THE EARLY YEARS

A History of the ONI/NIS/NCIS as it has evolved over the years

By Anthony W. Perrin

Introduction: This is just one man's observations regarding the growth and changes that have occurred during his career as a Special Agent of what was originally known as the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI). The organization was reorganized and renamed the Naval Investigative Service (NIS) in 1966, and again in 1993 it became the Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS). I was hired on May 20, 1963, in San Francisco, and retired on January 2, 1988, from Camp Pendleton, CA, just shy of 25 years of active civil service. The events, changes and people described are from my recollection and therefore subject to errors due to the passage of time. Please forgive me if I am not entirely accurate.

San Francisco (1963-64): Back in the "olden days" each Naval District had an Intelligence Office out of which we worked our cases, primarily conducting Personnel Security Investigations (PSI) for security clearances. The District Intelligence Office (DIO) had an active duty naval officer, usually a Captain or Commander, as the Commanding Officer, and a civilian Supervising Agent who was the operational supervisor of investigations. Most of the agents in San Francisco worked out of the main office in the old Federal Office Building in the downtown area. However, we were not actually civil service employees. We were pay-grade equivalent, contract employees of the Department of the Navy. Thus, a PG-7 was equal to a GS-7; a PG-11 was equal to a GS-11, and so on. Our Supervising Agent, Bob Clayton was a PG-13. There were a few remotely located "resident agencies" located at the Vallejo Naval Shipyard, Moffet Field NAS, the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey, CA, and one at the Lemoore NAS near Fresno. These were not the resident agencies as we know them today, but primarily day offices, out of which agents worked who lived in those areas. There were senior PG-11 agents who were semi-in-charge of those offices, but were not considered the immediate supervisors in the sense they are today. Some of you may recall that we all had to keep track of and submit a list to headquarters of all the criminal & counterintelligence cases we worked each year. Because we primarily worked PSI investigations, we had to have a record that would qualify us as law enforcement agents, and thus be able to retire at age 50 under the civil service law enforcement guidelines.

I was a graduate of UC Berkeley, and a patrolman with the Berkeley Police Department for three years, prior to my being hired by ONI. Two other police officers from Berkeley PD preceded me to ONI, Don Bengston and Milt Addison. They were good friends and got me interested in joining them. I had previously rejected the idea of working for a federal agency because they transferred you all over the states. I had a wife, Kenna, and a young son (2 years old), with family nearby and wanted to stay in the San Francisco Bay area. At the time I was living in the east bay city of Concord, had purchased my first house and did not want to move. However, one of the selling points with joining ONI was that you could do your whole career in one office. You did not have to transfer as "they only transferred you if you volunteered!" Right! I'm not kidding! That was the selling point! Not only that, there were a number of agents doing just that, Spence Morse, Bobby Dodds, Ralph Lomele, Bob Hufnagel and Don McCarthy, just to name a few. Lomele, McCarthy and Hufnagel had left the FBI for that very reason, no transfers. So, I jumped at the chance, hired on, and fourteen months later I was sailing under the Golden Gate Bridge for my first overseas assignment at NAS Atsugi, Japan!

Let me back up a little bit here. Yes, no one lied to me. It was true. One could do his entire career in one office, but it didn't take me long to realize that if you wanted to get promoted, you would have to move. First of all, at the time, at least I was told, 50% of all agents had to be below PG-11. The normal cycle was to be hired at the PG-7 level and after one year probation you were automatically promoted to PG-9. At the end of two years, you were eligible to take the examination for promotion to PG-11. Yes! An examination for promotions! Just like an enlisted man striking for petty officer! Not everyone passed the exam and only those thought to be competent were recommended. Don't forget, 50% of all agents had to be below that grade. I was hired at the PG-9 level because of my three years of police experience. In those days, everyone was assigned a government car (G-car) and was allowed to take them home every night because they had a briefcase full of cases and would leave direct from home to their first interview of the day. The G-cars we had were really pieces of junk and were controlled and assigned by a navy Chief Petty Officer. The senior agents got the newer cars (still junk) and the junior agents were assigned the really junk cars. Some of the cars had been acquired through the Defense Property Disposal Office after having been turned in by navy recruiters with over 200,000 miles on them. Only about four cars had radios which had a range of about a half mile. These were used for "surveillance cases," which usually involved the old 6J or 8C category of investigations. Remember those? Newly hired agents were given on the job

training and were not assigned to attend basic school until enough agents were hired to make up a basic class, usually 6 to 12 months after your initial hire. That period in 1963, ONI had been given funding to hire a total of 100 additional agents which brought the total to approximately 600 agents, worldwide.

Another issue relating to moving was the fact that if you transferred to an overseas assignment, you would make promotion to PG-11 much faster. Everyone who had their two years of experience and was a PG-9 was allowed to take the examination and if passed, was promoted to PG-11. This was a big incentive. Besides, I had pretty much decided that I was going to have to move to get ahead, and after discussing it with my wife, we decided to make the move. While attending basic school in the Spring of 1964 at ONI HQ, I think it was in Arlington, VA, I had a chance to learn about overseas assignments and talked to some headquarters personnel, Sherm Bliss and others, and returned home to San Francisco. I put in my request for transfer to Japan, and about a month later, got my orders to report to NAS Atsugi, Japan.

The first move is always the most difficult. We had deep roots in northern California. I was from Lodi and Kenna from Oakland, and we both had family living in both areas. Kenna was pregnant with our first daughter, and we were taking the grandchildren and leaving the grandparents with nothing but memories. We booked passage to Yokohama, Japan, through the Military Sea Transport Service (MSTS), now the Military Sealift Command (MSC), on the USNS Sultan. As it turned out, this was to be the last cabin-class transport of military families by ship. We departed Oakland, sailed to San Diego for a one day layover, then on to Hawaii for another layover and then seven days to Yokohama. During the last leg of the trip we skirted a typhoon, and the now disputed “Gulf of Tonkin” incident occurred in September 1964. President Lyndon Johnson began sending troops to Vietnam and all troop ships were designated for that purpose. As far as I know, transportation of military dependents via cabin-class ships has never been resumed.

Atsugi, Japan (1964-68): During those early years, beginning in the late 1950’s and early 1960’s, the navy had a program where certain senior enlisted men were selected to serve as Special Agents, ONI, in overseas locations. They carried the designators of 9592. This was a special intelligence assignment for them and they had a poorly conceived “cover” of being “civilian employees” of ONI, yet, they were entitled to their active duty benefits such as base housing and other entitlements not provided to other civil service employees. Nevertheless, the program served its purpose, but ONI began to phase out this enlisted program and I was one of the first civilian special agents to replace the 9592’s at NAS Atsugi. It

should be noted that all of the Senior Resident Agents at the overseas offices were regular civilian Special Agents, usually PG-12. Christ C. Christ was the SRA and the "sponsor" for my family when I arrived in the port of Yokohama, Japan.

The office of the Resident Agency, Atsugi, was staffed by Navy Lt. Joe Tauer, Officer-in-Charge, two enlisted yeomen, three Japanese investigator/translators, and Carl Nelson, 9592 (actually a Navy Chief Petty Officer). Plus, we had a counterintelligence Marine GySgt. We were shortly joined by civilian Special Agents, Ed Wolford, Carl Sundstrom, and eventually, Joe Holdreith. The office was housed in three Quonset Huts apparently left over from WWII. Christ Christ was replaced as SRA by Hubert H. "John" Barber. All of the civilian agents had to reside "on the economy," meaning off-base, during our entire assignments. Ed Wolford and I, with families, lived in an area called "Fuji Homes," a compound of American civilian families. The homes were "Americanized" but rudimentary by stateside standards. Our first daughter, Pam, and second daughter, Natalie, were both born in the Army Hospital at Camp Zama, Japan. Their citizenship (natural born) is registered with the U.S. State Department. Another benefit of an overseas assignment was the fact that most areas provide you with a "housing allowance." Up to a certain limit, you received extra pay to cover your rent and utilities. Thus, whatever you were paying for housing back in the states, you could save or invest so that you would have a "nest egg" with which to purchase a home when you rotated back to the states. Other perks involving overseas assignments were use of the commissary and exchange privileges, medical and dental care for dependent families and use of the normal facilities of the base enjoyed by military personnel and their families. For example, NAS Atsugi had a full, 18 hole golf course. One could pay $9.00 per month to play as many rounds of golf as you want! Yes! Only nine bucks a month was a monthly membership fee. We had some fun times on that golf course, as well as at the Officers' Club and "hotsie bath."

Life was good as we adapted to the culture of Japan. Living on the economy, my son had a number Japanese children as friends, and he was speaking Japanese when we left four years later. The assignment was for two years, but we enjoyed it so much we extended for an additional two years, which entitled us to two weeks of home leave to visit and reconnect with families. That is perhaps the only downside to our nomadic life. Our parents did not have the benefit of really getting to know their grandchildren.

Along about the three and a half year mark of my assignment in Japan, a new development entered into the growth and expansion of the organization. It was

renamed the Naval Investigative Service in 1966. Jack Lynch became the head civilian at NISHQ, and decisions were being made that would have profound effects on NIS. The first one was the decision that all future transfers would be as to best serve the needs of the service. In other words, volunteering for transfer was not necessarily going to be the sole reason for transfers. There had been several issues in different offices both overseas and in the continental U.S. In resolving these issues, it was necessary to transfer certain people, supervisors and street agents, into these offices in order to fix problems. The rule became to assign our best people to the most difficult jobs. This meant that people and families would have to either accept a transfer or find another job. Moreover, the Vietnam War was in full swing and with a large Navy and Marine Corps presence in that country, NIS had to beef up their offices throughout the western pacific to meet the needs of the military. Tours in war zones were unaccompanied and volunteers were given first consideration. One incentive was to make every effort to give an agent who volunteered for this hardship assignment his first choice of assignment when he rotated out of Vietnam. This worked pretty well, but not in all cases. The various DIO's became NISO's, Naval Investigative Service Offices, still with civilian Supervising Agent, PG-13. Resident agencies were designated as NISRA's, Naval Investigative Service Resident Agencies, headed up by a Senior Resident Agent, PG-12. NISO's still had Commanding Officers, but only the overseas resident agencies had naval officers, now designated as "Representatives" of the NISO, or NISO REPS. With the advent of NISO's and NISRA's, Supervising Agents were elevated to PG-14, Assistant Supervising Agents (ASA) to PG-13 and SRA's to PG-12. At NISHQ, Jack Lynch was elevated to PG-15, department heads to PG-14, and Assistants to PG-13. Branch heads were PG-12.

A second development which had a direct effect on me, personally, and the organization as a whole, was the manner in which promotions were to be made in the future. Promotions to PG-11 were still by examination and all of us in Japan who took the test were promoted. Paul Fasnacht, the Supervising Agent, was well known for training and educating his agents to pass the exam. I don't know of anyone who worked for him who did not pass. However, promotions to the PG-12 level, a supervisory position, were not so precisely defined. There was probably a semblance of a system, but it seemed that each DIO had its own select list of agents who they wanted promoted to be heads of their local Resident Agencies. Many of these selections were based on seniority and good ol' cronyism. The local bosses would tell headquarters who they wanted promoted and then it happened. At least that is how it seemed to the junior agents on-the-street. I'm not saying that those people promoted under the "old system" were bad selections or even

undeserving. Most were highly regarded, well respected, and truly outstanding supervisors, with vision and the best interests of the organization in mind.

Once Jack Lynch took over, he exercised central control over the various regional offices. He developed the Personnel Suitability List (PSL), which was a process whereby promotions to the next supervisory level was organized into a set procedure. Each Supervising Agent was to select and recommend qualified candidates to be considered for promotion to the PG-12 supervisory level. These selected agents names were then submitted to NISHQ and their personnel files were pulled for consideration. A selection board of Supervising Agents (unknown number) and several senior NISHQ department heads were called to headquarters where they all reviewed the personnel files of the recommended agents. They discussed among themselves the positive and negative qualities of each candidate. Through a series of votes, the list of agents names were whittled down to the desired number of names to be placed on the PSL. Once the final selections were made, the list was promulgated to all offices and notifications were made. I happened to be on vacation at the time, and when I returned to work I was notified that my name was on the list.

I would have to say that Paul Fasnacht had a lot to do about my selection, along with John Barber, my SRA. Since this was the first "list" no one really knew what it meant. I was due to transfer in a few months and was unsure if I would be promoted at that time. Paul Fasnacht advised me to go to Okinawa and he would recommend me to take over that office. Who was I to refuse that offer? And so I went to Okinawa during the summer of 1968 after taking home leave and shipping my household items to my next duty station.

NISRA Okinawa (1968-70): About the time I arrived on Okinawa, Bill Mendelson had taken over for Paul Fasnacht as Supervising Agent, and Pete Ipsen had replaced Roger Teel as the ASA. The NISRA had a vacant NISOREP billet, so the SRA (me) was in charge of everything. A navy Chief Petty Officer was the office manager, with a navy yeoman and an Okinawan secretary. We had one Okinawan investigator/translator, "Archie" Akamine. We also had a Marine MSGT, Bob Hunt, who was our counterintelligence agent. We did not have an official assistant SRA, so the next senior agent, Charlie Richter, was the "second in command." The other agents assigned, all PG-11's, were Mike Kuhar, Dale Townsend, with whom I had worked on the Berkeley Police Department, and Jim Bauer, who had a young pre-school daughter who was born blind. So it was with these four special agents and me, in which I took charge of my first office.

It should be noted that at that time, the entire island of Okinawa and the Ryukyu Island chain was still under U.S. military control, with an Army General as High Commissioner, under a Status of Forces Agreement signed after WWII. Reversion back to Japan did not occur until 1976. This meant that the military law enforcement units had off-base jurisdiction for crimes committed in the civilian community by military personnel. The Army had basic police powers and patrolled off base areas and was known as the Ryukyu Armed Forces Police (RASP). The Army CID unit would respond to off base crimes and then refer further investigation to the other military agencies, OSI for Air Force personnel and supposedly to NIS or Marine CID, for Navy and Marine Corps personnel…more about this later.

Also at this time, NISRA Okinawa was located at the Naval Air Facility, which itself was aboard the U.S. Air Force Base, Naha, Okinawa. We were housed in two WWII era Quonset huts, had four really junk G-cars, but at least they had radios and the reception was pretty good due to a radio repeater installed at MCB Camp McTureous. Charlie Richter drove his own personal car on duty and received mileage for the miles driven, which paid for his gas & oil. He was happy to do that and it worked. He was also issued one of the new hand-held radios which worked pretty well with the radio repeater.

To understand the logistics of Okinawa, recognizing we had jurisdiction anywhere on the island which is about 90 miles long and 20-30 miles wide, with Navy and Marine Corps installations scattered from Camp Hansen and Camp Schwab two thirds up the island to the north and the primary naval air facility about a third of the way south, it was a navigational nightmare. There were no freeways and the roadways were hardly better than post WWII times. Actually, a little better than that. However, it could take up to two hours to drive from Naha to the primary marine bases at Camp Hansen and Camp Schwab. The good news was that we drove on the right-hand side of the road and spent U.S. dollars, no military script. All of the agents lived off-base and at about mid-island, in the general area of the MCAS Futema, where we had a day office, but no permanent agents assigned. No one had a home telephone, so we had to rely on radios and word of mouth for duty calls or emergencies.

The island had a multitude of military installations. In addition to NAF Naha, we had a small naval port at White Beach for submarines, but the primary bases belonged to the Marines at Camp Hansen and Camp Schwab, Camp Courtney and Camp Butler (McTureous), all of which housed components of the Third Marine Division. We also had the Third Force Service Regiment (3rd FSR) at Camp

Buckner and the aforementioned MCAS Futema. There was also a Naval Communications Station, mid-island. Fortunately at the time of my arrival, the 3rd MARDIV was in Vietnam, but was due to return in about six months. It was obvious that we had to move the office up north before the Division returned or things would get impossible to work. The island also had several Army installations, the Army Headquarters at Camp Buckner, the Army Hospital and the Army terminal at the Naha port. The Air Force had a huge presence at Kadena Air Force Base where they flew B-52 raids to Vietnam and back. It was an ominous sight to watch them take off one after another to rain destruction on their targets. I once saw an SR-71 Blackbird take off on a mission from Kadena. About halfway down the runway it nosed straight up, kicked in the afterburner, and about 6-7 seconds later it was just an orange dot in the sky. It was an amazing sight to witness.

I put out the word to all agents to look for suitable space for our NIS office aboard one of the primary Marine bases to the north, Camp Courtney, Camp Hansen and Camp Schwab. It did not take long to find space since the Division was still in Vietnam. Dale Townsend found an empty building at Camp Courtney, which was the designated as the assigned space for Headquarters Company, HQ Bn, 3rd MARDIV. I contacted the base Commanding Officer, Col. Zastrow, told him we needed to move up there prior to the return of the 3rd MAR DIV. He pointed out that the space belonged to the Division and I would have to negotiate with them once they returned. I told Col. Zastrow I would take my chances, thinking that "possession is nine tenths of the law." Right!

Col. Zastrow granted us permission to move in and about two weeks later, we did a "self-help" move from NAF Naha to Camp Courtney. We obtained several trucks from Public Works and our whole office turned out over a weekend to pack up and move all our office stuff from Naha to Camp Courtney. We closed up shop in Naha on a Friday and the following Monday we were open for business at Camp Courtney. It sounds simple, but it was not. We had to have phones changed, people notified and a hundred minor details, but we were able to do it without a disaster. Also the personnel of our office changed with transfers in and out. Charlie Richter extended, but Blair Gluba, Laddie Hancock and John Walsh replaced Townsend, Kuhar and Bauer. A NISO Rep, Lt. Tim Hagedorn, USNR, eventually arrived shortly after we moved up to Camp Courtney.

About the spring of 1969, the 3rd MAR DIV returned to Okinawa and I was informed that the space we were in belonged to Hq Co, Hq Bn. The camp commander, a salty old Colonel named King, informed me they had run the issue

by the Commanding General, Louis Wilson, future Commandant and Medal of Honor recipient, and the General said we would have to move! There was no debate. The General did not suffer fools well. Of course we had nowhere to go, and I had visions of us all operating out of cars and homes! The first week the Division was back, they had a break-in of their armory at Camp Hansen. The crooks got three, M-60 machine guns and fifty, .45 caliber pistols. General Wilson was LIVID! In three days, we had all of the weapons recovered and three Marines in the brig. I got a call from the Camp Commander, Col. King. He said, "Toni, the General says we're going to need you guys more than we need the spaces. You can stay!" The people of Hq Co, Hq Bn, were operating out of field tents for about six months before they found them space. To this day, I believe that NCIS still occupies that same space aboard Camp Courtney.

After I first arrived in Okinawa, my Navy Chief Yeoman told me that we set a record of 30 closed cases the first month I was there! This was at a time when similar NIS offices at Camp Pendleton and Camp Lejeune had 20-25 agents assigned! I also learned that many of the off-base cases that were supposed to be referred to NIS by the Army CID unit were actually being referred to Marine Corps CID. I contacted the RASP CID unit and asked them why they were referring the cases to Marine CID rather than NIS. I was informed that that was the way it had always been done. My Navy Chief had told me that apparently my predecessors would decline cases once they got up to 30 or so open cases assigned. So after a discussion about jurisdiction and the SECNAV Instruction, the Army CID unit agreed to refer all of the off-base cases under our jurisdiction to NIS.

Anyway, our caseload ballooned to over 100 cases in a very short while. I had a good group of agents and they were up to the task, but burnout was a problem. Agent overtime ballooned too, with agents working 60 to 80 hour work weeks. No one was ever in the office; they would take cases home and write reports, drop them off in the morning and be on the road all day. No one would answer radio calls from me as they knew I would give them another case! We had one case where a disgruntled Marine walked into the First Sgt's office and shot him in the chest. I got the call within minutes. I put out a radio call to "any Okinawa agents" and got no response. When I broadcast that the First Sgt had been shot, four guys answered up! At the end of a day, I would have about 6-7 slips of paper on my desk, all requests for investigation, but I had no agents to send. I would take these requests home with me and in the evening I would stop by agent's homes and would give them assignments for the next day. Fortunately, we all lived "mid island" so we lived somewhat close together. No one had home phones! We lived on the economy and there were only limited phones for private

residences. After I left Okinawa in 1970, the office was beefed up to about 18 and then about 30 agents over time. But we were the pioneers. Some of those agents were Blair, Laddie Hancock, Charlie Richter, John Walsh, Tommy Williams (he came from NISRA Iwakuni), Dale Townsend, Jim Bauer and Mike Kuhar. Tom "Yancy" Stallings was sent TAD and extended for three months because he liked all the action. It was a fun time, but we were all young back then.

We had a number of significant cases during that short period of time. Yancy Stallings refers to them as our "capers." Like the case where the Okinawan police picked up a Filipino civilian walking down the street with an M-16, and he said there were about 50 more back where he had gotten that one. Sure enough, we recovered about 50 M-16's that had never been reported missing. We checked with all of the units on the island and they all reported "none missing." Then one day, I got a call from a unit who asked me for one of the serial numbers of the weapons we had. I gave him one. A few minutes later, he called me back and said, "Yep, those are ours!" It seems when we initially put out the request to inventory their M-16's they simply counted the boxes in their armory. When they finally got around to opening them up, the boxes were empty! As the investigation continued the original Filipino male identified two UA Marines as suspects. The Armed Forces Police (RASP) eventually picked them up. We knew that one was only seen as an accomplice and the other was considered the primary criminal. Both had "lawyered up." But we did not have any evidence against the primary suspect, so we convinced the command to grant immunity to the least serious criminal, a Marine known as "Fast Eddy." The command agreed and gave "Fast Eddy" immunity. Tommy Williams and I interrogated Fast Eddy on a Saturday morning. He was nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof. He did not believe us when we told him he had immunity to tell us all about the stolen weapons and how it was done. Fast Eddy said, "This must be some sort of a trick. You're going to arrest me after I tell you how it happened." We assured him that he was "home free" provided he told us the truth. We even allowed him to call his attorney who assured him that it was all true. He had immunity. Fast Eddy then said, "OK, I did it! I stole the weapons!" Tommy and I looked at each other, our jaws dropped to the floor! We couldn't believe it! We had given immunity to the wrong Marine. Fast Eddy went on to explain, in detail how he pulled it off, picking the lock to the Armory during intervals as the roving guard walked his post. The other Marine was simply UA and staying at the off base residence where Fast Eddy stored the weapons. Fast Eddy went "Scot Free" and the other guy got a court-martial.

But that is not the rest of the story. This is the ironic part, the Paul Harvey part. Many years later, circa 1976-77, I'm assigned to Guam and I'm walking down the hallway of COMNAVMARIANAS. Walking towards me is "Fast Eddy!" He greets me like a long lost friend, "Mr. Perrin, Mr. Perrin. I've been looking for you. I've been trying to find you!" It turns out he tells me that following the Okinawa caper, he received a general discharge and was sent back to the states. He then returned to Okinawa, formed a construction company, and began contracting with the Marine Corps to take on small construction jobs. His business succeeded and he was doing very well until Reversion took place in 1976. At that time the Government of Japan took over Okinawa and his business became under Japanese regulation. He found he couldn't do business there anymore, so he had moved to Guam. We agreed to meet over lunch where Fast Eddy tells me that "You really don't know all that I did while in the Marines on Okinawa." He proceeds to relate a number of incidents of which I was aware but we never caught the bad guys. Finally, Fast Eddy says that he really misses the "action" and the thrill of his past exploits, but he fears getting caught. He said that when we caught him on the M-16 caper, he thought he was going to jail for years. So, when he didn't, he changed and decided to "go straight." But he still missed the excitement of the "action." He wanted to be on the side of the "good guys" and volunteered to help NIS in any way that he could, just to "get back in the game" and experience the excitement of the challenge. Unfortunately, he was not in a position to be of help to us. He had an ongoing, honest business. He did not associate with the criminal element and had no military association or contacts. He said he knew a couple of people in the drug trade, but was not involved himself. So, I referred him to our local DEA agent in the event he could be of any help to him. That was the last I have heard from Fast Eddy. For all I know, he is a real patriot now.

Not all our cases were major events. We had plenty of the run of the mill investigations found at every military base. However, while we were still located in Naha, I got a call from the U.S. Consulate just outside the main gate. I was informed they had a Marine who was attempting to get a passport. He had a questionable letter typed crudely, from his Company Commander stating he was authorized to obtain a passport. The Consul said the whole thing seemed fraudulent. We responded to the Consulate and found a young, black Marine, in uniform. He had a military ID card but it was questionable that it belonged to the Marine, although the photo looked somewhat like him. I looked at his fingerprint on the ID card, and it was a "tented arch." From my college days and studying the various types of fingerprints, I knew the difference between loops, whorls, arches, tented arches, etc. I also knew that tented arches only occur in about 3% of all

fingerprints. They are very rare. I then took hold of the Marine's hand, looked at his right index finger (the print on the card), and saw it was a whorl. I knew he was a fraud and immediately announced he was under arrest. Mike Kuhar who was with me, said, "You can't tell if the print matches or not just by looking at them!" I told Mike, "Yes you can, if you know the different types of fingerprint patterns." The investigation continued and the Marine admitted he was using a fraudulent card, that he was UA, and needed a passport to get off the island.

One thing I have not discussed were the living conditions on Okinawa during that period of time. Being civilians we were not approved for base housing and we all lived on the economy. Most housing was adequate, concrete block, typhoon proof construction, with compounds of American families but no telephones. The Army controlled on-base and off-base housing. They inspected the off-base housing to ensure minimum standards, i.e., hot & cold water, electricity, plumbing, etc. They also approved the amount of rent one could charge and/or pay for the rental unit, depending upon size, condition, etc. This was a form of rent control. Everyone went on a waiting list, first come, first served. The problem was, it could take up to 6 months to a year to get "approved" housing. Thus, we had some "hardship" cases involving family separations. John Walsh and his wife had no children, so he brought his wife over on his own, non-sponsored. Laddie Hancock had children and brought his whole family over without approval, rented and furnished a house on his own. These were specific financial hardships for these families. We all pitched in to help them furnish their places until they names came up on the approval list and then they could ship their own property.

It was during this time on Okinawa, circa 1969-70, that a significant event occurred that greatly benefited NIS. As I have mentioned, early on we were all pay grade equivalent, contract employees, and we were paid by checks out of C&CI funds, written on a personal checking account of the Commanding Officer of the NISO. It was during the reign of Robert McNamara as Secretary of Defense, when he was testifying before Congress, and he was questioned as to why the C&CI budget of the Navy was so much larger that the same budget for the Army and the Air Force. Obviously, the Navy C&CI budget was significantly larger because the salaries of all the special agents were paid out of these funds. When the Secretary learned this, he told his assistant that he didn't want to have to justify this larger budget to Congress anymore. He told them to "Fix it." They did. And that is how NIS Special Agents were converted to civil service employees of the Department of the Navy, with the civil service designators as 1811, law enforcement investigators. The conversion to civil service status resulted in other benefits of paid overtime and allowable unauthorized overtime (AUO), and other

perks such as the ability to ship personal cars overseas and back to the states. Back when I was transferred to Japan, I was not allowed to ship my car. I had to sell it and buy a car in Japan, which worked out all right since they drove on the left side of the road in Japan. Our official civil service status has allowed our positions and grades to be increased, similar to the other federal investigative agencies, both in status and pay.

As I mentioned, our caseload "ballooned" to well over 100 cases, and I eventually wrote a memo to Bill Mendelson, the Supervising Agent, in which I cited our workload, the overtime hours all of the agents were working and comparing our the our workload to other NISRA's in Japan. He forwarded it to NISHQ and eventually we were awarded one additional permanent agent, Tommy Williams from Iwakuni, Japan, and one TAD agent was sent from another NISO Japan office for a month at a time to "help out." This latter agent was given a car, a map of the island and all of the PSI cases assigned to the office, and sent off on his own to close as many cases as he could. There was no sense in assigning him any criminal cases since he would be returning to his home office within 30 days or less. It was all he could do to learn his way around the island in 30 days. Except for Thomas Yancey Stallings! Yance was great! He volunteered to go out at night with the other agents on drug busts, surveillances, and any other case requiring "action." Blair Gluba had dubbed them all "capers," and it seemed we had them once or twice a week. Yance was having so much fun he brought his wife, Craig, down from Atsugi, and extended his TAD assignment for three months! Yance claims to this day that we taught him the term, "caper," during his assignment to Okinawa.

Before leaving Okinawa, I want to say something about the educational system for families with children. My son started elementary school in Okinawa and attended the Defense Department military schools. While the facilities were less than one might expect, the teachers were excellent. He attended the first two grades in a Quonset hut. They were hot in the summer and had no air conditioning. Yet, the teachers were excellent. He learned a lot and excelled. Of course, he did not know any better, never having attended schools in the states. Most of the teachers I have met in the overseas military schools system have been very professional. My son has a PhD degree, and I have a daughter who is an attorney, who graduated suma cum laude. I think their early military teachers did a pretty good job.

NIS Headquarters (1970-73): So, in the summer of 1970, I was transferred from Okinawa to NISHQ, which at that time was located in the Hoffman Building at exit 2 of the Washington Beltway, in south Alexandria, VA. My family consisted of my wife, son, two daughters, and we picked up a fifth dependent, my mother-in-

law, Marion Williams, who had been living with her own mother in Oakland, CA. When her own mother passed away in the spring of 1970, I made arrangements to include her as my dependent. She was a post-polio victim and was confined to a wheelchair necessitating that she live with us. We had sold our California house and purchased a home in the suburb of Groveton, VA, about a ten minute drive south of the Hoffman Bldg. I didn't even have to get on the freeway for my commute. Our family also acquired and Old English sheepdog puppy, which we named, J. Edgar.

My tour at NISHQ was interesting, informative and educational. I was initially to be assigned to Code 21, the Personnel Security Division where almost all new arrivals were assigned. I was sent to check in at the Civilian Personnel Office at the Washington Navy Yard and when I returned, I was informed I had been assigned to the Criminal Division, Code 23. I don't know how or why that happened, but I was delighted. During my assignment at NISHQ I served as a Branch Head of several different branches, Fraud, Narcotics, Crimes Against Persons and Crimes Against Property. George Salb was the initial Division Head and he when he retired, he was replaced by Dave Planton. The work involved reviewing the field work of all of the NISOS throughout the world, interfacing with the headquarters of the various major commands of the Navy and Marine Corps, keeping them informed of major cases and developments. We also all taught courses at the NIS Basic Training Schools that were then held periodically at NISHQ.

During this period of time, funding of NIS was a cumbersome and delicate process. Our funds and chain of command came from the Director of Naval Intelligence. We were several levels down the funding ladder and our budget was limited. It seemed we were always on the verge of running out of money. There never was any extra funding for special projects. I don't recall the exact year, but we had a Basic School Class in session when NIS was informed that their budget was being severely cut. So much so that once the cuts were made known, Jack Lynch, then the senior civilian in NIS, had to go into the Basic Class and inform every student that when they returned to their field offices, they would be out of a job! The funding cuts mandated a reduction-in-force (RIF), and all of the junior agents were in jeopardy, along with administrative staff personnel. I never did hear the total number of personnel cuts that were made, but it was a very depressing time for the organization. It should be noted that NISHQ did reach out to other organizations, i.e., FBI, USSS, Customs, DEA, etc., advising them of our cuts and offering them the opportunity to recruit our special agents who were being laid off.

A second significant event occurred during my assignment to NISHQ. A decision was made at the DOD level to consolidate the Personnel Security Investigative functions of the three military services into one organization. This would mean that personnel from NIS, OSI (Air Force), and Military Intelligence (Army), would be combined under one agency and would be responsible for conducting all background investigations for security clearances on military and civilian DOD personnel and DOD contractors. Thus, the Defense Investigative Service (DIS) was created. Obviously, there was a lot of planning that had to be done and a task force was organized taking key people from the three investigative agencies and creating an investigative organization that would take over this responsibility. The first issue was to identify those people who were primarily engaged in conducting personnel security investigations. In the cases of those NIS offices located throughout the nation where virtually no navy or marine corps bases were located, all of the people were identified as PSI personnel and were automatically transferred to DIS. The same was true for the personnel at NISHQ who were assigned to the PSI (code 21) Division. This was known as a "transfer of function" and those people were obligated to transfer to the new organization (DIS). Additionally, those people who wanted to move to DIS and volunteered to do so, were pretty much accommodated. However, there were a significant number of NIS personnel who did not want to transfer, but were obligated to do so against their wishes.

One of the issues at the time involved the fact that both OSI and Army MI were staffed with active duty military personnel, but NIS had civilian special agents. Decisions had to be made as to who would serve as supervisors in the various offices, who would be in charge, and how would promotions be handled. As I recall, an Air Force Colonel was appointed as the first Director of DIS and Jack Donnelly, GS-14, at NISHQ, was appointed as the Assistant Director of DIS. Once the decisions were made, the planning done, some people were allowed to stay "in place," but others had to move or be transferred to their new locations. While I had an opportunity to volunteer to move to DIS, probably at their Washington, DC, headquarters, I had no desire to being involved doing nothing but personnel security investigations for the rest of my career. I stayed put.

Now for the epilogue of the DIS story. I'm not sure how this all worked out for everyone who transferred to DIS, but it was not as bad as one might have thought. Along about five years down the road, a decision was made at DOD to phase out all of the active duty military personnel from DIS and replace them all with civilian agents with civil service status. The active duty military agents were periodically transferred back to OSI and Army MI, and were replaced with civilian

agents. What this meant was that all of the NIS agents who were initially transferred to DIS were senior to all of the new civilian agents being hired by DIS. This resulted in the former NIS personnel being elevated to senior and supervisory positions, resulting in higher pay grades and retirement incomes for all of the NIS personnel who made the move to DIS. So, even those NIS people who were transferred against their wishes made out pretty well.

Finally, during the early part of 1973, there was another selection board for GS-13. I was again lucky enough to be one of the selectees. I had been at NISHQ just about three years and was ready for another move. I was told I would be going to NISO Marianas as the Supervising Agent on the island of Guam! I remember going home and telling the family, "We're going to Guam!" The reaction of my children was "Where is Guam?" Be broke out the Encyclopedia (Hey! This was before the Internet.), looked it up and read about the U.S. Territory, in the Marianas Islands. Did you now that the highest mountain peak in the world is Mt. Alutom on Guam? It is 1,007 feet above sea level and 37,000 feet below to the bottom of the Marianas Trench, the deepest part of the ocean. I still remember my son's reaction, "Do they have Little League baseball and football there?" When I told him, "Yes," he said, "When do we go?"

NISO MARIANAS/NISRA Guam (1973-77): So off we went to Guam. We sold the house, packed up our 1970 Ford Station Wagon, with three adults and three children and an Old English Sheepdog, and drove across country to California. We had suitcases stacked on the roof and a sheepdog with his nose sticking out the window. We made the trip a vacation, stopping at historical locations in various states, and we hit Mt. Rushmore, Yellowstone, with J. Edgar being the main attraction wherever we stopped. With plenty of per diem for each day of travel, it was a paid vacation. I even got in a round or two of golf. Once we got to San Francisco, we shipped the car and subsequently flew from Travis Air Force Base to Hawaii, 5 hours, and after a couple of hours layover, another 8 hours to Guam. Actually, that was the "scheduled flight time." About two hours out of Hawaii, we lost an engine on the plane and had to return back to Hawaii. The ground crew worked frantically to replace the engine, the pilots made a quick test flight, landed and hurried all us passengers back on the plane as they had to be airborne within six hours or they would be over their flight time limit, which meant they would have had to stay overnight and leave the next morning, which also meant having to put up all of us passengers in hotels over night and pay for meals. Apparently, we just did beat the deadline and we were on our way to Guam. Ah, but it didn't end there, about four hours out the same engine caught fire and had to be shut down. We were passed the point of no return, so we continued on towards

Guam on three engines. This, of course, slowed our air speed, but we did make it into Guam after an extended flight, landing at about three AM! That was probably about the worst air transportation experience we have had to endure. I forgot to mention that we had to ship J. Edgar by air a few days prior to our departure from California, so he was not with us. He landed on Hawaii, was transferred to another aircraft, and we had our sponsors on Guam pick him up at the airport. He had to go immediately into six months of quarantine at the Guam animal shelter at the center of the island. More about that later.

To be continued…