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SECTION C *

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Sturdy Stan at the CIA

By Joy Billington
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When Jimmy Carter went out to CIA headquarters at Langley recently to give intelligence agents a pep talk; he urged them to be "more pure and more clean and more decent and more honest" than practically anyone else. They must be as Caesar's wife, he told them.

Such orders, of course, were delivered in the context of a widespread public impression that the agency had been less pure, less clean, less decent and less honest than many might wish.

CLOSE-UP

And, while many of the excesses of the past seem to have been curbed, the agency is currently under new fire — on the fundamental question of how well it is doing its job. Critics now are saying that Washington was caught off guard by the events in Iran, that something is deeply amiss at the Central Intelligence Agency when one of its personnel is found guilty of selling critical information to the Soviets.

At the center of the storm is Stansfield Turner — a 54-year-old admiral who neither smokes nor drinks, a deeply religious man in a world of cunning and stealth — who has been tasked to point the CIA in a more virtuous and efficient direction.

Turner's command began dramatically enough. It started with the so-called "Halloween Massacre." The admiral ordered 212 employees to hang up their cloaks and put away their daggers — the number ultimately would reach 820. That same night, Oct. 31, 1977, as pink slips were carried home all over town, Turner threw "a Halloween party for spooks," and guests ducked for apples.

This twist of Turner humor — to begin the overhaul of the clandestine service on the night of ghosts and ghoulies — must have appealed to the director's sense of irony. For there was much about the tweedy, expensive clothes and the convoluted mind-



sets of the clandestine people that went against the grain of his own straight-arrow mind.

This year, the Turners' Halloween party featured "graves" of agency enemies, dangling skeletons; and a game for the 60 guests of guessing how many pumpkin seeds there were in a jar. There were 667. Iran's Crown Prince Reza guessed 650 and his prize was a packet of jelly beans. There are those who would argue today that the Crown Prince's jelly beans are more of a reward than the CIA would earn for its Iran estimates.

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"My father left a small mill town in Lancashire called Ramsbottom when he was eight or nine," Turner says. "His older brother and an uncle had emigrated to Chicago and he and his widowed mother joined them." Oliver Turner didn't finish high school. He started out as office boy, worked his way up, and eventually founded a real estate company and did well.

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Turner's family were sufficiently well off enough to give their children good educations. Stansfield attended Amherst, Annapolis and Oxford.

He admits to being "more of a cut-up" at Amherst than at Oxford later, although his pranks were clearly in the Good Clean Fun category: "One thing I did that was fun was getting hold of the master key and locking the whole fraternity in their rooms one night."

At Amherst, Turner broke briefly with his lifelong teetotalism. "I was opposed to drinking when I went to Amherst but pretty soon I gave in and went out with the boys for a beer and I was a regular drinker from then until 1949 when my brother was killed in an automobile accident



where drinking was involved. I decided then that the dangers weren't worth it and gave it up. I surely never missed it."

As CIA chief Turner is now having "a running battle" — albeit gentlemanly — with the current president of Amherst. "He wants to know what relations the CIA had in the past with Amherst, before we foreswore dealing with campuses. We feel that if we made an agreement in the past and said we'd keep this secret that we won't disclose our past sources any more than our present sources."

His old friend William H. Webster, now head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, laughs when asked if he led Turner astray at Amherst. "Probably! But Stan was a very straight arrow. His nickname was 'Sturdy Stan'. My wild days were after Stan left. Maybe my role model cut me loose and I misbehaved after he left. . . ."

They were both members of The Sphinx Honor Society, and wore the black pork pie hats with purple stripes that marked members of what Webster calls "the epitome of what was best at Amherst, the junior leaders. I think Stan was president."

The fact that Sturdy Stan was steadily climbing the rungs of the Navy ladder is something Webster would have expected. What neither could ever anticipate, however, is that one day they would head the CIA and FBI respectively — "Mr. Inside

and Mr. Outside", as Turner terms them.

Today they meet at Webster's 'shop' or Turner's — a friendship must make J. Edgar Hoover, who resented the CIA, turn in his grave. They see each other at the security coordinating meetings at the White House. And play tennis together regularly. Webster refuses to say who wins. "It's very close," he says tactfully.

At Annapolis, Turner was a guard on the Navy football team. He graduated 25th academically and first militarily in a class of 820. He remembers his fellow midshipman Jimmy Carter as "a quiet, very friendly Southern young man" but they didn't know each other well. "You don't, when you live in a 4,000-man dorm, unless you have clubs in common or live near each other." They came to know each other later when Turner was head of the Naval War College at Newport. He invited the governor of Georgia to lecture, as part of his policy of broadening the education of naval officers studying there.

Turner went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in 1948 for two and a half years. There, he says "I was just another blooming Yank." There wasn't much tearing down to London. "We had three very intensive terms, and a lot going on at Oxford. You're supposed to do a lot of your serious studying on your vacation. We Americans would pack up a bunch of books, head for the French Riviera and chase around. We stayed away from England for vacations because right after the war the food was bad, the climate was bad, so as soon as we got out of school we'd grab the boat train and head for the sun."

He found it intellectually stimulating. "Every evening there were so many things you could do: the Anglo-Israeli Club learning one side of what now is the Camp David issue, the next week the Arab Club where you'd hear terrible things about Lord Balfour and his role in setting up Israel. (Then Palestine.) I'm proud of myself, too, because Kenneth Clark was a teacher and I used to go to his lectures. I wasn't taking art. I was reading PPE (Philosophy, Politics and Economics). But that was the kind of broadening opportunity Oxford offered. And unlike American universities there was no stigma about wanting to study."

Asked if he did any hell-raising, Turner demurs, and then says: "I pushed the present chairman of Honeywell up a drainpipe to get into his college after hours one night. And one evening after an all-night ball, the former president of the University of Virginia, Edgar Shannon, and I went punting. My friend negotiated a curve in the river very deftly and two couples in another punt applauded his remarkable feat. You have to understand that we're in white tie and tails. And Edgar Shannon, standing in the stern of the punk, bowed to the applause and went right in the river."

A fellow Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, Pittsburgh University Chancellor Wesley Posvar, admits he was a bit surprised when the Carter administration chose Turner for the CIA. "I was surprised they were that smart! He was an obvious choice, a balanced internationalist with a military background, a scholar and intellectual and a man who understands national security far better than many others whose names were mentioned."

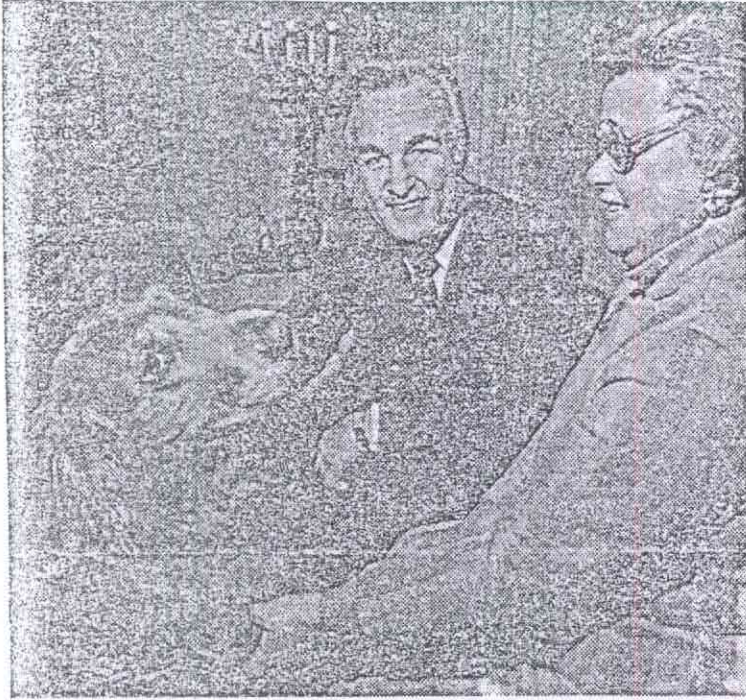
Posvar calls his old friend "a pretty straight guy. He behaved then, at Oxford, as he does today. The only difference is a little gray hair."

Turner retells an Oxford experience vividly:

"My tutor, Herbert Nicholas, was writing a book about the 1950 election when Churchill unsuccessfully sought to unseat Atlee. I had an automobile and I drove him all around the country to interview politicians. One night we were in the Rhondda Valley — a very poor coal mining area which was very Communist oriented.

"We went to hear Harry Pollitt, the secretary general of the British Communist party, whose constituency it was. We went with my tutor's two sisters who were spinster schoolteachers. Pollitt described Mr. Forrestal, the American secretary of defense, as so typical of the paranoid American capitalist that he'd jump out of a window if he heard a siren go by, thinking it was the signal for the Russian invasion.

I challenged the statement and he put down a five-pound note and said 'I'll bet you five pounds it was in Time magazine. That's my source.'



—Washington Star Photographer Walter Oates

The Turners and Hornblower

Well, later I checked Time and there wasn't a scintilla of evidence that would give Pollitt something to work on. It was just a total lie, which was very illustrative to me of my now-long experience of dealing with communism.

"That was one of my first rubs with it. Here was a man who was willing to lie where he couldn't be proved wrong — in the middle of the night in the Rhondda Valley.

"The next day there was a two-column headline in the Daily Worker: 'Chicago Gangster Invades Rhondda.' It was about me 'invading' with my gun molls . . . my tutor's two spinster sisters. I had a Morris Minor but they accused me of riding in my big black limousine with my molls. It was very, very revealing."

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Stansfield and Pat Turner live in a pleasant admiral-size house on the grounds of the U.S. Naval Observatory. It is the first time a CIA chief has lived in such a "safe house," Pat Turner explains, which makes the CIA security people "very happy . . . we benefit from the security that goes with the vice president living up here."

A comfortable, placid woman, Pat Turner says she has little curiosity

about "the secrets" her husband carries. This even extends to their son, Navy Lt. Geoffrey Turner, who is presently doing post-graduate work at the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey, Cal. "I don't know the subject of his thesis. He can't tell me. He and my husband talk but I have to go out of the room," she says. Asked if she isn't tempted to listen at the door Pat Turner laughs: "It's all gobbledygook and code words I couldn't understand."

She has been a voracious reader of spy yarns for longer than her husband has been in the nation's No. 1 spook. While John Le Carre is somewhat complicated, she admits, pointing to "The Honorable Schoolboy" which she is reading, "it gives you a feel for the dreary part of the espionage business which contains so much tedious work."

Pat Turner has instigated the first organized wives meetings in the history of the CIA. Some 28 wives of "top section leaders" now meet for lunch once a month. "A lot of the lesser woman just can't do it because their husbands are not acknowledged as working for the CIA.

"I felt they needed a little togetherness, they've been picked on so much and taken so much criticism. I think they're wonderful, dedicated people who've been unjustly treated by the press."

Pat Turner 'dabbles' at sculpture, painting, collage; she can unstop sinks, garbage disposals and toilets; wire plugs and re-wire lamps; hang wall paper and paint walls. "The hardest thing a Navy wife has to face is the change from being very competent while the husband is at sea to giving up the bankbook and the keys and becoming a nice little *hausfrau* when he comes home," she says.

During their marriage they have lived in Washington, San Diego, Newport, Long Beach, Honolulu and Naples, Italy, the last post before the CIA. There, where Turner was in charge of NATO's southern flank, they had a magnificent villa overlooking the Bay of Naples — "the most elegant I've ever lived in," she says calmly, without any note of nostalgia.

They courted in Carmel, Cal., where Pat was secretary to a Christian Science lecturer. Ten years earlier in Highland Park, near Chicago when they were both 12 years old, they had attended the same Christian Science Sunday school class. Their courting ran to dancing on the beach at Carmel, both dreamy after seeing "An American In Paris" and to walking by moon-

light along the beach in Chicago.

During their first years together they managed well enough on his Navy salary, together with "what he'd saved at Oxford." She had "a small inheritance" that helped some with the children's education. In 1963 "his grandmother died and left him a third of her estate." Turner's salary today is \$57,500.

As an active Christian Scientist— they attend the Sixth Church of Christ Scientist—Pat Turner does not take medications, even aspirin. "I don't need it. I've only had five headaches in my whole life. We do go to dentists and I wear glasses and my father-in-law had hip surgery", she adds as an illustration that they are not such strict Christian Scientists as those who refuse any medical aid. They both pray regularly and read a weekly lesson. Pat Turner says she has found prayer helpful in healing "many physical problems".

Turner is an intensely religious man. "A few minutes of contemplation and prayer at the beginning of the day helps you off to the right start and puts things in perspective," Turner says. "You're not as important as you thought you were."

They like "to be in nature together" and still manage to walk in the woods here in Washington—without a security man trailing along. And while they no longer dance on moonlit beaches, now they're in their 50s; there is some frivolity—such as the sled he gave her last Christmas. Pat Turner sledded over the hills of the Observatory compound last winter with their golden retriever Hornblower at her side.

Then, every evening before bed, there's a 23-year-old tradition of the three games of double solitaire. "He gets off all his inhibitions and lets off steam. On mother's day he beat me in 17 games. Hornblower sits under the table and Stan tells him what mistakes I'm making."