

## CHAPTER THREE

## A Scandinavian Spy

EVERY weekday morning, for over a year, I had ridden to work at the National Labor Relations Board with a car pool of fellow civil-servant neighbors from the housing development in Washington's Southeast District, where Barbara and I and our children, Jonathan and Catherine, lived. And it was just the same in early November 1950—except that then, after I was dropped off at Fourth and Independence and after the pool car had driven well away, instead of going into the NLRB building, I caught a bus that dropped me off down the Mall near the Reflecting Pool, where the ramshackle barracks of the Central Intelligence Agency were. I had entered the double life of the cloak-and-dagger world; I was trying to maintain a "cover."

As far as anyone was supposed to know, I had quit the NLRB to take, at the same GS-12 civil-service rating (the CIA was forbidden to raid other government agencies by offering higher pay), some not too clearly specified job having to do with foreign policy and defense. For a few months, I had no formal cover. The administrative burden of providing such for every new member of the burgeoning CIA was just too much, so we were told to take refuge in vagueness, saying only that we worked for the "U.S. Government," so as not to establish a public CIA tie. But in the one-industry town of Washington, where government is the name of the game, this vagueness quickly was recognized as meaning

you worked for the CIA. The atmosphere of the times, however, assured that the vagueness also closed off conversation as to what exactly the job might be, and friends and strangers alike rallied to protect even this thin layer of "cover."

My new secret job was different from the old OSS one in this respect. Then I had lived and worked almost exclusively with a band of brothers who shared their secrets, and I had had little contact with outsiders. But now I was married and had to live in two worlds, one of secret activity and one of co-op nursery schools, vacation-home communities, and good friends in other professions. Barbara bore the heaviest burden of this dual life, knowing that I was engaged in some mysterious work but not knowing precisely what it was, or how dangerous it might be. But her own discipline and dedication took over. She accepted that intelligence work had secrets, and that these had to be kept, even from her, as she did not "need to know" them, in the jargon of the trade. We talked over any major decisions, overseas tours and the like that affected our lives, but she adapted to my not discussing my work and adjusted to her exclusion from a husband's usual office gossip that could be explained to her only by describing entire operations. Her own warm outgoing personality carried her through quiet dinners with foreigners whose names were slurred, secluded picnics with Americans we never saw elsewhere, and large official receptions where she had no idea what my real relations were with the other guests.

And our friends were also supportive in this. I am sure that most of them eventually figured out where I worked. But they never were impolite enough to put me on the spot and try to get me to confirm their conjectures. In fact, it seems to me, they rather enjoyed the idea that I had a secret and often went out of their way to help me protect it, diverting the conversation when an occasional antagonist at a party would start giving me a hard time, wanting to have me say more specifically what exactly it was that I did for a living. Their protective attitude was not surprising, though. One has only to remember that this was during the height of

the Korean War, when a very real sense of danger to the nation's security was once again abroad in the land and when the CIA was widely perceived—and applauded—as an elite, rather glamorous vanguard force created to defend that security.

And that sense of elitism and glamour reverberated nowhere more excitingly than in the ramshackle halls of the CIA buildings that first day I reported for duty.

The atmosphere there was once again that of wartime and the urgency of mobilization. The halls were full of earnest and worried men and women, rushing to meetings, conferring on the run, issuing crisp instructions to assistants trying to keep up with them. New people, full of enthusiasm, mingled with OSS veterans, Jedburgh colleagues with the elite of the postwar era, fresh from the Ivy League campuses in their tweed jackets, smoking pipes, and full of daring, innovative ideas, who had flocked to the Agency as the most effective place for a non-Communist liberal to do battle against the Communist menace. It would, of course, be misleading to suggest that only liberals joined the CIA. Certainly plenty of conservative anti-Communists came into the Agency in those days. But over all, the liberal coloration was so strong, especially among the analysts and in the Office of Policy Coordination, that Joe McCarthy a couple of years later, having decimated the State Department, turned his hysterical attacks against the CIA. But that only served to enhance the Agency's sense of elitism, of its specialness, of its standing in the forefront of the struggle for freedom. I was glad to be back within this dedicated and stimulating band, and I was filled with the spirit of impending adventure as I made my way down the chaotic hallways and through the maze of makeshift cubicles to Gerry Miller's office.

General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's former Chief of Staff and Truman's former Ambassador to Moscow, had just become Director of Central Intelligence. He had chosen Allen W. Dulles, the OSS's superlative spymaster, who had run an extraordinary espionage network from his headquar-

ters in Switzerland into Hitler's Germany during World War II, as his Deputy Director. Under them, the CIA constituted a loose confederation of three compartmented and competing "cultures." The scholars and academicians collated, evaluated, synthesized and disseminated intelligence from both covert and overt sources. The Office of Special Operations ran espionage and counterespionage networks abroad for the clandestine collection of intelligence. And there was the Office of Policy Coordination, the Agency's paramilitary, propaganda and political-action arm, which I had just joined. Under Frank Wisner, the OPC was in turn divided into functional staffs—dealing with political, psychological, and economic warfare, and with paramilitary operations—and into geographical divisions covering the world. Gerry Miller, my old OSS boss during the Norway mission, was deputy chief of the Western Europe Division.

When I reported to his office that morning, he had with him Lou Scherer, a former Army officer, who was head of the Western Europe Division's Scandinavian Branch. But before we got together there was a formality that had to be attended to. My security clearance had come through rapidly enough because of my OSS background (and I did not even have to take the polygraph test most new people went through). But I could not be accepted as an intelligence officer until I signed the secrecy agreement (which binds me still) that stated I would not reveal, without the CIA's authority, any secrets I would learn while working for the Agency. I had no compunction; it was the sort of thing any employer dealing in valuable and competitive materials would require, and I signed. And then we got down to business.

Somewhat to my disappointment—I had been expecting to get involved in the Korean War—Miller informed me that he was assigning me to Scherer's Scandinavian Branch. The reason was obvious—he wanted to make use of the experience I had gained operating behind enemy lines in that part of the world on the OSS NORSO mission. For, as it turned out, one of the main fields of the OPC's work then was plan-

ing for the not unlikely possibility of a Soviet invasion of western Europe. And, in the event the Russians succeeded in taking over any or all of the countries of the Continent, Miller explained, the OPC wanted to be in a position to activate well-armed and well-organized partisan uprisings against the occupiers. But this time, unlike the Jedburgh and similar OSS paramilitary teams that went in to help the French *maquis* and other resistance movements during World War II, the OPC didn't want to have to arm and organize those partisans after the occupation, using such dangerous and fallible operations as night flights, supply drops, and parachute infiltrations behind enemy lines. No, this time Miller said, we intended to have that resistance capability in place before the occupation, indeed even before an invasion; we were determined to organize and supply it now, while we still had the time in which to do it right and at the minimum of risk. Thus, the OPC had undertaken a major program of building, throughout those Western European countries that seemed likely targets for Soviet attack, what in the parlance of the intelligence trade were known as "stay-behind nets," clandestine infrastructures of leaders and equipment trained and ready to be called into action as sabotage and espionage forces when the time came. And the job Miller was assigning to me was to plan and build such stay-behind nets in Scandinavia.

The situation in each Scandinavian country was different. Norway and Denmark were NATO allies, Sweden held to the neutrality that had taken her through two world wars, and Finland was required to defer in its foreign policy to the Soviet power directly on its borders. Thus, in one set of these countries the governments themselves would build their own stay-behind nets, counting on activating them from exile to carry on the struggle. These nets had to be coordinated with NATO's plans, their radios had to be hooked to a future exile location, and the specialized equipment had to be secured from CIA and secretly cached in snowy hideouts for later use. In the other set of countries, CIA would have to do the job alone or with, at best, "unoffi-

cial" local help, since the politics of those governments barred them from collaborating with NATO, and any exposure would arouse immediate protest from the local Communist press, Soviet diplomats and loyal Scandinavians who hoped that neutrality or nonalignment would allow them to slip through a World War III unharmed.

But in both cases, whether CIA worked with or without local cooperation, we would have to operate with the utmost secrecy. Obviously, if the preparations ever leaked to the Russians, they would be in the position to destroy the nets directly after they occupied the country and so the whole point of the work would be lost. But there was another, more subtle reason for the need for secrecy, which Miller was at pains to impress upon me. In all the countries, despite their greatly different political relations with the United States and the USSR, public knowledge that the CIA was building stay-behind nets there in anticipation of a Soviet occupation would oblige the governments to put an end to the project forthwith. For whether it would merely violate the government's official policy or suggest that its defense against a Soviet invasion had been discounted as hopeless in advance, the result would be a disaster not only to CIA's plans but to NATO's hopes to deter an attack. Therefore I was instructed to limit access to information about what I was doing to the smallest possible coterie of the most reliable people, in Washington, in NATO, and in Scandinavia. Did I understand that? Miller pressed. Yes, I did.

"All right, Bill, get on with it, then," Miller said. "What we want is a good solid intelligence and resistance network that we can count on if the Russkis ever take over those countries. We have some initial planning, but it needs to be filled out and implemented. You will work for Lou Scherer until we see what more needs to be done."

I was assigned a broken-down desk in a particularly rattletrap area in one of the corridors, smack in the middle of all the hectic activity, and Scherer cheerfully dumped on it all the materials that had so far been assembled for the operation: old OSS operations reports, country and geographic

studies, NATO thinking, espionage stuff from the OSO boys, and transcripts of tentative discussions with Scandinavian officials. I pinned a map of Scandinavia on the wall behind my desk and got to work. However far-fetched the plan might seem, it just might forestall a repetition of the kind of air-supply problem that had been fatal to some of my NORSO friends in 1945. So it was worth a try.

It was clear that at some stage of the game I would have to go to Scandinavia to help implement the operation. But for the moment, and indeed for the next few months, my job was to work up a rough outline of proposed infrastructures for the stay-behind nets, determine what their missions ought to be, what kinds of supplies and how many people they would need and in what sorts of units they should be organized. I had to locate the key bridges, rail lines, river crossings, straits, and other vulnerable sabotage and geographical choke points, pick the most likely places for supply caches, guerrilla redoubts and secret radio transmitters, set up training programs for resistance leaders, develop scenarios for a variety of guerrilla actions and figure out how long it would take to put the nets into operation and how much the whole thing would cost, so the amounts could be budgeted.

I turned to my colleagues in OSO for help in finding good potential resistance leaders and to pass my messages to the Scandinavian intelligence officials with whom I began to talk about the stay-behind nets. The OSO was also in the stay-behind business, but on a far smaller scale, putting only a few spies and counterspies and their communications in place, rather than the weaponry, explosives, food, clothing and shelter that were required for the OPC's guerrilla forces. And the plans for these, as plans tend to be, were grandiose and overoptimistic, and I made enormous demands on CIA's logistics and procurement offices during those months. And I also learned my first lessons about dealing with allies. For example, my first dispatch to an OPC field representative, instructing him to make a personal inspection of an installation reported to us by Scandinavian

officials, brought the response that the local government did not want him to be seen in contact with the people or places being prepared for the resistance effort. He ascribed that attitude not only to concern over security by the Scandinavians but also to an anxiety on their part that the sovereignty of the local authorities could be diminished by direct dealings between members of the nets and Americans. Another aspect of my work at this time was a trip to Europe to confer with our allies in the venture, to settle the details of our collaboration, arrange the secrecy rules, the logistics requirements, and the training to be given Scandinavian trainers (who in turn would train the guerrillas so they would not know of the American participation). That trip brought my first try at operating under cover internationally. I used my old private passport, which indicated that I was an attorney, and I said that I was on legal business whenever I went through immigration at the various foreign airports.

During this period I also undertook secret-agent training. Although in those days all new intelligence officers were required to go through parachute school (so they wouldn't feel like lesser daredevils among all the tall-talking OSS veterans) and learn judo, weaponry, demolition methods, the techniques of silent killing, and all the rest of the smash-and-bang stuff, I was excused from that part of it because of my wartime training and service. But I still had a lot to learn if I hoped to function effectively as a secret agent. Clearly the kind of work I'd be expected to do in the future, living under cover and engaged in clandestine activities in a peacetime situation, would require far different skills from those needed by a guerrilla fighter behind enemy lines during a war.

High on the list of these skills was what we called tradecraft. I attended classes on how to pass messages via letter drops and cut-out agents, how to set up rendezvous, plant bugs, approach safe houses, and shake tails, how to process the chemicals used in invisible writing and raise the information contained in microdots, how to work miniature cameras and other sophisticated spy equipment. Then, too, I

was trained in that special branch of psychology and human relations that teaches how to spot and recruit foreigners to serve as agents and then how to be sympathetic but in control, building on their personal problems or political doubts about their loyalty to their own country. I was impressed by the subtleties and ingenuities in the training, but was equally distressed by the emphasis on the mechanics of contact instead of developing simple relationships of trust and friendship, which I felt were the keys to successful secret collaboration. We also were given an introduction to Communist theory and practice, designed to teach the agent the methods of his enemy, how he works, what can be expected of him and the best ways of countering him.

Although I thought the material used in these courses considerably inferior to what I had been exposed to at Princeton, the training was valuable on how to fight the Communist apparatus through the recruitment of good local leaders, on the importance of the circulation of ideas, coming apparently from local rather than American sources ("covert psychological warfare"), on the role of organizations (local offices, activists, training, etc.) in building a mass political base and the ways these could be assisted and even stimulated secretly by American intelligence officers behind the scenes. But here I had less to learn, since my own experiences as a Jedburgh and in New York's political maze had given me firsthand exposure to this sort of thing.

But perhaps the most complex lesson I had to learn—and one that really could not be taught in training or anywhere else—was how to live the double life. And I have to say that there was an enormous temptation to not even try. Considering the importance and all-consuming nature of the work I was doing at the Agency; considering the missionary zeal, sense of elitism and marvelous camaraderie among my colleagues there; considering above all that I was strictly forbidden to talk about what I was doing with anyone outside the Agency and thus couldn't share my concerns or just sit around shooting the breeze in shop talk with anyone in the outside world—considering all of this, one can see how easy

it would have been for me to drop out of that world and immerse myself exclusively in the cloak-and-dagger life. And some of my colleagues at the Agency did just that. Socially as well as professionally they cliqued together, forming a sealed fraternity. They ate together at their own special favorite restaurants; they partied almost only among themselves; their families drifted to each other, so their defenses did not always have to be up. In this way they increasingly separated themselves from the ordinary world and developed a rather skewed view of that world. Their own dedicated double life became the proper norm, and they looked down on the life of the rest of the citizenry. And out of this grew what was later named—and condemned—as the "cult" of intelligence, an inbred, distorted, elitist view of intelligence that held it to be above the normal processes of society, with its own rationale and justification, beyond the restraints of the Constitution, which applied to everything and everyone else. As I saw this develop, I remembered a talk I had had with Donovan several years before. I had asked him how you get young paratroopers to behave like choir boys on Saturday night after spending six days learning to be aggressive, devious and heroic. He answered that he didn't know, but nevertheless it just had to be done. It would be many years before I would have to develop a better answer than Donovan's.

That I didn't fall into this "cultist" attitude—at least not to the degree I might have—I have to attribute solely to Barbara. She was resolutely determined to maintain a normal life for us and the children, no matter how peculiar my profession might be. She retained close contact with our friends from my NLRB days; she cultivated new ones from among our neighbors in the Southeast District housing development, most of them young junior civil servants like ourselves, and arranged joint parties and picnics with them; and despite the fact that she was pregnant with our third child, Carl, she remained vigorously active organizing a community play school. Indeed, we associated infrequently with CIA people outside the office, so that my off

hours were filled with normal affairs having nothing to do with secret operations, which helped me to keep my CIA work in perspective, a perspective that served me in good stead a quarter of a century later.

Early in 1951, Gerry Miller called me in to say he wanted me to open an OPC representation in Stockholm, with a continuing connection to other parts of Scandinavia until representatives could be assigned there too. An OSO "station" was already established in Stockholm and I would be loosely attached to it, but I would still report directly to OPC Washington. I was again surprised; I had expected to be posted to Norway to follow up on my wartime mission there, but I accepted after Barbara and I talked it over, agreeing that this was an opportunity to get to know yet another part of the world, and one even closer than Norway to the main action of the Soviet Union. We planned to leave shortly after our third child was born.

But I needed a real cover for this assignment. Those squadrons of civilian employees of the military, under which CIA covered its people in such centers as Germany and the Far East, did not exist in Sweden and our stay-behind preparations in Scandinavia might be exposed if I was too readily identified as a CIA employee there. So it was decided that I would ostensibly join the Foreign Service and serve as a junior political attaché in our Stockholm Embassy with only a few key Scandinavian and NATO intelligence services knowing of my CIA mission.

The matter of cover has always been most difficult for American intelligence. The intelligence services of other countries, and certainly of the totalitarian ones, have always been able to provide their agents with the deepest and most protective of covers. Because they can dictate to all the other agencies of their governments and, for that matter, to the society at large, they are able to plant their agents credibly wherever they choose, fabricating for them solid false identities as foreign-service or military officers, newspaper reporters, ministry officials, or staff members of international organizations. This is also true in most democratic countries,

where long tradition had made intelligence activity their necessity for good cover, fully accepted and no

But various legal restrictions, plus the exceptional character of United States society, do not permit the doing of anything comparable. Arranging for an American intelligence officer as a diplomat entails a number of burdensome hurdles. In addition, the Foreign Service is a cloistered community, whose members bristle at the intrusion of outsiders into its ranks at any level other than the bottom. The same problem arises with any attempt to place a CIA agent into a large American corporate enterprise, for deep-seated patriotism of the management, which may be thought agreeable to the deception, the employees are bound to be dubious of the intruder and will quickly notice that he is not spending full time on his work nor producing business results that might justify his tenure. Moreover, as a result of the often nefarious view of intelligence in America, certain restraints have progressively been established against the use of a number of other obvious possible covers, such as the Peace Corps, the Fulbright program and even, in the past few years, the Agency for International Development.

The solution in 1951 was to make me a Foreign Service Reserve Officer, a category that had been developed for members of other government departments such as the State Department or Agriculture, temporarily assigned to embassies abroad. But their designation was not as *political officers*. My own and this title, plus the Reserve status, would soon be noticed by low diplomats and unfriendly foreign intelligence agencies, but, guessing that its owner probably belonged to CIA, and in the lack of any better cover, I went through the procedure and filled out all the forms necessary to obtain that appointment and early in April Barbara and I, with our three children, flew to Stockholm.

But my cover proved to have an extra dimension I hadn't counted on—Barbara. She jumped into the job as a junior diplomat's wife with her typical enthusiastic charm, and soon had leading roles in the local American women's association and the American community p

established a wide circle of Swedish friends at all levels of Swedish society from the Court on down, and was involved in studies of women's and consumers' affairs in Sweden with Esther Peterson, later President Carter's Consumer Affairs Adviser. In the meantime, I sought out interesting political figures in Swedish life, such as the Secretary General of the Social Democratic Party and the leading advocate of the right of Swedes to declare themselves out of the established church and therefore no longer have to pay the taxes that supported it. Together in this way we did much to shore up my weak cover and convince most people that I was in fact what I said I was—a diplomat—since these activities were strictly along diplomatic lines and had no CIA connotations.

One area in which I acted out my role as a junior diplomat, however, did have some intelligence value. In Stockholm at the time was a large colony of refugees and exiles from Communist Europe, mainly from the Baltic-states, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and the Ukraine. Under Swedish law, enacted to protect Sweden's strict neutrality, asylum had been granted them with the understanding that they would not engage in political activity. Still, it was within appropriate diplomatic limits for me to meet with these people; and as an impressionable young man I found it an exhilarating experience to develop friendships with exiled East European cabinet ministers, dissident intellectuals and would-be political leaders. I spent hours discussing with them the situations in their homelands and their hopes and dreams of freedom from Soviet rule, and whether this could come about without war. Their links to home were then still fresh enough—and were from time to time renewed by the arrival of new exiles—so I gleaned an occasional tidbit out of these innocent conversations about what was going on behind the Iron Curtain to pass back to the CIA in Washington. But chiefly, I felt that I was fulfilling a CIA function by encouraging these people to maintain their morale and their links to dissident movements in Eastern Europe. And though I myself could not provide any direct assistance, I

was able to steer some of them to the correct channels in Europe through which they could get support for anti-Communist activities such as the publication of their newsletters and the maintenance of their exile organizations.

Perhaps the greatest value of these contacts, though, was in what I learned from these people about the nature of Communist rule, especially of the difference between it and the Nazi rule, since they had experienced both. An Estonian woman journalist drew the comparison in this way. The Nazis, she said, demanded two things of the people they ruled: that they not oppose the authorities and that they do the jobs assigned to them to contribute to the economy. But the Communists added a third demand: that the occupied peoples actively support the new regime by participating in indoctrination sessions and attending public rallies. The awful thing about this, she said, was not so much the time it wasted and the bother it caused, but the danger that it would ultimately work. Hammered at long enough and persistently enough, she feared, even such intellectuals as herself among the occupied peoples of Eastern Europe would eventually be brainwashed and trapped in the ideology of their occupiers. And so, when the second Soviet occupation of her country loomed, she sought refuge in exile.

To me, trying to set up resistance networks in anticipation of just such an occupation, the message was chilling. I had to wonder if, no matter how well prepared the physical aspects of a resistance movement were, it could survive the ideological and political pressures, or whether we had to think in new and revolutionary terms. The model we were using of the European resistance against the Nazis might not be adequate in the face of a totalitarian threat that sought to enlist and not merely subjugate the peoples it overran.

The CIA operation in the Embassy, as at all its stations abroad in those days, was divided into two components. There was the OSO "side" engaged in the clandestine collection of intelligence through so-called "unilateral" United States nets to Eastern Europe, exchanging information with friendly intelligence services and dealing at arm's length

with services bound by their national policies to stay clear of involvement with the United States. And there was the OPC contingent that I established. On the basis of length of residence and precedence, the OSO man in Stockholm was my senior and the principal CIA representative. In theory, I was independent of his command, since OPC was a separate entity in Washington set up to implement propaganda, political and paramilitary projects, taking as its starting point the information that OSO might collect but going on to influence the outcome of the conflict with the Soviets rather than merely report on it. But even then, the theory didn't make sense. To the foreigners I dealt with, America was one country, and they were not particularly interested in the fine points of its bureaucratic divisions. To Ambassador W. Walton Butterworth, hidden in Sweden from the wrath of the China Lobby, CIA was one agency, engaged in secret activities, and he was properly impatient of any attempt to draw subtle distinctions between OSO and OPC responsibilities. So I made a point of making sure that my OSO colleague knew all of what I was doing, often consulting with him to make sure that we did not cross lines in our foreign contacts and always playing as a member of the CIA and embassy teams rather than as a solo performer.

It was just as well that I did, as Director Walter Bedell Smith was moving in the same direction in Washington. He insisted that if he was to be responsible for OPC's support and maintenance then he must have full authority over it. After getting that authority he then demanded that the two secret operational cultures end their splendid bureaucratic independence from each other and be merged into one operation. A measure of the power of bureaucratic institutions in Washington and of the cultural chasm within intelligence was that it took him two full years to merge even these fledgling OSO and OPC entities, at first by appointing a "senior representative" over the OSO and the OPC erstwhile independent chiefs at the overseas stations. In Stockholm, it would have been absurd to send an additional officer for that job, so the OSO man was named chief. But the serious-

ness with which the decision was viewed in headquarters is shown by the fact that Louis Scherer made a special trip to Stockholm to tell me about it to assuage any wounded feelings I might have had. In fact, I had none; bureaucratic wiring diagrams are not my passion in life, and the OSO chief was a close personal friend, so I was convinced that anything useful I wanted to do I could do and that if he would have an objection it would be a real one for valid reasons. In Washington, the merger was accomplished by making Frank Wisner of OPC the CIA's "Deputy Director for Plans" and Richard Helms of OSO his second in command, thus combining flamboyance and professionalism at the top; it would, however, take years to bring about their full integration at the working level.

My job of developing stay-behind nets in Scandinavia differed markedly from country to country. In one country, which must remain nameless, I could work freely and frankly with the local intelligence authorities in the selection in each region of good potential leaders who were to be sent abroad for training in guerrilla, sabotage and psychological operations at schools run by CIA or our NATO allies. In another, equally nameless, the local intelligence authorities, with their government's approval, designated one representative to work with me on the development of the guerrilla net and one on a political and psychological warfare net. In another, again nameless, I found, with the help of the local OSO representative, reliable resident Americans whom I could approach and from whom I could get assistance in the recruitment of local nationals willing to join such a network directly, without their government knowing anything about it. I cannot specify which nation is which, as it would violate not only my secrecy agreement with CIA but the understanding upon which our cooperation took place then, and on which any future cooperation must rest. And thus in the following description of my work, I will merge the separate operations into one story, so that amateur (and some professional) cryptologists will not be able to identify the specifics of the activity.



One of the rules of relations between intelligence services, and even more with agents, is that offices are off limits, since they are too easily observed. So as soon as I had completed the embassy paperwork I left it to make contact with the first of my "stay-behind" contacts in a mutually convenient apartment, parking my car a few streets away and walking aimlessly around a couple of blocks to make sure I wasn't being followed. We were introduced by the local OSO chief and spent some time getting acquainted. He obviously had been told about me and my Norwegian operation during the war. For my part, I knew that he was a regular army officer and that he also had fought in the snow during World War II. He proved to be a friendly, outgoing fellow, proud of his family, and full of amusing stories of his rides with the cavalry of the Hungarian Army before the war—and of the "girls of Budapest" he had met in the process. We talked of the need to prepare against the eventuality of a Soviet occupation, which we devoutly hoped would not occur, and of the need to keep the whole matter totally secret. And while we did not try to get down to precise details, it became clear what our relationship would be. He was very much in charge of the operation, and would be letting me know only as much of it as I would "need to know" to arrange the exile base connections, the logistics stocks, and to furnish the special equipment, such as radios, which could not be obtained locally. He would go through the CIA training himself and then decide whether he would send others.

We both understood that I would not learn the names of the members of the net, since I did not need to know them, and we did not want to risk their exposure through some leak, Soviet penetration, or misuse at some future time. (In a similar relationship elsewhere, I later heard that we had insisted on the names and had been given false ones, which we had no way of checking, so my lack of interest was correct.) But I did make it clear that I would have to know enough to be sure that something was really happening, that the nets we said we were building, supplying and relying

on really existed. This made sense to him, and we agreed to work out ways to do this without showing my participation.

My second contact was quite a different type. A modest and successful businessman, he had been selected, I guessed, to develop the psychological warfare nets because of his ability as an organizer. He was totally loyal to his country, but he gave no hint of whether he voted with the conservative parties or the Socialists so prominent in all Scandinavian countries. He was much interested in learning the mysteries of our clandestine tradecraft, and we discussed in great detail the comparative merits of different small printing presses, the need for an exile editorial staff to man overseas radios and how to transmit to the network editorial direction and material that it could pass by word of mouth or in clandestine publications under Soviet occupation. My relationship with him was the same as with the guerrilla net officer in terms of what I would know about his operations. He was quickly convinced of the need to develop an exile library of national reference material, photographs, and recordings of national music for use when and if the country was occupied by Russian soldiers, and to arrange to deposit these with CIA. And as confidence grew, he and the guerrilla chief both agreed to turn over heavily sealed lists of the members of their nets for safekeeping in the event they were forced to destroy their own copies to keep them from the Russians. I made it clear to Washington that these must be kept away from our "flaps and seals" experts, who claimed that they could open and reseal such material without ever showing a trace, since we could not risk any violation of the confidence we had built, despite the hard-nosed professional doctrine that all is fair, or at least done, in intelligence work.

A third contact was the chief of the intelligence service of his country, whom I met together with my OSO colleague in that country. A quiet, intellectual, self-effacing gentleman of the old school (and the "school" in his country stretched back a century or more), he was the prototype of the silent spymaster, his head full of exotic secret adventures, while

he maintained the image of a nondescript and not particularly exceptional middle-grade civil servant. With splendid tact he played the game of pretending that he recognized the separate and independent nature of our OPC and OSO missions and dealt scrupulously and separately with each of us, until with a well-concealed sigh of relief he received the news that our headquarters had merged us into one unit and that my OSO colleague was the single point with which he had to maintain contact. We remained friends, but he certainly appreciated CIA's decision that we were one service, rather than a vague coalition of independent baronies.

My periodic meetings with these gentlemen, the reports they generated for headquarters, the map studies and planning they involved as we worked out our ideas of where nets should be established and how they should be supported hardly amounted to a high-pressure task, even with the related "cover" work I did as an eager young diplomat. The remaining time I put in on CIA's so-called "unilateral" work—done without the knowledge of the governments of the area. Some of this involved building the same sort of stay-behind network in those countries in which the local government would not, or felt it could not, collaborate even secretly with the American CIA. And some of it involved the building of independent "assets" within those countries in which the governments built the nets jointly with us, as back-up capabilities in case the original operations were exposed and eliminated just when they were needed, or the governments in power at the time of the invasion decided that collaboration was the better part of valor, accepted the occupation, and betrayed the net.

A further "unilateral" action involved building the basic elements of a clandestine structure to be used for whatever purpose the United States and the CIA might need them for in the future. In a country where information is open, where the government's policy is friendly to the United States, or where it clearly is the best possible one in the circumstances it faces, and where our intelligence exchange with the local services provides more valuable information than

could be gathered secretly, there is no need for CIA to engage in clandestine intelligence or political operations aimed at the local nation. Several in Scandinavia fitted this description perfectly. But even in such countries, some secret activity is often required—for example, to make contact with nationals from other countries visiting there and free of the strict surveillance of their home countries and so able to meet with American intelligence officers to pass on information or to receive help for their work to take back to their homes.

For such purposes, a clandestine apparatus is necessary, and it was my chore to build it in some of the Scandinavian countries. Headquarters supported the effort by sending over American agents to reside in Scandinavia under private cover, which is to say as ordinary businessmen or persons of some other nonofficial status. In the theory of the time, the American government, through its President or its Ambassador, would then be able to issue a "plausible denial" of its involvement in the activities of these nonofficial Americans, so long as no link could be shown to exist between these nonofficial agents and the official officer, such as myself, in the Embassy. That meant that my contacts with these agents had to be in the same clandestine manner as with a full-fledged foreign spy.

For this purpose, I applied the tradecraft lessons I had learned, contacting them only from odd pay phones, identifying myself with aliases, making dates in codes and by passwords, meeting them in safe-house apartments, and arranging those meetings so that we arrived and departed at least ten minutes apart and thus were never seen together. With some of these agents, with whom a casual acquaintance could be credibly claimed—both of us might be members of the same local American club for example—a drive through the city in a car would be a satisfactory way of meeting and talking in an inconspicuous fashion, since few people really look at two men riding in a car, although they will immediately notice them parked. But this meant that the car had to be inconspicuous, and that the pickups had to be

made right on time and in natural locations so that local citizens wouldn't take note of a figure waiting on an isolated and strange corner to be picked up by a car that was obviously out of place in the neighborhood. The perfect operator in such operations is the traditional gray man, so inconspicuous that he can never catch the waiter's eye in a restaurant, and I believe my deliberate cultivation of this quality produced habits and attitudes that hung with me even under the television cameras in later years.

I had to do more than just run these "outside" officers who were sent from headquarters, however. I had to cultivate some locally, too. I did this by following the rigid procedure of "spotting" those local Americans who appeared to have the qualities and patriotism necessary to engage in intelligence operations. Then some specifics of the prospect's biography had to be extracted from the local records of the American community and the consulate without drawing attention to my curiosity. And this material had to be sent to headquarters for a check against its security files and possibly for a field check of the prospect's prior jobs and residences to ensure that he was indeed reliable enough to be entrusted with secret operational information. Once "clearance" was received, I would then gingerly sound him out on the prospect of giving me some help on a few simple tasks that I could not do myself, and test him with some operation that could be bungled without causing much trouble. This accomplished, and he by then fully aware that he was engaged in secret intelligence activities, I could move along to the next step: giving him the tradecraft training that he would need. And I would also now impose a tighter discipline on our relationship, usually cooling off any open connections we might have established until then and replacing them with clandestine contacts, or in some cases moving him entirely to the control of another outside officer so that no contacts would remain between him and the embassy. With this done, he could now be used operationally, for example, to pass funds to a visiting foreigner he would be instructed to meet at an outlying streetcar stop, identifying

him by a description and the rolled-up magazine the foreigner carried in his left hand, plus an exchange of passwords in the local language, with me watching the whole exchange from a neighboring apartment prepared to jump in and repair anything that went really wrong.

Gradually my "stable" of such outside officers grew. The cover of one was that of a journalist on the staff of a technical publication whose management was patriotic enough to allow the use of their name by CIA. Their international interests were sufficient to explain the assignment of a correspondent to Scandinavia. In dealing with him, I made clear that his work for the journal was his alone, and that I would have no voice in what he submitted to it, as CIA's mission was abroad, not in influencing what appeared in the American press. But as an inquiring reporter, he could go into circles and ask questions that would certainly not be appropriate for an embassy officer such as myself to do, and in the process he could "spot" likely candidates to help CIA's operations: travelers behind the Iron Curtain, experts in the "middle way" political techniques so needed in underdeveloped nations, distinguished cultural leaders to participate in free international organizations challenging Communist fronts—all of these could help in CIA's cold-war strategy without in any way transgressing their own country's laws or interests, and those that agreed to do so acted out of conviction, not CIA bribes.

Another of my agents, recruited locally, was an American graduate student combining his studies with various odd jobs in Scandinavia, including acting as an occasional stringer or free lance for American media. Again, I had nothing to say about his work for these employers, who judged his performance strictly on his merits and knew nothing of his CIA connections. But in the process he could be alert for information or contacts that might be valuable to CIA. Another agent was an American who had returned to the land of his forefathers, where he ran a modest business and operated a farm he had inherited. He arranged to cache a well-preserved radio in an obscure spot at the farm so that it

would be there for whatever "unilateral" use CIA might want to make of it during a Russian occupation. In another country, a similar American resident helped locate several local citizens who agreed to serve as the nucleus of a resistance organization in the event of war, and we sent a trainer from the United States, ostensibly just on a pleasant summer tour, to teach them the techniques of clandestine radio communications. Then I took Barbara and our oldest son, Jonathan, on an auto tour of that country as well, ostensibly to visit its lovely historic castles. But the trunk of the car was heavily laden with carefully packed radios and in a remote forest I passed them to my friend for distribution to the people he had recruited. My only real problem on the trip was seeing the rear of the car sag alarmingly under the weight of the radios as we boarded a ferry, but my diplomatic passport got it through the customs inspectors.

I have always wondered whether the stay-behind nets we built would have worked under Soviet rule. We know that last-minute efforts to organize such nets failed in places like China in 1950 and North Vietnam in 1954. We know that efforts to organize them from outside were penetrated and subverted by the secret police in Poland and Albania in the 1950s. So it is possible that my nets might also have been lost in a real Russian invasion of Scandinavia. But I believed then and still believe that at least some of the caches we laid down, and carefully recorded in CIA's files, would have survived and been of immense value to some heroic souls who would have risen to keep the flame of freedom burning.

While my assignment remained on the "action" rather than the "intelligence" side, the shotgun marriage of OSO and OPC by Walter Bedell Smith opened my eyes to the world of espionage. I saw the value of exchanging information secretly with Scandinavian intelligence services who could not admit publicly that they were helping the United States during the Cold War. And on a duty visit to the CIA station in Germany I got a sense of the great effort being made to develop agent sources behind the Iron Curtain, to give us some idea of what the Soviets and the Eastern coun-

tries were planning, and even to tell us of what weapons they had, where their forces were located and what areas might be fruitful targets for our forces if war broke out. This showed, too, the importance of recent defectors and exiles, who could be debriefed to provide direct accounts of new trends and developments, but who had to be handled carefully to note the stage at which their memory began to be supplemented by their imagination and their strong political views. And I also learned of the frustrations and weaknesses in such activities, as when a Polish exile, who had arranged to have a friend in Poland mail to one of our cover addresses in Scandinavia reports in secret writing about naval forces in Gdynia, finally confessed that he prepared the secret writing reports in his own home and out of his own imagination, then mailed them to his friend in Gdynia who reported them from there to our cover address.

Another experience gave me a still greater insight into the nature of intelligence and the bureaucratic problems that can affect it. The political section of one of our embassies had hired a refugee to read the local Communist press, to see what he might learn from it of the role of the Communist Party in the country. This conscientious student not only collected all the publications issued by the party and its fronts, he meticulously carded every reference to individuals and to organizational units. Within six months he produced studies and diagrams of the complete Communist Party and front structure, identified its leaders, membership and supporters, its principal strategies and issues, and its relationships with many non-Communist political, syndical, and cultural groups. Using secret sources, the local CIA files had nothing nearly as comprehensive as this. But at this point the embassy political section suffered a budget cut and decided to terminate this study, since coverage of the Communist movement was considered a CIA function. But the CIA station could not take over the conscientious employee to continue his work, because his was merely an "overt" operation and thus did not fit into the clandestine mission of CIA abroad. So this valuable program was

stopped, a tribute to the impact of bureaucracy on intelligence—of the art form over the art. Whether that degree of knowledge of the local Communist Party was really essential can be argued, but not the artificial way in which the decision to terminate was made.

I made one other foray into the "intelligence" field. Allen Dulles paid Scandinavia a visit shortly after he succeeded Smith in 1953 as the new Director, making calls on his counterparts there, and entertaining all concerned with his rich collection of stories and his Santa-like "Ho, ho, ho" laugh. Before going out one evening, he luxuriated for a few moments in his tub at a Stockholm hotel while he carried on his conversation with me discreetly behind the door. In the course of it I asked if he had given any thought to the idea of producing CIA's reports and assessments in Washington in a newspaper format, instead of on the typewritten letter-size pages traditionally used. I said I thought it would make it easier for the reader to use a form familiar to him, allowing him to choose how deeply he wanted to go into any one subject rather than having to proceed *seriatim* through the successive pages, and would give more flexibility for the use of maps and graphs to clarify the matter being reported. He listened, but closed the subject with the comment that the news format would dilute the impact of "intelligence."

I enjoyed the work in Scandinavia. It certainly provided a measure of excitement and a sense of accomplishment far greater than what I would have had if I had been really just a regular political officer. I had the feeling that I was doing something valuable, was actually engaged in the battle against the Communist threat rather than merely reporting on events or attempting to influence them by the representation of policies formulated in Washington, which is, after all, the lot of the diplomat. Most of all, I could enter, albeit indirectly, into the life and political struggles of these countries, instead of observing them from the detached platform of the American Embassy. And the foreigners, with whom I shared the excitement of a secret relationship and the commitment to freedom for their homelands and mine, became close

friends despite the vast differences in our backgrounds. The fraternity of freedom enveloped us both and gave us satisfactions beyond mere jobs.

For all of this, though, I was perfectly aware that I was operating on the periphery of the main game. Despite its reputation from spy novels, Stockholm was not a major intelligence center in the early 1950s. The neutrality of Sweden had to be respected, which meant limiting our activities to those that would not embarrass the Swedish government. Moreover, Stockholm geographically and politically did not provide particularly good access to what were then the CIA's high-priority targets in Europe, the Communist countries. The great challenges to secret intelligence gathering were elsewhere, in Berlin, Vienna and Hong Kong, and the need for covert political or paramilitary action hardly existed in Scandinavia. The dominant Social Democrats excluded the Communists from all but a tiny percentage of the political spectrum through good and socially advanced government, leaving the Communists with few issues other than Scandinavia's links, overt or secret, with the West, and the call for support of a Soviet-sponsored "peace" movement. Since many in Scandinavia had experienced Nazi "peace" and saw the similarities in Soviet Eastern Europe, this had little appeal. Thus, my work was less in the present than in building and training a CIA covert-operations framework for use in the future in the event that the current situation in Scandinavia was radically altered. Not surprisingly, after a couple of years of this, the novelty of the assignment began to wear off and I became increasingly restless for more action.

And action there was aplenty in those days. For those were the years of the most explosive growth for the CIA and most especially for its paramilitary and political-action mission. Despite the merger of the OPC and the OSO, the paramilitary and political-action "culture" had unquestionably become the dominant one in the CIA, much to the chagrin of its bureaucratic bedfellows. The research-and-analysis scholars may have sympathized with the liberal

thrust of much of the effort. But they grumbled over being held at arm's length from knowledge of what in many countries was a major political force at work, the CIA station. And the spymasters and counterspies feared that the high-risk, flamboyant operations of the "cowboys" jeopardized the security and cover of their carefully constructed clandestine networks. But there was little that either could do about it. Under the impetus of the Korean War, in a time of fierce anti-Communist and anti-Soviet sentiment and rhetoric, covert paramilitary and political action was the name of the intelligence game.

One main arena of action, of course, was Korea and there, in emulation of OSS derring-do, paramilitary teams were dropped behind North Korean and Chinese lines to organize resistance and sabotage in the enemy rear (during which John Downey and Richard Fecteau were shot down and began twenty years of incarceration in Chinese jails). The CIA was also active in other parts of Asia. For example, in an effort to pick up the pieces after mainland China's fall to Mao, CIA was hard at work supporting Chiang Kai-shek's Taiwan government and sending guerrillas to the mainland, as well as trying to develop a "third force" alternative to both Chiang and Mao. In the Philippines, where the Communist Hukbalahap movement was threatening that country, the CIA's almost legendary Ed Lansdale identified Magsaysay as a decent and honest alternative to Communists on the left and corrupt quislings on the right and provided him imaginative political counsel and other forms of Agency help, to see him elected president. And in Indochina, the CIA ran two stations, one working with the French in their war against the Viet Minh and the other helping a little-known nationalist politician by the name of Ngo Dinh Diem to become president of a fragmented but nationalist South Vietnam.

The activity in Europe was just as vigorous at the time. For example, the CIA clandestinely supported the development of an anti-Communist resistance movement in the Ukraine and occasionally by parachute or PT boat delivered agents to the Baltic countries. A major effort to break Al-

bania out of the curtain by stirring up a revolt against the Communist regime there was underway. The intensity of that effort was in no way diminished by the fact, as we later learned, that Kim Philby, the British double agent, sold out the partisans to his Soviet masters. The CIA also helped build an ingenious tunnel under Berlin to tap into the telephone communications in the Soviet sector and supported a variety of intelligence organizations from Gehlen's in West Germany to exile Russian organizations with real but weak links to their homeland. And CIA became the vehicle by which the United States supplemented its "official" Voice of America, with the ostensibly privately funded and operated Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty to carry honest news behind the Iron Curtain.

Probably the CIA's greatest impact during this period was in the field of international front organizations. The Soviets had spawned dozens of international political fronts to influence and control labor, student, women's, journalists', cultural, lawyers' and veterans' groups throughout the world. To counter this effort CIA called back from OSS days or recruited new liberal activists like Tom Braden, Cord Meyer, and a host of others, and put them to work organizing rival front groups. To operate in the international field these men needed Americans fully qualified to speak for the various constituencies. In labor there was no question; the AFL-CIO was, if anything, ahead of the government in identifying the danger posed by the Soviet threat to free labor and in building an international movement of free labor unionists in opposition to the government- and party-controlled officers of the Communist countries. Over the years CIA never provided financial help to the AFL-CIO; the shoe was on the other foot as the movement did indeed watch carefully what was happening with foreign labor movements, and had plenty of access to the White House if something displeased them.

But in the other fields, the Americans were disorganized or did not have the resources and capability for conducting a worldwide contest with the Soviet front groups. Thus, CIA found American leaders who could organize such move-

ments, wanted to contest the false Soviet-founded fronts claiming the field, and saw no problem in receiving assistance for that work from a variety of anonymous donors and foundations serving as covers for the CIA. Gloria Steinem has been wrongly accused of being a CIA tool in her work with movements of this type. As she has replied, the CIA only helped her and others go to foreign political conferences, where she presented the kind of independent, spontaneous position and image that is truly representative of America's freedom. This kind of support constituted CIA's "operation" in a number of fields, from the National Student Association to the Congress of Cultural Freedom, and it met and defeated the Communists with their own organizational tactics, different only in that ours espoused and incorporated freedom as its key. In particular, it knocked down the Communist attempt to monopolize the cause of "peace" by giving voice and strength to those who denounced the hypocrisy of Communist pretensions to "peace" after Czechoslovakia, East Berlin, and especially Hungary. Never again would the Soviet Union be able to pretend that it is the home of the "peace-loving" working class, as it did in the 1930s, when it achieved the leadership of the "anti-fascist" cause despite the Stalin purges, the slave camps, and the totalitarian press of the Soviet brand of fascism.

And these CIA activities received the wholehearted support of any American who became aware of them. Prestigious establishment leaders were glad to serve on the boards of CIA-owned corporations and foundations. Business managers and publishers agreed on the spot to provide "jobs" for CIA officers in their subsidiaries abroad. Labor chiefs, leaders of cooperatives, and prominent American figures from every profession and art joined in the important task of extending their influence to foreign countries to contest the threat the Communists posed there.

The Agency thus enjoyed almost unqualified backing from the American people and government. As a tool of the Executive Branch, the CIA needed to get approval for its projects only from the President. Ideas dreamed up in the field, at

lower levels in CIA in Washington, or pressed upon CIA by eager outsiders, were carried up to the Director, who then presented them to a special committee of the National Security Council, consisting of the deputy secretaries of Defense and State, the National Security Adviser to the President, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Director himself, who reviewed them for the President. If he said go, they went; and in those days he rarely said otherwise. The Congress' part was limited to the appropriations process. At that time the concept of Congressional oversight, the idea that Congressmen should know of and scrutinize CIA projects simply did not exist. Rather a selected group of senior members from the Congressional Armed Services and Appropriations Committees met *ad hoc* to review the CIA's over-all budget and virtually automatically voted the funds requested. They knew few of the details of what the funds were used for—and wanted to know less. The need for clandestine covert action to fight the Cold War was accepted as an article of faith. They equally accepted the need for secrecy to protect those activities, so Congress abstained from questioning too deeply about the details of what was really going on. The CIA under the President essentially had a free hand to engage in the widest range of activities and to undertake the most daring and controversial projects.

At my station in Stockholm, it is true, I was only vaguely aware of the range of CIA's activities or the details of the many projects. But the gossip that I picked up from the cable traffic and from other intelligence officers who passed through from time to time was enough to confirm in me the feeling that a lot of exciting things were going on that I was being left out of in the Scandinavian backwater and to increase in me my restlessness for action. Then, in the summer of 1953, when I had been in Stockholm just two years, Gerry Miller invited me to meet him in Rome and there offered to transfer me to the CIA's Italian operation. I accepted with an almost shameless enthusiasm—because, if there was one place just then that was in the heart of the action, it most certainly was Italy.