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Interview no. 712

Col. Vicent M. Lockhart

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

INSTITUTE OF ORAL HISTORY

INTERVIEWEE: Colonel Vincent M. Lockhart (1914 -)
INTERVIEWER: Sarah E. John
PROJECT: _____
DATE OF INTERVIEW: March 30 and April 13, 1983
TERMS OF USE: Unrestricted
TAPE NO.: 712
TRANSCRIPT NO.: 712

BIOGRAPHICAL SYNOPSIS OF INTERVIEWEE:

Retired CIA officer, retired Army officer, and former Texas newspaperman.

SUMMARY OF INTERVIEW:

Biographical data; work as a newspaperman in Virginia and Texas; experiences during WWII with the 36th Division; his work with the CIA, especially his experiences in Vietnam; his activities after retirement.

(Also included are two tapes of radio communications and partial transcripts of same recorded during the Tet Offensive of 1968 in Saigon, maps of Saigon, and several articles about Col. Lockhart from his scrapbook.)

Length of interview: 3 hours Length of transcript: 67 pages

COL. VINCENT M. LOCKHART
By Sarah E. John
March 30 and April 13, 1983

Tape I March 30, 1983

J: Just to start things off, Col. Lockhart, I wonder if you could tell me when and where you were born.

L: Born on the 11th of September, 1914, in Greenville, Texas.

J: Where is that exactly?

L: That is just northeast of Dallas in Hunt County. My father was a college professor, and he was a teacher that year in what was called Burleson College then. And he had gotten a job, a civil service job, to teach at Haskell Institute, the Indian school in Lawrence, Kansas. He had left without me and came back to pick me up. When I was two weeks old my mother and I went back to Kansas with him. I've always said that before I reached the age of reason I left Texas. (Chuckles)

J: So you grew up then in Kansas, really?

L: No, just four years there. Then we came back to Marshall, where Dad was a Professor of Science at what was then called the College of Marshall, it is now called East Texas Baptist University. I was six when we left there and came to Canyon in 1921, where he started out as head of what was called the Commerce Department. He taught Typewriting, Bookkeeping, and Shorthand at what was then called West Texas Normal College, one of the eight colleges of Texas designed to provide teachers for the areas of Texas. Sul Ross in Alpine is another one. The college at San Marcos is one of the eight.

But Dad built that up, and by 1940 it was granting a BBA degree. We went there in '21. I was six years old. So that really was where I was raised.

J: Then you attended school there.

L: I went through all the public schools there, graduated from high school there in 1932, and went to West Texas State for my first two years of college. I'll go on with the education thing and we'll come back and pick up some military in just a minute.

This was the Depression, 1934, and Dad, I think, was making about \$3,000 a year as head of the Business Administration Department. And he said I could go to school anywhere I wanted to. He could send me \$25.00 a month, it was up to me to do the rest of it. So I went out in the Palo Duro Canyon and worked on a WPA project that summer, made enough money for my first year's tuition at the University of Missouri and enough money to buy one suit of clothes. And I went off up there, then, with no more promise than \$25.00 a month.

J: I think that was more than most people had, though, at that time, really. You were pretty lucky in that respect.

L: Well, room and board, I got room and board for \$25.00 a month, and you didn't have much more need. But I got a job in the National Guard Armory, the 128th Field Artillery of the Missouri National Guard. And when they found out I was trained as a clerk, why, they grabbed me and gave me two stripes, so I made corporal right quick. And from that and some work for the adjutant and everything else, I added nearly \$30.00 a month to my income, so I went to school on \$55.00 dollars a month and got my degree in 1936.

Now let's go back. While I was in high school at the age of 16, my Dad was a commander of the local National Guard unit in Canyon-- Company F of the 142nd Infantry, Texas National Guard. And I guess it was partially out of my admiration for my own father, who was a magnificent man in many ways, [] and [] partially because some of my

friends were joining the National Guard then, that I joined it. And I became a Browning automatic rifle specialist first, and then I became the company clerk. My father trained me to handle the administration of the National Guard company, which was to stand me in good stead when I got to Missouri. So I had four years there before I was discharged by reason of removal from the state, and then reenlisted in the Missouri National Guard.

Upon graduation, the 9th of June, 1936, I went to work on a weekly newspaper on the eastern shore of Maryland. One of my classmates [in Missouri] was a man who had made quite a bit of money for those days in working for Electric Bond and Share in both Cuba and Brazil, and he had a distinct distaste for a man named Franklin Delano Roosevelt. So he bought this weekly paper out on the eastern shore of Maryland called the Eastern Shore Times, which had been brought up to a pretty good editorial standard by a man named A.R. Holcomb, who was a former managing editor of the New York Herald-Tribune. Holcomb had come down there I think partially to flee the city and partially to see if he could cure himself of alcoholism, which he did not. He died of cirrhosis of the liver, as so many alcoholics do. And Harry Stark, then, the man who made the money in Electric Bond and Share, bought the paper.

He [had] had the minor courthouse run, it was called, when we [were in school]. We worked on a daily newspaper in the journalism school at Missouri. And I had the major afternoon courthouse run, which was considered the plum of the assignments, because it was an afternoon paper so you had to move fast if you did have a story that broke. But Stark was impressed with the way I got friendly with the

County Clerk and that sort of thing, and so he offered me \$25.00 a week to come out and be news editor of his weekly paper. And that was pretty good money in those days, and so I said yes.

I was [also] offered a job to stay [in Missouri] and get my master's degree, which is one of the first major forks in the road which I approached during the course of my life that has sometimes made me wonder, "What if?" You get the "what ifs" sometimes, and "what if" I had stayed and worked for United Press as their central Missouri correspondent and gotten my master's degree. They always selected one person out of the senior class, and I was selected. In fact the famous Hugh Bailey came to the Journalism Week [ceremonies] and I was the guest of honor at a little luncheon, and it was just a few days later that I then turned him down and went to work out in Maryland. But I think partially I wanted to get away from being a burden to my dad, who had had a stroke and was having his own problems, and my brother was in medical school, and I wanted to be on my own feet. So I went on my own feet in Maryland, but it didn't last very long. Stark was not a good man at managing the paper or forecasting its income and outgo during the winter--the eastern shore of Maryland being a resort area, really, and you must make your killing there in the summertime and then sort of shore up for the winter.

So I quit that job and I came back to Texas, went into the Amarillo Globe News and was immediately hired as a reporter for \$17.50 a week, which was more money than the \$25.00 in Maryland. And, oh, I was lucky. I have been in the whole course of my life the luckiest person [you] ever saw. Now there are a lot of different things, and as we go through these tapes I'm afraid I'll bore you a little bit by telling

you of places where I have been lucky.

One of the things that made me lucky was that the state editor, which is what we'd call the man responsible for coverage of the area that the Amarillo Daily News covered--which was a three-state area, all the Texas panhandle and part of Eastern New Mexico and the Oklahoma panhandle--[for] some reason or other he took a shine to this kid reporter on the Globe and persuaded the publisher to let me come over as his assistant, a job which had not existed before. So I worked as his assistant, and within a matter of a few months he was promoted to be managing editor of the paper, and they promoted me to state editor at the age of twenty-two. I was state editor of the Amarillo News.

Well, I was having a ball with that, and started courting a pretty girl that was a senior down at West Texas State that year, and a year later I made her my wife. And she still is, we'll be celebrating our 45th in June. I was going along fine with this, and my friend...I showed you one of the reviews. The best review of [my] book [T-Patch to Victory] was written by Raymond Holbrook, who was my roommate until I took Helen on for a roommate. And after Helen and I were married, it wasn't too long until Mr. Howe, Gene Howe, the son of the Howes of Atchison, Kansas, was the owner and publisher of the Amarillo Globe News, and a difficult man in many ways. He also was a fair man in many ways. For example, when I was a reporter, I switched from being a reporter on the Globe to a nightside reporter on News before I went to work as assistant state editor. Of course, as assistant state editor I was subject to assignments, too, by the desk anytime I was needed. But I was working on what we call the nightside, going to work at four o'clock in the evening and getting off at one o'clock in the morning,

when we had a visit in Amarillo, a coming up visit, from the Papal Secretary of State, who was then Cardinal Pucelli. He was later to become Pope Pius. And so the editor of the Globe asked me if I would mind going out to the interview, which was going to be at midnight, and getting the story and getting the interview with him if I could, and if not at least write the story of his visit. And I was delighted to do it.

J: What occasion was this? Why did he come here?

L: He was just making a visit as Papal Secretary of State. There was a number of places in the United States. And then Bishop Lucy, Bishop of Amarillo, later to become Archbishop of San Antonio, was...well, he came awfully close to being one of the Cardinals, and I think if he hadn't been in Texas he probably would've been a Cardinal, Bishop Lucy. I'm a Baptist, by the way, myself, I'm not a Catholic, and that'll come up in my story here in just a minute. I prattle too much sometimes.

But I got the story and I got back to the office, and I had it written by about two a.m., and Cardinal Pucelli gave me nearly 30 minutes of interview. And fortunately I had done my homework, so I was able to ask some good questions and get some good answers. At two o'clock in the morning, then, I imposed on a friendship that I had with the local parish priest named Father Drury. I called him up at two o'clock in the morning--I have never been noted for my lack of gall--and I told him that I was going to have to put this story on the hook before I went home and went to bed and it would be published before I got up, and I wanted to be sure I had all the terminology correct. He says, "Come on over."

And so I walked over, just three blocks from the newspaper. He came down in robe and slippers and read the story over, and, as I recall, made only one or two minor corrections and congratulated me on getting Catholic terminology so accurately. But they teach you that at the University of Missouri, and so I had been thoroughly exposed to it in school just a few years earlier. And I put the story on the hook and went home and went to bed. And I was a little anxious, I must admit, the next morning; I thought I might get my first byline. The paper came out about two-thirty, and so I was there by three o'clock. And it was a nice front page story, but it did not have a byline on it. And I hadn't been sitting at my desk but a few minutes until here came Bishop Lucy with that paper under his arm, striding into Mr. Howe's office. And Mr Howe yelled out, "Mr. Ray, Mr. Ray!" He was the managing editor of the Globe. And George got up and went in, and you could hear Mr. Howe from a mile away, "Who wrote this story on Cardinal Pucelli?" [pronounced Puselli], mispronouncing it. "Well, send him in here!"

Well, my knees were knocking worse than a Model T Ford, and I went in and he says, "Lockhart, you wrote this story?" I said, "Yes." And he said, "You didn't get a byline on it." I said, "Sir, the desk puts bylines on stories, we writers don't do that." "Well, you should have had one. Bishop Lucy tells me this is the best story that's been written about the Catholic Church since he's been here." And he reached over and picked up the phone and called the business manager and said, "Grady, whatever Lockhart's making, add \$2.50 a week to it." That raised me from \$17.50 to \$20.00 a week. Well, he was a showman, Mr Howe was, in many ways.

But to get back, now, to my problem that came up, then after Helen and I were married and I was having a ball as state editor, Ray Holbrook was running the night desk. In other words, he was in the slot, as we call it in the newspaper business. It was his responsibility to pick out the story that was to go on the top banner headline and the other important stories to emphasize and that sort of thing, and he wasn't picking out the same stories that the Fort Worth Star Telegram picked out, which was one of the papers that Mr. Howe liked. He and Amon Carter were good friends. And John McCarty, the associate publisher, called me in. And I was known as Lock there, because there was a Vance Johnson and a Tex Kersey. I had been known before as Vince or as Tex. I was known as Tex out in Maryland, and known as Slim quite a bit of the time. You wouldn't think looking at me now that I was called Slim, but I was tall as I am now and weighed a hundred and seventy when I was at Missouri. I weighed 126 when I was a freshman in college.

But John McCarty said, "Would you mind switching jobs with Ray Holbrook? No change in pay for either one of you, but if I don't get him off of that desk, Mr. Howe's going to fire him." Well, Ray and I were very, very close friends, and so I took over the desk and Ray took over being state editor. And that's where I was at the time the war broke out. Meanwhile when I came back to Amarillo I had joined the Guard again, and had advanced from a staff sergeant to battalion sergeant major of the 2nd Battalion of the 142nd Infantry. And while in that position I completed what we call the 10 series of sub courses, and I completed them both at Missouri and in Amarillo for both artillery and infantry.

They were getting ready to do some commissioning in 1940 before we were called on active duty. They were short of officers, and those of us who had finished the 10 series and were qualified were then put before a board the summer of 1940 in our maneuvers at Camp Polk, Louisiana. And I passed and was offered either artillery or infantry. Well, Dad was infantry, so I took infantry. My brother-in-law, who was artillery, said, "You don't want to walk everywhere you go, do you?" But I don't regret...that's another one of those little courses of action that I don't regret at all, another Y fork in the road, so to speak. And then on November 25, 1940, I was called to active duty as a 2nd Lieutenant with F Company, the same company that I had enlisted in when I was sixteen. By the way, I corrected my age when I was commissioned. I had lied about it by two years until then.

And we went through World War II. I went all the way with the 36th Division. I graduated from the basic courses at the infantry school and was given command of a rifle company in the Louisiana maneuvers of 1941. When I came back, Col. Perrine, later to become General, who was the regimental commander, asked me to go to Division headquarters. They had a call for a man who was good at administration to take the place of a man who they were losing because he was overage in grade. I didn't want to go; I was having a ball as the commander of the rifle company. But Col. Perrine said, "Well, I'm going to leave the decision entirely up to you. You can keep B Company as long as you're here, even when the older fellas come back, because you've done a good job with the company, and I'm not going to take the company away from you. But I want a friend in Division headquarters." Well,

I kind of worshipped him in a fatherly sort of way, and he was a real good friend of my dad's and had helped Dad get an assignment, because Dad was overage. And so Dad went into the auditing business, and he wasn't going overseas at 58 years of age; he came in as a captain at age fifty-eight. So, there's another fork in the road, and I went to Division headquarters.

There were four of us that considered ourselves sort of the four horsemen of the young group that went to Benning together. We were the first of the new crop of lieutenants to go to Benning to the basic course. Selden Simpson of Amarillo and I are the only ones left alive of those four. Johnny Sprague was killed in Italy, and Nat Perrine, Jr. died shortly after the war. Selden was severely wounded, and he's prominently mentioned in my book and won the Distinguished Service Cross. I've often wondered if I had taken that other fork in the road, if I had stayed with the company, would I have been alive at the end of the war. And to answer frankly, I rather doubt that I would have, because my style was somewhat flamboyant and I believed in leading men, not pushing them, and you can't do that and not expose yourself to a lot of danger.

But anyhow, I went to Division headquarters and I got my captaincy there, and went overseas. And as we were preparing to go overseas from Staten Island, why, the G-1 took a liking to me and asked for me to be assigned as Assistant G-1. And I served in that capacity, then, through Africa--we were not in combat in Africa, but we landed on April the 13th--and when we landed in Salerno on September the 9th. All the way through the Italian Campaign until April of '44, I stayed in the forward echelon as Assistant G-1.

I'd become the awards and decorations specialist, and Gen.

Walker, Fred L. Walker, the Division commander...there are three Gen. Walkers in American History, and it's important not to confuse Fred L. Walker with Edwin Walker of Dallas, who was the man who got into the trouble as a member of the John Birch Society, or Manton Walker, who was Bulldog Walker of Korean War fame. But he wanted me to go back because he said he wanted me to set up the Awards and Decorations Section so that he could award the Silver Star to somebody immediately and that the administration could be done quickly. He wasn't lax at all, he was very stern in giving awards, but he wanted them done promptly. He said he was tired of nurses pinning medals on his men. So then at the end of the Italian Campaign I became Assistant Adjutant General and got my majority, and wound up the war in 1945 as a major.

J: Are there any particular incidents that you recall from the time you were in Italy that really stand out in your mind for that year and a half of so?

L: About a year in Italy. Yes, very strongly. The 36th Division is best noted by most people in history as the division that failed at the Rapido River in Italy. This is a shame; it's the only failure that the division had in the entire war. And it really wasn't a failure, it was an impossible task. And Gen. Fred Walker complained bitterly and tried to get Mark Clark, the Commanding General of the Army, to change it, but he wouldn't do it. A lot of these things, the knowledge of them, has come to me since the war when Gen. Walker and I became good friends back in the early '60s particularly. He and I would have dinner together, he and his wife and Helen and I would have dinner together once a month, once at our house and then

next month over at their house, talking about his book, which has now been published. It's a compendium of his diaries is what it is. An excellent book, by the way, for historians to read.

But anyhow, he told me a lot about what had happened back there that I didn't know about. But on the night of January the 19th, 1944, Carl Phinney, now retired Major General living in Dallas (I should say, "Now dying in Dallas;" as of right now he's in very poor health), one of the most intelligent men I've ever known, came by my G-1 tent and said, "Whatcha doing tonight?" And I said, "Oh, I'm just working on some papers here." And he said, "Knock 'em off and come with me, you're going to hear history tonight." So I went to the briefing room where the commanders were given the briefing for the attack cross the Rapido River, and I heard the G-2 get up and list all of the enemy strengths and positions and show on the map where they were. And /with/ eight battalions in the enemy defensive position, we were going to attack with five across a swift-flowing stream. There is not a tactician in the world that wouldn't tell you that this is utter foolishness. Mark Clark said that we were supposed to be doing it for a demonstration to ease the pressure on Anzio and that he couldn't change it because Alexander had ordered it done. Of course Mark Clark is not very popular in Texas amongst military people since that business. We lost a lot of good men. We were decimated in two regiments very badly from that.

But that was one of my highlights overseas. Another one was to go through Rome just a few days after it was liberated, and going to the Piazza Venetia and see the famous balcony where Mussolini used to rant and rave. I didn't see this, but there was a private that got up to that balcony and started waving and hollering to everybody

in the crowd and imitating Mussolini. And the Italians were all down in the piazza just... The Piazza Venetia is a great big place, and what we call the Wedding Cake, the monument to Vittorio Immanuel--a big, white marble thing, you've seen pictures of it if you haven't seen it in person--it's at the end of the piazza. And this balcony is a rather unobtrusive-looking window, really, that sits on the side of a brown brick building.

Going through Rome, then; going to the Vatican /even though I am not Catholic/ and attending an audience with the Pope. I did carry some holy objects with me to be blessed to give to my Catholic friends, some beads that I had gotten in the Catacombs from some priests there, and I made some very good friends out of some of my Catholic friends by using those as gifts. That was impressive.

I think it's humorous, and was impressive, too, to remember V-E Day. Don't hold me to the date, but I call it May the 8th, 1945, and I'm not too sure whether I'm historically correct or not. But we were working in a schoolhouse in Kufstein, Austria. And Harry Kelton, Lt. Colonel Kelton, was my boss, the Adjutant General. I was a major and the Assistant Adjutant General. He and I nearly always shared quarters, we were very close friends. And at the end of the war we were in the Hotel Egger in Kufstein, a great big room with two beds in it. When they announced V-E Day, we were at the school working. Bottles came out of every sack, and everybody started partying around and raising Cain. And I did not feel like it for some reason or other, I was so relieved the war was over. I take my drink occasionally despite the fact that I'm a Baptist, but that night I didn't feel like it at all.

So when I finished what I was doing I went back to the hotel and went to bed, and sometime after midnight I heard a loud thump. We had electricity and everything, and I just clicked on the light. And here was Harry standing in the door, weaving, saw his bed and aimed himself at it, and plopped across the bed. And I started to get up and take his boots off or something, and I said, "No, he's so comfortable, I'll leave him alone." So the next morning at breakfast I said, "Harry, as drunk as you were last night, how in the world did you get down that maze of streets from the schoolhouse to the hotel?" "Oh," he said, "it was easy. I stepped out of the schoolhouse and I waited till the hotel came around, and I stepped on it." (Laughs)

But of course there were combinations of all sorts of things on V-E Day--of relief, of worry over, "How soon do we go to fight the war in Japan?" There were some of my friends, incidentally, at that time who said we ought to just keep going east and take care of Russia while we were at it. This is 1945.

That brought me back; I came back, then, in late '45 as a casual officer in command of a little detachment of 86 men that were to be separated out at Fort Sam Houston. I volunteered to remain on active duty and I was granted about six weeks' time off. They called it rest and rehabilitation. I reacquainted myself with my wife in the Gunter Hotel at San Antonio. We'd been two and a half years apart, and we'd only been married four years when I went overseas. It was a fairly fast process of getting reacquainted (chuckles), there /were/ no problems.

Helen had saved all the money I had sent, she'd made her own way. A lot of men came home to find that their wives had spent everything they had. I came home to find my wife had saved everything we had.

So we had about \$7,000 in the bank. 1945, that was a lot of money; and it sure did seem like a lot to me, we'd never had any, we'd usually been in debt. And I went up to Canadian, her home town, and found the newspaper was closed, had been closed for nearly a year, and was for sale. So I put \$500 down to buy it. I still thought I'd stay in the Army, maybe I could hire somebody to run it. I went out to Fort Ord after I'd gotten through seeing everybody, and by this time I had a 10-month-old son. A lot of people laughed as I passed out cigars when I was 22 months overseas, and nobody could quite understand how this could happen. I just said, "Well, it's very simple. The period of gestation was 48 months instead of nine." It took us that long to get the agency to let us have a baby. Our son is adopted.

And so we went out to Fort Ord and I got kicked around a little bit there and I didn't like it. And as I said, I've always been a pretty rambunctious type. When I found out that I had to sign some different things if I wanted to stay in the Army, why, I just told the colonel there, I said, "Get me out of this outfit." I won't go into the details of how and what he did, but the gist of it was, I went out there expecting to be assigned to a Lt. Colonel's vacancy--knowing, however, I wouldn't be promoted. But he assigned me to a captain's position, and I was a major, and I thought that'd be very dangerous to a career. And he did it because he was favoring a friend of his that had been in the war with him and who was junior to me.

But anyhow, I came back, then, and opened up the Canadian Record with everything we could borrow from the bank and from the previous owners, and started out in the newspaper business on our own. And I

made several financial mistakes because I wanted to win all the blue ribbons the Texas Press Association could give, and did win a couple of them. But amongst other things I changed the type face, which was expensive. The old typeface was hairling on the linotype. The people who are in communications today will see a linotype only in a museum. As a matter of fact the Lubbock Avalanche Journal, where I was last week, has a full linotype out in the lobby with a little fence around it so that everybody can see what a linotype looks like. But it's all done by computer now, of course.

And I was working 14 hours a day, seven days a week. I was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, I was a director of the Rotary Club, and I did all the things that a country newspaper editor is supposed to do to keep his community moving and going. They wanted me to run for mayor, and Helen put her foot down on that. She said, "The day you file for office is the day I file for divorce." And one of my good "friends" said, "And I'll provide you with the evidence that you need." (Chuckles) But after four and a half years of that, Ben Ezzell, who had come to work for me, and a fellow that was financing with him, made me a buy or sell offer. So I sold out to them and went back to Amarillo and went to work as busness editor on the Amarillo Times, a little tabloid paper that was competitive with the Globe News. I covered sports stories, I covered news stories, I did everything, and my main obligation was to write at least one business editor column a week. I usually wrote three or four. I found lots of things to write about in the business end of Amarillo.

Meanwhile I continued to be active in the National Guard and had been promoted to Lt. colonel and was G-1. And by the time I moved to Amarillo

I was commander of the 2d Battalion, at my choice. I wheedled it, I literally pushed until Gen. Ainsworth gave up and said, "All right." He called me Vint, I don't know why. He's the only man in the world ever called me Vint. "Vint," he said, "I give up. You can have your damn battalion." Well, I wanted to command the battalion that I had enlisted in, and so I got it. And that's where I was when I decided the Korean War might be number three, World War III.

I had seen the advantages that certain reserve officers back in 1940 had gotten by going on active duty early and getting an education, military education. And I decided if I was going to be a general officer I had to go to the Command and General Staff College in Fort Leavenworth. Gen. Ainsworth supported me very strongly for this and wrote a very fine recommendation for me to the National Guard Bureau, and I was one of the three National Guard officers selected to go to the 1951-52 10-months' course. [It was] very rare for a National Guard officer to go to the full 10-months' course. Three-fourths of my class were West Pointers out of the 640 people there, and they were all regular Army except six, three Reserve and three National Guard officers--well, other than Allied officers (I wasn't counting them) that were there.

Because I was commanding an infantry battalion, I had to graduate from the advanced course at Benning first. So I went to Benning and [spent] four months there, graduated from there, and then I went to Leavenworth for 10 months. While in Benning I met a back bay Bostonian by the name of Robert Amory, Jr. His father was one of the big sheet makers, fabric people, had made a fortune in it, and Bob was Harvard-educated and was at this time a Law professor at Harvard. He had made the same false commander's estimate that I had. He was a commander of a tank battalion in the Massachusetts National Guard, and he had done the short

course at Leavenworth and then he came to do an additional course to get the infantry point of view by coming down, and he and I were in this advanced course together. He's a brother, by the way, of Cleveland Amory, who's well-known for his books of commentary on society in general and back bay Boston in particular, and is currently, of course, very prominent in saving the animals, wildlife.

But Bob and I became good friends on the tennis court, and tactically we thought and did things alike. He commanded one platoon and I commanded another of the school platoons, and we would compare notes frequently. We would get to the stands before the teacher would get there, and he and I thought a lot alike. So while I was at Leavenworth, he wrote me a letter saying, "I don't know what you plan on doing when you graduate from Command and General Staff College, but if you have any conceivable interest in this kind of business" (and it was on CIA stationery) "let me know because I have a job 'suited to your peculiar talents.'" And I can get you a lt. colonel's rating, I can get you a GS-13," which is the equivalent of a lt. colonel. And he did, and we did. It rained jobs, there were several other opportunities. Here's another fork in the road. And we took this one, which was the lesser paying. Out of four jobs that were offered me, there was only one that might have been a little less money than this, and that was back in Amarillo with the Globe News. But I haven't regretted a minute of it.

I went to work for CIA, and I hadn't been there long until I had demonstrated administrative capability. Bob said it was evident that I had been hired below my demonstrated capability and got me promoted from GS-13 to a 14. I hadn't been there but six months and he got me promoted to GS-14. And then he gave me a separate staff that

I ran on my own, which was a complicated thing, and of course classified. This is on what we call the overt side of the shop in the deputy directorate for intelligence, so it's not as classified as some of the things I later did in the clandestine service. But my job was to keep a chart on the economic research that was being done by CIA, and particularly under Bob Amory. When he received a special requirement from the National Intelligence Board or from the director to come up with a separate paper on something, he could know from my office how far his basic plan was being sent back. He had a basic plan of getting all the economic intelligence put together and published on the Soviet Union and on China--with emphasis, however, on the Soviet Bloc.

And I set that up, and at first with very unfriendly relations with the analysts, who said, "You simply can't put a time schedule on research." And I said, "Yes I can, because Bob Amory wants me to, and I'm going to do it. But there is nothing that will keep you from you telling me now that you need six weeks of researching this point, you need two weeks of first drafting, you need three more weeks of additional research, you need two weeks of final drafting, then you need two weeks to work with an editor to bring the thing up to date. I'll put this down on my charts. There is nothing to keep you from coming in and saying, 'Look, I need to take an extra week on research for this,' then I'll spread it on the chart, but I need a basic plan." It worked and pretty soon the analysts and I were friends again.

This is where I was when Eisenhower was elected and took Gen. Beatle Smith, who was the Director of CIA when I went to work there, into a job that he particularly wanted him for in the State Department, and made Allen Dulles the Director of CIA. They got the Director of Intelligence

from the Air Force, then Maj. Gen. Charles P. Cabell of Dallas, a West Point graduate, class of '26 I believe, [] and [] brought him in as the Deputy Director. He inherited, oddly enough, a 1st. Colonel (disability retired) who was a West Point graduate as his exec. But they didn't get along, and Bob Fuller did not like the job and Gen. Cabell did not like him in it. Gen. Cabell's typical approach to a thing like that was to call upon each of the three directorates, which is all CIA had at that time: Administration, the clandestine service, and Intelligence. He called upon each one of them to nominate a man for the job.

Well, the other two didn't have a chance; I was a Texan and well-educated militarily, and highly recommended by Bob Amory. So I went up and went to work for him, and within a year I was a GS-15, and I stayed as GS-15 for the remaining 18 years of my career. I never made it to super grade but I made all the in-steps and everything, and on account of the ceilings imposed by the Congress on top-level pay, quite often I was drawing the absolute top of what a civil servant could draw. I recall specifically--later on we're going to come back to this on a different day and a different time, but--the chief in Saigon and I were comparing notes one day, and here he was Chief of the whole caboodle in Vietnam, all of CIA; there I was, his number 3 man. I was getting the same pay he was getting.

Well, I worked in the Director's office, then, and I worshipped Allen Dulles. He was a remarkable man. I could make a tape up of little stories and things about him, and particularly the way he put up with Texans around the place. Allen Dulles was a Presbyterian minister's son from New York, and himself a Princeton graduate. And that's where I met

people like Bill Bundy, who is now editor of National Affairs--I understand he's about to retire; Sherman Kent, who is the father of the National Intelligence Estimate System; a lot of people who are extremely well-known in the intelligence business, and for good reason, because they were extremely competent people.

[PAUSE]

J: You said that you knew a lot of stories about Mr. Dulles that you could use as examples of his personality and so forth. Are there any that you find particularly interesting that you'd like to share with us?

L: Well, two particularly that I recall that deal with me--and naturally I'd be more interested in something that involved me, too. The first one was that I was able to write letters which he would sign without correcting them. There's never been one of the hierarchy--they had two executive assistants up there--never been anybody who could write a letter that he would read and then sign without having to make some corrections. And I was sort of running around on Cloud 9 on this one, of course, although these were overt letters that I was writing for him, thank you letters to this, that, and the other.

So I wrote one to Mr. Fleur Cowles, and Fleur Cowles happens to be Mrs. Fleur Cowles, and one of the most beautiful women in the world--I now know. Well, the buzzer went off which meant for me to come in. So I went into his office, and he had already called in Jack Earman, the executive assistant. He had sent word out that he wanted Gen. Cabell to come in. Jack Earman was a Virginian. And he said, "Jack, I've asked you to come in, in the presence of these two Texans, just so you can see what I have to put up with in the way of hiring Texans. Here I have a letter addressed to Mr. Fleur Cowles, 'Dear Mr. Cowles.' Now, anybody

but a Texan would know that Fleur is the feminine gender and it's a French word for flower. And here I'm just about to sign this letter when I see this." And then he came out with his big laugh. He had a laugh you could hear about three blocks away--"Ho, ho, ho, ho"-type laugh, Santa Claus-type laugh. But I learned a lesson then, I'd be darn sure that I knew who I was talking about. This was his kind of humor.

Another one on a little bit more serious note, I've mentioned to you that he was the son of a Presbyterian minister. He was also a soft-spoken man, a man who did not use profanity. I never heard him use any rough language in all of my acquaintance with him, which was to extend over a good many years--except this one time. On a Sunday, I had a folder similar to this scrapbook here, about the same size, and I had a lot of papers in there that had to have his signature. It could not be delegated, he had to sign it. And we would try and keep him cornered. He hated administration, he hated to do these things. I'd keep the papers down out of sight and I'd bring them up one at a time. And I had to know each paper that was there, I had to be pretty thoroughly familiar with them in case he asked any questions about them.

Well, I handed him a paper that was a transfer of nearly a million dollars to a German station for a specific purpose. He looked at that, and you know he served in Switzerland during World War I, and he knew the German intelligence picture extremely well, both from his own personal knowledge and from keeping track of it through the years. He looked up at me and he says, "Vince, I know who's going to get this money, and he's a son of a bitch." Well, I liked to drop my teeth to hear him say such a thing. And he said, "Now, should I sign this paper?" And I said,

"Mr. Dulles, there are a lot of people you pay a lot more money than you pay me that have signed off on that paper. Larry Houston, your general counsel, has signed off on it. Red White, your chief of administration, has signed off on it. Frank Wisner, who is chief of clandestine services, has signed off on it. And they all say you should sign it." And there was a pause, and I said, "And besides, Mr. Dulles, aren't we sometimes engaged in the business of dealing with sons of bitches?" And he looked up at me, startled. He says, "I guess you're right," and he signed the voucher.

An example of his compassion. The three of us as assistants ran him like a pack of wolves runs a deer. One at a time we would stay there. He would work all sorts of hours. He usually came to work about 8:30 or 9:00 in the morning, and unless he was going out to some social engagement he usually worked until 8:30 or 9:00 at night. This particular day it was my business to take the late trick and to stay with him when everybody else quit at 5:00 o'clock. And Helen and I had a dinner date with our son Bill, the three of us were going out to some friends' for dinner. We were supposed to be there at 7:30, and I thought we'd be safe at 7:30 because he'd probably be going somewhere. Well, at about 7:00 o'clock he called me in, he says, "Vince, I'm just going to be working on some of these papers, you go on home now, you lock up and go home." And I said, "Well, I have some things I have to be doing at my desk," which was an outright lie. I didn't have anything that had to be done that night. But we had agreed we would never leave him alone in that office with just him, a secretary and a security officer.

So I went back to my desk, and then about 7:45, why, Alice Tisthammer who was his secretary, buzzed me and says, "He's getting ready to lock up." Well, Alice and I set a record for putting classified papers away in

three-way combination safes. She checked mine and I checked hers. He headed for the elevator, which operated with a key, and left, and then Alice and I were not very far behind. Helen had pulled up in the quadrangle. This was at 2430 E Street in the northwest part of Washington where the CIA headquarters was at this time. This was in about 1955, along in there. So Helen had pulled our old station wagon up behind his big sedan. Those were the only two cars in the quadrangle. I walked out, and there he was leaning in the window talking to Helen. She later told me what he said. "Mrs. Lockhart, I told him to go home an hour ago, and I didn't know that you were out here waiting for him or I would have insisted on him leaving. But I am awfully sorry that I have held him this late." Now this is the Director of Central Intelligence talking to the wife of an employee. And he really meant it, he was genuinely sorry. He was a magnificent man.

Well, then, he understood when I was offered a job as assistant to the general manager of Crowell Collier Publishing Company in New York, doing substantially the same thing for a general manager of a large corporation that I was doing for the Director of CIA. I was making \$12,000 dollars a year as a GS-15, and they offered me \$18,000 dollars a year. And Helen and I did not at that time have any money from any other source except our salaries, and I couldn't turn it down. It was a new team taking over Crowell Collier, and had they made it, why, it would have been...well, I later found out I would have been a vice president of Crowell Collier publishing Company, about \$35,000 a year, which was good money in those days, awfully good money. But we didn't make it, as you know.

So I resigned, and the only man who was really mad at me about it was Gen. Cabell, because he knew that I knew he had turned down several higher paying jobs in the aircraft industry to stay where he was, and so he

expected me to do the same thing. But also the Cabell Dairy in Dallas was providing him with considerable income, so he wasn't in the same strapped financial position that I was.

But I went off up there, and I hadn't been there but three months until I realized I'd made a mistake. Mr. Dulles kept my clearance open so I could come down over some weekends and help him out, as I had done before, on his clandestine income tax. So about three months later I was down there working with Mr. Dulles on his income tax and went in to see Gen. Cabell. I told him, "Boss, I made a mistake. I don't belong up there, I belong here." "Well," he said, "come on back and go to work." I said, "I can't, I promised them I'd stay a year." He said, "You sign a contract?" I said, "No, sir, I gave them my word." "Well," he says, "go on back up and serve your year out, and come back here and we'll put you to work," which is what I did. Meanwhile we lost all three magazines.

- J: I wonder if you could give us a little biographical sketch about some of the more famous people that you know while you were working at Crowell Collier, and why they stood out in your mind.
- L: Well, Paul Smith was the new president. He had been the youngest editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, I think, in history, and was generally considered the boy genius--although by this time, of course, he was no longer a boy, but he sometimes acted like one. Vance Johnson was the general manager that I worked for, and Vance had been the Chronicle's Washington correspondent and later the Chicago Sun's Washington correspondent. Vance and I had been together on the Globe News in Amarillo, and that was the contact point of me getting into Crowell Collier.

But I think the most interesting two people that I met up there--primarily from a standpoint of what happened to them later--was Cornelius Ryan,

whose books have become rather famous, A Bridge Too Far and The Longest Day. The Longest Day was the first one; and Theodore H. White, who has done The Making of the President every four years now for practically ever since the Crowell Collier collapse. Incidentally, one of the interesting things about it would be that Ken McCardle, who was the editor of Collier's and who later went to Chicago, called Connie in when the Andrea Doria had its terrible accident out in waters off New York. And he told Connie, "I want you to get a family and take their story from before they got onto the boat until they got into the hospital in New York, just one family's story all the way through, and I'm going to make a cover story for Collier's magazine out of it." And I'm sure that's where he got his idea for The Longest Day, which is one of the better books on a personalized version of history, because he took several individuals through that. A Bridge Too Far, he used the same technique. Of course, his life was a great tragedy because he had three really big hit books out when he discovered he had leukemia. And he wrote a good part of the book about his illness, which I have on the shelf out there, but Catherine, his wife, finished it. And it really reflects his bravery in facing death.

Teddy White took the lead in getting people rehired and into forcing the new management at Crowell Collier to pay some money, some separation money, to everybody. Now my job at Crowell Collier was to handle (there were three of us assistants to the general manager) the editorial personnel. Charles X. Larrabee handled the advertising personnel, and Bill Follin of St. Louis handled the circulation. We

got them all good jobs. In the case of the editorial staff, which I'm most knowledgeable of, we got everybody a job at as much or more money than they were making with Crowell Collier.

It was really an interesting time. It was a traumatic time for me because I had made my decision, as I think I've previously mentioned, that I really was going to go back to CIA, I didn't give a damn about that kind of money. It was Paul Smith who called me in as we were separating. He and I had sort of crossed swords at the beginning, because we were having a midnight meeting over in his apartment over on the East Side of New York. He started telling war stories and I didn't know any better and so I started matching his war stories. Oh, and I found out later it made him furious, and the next day he was going to fire me. And Vance Johnson said, "That's all right, you can fire him if you want to, I'm leaving the same day he leaves. You can't fire a man just because he outtold you on war stories. I'll caution Vince to keep his mouth shut hereafter."

J: Well, it's nice to know you had some support there.

L: Yeah; Lord, yes. I'd have been canned that night if it hadn't been for Vance. But Paul was a strange fellow anyhow. He finally died in a mental institution, which is too bad. Crowell Collier collapsed because he trusted too many people, including the treasurer of the company, who it later came out was really aligned with the bond holders who wanted to take the company over, cancel the magazines, and make a lot of money out of the book division. The book division was a very profitable operation when we were there, and I think it's continued to be a very profitable operation. I believe Crowell Collier

is now owned by Doubleday or Macmillan. One of the big publishers now owns it.

But it was an interesting time there. I'm glad it's over and I'm glad the decisions were made. I had an Indian astrologer cast my horoscope one time going back over the past years, and [he] said, "I'm going to go over your worst years first." And when he came to 1956, he said, "This was the worst year of your life." He said several things in this regard, but one of them was a big financial failure. Well, of course that was Crowell Collier. He hit the nail on the head on several things.

After I'd done my tour with Crowell Collier I returned to the agency and I went back to work. There are a number of my friends who never believed my resignation to go to Crowell Collier. They considered that I simply had gone undercover. Arthur McMichael, the Australian who was here at the house the other day, incidentally, said that he never did believe that I had really resigned. But when I returned I did go into the clandestine service, as Gen. Cabell and I had agreed that I would do after I finished my tour in his office.

It's important to me that I keep within the bounds of my security agreement. In fact I prefer to err, if err I must, on the conservative side, so we simply will skip all mention of my life until we come to 1961.

J: The Institute is very grateful for what you have told us, and this is not going to make any big difference in your life story. So we thank you for that.

L: Well, I want to say to you now, and to the Institute, how much I appreciate what you're doing. As a historian I think it's important, as an individual I'm proud that you thought enough of me to ask me to tell you my story and put it on tape. I hope that everything that you're doing is going to come to big success.

J: Thank you.

L: I finally came back to Washington in 1961 and was working in economic warfare for a little while, very unhappy at it, when Jack Earman, who had been the executive assistant to Dulles, was made the inspector general under John McCone. Jack called me up and asked me to come on the inspection staff with him and work for him again, and I did. I had four of the loveliest years of my life traveling all over the world, and developed a reputation for being a person who could handle personnel problems particularly well, so that if there was a sensitive personnel problem anywhere in the world, Jack would send me.

One of the funny stories there, Jack was a Southern Virginian gentleman of the first water, really a marvelous man, very mild. But he liked every once in a while to sound like he was tough. And this particular morning I came into work and my secretary said to me, "Mr. Earman wants to see you the minute you get in." It was about 7:45--we were supposed to be there by 8:30. And so I went in, and Jack's secretary, Charlotte, waved me right on in, and I went in. He says, "Lockhart, how's your shot record?" I said, "Well, it's fine unless I go to a cholera area, in"

which case I'll need a cholera shot." "Well, go get a cholera shot and come back and I'll tell you where you're going." So I headed for the door because I knew better than to fiddle with him when he was in that sort of mood. And he said, "Wait a minute. How about your passport pictures?" And I said, "Well, I'm down to about three or four." "Well," he said, "go by security and get some more passport pictures, and then come back and I'll tell you where you're going." So I headed for the door again. He said, "Wait a minute, you better read this." And he showed me a very sensitive message. The problem was in Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

That was Wednesday morning. Friday night I was on a plane out of...I think it was called Idlewild Airport then, I don't think they had named it Kennedy Airport yet, and 31 lapsed hours later I was in Bangkok. It was a Sunday when I got to Bangkok, and I stayed with the chief out at his house with a swimming pool, a fairly good-sized swimming pool. It was a lovely home the chief had there. And then on Monday I went in to the Indonesian embassy. We were not doing business with the Cambodians, so I went to the Indonesian embassy to get a visa so I could go to Phnom Penh. On Tuesday I flew into Phnom Penh. Everybody was impressed that the problem had happened on a Wednesday in Cambodia, and the following Tuesday an inspector was on the job. I had to go over to Saigon in connection with it, then back to Bangkok, and I finished up with the problem and then I flew from Bangkok back across the Pacific. So I went

around the world on that trip. I was gone nine days and I worked eight of them. Going around the world that way I lost a day.

I got my reward about a year and a half later when the man's supervisor ran into me in the hall and he said, "Vince, I just want to tell you something. You saved me an awful good man by the way you handled the problem." Of course I can't talk about the problem or what it was, it was a personnel problem, and it involved a very young man that shouldn't have been overseas in the first place. He was old enough to go--you had to be 21 to go overseas--old enough in years, but you know age is a comparative thing.

I think that about takes us up to...well, let's see, we can go to Hawaii, I guess, in 1965, then, from the inspector general's staff. Jack and I had reached an agreement that I would stay with him until what we called a DDP, clandestine service put in a priority requirement for me. Meanwhile I had bought a farm out in West Virginia, the timber country of West Virginia. Stole it is probably a better word for it, I got 271 acres and an old beat up house for \$8,500 dollars. And 10 years later I sold it for \$80,000--but I spent \$20,000 on the house in the meantime. We fixed it up to be a real wonderful home where Helen and I lived the first five years after I retired.

But anyhow, I'd gone out there to the farm to get away from things, and you had to always leave a message where you could be reached or where somebody could reach you. So I left the phone number at my friend, Hugh Currence, in Elkins, and Jack called him. And Hugh and I were going to

the state fair of West Virginia the next day. He said, "Well, Vince and I are going down to the state fair at Lewisburg." Well, Jack had gone to prep school there. "I know the town well," he said. "Just tell Vince to get to a public phone and call me. He knows the number. Have him call me at 10:00 o'clock tomorrow morning."

So at 10:00 o'clock I called him. He said Bill Colby had approached him. The man who was to be the deputy chief of station in Honolulu, Buck Rady, had just got back from New Zealand, and Buck was a close personal friend of Jack Earman's. They'd flown him to the hospital and discovered inoperable abdominal cancer, which meant that within six months or so he'd probably be dead, and he was. But of course he couldn't go back overseas again anyway. [So Jack said,] "And Bill Colby wants to know if you want to go out to Honolulu as deputy chief of station. You'll go in uniform if you go." I had just been promoted to a full colonel in the reserve. I said, "Jack, that's the silliest question anybody ever asked me." To turn down a job when you're asked for by the division chief of a place like Honolulu...which was the focal point for all of the Asia activities, including the Vietnam war. I said, "You and I reached an agreement that I'm to stay with you till a priority requirement comes in. Do you consider this a priority requirement?" He said, "Yes I do." I said, "Okay, then I'll go." And that was September, and the next month, Helen and I moved to Honolulu for two years, where I was on the CINCPAC staff and began the period of the last six years of my service, all of which was in uniform but working for CIA.

Travelling around over the Pacific, I made at least one big tour of the Pacific while I was there in Honolulu. And I had already been over most of it when I had inspected the Far East Division. I had been a member

of the team, in fact I was captain of the team, on the Far East Division inspection. It had gone everywhere except Saigon. We left Saigon alone because they had a war to fight. But that's while I was still an inspector.

But then I went out there and spent two years in heaven playing golf twice a week, went out with the gaggle and played... We were encouraged to take physical exercise on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. We worked a six-day week if you count playing golf work. So I played golf twice a week for the two years I was there. We wound up in a lovely apartment living on the economy on the side of Punchbowl, three bedroom apartment. You could sit on my lanai and see everything from Diamondhead to Pearl Harbor, all of Waikiki Beach and everything else down there. Been a lot of high rise building since then, that was 1965.

And that takes us up, I think then, to about 1967, and we'll get to that later.

TAPE II April 13, 1983

J: Last time we were talking, we were just about to get into your work in Saigon. But you just mentioned there were a few things you wanted to discuss about your young adulthood years and people who had an influence on you, which led to the kind of work that you eventually did. I'd like you to go ahead and talk about that.

L: I think it would be important to include that in an oral history. And one of my problems with it is not to be egotistical about it, although I am not bashful, as you're well aware. (Chuckles) But I mentioned my father previously on the tape and the big influence that he had on my life as an inspiration, but I don't think I mentioned my mother. I am convinced that one of the reasons that I got where I got, if I'm considered successful--and I think we have to say that I was--was the fact that I came from a home with a very loving mother. If she never did anything else, she showered her four children with love. And so home was a place that we loved to be, and her presence was always a wonderful thing.

One of the earliest persons to influence my life was a crosseyed schoolteacher I had in the fifth grade who discovered that I really wasn't seeing the blackboard. Back in those days almost the same class moved from the first grade to the second grade to the third grade to the fourth, and the teachers would pass words on to the next year's teachers as to which ones were troublemakers and which ones were this or that. Miss MacDonald, who was my teacher in the fourth grade, told Mary Kate Campbell of Merkel, Texas, who was my fifth grade teacher, that I was a very bright student. Well, I was giving her dumb answers and I was sitting in the back of the room. And at first she thought, "Well, maybe he's not paying

attention back there," and she moved me up to the front row. Well, I improved a little bit, but still not enough.

She finally arrived at the conclusion...now, remember, she was crosseyed, so she was conscious of eyes. And we're talking about 1926; it was a rare thing for a child to wear glasses in those days. As a matter of fact, she sent a note home saying that I needed an eye examination, and my dad was quite upset about this, that any son of his was going to have to wear glasses. But the examination proved it correct and I started wearing glasses, and it made a sissy out of me, because you could not engage in athletics back in those days if you had to have glasses. So I turned to reading a lot more than I had been, although I'd been reading practically everything I could lay my hands on. But I also did not play football, I did not play baseball. The only thing I played, then, when I got into high school was tennis.

The next big effect was in the seventh grade. I had a marvelous English teacher by the name of Jewel Tabor. I knew her later on, and she got to see some of my original success in the newspaper business and was quite pleased about it. But she is the one who really laid the basic English language on my mind, something that is apparently not done anymore in school today. Such things as sentence structure, the use of participles, the use of dangling clauses--all of these things were brought strongly to my mind, and in an excellent way, by Mrs. Tabor.

Then I had a marvelous Chemistry professor in my early years in college in West Texas State. And although I had started out to be a doctor and then later the Depression showed that I was not going to be able to go eight years to college, why, I started to be a commercial chemist. Meanwhile I'd been writing ever since I was 14 years old for publication, had been sports editor of the high school paper and editor of the high school paper

for two years, and then sports editor of the college paper. If I'd stayed there, I'd have been editor of it. But Dr. Chester A. Perle used what I call the Socratic method of teaching. He never answered a question. You asked him a question, "What color is that wall?" He would say to you, "What color is the sky?" And you would have to answer your own question. But he made me think, and he developed a great deal, I think, of my thinking capacity.

I came back to Amarillo and went to work on the paper there with a very successful group in 1936. And in 1938 I had the good sense to marry a girl I'd met in college. We're soon going to celebrate our 45th, and she's a remarkable woman because she's put up with me all this time. And I'm not being facetious when I say that, because I'm sure that living with me has not been the easiest thing in the world to do. But she's done it and done a remarkable job of it, and has boosted me all the way along the line. She spent the last two years with me in Saigon.

I think that pretty much covers what I wanted to get to. [Now] we'll go on with the way we'd planned it, if that's all right with you.

J: I'm glad you did add this now since we didn't catch it last time.

L: Well, Jewel Tabor, for example, encouraged me to write the little column called "Grade School Notes" for the Eagle's Tale. That was the first thing I ever wrote for publication, so I was known when I got over to the high school. And then they needed a sports editor and I was sports editor when I was a freshman and I was a sophomore. And then I was editor my junior and senior years.

But let's go back, now, to the story of my life and pick up. Briefly, in 1965 I was assigned in uniform, as a colonel, U.S. Army, a uniform to which I was entitled, to Honolulu, where I actually served as Deputy Chief of Station of the CIA station there, but where I was actually in uniform

and publicly attributed as being chief of the J54 staff, J5 being the plans staff under Admiral U.S.G. Sharp, CINCPAC--Commander in Chief, Pacific. They Navy always cuts everything down to acronyms and things like that.

Of course Helen was with me, and we had a delightful time living two years in Honolulu, which is just nothing short of paradise, really. But it's too expensive for me to live there as a retired person or I'd probably live there. It also is a bit isolated. When you go from Hawaii to someplace else, you've got a pretty good flight on your hands.

But I enjoyed my work there and I did well with it. And in the course of the time the chief of station of Saigon came through about two months before my two-year tour was to be up. Well, he didn't know until I told him that I had applied for a year's extension there in paradise. He asked me when I was coming to Saigon and going to go to work for him, said, "I've got a job down there that I want you for. I want you as my executive officer." And his executive officer had just passed through a few days before, a good friend of mine, and I had wined him and dined him and I had gotten him briefed by the CINCPAC staff for him to go on down there as executive officer. The Saigon Chief's name was John, and he said: "Well, I've got other things for him to do. I want you as my executive officer." I said, "Well, why don't you just keep him there as executive officer for a year," most of the tours down there were about 18 months, "and then I'll come down when my extended time will be over here."

Well, he sort of seemed to agree with that, except when he got to Saigon he sent a very private message in requesting me by name. Vietnam had absolute priority over everything in CIA as it did in most of the U.S. Government by 1967, which is when this was. My chief there, whose name was Bill, came in to me and said, "Vince, I don't think that we can fight this. I know

you've extended here for a year, but you know and I know that we're all going to eventually have to serve in Vietnam," because there was a great, voracious appetite for people because of the large size of the activities in Vietnam by CIA and the number of people required. So nearly everybody just had to go down and do a tour down there. So I said all right. John had wanted me to jump on an airplane and come right on down, but we did resist that and I brought Helen home and set her up in Elkins, West Virginia, and then went back and got into Saigon in September, 1967, assigned as the executive officer of the station.

Now, what is an executive officer of a station in the CIA? Well, in this particular place, we're talking about a massive group of people, really, and most of them were under Department of Army cover. I was there in uniform, some of them were under embassy cover, and we actually occupied the top two and a half floors [of the embassy]. Half of the fourth floor was our communications center. This comes into being in the tape that you have of the Tet '68, the Diamond Net, that is the subject of another series of tapes and things that you're going to copy.

But the executive officer was really...I guess the best way to put it would be the chief administrative officer without being in administration. John called me in one day and he said, "Mr. Executive Officer, I've got an executive officer-type problem. I promised so-and-so this, now what can I do about it? I find that the regulations don't permit me to do what I promised to do." Well, I found a way for him to get around that, and we did get around it. And I made the arrangements and took care of it for him so that he could keep his word to a good man. That good man happens to be a real good friend of mine. He's in Austria right now and will be back and retire in Texas, I think, in a couple of more years.

I had to do with operational things as well as administrative things. The funny thing about it was, I'm a GS-15. The chief of administration was a GS-17, super grade, a man of considerable courage as he proved at Tet '68. We had a political division, and we had an intelligence division, and then we had a lot of little special staffs around. Later on under another chief of station I was to take all those other little staffs together and put them together in what was called an intelligence support division. We'll get to that a little bit later.

But basically John never used a deputy. He used his executive officer as his deputy. And when he first introduced me at the staff meeting he said, "This is Vince Lockhart, those of you who haven't met him. He's a good man and he is my executive officer. And when he speaks, he speaks with my voice, and you'd better pay attention." Well, I had to be careful about this because three of the guys that I was speaking to were super grades. Only one of them was junior to me, the political action man was junior to me in rank, but in the hierarchy of the station I was senior to all of them by John's order. One of those guys was the guy who later succeeded John. John had a detached retina and had to be evacuated. The new chief and I became good friends and he used me as an executive officer in the same way that John did. Well, it's a powerful position. You can liken it to--in an automobile industry, manufacturing business or something like that--the man who speaks with the president's authority. For example, in Chrysler today imagine that there was a man that was working adjacent to his office who spoke with Lee Iacocca's authority, people are goin' to pay attention to you. So it puts a lot of responsibility on you as to what you're going to do.

Well, amongst the things that I did was to keep the duty roster. We had a duty officer on at night. The office was always manned. There was always at least two communicators downstairs on the fourth floor. We were getting by with just one duty officer until Tet '68 came on. After Tet '68 we did a lot of things. We put in blackout curtains, for example, so that you could shut off the light and you could have light in the office, which Howard couldn't have--the duty officer whose voice you've heard a great deal of. I had put him down on the floor by talking to him on the radio. I told him, "Get your microphone and your telephone down on the floor and lie down on the floor. They can't shoot at that angle on the sixth floor, and they can't hit you at that angle. The worst they can do is to come through the windows and some burst might come through and explode," but nothing did. There were some fragments into the fifth floor right below him, and on one of those tapes you can hear that shell hit. I believe that's where he uses a profane word. (Laughs)

But it was an interesting life I lived with Maj. Gen. Charles Timmes, retired, who was out there as a GS-15 contract for the agency because he knew every battalion commander in the army of the Republic of Vietnam, and he had known them when they were lieutenants. He'd been out there for years off and on, finally as Chief MAG. He was and is a remarkable man and a very good tennis player. He and I were doubles partners for most of the four years that we were out there together. He stayed there about eight years. Now there's a man that we ought to get a verbal history on, because he was in Vietnam at the beginning and at the end, the last day. He was among the last persons, American people, to leave Vietnam, and went out to a carrier by a chopper from the embassy.

Anyhow, Charlie and I had a house. I had never met him and he had come through Honolulu on his way there while I was still in Honolulu. My first

brush with his friendliness, and his quick assumption of friendliness... which is sort of surprising 'cause he's a New Yorker, raised in New York City, graduate of Fordham where he got his ROTC commission. But when the military came through, the chief of station Honolulu always had me take care of them 'cause I was in uniform, I had a nice apartment where I could entertain them, and he didn't particularly like to be bothered with it. If some ambassador came through, why, he would, of course, go see them, but he turned the military over to me, sometimes to include pretty high-ranking guys.

But Charlie and I were sitting out on the lanai of our apartment on the slopes of Punchbowl, where you can see Pearl Harbor off to the right and Diamondhead and Waikiki off to the left. I said we were living in paradise. He says, "Well, now, Vincent, what sort of housing will be provided for me? I know the city and I know the kind of houses." I said, "Well, you'll have a very good house as a GS-15, you'll be quartered nicely. But from what I've been told," and of course I had been down there for one visit because the whole Pacific area was under the influence, but not the command of, the Chief of Station Honolulu, who also wore another hat called Senior War Planner Pacific. And I had just told him that I was going to be down there in another six or eight weeks, I'd gotten the word as he came through. So I said, "The ideal thing would be for a couple of GS-15s to get together. You could get a pretty good villa and be housed real well." "Good, Vince," he says. "I'll find us a house." I'd never met the guy until that day.

Well, I got down there and I found that they had found a house. It had one great big, large bedroom and two small bedrooms, and he was going to take one of the small bedrooms, give me the big bedroom in this house. I said, "This won't do. I know I'm technically your boss here in Vietnam,"

which I was, "but you're a major general and I'm a colonel, and I can't have that." And besides that, I began to like the guy, and we later became and...well, we're such close friends that in the snowstorm the other day he called me up on the phone from Washington to find out how we were doing, and complained that his wife had just got through beating him at table tennis.

So I looked around and I found another house that had two good identical bedrooms with their own private baths and a third bedroom off down the hall, that was kind of a funny-shaped one, that had a private bath so that we could have guests. It had been turned back by one fellow because it didn't have a big enough living room for the kind of entertainment that he felt he should want. Well neither Charlie or I felt that we would be doing much large entertainment, most of it would be relatively small. It turned out to be true even when we moved to another house a little bit later. But that's the house we were in at Tet '68. And Charlie Timmes and I became housemates and stayed that for two years. We moved together to another house.

After the new chief had taken over, Lew, and had gone off on leave...I think I'd also had a home leave, but we didn't call it that, we called it SMA, and I've forgotten even what SMA stood for. But they paid for our tickets back to our home, and we were given about three weeks that we could visit with our families and then come back. In an 18-month tour we had two of those to break the tour technically about every six months. Well, while Lew was gone, as his executive officer I worked up a notebook from all of the various division chiefs, which said, "While you were gone, this is what went on." One of the things, Bill Colby was out there as the deputy chief of CORDS, Civil Operations and Rural Development. The chief of CORDS at this time was Robert Komer, who was off of the White

House staff. He was succeeded by Bill Colby. Bill inherited a two-story house that he didn't really like, but turned out to be a blessing for us, and we added him a house for this big two-story house. [It was too] big for a single individual to live in. Bill didn't care to have anybody living with him, and of course being as senior as he was he could have had his choice of almost anyplace except the palace in Saigon. Not only was he senior, but he was out there on loan from CIA. He was not working for CIA when he was deputy chief and chief of CORDS. And a lot of people don't believe that, but he was not. He was sent out there by Lyndon Johnson, who brooked no questioning of him from any government employee. Bill didn't particularly want to come out.

Anyhow, this house was made available, and in the margin [of the notebook] I wrote, "Suitable for two GS-15s like Timmes and Lockhart." Lew called me in and said, "Vince, do you want this house?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Well, what's the matter with the one you've got?" "Well," I said, "You've got to drive up an alley." That was the same alley the VC had come up, where the two had been killed and their bodies later carried away. I said, "You've got to come up an alley to get there. And we are doing some entertainment now, and I'd like to have reasonable parking area. And this is a better house, and I just would prefer to have it." He said, "Fine, you can have it." That house was at 57 Truong Minh Giang, about eight or 10 blocks from the embassy. Nice three bedrooms upstairs, only two baths. There was a half bath downstairs underneath the stairway, which became the grafitti room. The guy who succeeded me and took over the house had it all painted over, which I thought was a shame. One of the things that was written in there that I remember was, "If God is dead, what do I say to you when you sneeze?" (Chuckles) There was a lot of

cute stuff. There was one or two that I had to mark out because we did have Vietnamese guests, and I couldn't have anything in the graffiti room that would insult Vietnamese. But that's how we got that house.

Well, then when my two years were up, Charlie was staying. And it was when things quieted down in 1969, and really everything was going along very smoothly as far as we were concerned, and life was quite pleasant. We couldn't understand why some of the decisions were being made in Washington that were being made there, but there was nothing we could do other than to keep them informed.

But anyhow, I had set up the indications center after Tet '68. I'd gotten a guy named Frank Denny to come out, who had worked in the war room the National Watch Center, I believe it was called, in the Pentagon, as the CIA representative as a super grade. Frank had taken a bust back to a [GS]-15 in order to get out of that job--he didn't like it--and to get back over into CIA into the analysis area. So I asked a friend of mine to get in touch with Frank to see if he would be willing to come out to set up and run the indications center; I wasn't going to ask for him so that he'd be required to come. He was delighted, and he came out and set up one of the best indications centers I've ever seen anywhere in my life, with all the sliding maps and everything. We were in a vaulted area where all the classified stuff could be right on the maps. And General Abrams was quite impressed, and I got credit for it. In fact it's specifically mentioned in two of my citations that I set it up. Well, I did set it up but Frank Denny's the guy that did the work, so he really got me the medals.

But anyhow, then, General Abrams wanted me to come back out for another tour. I ran into him in the hall and I stepped back because he was coming

into the elevator to go up to a country team meeting, and courtesy does not permit a colonel to ride with a four-star general in the elevator--except when invited. Well, he stepped in, he saw me standing back, he says, "Come on in, Lockhart, I want to talk to you anyhow." And I went in. He says, "You going to come back here for another tour?" I said, "Sir, I've been away from my wife an awful lot these last two years, and I was away from her two and a half years in World War II. You know what I'm talking about. And I would rather not do it." "Well," he says, "I want you out here. Would your wife come out here?" I said, "Sure she would. But would she be permitted?" He says, "Well, Bunker's got a thing going for key personnel that he would lose otherwise, if there are no school age children involved that they can come. There are no school age children involved with you, are there?" I said, "No. I'm just waiting for my grandchildren to be born." He laughed, and I said, "And also my time in grade as a colonel will be up next April. I'll be five years in grade and so I'm supposed to retire because I've got over 30 years of service." "Well," he said, "by God, I can take care of that." And he did, and I was extended.

Helen came out, and Charlie moved into an apartment with Marie. Charlie did a lot of traveling all over the country and he didn't want to leave her in a ground level home while he was gone so much; he'd rather have her...she actually had a lovely apartment over across the street from the embassy on #1 Mac Dinh Chi where she lived. And of course she and Helen were together an awful lot, as were several of the other wives that came out there then. Helen says she spent most of the mornings playing bridge, and the afternoons bowling, and the evenings partying, and that was the way she spent two years. (Chuckles) We did have a lot of fun, and of course there was some danger involved. I had a party there at 57 Truong Minh Giang to introduce

her to a lot of people, and it was a large cocktail-finger food type party rather than the sit-down dinners for which the house became famous.

We used to have 10 or 14 at sit-down dinners, and I had the best kitchen in Saigon. Part of it was subsidized and so I had to turn in a voucher of how much I had paid. The chief's secretary one time, when I handed her a voucher, said, "Do you realize you pay your cook more than Ambassador Bunker pays his cook?" And I said, "Yes. But my cook is better than Ambassador Bunker's cook." (Laughs) And he was. Honest to God, in two years I can never recall anybody refusing a dinner invitation to 57 Truong Minh Giang, because it was just so well known for the high quality. Nhon was our housekeeper and maid, and her husband Van (Bui was the family name) was French-trained, a French-trained chef, and a good one. We ate very, very well. Helen would do the shopping at the commissary, bring the stuff in, and Nhon would do a lot of shopping in [the] Vietnamese market. And we had friends like Brad up in Dalat (who incidentally will be here in two weeks, we called him the mayor of Dalat), who would send the big Vietnamese strawberries, about half the size of that cup. And they'd look a little green, they didn't look [ripe], but oh, did they taste beautiful. They had marvelous fruit up there. And very good vegetables from up there, which were properly grown and which we could use. A lot of the vegetables down delta were grown with human fertilizer and was not considered safe for consumption.

That's the kind of life that we lived for those two years. As I said, then, when Ted took over as the chief from Lew, he called me in and he said, "I don't believe in this strong executive officer business like Lew and John did, but I've got an important job I want you to undertake. I find eight little different staffs all reporting directly to me, and that's too

many--anybody that knows anything about management will tell you that's too many--and I find that the regional officers in charge /ROICs, we called 'em/ are reporting to one of my division chiefs instead of to me, and I want them to report directly to me. So I want you to take those eight staffs and put them together into a division, and I want you to call it the Intelligence Support Division." And I had the whole DDI, the Deputy Director for Intelligence contingent, in my division. That's the analysts who were out there. This included two of the best political analysts that I think CIA's ever had, and certainly in the field, Bill Christiansen and /the present/ Mrs. Bill Christiansen. When we'd have to do one of our appraisals of the situation to send back to Washington, which was part of my job as chief of this Intelligence Support Division, they would do the political section, which in turn, then, I had to take down and vet with the political officer in the embassy.

We were very careful not to step on other people's toes, which is remarkable, really, when you consider the size of the CIA establishment and when you consider the egos that are involved. That's what steps on other people's toes, you know.

By this time, of course, I knew I was never going to be a super grade. I knew that probably very shortly after I finished this two-year tour in Vietnam, unless they gave me something important to do in Washington, I was going to retire. And then when I got back I had a thyroid operation. They discovered I had a tumor on my thyroid, and so went into Georgetown University Hospital prepared for the worst. It turned out not to be that bad, they just took out half of it and a tumor about the size of a lemon, which I never knew was there. But it was benign, and so they didn't have to take out anything else.

That brings up the subject of my health, which has a bearing on a couple of the latter phases of my life, particularly, and my wife's health. I now know, but did not know it then, that in the last few months that we were in Saigon, Helen began to have symptoms of Parkinsonism. We came back to Washington and we were there six months, and she kept this concealed from me pretty well. We had bought this timber farm out in West Virginia, bought part of it and then accumulated a lot more. I finally wound up with 643 acres of some of the most beautiful country in the world. When we got out there, then we discovered her health was pretty bad, and I took her in to Golden Hospital. The doctor there ruled out Parkinsonism.

I was over visiting with my friend and number 3 man in Walter Reed Hospital, who had been the commander of Third Field in Saigon. I have not mentioned the fact that I had a blood clot earlier on while in Saigon and was hospitalized in Third Field there while they dissolved two blood clots, one of which was on my lung. That also made me very conscious of my health. Then when I got back and had that thyroid operation, that pretty well made me decide to retire. And I still didn't know about Helen's Parkinsonism.

Well, I was talking to my friend in Walter Reed, Col. M.D. Thomas, [who] was the number 3 man. This was in the big expansion period at Walter Reed when they were erecting the big new building there. This was in the summer of [1972]. Thomas told me, "Here at Walter Reed we have [one of the best Parkinson's doctors in the world. Let's set up an appointment and let him examine your wife." Meanwhile, my brother the doctor had run across Sinemet, this new combination of levidopa and carbodopa, for Parkinson patients. And he had sent a little bottle to Helen and said, "Now you can't take this without a doctor's orders, but this is what I

think you should be taking." My brother had diagnosed it as Parkinsonism. So when Helen went in for this interview, then, he said, "I believe you have Parkinson's." She said, "Well, what about this?" And she brought out this little package of Sinemet. He says, "That's exactly what you ought to be taking." And he started her on it.

On the First of June 1972, we moved to the farm, and Helen had gotten up to where she was taking too much of the medicine, and she was getting a little bit of the zombie effect that you get when you take too much levidopa. We settled her back, and I brought her back, then, for the doctor at Walter Reed to see her again, and we got her regulated. And thank God, you saw her a while ago, there's no sign of Parkinsonism at all.

Then, in October of '75, I guess it was, I had a bad nosebleed. And I do mean a bad one, I lost five pints of blood before they got me to the hospital and got it stopped. Well I'm a big man, but five pints of blood is a lot of blood to lose. The doctor said, "Another hour and you'd have been dead." That was at Memorial Hospital in Elkins. Then I started going back over to Walter Reed because I was 60 years old and became eligible for my full military benefits, full access to all military hospitals and all military facilities.

It snowed about 200 inches a winter up there in that part of West Virginia. Snowshoe ski resort is just 10 miles from us. Absolutely some of the most beautiful country in the world. Our place was all hardwood timber--lovely, lovely place. We were in love with it. We even got to where we liked the mountain people and they liked us, and they're a pretty cool bunch of characters to get acquainted with. We got to where we were well known and liked, thank God, and we liked

them. We made some friends that we'll be going back to see next month.

But I looked out one February morning...we were going to go to Sanibel Island, Florida, for a little vacation, and I looked out after the snowstorm of that night and I saw the only road out of the place with a 12 foot snowdrift over it. I turned to Helen and I said, "This is our last winter in this farm. Now either you let me set us up in a winter home in Elkins or someplace, or we can even go to Florida for the winter if you want to, but I'm not going to spend another winter up here on this farm as much as I love it." She did not want two houses, so that's when we started looking, and we selected El Paso. We moved here in November of 1977.

J: Why had you set Helen up in West Virginia when you went overseas?

L: Because I had bought the farm. And why did I buy the farm? Well, now, that's an interesting question which I just simply skipped over. In 1963 we took our son down to West Texas State to put him in for his one semester of college. (I say one semester because he came home at Christmas and said, "Pop I'm wasting your money.") But anyhow, we brought Helen's mother back with us and we allowed a little extra time traveling because she was in her early 80s at that time. Well it turned out that Minnie, as we all called her, traveled better than Helen or I did. So we were driving through Ohio and we had an extra day of time. I turned to her and I said, "Honey, we've got some extra time, and you've always wanted to see a West Virginia glass factory. Let's turn South and spend tonight in West Virginia and see if we can't see a glass factory tomorrow."

So we spent the night in Clarksburg and the next day we drove down to a little town called Jane Lew where there's a wonderful little glass factory, but it was not open that early in the morning. So we drove on

down to Weston where the West Virginia Glass Factory is. (The glass you drank your water out of a while ago came from the West Virginia Glass Factory, it's crystal.) That put us on US 33. We took US 33, then, and drove through this lovely little town of Elkins, where Davis and Elkins College is, and we hit into the foothills of these mountains. And coming up out of the Tygart Valley River we crossed over five ranges of mountains to get to Harrisonburg, Virginia. And we were astounded. We didn't know there was anything that pretty out there. I said, "Honey, we're not going to have much time next year for a vacation. Let's come out here and see if we can't find us one of these little cabins on one of these bubbling mountain streams for a vacation spot."

The next year we did. This was in 1964. I went into Elkins. Not knowing that there was a daily paper there I found the weekly paper, and I went in and it was press day and his printer had walked out on him. Well, I had been in precisely the same position in Canadian, Texas some 20 years earlier than that. So I went back out to the car and I said, "Honey, his printer's walked out on him and it's press day, and he's running the press and then getting down and running the folder, and he's got people that are mailing." She says, "Take me to the motel and go on in and help him." So I did, and I went back and I ran the folder, then, until he'd finished his press run of the Randolph County Enterprise. Frank Palovido was the editor, and I made a lifelong friend out of him with that one act.

I told him what I was there for, and he said, "Well, Hugh Currence is the man you ought to talk to." So I went over to Hugh Currence and he said, "No, I don't have a place like you're talking about, but I got a farm you ought to look at." So we went down to the south part of the country--it's

about 34 miles from Elkins--and saw this 271 acre farm with an old, beat-up house on it, for \$8,500 dollars, \$31 dollars an acre. But I said, "No, this isn't what we came out here for." And I explained again, and I gave him my name and address and said, "You drop me a line if you get something /that/ suits me."

Well, Hugh has never let any grass grow under his feet, he's a good real estate man, retired now. But he was in touch with me within a month and he said, "I've got a little place just about like you're talking about. As a matter of fact, it's on a stream we passed by going up to that farm I showed you." So we came back to look at it, and here was this four acres and this little four-room house--it was a little better than a shack--right on Logan Run (in fact, Logan Run ran right in front of the house) for \$1,600 dollars. I had \$1,800 dollars in the bank at the time. And I was getting ready to write him a check when Helen says, "Well, let's go back and look at that farm we looked at before." This was October of 1964.

We went back up there, and standing in that yard--Helen's a bird watcher--every damn bird that ever migrated through North America came by, landed in that apple tree in the front yard, said "hello," and went on about his journey south. She says, "This is what we ought to be buying, not that little thing down in the valley." So I started dickering with Hugh and we bought that 271 acres with a little help from him on holding the first mortgage. And that started us. We bought three adjacent farms to it before we finished. The last one was while I was in Vietnam where I was getting a 25 percent differential. That's what I put my money into. Turned out to be a very good investment. But that's why I bought the farm and that's why we went out there to retire in the first place, even though we're native Texans.

There's one other thing. I don't remember whether I mentioned this or not, that I was born in Greenville, Texas and raised in Canyon, Texas from the age of seven. /I was/ in Kansas when I was a little baby, but in Marshall, Texas from four to seven, and then after seven years old Canyon was home. I still look upon it with a lot of love and remembrances of the years that I spent hunting and trapping and camping in a nice little small town in West Texas. It was a wonderful life.

/PAUSE/

- J: Could you please give me particular incidents or something that might have had a particular effect on you personally during the Tet Offensive? I know we're going to be getting copies of the tapes that you had of the radio communications between where you were and the embassy and so forth, but is there any background in particular you'd like to give us about that or any specific incidents that you were involved in?
- L: Well, part of this is going to be a little egotistical, but out of the work that I did at Tet and immediately following Tet I got two medals. I guess I'm not going to be bashful, it'd be out of character for my anyhow.
- J: I'd like for you to tell us exactly how you got those citations.
- L: Well, I got them primarily for setting up an indications center. But let's go back to the beginning of Tet '68 when Howard, the duty officer... now I was responsible for the duty officer, so that's why he called me first instead of Lew, who was the chief.
- J: Now you had only been there about three or four months, right?
- L: I got there in September and served under John until December, and John was evacuated and got his eye patched up and came back and was back three days in January, early January. Lew was actually the acting chief. In the course of the other tape discussion, I believe I said that I was

the number 3 man, but in truth I was number 2 man then, because a deputy chief had not been designated at that time.

Of course I wanted to get into the embassy after it was attacked, and my heart bled for this guy who was up there all by himself on the sixth floor of the embassy. And he's got 19 Vietnamese (as we now know, we didn't know then how many there were) shooting at the building and trying to get into the building. After the killing of one Marine and the wounding of another, the remaining three Marines kept those 19 out. And I've always felt that that was some real heroism. I don't know whether those Marines were ever given a medal or not, they certainly should have had one. It was not within my purview to even recommend it.

J: Can you tell us a little bit about that, describing that incident of the Marines?

L: Well, there were five Marines that were a part of the guard force for the embassy and the NORODAM compound, which was right next door. The embassy itself was a beautiful six-story building. I've forgotten what the North Vietnamese, the Communist people, have made of it now. At one time I heard they were going to make a museum of it. But nevertheless, it was the American embassy. When I went out there in September, we were in the old embassy over by the river, and we moved into the new embassy in November, 1967. So we just hardly'd gotten the building broken in when this Tet attack came.

Those Marines, one of them was over in NORODAM. When he heard 'em coming in, he tried to crawl out a window to get back over to his buddies, and a Vietnamese shot him and killed him. Another one was shot in the leg. There was no...the front door was not made to be a fortress. It was wide open in certain areas there. The foyer of the embassy was

not air conditioned at all and was not closed in. Fortunately they had some great big heavy wooden doors, but besides the doors it was wide open and the Vietnamese could shoot through there. And shooting through is the way they got this boy in the leg. But the others, when they'd come up too close the Marines would fire back at 'em and they kept their distance. Nobody knows to this day whether the Marines actually killed any of them or not, because about three or four hours later an American infantry group came up from the outside and had to fight their way in to get across the wall. The Vietnamese had cut a hole through the wall and crawled through to get inside the wall compound, but they couldn't get inside the embassy. So the Americans had to fight their way, and of course they killed all 19 of them, there was not a single one of them survived that came there to attack the embassy.

I was impressed so much by these boys and what they did, and by Howard upstairs and how he kept his cool, and those two communicators. You've heard their voices on tape, and only on a couple of occasions do you hear Howard use profanity, and usually it was one of exasperation, such as his expletive when the rocket hit on the floor right below him.

I don't know what it was, really, that happened to me. I've tried to do some self-examination of myself. Part of it may have been the fact that I was well past 50 years of age at the time. In fact, in '67 I was 53 years old. But there's something about an emergency of that sort of thing that brings out either the best or the worst in a person. I'd like to think it brought out the best in me. I started out on this harangue by telling you it was going to sound a little bit egotistical.

I spent the nights in the embassy for the next three weeks. And I kept a record--and I don't know why I did it, but I kept a record of how

many hours I worked out of each 24, and some of it was twenty. I would go home at noon and have a nice lunch from this best kitchen in Saigon that I told you about, and change clothes and take a bath, shave, and then come back, because I was also doing my executive officer work during the day. But I was in command at night. We were under curfew. Curfew was from 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. during this time, and you just weren't permitted on the street unless you were a policeman or had a special badge or something.

So I had a crew. We had people representative of each part of the CIA establishment, and they were on duty there. And by and large they slept there, they had cots and that sort of thing in there. We had C-rations that they could eat and we had some pretty good tank rations that I recall that we conned off of the military--the old 15-in-1 ration. The military knows about it, it's one of the best rations that the Army ever came up with. That and the old simple K-ration were my favorites during World War II.

But anyhow, when I was running it at night was when it was daytime in Washington, and so we got an awful lot of our queries there, particularly, and three or four o'clock in the morning. And Lew and I were good friends beside the fact that he was the chief of station and had a lot of confidence in me. And we're still good friends, he's retired and lives up in Maine. I've told him what a damn fool I think he is for going up there instead of coming here. And we'll get around to my story of why I came to El Paso before this tape's over, if we ever get it over.

So Lew just let me use my own discretion, and so in fact I was running the station for 13 hours a day, and he was running it for 11 hours a day. Most of the work he was doing was handling the people within Vietnam, and most of the work that I was doing was answering the que of which

there were a plethora, from Washington. There's an interesting little sidelight to that, incidentally. The day after Tet, all of the news, of course, here was, "American Embassy Under Attack," and one of the news stories said that the VC got to the fifth floor of the embassy, which was a lie, nobody ever got in there. That was repeated, incidentally, in the Stars and Stripes, which bothered me /to/ no end, because, you know, something gets said once and all of a sudden it's taken for gospel and it's taken for historical truth, and it is not true. And oftentimes we, I think, make mistakes on things like that.

Anyhow, Helen was in West Virginia. And she stood it about as long as she could, and she called our good friend John Jacobs, she got him on the phone and said, "Jake, have you got any word on Vincent?" He says, "Not directly, but we got a dispatch in, we had a communication in from them right within two hours after the attack, and I know he wrote it, because I can tell by the working that he wrote it. So he must be in the embassy and everything's all right." Well that was the message that I gave the communicator who called me up. It's on the tape that he called me up and said, "I have a message from Washington, wanting to know." And I said, "Send a message back to them and tell them that the embassy is in our hands and it has not been entered, and we anticipate being able to hold off," or words to that effect. And he then checked with Lew, and Lew told him to go ahead. Anyhow, Jake told her that and she was relieved. The truth about the matter was of course that I was not in the embassy and I had not really written the message (chuckles), but it made her feel happy; and I was all right.

The next thing about that, and we've come forward, I was scheduled to come in February on my SMA, but I didn't make it until March because of all of this ruckus that was going on. When I came back, Tom Karamasines

was the deputy director for Plans. He was one of the three senior deputies to the director, which at that time I believe was Dick Helms. I believe Dick had taken over by that time. Anyhow, Tom sent for me and had me come see him. "Vince," he said, "I want you to know how proud I am of you for what you did in Vietnam." And I said, "Well, Tom, thank you. We've got an awful nice bunch of people out there. You should be proud of that gang that you've got out there because under fire they reacted and did a beautiful job." He says, "Well, I understand that and I appreciate it, but I understand you're the fella that held the station together during that period." Well that isn't true, but it sure was good to have a guy that high up compliment me in that fashion. And of course he did recommend the Intelligence Medal of Merit which Dick Helms signed and is up there on the wall, and that Gen. Cushman presented to me. We've got a picture up on the wall there of the general handing me the citation several months later.

I think that's about all I want to mention about Tet. There are a lot of individual stories that I don't know enough about to really record them for historical purposes. But I was awful proud of the people I was associated with at the time, I'll tell you. There wasn't a single person that I know of that went off and cowered in a corner or something. And that's amazing, when you take that many people, that there wasn't a single one of them that broke down--women included. I know one of the women that was over in an apartment building that was all CIA, and the VC came right by their front wall but never did enter that building. This gal got up and started cooking breakfast for everybody, which was certainly a practical approach to things. Sometimes work is the best thing in the world when you're under emotional strain.

Let's see, we've told about me coming back and my health being rather poor, and the fact that they didn't really have an assignment that was a challenge for me. I qualified for more than a thousand dollars a month retirement pay. I thought a thousand dollars a month was enough to live on, and I guess in 1972 it was. We had the farm sitting out there waiting for us, so we went out to the farm and we stayed five years and five months, the longest time that Helen and I have had in one house in 45 years of marriage. We had two full years in that house in Vietnam, which was one of the longest times. Part of this was my fault, and part of it was the fault of the government for whom I worked, moving me from place to place time to time.

But it was a wonderful five years. I've shown you the pictures of it, it's a place of intense natural beauty--hardwood trees interspersed with enough evergreens to make it pretty. We improved it. We took this old, beat-up farmhouse, I stripped it to the studs and put three and a half inches of fiberglass insulation. I was going to tear it down until I found out the studs were solid oak, and to tear the house down would have cost more than to build a new one--if I didn't want to burn it, and to burn it would have ruined a huge hemlock tree right next to it. So we just fixed that house up.

I put plastic vapor lock on the inside and then panelled it throughout the whole house, built a new stairway up to the upstairs where there were two bedrooms, and left a space up there where I could put in a second bathroom sometime in the future. We got by with one bathroom even when we had a house full of guests. But I thought about the old farmers that were living there getting by with no bathrooms at all, and a well out there that they were hauling water out of in a bucket. We drilled a beautiful

155-foot well on the north side of the house. It sits out on a ridge, and yet in 155 feet we got ample water, and it was the most beautiful water in the world. It's almost pure. All of our friends who'd come over there would bring empty bottles and fill them up and take water back. It makes one of the finest mixers with scotch there is. (Chuckles)

But because of our health we decided we had to go. We looked at Florida. We had spent some time at Sanibel Island, which is still one of our favorite spots, but we didn't want to live there. By this time I was qualified for military hospital, and we looked at Tampa and particularly at Largo out from Tampa and St. Petersburg, which is not too far from MacDill Field. But the hospital in MacDill did not give medical service to retirees. They couldn't afford to, there was too many there, so they had to shut them all off.

Well being Texans we came back and we looked at San Antonio. We were surprised at how humid in recent years San Antonio had become, so we knew we would have to have refrigerated air conditioning there. My sister wanted us to move to Asutin where she lives, and Bergstrom Air Force Base is there with pretty good medical facilities, and of course not too far to Brook General down in San Antonio. But we came out here and we found this lovely house that we're in now for a ridiculous price of \$66,500 dollars that we paid for this place--2600 square feet of four bedroom, brick home, all the rooms large. This influenced us, and William Beaumont is one of the best military hospitals in the business. It's hell gettin' in there and treated, but once you get in and get treated it's one of the finest hospitals in the world. It paid off in spades when /Helen/ had to have her gall bladder removed and part of her stomach removed, and was in intensive care for 12 days.

So we moved to El Paso. Well having gotten here, then, the 36th Division Association, of which I had been a member ever since it was formed...I was one of the charter members of it, made the first meeting in Brownwood, Texas in about 1946 or '47 I think it was. It was while I was in Canadian, and I left Canadian in '49. They had been after me for some years, saying that I should write the definitive history of the 36th Division. Well, then they finally came around saying, "If you'd just write a guy named Robert Wagner," of Austin, a professional historian. He had written a book called The Texas Army, which covers the Italian campaign. Gen. Walker had published his memoirs, which [is] largely his diary, in book called From Texas to Rome, and that covered from the September Louisiana maneuvers when he joined the Division till his departure at the end of the Italian campaign.

So the gap existed of our actions from the landing in Southern France to the end of the war. And the Association had asked me before to do it, and I was too far away when I was on the farm, and probably having too much fun. But when I moved to El Paso and they asked me again, I began to look into it and I saw I could make a good book out of it. So I made 'em a couple of propositions, one of which was that if they'd give me right and title to everything to which they had right for use in the book, that I would write the book on my own at my own expense, but it would be my book and any profit from it would be mine. Well, we haven't got to that profit point yet, but we're now to the point to where the money that comes in all goes to me toward my expenses. And I've only got 1400 copies of a 3500 printing left. So the book has gone well, it's been exceptionally well received. As I've told my friends, the printing and the binding is exquisite, really, it's a beautiful binding that they've put on it. This Bookcrafters of Michigan did the actual printing and binding, although

the publication is by Staked Plains Press in Canyon. And as I tell my friends, "The printing and the binding is exquisite, and the writing ain't too shabby either." But that's why I did it.

Well then I got to El Paso and got mixed up into a half a dozen things. The first thing I got mixed up in was Scotsdale Baptist Church. The woman who sold us this house is a member of the church, in fact her husband's one of the deacons. And I told her, "We're looking for a church, but don't expect me to be in it every time the door's open." My pastor throws that up to me every once in a while now. I've served as finance committee chairman, and I am serving as teller committee chairman. I'm secretary of the deacons now. They made the mistake of ordaining me a deacon after I'd been here about a year. I am the chairman of the historical committee for the church, and I am sort of a special advisor to the pastor on financial matters, although he has his new financial committee now. I had to leave it because you can only serve so long on a committee, and then you have to lay out for a while. I have an idea he'll have me back onto that before too long. I just this morning delivered the newspaper releases for our revival, which is going to be week after next, and I gave Betty Pierce on the Herald-Post and Pat Henry on [the] Times news releases on that.

Then I made a mistake of visiting the Museum of History, and I found some things mislabeled and out of order in the display for Lt. Hawkins, the Medal of Honor winner. So I went up, and the curator was not there at that time, but the secretary was and she was a good, smart girl. And I told her, "The wrong name's on some of those ribbons and it ought to be corrected." She said, "Let's go back there and you tell me," and she took her stenographer notebook and made the notes. And the next time I was in they had corrected it, incidentally. But meanwhile I get a letter

from the curator, thanking me for my interest and saying, "You're exactly the kind of person we need to be a docent in this museum. We're going to have a new training period set up for docents very shortly, could you possibly join us?" And like a fool I did. Well, to be a docent you have to be a member of the El Paso County Historical Society. So I joined it, and Jack Redman and I got to be good friends, so when a vacancy on the board of the thing came up, why, Jack Redman recommended me. And Betty Ligon of the Herald-Post, who I knew when her name was Betty Goss when she was a reporter on the Globe News about a hundred and fifty years ago, Bless her heart, vouched for me to a bunch of people who had never heard of me. So I got on the board, then. Then of course Jack put me on the museum committee, so I have those three things to do with the museum.

Then George Millener, I think, got me into The Retired Officers Association, and then Jack Redman got me into the Military Order of World Wars. Well, if you don't watch yourself, if you're willing to work, you get to work. And so I'm vice president of TROA and I'm the adjutant of the Military Order of World Wars for three more months, and that's almost a full time job. That whole cabinet of four drawers there is Military Order of World Wars stuff, and I've got a big hunk of those shelves that are behind you there that are MOWW stuff.

But I like it. Gen. Cabell, who was the Deputy Director (I was his exec for two years back in '54 and '55), after he retired he and I would have lunch together at the Army-Navy Club in Washington about once a month, and one day there he was getting a little philosophical and got out of character a little bit for him, and he says, "Vince, I want to give you a piece of advice. You're going to retire one of these days, and when you retire be sure that you have an excuse to make reveille." Well, when I did retire the girl who separated me out at CIA said it was so nice that

I had the farm to go to and that I had all this work I knew I was going to do, because she said at that time (this is 1972), half of the people who retire from civil service do not live to pay income tax. It usually depends how long you were in and how much you paid in to the retirement fund, but the first two and a half years you're being paid back money you've already paid in, and you've already paid tax on it so it's tax exempt. And 50 percent of the people didn't live two and a half years after they retired, and it's because they didn't have a purpose in life, didn't have something to do.

Oh, yeah, my pastor, I guess I was still serving about my last year as chairman of the finance committee, got me on the budget and audit committee of the Baptist General Convention of Texas, which meets quarterly in Dallas. That committee is responsible for all of the Baptist installations in the state, Baptist-supported installations like schools and hospitals and homes and that sort of thing.

My two responsibilities are in Harlingen, and one of them is the Valley Baptist Medical Center, which is one of the finest hospitals I've ever seen in my life, and the only hospital in the valley that takes indigent patients without question, which is one of the Christian services that we're doing. The other's a little Valley Baptist Academy which is a sort of a high school for kids up from Mexico. Most of them are from Mexico, they're not all from there. They get trained pretty quickly into English as a second language, and they study in both Spanish and English. My job is to check out the finances of them and see that the audits are being done properly. And I've made friends out of both of those people and I have a lot of fun down there. When he assigned this to me, I asked Jay Skaggs the treasurer, who is the man who did the assignment, I said, "You know, Harlingen's an awful long ways from El Paso." He said, "Vince, name a place in Texas that

isn't a long ways from El Paso." (Chuckles)

So those are the things that I've gotten myself into. Of course I try to play tennis at least once, and preferably twice, a week, keep my bod in shape.

J: When you first came down here, did you know anybody in El Paso at that time?

L: No.

J: Well, it didn't take you any time at all to get into the swing of things, did it?

L: No. There are two or three ex-CIA people here. One of them is so ill that I've not done anything about it. But no, I met the rest of these. I joined the Racquet Club, and in the first scramble I drew Shelley Millener as a partner in mixed doubles, and through her I met her husband George. Shelley and I have been playing doubles together ever since. I've never been one to be bashful about making friends and acquaintances. But I've got a multitude of friends here now. I don't have as many as my son, who only spends five or six weeks a year here. He's in AAs and he's a speaker at most of the AA meetings. When he comes he's in big demand for it. He runs a lawn service business in Virginia, and he's been dry now for six years. It's like having a new son, it's just marvelous. But he knows everybody in El Paso that ever took a drink, I think.

I got introduced to the El Paso National Bank, with whom I'm only doing minimal banking now because Sam Young is out of the picture, but I got introduced to Sam Young by my brother-in-law, who is Dossie Wiggins, the former president of the School of Mines. Dossie and Sam Young were good friends. When I wrote Dossie to recommend a bank to me, he just wrote Sam Young and sent a copy of the letter to me. Of course I got the VIP treatment down there until Texas Bank of Commerce bought it out, so I do my banking

over here at the neighborhood bank, Montwood, most of it. I've still got an account down at El Paso National.

I sold the farm, incidentally, at a huge profit. I paid from \$25.00 dollars an acre to \$80.00 dollars an acre for that 643 acres, and I sold it for from \$250.00 to \$300.00 dollars an acre after 10 years. Wasn't a bad return on my money. And it was the only money...Helen and I have nothing that we haven't earned. We've taken most of that money, incidentally, to put our son in business. We decided that we'd rather have him have his inheritance while he's able to enjoy it and we're able to see him enjoy it. It's coming along slowly, but it's going to make it, I think.

[1984 note: It didn't!]

J: Well, I've run out of questions...for now.

L: It's been a long ramble, hasn't it?

J: If there's anything special you'd like to add, please do. Is there anything else you'd like to say?

L: No, I don't think so, except to endorse what you're doing, Sarah. As you're well aware, I've got a drawer up here full of stuff that makes your mouth water, I think, every time you think about it, of all these interviews that I did, because I recorded all of them that I did to write the book. One of these days you'll have it. I would like to see us develop something similar to the Southwest Collection that they have there at Texas Tech. Now there are a number of different collections, but they're kind of spread around over UTEP. Have you seen the Southwest Collection at Texas Tech?

J: No.

L: I commend it to you and for your examination. More and more people have given all of their family papers and everything over to it, and submitted themselves to oral history interviews, and that's the part of course that

would interest you, although anything historical would interest you, I believe. But I'm delighted that you're doing what you're doing. You're sort of plowing new ground, aren't you?

J: In a lot of ways, yes.

L: But it's very interesting. And one of the reasons that I'm prattling for so long is that whether they think of it as Vince Lockhart the ex-newspaperman, ex-soldier, ex-CIA man, ex-farmer or what, or forgiven sinner, whatever they think of it, I would hope it would give them a little flavor of a couple of pages in American history. We haven't talked a whole lot about World War II, but a lot's been written about that and a lot's been said. Maybe one of these days we'll concentrate ourselves on World War II, which was the last great American victory.

When I get rid of this adjutant's job in three months, and I'm trying to shed myself of enough other work that I can sit down and write the great American novel, which is going to be a spy novel which I will submit to CIA for approval, to be sure that I'm not violating my security oath-- unlike some other people like Frank Snepp, who worked for me out there in Vietnam on his first tour out there. The second tour was the one that he really wrote the book about. And of course he didn't clear it, and he lost all his money.

But I think we've talked enough for this one day, don't you?

J: I want to thank you again for letting us have a copy of those radio communications, and I'm very happy that you've spent this time with us.