

Harold Lloyd Goodall
(Name in full)

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(State)

A NEED TO KNOW

The
Clandestine
History
of a
CIA
Family

Harold Lloyd Goodall Jr.

consideration for or in expectation or hope of receiving assistance in securing such

Harold Lloyd Goodall
(Type name of appointee)

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(Departmental appointee)

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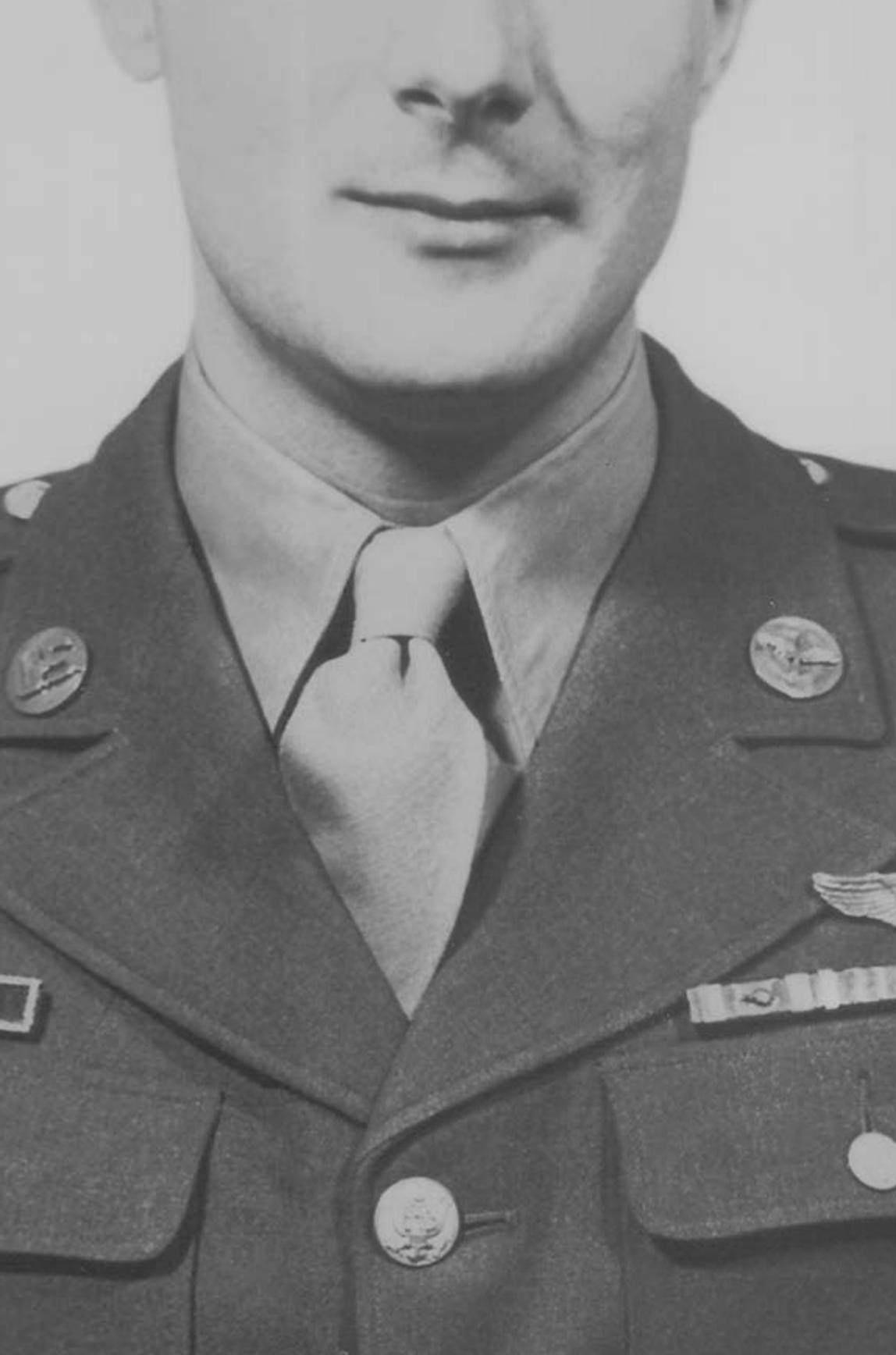
[SEAL]

Department of State
(Department or agency)

Foreign Service
(Character of position)

Foreign Service Reserve Officer of Class-5;
Veterans Affairs Officer

A NEED TO KNOW



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The Clandestine History of a CIA Family

H. L. GOODALL JR.



WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA



Left Coast Press, Inc.
1630 North Main Street, #400
Walnut Creek, California 94596
www.lcoastpress.com

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ISBN: 1-59874-041-5
Library of Congress Control Number 2005928675

Printed in the United States of America

The paper used in this publication meets the minimum requirements of American National Standard for Information Sciences—Permanence of Paper for Printed Library Materials, ANSI/NISO Z39.48—1992. ☺

05 06 07 08 5 4 3 2 1

For NICOLAS SAYLOR GOODALL *and* SANDRA GOODALL

In loving memory of HAROLD LLOYD GOODALL *and* NAOMI SAYLOR GOODALL

“Every important episode of the cold war has a clandestine history.”

Thomas Powers

“All my creative life has been a slow return to the past. But the closer the writer goes to the truth of his life, the more dangerous it becomes.”

Leslie Epstein

“Perhaps every story worth telling is a dare, a kind of pornography, composed of whatever we think we’re not supposed to say, for fear of being drummed out, found out, pointed out.”

Laurie Stone

“In the world of espionage, as elsewhere, absolute secrecy corrupts absolutely.”

Frederick P. Hitz

“Toxic secrets poison our relationships with each other. . . . Key family stories remain untold and unavailable. These are secrets that take a powerful toll on relationships, disorient our identity, and disable our lives.”

Evan Imber-Black

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I WROTE THIS BOOK BECAUSE I COULD NO LONGER NOT WRITE IT. I COULD no longer not write it because I didn't want to lie to my son or evade the questions my wife continued to ask me about my father. My father—H. Lloyd Goodall—the man I grew up with but never knew; the tall, slender, attractive man who always “worked for the government”; the kind man with gray-green eyes and a war-scarred body who kept deep secrets and found it hard to smile; the “old” man, the broken man, who died mysteriously at the age of fifty-three; the man who left me as the sum total of my inheritance a diary, a bible, and a copy of *The Great Gatsby*.

I had been running away from the truth—from *our* truth—forever. Or so it seemed.

In researching my father's mysterious life I also discovered my mother: Naomi May (Alexander) Saylor Goodall. I say discovered her because she, too, was a woman who kept secrets, most of them to protect my father's identity but others to guard the true story of her own life, her own identity. I grew to admire her far more than I did when she was alive, and to deeply regret and then to grieve for all that had been lost in those empty spaces and long silences between us. It was a loss also born of secrecy, both hers and my father's. And, I know now, of my own.

Writers of memoirs, if they are honest, inevitably uncover themselves. We find our part in the family drama and learn to see anew the situations in which our own complicity in the drama had been previously obscured or overlooked or merely forgotten. In a family defined by secrets, we *all* have secrets. We all learn to dwell within them. We craft our lives, our relationships,

and our patterns of communication with others out of them, at least until we learn how to deeply question ourselves and become accountable for our own role in how things happened and how they turned out.

Secrets have consequences for the self. And for the stories we tell.

.....

I'd like to believe that when my father gave me my inheritance he was also giving me permission to investigate and to write about his life. But that is only what I'd *like* to believe.

I'd also like to believe that my mother wouldn't mind the disclosures I make about her own secret world. But I doubt that is true. My mother was a proud woman who, as all of us do, created an identity and managed it throughout her lifetime. Investigating her life and writing about it, even two decades after her death, feels a little like tiptoeing guiltily across her grave.

I tell myself it's a good thing that I waited so long to write this story because all of the principal characters and most of the minor ones in it are dead. It's also a good thing because the dead can't disagree with you. No doubt there are parts of the account, and of the perspective I provide, that would provoke disagreement from my mother, my father, James Jesus Angleton, Frank Rizzo, or Gilbert Hovermale. Contentious facts are part of the inevitable legacy of secrecy as much as they are the inevitable legacy of family stories.

How we live our lives, and what that means, is a matter of perspective. Stories about lives inherit perspective and use it to frame the tale. You can never *really* know the "whole truth," no matter how much you think you are entitled to know it or feel that you need to know it. The story is always defined by its framing, by the spaces between the words, by doubts about the words, by official denials by government agencies, and by a lingering suspicion that no matter how hard you've worked to get it right, no matter how much evidence you've assembled or corroboration you've sought, there probably is no one "right" to get.

But I do believe I got most of it right.

Nevertheless, it is important for readers to remember that this is a *story* of cold war history written from observation and memory. It is accompanied by evidence assembled from other histories, other scholarship, and other people's memories, but that doesn't make it any less of a story. It just makes the story seem more true. But "more true" is still likely to be contentious. Contentious or not, it is as true a story as I know how to tell about my experience growing up in a cold war family defined, and ultimately ruined, by secrecy.

.....

Someone whose friendship I value asked me what possible good I hoped to accomplish by telling this story now. The clear implication was that there wasn't any good that would come of it. He, too, had been a cold warrior and an intelligence officer. The story I was telling was familiar to him.

The easy answer was that I wanted to tell the story because my parents deserved a better, more truthful account than I had previously assigned to them. I wanted to pass along their story to my son. But that was the easy answer. The harder answer was still buried inside of me.

Then it happened. One late afternoon in a cool Carolina November in 2002, while driving home from work and listening to a Bob Edwards interview with Pat Conroy on NPR, I heard the author speak words that opened up something buried so deeply inside of me for so long that I didn't know it was there. Conroy was talking about his troubled relationship with his own father, the man clearly depicted as a monster in his novel *The Great Santini*. He said that in the beginning he thought he was writing about his father because he hated him. But what he discovered was that by writing about him, he developed a relationship with him. That simple sentiment stunned me.

I didn't hate my father and I never had. I felt sorry for him and alienated from him. But when I heard Conroy speak, I realized that I, too, wanted to have a relationship with him and with his life as much as I wanted my son to have a story about him.

The relationship I had with my father, and with my mother, had not been enough.

The time I spent with them had not been enough.

They died before we had a fair chance to finish our conversations.

I missed my father. I missed my mother. I missed the truth of them in my life.

To get to the truth of their lives, I had to open up their secrets, the secrets that had poisoned my relationship to them but that now may heal it. And, perhaps, to help others find in my story a way to understand their own.

That is my hope. That is my exigency.

That is my reason for writing *A Need to Know*.

.....

This book was written because of (then) unanswerable questions asked by my son, Nicolas Saylor Goodall, and at the consistent encouragement of my wife, Sandra Goodall. They felt I owed it to my parents to record their

lives within the context of cold war history and culture. They also believed I owed it to myself to complete a personal story line that had been dramatically and (at the time) inexplicably interrupted by my father's mysterious death on March 12, 1976. Sandra and Nic contributed significantly to the research, writing, living, traveling, relocating, and editing that intermingled with and resulted in this story. Although neither of them could have envisioned the sort of book that emerged from our collaborative journey, I find I cannot fully thank them in any other way than to say, Here it is.

I have also been assisted in my research by a wide variety of interested parties, some of whom have asked to remain nameless, but others I readily acknowledge here: Charles (Stu) Kennedy, Clarence and Martha Bray, Lloyd Mitchell, Lonnie Athens, Art Bochner, Carolyn Ellis, Eric Eisenberg, Norman Denzin, Richard Hesston, Larry Kolb, Bob Krizek, Paaige Turner, Kathleen Farrell, Ron Pelias, Nick Trujillo, Bryan Taylor, Anita Vangelisti, Harvey Wiener, Roger Winton, Drew Thompson, Stew Auyash, Pete Kellett, Joyce Ferguson, Steve and Lindsley Smith, Carl Lovitt, Christopher Poulos, Jordan Halstad, Jess Alberts, Angela Trethewey, Kelly McDonald, Steve Corman, John Parsons, Sarah Amira de la Garza, Ben Broome, Karen Hays, Belle Edson, Michelle Brennan, Rosemary Carpenter, Mark Killpack, Warren Bills, Bill Hastings, Ansel Miller, Sara Levin, Betty Ann Adkins, Ruanna Hess, Shirley Collis, Margaret Grafeld, William P. McGlynn, Sharon Wilkinson, Kathryn I. Dyer, Kris Acheson, Chris Carey, Kristin Bervig Valentine, Gene Valentine, Tom Frentz, Chris and Alice Waagen, Mic Fenech, Robin Clair, Dr. David Goodall, Ernie Calderon, Scott Gastory, and Ellie Sugar.

I would not be publishing this book were it not for the enthusiasm shown for the original manuscript by Mitch Allen and the support his talented team (Jennifer R. Collier, Rachel Fudge, Rebecca Freed, Briar Levit, and publicist Kathleen Meyer) has offered to me throughout the publication process.

Although no book reaches print as a solo effort, and there is much love and comfort to be gained from the support of family, friends, colleagues, and the occasional kindness of relative strangers, in the end I own the sole responsibility for any errors or omissions that may be found in these pages.

Harold Lloyd Goodall Jr.
Chandler, Arizona
September 2005

CHAPTER NO.

01

TITLE

My Narrative Inheritance

DATES

March 12, 1976–December 7, 2001

MY FATHER DIED, EITHER IN VIRGINIA OR MARYLAND, AT THE AGE OF fifty-three, on the night of March 12, 1976. My mother told me that he died at home in his bed in Hagerstown, Maryland, but the Social Security Death Index indicates that he was pronounced dead in Virginia, although it doesn't say *where* in Virginia.

I had doubts, even then, that he died at home.

The reason for his death was a mystery.

My mother said that she requested an autopsy because three days before he died he had been told that he was run down due to a bad cold and just needed some bed rest. He was given “a shot of something” and sent home. A doctor he saw at the Veterans Administration hospital supposedly gave him this diagnosis and the shot, but my mother couldn't recall the name of the doctor, and the hospital records do not show that he had any appointments in March.

Nor did I ever see an autopsy report. One year later, close to the anniversary of his death, my mother told me that she had been informed—by “the government”—that he had died of multiple bleeding abscesses on both lungs. This was about the time of a news report that Legionnaires' disease was responsible for the deaths of several men in Philadelphia, all veterans,

all of whom had also died of multiple bleeding abscesses on their lungs. My mother claimed that “the government” now believed that my father, too, had died of Legionnaires’ disease.

That may or may not be true.

My mother never showed me the letter from “the government” that supposedly provided her with this information. She told me she had thrown it away. I have no doubt that she had done precisely that, if, in fact, there had ever been a letter in the first place. But by then, by March of 1977, I was so disillusioned with the idea of truth in relation to my father’s life, much less his death, that I didn’t pursue it.

He had led a secret life. And even in death, she kept his secrets.

My disillusionment with the truth about my father began the day after his funeral. Gilbert Hovermale, my parents’ attorney, gave me a key to a safe-deposit box and said, “Your father wanted you to have this.”

My mother and I were in Hovermale’s small, cramped office for the reading of my father’s will. My mother was in bad shape, barely functioning in the daylight over the heavy sedation required to get her to sleep, and I worried that she might commit suicide. She had told me, repeatedly, “I just want to die.”

I took the key, put it in my pocket, and didn’t think any more about it. In fact, I didn’t visit the bank to open the deposit box until two or three days later, and I only went then because it was on my way to the pharmacy.

I don’t know what I expected to find. Papers, perhaps. Another insurance policy, maybe.

Instead I found two items. There was a diary and a dog-eared, heavily marked-up copy of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s novel *The Great Gatsby*. These two items, along with the family bible at home, were what my father wanted me to have. Why?

I opened the diary and recognized my father’s signature in the top right-hand corner of the first page. My father’s signed name, like his life, was a carefully constructed series of perfectly composed, by-the-rules actions, angled slightly to the right. To the casual observer, his handwriting was entirely ordinary, and his penmanship, like his life, easily readable. If it’s true that a man’s signature reveals something about his character, then the character revealed here is that of a man who cared what people thought about his handwriting and, upon further reflection, about his life.

If I thought anything was odd about his handwriting, it was only the raw fact of it being used to keep a *diary*. I didn't know he kept one. As far as I knew, my father had never been a diarist. So the fact that he kept a diary, coupled with a well-worn copy of *The Great Gatsby*, and that these two items and the bible at home were the sum total of my personal inheritance from him—*that* was what I thought was unusual.

"Your father wanted you to have this," Hovermale had said when he handed me the key. I had asked him if he knew what was in the box. "No," he had replied.

I turned the page and began reading. What my father had given me was a story about his life. Not all of it—it was, after all, a diary and not an autobiography—but enough of it to present me with what I would later learn to call "a relational identity crisis." He had passed along a story of a man whom I had called Dad for the past twenty-three years but who was not really my father. My father had been an ordinary government worker who had retired on full disability from the Veterans Administration. The story I read was about an extraordinary man with my father's name who worked for a clandestine organization, a man who ran illegal operations during the cold war, a case officer who communicated using codebooks.

The Great Gatsby and a Holy Bible were named as his "codebooks." The former for London, the latter, appropriately, I thought, for Rome. I held his copy of *Gatsby* in my hands. The bible was more of a mystery. I knew there was one at home among his possessions, although the days of my father being a religious man seemed distant.

There were also names laced throughout the diary: J. Bert Schroeder. Frank Wisner. Allen Dulles. James Jesus Angleton. William Colby. Clare Boothe Luce. Abbe Lane. Bill Harvey. Kim Philby. Angleton, again. Philby, again. Richard Nixon. Frank Rizzo. Angleton, yet again.

There were lists of dates and places, as well as a name given in all capital letters that dominated the last few pages, something or someone called CHAOS. It sounded too much like an acronym to be anything but an acronym. BROOK LANE, too, but I thought I knew what those letters referred to and it wasn't an acronym at all. It was a psychiatric center located in rural Maryland. I had visited my father on that "farm" several times.

The last entry was difficult to make out. Maybe his usually fine handwriting had deteriorated with his illness, or perhaps he was just less sure of himself toward the end. I could only make out the words "Church committee."

His diary didn't come with a note to me or with any instructions. What was I supposed to think about it, or to do with it?

I had no idea.

I confronted my mother with the diary—and “confronted” is unfortunately the right word—and she denied knowing my father kept one. When I asked her how much she knew about his other life, she said only that *of course* she knew he worked for the government. *Of course* he did things he couldn't talk about. That was the way it was when you worked for the government. “Your father was a *patriot*,” she said, tearfully.

I left it at that. She was clearly agitated by my questions. Unnerved by them. And she was lying to me. I knew it and she knew it. We had a history of mistruths between us.

I offered to lend her the diary but she had no interest in reading it. “If he had wanted me to read it,” she said, “he would have given it to me. But instead he gave it to *you*.”

For her, that explanation was enough. For me, it wasn't.

Due to the sudden and unexpected nature of my father's death, there were now unresolved tensions that weighed heavily on me, on my soul. I had moved away from home, away from him, and away from what he thought was right, in ways that he could not have failed to read as signs of a definitive rejection.

The last time we had spoken, I had said as much. He had dutifully walked me to my car after another one of our unhappy Christmas holidays and we had shaken hands, as if that settled something, just to keep up the public appearance of family peace. I remember that he held my eyes as if he wanted to tell me something else, but in the end he couldn't manage it. Instead, his eyes teared up, and then, because it was embarrassing to both of us, he said simply, quickly, and now I realize *finally*, “I love you, goodbye.”

I don't remember what I said. I wish I did.

Fathers and sons. What is it between us? That is an ancient question and it may never be resolved.

My father was a deep mystery to me. I was equally unfathomable to him. Or at least I believed I was. I had wanted him to end better than he had ended, but I also had wanted him to live better than he had been living.

He had once *been somebody*. I knew that.

But I had been merely a child during those seemingly halcyon days. By the time I was old enough to spell “vice consul of the United States of America” he had fallen from that high place to somewhere considerably

farther down on the government totem pole. All the way down to something called an assistant contact officer for the Veterans Administration. It had been a slow, spiraling decline and seemed to me to be a tragic one. He had retired on full medical disability at forty-seven, and now was dead at fifty-three. In between, he had spent time in jail and in a mental hospital. He was addicted to heavy narcotics and drank as much as he could every day, couldn't sleep, and lived in constant pain.

Yet, for all his misery, he was always kind to me. Unfailingly polite. Generous. Apologetic about his problems. He loved my mother with all his heart. And she, in turn, loved him. They were classically codependent and badly enabling of each other's craziness.

I told myself that I felt sorry for him, sorry for my mother, sorry for their small, wasted lives. The alcoholism. His depression and her craziness. The past they longed for but could never reach. But really I felt sorry for myself because of what they had reduced themselves to, and because, at the sophomore age of twenty-three, I thought I knew so much better.

And now this diary. This deeper story—his *true* story—that lived inside of the cover story I had lived with them. Why didn't he just tell me? Why didn't he let me in? Why didn't we *talk* about it? Why did he wait until he died to reveal himself, who he had really been, and what he had been doing all those years? I felt as if my whole life was turned inside out.

I had been betrayed by the truth.

.....

Knowing my father's secrets, even some of them, even though I didn't discover them until he died, poisoned my relationship to him. Like a lethal toxin released in memory, it killed whatever remained of my respect for him and tainted what I recalled of our shared times together.

For many years I refused to talk about it because I was deeply ashamed, not so much because of the clandestine work he did, but because he kept who he really was from *me*. Had our relationship become so fragile that it couldn't handle the truth? Had I proved unworthy of his trust? Who was I to him? Was I anyone very much at all?

.....

I never removed my father's diary from what became my mother's home—Naomi's home—although I did change its location. When I returned to my teaching job in South Carolina, I shelved it—cleverly and

ironically, or so I thought at the time—in between my father’s copy of John le Carré’s *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* and my own old copy of Ian Fleming’s *Casino Royale*. My father had given me the Bond book a long time ago, back when we lived in what my parents referred to as “our exile” in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Recalling that memory brought back others I didn’t want to think about. I left the diary on the shelf. I walked away from it and all that it represented.

The following June I moved home to live with and to care for my mother, who had become clinically, and I think psychically, depressed. I left my job at Clemson University and, to support myself, became an account executive for a local FM radio station, WWMD. The call letters stood for “Wild, Wonderful, Western Maryland,” although these days, with our ongoing war on terrorism and a renewed appreciation for the power of acronyms, I read them as stammering out “W-weapons of mass destruction.”

Pardon me. I display an ironic sense of humor sometimes. That is, I’m afraid, part of this story.

Anyway, for WWMD, I was a lousy salesman. Instead of booking a lot of appointments or making cold calls, I drove around town aimlessly most of the time, took in afternoon matinees, and read a lot of popular novels. I convinced myself that this move, this lifestyle and job, was only temporary. I didn’t see a future in selling spots. I wanted to become a writer.

One day, cruising my mother’s bookshelf for something to pass the time instead of making sales calls, I came across the diary. I got it into my head that it didn’t belong there, so I placed it in an old cedar chest down in the basement that contained my father’s World War II Army Air Corps uniform, his leather flying jacket, and his medals. It seemed appropriate to store them together. It was as if I was relegating the artifacts of his life to a locked-down space away from my view.

I was a fool to believe it would be that simple.

My days living back home in Hagerstown and semi-working as an account executive were thankfully brief. Jerry Terlingo, who had dated my mother during the war and with whom she had broken up just prior to meeting and marrying my father, blew into our lives like a colorful Italian carnival and made Naomi smile again. The two of them regularly went off together and lived large together for a while. They toured the country by car and by train; they enjoyed cruises throughout the Caribbean and to Mexico;

they flew to Las Vegas and San Francisco and Honolulu. One night, by long-distance phone call, my mother told me that I should get on with my life because she was certainly getting on with hers.

She was drunk but there was happy music playing in the background. Jerry was tugging her to do something. I could hear his loud voice urging her to hang up. She giggled like a young girl and told him to wait a minute. She was having a good time. I compared her life to mine. I hated Hagerstown. I was young and miserable and failing to become a writer. My job sucked. I decided to take her advice.

I quit WWMD. After a brief stint as a short-order cook, I was accepted into the doctoral program in speech communication at Penn State University. I threw myself into graduate school, blocking out my former life much as my father had before me. I was a good student and received a PhD in speech communication with a minor in creative and biographical writing in August of 1980. My first job out of the doctoral program was as an assistant professor of communication studies at the University of Alabama in Huntsville.

I doubt I ever consciously thought about my father's diary during the whole of this time. That I wrote my dissertation on "The Interpersonal Communication of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald," or that I devoted a long chapter to the influence of their relationship on the writing of *The Great Gatsby*, well, those clues are probably evidence that something was going on in my subconscious that I had yet to fully work through.

At the time, I didn't think about it that way.

.....

Naomi died on December 21, 1983. She had stomach cancer and it had spread to her lymph glands by the time she finally saw a doctor. I think she knew she was ill long before that.

After a couple of good years with fun, lovable Jerry, she had returned to work as a nurse at the local hospital in Hagerstown. She was responsible for training new ER nurses and was seldom at home. She and Jerry shared her house but had little left in common. They realized they couldn't repeat the past, nor were they convinced that they could endure their future. Jerry had spent the last of his money wooing her and was now essentially penniless. Naomi told me she regretted ever asking him to move in but now felt guilty about asking him to leave. I, typically, did nothing.

She lasted six months after she received the terminal diagnosis. I traveled back and forth between Huntsville and Hagerstown many times during