



A
Personal History
of
Virgil Lehi Harris

Vol. One
1922 to 1974

MESA FAMILY HISTORY CENTER
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INTRODUCTION

Background and Lineage

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF VIRGIL LEHI HARRIS

THIS HISTORY WILL ATTEMPT TO COVER THE SIGNIFICANT EVENTS OF MY LIFE BEING AS ACCURATE AND AS COMPREHENSIVE AS POSSIBLE BUT EXCLUDING ANY EVENTS OR HAPPENINGS WHICH MIGHT CAUSE SOME DISTRESS ON THE PART OF MY LOVED ONES.

INTRODUCTION

I was born in the city of Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho on April 1, 1922. This being what is commonly known as April Fool's Day and I can assure the reader that during my lifetime I have heard almost all that could be said about that day. I don't know whether or not Idaho Falls had a hospital at that time because I was born at home and delivered by an osteopath named George Aupperle.

The family was living in a small frame house located on approximately ten acres on the southeast corner of 20th St. and Emerson Avenue. This land was obtained by my parents sometime between the birth of my sister, LoVerna, on July 9, 1916 in Logan, Utah and the birth of my sister Ila Rose on November 25, 1919 in Idaho Falls, Idaho in the house located on Emerson Ave.

By way of historical perspective, in the year 1922 Warren G. Harding was president of the United States. Also in 1922 radio broadcasting became a daily feature in many cities in the United States. In 1923 the first transcontinental airmail service was initiated in the United States. In 1925 Calvin Coolidge became president and also during this year the famous "Scopes" evolution trial took place pitting Clarence Darrow vs. William Jennings Bryant.

PARENTS:

My father, Lehi HARRIS, was the son of Solomon Webster HARRIS and Maryette RICE. He was born on Dec. 22, 1875 in Clarkston, Cache County, Utah. According to family tradition he was given the name Lehi during my grandmother's pregnancy by my great grandfather, Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, who said that he would like to have the baby given that name if it were a boy since Lehi was one of his favorite people in the Book of Mormon. Lehi Harris married my mother, Rose NAGELI, on July 12, 1911 in the Logan temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints which is located in Logan, Cache County, Utah. He died on February 5, 1929 in Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona and is buried in the Mesa City cemetery on Center Street, just north of Brown Rd.

I am inserting here a brief history of my father as told to my sister, Ila Rose, by Mary Anderson, my father's half sister.

Lehi Harris was born Dec. 22, 1875 at Clarkston, Cache County, Utah just outside of Logan, Utah. His father was Solomon Webster Harris, and his mother, Maryette Rice, they were married Dec. 24, 1874 at Clarkston, Utah and later endowed at the Salt Lake Endowment House in September 1879. In 1883 Maryette divorced Solomon Webster Harris. When Lehi was ten years old, his mother married Michael Standley, December 31, 1885, in the Logan temple. Maryette Rice was a county nurse for twenty years. She had blue eyes and brown hair. She died of cancer at Logan, Utah, May 28, 1924. She was born in Farmington, Utah and began her schooling there.

Solomon Webster Harris was born in Kirtland, Ohio, on Dec. 1, 1855 and was taken to Salt Lake City by his mother, Caroline Young Harris, second wife of Martin Harris. He was 5'8" tall and weighed 165 lbs. He had blue eyes and black hair. He died of heart failure in Idaho Falls, Idaho on March 3, 1919.

Lehi was blessed by Martin Harris, Jr., oldest son of Martin Harris in December of 1876. He commenced his limited schooling in Smithfield, Utah in 1882. When his mother, Maryette, divorced Solomon Webster Harris, she went to work in Lewiston, Utah to earn a living for her three sons, Lehi, Solomon Rice, and William. She left her sons with her sister, a Mrs. Grover, in Lewiston. Later Lehi went to live with his grandmother, Caroline Young, in Smithfield. He lived with her until she died on Jan. 19, 1887 in Lewisville. Then he went back to Lewiston to live with his mother who had married Michael Standley in polygamy. He lived with them for about four years when his father came after him. This time his father brought a young woman with him and promised Lehi a good time and a job if he went with

him. Lehi left with his father and went to Lewisville, Idaho and later lived with his uncle, Martin Harris II.

At this time Maryette was living in Weston, Idaho in what was called the underground because she was living in polygamy. Lehi stayed and worked for about four years and then went back to his mother, who then lived in Lewiston, Utah. He was about twenty years old at that time. He stayed only a few months and then he persuaded his brothers, Sol and Will, to go back with him to Lewisville, Idaho. He came back in the fall of 1899. At that time his mother was living in Logan, Utah doing temple work. Michael Standley needed a man on the farm in Lewiston, Utah and Lehi worked for him until December, 1899. He took out his endowments and did temple work that winter. Then he went back to Idaho and worked. Later he came back to his mother in Millville, Utah. Michael Standley had sold his place in Lewiston and rented a farm in Portage, Utah and his first family lived there while Maryette lived in Millville. Lehi spent the winter with his mother and then went to work for Michael Stanley the next summer. The next winter he went back to Millville and while there met Loverna Pitkin, whom he married in the Logan temple on September 25, 1907. This was the same day that his half-sister, Mary, married Wes Anderson. Lehi and Loverna went to Weston, Idaho and took care of stock and dry-farmed in the winter. In the spring they returned to Logan where Loverna died on June 30, 1908 of Brights disease. She was pregnant and also lost her baby.

Lehi returned to live with his mother and worked at a sugar factory. He met Rose Nageli when she came home with his half-sister, Lucy. They were married July 12, 1911 in the Logan temple. After their marriage, they lived with Rose's foster father, Richard McNiell and their first child, Richard Elmer Harris, was born May 10, 1912 in Logan, Utah.

Lehi's brothers, Sol and Will, had homesteaded in the Lone Pine country about 20 miles east of Idaho Falls. Lehi went up to see how he liked the homestead and returned to Logan just before their second child Loverna was born July 9, 1916. Loverna was born at grandma Standley's home in Logan, Utah. Lehi and Rose went back to the homestead and stayed until they got their deed. Then they moved to Idaho Falls. Lehi started a vault business and bought a home on the corner of 20th and Emerson in Idaho Falls. It was here that their daughter, Ila Rose, was born on November 19, 1919. Also, two sons, Virgil and Martin. Because of poor health, Lehi moved his family to Mesa, Arizona, arriving on May 17, 1926. While living in Mesa, Lehi was a gardener at the Mesa Temple. He was a High Priest and had done a great deal of genealogy work. He had a good disposition and was liked by everyone.

My mother, Rose NAGELI, was the daughter of Johannes NAGELI and Katharina ZENGER. She was born March 21, 1886 in Horgen, Zurich, Switzerland. She died January 3, 1948 in Blackfoot, Idaho and is buried in the Rose Hill cemetery in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

There is much to tell about my mother which will be related in other parts of this history.

I am inserting here a brief third-hand history of Rose Nageli Harris, as remembered by my sister, Ila Rose Harris Anderson, as told to Ila Anderson by my father's half-sister, Mary Anderson.

Rose Nageli was born March 21, 1886 in Horgen, Zurich, Switzerland, the daughter of Johannes Nageli and Katharina Zenger. She was the 10th child of eleven children.

Rose was five and a half years old when she came to America. Her first recollection when she was little was that she was very sick and the doctor held a bright light over her and her mother and father were by her side. She also remembers going for a boat ride with her sister, Margaritha, and her mother taking her by the hand and running to a large stream of water by a mill where it was thought her sister Anna had drowned, but who had just thrown a large rock in the water and hid. She remembers the Mormon missionaries coming to her house and talking about America and his mother and father making arrangements for her to go to America.. Her sister Margaritha knit her a slip that was wine color and her sister, Katharina, made her a dress. She remembers her father carrying her on his back to the train station and sitting her on a seat in the back of the train and kissing her goodbye. She saw the ocean but was very sick.

She recalls going through Chicago and arriving in Logan, Utah, coming to America with a Bro. and Sister Detweller, whose only son, Fred, lived in Logan, Utah. She lived with the Detwellers for a while, then to live with a family named Shawb for a year and a half. From there she went to live with Richard McNeil and his wife, Emma Burris, at 5th East and 9th North in Logan. They had never had any children and she lived with them until she married Lehi Harris, July 12, 1911 in the Logan temple.

In 1917 Rose was able to get in contact with her relatives in Switzerland. Her sisters Katharina and Anna had moved to Utah. Also, her brother Fred came to America and lived in Salt Lake City for a few years. He returned to Switzerland and died March 4, 1952. Rose had a son, Richard Elmer, born May 10, 1912. On March 12, 1912 she was sealed to Richard and Emma McNeil. However, on Dec. 3, 1929, she was sealed to Johannes and Katharina Nageli.

Rose and Lehi moved to a homestead east of Idaho Falls, Idaho in 1913. They had a daughter, Loverna, born July 9, 1916 at Grandma Standley's house in Logan, Utah. Another daughter, Ila Rose, was born Nov. 25, 1919 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. A son, Virgil Lehi, was born April 1, 1922 and another son, Martin, was born September 11, 1924. Rose and Lehi moved to Mesa, Arizona in May 1926. Her husband, Lehi, died February 5, 1929 in Mesa. Rose and her five children returned to Idaho Falls in the summer of 1930.

She started working at the LDS hospital in Idaho Falls. She sold her home at 20th and Emerson and bought a small house at 308 J St. to be nearer to her work. She had several operations and did not enjoy good health but she was always a hard worker.

Her son, Richard, graduated from Idaho Falls High School May 21, 1931. Soon after he joined the army and went to the Philippine Islands. During World War II he was taken prisoner by the Japanese and was killed September 7, 1944. It was a great strain on Rose. Her sons, Virgil and Martin, served in the Navy during World War II.

Rose was blessed with a very good singing voice and always sang in ward choirs. She taught primary and worked in the Relief Society organization. She attended the Temple regularly and was honest in dealing with her fellow men. Although she didn't have much formal education she was a very intelligent woman, a very friendly person, and although she had many trials in her life she was always very pleasant. She had a strong testimony of the Gospel and always set a good example for her children to follow. She died Jan. 3, 1948 in Blackfoot, Idaho. Funeral services were held in the Fourth Ward chapel with A. W. Brunt presiding. Speakers were Bishop Warren E. Wright, President David Smith, and Bishop Vernon Johnson. Internment was in the Rose Hill cemetery with Sol Harris dedicating the grave.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

HARRIS, Richard Elmer, dob 10 May 1912, md. Maria del Carmen Stevens, 18 Nov. 1934 in Manila, Philippine Islands, Died 7 Sep. 1944, a war casualty after having been taken prisoner by the Japanese at Corregidor. They had one son.

HARRIS, Loverna, dob 9 Jul 1916, md. Lester Allan Harris, 5 Sep. 1937. They had six children. Died 8 Dec. 1971.

ANDERSON, Ila Rose, dob 25 Nov. 1919, md. Howard Harold Anderson, 4 Nov. 1942. They have 3 adopted children.

HARRIS, Martin, dob 11 Sep. 1924, md. Betty Jane Graham, 2 Jan. 1949. They have six children.

MY OWN FAMILY:

WIFE: JONES, Marion, born in Provo, Utah, February 12, 1925. We were married on September 11, 1947 in Salt Lake Temple.

CHILDREN

HARRIS, Ronald Sidney, born 16 February 1949 in New York City, N. Y. Married Diana Farrell on 25 April 1973 in the Los Angeles temple. Their children are: Alexander Glen, born 15 April 1974 in Provo, Utah; Kimberly Dawn, born 16 Dec. 1975 in Provo, Utah; Benjamin Scott, born 13 Jan 1978 in Valencia, CA.; Rebecca Lynn, born 22 Sep 1980 in Valencia, CA.; and Victoria, born 22 Nov 1986 in Mesa, AZ.

MERRITT, Gail Harris, born 30 June 1951 in Arlington County, VA. Married Udell Merritt on 2 June 1979 in Mesa, Arizona temple. Their children are: Emily Catherine, born 20 Sep 1977 in Mesa, AZ.; Samuel Michael, born 23 Feb 1980 in Mesa, AZ.; James Andrew, born 8 Feb 1984 in Mesa, AZ.; and Allison Suzanne, born 19 June 1988 in Mesa, AZ.

TALLEY, Patricia Harris, born 17 Mar 1954 in Munich, Germany. Married Steven A. Talley on 23 Sep 1978 in Mesa Arizona temple. Their children are: Jefferson Harris, born 9 Jul 1979 in Mesa, AZ.; and Emryn, born 8 Jul 1982 in Mesa, AZ.

HARRIS, Hilton Richard, born 9 Dec 1960 in Washington, D.C. Married Cynthia Booth on 4 Jan 1980 and sealed in Mesa temple on 5 Jan 1981. Their children are: Jennifer Booth, born 8 Sep 1980 in Provo, Utah; Richard Booth, born 5 Apr 1982 in Mesa, AZ.; Nicholas Booth, born 16 July 1984 in Mesa, AZ.; and Clark Booth, born 19 Nov 1987 in Mesa, Arizona.

CHAPTER ONE

**The Early Years
Arizona and Idaho**

CHAPTER ONE

PART ONE

According to the brief history of my father (as told to my sister, Ila Rose, by my father's half-sister, Mary Anderson) he owned a homestead in the Lone Pine country twenty miles east of Idaho Falls. The family stayed on this homestead following Loverna's birth in 1916, until they got their deed and then they moved to Idaho Falls. This was probably around 1917 because I remember my Mother telling me of the flu epidemic in 1918 that was so devastating and that the family lived in the house at 20th and Emerson during this epidemic and it was in this house that Ila Rose, myself, and my brother, Martin, were born (the latter, on September 11, 1924). I recall very little about the first four years of my life and never knew any of my grandparents. The only one living at the time of my birth was Maryette RICE (HARRIS) STANDLEY, my father's mother, who had divorced my grandfather, Solomon Webster Harris, and remarried. She lived in Logan, Utah and died there on May 28, 1924 shortly after my second birthday. Of my early years in Idaho Falls I seem only to recall deep snow, cold weather and being afraid of a big, black dog.

Sometime during this early period, my Dad fell off the roof of our house and because of it and other problems developed quite poor health. This must have affected his work situation and as a consequence the family decided to move to Mesa, Arizona. This move took place about the middle of May, 1926. We have a photograph of the family taken in Tooele, Utah with members of my Mother's family in May 1926 enroute to Arizona. My own recollection of this period is, of course, very dim. I vaguely remember our being stopped as we entered Arizona and having to eat or dump out any of the fruits, vegetables or honey which we had brought along for our sustenance. This because of Arizona's very strick anti-bug laws which are still in existance.

After our arrival in Arizona, we stayed at some campground for an indeterminate period of time. I recall my sister, LoVerna, being stung by a scorpion while we were there. The Arizona Temple of the Church was under construction at this time and I suppose that is one of the principle reasons why we came to Arizona, i.e so that my father would have some employment. At least I know that he did work on the Temple, principally in the landscaping field, because his occupation is listed as a gardener on my school records in Arizona. My memories of my father are very vague, of course, but I seem to recall going on some Fathers' and Sons outings with him and my brothers. My brother, Richard, was ten years older than I, so I do remember his being around when I was a child.

In October 1927 the Arizona Temple was dedicated. We have several photographs of this occasion. One being a photo of the General Authorities of the Church who were present as well as other dignitaries. According to a recent reconstruction of information on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the Temple's dedication, the following people have been identified in the photograph: Pres. Heber J. Grant and his counselors, Anthony W. Ivins and David O. McKay, George Albert Smith, John F. Widtsoe, Richard R. Lyman, Rudger Clawson, Joseph Fielding Smith, J. Golden Kimball, Sylvester Q. Cannon, George F. Richards, Stephen L. Richards, and Spencer W. Kimball. There probably were others but it is difficult to identify them in the photo. There is also a photograph of many of the children who were present on that occasion. Members of our family who can be identified are Loverna, Ila Rose, Martin and myself (at age five very tow-headed).

It was also in 1927 that Charles Lindbergh flew non-stop in the Spirit of St. Louis from New York to Paris, the first such flight across the Atlantic Ocean. He became an instant hero but suffered some tragic things during his life including the kidnaping and murder of his infant son.

In 1928 I started school (first grade) at the Lincoln school in Mesa, Arizona. This school was located on West First Avenue and as of 1977 was still being used as a records repository by the Mesa school system. Sometime during this period of my life one of the neighborhood children died of spinal meningitis. I didn't know what it was but there was certainly a lot of fear and concern in the area. Our family was very poor since my father apparently didn't earn very much working as a gardener at the Temple.

There is very little that I recollect about this period of time in Mesa. There was a little black kid who was a friend of mine and he would always come to our house and ask my mother if "Vigil could come out and play". To this day I'm known as Uncle Vigil to some of the children of friends of ours who have heard this story. There was one incident which remains in my memory and that is of coming home from school one day and crossing through what must have been a cotton gin area. The friend with me decided to cut through an area which was kind of white and it turned out to be hot ashes. By the time he got on the other side he was screaming bloody murder and the skin on his feet was peeling off. We apparently did some work in the cotton fields since I have some pictures of Martin and me sitting amongst the cotton and because of our towheads you could hardly see us. We also had experiences in "stealing" watermelons with the older kids. My brother Richard delivered newspapers and one day got hit by a car and suffered a broken leg. It was years later that a cousin Nathan (I think Nathan Harris) in

Utah was able to obtain some settlement for this accident but he managed to make off with most of the money much to my poor mother's consternation. I don't think that she ever trusted a lawyer again.

My father died in 1929 (February 5) after being ill quite a bit of the time previously. I recall of having gone to the store with Martin and Ila Rose to buy some penny candy and someone coming to tell us that our Dad was dying. We arrived to find my mother kneeling and crying at his bedside and I suppose that he had already passed away or did so soon afterward. The period after his death is fuzzy. He was buried at the Mesa City cemetery and I recall vividly of the casket being lowered and the workmen throwing dirt in on top of it.

1929 was the year of the traumatic crash of the stock market on October 29, 1929 which initiated a world wide depression in the following year. Ironically, a Republican president was elected, Herbert Hoover, and he has been faulted as being the cause of the depression, but in the light of history the most influential factor beside the crash of the stock market was the passing of a trade restrictive bill called the Smoot-Hawley Act. The Smoot was Reed Smoot, a member of the quorum of the twelve and the first Senator elected from the State of Utah.

I continued in school for the 1929-1930 school year (the second grade). We lived on Morris Ave. and were members of the Third Ward of the LDS church. I don't know why we stayed in Arizona but I imagine it had something to do with my siblings schooling or the insurance from my Dad's policy (the grand sum of \$1000.00). Sometime later we bought a Willys-Knight touring car with some of the money so that we could return to Idaho Falls.

We still owned the house on 20th and Emerson which was occupied by my Uncle Solomon R. Harris (Dad's brother) and his wife Aunt Sarah. We probably stayed in Mesa until after school was out in June of 1930 because I was baptized on April 5, 1930 in the font of the Mesa temple and was confirmed the next day April 6 which was the centennial of the official founding of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized by Alfred H. Nichols and confirmed by Frank T. Pomeroy.

PART TWO

Shortly after the school year ended we started our journey for Idaho Falls. There wasn't much of a road and I seem to recall having to drive around quicksand areas in the road. In addition to members of our family there was another man who traveled with us apparently to help out with the driving and he must have been some kind of a con man because

after we got to Idaho Falls, he ended up with the car. One of the memories I have of this trip is of stopping one night and sleeping upon some old springs on a bedstead on top of one of the tall mesas occupied by Indians. We had to climb up on rope ladders to get to the top of the mesa. I recall that my Mother was very frightened of the Indians probably for no other reason than innate prejudice from wild stories she had heard all of her life. I also remember of stopping in a forested area at a service station and drinking out of an old rain barrel (the water tasted of gasoline). This must have been at Jacob's Lake in the Kaibab forest in northern Arizona.

After our return to Idaho Falls, Idaho we shared the house at 20th and Emerson, still owned by my Mother, with my Uncle Sol and Aunt Sarah and their adopted son, Clifford. We lived at this house for a couple of years and I attended the Eastside grammar school for my third and fourth grades. I must have been somewhat of a pugnacious child since I remember fighting other kids quite a bit over marble games and my brother, Richard, coming to my rescue on one occasion. Apparently I learned to swim during this period as well. I recall being in a canoe with Richard and it capsizing in the canal and his telling me to swim for shore since he had to save the canoe. By this time Uncle Sol and Aunt Sarah had a little place of their own.

These were the depression years, the very deep depression years and we were fortunate in having a plot of ground on which we could raise much of our food. The kids all had to work to plant and harvest what we grew. We sold small bottles of ground-up horseradish which was pretty powerful. The area where we lived was known as "poverty flats" so one can imagine generally what the neighborhood was like. My mother always insisted in keeping a good house, she said there was no use in being dirty just because we were poor. This was a product of her Swiss heritage, although she was only about six years old when she left her homeland.

Apparently, after some members of the Nageli family joined the Church, they planned to all move to the United States. For reasons best known to them, my mother was sent on ahead with a missionary couple who brought her to Logan, Utah. She lived in various foster homes until she got married to my father. She was about 21 years old before she saw any of her family again and that was because of a chance encounter at a General Conference of the Church in Salt Lake City. Three of her sisters and a brother had come to the U.S. and had endeavoured to find her but with no success.

My brother, Richard, joined the U. S. Army shortly after we returned to Idaho. Having graduated from High School and being in the midst of the depression, it was

impossible to find work so the army offered the best opportunity for him. After his basic training he was sent to the Philippine Islands and we only saw him on one occasion after that when he returned for a visit with a girl he had married after his tour of duty with the Army was finished.

About this time I had my tonsils and adenoids removed. For months, maybe even a year, I had suffered with boils and abscesses in my neck and chin which had to be lanced periodically. I think I was about ten years old at the time and I recall the nurse administering the anesthetic (ether) calling me a "nice little lady". I threatened to burn the hospital down as I was coming out from under the anesthetic. One summer about this same period of time, I went to visit my Uncle Henry and Aunt Lucy Guyaz, who lived in Salmon, Idaho. It was quite an interesting adventure. On one occasion the salmon were swimming up-stream to spawn and at the confluence of the Salmon and Limhi Rivers, the stream was literally black with salmon. My Uncle Henry and others simply speared the salmon in the shallow waters. I don't really know how large they were but some appeared to be as tall as I was. They were steamed and canned for food supply.

Sometime in 1932 (probably the summer) we moved from our home at 20th and Emerson to 308 J St. on the west side of town. We had attempted to do something with our property at 20th and Emerson but it was too much for Mother and her young family, particularly with Richard gone. By this time Uncle Sol and Aunt Sarah had moved and although Uncle Sol tried to help us, Mother found a job working at the LDS Hospital which was located near the Snake River on the other side of town and it was a very long walk for her. She traded the Emerson property for a little three room house on J Street, getting the worst of the deal but it was easy for someone to take advantage of a widow with four children in desperate financial straits.

The house on J St. was just barely adequate for us. It had a large kitchen area with a coal-fired stove which for a long time was the only heat in the house. There was a front room (which doubled as a bedroom for Martin and me with a fold-down bed) and a bedroom for Mother, Loverna and Ila Rose. For a long time we had only an outside privy but eventually were able to have an inside toilet installed. There was still no bathtub and until I graduated from High School, we bathed in a galvanized tub with water heated in the reservoir of the coal stove.

Below the back porch was a small cellar where we kept coal, potatoes and any food we wanted to keep cool. We had no ice box or refrigerator. Somewhere along the line we got

a space heater for the living room but you can imagine how cold it would get in the house in Idaho's sometime 35 degrees below winters. Heated bricks wrapped in towels and tucked into beds made them tolerable to jump into on a cold winter's night.

Of necessity, we raised a garden and kept some chickens on this plot. During the Depression years (1932-1940) things like Thanksgiving dinner consisted of killing a couple of our own chickens by chopping off their heads and eating the produce from our own garden. Sometimes the eating was pretty lean. I never recall of having a turkey during these years. Christmas and birthdays were always observed but with meager gifts. My mother always worked hard to make sure that we had something and, being a very proud and independent woman, didn't subscribe to taking charity. Mother, however, was always willing to share with the more unfortunate. We lived quite close to the railroad tracks and this resulted in our receiving frequent calls from those persons who were riding the rails in the U.S. to try to find something somewhere to keep body and soul together. We never handed out anything to a person who wouldn't at least chop some wood or hoe in the garden but if they were willing to do this (and most would) they would be able to share our humble meal with us sitting at the very same table.

I started to become more politically aware of things beginning with the elections of 1932 with Hoover running against Franklin D. Roosevelt. I'm not sure why but my Mother was staunchly in favor of Hoover although he was blamed for the depression under which we suffered so much. However, after Roosevelt was elected, I wrote a letter to him asking him if there wasn't something he could do for widows with children to support. I got an answer back from his staff chief explaining some of the programs that the administration had in mind. I was quite a hero at the Riverside school and the teacher read the letter that I received to the whole class. 1932 was the first of four elections won by Franklin D. Roosevelt and I grew up from childhood to my years in the Navy with Roosevelt as president. One of his sons, John, was a young officer on board the U.S.S. Wasp the same time as I was a crew member.

In 1933 Hitler became Chancellor of Germany and the infamous Reichstag fire gave him an excuse to acquire dictatorial powers. I recall this incident and remember the concern my mother expressed at this occurring so close to her native land of Switzerland. During this year the United States, after sixteen years, re-established diplomatic relations with the USSR. I recall reading about the debates in Congress over this issue. This also was the year that the 18th amendment to the Constitution was repealed with the

State of Utah being the final state to approve this repeal of the prohibition of the making, importing, sale etc, of alcoholic beverages in the United States. It was repealed because it was essentially unenforceable and led to the great crime kings, such as Al Capone, and the era of the speak-easies.

My early youth recreation consisted of swimming, fishing, going on scout camps in the summer and iceskating during the winter, usually on the forebay of the Snake River approximately where the Idaho Falls temple is now located. We frequently had some exciting times in the early spring when we stretched our ice-skating too long and had to scamper for safety from breaking ice. We also did some skiing on the snow which had accumulated on the sand hills overlooking the river. When I grew a little older I used to go hunting for jackrabbits which abounded in the area outside of Idaho Falls.

During my teen-age years, the 4th Ward chapel was constructed a few block from where we lived. I did some work on it as well as helping to dig the sand down to the bedrock lava for the foundation of the Idaho Falls temple. This temple is constructed on the site of our old sand hill where we did our sledding and skiing. The hill also had lots of small caves in it which made for good hiding places when one decided to run away from home "for awhile." As I mentioned above Richard had gone to the Philippines with the U. S. Army and stayed there when he finished his tour. He joined the U. S. Customs office and was married in November 1934 to Maria del Carmen Stevens, a catholic girl, whom he met in the Islands. This just about broke Mother's heart since Richard was her first born and she had expected so much of him. He and Carmen came to visit with us for awhile. I'm not sure of the exact date but it possibly was in the winter of 1934/1935 or a year later. I recall going to the railroad station in Idaho Falls with my sled to pick up their suitcases. Of course, we had no car, very few people did in those days and never thought much of walking fairly long distances.

Our experience of having Richard and Carmen live with us was very traumatic and nearly killed my mother. Carmen was from a well-to-do family which had its antecedents back to the Spanish American War. She didn't take kindly to suddenly being thrust upon a family which was always on the verge of poverty. She was also a Catholic through and through and their stay was rather tempestuous. We turned over our front room to them and the rest of the family lived in the other two rooms of our small house. I remember Carmen making a special dish (I suppose it was a souffle or omelette) which used a whole dozen eggs, more than we ordinarily used in a month and my mother nearly had a fit.

Our usual diet was much more modest - lots of potatoes, bread and gravy and bread and milk. Eventually, Carmen prevailed upon Richard to return to the Philippines. I don't know how long they stayed but we never saw Richard again although we did get letters from him. Apparently he and Carmen had a child, Anthony, who along with his mother was interned by the Japanese until after the end of the war. Since Richard was a casualty we heard from some military officer who knew them that Carmen remarried.

CHAPTER TWO

The Teenage Period

CHAPTER TWO

PART ONE

I was ordained a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood on my birthday, April 1, 1934 by my Bishop, Louis F. Nuffer. Later when I was in high school he was also my biology teacher. Passing the sacrament in those days was a stiffly formal affair. We all had to wear white shirts and black bow ties and always held our left arm behind our backs. The trays were much heavier than they are now and contained small real glasses which had to be washed after each Sunday. Our family used to have the job of cleaning these glasses and trays every week. During these years, I used to give frequent two-and-a-half minute talks which were standard for the Sunday School up until about the early 1980's and afforded the youth a great opportunity to learn to speak before a congregation. I always performed pretty well on these talks and received a lot of compliments.

My ordination to the office of a Teacher took place on November 15, 1936 by Vern L. Brown, a member of the bishopric of the fourth ward. I participated in several things of interest during these early teen-age years. One was a excursion to the Logan Temple to do proxy baptisms. On our way home we stopped at the grave site of Martin Harris, my great grandfather in Clarkston, Utah, the same town where my father, Lehi, was born. We also stopped at the mineral springs at Soda Springs, Idaho and enjoyed the activities there. I also played on the ward volley-ball team that went to Salt Lake City for some sort of finals - we didn't win, that much I recall, but we had a good time just the same. I was also a Boy Scout. My Boy Scout activities were all right but not great. I reached the rank of Star and basically lost interest since I had to work so much after school. I went on several scout trips to Yellowstone Park and other areas in Idaho which had beautiful lakes, rivers, and streams, great for fishing.

On one occasion someone's axe slipped just as I walked by and cut deep into my right foot just below the ankle. This eliminated my going on the traditional fourteen mile hike so I stayed in camp and fished all day, catching enough fish to feed the whole troop that night. On another trip Martin and I slept on the truck bed instead of on the ground and had the experience of having a bear, which was scrounging for food in the camp, put its paws right up close to us on the truck bed while we held our breath until it decided to search somewhere else.

I think that it was during my freshman year in High School that I went to work after school at Brandl's Meat Market. From Monday to Friday, I worked from 4:00 P.M. to

6:00 P.M. and all day on Saturdays from about 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. My pay was \$2.00 per week plus a few pounds of meat for the family. I was always paid in silver dollars. On occasion I would go to a late movie which cost about 10 cents in those days. Most of the time I was too tired and only wanted to get home to rest. The meat I received was the only meat that the family ever got so it was a very special occasion to us. My work consisted of cleaning chickens and preparing them for the counters, using the cube-steak machine, cleaning up the cutting room as well as helping put the counter meat back into the refrigerated lockers after the close of business. This work I did until school was over in the Spring.

I then quit and went to work out on a farm belonging to Wiley Snarr, a member of our Ward. I milked cows twice per day and helped with the hay, irrigation and all the other various tasks associated with farm work. I slept in the bunk house. The only pay I received was board and room (however, the food was the best that I had ever eaten) and at the end of the summer a supply of coal for our fuel in the house. Wiley and I went to the Blind Bull coal mine to pick up the coal and I had the opportunity of going into the mine. This was the first time that I had ever been inside a mine and I have never experienced such utter blackness in my life. Working that summer on the farm convinced me that I never wanted to be a farmer. The hours and frustration would be just too much for me.

I attended Riverside grammar school (formerly Eagle Rock which was the original name for Idaho Falls) for my 5th and 6th years. This school was not as prestigious as the one I attended previously i.e. Eastside. After grammar school I went to O. E. Bell Jr. High for the 7th, 8th and 9th years of schooling. Sometime during this period, either after the 7th or 8th grades, Mother decided to move to Salt Lake City which apparently was an ill-fated venture and didn't last very long because we returned to Idaho Falls for the next year of school. I went to Idaho Falls High for my sophomore year (1937/38) and delivered the Salt Lake Tribune, a morning newspaper, getting up about 4:00 A.M. since it was a long route taking me across town on my bicycle. The winter months in Idaho Falls were pretty vicious and I recall taking some bad spills on icy pavement and railroad tracks with a load of newspapers. Also, there was always the problems of dogs yapping at your feet as you pedaled along. In some areas I had to carry a squirt gun with ammonia in it to ward the dogs off. Just a few weeks before school was out I contracted the mumps and didn't have to finish the year out since my grades were good enough that I was just given credit for the term.

PART TWO

Following my recovery I went to California to live with my sister Loverna and her husband Al (Lester Allan Harris). They lived in Pomona, California where they had rented a house which had some grape arbors and chicken coops which had been flooded. In the summer I worked primarily at cleaning out the chicken coops which had a layer of about four inches of silt from the flood that had hit that area the previous year. It was hard work but eventually we got enough coops cleaned out so that Al could buy some young chicks which he planned to raise for eggs and/or fryers. He borrowed some money to buy the chicks and we attempted to raise them with little success. They all eventually died and Al had to figure out how to pay back the money he had borrowed. We sold the Concord grapes that were raised in the arbor but Al couldn't afford the rent on the house so we took a couple of rooms at a hotel.

For a while Al had a pretty good job working in a bakery but he was fired from that for engaging in union-organizing activity (there was no protection for such activity as there is now). I didn't really know what was going on at that time since I had never heard much about labor problems but obviously we were engaged in some activity which, at that time, was probably illegal, or at least not protected by the law. I know on several occasions I helped Al and some of his associates to pass out union literature in certain neighborhoods and we had to take all sorts of precautions against getting caught.

Al Harris was a difficult person to like. He was small in stature but claimed to have been a flyweight fighter at one time. He drank a lot and talked a lot about all the things he was going to accomplish but none ever came to fruition. It was pretty tough on me. I was trying to go to High School and yet help out as much as I could to pay for my room and board. I swept out the union halls after school and went with Al on another venture of his, i.e. selling lunches to workers on construction sites. I think some of the things Al engaged in could have been successful had Al had the business background and a little humility. He wouldn't take much advice from anyone and was always getting stung. He and Loverna had just been married a year and didn't as yet have any children so from that standpoint it was fortunate. Loverna was pretty supportive of Al but they did have some heated arguments over his ventures.

In retrospect, my year in Pomona, California was useful to me in that I found new friends and, for the first time, formulated a desire to go to college. The school I attended was Pomona High School and Jr. College, basically a fourteen year arrangement. A student could just continue right on into Jr. College there without missing a beat, not

even changing school locations. I was a good student and was able to engage in quite a few extra-curricular activities such as debating and extemporaneous speaking which involved traveling around to other high schools in the area for debate meets. My fellow students, particularly those on the debate team, accepted me and we did a lot of fun things together. Although I never had any formal dates, I participated in a lot of group activities.

After the first semester I was elected to the honor society which was called the Thaliens and, amongst other things, being in that group got out of taking final exams. Instead, the membership had a year-end outing at Balboa Beach. My history/civics teacher was quite concerned that I wasn't planning to go on to college (I still had a year of high school to complete) and said for me to try to remain in California and take advantage of its junior college program. Of course, this was impossible. I felt that I had imposed enough on Al and Loverna and was just another worry for them. In school I belonged to the Indaba Club as well as the Thaliens. Indaba was a forensic organization organized to further student interest in speech arts. The word "Indaba" is of African origin and has something to do with big words. My closest friends in my Junior year were all members of the debate team, Chuck Vander Linden, Shirley Tyson, and Nancy Simonsen.

In addition to my school activities I was active in the local ward of the church and made a lot of good friends there as well as participating in the usual Church social activities. One of the friends of that time was named Forrest Black. Later we both were at BYU together and his son Daryl married my niece Lyndel (one of Loverna and Al's children). Getting back to Idaho Falls was a problem after the school year finished. Al and Loverna couldn't afford to send me back by train or bus (that kind of travel was very sporadic in those days anyhow.) I finally ended up riding with a couple in a Model A Ford. This was before the days of air-conditioned cars so it was pretty hot traveling across the desert. Cars usually carried a water bag made of tough canvas which was hung on a headlight or grill ornament and the evaporation kept the water fairly cool and served for refreshment or, more often than not, to put into the radiator which usually overheated.

One of the big surprises that I encountered upon my return to Idaho Falls was the growth of my good friend, Jack Kelley, who was about my height when I left but was a tall 6'5" kid when I returned. Jack, Reuel Nielson and I were always a three-some although Jack was a year older than Reuel and I. We did practically everything together from about the 7th or 8th grade on. Some other friends during my Jr. High and High school years were Wilmer Norton, Harold Price and his brother, Rulon, and Melvin Olsen (whom we

called Pasca for no particular reason). Jack always wanted to me a radio announcer and Reuel (whom we called Jr. because his Dad was also a Reuel) was constantly fiddling with electronic gadgets. Jack's dad was a manufacturers' representative and Jr.'s owned and operated the Riteway hardware store in Idaho Falls for many years.

Since I had spent my Junior year in Pomona, I returned to Idaho Falls High as a transfer student and didn't belong to any clubs or participate in any of the school offices during my Senior year. I again delivered the Salt Lake Tribune in the early morning hours

Prior to the start of school the whole family went up to Victor, Idaho to work at picking the fall crop of peas. While it was a lot of hard work, it was a very picturesque place to be, right at the base of the Teton mountains. There were some excellent trout streams in the area and even a warm springs where one could go swimming. We used to stun the fish in the shallow streams with our flippers.

About this time I was ordained to the office of a Priest on September 24, 1939 by Jack A. Packer, a member of the 4th Ward bishopric.

The years 1939-1940, of course were critical and crucial ones in the history of the world. Upon my graduation from high school in May 1940, the only thing anybody talked about was as to when the U.S. would be joining in the war effort. The plans of most young people were at best very tentative. Of course, I would have gladly gone to college had the opportunity presented itself. In September 1939, World War II began with Germany's invasion of Poland and the declaration of war by Great Britain and France. By the time of my graduation Germany had invaded Belgium, The Netherlands, and Luxembourg. I remember my mother's tears and concern when it was reported (erroneously) that the Nazi's had also invaded Switzerland. This never happened since it was important to have a neutral state in the area.

Just after graduation, a group of us took a trip to the World's Fair in San Francisco on Treasure Island. We used the Oldsmobile of Reuel's dad and the other members of the group beside Reuel and myself were Jack Kelley and Melvin Olsen. As a historical note the featured speaker at this fair was an up and coming politician who had just been elected Governor of Minnesota, Harold Stassen, and whom many were predicting would become the president of the United States. As of 1988 he's still trying!

PART THREE

Unable to find a job in Idaho Falls, Jack Kelley and I hitch-hiked to Salt Lake City. I had a recommendation

from our Stake President ,Heber Austin ,and was able to get employment in the Presiding Bishop's office as a clerk-typist. Jack eventually got a job type-setting at the Deseret News. We lived initially in a small hotel on Main St. (for \$2.00 per week) and usually ate at the Grabeteria , a little standup hole in the wall for fast food. Later we moved to the Wilson Hotel and ultimately to a boarding house across the street from the 12th Ward chapel. Here we remained until Jack got transferred and I got married to Joyce McNeill.

My responsibilities at the PBO were exclusively clerical in nature, typing out membership records, filing a copy and sending an appropriate copy to the Ward where a particular member resided. I was also almost exclusively responsible for the filing of the data for the LDS church census as it came in for the year 1940. As I recall the membership was around 800,000 at that time. I worked in this office at very minimum wages until an opportunity came to get a job with the Salt Lake City office of Western Electric Co, a Bell Telephone subsidiary, under the auspices of Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph. During the entire time of my employment there, I worked in the old Hyland Office of M.S.T.& T. This office was no longer functioning as a telephone exchange. The employees consisted of approximately 20/30 young men charged with the responsibility of dismantling the equipment of the exchange (a manual one) , since Salt Lake was gradually switching to a dial system.

Almost immediately upon my assignment, after a few days of slinging solder at terminal connections, I was asked to assume the responsibility for the time and attendance records, social security information, and collection of union dues for the CWA (Communications Workers of America). I guess I was given this job because I was good at math, had just come from a job with clerical and typing responsibilities and the boss (called the Installer in Charge) who had to do it himself before I came hated this kind of work. I also had to learn all there was to know about the telephone equipment at the office since the crew was involved in disconnecting and packaging it for shipment to other offices in the MST&T area.

I was involved in church activities as well and started to date a young woman named Joyce McNeill quite regularly in the summer of 1941. The war picture also continued to darken. U. S. Lend Lease was providing all our aid to Britain and other countries at war with the Axis powers (Germany, Italy and Japan). It just seemed a matter of time before the U.S. became an active participant in the war. In August 1941 , the Atlantic Charter was signed by Roosevelt and Churchill. On Dec. 7, 1941 Japan attacked the U. S. naval bases at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, destroying most

of the U.S. Pacific fleet. I was loafing at the boarding house between Sunday school and sacrament meeting when the radio announced the attack on Pearl Harbor. The next day Japanese troops attacked the Philippines, Hongkong, Thailand and British Malaya and the U.S. and Great Britain declared war on Japan. By Dec. 11, Germany and Italy declared war on the U.S. and Congress recognized a state of war with these two nations as well as with Japan. Immediately with these events, our work force began to disintegrate. The Installer In Charge joined the Navy and, because of my knowledge of all the procedures, as well as the equipment, I was given his responsibility which corresponded to the work of a foreman. Pretty heady stuff for a young man just 19 years old.

From the outset of my employment with Western Electric I made it a point to maintain good relations with the secretary of my boss, a crusty old telephone man named T.J.Hurley, in the main office. My friendship with her paid off in spades. She would advise me candidly when my boss was upset about something (usually a shipment that hadn't arrived at the designated destination on time or a delay on our part in making the shipment). There was very little of this but when it did happen sparks flew from the main office. Having been forewarned as to what the problem was, I usually was able to find out what happened by the time the boss got to our office (which didn't take him very long.) More often than not it involved the newness of the employee. My crew changed almost weekly due to the draft situation.

Having been given a raise in pay because of my status as the Installer In Charge (as I recall from about \$22.50 per week to \$27.50) I felt I could afford to pop the question to Joyce McNeill. Eventually she accepted (she was still only 17 but looked and acted much more mature) although her mother was never really in favor of our marriage. I was ordained an Elder on 24th of May 1942 by Elwood Heiner, the President of the 4th Quorum of Elders of the Emigration Stake. At any rate we were married in the Salt Lake temple on 30 September 1942 and less than a month later I received my draft notice. I had to decide whether to be a private in the Army or take a rating in the Navy. Reuel Neilson had written me that anyone who could pass a basic exam in electronics could get a Radio Technician Third Class rating (about the equivalent of an Army buck sergeant) so I took this route and enlisted in the Navy as of October 23, 1942. More about my military service later, however. Almost as soon as I left for basic training at Treasure Island in San Francisco, Joyce's mother went to work on her. Her mother was on her second marriage herself and didn't have any qualms about breaking one up. We spent the twelve weeks of my training assignment at Utah State Agricultural College together since married sailors were given permission to have their wives there. After being at Logan, I was

assigned to the Corpus Christi Naval Air Base training school for training in advanced aviation radar. I received word that Joyce had miscarried and took a rush trip to Salt Lake City although there was nothing that I could do. Just prior to my departure from the six month training course at Corpus Christi (Oct.1943) Joyce wrote me that she wanted a divorce. Things sort of dragged for awhile and it wasn't until I had been assigned to Quonset Pt. Rhode Island Air Station, awaiting the completion of my ship that we did anything further about the divorce. By then after much prayer and meditation, I had pretty well concluded that it was in the best interest of both of us to shed this marriage. The divorce decree was dated Dec. 23, 1943.

It wasn't until I had been transferred to the U.S.S.Wasp and was at sea that the divorce and subsequent cancellation of our Temple sealing was finalized. I only saw Joyce once after that. I met her on a Salt Lake street while I was there on leave in 1945 following the bombing of the U.S.S.Wasp and our return to the States for repairs. She had married the sailor she knew before she met me. I hesitate to guess what my life would have been like had I remained married to Joyce. Perhaps, just have returned to Salt Lake and gone back to work for Western Electric. Who knows? As for Joyce, all I've heard through the Ila Rose grapevine is that she is currently (1988) on her fourth marriage.

CHAPTER THREE

World War Two

CHAPTER THREE

PART ONE

As I have mentioned I enlisted in the U. S. Navy on October 23, 1942, having completed successfully the exam to qualify me for training as an Electronics Technician. I went to Treasure Island (same place we had visited two years earlier for the World's Fair) for induction and boot camp training. I was there for only about 45 days as I recall. One of the persons in training camp with me was the singer, Tony Martin, who later married that fabulous dancer, Cyd Charisse. Assignment to U.S.A.C. (Utah State Agricultural College) training center in Logan, Utah followed. I lived "off campus" since I was married and had to brave the vicious winds coming down the canyon almost every morning to get to my classes. We had twelve weeks of intensive training in electricity, math, electronics, as well as lab work involving the construction of superheterodyne receiving sets. I crammed more advanced math into my head than I had ever done before, having taken only Algebra and Geometry in High School. Fortunately, since these were college level courses, I got college credits for them after the war when I matriculated at BYU.

After the A.C. training I was assigned to Corpus Christi Naval Air Station for more advanced training in aviation electronics including what was then very hush-hush, Radar. We weren't even allowed to use the word Radar off the base. One of our instructors at this training school (not in electronics but in judo) was Tyrone Power, a famous movie actor.

It turned out that Reuel Neilson was also assigned for this training although he had gone to a different preparatory school than I did. So we were able to spend the leave time that we had together if our duty schedules permitted it. We attended a branch of the Church which met in a lodge building. Every Sunday morning a group of us would go in and man the brooms to sweep out the cigarette butts and debris from the night before so that we could hold our meeting. The congregation was primarily servicemen from the air base but there were a few civilian members. One of my buddies, Don Searle, eventually married a girl whom he met at these branch meetings. Don was killed in an automobile accident shortly after the end of the war, a real tragedy for his family.

Upon completion of the course at Corpus Christi, I was promoted to Radio Technician Second Class and assigned to the Quonset Point Naval Air Station, just outside of Providence, Rhode Island, pending my assignment to a ship. While stationed at Quonset and knowing that some of my forebearers were from the Providence area, I went to a section of the library known at the Roger Williams room and

was able to read much of the early history of Providence and the part that my ancestors had played. Much later, I took my family to this same library and made some photocopies of some documents and letters relating to the Harris family role in this part of our Nation's history.

After a couple of months at Quonset Point I was assigned to a new ship, the U.S.S. Wasp, which was being outfitted in the Boston shipyards. Sometime around November 1943 I went aboard ship and remained aboard during the commission and until the war was over. Shortly after the first of the year 1944, the Wasp went on it's shakedown cruise to the Caribbean. A shakedown cruise is just that - to train a new crew and air group in the operation and functioning of the ship, as well as insure that the ship itself is functioning properly. During my stay in Boston, I had the opportunity, thanks to the good graces of a couple of Boston spinsters who had saved their gasoline rationing coupons, to visit some of the historical sites of the American Revolution, such as Concord, Bunker Hill and Lexington. Boston in the winter time was the coldest place that I had ever been in my life. I had thought braving the winds down Logan canyon the previous winter was rough but it was nothing to the high humidity freezing temperatures of Boston. I also dated on occasion a girl from Woburn and just about missed the ship's shakedown cruise by a hair because we had miscalculated the suburban train schedule and I had to stay with her and her family overnight.

The U.S.S. Wasp was an Essex class carrier with a displacement of about 35,000 tons. The original carrier by this name was sunk at the battle of the Coral Sea, and the new Wasp, scheduled to have another name, took the name of the sunken vessel. The history of the new Wasp and its sea battles of World War II is recorded in a book entitled PREP CHARLIE. I won't attempt to record chronologically the events and activities of this wartime experience even if I could recall them accurately. Following the shake down cruise and some necessary repairs and adjustments, we received orders for Pacific duty and we headed to the south Atlantic Ocean, through the Panama Canal, made a stop at San Diego, and then to Hawaii. Here, I received my first look at an actual war zone, being able to see the disastrous effects of the Pearl Harbor bombing of Dec. 7, 1942, particularly the sunken U.S.S. Arizona, much different than when Marion and I visited there in December of 1986.

The next destination for the Wasp was an atoll in the Pacific named Marcus Island. Our first successful strike against the Japanese enemy. After that when Task Force 58 moved westward commencing its grim, sweeping search for the Jap fleet, numbered amongst its front line carriers was the Wasp. The thrilling story of that tremendous Armada, the largest, swiftest and most powerful assemblage of fighting

ships the world has ever known, does not need to be recounted here. The history-making exploits of that fast carrier force--the team of Admiral Raymond Spruance and Vice Admiral John S. McCain--will be a bright page in the official account of the U. S. Navy in World War II. For me, it suffices to say that where Task Force 58 went, the WASP went sharing in the devastating blows that presaged the eclipse of Japanese control of the Western Pacific. We moved through the South China Sea to hit Indo-China (now Vietnam), helped liberate the Philippine Islands (and in this battle may very well have been the ship whose planes bombing unmarked cargo ships which were removing prisoners of war from Mindinao resulted in the death of my brother, Richard.), eliminated the Japanese resistance on the Marianas Islands, and hit the Japanese Mainland to help soften it up for what seemed like a necessary invasion.

Some of the engagements were pretty exciting (they were never dull!). The carrier was the central ship of a task force since upon the aircraft depended much of the offensive power of the Navy. Consequently, the carrier was surrounded and escorted by battleships, cruisers, and destroyers which were constantly patrolling to detect hostile aircraft and submarines. During the dangerous foray the Task Force made into the South China Sea to neutralize Japanese strength in what was then known as French Indo-China (now Vietnam), our ships had to pass extremely close to the island of Formosa (now Taiwan) which was under Japanese control. While we slipped through undetected on our way to Indo-China, there was no way that we could remain so, once having launched our aerial bombardment of the Japanese military centers there. On our way out, we quite literally had to fight our way through and the Japanese were constantly trying to damage the central ship, the carrier. Several of our ships were damaged and our movement was slowed considerably. I recall a late evening attack by Japanese bombers called "Zeros" when torpedoes were deliberately taken by our escorting cruisers rather than let the carrier, the Wasp, be hit. It was quite sobering to know that you were witnessing others sacrificing their lives to protect the ship you were on.

In March 1945, off the coast of Japan our ship took a bomb which did extensive damage to the lower decks, the hangar deck and the mess deck. This required the ship to return to Pearl Harbor and subsequently to the States (Bremerton, Washington) for extensive repairs. A couple of things happened while the ship was under repair in Bremerton, Washington. On April 12, 1945, President Franklin D. Roosevelt died of a cerebral hemorrhage and Harry Truman became the president. Also the President of the LDS church died (Heber J. Grant) in May. Both of these men had held their offices much of my life time. After these repairs, we returned to the war zone (early June 1945). After our raids

on the Philippines, preparations were made for a major raid on the Japanese mainland. At the time of the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, our Task Force was off the coast of Japan, 100 miles or so. We had been conducting raids by carrier-based planes and, of course, knew nothing about the existence of atomic weapons. In fact, at the time the news was flashed to us, about a super weapon being used, the significance of entering the atomic age was lost on us. This was August 1945 and we continued in the combat zone for several months thereafter. Word came eventually of the surrender of the Japanese as a result of the atomic bombs and the subsequent signing of the documents on the battleship Missouri which ended the war in the Far East. However, we still had some holdout Kamikazes and even after the surrender was signed our ship was attacked by one of them, resulting, fortunately, in only a near miss.

V.E. day in Europe had occurred in June of 1945. Under the point system which determined when a serviceman would be discharged, I was able to leave the Wasp at Pearl Harbor and after a wait of about four to six weeks, returned to the U. S. via a small "jeep" carrier to San Francisco, and then a battleship to Bremerton, Washington where I received my discharge in Nov. 1945. At mustering out I was credited with the Asiatic Pacific Ribbon with 7 stars, the Philippine Liberation Ribbon, a Good Conduct Medal, and a commendation for "above and beyond the call of duty" action in helping to fight the fire on the hangar deck of the Wasp and the time of our bomb hit in March 1945.

PART TWO

There are several things which might be noted as being of interest other than the battle experiences. One of the sons of the then President Franklin D. Roosevelt, John Roosevelt, was a young officer on the Wasp. As part of Navy tradition when a ship crossed the equator there is an initiation of the "pollywogs", those who haven't crossed before, by the "shellbacks", those who have. In olden days, I'm told the shellbacks used to go as far as "keel hauling" the pollywogs, i.e. tying a line to the person and literally hauling him from one side of the ship to the other under water across the keel. Our initiation didn't go that far but it was rough enough with a lot of whacking of salt-water soaked clothes with paddles and ropes. John Roosevelt was required to stand guard duty dressed in a full diver's suit on top of a 5" gun turret (remember this was in equatorial waters.)

Some of the things I remember vividly were the typhoons and the incidents aboard ship. During one engagement, the units of the Japanese fleet had been spotted off the Philippine Islands and we set out after them,

launching our aircraft (bombers and fighter escorts) and then steaming in that direction at full speed to shorten the distance for the returning aircraft. However, because of the distance involved it was dark before the planes returned and they had to land on a deck lighted only intermittently. Most, but not all of our planes were able to land safely although some were damaged in the process. One of the aircraft which got in the landing circle and actually landed on the carrier turned out to be a Japanese aircraft. The pilot had decided it was better to land and be captured than to crash in the ocean.

On one occasion a pilot (we called him Capt. Zero because of his plane number) ignored the wave-off signal, missed the restraining cables and crashed into other aircraft which had already landed. Of course, there were also landing crew personnel who were on that part of the ship, so there were casualties to them as well as damage to the aircraft. The ship suffered major damage only on two occasions. In March 1945, off the Japanese mainland, a Japanese bomber avoided the radar screen and hit the ship amidships with a bomb which went about four decks before exploding. Fortunately, our planes had already been launched so that the ensuing fire was not as disastrous as it might have been. Nevertheless, there were several hundred casualties and sufficient damage to warrant our return to the U.S. to receive extensive repairs. The ship was also damaged pretty badly in a typhoon which ripped up about one hundred feet of the flight deck and rolled it back like a scroll. We were able to get that repaired at Guam.

There were the usual religious services aboard the ship, but it didn't take long for a number of L.D.S. servicemen to find each other and we soon had our own group services underway. At first the chaplain thought he had to be in attendance but after he saw that we knew what we were doing he soon left us on our own. At first there was another group leader whose name I have forgotten, but later at one of the ports, Commander Bond, an L.D.S. chaplain came aboard and I was set apart as the group leader. There were about twelve to fifteen of us in the group including an Ensign Fugal from Provo, Utah. One of the group was a member of the Reorganized LDS Church, but he didn't know it until we started questioning him. He continued to attend the services, however.

In reading material in the ship's library, I came across some books which provided me a lot of information on the dangers of communism. It soon occurred to me that there was a big discrepancy between what our so-called allies (the Russians) were doing in fighting the Germans and the Japanese and their political philosophy. I decided that the Soviets were going to be involved in our future for better

or for worse, probably worse. I sent for some linguaphone records in Russian and when I could started to study that language. When I matriculated at B.Y.U. after the war I switched my educational interests from electronics to political science, more in line with what my interests were even before I entered the Navy. As a student in junior high I always wanted to enter the diplomatic service so studying languages and political science seemed the logical thing to do.

Being discharged from the Navy at Bremerton was one thing but getting home was another. It was November 03, 1945 and thousands of servicemen were getting discharged and the availability of transportation was extremely limited. The Navy had provided me with enough money to get home by train but the problem was, there were no or very few trains leaving for Idaho because of a railroad strike. So I , along with a number of other fellows I knew, decided to hitch-hike. It went pretty well although there were a few times on lonely roads with it getting dark, that I wondered if it were a wise chose. As it turned out I was lucky until I got to Blackfoot, Idaho just 25 miles from home and I couldn't get a ride to save me. However, I finally found about the oldest train I have ever seen heading for Idaho Falls and managed to arrive home safe and sound. It was good to be home after five years, three of them in the service.

CHAPTER FOUR

**My College Years
BYU And Columbia**

CHAPTER FOUR

PART ONE

It didn't take long to start running into my old high school friends most of whom were also back from the war. One of the girls that I knew, named Rayola Smith, daughter of David Smith, our Stake President, was around so I dated her for awhile. I had been corresponding with U.C.L.A. about matriculating there since it had a good political science department, but I ran across Kay Young, who graduated the same year I did from Idaho Falls High, and who was attending BYU. He convinced me that there were a lot of girls there just waiting for servicemen to return and that I would enjoy the atmosphere at the Y much better. So I wrote to BYU and shortly received word that I had been accepted to start the winter quarter, about the 5th of January, of 1946. Sometime before I left Idaho Falls I was asked to speak at a Stake Conference. Elder Harold B. Lee, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, was the visiting representative from Salt Lake City. He later became President of the Church.

Took a bus to Salt Lake City, then the old Orem line from there to Provo. I had been in correspondence with a fellow that I worked with at the PBO, Floyd E. Graham, who had been my ward-teaching companion when I went to the 12th Ward in Salt Lake City and who was a student at the Y. He lived in a house on No. University so I took a room there and stayed in those quarters until I got married. I really don't remember too much about my first year. Because of my military credits and the college training I had received at naval training schools I received quite a few hours of constructive credit. I was anxious to complete my undergraduate work as quickly as possible so I took a lot of hours in the winter, spring and summer quarters and was about the equivalent of a Junior by the fall of 1946. I studied political science and Russian as well as filling the normal group requirements. Dr. Hugh Nibley was my Russian language instructor.

During my first year at the BYU, I dated quite a few girls but not anyone steadily. I had met Marion Jones in connection with the International Relations clubs. She was a Provo resident and a big wheel on the campus and we attended some of the same classes. I dated her a few times in the Fall of 1946 after I had been elected Vice-President of the Val Hyric social unit. She went to Sun Valley to work over the Christmas holidays in December of 1946 and I rode on the same train with her since I was going home for Christmas. We passed through a tunnel and I stole my first kiss from her. When winter quarter began in January 1947, we started to date pretty regularly. By the early spring I decided she was the girl for me and I pinned her with my Val Hyric pin, followed with an engagement ring about a month before the school year ended. Instead of continuing in

summer school, I went home to Idaho Falls to work (as a carpenter's helper on a construction project), while Marion and her family prepared for our wedding set for September 11, 1947. I actually saw Marion only twice during the summer. She came to Idaho Falls to meet my mother and talk to my Bishop, Vernon S. Johnson, and for the first time saw the humble abode in which I had spent my years since I had been in junior high. She also got her first airplane ride when I sent her home by plane from Idaho Falls. We saw each other again during the 24th of July celebration in Salt Lake City. Howard and Ila Anderson were there and we stayed with some friends of theirs, during which time Ila took advantage of the situation to tell Marion all the dirt about me, but it didn't seem to change her mind.

My mother came down from Idaho Falls for the wedding but the strain of a lot of illness overcame her and she had a breakdown just before our reception. Martin, who was supposed to have been my best man, spent the time of the reception in the hospital. A friend, Mel Mabey, filled in for him. Our reception was a splendid affair and was held in the Joseph Smith building lounge. Many of the faculty of BYU attended since Marion and her family were so well-known and since Marion had graduated in May 1947, she was serving as the secretary for the then President of the university, Howard S. McDonald. We went to Carmel-By-The-Sea and San Francisco for our honeymoon, flying there in a C-47. After we returned I started my senior year. We lived in the old Wymount Village which didn't offer great accommodations but we were happy and Marion was close where she could telephone her mother for counsel and advice (mostly on cooking).

Unfortunately the situation with my mother's health never improved. She went to stay with Ila for a few months but needed constant medical care having suffered virtually a complete nervous collapse. The techniques for dealing with these matters was not very well developed and eventually we had no choice but to commit her to a hospital in Blackfoot, Idaho, which presumably could treat her adequately. Apparently, this never happened or she was too far gone because shortly after the ushering in of 1948, we were informed that Mother had died while in Blackfoot on January 3, 1948. Marion and I immediately contacted people in Idaho Falls who had known Mother for many years and who were able to make funeral arrangements for us, since it was difficult to do so from down in Provo. We went to Idaho Falls on a bus and the funeral had many good speakers such as our former Stake President David Smith who had known our family for many years. After her internment at Rose Hill cemetery along side my grandfather, Solomon Webster Harris, Ila Rose and I spent a day going through Mother's personal effects and did what we could to dispose of them. I know that there were a lot of things that we would have liked to save but our circumstances did not permit their retention. Our

bishop in Idaho Falls was a real estate agent and arranged to dispose of the house for about \$3200 and that sum was divided amongst the four children.

PART TWO

I was a member of several clubs during my college years mostly those involved in political affairs, international relations and service activities such as the International Relations Club, the BYser club, Russian club, and the Blue Key national service club. During my junior year our group attended a conference in Denver of all International Relations clubs in the western intermountain area. As the result of the political maneuvering that a close friend (Frank William Gay, who later became a well-known public figure for serving as the right hand man of Howard Hughes, the eccentric billionaire of that period) and I did, I obtained the nomination to be president of all the Intermountain International Relations Clubs (Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico universities) and my election was practically unanimous. We then discovered that the college which had the presidency had the responsibility for holding the conference the next year.

Our advisor (Prof. Carr) was somewhat of a Caspar Milquetoast and wouldn't call long distance to obtain permission for BYU to hold the conference. Consequently, we adopted the tactic of my stepping down to be the Executive Vice-President and elected someone from the University of Utah as the president. However, the responsibilities of the president the next year were largely representational and ceremonial. I as the Executive Vice-President got to run the show. We staged a mock United Nations and my responsibilities ranged from setting up all the committees, appointing chairmen, and arranging for national and internationally known speakers, competent and knowledgeable in the field of international affairs. The conference lasted approximately three days, and received extensive newspaper coverage.

During my senior year, in addition to the activities in the International Relations Clubs, I was asked to be a student teacher in first year Russian, having been recommended by Dr. Hugh Nibley. My class consisted of approximately thirty students. Marion and I engaged in a lot of school activities together, being amongst other things responsible for one of the school dances at Christmas time. I graduated from Brigham Young University in June of 1948 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in the upper 5% of the class with a grade point average of 3.86 on a scale of 4.00. Some of the friends who were in my graduating class were Clark Knowlton, Tom Taylor, Leo Wadsworth, and Grant Larsen. My sister Ila Rose came up from California to attend my graduation. Desiring to pursue a career in foreign affairs,

I applied for several scholarships, including a Rhodes Scholarship. I was offered a three year scholarship at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn, and a two-year partial scholarship at Columbia University in New York City. The latter had just initiated a Russian Institute connected with it's fledgeling School of International Affairs. It was too good of an opportunity to pass up, so I opted to accept the offer from Columbia. Also, world events had started shaping up pretty well as I had concluded several years earlier when I decided to go into international affairs. In 1948 the Soviet Union started its imperialistic expansion, throughout 1947 and 1948 communists had seized governments in Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. The infamous Berlin "blockade" was initiated by land and the only way supplies could be brought into that beleaguered city was by an air lift, which the U.S. and its allies ran for many months. In 1948 Israel was set up as a separate country and the Arab nations started hostilities immediately.

PART THREE

After graduation in June, 1948, Marion and I flew to New York City. We stayed initially in an apartment with someone on Riverside Drive, later moving to a temporary place on Central Park West. I obtained a job with Lord and Taylor's department store in the women's swimwear department but soon an opportunity came to work for the RCA Service Co. which advertised for ex-radio technicians of the Navy to help in the fledgling television field. While applying I ran across several of my shipmates from the Wasp. Marion got a job immediately as a secretary with R.H.Macy Associates. We did not own a car so we relied on subway transportation which in New York was quite adequate for our needs. We found out that Marion was pregnant so she found it difficult to deal with the heat and smells of downtown New York City. My friend, Harold Price, from Idaho Falls visited us about this time either on his way to or from his mission in Switzerland.

My work consisted primarily of installing antennae for television sets in NYC apartments. TV was quite new in terms of mass production and still an oddity. I recall people grouped together peering through windows of a store displaying TV and watching a boxing match. Installing antennae was quite complicated in view of the heights of the buildings. We often had a situation where the owner's apartment might be on the 12th floor and the building was 25 or 30 stories high so we had to install a rooftop antenna, drop a lead down to the 12th story, run it through the window and then go from apartment to apartment all the way up to fasten the lead to the building. All in all it was quite interesting work (I worked as a member of a two man team) and I got to see parts of Manhattan that I never expected to see, from Gracie Mansion, the official residence

of the Mayor of New York to the very wealthy apartments of Park Avenue to ones where a thousand dollar TV was being put in a Harlem dump.

Since the apartment where we stayed was only rented for the summer, we eventually had to find other quarters. We ultimately moved, just before the beginning of the school year, to a student housing area known as Shanks Village in Orangeburg, N. Y, about 20 miles north of NYC on the west side of the Hudson River. Transportation to and from New York was obtained by a carpool method. Certain spots were designated for pickup both in Shanks and near Columbia University. When a car came by, one simply hopped in and paid 25 cents each way to cover George Washington bridge tolls and gasoline expenses. This sufficed pretty well for us but after a year we bought a 1939 Buick for transportation and thus became part of the car pool drivers as well.

While going to the Manhattan Ward we met a lot people who were helpful to us during our time in New York. I was also a member of the Elder's Quorum presidency for a while until after our move to Shanks made it very difficult to perform my responsibilities adequately. We became good friends with Boyd and Margaret Thomas, whom we had known at the Y but not very well. Boyd, after his graduation from the Columbia University Law School, went to Idaho Falls on my recommendation and contacted Bp. Vernon S. Johnson. Boyd later became a judge in that area. We also had occasion to visit frequently with Don and Kay Bowen, whom we knew at the Y since he was a member of the same social unit, the Val Hyrics. Don was getting a PhD at New York University. We were also good friends of Stan and Elaine Gwilliam, also former BYU students, and Maxwell and Ruth Lund, all of whom were fellow residents at Shanks Village and members of the Manhattan Ward.

Working at the Columbia University Bookstore (actually the part that sold supplies, tickets, etc.) provided us with an occasional opportunity to go to the Manhattan theatrical events. If people ordered tickets that weren't picked up by a certain time, the employees could use them so frequently I would give Marion a call, she would catch a carpool ride into Manhattan and we would take in a play or an opera. Otherwise, we never could have afforded to go since tickets for such events are always quite high-price, particularly for students. Because of the distance at which we lived, Marion was unable to keep her job at Macy Associates so she helped supplement our income by typing Masters' theses and doctoral dissertations (without the benefit of the modern miracle of the word processor.)

We had a lot of great social activity with our friends in Shanks as well as a good relationship with the members in the Manhattan Ward, most of whom were graduate students attending one or another of the New York area universities. On one occasion our ward was visited by Leo Durocher. He was a former manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and his wife, an LDS actress named Laraine Day. We also had several high-level executives of well-known businesses who were members. 1948 was an election year and, of course, was the first time since 1932 that someone was running on the Democratic ticket besides Franklin D. Roosevelt and that was the vice-president who had become the president upon FDR's death, Harry S. Truman. We wanted to vote in this election so we had to register and to do so were required to take a literacy test. Quite amusing since we were graduate students at a university. Opposing Truman was the Governor of New York, Thomas E. Dewey, and the polls favored him highly. Of course, as history recalls, Dewey was soundly defeated by Truman and a lot of forecasters had egg all over their faces.

Our first child, Ronald Sidney Harris, was born on February 16, 1949. This was an adventure in itself. While I was at school, Marion went in to New York City to do some shopping and make a routine visit with her obstetrician. While at his office, her water broke so she was sent over to Columbia Presbyterian Hospital to deliver the baby. In the meantime, I was on my way on a usual carpool ride back to Shanks Village where I found a note pinned to the door by a neighbor to whom she had managed to get the word. So back I went to New York and went to the hospital to await the birth of our first child. I was eventually shown the child, after having had him shown to someone else first.

Marion's mother, Rhoda Jones, came out to stay with us for awhile to help Marion with the newborn. She was rather taken back at where we lived, never having seen converted Army barracks before but eventually she got accustomed to it. Ron, of course, had immediate playmates because everybody in the village was in the same state as we were, young, struggling students but most of whom had just been married a relatively short time. We had an opportunity during our first year at Shanks to visit with Marion's Aunt Pearl and Uncle Roy who lived in Scarsdale, across the Hudson from Nyack. Orangeburg, New York, the town closest to Shanks, was not very far from West Point. We were also close to some historic spots of the Revolutionary War, including the spot where Major Andre, the co-conspirator of Benedict Arnold in trying to sell out West Point, was executed.

In order to continue my G.I. Bill support payments I had to be enrolled in school, so I kept my enrollment for the summer session of 1949. However, since I still had to

earn some money, I made an arrangement with the professor just to do the reading rather than have to attend classes in a course on Russian literature. It worked out O.K. and I caddied at an exclusive golf club to earn some money as well as play golf on "caddie's day". Marion helped me do the required reading of such books as "Quiet Flows the Don" and "Anna Karenina", enough to get the credit for the course.

Marion's sister, Helen, came to stay with us in August 1949 while she attended the Julliard School of Music in New York City for six months. While she was in Shanks with us my brother, Martin, had an accident and Marion took Ron to California to help Betty for a week or so. I don't know how we stumbled on to it but Helen found something which would help me gain some weight. I only weighed about 135 lbs. at the time, but by the time Marion returned I had gained about ten pounds and was soon up to 150 lbs the most I had ever weighed in my life.

This was a good time to be in a prestigious university with top-notch professors. It was in 1948 that the state of Israel was set up, followed immediately by an invasion by the Arab nations with Israel successfully defeating them. There was also a rash of Soviet intelligence activities in the U.S. such as the Rosenbergs and Klaus Fuchs who gave away secrets on the atomic bomb. In 1949 the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) was negotiated to counteract the Warsaw Pact of the communist nations. Some of my professors were directly involved in advising on such things as the United Nations and NATO so the lectures and discussions were hot off the wire, so to speak, and UN Headquarters were right there in New York. Philip Moseley, my advisor, was one of the consultants in drafting the UN charter and was regularly being consulted by the U.S. government for input into matters affecting the UN.

In my second year at the School of International Affairs, I was selected to be one of the editors of The Journal of International Affairs. In addition to editorial duties, I had the auxilliary function of obtaining advertising for the Journal to help defray some of the cost of its production. Consequently, this provided me with an opportunity to deal with the advertising managers of some of the leading firms in New York involved in the publishing field, such as McGraw Hill, MacMillan etc. Our editorial policy was to keep advertising in the publication on an intellectually high plane. The Journal of International Affairs has become a highly respected journal in it's field and I am pleased to have been one of a group that got it going in the first place. One of my closest friends in the class was Bill Cates, who also served as an editor of the Journal of International Affairs. He later joined C.I.A. for awhile but resigned to be an investment banker. At one time he was an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Since the course I was taking was considered a professional one rather than an academic one I was not required to submit a Master's thesis, per se. However, I did have to write several major papers in order to graduate. I wrote a hundred page document on the Truman Doctrine as well as a long paper on American agriculture and American Foreign Policy. I received my degree of Master of International Affairs in June 1950 from the then president of Columbia University, Dwight D. Eisenhower, later to become the President of the United States.

While still on campus I received a visit from a mysterious individual who never identified his organization but whom everybody knew to be from the Central Intelligence Agency, an organization chartered in 1947 to continue the work began during World War II by O.S.S. (Office of Strategic Services.) I had been interviewing with several firms including, amongst others, Chase Manhattan Bank in its international division. I really wasn't sure until we visited Washington D.C. after my graduation that my application was actually being processed for employment in C.I.A. and that all that was holding it up was getting a security clearance, a process which took quite a long time. Coincidentally, about the time for my graduation from Columbia, I was thinking about applying for the Air Force or Navy reserves to help my financial situation. Fortunately, I delayed getting in my application because in 1950, the war between North and South Korea was initiated by a North Korean invasion. The two countries had been divided into two governments in 1948. The Korean War, of course, required the entrance of the United States into another conflict which was to be a long, bloody one lasting until 1953. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Nato Supreme Commander after he left the presidency of Columbia University, was elected president in 1952 and promised to end the Korean conflict. He served two terms with Richard M. Nixon as his vice-president.

We left Shanks Village after my graduation, although we didn't give up our apartment, waiting to do that after we returned from Utah. First of all we took a trip to Niagara Falls with Ron in tow, took the opportunity to visit Palmyra, N. Y. and the Martin Harris home then went down to Washington, D.C. to see Edith and Rex Johnson, Marion's sister and brother-in-law, who lived in Arlington, Virginia. We also wanted to check up to see about how long the clearance process would take before we took off for Utah. I was told that it might take three or four months so I had to go somewhere where I could get temporary employment to support the family until my C.I.A. clearance came through. Our trip to Utah was quite "forgettable". We traveled on limited funds and couldn't afford to stay in motels or anything like that. We did manage to do a little sightseeing on the way such as visiting Mark Twain's home and the Tom Sawyer fence in Hannibal, Missouri. Just about the time that

we crossed the Mississippi River at Burlington, Iowa, the car was making all kinds of funny noises. We stopped at some body shop that was open late on a Saturday night to find out if there was any repair facility open on a Sunday.

Fortunately they knew of one, so we stayed alongside the river in a park, got up early the next morning and clunked through Burlington until we found the repair place. The water pump had gone out so it needed to be replaced. We were lucky to find a part for a 1939 Buick in 1950 and it took practically all of my last G.I. bill check to pay for the repairs. We then suffered the rest of the trip with an overheating engine but managed finally to limp into Provo, Utah.

During the summer of 1950, Marion worked at the pipe plant outside of Provo and I got a job doing cleanup work around the new science building being constructed on the BYU campus. In addition, I worked out at the cannery in Spanish Fork. My companion was Les Raty, who also was waiting for a clearance from CIA. We had a good time together even though we were trying to work at two jobs (about 12 hours per day total). I started to get worried in September since I hadn't heard from the Agency at all so I interviewed for a job at Geneva steel in Industrial Relations. It didn't seem to matter that my degree was in International Relations. In fact, they were about ready to offer me a job so I called the personnel office at C.I.A. to tell them I needed to know one way or another.

CHAPTER FIVE

PART ONE

This next part will be devoted to the period of time that I was employed at the Central Intelligence Agency. The C.I.A. was chartered in 1947 and was an outgrowth of the Office of Strategic Services, the military intelligence component during World War II. Many of the officers who were with O.S.S. simply stayed on after the war and most all of them became the heads of divisions and branches in the new civilian intelligence service.

Upon receiving my clearance after many months of anxious waiting, we got in our old 1939 Buick and headed back to Shanks Village to pick up our belongings and to dispose of our rather meager furnishings. The trip back was pretty much like the one going to Utah, all kinds of problems with the car, primarily an engine that overheated so we coasted down hills so that the engine would cool off. Eventually we made it back to New York, sold our furniture and packed our car full of clothes, books and what have you and headed for Washington, D.C. somewhat apprehensive as to what we would encounter but at least glad to have some employment of a professional nature. Our trip to Washington was not without incident, however. In those days we had to cross the Delaware River on a ferry boat. We got on the ferry boat all right but when trying to get off, we found that the battery on the old Buick was about gone so we had to be pushed to get off the ferry boat. Such embarrassment one has to go through when you don't have any money. I reported for duty on October 23, 1950 as a GS-7, the general entry grade of people with at least a Master's degree. The pay was only \$3875 annually but at least it was a regular job. We found some temporary quarters on I St. right smack in the middle of Washington, D.C. in an area which was occupied primarily with blacks. It was convenient to transportation to work and we had already found us an apartment in Virginia which was under construction so we knew we wouldn't be camping for too long.

My initial assignments with the Agency were varied and, of course, I was intrigued with the secrecy of everything. We were just gearing up for a major intelligence effort against the Soviets from a base in Germany. By this date the Soviets had made it abundantly clear that they were going to pursue an expansionist policy, having already taken over much of eastern Europe. I was immediately put to work writing up the projects for utilization of Russian and other Soviet ethnic groups as targets for penetration of the Soviet Union. I wrote projects for the utilization of the N.T.S. (Nationalnaya Trudovaya Soyuz) an emigre organization of Great Russians. Many of the ethnic groups opposed to communism fled the Soviet Union during and after World War II, and the members of the N.T.S. consisted of a large group

of military age people who had taken advantage of the opportunity to get out of a totalitarian regime. They represented a tremendous pool of highly-motivated people who were interested in doing anything they could to overthrow the oppressive leaders of the Soviet nation. The projects which I wrote contained not only the operational objectives, such as how, when, where, and why the organization was to be used, but also the financial particulars, including the budgetary estimates, schedules of payments, and methods for effecting payments, all of which was supposed to be done in a clandestine manner. Other organizations utilized were the Belorussian national groups, Lithuanians, Latvians, Estonians, and Ukrainians, all of whom had their own nationalistic interests to pursue. In most cases the operational objectives were to obtain personnel through these organizations who would serve as agents for penetration into the Soviet Union and who would be trained and controlled by the U.S. intelligence service. Also, these groups were used as propaganda vehicles through various media techniques, such as newspapers, periodicals, and radio broadcasts to influence public policy.

While the foregoing was the major part of my function as an assistant to the branch chief, I was also involved in another very interesting project for which I had personal responsibility. This was a project to procure former PT boats to serve as a means of infiltration into the Soviet Union from its various peripheries. In order to do this it was necessary to work through an effective cutout (a person or organization which could not be identified as buying for the U.S. government). We used a retired naval Captain who had extensive contacts and who set up a corporation ostensibly to buy used PT boats for wealthy clients who wanted to use them as pleasure craft (since the building of yachts and vessels like that had been terminated because of the war.) It was my responsibility, in addition to the handling of all the administrative and budgetary aspects of the project, to oversee the purchase and overhauling of these craft for our particular purpose. The project was budgeted for several million dollars and if we needed more all I had to do was write up a supplementary request.

The object of the overhaul was to make the craft superfast for high speed crossings of certain waters peripheral to the Soviet Union, such as the Black and Baltic Seas. Many of the decisions as to what and how to do it were left up to me, which was ironical because my naval experience had been confined mostly to naval schools and work as an electronic technician on an aircraft carrier. After the PT boats were equipped to our specifications, I had to arrange to ship them to various staging areas in as secure manner as possible to avoid detection of their existence and especially their intended use for intelligence purposes. This was done primarily in coordination with

naval intelligence. Another important aspect of this project was in making arrangements for the recruitment of third national crews to man the converted PT boats since they obviously couldn't be manned by American personnel. Consequently, I had to devise a project for field personnel to recruit, train, and fund agents for this purpose. All in all, a total of about six converted PT boats were shipped to various parts of the world, such as the Baltic, Black Sea, and the Far East.

Concurrent with the PT procurement program, I was also responsible for managing from headquarters, the staging of the clandestine aircraft operating out of southern Europe into Germany and then into the Soviet Union. My job was to arrange with the U.S. Air Force for logistical handling of the two aircraft, before, during and after a clandestine flight. One can best appreciate the significance of my work in just the air and maritime fields by the fact that upon my departure for the field (Germany) in June of 1952, my projects became the responsibility of an entire division in the Clandestine Services. This division was headed by a retired Rear-Admiral, another Naval officer, two Air Force colonels, and several senior (GS 12-GS 14) civilians. I never had the heart to tell the Rear Admiral (who was once a flag officer on the U.S.S. Wasp) that I had only been an enlisted man in the Navy. In our conversations, he always had to refer to the capability of "we former Navy officers" to switch our talents to civilian activities.

During the almost two years we spent in Washington, D.C. area before going overseas, we attended the Falls Church ward of the then Washington Stake which covered all of Virginia, Maryland, and a part of Pennsylvania. Marion and I co-taught a Sunday School class (the ten year olds-which was a good way to find out what went on in members homes). By this time Marion was pregnant with our second child, Gail, who was born on June 30, 1951. What a difference a couple of years makes! When Ron was born Marion was kept in the hospital for about ten days, with Gail she was home in two or three days. I was in a carpool with another CIA man, Hugh Fleischer. It was my turn to drive on June 30th so when Marion started in labor in the morning I called Hugh, picked him up at his home, drove him into the office (the Clandestine Services were located in some WWI type converted barracks called I, J, K and L buildings along side the reflecting pool near the Lincoln Memorial), then drove Marion to Arlington Hospital. The doctor was anxiously awaiting us, having been called before we left home. It was a good thing too because Gail was born in about a half-hour after we arrived at the hospital.

Of course, we had long since moved into the Willston apartments at Seven Corners in Falls Church, Virginia. Initially we occupied a one bedroom apartment on one of the upper floors which cost us \$88.00 a month rent, but with the birth of Gail we were able to obtain a two bedroom apartment on the ground floor. A few weeks after Gail was born, I received a frantic telephone call from Marion saying that Gail had been dropped by her brother and his little friend and was really banged up. When I got to the doctor's office she looked pretty bad, but the healing power of infants is great, within a few days one could barely tell anything had happened to her. We were fortunate in these early days in the Washington area to be close to Marion's two sisters, Edith and Mildred and their families, both of whom lived in the Arlington area. They helped us a lot in making the transition from the academic to the professional public service world.

After much travail with our old 1939 Buick and getting promotions regularly, we bought a little Studebaker called a Starlite coupe, which we enjoyed very much. In June 1952, my assignment to the field came through. It was to the Combined Soviet Operations Base in Munich, Germany. After leaving our apartment and getting our furniture packed for shipment overseas, we drove to Utah and California for a vacation. While in California, in addition to visiting relatives, Ila, Martin, Loverna and their families, I took the opportunity to call on my old college chum, Bill Gay, who was by then the Chief of Staff for Howard Hughes, a very impressive position with a lot of power. He suggested that I might want to work for him when I returned from overseas.

PART TWO

The housing situation overseas, particularly in Germany, was pretty bad so I had to go to the field ahead of my family to await the time when housing would be available. I returned to Washington driving our little coupe with a young couple and their child who needed transportation to that area, while Marion and the two children stayed with her family in Provo. I arrived in Germany in early August and lived in a bachelor apartment in McGraw Kasern until mid-September when Marion arrived with Ronald and Gail, after traveling via train and airplane from Provo, a big task in those days. We lived temporarily in a small apartment of an officer who was on home leave (Al Galcius) until our furniture arrived when we moved to a house at Sabineschmidt Str. 12, one of many German quarters taken over by the allied occupation forces. Ron was only three and a half at the time and was awfully glad to see toys and household furniture which he could recognize.

We attended a German branch of the church, although after sacrament services, the Americans attended classes

which were conducted in English. The German saints were still suffering a lot as a result of the war and didn't have much in terms of assets but they were very generous. On one occasion, shortly after we arrived, we were at a branch dinner and the only thing being served was a weisswurst, a large white sausage, filled with gristle and fat. I managed to choke mine down as did Marion but there was no way we could get our young children to do so. Of course, this went over like a lead balloon with the Germans who felt fortunate to have anything to eat at all. There were a lot of L.D.S servicemen in Munich and we became close friends with many of them. One of them, Robert Bolinder, married a German girl named Gertrude. He later became the president and C.E.O of the Albertson food chain operating out of Boise, Idaho. We also took advantage of the sight-seeing available to us, being right in the midst of beautiful Bavaria and close to the Austrian alps and the famous ski resorts of southern Germany such as Garmisch.

My operational and supervisory activities in Munich came under the auspices of what was known as the Combined Soviet Operations Base (i.e a combination of the Office of Special Operations and the Office of Policy Coordination, latter being a fancy word for psychological warfare and political propaganda). It was headed by Harry Rositzke, my former division chief in the States, with David E. Murphy as his deputy, latter having been my branch chief in Washington. The main function of this base was to launch clandestine operations into the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries, although most of the latter took place from the Berlin base. This was done by whatever means one could devise, overland, air drop, or sea infiltration. Mostly, we were involved in the recruitment and training of agents to be air-dropped into the Soviet Union much as agents had been sent in during World War II to try to recruit partisan groups inside the target country. My particular responsibility was to work with dissident ethnic groups such as the Belorussians, Ukrainians, and Lithuanians. I was a section chief, with responsibility for the supervision of approximately 12-14 other officers, as well as running my own operations, principally with the BNR (the Belorussian National Republic) leaders and the people they could manage to recruit to return to their homeland and try to set up a base of operations there. I had been promoted to GS-11 while still in Washington (about the equivalent of an Army captain) and early in 1954 was promoted to grade GS-12 (roughly equivalent to a Major.)

I tried to maintain a clandestine relationship with a variety of high-level officials of dissident emigre groups, such as the president and his chief operating officer of the Belorussian National Republic in exile, certain Lithuanian leaders, also in exile, many of whom were former cabinet officers in the legitimate government of Lithuania before it

was invaded by the Soviets (e.g. the ministers of foreign affairs, finance and agriculture). It was difficult to keep things on a clandestine basis since their national pride would not permit the type of relationship traditional in the intelligence business. I remember on one occasion driving to Regensburg to meet my Lithuanian contacts, only to find that they had arranged a luncheon for all their associates to meet me. To them I was just a representative of the U. S. Government who was the source of funding for some of the activities which they wanted to run themselves but didn't have the where-with-all or know-how to do. I'm sure that situations of this type resulted in my name being on the roster of the K.G.B. early in my career.

We took advantage of the fact that we were living in Europe to do as much sightseeing as possible. There were a lot of beautiful lakes and villages close to Munich and Austria was just a couple of hours drive on the autobahn. Lake Tegernsee and Lake Chiemsee were especially nice to visit as was the famous ski resort areas of the Alps, Garmisch-Partenkirchen where the winter Olympics were held at one time before WWII, I believe in 1936. While my weekday workdays were very long, I did manage to get away for short trips with the family on weekends and holidays. My first trip away from Munich was an operational one which required me to go to Brussels in November 1952 to consult on an operational activity involving our station there, since it was in Brussels that the B.N.R. maintained its headquarters. About all I really remember about that trip was how cold it was in Brussels being, as it is, very close to the English Channel. Marion and I also managed to get away for a few days to visit with Peter and Mary Brescia in Nurnberg, the home of Nazism. Peter was in my graduating class of the Columbia University School of International Affairs. He was in the State Department assigned to Nurnberg as a HICOG representative (High Commissioner for Germany). It was very interesting to see some of the places where Hitler had first consolidated his rise to power.

Christmas in Munich was quite an event for us, our first in Germany, and the home of so many of our Christmas carols such as O Tannenbaum (Oh, Christmas Tree). The Germans were still valiantly trying to recover from the war so most of them didn't have much but one could feel the Christmas spirit very much and , of course, the cold weather and snow helped in that regard. We did most of our shopping in the Post Exchange (the PX) since prices were so much better for us. The exchange rate between the dollar and the Deuschmark was four to one and strictly controlled although it was not representative of the mark's true value, which was closer to 4.25 to one dollar. I recall going to the PX with Ron and buying a clock for Marion, only to have him announce when we got home that Daddy had told him that he wasn't supposed to tell her that we had bought her a clock for Christmas.

In early February 1953, Orin and Rita Parker came to visit us. They were stationed in Athens, Greece with an organization known as AFME (American Friends of the Middle East). Rita was pregnant and did not want to nor was it recommended that she have a baby in a hospital in Athens so they had arranged to have the birth take place in Germany where she could have the attention of the Army Field hospital located in Munich. We had known the Parkers for many years. Rita was from Idaho Falls, Idaho and was in the same ward as I was. My sister, Ila, used to babysit her on occasion. Orin and Rita were both at B.Y.U. with us, in many of the same clubs and organizations and Orin and I graduated from B.Y.U. in the same graduating class. Time dragged on the pregnancy as it frequently does with the first child and Orin had some business to conduct in some other city, I believe it was Vienna. Of course, while he as away was just the time that young Jeff decided to make his entrance into the world, so Marion and I ended up rushing Rita to the 98th Field Hospital a few hours before Orin was scheduled to return. He got a message at the airport to go directly to the hospital where his wife was having a baby, which also happened to be Marion's birthday, February 12th. Quite a way to celebrate one's birthday.

It was during the winter of 1952-1953 that we were able to make our first trip to Garmisch and visit by cable car the famous Zugspitz, a towering mountain peak from which one could see part of the Austrian, Swiss and Italian Alps. We also managed a short trip to Oberammergau, the site of the world-famous passion play (held every ten years and this wasn't the year, however). We also took a quick trip to Heidelberg with a few of the servicemen who were in the Munich L.D.S. group. We had the advantage of having a car available to us, something which was still quite a luxury in Germany in the early fifties, although there were already quite a few Volkswagen beetles running around , affordable only to a limited number of the German people. Gasoline was also at a premium. We were allocated so much through the military Post Exchange system and it was very inexpensive compared to what the Germans had to pay for the limited supply on the open market, about 25 cents per gallon as I recall.

PART THREE

After a winter of extensive operational activity, primarily training and preparing for infiltration by air into the Soviet Union, many groups of the emigre recruits which I mentioned earlier, I finally was able to take a real vacation with Marion and another couple, Marvin and Gayla Green. Marvin Green was an Army captain and one of

the L.D.S. chaplains assigned to the large military contingent in Munich, the headquarters for the Southern Area Command. Our car, the Starlite coupe, wasn't very big but we loaded our luggage plus as many five gallon containers of gasoline as we could into its trunk and took off for Italy on April 29, 1953 with a lot of snow still on the ground in Germany and Austria but after we passed through the Brenner Pass and into the Italian Alps and down into Italy, the weather was spring-like. We arrived in Venice, hired a gondola taxi, and was greeted when we reached the Metropole Hotel with a literal red carpet being rolled down the steps right to the edge of the gondola. Our visit covered all the usual sights Venice, St. Mark's Cathedral, the Palace of the Doges (dukes), the Bridge of Sighs, and Lido beach.

From Venice we drove to Florence, arriving there on April 30th. The next morning we woke up to a tremendous noise in the plaza below where there was a huge crowd for a political demonstration. Only then did it occur to us that it was May Day, the traditional Labor Day in Europe and the day on which most of the leftist groups show their political muscle. In Florence, we visited many of the famous art galleries since by this time most of the paintings taken from them during the war had been returned and were available again for viewing by the public. Evidence of wartime damage to some of the Italian cities was quite apparent, however. We then headed for Rome, stopping enroute to see the tower of Pisa. In Rome we stayed at the Victoria Hotel and in a few short days visited the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, the Catacombs where the early Christians secreted themselves, the Roman baths, the Pantheon, and, of course, the famous St. Peter's cathedral, the Vatican museum, and the Sistine chapel to see Michaelangelo's famous paintings.

After Rome, we traveled to Livorno (Leghorn) to resupply our gasoline at the PX there, then spent two days at Viareggio on the Thyrrhenian Sea, even braving the cold water to get a little bit of the feel of the ocean. We stopped for some sight-seeing in Genoa, principally to see its famous cathedral and the statue of Christopher Columbus (who was a Genoese). We returned via the Swiss Alps where it was still winter, stopping at a delightful pension in Silvaplana not far from St. Moritz, where we had a plateful of steaks served family style and comforters on our beds with about six inches of down in them. That night, however, because the temperature was quite a bit below freezing, I had to drain the water from the car.

One of our short trips was to Vienna, Austria for which one had to receive permission since it involved traveling through the Soviet Zone of East Germany on a special train. Once on board it took a long time getting started because someone's passport was out of order. It turned out to be Marion's, which, of course, wasn't out of

order at all, except that someone had just neglected to put down one of the zeroes which preceded the actual number. The Soviets typically using any sort of excuse to try to frustrate the Americans. Our visit to this fabulous city was exciting and in a couple of days we saw the opera house, St. Stephan's cathedral, the Capuchin church and the Hapsburg tombs, Schoenbrunn Palace, the wine gardens of Grunzing, the home of Beethoven, and statues of such renowned composers as Mozart, Straus, and Haydn.

One weekend in July (July 11-12) we drove to Landshut for the reenactment of the Royal wedding (Hochzeit) between George of Landshut, Bavaria and Hedwig, a Polish princess, which took place in 1475. Everything was made as authentic as possible, the carriage for the bride and groom, the costumes, the entertainment and the food. There was a festival ground with knights engaged in tilting and lance fighting, and some delicious 15th century barbecued fish. Some of the people who were with us on this trip were servicemen Evan Judd and Ed Speight, Dale and Marie Gray (an army dentist) and the Wierdt's (Charlotte and Leonard, a non-member Air Force colonel). Also took a quick trip to the Bodensee (Lake Constance) to Lindau, Ulm and the castle at Neu Schwanstein, and went to see the violin makers at Mittenwald.

The dictator of the Soviet Union, Joseph V. Stalin, died in early 1953 and we anticipated that his death would cause some changes if not an upheaval in the Soviet Union. This was true to a certain extent but it did not occur as rapidly as we thought it might. Our operational activity of infiltrating the U.S.S.R. continued although we were experiencing a lot of failures. The control of the K.G.B. was so extensive that almost all, and eventually all, of the teams that we sent in were compromised. We had managed to maintain WT contact with some of them but in spite of that contact we always had to consider the possibility that they had come under hostile control. When it served their purposes the Soviets would publish in Pravda the accounts of the arrest, trial and often the execution of the "spies" that the U. S. Intelligence Service had sent in to subvert their citizens. Much of this, of course, was to discourage other people from being recruited to send in. It did have its effects although, to their credit, there were still some highly motivated young men who would knowingly risk their lives on operations which they knew were extremely hazardous. In the summer of 1953 the citizens of East Berlin made a valiant effort to throw off their Soviet yoke. But it was fruitless without the help of the West. President Eisenhower, who had just been elected the previous November on the platform of ending the Korean conflict, just wouldn't take the steps to provide the aid that was needed. He would not risk the possibility of hostilities with the Soviets, especially since the Korean War was still going on although in its final stages.

We spent another Christmas in Munich in 1953, much more accustomed to the weather and the people. I bought Ronnie an HO gauge train for a present, although he was still pretty young but his dad and his dad's friends certainly had a good time with it. We had continued doing all the visiting that we could, including a visit to the concentration camp at Dachau, on the outskirts of Munich, a very sobering experience. Our maid, Lee, had been the wife of a former SS officer and she, like most Germans, claimed complete ignorance of the existence of such a concentration camp. Maybe so, it is difficult to know where the truth lies.

Our overseas tours were not without problems. As one could expect Americans abroad were always fair targets for theft and burglary and one night we had our sterling silver stolen while we were asleep in the house. Although, we remain unconvinced that our maid, Lee, didn't have something to do with providing information to the thieves, we came out of the affair in good shape. The insurance company reimbursed us for the full value of the silver service which we had received as a wedding present. With that money we bought a larger service at the PX of a different pattern which we never used while in Germany since the military furnished silver service with the houses. When we returned to Virginia we were able to exchange the International pattern with the Wallace Rose Point we had previously owned plus additional place settings which we didn't have before.

Our family planning continued and we found out late in 1953 that Marion was pregnant. Since the baby was due in March 1954 we took some trips while Marion was expecting even though the weather conditions were not the best. In early 1954 we took a train instead of driving to Paris to see the sights there. It was a bitter cold winter, the coldest that Europe had experienced in 75 years so we kept pretty well bundled up and inside as much as we could. However, we saw the usual Paris sights, such as the Eifel Tower, Notre Dame, Napoleon's tomb, and Maxim's and enjoyed the French cuisine very much. Our hotel room had just one tiny radiator so we took hot baths to keep warm when we were not out seeing the town. I almost lost my camera there, leaving it at a restaurant and grabbing a taxi to the railroad station. Fortunately, there was a little time left so I got a taxi to take me back, pick up the camera and still make it before the departure time.

Our third child was born on March 17, 1954. There seemed to be no other choice but to call her Patricia, being St. Patrick's day, and also the birthday of several of her uncles. The trip to the 98th General on a cold winter morning very early was uneventful although somewhat hazardous and Marion delivered without any problems. Since

we had a new maid by this time, by the name of Isolde, it was much easier for Marion than on the births of the other two children. We blessed Patty at the Munich branch on the first Sunday in May, 1954. In the spring of 1954 I had been promoted to the grade of GS-12. Economically things were much better since, in addition to the increased income, our housing was provided for us.

In May after Marion had regained all of her strength we took a trip by car to Heidleberg, Cologne, and on into Belgium and Holland. We went across the channel to England and were able to spend a few days with our friends, the Mabey's, whom we knew from BYU, and who were doing graduate study at Oxford. We visited the usual things, tower of London, London bridge, etc. and were able to take in some of the theatrical plays such as "The King and I". We were there on the occasion of the return of the Queen and her husband from a six month round the world tour of the dwindling British Empire, although we didn't see them since we opted instead to see a play, something which amazed some of the English people who don't quite understand Americans and their lack of concern for royalty. On our way home we stopped to see the famous "Nuts" monument at Bastogne, France where Gen. McAullife rendered that remark to the Germans during the Battle of the Bulge when they wanted him to surrender his position.

Shortly, after our return to Munich I was able to obtain the address in Zurich of my first cousin, Anna, so during the Memorial Day weekend, May 29-31, Marion and I and two of our children, Ron and Gail, drove to Zurich and had a delightful visit with the members of my Mother's family who were still alive in Switzerland, including besides Anna and her husband, Karl, my cousin Rudolf and wife, and my Uncle Rudolf, the only remaining member of Mother's immediate family. They even managed, during the short time we were there, to make up a small photo album of our visit with pictures of all the members of the family.

Since our time was growing short, we squeezed in a couple of other visits that we wanted to make, such as a trip to Rothenburg, a thousand-year old city, which retained much of its original charm, such as the city walls and tiled roofs. We saw the traditional Shepherd's Dance just as it was performed ten centuries ago. We were especially delighted to visit the city of Salzburg in Austria, just a few hours drive along the Autobahn from Munich.

During the latter part of 1954 it became increasingly apparent that we had to change our operational tactics vis a vis the Soviets. Many significant events had taken place in Europe and the Soviet Union, not the least of which was the death of Stalin and the subsequent cult of personality which Krushchev and some of the other old line Bolsheviks tried to

continue. I found during the last few months that I was being asked to do a variety of tasks outside of my regular operational sphere of interest such as maintaining liaison with the American Committee for the Liberation of Europe (AMCOMBLIB) then a CIA-sponsored entity. Our World War II infiltration tactics just weren't successful. In one way or another all the agents we sent in by air, sea or land were compromised and the results weren't worth the efforts. Also, with Krushchev, the Soviet Union was gradually opening up so that a few people could travel legally into it.

PART FOUR

After several farewell parties, one of which was given by a delightful L.D.S. couple named Bob and Grace Douglass (He was an Army dentist and she was from So. Africa), we were on our way home. We had booked passage on the new superliner, the S.S. United States, and traveled to Paris, being able to have a brief layover in Zurich enroute where we saw Anna and Karl again at the airport. After a few days of sightseeing in Paris with the family, we took the boat-train to LeHavre to board the ship. Our crossing was quite uneventful, the North Atlantic being quite cold and gusty even though it was August, but we enjoyed the relaxation and the sea air and Ron and Gail were at least old enough to appreciate the luxury of the travel. Patty, of course, was less than six months old and still had to be fed a special formula because she was allergic to regular milk.

After our arrival and disembarcation in New York, the family separated. I had to go to Headquarters in Washington, D.C. to check in before going on home leave. Marion took the children on the airplane for what she thought was going to be a short flight to Kansas City where Helen and Jay Jeppsen were located (Jay still being in dental school). As it turned out their plane developed some trouble and had to be put down in Pittsburgh where Marion struggled with the two older children and a young baby for several hours with very inadequate facilities, before continuing on to K.C. Of course, I was blissfully unaware of their predicament, having taken a short flight to Washington, D.C., checked in at Headquarters, bought a new Ford 2 door sedan and took off to join my family.

We divided our home leave between Utah and California, going to the latter to visit Ila and Howard, Martin and Betty and Loverna and her family as well as give our kids a chance to see the beach. In late September we started our return trip to the Washington D.C. area not knowing where we were going to live but anxious to return and try to buy us a house, having saved up some money while overseas for this purpose. We took an apartment in Glassmanor, an apartment complex in Maryland, within fairly easy commuting distance of my work, (the offices still being

located along the reflecting pool by the Lincoln Memorial). From there we began our search for a new house. Typically, the prices were higher than we had been led to believe, but eventually we found one that we liked in a new development called Franconia Estates, just a few miles from Alexandria, Virginia. The price for the house was \$18,500 plus closing costs on a V.A. loan, at 4.5% interest, about three or four thousand more than we ever thought we would have to pay, but as it turned out a very good investment for us. We moved into the house at 905 Sable Drive in late November, 1954. It was a split-level house with three small bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, and a den downstairs by the laundry room, as well as a two car garage.

We immediately became active in the Alexandria Ward of the then Washington Stake where we met in a school building while a new chapel was being constructed on King St. in Alexandria. Most of our spare time was spent in working on the many finishing phases of the chapel, principally doing painting and staining of woodwork. Wendell Thorne was the Bishop of the ward. Upon completion of the chapel, it was dedicated on June 19, 1955 by Ezra Taft Benson, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, who also was the Secretary of Agriculture in the Eisenhower administration. In August the bishopric was reorganized and the new Bishop, Joe Dunn, an FBI agent, chose me as his second counselor- much to my surprise since we had only been in the Ward since the previous November. I was ordained a High Priest by Ezra Taft Benson on August 7, 1955, making my priesthood line of authority as follows:

Virgil Lehi Harris...ordained a High Priest by Ezra Taft Benson, 7 August 1955.

Ezra Taft Benson...ordained an Apostol by Heber J. Grant, Oct. 7, 1943.

Heber J. Grant...ordained an Apostol by George Q. Cannon, Oct. 16, 1882.

George Q. Cannon...ordained an Apostol by Brigham Young, Aug. 26, 1860.

Brigham Young...ordained an Apostol by the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon (Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris), Feb. 14, 1835.

The Three Witnesses were called by divine revelation to select and ordain the first twelve apostols of the restored Church and were set apart for this purpose by the First Presidency of the Church (Joseph Smith, Frederick G. Williams, and Sidney Rigdon) on Feb. 14, 1845. Joseph Smith, Jr...was ordained an Apostol by Peter, James, and John (D.&C.27:12) ordained by Jesus Christ, sent from God.

CHAPTER SIX

Montevideo, Uruguay

CHAPTER SIX

RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS

PART ONE

Upon my return to Headquarters I was assigned to be the Deputy Chief of SR/2. This component of the SR(Soviet Russia) Division was responsible for providing Hqs. support and guidance for all activities against the Baltic States (viz. Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.) It was a natural follow-up to part of the activity in which I was engaged while in Munich. The branch was rather large, consisting as I recall of about 35-40 people- most of whom had had extensive experience in Baltic operations and some of whom were of Baltic origin themselves. The major thing which I remember from this assignment was an action which I took while serving as Acting Branch Chief for about six weeks while the Branch Chief was touring various field stations. A senior officer (GS-14) had violated some specific instructions which I had given to him on a trip he took to Europe in connection with an Estonian operation. Without getting into the details of what happened, I was able to verify by written memorandum what I had said and done and the results were extremely important in a personnel action which was taken against the man two years later.

As a result of my demonstrated ability to manage a branch, I was assigned in the summer of 1955 to be Chief of SR/5, responsible for operational activity against the Soviets in the entire Far Eastern area- from Japan to Southeast Asia. I was also promoted to grade GS-13 (equivalent to a Lt. Colonel.) Since this was a very extensive area and my only association with the Far East had been a war time one in the Navy, I had to tour the stations involved and become familiar first hand with their personnel and their operational activities. I took this tour just two weeks after I had been put in the bishopric of the Alexandria Ward and was away for almost six weeks. First stop was Tokyo, Japan where the majority of the anti-Soviet operations were taking place. I stayed there for two weeks, then, along with the chief of the Tokyo SR component, continued on to Hongkong, Singapore, Bangkok, and Rangoon. My traveling companion, Jacques Richardson, returned to Tokyo and I continued my trip around the world since I was already more than half-way around, stopping in Beirut, Lebanon and Athens, Greece.

In Athens I became deathly sick from a bug apparently picked up on a previous stop. Fortunately, our good friends, the Parkers, were still stationed in Athens. Initially they sent me out to the U. S. Air Force dispensary to determine whether or not I had contracted hepatitis. Then they took care of me for a period of five days.

After leaving Athens I went to Rome for a visit with that station and then returned home pretty worn out.

Having been gone on my round-the-world trip for six weeks, I was almost a stranger in the Alexandria Ward when I returned. The first time that I went to church after returning someone greeted me at the door to introduce himself and I had somewhat reluctantly had to tell him that I was member of the bishopric who had left only a couple of weeks after having been put in. In mid-1956 the bishopric was reorganized again because the Bishop, Joe Dunn, was being transferred out of the Washington area. A young lawyer named Nad Peterson was put in as the bishop and I was the first counselor, with LeRoy Walker, an Army Lt. Colonel, as the second counselor. W. Theral O'Bryant, Willard D. Hagey and Kent Crowther were the clerks. We have maintained a close friendship with the O'Bryants since that time.

One historical note of interest for the year 1955 is that it was in this year that Jonas Salk developed a successful vaccine against polio, a disease which we feared so much in my youth and had still left its crippling effects on far too many people, particularly young children and teenagers. In the summer of 1956, having been encouraged by Radio Liberation to do something about their Soviet masters, the Hungarian people revolted against the Soviet presence. This was a particularly difficult period in U.S-Soviet relations and instead of helping out the Hungarians (who, of course, expected the United States to come to their aid) Eisenhower opted to avoid a confrontation with the Soviets. As a result about 100,000 Hungarians perished and many hundreds of thousands more became refugees. Our program to try to influence disaffection in the Satellite countries went down the drain and has never recovered.

Being in the bishopric as well as serving as a Branch Chief at the Agency were pretty demanding on my time so we didn't get far from Alexandria, Virginia until late summer of 1956 when we drove out to Utah for a brief spell and then went on up through Idaho and into Yellowstone Park. At that time one could still find bears and wildlife close to the camps and the cars and we have several photos of some bears, taken safely from the windows of the car.

Our first child, Ronald, was baptized in the spring of 1957 in the Washington, D.C. chapel. He was about the age for going on the Father's and Son's outings which were held on a Stake basis in one of the many forested parks in Virginia. Unfortunately, we spent a lot of time overseas during these important years. Having been back from the field for a year and a half, I was anxious to get back out again. Insofar as I could I always tried to chose my operational assignments so that my family would have the benefit of a good church relationship, so when an opportunity came to go to Uruguay, I jumped at it, there

being a strong mission in that country. In addition the operational activity seemed to be advantageous since Uruguay had just recently re-established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Since mid-1955 our operational thrust was two-fold in nature, firstly, to try to infiltrate the Soviet Union via a legal traveler, code name REDSKIN, program, instead of clandestine overflights or other illegal entry programs, and secondly, to help countries with whom the Soviets were establishing relations in their counter-intelligence efforts. We also had a program, called REDCAP, to try, through direct contact or through third-nationals, to recruit official Soviet personnel living abroad.

PART TWO

After studying some Spanish part-time for only about six weeks in the late summer of 1957, we were assigned to the Soviet Section of our station in Montevideo, Uruguay. We left New York on the S.S. Brazil, a luxury liner of the Moore-McCormack lines. It was a two week trip and very enjoyable. The kids all had a ball although Patty was still only three and a half years old. Our family went through the traditional "shellback" initiation at the time that we crossed the equator. I had done this previously during my naval service but my initiation card was in our ocean freight along with the rest of our furniture, so I had to do it again, however, it was pretty mild compared to the one in the Navy.

Shortly before we arrived in Uruguay, the news reported that the Soviets had won the race into space, with the successful launching and orbiting of a device known as the Sputnik, about the size of a basketball. This event galvanized the United States into action. We realized the military implications of such an activity and throughout the next decade there were constant launchings of sub-orbital and manned orbital flights. These activities enabled us to overtake the Soviets and successfully place men on the moon in 1969.

Before we disembarked from the S.S. Brazil, we were visited on board by Robert E. Wells and his wife, Myrle, and by President Arthur Jensen of the Uruguayan Mission, and his wife, Geniel, calling me to serve as a counselor to Bob Wells in the presidency of one of the branches in Montevideo. I never did find out how they knew I was coming but they only said that they had their sources. Bob Wells worked for the First National City Bank of New York and was soon to be transferred to Paraguay. Uruguayan members were still lacking in leadership experience so whenever someone came from the States they were utilized wherever they could be of service. The branch we were in was called Maronias and it met in a dingy rented building in a poorer section of town. Of course, we were able to rent a house in a fashionable district called Carrasco on Andres Puyol 1610.

We became quite good friends with Bob and Myrle Wells and took a trip with them to Buenos Aires, Argentina in their private airplane, a Cessna 180. This was the aircraft in which Bob and his family had earlier flown from the United States to Argentina over the Andes and their flight was written up in an aviation magazine. Small craft like that just didn't fly at the altitude required to cross the Andes.

In March, 1958 the Wells' were transferred to Paraguay and I was made the president of the Maronias Branch with a couple of local brothers as my counselors. One of them, Hermano Rodrigues, demonstrated an act of faith which was particularly poignant to me. I had given him some money from the budget to buy some paint for the chapel. A week or so went by and I hadn't seen nor heard a word from him (there were, of course, no such things as telephones for most people). I went out to his humble quarters to see him, only to find out that they were in such dire economic straits that he didn't have bus fare nor had the family had money to buy food. He also told me that he had been unable to get the paint yet and reached in his pocket and pulled out the money that I had given to him for that purpose. In spite of his dire circumstances he wasn't about to touch the money that belonged to the Lord. A short time later, the administrative officer of the Embassy happened to mention that he was looking for a local to help do some janitorial work around the Embassy and after I told him about Brother Rodrigues and his honesty he hired him for the job.

During our tour in Montevideo I was under cover as a Second Secretary of the Embassy and as such was on the list to attend official receptions. We were always on call for that purpose and it also fit in with our operational purposes of wanting to meet foreign nationals as well as Soviet officials, particularly those whom we knew to be members of the K.G.B. On April 28, 1958 we attended a reception at the Embassy residence in honor of Vice-President and Mrs. Richard M. Nixon.

While generally pleasant living, tours overseas do have their perils and complications and in Uruguay just as we had in Germany our house was broken into and robbed. This time it was while we were at Sacrament meeting at the Maronias Branch. We came home to find the rear persiana (shutter) forced and much of the house, particularly the bedrooms a shambles. We lost such things as radios and jewelry, some of which Marion had inherited from her "Aunt Lucille." In our scrapbook is a newspaper account of the robbery, which, of course, is quite hilarious and shows how wrong and how dramatic the reporters like to elaborate on things. For example, some of the items listed as stolen were "diez encendideros de plata" (ten gold cigarette lighters)- a pretty imaginative account by the reporter.

In August 1958 I took a short TDY to the States to go over the details of an operation in which we were engaged involving the Minister of Interior of Uruguay as being possibly a Soviet agent of influence. It was too detailed and complicated and overrun with political consequences to try to handle by cable and dispatch communications. We eventually arrived at a course of action to take some definitive photos of this man's contact with the KGB resident in Montevideo. We were able to do this with a pin-hole camera arrangement in a package which my agent set down in a cafe on a table next to the conversation and during which money changed hands. It was all to no avail, however, because the Uruguayan government just thought it was too hot of a potato to handle.

This was just one example of the frustrations of my tour in Uruguay which was interesting professionally but not particularly successful. I was responsible for working against the Soviet target, primarily in a counterespionage capacity to help out the Uruguayans. Many of the South American countries had cut off diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R during the late 1930's and early 1940's as protest of the aggressive takeover of the Baltic States (Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.) Following the end of WWII the Latin American states started gradually to resume diplomatic relations and Uruguay was one of them.

The war had made a tremendous impact on many countries and Uruguay, although not a belligerent, was one of them which was severely impacted economically. During the war there was a great demand for Uruguayan wool which was long-stapled and ideal for making uniforms. Consequently, Uruguay concentrated on its wool production by building up its sheep herds and letting its cattle production deteriorate. Of course, after the war was over the demand for wool practically ceased to exist, not only because of the drop in demand for wool for uniforms but also because of the development of synthetic fabrics. Uruguay was thus caught between a rock and a hard place. It had let its cattle production go to pot in favor of sheep and it takes quite a few years to build up herds of cattle again to the point where they can be slaughtered for beef. The economy of Uruguay was thus very much on the down swing. Another factor adversely affecting it was the socialistic nature of the country which permitted its workers to retire on full salaries at the age of fifty. The country was thus pretty ripe for exploitation.

In the early 1950's the Soviets started to build up their representation, particularly with their intelligence officers. My job was to counter the Soviet effort to subvert Uruguayan institutions as well as to determine the vulnerability of the Soviet personnel for working in behalf of U. S. Intelligence. We worked closely with Uruguayan authorities, since our effort was not against Uruguay but

was designed to help that country maintain itself as a democratic state. The leftist element grew rapidly and there was a large active Communist Party in Uruguay, in spite of our efforts and to a large measure because Uruguayans themselves could not or would not believe that certain of their top officials were collaborating with the Soviets, as in the case of the Minister of Interior mentioned above.

Also many so-called students were sent clandestinely to the Soviet Union by leftist groups. At Patrice Lamumba University in Moscow they were trained in guerilla tactics and other "activist" programs. That these programs were successful is evidenced by subsequent events in Uruguay. Terrorist groups became more and more active and caused a great deal of disruption in the Uruguayan economy. Kidnappings of key personnel of business and government were part of their modus operandi. Although it did not occur while we were there, several U. S. businessmen and a government official from the Agency for International Development were held for ransom and political blackmail. Eventually a strong military coup took place to curb the leftist influence and accordingly a lot of ordinary civil rights and democratic institutions went by the wayside. We became cognizant of the student activists due to some mail intercept operations we conducted with certain key individuals of the Uruguayan police. As a result of letters which we were able to intercept and open we knew who many of these potential terrorists were but unfortunately, the difference between knowing who they were and catching up with them when they returned to Uruguay was a different matter.

The C.I.A. Station Chief in Montevideo during my tour there was a well-known writer of mystery thrillers, E. Howard Hunt. He was a very independent guy and got in quite a bit of trouble with the U. S. ambassador because of his many attempts to go around him. Hunt later became "famous" as one of the principle figures in the Watergate case and served some time in prison because of it. I always had fairly good relations with him during my tour and even took over from him as acting station chief once when he had to go to the hospital for a bad case of bleeding ulcers.

In November of 1958, Rhoda Jones, Marion's mother came to stay a few months with us. Marion's father had died in 1956 prior to our assignment to Uruguay. Rhoda traveled to Uruguay with the mother of the Mission president's wife and were a good team together. We took another trip to Buenos Aires, Argentina while she was visiting us. Our good friends, Stewart and Dottie Burton, were stationed in Argentina at that time.

In the spring of 1959 we were honored with a visit by one of the twelve apostles, Spencer W. Kimball and his wife.

He had surgery on his larynx only about six months previously and talked quite hoarsely but the Uruguayan people really loved him. We had him and his wife, Camilla, for dinner at our house, as well as the Jensens and the Schofields, another L.D.S. couple at the station. Of special importance was a trip we took with him to dedicate a chapel in a little out-of-the way place called Isla Patrulla. In order to get there we had to leave our regular cars at a town called Treinta y Tres and travel by an old rickety bus along what couldn't be called a road bed (that's why we couldn't take our cars.) The activities at Isla Patrulla, on the Saturday before the dedication consisted of an asado to which all the people of the village were invited, member and non-member. Amongst the delicacies was "asado con cuero" i.e. roasted mutton and beef with the hide left on one side. Sister Kimball was reluctant to dig into it but Elder Kimball advised her to participate in order not to offend the natives. I sat on the stand with Elder Kimball trying to translate for him but I always have to watch the speaker face to face in order to understand what is going on myself.

At any rate he got the gist of what people were saying. Getting out of Isla Patrulla presented a problem, the bus that we came over in couldn't function and finally someone found a flatbed truck to haul the party out. We arrived back in Treinta y Tres pretty late and all of us slept on the benches in the chapel there. Elder Kimball, who was about sixty or so then didn't complain about the inconvenience at all, saying it was just one of those things a person has to have patience about.

Our children all attended school while we were in Uruguay. Gail and Patty went to a school called St. Catherine's, a private school run in the British style, with forms instead of grades. Ronnie attended the regular British School. The British were always pretty snobbish about their schools and weren't sure the American kids could hack it but interestingly enough all of our kids won the form prizes for academic excellence at end of the term. Gail turned eight years of age on June 30, 1959 and was baptized at Montevideo. Of course, this was in the middle of the Uruguayan winter, which was relatively mild, but the font in which she was baptized was only about three feet square and the water was deep and very cold. I just floated her on the water and then dunked her straight down to baptize her.

We had an opportunity in July 1959 to take a trip with the Jensens and their family to Paraguay where the Bob Wells' had been transferred. While there we went to see the world famous Iguazu Falls, located on the Parana River where Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina have common borders. In those days in order to get to Iguazu one had to travel on a bus from Asuncion through the jungle until you reached the Parana River. We then took a boat which looked like a whale boat with shallow sides over to the Brazil side of the river. This was winter time and we about froze at night

having to pile everything we could on the beds and sleep in our clothes. The Iguazu Falls are a tremendous sight, however, and it was worth all the trouble we had to take to get to see them. There was a border shack in Paraguay just before going down to board the boat to the Brazilian side and the "official" there wanted me to leave my passport with him until we returned, which I wasn't about to do, since diplomatic passports were known to disappear under such circumstances. He finally settled for my leaving something which he recognized, a Texaco credit card (which I knew had already expired).

I had thought of staying for two tours in Montevideo but Headquarters didn't think much of the idea so I received orders to return to Washington in November 1959. I did receive my promotion to GS-14 while in Montevideo so my career was continuing pretty well on track, a GS-14 being a rather senior grade, about the equivalent of a Colonel.

Prior to leaving Uruguay, however, we had a visit from another church dignitary, Harold B. Lee, one of the twelve apostles. We also had the Lees and the Jensens to our house for a special dinner. My colleague, Keith Schofield, and I were invited to a small luncheon which Ambassador Woodward hosted for Elder Lee. President Arthur Jensen was also one of the persons in attendance at that luncheon. There are some photographs of the group in our album for the year 1959. Prior to leaving Uruguay, Elder Lee bought a nutria fur coat for his wife's Christmas present and asked us to bring it back with us when we returned since we knew we would be visiting Utah on our home leave.

The Rodo Branch had a big despedida (farewell) for us before we left. The members of the branch had a special album with photos of all the organizations, Relief Society, Priesthood, etc, as well as the activities at the despedida itself. Many of the branch members signed the album with their expressions of thanks and love for the service we had rendered to the Uruguayan saints. One of the missionaries who signed the book was Dallas N. Archibald, who later was the mission president in the Seville Mission when Marion and I were there in 1982. We returned to the States on the same ship on which we had arrived, the S.S. Brasil, arriving in New York City in the pre-Christmas period and took the kids to Macy's before preceding on to Washington for a brief check in visit before going to California and Utah for home leave.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Headquarters Duty

CHAPTER SEVEN

We spent a little time in California but the majority of it in Utah where it was a cold 14 degrees most of the time. While there we had the opportunity to visit and have dinner with the Lee's and the Kimball's again, having duly delivered the nutria coat to Elder Lee for Sister Lee's surprise Christmas present. We also went with Helen and Jay up to Heber and the hot springs up there which was fun.

Before returning to Washington we flew to New Jersey to pick up a new Ford Falcon which we had ordered when we were still in Uruguay. Our house on Sable Drive had been rented while we were gone and our neighbor, Werner Dickenson, had it all ready to go when we returned from Utah so we were able to move right in instead of staying in temporary quarters as we usually had to do.

Introduction back into stateside life is always a bit difficult. When one lives overseas you get accustomed to living with servants and having extra cars at your disposal so getting back to the real world takes a little time. Also, since it was in the middle of the school year we had to make arrangements to get the kids placed in their proper year at school, somewhat of a task since they were coming from a British school system. Generally speaking, however, things went pretty well. Ron was placed a half-year ahead and Gail was put in her proper class. There was no problem with Patty-she had really been going to what amounted to kindergarden when she was in Uruguay.

Since we had moved back into the same area that we had left about two and a half years earlier, we were still in the Alexandria Ward, with Bp. Olsen. In February, 1960 I was called on a Stake mission and served as president of the district. My companion was named Billy Moore and we were reasonably successful in our missionary activities. One of our converts was named Freeman Lee, a nuclear physicist, who had to be taught to believe in God and the Bible before teaching such things as the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the Plan of Salvation. It took a lot of work but eventually he and his wife and two children were all baptized.

Upon returning to work at the Agency, I was assigned to SR Division, Requirements Branch, responsible for providing intelligence collection assignments to field agents, working through their case officers. I had requested this assignment since I had never been involved with the consumer of intelligence information and this provided me with that opportunity. In this position I received Top Secret clearances on some very highly classified projects and operations, about which I had only heard of peripherally. One of these was the U-2 project which involved flights over the Soviet Union by a specially constructed aircraft designed to fly at about 70,000 ft.out

of the range of the surface to air missile capability of the Soviet Union. By the time that I received my clearance, the operation had been going on for four years. It was soon destined to come to a halt. In May 1960, one of the U-2's piloted by Gary Powers was successfully shot down by a Soviet SAM. Initially, we expected to be able to plausibly deny it since it was presumed that if one of the U-2's were ever shot down the pilot would be killed or be able to use his L-pill to avoid being captured. This wasn't the case, however, and a big international incident occurred when Eisenhower, as President, denied that it was a spy plane, only to be confronted later with the evidence in the form of a living pilot and the wreckage of the plane and its cameras. The result of this disaster was the cancellation of a summit meeting scheduled between Eisenhower and Khrushchev, one of those things that the Soviets relish when the United States ends up with egg on its face. The loss of the U2 wasn't such a big deal, however, since it was replaced eventually with the so-called spy satellites (SAMOS) which are launched by both the Soviets and the United States to keep track of about everything that goes on on the surface of the earth of a military nature.

I also participated by providing requirements in an operation involving Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, a member of the Soviet GRU, the Military Intelligence Directorate. Penkovsky supplied Western Intelligence (the British and the Americans) with an immense amount of information on Soviet missile systems. He ultimately got caught and executed but the information he provided helped the U.S. to determine that the Soviets were placing offensive missile systems in Cuba which, had they been successful, would have materially altered the balance of power and resulted in the Soviets being able to bracket much of the United States with medium range ballistic missiles. The historic Cuban Missile crisis was the result of this attempt by Khrushchev to alter the strategic position with the U.S. Penkovsky's information undoubtedly saved the United States from a major military disaster. If anyone ever doubts the value of espionage they should remember this contribution which cost this man his life. One might want to read the book, The Penkovsky Papers, which I have in my library. This book was published by the Central Intelligence Agency in fulfillment of a promise made to Penkovsky to tell his story after his death.

In August of 1960, the family went on a vacation to visit some American and L.D.S. church historical sites. We visited the famous battlefield of Gettysburg, Niagara Falls, and Palmyra, New York and the Hill Cumorah where Joseph Smith received the gold plates on which the Book of Mormon was inscribed, from the hands of the Angel Moroni, a resurrected being who was an inhabitant of early America and participated in some of the events written about in the Book of Mormon.

Our second son, Hilton Richard, was born on Dec. 9, 1960, in a Washington, D.C. hospital so that all of our children were born in different locations. On Christmas Day, following our Sacrament meeting, all the family, except Marion and Hilton, was involved in a head-on automobile accident just about a quarter of a mile from home on Franconia Rd. There had been a car stalled on this narrow road and we had been waved around only to find that there was another car coming full speed and there was no chance to swerve or get out of the way. The little Falcon we were in was knocked about 160 feet back from the car we were trying to pass. I suffered severe facial lacerations and eight broken ribs from the steering column (no seats belts then) and Ron (age eleven at that time) was nearly thrown through the windshield. He broke his jaw and lost four of his lower permanent teeth. The girls, having learned from our Uruguay experience, had dropped to the bottom of the back seat and were not injured. This was the only time in my life that I had been involved in anything but a fender bender in an automobile but it made me a firm believer in wearing seatbelts.

It took some time to recover from the accident although the car was just slight of being totaled so we got it repaired. It hadn't been much of a contest between it and the Buick sedan which struck it just off-center. The police were never able to identify the car which had been stalled and which waved us into the path of the oncoming vehicle. Ron lost some permanent teeth and had to have a small plate constructed which throughout the years he has outgrown and had to have replaced. We were very fortunate that he wasn't thrown completely through the windshield where even more damage could have been done to him.

The next year, 1961, was a busy one for us. We had contracted to have a new house built for us in the City of Fairfax by George Elmore, a member of the Falls Church ward and a lot of the early part of 1961 was taken up with the plans and overseeing the construction of the colonial-style house on a wooded half-acre in an area called Cobbdale.

In March of 1961, I took a trip to Europe with our division chief, Jack Maury, and chief of operations, Quentin Johnson, to discuss with the British intelligence service various operational matters. Some things dealing with the Penkovsky operation and other matters involving possibly penetration of the British service by moles. Of course, the latter was all too true, and because of this penetration and the dissemination of the material he had produced, the Soviets began to investigate Penkovsky, who continued providing a wealth of information to us but eventually was picked up. He was tried and finally executed in May of 1963.

When I returned from my trip I was met by our neighbor, Werner Dickenson, instead of by Marion as I had been expecting. Just the afternoon before I was scheduled to arrive at the airport, Patty had fallen on her bike and was in the hospital in a coma. Marion and our home teacher had spent the night with her. We stayed with her for a number of hours trying to wake her up but that didn't occur until about twenty-four hours after her fall. However, she did come out of it none the worse for wear and we were all very grateful. Patty had been riding a two-wheeler from the time she was four years old in Uruguay so by this time, almost seven years of age she was pretty proficient. She had simply slipped on some gravel while making a quick turn because there was an automobile approaching.

Our new house was finished in April, 1961 and we moved in to the house which was one with six bedrooms, family room, living room, family eating area, kitchen, and three full baths, about everything that a family could want. It cost us somewhat over \$35,000, a lot of money for those days and the interest rate was a horrendous 5.25 percent. We were members of the Falls Church Ward as a result of our move. Having been in the Arlington Ward prior to our assignment in Germany, we knew quite a few people in the Ward which had been divided off of the old Arlington Ward.

In May 1961 we were visited by Helen and Jay Jeppsen, Marion's sister and brother-in-law and their children, Paul, Pamela, and Jody. Amongst the places we planned to visit was Williamsburg, Va. On the day we were scheduled to leave I came down with something which caused a terrible vertigo and which was later diagnosed as mumps encephalitis, although I had had the mumps when I was a sophomore in high school. As a result of this disease which was terribly debilitating I was off of work for almost six weeks, right in the beginning of our operational season at the Agency.

When I did return to work I went full steam at organizing an activity which paid off in a tremendous intelligence coup. It had been an outstanding requirement to try to ascertain if and when the Soviets had gone operational with their medium range ballistic missiles (MRBMs) in the Carpatho-Ukraine area, something which would result in placing our European allies within the range of the Soviet missiles. We were utilizing any person who could go in and out of the Soviet Union legally, i.e. students, reporters, businessmen, attaches, etc. for any ostensible reason. I was responsible for coordinating the intelligence collection effort by routing the various sources past a given railroad junction in the Carpatho-Ukraine over a period of approximately four months. There were certain clues or indicators which we were seeking regarding the number and types of railroad cars, particularly tank cars used for the transport of liquid oxygen (LOX). The travelers were asked to report on what they saw (photos were prohibited, although some of the more daring sources

obtained some anyhow) including details on whether tank cars were empty or full (if full the venting of the LOX looked like steam coming out). I kept a master chart of everyone going in and out and the dates when they would pass the particular intersection which was so critical to us. Working with various case officers, we scheduled the sources so that someone would be passing the selected spot (Brest) almost everyday during the four month period. Information by non-briefed travelers was also being collected by our Contacts Division.

Analytical collation of the information obtained from this operational activity later that year (1961) determined that the Soviets did, in fact, go operational with their MRBM's in the summer of 1961, a significant addition to their military capability vis a vis NATO powers. Incidentally, our U2 and satellite operations would ordinarily have provided this type of information. However, because of almost constant cloud cover in this region it had been impossible to obtain photographs, so we had to rely on the human element to obtain the necessary information.

In the fall of 1961, I left the Requirements component and was made Deputy Chief of the Soviet Division's Counter-Intelligence Branch. I served approximately one year in this component and it was during this time that several of the most important defectors from Soviet military and intelligence came into our hands, some of whom provided a great deal of useful information and others who remained an enigma so far as their bona fides was concerned. The legitimacy of a defector will always be problematical given the professional capability of the Soviet intelligences services to give away a lot of information with the hopes of effecting a penetration of the U.S. Intelligence Services, principally C.I.A. Some of our officers found their careers built or blighted by the positions they took re the bona fides of certain defectors. Generally speaking I was usually quite fortunate in the choices and input that I made into these matters.

In the late winter of 1961, McLean Ward was created from a division of the Falls Church Ward and we became members of the new ward, with our good friend, Julian Lowe, as the Bishop. Marion became the Primary President and I was given the job of Chairman of the Building Fund Committee, something which was quite new to me but certainly represented a challenge. The O'Bryants were also in the McLean Ward and together with the Julian Lowe family we started a tradition of holding our New Year's Eve celebration together, including all the children, something which continued until we left on our assignment to Rio de Janiero in 1965.

Patty was baptized in March 1962. She was a delightful little girl and we enjoyed her very much. We never saw anyone quite so excited as she was when Marion was pregnant with Hilton back in 1960, everyone in the school knew about it.

In the summer of 1962, we rented a small vacation cabin from one of my colleagues at work, Betty Swantek. It was located in Davis, West Virginia near the Blackwater Falls. We took our dog, Frisky, with us and everyone had a good time since it seems to be the vacation all of the children remember. One of the things we were able to do was pick wild blackberries and Marion made a delicious pie from them with the ingredients she could find in the cabin. It also happened that the O'Bryants were vacationing in the same area in their recreational vehicle so we were able to spend some time with them as well.

Ron became an Eagle Scout in October, 1962. He had just turned thirteen the previous February so we were really thrilled and pleased that he had done so well in his scout work. He continued getting additional merit badges and was able to obtain the Order of the Arrow award as well, something which resulted in his being asked to usher at the inaugural parade of Lyndon Johnson. On several occasions I went with the boy scout troop as an extra adult to help out, an activity which tries one's patience to say the least.

Also in the fall, 1962, I was made a Branch Chief again, this time of a component known as SR/6. This was a branch designed to supply research support for our division's operational activity. My job was primarily to see if the Branch were really needed and that it was not just an anachronism from our previous illegal entry operations, i.e. providing cover stories, documentation, research, etc. for agents sent into the Soviet Union by parachute, subs or PT boats. The emphasis was re-oriented to have the branch monitor all persons in contact with Soviets inside or outside of the Soviet Union. Ultimately, I came to the conclusion that the Branch was no longer valid as a separate entity and was asked in 1963 by the new chief of the division, David Murphy, to help him reorganize the SR Division along more realistic lines. Dave had been my first boss in 1950 and was also the Deputy Chief of the Combined Soviet Operations Base in Munich, Germany.

Sometime in February 1963 we received a visit from Howard Anderson, his wife, Ila Rose (my sister) and their children Dwayne and Sandra to our home in Fairfax, Virginia. Also about this time Patty contracted mononucleosis, a debilitating disease and she had to stay home and have a home-bound teacher come to the house. During this year we also bought a "second car" since Marion was so involved in Primary and I at work. It was a large Buick station wagon, coral-colored and became known as the "pink elephant".

In late summer we planned a vacation to Rehobeth Beach in Maryland on the Atlantic shore. All of us couldn't go because Hilton contracted the mumps. Marion stayed home with him while I took Ron and the two girls, Gail and Patty. We had a good time together riding bikes along the boardwalk and body-surfing in the water but we all ended up with some bad sunburns. Marion's mother, Rhoda Jones, also visited us during the summer of 1963.

In early September, Marion and I and her sister Mildred and her husband, Jessco, went (along with other people from the Ward) to the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, New Jersey. One of the girls from the ward, Roseanne Tueller, had won the Miss Washington, D.C. contest and thus was entitled to compete in the main event in Atlantic City. She did quite well by winning the position of first runner-up and got a lot of flowers and trophies to display. We carried all the flowers back in a station wagon- can't remember whether it was ours or Jess Nixon's.

In November, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas by Lee Oswald, an event which was to occupy the Congress of the United States for a long time in trying to ferret out whether or not there was any foreign involvement. After I retired and moved to Arizona I received a call from the Select Committee on Assassination to ask me if I knew anything about the possible involvement of Lee Harvey Oswald with the K.G.B. My predecessor as Chief of SR/6 had noted that Lee Harvey Oswald was living in the Soviet Union and the function of that branch was to keep track of such individuals for purposes of possible intelligence exploitation. He wrote a memo to that effect on Oswald and that memo eventually became known to the investigators. Although I was the successor chief of the branch I was never aware of the existence of the memo so the only thing that I could tell them was that if there had been any follow up to contacting Oswald while in the Soviet Union I probably would have been aware of it.

On the home front things were busy as usual, Marion involved in Primary activities and I in the building fund for the McLean Ward. From June 24-25, 1964, Marion went to the New York World's Fairs to sing with a multi-regional Singing Mothers' group. Things were progressing re the plans for the McLean Ward and a beautiful lot was purchased overlooking the area where the beltway was going to be built. The ward constructed an amphitheatre on a slope of the hill near the top of the lot and Marion was instrumental in starting an annual Fourth of July pancake breakfast tradition. We did manage to get away for a summer vacation. Instead of driving back to Utah as we would normally do, we decided to take a leisurely train trip rather than struggle with four children in an automobile. It turned out fine and is an adventure that we will always remember. Our

accommodations were usually quite adequate and there was ample opportunity to see parts of the United States which we had never seen before from our automobile trips. We did have some excitement on the trip when just outside of Chicago someone threw a rock at the train and it hit the window right next to where Gail was sitting.

Rex and Edith Johnson left the area in the summer of 1964. He had reached age 65, the mandatory retirement age for professors at George Washington University, and had a chance to continue on until age 70 as a professor of marketing at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. We were sorry to see them go since we and our children had had a lot of delightful visits with them in their lovely home in Arlington, Virginia. Aunt Edith always had a jar full of candy treats for the children to reach into for a snack.

Time was getting ripe for my going overseas again and arrangements were made to send me to Stockholm as the Deputy Chief of Station. It seemed everything was going along all right until the Chief of Station found out that I was a Mormon and he said that the demands of the station could only be met by someone who could toss off drinks with the Swedes. Dave Murphy was furious about it but everyone concluded that it would be futile to fight the issue. However, as a result of my working hand in glove with the division chief in the reorganization of SR Division I was promoted to GS-15 and eventually became Chief of Operations and Plans for the Division, more or less a staff job which gave me a fancy office and a lot of prestige but really not much authority over the division's operations since Dave Murphy, being basically a field operations man, was essentially his own chief of operations.

From this slot, however, I was able to find out where the good assignments were emerging and eventually find out that a slot as head of Soviet/Satellite Operations in Rio de Janeiro would be available in the early part of 1965. Consequently, as soon as I returned from our train trip to Utah in the fall of 1964, I went with a colleague, Walt Sedoff, to Rio de Janeiro for about six weeks to make contact with a Soviet official in the Soviet Embassy's Commercial Section. This official had been approached briefly in another part of the world and had indicated a willingness to provide information to us.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Rio de Janeiro

CHAPTER EIGHT

PART ONE

Both Sedoff and I were assigned to Rio de Janeiro station effective at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1965. I commenced the study of the Portuguese language full time upon our return from the TDY trip to Rio. My study of the Portuguese language was by a private tutor who was somewhat of a goof-off so I didn't get as much out of the training as I had hoped. Most of our activities in the spring and summer of 1965 consisted in getting ready to go to Rio de Janeiro. We debated whether or not to sell the beautiful house that we had built in Cobbdale but decided to do so for a couple of reasons: firstly, we would have had to rent it during our absence and that would have involved getting a large family in it, since it was a six bedroom house; secondly, we didn't like the environment that Gail was getting into with certain of her friends in that neighborhood and preferred not to move back in that area if we could possibly avoid it.

Marion's mother, Rhoda Jones, came to visit us in April, 1965 but spent quite a bit of her visit in the hospital due to illness. We still held our stake conferences in the city of Washington, although by this time our stake had been divided making two stakes, Washington and Potomac. In those days we had a two session conference, going in the morning from 10:00 A.M. to 12 o'clock then having lunch, either a box lunch or going to the Hot Shoppes, and then returning for the afternoon sessions. As was normal the kids didn't particularly like going to conference but they did like going out for lunch in between times so it amounted to a trade off. Our son, Ronald, received his Duty to God award before we left for Rio, an achievement which called for a lot of devotion to his priesthood duties.

Just prior to leaving McLean we "sold" our old station wagon the "pink elephant" to Julian Lowe for \$1.00. We figured that the ward could use something to haul things back and forth during the construction of the new chapel. This feeling was a real prophecy because, upon our return, we found out that it had indeed performed a yoeman's job doing all sorts of tasks in connection with the construction of the building.

Our travel to Brazil was originally scheduled by ocean liner, the Moore-McCormack Lines again, to sail on June 25th. However, this was thwarted by a strike of the maritime workers so we had to delay to see if this strike would be settled. Having sold our house we stayed temporarily with the O'Bryants, a period of time which stretched out to be about a week. The failure to travel by

sea caused us a number of problems, not the least of which was what we were going to do with our dog, Frisky. We had already made arrangements to have a kennel on the ship but finally determined that we would leave the dog with the O'Bryants while we were in Rio, which turned out for the best because Frisky had been injured earlier and had a shoulder problem which resulted in eventually having to be put asleep, so there wasn't a problem as to who got the dog when we returned from overseas.

We went to New York on June 29 and took in the New York World's Fair while staying in some temporary quarters which the State Department had for its diplomats who got caught in situations like this. It finally got to the point where it was obvious that the strike was not going to be settled so we had to go down to the Port of New York, rifle through our sea trunks and pull out what we could get into luggage to fly down to Rio instead. Finally departed, all six of us, in cramped seats in the aircraft since about everybody who was trying to get to Rio was on the plane with us. We arrived in Rio on the 4th of July, 1965 with a lot of aches and pains and Marion with very swollen feet, not a very auspicious beginning for our tour of duty.

As was always the case when we went overseas we had to take some temporary quarters in a hotel until we were able to find a house for us to rent. Initially we stayed at the Hotel California on the Copacabana beach, the same hotel where Walt Sedoff and I stayed during our TDY there the previous year. Eventually we found us a house to rent not too far from where the Rio de Janeiro branch of the church met. It was on a street called Lopez Quintas, which was more or less at the foot of Corcovado mountain. This is the mountain which has a towering statue of Christ on it which can be seen from many miles away, it being one of the principal landmarks of Rio de Janeiro. Unfortunately, this street was a cobblestone one and was just below an abandoned quarry which collected thousands of gallons of rainfall before spilling over into the street and wiping it out, an event which took place about five or six times during our stay in Rio.

We belonged to the Jardim Botânico (Botanical Gardens) Branch of the Rio de Janeiro Mission. It was just a few blocks down the street from where we lived so was within easy walking distance. Another American family, the Henry Bradfords, lived close to the branch as well. They were assigned to A.I.D. (Agency for International Development) and had quite a few children some of who were near the ages of ours. Shortly after arriving I was called to serve in the branch presidency, along with Val Carter, and a local Brazilian professor as the branch president. I think his name was Aristogiden Carvalho.

We had quite a few Brazilian members but not many were truly active. As one knows the Church demands a lot of time on Sunday, the day that most working Brazilians went to the beaches. It was also difficult to get them there on weekdays as the Brazilian school system in Rio ran two sessions per day, the second one not getting over until about 6:00 in the evening. Besides this the members had to rely on public transportation since very few had such a thing as an automobile. Marion was President of the Primary as well as being the organist for the Jr. Sunday School.

Our first Christmas in Rio we had the Americans from our church over for a Christmas Eve party. It was after we went to bed that we found out how Brazilians celebrated Christmas Eve. Actually it was about 1:30 A.M. when we saw a man coming up the street with a huge bongo drum, beating it for all he was worth, and around him shouting and singing, were a group of characters dressed up in clown costumes and one in a Santa suit and dancing and prancing.

On New Year's Eve, the beaches of Rio de Janeiro are filled with Macumba ceremonies, the Macumbas being a spiritualist import from Africa. They don't mind outsiders watching as long as they don't get too close. It was interesting but somewhat eerie. There was a young girl all dressed in white, whom we supposed was a new inductee into the cult. The other members would all stand around in a circle swaying and chanting and clapping their hands. The girl seemed to be in a trance. They sat her down and took a white chicken which they killed and sprinkled her with its blood. After several more ceremonial things, the young girl and several other women took flowers in their arms and walked out into the surf of the ocean and it looked as if they would just keep on going out into the ocean. Evidences of Macumba rites could be found all over Rio, on street corner, in niches in the mountains alongside the roads and they consisted basically of a bottle, a candle and a cigar.

PART TWO

Professionally this tour of duty was quite unsatisfactory. There was a so-called agent-in-place attached to the Soviet Commercial Section. He was the one Walt Sedoff and I contacted when we were in Rio the previous year. In December 1965 and January 1966 most of my operational effort was directed toward trying to recruit a suspected GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence) officer who was carrying on an affair with a Brazilian girl. We did have a recruiter talk to him but he was pulled out of his apartment, into the Soviet Embassy and shipped back to the Soviet Union before we could finalize anything. The balance of our operational effort was to recruit as sources third national individuals who were in social or business contact with a Soviet official and who could be utilized as an

access agent to establish a relationship with the Soviet which might eventually result in a recruitment.

We also maintained direct social contact with some of the KGB officers so as to provide an avenue for defection if and when any of them became disaffected. Marion and I spent quite a few evenings out with a Soviet named Borsov and his wife. Nothing ever came of it but this policy worked in some areas of the world to provide access for the Soviets to American intelligence.

We never got a chance to travel much while in Brazil except to visit the modernistic capital, Brasilia, and also Sao Paulo, the largest city of Brasil and it's industrial and business center. Marion did get on a trip with a club she belonged to during which time she proceeded to break her ankle which caused her a lot of problems because she walked on the cast before it was set properly and it had to be redone when she returned to Rio de Janeiro. This was the first part of June 1966. She visited Sao Paulo, Campinas and a small town in the interior called Matao, which held a big religious procession on Corpus Christi Day (June 9). for this procession the townspeople decorated the streets with flower petals and other colored substances depicting Christian themes and symbols that the Catholics use.

As I have mentioned there were a lot of floods while we were there and our street kept getting wiped out requiring us to spend a lot of time walking up and down the hill leading to our house. On one occasion Marion and I were having dinner with an American couple whom I was developing for access purposes when it started to rain profusely. We cut our meeting short and while returning via the Jockey Club area the operational car I was driving got swamped in several feet of water. A group of the "favelados" (residents of the slum areas known as favelas) offered to push us to higher ground for a price. However, instead of doing so they pushed us into deeper water and then stuck a gun in our face, robbing us of our money and some of Marion's jewelry. We had to wade up to our waists until we cleared the Jockey Club area and reached higher ground. A police contact that I used to run surveillance teams said that we were both very lucky to have escaped alive since the holdup people didn't like to leave witnesses.

I did have a good operational relationship with a Brazilian official (number three man in their foreign office) who provided me with a lot of useful information on the activities and plans of the Soviets in Brazil. His office was responsible for direct contact with them and all requests for commercial activity had to come through him. It helped me keep track of many of the assignments of the KGB and GRU officers who were under cover in both the Soviet Embassy and in their Commercial Section.

Our social activity in the diplomatic circle was much more limited than it had been in Montevideo. We were invited to some of the social functions involving the Embassy staff but not all of them as we had in Montevideo. However, we were invited to the reception when former Vice-President Richard Nixon paid an official visit. We had met him previously when we were in Montevideo. One of the persons in the Political Section who was very useful to us was a Foreign Service officer named Frank Carlucci, who held some dinner parties to which he invited third national diplomats whom we could meet and who had access to Soviets. Frank Carlucci had a fabulous career after leaving Rio, including being deputy director of C.I.A and as of 1988 the Secretary of Defense.

In Montevideo we had had visits from several General Authorities, i.e. Elders Kimball and Lee, so we were quite pleased when Elder Richard L. Evans, a member of the Quorum of Twelve, came to Rio although it was not in his capacity as a church official. At that time (1966) he was serving as the President of Rotary International and he was in Brazil for a convention of Rotarians, who held a large luncheon for him. Apparently, the Embassy had done its homework and found that I was a member of the staff who belonged to the L.D.S. church so Marion and I were invited to the luncheon and I was asked to sit on the dais with Elder Evans. As you will recall Elder Evans was known as the "voice of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir" for many years and was known for signing off with the expression "may peace be with you this day and always."

One of the men I worked with (a Lithuanian named Bruno) brought us a young parrot (papagaio verdadeiro) whom we named Fred and was a lot of enjoyment to us. He learned to speak quite well, however, rather than learn the phrases which we tried to teach him, he picked up the phrases which we commonly used around the house. He would say, "Gail, telephone" or "Hilton, where are you?" We usually kept him on his perch on the front balcony where the ping-pong table was located. The children and the missionaries used to play a lot of ping-pong there and Fred would imitate the sound of the clock-clock of the ball as it went back and forth over the net. He also mimicked Marion as she was taking her warm-ups for the singing lessons she was taking at the time. One Thanksgiving day we forgot to put him on the front balcony perch and left him instead on the back balcony. That night he was killed by an opossum (we think.) It was quite a loss to us.

In May 1966 our whole family was sick with intestinal amoebae and it took some potent medicine to get rid of them over a period of about two months. We used boiled and filtered water but got the amoebae in spite of all these precautions. It turned out that our maid didn't understand

the necessity of boiling the water from which she made the ice cubes. The Brazilians being accustomed to the "bugs" couldn't quite understand why the American members insisted on bringing the water for the sacrament table either.

The last part of October 1966, Helen Jeanne Jeppsen, Marion's sister came to visit us and Marion had a good time going places and shopping with her. We also had a visit the following April, from my brother, Martin and his wife Betty.

All of our children attended school while in Rio. Hilton was in a Brazilian kindergarden and the others attended the Escola Americana, from which Ron graduated in 1966. He went to Utah to attend BYU in the fall of 1966, the first time that any of our children had been away from us for an extended period of time. I think that he enjoyed being on his own although he spent most of the money he was sent for clothes to buy camera equipment. After the completion of his first year, he returned to Rio and was able to work at our C.I.A. office as a part-time cameraman for a couple of months.

During the cooler weather in Rio de Janeiro we went on little sight-seeing excursions (Hilton called them adventures). We had been to the statue of Christ on top of Mt. Corcovado and to Pao de Azucar (Sugar Loaf) and the regular tourists places. We started to go to places a little different, we climbed on some rocks way above the ocean on the way to Vista Chinesa which is practically in a jungle overlooking the city. One of the things that made Rio depressing was all the filth and poverty. Every place you went it was dirty and people were living in squalor. For example right across from the American Embassy in downtown Rio was a small square with a fountain and people actually lived on the grass around the fountain and bathed and washed in it. There was poverty everywhere and nothing seemed to be done about it.

We finished our tour in early July just after Stu and Dottie Burton arrived so we only overlapped for a few days. On our way home we stopped in Panama for a little sightseeing then flew on to California for a visit with the folks there before renting a station wagon and driving to Utah. On our way to Utah we stopped to see some of the Utah Parks such as Bryce and Zion which the kids enjoyed very much. As usual we spent the majority of our home leave in Utah visiting the relatives there and giving the children a chance to renew acquaintanceships with their cousins on Marion's side of the family. Ron got a job working on construction in Provo so stayed there rather than returning to Virginia with us since it was so close to the time his second year at the Y was to start. We also knew that he would be getting his mission call in the Spring after he turned nineteen. Because of the situation in Vietnam, the

Church discouraged farewells for missionaries and as a result Ron never got to know the people in the McLean Ward very well prior to his departure, which was unfortunate and I felt guilty not having him back prior to his starting the school year.

CHAPTER NINE

The McLean, Va. Years

CHAPTER NINE

After returning from home leave we had to go through the usual trauma of getting lodging. We had sold our house in Fairfax, Virginia before we left for Rio de Janeiro so we had to find something else to buy, preferably in McLean, Va. which was closer to work, the Agency headquarters being located in Langley. We took temporary lodging at the Park Arlington Apartments and eventually found a satisfactory house at 1250 Kensington Rd. in McLean, just off the Dolley Madison Parkway and about a ten minute drive to work for me. We bought an old Dodge Polara to have some transportation until we decided what other car, if any, that we might need.

Shortly after buying the house on Kensington Rd. we contracted to have the basement finished so that we would have some extra room for a family room, extra bath and some storage. The cost of this was \$2438.00 according to a cancelled check which I still have in my possession.

After reporting finally for work, I was assigned to be the Chief of what was known as the Collection Group in the Soviet Bloc Division of the Deputy Director for Plans (also known at that time as the Clandestine Services). This was a Supergrade position although at the time I was only a GS-15, which I had received as a result of my re-organization work of SR Division prior to my Rio assignment. The Collection Group was one of the components that I created back in 1964. The Group consisted of four branches employing approximately 50 people ranging in grade from GS-5/7 secretaries to a substantial number of GS-12's, 13's and about 8 GS-14's as branch or deputy branch chiefs. The group was experiencing very low morale. It had been without a group chief for five months (awaiting my return) since the previous chief had had a heart attack and it was being run rather loosely by the penultimate chief, who had become the Chief of Operations of the Division and who was a difficult if not semi-psychotic individual.

My first responsibility was to instill in the group a sense of cohesiveness and regain some degree of esprit de corps which had been missing for a considerable period of time. This was not an easy task. By their very nature intelligence officers are quite a different breed and it took a great deal of tact, persuasiveness and diplomacy to get the group on a productive keel again. The branches were quite diverse in their responsibilities, one was responsible for operational activity inside the Soviet Union (including running our Moscow Station) while the others were devoted to operations against the Soviets outside the confines of the Soviet Union proper, such as Scientific and Technical delegations visiting the Western world, military representations abroad, and Soviet maritime personnel (ranging from military (naval) to whaling in the South Atlantic.

I found myself basically in conflict with several of the people in the front office who had adopted an almost paranoid defensive position with respect to the opposition service with which we had to contend, i.e. the Soviet KGB. I felt that they were so immersed in ongoing operational problems that they could not or would not recognize the changes that were occurring in international politics and how these changes were and might be affecting our operational posture. These fundamental differences in points of view eventually led to my leaving the Division for a position on the Personnel Management Staff in the summer of 1968.

I spent many hours in liaison and negotiation with individuals from other directorates of CIA as well as other government agencies, particularly NSA, the Department of State and the Defense Department. The extent of interest and involvement in approvals required for operational activity is not comprehended by those on the outside and particularly by the press which relishes the idea of out of control sinister activities about which nobody else knows anything. For example, I spent a considerable amount of time dealing with officials at NSA (the National Security Agency) for support in certain sensitive activities where my group needed the information that only NSA could supply, e.g. up to date information on the movement of a Soviet vessel in which we had an operational interest.

My first assignment in the Church after our return from Rio was as a teacher of the Family Relations class in Sunday School. This didn't last too long, however, since I was soon called to be the High Priest Group Leader of the McLean Ward over about 45-50 High Priests which included some pretty high-powered individuals such as James Fletcher, head of NASA, Frank Kimball, VP and General Counsel of the Marriot Corporation, Ted Bell, Secretary of what later became known as the Dept. of Education (to which he was appointed later in the first Reagan administration, and Thomas S. Kimball, Exec.Vice-President of the National Wildlife Association. In January 1968 Marion was called to be the Relief Society President, a position she had served in before in other wards.

The year 1968 was one of turmoil in the United States, both because of the Vietnam War and also because of racial issues. Martin Luther King, the leader of the drive for equality for the black people, was killed in Memphis and this incident set off a wave of rioting throughout the United States. In Washington, D.C. there were blocks of stores burned indiscriminately. We watched it on television but never did go down to see the areas destroyed. What was ironical about it was that the black people were burning and destroying buildings and houses that belonged to other black people. It was totally insane. Also this year, Robert F. Kennedy, the brother of John Kennedy, the president who had

been assassinated, was himself killed while on a campaign tour in Los Angeles. Lyndon Johnson, deeply morose about his failure in the Vietnam fiasco, chose not to run for re-election and the election that year was won by Richard M. Nixon, the vice-president under Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Ron received his mission call after he turned nineteen and upon finishing the quarter at the university. He was called to Sao Paulo, Brazil mission. Marion went out to Utah to help him get ready for his mission and go to the temple with him for his endowments. Howard S. McDonald, who had been president at B.Y.U. when we were married was now the President of the Salt Lake temple, so Marion had an opportunity to see and talk a lot with him. Marion stayed in Utah while Ron was in the mission home in Salt Lake. I was really sorry that I couldn't have spent some of this time with him but my work was so demanding at that time that I couldn't get away. Ron didn't have to spend much time in language training since he already had had a good exposure to the Portuguese language while living in Brazil and continuing its study at B.Y.U. He left for his mission in early June. Since the missionaries had a stop over in New York City, the family drove up there to see him off. What a sight to see all those young men in dark suits and white shirts loaded down with cameras and attache cases.

On the way home we had quite an adventure. It was dark and raining and in spite of thinking we had the proper instructions, we made a wrong turn off the freeway and found ourselves in the parking lot of Shea stadium, the home of the New York Mets baseball team. To top things off our generator started giving us problems and we had to pull off the freeway to get it serviced, which fortunately required only that the belt be tightened.

CHAPTER TEN

Making a Career Change

CHAPTER TEN

This was the year that I made a major career change, so I am interrupting the narrative to devote space to my five years (1968 - 1973) in the Personnel Management Staff, which eventually became known as the Personnel Evaluation and Counseling Staff of which I was the Chief. My role as an operational officer wasn't going too well. I was a senior officer (GS-15) and just couldn't go along with what seemed to me a paranoia of some of my superiors. Also the division was changing constantly and some people became my superiors for whom I had little respect either personally or professionally. Consequently, I used my connections to get appointed to what was known then as the Personnel Management Staff, headed by Gerald Miller, an old-time O.S.S. officer and a person with a lot of clout in the Clandestine Services.

My experience of over 18 active years in operations proved to be a fundamental part of the success which I eventually achieved in my new assignment. At the time that I joined the PMS, it was a small staff consisting of six senior officers all with extensive operational experience. The head of the staff, who was on the verge of retiring, wanted to change a number of the personnel practices which had been left far too long in the hands of the "personnel technicians" most of whom had never had a managerial assignment, had never faced any of the problems with which the operations officers were constantly confronted, and consequently really didn't have the foggiest notion as to how to properly counsel them with respect to their careers.

The idea of this staff was to concentrate on the junior officers or career trainees as they were called and establish a regular counselor-trainee relationship with them. To accomplish this, we each took a proportionate share of the new trainees averaging about two comprehensive interviews and counseling sessions per day. Following each interview, a memo for the file was made of all the essential points covered--such memo to be retained only in the files of the PMS since we did not want, under any circumstances, for this material to work its way into any official personnel files. This took a really high level decision, surprisingly enough, since the Personnel people could not conceive of such "valuable" information not being available for future reference. Our commitment to the trainees, however, was quite straight-forward. They were to regard all consultations as absolutely risk free so that they could sound off on anything or any person which was bugging them. So we stuck to our guns and never permitted the material to get out of our hands, although there were occasions when certain action was called for or necessary in behalf of the CT and such was taken only after his permission to move on such was given. In this way we were able to establish a high

degree of rapport with these young officers. They appreciated the opportunity to discuss their careers with seasoned veterans rather than just personnel officers. I was the deputy chief of the staff and due to the impending retirement of the chief much of the planning as to the tone of the staff fell on my shoulders.

Like so many things that start out with one basic concept in mind, i.e. dealing with the new officers (there was a feeling amongst some people that everyone else was a lost cause so far as his career was concerned- he had either made it or not), the responsibilities of this staff grew like topsy. Contrary to the misconception stated above, there were a lot of officers, particularly at the middle grades (GS 12-13) who were still very much interested in their careers. The staff, consequently, began to be involved in all sorts of problem-solving and trouble-shooting cases involving the careers of quite a substantial number of officers.

Prior to Mr. Miller's retirement, and to utilize his considerable clout, I suggested that the entire personnel evaluation program needed restructuring at minimum and thrown out and started over at maximum. I got the go ahead from Miller and proceeded to knock down the traditions that had been built up over about twenty years and recommended some rather drastic changes. Prior to making such recommendations, I studied the career evaluation programs of the Foreign Service, the Navy, Army and Department of Defense civilian personnel. Since our CIA operatives equated more closely with the Foreign Service (many of our people used Foreign Service as a cover - I did myself for thirteen years), I spent many hours with the Chiefs of the Foreign Service Selection Boards and Career Counseling, literally walking through step by step all of their procedures, querying as to the strengths and weaknesses of each process, and striving to arrive at an ideal arrangement which would incorporate their experience yet be applicable to CIA's unique problems and the different types of careers which existed in our organization.

Having done my homework, I was ready to launch my program. By this time the concern of the regular personnel staff was very high, because these people realized that what I was proposing (viz. that the operations people take over the evaluation and promotion of their own officers) would, in effect, reduce the traditional power which the Personnel Office had held for so long. However, I was well-prepared for this eventuality. My studies had revealed that in the course of a fifteen year period only 108 persons had served on the so-called competitive boards. Some had sat on as many as eleven boards at the same grade level. It was quite apparent that objectivity was a very difficult thing under such conditions and that the old buddy, old school tie or

whatever system you want to call it was running the show. After looking at it as carefully as I did, I often wondered how I had managed to get promoted to a senior grade officer since I really didn't belong to any of these elite cliques. In fact, I found that I had many friends in high places, who had pushed my promotions mainly because of my competence - a rather rare thing to say the least.

It wasn't until Jerry Miller's retirement, however, that I was able to get the new evaluation concept underway. The Deputy Director for Plans (the Clandestine Services), Tom Karamessines, was receptive to at least a trial running of a board under the concept which I had proposed, namely that we at least try it under the precepts (which I myself drafted) at the GS-12 level and then after evaluating the results initiate at another level at six month intervals. Because of the tradition-bound division chiefs and personnel staffs who served them, the prospect of some of their power being diluted almost scuttled the program at several points.

However, I had made such a convincing argument to the Deputy Director that he backed me up all the way. We started the board which was convened full time to evaluate all officers at the GS-12 level (some 500 of them) and the board consisted in the main of officers at the 15 and 16 level. My contention was that any operations officer could be objectively evaluated by competent operations officers at least two grades higher. For the initial program I had to compromise at 3 and 4 levels higher. Without belaboring the point more, this board, which was convened full-time for a minimum of six weeks, was so ecstatic about the process that reports of such quickly reached the DDP who summoned me to his office, said that it looked as if I had made my point and asked me to prepare to evaluate the GS-13's starting two weeks after completion of the GS-12 program.

I was quite unprepared for this degree of immediate success but wasn't about to let the opportunity slip away. While I would have preferred to work out the kinks in an orderly way after completion and review of the results of the first board, I now found that I not only had to do such an analysis but make the preparations for a continuing series of boards. The first GS-12 board had started in March 1969 and that year we completed boards for 13, 14, 15 and 16 and initiated one in the fall at the GS-11 level. Needless to say, I didn't get much rest, or leave, or anything but a lot of work. But I had won- which was the name of the game and the rewards were immediately forthcoming - not so much that I myself got promoted to a grade GS-16 (equivalent to a General Officer in the military) but that I had won the respect and gratitude of thousands of operations officers who had been awaiting a more objective system for their entire career (including a lot of very competent but over-looked female officers.)

The vast majority of people who got promoted or did not get promoted never really knew why or how the process worked under the previous system. Under the system which I established, all the criteria was spelled out in advance, everyone knew the basis upon which promotions were to be granted, they understood the process (not initially, of course) by which every officer was looked at in depth by a group of officers at least two grades senior and who could not repeat on the same board until at least two years had elapsed. This was to avoid any recollection of the ranking given to any officer in a previous year, whether it was close to the top or near the bottom.

A natural corollary to the evaluation process was the broadening of our counseling responsibilities. I had the name of the staff changed to reflect more accurately its functions, viz. Personnel Evaluation and Counseling. The former provided a much more equitable and objective method of evaluation and the latter function (counseling), a third party procedure by which each officer evaluated by the board could review those factors which influenced the boards decision. The years of 1971 and 1972 were spent in fine-tuning the evaluation process and in extending the work of the Boards to cover all grades from GS-8 through GS-16. It was my responsibility to insure that all precepts or criteria for each board were reviewed and up-dated according to the specific needs of the directorate. By this time it was necessary to enlarge the staff to attempt to cope with the many functions which we had assumed. The Boards met almost continuously, except for several months during the summer when vacations were in order, not only for the staff, but for those who served on the evaluation boards.

I utilized this period of time for dealing with other matters which required attention. For one thing, to establish an equitable appeal system for persons who had fallen in the low 5% of his grade level one year and was found in the low 3% the next. Such a ranking required that some sort of administrative action be taken. There were some people, naturally, who wanted such action to be an automatic selection out (similar to what existed in the Foreign Service) I felt that because of the peculiarities of the intelligence trade that selection out should certainly not be automatic and that every effort should be made to assure that the findings of the evaluation boards got a comprehensive review under such circumstances. Consequently, a review system was established and monitored, as well as administered by our staff. It proved to be quite successful and certainly allayed the fears of collusion and railroading.

The counseling of all officers between the grades of GS-8 and 16 continued on a regular basis during the entire

year. While I was able to keep myself fairly well involved in this activity, particularly with regard to the higher graded officers, I delegated the major part of individual counseling cases to my staff, all of which continued to be composed of experienced operations officers, including female officers, although every effort was made to keep the situation from becoming polarized. In most cases, the credentials of the female officers were of high enough quality that male officers did not have any concern about being counseled by one.

Due to the success of our evaluation process in the Plans Directorate, other directorates of the Agency were interested in applying the concepts to their situations. I was, therefore, constantly in demand for providing briefings to high-level officials of other directorates. A senior officer was usually appointed for a one year period to serve as the overall chairman of the evaluation boards, operating under my tutelage and guidance. One such officer, a GS-18, wrote a very complimentary memorandum following one of my briefings. I don't remember the exact wording of it but he said in effect that he had been extremely proud to have been a part of the presentation and that, in his opinion, Mr. Harris represented the directorate as one of its finest officers. I didn't know that such a memorandum existed until months afterwards when it was shown to me by the Deputy Director of Plans. I was also called upon regularly to present the concepts of the evaluation boards and career counseling to a Senior Officer Seminar which was convened semi-annually and which consisted of officers GS-16 and above from all the Agency's Directorates.

At the time, in early 1973, that James Schlesinger became Director of CIA, there was a general reduction in force in the Agency. By nature, I prefer to do things rationally, orderly, systematically and fairly. At this time, however, the entire Agency became almost panic-stricken because of the tactics used by Schlesinger in his so-called weeding out process. Fortunately, because of the evaluation system which had been in force for several years as a result of my initiative, our directorate had ample data to utilize for the reduction in force effort. The records which our staff maintained on the rank-order status of each officer served as a useful tool for making some very difficult decisions. For a period of five to six weeks in the Spring of 1973 I worked almost daily with Bill Colby, then DD of Operations, to try to make what we hoped to be an equitable selection of personnel who, under the difficult circumstances of the time, could no longer serve usefully in the service.

Because of my reputation as a fair and straight forward counselor many of the people who had been selected to leave the Agency came to me for advice as to how they

could make the transition from the world of espionage to the outside world. My general thrust was to have them inventory their various skills and talents -not as intelligence officers, per se but in their dealing with humans beings. Most were highly educated, academically, but there is no such thing as a formal type of education for intelligence work. We had people with all kinds of backgrounds, both scientific and liberal arts, fluent in foreign languages, people with law degrees as well as PhD's in such things as music and art. Some day when all the books have been published "exposing" the CIA, a creative person will write something about the types of individuals who dedicated long careers out in the cold of the intelligence world.

It was at the end of this difficult period of time, that I informed Mr. Colby, already designated as the new Director of Central Intelligence, replacing Schlesinger who had moved over to Defense, that I had to seek a disability retirement because of a constantly increasing sacro-lumbar deterioration. He was much chagrined because he said that he had some important things which he wanted me to do for him at the upper levels of the Agency. Mr. Colby awarded me upon my retirement the Intelligence Medal of Merit, the Agency's second highest medal, interestingly enough not just because of my contributions in the intelligence field but because of the major contribution that I had made in personnel management.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Post-Rio to Retirement

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I'll return now to about 1968 and include some of the activities in which our family was engaged during the period of time that I was in the Personnel Management Staff as related in the foregoing chapter (TEN).

In July 1968, I rented a cabin from Hugh Tovar in Seven Springs, Pennsylvania. It was a nice cabin in the woods and near a lot of recreational facilities. It rained some of the time that we were there but we had brought books and games in case of such an occurrence and enjoyed the relaxation. We went swimming in a pool with a very high slide and a little beach. Hilton, Patty and I went fishing and got Hilton hooked on being a fisherman. Most of the family went horseback riding as well and were extremely stiff after not having done this before or, at least, for a long time. We held our own sacrament and testimony meeting and it was a very special occasion for the family.

During the summer we bought a piece of land at a place called Lake of the Woods, which was about a 75 minute drive from McLean. The lake was man-made but contained about 500 acres of water. As a bribe for purchasing a waterfront lot, we were "given" a little Snark sailboat and the family really enjoyed getting involved in sailing as well as some of the other amenities available, such as golfing, swimming, and fishing. We even had the entire McLean Ward down there for a ward outing the following summer. As it turned out we never did build on the site, although we had some intentions of doing so.

As I have mentioned in other parts of this history, 1968 was a violent year in the United States. Opposition to the Vietnam War cause a lot of demonstrations but other things occurred which contributed to the national trauma. Martin Luther King, the civil rights leader, was assassinated on April 4 in Memphis, causing riots in various cities in the United States, including Washington, D.C. Then on June 5th, U. S. Senator Robert F. Kennedy was shot and mortally wounded in Los Angeles while on a campaign trip.

In August Soviet troops invaded Czechoslovakia, to end Alexander Dubcek's liberal reforms and the Soviet Bloc continued to strengthen itself with the addition of this former stalwart from the ranks of the democratic nations. All of this contributed to a vicious election campaign which was won in November by Richard M. Nixon, former Vice-President under Eisenhower.

Late in 1968, while she was in her Senior year at Langley High in Virginia, Gail had quite a rude awakening. She wanted to go the BYU but found that it wouldn't accept

her because her grades were too low, due to the considerable goofing off she had done while we were in Rio de Janeiro. She then decided she would go to another school away from home whose requirements weren't so high. We explained that we couldn't afford to send her away other than to the Y, since we also had Ron on a mission. Living at home and attending a local college was the last thing that she wanted to do at this stage of her life, so she buckled down and raised her grades sufficient to where the Y would accept her on a probationary basis.

Some years ago Milan Smith, President of the Washington D.C. Stake had the foresight to push for a location for eventual construction of a temple in the Washington, D.C. area. One was finally purchased and we spent some of our Saturdays cleaning brush and debris from this site which was on a hill in Kensington, Md. In December 1968, Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency and other dignitaries, such as Julian Lowe, Milan Smith, and J. Willard Marriott, participated in a ground-breaking ceremony which was pretty well attended in spite of it being a cold, bitter day. Construction on the temple didn't start immediately but it was finished in 1974.

In early 1969, I needed to get some foundation in Statistics because of the work that I was doing for the Personnel Management Staff, so the Agency sent me to a night course in that subject at American University in Washington, D.C. It was quite a challenge to me since it had been a long time since I had attended any formal classes at a university and even longer since I had to do any Algebra. I made out all right in it, even though I suffered an age handicap.

In July, 1969, Pam Jeppsen, came to visit us. During her stay we went camping on our lot at Lake of the Woods and it was while we were there that Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin became the first men to walk on the moon (July 20). There were several large television screens set up at the main lodge so that people could witness this spectacular occurrence. In August of that year, we also went to the pageant at the Hill Cumorah, the first time that Hilton had had an opportunity to be with us. We also had a visit this year from our friends Matt and Vivian Olson, whom we knew at the Y and also in the Alexandria Ward.

In 1970 I started experiencing some problems with my back. I don't know how or what happened to cause the pain in my lower spine but I spent a lot of time with doctors, initially with a chiropractor, Moir Bowman, who eventually admitted that there wasn't much more he could do for me and I took my X-rays to an orthopedic surgeon who sent me for a lot of physical therapy work, none of which was ever very effective.

In late 1969 and early 1970, some friends of mine were active in the formation of a land development company called Growth Land. Initially, my interest was as a stock holder since I had, along with my brother, Martin, purchased a block of the unregistered shares. Later, however, as a result of the enthusiasm attached to the home-building concept of a small Utah company called Research Homes, Growth Land merged with Research Homes and formed a nationwide company. Unfortunately, I got too involved in the activities of the company and its principal officers (mainly because of a promise to hire me upon my early retirement for which I was eligible in 1972). I sold much of the letter stock to a lot of friends of mine in the company (about \$250,000 worth) which probably would have been great had the company succeeded. One of the major projects of Research Homes was a development known as Crows Nest Harbour. It was under construction in Stafford County about sixty miles from Washington, D.C. In addition to the stock of Research Homes, I got involved, along with a number of my CIA associates, in the purchase of some two acre lots at the Crows Nest Harbour project which was located at the confluence of the Potomac River and Potomac Creek, an area rich in tradition. It was said that this was the area where Captain John Smith romanced Pocahontas, the Indian princess.

I organized a small sub-chapter S corporation along with Ken Hampton, Tom Robertson and Jim Burson, the latter two colleagues of mine at C.I.A. We planned to sub-divide the four lots which we purchased contiguously (a total of more than eight acres) into one-half acre home sites. This never did materialized due to the failure of some of the projects and the eventual demise of Research Homes in 1974.

Hilton was very involved in Boy's Club football during this year. He belonged to a team called the Chinese Bandits and it won the championship that year. He demonstrated a lot of speed even though he was tall and lanky for his nine years of age. He continued to play football in this league for several seasons.

During the summer of 1971, a girl named Dorrie Nelson came to spend the summer with us while she worked in Washington, D.C. She was a beautiful girl and very gracious and we enjoyed having her with us. The only problem we encountered was with boy friends, who would date her and then spend hours saying goodbye. She eventually married Michael Sherrill. They live in California and we exchange Christmas greetings with them every year although we haven't seen them for many years.

In spite of my busy schedule at work, I managed to get to the Father's and Son's outings with Hilton, as I had with Ron when we were in the States. In 1971, Hilton and I started a tradition of carving our initials in a special tree down in Prince William forest and having a

talk and a prayer together. We drew a map so that each year we could locate the particular tree which was special to us. By the time we left Virginia, however, the tree's bark had peeled quite a bit from the growth.

When we were first in the Alexandria Ward, our bishop was a man named Wendell Thorne. His wife was named Harriet. They lived right across the street from the Gerald Ford family and took care of some of their children for them. In October 1971 the Thornes decided to move to Florida and Frank and Lela Kimball held a special going away party at their house for the Thornes. Besides us the George Goolds and the O'Bryants were there to say Bon Voyage to the Thornes.

My sister, Loverna, passed away in December 1971. All of the children except her youngest, Kenny, were either married or out on their own. We decided to take Kenny into our home in Virginia and he got there to start school just after Christmas. It was pretty difficult for him to adjust to a new area and find new friends, although we tried to help him out as much as possible. He finished out the remainder of the school year and then decided to return to California to stay with a family that he had known for a longer period of time. It worked out all right and Kenny is now working for the Forestry Service and is married and has a family of three daughters. Unfortunately, after he returned to California he became inactive in the Church and still won't have anything to do with it.

The most eventful and far-reaching thing that occurred in 1972 didn't involve anything that I did but I am recording it in my history so that my posterity will know that I was in the Washington, D.C. area at the time that it took place. Five burglars were arrested on June 17, 1972 in the Democratic National Committees headquarters at the Watergate office building in Washington, D.C. They were later identified as hirelings of the Committee to Reelect the President (Nixon) and began an affair which resulted in Nixon nearly being impeached in 1974 and led to his subsequent resignation. My interest was somewhat personal in that one of the persons behind the scene in this affair was Edward Howard Hunt who was the C.I.A. Station Chief in Montevideo during my tour there. Those of us at the Agency at the time (Hunt had already left the Agency by then) were initially just amused since we knew that Howard Hunt didn't have any special talents for surreptitious entry. Certainly not based upon his experience with the Agency. Although some operations required such attempts while Howard was the Station Chief in Montevideo, he was not directly involved.

During 1973 I had continuing problems with my back and tried almost every doctor I could. In January of that year an acupuncture clinic opened in Washington, D.C. Since it was supervised by an M.D. and the acupuncturists were

doctors trained in Taiwan, I decided to try it. I suppose I went to about six sessions and, although relaxing, the upshot was that my back still bothered me. However, they did successfully cure a bad case of bursitis that I had in my left shoulder. It was interesting to see how many people, desperate to get relief, came from all over the northeast area of the U. S. It did some of them some good and had become popular because during Nixon's visit to China, a journalist for the New York Times (Reston) had had to have emergency surgery while in China and acupuncture was the accepted anesthetic for him.

This year I continued making mistakes in my investments, having put about \$10,000 in 1970 in Research Homes, which by this time was pretty shaky. One of the members of the Church that I had known for quite a long time and who had been a Bishop of the Arlington Ward, started a business called PO-JO where pinball machines were used to play golf (using golf's scoring method) and using billiard balls. The business failed miserably and I lost about \$5000.

In April we flew out to the West for Ron's wedding to Diana Farrell. We initially went to Salt Lake and Provo then took Rhoda Jones' car to San Clemente, California, Diana's home. They were married on April 25, 1973 in the Los Angeles temple. Ron and Gail also graduated from college in May 1973 and Ron was accepted into the charter class of the new J. Rueben Clark Law School at B.Y.U.

Although limited in my activity because of my disability, I had already been contacted prior to my retirement on June 30, 1973 by Leadership Systems, Inc, a management firm located in Silver Spring, Maryland. Leadership Systems used people like me as consultants and counselors for a skill discovery workshop, to help individuals discover for themselves the leadership skills and abilities which they had or might develop to make themselves more effective in their chosen careers. I worked for LSI somewhat sporadically from July 1973 up to the time that we decided to move to Arizona. Most of the clientele were organizations of the U. S. Government such as Small Business Administration, U. S. Forest Service, Office of Education, Bureau of Mines, Dept. of Labor, General Service Administration, the Army Materiel Command, the Environmental Protection Agency and the Federal Aviation Administration. Working with these various segments of the government provided me with an opportunity to learn about and gain some insights as to the problems, activities and attitudes involved in various government entities. Although having worked for the government in C.I.A, I knew little about other components except for those involved somehow or another in military, foreign service or intelligence activities. It certainly helped me to broaden my perspective of what was going on in the U. S. Government and I really

got a better insight as to the dedication of many government employees. Many of these people gave up potentially good careers in the academic world or in business in order to serve their country and regrettably often don't get the recognition for the sacrifices they make.

As a result of my long involvement with the company and upon insistence of several large stockholders, I was elected to serve as a member of the Board of Directors of Research Homes, Inc. in November of 1973. I didn't have much of a chance to contribute any of my practical experience to the company, however. By this time the company was in very serious financial difficulties for several reasons. In October, O.P.E.C. (the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries), had begun the curtailment of oil shipments to industrial nations and a major energy crisis developed. It soon had its effect on companies that were in the land development business, especially when they owned parcels of land which required a lot of automobile travel to reach, such as the Crows Nest Harbor development, the major project of RHI. It required more than an hour's travel from Washington, D. C.

For Christmas 1973 we reversed the usual process wherein the college kids flew back to Virginia for the holidays. Instead, since Ron, his wife Diana, Gail, and Pat were all at the Y, we (Marion, Hilton and I) took a student charter plane arranged by students of Eastern universities returning home to the Utah area for the holidays.

From 1970 to 1973 I served as the Sunday School President of the McLean Ward, having been released as the High Priest Group leader. I had Hal Milner and Amos Wright (a retired Army colonel) as my assistants. In those days the Sunday School superintendent (or president) had a lot more to do with staffing the organization that he does today. The president was also directly responsible for the Jr. Sunday School, headed by a Jr. Sunday School coordinator, which in our case was Nola Lowe, Julian Lowes's wife. This was one of the most enjoyable assignments I have ever had since I particularly loved visiting the classes of the small children. On one occasion we decided to have each member of the class of four year olds bring a Christmas present to donate to some unfortunate child (not in the Church). I was thrilled at the faces of the children as they placed their presents in the bag for us to take to the needy children. It is something that I will always remember since their faces showed that they felt that they were really sharing and feeling the spirit of Christmas, and any parent or grandparent knows how four-year olds love the thoughts of Christmas.

The year 1974 didn't start out very well. After making the rounds of all kinds of doctors, chiropractors, osteopaths, neurologists, acupuncturists, and orthopedic

surgeons, I finally was convinced that I needed to have surgery done on my back. So in January 1974 I underwent a double laminectomy on sacrolumbar disks L4 and L5. The surgery went O.K. and it appeared for several months that it had been successful. However, it is something which I regret having done.

Early in February and as part of my convalescence, I went on a cruise to the West Indies on a yacht owned by James W. Dyer, Chairman of the Board of Research Homes, Inc., who having made several million dollars on a previous stock venture of a toy company, liked the good life. I had known Jim since my days in the Alexandria Ward bishopric in 1955, when Jim was selling Renoware from door-to-door. There were several other officers of the company with us and ostensibly the cruise was to let them get away and think about the future of the company which was in very sad straits. Regretably not much of real problem-solving took place. I enjoyed the cruise and the visit to such fabled places as Martinique but I could tell that my back problem was still with me by the time we returned. One favorable factor of the trip was that I made some money on the sale of some bags of silver coins which I had purchased on margin during the summer of 1973 and which reached a then record price in early Feb. 1974. As I recall I made a profit of about \$11,000, thinking that I would sell half of my holdings since I would be out of touch for a week or so and in this case my timing was perfect. The day after I sold five bags of coins, the market turned around and dropped a dollar per ounce of silver.

During this year I continued doing some consulting work for Leadership Systems, Inc. although my activities were cut back quite a bit. Theral O'Bryant and I did a workshop together with the air controllers at the Leesburg, Virginia center and I learned a lot about the stresses and strains connected with that activity. I did some traveling as well to places like Kansas City and Dallas. The only vacation that the family had was one at Rehobeth Beach in Maryland where we and the O'Bryants rented a cabin owned by the sister of Ells Knudson, a member of the McLean Ward. We had a good time at the beach although quite a bit of the time was spent reading and playing party games due to rainy weather.

In the Fall of 1974, the long-awaited completion came to the Washington, D.C. temple. We were all very much engaged in activities involved in the dedication which took place on November 20, 1974. Marion, particularly, worked with a group which was responsible for the distribution of tickets and it was a very demanding calling. There was a

film made of the events surrounding the dedication of the temple and the work of the ticket group was included. If one can get to see it they would see Marion in the film. We both served as guides in various parts of the temple which required us to learn certain facts and data about the temple as well as give information on the church. Of course, it was mandatory that the temple be staffed and I was called as an officiator at the temple. Marion was not called because we still had a child at home. I served in this capacity until shortly before we left for Arizona in 1975.

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