit investigators" had been asking questions. When the CIA first learned of my intention to buy the printing equipment the thought occurred to them that having available a secure printing facility would be useful. Brad asked if I could operate the presses myself. I told him I could not handle the largest alone, but could do so with the two smaller ones. He said

that was fine, and that I should be prepared for some night work in print shop after the Chilean employees had gone for the day.

"May I tell my wife?" It occurred to me that Helen might have healthy curiosity about unexplained nocturnal absences.

"By all means," Brad said. "It is a myth that intelligence men do say anything to their wives about their work. If you can't trust discretion, you shouldn't be in the business. If you can't tell her, better that you not try to help us."

"Another thing," I said. "I'm in rehearsal for a play with the theater group here. Almost every night. Will I have to give that up?"

"No," Brad paused. "As a matter of fact, you should stay in amateur theatricals. It might be a good way for you to meet agents you will be handling."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"That comes later," Brad said. He went on to inform me that I would be paid a monthly salary of \$50.00, to be deposited in my T bank after going through a financial cover company in New York. I would have a local expense account of \$12.50 monthly. I was pleased. In Chile in 1950 fifty bucks a month would hire a full-time maid, a supply of firewood, and pay for a dozen bottles of good wine.

Brad said we would see each other only rarely. Routine meetings would be held in a "safe house" with my "case officer," one of his ordinaries. He explained: a safe house could be an apartment or office hotel room, chosen for its security, where I would meet with my officer, the CIA official who would be my contact and manager. He gave me a hand-drawn map directing me to an apartment. "Sort of an account executive in an advertising agency," Brad said. "You see each other about twice a week. Your first meeting in this safe house will be next Tuesday afternoon at 3 P.M. and your case officer will be known to you in alias as Linda."

Linda? In Spanish it means pretty.

"You mean my case officer is a woman?"

"That's right," Brad said, grinning.

"Won't it look funny if anyone sees I'm meeting with a woman in an apartment?"

"Nothing funny at all," Brad said, "about a man and a woman meeting regularly, particularly when two men meeting are suspected of being homosexual. A man and woman trying in Chile will be as normal and acceptable enough to outsiders."

I thought: Not to Helen.

That night I told Helen about my new part-time job. She shrugged, amused, and said that it would be good to have the extra money. I was expecting our first child. I failed to mention to Helen that my

psychological operations could no longer substitute for actual military capabilities.

Mario and Pepe met with the rebel high command to prepare a last-ditch effort. Despite the threat of bombing Guatemala City being carried constantly in broadcasts none had occurred. It was decided to drop a single bomb on the capital. On the twenty-fifth of June a rebel pilot let one fall in the middle of the parade ground of the largest military encampment. The noise was tremendous and an ominous column of black smoke rose above the capital. No one was hurt, but the inhabitants of Guatemala City prepared for the worst, many of them fleeing the city.

Pepe and Mario decided now was the time for a final big lie. The Voice of Liberation broadcast that two columns of rebel soldiers were converging on Guatemala City. In fact, Castillo Armas and his make-shift army were still encamped six miles inside the border, far from the capital. The highways were crowded, but with frightened citizens fleeing Guatemala City and not with soldiers approaching it. The radio skillfully created the illusion that the capital would soon be under attack. Dramatic appeals were made to the refugees on the highways, instructing them to make way for rebel trucks. Simulated military messages were broadcast to "rebel commands." Pepe and Mario again used indirection to make their propaganda points: "To Commander X, to Commander X. Sorry, we cannot provide the five hundred additional soldiers you want. No more than three hundred are available; they will be joining you at noon tomorrow." And, "To Commander Y, to Commander Y, please detach and send to Commander X three hundred of your men, to arrive at noon tomorrow." In fact there was no Commander X, no Commander Y, and not even three men available. There was only the hope that Arbenz and his loyalists would give up hope.

The bomb was dropped on a Friday night and the radio announcement of two imaginary columns of soldiers was broadcast on Sunday morning, the twenty-seventh of June. Arbenz resigned in a nationwide radio speech that night. He drove to the Mexican embassy to seek asylum, and six hundred of his supporters followed him there and to other foreign embassies.

The revolution was over. Castillo Armas and his men were flown to a landing field outside Guatemala City, then marched triumphantly into the capital. A hurriedly recruited band played the theme music of the Voice of Liberation. Mario and Pepe were in the vanguard, wearing battle fatigues and hand-stitched shoulder patches.

One of Arbenz's top military officers, a graduate of the French military academy at St.-Cyr and a capable commander and strategist, was loyal to the end. Arbenz had not trusted him sufficiently to allow him to

seek out the tiny invasion force, which he could have crushed easily. The colonel from St.-Cyr did not take asylum in a foreign embassy. He stayed in his barracks and, for several days, wept.

Several of us were flying back to Washington. Tracy Barnes had sent a message to Brad, saying that we were to report to the White House. President Eisenhower was pleased and wanted to hear the details of the operation. Brad and Peter, as well as other CIA officers who had been involved in the operation, were on the plane. Among them were "Hector," a handsome paramilitary officer, and his sidekick "El Indio," a massive American of Mexican and Indian extraction I had seen only briefly during the revolt but was to work with in other operations over the years. Each of us was to speak at the presidential briefing for ten minutes, and we worked on our notes during the flight. Hector and I were concerned after Brad let us read his speech. Brad had been working long hours—perhaps twenty hours a day for two weeks—and the strain was showing. His report was confused, concentrating on his role in Korean operations several years before. Hector and I attempted to persuade him to change the presentation, but he refused.

Two limousines were waiting for us at Washington's National Airport. We were driven directly to the home of Allen Dulles on Wisconsin Avenue. I noted, as we drove into the grove of trees which shielded the Director's home from the street, that there were no guards. (Nor, when visiting the homes of Directors of Central Intelligence in later years, did I ever see a guard.) Dulles was casually dressed, fiddled with his pipe and occasionally touched his ample mustache. He was the actor central casting would have selected to play the role of spy-master.

"Tomorrow morning, gentlemen," Dulles said, "we will go to the White House to brief the President. Let's run over your presentations." It was a warm summer night. We drank iced tea as we sat around a garden table in Dulles's back yard. The lighted shaft of the Washington Monument could be seen through the trees. Tracy, J. C. King, Peter, Hector, El Indio, and I spoke. Finally Brad rehearsed his speech. When he finished Allen Dulles said, "Brad, I've never heard such crap." It was the nearest thing to an expletive I ever heard Dulles use. The Director turned to me: "They tell me you know how to write. Work out a new speech for Brad." That night and into early morning hours Hector and I helped Brad with a new report at the hotel, stressing his command role in the operation rather than Korean recollections.

We went to the White House in the morning. Gathered in the theater in the East Wing were more notables than I had ever seen: the President, his Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretary of State—Allen Dulles's brother, Foster—the Attorney General, and perhaps two dozen other

"Oh, it's not the rubbers." He leaned toward me, his eyes wide with enthusiasm. "It's the propaganda—it's what we will say. You see, on each one will be printed in Russian: 'MADE IN USA. MEDIUM SIZE!'"

Shaken, I returned to the office. I spoke to Len. "That man is crazy. Is there really a chance the taxpayers' money will be spent on that ridiculous scheme?"

Len laughed. "He's kidding. It's his standard performance for newcomers. He's really a brilliant guy, just a little bored. He has a lot of fun with that act. Come on, let's have some lunch at Napoleon's."

We lunched at the Connecticut Avenue restaurant which was a favorite of the covert action specialists and, after a martini, I had a good laugh at Operation Penis Envy.

That afternoon Colonel J. C. King called me to say it was time for an overseas assignment. I had a difficult time keeping a straight face while the Division Chief talked to me. King, a West Point graduate, joined the CIA after making a fortune in Latin America. Disregarding the advice of friends he constructed the first condom factory in Brazil. All the pundits told him the Roman Catholic population would be a poor market, but the Colonel knew better. He eventually sold out to Johnson & Johnson not for money but for shares, and he grew rich as the pharmaceutical firm prospered. I couldn't help thinking how valuable he would be as a consultant on Operation Penis Envy.

The assignment was in Havana. Cuba, under deep cover. I couldn't have been more pleased—Havana in those days was a choice post.

The first tourist to visit Cuba wrote in his journal: "This is the most beautiful land that eyes have ever seen." The traveler was Christopher Columbus, and he had sailed into one of the many mangrove-fringed bays on the northern coast. Columbus was the earliest but not the last visitor impressed by the lovely country. One enthusiastic admirer wrote that the sea washing Cuban shores was "the color of melted peacocks."

Havana, when we arrived in 1955, was an exciting city—truly the Paris of the Caribbean. We moved into a furnished house and awaited our furniture. Maria, six, entered school. For \$60 a month we were able to hire a cook-housekeeper and a nursemaid to take care of David, Jr., three, and Atlee, two. Cool trade winds tempered the tropical climate. We liked the capital from the day we arrived and soon had many friends, Cuban and foreign.

We began to learn the lessons of leading the double life demanded by deep cover. Other than CIA officers in the station, only the Cubans on the CIA payroll working for me knew I was an intelligence officer, and with most of them I used an alias. Helen and I joined the little theater group of the English-speaking community, which I was again

3: WASHINGTON, CUBA, LEBANON, CUBA 1955-1959

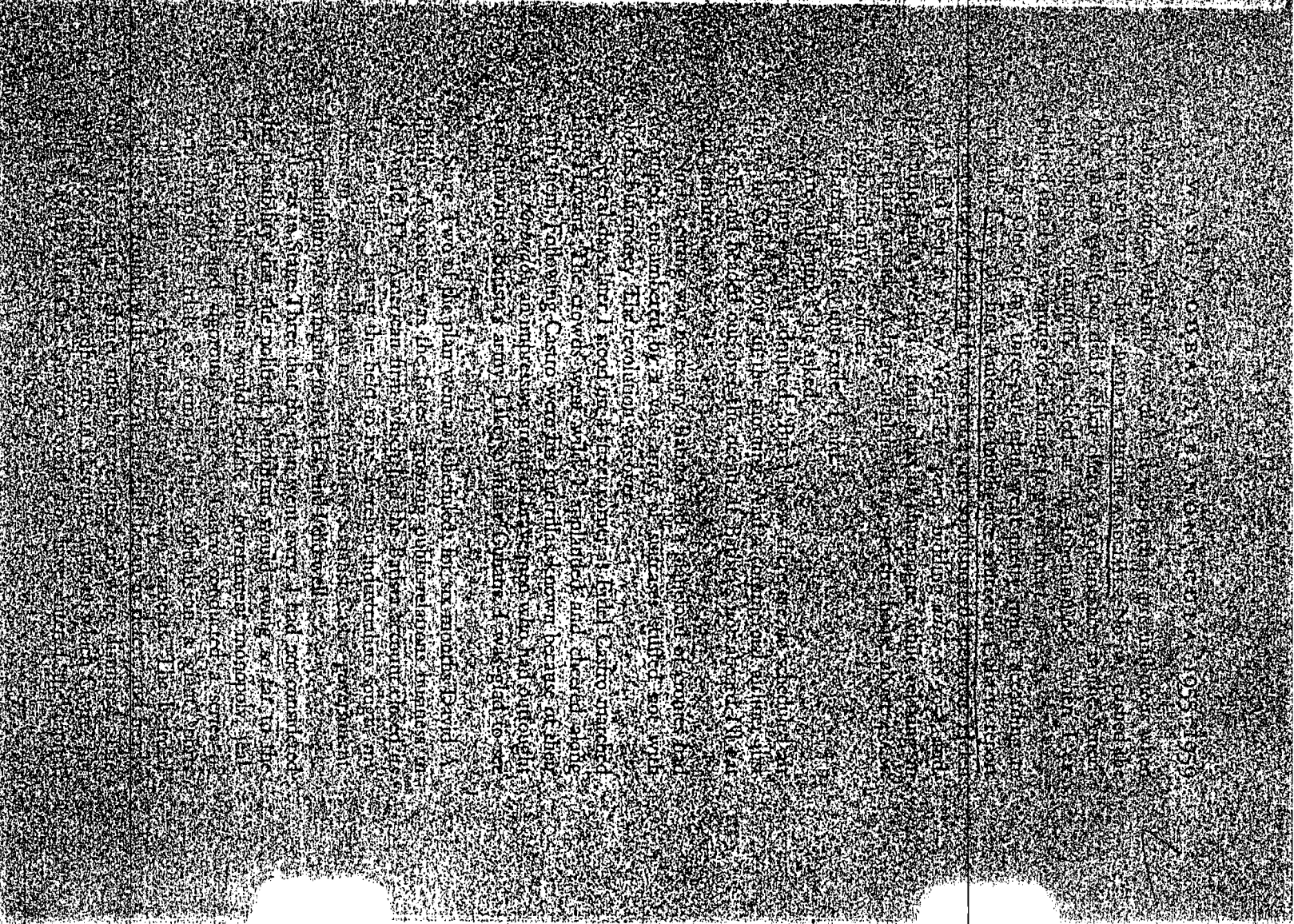
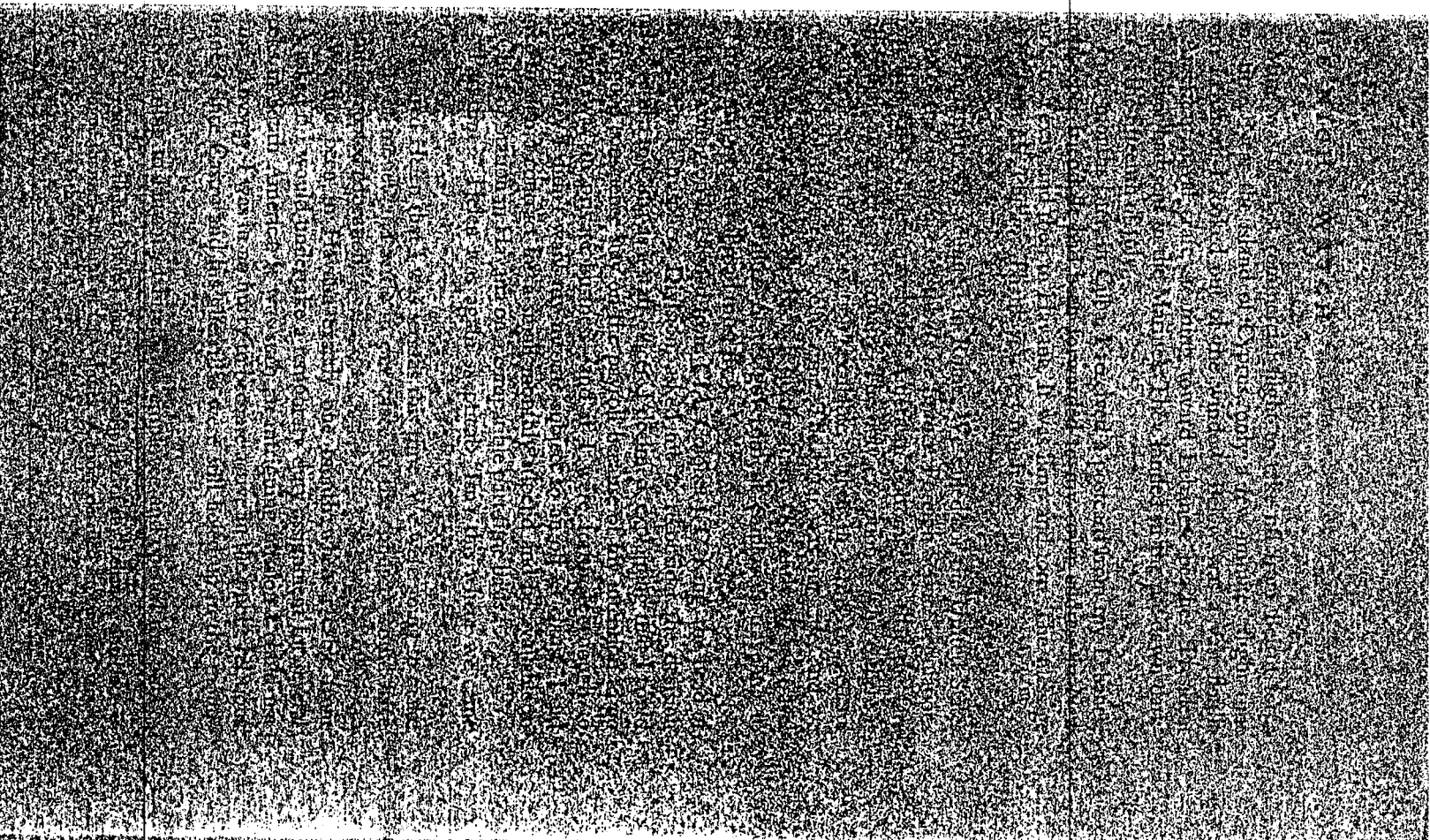
able to use as a secure way to meet some agents. We had several friends at the American embassy, including Dick and Nancy Cushing, whom we had known in Chile. Few of these acquaintances realized I was an intelligence officer and maintaining the deception was important. Overseas, American diplomats and businessmen constantly play a guessing game, the purpose of which is to identify the spooks* among the foreign community. A thin cover is likely to be seen through sooner or later. My cover as lecturer on Latin American affairs held up nicely; being true, it was solid. My residence in Cuba was logical: I told the curious that my lecture agent had advised me it would be difficult to promote my talks unless I resided in Latin America and could be billed as an authority with more than commuting experience and contacts in the area. In fact, he had said that.

Any hopes I entertained that lecture fees would augment my CIA salary were soon shattered. When deep-cover personnel earn income from their ostensible occupation, or profits from a cover business, the money gained is subject to an "off-set" arrangement against their CIA salary. Thus, in effect, lecture fees were turned over to the United States Treasury. (For the record, I was never asked to insert propaganda in my lectures; indeed, CIA didn't even look at the texts.)

In the business of deceiving relatives, neighbors, and close friends to protect cover, the CIA wife must play as important a part as her husband. She must learn to lie automatically and convincingly so that her spouse can be effective overseas and, in many cases, to insure his survival. A false step by the wife can result in the arrest of her husband. CIA officers working under light cover, identified as American officials and attached to an embassy, enjoy the protection of a diplomatic or official passport. If discovered they are declared *persona non grata* and deported. In most countries the deep-cover officer must expect to go to jail, or worse, if his cover is blown. Highly valued spies or deep-cover officers in prison are sometimes exchanged for counterparts of opposition services after long periods of negotiation. For example, Colonel Rudolf Abel, the Russian master agent jailed in New York, was swapped for Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot.

My cover was buttressed financially because I could mention casually to friends, or inquisitive local authorities, my modest, independent income from *The South Pacific Mail*, which Rick was profitably running in Santiago. That and my CIA salary were deposited to my Fort Worth bank account.

Cover considerations create peculiar problems. After a lecture * "Spook" is the term often used by Foreign Service people in referring to CIA colleagues—sometimes pejoratively, sometimes affectionately. CIA officers have learned to live with the term, and occasionally refer to themselves as spooks.



THE NIGHT WATCH

Hairy. I said nothing to Helen, but exercised extreme caution in meeting my case officer and the agents I handled. Before an encounter with an agent for instance, I spent as much as an hour ducking in and out of the narrow streets of colonial Havana to be sure I was not being followed, and adopted the same precautions after a clandestine rendezvous.

My public-relations cover was now in shreds, but it still provided some plausible access to government officials on the pretext that I was helping a client salvage his investment. I was amused by the sign Fidel Castro decreed ~~must hang in every government bureaucrat's office~~: WE MUST LEARN TO BE HONEST. Castro was determined to eradicate the corruption which had been a shibboleth in Batista's time. In meetings with Cuban officials I found some disillusioned with the drift toward Communism and recruited them as intelligence sources for CIA.

One encounter with a leader of the revolution I will never forget. At the end of a long evening entertaining a visitor from New York, I took him to a popular Cuban coffee house where Cuban intellectuals once plotted by candlelight against Batista; now the converted basement was a favorite of Castro's followers. We were about to leave when there was a stir at the entrance. A *barbudo* wearing a beret came in, followed by an entourage of a dozen men in the green uniforms of those who had fought with Castro in the mountains. The owner skipped about excitedly. The waiters deserted other clients and clustered around the newcomer. He was Che Guevara.

Guevara was not a large man, but his presence filled the room. Within minutes the corner where he sat with his companions became the stage of a small arena as chairs made of kegs were drawn in close. Che (an Argentine term used affectionately like the English "pal") was a hero of the revolution, second in popularity only to Castro himself, and the coffee house crowd's admiration for him was almost palpable. From down the street came the muted music of a guitar; the air was thick with the smoke of Havana cigars; giant shadows cast by the candles flickered on the hundred-year-old walls. The waiters served *anejo*, the distilled rum sipped with coffee in Cuba, much as brandy is drunk elsewhere. Soon there were questions. Guevara answered them in a soft voice, speaking slowly, sometimes pausing to catch his breath, his shoulders heaving slightly as he controlled the asthma which had plagued him since childhood.

Guevara talked for an hour, then another. It was four in the morning: a moving levee.

I had been an actor of modest talent in New York, but I retained some sense of the dramatic and, after CIA service, of history. I decided

3: WASH., CUBA, LEBANON, CUBA 1955-1959

I could not pass up the chance to meet the famous revolutionary. Introducing myself as an American, I asked Guevara what he planned to do in the future.

Guevara turned, squinting at me in the semi-darkness. Then he smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"First, I plan to get out of the sugar business." Che said. This drew a laugh, as it was widely known that Guevara was neither comfortable nor proficient as the chief of Cuba's Ministry of Industries which managed Cuba's sugar and tobacco exports, a position to which Fidel Castro had inexplicably appointed him. "Then," he said, looking directly at me, "I will travel and take the revolution with me."

Che Guevara launched into a ten-minute lecture on the plight of the underprivileged of the world and on the inevitable triumph of Marxism which would unshackle them from their misery. He said nothing memorable or even new; his speech was a litany of clichés which I had heard from many Latins before. But Guevara's measured tone was mesmerizing, and his charisma held the coffee house crowd in thrall. In the eerie light, the locks of curly hair hanging over his forehead along with the panache of a single star—insignia of a *comandante* in Castro's army—glittering on his beret gave him the dash and romantic aura of a Latin American Robin Hood. That didn't keep his eyes from challenging me while he ticked off a list of the abuses of American imperialism and exulted in his prediction that it was doomed. In all this he was pleasant, speaking without rancor. Once he interrupted his lecture to instruct the waiter to refill my glass with *anejo*.

It was quiet when he finished. Guevara turned away from me and soothed his asthma by breathing deeply from an inhalator.

It was almost dawn when we left the coffee house. Guevara and his friends sped off in two jeeps.

Che Guevara was quite a guy. He had the charisma and charm—he was *simpático*—which are essential qualities for Latin Americans who aspire to greatness in any field of endeavor. I predicted to my friend that he would become the most successful revolutionary of our time. It was a forecast that turned out to be half right: Guevara achieved the image he sought, even with young people in the United States, but lost the guerrilla skirmishes he fought in Africa and Bolivia. In any event, I admired him. That early morning encounter in the coffee house helped me understand the aspirations and convictions of men with whom I disagreed and, on occasions in the future, would treat as adversaries.

My case officer asked me to undertake what he called a "special" mission: A group of anti-Castro Cubans in Havana was planning the first coup attempt against the new regime. He gave me the names of

land Chinese have an embassy there, as do all the other Socialist countries. Even Mongolia recently opened an office in Mexico City, presumably to issue visas to all those Mexicans who travel around the Gobi desert. The Mexico City airport is the hub of international travel for revolutionary motley, especially to Havana. Mexico is an exile haven for Latin Americans of whatever conviction who are waiting, and often trying to abort, a change of government in their countries. The FBI has had a keen interest in Mexico City since the McCarthy era, when several hundred American Communists transplanted themselves there, and also because the Soviet embassy is a base for Russian intelligence operations into the United States. All of this has spawned a conglomeration of intelligence officers, agents, spies, provocateurs, and the shadowy figures of those who manage financial and communication nets to support international intrigue. Each intelligence service in Mexico City plays the cat-and-mouse game of attempting to penetrate the other's organization. In short, the Mexican capital is a huggemugger metropolis of cloak-and-dagger conspirators. The Mexican government observes these international shenanigans with bemused tolerance. The Mexicans do not find it amusing however when they uncover an operation aimed against Mexico, and occasionally send Soviet or Cuban "diplomats" packing when they are caught in flagrant espionage excesses.

I reported for work at the Mexico City station to take over the covert action desk. Most of my work involved support to CIA projects in third countries and was relatively routine, allowing me some leisure to observe other CIA officers working against the "hard targets"—the Soviets, Cubans, Czechs, and other Communist countries—and "soft targets," the Mexican and Latin American Communist parties. It was new to me, and a valuable learning period.

Much of my time was spent on anti-Castro propaganda operations. This called for many hours of coordination with the station officer whose job it was to know what was going on in and around the Cuban embassy. The head of the Cuba section was "Wally," whom we had first met at the University of Chile in Santiago. He, too, had been hired by the CIA as an intelligence officer.

Wally's job was to maintain "total coverage" of the Cuban embassy. Ideally, blanketing a hostile foreign installation for intelligence purposes would include: at least one spy within, reporting on his own government; the ability to read the mail to and from the embassy; being able to listen to telephone calls; at least one microphone broadcasting secrets from within; the capability of obtaining photographs of everyone working in the embassy and nearly everyone who visited it; and access to its trash. Confidential papers in an embassy are supposed to be disposed of in an incinerator. People are forgetful, especially in fledgling intelligence ser-

and classified papers or typewriter ribbons are dropped in a wastebasket. An agent of mine in Mexico City once found copies of the Cuban service's most secret cables in a garbage heap.

It would be inappropriate for me to say just how total a coverage the Cuban embassy Wally had achieved when I arrived in Mexico in 1961, but it was thorough. He undoubtedly knew as much about the Cubans who worked there as the Cubans themselves did about their own agents and, in the case of many intelligence officers, a great deal more. That doesn't seem to be very glamorous work for an Ivy League graduate. I kidded an officer in the CIA station one day when I found

him sitting through papers purloined from the trash of a foreign embassy. "Well, it's better than one of my first overseas assignments," he replied. "Which was to obtain a urine sample from a foreign minister."

Intelligence work is not all fun and games but more often plodding perseverance in collecting what might appear to be trivia. Laboring to put together the whole picture in intelligence is usually like assembling a puzzle from an almost infinite number of tiny pieces with the hope that enough of the final mosaic will emerge to mean something. (Containing and storing mundane shards of information—on 3-by-5 cards, in files where they can be retrieved quickly—is a monotonous business. One of our veterans once suggested truth would be better served if the symbolic cloak-and-dagger of the intelligence operative were replaced by a 3-by-5 card and a typewriter.) Does it matter that a local Communist sometimes uses the alias "Carlos"? Yes, it does if he someday goes to Europe and becomes a terrorist. Is it really important if a young Latin woman is having an affair with an intelligence officer from a Bloc embassy? It might be, if she later applied for a maid's job at the home of the CIA Station Chief, or, gets involved with an American or Mexican official. Why bother to keep tabs on the international travel of a student radical; or will it be significant, years later, when his absence coincides with the period when a local guerrilla group has trained in Cuba? Is it notable if a political crackpot has a second apartment his wife doesn't know about? Probably not—unless an American ambassador has been kidnapped and the CIA is trying to assist local authorities in finding him. The list of trivia which might become vital in an unknown future goes on endlessly, and it must be recorded and made retrievable on demand, sometimes years later. I know of a case where a Soviet "sleeper"—a deep-cover agent who had spent years living under a false name using a false identity—was uncovered and arrested because a CIA analyst had noted the record a decade before a detector's recollection that the agent's pseudonym began with the letter C. That apparently trivial observation was the key unlocking the mystery of the Russian's clandestine existence, many years later.

The immigrant had been especially fond of 'Our beloved cat,' the message said, 'fell to her death in the courtyard.'

The immigrant wrote to his cousin in Lisbon: "Do not send such a message again. I am a sensitive person; I can't stand shocks. Should send a thing happen again consider my temperament and let me know gently, in stages. For example, you should have sent a message saying, 'The cat went up on the roof.' Then, a few days later another, saying, 'The cat went to the edge of the roof.' Then, finally, a letter with the bad news: 'The cat fell off the roof and died.'"

Some months later the immigrant in Brazil received another cable from his cousin. It read: "Grandmother just went up on the roof."

"So that's what I look for," said my friend. "That one new piece of information, perhaps a single line in a report, some awareness which gives you a funny feeling at the back of the neck—the suspicion which suddenly is a conviction that something important is in motion, that grandmother is on the roof."

In late November of 1961 the word reached Mexico that CIA had a new director. Allen Dulles was asked to leave in the wake of the Bay of Pigs. President Kennedy is reputed to have said to the retiring DCI, "In a parliamentary form of government, I would be leaving office. In our government, you must go."

I was sorry to see Dulles go. He was a professional, and his relish for the intelligence trade was infectious. His image as an avuncular, teddy-bear kind of Director somehow made espionage and covert action seem to be good clean fun.*

John McCone, the wealthy shipbuilder, became our new Director. He was highly respected in business and political circles for being a tough administrator who knew how to get things done, as he had demonstrated when producing assembly-line freighters during World War II and in several important government positions in Washington. The people of CIA were dubious. Could an outsider, without experience in clandestine operations, manage our intelligence agency? In his first appearances at Langley he left an impression of austerity, remoteness, and implacability.

McCone wasted no time on amenities. While awaiting congressional confirmation, he traveled to Europe with Allen Dulles to inspect CIA stations. Later the COS at one of the major European stations told me a story that pinpointed the basic difference we would see between Dulles and McCone as personalities and managers of CIA. A security officer

* Dulles's long-cherished new CIA building at Langley was in its final stages of construction. One office was completely furnished, however, so that Dulles could work during his last days—almost alone amid the workmen—at Langley.

worked with McCone and Dulles. He had the primary responsibility of seeing Dulles as long as he remained DCI, but obviously he had no obligation to be concerned with the next Director's security as well. The security officer approached this Chief of Station, saying he had a few items.

"McCone just told me he's flying to Germany tomorrow morning. I haven't even mentioned it to Dulles, who will be staying here. McCone told me I was to travel with him, but, by the book, I should stay with Dulles as long as he's DCI."

"I just can't do that."

"Then I will," said the Chief of Station, and he later told Dulles that McCone would be leaving the next day with the only security escort available.

"Extraordinary," Dulles stroked his ample mustache. "Of course. Of course. He must go with him." But then he added: "Extraordinary!"

It would never have occurred to Dulles to expect protection from the Director's security escort until he was officially DCI. McCone, who had to get on with the job, probably never entertained the notion that the old school thing to do was to leave the security man with Dulles, even if he was a lame duck.

Dulles retired and wrote his *The Craft of Intelligence*, which remains a standard reference work for those who wish to study the history of American intelligence. In February of 1962 Richard Bissell, another casualty of the Bay of Pigs, resigned to become eventually a vice president of United Aircraft at a much larger salary than government could afford. His Chief of Operations, Dick Helms, who had remained distant from the Cuba project, replaced Bissell as the Deputy Director of Plans.

While the high-level shuffle went on in Washington, I continued to learn in Mexico how a CIA field station functions and, for the first time, had a chance to observe CIA people at work in a normal situation. While serving "outside" under deep cover my association with "inside"

office officers had been limited to operational meetings once or twice a week. I saw senior officers even less frequently. In both the Guatemala and Bay of Pigs operations the frenetic pressures precluded a valid appreciation of what my colleagues were like as persons under ordinary working conditions. I had been inclined to be overimpressed, perceiving CIA officers as a very special breed, a band of brothers, Robin Hoods of the clandestine netherworld.

Working with them day by day, I soon found that my colleagues were simply people. Like most State Department officers, CIA people usually had two qualities which set them apart from other government

bureaucrats: impressive talents and unswerving dedication.] In other aspects, CIA officers were about the same as anyone else working in the embassy. Some were clever and others less than astute, but they were interesting human beings and working with them was stimulating.

In Latin America at Christmas indigenous friends of American diplomats tend to expect scotch whiskey as a Christmas gift. This is fine for the State Department diplomat who can import scotch duty-free from Europe or buy it cheaply in an embassy commissary. But it poses a problem for CIA personnel, because their local contacts are confidential, if not clandestine. It would be poor tradecraft to give them the scotch bottles sans the local tax stamps. A duty-free bottle, spotted in a home or office, would be too easily recognized as the gift of an embassy official. Thus CIA yule funds are spent on very expensive scotch from local stores because it has the proper United Kingdom and, in this case, Mexican tax stamps. This is costly, as scotch in most countries of the world is priced at least three times higher than in the embassy commissary.

One CIA officer in Mexico City pondered the problem, concerned that the extra expense was a waste of the American taxpayers' money. He pointed out that the station was paying perhaps five hundred dollars a year more than it need have due to the excessive local cost of scotch. He had an idea. "Why not have those printers at headquarters make the tax stamps for us? They print false documents all the time." He sent a dispatch to CIA in Washington with the suggestion. The reply was rather tart, explaining that it was not the policy of CIA to counterfeit tax stamps, and certainly not in this case, which could hardly please Her Majesty's government or the Mexicans, should it become known. Further, the dispatch said, to save Mexico City station five hundred dollars, it should be recognized that engraving plates, matching paper, and finally printing the tax stamps would cost CIA around \$12,000.

The frugal fellow was disappointed. He didn't understand why we virtually collapsed in laughter when in a station staff meeting he complained, "Somehow we just have to lick this stamp problem."

One officer in the station, while a fine fellow, was a bit pompous. He was considered by some of his colleagues as too measured and conservative in his conduct of operations which, to be successful, must be approached and managed with vigor. He kept a 3-by-5 card under the glass covering his desk. It read: *If I can't do great things in a great war, let me do small things in a commendable war.* One night the card disappeared. It was replaced by another which announced: *If I can't do great things in a vast war, let me do half-vast things in a half-vast war.* During the Cold War of the fifties, intelligence cowboys from the CIA and the Soviet KGB engaged in pranks and dirty tricks, which were

sometimes infantile. One CIA practice was to disrupt Communist meetings and rallies by having agents set off stink bombs fabricated in a CIA laboratory. They were of such pungency that the stench literally drove an audience from a lecture hall or meeting place. The stink bombs were known in CIA as "Who, Me?"

By the time I arrived in Mexico this type of harassment activity had ceased, but several ampules of the "Who, Me?" liquid remained on the shelves of the station storeroom. One of the station people cleaning out old supplies decided to get rid of the stink bombs. He was a grown man and should have known better, but he decided the easiest thing to do would be to crack the ampules and pour the offending mixture down the drain of the station darkroom. At that time the American embassy was situated on the top floors of a tall building which housed, on the first floor, a department store and restaurant, and in succeeding floors, offices of businessmen and professionals.

Holding his nose, the CIA officer disposed of the liquid. The smelly mixture went down the pipes to the basement of the building. There it somehow escaped the plumbing which should have drained it away. The aroma slowly ascended through the air-conditioning system of the building, floor by floor. The technicians who had developed the purid essence would have been proud: the unbearable stench drove diners from the restaurant and customers from the store. Patients bolted from dentists' chairs; stockbrokers fled. Then, full circle, the miasma reached the offices of the CIA and the embassy. Hardy diplomats served their country by remaining on post. But the Ambassador, briefed by Win Scott on the origin of the problem, was not amused at all by the incident.

Aside from wars, riots, or sustained terrorist attacks, there is nothing that disrupts an American embassy abroad more thoroughly than a presidential visit. Routine diplomatic work is for all practical purposes suspended. The planning begins months ahead, and the weeks preceding the arrival of an American President are hectic with preparations. The visits usually go smoothly, racing along on a timetable which has been intricately rehearsed.

An advance unit of the United States Secret Service arrives early to work with the embassy and local security officials. Among a number of other special duties, the CIA must watch the travel of political crackpots around the world who might be en route to the scene of the presidential visit. A list of local subversives and otherwise suspicious characters is passed to the Secret Service. Local authorities sometimes round them up before the arrival of the foreign visitor, offering the hospitality of local detention facilities for the duration. In some countries on such occasions

Perez wanted to leave the embassy to buy a new suitcase to replace the one he had lost to his "abductors." He was not allowed to leave, but another DGI man went out to purchase luggage for him, asking that the suitcase be delivered next day to the embassy. That was poor tradecraft, as was the DGI man's failure to observe the CIA surveillance team following him to the store.

In the suitcase destined for Earle Perez Friman, an envelope marked *Instructions* contained a message for Perez signed with the false name John and I had used in meeting him. We warned about the dangers awaiting him in Cuba and assured him that arrangements for his reception and safety would be made at the airport should he decide to board before boarding the plane. I don't know that he ever received the note. I suspect the DGI intercepted it, since there was a phalanx of DGI heavies escorting Perez when he arrived at the airport for the Havana flight. And, the Cuban Ambassador was with them, ready to throw his diplomatic weight around should there be any attempt to keep Perez from boarding the flight.

I waited at the entrance of the passenger lounge as Perez and his entourage approached. The faces were all familiar to me, not because I knew the individuals personally but because I remembered them from the photographs in the station mugbook. The Cuban intelligence officers undoubtedly recognized me as well.

Perez may not have known me. Although I stared straight at him as he approached the gate, there was no hint that he remembered me. I drew my finger across my neck, warning Perez of the danger which lurked in Havana. His eyes were wide, pupils dilated. He was in a stupor, obviously having been drugged. One of the DGI officers cursed at me as he passed.

The defector who had come out of the cold and gone back so quickly flew to Cuba. Later he realized how uncertain his future was and found asylum in a Latin American embassy in Havana. He panicked and ran away from the embassy, as he had from John. Once again he found himself in the traffic of a large city, this time running through the Almedares tunnel, which connects downtown Havana with the Miramar residential section. Perez died in the tunnel, gunned down by "unidentified" assailants. Cuban newspapers treated his death as a criminal matter. Earle Perez Friman had consummated the suicide attempt that began when he walked into the American embassy in Mexico City.

In retrospect, I should have been with John in the car taking Perez to the airport in Mexico City. Perhaps two of us could have persuaded him to go on to Miami rather than to return to a predictable death in Havana. In any event, it was my responsibility, on my watch, and I had botched the operation badly. "Egg on your vest..." the Division Chief of Operations

told me when he flew to Mexico City to determine what had happened. My future looked bleak, and Dick Bissell's prediction that I would become a Division Chief seemed unjustified. Promotion and senior assignments are not given to CIA officers with operational egg stains on their vests.

From Washington came word that Colonel J. C. King, approaching mandatory retirement age of sixty years and his health faltering, was stepping down as head of the Western Hemisphere Division after a tenure of a decade. Desmond FitzGerald was to be the new chief.

Working on the Cuban problem in Mexico City kept me occupied as we monitored, and when we could, obstructed Cuban attempts to promote a Latin American revolution with substantive clandestine support to local pro-Castro groups—particularly in Guatemala, Venezuela, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, and Uruguay. Again I participated in amateur theatricals, combining business with pleasure and playing the lead roles in Mexico City productions of *Mr. Roberts* and *Stalag 17*. Part-time historians still served as useful cover for meetings with several of my agents, who "volunteered" to work backstage.

It was great fun working again with Abe in Mexico City. His office in the CIA station was distant from mine, and we often met halfway in the hall, each hurrying to see the other. It was as though our minds were working on the same track: we were like two comedians testing a routine as we put our operational schemes together. Much of Abe's propaganda work was in support of Cuban operations, so we worked in tandem against the Cubans.

We also worked together on some dirty tricks.

One of our endeavors was aimed at a "cultural officer" in the Cuban embassy. He was energetic and bright, despised Americans, and had hatched a number of schemes designed to embarrass the United States as well as several Cuban dirty tricks aimed at CIA. While we admired our adversary's guile, some of his operations stung. Abe and I often remarked that it would be useful if we could arrange for his departure from Mexico City, so that we could spend more time getting about our own jobs, rather than reacting defensively to his operations against us.

One morning Abe and I became aware of a personal peccadillo in the private life of our Cuban nemesis at just the same time, and we recognized simultaneously what should be done. We met in the hall, halfway between our offices.

"Antique jewelry!" I shouted.

"Exactly," said Abe, waving his finger on high. "We help him sell it!"

Abe and I learned that our cultural officer had smuggled into Mexico, in the diplomatic pouch, a trove of antique jewelry, purchased at bargain

Agency officer be captured and interrogated by hostile forces, he is authorized to answer only three questions for the enemy; he may give his name, grade, and parking space number.

John McCone, after a most successful tenure as Director of Central Intelligence, was getting ready to leave government service. I was told that he missed the close relationship he had with John Kennedy and was uncomfortable with Lyndon Johnson, quite aside from the fact that the new President was not as accessible as McCone felt he should be. So, he was preparing to resign in early 1965 and return to his business in California. Dick Helms moved up to the number-two job—DDCI—and most CIA people fervently hoped Johnson would appoint him the new DDCI. Des Fitzgerald, after only a year as chief of the Western Hemisphere Division, took over from Helms as the DDP, chief of the operations side of the Agency.

A young officer drove me to the airport upon the conclusion of my business at Langley. On the way he told me he would soon be assigned to the Cuban operations group in the Western Hemisphere Division. I said that should be a good assignment where he could expect action.

"Yes," he said. "I understand the Kennedy's told CIA, to put it in their words, to get off its ass and do something about getting rid of Castro. And that the marching orders haven't changed much under Johnson."

"We tried that at the Bay of Pigs," I reminded him. "And Kennedy promised Khushchev we would stay out of Cuba."

"I know," responded the young officer. "But we're still supposed to do anything we can short of invasion."

After a few minutes there was another, disturbing question. "Do you think we're trying to assassinate Fidel Castro?"

"I certainly do not," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Just some rumors I've heard," he said. "I wouldn't want to be involved in anything like that." Then, "If we were would you know about it?"

"Not necessarily," I said. "But that would be dumb. It couldn't change anything in Cuba, except maybe to put power in the hands of people even more pro-Soviet and less predictable than Fidel."

"Yeah." The young officer shrugged. "Probably just rumors."

The conversation was unsettling. After returning to Mexico I didn't think of it again until I heard a vignette concerning Des Fitzgerald from a traveler. It involved a party in Chevy Chase, a Washington suburb, a short time before Fitzgerald became the DDP. Several Agency employees were there as well as people from other agencies and outside government; about twenty guests in all. The host had brought in a palmist to read the guests' past and future. Of all the guests only Des Fitzgerald refused to extend his palm to be read.

That was strange, I thought when hearing of the incident. Of all the people I had met in the CIA the ebullient and fun-loving Fitzgerald was at the top of the list of those most likely, under such circumstances, to go along with the crowd.*

The most crucial development during my four-year assignment in Mexico City occurred slightly past midhour, in the fall of 1963. Just another blip on the station's radar screen. It did not seem important when we first noticed it.

The slight, sallow man boarded a bus in Laredo, Texas. He arrived the next morning in Mexico City after the grueling twenty-hour trip, and registered at a cheap hotel—less than \$2.00 a day—not far from the bus station. He was one of the many faceless tourists who visit Mexico from the United States; on any given day there may be five thousand of them in Mexico City. Most visit the Aztec ruins, the art galleries, the marvelous anthropological museum, and frequently the capital's restaurants and nightclubs. The CIA has neither the inclination nor the time to observe them.

A few American tourists stop by foreign embassies. At some, especially the Soviet and Cuban embassies, these travelers appear as blips on the CIA radar screen. This particular tourist, tired as he must have been after the all-night bus ride, immediately began to contact the Cuban and Soviet missions.

None of the CIA personnel in Mexico City knew anything about Lee Harvey Oswald: that he had previously lived in the Soviet Union and married a Russian wife. He was just another blip. How much attention should be paid to him?

"Craig," the case officer in charge of Soviet operations, was the first to become aware of Oswald on the basis of the latter's contact with the Soviet embassy. The circumstances were such—Oswald wished to return to the Soviet Union via Cuba—that a cable to headquarters asking for a Washington file check on Oswald was in order. Craig procrastinated as he was busy with other things. One of his assistants prodded Craig several times; his aide was his own wife, working part-time for the station because of her extensive knowledge of Russian and Soviet matters, garnered when she was a CIA staff officer prior to their marriage. Finally Craig's wife typed out the cable herself, dropping it

*When the Senate Church Committee released its report on assassination plots against foreign leaders in 1975, it revealed that on the day President Kennedy was killed in Dallas Fitzgerald had offered a poison-pen device to a CIA agent identified as AN/FLASH. This was inaccurate, as Fitzgerald was not in Paris on November 2, 1973, but he had met the agent in the French capital previously to encourage him to get rid of Fidel Castro.

on her husband's desk for his review before it went to Win Scott for release. Who, the cable asked Washington, is Lee Henry Oswald?

It was seven weeks later, early afternoon on the twenty-second of November 1963, that I was called from my desk by a secretary who said that someone from the defense attache's office wanted to speak to the CIA duty officer. I went out to see the sergeant who waited at the Dutch door.

"My wife just telephoned to say she heard on the radio that President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas. Have you people heard anything about it?"

We had not. As CIA officers picked up the story during the lunch hour—the news swept through Mexico City—they returned to the station. We gathered in Win's office to listen to the radio and monitor television reports on the tragedy.

The death of the president was finally confirmed, and, then came the news that the assassin had been apprehended: Lee Harvey Oswald.

"That's the man we sent the cable about," Win said quietly, and called his secretary. From memory he gave her several file numbers, and she went off to fetch them.*

For the next several weeks the station was occupied with reviewing all available intelligence concerning Oswald's visit to Mexico City and the events in the Cuban and Soviet embassies then and afterward. There were, and still are, some missing pieces in the puzzle, but the final accumulation and interpretation provided a reasonably clear picture. Some knowledge was gained while Oswald was in Mexico, some after he left, and even more after Kennedy's death gave the matter top priority among our activities. The tedious collection and storage of trivia paid off.

In the United States there seems to be a compulsive tendency to suspect conspiracy in the face of facts not easily explained. As some of the details of the CIA coverage of Oswald in Mexico have been, at least until recently, confidential, the swarm of skeptics who have found a lucrative profession in conning lecture audiences and writing judicial books with bizarre explanations of conspiracy have, of course, committed the true with the false in coming up with conspiracy theories on the "Mexico City connection" of Oswald. Some of these may seem plausible. In fact, I know of no evidence to suggest that Oswald acted as an agent for the Cubans or Russians, that he was a CIA agent, or that any agent

* Author Tad Szulc, in his book about Howard Hunt, *Compromise*, writes that Hunt was the Acting Chief of Station in Mexico City when Lee Harvey Oswald visited there. He refers to this as "an extraordinary coincidence." In fact, Hunt was not even in Mexico, but Win Scott was and in charge. He was in Mexico and lived there until his death from a heart attack.

of his Mexico City trip was any more ominous than reported by the Warren Commission.

Some of those who do so well financially lecturing before college groups on this subject claim that a "mystery man" was in Mexico City, pretending to be Lee Harvey Oswald. They are right in that there was a mysterious person, with the physical appearance of an American, who was in Mexico City and in contact with the Soviet embassy at the same time Oswald was there.

In writing that first cable from Mexico City about Oswald, Craig's wife described Lee "Henry" Oswald as "approximately 35 years old, with an athletic build, about six feet tall, with a receding hairline." She had put together two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle which appeared compatible but which did not, in fact, fit together. We had learned of a contact Oswald made with the Soviet embassy, asking the Russians if they had any news on his application to return to the Soviet Union. Craig's wife, incorrectly, surmised that the contact was made by another person, photographed as an individual of interest because he had frequented the Soviet embassy. She was describing the mysterious stranger and not, as found later, the person making the contact. She had put one (Oswald, seeking a visa from the Soviets) and one (an unknown visitor to the Russian embassy) together and come up with an incorrect two: the assumption that the two men were the same. If that second person, the heavy fellow with an athletic build, would present himself today, like a Rip Van Winkle, it would be useful to all of us. Meantime he remains a mystery figure, who could be, from his appearance, an American—or could be a Soviet or Nordic seaman from any ship docked in a Mexican port.

Why did that first cable identify Lee "Henry" Oswald? Because Craig's wife did not read about Oswald, but heard about him. It was her phonetic observation. In any event, it became apparent to the CIA before the assassination of Kennedy that a mistake had been made: a message from CIA in Washington to the U.S. Navy requested photographs of the real Lee Harvey Oswald "to determine if the Lee Oswald in Mexico City and subject are the same individual."

Another speculative assertion of the conspiracy buffs was that Oswald made a secret air flight to Havana. There is not a single piece of evidence to support this allegation, and much to prove it untrue.

Several skeptics have said Oswald returned with several thousand dollars from Mexico. I think I know where that came from.

After President Kennedy was assassinated there was a walk-in to the American embassy in Mexico City. He was a young Nicaraguan, who said that he had been inside the Cuban embassy when Oswald visited there, and that he saw a red-haired black pay Oswald \$6,500 in American money, an advance payment presumably for his role as the hired gun in

killing Kennedy. I was surprised when, in response to a cable we sent to Managua, capital of Nicaragua, our station said that the Nicaraguan intelligence service had identified the walk-in as a prominent Nicaraguan Communist. It seemed strange as we had no information on the man in our 3-by-5 cards. John and I were assigned to interrogate him. It soon was apparent that he was lying, and not very well. A lie-detector test—a specialist was flown down from Washington—soon confirmed that he was a fabricator. The Mexican government talked seriously with him. He finally claimed, after four days, that he had made up the story because he hated Fidel Castro and hoped that his story would provide the United States into taking action against Castro. (I have a theory, almost a conviction, that in fact this man was dispatched to Mexico City by the Somoza brothers, the authoritarian but pro-American rulers of Nicaragua, in what they considered a covert action to influence the American government to move against Cuba. If so, it was a nice try, but a transparent operation.)*

Finally, there has been much talk of photographs taken of Oswald by the CIA in Mexico City. There were none. A capability for such photographic coverage existed, but it was not a twenty-four-hour-a-day, Saturday and Sunday capability. John and I spent several days studying literally hundreds of photographs available to the CIA before and during Oswald's trip to Mexico City. He did not appear in any of them.

The facts about Oswald's Mexico City visit, obvious to me and anyone who knew all the details, were simple. Oswald tried to return to the Soviet Union by way of Cuba. The Cubans and the Soviets rebuffed him. They thought he was a kook. Oswald went back to Dallas alone on another bus.

I know a great deal about Oswald's stay in Mexico, much of it learned by questioning agents, reviewing the record, and coming to a conclusion based on many disparate items of information. While I certainly can't be sure Oswald was not involved in some sort of conspiracy back in Dallas, I am confident that he was not recruited in Mexico City by the Soviets or the Cubans to assassinate Jack Kennedy.**

*The Warren Commission Report describes this man as "a young Latin American secret agent."

**It was revealed in 1975 that Oswald wrote a letter to the FBI in Dallas threatening to blow up the Dallas police station. This was several days before the assassination. Foreign intelligence services do not have their assassins bring such attention upon themselves just before the hit. Also in 1975, a poll showed that 85 percent of the American people believed that Oswald was somehow a part of a conspiracy in Dallas. I am one of the 15 percent which believes that he acted alone and that the Warren Commission was right. Despite the motivation Fidel Castro might have had after learning of plots against his life, I am convinced he did not select Oswald as an instrument in an attempt against Kennedy. To date there is no

The CIA information about the nondescript visitor to Mexico City was passed to a number of other United States government agencies—before the assassination. With a little luck, it might have reached the Secret Service, and it might have prevented the assassination of Jack Kennedy.

Good news from Langley in February 1965: I had been promoted to GS-15, the highest of the middle-grade ranks of CIA officers.

We had kidded Wally and his wife when he was assigned as DCO in Santo Domingo, an unimportant backwater post. It did not seem so amusing when, in March 1965, a cable arrived advising me that I was to have my first Chief of Station assignment—COS, Santo Domingo. The stimulating four years in Mexico were at an end. I was to report to Washington at once, to attend a two-week course of training for first-time Chiefs of Station.

The Dominican Republic? While I was pleased to be appointed a COS and to have a chance to move up the management ladder, I was distressed at the prospect of a tour on the Caribbean island, Santo Domingo. I feared, would be a dull post.

evidence that the Cuban dictator tried to kill the American president. In 1976 Senator Richard Schweiker, who has become an assassination buff, was primarily responsible for a report which raised all sorts of doubts about the Kennedy assassination but no evidence. I testified in executive session before Senator Schweiker and his staff about the circumstances of Oswald's visit to Mexico City and the investigation by me and "John" following the assassination. I was surprised and disappointed when I read the published Senate report, which I felt was not completely objective. Certainly it did not make the Warren Commission Report "collapse like a house of cards" as Senator Schweiker had predicted it would.

ore for Christopher; then eleven. Three months passed before I was able to manage a visa for the gardener who had worked for us so faithfully in Santo Domingo. Pepe, known affectionately to all of us as Pepito, had been eighteen when he first entered our employ and at the time did not own a pair of shoes. Pepito arrived on Christmas Eve and became a babysitter, housekeeper, and factotum, relieving me of much work and untold concern. Even so my day was a full one beginning with preparation of a hot breakfast—despite his other talents Pepito was not a cook—and, after the day's work at Langley, cooking an evening meal and adjudicating a potpourri of household problems for which I had little or no preparation. Fridays were the longest days because I was a Scoutmaster in the troop Christopher was about to join.

The days tumbled by. For the first time I was in charge of espionage operations in a "hard target" country. I had to make decisions on the recruitment of agents in Havana, and supervise the administrative support without which they could not survive and the communications without which they would be useless. It was serious business. When an agent was apprehended by the Cuban authorities, as they sometimes were, he (or she) was fortunate to be jailed and not executed. And, in 1967 Fidel Castro was relentlessly pursuing a policy of exporting his revolution to most of Latin America. Che Guevara was in Bolivia; Cuban agents and money were being sent to a dozen countries to support insurgencies, both rural and urban. It was usually dark by the time I arrived home from the office to cook the evening meal, to see that the children were in bed at a reasonable hour, or, on Friday evenings, to don my Scoutmaster's uniform.

When all had settled down for the night, I would read for an hour or so to unwind enough for sleep. Often I studied the history of espionage and secret operations, and was surprised to learn how ancient a profession intelligence is.

In 500 B.C. I noted a Chinese philosopher named Sun Tzu established some rules for spying and covert action: "Discredit everything good in your opponent's country... Use the collaboration of the most vile and abominable creatures... Weaken the will of the enemy's soldiers with songs and sensual music... Send prostitutes to accomplish the work of destruction... Be generous in your promises and with your gifts to buy information. Do not spare money; money spent in this way brings in rich profits..." And, in summary: "The acme of excellence is not the winning of a hundred victories in a hundred battles but rather to subdue the Armies of the enemy without fighting."

"Dirty tricks," I discovered, were not exactly new.

In the Bible I found that Moses sent his agents "to spy out the land of Canaan." Espionage techniques were refined by the Greeks and Ro-

mans and, of course, the Byzantines. The British intelligence service was created by Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, and his fledgling spies proved their worth by penetrating the French and Spanish courts. One of his agents is said to have interrupted Sir Francis Drake's game of bowls to give him hard intelligence on the Spanish Armada approaching on the horizon. In France, Richelieu ran a proficient intelligence service. European bankers sponsored private espionage nets; the Rothschilds had one of the best. Every major European power conducted intelligence operations. Under Czar Nicholas I the Russians combined espionage with police repression but Nicholas's service was puny in comparison to those which succeeded it—with the ubiquitous Soviet KGB, formally known as the Committee for State Security, employing today more intelligence officers and spies than all the other services of the world combined.

The 1771 edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica briefly depicted the secret agent in these terms: "SPY, a person hired to watch the actions, motions, etc. of another; particularly of what passes in a camp. When a spy is discovered he is hanged immediately." An early American agent, Nathan Hale, described intelligence as "a peculiar service." Most of the many definitions of "peculiar" in the dictionary mean funny, odd, or strange. Hale was employing a British definition: "A particular parish or church that is exempted from the jurisdiction of the ordinary or bishop in whose diocese it lies and is governed by another." Hale was a spy and was "hanged immediately" when his mission on Manhattan Island failed in 1776.

In an Agency replete with unusual people, none titillated my imagination and curiosity more than the legendary James Angleton. The counter-intelligence chief and his operational activities were shrouded in secrecy and mystery; few of us knew the details of his job. His basic responsibility was clear though: to prevent penetration of the Agency by other intelligence services and to conduct high-level liaison with several of the more competent friendly ones. Angleton was CIA's answer to the Delphic Oracle: seldom seen, but with an awesome reputation nurtured over the years by word of mouth and intermediaries padding out of his office with pronouncements which we seldom professed to understand fully, but accepted on faith anyway. After all, who could argue with the whispers that he had ferreted out Kim Philby's role as a double agent working for the Soviets?

Strolling to the cafeteria at Langley one day I remarked to a friend that I had never met Angleton. He replied that he knew the spy-master only by sight and—"There he is!" He stopped and nodded his head toward a man walking down the hall toward us.

"That's him. That's Angleton."

The man he identified was short, thin, with scooped shoulders, and shuffled rather than walked. His head was down, as if in deep thought; his hands were clasped behind his back.

"So that's the fabulous Angleton," I said, reverently.

Several times during the next two years I saw the man, always walking alone, hands behind his back. And I would identify him to others: "There he is. That's Jim Angleton."

The image intelligence has acquired in fictional accounts of international intrigue undoubtedly accounts for a good share of the character attracted by CIA. Just as ex-soldiers spin yarns about their past, CIA's old hands cherish stories of personal experiences that are dramatic or humorous to the point of straining credulity. CIA war stories, while sometimes embroidered for effect, generally contain elements of truth because, in CIA, colleagues instinctively are skeptical and over the years can, and do, come across confirming sources.

I once visited a CIA man I'll call "Al" in Latin America. He told me the damndest story about a snake I ever heard—one which I simply could not believe.

"Some time ago a cattle rancher," Al said, "told me about a huge snake holed up in a cave. He said that snake was over ten meters long; it had eaten, at the very least, ten Indians. He said the snake came out of his hole every three months, threw himself in a big loop around a steer, drug him into the river, drowned him, and devoured him. Then the snake would slip back into the cave and sleep it off over another three or four months period. The rancher wanted that snake captured if possible, and carted off to a zoo since it was certainly the largest snake in existence."

"For the next few months," Al went on, "that snake was the subject of conversation at every embassy cocktail party. But how do you capture a snake over thirty feet long? Finally someone came up with a scheme. We had quite a long cotton-picking sack made in Lima. We had giant zippers sewn into each end. Our plan was to use tear gas to drive that snake out of his hole into the sack and then zip it up. We appointed a Head Zipper Man and a Tail Zipper Man. I was to oversee the entire operation, and to carry a .357 Python pistol in case something went wrong.

"Well, we went to the ranch and got ready. We took a long pole along with the idea that when we got the snake inside the sack and zippered up we'd tie the sack to the pole and then, by placing the pole between two Jeeps, get the snake to the railroad."

"Just a minute, Al," I said.

"I'm telling you the God's honest truth," Al insisted. "Well, we got everything set and shot tear gas into the hole. The snake coughed

and thrashed around in there and then came barreling out. He saw daylight at the end of the sack we were holding at the mouth of the cave and headed for it. The Zipper Men stood their ground and zippered that snake right up. The flaw in our scheming was that we made the sack too roomy. When the snake discovered it was trapped, it dashed its body against the side of the sack with such force that it split the sack almost from one end to the other. The next thing I knew it was out and headed towards me. I finally got off a shot into the snake's head when it was about twelve yards away. It made a big loop with its body, hit a hardwood tree about the size of a small telephone pole, and shattered the tree like matchwood. Then, the snake fell over into the jungle where I was able to put two more shots into its head. We measured this snake and found it was thirty-four feet, three inches in length!"

Despite the fact I knew Al had been a former national pistol shooting champion, I decided he had gone far enough.

"Al," I said, "You are a damned liar."

Al was hurt. He invited me to accompany him into his back yard. He entered the garage and came out with the biggest snake hide I have ever seen. It was, without question, more than thirty feet long.

Yet, I still refused to believe Al's wild story about how he acquired the hide. During the next several years I saw him again and again. And, the snake story remained in active contention until one evening in 1967 when I attended a party at Nancy and Dick Cushing's in Washington. I found myself chatting with the number-three man in the United States Department of Labor, an Assistant Secretary. He mentioned that he had once served in the Latin American country where Al claimed to have bagged the monstrous snake.

"Did you know a fellow named . . . ?" I mentioned Al's true name.

"Certainik did. Knew Al well."

With a big grin, I recounted Al's yarn about the snake. And I ended, "To this day he claims they made a canvas sack with zippers at both ends. Now, did you ever hear anything about that?"

"Mr. Phillips," The Assistant Secretary looked directly into my eyes. "I certainly have heard about that. I was the Tail Zipper Man."

For the first time I had the opportunity to meet and work with the scholars of CIA's Directorate of Intelligence. The Deputy Director, Intelligence, known as the DDI, heads the Directorate and is one of the four line officials in the Agency reporting directly to the DCI. In the early days DDI's were commended by an Ivy League and O.S.S. background. Among others, Robert Amorv, now with the National Gallery of Art in Washington, and Dr. Ray Cline of the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies, have held the position of DDI

Al