

# SECRET WEAPONS

TWO SISTERS' TERRIFYING TRUE STORY OF SEX, SPIES AND SABOTAGE

Cheryl and Lynn Hersha with Dale Griffis, Ph.D. and Ted Schwarz



# SECRET WEAPONS

# SECRET WEAPONS

Two Sisters' Terrifying True Story  
of Sex, Spies and Sabotage

Cheryl and Lynn Hersha  
with Dale Griffis, Ph.D. and Ted Schwarz

New Horizon Press  
Far Hills, New Jersey

Copyright © 2001 by Cheryl Hersha, Lynn Hersha, Dale Griffis and Ted Schwarz

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form whatsoever, including electronic, mechanical, or any information storage or retrieval system, except as may be expressly permitted in the 1976 Copyright Act or in writing from the publisher.

Requests for permission should be addressed to:

New Horizon Press

P.O. Box 669

Far Hills, NJ 07931

Hersha, Cheryl, Lynn Hersha, Dale Griffis and Ted Schwarz Secret Weapons:

Two Sisters' Terrifying True Story of Sex, Spies and Sabotage

Interior Design: Susan M. Sanderson

Library of Congress Control Number: 00-132567

ISBN-13 (eBook): 978-0-88282-447-5

New Horizon Press

Manufactured in the U.S.A.

2005 2004 2003 2002 2001 / 5 4 3 2 1

*There was a child went forth every day,  
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became,  
And that object became part of him for the day  
Or a certain part of the day,  
Or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.*

Walt Whitman

*One spy in the right place is worth twenty thousand men in the field.*

Napoleon

## *Dedication*

To the women who told their story and the many who also have paid the price that bad dreams are made of, a sincere thank you.

To my wife, Anne, our children and my friends who gave me their support as this story unfolded into a new part of my life, thanks.

To the Captain, who made it on the back roads of this adventure but died before this story reached the public, rest in peace, you helped many with a job well done.

– Dale Griffis

## *Authors' Note*

This book is based on the real experiences of Cheryl and Lynn Hersha and those of their family. The personalities, events, actions and conversations portrayed within the story have been largely taken from extensive interviews, sometimes taped, court testimony, including presidential hearings, physician's records, phone logs, research of government records and official documents, some confidential and others obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, participants' memories and personal papers.

Some of the dialogue represented in this book was reconstructed from the Hershas' memories, documents and/or the memories of others. The reconstructed dialogue represents the best recollection of these events and conversations and we believe more accurately reflects reality than paraphrase would. A few of the scenes depicted have been reconfigured and enhanced for clarity and dramatic impact, drawing on sometimes differing memories and versions, documents and interviews. The presumed thoughts and imagined words of the participants were written in consonance with the true actions of the people involved. When we were unable to determine precise dates, the relevant scenes were placed at the points in the narrative that are most consistent with the timing in other documents and interviews.

In order to protect their privacy, some characters have been given fictitious names and locations, descriptions, and identifying details have been altered. All of the events in this book are real; the people in the book are actual. There are no composites.

## *Table of Contents*

|                    |  |
|--------------------|--|
| Cast of Characters |  |
| Timeline           |  |
| Preface            |  |
| Prologue           |  |
| <b>1</b>           | And So It Began  |
| <b>2</b>           | Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?                      |
| <b>3</b>           | Schemes and Schemers                                       |
| <b>4</b>           | Becoming a Lab Rat   |
| <b>5</b>           | The Delilah System   |
| <b>6</b>           | Bad Dreams and Worse Realities                             |
| <b>7</b>           | Proxy Consent  |
| <b>8</b>           | Monkey See, Monkey Do                                      |
| <b>9</b>           | Cheryl/Charles   |
| <b>10</b>          | Carlsbad, USA  |
| <b>11</b>          | Stealing a Childhood                                       |
| <b>12</b>          | Adolescent Chaos   |
| <b>13</b>          | In Flight  |
| <b>14</b>          | The Black Widow  |
| <b>15</b>          | Becoming Sergeant O'Neil                                   |
| <b>16</b>          | Termination  |
| <b>17</b>          | Cat Woman/G.I. Joe   |
| <b>18</b>          | Military Murders   |
| <b>19</b>          | Friendly Fire  |
| <b>20</b>          | The Times They Are A-Changin'                              |
| <b>21</b>          | Jarring Memories   |
| <b>22</b>          | Explosive Threats  |
| <b>23</b>          | Bound  |
| <b>24</b>          | How Could That Be?   |
| <b>25</b>          | The Search for Truth                                       |
| <b>26</b>          | The Past Surfaces  |
| <b>27</b>          | Wrestling the Demons                                       |
| Afterword          |  |
| Documents          |  |
| Document A         | Memorandum on MKULTRA Hypnosis Experiments                 |
| Document B         | Expansion of CIA's Manual of Trickery                      |
| Document C         | CIA's Research and Development of Mind-Altering Substances |
| Document D         | Memorandum on MKULTRA Activity                             |



Document E Memorandum on Termination of Project MKSEARCH

Document F CIA Discovers Previously Unknown MKULTRA Documents

Document G CIA Informs Senate Committee of MKULTRA Documents Discovery

Document H “C.I.A. Documents Tell of 1954 Project to Create Involuntary Assassins

Document I “5 Canadians Ask \$5 Million for ‘Brainwashing’ by C.I.A.”

Document J Claudia Mullen’s Report to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control

Document K Professor Alan Scheflin’s Letter to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control

Document L Chris De Nicola’s Statement to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control

Document M “CIA Experiments with Mind Control on Children”

Document N American and Canadian Victims of Mind-Control Experiments

Document O “Astronaut Reveals NASA Mind Control Program Involving Children”

Document P “New Voluntary Standards Are Proposed for Experiments on People”

Document Q Some American Forts and Bases Entirely or Partially Underground Referred to in *Secret Weapons*

End Notes

Bibliography

Index

## Cast of Characters

### THE FAMILY

LYNN AND CHERYL HERSHA: *Sisters inducted, at ages six and four, into covert CIA funded mind control programs to create perfect soldiers/spies.*

LOUISE: *Mother of Lynn and Cheryl Hersha.*

DICK: *Father of Lynn and Cheryl.*

EVELYN: *Maternal grandmother of Lynn and Cheryl.*

CONNIE: *Paternal grandmother of Lynn and Cheryl.*

GEORGE: *Paternal step-grandfather of Lynn and Cheryl.*

CLARK RILEY: *The sister's great uncle by marriage was a wealthy local businessman with mysterious political connections.*

\*DON: *Husband of Cheryl.*

\*EDWARD: *Husband of Lynn.*

### THE INVESTIGATORS

DR. DALE GRIFFIS: *Internationally known law enforcement specialist and consultant to police departments worldwide with extensive experience in cases involving cults and ritual abuse of children.*

TED SCHWARZ: *Best-selling author who has written extensively on the subject of abnormal psychology. He has previously done extensive, in-depth interviews with sources from the intelligence community and researched CIA documents for Marita, the biography of a CIA contract agent.*

THE CAPTAIN: *Boston area police captain who, while investigating a case involving another woman who claimed to have been experimented upon by CIA researchers, assisted Dr. Dale Griffiths at Still Pond, Maryland.*

\*BRENT KING: *Former student of Dr. Dale Griffiths, with twenty-five years experience in military intelligence, shared his knowledge of various military bases and installations with Griffiths during the investigation.*

### THE THERAPISTS

\*DR. ARTHUR TALBON: *Cheryl Hersha's psychotherapist.*

\*DR. MICHELLE MORGAN: *Lynn Hersha's psychotherapist.*

### THE MIND CONTROLLERS

#### (HISTORICAL TIES)

DR. HUBERTUS STRUGHOLD: *German scientist headed some of the most inhumane experimentation during the Nazi regime and was admitted to the United States after World War II under Operation Paperclip. He worked for Dr. Sidney Gottlieb in the CIA's MKULTRA program.*

DR. WERNER STOLL: *Scientist conducted research using LSD to control schizophrenia at the Swiss owned Sandoz Pharmaceutical Company during the late 1940s.*

DR. MORTON PRINCE: *Nineteenth century psychiatrist discovered four separate personalities in a female patient and whose careful documentation of the case assisted later mental health professionals in understanding Multiple Personality Disorder, now called Dissociative Identity Disorder.*

ALLEN DULLES: *Director of Central Intelligence from 1953 to 1961 and Deputy Director from 1951 to 1953. He approved PROJECT MKULTRA in 1953.*

DR. JOHN LILLY: *Scientist was a pioneer in brain mapping and worked at the National Institute of Health where he developed the sensory deprivation tank used in MKULTRA conditioning. When he objected to the CIA's methods, they allegedly tried to destroy his reputation.*

DR. EWEN CAMERON: *CIA funded psychiatrist conducted most of his mind control experiments at McGill University in Montreal in the 1950s and 1960s. He originated the technique of "psychic driving," wherein unwitting subjects were kept in chemically induced comas for extended periods and administered electric shocks while repetitive, auditory messages were continuously played through electronic helmets strapped on the subjects' heads.*

DR. LOUIS JOLYON WEST: *Psychiatrist was past Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at UCLA. He is alleged to have been a CIA contract agent in the MKULTRA program. He was a board member of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, an organization that seeks to discredit survivors of abuse and their therapists.*

DR. MAITLAND BALDWIN: *Scientist affiliated with the National Institute of Health; conducted LSD and mind control dolphin experiments.*

### MIND CONTROLLERS

#### (ACTUAL TIES)

DR. SIDNEY GOTTLIEB: *Biochemist presided over the CIA's mind control programs during the 1950s, '60s and early '70s and destroyed reams of MKULTRA documents when the program was exposed in 1973. He officially retired from the CIA shortly thereafter, but is suspected to have retained links to the organization until his death in 1999.*

GEORGE HUNTER WHITE: *Former OSS agent and federal officer was loaned to the CIA by the Federal Narcotics Bureau and worked under Dr. Sidney Gottlieb researching methods for extracting information from and/or blackmailing people using sex and drugs, specifically by giving unsuspecting men LSD and observing them having sex with prostitutes at CIA safe houses.*

RICHARD HELMS: *Director of the CIA, 1966-73, Deputy Director of the CIA, 1965-66 and a firm proponent of the agency's mind control programs (code name: Tiger). He ordered the destruction of MKULTRA files in 1973.*

DR. "GREEN": *a pseudonym used by various CIA and military researchers in MKULTRA and other mind control programs.*

DR. L. WILSON GREENE: *Scientific Director of Chemical and Radiological Laboratory at the Army Chemical Center*

DR. JOSE DELGADO: *United States military funded researcher was a psychology professor at Yale University School of Medicine where he originated ESB (electrical stimulation of the brain), a battery-driven guidance system surgically inserted into the brain. One important goal of the system was to create mind controlled spies.*

DR. MICHAEL AQUINO: *Former United States Army Lieutenant Colonel in the military's Psychological Warfare Division and considered an eccentric genius, he founded a new religion in 1975, the Temple of Set, which worships Satan. According to sources, including attorney John DeCamp, former Nebraska state senator and author of The Franklin Coverup: Child Abuse, Satanism and Murder in Nebraska, Aquino held Top Secret security clearance and was one of the masterminds of PROJECT MONARCH.*

MARTIN ORNE: *Senior CIA and Naval Department researcher in the MKULTRA program attached to the CIA's Office of Research and Development, he was a board member of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation.*

## THE PROGRAMS

(YEARS PROVIDED WHEN AVAILABLE)

OPERATION PAPERCLIP: *Program authorized by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in which many top German Nazi scientists were imported into the United States shortly after World War II and employed in CIA and military intelligence research operations.*

OPERATION BLUEBIRD: *CIA program begun in 1950; its objectives were to learn how to prevent personnel from divulging information, control subjects through special interrogation techniques, investigate memory enhancement and prevent hostile control of personnel.*

PROJECT ARTICHOKE: *Formerly named Operation Bluebird, the program added hypnosis and drugs to its techniques in 1951 and widened its scope in 1954 to include research to answer the question: "Can an individual of [deleted] descent be made to perform an act of attempted assassination involuntarily under the influence of Artichoke?"*

PROJECT MKULTRA: *Mind control program, headed by Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, came into existence on April 13, 1953, as proposed by Richard Helms, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence. Nearly 200 sub-projects under the umbrella of MKULTRA have been identified. Officially disbanded shortly before it was exposed by Canadian survivors of the program in 1980, when those victims sued the United States government, the CIA and the Canadian government. Sources say, however, aspects of have continued and are still in existence under the auspices of the CIA's Office of Research and Development.*

PROJECT MKDELTA: *Established to employ the findings of MKULTRA research in clandestine operations primarily abroad.*

PROJECT MKSEARCH: *Sub-project of MKULTRA, one of its purposes was to provide unaccountable funds to support many of the MKULTRA programs.*

PROJECT MONARCH: *Sub-project of MKULTRA, officially begun in the early 1960s (possibly much earlier) after the failure of ARTICHOKE to create an unwitting assassin. Monarch's objective was to use behavioral modification and mind control to produce the perfect "sleeper" spy/assassin, a Manchurian Candidate who could integrate into normal daily life, but who could be activated by hearing a verbal trigger, a key word or phrase. When experimentation with adults failed to produce the objective, the researchers deemed a so-called tabula rasa was necessary. Thus, children were then experimented upon by the use of "proxy consent." These children, as well as adults (mostly unwitting prisoners and mental patients), were subjected to the use of chemicals, radiation, hallucinogenic drugs, electric shock, sensory and sleep deprivation, and verbal, physical and sexual abuse.*

\* PSEUDONYM

## *Timeline*

- 1938: George Estabrooks, who specialized in the study of hypnosis and spent almost fifty years as head of Colgate University's Department of Psychology, begins promoting the use of hypno-programming of spies by the military and by law enforcement. Many of his ideas are adapted both during World War II and for the MKULTRA series of programs.
- 1945: Operation Paperclip brings German scientists to the U.S., most of whom had been Nazis. A number of the scientists do experiments on mind control using hypnosis, mescaline and traumatic injury to the skull and later are connected to various MKULTRA programs at universities, hospitals and government agencies.
- 1947: The Central Intelligence Agency begins as an outgrowth of the OSS. Dr. Stanley Lovell, Richard Helms, Allen Dulles and Frank Wisner, all former OSS staff members, continue both openly and surreptitiously with experiments involving mind manipulation to create perfect spies and assassins, as well as to erase selective memory from retiring agents who know more than is desirable for national security.
- 1950: Various declassified notes indicate that some volunteers are unable to forget experimental sessions after being given drugs (LSD, scopolamine and benzodiazepine separately or in some combination) and hypnosis. While still disoriented, compromising pictures were taken with prostitutes. For some men, homosexual arrangements were also faked.
- 1952: Project Moonstruck studies electronic implants in the brain and teeth during seemingly unrelated surgery or "surreptitiously during abduction." The devices will be utilized for mind and behavior control, programming, covert operations, and/or tracking.
- 1953: On July 26 an MKULTRA memorandum is written for the Director of Central Intelligence. It includes the statement from the Inspector General: "It is firm doctrine in TSD [Technical Services Division] that testing of materials under accepted scientific procedures fails to disclose the full pattern of reactions...that may occur in operational situations. TSD initiated a program for covert testing of materials on unwitting U.S. citizens." This memo is discovered ten years later.  
On May 11, Dr. Sidney Gottlieb arranges a series of five experiments utilizing hypnosis to induce anxiety, increase learning speed, improve recall and observation and similarly determine if it will work for covert activities.  
On June 9, Dr. Gottlieb approves early tests on the biochemical, neurophysiological, sociological and clinical psychiatric aspects of LSD.  
In November, working under the MKULTRA program, a manual of trickery is created by a working magician to help agents deliver chemicals, loose solids and pills to unsuspecting individuals who need to be drugged for interrogation or kidnapping.  
On November 28, at 2:30 A.M., Dr. Frank Olson, who worked for the CIA and was experiencing flashbacks from LSD administered without his knowledge by Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, leaps to his death through an upper floor window of his hotel room in New York City. A story of depression, mental illness and suicidal tendencies is immediately fabricated for the public and the Olson family to cover up Gottlieb's, the CIA's and LSD's role in Olson death.
- 1954: Project ARTICHOKE uses drugs, electronics and electroshock to program behavior, create "cyborg" mentalities, trances along with the electronic dissolution of memory in an effort to create unknowing and unwitting assassins.
- 1955: May 5 memo reviews the CIA's research and development of mind-altering substances and lists the program's goals, which include developing substances to promote "illogical thinking and impulsiveness...[so] the recipient will be discredited in public," produce "physical disablement such as paralysis" and promote the ability "to withstand...torture...during interrogation."
- 1958: Project Orion (a/k/a Dreamland) of the U.S. Airforce uses drugs, hypnosis and various form of electronic radiation (microwaves, radar, etc.) to explore specialized debriefing sessions to assure loyalty.
- 1960: MKDELTA (a/k/a Deep Sleep) program begins involving the long-range use of fine-tuned electromagnetic subliminal programming, is an attempt to affect general population through behavior control, mood swings, fatigue and dysfunction.
- 1964: Gathering of the most powerful nations in the world in Geneva, Switzerland results in an international agreement to not conduct research experiments on children, pregnant women, fetuses and prisoners. Only the United States refuses to sign. It remains a holdout until 1991.
- 1965: Four and six-year-old Cheryl and Lynn Hersha are inducted into the intelligence community's top secret mind control program to create perfect spies, assassins and soldiers. Every year, new groups of children are added to the program.
- 1972: Sidney Gottlieb requests that Project MKSEARCH be terminated (MKSEARCH was established to obtain funding through irregular channels to maintain the top secret MKULTRA programs).
- 1973: With CIA director Richard Helms' approval, Sidney Gottlieb destroys every MKULTRA document he can locate.
- 1974: On February 24, Dr. Jose M.R. Delgado, Director of Neuropsychiatry at Yale University Medical School, is quoted in the Congressional Record concerning his work with implants (one of which was used on six-year old Cheryl Hersha): "We need a program of psychosurgery for political control of our society."
- 1975: The Rockefeller Commission examines the CIA's illegal domestic operations. It reveals that Frank Olson died as a result of flashbacks from being unknowingly administered LSD by Dr. Sidney Gottlieb.
- 1977: On August 3, CIA Director Admiral Stansfield Turner provides a joint session of two U.S. Senate Committees with an overview of MKULTRA. Turner explains that 8,000 documents are missing.

On August 3, U.S. Senator Edward Kennedy opens the U.S. Senate Subcommittee hearing on Project MKULTRA. He states, in part: "The Intelligence community of this Nation, which requires a shroud of secrecy in order to operate, has a very sacred trust from the American people. The CIA's program of human experimentation violated that trust."

Later that year, 8,000 "missing" MKULTRA records are found in the Retired Records Center. They are discovered after journalist John Marks requests them under the Freedom of Information Act.

- 1980: Five Canadians who were part of Dr. Ewen Cameron's "terminal experiments" sue the U.S. and Canadian governments for their part in funding Cameron's work.
- 1983: Phoenix II program (a/k/a ZAP and Rainbow) is conducted by the U.S. Air Force and the National Security Agency (NSA) at Montauk, Long Island. It researches electronic means to affect both groups of Americans and geologic activity.
- 1988: Canadian victims of Dr. Ewen Cameron's experiments settle with the U.S. government for \$750,000.
- 1989: Trident program (a/k/a Black Triad) involves a combination of electronics and the use of helicopters working in groups of three for crowd control and large population management following a disaster, riot or attack on a community.
- 1990: RF Media program (a/k/a Buzz Saw) involves the use of electronics, including cellular telephone systems, national television and radio to create and control desired behavior throughout the nation or large segments of the population.  
Tower program (a/k/a Wedding Bells) uses microwave technology and related electronics, including cellular telephone systems, aimed at neural degeneration and DNA resonance modification.
- 1991: Original program Cheryl and Lynn Hersha were inducted into as children is disbanded. A new, similar program in Maryland begins with funding from an unknown government source.
- 1993: In September, Lynn's handler in the Sleeping Beauty program arrives at her home with a psychiatrist to learn what, if anything, she is telling a counselor about the program.  
Seminar by Dr. Grydon Hammon of the University of Utah School of Medicine on Federally funded mind control experiments is held. Topics include brainwashing, posthypnotic suggestion, programming, induction of multiple personalities and the CIA.
- 1995: Lynn's commanding officer unexpectedly arrives at her house. Announcing, "It's time to bake a cake," the CO's words sets Lynn into action to build a homemade bomb.  
In March, two victims of the MKULTRA experiments testify to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control. They tell horrific stories of violence, sexual abuse, electroshock and drugs used to modify their behaviors.  
Project HAARP, another approach to mass population control, utilizes electromagnetic resonant induction.
- 1996: Cheryl contacts ritual and cult abuse expert, Dale Griffis, for help.
- 1997: Project Clean Sweep is instituted and, allegedly a variation on HAARP, is meant to control crowds and mass population.
- 1998: Cheryl feels the urge to "kidnap" a helicopter and once again become Cat Woman.
- 1999: Lynn Hersha's connection to her mind control captors is reactivated as she leads a Delta team on a mission to rescue the kidnapped child of politically prominent parents.
- 2000: Lynn's head handler passes control of Lynn to Mac, the younger man who had acted as her temporary handler on assignment in Mexico.

## Preface

“Is this Dale Griffis, the ritual abuse expert?”

“Yes, this is. Who am I speaking to?”

“Dr. Griffis, I read about your work in the book *Painted Black* and I badly need your help,” a female voice on the other end of the line entreated. “My name is Cheryl Hersha and....” She paused and her voice trailed off, then grew agitated again. “I know you are going to find this hard to believe, but my sister and I are the victims of violent abuse beginning in our childhoods and which continues for both of us up to this day. It was perpetrated not only by our father, but by the United States government. You have to help. No one believes us.”

The frantic phone call that June day in 1996 unnerved him, but it was one of the many calls for aid Dr. Dale Griffis regularly received. He was part of a new breed of police officer who had entered law enforcement back in the 1960s. Griffis was a college-educated cop, a man who entered law enforcement because he was drawn to the idea of being able to help others, then continued his education throughout his time on the force, certain that the broader his knowledge, the more he could accomplish. When he first joined the force in Tiffin, Ohio, he believed the community’s rural location meant that while he would have to face the occasional bad guy, much of his patrol time would be spent responding to the traumas of everyday life—car wrecks, farm injuries, sexual violence and domestic squabbles. He earned four degrees and attended more than sixty special training schools, becoming knowledgeable about some of the extremes of human behavior.

Over time, he found out that while some of his cases were ordinary and some humorous, at the other extreme were those cases that revealed the dark side of human existence. This was the world of men and women who chose to worship evil, an area of non-traditional religion in which Dr. Griffis became, as time went on, an expert.

The desire to learn more led Griffis throughout the United States on a search to understand these strange cases. It was during the Lyndon Johnson administration that Congress passed the Omnibus Crime Control Act of 1968 that made large sums of money available to police departments throughout the country in order to improve the training of officers. Griffis arranged to not only take classes with the FBI, but also at the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Agency’s Academy and numerous colleges and universities. He also was loaned to other police departments for periods of time, one of which was the San Francisco Police Department, where the intelligence unit was actively involved in pursuing members of non-traditional religions, some of whom used their “faith” to justify violence. From the officers to whom Griffis was assigned, he learned about Satan worship and various pagan practices. He became intrigued by the psychology of the participants and pursued his education into the psychological reasons behind both the self-inflicted violence and the violence used against others frequently practiced by some of these groups.

His work with non-traditional religions led Griffis into another area, in which he became an expert in aspects of emotional illness caused by abnormal child abuse. Often this involved the use of children in rituals practiced within non-traditional religions. Sometimes the children were subjected to such horror that they developed traumatic amnesia which faded as they entered adulthood, left home and were no longer subjected to the abuse of a parent, relative, neighbor, teacher or other predator. Sometimes the children dissociated in the extreme, developing multiple personalities. And sometimes the children survived without forgetting. In such cases, some assumed that their childhoods were normal, that all children experienced the abuse they endured.

The problems that can lead adult victims of child abuse to therapy are myriad. What matters most is that once in effective counseling, the reasons for the trauma will usually emerge. Most of the causes are familiar to the average therapist, both through training and experience. Occasionally, however, the patient begins talking about something outside the therapist’s area of expertise, such as being raised in a religious cult or being used in ritual abuse. When this occurs, if the therapist is at a loss, one of the experts who is likely to be called is Dr. Dale Griffis. His writing and speaking engagements, his consulting work and appearances in courtrooms where his expert opinions have been needed in many ritual abuse cases have led to his becoming widely known despite his seemingly isolated home base.

Griffis also spent several years as the investigator for his county coroner’s office and traveled the country working for police departments in need of his expertise. He taught other law enforcement

professionals and many in the public eye, eventually training 38,000 men and women, including such religious leaders as the late John Cardinal O'Connor of New York. Many of these individuals worked for government agencies or were police specialists connected with military bases, federal office buildings and intelligence agencies. They regularly called Dr. Griffis with problems or questions about crime scenes where signs and symbols suggested cult involvement. Some requested his help to head off disasters based on intelligence information that one or more individuals had bombs or biological or chemical weapons and planned to use them in an urban area. Or they asked him to assist when an isolated cult group had a charismatic leader discussing the need and timing for violent acts by the members, either against themselves or against the community in which they lived. Thus Griffis became known not only in law enforcement circles, but also among church leaders, social workers, psychologists and psychiatrists.

So when he received Cheryl's call saying she and her sister were remembering abuse, he was not surprised. When she began telling him about military actions in which Cheryl believed she or her sister were participants despite being small children, he was also not surprised. This is not to say Griffis believed her story. He knew that for her to be telling the truth, military bases and universities would have had to conduct experiments on children. There had to have been ultra secret experiments as destructive to children as family violence or when one or both parents is involved in deviant behavior with his or her own children. There also would have had to have been a plausible motive or cover story for Congress to have funded the research. This all seemed highly unlikely to Griffis.

Instead, in the beginning, he believed that there was a good chance the two sisters were trying to deal with the "why" of the violence against them by making it something extreme. None of us wants to think we are unloved by our parents. When a parent not only does not love his or her child, but deliberately hurts the child, the victim frequently grows into adulthood feeling worthless. Self-esteem suffers greatly and, rather than admitting the truth, some victims of this type of childhood abuse create fanciful stories to avoid the knowledge.

But as Cheryl spoke and Griffis learned more, he began to think this might not be the explanation in Cheryl's case. "I found her to be a bright lady with problems and one of the problems was that no one believed her story. I also noticed that when I talked with her for a while, her voice changed and the way she spoke changed. I had encountered this type of behavior with multiple personalities, but I didn't know if she was one at that time," Griffis says.

Griffis used a ploy he frequently utilizes to separate calls from individuals who seem to just want to talk and those who seriously need help. He asked her to write out what her problems were. He wanted her history and concerns. Then he asked her to mail him the material. Over the years, he had found that the request for written information separates those who truly want help from those who either just want attention or are not yet ready to do the necessary work to heal.

Cheryl's written story, which she sent to him almost immediately, began by talking about her wearing a helmet and receiving electric shocks. "I was very familiar with some of the experiments by Dr. Ewen Cameron at McGill University in Canada," Griffis observes. "The more I read of Cheryl's history, the greater seemed the possibility that she may have been in various locations where I knew mind control experiments had taken place.

"For someone who had not heard of behavior modification and did not understand it, Cheryl was saying things that matched experiments in the field I had learned about when I was working on my Ph.D.

"Included with Cheryl's letter were drawings including one of a little girl in a helmet. That picture was meaningful to me, because I had heard about these helmets. There had been a special PBS program on television some time before and I remembered them showing pictures of people in just that type of helmet. Plus, I had talked with some other reputable therapists who had heard comments about this same type of thing. By now, I was willing to listen and not brush her off."

As he learned more, Griffis could not discount other aspects of the story Cheryl told him. He agreed to use his contacts in law enforcement throughout the country to see if he could determine whether or not the programs and the experiences she was describing had any basis in fact. Later he was called by Cheryl's sister Lynn who told him more about the atrocious acts perpetrated upon her and her sister. For the next four years, Griffis researched and investigated the unbelievable story Cheryl and Lynn told him. He also contacted the best-selling author, Ted Schwarz, who agreed to work with him. Together, they searched for witnesses, hidden government documents and all the myriad bits and pieces of evidence necessary to confirm or deny the sisters' extraordinary story. And here is what they found...

## *Prologue*

They were a part of the new breed of warriors. The products of a top-secret program to train the perfect soldier/spy, they began their careers while still in elementary school, becoming subjects in covert experiments and taking special classes in the afternoons, on weekends and on vacations. Their father was an ex-GI who never stopped thinking like a military man. During his lifetime he had seen the growing Communist menace from Russia spread to Korea, the invasions of Czechoslovakia and Hungary, the launching of Sputnik and the isolation of East Berlin. He was honored that his children could handle training that, in the past, had been reserved for mature special agents with high priority clearance.

And so it was that, beginning in the mid-1960s, two small children were transformed from being typical kids ages four and six into what, over the years, the intelligence community hoped would become two of America's most formidable weapons. They played with assault rifles, fighting knives and poison when other children learned Capture the Flag, dodgeball and all the other games played on schoolyards across the United States. They were mastering martial arts when other children were practicing basic social graces. And while their neighbors and their children went to Disneyland, they "vacationed" in some of the most highly secret military installations in the East and Midwest.

One of those children was trained as a deadly spy able to elicit top secret information from traitors. The youth not only became a secret courier deciding the fate of some of America's enemies, but Sergeant Thomas O'Neil was trained to fly a Blackhawk helicopter and to withstand all kinds of torture, never divulging his orders. O'Neil would be assigned a dual run taking the Blackhawk helicopter from a base down in Mexico and back, as well as from the base to San Clemente. There Sgt. O'Neil would meet with the President of the United States and the CIA director who had made Sgt. O'Neil a personal project.

The other child, who was programmed to lead elite military teams, became Lt. Rick "Rikki" Shaw, a tactical specialist with intense training in high-powered weapons and jets. Overseas, when the need arose, the teams led by Shaw would be used covertly on dangerous secret missions that could alter the balance of power within foreign enemy nations. Domestically, the lieutenant's team would counter terrorist actions before the public or the press could learn of the danger about to be unleashed. They would also be responsible for restoring order in the midst of the chaos that could be created by terrorist attacks against cities. Both might mean detonating or setting one or more bombs. It might mean stopping the use of biological or chemical compounds which could cause extensive death or create havoc in a densely populated area. It might mean stopping a terrorist or occult leader. Whatever the circumstances, they were trained to know when to wait out a disaster, when to become proactive and how to restore the existing government despite the presence of double agents, enemy soldiers or terrorists.

What no one realized, what no one could comprehend who was not aware of top-secret mind control experimentation begun in the 1930s, was that neither of these military warriors were the men others thought them to be. They were sisters.

And, had one of them not rebelled against the system of which they were so integral a part, none of their experiences would ever have been told. However, one violent encounter would lead to the first sign of weakness in the psychological armor so carefully constructed by the intelligence community's secret operatives. Ultimately, it would lead the sisters to remember that which they had been programmed to forget. And when those horrific memories began to unfold and they reached out for help, so did the search for corroborating witnesses, hidden government documents and all the myriad bits and pieces of evidence necessary to confirm this extraordinary story. It tells how the two traveled a terrifying journey through international intrigue, high-level espionage, bartered sex, vicious blackmail and savage death...and began it all before they were old enough to drive cars, cast votes or legally drink their first beers.



## CHAPTER

### 1

---

### *And So It Began*

It was the trip of a lifetime, though when you're four and six years old, you admittedly have not had that many opportunities to travel. Still, the little girls in the Carlsbad, California train station could not contain their excitement. They had kept their clothing neat and clean. They had acted like "young ladies" in church that morning. They had ridden silently in the family car so as not to upset Grandma Evelyn, their mom's mother, who was traveling with them. And they had barely complained when they discovered that there was no train waiting on the tracks to whisk them instantly to Jackson, Michigan where their grandmother Evelyn owned a farm. But now at least five minutes had passed, and their mother, Louise Hersha, was insisting upon making certain the girls' outfits looked perfect, ignoring the possibility that the train would *never* get there.

Cheryl, the younger of the two Hersha sisters, had insisted upon wearing her prettiest pink party dress. It was a frilly Empire design with lots of ruffles, lots of lace, a round collar, and enough tulle underneath to make it puff out. On her feet she wore the white patent leather shoes that made her feel superior to her older sister, Lynn, who wore black-and-white corrective saddle shoes with her blue gingham dress.

Not that Lynn cared about her sister's self-perceived fashion triumph. A minor birth defect of a slightly turned out hip caused Lynn to walk on the sides of her feet in a manner the shoes helped correct. She could still outrun, out play, and stay up later than her baby sister.

While their mother brushed the hair of one daughter, sweeping up the left side and holding it in place with a barrette, the other was annoying their father and grandmother with a barrage of questions. "How long will it take to get there?" "Do they really have a restaurant on the train?" "Is there a potty on the train?" "Can we play with our new toys yet?"

Dick, who was wearing the same inexpensive blue suit he had worn to church that day, tried to order his daughters to sit quietly when they weren't getting their final once over from his wife. He had long ago informed his mother-in-law that he was an old-fashioned man, the type who was a good provider, let his wife know her place and had children who would be seen but not heard. The fact that the marriage had been hurried, because Lynn, his eldest daughter, was already on the way, and that the move to California came after he lost his engineering job in Michigan did not help his image with the one woman he could never seem to please. He believed that his mother-in-law thought he was stupid, for she certainly made him aware of each instance where he came up wanting.

For example, there was the time when the family was visiting his mother-in-law's farm and all the nearby relatives planned to come by with covered dishes for their meal. Dick knew his daughters would get tired early after the long trip from California. He wanted to be sure he could quietly leave whenever it seemed appropriate. That was why he parked his rental car on the grass, under an aged tree. He could easily maneuver around the other cars parked in the driveway, keeping his family from being trapped by someone staying later than he.

"I wouldn't do that, Richard," said his mother-in-law, whom he despised so much he usually did the opposite of whatever she suggested. "There's a storm coming and that old tree is rotten to the roots."

Dick ignored the woman. The storm came. The tree split. And as Lynn laughed at the sight of a massive tree limb crushing the roof of the thankfully empty vehicle, her grandmother stared at her son-in-law, sighed deeply and said, "Oh, Richard." Once again he felt stupid.

Normally, there was no way Dick would have been willing to travel on the same train as his mother-in-law, Evelyn, and certainly he would not have paid for her hostile companionship. The trip was originally planned for just Louise and the kids. They were originally going to stop first at Dick's mother's and stepfather's home, then go to see his elderly grandmother whose home was in Owosso, approximately seventy miles northeast of Jackson. She had a serious disease. His grandfather had said there was time, but she was deteriorating steadily. After talking with them by telephone, Dick arranged for a May vacation from his job as a civil engineer for the city of Carlsbad. His grandmother would still be well enough to enjoy the family's visit and the temperature would still be cool. Michigan might be north, but come summer there was frequently high heat combined with high humidity.

The problem came because of Louise's sister, Carol. She and her Marine husband, Ned, were living in Oceanside, California and had allowed Evelyn to enjoy an extended visit with them. Now the couple was being transferred to Japan, and the only alternative to paying for his mother-in-law's trip back to her Michigan farm was for Dick to let her move in with them. Yet Dick couldn't stand such a living arrangement for long. So, no matter how their finances were stressed paying for this trip, he brought Evelyn along so he could drop her off at her farm and leave as quickly as possible; he did not want to be near her any longer than necessary.

Louise Hersha, a stay-at-home mom, tried not to be in the middle of her mother's and husband's constant complaining about each other. Her seven sisters often discussed how verbally abusive and vicious their mother had been to all of them when they were growing up. Louise, by contrast, while certain they were telling the truth, had to confess she could not remember life being as hard as they claimed. In fact, there were many instances in her childhood she could not recall despite what others said. However, she did admit she must have been extremely troubled about something to quit school when she was in the tenth grade. She had been determined to leave home, though she had no money saved to cover living expenses. Fortunately, one of her married sisters lived in the East and said she could stay with the couple and their small children, provided she helped take care of the little ones.

Louise went a little wild in her new surroundings. She managed to befriend other teens who were part of a youth scene that lived life on the edge. She found excitement in running with coming-of-age young men and women who knew how to smoke more than cigarettes, how to leave stores with more merchandise than they paid for and who were a little too well-known by the local police. Fortunately, she never got in serious trouble and eventually returned to Jackson, Michigan and a job in a department store. The pay was adequate for survival prior to her marriage, but she had nothing saved to help when Dick was laid off from his job at what was then called Consumer Power. Had it not been for Carol and her husband telling them to come to Carlsbad where opportunities abounded, then helping them with the relocation from Michigan, Dick's relationship with his mother-in-law could have been even worse than it was that spring of 1965.

At the train station, there were too many distractions for the little girls to think about any of their family's history or hostilities. Instead, Lynn and Cheryl squirmed and complained as their mother fussed with their appearance until they finally boarded the southern route Santa Fe Railroad passenger train. They had traveled this way before, the train taking them down to San Diego, then across Arizona along the Mexican border, before going north to Chicago where they would change trains for the short hop to Jackson, Michigan. But in the past they had been too young to fully appreciate the trip. Now Lynn was a graduate of kindergarten looking forward to entering first grade in the fall. She had mastered her ABCs. She knew her numbers well past one hundred. And she had learned to read well enough so that she rarely needed help, except with the most difficult words in her elementary readers.

Cheryl, two years younger, was finally old enough to do something more than sleep, complain or have to be constantly entertained on the three-day trip across America's heartland. She was not only alert to the changing scenery, but Lynn used her as a foil as they played with the most special traveling present their mom had found in TG&Y. It was a one-dollar bag of plastic cowboys and Indians.

TG&Y never carried many toys on its shelves—a generic baby doll or two, inexpensive coloring books and crayons, small toy cars and the one-dollar bags of malleable plastic cowboys and Indians and World War II soldiers. Each contained a hundred figures, some with rifles, some with handguns, some with bows and arrows (Indians only) and, in the case of the World War II soldiers, some with shoulder-fired bazookas. At Christmas time, the store where their parents shopped had dozens of the bags that always seemed so special because of the sheer number of toys that fell out when you opened them. Their parents loved the bagged toys because they made the girls happy at very little cost. That was why they had hundreds of the green soldiers at home that they made a part of many of their games, both indoors and out. Dick and Louise could not afford Barbie Dolls or any of the other “in” toys

for little girls. They bought their daughters generic baby dolls from TG&Y for Christmas, but it was the bags of army figures that allowed the girls to feel rich in material goods at little cost to their parents.

Dick fancied himself a patriot, a man who had dedicated a portion of his life to saving his country from the Communist menace that he believed was incipient in the United States. He had served two years in the army, assigned to the color guard. During his enlistment, he had worn a dress uniform, marched with flawless precision and stood at attention during funerals, base visits by various dignitaries and on national holidays. He was the consummate soldier who never left his country, never was considered for a combat zone and though he wrote his parents that he was being considered for a Top Secret clearance, he appears to have never gotten it. He also never was impressive enough for anyone to ask him to serve another two years, though he did join the National Guard, spending one weekend a month and two weeks a year maintaining his skills. Periodically he would come home from his job with the city of Carlsbad, change into his army uniform, shoulder his "rifle" (actually a double-barreled shotgun) and march for hours through the house.

Dick's gung-ho attitude towards the military was combined with a fascination for extremist, right-wing political theories. Despite Louise's objections, he delighted in having philosophical discussions with a small group of men who were forming what would become known as the Aryan Brotherhood. They boasted that they "understood" the "dangers" that seemed to exist from blacks, Jews, Hispanics, Catholics and everyone else who was not a white, male, like-thinking "Christian" parroting their hate. They "understood" that a man needed to be armed, that a man was "better dead than red," a slogan Dick regularly quoted to his wife and daughters. What these men did not know was that while Dick, a mentally unstable alcoholic, could be extremely violent within the walls of his own home, he was so afraid of actually facing combat that he thought of fleeing to Canada or Mexico if he was called to active duty in Vietnam.

No matter what his personal weaknesses, Dick was trying to raise his daughters to be true patriots as he saw it, to do for their country whatever they were asked. Ideally, even their toys would reflect this. But he knew that the girls would balk at taking "old" toys on their cross-country adventure. He would have preferred the girls play with toy soldiers, of which they had plenty at home, but when Louise looked for the bagged toys at TG&Y, only the cowboys and Indians were available to take onto the train.

In Dick's often troubled mind, there was one consolation, though. Neither his wife nor her family understood the importance of raising the girls with correct values and none realized that Dick had access to that knowledge, not only for his children but the world at large. Louise was unaware of just how many important people Dick and some of his family knew. He knew there was secret research being done within the intelligence community, important research that would help win not only the cold war and keep the commie bastards from taking control of our country, but would defeat the evil, rising enemies of democracy everywhere. Among those who were needed were highly intelligent, sensitive children from stable, church-going families. Dick was not certain exactly what was involved, but he had been approached about letting Cheryl and Lynn be tested for a secret new program after his stepfather learned Dick would be bringing his family to Michigan.

Dick knew that if he could tell Louise and her mother what was happening, they would show him all the respect he was usually denied. He reasoned he probably couldn't, though, because secrecy was paramount if the girls became chosen for the unnamed program. And if they were rejected, well...he would have to chalk it up to the dilution of the gene pool caused by a poor marital choice. In that case, he also would not mention the incident to anyone.

As they got settled on the train, Cheryl and Lynn were oblivious to the future, absorbed totally with their special bag of toys. Lynn had immediately taken all the Indians, which was just fine with Cheryl who much preferred the cowboys.

Once the train was in motion, the girls made their way to opposite ends of the coach car in which their family was traveling. Then, as quietly as they could, Lynn moved her Indians towards an ambush with Cheryl's cowboys who were likewise sneaking down the aisle. Each girl maneuvered her men amidst the mountains (seat backs), valleys (seat bases), and hills (the shoes of other passengers), ambushing one another, retreating and then repeating the battles for hours at a time. The adults were amused; the conductor chose to ignore the action so long as no one complained.

When the game became tiresome or too many passengers began using the bathroom, endangering both the toys and the tiny hands playing with them, there were coloring books and activity books to keep the sisters occupied. Later, they discovered some other children in the next railroad car and began playing with them. Lynn was taught how to play jacks, and soon there were "floating" kids'

games everywhere. The children sat on the floor, creating an obstacle course that remained until people began yelling at them to move. Then they would shift to a different part of the train, playing until again ordered to move.

The dining car was Lynn's favorite place. "We got to sit in elegant looking booths and the waiters were so professional. They were generous and gracious and they treated me with as much respect as the adults. Whatever I wanted I could have, even though I think we ordered from the kids' menu. I will never forget that I got to have scrambled eggs with catsup, just like I wanted. Scrambled eggs with catsup! It was so special!"

Lynn also looked out the window a lot. "And I asked questions all the time," Lynn says. "Cheryl and I walked up and down the cars, talking with the porters. They would explain the cities we were passing through. They told us what people did there and about the history of some of the places, like Tombstone.

The girls went back to their seats only when there was nothing else to do. They quickly learned when not to speak. If one of the girls asked their parents a question while they were talking, their father angrily told them, "Be quiet, you're interrupting our conversation."

Toward the end of the second day of the trip, boredom set in for all the kids still riding in the two cars. Coloring books had been completed. Games had been repeated endlessly until they were no longer fun. Soon the only breaks from what had become monotony were trips to the dining car, sponge baths in the lavatory sink and long stretches of staring out the window until the passing scenery became so hypnotic that they fell asleep.

Finally, the train pulled into the Jackson, Michigan station. Dick rented a car in Jackson, then began the drive to his mother-in-law's aged farmhouse.

Two types of farmhouses were commonly seen in rural Michigan. One was small, the first dwelling a man built to house his family when he began working the land. The second house, often built by the next generation if the family found success, was much larger and filled with all the amenities available at the time.

Grandma Evelyn owned the original type of farmhouse for a long time. There was a small kitchen and dining room, a tiny living room so poorly constructed that the floor slanted enough to cause toy cars to roll when set on it. A narrow staircase led to the second floor where two bedrooms were side by side. The wood was bare, the roof had old tile and the fake brick siding was missing in places. The one concession to the changing times was a toilet, sink and bathtub placed in a small room added to the house. Prior to constructing this bare-bones luxury, an outhouse served the family.

The farm was no longer being worked. Louise's father had died when she was nineteen years old and her mother had let the property fall into disrepair. The long unused barn and slaughterhouse had roofs that were caving in and pigeons defiled seemingly every square inch of internal space with their droppings.

No matter what the surroundings, no matter how Dick hated his mother-in-law and wanted to immediately leave her house, the arrival at her home of any out-of-town family members meant that all the aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews and cousins who lived nearby had to drop in to say hello. They also had to bring food—large quantities of whatever they considered their specialty. Cheryl explains, "Aunt Margaret brought her macaroni salad. Aunt Cathy brought her famous potato salad. And Aunt Rose always had a lime Jell-O mold filled with chopped pears, peaches, pineapple bits and other cut-up fruit. There were casseroles and chopped beans with franks. And, of course, Aunt Deb brought what I was taught were 'glumpkies.' It was a Polish dish that combined ground sausage, chicken and beef stuffed in cabbage and simmered all day in some sort of sauce."

Each family member had her specialty. Sometimes it was delicious. Sometimes it was barely edible. Always it was brought with pride, whether to a family gathering such as was taking place at Evelyn's or at a funeral, the only other time the entire family gathered together.

Like Dick, Lynn was uncomfortable there. "Cheryl and I were city kids and Grandma Evelyn's house was country in ways I never expected. She slept on the downstairs couch, giving Mom and Dad one of the bedrooms while Cheryl slept beside me in the other. When the lights went out, the house turned so black I could not see Cheryl who was sleeping quietly next to me. There was no moon that first night and there were no streetlights. I had never been any place where there were no streetlights. I looked out and could see nothing. It was as though the world had come to an end and I was terrified. Even worse, it was hot as Hell. I kept thinking, *I'll never fall asleep. I'm too sweaty.* I was miserable, scared. I just hated that place."

The next morning Dick and Louise left Evelyn at her home and the family then drove to visit Grandma Connie and Grandpa George, Dick's mother and stepfather.

"Grandma Connie was said to have been a party girl who would do anything for a good time when she was young," Lynn comments. "She and Grandpa 'Pip', the name everyone called Dad's father, Leo Henry, were at a party when Dad was five. They and their friends were all drunk, when one of the men there thought it would be hilarious to fake a heart attack. Connie, Pip, the man pretending to have the heart attack and one or two others, all climbed into a car to race to the hospital. As they left, someone not in on the joke thought that they should have called an ambulance. Even though the 'victim' had left with Connie and Pip sitting in the back seat ministering to his needs, the good Samaritan at the party telephoned for an ambulance that was soon racing down the highway."

There was a tight curve in the road, one that most locals knew required caution because it was potentially deadly. The ambulance, traveling at high speed towards the house where the party was held, slowed and moved through the curve. At the same instant, the car being driven by one of the drunken friends of the heart attack 'victim' turned into the curve too quickly, crossed the line and smashed head first into the ambulance. Pip was thrown from the car, dying instantly and leaving Connie a widow at twenty-eight.

"Dad was given to his grandparents to raise and apparently didn't see Connie for at least a year," Lynn goes on. "She still wanted to have a good time. Pip may have been killed, but no one else was injured. Men, drinking and dancing were apparently all she thought about."

A year later to the day, Connie was on a date. She and the man had been drinking too much and he lost control of the car on the exact same curve. The crash left a permanent dent in Connie's head.

The local newspaper columnists delighted in attacking Connie. They talked of Pip's revenge against the young widow who avoided her responsibilities. It was as though he had been waiting to hurt her.

"Dad lived with his grandparents for another couple of years before Connie married George and again raised her son," Lynn says. All the losses so young left Dick convinced that death was lurking just around the corner. He was afraid of dying and used to envision the disasters that might befall his own children. He feared disease, so he made them wear sweaters even in hot weather so they would not catch pneumonia and die. If they were outside playing, he worried that they would be hit by a car and die. His often violent verbal and, occasionally, physical reactions to his daughters seemed to indicate that he did not so much love their existence as fear their loss.

The visit the family now made to Dick's parents' third floor, walk-up apartment was one that brought different reactions from each of the sisters. Cheryl hated it. The carpeting was carefully vacuumed. The bathroom and kitchen were spotless. And there were knickknacks throughout, each carefully positioned, dusted and untouchable.

"The decorations were carefully planned," says Lynn. "I thought it was tasteless junk and they thought it was treasure. There was a clock shaped like a horseshoe. There were all sorts of jewelry boxes they used to hold things—cigarettes, her candies, things we were not allowed to touch. There were decorative ashtrays, like a silver one shaped like a pelican. You set the cigarette in the bird's mouth and the ash dropped onto the holder."

The apartment was also filled with artwork made by George. He spent his working years as a payroll accountant for Kent Motors, but when he retired, he painted portraits for people, taking commissions that apparently brought him a steady income. He was also a wood carver, making lamps and ornate canes. His work was mostly competent, but lacked the spark that would gain him much recognition outside the immediate community. The high point of his self-perceived fame was when one of his paintings was accepted in a juried art show in New York City. It also won an honorable mention, though Lynn thought that each entry accepted won an honorable mention except for those that really won prizes.

George and Connie talked as though the New York showing was in a museum. They talked of traveling there for the event and staying in the Waldorf-Astoria, an expensive luxury hotel near Central Park where they said they liked to stroll. It was only when Lynn was older that she realized they paid their own way and the art work was hung on temporary fences throughout the lower section of Central Park. "It may have been an honor for him, but it was the type of show that is similar to the ones they have for unknowns who are trying to sell their paintings for more than the cost of their art supplies. The local paper called George a celebrated artist. He used to tell everyone he was a genius."

George did other things as well. For a while, the couple lived in Carlsbad, California and he worked as a chef at a Mexican restaurant. The California years are hazy and there is a suspicion that this may have been the time when he had contact with the researchers in Camp Pendleton.

“George was a credit counselor for one of the banks,” says Lynn. “He was a paid guest speaker for Civitan. He even ran his own art store in Jackson, but it folded.”

George managed to get elected to various arts councils and boards of directors. There was a close association among the wealthy, the arts organizations and the politicians in the Jackson area. He worked to parlay his contacts in order to gain new commissions. The ploy worked and he was heavily supported in actions that brought extensive publicity. “One time, he carved a cane with the governor’s likeness on the handle. The *Citizen-Patriot*, the local paper, arranged to have the governor come to the city for a formal presentation,” recalls Lynn.

Connie was a retired comptroller for a local utility company and surprisingly, was an excellent money manager. She always had an adding machine at home even though this was the time when adding machines were big, heavy, expensive pieces of office equipment. They lived frugally, though, saving their money for moments when they could impress others.

The problems began when Cheryl, Lynn and their parents arrived.

Grandma Connie said, “Oh, I’m so happy to see you. Give Grandma a big hug and a kiss!” Then she pointed to a couch and said, “Now sit right there. See that tray? Don’t touch that. It’s *my* stuff, not your stuff. You play with what we bought you.”

Connie and George had children’s art supplies for Cheryl and Lynn to use. “We could sit on the floor by the coffee table, using the surface to hold the paper or we could sit in the dining room. We sat on chairs at the dining room table after it was carefully covered with a plastic tablecloth, not the nice linen one that was normally used,” Lynn says.

Cheryl wanted to touch everything, but Grandma Connie wouldn’t let her and got upset when Cheryl didn’t obey. But Lynn didn’t care so much about the rules. “I liked the height of the apartment. I looked out the window and saw lots of maple and oak trees, not the eucalyptus that were everywhere in Carlsbad. I saw telephone poles and watched the squirrels scampering up, then run along the lines. There were cars and people out at all hours. It was all so different from where we lived. And when we went downtown, we were warned we had to act in a ladylike manner. I could see buildings that were fifteen stories high. They were all jammed together and most of them were older. It was a real city and I loved it.

The night Louise, Dick and the children stayed with them, Connie and George took them to a fairly luxurious Jackson restaurant known for both the quality of the food and the importance of the patrons. It also had regular entertainment provided by a professional xylophone player. There was a banquet area and a bar that attracted a handful of prominent people who spent most of their free time drinking in the evenings, pretending they were intensely social when they were probably alcoholics.

“The restaurant was not all that appropriate for little children, but Connie and George wanted to show off their family,” Lynn notes.

The older couple dressed flamboyantly. They looked like the type of theatrical, rather elaborately dressed characters in an old drawing room comedy. When they attended the opera and theater, which they did regularly, they easily drew as much attention as the actors. They traveled with an entourage of friends and were always good for a round of drinks at any of the popular Jackson restaurants.

The children were awestruck. “For Cheryl and me, it was like being in church. We had to dress up. We had to sit still. We couldn’t jiggle or wiggle or twitch. The food was probably wonderful for the adults, but for us kids, it was something to endure. But I loved it when Connie and George had a little too much to drink and began going over to their friends at the bar talking louder than they needed to. The jokes were rather raunchy and I didn’t understand them, but I knew they were sexy. My father kept getting more and more embarrassed by the way his parents were acting and that’s what made it so much fun.”

Finally the children’s father announced, “I can’t take any more of this. We’re leaving!”

They returned to the apartment. “Connie and George put my parents on a hide-a-bed in the living room and set up cots in the spare bedroom for Cheryl and me.” Lynn tells, “It was the room my grandfather used for his work and we were sternly warned not to touch anything there, either.”

The next morning Louise, Dick, Connie, George and the children all drove to Owosso where Dick’s grandparents lived. The house was a large one with a sitting room, living room, formal dining room, breakfast room, big kitchen and grand staircase. There were two other staircases in the kitchen,

apparently for the use of live-in help. One staircase led to the basement and pantry where the girls' great-grandmother kept the jars of home-canned fruit picked from their extensive orchard. The other staircase led to the room where Cheryl's and Lynn's great uncle Cecil lived.

Cheryl's and Lynn's room was on the top floor of the farmhouse. It was normally used for storage and several boxes had to be shifted and stocked on the side so they would have room to sleep. Lynn was comfortable with the arrangement. Cheryl was terrified, convinced that each box contained a ghost. To make matters worse for her, their great-grandfather had become eccentric in his old age. Whenever she or Lynn did something wrong, he'd crow like a rooster, shouting, "Cock-a-doodle-do, I'm mad at you."

"Nevertheless, I loved being there," says Lynn. "Great-grandfather was a little loony, but I wasn't afraid. He was suffering from the beginning of senile dementia and, though he was getting waxy, for most of our visit he was lucid.

"At his worst when we were there, he said things that didn't quite make sense. He'd be in his recliner with his eyes closed, then suddenly blurt out, 'Well, here comes Chief Whoop-de-do!' or some other nonsense. The adults tried to fool us kids so we wouldn't be scared. They told us that he was pretending to be asleep, then shouted whatever he said to fool us. I knew better."

Most of that visit their great-grandfather was fine, though. He taught Lynn how to walk on stilts and he took her for long walks. On the walks he showed Lynn the squirrels and explained which nuts they look for, how they hide them and how they have to be able to find them later. He also taught her the different types of fruit trees and plants that grew nearby and showed her that some green apples were meant to be eaten green. It was all facts about nature and life that kids don't know and Lynn found fascinating.

"He also let us play with things. Sometimes he gave us a bucket and told us to go pick raspberries. Sometimes he took out Dad's old marble collection and let us choose a few to take back home. If Dad minded, he didn't say anything in front of us."

Cheryl was more comfortable with her great-grandmother. Although she looked frail, her mind was strong. She always ushered the girls into the kitchen when she felt her husband was getting too out of touch with reality. Even in her weakened state, she was always cooking or baking something, and the table around which they sat seemed filled with years of love.

It was Sunday morning when everything changed. Dick, Louise, the girls and Dick's parents attended the local Lutheran church, the one where Dick had worshiped as a child. Not that it was the same for him. Old town Owosso had become a place of strip malls instead of the Mom and Pop stores that existed when Dick was small and most of the people were involved with farming. By the mid-1960s, there were mostly only part-time farmers still working the land, and almost everybody else worked for businesses in Lansing or at the various airports in the region.

The few truly successful farms were large agri-businesses such as the one run by Clark Riley, a wealthy farmer with all manner of political connections who had married one of Dick's twin aunts. He had a friend who owned an airplane which he kept at the local airport. As a favor to Clark, Cheryl, Lynn, Louise and a few others were going to be given an airplane ride around the city. Dick stayed behind with his grandparents, but George and Connie accompanied their daughter-in-law and granddaughters on the flight.

The plane was a twin-engine propeller design, the type used by a number of commuter services. The interior had about twenty rows of seats, the rows set so there were two seats on one side and one on the other. Louise Hersha started up the steps with her daughters, her in-laws right behind her.

Grandmother Connie harshly said, "Now you're going to get what you deserve," as they moved down the aisle to their seats. Lynn looked up to see two men dressed in summer business attire—white, short sleeved shirts, neckties, pressed dark pants and polished Oxfords—and Clark coming down the aisle of the plane behind them.

Suddenly, Cheryl saw Clark grab her mother, forcing her down the aisle, while Louise asked, "Clark, what are you doing?" But he was silent as he dragged her to the back of the plane where he proceeded to hold her by the neck and attack her while Cheryl and Lynn, each held by one of the well-dressed men, were forced to watch.

Clark put his hand on Louise's breast while she, shocked, repeated louder, "Clark, what are you doing?" Then Lynn saw a hand holding a wet cloth cover her mother's mouth and nose. Her mother struggled for a short while, then went limp, presumably from chloroform.

Next, Cheryl saw chaos. Other children, strangers to her, other mothers, also unknown, all of them victims of men in white shirts, dark slacks, neckties and Oxford shoes, were on board. One man slowly moved down the aisle with what looked like a miniature attaché case. There were holders on two sides within the case. One side held small syringes and needles, each filled with a liquid, the quantity enough to render a child unconscious. The other side held larger liquid-filled syringes with enough fluid to render an adult unconscious. The well-dressed men would each hold a child or a woman, gripping one arm while the man with the syringes injected them. Slowly the chaos turned to silence until he reached Cheryl and Lynn, who were still being held, watching Clark hurt their mother.

“Mommy! Mommy!” Cheryl screamed, irrationally crying to the unconscious woman.

Lynn was determined to fight. Lynn swore as only a six-year-old can. “Stupid head!” Lynn shouted. “Leave Mommy alone! I’ll kill you, stupid heads!”

The man with the syringes approached. Obviously the leader, he looked at Clark and the other two men. “Jesus Christ! Why did you have to do that?” he said, his voice a mix of anger and frustration. “It just makes my job harder.”

Cheryl felt a grip on her arm, the needle entering, then blackness until they reached their destination.

Afterward, Lynn was separated from her family, her unconscious mother placed on a seat on the front left side of the aircraft. She and Cheryl were placed several rows apart on the right side, a grandparent behind each. Lynn was terrified but conscious, staring out the window. She tried to talk at times, only to have Grandmother Connie grab her ear and pull her hair so hard that the pain silenced her.

*What really happened?* Clark is dead. Connie and George are dead. Dick is dead. Louise Hersha can remember starting to board the plane, the older couple behind her and the children. And then nothing. For a long time the two sisters’ memories were also blank. But what the two sisters have begun to remember is a story no one who hears or reads it will ever forget.



## CHAPTER

## 2

---

### *Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?*

The plane on which the frightened girls were traveling touched down on the tarmac of Camp Grayling, an Army National Guard camp in Michigan's Lower Peninsula. Each year soldiers from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and other nearby states gathered at the year-round base along Lake Margrethe. There they used the facilities and surrounding acreage to maintain their proficiency and receive new training, always hidden from the nearby town by both the water and the extensive wooded land. While all the locals in the town of Grayling know about the place, it is isolated enough that only soldiers and official government visitors ever get to view the grounds. (1)

The children were groggy and quiet as they stumbled along, emerging from the plane. They were met on the tarmac by several military police officers who escorted them. "Clark stayed with us until we got to the building," Lynn says. Other kids were with them. Their mother seemed groggy, unfocused, almost falling as she walked to the building where she was separated from the children.

Cheryl felt tired and confused as she was jumbled together with the other kids. She complained, "I'm tired. Don't push me. Don't touch me. I'm tired."

A man said, "Shut up and keep moving." Cheryl felt really awful. Teary. She tried not to look at the other kids because she was afraid they were hurting them.

Lynn screamed her head off. "What are you doing? Take me back to my mom. Let go of me! Don't push me! You stupid head!"

Cheryl had already blocked part of the experience as she walked to the building. "I was aware that I had had a terrible nightmare on the plane. I didn't talk, though. I was afraid of the men. I was afraid of everyone that moved."

As Cheryl, Lynn and a number of other children walked into the basement which had several holding cells, Cheryl had a paralyzing kind of fear. "I knew something bad was going to happen. The terror was almost too much to hold in my body. It was the pee-in-your-pants kind of terror and I wet myself a little."

Lynn was aware only of the men guarding her. The MPs were the ones who represented danger. "There was a lot of confusion. No one explained what was happening to me. *Who are these people?* I wondered. *Why are they mad at me? Why do they want to hurt us? I didn't do anything bad. I don't know these people. Why are we here? What is this place? This isn't fun!* This is what I thought, but I said nothing."

The cells to which the sisters were taken were in a long hallway below the cafeteria used by pilots on brief layovers, staff and other authorized visitors. The pleasant surroundings of the cafeteria were in harsh contrast to the coldness of the holding cells on the floor below. Each cell had a toilet, a sink, a concrete bunk and a steel door that, when shut, did not allow the prisoner to see past the four walls. A bare overhead bulb controlled by a light switch outside each cell offered the only illumination. When it was turned off, the cell was plunged into total darkness. They were obviously meant for soldiers who were caught going AWOL, being drunk or otherwise committing a minor infraction for which they would be locked up for a day or two. Instead of locking in the children, the guards shut the door after each sister entered her room, then turned off the light. For children so young, the inability to see was the best way to keep them quiet.

“I was grateful to be alone and in the dark,” says Lynn. “I found a scratchy wool blanket on the cot, but it was too itchy to use. I lay down on my side in my Sunday clothes, my back against the wall. I always believed that if my back was against a wall, no bad things could get me. Then, I waited.”

Cheryl, alone in a different cell, curled herself into a fetal position, also waiting.

When it was time for the testing, the children were taken to a large briefing or training room. One wall had wide holders operating a little like window shades and similar to the ones in many high school classrooms of the day. Handles underneath allowed teachers to bring down a projector screen or maps of different parts of the world. The ones at Camp Grayling were never unrolled in front of the children, but they seemed identical.

There were desks in the room as well. These were not the desks of elementary school children with lids you could lift to store your books and whatever toys you might have sneaked into the classroom. These were the type used in high schools and colleges, with a small desktop surface attached to a curved arm designed for holding papers while the students took notes. The only place for storage was in an open compartment underneath, though the desks in the large room had been modified. Black electrical boxes of some sort were under each desk in the place normally holding books.

The top of the desk was also modified. Each of the desks, arranged in a straight row across the width of the room, had a red button that could be illuminated. There were also two belt-like restraints attached to the arm of the desk. These were similar to the restraints used in hospitals to keep a patient from thrashing about and dislodging intravenous tubes. They were positioned so that one could be used to strap down the wrist of the person sitting there, the other used to secure the arm near the elbow.

The children were brought into the room and seated randomly at the desks. Cheryl and Lynn were separated, but that was by chance. If there were other siblings in the room, no one knew nor cared. The men seated at a long table facing the desks were studying them as test subjects; their relationships and family connections were not important.

The men assisting the individuals conducting the test wore khaki uniforms. There was one man per child, different men than the MPs who had brought them to the holding area.

The children sat on their chairs, then were immediately secured around the waist with a length of canvas sash. Next, the children’s left hands were taken, placed behind the chair, a second sash used to tie their wrists to one of the wooden uprights supporting the backrest. The binding was not meant to hurt, just to be secure enough so that the child could neither stand nor reach the two straps holding the right arm in position for pressing the red button.

There were six electrical contact points on the desk. Four were on the seat and one each under the two straps. All the controls for the black power boxes and the button lights were located in an area partitioned off by smoked glass directly behind the table where the men in charge sat with their notebooks and pens, observing the children. Spotlights illuminated the room, though when the testing started, the lights over the table could be turned off, leaving only the spots focused on the children.

When everyone was secured in their desks, a large man with a deep voice came forward to welcome the children. “Your moms and dads are outstanding patriots of the United States,” the man told them, smiling. “They have sent you here for this test and we want your full cooperation to show your patriotism for your country, to show you’re true-blue Americans.”

Some of the children stared numbly, tears streaming down their cheeks. Some were accepting, believing that anything that might happen was okay, because the man said their parents approved. Cheryl, by contrast, realized that their parents had said nothing about this side trip on the long journey to Grandma Evelyn’s. Her mother, who had been on the plane with the girls, had not stayed with them in the holding cells. She had not been in the hallway and she certainly was not in the room. Worse, all the children were now bound in place, a helplessness she knew meant trouble. She looked about desperately, then murmured to herself, “Oh my God, we’re going to die.”

Lynn, physically separated from her sister, was calmer, listening to the words in fascination. Her beloved kindergarten teacher’s husband had been a soldier in Vietnam. During that school year, her teacher had told the students about the man, about the war, about the importance of serving the country in which you lived. She had spoken of patriotism and the duty of every citizen. It was a lesson that was reinforced by Lynn’s teacher’s subsequent personal tragedy.

“I was on the playground one day when I saw an army car pull up to the school,” Lynn says. “I saw my teacher look at the car and her hand came up to her mouth. Some men in uniform stepped out and as they started to walk to the school entrance, she went to them, screaming out, ‘No, no, no.’ She somehow knew the truth. They had come to tell her that her husband had been killed in Vietnam.

The reason they came to the school was because they didn't want her to have to learn about his death on the news."

In smaller communities and most major cities throughout the nation, the death of a local man in the Vietnam War was a major news event. The Defense Department would supply full information to the soldier's hometown newspaper and local television station. The death was likely to be the lead story on the local evening news and it almost always was assured of being on the front page of the local newspaper. While an effort was made to tell the family privately, in their own home, there were instances when there was a chance the media would be airing the story before the survivors were home from work. At such times, army personnel went to the loved ones' place of work. This was what happened in Carlsbad when the schoolteacher's husband was killed.

"I watched her scream in horror, tears streaming down her face. She called out that her husband was a hero and the men agreed. I knew I wanted to be patriotic. I wanted to do something that would help people like my teacher. I wanted to stop the enemy so no one else's husband would have to die."

That was why the welcoming statement now made by the tall man in charge affected Lynn in a quite different way than it did her younger sister. The restraints reflected the hardships soldiers sometimes had to endure. That's why she wasn't afraid. She wasn't sure what was happening, but she was willing to cooperate.

"You're a privileged child to be here. Only the smart ones get chosen, so you shouldn't be sniveling. You should be seeing this as a privilege. You have nothing to be afraid of," the man announced.

Terrified, Cheryl listened to what she was certain would be the last words she would ever hear.

"We're going to play a game this afternoon," the man explained. "The red buttons on the desks will flash back and forth and back and forth. Then one child's light will stay lit until the button is pushed."

Cheryl knew there was going to be trouble. She just hadn't figured out what that trouble might be. Lynn, by contrast, smiled, ready to play the game.

The lights illuminating the men at the front table were turned off. They could still be heard, of course, but they could only be seen as silhouettes. There were lights still on in the partitioned area behind the tinted glass, but they were low enough so that the people working the electronics were also just shadowy figures. Then, with the spots aimed at the children, forcing them to look down, the red buttons began glowing, one after the other, up and down the row of desks until one remained lit in front of a girl who immediately pressed it with her fingers.

"Owwwww!" a boy cried out, several desks away.

"What is it?" asked one of the children next to the one who was hurt.

"What happened?" asked a girl at the end of the row.

"What's wrong?"

"What did they do to you?"

"Shut up!" came a stern voice from someone at the table in front. The children were instantly silent.

The lights began flashing again, stopping in front of a different child. The choice was random, though no child was required to push a button twice until everyone in the room had a turn.

The situation was the same as before. The child with the illuminated button pushed it and a child several desks away shouted out in pain.

By the third shock, both Cheryl and Lynn figured out what was taking place. That was why, when Cheryl's light went on, she refused to press the button.

"Hit the button!" came a stern voice from the table.

"No!" said Cheryl, defiantly.

"Hit the button!" the man insisted.

"No!" said Cheryl.

And then she felt it. A hot, searing pain traveled from the back of her legs at the edge of the chair up through her right arm. "Owwww!" she yelled, finally feeling the pain that had upset the other children.

Suddenly the goal of the game was clear to everyone. Hit the button and some other kid gets shocked. Don't hit the button and you will be shocked. Either way, the bound left arm and the sash tied around the waist meant that there was no way the child could remove the wrist and arm strap contacts.

“I hate you!” yelled Cheryl. “You’re bad men!”

There was no answer from the front.

“If you don’t let us go, I’m going to tell my mommy.”

No answer.

“I’m going to tell my daddy!”

Still no answer.

“I’m going to tell the policemen!” she shouted defiantly, remembering the military police. There were several army men in the room, including the ones who had attached the children to the desks, but these were not the ones she wanted. She was certain that the military police officers would help her if she told them what was going on. She was sure the moment they saw helpless children being hurt by the bad men, they would arrest all the adults in the room and put them in jail.

At four years of age, Cheryl had no concept of the fact that the MPs had been the men who herded the children into the holding area and then escorted them to the test room. They might not have known the test that faced the children, but they almost certainly did not care.

“You *are* going to cooperate!” the man in front told them. “You are very special. Your parents want you to be a part of this research. Now you will press the button when it’s your turn.”

The lights began moving again. Every child other than Cheryl hit his or her button when it stayed lit. Each time some other child received the electrical jolt.

Cheryl’s button was finally lit a second time and again she refused to move. She had been shocked when one of the other kids hit his button, and she had been shocked the same way when she refused to push her button the first time. She was certain she knew what to expect each time. She was certain she could easily endure such pain.

“Hit your button!” ordered the man in front.

“No!” said Cheryl.

“You have to hit the button!” shouted Lynn, angry with her little sister and fearful of what might happen to her. She wanted Cheryl to cooperate, to not get hurt because of her stubbornness.

“Push the button, child!” ordered the man.

“No!” said Cheryl.

And then the electricity hit. The power had been increased and the additional jolt caused her body to convulse. It was as though Cheryl had been struck by a modern day Taser, an instrument such as some police officers use to stop a violent assailant. The Taser sends two darts into the skin of the person being shot, then a jolt of high voltage, low amperage electricity drops him to the ground, his body convulsing for a few moments while the police officer safely restrains him. Cheryl jerked against her restraints, crying and screaming at the men when she caught her breath.

“Cheryl, just push the button!” Lynn yelled at her. But Cheryl would not cooperate.

“Why are you doing this?” Cheryl demanded when she could again speak. “I’m going to call the police.” Her words were ignored.

The lights began flashing anew, each child hitting the button as appropriate and each child experiencing a shock from someone else. These were not increased in intensity, though. They were all the same voltage that Cheryl experienced the first time she earned the punishment.

The pain the children received might have been bearable, but they were terrified of what was happening. There were cries of “Mommy!” and “Daddy!” Someone shouted, “Get me out of here!” Others cried hysterically, frightened each time the lights started flashing, tensing for the possible pain each time his or her button remained dark indicating there was a chance that they might be zapped with a jolt of electricity by one of the other children. No one was threatening the men the way Cheryl had. Most had become too scared, wanting desperately to leave the room, to be comforted by a loved one, to never again play this terrible game. Yet it was obvious they could neither free themselves nor were the men who had talked about their patriotism even attempting to soothe anyone. They were helpless. The test was working. The emotional state of the children was unimportant.

The lights continued flashing.

Finally, it was Cheryl’s third turn to “play.” Her light glowed steadily. The order to hit the button was given and again Cheryl refused.

This time there was no second or third order. This time the power was turned up to such a degree that Cheryl lost consciousness, slumping as far forward on the desk as the canvas ties allowed.

“No!” screamed Lynn, calling the men every foul word she could muster from her almost-first-grader vocabulary. Then she planted her feet firmly on the floor and tried to propel herself forward. The desk on which she was sitting fell on its side, ripping out some of the wires. For a moment there was an arcing of electricity and the smell of something burning. Afterwards, the wires separated, smoking slightly.

Lynn pushed against the floor, her legs kicking back to keep herself moving towards the men at the table.

“I had made up my mind to attack them,” says Lynn. She had decided this the moment they’d so badly hurt her sister. “I wanted to kill them. I figured that if I started to go after the men, all the other kids would join me.”

One of the researchers looked at Lynn in disgust. The girl now refused to play the game after showing such promise by urging her defiant sister to press the button through several rounds. She had broken the chair and who knew how quickly it could be repaired. He had assumed that all the children volunteered for the testing would be properly respectful of the seriousness of the work. This one was a rebel, a fool. He looked at her as though he wanted to kick her aside like a piece of filthy paper momentarily blown against his leg on a windy day. “I am going to teach you a lesson, little girl,” he told her, his voice quavering, his body tense, his face reddening. “You will be punished and punished severely!” The scientist was repelled by her actions. She could go home to her mother and father, the disgusting child. But first she would learn what it felt like to disobey a man of his stature.

“No,” called out another man in what Lynn would later recognize was an officer’s uniform. “Don’t touch her!”

The scientist became even angrier than he had been. He faced the officer, his face red, seeming ready to explode. It appeared to be the greatest act of will he could muster to not argue, something it was obvious he dared not do. Whoever the officer was, he was definitely in charge.

“We have just started a new program and this child will be perfect for it. I am going to take this one.” The officer leaned over, untied the sashes and released the straps restraining Lynn. Then he took Lynn by the hand, helping her to her feet. “How about a soda?” he asked, smiling.

Lynn did not know what to say or do. She didn’t want to leave Cheryl, but maybe she could help her sister this way. Lynn went with this man whose manner seemed gentle and caring compared with the research scientist the others were calling “Dr. Green,” and who had been angrily ordering the children to hit the button. They left the testing room and walked down a long corridor, stopping at the end in front of a vending machine. Lynn’s new friend put some coins in the pop machine, buying her an A&W root beer. He handed the can to her and they continued down another corridor.

“You do want to help your country?” the military man asked Lynn as she drank her soda pop. They were far away from the test room. She could see nothing of that area, hear none of the screams if the children were still being hurt. Maybe it had stopped. She took the refreshingly cold and familiar drink and looked at the man who was talking with her like she was a grownup. “You’re a good soldier, a good trooper,” he said.

Lynn was pleased. She had learned from her kindergarten teacher and her father that being a good soldier was being brave. Still, she was six years old and, no matter how nicely the man talked, she knew she was a kid, not a soldier.

“Do you know how to play ping-pong?” the officer asked.

“I think so,” said Lynn.

“Then come on, soldier. Let’s play games. There’s a table in the next room.”

She had no idea what was taking place other than the officer was as kind as the man called Dr. Green had been nasty. Besides, there was something nice about getting so much attention from an adult. What she did not know was why the officer, never identified by name but later determined to most likely have been a top ranked officer, was so pleased with her. He knew that with her aggressiveness and the right conditioning, Lynn Hersha could one day grow up to be one of the leaders of a new program so secret not even the President of the United States was as yet apprised of it. If the officer’s instincts were right, she could be trained to be a courageous officer, a ruthless interrogator, a skilled pilot and a loving wife and mother, each aspect of her life compartmentalized in her brain in ways few people would ever witness and fewer still could imagine. Lynn was being readied for the next phase of her testing while Cheryl slept off the effects of her last high voltage shock.

## CHAPTER

### 3

---

### *Schemes and Schemers*

If Sidney Gottlieb had been in a different profession, he might have been one of those self-made men whose stories are told and retold by motivational speakers and within the pages of self-help books. He was born with a clubfoot that made walking awkward and limited his ability to play with the other children where he lived. He had a stammer that made communication difficult, further isolating him from others. It was only with the study of the sciences that he would feel fully comfortable, the laboratory allowing the results of his research and experimentation to speak for his genius. And though he did not realize it at the time, his decision to earn his Ph.D. in bio-organic chemistry would lead him to arguably the most powerful secret leadership position in the Central Intelligence Agency—the head of the Health Alteration Committee. Dr. Gottlieb was in a position to be America’s highest level assassin.

The physically slight research scientist never bragged about his accomplishments. Words were not his passion, science was, and though his scientific curiosity led him to be willing to try any experiment on any subject, voluntary or unwitting, to see what might happen, he was perceived by those who worked with him as a man of honor who would do whatever had to be done for his country. If this meant the murder of a head of state or the use of a combination of radical mood altering drugs, hypnosis and electric shock on healthy children (other than his own), he would act unhesitatingly. He was quoted as saying, “I felt that a decision had been made at the highest level that this be done, and that as unpleasant a responsibility as it was, it was my responsibility to carry out my part of that.”

That dedication to duty led Dr. Gottlieb to work with everything from the simple drop-the-hallucinogenic-drug-in-an-unsuspecting-coworker’s-drink experiment to creating an exploding conch shell to kill a swimmer, to poisoning a variety of articles including toothpastes, handkerchiefs, wet suits and Havana cigars. He frequently traveled with a diplomatic pouch filled with poisons, hypodermic needles, rubber gloves, gauze masks and other tools of the assassin’s trade. Yet with it all, Gottlieb’s first love was his family, and second only to his affection for his wife, the daughter of Presbyterian missionaries working in India, and four children, was his ardor for his avocation of folk dancing.

Dr. Gottlieb and his family lived a simple life on fifteen acres of land just outside Washington, D.C. Most of the land was devoted to growing Christmas trees, a side business that helped bring happiness to hundreds of families over the years. The rest of the land was used for raising goats in order to have goat’s milk and cheese for personal consumption.

The doctor’s passion for folk dancing was such that he delighted in the opportunity to go to Europe, Africa, the Middle East or elsewhere on special assignment because it gave him the chance to learn local folk dances. An assignment, for example, would be to coordinate the assassination of one or another enemy—often a high-ranking government official. While newspapers throughout the world would be describing the loss of the official through poisoning (Gottlieb’s preference), stabbing, shooting, “accidental” or “natural” causes, Dr. Gottlieb would be back home teaching others new dance steps learned overseas.

It was 1951 when Dr. Gottlieb was made director of the top secret Chemical Division of the only slightly less secret Technical Services Staff (TSS) of the Central Intelligence Agency. TSS was the descendant of Stanley Lovell’s department during World War II. It was concerned with using chemical and biological weapons for covert actions.

Exactly what this meant was uncertain to everyone involved. A program called ARTICHOKE (1) had been developed apart from the Chemical Division and its objective was stated to be the creation

of a truth serum for interrogation purposes. The project was originally focused on the need to question enemy soldiers during wartime, but later was expanded to include periodic use to check government employees with access to top-secret information.

The truth, as with everything connected with United States intelligence operations after World War II, was more complicated. ARTICHOKE evolved in August 1951 from Operation Bluebird. The latter involved the sending out of an unsuspecting agent to commit acts that may have gone against his or her moral code. This was successfully accomplished (2) and was eventually incorporated into the program used for the children.

The Chemical Division was interested in the Artichoke research, but with a twist. The CIA leaders wanted Dr. Gottlieb to look into the use of a drug to enable them to get someone to confess to a lie. Ideally, the confession would be so believable, even the person admitting the crime would not know his or her statement was false.

The reason for the interest was a series of show trials of political and military prisoners in the Soviet Union, Korea and other enemy nations. Often, prominent individuals would “confess” to crimes they had not committed and, in some instances, were not present at the time and in the place where the alleged incident occurred. Some American observers came to believe that scientists had developed a secret way to erase a man’s memory—to “brainwash” him—then insert a false history he would believe to be his own. If our enemies could do that to people who were often either pro-West, anti-Communist or anti-fascist, then the U.S. intelligence service should be able to do the same to high-level politicians and leaders from those same enemy nations.

The show trials and the unlikely confessions were discussed with Congress in order to justify the intelligence agency’s request for large sums of money to research both the secret methods and to find antidotes to them. What was not said was that the CIA already knew that the truth about the techniques was both simpler and better understood than the frightening stories released to the press. (3)

There was no sophisticated use of biological, psychological and/or electronic devices by the scientists among the communists who were gaining false confessions. Instead, the techniques used were little different than those that would be adopted by religious cults some twenty-five to thirty years later.

First, there was isolation from all ideas other than those of the captors. The prisoners were either kept away from all sources of information or given access only to those books, newspapers, magazines or other sources that stressed what their captors wanted them to learn.

Next came sleep deprivation. Sometimes the prisoner was constantly awakened so that he would develop sleep psychosis. At other times he was allowed to get some rest—perhaps a few minutes every few hours. The latter might be combined with good-guy/bad-guy interrogation techniques where one interrogator acts harsh and the other grants favors such as an extra hour’s sleep. The good guy often becomes a trusted “friend,” someone the prisoner wants to please.

In still other instances, the day was filled with education and chores, leaving only three or four hours in which to sleep. The rest was undisturbed, but always too brief to fully meet the individual’s needs.

Other techniques included either a slow starvation diet that kept the prisoner physically and psychologically weakened or a diet that was filling, but inadequate in nutrients. In the latter case, the prisoner had the right quantity of food, but the inadequate nutrition led to mental confusion.

Physical discomfort might also be used. Sometimes this meant keeping a prisoner in a cramped cell, too low for the person to stand and too narrow for the person to lay down. At other times, it might mean keeping the person slightly cold or providing no bedding for sleeping. It was not torture in the usual sense, though it left the prisoner achy and exhausted.

Initially, prolonged harsh torture was tried, then rejected as ineffective. Either the prisoner died, went insane or strengthened his resolve to endure. Instead, fear was used as another method for breaking the man. Sometimes this meant a brief period of extraordinarily painful treatment at the start of captivity. After that, whenever the captors wanted the prisoner to talk, he would be reminded of the pain endured when first taken to prison. The memory, and the fear of repetition, would often gain cooperation no matter how well the person had been treated after the period of intense pain.

At other times, it was the fear that innocent loved ones of the prisoner would be arrested and tortured. This might mean a verbal threat or something more sinister, such as showing a man photos of his children at play or his wife at home, the images obviously taken after his arrest. Either way, it was the idea of what might happen which had greater impact than the action itself.

There was nothing sophisticated about the methods. A person who is exhausted, miserable, inadequately fed, frightened and alone will eventually break. Some will provide whatever information

they know. Others will confess to anything the captors desire, no matter how far-fetched or untrue. Some will lose their mental and/or physical health. And a few may become so broken and dependent upon those who have held them prisoner that, even after being freed, they will be psychologically unable to leave the country of their captivity.

The American public was *not* told that intelligence agencies knew the truth about “brainwashing.” Instead, they misled the President, Congress and the public in order to gain funding for their experiments, most of which fell under Dr. Gottlieb’s purview.

Programs such as MKULTRA became the cover project for what was being done. Through MKULTRA, one hundred forty-nine different experiments, some lasting for many years, would be funded without accountability to Congress. This lack of accountability was critical, especially considering how outraged the public would have been if they had known what Dr. Gottlieb and others in the Chemical Division were actually doing almost from the start.

The current CIA headquarters building in Langley, Virginia, has etched in stone the agency’s motto: “And ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall set you free.” The validity of such a concept is without question. The reality was open to abuse.

Sidney Gottlieb seemed to approach the chemistry division programs with an eye for truth and a mind not hampered by moral considerations. He was like a delinquent child with a loaded gun who comes to understand trauma, pain and death only by firing a bullet into someone’s heart. A multitude of sins could be whitewashed in the name of scientific knowledge and the search for truth in a world filled with lies and secrets.

Assisting Dr. Gottlieb, as well as the directors of other departments, were researchers, some of whom were former Nazis brought to the United States through Operation Paperclip. The United States Navy Technical Division learned that among the medical experiments some of these researchers performed in the Dachau concentration camp was one involving the hallucinogenic drug mescaline. Thirty prisoners were tested to determine if, after being given mescaline, they could be coerced into taking an action they would normally avoid. The Germans, like the Americans, already knew that hypnosis could be used in such a manner, but hypnosis could only be induced when the subject and researcher were together. Mescaline could be administered secretly in food or drink before the subject was even approached.

The test subjects could not be induced to act against their wills, but they did become talkative, providing information they would normally have kept secret. The test subjects used by the Nazis were killed at the end of the experiment, a standard procedure. But the scientist who led the experiments, Dr. Hubertus Strughold, was brought into the United States to do further research after the war. He was admitted under Operation Paperclip, his past carefully whitewashed to eliminate any paper trail connecting him with the excesses of the Nazi medical and psychological experiments.

When Dr. Strughold began working for Sid Gottlieb, he was treated as an innocent who had been caught up in a world gone mad, a man who endured the war from a research laboratory but was never sympathetic to his government’s goals and actions. What was not said was that he was the supervisor of Doctors Sigmund Ruff and Sigmund Rascher, who led the aviation experiments, among the Nazis’ most violent excesses.

The aviation experiments involved “volunteers” who were selected from among the death camp inmates. In carefully controlled studies, they were exposed to poison gas, ultra high altitudes without protective clothing and oxygen, slow freezing, shooting with gas bullets and other horrors. Careful records were maintained concerning the age and weight of the subjects, the amount of trauma to which they were exposed and how long it took them to die. Complications along the way—loss of consciousness, uncontrolled screaming from overwhelming pain, etc.—were also duly noted. It was all very scientific, terrifyingly cold-blooded and brutal.

Allegedly, the aviation tests were meant to help the German air force understand how to help their pilots survive if shot down. Practically, there seems no legitimate justification for the atrocities committed. The mescaline experiments seemed to fall into a similar category, but they were important enough for the intelligence agency to bring Dr. Strughold to the United States.

The CIA research, like the experiments he had been part of at Dachau, was inhumane and brutal, so Dr. Strughold presumably adjusted to the new environment. Research subjects were not deliberately killed upon completion of the experiments, but many of them were psychologically or physically damaged for life. For example, after trying cocaine in both large and small doses, a synthetic of the drug called procaine was tested on mental patients. It was hoped that some of the tested mental



patients would benefit from the procaine. It was also understood that some might worsen. In these cases, a man or woman who once might have returned to society would have to be locked away in a mental ward for the rest of his or her life. The risk did not matter to authorities, though, because the loved ones of the mentally ill with whom they dealt would accept the further deterioration as “normal,” never realizing it was induced by an experiment.

The procaine project involved drilling holes into the skulls of schizophrenic mental patients who had remained uncommunicative for long periods of time. Then the procaine was injected into the frontal lobes. Within two days, formerly mute patients were talking freely. The only problem was that the procedure left very obvious holes, preventing it from being practical. What no one asked initially was why Gottlieb’s division was utilizing such a horrendous drug delivery approach when it was obvious that the end result would be disastrous.

Another chemical used was ergot, the natural form of the chemical lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). It is a fungus that attacks rye grain that has not been stored properly or used within a safe amount of time. Rye bread made from ergot-damaged grain has caused thousands of severe reactions over the centuries. By the time Dr. Gottlieb was working for the CIA, the agency had a large file on the 1951 accidental ergot poisoning of the community of Pont-Saint-Esprit, France. The town’s only commercial baker had made rye bread from fungus-damaged grain. The loaves were sold throughout the day and by evening the people had what was once called St. Anthony’s Fire. The citizens ran through the streets in terror, certain they were being pursued by everything from wild animals to strange creatures. Some died. Others survived, but had flashbacks a long time following the initial eating of the bread. No one realized at that point that they were experiencing the same psychological problems recorded in the Middle Ages when there were periodic outbreaks of St. Anthony’s Fire due to ergot-tainted rye bread.

The derived LSD was more controllable, allowing set amounts to be repeatedly used. Dr. Gottlieb’s department knew that some of the earliest studies concerning LSD were reported as early as 1947 as a result of the research of Dr. Werner Stoll. He was the son of the president of Sandoz, a large pharmaceutical company.

Dr. Stoll’s LSD research was also done with schizophrenics, though the intention was to find new ways to help them. Schizophrenics were extremely suspicious of others, the result of their inability to understand the difference between their own thoughts and what others were saying. LSD reduced the paranoia, but it created its own problems. Perceptions were altered; thinking became more rapid, less focused and often accompanied by hallucinations. It was not the cure for which Dr. Stoll and his researchers had hoped.

By October 21, 1951, when LSD and other chemicals were being seriously tested by Gottlieb’s men under the ARTICHOKE classification, Sandoz Pharmaceuticals was becoming concerned about the research. At the time, Sandoz was the only major manufacturer of LSD in the world, producing the drug from hard-to-grow ergot fungus, and company officials recognized the danger of the drug if it got into the hands of the general public. They felt that it would be widely abused and wanted the substance banned in the United States along with psilocybine, the active chemical in “magic mushrooms.” Sandoz personnel thought that only those with study grants from the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH), those working with a State Psychiatric Institution who also had a letter of approval from their state’s Commissioner of Mental Health or investigators in the Veteran’s Administration who had approval of their head office should have access to the drugs.

Sandoz feared the use of LSD by high school and college students, a concern that would prove justified fifteen years later. They also were concerned that individuals would use the drug to experience changes that they thought would “fix” whatever problems were troubling them.

As it turned out, the fears were justified even for “legitimate” testing sites. For example, Dr. Ewen Cameron, the director of the Allain Memorial Institute in Montreal’s McGill University, who had a CIA grant, took at least fifty-three patients and put them to sleep for several months. Then he used extensive electroshock therapy and LSD to eliminate normal behavior patterns. Finally, he placed them in sleep rooms where they were again sedated, then exposed to tape recordings giving them new behavior patterns. The recordings were played repeatedly in the belief that when the person was awakened, he or she would reflect the person introduced on the tape. This was called “psychic driving” and it was similar to what Cheryl Hersha would endure several years later.

By 1953, George Hunter White, working under Sidney Gottlieb, had his own program for testing LSD with prostitutes using the CIA financed San Francisco brothels (4) where the drug was administered to unwitting “Johns,” the customers who came to the houses for sex.

Meanwhile, Dr. Gottlieb wanted to run as many tests on unwitting subjects as possible. He had a quantity of LSD provided by both Sandoz and Eli Lilly and Company, another pharmaceutical

firm that discovered in 1954 a method to synthesize LSD from readily available chemicals. Gottlieb had discussed the idea of sneaking LSD into the drinks provided to several top-level CIA personnel meeting at Camp Detrick, Maryland (later called Fort Detrick).

Frank Olson, one of the participants in the meeting at Camp Detrick, was a man who did Special Operations work for the Chemical Division of the agency. His specialty involved microorganisms capable of transmitting the most lethal illnesses known to humans, including bubonic plague. He was developing methods for assassination and mass annihilation that could be used without anyone being able to prove the resulting deaths were contract killings. The biological weapons could also be used to destroy or physically weaken entire communities or army units, leaving the infrastructure intact and not revealing that there had ever been an enemy presence.

In November, 1953, several CIA officials from the Camp Detrick meetings, including Olson and Gottlieb, attended a retreat at Deep Creek Lake, a hunting lodge in the back woods of Maryland. There were ten in all, seven from the Camp Detrick meetings and three from the TSS division. All the men had worked as part of Special Operations, their security clearances so high that there were few men outside the gathering who had knowledge of the research. Deep Creek Lake provided isolation from any form of eavesdropping or spying. There was no equipment available to the Soviet Union that would enable their agents to learn what was being said.

On November 19, Gottlieb decided to learn what effect LSD would have on such a small, intimate gathering. Towards this end, he placed a quantity of the drug in a bottle of cointreau shared by eight of the ten men. Dr. Gottlieb later tried to claim that the men were told what was happening. In truth, they were not told until twenty minutes after the drug was ingested. "However, the use of some drug of the LSD type had been discussed with Camp Detrick representatives by Dr. Gottlieb and they all had agreed that an unwitting experiment would be useful." (5)

Dr. Gottlieb was never punished for his actions (6) and was even later supported for trying such research, his apologists stating that little was known about LSD and that the only way to do effective research was to try it in the field. The problem with such reasoning was that the high potential for complications was well-known, the literature having six years of study from which to draw. Knowing this, Gottlieb still risked the minds of some of the most critical scientists in his division. He took some of the best, brightest and most trusted individuals and risked destroying them.

What happened to Frank Olson was repeated again and again with others in the years to follow. Dr. Olson experienced what became known as a "bad trip." He became severely depressed, paranoid and alternately withdrawn and talkative. It was a desperate situation calling for desperate measures. Not only was the nation at risk of losing some of its most sophisticated information concerning biological and biochemical weapons if Dr. Olson talked, he might expose programs that were unethical and illegal.

The Central Intelligence Agency's problems began shortly before midnight on the night of November 28, 1953 when Frank Olson plunged to his death from the tenth floor of the Statler Hotel in New York City. The official statement, frequently inaccurate, was one the family would quote two decades later (7).

The problem for the CIA was that Frank Olson had been in excellent psychological shape before Dr. Gottlieb's experiment. He had been given increased responsibility on his job and was handling it all with top ratings. For him to suddenly become so "depressed" that he would leap out of a hotel window made no sense. Yet without anyone having knowledge that he had taken a drug known to create panic and hallucinations, there was no reason to think there was any problem other than depression.

Early in December 1953, a series of memos about File Number 73317 (Olson's) were sent to the Chief of the Investigative Division of the CIA. The information was considered so secret that, while names of people involved in the death were noted, there is no indication as to the identity of the writer(s). These reports provide important information not only on the death but also on how the CIA used inappropriate medical personnel (doctors, but not psychiatrists) because they had the appropriate clearance to provide a mental health "history" to back the CIA's cover story that Olson had long term problems with depression and mental illness. The American public and the Olson family would wait twenty-two years to learn the truth about Frank Olson's death.

Despite Olson's death, Gottlieb continued to use LSD as an operational tool and weapon throughout his career. He was supported by CIA director Richard Helms, who delighted in the idea of slipping LSD (later code-named "P-I") to Communists and other enemy politicians in foreign countries.

Dr. Gottlieb's willingness to try anything at any time and to condone the illegal acts of friends with whom he worked led him, with the assistance of Richard Helms, to consider a new program

in 1965. Gottlieb and others in the CIA opposed the United States Government signing the Helsinki Accords, which banned experiments on innocent subjects. Instead, they established the proxy consent rule in which parents could give consent to experiments performed upon their children. They proceeded to put together the program that would help the United States develop the ultimate weapons–sophisticated killers/agents/spies who would lead invisible lives, unaware of their skills, unaware of their past accomplishments until they were called into active service. To do this, the researchers led by Gottlieb reasoned from their failed experiments with adult subjects, they needed a *tabula rasa*.

## CHAPTER

### 4

---

### *Becoming a Lab Rat*

Cheryl woke up alone and frightened. “I was taken back to the cell and left there overnight. They brought me a glass so I could get water from the tap, but nothing else. They locked the door and made it very clear that I was being punished. I was a bad girl. I had not done what they wanted.”

“We are ashamed of you. Your parents are ashamed of you. You are stupid,” the researchers told Cheryl.

None of the statements were true. Cheryl and all the other children tested, with the exception of Lynn, fell within the range of expected responses to the experiment. However, the researchers needed the cooperation of each child for what was to be done next. They assumed a child had a natural tendency to want to please the adult authority figure, either out of love, respect or fear. It was too late for any of the children to trust the adults who had made them play “Button, Button, Who’s got the button?”. They had all been hurt. But the combination of fear and disdain, coupled with a lack of nourishing food, would hopefully lead to the psychological changes the researchers needed to create over the next forty-eight to seventy-two hours. The cover stories told to the parents who signed the proxy consent forms would not be viable much longer.

Cheryl was fitful through the night, crying herself to sleep, then awakening as if from a bad dream only to find that the real terror came from her immediate surroundings.

“I want my mommy. I want my daddy,” she cried out. She kept trying the door, listening, watching, hoping to find a chance to run away. But there was no escape.

Morning came. Cheryl was sticky, dirty and hungry. Her mommy never would tolerate such a condition. Her mommy insisted upon nourishing food, a clean body and fresh clothes. Her mommy would be angry if she knew what was happening. Daddy, too. If only they would find her. If only....

The heavysset woman was the first person Cheryl saw. “I am the matron!” she announced. A soldier in uniform stood close at hand. “I am your master. You are to obey me.” The woman had the authoritarian voice of a career guard in a maximum-security prison.

Cheryl could only stare.

“We are going to the car. You will be quiet and come along with us.”

The drive was a long one. Cheryl sat in back, relegated to silence, while the soldier and the matron enjoyed the approximately three-hour trip. They stopped for snacks a few times, making certain Cheryl had plenty of water, but nothing else. They knew she wanted food, but the men in the white lab coats had given their orders. The kid must arrive hungry.

The building had a sign in front indicating that it was a laboratory of some sort. It was small, perhaps two stories, and had previously been used as a hospital. The facility had probably held approximately one hundred twenty beds. Whatever work was done by the company that had bought the building required the utilization of only part of the former hospital. The extra power outlets and extensive plumbing were perfect for research, development and manufacturing of chemical and biological related products. But some rooms, especially the former eight-drawer morgue area, were closed off from the rest of the facility. That was why the government researchers were using it. That was also why none of the regular employees would see or hear the results of what the matron told Cheryl would be her first lesson.

“The matron told me to take off my clothes while the soldier stood guard at the door,” Cheryl says. “Then she ordered me to sit on a chair facing a portable movie screen that had been set up in the front of the room we were in.”

Cheryl, naked, raced for the door. The soldier was startled when the small child tried to bolt past him, though not too startled to grab her. He held her away from his body, keeping her flailing arms and legs from striking his head and chest until he could deposit her on the chair where the matron securely strapped her down.

The straps were heavy leather, the type of hospital restraints used for the violently mentally ill of the day. Her wrists and ankles were attached to the chair in a manner that spread her legs and exposed her genitals. A helmet was strapped onto her head and a vise-like extension from the steel-backed chair held the helmet rigidly still so Cheryl could not turn her head away from the screen in front of her. Another strap went around her waist. There were electrical contact points on both the chair and the helmet.

Resistance was impossible, though Cheryl fought with all her strength. She was held securely, crying, screaming, yet all to no avail.

To the men and women who changed Cheryl Hersha’s life, she was a continuation of the research that had first been conducted in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Dr. Morton Prince. He encountered a woman named Miss Beauchamp, a nursing student who was referred to the psychiatrist because of health problems. As he worked with her, Prince discovered that she had four separate personalities (dissociated ego states) that existed independent of one another within the same body.

Though he tried, Dr. Prince never understood Miss Beauchamp, nor was he able to help her. When he died, his wife had the woman committed to an insane asylum for the rest of her life. However, Prince’s careful documentation of Beauchamp’s symptoms, actions and family history (extreme child abuse beginning before the age of seven) provided information needed to develop the techniques for contemporary, routinely successful treatment of what would be called Multiple Personality Disorder.

By the time Cheryl Hersha came to the facility, knowledge of multiple personality was so complete that doctors understood how the mind separated into distinct ego states, each unaware of the other. First, the person traumatized had to be both extremely intelligent and under the age of seven, two conditions not yet understood though remaining consistent as factors. The trauma was almost always of a sexual nature and frequently a family member committed the violence.

Next, it was understood that the initial split was usually threefold. First, there would be the creation of a personality who is all violence. This individual wants to stop the trauma, but given the young age, he or she is helpless.

The second personality that is created comes the moment the mind realizes that the body is helpless to fight back. This is a personality capable of enduring anything—pain, grief, exhaustion.

And the third personality runs the body while the original, whole person “hides” until the time when the ego states are integrated and the mind restored to wholeness through intense therapy. This is the personality seen most often, the one perceived as “normal.”

Other personalities are created to handle new traumas, their existence usually occurring one at a time. Each has a singular purpose and is totally focused on that task.

The important aspect of the mind’s extreme dissociation is that each ego state is totally without knowledge of the other. Because of this, the researchers for the CIA and the Department of Defense believed they could take a personality, train him or her to be a killer and no other ego states would be aware of the violence that was taking place. The personality running the body would be genuinely unaware of the deaths another personality was causing. Even torture could not expose the truth, because the personality experiencing the torture would have no awareness of the information being sought.

Earlier, such knowledge was gained from therapists working with adults who had multiple personalities. The earliest pioneers in the field, such as Dr. Ralph Allison, a psychiatrist then living in Santa Cruz, California, were helping victims of severe early childhood trauma. Because there were no protocols for treatment, the pioneers made careful notes, publishing their discoveries so other therapists would understand how to help these rare cases. By 1965, the information was fairly extensive, including the knowledge that only unusually intelligent children become multiple personalities and that sexual trauma endured by a restrained child under the age of seven is the most common way to induce hysteric dissociation.

The government researchers, aware of the information in the professional journals, decided to reverse the process. They decided to use selective trauma on healthy children to create personalities

capable of committing acts desired for national security and defense. Cheryl and most of the other children who had been tested and passed as she did were to be the lab rats.

The program into which Cheryl was inducted combined all the different ways the intelligence community had learned could cause intense psychological change in adults and children. It had been learned through the use of both knowledgeable and “unwitting” volunteers.

They were subjected to sensory overload, isolation, drugs and hypnosis, all used on bodies that had been weakened from mild hunger. The horror of the program was that it would be like having an elementary school sex education class conducted by a pedophile rapist. It would have been banned had the American government signed the Helsinki Accords. But, of course, they hadn't.

For the test that day and in those that followed, Cheryl Hersha was positioned so she faced a portable movie screen. A 16mm movie projector was on a platform, along with several reels of film. Each was a short pornographic film meant to make her aware of sexuality in a variety of forms. The films were the type shown in disreputable movie houses, often with the statement that they were “XXX Rated” and forbidden to anyone under the age of eighteen. While they apparently were commercial releases, selected for their content, an audiotape had been custom-made for later use. That tape had a man's voice discussing the movies, discussing their “educational” aspects and highlighting the important sexual information that was to be absorbed by the listener following the watching of the films.

The first two movies were similar in nature. They were fairly standard boy meets girl, boy kisses girl, boy and girl start to undress and boy and girl happily have intercourse. Everything was graphically shown, inappropriate for children, yet within the bounds of what might be considered conventional sex movies shown in many large cities of the day.

Throughout the films, the matron touched Cheryl's body, always talking quietly about what was on the screen. “This is what a man and a woman do together,” said the matron, her voice soft, almost seductive. “See how they take off each other's clothes? See how she's kissing him, giving him pleasure? That's what a woman does, Cheryl. That is what a *good* woman does.”

Later, it would be learned that the matron's actions probably were based on research into child sexuality conducted by the Kinsey Institute and others. Child psychology was a relatively new field of science, dating back to the 1940s when researchers first decided to see what normal childhood development was like. Films were made of children at play, interacting with others and engaged in various normal activities. Then the films were studied in order to begin to understand the nature of childhood and from that base, disturbed children could be better helped.

The Kinsey staff asked questions of children, learning about sexuality in the family. And other psychologists, psychiatrists and pediatricians, including Benjamin Spock, explored this burgeoning field. As a result, it was known that children will naturally touch their genitals to experience a sense of pleasure. It was also known, from working with victims of childhood incest that small children will act in inappropriate sexual ways with adults if they are trained through abuse to do so. The methods used on Cheryl and the other “lab rats” were meant to create an alter personality that would both perform and tolerate sexual acts that are only appropriate for consenting adults. More important in their thinking, by limiting the experience to just one personality (ego state), the personality normally seen would behave like any other child who had *not* been sexually abused in any way.

The scientists who designed the project to which Cheryl had been assigned probably would have preferred to work in a less offensive manner. Few wanted to hurt children if there was any alternative. That was why there had been feverish activity on the part of the Central Intelligence Agency's Technical Services Staff (TSS) to develop remote control killers. The idea was to use an implant into the brain that could be stimulated to create behavior. Unwitting adults, unconnected with any of the intelligence agencies, could have devices implanted that would stimulate the desired behavior without the person ever knowing what he or she had done.

Before the researchers came for the children, there had only been one major experiment in the field, and that was with animals. Dr. José Delgado, the primary investigator, would eventually have some success with the idea, as he explained in his book, *Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psychocivilized Society*. But the one chance he had to show that surgical implantation could prevail over the deliberate creation of a multiple personality had been less than successful. A battery-driven guidance system was sewn inside a cat, the tail functioning as the antenna. Ultimately, a bomb would be attached to the animal so it could eliminate a target without arousing suspicions concerning its presence. During that first test, though, the only concern of TSS was whether it could be made to walk where the handler desired.

The cat was set loose near a busy street, the researcher attempting to control it in the manner of a model airplane. As the dials were turned, the cat wandered off, walked into traffic and was run over by a taxi. TSS went back to the electronics laboratory. Researchers decided to test children.

The third film shown to Cheryl had no story line. Instead, it was a compilation of scenes of sex acts by a variety of adults. It seemed to be a selection of what adult pornography lovers might consider the “best parts” of standard sex-oriented movies. Still the matron touched Cheryl and talked about what a woman should do with a man.

The remaining four films were coupled with far harsher treatment for the young child watching. The films themselves were fetish oriented and violent. Some involved bondage and spanking, either with a hand or a whip, as foreplay desired by both parties shown. Others involved rape fantasies in which the woman fought violently until overcome, tightly bound and helpless to resist. She might be beaten along the way. She might be battered, bruised or even bleeding. Usually she would be screaming and resisting with all the fury she could bring to fighting the man. Yet when he finally overcame all her efforts to resist, his brute force aroused her. The screams of pain became moans of pleasure as he entered her. And the message to the perverted minds that enjoyed such images was that all women want to be raped.

Through it all, electric shock was used on Cheryl’s genitals each time the woman on the screen was touched sexually. At the same time, the matron continued to talk as she had before, discussing a woman’s role, how a woman gives and gets pleasure and the importance of letting a man do as he will. “Pleasure is pain,” the woman told Cheryl. “Pain is pleasure.”

The electric shock was a milder form than had been used the day before. It was meant to send spasms to the genital region, but not to incapacitate. Still, it was so painful and terrifying that Cheryl had to be given a drug to calm her so she could more readily be trained.

When the visual ordeal was over, the matron calmly stated, “That was Lesson Number One.” Cheryl was removed from the chair, allowed to go to the bathroom and get a drink. Still there was no food.

“Now it is time for Lesson Number Two,” said the matron when Cheryl returned. She was placed in a morgue drawer that had been specially fitted to assure plenty of air and the ability to hear an audio tape that was played hour after hour. “I was put face down, my arms at my sides, my head turned to one side. There was an insert over my neck that I think was around one foot by one-and-a-half feet. That was where the air hose was attached and where they played the tape. The drawer was pushed back into the wall enough to hold me, but there was a light leak so I was never in total darkness. I was expected to fall asleep listening to the tape.”

“Let me tell you the story of Sexy Sadie,” the tape began. It then told all the things Sexy Sadie liked to do, describing the sex acts in simple, but very graphic words. It was all related to what had been shown in the seven movies. Always, the tape stressed how much Sexy Sadie loved doing what had been shown to her.

The tape was not made specifically for Cheryl. Instead, the tape was meant for use with all the girls who watched the seven films. It was an educational program from Hell.

“The voice sounded friendly,” Cheryl observes. “It was an adult trying to speak in a seductive, friendly tone specifically to a child whose name was Sexy Sadie. It described the listener as a little girl.

“The main point was that Sexy Sadie enjoyed this. Whoever she did this with needs to know how much she enjoys this. This is her job. She is thankful that she got this job, because she was worth nothing before she got it. Becoming Sexy Sadie means that she at least has some value.

“She should be thankful and happy and love her work.” It was a direct counter to the verbal attacks against Cheryl when they were going to the building. “Sexy Sadie was the best inside me,” says Cheryl. The tape made a clear delineation between the little girl known as Cheryl who had failed her test and the good girl known as Sexy Sadie. Small children often deny doing something bad, blaming an imaginary playmate or a neighbor child who was so far away at the time of the accident that he or she could not have been involved. Parents teach children to not make up such stories. They teach them to take personal responsibility for their actions. The tape played for Cheryl was meant to reinforce the idea of an imaginary playmate who would do what Cheryl knew was wrong so that the playmate would become “real.” There would be two unique personalities living inside the same body.

The tape continued hour after hour, saying the same things. Each time it was finished, it started again.

At first, Cheryl tried to tune the voice out, but that was impossible. It was all she could hear. It became all she could think about. She was constantly reminded of what she had seen on the screen. She was constantly reminded how worthless she was before she became Sexy Sadie and how valuable she was now that she was happily doing her job of pleasing men.

Hour after hour, Cheryl remained in the drawer. In the beginning, she was left completely alone to listen to the tape. She wet herself after what she estimates was four hours, the time period when she routinely had to go to the bathroom at night when home in her own bed. She cried a little, but the tears quickly stopped. No one cared who might hear her.

Perhaps every hour or two, someone tapped on the side of the box, asking, "Is Sexy Sadie ready to come out and play?"

"No!" Cheryl screamed over and over.

Sometimes Cheryl dozed. Mostly she listened to the voice, remembering the movies, gradually reliving in her mind the images that had been on the screen.

"Is Sexy Sadie ready to come out and play?"

"NO!"

Sleep was limited. Hunger became stronger. Cheryl's body became weaker and her focus became more and more narrow until suddenly Cheryl realized she was looking at Sexy Sadie.

"I had given up fighting them. I focused in on the inside and becoming her."

The differences between Cheryl and Sexy Sadie were limited. Sexy Sadie was a sophisticated child, yet still a child. Her hair was longer than Cheryl's hair. "She wore a red evening gown and a little tiara on her head." Cheryl was entranced by her attire. "And red satin gloves. High heeled shoes. They were silver to match the tiara. She wore some kind of bauble around her neck."

The image seemed to be based on what she had been watching. "In the movies, the story kind, all the ladies wore red dresses of some type." Sexy Sadie was also not trapped in the morgue drawer. She acted with her consent. She was in control, something Cheryl was not.

Cheryl had no idea how long she looked inwardly at Sexy Sadie before there was another knock on the drawer. "Can Sexy Sadie come out and play?"

Sadie turned her head and sweetly replied, "Yes."

The drawer opened and the child was helped to stand up. Cheryl was gone, buried deep inside her mind. In her place was a smiling, happy little girl, oblivious to the odor of dried urine. "Oh, thank you," she said, her voice lilting. She was oblivious to her nakedness, to any discomfort from the cold or hunger. "I want to come out and play with you today."

"Well, let's have you take a bath," said the matron. "And we'll get you something to eat. Then we'll talk about playing."

"So they bathed me, fed me and dressed me up." Then the next frightening lesson began.



## CHAPTER

## 5

---

### *The Delilah System*

While Cheryl learned those first torturous lessons, there were other plans for Lynn. The researchers were not so sexist as to turn every female into a femme fatale. A few months earlier, children with confrontational personalities like Lynn's would have been rejected as unfit for the program Dr. Gottlieb and others had developed. She was too independent, too aggressive for a program where compliance was essential. But by the time of the Hersha sisters' testing, experiments with individuals who could become independent leaders had been authorized. Yet, as with Cheryl, first they had to separate Lynn's ego states.

The technique used for altering Lynn's consciousness and starting the process of controlled learning evolved from a number of research experiments in the previous decade. The most important was probably that of Dr. John Lilly of the National Institute of Health. He was one of the pioneers in brain mapping, the research meant to determine which part of the brain controls specific functions and emotions.

Lilly's experiments were conducted on monkeys, then the favored laboratory animals for research into areas that needed to be as close to human response as possible. He used tiny sections of hypodermic tubing into which he could insert electrodes for brain stimulation. The tubing would be placed in the brain, from the cortex to the base of the skull. He might use a handful of these electric probes or he might use several hundred. He was constantly varying the number, the locations and the depth of the insert as he carefully mapped electrical responses.

At the time, it was believed that the brain was like a complex machine, each fraction being responsible for a different physiological or emotional function. The electrodes served as microscopic toggle switches, allowing Dr. Lilly to discover which portion of the brain created pain or alleviated it, created sadness or joy and otherwise affected every function. He even found that with the right stimulation of specifically determined areas, he could give a male monkey a full sexual experience, from erection through orgasm. The latter so fascinated the researcher that he built a sex box that left the implants in the monkey's head, then gave the monkey access to the controls of the artificial sex machine. He soon found that the box was addicting, some males using it every three or four minutes for as long as sixteen hours.

Many of the more serious concerns Lilly was studying would later prove to be different than he assumed. More than forty years after these crude monkey experiments, neuroscientists would learn that the brain is extraordinarily adaptable. Using far more sophisticated mapping techniques, these researchers found that when a human brain is injured, the rest of the brain may adapt either partially or fully. Thus the loss of the section Lilly found controlled speech might not mean the permanent loss of speech. Other areas of the brain might take over that function, allowing recovery despite irreparable brain damage.

Lilly was the exception among researchers to whom the CIA turned in those early days of the agency. He was not a Cold War paranoid seeing Soviet spies behind every door nor was he an amoral man, despite what might be viewed as the violent nature of his research. He was a scientist trying to learn truth as best he could, hoping his research would help doctors heal patients whose problems were brain related. He did nothing in secret and, when the CIA asked to share his research in depth, beyond the papers he might publish from time to time, he insisted that everything he gave them become part of the public record.

The CIA agreed to Lilly's terms, then began working to destroy him. He held a Top Secret clearance and could attend meetings with similarly cleared scientists. But within his first year of research, Lilly suddenly found that most scientists would not talk with him and that his clearance seemed lost in a bureaucratic series of mistakes. It was made very clear to him that unless he classified what he was doing, he would be increasingly isolated from the greater scientific community.

This is not to say that all other researchers had the appropriate war mentality so pleasing to the CIA elite. Many were simply looking out for the financial welfare of their families. The work they had to do for Top Secret projects was work they would likely be doing under any circumstances. It was within areas of interest for which they had trained for many years. However, stamping documents "Top Secret" gave those documents a cachet. The implication was that their work was suddenly of critical importance to the nation and they had personal value to society greater than that of the average researcher. This meant that they were worth more money and their clearance gave them extra bargaining power each time they had to negotiate a new contract.

By the following year, Lilly stopped his pioneering brain mapping work and switched to the study of how the brain responded when the body was sensory deprived. He developed a flotation tank in which a subject was placed in water at body temperature. A facemask allowed for normal breathing, at the same time isolating the subject from sight and sound. Lilly felt that because a test subject might panic or be damaged by the isolation, only he and one colleague would use it as they worked to see if there might be positive uses for such deprivation. In fact, a variation of this concept had been used in San Diego following World War I. Soldiers suffering from post-traumatic stress syndrome, then called "shell shock," were placed side by side in a shallow pool. They would lay outdoors in the warm water, staring up at the sky, gently relaxing in a manner that was almost womb-like. The sensory deprivation flotation tank seemed to offer greater benefits, albeit from the same concept.

Lilly worked alongside Dr. Maitland Baldwin at NIH. Over a decade before, Baldwin began working with a variation of the flotation tank, though with national security repercussions. He was involved with "terminal" experiments. His research included an effort to learn what would happen to a man placed unwittingly in such extreme isolation. Would he psychologically break down and reveal secret information?

Lilly, a highly moral man, quit the NIH in 1958, but continued to do unusual research on his own. In one experiment, he combined self-injection of the hallucinogenic drug LSD with isolation in one of his sensory deprivation tanks. Later, he was involved with research on dolphins that led to a joint Navy/CIA program that attached compressed air tanks to the backs of the dolphins. Each tank had a tube leading to a large needle on the head of the mammal. Then the dolphins were trained to nudge enemy deep sea divers, an action that injected the divers with air, killing them instantly. The dolphins were meant to be used as weapons against enemy underwater demolition and sabotage experts.

Working simultaneously, though seemingly without conscience, was Dr. Ewen Cameron whose base was a laboratory in Canada's McGill University in Montreal. Since his death in 1967, the history of his work for both himself and the CIA has become known. He was interested in "terminal" experiments and regularly received relatively small stipends (never more than \$20,000) from the American CIA in order to conduct his work. He explored electroshock in ways that offered such high risk of permanent brain damage that other researchers would not try them. He immersed subjects in sensory deprivation tanks for weeks at a time, though often claiming that they were immersed for only a matter of hours. He seemed to fancy himself a pure scientist, a man who would do anything to learn the outcome. The fact that some people died as a result of his research, while others went insane and still others, including the wife of a member of Canada's Parliament, had psychological problems for many years afterward, was not a concern to the doctor or those who employed him. What mattered was that by the time Cheryl and Lynn Hersha were placed in the program, the intelligence community had learned how to use electroshock techniques to control the mind. And so, like her sister, Lynn was strapped to a chair and wired for electric shock.

The experience was different for Lynn, though the sexual component remained present to a lesser degree. The shock was administered using a wired headpiece that looked to the six-year-old child like a halo, with a second contact placed in the genitals. "They hypnotized me," Lynn says. "And they gave me drugs. I remember having an IV in my arm, but I don't know what they used."

The initial action was known by the code name Janus/Janice, terms reminiscent of the ancient two-headed god. Janus was good, an obedient taker of orders. He was male and desired to be the perfect soldier, the person to follow any direction in order to please others. Despite Janus being "male," all personalities, male or female, whose role in the program was to function without independent thought, would come from this side of her personality.

Janice was an independent thinker who had a flawless memory. She could enter a room filled with strangers, mingle among them and depart with a complete picture in her mind of everything and everyone in the room at the time. Afterward, she could recall verbatim all overheard and deliberate conversations. Her memory was enhanced, though the increased sensitivity to the world around her left her with autistic-like characteristics. She had a tendency to isolate herself when overwhelmed by too much light and sound.

As the researchers told Lynn of the two personalities while she was under the influence of both hypnosis and drugs, a marker was used to draw a line down her body, splitting her in two. As the marker finished its journey, a jolt of electricity was administered. In her mind, she had been ripped in two. Janus and Janice were polar opposites, good and bad.

“After the first two divisions—into Janus and Janice—they wanted me to have four parts,” Lynn explains. “Within a couple of years, I had four new personalities. They made them by strapping me naked on a table, using that halo thing on my head. Then they used a Magic Marker and divided me into four quadrants.

“One part was the Delilah System. She was an antisocial teenager who would attack anybody. She could be passive or aggressive.”

Delilah was the adolescent from Hell. All the alienation, all the anger and all the desire for independence and control of life experienced by many teenagers were intensified with this personality. “She would do anything to complete a mission,” Lynn says. “She would seduce a man or kill him. She would brazenly walk into a party or business and steal whatever she needed.”

The second part was a male whose name was Jake while Lynn was a child, then became Duke as Lynn grew older. He was always fifteen years older than Lynn and believed “himself” to be capable of anything someone his perceived age could do. “I never learned the reasons for the names or why they changed. His job was to master military strategy. He had to learn how to read terrain, to anticipate enemy action and figure out how to counter it or avoid it.”

The third part was Sleeping Beauty. Sleeping Beauty could only be activated after Prince Charming kissed her on her forehead. She believed that all memories were dreams because there are no morals or ethics in a dream. “Prince Charming” was actually a handler working on the project. Sleeping Beauty would do anything she was told. Then she would go back to ‘sleep’ with another kiss. Sleeping Beauty was as dangerous as Delilah, but Delilah was independent by comparison. Sleeping Beauty could not deviate from what she was told to do. She was perfect when a mission had to be accomplished at any cost, including the loss of the person assigned. Yet if an unforeseen complication arose during a mission, Sleeping Beauty was useless; creative thinking and problem solving were not part of her program.

“I don’t know why,” Lynn says, “but I always had trouble after Sleeping Beauty was used. I would find my guts hurting and I would be confused. I never remembered what Sleeping Beauty had done. I just knew I felt terrible.”

The fourth quadrant was a computer. It was meant for information processing, though like a computer, the results were only as good as the information provided.

“Eventually, I was trained on computers through an experiment we were involved with. They thought that it would be possible to communicate directly with computers. For years, they tried to find a way to link my mind with a computer so I could talk to it and it to me.” They seemed to be using the fourth quadrant to prepare her for that.

Despite what would come later, there was more heinous training for Lynn during this trip to Camp Grayling. The researchers wanted to test her extra sensory perception under stress, as well as to see if she could learn to do reconnaissance work.

The first test involved a water tank with a log that could be rotated by the researchers. Lynn, was chained to the log so she could not drop off and swim to the side of the tank. For the first few days, the log remained still while Lynn was strapped to it. But that soon changed.

“One day, as I was chained to the log, it began slowly rotating,” says Lynn. Panicked by being plunged into the water, Lynn came out gasping and choking the first few times. “I took in some mouthfuls of water before I was able to calm down and get into the rhythm for breathing. “

There was a woman in a dark navy uniform and pumps who looked to Lynn like she was either with the Navy or Air Force. She had a clipboard and was taking notes as Lynn was asked questions.

“The way they worked the test, I was asked questions I couldn’t possibly know, such as who was going to win the presidential election or what the outcome would be of some military campaign I had never heard of in a place I knew nothing about. Then I was rolled through the water, having to

answer when I emerged. Apparently they thought that the fear and the moment when air was cut off as I rolled under water would heighten my sensitivity.”

On another day at that facility, they took Lynn to a laboratory. “There were computer screens on one wall, and there was a two-way mirror so I could be observed from a different room. That there were observers on the other side of the mirror was pretty obvious, because the people in the room with me kept looking at it as though wanting approval from whomever was back there.”

A rear projection screen and a projector flashed information Lynn was to learn. Most of it was about geography—different countries, their borders, their longitude and latitude.

“There were two operators in the room. I was strapped to a table like a steel gurney. It was positioned so I could only watch the screen that had the information I had to learn.

“There was a halo device on my head. There were contact points and metal plates. Some sort of cream was used at several places in order to improve the electrical conductivity.”

An image was projected on the screen. The images they used were from different types of terrain and a man explained how to work with it, the dangers and other things military leaders have to learn. To Lynn, each lecture seemed to last about ten minutes. “I’m not certain I knew how much time was passing. I just knew what it felt like to me.

“When the person finished talking, I had to repeat what he had said about whatever image was still on the screen. Then, if I made a mistake, I would receive a jolt of electricity. If I remembered perfectly, I received a big zap. I think the idea was to sear the knowledge into my brain.”

The man doing the testing kept reminding Lynn that she was a good soldier. “You are patriotic for trying to do your best with these tests. Remember, your country needs you,” he kept saying.

“I did try, but I kept trying to explain that I was just a kid.

“They didn’t let me eat that night,” Lynn says. “I think they wanted me off-balance and totally dependent on them.” When Lynn wasn’t being tested, she was kept in a room with cement walls, a cot, sink, toilet and door.

“At eight P.M. as I sat on my cot, someone announced that lights out was at twenty hundred hours, then locked the door and left me in total blackness.

“I was terrified. I didn’t want to move, but the fear made me have to pee. I used the walls to maneuver around the room until I could find the toilet. I had to crawl because I was afraid of losing my balance. Then I crawled back to the cot and went to sleep with my back to the wall.”

At five A.M., Lynn was awakened by a woman in uniform. Lynn was told she had to stay in the clothes she was wearing. Then the woman commanded, “Make that bed.”

“After that I was taken to the cafeteria.” Lynn was given a metal tray for her food. “I was given cold, runny eggs, soft bacon and soggy toast. It was as though, after they cooked it, they just let it sit somewhere.

“I looked around the room and saw five other kids.” They were all separated, each eating alone. “There were handlers for us and two cafeteria workers. I counted ten adults there.

Lynn was given new clothes to change into—plain shorts, a T-shirt, bobby socks and tennis shoes. They were new shoes, and because Lynn’s feet were unusually wide with high arches, the shoes pinched.

“After I dressed, I was taken into a gymnasium with some other kids. We still weren’t allowed to talk with each other.”

Next, she was put through a series of physical agility tests such as climbing a rope, running up and down the bleachers and walking on a balance beam. The children were being sent through the same exercises in order while adults made notes on each child’s abilities and efforts. “I don’t think they were as concerned about how we did as how well we tried. But climbing was my thing,” said Lynn. “I was fearless when climbing.”

Nevertheless, other children not as agile seemed to be punished. “I heard a lot of yelling. The yelling bothered me. I had some level of anxiety about all this, but I channeled it into whatever I was doing.

“We were told that when we weren’t doing the tests, we were to sit quietly. No talking. I just sat there. Others were on the wall. They were trying to see which kids would follow orders.”

After the physical tests, the children were taken into a classroom. “We took written tests to see if we could recognize shapes, tests to determine our basic academic level, reading level and math skills. They were probably aptitude tests.

“When it was over, we were taken to our rooms to eat. They brought me one of those frozen TV dinners on a tray. I recognized it because Dad often had them.”

A man stood at the doorway. He yelled at Lynn, “Shut up and eat.” Then he closed and locked the door.

“I was tired. My legs hurt. My hands hurt from the rope climb. I wanted to sleep.”

The next day the children were taken in a helicopter into the woods and left there. The group was supposed to find its way back to the camp.

The six children, including Lynn, who had been brought together the previous day weren’t really alone. As she later learned, there had been people at the drop scene who were skilled at not being seen. That way they could watch the children and help them if they started to get in serious trouble, but otherwise the children were on their own.

They had been left in a pine wood forest with a big clearing in the center. “There was no clear view of the west. I felt like we were Hansel and Gretel going to confront the witch. It was very, very intense.”

The children began talking among themselves. They were all about the same age, having experienced enough school to be socialized and know that they should work together.

The children questioned where the camp might be. They knew they had to get back, though none of them was sure in which direction they should go. If anyone was scared, the daylight was so bright that the child didn’t show it. However, Lynn had the impression that at least some of them would have been content to wait until a grown-up came and got them.

“I remember my father telling me about knowing direction based on the angle of the sun in the sky. I knew that the sun starts in one direction and goes to the exact opposite,” Lynn tells. She hadn’t paid a lot of attention to how they were traveling, but she was fairly certain she remembered in which direction the sun was angled when the helicopter lifted off from the base. She thought it was better to act decisively, even if wrong, than to not act at all.

She started walking then turned to the others. “If you want to come with me, come with me. If you want to sit, sit. As for me, I’m going back to the camp!”

Lynn has no idea how long it took the children to walk back to base camp. She pretended she had an unerring sense of direction. Finally, she saw in the distance the familiar surroundings and buildings of the compound. After that, it did not matter, so she never checked to see how far across the sky the sun had moved. All she knew was that up ahead were the above ground buildings, the landing strip and the cafeteria lunch counter.

Lynn was correct in her estimation and led the other children back. That action, proving both her intelligence and her leadership ability, helped seal her future.

The men and women assigned to test the children showed great pride in Lynn, the first emotional reward she had received for anything since she and her sister walked on the plane for the trip to Hell. “You must really like this!” said the researchers, talking about Lynn’s military skills. “Otherwise, you wouldn’t be so good at it. If you didn’t love it, you wouldn’t have come back to camp the way you did.”

The researchers also stressed that Lynn was choosing her own destiny, a concept she did not understand. What she also didn’t know was that they were starting a process that would make her feel responsible for everything that happened, everything she did. The work they had done and would do to dissociate her ego states—the electric shock, the hypnosis and the drugs—all were meant to either be downplayed or forgotten in her mind. She was to see herself as independent, choosing to take whatever action she was ordered to do, utilizing whatever “personality” was programmed for the assigned mission.

The researchers told Lynn, “For the rest of the testing time, you’ll be responsible for the other kids.” She was not to tell them, though. “We don’t want the other children to know how special you are.”

After their initial training was over, the sisters neither talked to each other nor anyone else about it; they had been warned not to, even if they remembered it. And the time between the remembered flight (Sunday, after church) and the family gathering that became the next memory for both the sisters and their mother (Saturday) was in fact not immediately remembered by them. What they also did not know and perhaps did not wish to know, was what the future would hold for them.

And so it began. Each sister would be placed on a different path in the years to come. One soldier was designated to be a leader, perhaps a general. The other soldier was to be the perfect spy. And both would be our best line of defense against the enemies of the United States. Or so the men of the special unit of the CIA believed.

## CHAPTER

## 6

---

### *Bad Dreams and Worse Realities*

The two sisters did not know at the time how long they stayed at Camp Grayling. On the day it was over, they awakened with the change in the commuter plane's cabin pressure and the start of the descent. Their mother was reunited with them. All three had been injected with scopolamine, a mint-green colored liquid that became a familiar sight to both sisters in the years to come. The drug had been used experimentally for decades, both alone and with hypnosis, LSD and/or other chemicals, to cause short-term memory loss. It was originally considered a way of erasing awareness of interrogations by prisoners of war and suspected spies. Later, it was used to eliminate active memory of special programming and/or research experiments that remained top secret.

The three of them were bundled together like limp rag dolls propped against one another on a pillow. Louise was in the center. Cheryl and Lynn were on either side. All three were groggy, confused. It was difficult standing, difficult walking.

There were others on the plane. Some of the men who had boarded with them for the brief ride seemed to still be present. But they acted normally. They were not groggy.

When the plane landed, Cheryl was scared as they started down the aisle. She feared every face except her mother's.

Lynn was mad. She tried to shake off the intense drowsiness to be alert to.... What...? It was all so confusing.

When they exited the plane at a small airport, their father was waiting. His face was impassive. He said nothing about their being absent for a prolonged period. He said nothing about where they went. He just took them to the State Park in the Keweenaw Peninsula along Lake Superior where the family gathering was being held.

The gathering was in a large shelter, typical of all their family get-togethers, and there were strict rules imposed on the children who attended, another of their paternal family's traits. The children were not allowed to leave their parents' side as the older people talked. They had to sit quietly, something they did with a maximum of squirming and a minimum of tolerance. It was as though the exercise of parental authority was a matter of pride for Louise and Dick, yet everyone would probably have been happy if the children had been allowed to run off and play.

The one activity in which Dick had his daughters participate was getting a reading from a "Gypsy fortuneteller" who had been hired to act as entertainment for the day. She asked each person's name and birth date, then did mathematical configurations to arrive at an insight into the person's character.

Dick did not see the old woman as just an entertainer, however. Though he was raised in the Lutheran Church, he had become fascinated with non-traditional religions. Pagan rituals of various kinds, Egyptian gods and goddesses, extremist "Christian" groups and Gypsy fortunetellers were among the conveyers of truth, as Dick believed it. He was convinced that whatever she said about his children would come to pass.

"The Gypsy woman said I was the gifted child. I had extrasensory perception. I had the gift of sight. I was the one who would bring honor and glory to the family," says Lynn.

Cheryl, by contrast, was “read” by the Gypsy woman as being earthy, sensual and lacking in spirituality. Her future would be marriage and babies.

Although the fortuneteller was not demeaning the younger child, just trying to “predict” two radically different lives for the sisters, Dick now believed that Cheryl was of little value because of what had been predicted. He knew nothing about the Gypsy woman, including whether she actually was a Gypsy. But if she said she could see all and know all, he was not about to question her word.

When the get-together was finally over, Dick, Louise and the children drove their rental car back to Owosso to visit with their twin great aunts overnight before returning to the Jackson train station on Sunday afternoon. “It was the only normal part of the trip,” says Lynn. “The adults stayed separate from the kids. We ate away from the adults, slept a lot, got to take baths and played outside.” There were cousins close in age and a farm staff. They were taken on a hayride while their older cousin, Ted, drove the tractor pulling the hay wagon.

Cheryl did little playing. “When we got to my great aunt’s farmhouse, I looked at my body and saw bruises. I thought I had fallen down. I thought maybe when playing, I fell somehow and smashed my face, even though I couldn’t remember falling down or off anything. Then I thought that maybe there were monsters in the closet and I pretended that the monsters came out and hurt me. I didn’t know how true that was. I hurt all over, felt sick and stayed in bed a lot. The adults said I had a fever and hallucinations. The words impressed me, but I didn’t know what they meant.”

She kept drifting in and out of bad dreams. “I was terrified about my mommy. I was remembering the violence on the plane, but my family said that it was all a hallucination. They called me a ‘sick little bee.’ Later, I did feel better. But I knew some of what I was remembering was real. I just wasn’t certain what.

“I went to Mom and kept touching her, looking for bruises on her wrists. I rubbed the back of her head to see if there were any bumps. Then I told my mother about my nightmares. I thought she should know something about it, even though I couldn’t remember what was real and what was a dream. I told her my dreams were about bad men on a plane and what they did to her. I was so scared. She told me it wasn’t real, she didn’t remember, but there was something about the look on her face. I don’t think she remembered it all, but there was something. She pushed me away from her, told me I was being silly and wanted me to stop talking.”

Lynn did not share the bad dreams. “But I felt all disoriented, though I didn’t know why. I remember some of the visit. I remember the family gathering. And I know I liked being on the farm. But there was much that was foggy in my memory. It was as though I had been living in a dream I couldn’t quite recall.”

Finally, on a Sunday afternoon, the family returned their rental car to Jackson, Michigan and boarded the train for the return trip to California.

“I never wanted to go to Michigan again,” says Cheryl. “My mother thought I was kind of crazy when I tried to talk with her on the train. She thought I was still feverish. She seemed fearful about my health and that scared me. I thought I was so sick that I was going to die. I had heard that high fevers could cause brain damage and though I didn’t know what any of that meant, I figured it wasn’t good. The little bit of information I did have made me feel I had scary knowledge, though I didn’t know of what.

“I was mad at my mother for not remembering the bad men and the plane. She seemed so stupid to me at times. And she let Dad yell at her and call her names. She let herself be subservient, suppressing everything until they went out for an evening. Then they’d come home and he’d accuse her of flirting with other men, which I think she’d often do. She never meant anything by it. She never cheated on Dad. But then they’d fight and she’d let out everything she’d been feeling from the way he treated her. She’d screamed at him for what seemed like hours, and then the two of them would go to their bedroom to make up. It was all so frustrating for me as a small child. So when I told her about my nightmares and she kept saying she didn’t know anything about them, I was really angry at her.”



## CHAPTER

### 7

---

### *Proxy Consent*

Covert CIA experimental programs gained early headlines in Canada (the story was rarely mentioned in United States media). Only later would it be known that Canada's Federal Department of Health and Welfare also provided money to Dr. Ewen Cameron for his "terminal" experiments far in excess of the American support. There was initial money of a half-million dollars. Another \$51,000 was provided Cameron when the CIA money ended. And always it paid for highly questionable research involving, in addition to the Canadians, an unknown number of United States test subjects.

It was Dr. Cameron who was credited with creating the psychic driving Cheryl later endured when Sexy Sadie was "born." The techniques used at McGill University were even more extreme. They eliminated all traces of a person's memory, then installed new information.

It is likely that Cameron's mind erasure experiments reinforced Dr. Sid Gottlieb's decision about the program using small children. The subjects of Dr. Cameron's experimentation were adults, whose odd behaviors after the psychic driving experiments came to the attention of family members, friends and coworkers. The media did not suspect Dr. Cameron of doing anything wrong during his lifetime, perhaps in part because the treatment of mental disorders was still more art than science. Doctors were just beginning to understand the effects of nutrition, sunlight and emotional trauma on the mind. Anything that made the person feel better seemed to be all right, no matter what the side effects. This was especially true if the patient did not return to loved ones until basic skills had been relearned.

Many of the adult subjects of Cameron's experiments lost all memories of their pasts. Basic skills, including toilet training, had to be relearned. Job skills were non-existent. The people became strangers to their own lives. Yet the subjects often no longer showed symptoms of whatever problems had brought them to Dr. Cameron's office. By that reasoning, his work was a success and he certainly seemed to believe he was doing good things. Once objective observations were made, though, quite different interpretations were made.

Sid Gottlieb was not concerned with objective observations. He was concerned with using Dr. Cameron's research with children, because none of the worries about adults related to the youngest available subjects. A child had a personality, but little else. To erase the knowledge of a child, then start fresh in the direction the adults wanted the child to go would not cause alarm in those encountering the child. The changes would go undiscovered. There would be no outcry against such madness.

While Dr. Cameron undoubtedly would have pursued his experiments without CIA underwriting, the money coming from both the CIA and the Canadian government gave a legitimacy to what others came to consider poor judgment, malpractice or irresponsible madness on the part of the researcher.

A far more unusual character who later played a part in the sisters' training, is Michael Aquino, Ph.D. who was commissioned an army lieutenant in 1968 and eventually was involved with psychological operations. Several children who were involved in some of the CIA research programs have alleged that Dr. Aquino was involved in two areas—Charles Wallace programming and remote viewing. These were part of extrasensory perception (ESP) experiments in general, a special interest of Dr. Aquino, a man who many consider an extreme eccentric.

Michael Aquino received his military commission the same year he went to see the movie *Rosemary's Baby* in a San Francisco movie theater. That film, the story of a woman who is impregnated

by Satan with the help of members of a satanic cult, included an appearance by Anton LaVey, in real life the founder of the Church of Satan. Aquino became interested in LaVey.

While he was in Vietnam, Aquino wrote a lengthy manuscript called "The Diabolicon." It began as a restatement of certain themes from *Paradise Lost*, a type of writing exercise he would later do with works such as the films, *Star Wars* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Unlike the latter, this was a series of statements from various entities associated in the Judeo-Christian heritage with evil—Satan Archdaimon, Beelzebub, Azazel, Abaddon and others. Satan Archdaimon's statement, for example, includes: "I who am Lucifer, and who have taken the name of Satan Archdaimon, do bear this title with pride, for I am in truth the great enemy of all that is God. Together, man, thou and I shall achieve our eternal glory in the fulfillment of our will." The completed manuscript was sent to LaVey in March and by June, Aquino had been made a member of the satanic priesthood as well as a member of the Council of Nine, also called the Council of the Trapezoid, LaVey's governing body for the Church of Satan.

Aquino began editing the Church of Satan newsletter, personally using the pages to discuss such matters as "the Great Pyramid of Giza, Nazi occultism, the creation of the Universe according to the theories of plasma physics matter/antimatter, pre-human and human evolution, archaeological developments bearing upon Satanism, life extension and life after death, the actual existence of Satan as an intelligent entity, social forecasting and international economics and finance." His interests were eclectic and they would carry over into his activities in psychological operations where he began exploring aspects of extrasensory perception.

Dr. Aquino appeared to begin losing respect for his mentor during this period. Although he wrote the "Ninth Solstice Message," a ninth anniversary message of the Church of Satan, in a manner that seemed to be channeled for Satan and honoring LaVey ("By my Will, Anton Szandor LaVey, you are divest of your human substance and become in your Self a Daimon. Henceforth you are a true god...."), he would soon break with the church. One night in 1975, Lieutenant Colonel Michael Aquino wrote another lengthy treatise, this one called the "Book of Coming Forth by Night." All the glowing tributes to LaVey, presumably from Satan himself, suddenly were given to Aquino. "Now it has come to pass, and the Book of the Law is laid bare—'Destined First Century heir-Aquino—breaking Keys by doctrines Anton LaVey—great Magus of reconsecration coming Year xeper—founding his rightful Priesthood—Set—true origin Volume AL' Michael Aquino, you are become Magus V degree of the Aeon of Set."

Set, supposedly an Egyptian deity greater than Satan, though very much what most Jews, Christians and Muslims would consider evil, explains how his followers, including his representative on earth, Lt. Col. Michael Aquino, Ph.D., should act:

"The Satanist thought to approach Satan through ritual. Now let the Setian shun all recitation, for the text of another is an affront to the Self. Speak rather to me as to a friend, gently and without fear, and I shall hear as a friend. Do not bend your knee nor drop your eye, for such things were not done in my house at PaMat-et. But speak to me at night, for the sky then becomes an entrance and not a barrier. And those who call me the Prince of Darkness do me no dishonor."

On June 10, 1975, Lt. Col. Michael Aquino formed the Temple of Set. He established elaborate newsletters (including work now on the Internet) and a fascinating reading list that included such works as *The Occult and the Third Reich* by Jean-Michael Angebert, Adolph Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, Nigel Pennick's *Hitler's Secret Sciences*, Gerald Suster's *Hitler: The Occult Messiah* and numerous others. His selection of fiction ranged from such novels as Ira Levin's *Rosemary's Baby* and David Seltzer's *The Omen* to the first version of John Fowles' *The Magus*.

Many questions might be raised as to Dr. Aquino's alleged involvement with the children of Sid Gottlieb's program. Yet "Mikey" is remembered by Cheryl Hersha as being one of the adults doing research into her ability to tesser (move into the fourth dimension) and to do remote viewing. She identified him from a series of photographs, though she does not remember him being involved with the violence of the sex and shock-based practices. Instead, in her memory, he was present when the researchers tried to turn Cheryl into Charles Wallace as well as when she was being checked for remote viewing ability. (1)

Remote viewing is based on the idea that some, perhaps all, people have special psychic abilities that can be nurtured and exploited. This is the ability to sit in one place and mentally travel to another place and, perhaps, another time. A man sitting in an office in Atlanta, Georgia in the year 2001, for example, could use remote viewing to see and hear what the company's founder was experiencing perhaps one hundred years before when he first bought the building where the remote viewer is sitting. The time of the event might be the previous week or the previous decade. It does not matter. A remote

viewer can mentally transcend any amount of time and distance in order to witness events that, perhaps, no one else saw.

Some remote viewers have convinced themselves that they have returned to Vietnam thirty years after their war experiences. Others have discussed incidents closer to home both in time and distance. All believe they are witnesses to something they cannot physically experience.

Common sense says that remote viewing is nonsense. It is theoretical, not practical. If it worked, a remote viewer would be an extremely valuable individual, able to do everything from locating wrecked ships to assisting the military to benefitting organized crime. A genuine remote viewer would likely have to live in a high security environment and his or her services would be in great demand by business, industry and the government. Yet even those adults who have participated in remote viewing studies and claim to have developed this skill continue in their normal lives with ordinary jobs.

When they decided that Cheryl and some of the other children should become involved with remote viewing, the concept was in its earliest stages of testing. The men and women conducting the research had no idea if it would work and wanted to explore the possibility. Apparently, according to Cheryl, Michael Aquino was among those researchers. But while the original research had validity, thirty years later it was decided that the continued pursuit of remote viewing was a waste of taxpayers' money, the reason the program remains classified.

Charles Wallace programming, unlike remote viewing, has literally no justification. Charles Wallace is a fictional character in the Madeline L'Engle novel *A Wrinkle In Time*. L'Engle has long been both a novelist specializing in stories for young adults and a lay Episcopal theologian. She has strong Christian beliefs and has frequently justified them in her religious writing. Yet, despite her belief that she was writing fiction, the researchers were convinced that her story had a basis in fact.

Charles Wallace, a rather lonely child, has the ability to tesser. Given the right circumstances, he can move into the fourth dimension—travel in time. His journeys were the result of psychic ability that the researchers were convinced a gifted child could achieve. Several of those who had passed the earlier tests and had their ego states separated like Cheryl Hersha, were tested to see if they could tesser—pass through the tesseract—a wrinkle in time—to the fourth dimension.

There were three different areas of funded research taking place and they attracted individuals from radically different backgrounds. First were the specific programs that had relatively clear purposes that could be understood by anyone familiar with exigencies of war. These were classified under Bluebird, ARTICHOKE and MKULTRA, among others. There might be one program or many—149 different projects in the case of the MKULTRA classification, for example. Their five-fold goals were clear-cut and logical—find a fast, accurate interrogation method, selectively erase the memories of retiring OSS and CIA agents with high level security knowledge and create an unwitting assassin, an unwitting courier and an unwitting spy. The researchers in the specific programs had narrow interests that they pursued with what were then deemed to be appropriate subjects. Sometimes these were prisoners and mental hospital patients. Sometimes these were volunteers from within the military community, colleges and universities and even from among the researchers themselves.

A second area of funded research was the program Sid Gottlieb cobbled together for the purpose of turning children into warriors who would be perfect Manchurian candidates, perfect spies and assassins who are ignorant of their orders, fitting into society easily and anonymously until a code or trigger is used to awaken them and send them into action. This involved combining the most successful experiments from the MKULTRA years, concepts of child psychology as they related to hysteric dissociation and some new experiments that seemed as though they would be most effective with a child's mind. (Some of these experiments were eventually managed under a program called MONARCH. However, it is not certain if the Hersha sisters were classified under that program when they were first made lab rats or under one whose name has not been discovered because of records that were destroyed in a cover-up within the CIA.) Dr. Gottlieb's project was never funded directly, but rather through skimming funds originally utilized for other projects and by creating intermediary foundations to back one or another experiment with which the CIA did not wish to be directly connected.

The third area of funded research involved the pet projects of the participants. For example, one wealthy researcher in the areas of learning and electric shock arranged for a charitable fund named in his honor to be a conduit for CIA funding. The combined money was used to build a multi-story research wing for a Washington, DC area university. Faculty and students routinely used all but two of the floors. Those two floors were used for MKULTRA and related experiments and kept quietly off limits to non-approved personnel.

In order to have human lab rats for the experiments who were children and thus minors, a form was developed called "proxy consent." It was created at a time when Americans were sure that parents knew and should decide what was best for their children. The young are often self-centered, their knowledge limited to little more than home, school, the neighborhood and any religious institution to which their families belong. They cannot understand that there are times when it is necessary to think of the greater good of others. They cannot understand the important role a child can play in preserving the future of democracy and the western world as we know it. Only a parent can understand all that, especially a parent who has served in the military and understands the concepts of honor, duty and sacrifice.

Cheryl and Lynn's father, Dick, was such a parent. When his children were selected for experimentation, he signed the proxy consent form without hesitation.

## CHAPTER

## 8

---

### *Monkey See, Monkey Do*

During the first year after Cheryl and Lynn Hersha entered the program, the CIA researcher Sidney Gottlieb had a special interest in primate learning. A university hospital in the Washington area where such research was being carried out had a highly respected primate laboratory that included an elaborate maze in one room. The walls were made from a thick cloth or canvas-like material containing an electrified grid in the manner of a heating blanket. The difference was that while a blanket becomes warm without posing a danger of an electric shock, the soft walls of the maze were designed to give a controlled shock when touched. The maze itself was narrow and the pathway kept cutting back on itself in order to add confusion.

A child entering the maze (and presumably one of the primates) would learn about the electrified material by pushing against the wall when first exploring. A second shock would come if the child became frustrated, as Cheryl did, trying to push against the cloth to either break through or go under the soft wall. The idea was to see if the electrical charge enhanced the speed of learning and the length of retention, or if it just caused a degree of panic, making learning less effective.

As a reward for his assistance in getting the funding for a new hospital wing where Gottlieb's research could be carried out in secret, a doctor involved in primate research was allowed to borrow some of the children who were in Dr. Gottlieb's program. Thus, this researcher acquired the human base for comparing human and primate learning development in a laboratory setting. Though she cannot be sure who the head researcher was, Cheryl remembers one man who was present at some of the primate experiments and who she knew as "Mr. Caldwell." Years later when Cheryl would see a photo of this man, she would learn he was Dr. Charles Geschickter, a researcher involved with many secret CIA programs.

At this point, the Hersha sisters were straddling two worlds, one in which they were ordinary children going to elementary school and the other, darker one in which they were laboratory animals on weekends and school holidays.

"One day, they brought me into this laboratory where there were apes in cages and an empty cage for me," Cheryl says. "I was five years old and the cage they had for me was not quite big enough for me to stand in. I could crawl around on the open wires, but I couldn't do anything else except sit or lay curled in a fetal position when I was inside.

"They treated me just like the apes. They had a newspaper-lined catch area beneath the cage and I was expected to urinate and defecate through the wires. I was naked and I was so humiliated by the lack of privacy that I generally stayed in a fetal position whenever I was in the cage.

"They gave me the same food as the apes. I got a small plate with fresh fruit, lettuce and things like that. I had a large bottle with a tube for water, which was just a bigger version of the type of water bottle you can buy for a hamster cage."

The researcher told Cheryl, "You are a lab rat and a good lab rat is quiet and does what she is told."

Cheryl says, "I was so embarrassed and the bottom of the cage smelled so badly that I couldn't eat much. I kept telling myself I was a lab rat and soon I created a lab rat personality. I did whatever they told me and said nothing."

The testing Cheryl underwent was the same approach used with the primates in the laboratory. She was made to move through the maze until she mastered it. "I got frustrated at first and hit the wall,

trying to break through the cloth. That's when I discovered it was electrified and that they could vary the jolt they gave me depending on how I reacted."

For days Cheryl was tested. When she successfully navigated the maze, she was put back at the beginning to see if she remembered how she did it. Once she could repeat the action, she was encouraged to do it again and again, each time faster, to see how well the moves she had to make were imprinted in her mind. There were also periods of rest after completing the maze to see if the passage of time erased the memory of how to maneuver through the twists and turns. And periodically Cheryl was jolted by the electricity to see if the shock speeded learning or enhanced her memory.

In the last few years, a number of individuals have come forward to reveal being locked in cages and used as laboratory rats. According to the thinking of those who conducted and approved the original experiments, the relative handful of people whose stories have a basis in fact were not deliberately mistreated any more than they thought Cheryl was being mistreated. She and the others were involved in pure science. All conditions had to be identical for both the primary research subjects—the primates in this case—and the comparison control group of children.

Primates live in the wild, not in cages. Children also are not meant to live in cages. Since the primates had to be caged to be kept in the laboratory, the tested children were also caged, though for shorter periods of time—twenty-four to forty-eight hours, maximum. Both the children and the apes were fed fruit, lettuce and the like, the natural diet of the primates being one that was healthy for the children. And since the apes did not wear clothing, Cheryl and other lab rat children were kept naked in the well-heated laboratory.

The experiment, according to those who perpetrated it, was scientific and quite safe. The children might be uncomfortable, but no more so than the primates. Thus, the comparison would be valid, the results would meet academic standards of the day and no one would be hurt. The experimenters reasoned, as did others in that period, that children are resilient and that they can endure the most extreme psychological traumas and fully recover. The laboratory tests were neither brutal nor out of line and, of course, fit the standards of many of the scientists: Proxy consents had been obtained, the tests were not illegal and the results could not be known until the experiment was completed. That the scientists might be horribly wrong in their thinking was apparently never a consideration.

This particular experiment had nothing to do with MKULTRA. It had nothing to do with Dr. Gottlieb's program. Cheryl and the others were loaned to the other researcher as a way of thanking him. He now had his test subjects and Gottlieb and the CIA had their legitimate funding for a hospital wing where secret experimentation could take place. Later, when some individuals talked of being put in cages, of being lab rats, there would be little or nothing in the CIA files to indicate such treatment. And almost all of the records were later purposely destroyed. Almost, but not quite all.... The bulk of the paperwork was in the files of the research departments of the universities involved with such experimentation.

The use of the electrified curtain to try and affect the outcome of the experiment was also within that period's line of common research. While the maze was usually limited to primate research, one of the most common studies involved electric shock, empathy and the willingness to obey an authority figure. This test, tried in the psychology departments of numerous universities throughout the country, had a subject (usually a college student) sitting in a control booth with the research scientist. There was a control knob that was marked in higher and higher increments, ending with a red section presumably indicating danger. There was also a button for the subject to push.

The subject could see through a glass into a supposedly soundproofed room where another person was seated, seemingly wired to a power box. The idea was for the subject to push the button in the belief that a jolt of electricity was striking the person on the other side of the glass.

At first, the person who was wired to the power box barely reacted. Then, as the scientist in the booth had the subject increase the voltage by turning up the power, the person who was wired, actually an actor, would begin to grimace in pain. The higher the voltage, the more he would "suffer" each time the button was pushed.

Throughout the experiment, the scientist encouraged the subject to keep jolting the person in the other room. He told him that what he was doing was okay. He said that the pain did not matter. He said that the person knew what would happen and was quite willing to experience it. He calmly discussed all the reasons why the voltage should be increased more and more until, with some subjects, it was in the red "danger zone" and the subject was still pushing the button. Sometimes the person in the "soundproof" room seemed to be screaming in agony. Sometimes he slumped forward, unconscious. The subject never knew that it was all fake, that the other person was never being hurt.

For the experiments that were a part of MKULTRA and the program the children were in, electricity was used to enhance learning and to create different personalities. There were also medical experiments on the application of direct, positive current to stop internal bleeding and experiments using electricity to stimulate healthy muscles that surrounded an athlete's injured muscle. The latter was meant to promote strength maintenance so that, when a cast was removed from an injury, full recovery would be much faster.

The use of children for electrical experiments was not common, but when the university hospital researcher who was involved with the CIA needed subjects for experiments such as the primate work, children were provided.

Other researchers connected with the government also explored their personal interests, briefly borrowing some of the children for testing. The men involved, according to Cheryl, ranged from those whose actions would have been criminal if discovered, to the ideas of eccentrics such as Michael Aquino. But the most outrageous and enthusiastic long term researcher, whose work with Dr. Gottlieb and the CIA was an adjunct to his own special interest, was Dr. Ewen Cameron. The McGill University researcher believed that the best way to help individuals who were considered hopelessly mentally ill was to erase all memory and start fresh, as if he or she were a baby. Problems arose not only from the nature of his work, but also from the fact that he made the judgment about which patients were "hopeless" cases and his diagnosis did not always match the patient's problems.

The funding of Dr. Cameron's research was kept secret, as were his methods. This was because his research involved the most extreme methods for "curing" mental illness ever devised. Ewen Cameron erased minds, taking some of his subjects to a level of mental and physical ability found only in infants. He used drugs, electric shock and induced coma to destroy all vestiges of the memory of hopeless schizophrenics. Later, a scandal arose because many of his subjects were neither schizophrenic nor hopeless. They were individuals whose problems involved such frequently cured concerns as post-partum depression and depression caused by traumatic events in their lives. The latter might include such common emotional crises as the loss of a loved one, divorce and the forced change of a job. Once you entered Cameron's research facility in McGill University, there was a chance you would be declared hopeless and placed in what came to be known as the sleep room.

When the outrageous actions by Cameron were first discovered, it was presumed that the funding for them came from the Central Intelligence Agency. In fact, this did occur; the CIA paid Cameron \$62,000 through a seemingly unconnected front between 1957 and 1961 so they could share the results of his work. Dr. Raymond Prince, of the Department of Psychiatry at McGill, would later be instrumental in exposing the dark period in the university's history. (1) He explained the hidden funding:

"Initial financial support...came from the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology in New York, a front organization for the CIA. Founded by Harold C. Wolff, M.D., one of the fathers of psychosomatic research, this society flourished between 1955 and 1964. It was only in 1977 that its CIA connection was finally revealed; the society covertly channeled funds for research of interest to the agency." The money, according to Dr. Prince, helped support the then new transcultural section at McGill, a department with worldwide contacts. (2)

After the experiment that kept Cheryl locked in a cage like an animal, came the one based on the fantasy story, *A Wrinkle in Time*. The book is fiction and was never based on a real ability to time travel nor a real research program secretly developed by a group of scientists somewhere in the world. There is no more truth to it than there is with the comic book super heroes that periodically find themselves trapped in a parallel universe. Yet, for the intelligence community, the idea seemed not only possible, but also achievable. And among the children who it was hoped would gain the ability to tesser—to use psychic ability to move into the fourth dimension—was Cheryl Hersha.

## CHAPTER

## 9

---

### *Cheryl/Charles*

“I’m not certain where I was taken for the experiment, though I think it was Fort Ritchie,” says Cheryl.

“Perhaps they were still trying to figure out what to do with us when I was six or seven. They were trying different experiments to see what we could do best.

“There were eight of us in the six and seven-year-old age group and they did different things [to test us], then took us to this large room for recess. There really wasn’t anything to do there. It was just a place without a laboratory where we could improvise our own games, like ‘Duck, Duck, Goose.’ Then Mikey came in with candy and treats and we went back to the laboratory for the experiments. I later recognized him when I saw a picture of a young Dr. Michael Aquino.”

Cheryl was placed on a surgical table and prepared for electric shock. They used hypnosis and gave her drugs, including LSD. Then, as she was susceptible to suggestion, they began reading her excerpts from *A Wrinkle In Time*, focusing on the passages that related to Charles Wallace’s life and his ability to tesser. They explained that his life was her life, that she was Charles Wallace. This was also done with a few of the other girls who were present, though the initial work was done in isolation. It was only over the next few days of testing that the girls realized they were all dressed alike and all called “Charles.”

“While in the drugged state, they attached an artificial penis that was like a jock strap to me. There was a waistband and two leg bands that fit around the upper thighs to keep it positioned in the approximate position it needed to be as a penis. It didn’t work. It was just there. I still had to go to the bathroom as a girl. I just sort of pulled it away from me,” Cheryl says.

The absurdity of the false penis did not matter. Cheryl embraced the idea of being a boy.

“I wanted to be a boy because it was safer. I was little then. Little girls got raped all the time. My personal experience was Sexy Sadie. I equated sexual abuse with being a girl, so as a boy, I felt I wouldn’t be sexually abused.

“I got boy’s clothes—loafers and trousers. At home, my mom usually put us in a skirt or a dress. The slacks and shirt were radically different for me.

The point of the experiment was to give subjects alter egos that came from the book, *A Wrinkle In Time*. “The psychic powers of Charles Wallace were going to become ours. That’s why they read the book to us while we were drugged. They wanted me to see that Charles Wallace’s life was my life. My sister Lynn became his sister, Meg. Like the story, my father wasn’t there because he was caught by the tesseract and trapped in the fourth dimension. Just like Charles, my mother was back at home.” The researchers didn’t think that the story was real, but they felt that the power of the belief could enhance a subject’s psychic powers. They wanted to see if Cheryl liked being the child from the novel. “Charles Wallace was cool. They gave me ‘brain-o’ glasses—the big, horn-rimmed eyeglasses like the brainy kids wear. It doesn’t say in the story that Charles Wallace wore glasses, but the stereotype of the brainchild, the genius child, has always been the child with the little pageboy haircut and the big glasses. I was given a blond pageboy wig. For once in my life I got to be a blond, but I had to do it as a boy.”

For several days, Cheryl and the other girls lived as Charles Wallace. They kept on their boy clothes and presumably, they all had penis attachments like Cheryl’s.



Cheryl later came to believe that some of the older researchers did not believe that Charles Wallace's ability to tesser into the fourth dimension was real. However, they seemed to believe in extrasensory perception (ESP). They also seemed to feel that ESP was an ability possessed by all the test subjects and that it would be enhanced if the subjects' own belief systems could be enhanced. Charles Wallace was extremely advanced in his psychic ability. If the children could be convinced they were Charles Wallace, then their abilities would be increased.

In Cheryl's case, she did seem to show unusually strong psychic ability in the tests she took while having the Charles Wallace alter-personality. "They had me sit on one side of a screen while someone was on the other side with picture cards. There would be horses, cows and other pictures. I was supposed to tell them what card the person was holding." They also tested her in one room with the cardholder in the other. Cheryl did much better than would be expected statistically from guess work.

"But my real ability was to pick-up on the physical impairment of the person holding the cards. I got a picture...I still do.... I got a picture in my head and I would know if the person had a bad knee or something like that. I knew, for example, if they had appendicitis or had had an operation."

For the other men and women researchers with whom "Charles" came in contact, there was no thought to enhancing ESP. They had a very different outlook.

"I really liked the lab people. It wasn't like they were established scientists. They were young, like young men and women in graduate school." And they believed that the ability to tesser existed, that with the right help, one of their young Charles Wallaces would enter the fourth dimension in their laboratory. "The story of Charles Wallace and his abilities and stuff was probably made real to them the same way the character was made real to me. I think they believed it. It wasn't fiction to them.

"I was not treated as a little girl dressed up as a little boy, so I think that for the younger researchers, the ability to tesser and travel to the fourth dimension, yes, that was very real to them. The young laboratory workers had to know that Cheryl and "Charles" were the same, yet they also believed that people with psychic abilities truly could tesser and see into the realm of the fourth dimension. People with psychic abilities could learn to actually go into the fourth dimension, they thought." And Cheryl had a degree of ability that exceeded probability. However, after a week's experimentation, her failure to morph was a great disappointment to them. They were certain Charles would show them the way to the fourth dimension, but neither Cheryl nor any of the other Charles Wallaces was able to do so. What the children were able to do was change their sexual identity. And this would be, the researchers came to realize, of great use in creating ideal military leaders and spies, whoever and whatever they might have originally been.

They did other experiments on the children as well, separate from the specific program that Dr. Sid Gottlieb created. There were other researchers whose actions would have been considered illegal and immoral if they had taken place outside the intelligence community. The top secret nature of the work, something that had become more a justification for the unjustifiable than a concern for victory against the United States' enemies, assured that no one would ever see the excesses.

## CHAPTER

# 10

---

## *Carlsbad, USA*

Southern California offered opportunities Dick had never dreamed possible. He first began working for Convair, a defense contractor absorbed by General Dynamics. Some of the work the company did in its San Diego plant was so secret that the building itself was camouflaged to limit how much of the facility could be easily seen. It was a good place to meet everyone from politicians, lobbyists and international arms brokers to men and women involved with the intelligence agencies. Later, he went to work as an engineer for the city of Carlsbad, a job that was less glamorous, but more secure than the defense industry where everyone worked from big contract to big contract.

Illegal aliens moving north from Mexico, sailors on shore leave from ships flying the flags of European and Asian nations and Marines looking to buy a woman, a beer and a cheap tattoo wandered the streets of San Diego. Aging couples whose love had weathered the Great Depression made their annual pilgrimage to the Hotel San Diego, once the honeymoon destination of choice, a place so luxurious that master chefs were on call twenty-four hours a day to provide whatever epicurean delight a customer might fancy. After more than thirty years, the hotel was aging with less grace than most of its long-time visitors, a coffee shop having replaced more sophisticated dining. The large but slightly fraying rooms experienced more one-night stands than couples consummating a marriage they expected to last forever.

There was a sense of excitement to San Diego, a live-for-today attitude because there was no sense of permanence for the thousands of people just passing through. It might have been a city that was endlessly exciting to Louise and Dick if they were still courting, but married and preparing for the birth of Lynn, it did not seem to be the best place for them to settle. That was why Dick put in a job application in an Oceanside employment bureau for work as a design draftsman in some other part of California. Although the pay at Convair was good, the city was not.

It took six months to learn of the Carlsbad opening for a city engineer aid and when Dick got the job, the move from San Diego was possible. All Carlsbad city employees had to live within the city limits.

The move to Carlsbad brought a better life for Dick and Louise. It was small town America, a community of parks and beaches, of affordable housing for workers and luxury housing for retirees who lived on Knob Hill. Interstate-5, California's north-south freeway, narrowed to a total of four lanes—two in each direction—when it wound through the lightly traveled Carlsbad. (Today there are twelve lanes, six in each direction.) That made the highway smaller than some of the main streets in San Diego and Los Angeles.

Louise and her young daughters enjoyed the simple pleasures of Carlsbad. They drove to a duck pond just off Highway 76 between Carlsbad and Vista where a large body of water was home to ducks and geese tamed by the visits of area residents bringing bread to feed the birds. One time they took home an abandoned box of kittens they found, buying a tiny bottle to hand feed them throughout the day and night until they were old enough to be given away. Only one, a mostly white kitten they named Caspar, became part of the household, living almost twenty years. The rest found homes through the Humane Society.

Lynn thought she might also bring home a duckling that was tame enough for her to handle. However, just moments after her mother warned her to leave the animal alone, the mother duck came charging at the girl, determined to nip her if she failed to give up the baby duck.

Not long afterwards, an injured duck was found limping in the back yard of their new home. The sisters approached it slowly, quietly, the bird letting them touch him. The wound was not serious, but the duck could not fly well.

The girls began feeding it, treating it like a pet, though one that was left to roam free in their backyard. Each day, they went outside and the duck greeted them. It followed them at play like a puppy and the girls thought he would be their friend forever.

Week after week the duck stayed with Dick, Louise and the girls, growing stronger, testing its wings. Then one day, the duck flew off, never to return. The duck's love for the children could not overcome its natural instincts, a fact that left them deeply saddened and desolate for weeks after.

More sophisticated family entertainment was available in short drives in either direction. Twenty miles south from their home was Sea World San Diego. Forty-five minutes north was Disneyland. The latter was the destination of choice for birthdays when each of the children was allowed to bring a special guest for a day's fun at the famous theme park.

The only drawback was Dick's moods. Louise explains, "Dick never really enjoyed the family outings and it was obvious to the girls that he was working at being a father, not enjoying being with them. I don't think he ever liked anyone. He went with us because it was the thing to do. The girls and I had much more fun when we didn't have him along."

Oddly, though Dick had less stress and better job opportunities in California than in Michigan, he was never completely happy there. While he was drinking too much as the children grew older, he turned hostile towards Lynn, blaming her for the fact that they had to live in Carlsbad. He was convinced he would have had more opportunities had he not had to deal with a new baby so soon. The fact that it was his seduction of Louise that created Lynn seemed lost on the man who was becoming increasingly irrational at home.

The relative isolation of Carlsbad was ironic because the community originally relied on tourist dollars for its economy. Mineral water had been discovered in the ground and, while the revenue potential could not match the oil in the ground around Los Angeles, it created a business catering to wealthy people seeking a healing bath and provided the earliest income for many of the locals. Later, the appeal of mineral water baths faded, though the town continued to attract the wealthy. By the time Louise and Dick had lived in the area a few years, the town was called Carlsbad-by-the-Sea and developers were creating LaCosta Downs. The latter, for which Dick would do some of the engineering design, involved the building of a major golf course attracting the world's top competitors. There was a health spa catering to the very rich and famous, a location to which major movie stars regularly traveled to attain whatever body weight they needed to please the director of their next film. There was a deluxe motel, some of the rooms costing more per day than some locals earned in a week.

Socially, the luxury development that evolved when the children were older meant little to the area residents. When Dick and Louise first moved there, there was a well-established social class system in place that was surprisingly inclusive among the adults.

At the low end of the Carlsbad social scale were the Marine Corps privates living off base with their wives and children. These were youths who often had swaggered their way through high school, barely graduating. They might be intelligent, but intellectual pursuits were not for them. They took pride in becoming one of the "few good men" the Marine Corps recruiters said they were seeking. Sometimes they found in the Marines a challenge they wanted to meet, something they had never found in the classroom. At other times they enlisted at some juvenile court judge's request. Minor criminal charges would be dropped if the boy joined the Marines and let his drill instructors "straighten him out." They might ultimately make the Marines their career, but if they did, and if the service paid for their education, it would only be if their attitude radically changed in their first couple of years of enlistment. Otherwise many would spend their lives in unskilled and semi-skilled laboring jobs, reminiscing about the Marine Corps days as the high points of their youth.

Among the more socially elite were the well-educated city employees. Civil service workers were respected, because most of them held jobs that required skills acquired through education. They were also settled into the community, joined the churches, volunteered in the schools and viewed Carlsbad as their long term home.

The Knob Hill residents also had an elevated status, but not only because of their incomes which, even in retirement, were often the highest in the community. These were Depression era survivors who had accumulated money through hard work and savings, not inheritance as was the case with some of the elite in nearby Oceanside. They respected anyone who used his or her intelligence

to earn a good living and provide for the family. As a result, when the moment Dick brought his engineering design skills to the city of Carlsbad, he and Louise were viewed as special. When the family joined the local Lutheran church, Dick singing in the choir, they were seen as people of good morals, of social responsibility and all that made Carlsbad special in the days before resort living radically changed the nature of the community.

Unfortunately, this blanket acceptance based on superficial appearances had its dark side. No one considered the possibility that respected citizens could be doing anything wrong within the walls of their homes. As a result, no matter how dark the private lives of some of the Carlsbad citizens, for some time, the truth remained hidden.

One such citizen, a city worker and avid Pentecostal named Jacob, was convinced that the Bible told of the need to bring judgment against all the children of Satan—Jews, Catholics, Lutherans, blacks, Hispanics and others who did not share his views. He saw the lurking anti-Christ in the people who did not read the same contemporary prophecy in the books of the Bible as he did. Not that he felt that others could not be saved. He frequently shared with Dick and Louise his view of the way to full salvation. He also showed those among his fellow city workers he felt were worth saving what he was certain was the truth and the way. After all, Dick and Louise and others with whom Jacob shared the wisdom gleaned from the hidden meanings he uncovered in the Bible were white people. There was still time for them to repent, buy a few weapons and become soldiers in time for Armageddon. That's what Jacob had done, though his idea of a "few weapons" included high-powered automatics, pistols, shotguns and thousands of rounds of ammunition all stored in his house. Years later, the home would be found to be dangerous to the community because of the risk of fire and explosives, but since at least one police officer in the region thought as Jacob did, his actions were not investigated for many years.

In addition to the dangers posed by those like Jacob who spouted words of hate, some of Carlsbad's children were being raised by monsters. Cheryl and Lynn spent time with some of these maimed children. Angela, a child Cheryl only knew to be angry, was in the same elementary school class as Cheryl, but Angela did not get along with any of the other kids. She was angry, lashing out at everyone, though no one understood why. She constantly looked for creative ways to hurt the other children, such as collecting spiders in a jar, then releasing them in the children's hair.

It was only later, when the population of the community grew too large to hide all the secrets, that people began learning the truth. Angela had been raised to be a model and a movie star. Her father and a few other men in town were running a secret pornography production company. They made still pictures and movies of non-traditional sex acts. Some involved consenting adults. Some involved children. Angela's photographs showing her naked, sodomizing little boys and engaged in a wide range of sex acts with adults to this day remain in circulation in the vicious, underground world of kiddie porn.

Like Angela, Cheryl and Lynn joined the ranks of Carlsbad's tortured children, especially after their stay at Camp Grayling. As Cheryl explains, she had difficulty functioning at school when she began attending kindergarten. "The way the school was set up, there were two ways to get to my kindergarten classroom. On the first day, my mom and I took the route that went past the cafeteria," Cheryl says. "As we walked past, I peeked into the cafeteria and it looked enough like the place where I had been experimented on in that I became hysterical. Though at the time I didn't have a conscious memory of the place or the experiments, something about the cafeteria triggered fear in me. I started screaming. I couldn't go there."

Her mother pulled her crying past the room. "She kept telling me I would be okay when I got to the kindergarten classroom. She thought I just didn't want to go to school and so did the principal, who came out to see what all the commotion was about."

Cheryl was inconsolable. "I became sick from crying so hard and the next few days were the same. I was taken to the principal's office where I was told I was just trying to get attention. I hated the principal."

Of course, Cheryl's memories of the experiments performed on her during the time spent at Camp Grayling had been chemically deleted. The kindergarten teacher was told by the principal that Cheryl was a manipulative child, but the teacher ignored the comments. Cheryl would not eat in the school cafeteria and she would remain calm if she was able to enter the school from the door that did not require her to pass the cafeteria on her way to the classroom. Her teacher made no assumptions, working with Cheryl so she would become comfortable in the classroom, comfortable in the school.

At best, school officials felt Cheryl was an extremely shy child. She made friends slowly, in part, they concluded, because she was one of the brightest children in the classroom. Once Cheryl accepted coming to kindergarten, she was quickly bored. "We had stupid stuff, like coloring. I showed

my contempt by taking a red crayon and scribbling all over the picture or taking a black crayon and scribbling. I deliberately didn't keep anything within the lines."

The teacher knew something was wrong with Cheryl, but she didn't know what or why. She talked to Cheryl's parents, but there was a limit to what she could ask and even more limits on what Dick would say. Emotional child abuse was little discussed in those days and children used for experimentation by the intelligence community was never even considered a possibility. Since Cheryl had an extremely high IQ, was beginning to calm down and had even made a friend of Cindy, the girl who sat next to her, the situation was considered troubling but not something the teacher could do anything about. She just worked with Cheryl, showing the child she was loved, challenging her to learn in areas that interested her. When Cheryl wanted to stay inside during recess, the teacher found things for her to do, never suggesting she try to enter into relationships and games for which she was not ready.

The relationship with Cindy opened new worlds for Cheryl. Cindy's father was a cardiologist and when Cheryl got to go to their house, she discovered it was in the more expensive part of town. Their lifestyle was more sophisticated, as well. "I ate my first plum at Cindy's. And I remember that we had chicken noodle soup for lunch. Along with that we had ham and cheese sandwiches, all eaten on this ornate dining room table with everybody in the family together.

"The family was so loving and gentle. I remember how when Cindy got hurt, her dad picked her up, placed her on his lap and comforted her. He held her. He kissed her. He got her a Band-Aid. He really liked playing with his daughter.

"I had never seen anything like that. I thought all dads were like mine. I thought they all considered their kids nuisances. I thought they hurt their children. But Cindy's dad was something else. I was so jealous of Cindy. I wanted her father to be my father. But just during the day. At night, I knew it made no difference. All dads turned into monsters at night. All dads hurt their little girls at night. I was so certain Cindy's dad attacked her after dark that I never felt the need to ask her. I took the fact that she didn't tell me as proof that she was going through what I was going through. I couldn't imagine a world in which fathers were kind, gentle and loving twenty-four hours a day. I could only imagine that special dads, like Cindy's, were loving in the daylight. Half a day of happiness seemed like heaven to me right then."

Cheryl's relationship with Cindy did not last, though. The friends were the smartest girls in their classroom and the principal wanted to skip them directly from kindergarten to second grade. Cindy's parents let their daughter miss her first grade year in order to keep her stimulated in the classroom. Louise said no, convinced that Cheryl needed the socialization that would come more readily being around children her own age. Since neither she nor the teacher understood the real reason for Cheryl's shyness, the decision seemed the right one. The problem was that Cheryl took the change as another loss, withdrawing all the more.

While Cheryl had a good experience in first grade with a new teacher, Lynn was faced that year with someone she looked upon as the teacher from Hell. The woman was nearing the end of her career, had tenure and was a tyrant in her classroom. She used to stroll the classroom with a ruler, smashing it on the hand of any child she felt was not respectful.

There were inspections each morning. "You had to hold out your hands and open your mouth," Lynn says. "Your hands had to be clean. Your teeth had to be white. Otherwise she slapped your hand with the ruler or you got whacked with the ruler if she thought you were fidgeting too much."

Questions brought more punishment. "If she thought you should know the answer and you didn't, she slapped your face. Then she grabbed you and dragged you to the front of the room where she set you on a stool and made you wear a dunce cap. She actually had one. It was round and pointed, just like in the movies. And all the kids laughed at you, though they were relieved not to be the ones who had to wear the cap.

"The desks had lids that lifted up so you could keep your books and things inside. One day, I lifted mine to get something and the lid slipped as I was closing it. The noise brought the teacher over. She threw me on the floor and put her foot on my back.

"That was too much for me. I told my mother and she went to see the principal. He just told her that the teacher had tenure and there was nothing he could do."

The violence escalated one morning. "I was looking down at my desk, reading a book, when the teacher grabbed Heidi, a girl two aisles over and started screaming at her. Then as I looked up, I saw the teacher hit her so hard that Heidi flew across the surface of three desks, hitting the wall with her head. The blow knocked her unconscious. She just lay there, slumped on the ground, a surprised look on her face, her body twitching." As Lynn had been taught in the program, she instantly dissociated.

“Heidi was out for a week and I didn’t want to go to classes. Each day I had migraine headaches and vomiting before going to school. Each night when I went to sleep I had nightmares so bad, I woke up screaming. I was hallucinating about what happened.”

Louise Hersha was livid when Lynn told her the reasons for her severe emotional upset. There was a Catholic school two buildings down from where the family was living, so she went there to talk with the nuns about enrolling Lynn in their school. They explained that given her academic abilities, they would be able to arrange for her to have a full scholarship. Then, armed with this option, Louise went to see the principal of the school in which the girls were enrolled.

Apparently, Louise Hersha was not the only parent to be outraged by the out-of-control teacher who had hurt Heidi. But for some reason, her actions were the most serious in the principal’s mind. Part of this may have been the fact that if Lynn went to parochial school, many other parents might also enroll their children there. That would raise questions that might not look good for the principal. In addition, Dick was a respected civil servant and friend of the law director. The teacher had obviously gone way too far.

“The principal called the teacher to his office,” Lynn says. “She was gone a long time. When she came back to the classroom, she never was violent again.”

Lynn and Cheryl saw a different Carlsbad from the one their parents enjoyed. Part of this was the fact that the youths of the community had their own idea of status, rejecting their parents’ inclusivity. “You had to dress the way the girls in the teen magazines dressed. It was kind of an expensive hippie look, and even though we were only in fifth or sixth grade, you had to wear what the magazines said the older girls were wearing to be accepted. Mom dressed us from the Sears catalog in paisley and plaid. I hated it because it wasn’t what all the other kids wore.”

Eventually, the teasing became so intense that Lynn rebelled. She did not realize that her family could have afforded the clothes and shoes she wanted, that Dick deliberately chose an inexpensive home in a working class neighborhood so he would have more money to spend on himself. His income from both the city job and the business assignments he accepted privately meant that they, too, could have lived in the Knob Hill area. But so far as the sisters were concerned, they were too poor. That was when Lynn, too young to earn money on her own, decided to shoplift. “I went to the mall to shoplift. I would never try it with the local merchants. They had known me all my life. They knew my family, the people in my church and the people in my school. I couldn’t get anything past them.

“The mall stores hired a lot of high school kids. They liked to stand around talking with each other. Sometimes they were helpful, but they really didn’t do much on weekends.

“I went to the racks and got what I wanted, like scoop-necked blouses instead of clothing with a neckline up to my chin. I liked the peasant blouses and the hippie looking stuff. Then I went into the dressing room. There was always a sign saying that a female attendant was watching on a camera, but I think the sign was used instead of any real monitor. Or maybe I never got caught because the high school clerks didn’t see security as an important part of their job. I would put on what I wanted, then put my own clothes on over it. Then I would return everything else to the racks and walk out of the store. This was before most stores had security devices on the clothing, so I always got away with it.

“My mother would have killed me if she had known. I hid everything at home, washing it myself. Then I would put one of my new outfits on for school, wearing the Sears stuff over it so Mom wouldn’t suspect anything. Once I was far enough away, I’d go into a restroom, take off my outer clothes and walk into school looking as cool as the other girls.”

The cars were status symbols, though there was nothing Lynn could do about changing what her parents drove. “The cool kids’ families had BMWs, Jaguars and Mercedes. Having a Mercedes was probably the most popular. Everyone had a great car but us. We had station wagons, which were very uncool. Though when I started driving, we had a Chevrolet Kingwood Estates Wagon with the biggest engine they made. It was probably meant for towing, but I used it for drag racing. I could beat everyone on the road, but it wasn’t what the other families had and I got teased for that.”

Neither Cheryl nor Lynn understood that their father was a man who wanted the freedom to spend his money any way he pleased. Although no one in the family would realize this for many years, at least some of it was used to entertain women in area bars. He always kept between \$500 and \$700 in cash at home, an extremely large sum at the time. He did allow Louise to take whatever she needed for food, clothing and other necessities. However, she had to give Dick an exact accounting, including providing him with receipts, while he spent whatever he desired.

Dick's profligate spending was the reason the family lived in more and more modest homes well below their income. The last neighborhood they lived in had a mix of working class blacks, whites, Hispanics and Asians, all legally in the United States, all either citizens or becoming citizens. It was a neighborhood that was not "cool" by the standards of the other kids in Cheryl and Lynn's school. Their parents might value education and hold people like Dick in high regard no matter where he lived, but the kids were more materialistic. Where you lived, what you wore and the kinds of cars your parents drove were the major factors in determining your status.

The Hersha sisters accepted their declining living situation, because they believed themselves to be as poor as their neighbors. They did not know that when the City Manager died, Dick was offered the position, turning it down because he did not feel he could take the stress. Side jobs were easier for him to handle.

Because he had all the money he wanted, Dick delighted in going to area hotels and taking over the bar, dominating it with his charming and witty personality, none of which he ever revealed at home. He was a quiet philanderer for years before his wife realized what he was doing. Dick kept his bar friends and conquests strictly separate from his workday and family socializing.

As much as Dick liked spending money on himself, he obsessively tried to find places to go for free with the children. He did not want the children, yet he felt that a good father made an effort to like his kids, or at least pretend to like them. That was why he insisted on regularly taking them to places like Holiday Park near where they lived, Buddy Todd Park in Oceanside and even Hee-Haw Valley, perhaps the oddest of the free places he took the children for entertainment. Buddy Todd Park was located on the border of the communities of Oceanside and Bonsall, the latter being a tiny community that had a golf course, a combination party store/convenience store/gas station, a telephone booth and an antique bridge. The latter was made from stone and falling apart so there were sections where you could look down and see the San Luis Rey River flowing beneath it. Drivers who were not careful had their tires damaged while going across. Other drivers sometimes went too fast around the tight curve that led to the bridge and drove into the river. Fortunately, few ever were in serious danger. The river was what is known as a wash—the bed dry most of the year, filling to dangerous proportions only during the rainy season.

Hee-Haw Valley was a little farm owned by what Louise thought looked like an old, rather disreputable looking prospector. He had a small riding train that made a big loop around the farm, the owner sitting astride the engine, his knees high in the air, while children sat in the three cars behind his coal car. He had donkeys the children could ride and a few other animals for petting. Dick loved going there because he thought he was giving his daughters something special at no cost to himself. The girls were bored after their first visit. Louise would never have visited such a place if Dick had not insisted and she was bothered by what she felt was the owner's unpleasant appearance.

Dick's emotional problems slowly became evident and often incidents beyond his control triggered his growing distraught states. The City Manager, who had been a father figure to Dick, died and though Dick refused the job himself, he resented anyone who took it. He knew the city better than anyone and always had to help train the new man. "I'm doing the job for them, but they have the name and the pay!" he would rant. Louise would try to remind him that he had turned down the position, but he would hear none of that. Both of them knew that it wasn't the stress so much as the courage to be the person who was ultimately responsible for everything that took place in government that bothered him. "He had the brains, but not the guts," Louise later commented.

Dick's mental illness began to manifest itself more openly in several ways. Sometimes he came home from the office shouting that everyone was picking his brain. He seemed to feel that it was not just a case of their asking him questions. He seemed to think it went deeper, as though they were physically probing his mind. His doctor gave him a tranquilizer, but it had little effect on him. Eventually, Dick increased his dosage to more than twenty times what was supposed to be appropriate for a man of his physical size, but still the medication did not bring relief from the turmoil in his mind.

Dick was also an alcoholic. He had been a binge drinker early in his marriage, the type of drinking most people do not realize is connected with alcoholism. Perhaps four times a year he sat down and drank until he passed out. The rest of the year he either did not drink or drank only occasionally.

Over time, the drinking became a regular part of his weekends. Every time he had a violent impulse towards his daughters, he drank to justify his actions. Then he exploded with physical and sexual abuse, making certain his wife was out of the house. If Louise was home, Dick would take his daughters to a different location. The girls became so conditioned to the violence that they said nothing. Cheryl assumed that all fathers were like theirs. Lynn became violent towards herself, deliberately cutting her body in places hidden by clothing. She sat with the metal point of a paper clip or a hair pin

and scratched her skin, cutting the surface, making it bleed. She became increasingly suicidal, taking physical risks in the hope that she would die. But neither girl ever told her mother, her friends or her teachers what was happening until the sisters entered Ala-Teen.

Louise was frustrated by the fact that though she had to live with Dick's drunken behavior, no one else could imagine her husband acting in a violent manner. Part of the problem was that he was active in their church, involved with the choir, the mission program and other good works. He was always either sober or giving the impression of sobriety at church and he always made a good appearance when he walked in with his family.

One of the pastors during the time they lived in Carlsbad was a good and caring individual. He constantly praised Dick to the Hersha family, unaware of what was actually taking place at home. It was an attitude that frustrated Louise, who was coming to the conclusion that she and Dick might have to divorce if matters did not change. As it was, when she was finally able to do so, she decided to at least lift the veneer of respectability that had caused others to disbelieve or ignore her concerns. Her first opportunity came when the children were still in elementary school.

It was Easter Sunday and the family went to church as usual. Dick drove everyone home for lunch, then left the house to go drinking. Hours passed with no word from Dick. Finally, at seven that night, Louise received a telephone call from the police. "We have your husband here," said the officer. The officer meant the combination police station/city hall building where Dick also had his office. "Would you come get him?"

"What happened?" asked Louise.

"I was on patrol when my partner and I saw your husband standing on the curb, urinating into the street. By the time I stopped the car and walked over to him, your husband had passed out.

"You keep him," Louise told the officer. "He gets violent when he's drunk." She also had no car, though it turned out that Dick had left the car within walking distance of home. He was guilty of indecent exposure while drunk, although he apparently had the presence of mind to travel on foot. The problem was that the police only had a small holding area. If they were going to keep Dick, they would need to drive him to San Diego, twenty minutes away.

"I called my pastor," says Louise. "Dick went to church and always played Mister Holy, righteous and good. I thought it was time for the pastor to see what Dick was really like."

Ralph Hollins, the pastor, was a big man in his late fifties and at least five inches taller than Dick's five feet nine inches. He came to the house and got Louise, then the two of them went to the station to get Dick. They brought a bristling Dick back to the car. He sat in the rear. The pastor spoke quietly to Dick, who took offense at whatever was being said. Suddenly, he began cursing at the pastor, using every foul word he knew

"I was embarrassed, but I was glad that Dick's cover was blown. I knew the pastor would never look at him the same way," says Louise.

The pastor was livid. His voice controlled but filled with anger, he said, "I will never hear you talk to me in that way again!" Dick instantly was silent.

When they arrived at Dick and Louise's house, the pastor and Louise helped Dick inside where he stretched out on the sofa, his stomach upset, his head aching and very hung over. The pastor looked at him and said, "Come on, Dick, let's pray."

Dick, nauseated and in pain, rolled from side to side on the sofa, then groaned, "Ohhhh, God!"

Reverend Hollins said, "Well, that's a beginning."

Dick's pious cover was blown, but his actions did not change. If anything, they became worse. With other men, of whom he was always afraid, especially those in positions of authority, he was a passive drunk. He seemed to feel inferior to other men, but he would take out his anger on his wife, his children and anyone else he viewed as weak. "Many times I told him, 'You have to go out and get false courage, but I have to stand here with guts alone,'" says Louise. "He felt stupid because he was always letting other men get the best of him. Then he'd come home and take out his anger on us."

But Louise never knew all that Dick was doing during those years. A third daughter had been born when Cheryl was five and by that time, Dick had found ways to molest his two older daughters without his wife's knowing. "Mother was never there for me at night. She was always with our little sister," says Cheryl. "I felt abandoned."

Of course, in reality their mother had not abandoned them. Louise had no reason not to trust her older daughters in Dick's care. They were old enough to handle the basics of caring for themselves and



Dick was capable of getting dinner, preparing their clothes and carrying out the other tasks everyone goes through from day to day. What she didn't realize was that he aggressively began assaulting his children during the times she was not at home. She also did not know that he was involved with pedophiles and child pornographers who were providing him with chloroform. Dick periodically entered Cheryl's room while she slept. His hand covered her mouth, chloroform overwhelmed her and he snuck her out to be molested by himself and his friends. The molestation was cloaked in pseudo ritual, Dick declaring Cheryl to have Aryan blood and psychic power that could be achieved through blood transfer.

It was not just the new baby that kept Louise from knowing all that was taking place, not only with Dick, but also with the secret training her daughters were going through. The girls were unusually brilliant and the school district had all manner of enrichment programs often tied in with area businesses and organizations. "The Carlsbad area schools were tied in to all sorts of special programs," says Lynn. "There was an area stables where kids could go to learn horseback riding and horse care. And the Palomar Airport had a ground school that worked with some of the kids. That was where I began the work on my flight training."

Soon Lynn and Cheryl were spending time in seemingly positive activities. For example, Cheryl's psychological exam indicated that her intelligence was greater than that of 97 percent of the children in the nation. And even that level might have been too low because Cheryl thought the test was so stupidly simple that she was casual about the way she answered the questions.

Because she tested so high, Cheryl was picked to take some after-school courses at the independent Carlsbad Army/Navy Academy. This was a military school for boys where at least one of the staff members was apparently doing work for one or more of the programs funded by the CIA. There, studies were being done on extrasensory perception, on methods for enhancing memory, on psychic ability and related matters. The boys at the academy were ten and older and many of them were extremely intelligent. Cheryl's IQ was so high that Dick was asked to let her also be used for testing.

The elementary school never realized all the ramifications of Cheryl's going for testing once or twice a week. Of course, they couldn't have known that she was already a lab rat, part of a secret government program. To the principal, her participation was an honor. It showed that parents trusted the system to educate even the brightest of children. What he did not know, could not have known, was that one of the people who worked at the academy, a man who was a friend of Dick's, was also a pedophile. He was aware of Cheryl's participation in the Sexy Sadie program and arranged with Dick to bring her over on an occasional weekend so he could play with her.

"Dad sometimes took just one of us kids in the car, telling Mom we were going to the beach or some other special place. She liked that he seemed to be trying to have a relationship with each one of us alone and since we didn't tell her what really was happening, she assumed we were growing closer to our father."

Dick knew what the Sexy Sadie program was, so once they were in the car on the way to see his friend, he would bring Cheryl's other self out by saying, "Sexy Sadie, come out and play. We're going to see Officer Mel today."

The use of Cheryl in a manner not authorized under Dr. Gottlieb's program would have caused the man great trouble, but there was no way Dick could be discovered. The Sexy Sadie personality was created to act in a set manner, never questioning, never complaining and never remembering when she was again put back "inside."

"But somehow I knew something was wrong," says Cheryl. "It wasn't the same as when I was used in the secret program. I created a personality who went completely limp, not moving, just laying on the floor like some sort of ooze." She named herself "Me Dead."

"When Officer Mel took me into the room where I knew he was going to try to hurt me, I didn't wait for him to start. I changed personalities. I just announced 'Me Dead' and went completely limp. Even my breathing and heart rate slowed. I was as lifeless as a rag doll, completely frustrating him. My being limp probably left him feeling as dirty as he was and he never tried anything. He was only aroused by the fantasy of the child wanting to play sexually with him. 'Me Dead' only had to come back two or three times before Officer Mel got the message and left me alone. After that, the only time I was at the academy was for testing or to train with some of the boys. That was where I had my early weapons instruction, for example, though the others assumed it was just an enrichment activity. They did not know that I was the one child who had to learn to kill, because the program required it."

## CHAPTER

# 11

---

### *Stealing a Childhood*

By the time she was an adolescent, Lynn and a few others who appear to have been in the same program (1) were being trained for tactical responses to domestic terrorism as well as foreign crises. On the foreign front, the CIA's analysis of the world indicated that the dire threats to the United States would come from mineral and oil-rich nations whose leaders had ambitions of becoming world powers. And if world conquest was their goal, they would need nuclear weapons. Studies were made of the countries with volatile governments, extensive wealth and adequate numbers of citizens to build an effective army. These were not necessarily countries specifically hostile to the United States. In some instances, they were nations that had long been allies. What mattered was that if the wrong faction took control of these governments, they could mount effective threats to American security. Among these nations were India, China, parts of Africa, sections of the Middle East and places in South and Central America. Thus, future spies had to be trained to infiltrate all these places. Lynn was becoming fluent in French, a language spoken by diplomats in many parts of the world and she was also mastering Spanish so she could pass for a native of a Central or South American region. She was being trained to be a South American specialist with an emphasis on responding to a crisis generated by Argentina, a country of great wealth and ties to European dictators and thus a potential aggressor nation by the standards being developed within the CIA.

While Lynn would soon enter the Delta phase of her training, Cheryl would be dealing with what the CIA perceived as more immediate threats as she soon moved into the Black Widow program. It would prove an intensely difficult time for the sisters because, though they repressed the memories, the covert programs they were forced into took enormous mental and physical tolls. Simultaneously, the girls were wrestling with family crises brought on by social problems at school and their father's mental turmoil, which necessitated their mother's urgent search for a new source of income.

It is possible that the Hersha sisters would not have been selected for the government programs had anyone realized the stresses in their family lives that were building for them throughout these years. The pressures of the government programs, from the physical and psychological trauma of the initial ego-state separation to the intensity of their classroom and field learning, were compounded by a home in turmoil. Their father was increasingly moody. Dick drank to lower his inhibitions when verbally and physically brutalizing his daughters. But even sober, Dick was increasingly acting out aggressively, his mind torn by mental illness that was often ignored on the job so long as he could effectively apply himself to his work. It was while Cheryl and Lynn were in elementary school that Dick stopped being rational. In a way, this proved fortunate for the family, because they could finally seek out professionals who now recognized his increasing madness. There was no single incident that seemed to throw Dick over the edge. Instead, a series of emotional events overwhelmed him and he completely lost his hold on reality.

First, Dick and Louise's landlord sold the house they were renting, requiring them to buy a much smaller house in a different school district. Their mother arranged for Cheryl and Lynn to commute to the old school through the end of the year, but it was still difficult since they knew no one in their new neighborhood.

Next came the deaths of Dick's grandparents, the couple who had been instrumental in raising him. They died only a few weeks apart and their loss, coupled with his own internal chaos, further intensified his mental deterioration.

Dick became more fixated on death. He was convinced he had cancer. He insisted upon medical exams and when the exams found nothing, he became convinced that the doctors wanted him dead. He felt they were withholding the truth from him, probably because they were having affairs with Louise.

Louise had become another of his fixations. He was certain that his wife was having sexual affairs with all manner of men in rather unusual circumstances. If she went out to get the mail, he accused of her having sex with the mailman, right there, in the driveway, humiliating him in front of the neighbors. The absurdity of such an accusation was of no concern to him.

Dick entered Tri-City Hospital for tests. For three days the doctors poked and prodded, running blood tests and analyzing all vital signs. When they were done, they gave Dick what was for him the worst possible news. He was in perfect health.

Yet, his fears about death had grown to gargantuan importance. He knew he was dying. He knew he had cancer. The only reason the medical staff would dare to tell him he was in perfect health was so they could deny him the treatment he desperately needed. That, and so Louise could have sex with all the doctors. Dick's belief that Louise was cheating on him was just one sign of his intense paranoia. He degenerated into a psychotic state, seeing bugs and monsters in his room.

Suddenly, Dick became violent towards everyone in the hospital. No one could talk him into calmly surrendering to the five sheriff's deputies who rushed to the hospital to restrain him. Dick was cornered, over-powered, and placed in leather restraints. The inability to fight anymore heightened his madness, but no one cared. He was safe. They were safe. A transfer was arranged to the psychiatric ward of University Hospital in San Diego.

As they prepared him for the transfer, Dick was relatively calm, but two police officers had been called in to escort him. Seeing Louise talking with the doctors confirmed for him that she was sleeping with them and that he was being plotted against. The presence of the two police officers and seeing his wife standing there with two medical doctors and a psychiatrist sent him back into his psychotic state. "He stared at the two policemen," Louise says. "His eyes were bloodshot and red-rimmed and they scared me. The two officers unhooked their holsters and started to draw their weapons. They didn't have to point them at Dick. The minute he realized they were serious, that they would shoot if they had to, and it was pretty obvious they might have had to, he settled down."

The county was supposed to keep Dick hospitalized for seventy-two hours, enough time for a full psychiatric evaluation. "I told the Tri-County doctors that Dick would either convince them he was sane by morning or escape. They didn't believe me, but the next morning while everyone was occupied on rounds, he put on his clothes and walked out," said Louise.

Dick had powerful friends in the Carlsbad city government. By then even they had seen signs of his deteriorating mental condition and they were determined to get him help. The police immediately became involved in trying to locate him to return him to the psychiatric hospital for observation.

Because no one knew what Dick might do and he was considered potentially violent, a police officer picked up Lynn and Cheryl from their elementary school. They and their mother went to a motel. It was considered too dangerous for them to be in the home in case he returned there.

Both his madness and ingenuity were evident in Dick's escape. He was a strong swimmer and knew the ocean was the one place where he could avoid his pursuers. He made his way to the water, swam out as far as he could without losing sight of the coastline and waited hours before coming back to the beach. Once there, he found a way to get some food and sleep and then returned to the water. Ultimately, he swam all the way to Carlsbad, not an extremely long distance, but certainly not what the authorities anticipated. Sometime later, he returned to his home. When the police checked Dick and Louise's house the next day, they found an extremely disturbed man. The stress of what had happened to him had taken its toll. He could no longer rally his mental resources enough to appear rational. In his mind he had become a five-year-old child looking for the kindly "Miss Louise." He no longer remembered she was his wife. He was not old enough to have a wife. Louise was some older woman he recalled as being good, kind and nurturing, someone who would care for him in his confused time of need. He was crying and scared.

This time, with the help of the Carlsbad City Attorney, a long time family friend, Dick was placed in Mesa Vista, a private hospital with a psychiatric intensive care unit. No longer was there any question about his deranged mental state.

Over the next several months, Louise's, Cheryl's and Lynn's lives improved in some ways. Louise had decided her marriage was over, though she could not get a divorce at that time. California law prohibited a person married to someone diagnosed as mentally ill from divorcing that spouse. The

idea was to assure that a divorce was mutually agreed upon, especially when there were children and possessions to be divided.

The law was unfair to spouses married to people who were periodically violent or otherwise physically and/or emotionally destructive. It was also unfair to those men and women living with mates who would never be well, who might have to be institutionalized for life. Louise felt herself trapped and broke. Unable to gain her freedom, Louise Hersha would have to find a way to make a living so she could live independently of Dick.

It was a difficult time. Still, the children, who were already psychologically and emotionally fractured because of the covert program of which they were a part and had been further traumatized by Dick's violent behavior, now found an interval of quiet in Dick's absence from the home. There was some money coming from the city's health and disability plans. And while cash was tight, Louise no longer felt constrained by Dick's demands that she account for every penny. One night, she took the girls to Sir George's Buffet for a treat, all of them joking and laughing together for the first time in years.

It is now believed that Dick may have been a victim of either early child abuse, some phase of the government experimental research or both. The official diagnosis when Dick underwent therapy was schizophrenia and his actions seemed to reinforce that diagnosis in the years that followed. He was treated with the various anti-psychotic drugs available. He was treated with pharmaceuticals that usually caused improvement in schizophrenics, but had no effect on people who were not mentally ill (other than various possible side effects such as drowsiness, nausea, etc.). Nothing worked.

Another problem was raised during the hospitalization. One of the psychiatrists was a researcher in the field of electroshock therapy and was rumored to be financed by the government. Whatever the case, when he started using electroshock with Dick, the results were much like those encountered with some of the patients of Dr. Ewen Cameron [See Documents J and L in the back of the book]. One day, a nurse assigned to him took him to where he was meeting his family in the hospital, then said, "Dick, isn't this nice? Here is your beautiful wife and three lovely daughters." He replied in a monotone, "This is nice. My beautiful wife and three lovely daughters." Dick didn't appear to recognize any of them.

Dick was not alone in his reaction to the treatment to which he was subjected. Most of the electroshock patients of the same doctor had similar experiences. "Dad took us to meet some of the other patients in the visiting room. He had introduced us to them before, but he seemed to not remember that. These people that we already met and who we remembered were introduced to us the same way every time. Like Dad, none of the patients remembered having already met us no matter how many times we were introduced to them. They always acted as though they were meeting us for the first time," Cheryl says.

Dick's areas of memory loss due to the treatments were selective. He retained his engineering design skills. He was still of value to the city and to private developers. But other memories, mostly those of his family life, were gone. Dick had to be reintroduced to his own life through family photographs, scrapbooks and other memorabilia from times and places explained to him so he could learn his own history.

The timing of her husband's mental breakdown later seemed suspicious to Louise. Although she knew he had an explosive temper, Louise Hersha never saw anything to indicate serious mental illness early on in their marriage. It wasn't until after the strange trip to Michigan that Louise noticed a change in Dick. And it was during this same period, unbeknownst to Louise, that Dick began perpetrating violence and abuse against his daughters. Yet Dick also came from a background where some family members practiced non-traditional religions that seemed to tolerate the use of children as part of rituals. However, the answers as to why Dick suffered a complete mental breakdown cannot be determined for certain. All the girls knew was that their mother was starting to take child care jobs and she was willing to use what little extra money was available for all of them to have a few treats. Dick's absences brought them all some peace.

On the following Valentine's Day, Dick's wife and daughters went to the hospital to have dinner with their father. "The dining area was filled with red tablecloths, hearts and streamers," describes Lynn. "It was nicely decorated because family members were there. We got our meals and sat down around one of the tables to eat."

Dick seemed bothered by the way his family was eating. He began telling the children how to hold their forks, how to eat properly. He started ranting at them, becoming totally outraged. Finally he picked up the table covered with food and heaved it. Dishes broke, food flew everywhere. Louise and her daughters never again visited Dick for more than a few minutes at a time. He always needed an introduction.

Dick was obviously not going to get better. “Mom became licensed through the county to provide home care for children. Her first client was a woman we kids adored. Anna [not her real name] worked two jobs. By day she was a cosmetologist whose huge bouffant red hair looked like an outrageous leftover from the nineteen fifties. She had been raised on a farm and used to tell us kids wonderful stories about her childhood,” says Cheryl. “She was also a devout Christian with a love of old country gospel songs. My favorite was one I called ‘Just as the evening sun.’ I don’t know the real name, but it had the line, ‘Just as the evening sun was sinking in the golden west, down there in the tomb arose the son of God.’ Her sister lived nearby and they taught us how to harmonize.”

Anna was not the best influence on the Hersha sisters. “She chain smoked and gave us sips of vodka, scotch and bourbon,” adds Cheryl. “She was hitting the sauce a lot.”

But though Anna held a responsible job and sought the county’s help for a good care facility for her child, she had another persona, Kelly, who was overwhelmed, depressed and doing what she felt she had to do to get by—turning tricks. “Somehow, we learned about Anna’s second job being a prostitute at night. I don’t think Mom realized that, because I don’t think she would have let us spend so much time talking with her. But we were fascinated by the woman and loved to be around her.” Kelly, who was suicidal, seemed horrified by the loud music and trash left over from one of Anna’s rock-and-roll parties. Anna liked good food, good music and good friends. Kelly, who wore too much make-up and let her hair be disheveled, endured grunting, sweating, foul smelling men who paid her for a few minutes of sexual pleasure, or so she said.

“We realized Kelly and Anna were the same woman,” says Cheryl. “But their attitudes were different and neither answered to the other’s name.” Kelly knew what was going on but didn’t know what to do about it. “She told us that the change in Anna came when Anna was twelve years old and came upon their thirteen-year-old brother just after he hung himself. The shock of seeing him dead, of knowing that she missed being able to do anything about it by perhaps minutes, left Anna traumatized. From then on, her personality split into two different personas. Sometimes there would be the wild and crazy Anna, romping through life, and sometimes there would be Kelly, aged beyond her years, surviving from day to day.”

Cheryl’s and Lynn’s father eventually came home, the city government still so impressed with Dick’s technical capability that they kept him on the job. This had more to do with his perceived value than because of any compassion concerning his mental illness. As a result, he worked until he had another psychotic episode, then he was hospitalized, treated and released. This cycle was repeated again and again. Tragically, while at home he also periodically assaulted his daughters, something their mother still never knew and the children tried desperately to suppress from their memories, just as they suppressed the experimentation to which they were subjected.

As time passed, Dick was being hospitalized for up to six months at a time. During the lengthy stays, a variety of therapies were tried to stabilize him when he left the hospital, but none was successful except for short periods. And in those periods when he was released, he would always relapse again.

## CHAPTER

## 12

---

### *Adolescent Chaos*

Cheryl's brilliance—despite the Gypsy's dismal predictions about her future—had been evident since she was in kindergarten. Lynn's intelligence was subtler, not so obvious during the years when she was in elementary school. She was mildly dyslexic, yet the researchers for the intelligence community had seen the way she could absorb information, then utilize it effectively for reconnaissance and the understanding of military tactics. The ultimate proof, though, was a standardized California test she took in middle school where she achieved a score in the top two percent of the state. She missed just two questions and that was because her disability caused her to reverse two sets of numbers. She knew the right answers, could have said them aloud, but having to write them down caused her to answer incorrectly.

“Math had always been a problem for me. During my first three years in school, I was placed in a special program meant to help me read numbers and words correctly. I was fine with single digits and individual letters. When they were combined, I tended to reverse them when I wrote,” says Lynn. “I was always going to different classes. In the same day I would be in my regular class, then leave for a half-hour to work with a therapist on the dyslexia. The kids in my classroom didn't understand. They mocked me, saying, ‘Lynn's going to the retard class now.’ I would keep my head down and leave the classroom. I had an awful teacher who didn't care about us and she made no effort to help me or the other kids understand.”

Ironically, though Lynn had trouble writing numbers, she was quite gifted in math. Later, she was placed in a special class for the most brilliant children that again met during the course of the regular school day. She soon was in the pattern of attending regular classes, the remedial program and the program for bright kids, each and every day. “Part of the day I was a retard, part of the day I was a regular kid and part of the day I was an egghead,” Lynn observed. “When the government began moving me into special training seemingly connected with the school, no one thought anything of it. Everyone, including me, was used to my being part of a lot of different programs. What might have been noticed under other circumstances was normal for me.”

Lynn was facing still more changes. The Carlsbad school system was growing rapidly with the influx of new families to the area. By the time the sisters were in junior high, the school officials were using makeshift classroom combinations and experimental teaching approaches. There was the original school, various outbuildings and modular buildings called pods in which the students were distributed.

The modular buildings were like trailers, preconstructed but assembled on the site with skirting around the bottom like you'd find on a house trailer. They were meant to be temporary and did not have good ventilation or air circulation. They had adequate lighting, but no running water and were not connected to other buildings. You had to go to other parts of the school complex to find the bathrooms.

Eventually, there was a school levy so that taxes could be raised for building permanent structures to expand the original school. This was a stopgap measure reflecting the large number of families that had relocated to Carlsbad, overcrowding the existing school facilities.

However, the complex classroom arrangement made it easy for researchers to move Lynn and Cheryl in and out when necessary. For this reason, it was easy to single out the sister best suited to the covert experimentation currently taking place.

The interiors of the modular buildings utilized folding doors to alter the space as desired. A series of traditional classrooms could be created or there could be team teaching with all the students by opening the pod into one large room. There was a multi-media area with the various electronic equipment then available, as well as a section for a small library. This was a small room that was essentially soundproof, the inner walls lined with book shelves.

Pod A contained the youngest problem students in the school, sixth and seventh graders who were remedial students. They might be slower in mastering the work than the others or they might be young for their age, their level of maturity making their taking courses with younger children desirable.

Pod B contained the students who were both bright and the social elite. Some, like Cheryl, were the sons and daughters of the more respected city employees. Others were from Knob Hill, children of the most prominent families. All were extremely intelligent.

The problem with being in Pod B was that the children were intensely competitive. Everything from clothing to cars mattered in the different cliques that evolved.

Pod C was for two types of children. The bright children with mixed grades were placed there, as were the kids in the band. Many of the children had an intense area of interest on which they concentrated all their study time, ignoring the subjects that bored them. Other children were like Lynn, mildly hindered by a condition such as her dyslexia that did not limit understanding, but required different teaching methods so that the kids could express themselves on paper without mistakes.

The kids in the band needed extra time for rehearsal, because the music program was both enriched and larger than most junior high programs since it was tied to the high school. The children were auditioned, then guided to the music program that best suited their skills. The junior high musicians who were good enough joined with the senior high school students to form the high school marching band. They traveled extensively, performing in competitions with other schools throughout the southern part of the state, as well as joining with them for dramatic half-time shows at some of the area universities. The less talented or those who did not want to march, could join the concert band which was age-appropriate. Both the junior high and the high school had concert bands restricted to students in their respective schools.

Lynn, who played the flute, was good enough for the high school marching band. She also won honors in a statewide competition as both a soloist and as part of a trio.

The commitment to marching band involved two hours of practice almost every day. Lynn went to the high school in the morning almost two hours before school began. Then she walked the three blocks to the junior high for regular classes.

Other electives were offered either in the outbuildings on campus or in conjunction with area businesses. There was a program for students interested in equestrian activities run in conjunction with a stable. There was training in foreign languages. Lynn had been studying Spanish and French since the government program targeted her for working in South America and diplomatic assignments in the years to come.

The fourth pod, Pod D, was for students who were in crisis. Most were guilty of physical violence, usually towards a teacher, though sometimes towards a fellow student. Most had been to juvenile court. All of them were at high risk for either dropping out or having to do jail time before they finished their education.

The children were sent to different buildings according to their pod letter. There was a modular pod for all the A group, one for the B group, and so forth. Pods A and B ate lunch together and shared a locker area. Pods C and D did the same. The result was extensive taunting of the bright kids by those who were less successful in school. For those students in Pod C, to which Lynn was transferred in eighth grade because she was active in band, this meant verbal and, occasionally, physical abuse at the hands of the Pod D troublemakers.

“Pod D had some really huge kids. A few had been held back a year. They were physically bigger than the rest of us and they tended to create their own ‘tough guy’ group. These gangs would seek out the Pod C students to harass.

“One kid had just moved to the area,” Lynn says. “He was big and tough and he became a gang leader, choosing some Chicano boys to follow him. These were kids who were double outcasts. They had been troublemakers and came from families that were relatively uneducated and had little money. They liked the fact that this new kid paid attention to them. They liked that he wanted to be around them. They were willing to do anything he asked.

“Frank, the gang leader, began showing his followers how to walk through the locker room. I remember his telling them that when it came to the girls, whoever you passed, ‘you grab some tit and you grab some ass.’ Everyone was scared of them, but I got mad.

“He grabbed my butt and that was a big mistake. I was all rage. And I’d been trained, though I didn’t remember the details, to fight back and to wound my assailant. I grabbed him up off the floor and slammed him into the lockers. And I didn’t stop there. I held his shirt collar, then slammed his head against the lockers as I yelled at him: ‘Don’t you [I hit his head] ever [I hit his head] touch me again!’ He slid down the lockers, his eyes fluttering, his body twitching, obviously knocked unconscious. My trainers would have been proud of me had they seen it. Then again, maybe they did. However, this was not the way ‘normal’ girls acted.

“All the other girls had been screaming from the moment Frank first started coming through the locker room, and their screams had drawn the social studies teacher to see what was happening. He came out of the multi-use room just as I was beating up Frank.”

It all happened so fast, the teacher could only watch.

“Anyone else have an argument with me?” Lynn demanded of the gang.

The gang remained silent, but the teacher did not. “I think you need to go to principal’s office,” he said.

But Lynn was livid. “No, I think you need to go,” she said angrily and stormed away.

The teacher knew that Lynn was too upset to push the issue. He let her go to her next class, then went to see the principal. A few minutes later, a voice on the intercom ordered Lynn to the principal’s office. This time she went.

The principal let Lynn sit by her secretary’s desk outside the office for forty-five minutes, apparently to let her calm down. Instead, Lynn just swore at the secretary. Eventually she said, “If that bitch doesn’t come out soon, I’m walking out.”

The secretary did not appreciate Lynn’s attitude. “You’ll be expelled if you don’t remain here.”

Finally, the principal came out. She knew of the fight, but Lynn was not about to stand for a reprimand. “This wouldn’t have happened if you adults were doing your jobs. Those guys were pulling up skirts, grabbing girls’ butts, grabbing their breasts. Somebody could have been raped before any responsible adult showed up. I did what had to be done to stop them. In fact, I saved your butt,” Lynn told her.

Like her secretary, the principal didn’t appreciate Lynn’s attitude, but Lynn wasn’t suspended or expelled.

There was no more trouble with Frank. He lost his reputation that day. He walked through the halls with his head down and his hands to himself. “He never again had a gang around him,” Lynn notes.

Despite the occasional problem with troubled Pod D kids acting out against them, Pod C was also an excellent cover for the government to use when Lynn was being taught to fly. The children in Pod C were given time cards. All the classes they attended had time clocks that stamped date, time and class on those cards.

Because so much time was spent on so-called enrichment subjects, it was easy to camouflage the sisters’ training schedule. This was the period when Lynn entered flight school, though exactly how that was established is uncertain. It was not part of the curriculum enrichment experiments. The Palomar Airport had flight training, but exactly who arranged for the use of one of the school’s outbuildings, where there was extra space available, is unclear.

The Pod C students were told they had certain classes they had to attend, then were free to try electives. Each class, such as math, English, biology, etc., was repeated throughout the day. The children in the other pods would have the time for their classes determined for them. For example, first period would be English. From there they would go to geometry, then they would go to general science, and so on through the day in a time-honored tradition followed by most schools.

Pod C students attended whatever classes they felt like, when they wished to attend, without being assigned. They were also able to leave the class whenever the work expected of them was completed. This arrangement meant that Lynn would often leave social studies before the other students since it was an easy course for her. It was a good time for the government programmers who had determined her future leadership abilities to get her out of the regular school program.

Though school had the normal pressures of bullies and school work growing more difficult, Lynn’s life was far from normal. The intelligence agency researchers conducting the training programs she was attending during these years were still experimenting with electrical shock to enhance learning.



At about this time, in a facility near the school, they wanted to test shock treatment solely as a punishment for inattentiveness or failure to try. Towards this end they brought in a wooden box that was a little like the old-fashioned stock used by the Puritans for those who broke civil or moral laws. Instead of the person sitting with arms and legs secured, facing the ridicule of passers-by, the box now to be tested was designed to grasp a child's wrist.

The top of the box was slit in the middle, hinged on each side and could be opened wide enough for the child to insert his or her hand. Then the top was closed and locked. After that, whenever the child failed to do what was expected, an electric jolt was induced. It was a little like holding an electric cattle prod or low voltage Taser, a protection device that provides a high voltage, low amperage jolt of electricity meant to stop someone violent.

Lynn soon became fearful of the box. She did not want to experience its violence and was upset when she heard other kids being punished by the box's electrical current scream out in pain. The instructors did not want the other children reacting when one was punished. They were expected to be united against the wrongdoer, as though they held whatever failure had occurred in such disdain that they would not react to the child's screams. Anyone who did react—wincing, crying, showing fear or with any other emotion—was also made to put his or her hand in the box to be shocked.

Lynn slowly taught herself to focus away from the violence even when she was in the middle of the chaos. There could be a raging gun battle in the room where she was sitting, but so long as the bullets weren't striking her and she had a good book to read, she taught herself to continue reading, oblivious to the violence all around her. She also developed an overwhelming need to be as perfect as possible in every class she took, whether the training was for the government or the normal course of her education.

The stress of being "perfect" in school, of living with a father who was mentally ill yet remained living at home (when not hospitalized) and, most of all, being in the secret experimentation program of a government agency all took their toll on Lynn. She felt herself ready to explode from all the pressure she was under. It was during this time that she began cutting herself, using the pain to release the stress she felt so acutely.

"I never used a knife. Knives were tools I saved for the day I was going to kill myself. Sometimes I went to the drawer with the sharpest knives, laid them all out on a table in front of me and just looked at them. They were the final answer. They were what I would use if nothing else worked. But they had only one purpose, to use for dying, so I never cut myself with a blade because I wasn't trying to commit suicide.

"I used paper clips and hair pins that had a small plastic covering I could remove. The covering protected you from the sharp end of the metal, but it was that sharp edge that I wanted.

"I cut myself where it would not show—on the fleshy part of my upper arm where it would be hidden by my blouses or on my thigh or anywhere else I knew Mom would not see. The only reason I never left home, the only reason I never killed myself, was because I knew Mom would be devastated. I just couldn't do that to her. We never talked about what was taking place in the rest of my life. I think I always knew that she knew nothing about it." (1)

Head pounding was another release Lynn tried, though again she made certain her actions would leave no visible marks. "I stood at the door and pounded the back of my head on the jamb until I almost lost consciousness and had to sit down really fast. I tried to avoid touching the swollen areas on the back of my head so no one would notice. My hair was long and thick enough that the marks were well hidden.

"Prior to hitting the back of my head against the door jamb, I felt I was going to explode. I knew I didn't want to die, but I wanted to escape all that internal pain I felt. If none of the other pain from cutting myself was giving me enough of a release, then I resorted to bashing my head. I did it enough to stun myself, to almost become unconscious. Then I could be mellow, fall asleep, be okay."

The self-inflicted violence was a serious problem, an unhealthy coping mechanism. But worse, far worse, were the bruises and pains she could not account for.

"I thought I was going crazy," Lynn observes. "First, there were the unexplainable ugly black, blue and red marks I saw on my body and the pain I felt. I would drag myself out of bed on Sunday mornings, my body feeling as though I had been on the losing end of a violent battle. None of the bruises were visible when I was clothed, so no one else noticed them. But they were there, tender to the touch, and I had no idea why I hurt so much.

“I felt like I was cracking up. I couldn’t go to bed without following a ritual. Each night, I went to my bedroom window and locked it. Then I checked the hall and shut my bedroom door, opening it immediately to see if anyone was there, then closing it again. After that, I went back to the window and checked the lock, then opened and closed the door again. I had to check the window lock ten times. I had to open and close the bedroom door. Then I pushed the dresser against the door so anyone trying to get in would have to move it.

“I still didn’t go to bed. For that entire year, I couldn’t sleep in my bed. I felt like I had to go into the closet, sitting on one box and placing my head on another box. Then I could sleep, because there was no one at my back and only one way into the closet. I didn’t know why. I didn’t want to know why. I just thought I was insane.”

During the week, Lynn snuck out of the house by opening the bedroom window after midnight. The screen was held in place by four sliding pieces. She slipped out the window, then slid her hand through one side of the screen, bending the frame slightly while she attached three of the pieces. It looked like nothing was wrong, but when she came back, she could slide her hand in again, move the pieces, lift off the screen and get back inside.

“There was a porch railing down below the window. Sometimes I lowered myself onto the rail, then jumped into the bushes to break my fall. Then I walked until I was far away from the house and along one of the roads that still had traffic at that hour. I lay down in the middle of the road and waited for a car to hit me.

“Cars went by, but either they saw me and went around me or they just missed me.” No one ever reported seeing a person in the road. No law enforcement officers ever passed.

A railroad line ran near her parents’ house. “When the cars didn’t hit me,” Lynn continues, “I played a dare game with some of the other kids. We’d go on the tracks and wait for a train to come by. Then we’d see who would stay on the tracks the longest without jumping off. I was always the last one.”

Lynn’s self-destructive behavior made no sense to her. “I didn’t realize how much the mind can suppress when your body can’t run away,” she says. By this time, her father’s madness had turned him completely against his children. When he was home from the hospital, on Saturday nights he went to bars and drank until he was completely inebriated. Then he came home to quietly beat and rape his oldest daughter. Despite all the military training she had been receiving, her fear of her father was such that Lynn found herself helpless to fight back as she had been taught. Instead, just as she suppressed the violence she witnessed in the program using her mind, she found a way to dissociate herself from the abuse taking place, then suppress the memories of it afterward. She also became even more intensely self-destructive.

“Finally, I realized I was going to have to find a better way to kill myself than just being unlucky on a darkened highway. I had been telling my mother that the world would be a better place without me. I had been telling my mother that I should not be alive. Then I told her that I would kill myself if she did not get me a therapist.”

Even though she was considered one of Southern California’s leading experts on child and adolescent development, the therapist to whom Louise took her daughter proved less than helpful. She felt she knew what was wrong with Lynn before the teenager could convey her feelings. “She told me that all adolescents feel depressed. She told me that I came from a loving family, but that I had low self-esteem. She told me that my father had to be kinder to me. He needed to build up my self-esteem, to praise me more. She explained that there was nothing wrong with me or my parents. I had normal youthful anxiety. And all of this was costing fifty dollars a session for session after session until my father said that if I didn’t have any problems, he had no intention of paying any more money for the therapy. I agreed.”

Lynn was outraged by the therapist’s readiness to spout pop psychology instead of trying to help her. In her intense anger, though, she slowly began to remember her father’s beatings, the rapes. Her mind could block out the scenes no longer.

“I thought of telling my mother what was going on, but I convinced myself she knew about it. I figured that he couldn’t be hurting me without her knowing.”

Louise didn’t know though. “My father knew exactly what he was doing to keep his wife from ever suspecting what was taking place. He went drinking with his friends, deliberately having too much so he could have an excuse for losing control. Then he came home long after my mother had gone to bed. She had no reason to wait up for a man who was drunk and usually verbally abusive. She figured he would come to bed when he was too tired to keep drinking. She saw no reason to stay awake or listen for him to come in.”

But Lynn bore the brunt of her mother's ignorance. "My father snuck into my room at ungodly hours of the morning. I was so scared of him that I didn't yell or try to resist after he started hitting me. I was trained to kill enemy soldiers, but I was too terrified of my father to resist until I was too battered to fight back. He always hit me to hurt me, to knock the wind out of me, but he was careful to keep from leaving marks anyone would see when my clothes were on.

"If I could have thought about what was happening logically, I would have known that it was almost certain that my mother did not know he was hurting me, but I was still too young and I had been enduring this since I was a child. At the time, I just assumed that parents know everything about each other so I didn't even try to tell her."

The next time Lynn reached out for help was when she joined Ala-Teen. "I was thirteen years old. There I was able to talk about my father's drinking and about the abuse."

But even that stopped when the group got a new sponsor from the family's church. The sponsor was outraged that Lynn would say anything bad about her father, even though the woman knew that Dick's drinking was the reason Lynn was in the group.

She told Lynn, "Your father is a devoted follower of the teachings of the Lutheran Church. He attends church regularly. He sings in the choir, is on the building committee and is active with the church's evangelistic mission."

There was no way Lynn's father could be anything but perfect in the sponsor's eyes. "That's when I stopped being depressed. I stopped caring about anyone. I no longer wanted to die. I wanted everyone else to die. People no longer mattered."

## CHAPTER

# 13

---

### *In Flight*

Carlsbad was growing. The mushrooming community was a microcosm of the new California and a perfect place for the developing CIA program to train master spies. Settling there were Vietnamese immigrants, Blacks who had come both from the South and from the North, families originally from Mexico and Latin American regions, whites from locations such as Appalachia who had settled in the area following their military service and families such as the Hershas, who seemed to fit the image of well educated, upwardly mobile, middle Americans. Different races, different ages and different religions all lived together, bringing a mix of cultures, beliefs, traditions and even cuisines to the area. Whatever subjects were needed for anything from innovative education research to developing clandestine operations, there were individuals in the community who were appropriate for testing.

The intelligence organizations especially liked the area because it was within a short driving distance of several military facilities including the nearby Camp Pendleton and an independent boys Army/Navy military academy for fifth graders through high school students. It was a short commute to several major medical and university facilities, where research was regularly being conducted on all types of physical and psychological conditions. The tourism industry, from the nearby theme parks to the popular national park and wilderness camping areas, meant that strangers passing through brought no special attention to themselves. People could appear and disappear without being remembered.

It was in this environment that Lynn began her flight training. Despite her age, this was not all that unusual. Thirteen-year-olds were young to be pilots, but there were and are today a surprising number of licensed small plane pilots just entering their teen years. Usually, one or both of their parents are pilots and, usually, the parent flies with the child. However, the child becomes licensed to fly solo.

The initial ground school studies were done in one of the outbuildings on the junior high school campus. They were not part of the curriculum of the school. They were also not part of a formal ground school over at Palomar Airport, the nearby facility where many small plane owners flew in and out of the area. What cannot be determined is whether the outbuilding was independently rented for the ground school or whether the government program was somehow tied in with the school district offerings. Certainly, the curriculum worked nicely with the program's needs.

Algebra classes use story problems that often involve airplanes. For example, one airplane leaves an airport traveling at 375 miles an hour. One hour and twenty-three minutes later, a second airplane leaves the same airport traveling at 425 miles per hour. How long will the second airplane have to fly until it reaches the first airplane?

Ground school training took this type of mathematical thinking much further. The students learned to factor in the effect of a tail wind or a head wind, then figure out shifting wind currents. "We learned about fuel weight and passenger weight and how they affected the plane," says Lynn. "We learned that each plane must achieve a certain ground speed in order to fly and that is determined by weight and wind factors. Then it must maintain a certain air speed or it will stall and crash. That air speed can't always be sustained.

"Small feeder airlines sometimes weigh the passengers as well as their luggage, then place them in seats on opposite sides of the plane in order to balance the weight and make the flight safer.

"Each plane comes with a handbook that provides essential information about weight, speed and other factors to make it easier to know if it is safe to take off or if some items have to be unloaded.

The more sophisticated the plane, the more sophisticated the instruments and the concerns both preflight and during flight. But the basics are all the same. The only difference with a small plane is that it is forgiving. There is time to correct mistakes. Large planes you learn to fly by feel because the instruments will react a split second after an experienced pilot senses that something is wrong. The pilot's instincts and sensitivity to the plane will determine whether or not you have a safe flight.

"The instrument is like a carpenter's level. When the level is parallel to the ground, it still takes a moment for the floating bubble to rest squarely in the middle. In a real crisis, it may be that if the pilot doesn't react before the instruments say to react, it could be too late," Lynn explains.

Much of the first few weeks of ground school were devoted to the physics of flight. How does a plane lift off in the first place? What are the limitations of each type of plane? What emergencies can arise and how must the pilot handle them? What happens with wind shear? Thunder storms? Hurricanes and tornadoes?

All of the lessons were appropriate for the advanced math and science Lynn was already learning.

At the same time, Lynn, and Cheryl were being trained to handle other kids. During holidays and school vacations, they both worked as counselors at a camp that was actually a CIA training facility. They spent their time experimenting with the children under the guidance of their supervisors.

The purpose of the experiments were to teach the sisters how to control others. In the classroom there, they were both told, "If you act like a friend, you will be treated like a friend."

Lynn says, "I was taught that if I could control someone's environment, I could control their thinking." Both Lynn and Cheryl were learning how to manipulate other people.

The idea was that Cheryl and Lynn were to always know the truth, but didn't have to tell the truth. They were not to lie, but they could create an alternate reality for those they were trying to control. The other kids were being programmed, though not in the harsh way that the two girls had been programmed. The lesson was one of learning to manipulate the individual and understanding group dynamics: how to look innocent and when not to look innocent.

As Lynn explains, "I was put in charge of children who were younger than me and then running the script of acting like a friend and being accepted as a friend. The next day I went in and acted like an enemy. They treated me like an enemy."

The teaching, and the guided experiments, were done in camp settings. There were both indoor classrooms and outdoor recreation areas. The kids did not know that they were test subjects as part of both Lynn's and Cheryl's training.

"Officially I was an assistant counselor," Lynn explains. "But I was working under the same military man who was overseeing the rest of my training. He gave me my orders. He told me how to treat the kids and what to observe.

"Some of them acted as I did. If I went in and yelled at them, announcing that I was their teacher, I was in charge, and they were going to do exactly what I said, they got real quiet. Then, when my back was turned, I got pelted by spit-balls or taunted where I couldn't see who was doing it.

"They never carried a grudge. When I was kind and helpful, working with them instead of ordering them about, they did whatever I wanted. It was like the good cop/bad cop that police use for interrogation only I got to experience both roles on different days."

Many of the games Lynn was ordered to play with them were also leadership lessons. The kids were taken on a lot of scavenger hunts and they loved them. What they didn't know was that when Lynn chose the teams, gave them clues and turned them loose, she was learning not only how to lead, but also how to delegate and be part of a chain of command. It was all part of a deliberate program to train leaders to respond to a changing world, but she did not realize that until after her flight training.

Ground school training was now supplemented with flight training. Lynn moved from the classroom to a flight simulator, one of several she experienced over the next few years as she moved to more sophisticated planes. In the beginning, she was taught in one which seemed to her like a toy. "The flight simulator was really like one of those toy rocket ship rides they have at K-Mart, the ones that go up and down, forward and back and side-to-side when you put in your money. You sit in what looks like the cockpit of the airplane you're training on. It has all the dials and gauges. Then the simulator moves as you move the controls.

"It's okay for the little planes, but there are things it can't simulate, like the G-forces of gravity. You only get that riding in a jet fighter and how you handle that will determine if you can make it."

The flight simulator can be programmed so that the training pilot experiences the problems that might occur in an actual flight. During a session you can experience a thunderstorm, summer and winter conditions and fuel problems, for example. By the time the student is actually allowed to fly, he or she has a solid grounding in theory and using the controls.

Lynn mastered the ground training as her background indicated she would. The only problem was one no one had anticipated. She was terrified of flying.

It had probably happened on that first trip when the researchers abducted her. For Lynn, the idea of going up in an airplane, any airplane, was too frightening to think about.

But the government was not to be denied. The more money and time put into one of the lab rats, the more effort was going to be spent on keeping the person moving up in the program.

Lynn was taken out to the tarmac on a small airfield near Camp Pendleton. With her was the commanding officer for her program, her mother and youngest sister. They had been drugged, apparently with a combination of scopolamine and benzodiazepines, the CIA "cocktail" of choice for short-term memory loss. (1)

Louise and her youngest daughter were put on the small plane, sitting back in the passenger seat. "I angrily got on the plane, a five or six seater, still terrified of the flight. My CO was sitting next to me in case I had problems flying, but I had no intention of starting the plane. I knew what the dials were for. I knew the procedure. I knew how to read the instruments and check the weight and know that we could safely fly." But Lynn was not going to do it. She was not going to be coerced into going up. She had had it with being continuously forced to do things against her will. "I won't fly," Lynn said to the CO, stomping her foot.

The CO was equally determined to break her will. He took out a handgun and held it to her mother's head. "He was determined to break my spirit, break my will. He was not going to allow me the opportunity to say no. He had to show me who was in charge. His actions told me that I had better mind my place. Otherwise, he was going to kill my mother and sister. And Mother was so drugged, she was unaware what was going on. With no choice left, I started the plane."

Lynn realized after landing that she was going to have to participate in the aviation program no matter what she desired. She did not realize that with the separation of ego states from the early days of electric shock, drugs and hypnosis, personalities could always be isolated and trained to do anything the researchers desired. This was what happened with Cheryl, who soon went on to the next phase of her own program. But even with only partial understanding of how she could be controlled at the time, it was obvious from the threatened violence against her mother that Lynn would continue in whatever they demanded.

"I had to create a personality who could fly an airplane," says Lynn. "I mean I had to do it in my own mind." (2)

The answer for Lynn was to create in her mind the most courageous pilot she could imagine and then become him. She decided to become daredevil stuntman Evel Knievel. Knievel was gaining headlines during this period for his stunts, such as lining up a hundred motorcycles, building a ramp up on one side and a ramp down on the other, then riding his own high powered motorcycle as fast as he could up the first ramp, sailing over the cycles without touching them, then coming down safely on the other side. All of Knievel's stunts were dramatic. All of them were life-threatening. And all of them were well publicized on the news. The fact that he crashed with some frequency, breaking more parts of his body than most people knew existed, was irrelevant. Just his failure to die and his constant willingness to return to the daredevil's life fascinated people. Evel Knievel would never be afraid to fly an airplane, any airplane, and so, over time, Lynn became Evel Knievel whenever she had to go into the air.

"After that, I changed personalities when I prepared for flight. We all wore khaki jumpsuits that you put over your clothing. Working around the planes could be a dirty job and the jumpsuits protected you. They were also a uniform I thought Evel Knievel would wear, so when I put it on, I began the transformation. I added sunglasses and whatever else was appropriate to the plane I was flying and I became fearless. I went up in anything. I challenged the limits of the planes. Sometimes, I terrified my instructors with my daring.

"After ground school, the typical flight was an hour-and-a-half," Lynn continues. "This allowed me to practice banking, altitude changes, talking to different towers on the radio and things like that. There was far more to flying, even with the small planes, than I ever thought. You're constantly talking through the controls. There is a preflight checklist, but there is also an in-flight checklist. You're constantly aware that there are consequences for anything you omit or do wrong. You can relax when

you're flying at a set level, but changing altitude, changing heading, changing any of a number of different things can affect your safety. That was why I spent my first two years just getting experience flying small planes before I was allowed anything larger."

Flight training was frequently held on Sunday afternoons. Lynn was active in her church by then. She was involved with a number of youth programs, some of which met on Sunday in the afternoons. She was also old enough so that, when Dick left her at church, her mother did not worry about her daughter's ability to work with others and get home safely late in the afternoon or early evening. There was no reason to check on her.

The intelligence community had long abandoned Lynn and Cheryl's father as the person to take either sister where she had to go for secret training. Instead, a person from the program was assigned to pick the sister up at church, take her to the training area and then bring her back. If she arrived back in time for a real meeting still taking place, then the church people brought her home. If not, then a person from the government, dressed in the same casual manner as the adults involved with the youth groups, did the same. The person never came into the house.

"They used hypnosis to maintain the cover," Lynn describes. "After my training, I was placed in an hypnotic state in which I was told what happened that afternoon. For instance, they would make up a story of how, 'We had so much fun today. We went bowling and I got a good score for my team. Then we went for pizza and Cokes.' Or 'We had an intense meeting about the different things the youth group could do in the community. We talked about visiting retirement homes. We talked about working with some of the kids in low-income areas. We talked about tutoring.' Or 'We had a picnic and watched a movie.' Or whatever other story made sense. It was always something I could have done and my mother never questioned me. It was all so safe and innocuous that she was just pleased that I had had a good time. She never checked to see if there was anything different going on."

After many months of mastering small propeller planes, Lynn had learned enough to graduate to a small Lear Jet or Gulfstream Jet, the type of craft used as a private plane for some businesses who have top executives needing to fly on short notice. However, the purpose envisioned for the twin engine jet was very different. It was thought it would be the perfect vehicle for a number of special mission roles such as locating anti-aircraft missiles or potential bomb targets. The small jet can go from London to Kuala Lumpur in about fourteen and a half hours or hover for ten hours without refueling. More important, the sleek liner provides the space to hang radar under its belly and removable sensor pods on its wings. It flies higher, faster and farther than a prop plane, and it requires more sensitive skill by the pilot. It also can stand harsher conditions of flight. That was why Lynn liked to take the plane almost to the limit, especially during the times she flew with her instructor over an area where there were other military or civilian intelligence personnel watching her. When she would reach them, she'd suddenly dive the plane as though she were going to crash into them, pulling out of the dive at the last moment before the limits of the craft had been reached. When she'd be a second or two slow in response, her instructor would yell at her. He'd always try to get her to stop, but she was determined. After all, in her imagination she was Evel Knievel.

One afternoon, when she was deliberately flying dangerously, the instructor suddenly whacked her on the back of her head.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he yelled. He struck Lynn again with the palm of his hand.

"He hated my attitude, but we were never hurt. I never damaged the plane. I just liked jerking his chain."

Where Lynn went for her training is not known for sure. There was an airfield at Camp Pendleton. There was a section of the Palomar Airport leased for military helicopter testing. There was the nearby Miramar Naval Base that had the famous "top gun" fighter pilot school. And there were other bases in the desert, several of which Lynn believes she used.

Once Lynn reached the more advanced training, the areas to which she traveled were usually those where high security was in place. Lynn had a young looking face with what she calls chipmunk cheeks. She was very much an adolescent. Fighter pilots connected with the armed services were usually twenty-one and over and almost all were college graduates. "They knew that the American public would not be very happy about a teenaged kid going up in a multi-million dollar plane." Her superiors told her all the time how lucky she was.

It took almost four years of regular training before Lynn was ready to learn to fly a jet fighter. By then she had experienced small planes, small jets and cargo planes. One day, Lynn entered the flight simulator following still more ground school studies on the highly complex F-14. While Lynn

felt the simulator training for the F-14 was stupid, she did recognize that it taught trainees how the instruments worked and how to fire the missiles. “You are likely,” the instructor told her, “to be shot at by heat-seeking missiles.”

“I had equipment on the jet that would allow me to release what was like a flare, then take instant evasive action. The missile would follow the flare, exploding harmlessly.”

The simulator was fairly good for weapons training. The trainee would hear the sound of another plane targeting her. Whenever an enemy pilot locked on just before firing, a sensor warned the trainee and then she could start her evasive action. The trainee also learned how to aim and fire her own weapons, as well as how to roll up and around behind the other plane.

Yet, as Lynn explains, for her the simulator was far from perfect. “The trouble was that the simulator programming was foolish. On one test they were throwing as many unforeseen and unplanned things as they could at me. I went through wind shears, thunder storms, desert conditions, winter conditions and all sorts of other extremes within a ten-minute time period. It was ridiculous. You would never encounter all those circumstances in that short a period, and one day I did screw up. My plane was going to crash.”

A voice in Lynn’s earphones told her to eject. The simulator had a real ejector seat that threw the pilot up and back so she landed on the floor behind the simulator. It was safe, but extremely jarring and Lynn hated it. When the voice in her earphones kept telling her to eject, Lynn had enough. “This is not a real plane!” she yelled back. “I am not going to crash. And I’m not going to hurt my ass by ejecting in this stupid thing!” The instructor was mad, but Lynn felt she had done nothing wrong.

Despite her disdain for the simulator, her superiors were satisfied. What Lynn did not expect in all this was her reaction the first time she had to put on a breathing mask. An F-14 flies high enough and fast enough that a pilot must cover his or her face with a mask that provides oxygen. There is also a helmet worn as protection against the unexpected, both in flight and if forced to eject. The mask creates a feeling of claustrophobia and, until the new pilot learns to relax and breathe correctly, there can be a sense of suffocation. This is what happened to Lynn, though not in any way she could have anticipated.

“I started to put on my mask and suddenly I panicked. My heart began racing. I started to sweat. My thoughts flipped backward. I was no longer a teenager sitting in an F-14 jet flight simulator. I was seven years old, remembering my father assaulting me in the living room of our home. Mom was not there and Cheryl was too young to help. He had grabbed me, hurt me, then taken the leg of a doll and used it to rape me. I was trying to kill him, but he just threw me against the wall. Then he carried me into the bedroom and threw me on the bed, making it clear that he was having fun.

“I kicked at my father. I hit him. I struck blow after blow, not caring what happened so long as I hit something. I was determined he was going to leave me alone. But he didn’t.”

And now the present and past had coalesced in her mind.

“The constriction of the breathing mask made me remember my father’s hand covering my mouth and nose as he forced my head back into the pillow. Apparently, in his mind, I had gone too far.

“As I became panic-stricken, unable to move, unable to breathe, I could hear my father angrily shouting, ‘You, bitch. You, bitch.’ It was like a mantra repeated over and over while my brain screamed that it needed oxygen. My lungs were burning with the craving for oxygen and I desperately tried to suck in air through his fingers.”

She thought her head was going to explode. Then she found herself drifting. “I had a warm, drunk feeling. The room was semi-dark when I was carried in. There was a night light already on and light leaked in from the hallway. But all of that was fading, getting blurry. Then I heard this popping noise and I found myself sitting Indian style just above my dad’s head, floating just below the ceiling, looking down on this scene. There was no darkness anymore. Not only could I see the back of my dad’s head, but when I changed the way my eyes were looking, I could see through his head and look at myself and what he was doing. Or I could look through my body to the floor. Or I could look up at him through my eyes. I could see that he wanted to rape me.

“I got mad and I was yelling to him from where I was floating. ‘You can’t do that,’ I yelled. ‘You can’t do that!’ I went to hit the back of his head, but instead, I fell through his body and landed inside my own body. Suddenly, I had this huge shaking of breath and began vomiting repeatedly.”

Later she learned that repeated vomiting is typical of people who are suffocating. At the time though, she only knew she couldn’t help it.

“Dad was really pissed. He stopped, wrapped the sheets around me, then picked me up as though I were in a sling and threw me in the bathtub. He turned on the water, then walked away. I don’t know if he even stopped to clean himself.”



The memory was so real that it took Lynn a moment to realize it was a memory, that she was really in a simulator trying to wear a breathing mask. “I gained control as quickly as I could, then forced myself to put on the mask. By then I had come to love flying, love the challenge of each new plane. But the memory shattered me. I had suppressed so much of the family violence that Cheryl and I endured as children, it was as though it had not happened. Yet here it was again, unavoidable, something I had to confront. It was the beginning of my self-discovery. It was the beginning of learning who I was and what had been so compartmentalized in my mind.”

Not long after the simulator flight training, Lynn began her training in a real F-14. She wore the oxygen mask. She wore the helmet. She had all the courage of Evel Knievel as she sat in the cockpit with the instructing pilot. And then the plane went almost completely vertical while traveling faster than the speed of sound.

“My cheeks were curled back on my face. It felt like my skin was going to be ripped away from my mouth when we went faster than the speed of sound. I thought I was going to throw up.” She screamed at the pilot whenever she could breathe. Her body was being pushed so hard against the seat, she feared she would soon be flattened.

“My brain felt like it had turned to ooze. Everything seemed pushed to the back of the skull. I thought I would pass out, but I didn’t. Much as I hated what was happening, I was apparently handling it well for my first time experiencing multiple G-forces and the harsh, violent movements of the maneuvering plane.”

It was only when they landed that Lynn stopped alternating between fighting for breath and using every curse word she had ever learned.

The pilot explained, “The flight was a test. Most experienced pilots cannot handle the stress of a fighter plane. They are not in good enough physical shape. They are not able to avoid becoming sick or passing out and we had to find out whether you could take it.”

He found nothing wrong with her screaming, but her cursing actually upset him so much that he refused to take Lynn up again. “My commanding officer was delighted with me though, arranging with another pilot to work with me as I learned how to take control and do in the air, under real G-force conditions, what I had done in the woefully inadequate simulator.”

Lynn’s training took place on or near various bases in California. Cheryl, by contrast, was now spending school vacation periods in Washington, D.C. But she was no longer Cheryl when she traveled east. She had become Samantha Gooding, and like the fictional James Bond, she was licensed to kill.

## CHAPTER

# 14

---

### *The Black Widow*

The assignment began with Samantha Gooding, code named “Black Widow,” awakening in her tiny one-bedroom apartment in the guest house that served the research facilities of Walter Reed Army Medical Center. The small size of the suite did not reflect the luxury of the furnishings, however.

The sheets and pillowcases that adorned Samantha’s bed were red satin. The pajamas she wore were the finest silk. There were no labels, not even of luxury lines sold in the exclusive shops in Georgetown. These were made to order, designed for the taste and comfort of but a single customer. They smelled musky and bespoke new money, hedonism and a sensuality that only the world’s elite could experience.

The dressing table and the console stereo cabinet were both dark, highly-polished cherry wood. The cabinetry was so intricately carved it might have been the work of master craftsmen whose specialty was turning utilitarian objects into art.

The musical selections stored in the cabinet nearby were pre-selected by the men who arranged for the rest of the furnishings. There were albums of both seductive classical symphonies and quiet jazz, the type of music whose notes weave a mental tapestry of fine wine, penthouse views of a bustling city at midnight and clothing being gently removed by lovers slowly intertwining on a thick fur rug.

Samantha’s cosmetics, placed in crystal bottles with gold adornments, shimmered on the dressing table. Like her lingerie and bedding, none had labels. The perfume had been formulated to suit Samantha’s preference for an underlying scent of musk. It was a scent she found worked well on her body, almost unnoticeable during casual conversations, powerfully erotic when she closed the distance between friendship and an invitation to spend the night.

The rest of the cosmetics had been carefully prepared to enhance her skin color and minimize the risk of any allergic reaction. She had been taught to subtly alter her appearance, presenting whatever image—from ultra-sophisticated to playfully Bohemian—to which the target assigned to her might respond.

The dossier on the bedside table determined her appearance for the evening. The limousine would be dispatched to pick up Juan, the Chilean diplomat who was to be Samantha’s target for the evening, first. This was an approach that was both protocol and reflected the fact that she lived closer to where the party was being held. The driver would arrive at her residence at seven P.M., the gathering a ten minute drive away. Dress was to be Spanish style.

Dinner invitations for that night had gone to an elite 200, enough guests so that it was unlikely anyone would single her out of the crowd. Nevertheless, Samantha had attended other gatherings where one or another attendee had met with either a fatal “accident” or sudden death by “natural causes.” Eventually, someone from the other side might become suspicious despite the fact that she was moved in and out of the party circuit, usually staying no more than a week or two at a time. Still, if she left too many connections, her work would be compromised.

The file held far more information than the plans for the evening and the five hundred dollars in cash she was to carry in her purse. There were several pages of information on the head of Chile’s government, the immensely popular Dr. Salvador Allende, the economically destabilizing truckers’ strike, the various factions fighting for power, a curiously past-due twenty million dollar loan, and detailed backgrounds on the various men involved. The United States’ public policy toward the Allende government was toleration. Privately, the CIA had thus far failed to bring him down, yet continued

efforts to do so by backing General Augusto Pinochet. Some of the information in the files she was now reading was so secret, only top officials at the State Department were aware of it. Other information could only be obtained through months of study. Samantha had been trained to remember it as if she were a camera, imprinting each page to memory in the two hours before she needed to dress. Her mind became a photo album she could flip open as necessary. She would use the knowledge to show a sophistication and maturity older than her apparent years. She would talk with Juan as an equal, even though he was perhaps thirty years older than she was.

When it was time to dress for the evening, Samantha chose a knee-length black sheath that rested off her shoulder and was layered with rows and rows of scalloped chiffon. Her brassiere, like her bedding, was custom made, padded and underwired. Its function was twofold. First, it pushed her breasts together and up, creating cleavage with which she was not yet naturally endowed. Second, it had a sheath that held a small, razor-sharp switchblade knife with which she was an expert if forced into close quarters combat.

The shoes she chose for the evening were black, two-and-a-half-inch high-heeled sandals. They had been specially made. Bending down, Samantha twisted one of the heels, opening the small space just large enough to hold a vial of what the CIA called a hypnotic. She would mix it with Juan's tequila, something his dossier indicated he drank steadily at all the parties. The drug would not make him lose consciousness, but it would render him helpless enough that no one would question when she guided him back to her apartment after they were able to leave the party. He would seem like just another drunk, an all too familiar sight among world leaders and the men who represented them.

Samantha donned the wig next—long, luxurious, natural hair she interwove with her own short cut so that one was indistinguishable from the other. She carefully piled it on her head in the style of a coquettish senorita. Then she opened one of three small suitcases that had been left in the room for her arrival. From it she took a silver colored ornamental comb to hold her hair in place. The comb, actually a sturdy grade of steel despite its delicate appearance, had one end sharp and pointed, the tip ideal for stabbing or slashing. The other end was a secret cap she carefully flipped off, checking the hypodermic needle hidden within. The hollow of the comb was a carefully constructed container of a paralytic drug—curare, she suspected—that would freeze a man faster than he could react to the unexpected sting when she jabbed him between vertebrae C-2 and C-3 in the back of his neck. After placing the comb in her hair, she added a red silk flower to enhance her Spanish look.

Next, Samantha put on a fabulous ring, the stone extremely large and beautifully faceted. It looked like any similarly expensive design available from Tiffany's or other fine jewelers—until the stone was shifted. The needle that was revealed could inject a lethal chemical, killing her victim within seconds.

The choice of weapons was always critical and left up to Samantha. One suitcase held a dismantled sniper's rifle, silencer and ammunition, something she had never considered using though was glad to have available. The second suitcase held hand guns of different types. She preferred a small gun as a close-in backup. Usually this meant a .25-caliber automatic that would fit flush against her leg under her dress without leaving a bulge. Sometimes she strapped a hypodermic needle and syringe to the same location. Neither seemed necessary for tonight. She did not expect trouble and no matter what her state of undress, she would always have access to a weapon she could use without her target discovering that fact in time to defend himself.

There were other chemical choices, including thin glass containers that released knock-out gas when broken. She placed one of the containers in her purse, hiding it among similar-appearing cosmetics holders. If everything went wrong, if she had to run, she would hurl the vial at the floor, then race in the opposite direction while the person, overcome by the gas, would fall helplessly to his knees.

Finally, Samantha was ready. There were other issues to be considered—hidden microphones and camera equipment—but these were not her concerns. They would be activated by others when she brought the Chilean diplomat, her assignment for the evening, back to the apartment.

Soon, the limousine arrived. The back windows were darkened, making it impossible for someone standing outside the vehicle to see the passengers. A privacy window could also be shut between the driver and the passenger compartment, allowing complete isolation when desired. Standard telephone receivers were in the front and the back and the passengers had a well stocked refrigerator so they could enjoy drinks as they rode through the city. They also had their own heating and air conditioning controls, as well as reading lights and an elaborate stereo system.

Samantha did not know the driver of the limousine though she knew she could count on him in an emergency. He was well trained and well armed, not only to be able to act as her back-up, but

also because he might genuinely have to protect Juan or some other diplomat. Washington, D.C. had rarely seen terrorist activity. There were more security problems for dignitaries in New York, where the United Nations was located. Still, it could happen. It would be ironic, though, if that night the driver would have to protect a man he knew was traveling with the Black Widow.

Samantha smiled as she climbed into the car and sat next to Juan. He was smoking a large Cuban cigar. Such habits sent subtle signals to the men and women whose job it was to notice such things. No wonder he had aroused the agency's suspicions even before they checked his lifestyle and examined how he had dispersed the money they had provided him.

"Samantha Gooding," she said, her manner somewhat formal. He took her hand, holding it a moment too long as he looked at her breasts before meeting her gaze. "You must be Juan," she continued. "I've followed your problems with the Export-Import Bank and the Trans-South American Highway. I must say I thought you'd be working night and day. I'm glad you're able to take the time to attend tonight's dinner. I might never have met you, otherwise."

"Are you involved with the State Department?" he asked.

"No, just a lowly researcher working my way through school," she said. He had seen she lived at Walter Reed. It was her brief mention of two critical issues in Chile most Americans had neither read nor heard about that was confusing him. She would mention more details as the evening wore on, adding a layer of sophistication to counter her youthful appearance.

"I'm sure there's more to you than that," he said, momentarily placing his hand on her knee.

"Do you like my dress?" she asked, changing the subject to give him an excuse to look her over. "I know there's a Spanish theme to tonight's party and I'm embarrassed to confess this was the only dress I could find that might be appropriate."

"You could pass for a Chilean," he said. "And a luscious one at that."

The bastard was coming on to her. His attitude would make her work easier.

Juan was silent for a moment. She studied him. He seemed to be trying to gauge what type of evening he might be able to enjoy with the woman sitting next to him. She knew he had no idea who she might be other than she was important enough to be transported in the same limousine assigned to him. There was no doubt he would have figured out though that a young medical researcher—which is what he'd been told she was—would not be invited to the party they were attending. She either worked in a capacity that was more sophisticated than her years implied or she was the daughter of somebody very important. Either way, she was no prostitute. Whatever happened would result from the chemistry of a man and a woman, though he knew from past experience his position with his government added to whatever appeal he might have for her. Men in positions of authority quickly learned that, in Washington, a little power made for a strong aphrodisiac.

"Luscious," he repeated and she moved slightly closer to him. Samantha had been the Black Widow for only a short time. Prior to this assignment, government men had jokingly called her Sexy Sadie. Her job then was to act as a human polygraph. Men with newly acquired security clearances who were thought to be leaking information entrusted to them were slipped a combination of LSD and alcohol. Then "Sexy Sadie" took them to what seemed like an ordinary hotel room. There she kissed them, stroked them, gradually undressed them, all the while asking questions in a manner so seemingly naïve that the drugged military officers and civilian employees did not hesitate to answer. They did not know that the mirror on the wall was two-way, cameras recording what they said and did from the other side.

Sometimes she had sex with the men. Sometimes they told everything they knew and passed out before she had done more than start to arouse them. Either way, the end was the same. If they revealed secrets, they immediately lost their security clearances and their jobs. Once they were discovered to be corruptible, Sexy Sadie's job was to make certain they never rose any higher.

Sometimes the men stayed alert long enough to insist on intercourse or oral sex, both of which she had been trained to provide. Other times they fell asleep, relieving her of the pressure of faking something she did not enjoy. Either way, at some point during the encounter the men would be slipped a "cocktail" of scopolamine and Demerol. In the right combination, the cocktail would completely erase the memory of from six to eight hours before the drink was swallowed, and from six to eight hours after it was ingested. They would never know what happened.

Samantha had proven herself as Sexy Sadie. That was the reason they had trained her in the skills needed to become the Black Widow. With a man like Juan, her moves were so practiced and natural, he never knew he was the one being seduced.

"I would love to kiss your breasts," said Juan.

“Oh,” said Samantha, her voice shuddering slightly. She momentarily looked away, then gazed into his eyes. “Nobody’s ever done that before.” She did not move as he leaned over and gently kissed them.

“Well, I’d like to hold and kiss them again,” he said. His face was flushed.

“I’d like that, too,” she said.

She held her head back as he again leaned forward, cupping her breasts with his hands, assuming the padding of her bra was actually her *flesh*, never sensing the concealed knife. She wondered how the CIA could have gone for so many months thinking he was a rogue member of the Chilean administration on whom they could rely. The original analysis considered him an opportunist, a man who served a leader he did not respect and whose overthrow he would actively support. That was why the United States government had secretly been providing him with large sums of money to spread among other dissidents on the left, the right and the center. The money was meant to buy weapons, to help pay striking workers and generally to assure the instability of the cities. It was not meant to be used for personal living expenses. Yet, Juan had not only misappropriated large sums of the money, he had become flamboyant about his spending. A man who was an adequately paid bureaucrat had a home that only the elite could afford. His car was a top of the line Mercedes costing more than his government salary would ever allow him to purchase.

If the head of his country knew about what Juan was doing, and Samantha assumed he did, the leader did not care. It was the CIA that saw Juan as a turncoat for the enemy. They were using Samantha to send a message to others that the agency would not be humiliated again.

Juan had composed himself by the time the limousine arrived at the embassy where the party was being held. The hostess knew that he and Samantha would be traveling in the same car, but that they were in no way connected. That was why she had not placed them next to each other in the large dining area where several tables had been pushed together so that all 200 or so guests could be seated in one location. However, when he realized that the woman assigned to his left was not of an importance where protocol demanded he speak with her throughout the meal, he asked if she would change seats with Samantha. She was happy to comply.

For Samantha, the dinner was boring, the down side to the work. Many people living average existences only dreamed of being able to partake of the meals she often experienced when she was working: exotic game birds, expensive caviar, elaborate sauces, vegetables delicately cooked to retain both flavor and nutrients, then arranged by color on the plate so they became edible works of art. The cost of the ingredients and preparation alone could run several hundred dollars per guest or more and that was before the wine and liquor, neither of which Samantha did more than sip. Always, she expressed pleasure with the food. Always, she found a way to describe the subtleties of the experience in a manner that pleased both the host and the chef when the compliment was passed on to the kitchen. And always, what she really wanted was a cheeseburger and French fries.

However, she did notice the service was elegant. There was one tuxedo-clad, white-gloved waiter for every four guests. Expensive platters and crystal serving dishes of food were placed up and down the length of the tables. Water glasses stayed full, the finest wines were served perfectly and decanted and coffee cups were kept steaming hot. Security was also intense, a government man positioned every few feet along the walls. They, too, were elegantly dressed, their jackets custom made to hide their weapons and radios. Even the ever-present communication ear-pieces were small enough to be barely noticeable.

Juan’s behavior was what she expected after the ride to the embassy party. The talk was of unpaid loan reimbursements, the problems of the Chilean government and the rebel factions seeking to overthrow Chile’s leader. Under the table, his hand was carrying on a different discussion with Samantha and the message was quite clear. The night was going to end in the bedroom.

Juan and Samantha excused themselves when the meal was over and the first few dances had been completed. She had already been to the ladies room where she shifted the heel of her shoe, removing the hypnotic drug and placing it in her purse. The men in attendance had different obligations to their government agencies. Some had to be at work early in the morning. Others might not go to the office until well into the afternoon. Their varying departures reflected this reality, so Juan’s early exit was barely noticed.

There was no subtlety on the ride back to Walter Reed. Juan took Samantha in his arms, kissing her, forcing her mouth open, inserting his tongue. Although he had had quite a lot to drink, he did not argue when she pushed him gently away long enough to reach over to the car’s bar and fill a crystal

glass with tequila. He did not see her empty the vial into the drink, nor was he able to taste it. By the time they reached her apartment, though, he was having trouble thinking clearly.

The driver held the door for Samantha, saying nothing when Juan stumbled out of the car behind her. Quietly, yet loud enough for Juan to hear, she told the chauffeur that she was taking Juan inside to meet her “father.” Then she slipped the driver a hundred dollar bill, making certain that Juan saw what she was doing. “Give us a couple of hours, then come back to get him,” she said. Juan, none too steady on his feet, smiled in anticipation. He knew she lived alone and the bribe meant she was as discreet as he needed to be.

By the time Samantha managed to get Juan inside her apartment, he was not feeling well. The late hour, the alcohol and the hypnotic drug he had been slipped had exhausted him. He no longer cared about sex. What he wanted was to go to sleep.

“Now come on,” said Samantha. “I brought you home. I tipped the driver to leave us alone. You’ve been keeping me aroused all evening. I’ll just fix you a hot cup of coffee and you’ll feel much better.”

Samantha put on a pot of coffee and took off her dress, leaving on only her bra, panties and stockings while waiting for it to brew. She let down her hair, leaving the comb where she could reach it in an emergency. There was a hypodermic in the night table by her bed and she would be using that when the time was right. The only weapon that remained was her ring, though she was certain she would not need it.

Samantha handed Juan the cup of coffee, then began slowly undressing him. He did not say anything as she began playing with his chest hairs. If he was aroused at all, it was only in his mind. He was no longer capable of having sex, a fact Samantha pretended not to notice.

“Tell me about your house again,” she said seductively. “It sounds so beautiful.”

Slowly, almost mechanically, Juan gave her the details of where he lived, the furnishings, the staff and the cost. He talked of his car and the other luxuries he owned. He admitted none of this was possible on a bureaucrat’s salary. He told her how he paid for it by using “his share” of the money the CIA was paying him. “They have so many millions of dollars being secretly funneled into arming Pinochet and the Chilean opposition to Allende,” Juan told her, “they will never miss it.”

Samantha undressed Juan as he talked, laying him on her bed. She finished undressing in the dim light so that he could not see that her real body was not yet as fully developed as the padding she wore under her dress had indicated. His speech had almost stopped, but his eyes were still open and he was still slightly conscious. It was time for pictures.

Samantha positioned herself so that, to the camera, she would seem to have mounted Juan and been in the throes of sexual pleasure. In reality, he was flaccid.

She knew there was little chance that Juan would live through the night. He had confessed to too much and it was doubtful he would be susceptible to blackmail. Still, she knew that her handler wanted the option. She also knew that if Juan died, some of what she was doing might be used to disgrace him with people he once influenced. That was why she looked down at his face as she moved her body so the light in the room captured her almost flat chest, her limited pubic development, her very young looking face. Then, loudly enough for the recorders to hear, she said, “I’ve never known so sexy a man. But then, I’m only twelve years old.”

Juan’s body stiffened slightly, his face startled. He was not too far gone to miss what had been said, what was obviously being done to him. As she climbed off his body, he struggled to get up.

“It’s too late, you bastard,” she said coldly, taking the syringe she had kept in the night table and plunging the needle into his neck as she had been trained. He was instantly paralyzed, unable to move or speak. He stared at Samantha in terror, his sphincter relaxed, his bladder emptied and the room filled with the sour odor of sweat, fear, urine and excrement, barely limited by the faint scent of musk from the perfume that lingered on his chest.

The young girl who had been so tortured by men saw that this man, her country’s enemy, was helpless, terrified, completely in her control. He was experiencing the substance that had been used on her in the early days of her training when she was Cheryl Hersha, a small child. She had been paralyzed with curare, a drug that prevents movement, but allows the victim to feel pain.

The men who had injected Samantha with curare were part of the CIA’s MKULTRA program and she was nothing more than a lab rat. The idea was to show her that she was helpless to resist, that they could and would do anything they desired to her. At least one of the men raped her. Another took a knife and cut her, being careful to hurt her in places where the scarring would not show. She learned that she was literally helpless in their power. She was trained to do whatever was asked of her. The

memory of the pain she had suffered and the injuries she could neither avoid nor resist was like an invisible tether. No matter how far she might travel from where they had hurt her, she knew they could find her, render her helpless and hurt her again.

Cheryl had experienced the horrors in those years of training, wanting only to die. But she had lived, she was now Samantha Gooding and the depression she had felt in the beginning had turned to anger. She saw in her victims, whom she had been taught to see as the enemy, the reflection of horror that defined her young life. As Samantha she could finally exact vengeance on the type of men who abuse, maim or kill women and claim it was nothing personal. Just a necessity of the mission—a mission for democracy in which they all said they fervently believed.

Cheryl's use as "Sexy Sadie" was over and she had been "rewarded" by being trained as Samantha Gooding in what others called black operations. She knew how to kill with her hands, with knives, guns, drugs and makeshift weapons such as garrotes she could fashion from nylon fishing line or standard ballpoint pens that could rapidly be jabbed into an artery.

Now, looking once more into the increasingly sober, overwhelmingly terrified face of the man from the Chilean ministry, Samantha picked up the telephone and called the men who were waiting in another apartment. Everyone in the wing of the building where Samantha was placed during school vacation periods was convinced that necessary evils were taking place. Juan would be taken through the halls and, even if a dozen residents saw him as he was removed from the building, no one would ever admit to seeing anything out of line. As angry as she had become, she refused to directly take a life. Even as the Black Widow, she made sure others completed the job. This, although she'd been given another opportunity tonight, was perceived by those heading the program as an important flaw in the performance of their lab rat. And one which demanded consequences.

"He's ready," she said quietly into the phone.

A short while later, two armed, large, burly men entered Samantha's apartment and removed Juan. Her interrogation of him had been observed; his traitorous actions were confirmed by his unwitting confession and all possibility of trust was ended. Given his weight and rather unhealthy lifestyle of rich food and too much drink, he would probably be injected with a potassium solution. Too much potassium will flood the blood stream, causing a fatal heart attack. Since there is no way to tell at the autopsy whether the potassium found in the blood was manufactured internally during the heart attack or was injected into the body to cause the heart attack, such a murder was the perfect crime. That was why Samantha assumed the potassium solution was what would be used, but she also knew enough to never ask, to never mention Juan again. She did not know that her inability to finish the mission had been duly noted and already brought to the attention of her superiors.

The cleaning crew arrived with fresh bedding, special cleaning supplies and the skill of a professional janitorial crew. Quickly, the room was cleaned and disinfected and the bed made to look as though nothing untoward had ever happened. The file was removed for shredding, the syringe taken for refilling, the other weapons returned to their appropriate cases.

When it was over, Samantha took a shower and went to bed, falling into a sound sleep within minutes. She felt no guilt, no fear, no remorse. She had been stripped of such emotions in her programming. What she felt instead was tired. After all, she was still a child and though she was working in Washington, D.C. during a vacation from her middle school back in Carlsbad, California, the hour was well past Cheryl's regular bedtime.

## CHAPTER

## 15

---

### *Becoming Sergeant O'Neil*

Although her superiors were still concerned about her failure to complete her last mission, helicopter flight training began for Cheryl in a 12'x12' room in a hanger at the Carlsbad airport. There were five other students with Cheryl, each assigned to a school desk facing a blackboard. A few months earlier, while in the Baltimore/Washington, D.C. area, she had been the Black Widow. Now she was becoming Sgt. Thomas O'Neil, full of confidence and swagger, determined to master the "baby birds"—the two person, bubble front helicopters.

The faces of the other students in the program were unrecognizable to Cheryl. "When I try to picture them in my mind, I see blacked-out faces. I don't know what my superiors did to me, but it's obvious I was programmed to not remember the others in training. I just know that they were around my age. We all wore khaki and we were all around twelve or thirteen years old. We were all part of the clandestine program."

Young teens attending ground school were unusual, but not so much so as to attract attention. Many of the men in the area were military or ex-military. That they encouraged their children's interest in learning the basics of flying did not seem out of line to the employees and users of the small airport.

"After two months of learning about helicopters, the instruments, how the weather affects maneuvering and all the other basics, we began going to Camp Pendleton where they had a helicopter cockpit with all the instruments and controls," Cheryl explains. Even with this shift, the presence at the base of what seemed to be children of military personnel did not stick out. At the base, the simulator was different and much simpler than the one Lynn had used. There was no movie that changed as you 'flew.' The cockpit did not shift as you worked the joystick. The young future pilots just got used to looking at the instruments and feeling what it was like to work all the controls.

The "baby bird" is a two-person helicopter with controls for the pilot and room for a passenger. The pilot and passenger sit side by side. In a traditional training aircraft, if a student pilot gets into trouble, the instructor has his or her own set of controls and can take over the craft. The small bubble helicopter that Cheryl was learning to fly did not allow such support so it was critical that the controls become second nature for those in training.

"As we learned what to do, we each took turns sitting in the cockpit while the instructor announced some problem that he was pretending was taking place. Sometimes he said that a wind shear was causing the helicopter to drop unexpectedly. Other times, he told the trainee he or she was about to get too close to a power line. Whichever student's turn it was in the cockpit had to work the controls as though he or she was actually flying. Then the student had to instantly respond to whatever conditions were described."

The lessons continued twice a week, classroom training in Carlsbad, mock-up training at Pendleton. At the base, Cheryl gained her first experience in the helicopters. An experienced pilot took each student into the air, then maneuvered the craft quickly to see how the youths could handle the experience.

"Baby birds" fly so rapidly and can be maneuvered in such unusual ways that experiencing what they can do even as a passenger is a little like watching a microfilm being scrolled rapidly on a viewing screen. Sometimes a sense of confusion occurs, those in the craft becoming nauseated. The early flight experience was meant to reveal whether or not a potential pilot could handle the maneuvers he or she might have to perform.



“We flew to the edge of canyons, then dropped down suddenly,” Cheryl says. “We flew low and fast. At first, we flew smoothly, then suddenly dipped down.”

Many of the experienced pilots had been in the Vietnam War. They had learned to handle jungle terrain where snipers tried to shoot them down. They had to rescue wounded soldiers in areas where the foliage was too thick to land. They were teaching Cheryl and the others how to handle a helicopter in the worst conditions possible because they had been there and knew that the youths might get involved in missions where such skills would be necessary for survival.

Finally it was Cheryl’s turn to actually fly the helicopter. She had to learn the feel of the helicopter’s movement as it affected the controls, but the way she had to handle the controls was something she knew without thinking. The ground training had been crude but effective. If there was any surprise, it was the excitement she felt when flying. She loved it and wanted as much time in the air as possible. Or, at least Sgt. O’Neil did.

The creation of the Thomas O’Neil personality within Cheryl Hersha had moved more slowly than the creation of Sexy Sadie, the Black Widow and the others. After that first flight in Michigan when she was taken as a child, Cheryl, like her sister, feared flying. If anyone asked her about the possibility of going up in an aircraft, she would have told them that she did not want to approach a plane, not even a bubble front helicopter firmly on the ground, much less get inside. Flying was out of the question.

Her identity as Sgt. O’Neil, on the other hand, was reinforced in a positive way each time he entered a chopper. By the time he learned to fly solo and was practicing for at least one hour a week, his cockiness grew to match his skills. When he was finally able to handle the helicopter the way a race car driver masters the twists and turns of Le Mans, the personality was fully formed. “He saw himself as someone in his thirties, an image that got stronger when he began training others. He wore Ray-Ban Sunglasses and smoked a big cigar. He thought of the inexperienced pilots as ‘kids.’ He had no idea that he was in the body of a girl who had just reached her teens, and because he came across to the higher ranks as somebody who had been around, who knew all the games and had respect only for ability, not position, they treated him the way he wanted,” Cheryl says.

There was never a formal elevation of O’Neil’s rank to Sergeant. He never officially received that position. The fact was that only sergeants were flying helicopters and so he was known to those who met him as “Sarge.”

Most of it was attitude. “Though I could have been slipped steroids, Sarge was one of those people you don’t mess with. With the glasses, the cigar and the hat hiding hair that was too long for a male to have, no one thought about the fact that his voice was not all that deep.”

Once Sarge had mastered the baby bird, he began putting in time as a pilot. He was to get as much flight experience as possible—at least one hour per week in the air and preferably more. He also began being sent on missions.

There have been a number of sources of illicit funds obtained by members of the CIA for operations where the agency does not want to make requests to Congress. Although kept secret over the years, newspaper reports have gradually revealed CIA illicit gun running, gold smuggling from Southeast Asia and, in California, the buying and selling of narcotics.

Arrangements were made between the Central Intelligence Agency and members of organized crime, a relationship that dated back to the attempts against the life of Fidel Castro in the 1960s. When Sarge was flying, the Bonanno organized crime family divided drug distribution west of the Mississippi with the Mexican Mafia. The Mexican Mafia arranged for the transportation through Mexico into the United States. The Bonanno family handled distribution.

One former member of the Mexican Mafia explained that they would routinely fly drugs on small planes, landing in isolated areas within Texas and Arizona. At the same time, they were paying Mexican gangster “wanna-bes” to drive truckloads of expendable drugs over the border. Sometimes they shipped kilos of heroin by plane and hundreds of pounds of marijuana by truck. Then they tipped off the Border Patrol and/or the Drug Enforcement Administration to the existence of the trucks so as to distract DEA officials from the simultaneous and more important drug shipment. The young drivers were frequently caught, arrested, convicted and sentenced to two years in jail, usually serving fourteen months before being deported. In exchange, \$20,000 in United States money would be waiting for the drivers in a Mexican bank. The pay was so great, and because of the impoverished Mexican economy, that most young men felt the jail time was worth the reward at the end.

Later, when the United States officially declared war on drugs and American Air Force pilots were flying supplies into South America, the pilots were bribed to carry drugs. They were flying cargo

ships that were unloaded and returning empty. The members of organized crime bribed some of the pilots to return with uncut narcotics in whatever quantity they could remove without detection.

In addition, organized crime members in New York used both the Pizza Connection and the Flower Connection to hide drug trafficking activities. Someone seeking drugs would call a specific pizza parlor and make an order in code. Then a pizza would be delivered, the carrier receiving \$100 or \$500 or whatever sum was appropriate for the amount of drugs ordered. The narcotics would be hidden in the pizza packaging along with a real pizza.

The Flower Connection worked in the same manner. A florist shop would be contacted for a dozen roses. When the right code was provided, the roses and drugs were delivered for a cash price that could exceed a thousand dollars.

The idea behind all the scams was to create businesses that could be conducted in the midst of surveillance and not be recognized for what they were. So it was for Cheryl.

Cheryl's participation occurred over the course of the next two years, but the demand for the drugs certainly was greater than what she supplied. It is presumed that many of her fellow classmates were working in the same manner.

Cheryl's missions were ignored by others at the base, because Sarge routinely flew the helicopter and might travel anywhere while racking up enough hours to be allowed to begin learning bigger craft. That she flew with an officer armed with a machine gun he kept across his lap also did not matter. War games, training, guard duty, and other activities took place with such regularity at Camp Pendleton that anyone might be carrying anything at any time.

"I was always told we were going out for 'pizza,'" said Cheryl. "Then I would fly down to Mexico at a set time of night." She would be told to go to an isolated area that had a small compound of buildings that were heavily guarded. She had to wear night vision goggles that turned everything a bright green. As she maneuvered the chopper the first time she went there, she saw that the place was guarded like a prison. Men walked around with machine guns cradled in their arms or worn over their shoulders. "It was very obvious that if we were not expected, we'd be shot down and no one would ever know it happened." They flashed a spotlight as a signal for Cheryl to land. Once on the ground, they put about a dozen boxes in the helicopter. Cheryl noticed each was in some sort of waterproof white wrapping paper and tied with hemp.

"We flew back to an isolated area east of Carlsbad where several men in civilian clothes were waiting. They made us get out of the baby bird while they unloaded the boxes. All I ever knew was that the person in charge was someone named Tony. I didn't ask any questions. It wasn't safe to know anything more than pizza was being traded for very large sums of money." The "pizza," pure heroin and cocaine so far as can be determined, was cut with a substance such as procaine or milk sugar, then sold on the street. The usual mark-up, according to experts with the Drug Enforcement Administration, was at least ten to one. Every dollar's worth of pure cocaine became ten dollars on the street.

On one of the trips, circumstances did not go as planned. "I had flown the boxes of 'pizza' from the compound in Mexico and was landing east of Carlsbad when shooting started. Two or three of the men who worked for Tony decided to steal the drugs and take all the money for themselves. There were at least a half dozen men on the ground, and the men who were double-crossing the others killed at least one of those who was loyal to Tony."

The soldier who was with Cheryl leaped out of the helicopter and started firing at the men who were shooting. He yelled at Cheryl to take off, which she did. The boxes of pizza were in the baby bird, and Cheryl flew to where she could land safely.

Later they radioed that it was safe for her to come back. When she landed, the shooting had stopped, bodies were being moved off the tarmac and the man named Tony was there apparently restoring order.

It was also during this time that Cheryl was asked to fly to San Clemente, California, to meet with the President. "I felt it was to prove that tax dollars hadn't been wasted when they set up the program," says Cheryl. "It was the only reason I could see for my going there."

Sarge flew to San Clemente where Richard Nixon was having a party. The guests were group of men connected with the intelligence service and probably others. He landed and was taken into the library where Richard Helms had him recite an elaborate code the sarge had been given before he left. "Then I was made to forget that code and remember a new code to take back to the base."

Again, Cheryl didn't ask questions. She always felt that if she said too much at the wrong time, they would kill her the way a researcher sacrifices a lab rat.

When she learned to fly the Blackhawk helicopter, Cheryl also handled security assignments, flying the perimeter of the base, watching for any problems on the ground or in the air. Such routine work was done on every base where helicopters are in active use, but she did not care. She—or at least Sarge—wanted to fly all the time and they let “him” log hour after hour in the air.

Because Sarge saw himself as being an old hand, he looked upon the leaders as equals and the new pilots as youths to be mentored. “He let the brass asses know that he was as good as they were and probably a lot better. He had no interest in the politics of rank or power. He just cared about what a pilot could do and that was how he chose whether or not to show respect.

“He talked about ‘these kids’ when referring to the pilots he had to train. He thought of himself as the old man, the experienced pro with perhaps two decades in the service who was teaching a generation young enough to be either his sons or at least beloved little brothers. He never did understand that he was trapped in the body of a fifteen or sixteen year old girl at that point. He knew who he was and reality had nothing to do with it.” Yet his superiors also noted Sarge seemed to have a fatal flaw like Samantha Gooding: He was unable to kill—or so they thought.

The military handlers working with the program researchers made certain that Cheryl and Sarge were not only unaware of each other, but that they had radically opposite attitudes towards flight. They used hypnosis and whatever else to make certain she was so afraid of helicopters when Sarge was not in control of the body that she would not even approach one. At those times, she was certain she was terrified of flying. She was certain she had never flown in anything like a helicopter.

## CHAPTER

## 16

---

### *Termination*

While her superiors debated what to do about her failure to kill when ordered, Cheryl went back to classes like a normal schoolgirl. She was a teenager and was beginning to be more attractive to boys her own age when a new and more ominous order about her was given. There is no record of who gave the order for the termination. Perhaps it came directly from Sidney Gottlieb who was in the process of destroying as many of his own files as might embarrass him. Perhaps it came from Gottlieb's boss, Richard Helms, who felt his loyalty to the intelligence community was more important than his responsibility to Congress or the President. Perhaps it came from lower in the chain of command, from a contract employee for example, such as the pediatrician who had been repairing the agency's mistakes for at least a dozen years.

Certainly the pediatrician was the liaison with the man selected to handle the sacrifice of the failed agency "lab rat." The pediatrician was an ex-Marine, a long time friend of George Hunter White and the physician of choice for a number of both socially upscale families and those connected with one or more West Coast military bases. He was also involved with a small number of families practicing their own version of a non-traditional, hybrid pagan religion, apparently a cover for his personal sexual deviance. And he handled the medical needs of at least some of the children involved in the secret CIA program when the experiments became too violent.

Cheryl Hersha, for example, had suffered both dislocations and a series of fractures. Lynn Hersha had her face smashed at least once during military training. The researchers may have told themselves that they were engaged in serious scientific experimentation to assure the survival of American democracy, but a small percentage of them were sexual sadists and probable pedophiles. They knew the children were psychological captives, their minds manipulated and controlled so that they would not reveal what was taking place behind closed doors. So long as the research did not end, so long as the fear of war and terrorism inexorably progressed, no one would ever know what they did. Or so they thought, until they went too far and one or another child was seriously hurt. That was when they called the pediatrician.

No one knows if the pediatrician was a man who became a children's doctor because he wanted to alleviate the suffering of the young. No one knows if he handled the repair of damaged CIA "lab rats" with sad reluctance, regretting such use of children, but feeling it necessary because he conceived himself to be a patriot fighting for democracy against the United States' perceived enemies. All that is certain is that he helped create cover stories and when hospitalization of the children in the secret program was necessary, the facility to which he was attached was one trusted to accept whatever cover story was offered.



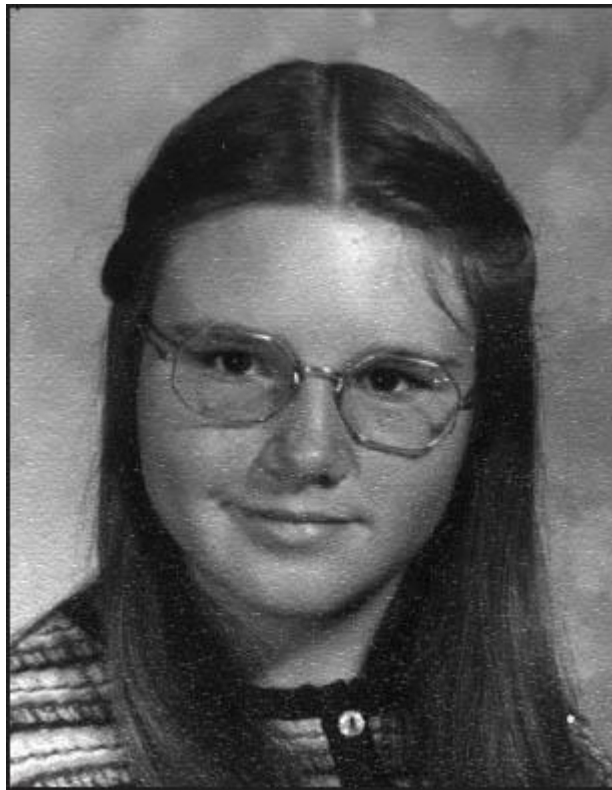
Cheryl (left) and Lynn (right) a few months before the fateful family trip to Michigan and their induction into the mind control program.



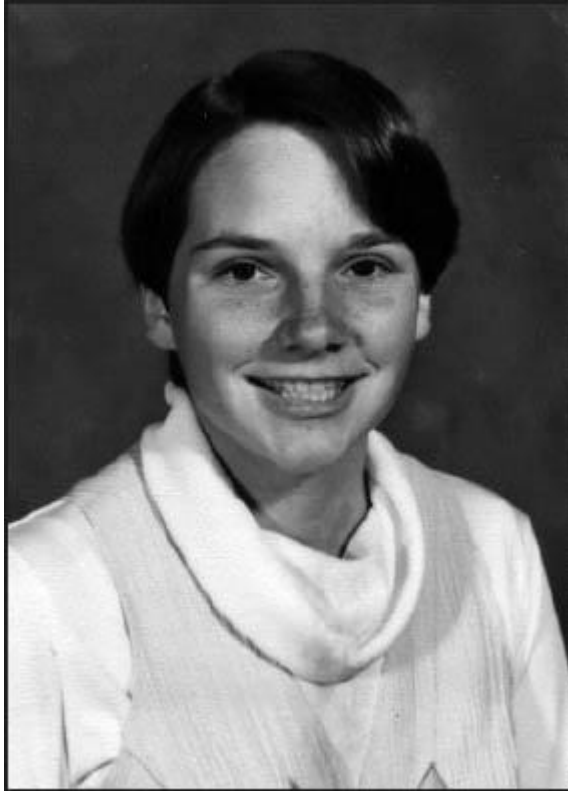
On the family trip to Michigan, Cheryl, Vicki, Louise, Dick and Connie visited with Dick's grandparents.



Cheryl, already in the Black Widow program and scheduled for termination for her unwillingness to kill her targets, would soon face the butcher.



Thirteen years old and already on her way to becoming a skilled soldier, Lynn began ground school training to prepare her to fly planes.



In her teens, Cheryl became Sergeant Thomas O'Neil and began helicopter flight training.



Dick, home for a brief time during the period of his many hospitalizations, had by this time completely lost his hold on reality.





As an adult, Lynn has been haunted by her past and trapped by the inescapable and invisible chains of the mind control program.



After moving from Carlsbad, Cheryl Hersha fell in love and married. Her sister Lynn celebrated with her on Cheryl's wedding day.



Keith W. Hodkinson  
Ritual and cult abuse expert Dale Griffis received a frantic call from Cheryl Hersha in 1996 that led him on a four-year investigation and search for the truth.



AP/Wide World Photos  
Allen Dulles, Director of Central Intelligence for the CIA, approved the mind control program MKULTRA.



AP/Wide World Photos  
Richard Helms, Director of Intelligence for the CIA from 1966-1973, was a proponent of the CIA's mind control programs and ordered the destruction of MKULTRA documents by Sidney Gottlieb.



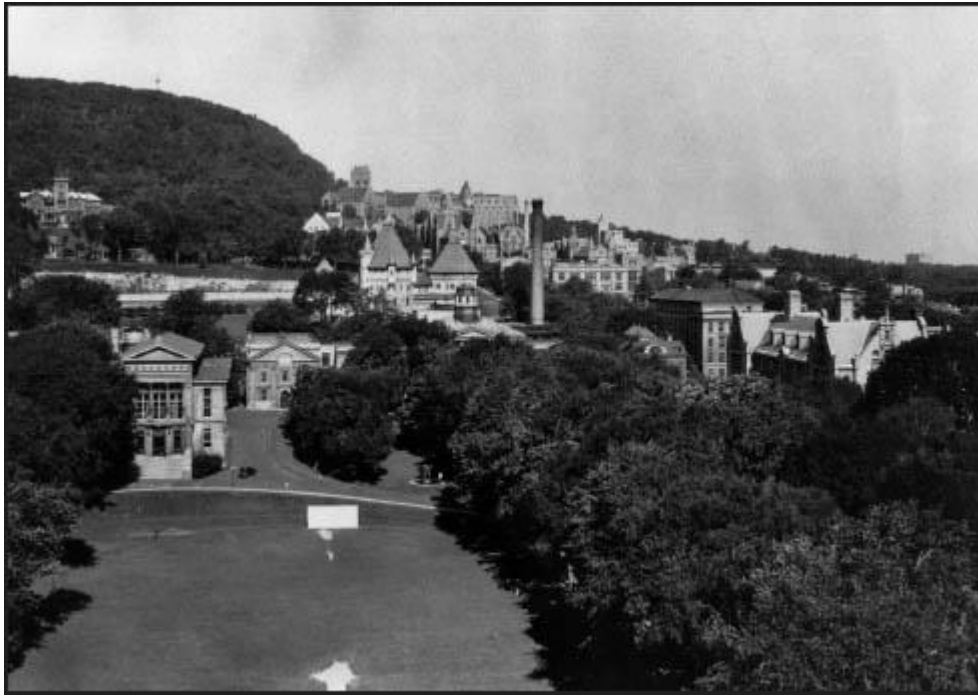
AP/Wide World Photos

Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, biochemist and director of the Chemical Division of the Technical Services Staff (TSS), oversaw many of the sub-projects of MKULTRA and destroyed all the documentation he could locate in 1973. He is pictured at the 1977 Senate subcommittee hearing on the CIA's mind control programs of which Cheryl and Lynn were unwitting parts.



AP/Wide World Photos

Chilean President Salvador Allende accompanied by his staff and visitors. This photo is from the same period when Cheryl, as Black Widow Samantha Gooding, targeted the Chilean diplomat believed to be misusing CIA money.



AP/Wide World Photos

McGill University in Montreal Canada, was the location where Dr. Ewen Cameron carried out his “terminal” experiments with funding from both the Canadian government and the CIA.



AP/Wide World Photos

Camp Pendleton in California was the site of Lynn’s first in-flight training. She was forced to overcome her fear of flying and pilot a plane under the threat of death to her mother and youngest sister.

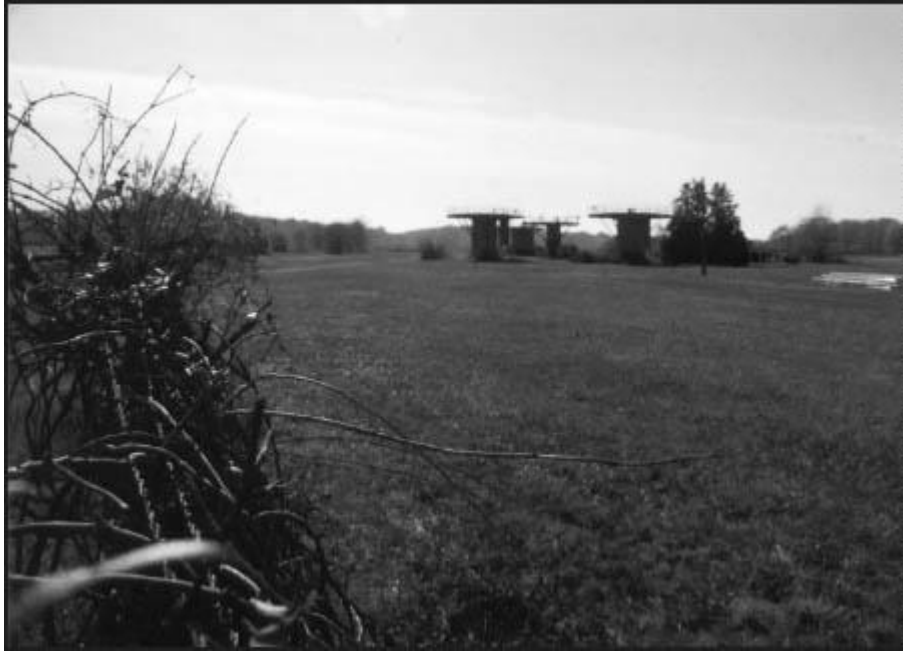


Dale Griffis



Dale Griffis

Investigated by Dale Griffis, the Coast Guard Station at Still Pond, Maryland was where Cheryl, as Sgt. Thomas O'Neil, and Lynn, as Lt. Rick Shaw, confronted each other.

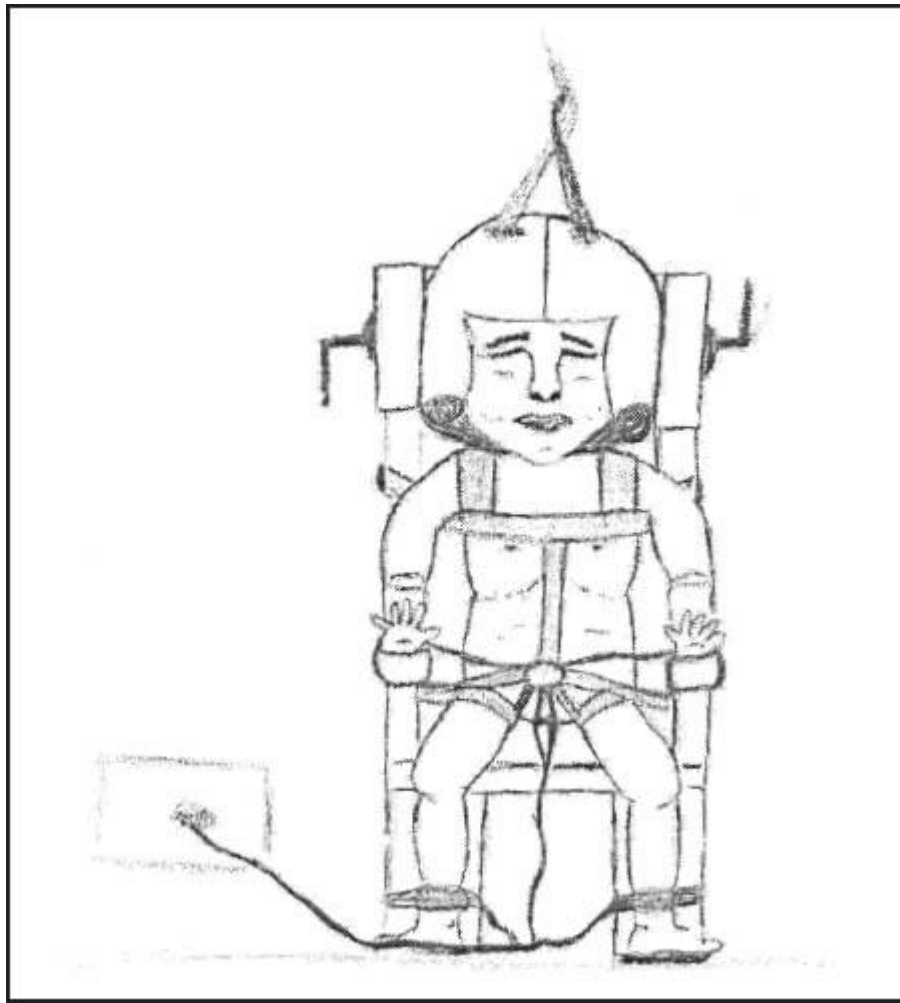


Dale Griffis

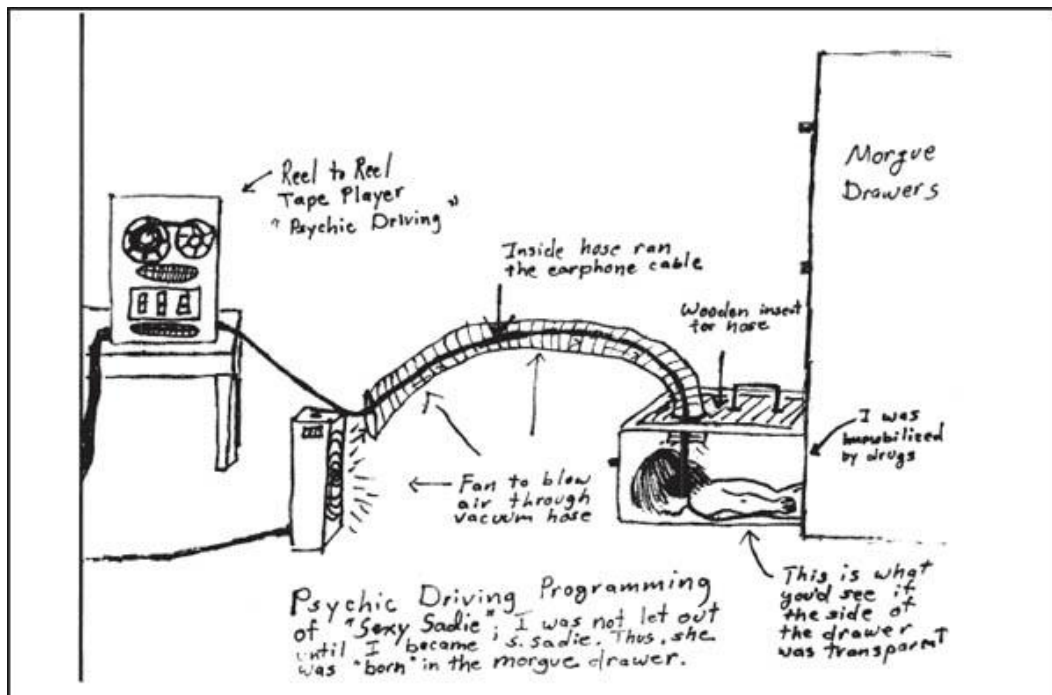
The NIKE missile site near Still Pond, Maryland no longer in active use by the government, was one of many sites where Lynn, as Lt. Rick Shaw, and Cheryl, as Sgt. Thomas O'Neil, received extensive military training.

*The following illustrations are but a few of those drawn by Cheryl Hersha for investigator Dale Griffis to show some of the experiments that were performed on her and the locations where training and experiments took place.*



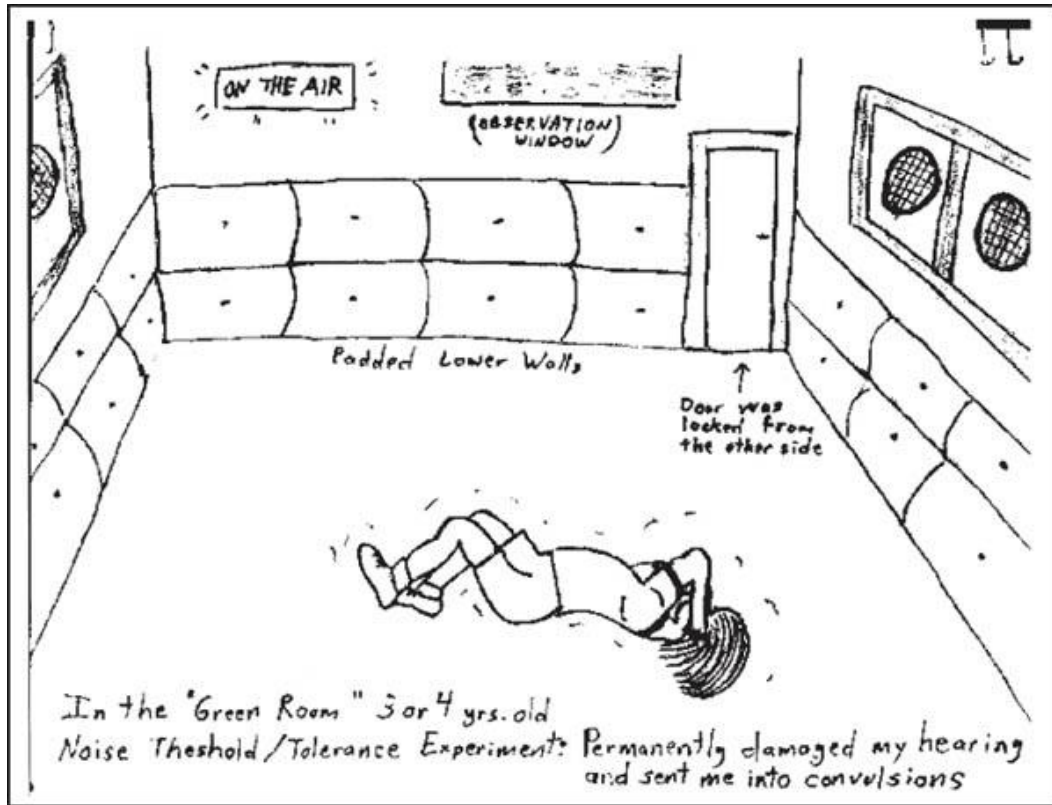


Four-year-old Cheryl was strapped in a chair and forced to watch pornographic movies for part one of the Sexy Sadie programming.

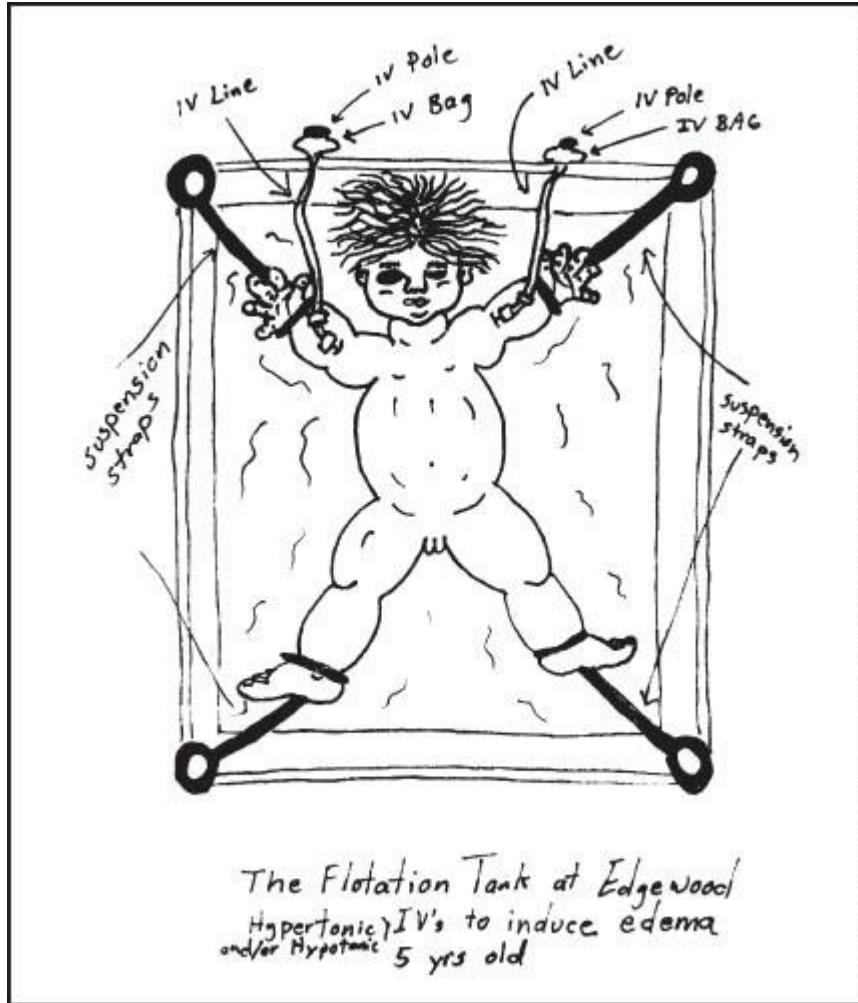




In phase two of Sexy Sadie programming Cheryl was placed in a morgue drawer and subjected to isolation and repeated audio tapes telling her to become Sexy Sadie—the first step in her becoming a multiple personality.



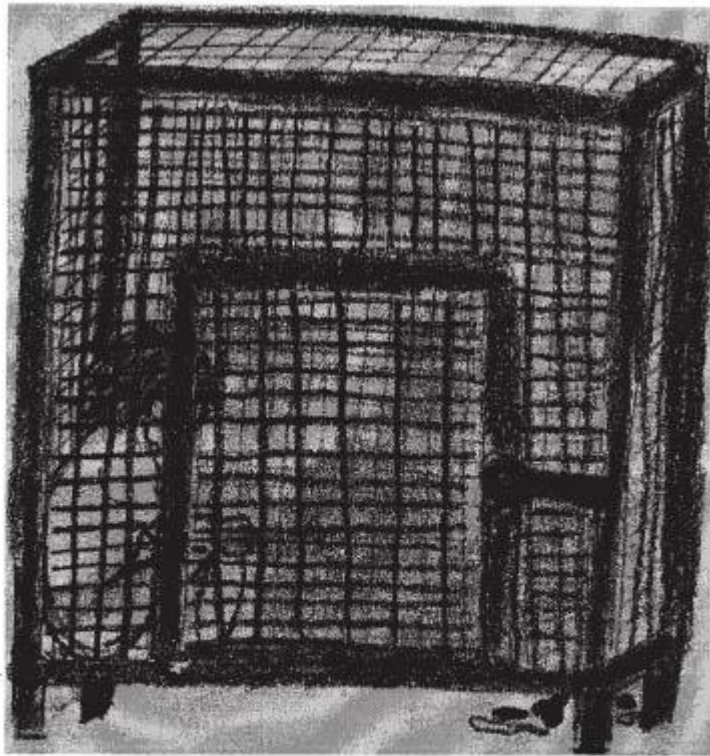
Cheryl, when she was first abducted, was subjected to deafening noise levels to see how much noise humans can tolerate before causing physical distress and hearing loss.



Cheryl was submerged in a flotation tank for an experiment a year after being inducted into the mind control program.

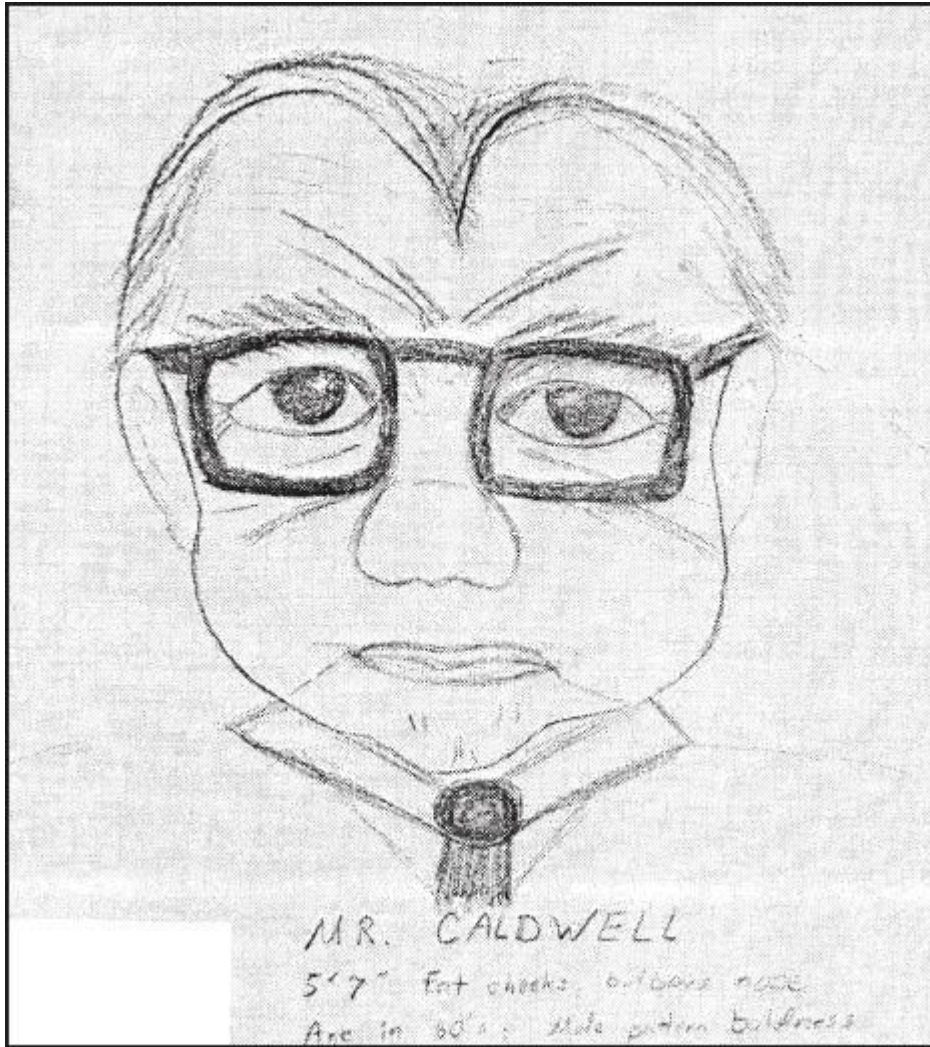


Cheryl depicts the traumatizing effects the experiments had on her as a young child.



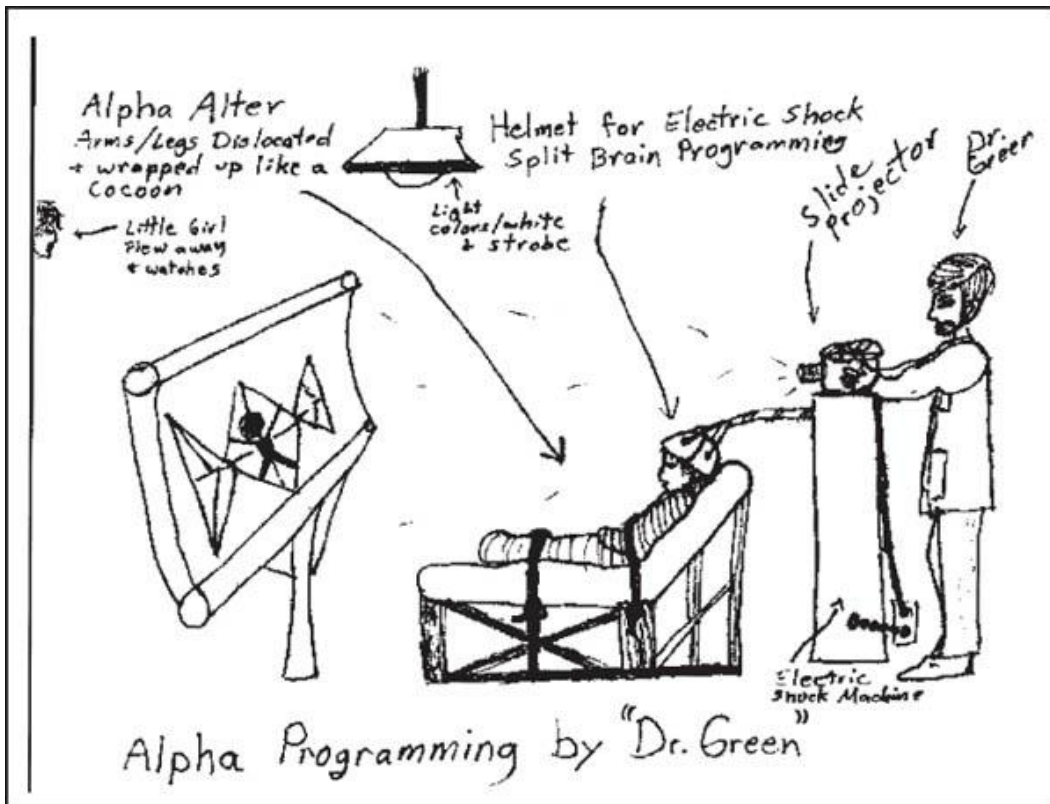
## The Lab Rot

Naked and humiliated, Cheryl was kept in a cage like the other primates in the laboratory where studies were being done comparing human and primate learning.

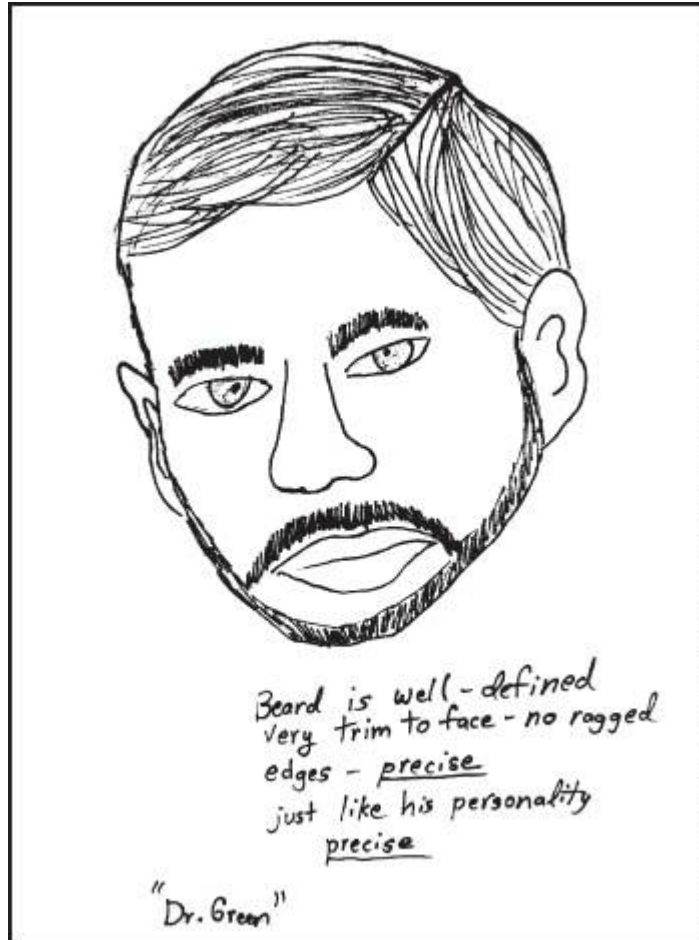


Cheryl drew a picture of a man she knew as "Mr. Caldwell" and whom she believes was present during the human/primate learning experiments. Years later, when she saw a photo that matched her drawing, she learned he was Dr. Charles Geschickter, a researcher involved with the CIA drug experiments on cancer patients and primate experiments.

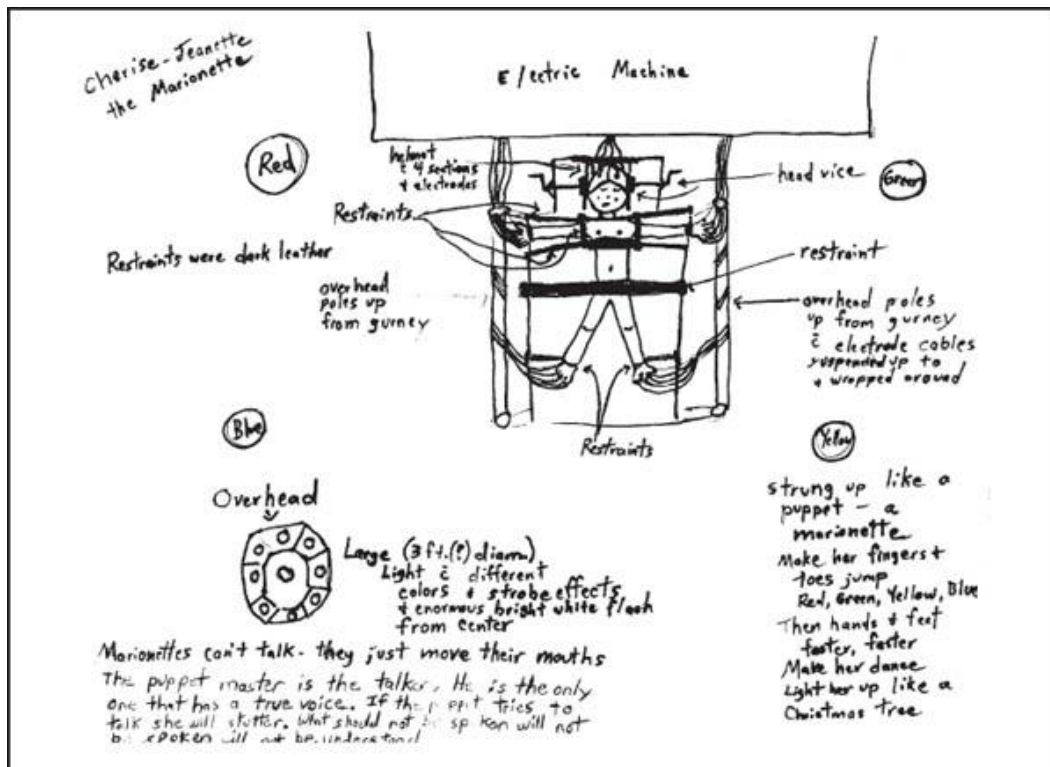




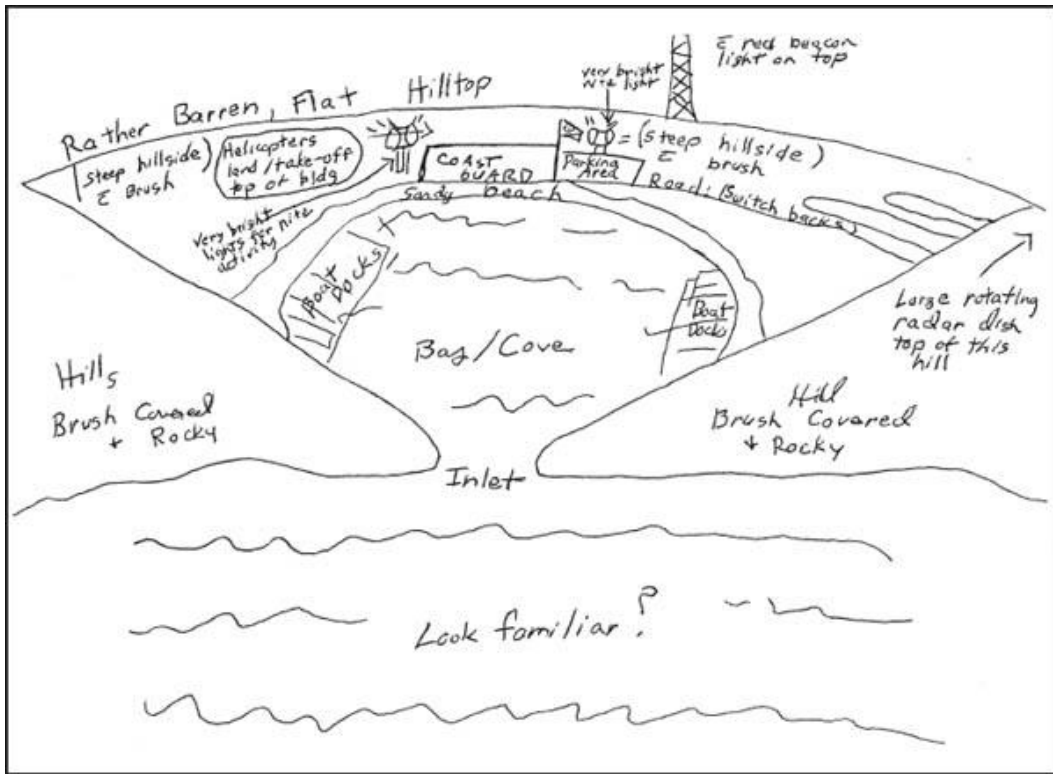
Wrapped like a mummy, Cheryl was experimented upon by a man she knew as "Dr. Green."



Cheryl sketches the man who performed experiments on her as "Dr. Green." It was later learned that many of the MKULTRA researchers used the pseudonym "Dr. Green."



Strapped to a table with electrodes capable of shocking her, young Cheryl was taught she was a puppet who had to obey her master.



Cheryl depicts the Coast Guard Station at Still Pond, Maryland, as it looked when she was training there.

Although the chain of command remains unknown, what can be stated with certainty is that because they had not been able to program Cheryl to assassinate her targets when ordered, those in power felt Cheryl was no longer desirable for the program.

Each stage in her training was considered successful only when she fulfilled all the requirements. By the time she was a Black Widow, Cheryl had a professional assassin's knowledge of poisons, knives, guns and the vulnerable points on the human body where a sudden blow can mean instant death. However, their major problem was that despite the best efforts of the researchers, Cheryl had a deep-seated sense of morality. She would not follow orders to take a life just because her handlers told her to do so.

It was not that Cheryl was out of control. Samantha Gooding handled each assignment flawlessly, though within her own code of ethics. She always left her apartment fully prepared for the evening. Cheryl's knowledge of her target's native country and professional and personal concerns reflected a depth and maturity that assured him that she was an adult despite her young looking face. Her willingness to do whatever was necessary to get the target alone and sexually vulnerable assured that the suspected traitor would not suspect a trap. And when it came to paralyzing her victim, she invariably took him by surprise, the man becoming helpless before he even realized he was in danger.

Nevertheless, Samantha would not kill based on the orders she was given and that was her ultimate failure.

It was impossible for Cheryl/Samantha's handlers to understand her reasoning. Dead or paralyzed, he frequently urinated and/or defecated on the bed, requiring a special clean-up crew to remove everything soiled, then thoroughly disinfect. Dead or paralyzed, the action had to be kept within a section of the research annex where no one would question the unusual activity in the early hours of the morning. And if he left the apartment still alive, she knew he would soon be dead.

Their real concern seemed to be not so much what Cheryl did not do as Samantha Gooding, Black Widow. Rather, it was at what else she might balk in the future. Would there be a mission she would refuse to handle. Might that refusal create a true security or national defense breach? Would she someday remember what she was supposed to have too deeply imbedded in her mind to bring to conscious awareness, naming names, providing dates and places, revealing the secret program?



For these reasons, and perhaps others never revealed, they now felt her dangerous to their mission. After years of training and experimentation, they were concerned that their cover might be blown, that this lab rat might be a threat. And it was the pediatrician who was called in to handle the “clean up,” whatever that might mean, and therein lies the question.

Was Cheryl ordered terminated or was the intention solely to end her participation in the program for which she had been trained? Was there an order to kill her or was it the pediatrician who decided she had to be silenced? All that is definite is that the pediatrician contacted the butcher.

He was a meat cutter by trade, an individual who ran a butcher shop in the community where the Hersha family and the pediatrician were living at the time.

Cheryl had seen the butcher, been in his shop. He was built like a series of different sized bowling balls—smooth, round and hard—stacked one on top of the other. The massive gut that pressed against his bloodstained apron was misleading. He was the type of man who could win beer money by going into biker bars and challenging a tough Harley rider to double him over with a stomach punch. Yet, Cheryl had never seen the butcher as an enemy. He was an independent shopkeeper, friendly, outgoing, selling the special cuts of beef, chicken and pork that a discriminating clientele demanded.

There was talk that the butcher shared the non-traditional religious interest of the pediatrician, but Cheryl had no idea what that meant. It was also said that the two men had known each other from the Marine Corps, though again that was conjecture. What is certain is that there came a day when Dick took his daughter to see the pediatrician and the pediatrician took her to a rural farmhouse.

“It was a long drive to get there, the place was isolated and I had the feeling that they were convinced I would do whatever they asked.”

The pediatrician told Cheryl, “You can explore the place to your heart’s content.” Then he went ahead of her to get ready, though for what she did not know.

She looked around the house. She wanted to know what was there.

In one room, there were several little children being unusually quiet. “I talked with the kids and they told me they were going to the barn to watch something happen. I had a sudden premonition of danger,” Cheryl says.

The danger Cheryl felt made her quickly look around for avenues of escape. “There was a window overlooking the front of the house. There were several cars there and the adults presumably were in the barn. But nobody was out in front of the house.”

She turned to the children. “You have to get away.” She took them to the front window, opened it and helped them get out. “Run as quickly as you can away from this house and the barn.” She watched long enough to see that they escaped. “I don’t know where they went or what happened to them. I just knew I couldn’t leave them in the house,” Cheryl reflects.

Too much time was elapsing for the doctor. He was ready for Cheryl, but since he was busy, he sent the butcher to bring her to the barn where, presumably, other adults were waiting.

“I was in an empty room when the butcher came in. He had a big knife with him. He wasn’t threatening me. He just had it. But somehow I knew he was going to use it on me, but over in the barn, not there in that room.”

“It’s time to go,” he said. “You have to be sacrificed.”

“He looked like he thought I would willingly agree to do whatever he said. I think they imagined I would walk in, take off my clothes and lay down on whatever they were going to use so they could kill me. That was *not* going to happen.”

Cheryl looked at the butcher and smiled. “I don’t know what he thought I was going to do. Maybe be scared by his size.” Her smile seemed to startle the man.

“Do we have to go right now?” Cheryl asked coyly. She touched his chest and began rubbing it.

“What do you mean?” the butcher asked.

Cheryl didn’t answer right away. She kept touching him, but didn’t reach for his genitals. She wasn’t that obvious. Instead, she came on to him like a woman attracted to a man, someone wanting to take a casual relationship and make it something more. She could tell the butcher was surprised by her actions.

“You’re very handsome, you know,” Cheryl finally said, still smiling. She could see he was getting aroused. “After eight years of seducing men for the CIA,” Cheryl says, “he’d better have gotten aroused.”

“We’re supposed to go to the barn,” the butcher told Cheryl.

“And there isn’t time to... you know... mess around a little first? I’d really like to.”

The butcher put down his knife and let Cheryl begin unbuttoning his shirt. “I had to be careful to move him into a position where I could grab the knife before he realized what I was doing.

“The weapon was, I could see, razor sharp. The type of knife I would have carried to defend myself. I don’t know if he didn’t realize the training and experience I had had or if his mind was only on the present. I didn’t care. I was not going to that barn to die and the knife was my key to escaping him,” Cheryl explains.

“Just a few minutes,” she said, kissing him lightly. “They won’t miss us and we can have a little fun.”

Distracted by his arousal, the butcher was too slow to stop Cheryl from grabbing the knife. Her years of practice led her to act quickly, precisely. She had been trained to think of the vital organs she could reach when attacking someone with a blade. She had been taught where the rib cage would deflect her blows and where she could slip between. She had been taught how to target the gut, the lungs, the kidneys and the heart. She had been taught where to strike a single blow and where to twist the blade for maximum damage.

“I didn’t want to kill him. I knew I was targeting potentially fatal areas, but I didn’t want to kill him.

“When I was trained to use guns, I had been educated to shoot for a kill zone. I was told that in a firefight the person shot at would be moving. If I tried to only wound someone, I’d likely miss. If I shot for a kill zone, I might miss my targeted area, but I’d be more likely to hit some part of his body.

“I used the knife the same way. My gut told me there would be no second chance to stop him. Given a choice, I didn’t want to kill him, but if that was the only way for me to survive, I would do it.” She plunged the knife in.

The butcher dropped to the ground, bleeding. His breathing became shallow. His eyes closed. He seemed to have fainted. There was no way to tell how hurt he was; though Cheryl could see he likely would not survive without medical attention.

Cheryl stood staring at the man, holding the knife over him in case he came to. She had no idea how much time had elapsed since the butcher had come for her. She had no idea that the pediatrician had returned.

“What’s going on?” he called out.

“Don’t let him die,” Cheryl yelled at the doctor. “Please. Help him. Don’t let him die.”

The doctor stared at Cheryl, then at the butcher. Then he smiled. “It was as though he was happy about what was taking place. He had brought me there to be killed, but my stabbing the butcher pleased him. I didn’t understand. He was a doctor. He took care of children and he should have been merciful, compassionate.

“Please, please don’t let him die,” Cheryl pleaded. But he didn’t seem to care. The doctor just kept looking at her, smiling. Then he left the butcher there bleeding.

The butcher was allowed to die. His wounds may have been so severe that his death was inevitable. Certainly, he could not have lived without professional medical help and there was none administered that day, not even first aid.

Perhaps the reasoning was that there could be no loose ends, a fact that meant that someone had to die. Who the other people present in the barn were remains unknown. Even their presence is presumed solely based on the cars on the grounds and the children who were known to have been in the farmhouse itself.

What seems certain is that the pediatrician, and probably the butcher, were acting on behalf of that group in the intelligence community concerned with one or more aspects of the secret program.

The pediatrician could have had Cheryl killed regardless of what happened with the butcher. However, he apparently believed in the program and understood how valuable she was. Over the years, Cheryl had served as a lab rat and large sums of money had been spent on the programs that trained her to become an elite warrior. Extensive research had preceded the experiments of which she was now a part. Extensive work on her psyche had been successfully accomplished, separating her ego states, then training the different personalities. Her failure to kill on command had been deemed a major problem, the reason for her termination. Her killing the butcher changed all that.

Cheryl was returned to the program. The Sexy Sadie experience had been one shared solely by prepubescent children. The pedophilia aspect of what was taking place was extremely important for blackmailing those men who proved to be unworthy of their secret clearances.

The Black Widow program was something else. This was an intelligence community, perhaps CIA, operation that involved older women. When Samantha Gooding was made to study methods to render men helpless, to escape arrest and to kill quickly without anyone realizing her involvement, she was probably the only child present. The other women there appeared to have been in their early twenties and older. Unless there were other groups meeting with other girls from the original program in which Cheryl participated, she was apparently seen as precocious. Becoming the Black Widow was an upward career move, like becoming a covert agent.

Was the Black Widow work originally intended to be an end in itself? Was it planned that Cheryl would one day grow up and become a traveling assassin as needed, perhaps in the future vacationing with a husband and children in some sensitive area of the world where a handler would use a code message to bring forth Samantha? If so, would she then accept a mission, take a life, have her memory suppressed and rejoin her family as calmly as if she had simply spent a few hours shopping in the local marketplace? Though she failed the Black Widow test in not killing Juan, these were questions that would go unanswered. But for now, Cheryl's killing of the butcher proved to her doctor and then to the program bosses that she was still of value, though perhaps in a different area. And so her military training was stepped up even while she was still being given other assignments. Later, when she went to Still Pond, she was to show that the existence of a traitor was reasonable provocation for her to take a life. She simply had to have adequate justification.

"I don't know how I got home or how much time passed before I went back east for training," Cheryl says. "I just know that I was soon named Cat Woman and I reported directly to the man whose code name was 'Tiger'—Richard Helms."

## CHAPTER

# 17

---

### *Cat Woman/G.I. Joe*

Though Cheryl now was on the Cat Woman project, she also was slated, in a different guise, for spy missions flying helicopters. Meanwhile, Lynn was experiencing intensive training as a future military leader.

A movie theater where Lynn was staying on assignment had movies for twenty-five and fifty cents. They were all films that were ten to twenty years old. Perhaps first-run movies were too expensive. The theater also sold popcorn, peanuts and pop. No one younger than twelve was there and the kids did what they'd always done. They hung out.

Groups of three to five kids hung out at the strip mall. "I think they were part of an Explorer type program," Lynn says. "They wore basic khaki camps, single belts and camp shirts."

Lynn lived on a floor with around forty older teens. Most were part of the program giving specially selected kids experience with the military. "We never talked about how we got there. We just talked about how well we scored on whatever tests we had taken or about two or three instructors we felt were unusually hard on us.

"The instruction covered learning how to rewire a radio so it could kill and how to plan a full military assault. We learned the proper way to run an occupation force and the rule that people who do not act like enemies do not get treated like enemies.

"The work was not all pleasant. We had to be perfect. Nothing less was tolerated and there were physical punishments as well as the denial of privileges if the quality of our work slipped."

In the minds of the military leaders, Lynn's efforts paid off. She proved herself by her junior year in high school, receiving a letter most teens interested in the military would have done anything to get. The letter was from William E. Byers, Colonel United States Army Retired. It began, "You have been recommended to me as the type of student who would do well with the programs at West Point.

"The need continues for talented students such as yourself to be prepared to furnish the imaginative leadership our nation needs. To meet this challenge, West Point annually provides an opportunity for qualified young people to receive an outstanding education while on full scholarship.

"The Military Academy offers a general curriculum in natural and social sciences, engineering and humanities. Our students take courses in each field, for we feel that a broad undergraduate education is important in developing the well-educated man and woman. This broad exposure to many academic disciplines makes it possible for our cadets to make a more informed choice of the area in which they eventually will concentrate their studies while at the Academy and later in graduate school."

Like many teens, Lynn felt unsure. "I didn't know what I wanted to do tomorrow. How was I going to know what I wanted to do with the rest of my life?"

What Lynn did feel sure of was that she would never be permitted to leave the program alive. Nevertheless, she turned down West Point.

Meanwhile, Cheryl's training as "Cat Woman" advanced. The reason for calling the program Cat Woman has never been clear. Cat Woman is an evil character in the Batman comic book and television series. But in the Cat Woman program, each woman involved had nine missions to perform. They would "lose" one life with each mission, though whether they were to be terminated at the end of

the nine or considered too well known to risk another mission is not known. Cheryl never got to know the other women with whom she took training, for they never saw each other except in the classes they took together.

Cheryl suspected that the nine “lives” were not literal. Rather, it was a case of not wanting to expose them more. During World War I, it was found that a skilled rifleman seeing a flame in the dark could zero in on a soldier in the time it took to light three cigarettes. If a soldier lit his own, then handed the burning match to each of his two friends to light their cigarettes, by the time the third was being lit, the enemy would kill the man holding the match. This led to the superstition that “three on a match” is unlucky. Similarly, it appeared that the programmers felt “nine lives” were all the Cat Woman trainees could risk using before being moved on to new programs.

Cheryl says Richard Helms took personal responsibility for her and, presumably, for the other cat women. She noticed he always wore a tiger’s eye ring on the ring finger of his left hand. “The semi-precious stone was brown and yellow,” Cheryl recalls. “The setting was oval and the ring was bronze or gold. It looked like the type of setting used for a traditional school ring.”

All the female participants had to be at least sixteen, because it was necessary for them to have drivers’ licenses. Cheryl was apparently the youngest, at least of those who received training at the same time.

The young women apparently worked for CIA Internal Affairs, though this was never stated directly. Their job was the classic gathering of information concerning employees who might be involved in activities detrimental to the Agency.

Each Cat Woman had to follow the person to whom she was assigned around the clock, taking her breaks when the pattern of the person was understood well enough to allow for sleep. Cheryl was assigned two cars to use as needed. One was a black Oldsmobile four door sedan. The car was a relatively nondescript family sedan that looked like something a teenager might be permitted to drive when her parents weren’t using it. The only modification was one not visible from the outside—a high-powered engine that would enable the driver to keep up with vehicles that normally would be able to outrun the Oldsmobile.

The second car was a Volkswagen Beetle. It was not modified in any way. While it would not be useful on the highway, within a city it could handle normal traffic and be so common as to be invisible. A professional driver used to spotting someone following him might identify the Olds as a potential problem, but he would not think twice about the Beetle.

Cheryl was given a surveillance kit for each car. She was also allowed to check out any additional equipment she wanted for an assignment, such as special lenses for taking pictures in extremely low light.

Cheryl always had access to binoculars and a night-viewing scope that magnified low light and enabled her to see as though it was a sunny day even on a moonless night. She had tape recording equipment including a body mike and a special shotgun type six-inch mike that could be used up to 200 feet from a subject. She pointed it at any sound source, including the mouths of people talking, and it blocked all extraneous sounds.

The camera equipment was standard 35mm. Motor drives, extreme telephoto lenses, lenses that could take pictures in unusually low light and all sorts of high-speed film were also available.

“Frequently, the subject’s telephone was bugged so we could learn what he knew. Sometimes he would call someone and say he was suspicious of a tail. That’s when we knew to change our routine.

“Sometimes the person was on to me when driving. I always had a radio in the car and I turned and drove away if I thought he knew about me. Then I called in and either someone else would pick up the trail or they would send a new car for me. Sometimes a white Jeep Cherokee with an older man driving was used so we would look like a father and daughter out for a drive. We could follow the person who had realized I was watching him and he would never suspect the change in car and driver.

“I wore bell bottoms with a knife strapped to my leg. I also carried a thirty-eight-caliber revolver in my purse. I never needed the weapons, but I felt safer having them in case there was trouble. The people I was following were suspected of activities counter to the government and I had no idea what to expect if I was discovered.”

Cheryl never lost her prey. She moved stealthily. Her presence was like that of a feline wandering the streets of a city’s entertainment district on New Year’s Eve, moving among the passing revelers, ever present but essentially unnoticed.

“I took the job seriously,” said Cheryl. “I gave ‘Tiger’ a full report on everything he wanted to know.

“But I had been trained as a skilled warrior. I had been trained as a spy who would use anything from seduction to violence to gain information from those who would be enticed to succumb to my charms. I had been assigned to missions where the subject was terminated. And I was annoyed that on this new assignment I was following people, a job that people with far less experience, far fewer skills, could have handled easily.

“I felt as though as time went on they didn’t know what to do with me or anyone like me anymore. Perhaps the new problems facing the nation were ones for which my expertise was not needed. At any rate, they seemed to be backing off from using me, though jobs like Cat Woman reinforced my training. Certainly, I felt the frustration of it all, even though I never wanted the hell I had gone through before to return.”

Cheryl would be proven correct in her assessment that the need for her role as a sexual provocateur was fading. However, what neither she nor Lynn could anticipate were that there would be new missions in store for the secret warriors who, today, may be living as your neighbors.

## CHAPTER

## 18

---

### *Military Murders*

Lynn did not realize it at the time, but her “go team”, win-at-all-costs attitude was one that the researchers had hoped to achieve with her. They had subjected her to numerous experiments, both as part of the developing program and as part of individual research projects for which a young person who would be a future leader was needed. The difference between the sisters was that though Cheryl learned to fly helicopters and went on some military missions, much of her early training had focused on sexual manipulation, while Lynn’s was always aimed towards leadership in the armed forces. She had no Sexy Sadie or Black Widow experiences. Instead, Lynn was becoming skilled at reading wilderness terrain, understanding maps, planning military strategies for combat, reconnaissance and/or escape, weapons, unarmed combat and leadership. And at one point, Lynn was assigned to computer experts trying to achieve a variation on the cyborg concept.

Lynn was given sophisticated computer training in the hope that a way would be found to link her brain with the hard drive and operating software. The idea of Artificial Intelligence (AI), which originated in the 1960s, would prove unattainable over the next almost forty years and perhaps always unattainable as originally conceived. More practical, the military reasoned, was to try to link the human mind directly to both other life forms and computers. Lynn was involved with the computer link. Others were given special headsets that linked them to special electronic implants placed in apes. It was believed that the children might find a way to influence the behavior of the primates, perhaps be able to become their leader, effectively creating a secret force for whatever type of military action might be appropriate.

The primate work, much of which was done at Emory University, was drastically scaled back when at least one child was killed after being placed in the same cage as a large ape in an effort to see if they could communicate. The child wore a special headset that was supposed to transmit his thoughts to an implant in the ape’s head. It was apparently assumed that there would be some sort of mental bond established that would prevent the ape from acting on its natural impulses and attacking the child. At the least, nothing was to happen. At best, the child and the ape would bond. Instead, the ape grabbed the child, threw him against the wall and killed him.

Such experiments seem extreme but fit a pattern of the day. Dr. Louis Jolyon West, the UCLA psychiatrist who spent his career working, in part, for the CIA, had been an early LSD researcher. His creature of choice for experimentation was an elephant. Instead of the pachyderm reaching new heights of enlightenment, however, an overdose of the drug sent the animal crashing to the floor of his cage, dead.

The work with animals kept ending in failure. The computer/brain link efforts with Lynn were ongoing, the presumption being that the human subjects needed to be masters of the software by the time a way to link their brains with the hard drives could be devised. The fact that computers are far inferior to human brains was ignored. The science fiction and fantasy writers of the day envisioned machines far more powerful than the human mind. They could see the day when humans were mindless robots performing assigned tasks and being used to reproduce their own kind. As with the corruption of Madeline L’Engle’s innocent children’s story, *A Wrinkle In Time*, the greater the fantasy to the creator, the greater the “truth” in the mind of the researchers with seemingly unlimited government money for projects no one would ever learn about.

More important for the program were Lynn's leadership ability and her skills at functioning with an elite team later operating under the code name Delta. Towards this end, when she was fifteen years old, Lynn was made part of a unit that experienced murder.

Psychologists studying combat veterans of World War I onward have found that soldiers who must directly take a life in hand-to-hand combat on the battlefield share a special bond. They share not only the taboo experience (for civilians) of taking a life, they also know the fear and horror of being in the midst of a cacophony of screams, gunfire, blood and death. As a result, when they are able to return to their normal lives, they feel their greatest closeness to other men who have known the same life-or-death reactions. Such men understand experiences so different from those of their civilian friends and loved ones that they often feel they cannot share them with those who have not likewise taken a life in wartime.

Thus it was decided that the teens who had apparently been in the government program as long as Lynn had to be assigned to their first kill. Not that the young people were told they would be involved with a murder. Instead, they were told that they were to handle the problem of a woman who allegedly had become a serious security risk. She was in her late thirties or early forties and the youths were told that the woman was actually a double agent. She was a traitor who was passing United States secrets to some unnamed enemy. The team was to pick her up, keep her from knowing they were on to her and deliver her to higher-ups who would deal with the matter. That was what they were told.

The cover for the mission was a high school youth conference at a nearby university. Lynn and the other teens attended, registering and participating for a time before they quietly slipped out to be picked up by a uniformed soldier. "You are going to rendezvous with the unsuspecting traitor, then take her to where all of you will board a helicopter," he told them.

"I was excited. I really believed all that God, motherhood and country stuff," says Lynn, who was still proud of the time she was called "a good soldier, a good trooper" so many years earlier. She still remembered the look on her first grade teacher's face when the woman learned of her soldier husband's death and spoke of how brave he was. She still felt herself to be a patriot, going on missions to help her country.

The teens registered for conference sessions they would at least partly miss attending. Then they quietly joined the uniformed soldier in the parking lot, driving to where they picked up the woman they understood to be a traitor.

The woman did not know she had been discovered. Apparently, she thought she would be giving extra training to teens entering the "business." She did not question why they all drove to a nearby high-rise building, taking the elevator to the top floor, then a staircase to the roof where a helicopter would be landing to take them to the meeting.

The soldier maneuvered everyone near to the edge of the roof so they would be out of the way of the landing aircraft. Then, as they talked among themselves, he suddenly grabbed the woman who was the alleged traitor, swept her feet out from under her and hurled her over the side of the building. She fell silently to her death.

Lynn and the others stared in horror and amazement, yet no one said anything. The woman was a traitor, after all, and they had experienced enough combat training to understand what had taken place.

"The soldier radioed for the helicopter and we were taken to a nearby base for debriefing," Lynn said. "Then we were returned to the conference. I don't know if my mind suppressed the horror of it or if I had been programmed to think she had gotten what she deserved." (1)

That seeming lack of shock, outrage or remorse meant Lynn had proven the worth of the years of work to remold her body and mind. What the researchers could not anticipate was that her skills could be used against them after they were committed to making her a Delta Team leader.

Ever since their early days, the government program was blended into the lives of Cheryl's and Lynn's family. Dick, despite his volatile mental state, always signed the paperwork. Louise Hersha seemed to believe the children were in school enrichment programs and summer camps. Until he was hospitalized, Dick handled the money, so she had no idea what was being spent, only that the girls seemed to be getting in good physical shape and their grades were usually excellent. When the girls were still small, the tension with Dick had not reached an unbearable level and he had not yet been hospitalized. She was pleased he was taking an interest in his daughters and thought his driving them to different activities was good for their relationship. It would only be after the girls had reached adulthood that the truth would be known. Prior to that time they never discussed it, assuming their mother was aware of everything.



Where and how the training was handled remains uncertain to the sisters. The classrooms seemed somehow to be an adjunct of Cheryl and Lynn's school. This was where they learned skills such as how to memorize fairly lengthy texts, how to read maps and similar activities they utilized later. It is possible that schoolrooms were used and it is possible that their father took them to a nearby military base where classrooms were used for continuous training of the men and women assigned there.

Their training time away from home was often during family trips, ostensibly to visit relatives. Louise and Dick stayed in one location and the girls allegedly were enjoying a local camp nearby. Again, Louise saw Dick's driving them there as a way of bonding with his daughters. She did not wish to interfere with their special time by asking to come along.

Once Lynn and Cheryl were teenagers, they both became involved with mission programs and summer camps sponsored by the Lutheran Church. The activities that occupied their summers proved excellent cover for the secret program in which they had been enslaved. It was easy for their mother to accept their time away. (2)

During much of this time, the Central Intelligence Agency relied upon a wide variety of fronts for its activities. Sometimes this involved the indirect sponsorship of international gatherings related to art, music, ecology, medicine or some other field in order to make contacts that could prove valuable later. The CIA was not just handling covert operations. The bulk of the agency's work involved the gathering of information from scientific journals, talking with people, reading numerous publications relating to business, culture and other aspects of the life of a country, monitoring radio broadcasts and the like. Travelers to foreign communities of interest to the government were debriefed about what they had seen upon their return. Writers attending conferences that involved suspect nations were asked to discuss what they had learned when they returned. And when there were international events such as the Olympic Games, covert agents disguised as support staff often accompanied the athletes to see what they could learn from unsuspecting members of rival teams from enemy nations.

Among the groups with which the CIA had connections was a rehabilitation program sponsored by the church to which Cheryl and Lynn's parents belonged and other religious groups. Children who were found on the streets were taken into a group home environment for counseling, medical help and education. These were children who had frequently been unwanted by their parents. They might have fled an abusive family, perhaps one where incestuous rape had taken place. They might have felt overwhelmed by the pressures of growing up—of school, family, a part-time job and all the confusion of seeking their own identity. They may have run away from the consequences of some action that had brought them to the attention of the juvenile court system. Whatever the case, these were children who were outside the mainstream. These were children from families that often did not care if they lived or died.

Some of the researchers in the CIA saw the church based youth program as a source of subjects for different types of experiments. Among these was the involvement of some of the older children in a military lifestyle. Their age and the fact that they apparently were not to become the secret weapons into which the Hersha sisters were being molded implied that their treatment was less harsh.

With the intelligence community watching and waiting, Cheryl and Lynn went on numerous church sponsored missions to Mexico and elsewhere. On these trips, the teens helped gather whatever was necessary to help people in the Americas who had experienced hurricanes and other disasters, as well as those too poor to be able to eat regularly. They gathered donations of food, clothing and sometimes equipment needed for various commercial enterprises. This was loaded on a truck and some of the children traveled with it, going as far as South America to deliver the supplies. Sometimes they used trucks. At other times they used planes. In several instances, the teens were allowed to go along on the truck (or caravan if enough had been gathered) so they could experience firsthand the joy of giving.

The summer camp activities in which Lynn participated following her seeing the assassination of the alleged traitor were held on a military base outside the continental United States. (3) At the time, juvenile court judges were looking for innovative ways to help troubled youth. There were wilderness survival camps where teens used to being loners suspicious of others had to learn to work together rappelling cliffs and overcoming various obstacles they could not surmount on their own. Vision Quest took troubled teens, placed them on horseback and had them participate in a wagon train traveling hundreds of miles. There were also programs utilizing military bases and military personnel (4) in Explorer type programs. The youths were given a sense of military discipline and participated in activities that would give them a sense of an army career. The program was similar to ones used by many law enforcement agencies interested in having enthusiastic teens prepare for a career with the police.

Many of the teens brought to the on-base, modified boot camps had lived for years without discipline. Many were malnourished. Some had parents who had abandoned them emotionally; the adults in the home overwhelmed by drugs, work and/or personal problems. Most of the kids had been in juvenile court, some doing time in detention facilities. It was felt that a number of these troubled or at-risk youths could benefit from a military style program and a number of bases opened a portion of their facilities for such concepts. This was in addition to programs that gave teenagers interested in military careers a chance to experience army life in a modified form. The latter was a more intense and realistic experience than high school ROTC.

Lynn traveled to the base ahead of the teens being brought by the church-sponsored organization. She had reached a level of authority where she was allowed to work independently of others. The training of the troubled youth was placed solely in her hands, and though she was under a commanding officer, he reviewed her work after it was completed. He did not interfere in how she handled those assigned to her for training.

The teens being sent to the base had been pre-screened for physical and psychological abilities. Lynn never learned if these were the best and the brightest among the youths being helped by the church-backed program or if they were the ones who would not be missed if anything went wrong. The teens were street kids who had not been reunited with their parents. Some had reached an age where they could legally refuse to go home if their stories of abuse and/or neglect had a basis in fact. Others were abandoned by their parents who were only too happy to give custody to the program.

Lynn Hersha had earned a position of authority through her success in many years of training and experience. She was young, but by then her background made her a seasoned veteran. Her job for this mission was to take the youths through a series of military exercises, teaching them to work together for the success of the group. She would also be looking at their individual initiative and seeing how she could build their self-confidence as they accomplished tasks many of them might never have realized they could handle.

Observation cameras had been hidden throughout the section of the base where the youths would be staying. They were placed along the path leading from the landing field, in the living quarters and in areas where the various exercises would take place. Lynn was able to watch when they first arrived and others involved with the project would be able to observe her interaction when the program was in full operation.

The teens were a mixed group, from relatively clean-cut youth whose street-tough attitude and juvenile rap sheets could not hide their probably more privileged backgrounds, to filthy, withdrawn boys who looked, smelled and acted as though they had been surviving on the streets. Lynn was not told anyone's background before they arrived and her actions within the first few hours of their being sent from the plane to their quarters prevented her ever learning the truth.

On that first day, the commanding officer yelled to the kids, "Get moving the Army way." Lynn, who had heard him, shook her head.

"From where the plane landed, there was a pathway they had to walk to get to the barracks. No one else was going to be there at that hour, so he had set an explosive charge in the path. It was timed to go off after they left the path so that it would just scare them. I don't know what lesson he was trying to teach them. All I know is the kids didn't know they were supposed to hustle. Some of them moved quickly and stayed safe. Some of them had that street swagger, moving slowly, holding back, trying to be cool when they were probably scared to death."

Suddenly, the charge exploded. Lynn believes that as many as ten of the thirty or forty children who arrived at the base died. (5)

"I was furious! This was my command, not the bastard who planted the explosives. He had no right to pull a stunt like that! I went to him and raised hell."

Lynn's CO listened, but it was obvious he did not care.

"It was all so stupid. Nobody told the kids the rules. Nobody told them to hustle. What was the point of killing a bunch of kids for nothing? The CO knew he could cover his ass. He knew the kids wouldn't even be on the base if anyone really gave a damn about them. The kids were losers and if one of them appeared to cope better with life when he returned, it would just be considered proof that the program worked."

The CO said the incident was tragic. A mistake.

"Furious, I went to the supply area with requisition forms for explosives, timer cord and other things I needed. I decided that if he was going to put his nose into my business, I was going to stick mine into his. There was a bunch of 'suits' coming on the base for a meeting with my CO in a conference

room that had file cabinets filled with important documents. I was going to do to him what he had done to those kids.”

Lynn had already been to the conference room that she knew would remain empty until the dignitaries arrived. She was not notified who they were. They may have been part of the staff of one or more committees concerned with the military. They may have been local dignitaries and they may have been connected with the business community. The inter-relationship between the military and the business world often led to military purchases and tactics more in line with the needs of the businesses than with those of the rest of the American public. Suits on a base often meant millions for the military. Whoever they were and why they were coming did not matter.

Before the explosion, Lynn had given no thought to the types of young people she would be training, just how she would turn the worthless maggots and meaningless grunts into troopers. “But I saw those kids before the explosives went off and they looked like life had already beaten the hell out of them. There was no reason for that bastard to play his little game.”

Lynn walked to an area where they stored several two-gallon gasoline cans used for the base’s maintenance equipment. “I picked up one of the cans and went into their headquarters building meeting room. If anyone saw me, they didn’t expect any problems. I was allowed to go anywhere I wanted, and I wanted to go where I could get back at the bastard.

“I took the folders out of the file cabinets and stacked them on the table. Then I poured the gasoline over everything and left, closing the door so no one would notice while I went to the weapons supply area with my forms.”

She strode up to the soldier on duty. Her munitions request form involved explosives, detonators, timer materials and the like. “I want to put on a demonstration for the grunts who are coming. Introduce them to the real army. Scare them a little with some noise and explosions, then turn them into soldiers.”

The teaching concept made sense to the man responsible for the supplies. The requested weapons were in line with such an exercise. He questioned nothing, though he reminded Lynn, “I expect you to have one other person sign the requisition before I hand out the supplies to you.”

“That’s when I pulled an attitude,” says Lynn.

“You do whatever the hell you want! I’ve got the kids on the base. The suits are coming and I’m supposed to put on a little show for all of them. If you want to screw me up by making me wait until there won’t be time to do what I’m supposed to do, it won’t be my ass on the line.

“He gave me what I requisitioned.”

Lynn returned to the conference room, rigged an explosive and detonator for two minutes, then left. The blast would be mostly contained in the room, though if the CO did not act very quickly, everything and everyone inside would be destroyed.

As she walked away from the room, the VIPs in suits were heading towards it, but the CO, walking slowly instead of leading the group, was trailing behind them. They might have smelled the gasoline. They might have seen the explosive. But it was already too late.

Lynn stared at the CO.

He paused and stared back at Lynn. “He must have seen something in my face. It was as though he understood what I had done, even though it was too late to stop it.

“When the explosion hit, I was thrown six feet against the far wall, hitting my head. Flames shot out of the room. There was no way the people inside could get out. Only the CO lived, because he was far enough from the explosion that he was thrown away from the flames, like me.”

The fire was put out. The bodies were removed. Rebuilding the damaged area was handled immediately and quickly. Nothing was publicly said about the deaths except that they had been accidental.

The CO was punished.

Lynn was punished.

“Someone else got the training command for that mission. I don’t know who. I never saw the remaining kids in the boot camp again. They were kept in one area of the base and I was doing every dirty little assignment that should have gone to a new recruit in a different part of the base.

“My CO was also punished in much the same manner. The fact that fifteen or sixteen people had died in a couple of hours’ time didn’t matter to anyone in authority. We had fucked with each

other's commands. We were disciplined for the way we handled each other. That was the serious offense. The punishment wasn't for what we actually did. A bunch of kids and suits dead? Hey, this is a man's army. Shit happens."

Within a short time, the punishments ended. Lynn was too valuable to sideline. She would soon be given a more important mission, one which only an officer destined for leadership could handle or so her superiors thought. And so she was slated for even more specialized lessons, as she entered that phase of training which involved changing personas and learning correct military officers' strategies under fire.

## CHAPTER

## 19

---

### *Friendly Fire*

Sergeant Thomas O'Neil stood watching the beginning of the military exercises at the Still Pond, Maryland, Coast Guard station, his eyes hidden by Ray-Ban Sunglasses, a cigar gripped between his teeth. His face was a mask, saying nothing, revealing nothing. He was the consummate helicopter pilot, the consummate professional. That was why the kids all looked up to him, trusted him, were eager to gain his knowledge. That was why he was chosen to lead the reconnaissance exercise.

He had been given orders to take a group of kids who had never been in the area and lead them to the edge of dense forest, tell them they had to find a cabin in those woods where some military brass were staying, then return to base and report the exact location without ever being seen.

A sergeant had to lead them, of course. Teach them how to read the terrain, how to look for Jeep tracks, broken twigs, cigarette butts and anything else that humans inadvertently leave to mark their trail for the experienced pursuer. Show them how to camouflage themselves and keep from leaving more information about their pursuit than they gained in meeting their objective.

Hell, he had done it a hundred times or more, both from the ground and from the air. He was the best, the reason he had been the one they sent years before to meet with President Richard Nixon.

Sure, the meeting with Nixon had been a dog and pony show. Sergeant O'Neil was given an "ears only" secret code too long for the average chopper jockey to begin to remember. Then he had to forget it, bury it so deeply that even torture would not elicit what had been said, fly to the President and repeat it exactly once they were alone.

It was like those radio broadcasts. "This is only a test. If this had been a real emergency...." But it was a test of a secret courier system that would be a key aspect of a variety of covert actions O'Neil knew were planned against the Russians. That was why they had chosen him. That was why he had personally met with the Commander-in-Chief. And that was why he was taking the kids into the woods that day.

Lieutenant Rick "Rikki" Shaw had come to Still Pond on assignment as part of his military career. For a decade, the soldier had been in part-time service to the nation from Camp Pendleton to Fort Richie, Raven Rock to Site R, and now inside the converted Nike site near Still Pond. In the beginning, he had given up his school vacations and portions of his summers to play soldier.

Much of that early part had been enjoyable, Shaw felt, especially being selected for a top-secret, leadership-training program the first day of testing. Since then, Shaw, now grown up, had been part of psychological operations studies, mastered reconnaissance in all terrain likely to be encountered in places ranging from Eastern Europe to Central and South America, become an expert in unarmed combat and, most recently, been given basic Navy Tomcat jet fighter training.

Recently, Shaw had been at Miramar, a Southern California base between San Diego and Carlsbad. The soldier, who had cross-trained with a fighter pilot, had been given a flight plan that would simulate a missile attack against an enemy craft. Drones were launched, then he had been ordered to fly to 3,000 feet, then go to 20,000 feet at a certain set of degrees and minutes, then reach 36,000 feet, again following predetermined coordinates. Then the fighter's air-to-air missiles were to be used to bring down the drones.

The test was complex. The pilot and the jet were both pushed near their limits of endurance. Many who took the test could not pass the first time, either afraid to be aggressive enough when flying

the jet or unable to meet the exacting navigational standards that would assure success. Shaw had no such problems, launching the missiles, destroying the target drones and returning to base in the exact time required. It had been a rush, more exciting than any experience Shaw had been through.

Now, in the underground facility at Still Pond, Shaw, who had been offered a full ticket to West Point, was on the fast track to general according to the officers who were teaching in the underground classrooms where the young lieutenant had been studying for several days. What they did not know was that within the confined space of Still Pond, Shaw was dramatically rethinking his future.

Nike Missiles had once been America's first line of defense against enemy attack until newer, more sophisticated and mobile weapons were developed. The Nikes had been deployed underground in hardened silos capable of holding hundreds of soldiers, supplies for weeks of survival, air filtration systems, sophisticated communication equipment and, of course, massive Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles (ICBM) with nuclear warheads. When the ICBMs were removed and the warheads deactivated, some of the silos were sold for conversion to civilian use. Others, located too near military bases to allow civilian access, were converted to classrooms, medical facilities, living quarters and experimental labs, all used by the Department of Defense. The Nike site near Still Pond was such a military conversion, the reason Rikki Shaw and other young military personnel were now studying there. It was also outfitted with as many amenities as possible so the soldiers would be comfortable in so abnormal an environment.

The problem was not with Still Pond. It was with the girl.

Oddly, considering the overwhelming anger building up in Shaw, he never learned her name. They had been in a couple of the same classes. That's why Shaw knew her attitude. She was foolish enough to say aloud what all of them had thought at one time or another.

The girl told the officers she was tired of "playing war." She had been hearing that the enemy was coming for so long that it had become a joke in her mind. She said the Communists and other past threats seemed a menace only to the political paranoids and the spymasters whose own covert actions were at least as dangerous as what they seemed to fear from the other side. Certainly the average man on the street was safe, no matter what the military claimed to believe. Now there were other enemies. She was tired of games. She wanted to fight them or get out.

Even Shaw, perhaps as gung-ho army as you could get, had thought many of the same things the girl had said. But Shaw knew better than to say such things. The girl had been the only one to speak her mind, to slack off on her studies, to dare them to bust her back to civilian status. They warned her that her job was to obey orders—to do as she was told.

Anyone who had been in the program as long as Shaw knew sooner or later that they had to make an example of her. High morale was critical to the special agenda they were expected to follow. A good leader instills morale by appealing to all that is positive in an individual—love of God, mother and country—and when that doesn't work, the leader uses fear.

Lieutenant Shaw was a God, mother and country soldier despite the bullshit he had endured from time to time. The girl had been, too, if comments she made privately to friends were indicators. But once she had lost her faith, there was nothing left but the other extreme—fear. And not for her. You can't threaten someone who knows too much and no longer cares about revealing it. Instead, you put the fear in others who might follow that wrong example.

Shaw was not certain what day the event occurred. The days of the week blended together when you were living underground. Time did not matter, though the lighting was controlled in a way to give the impression of a normal living cycle. All he knew was that the girl was removed from classes for a stern upbraiding by her superior officers. She was being placed in some sort of remedial training for a few days, it was rumored.

Exactly what occurred was never certain. One minute she was arguing with one of her instructors. The next minute there were horrified shouts, people running and emergency medical personnel present. All to no avail. The girl was dead. *Killed by some fool's mistake when handling a .45-automatic*, one rumor began. *Killed by her own hand as the ultimate "up-yours" gesture to the instructor who was upbraiding her*, according to other rumors.

No one called it murder. Suicide was a prevalent rumor; a training accident, someone else said. Eventually, that became the official word as well. Just one of those unfortunate things. Like "friendly fire" when you're on a mission.

Shaw knew the mob was like that. The Mafia kills its own when they do not follow orders, but not democratic countries.

All the people who had been present were suddenly in seclusion, overwrought by the incident. Presumably, the girl's family was notified, but there was no formal statement issued in the underground world where Shaw and the others were temporarily headquartered. What was the saying? *Shit happens!* Even in training. Even....

Within a matter of days, it was obvious that the rumors were not going to be replaced by an official statement from one of the commanding officers. Soldiers faced death in a thousand ways every time they went to war. One death, by suicide or accident, was not worth mentioning to the troops. And if it was murder, as Shaw felt certain had been the case, silence was critical.

Rikki Shaw had heard of training accidents before. Every pilot's survival is made a little easier because of what's learned from the fatal mistakes of the ones who came before. Shooting range safety procedures evolved following accidental woundings and worse. The parachutes used for commando lessons were drastically different from those of World War II, because too many men died on the way down, before they could reach the ground and fight the enemy.

But the training accidents had all been schoolbook lessons. Some had been filmed, quite by chance. Others were comprehended after hearing the voices recorded by the in-flight "black boxes" meant to help aviation experts learn why an accident took place. All were impersonal, the tragedies of people the students did not know.

Until the girl.

Shaw knew the death was no accident, no matter what they said. The lieutenant wouldn't have been surprised if there was even "proof" somewhere that she had been depressed, perhaps on drugs, perhaps leaving a note behind. They could make the death seem like anything they wanted, creating enough "evidence" so neither the family nor the press would look beyond the official explanation. Yet Shaw knew the bastards murdered her to keep the others in line. Worse, the soldier knew that they did not care if anyone in the program put the facts together and could prove to the others what took place. Such knowledge would only add to the fear that would keep them in line when all else failed.

Understanding the accident and accepting the death were not the same for Shaw. He was experienced with the conditions and necessities of battle, hardened to the need to kill and had already participated in secret deadly missions. However, it was one thing to take the life of a spy, saboteur, terrorist or traitor. It was quite another for someone to die in an underground facility where everyone was supposed to be working toward the same ends.

Shaw brooded for several days following the death, oblivious to what was taking place in Still Pond itself. If the soldier had been aware, if he had known about Sergeant Thomas O'Neil's presence, Shaw's past training might have prevented him from making the plans he did.

Nevertheless, Shaw and the others working in the classrooms were highly prized because of their ability to "think outside the box." As he later explained, "We had the ability to think on our feet while running. We would analyze the situation and choose the best method, even if it was illogical. We were unpredictable. We didn't follow convention. Put us in a tight space and we will extrapolate the information we need to find a way out."

It was late afternoon or early evening, Shaw did not know which. He and a few others had been working out in an aerobics area meant to help keep those living underground in top condition. The exercise sequence was near what proved to be one of the camouflaged entrance areas to portions of the underground. There was a large, sandy area for running since the sand made their muscles work harder. (The sand was also a clue to the outside terrain—there had to be a nearby body of water.) There was a weight lifting area. There was also a series of stations along the running area where you would do one or another exercise—sit-ups, balance techniques, pull-ups, and the like—if you wanted to take a break from running. In addition, there were benches and a picnic table for those who wanted to just read, relax or eat in what passed for "outdoors" in the underground facility.

Rikki Shaw sat down at the table, holding a textbook so no one would realize the soldier's true concern was the death of the girl. "It pissed me off and it scared the hell out of me," Shaw would say later. The anger was because the death was foolish and unnecessary. The fear came from his gut-level belief that the death was not suicide, but a message to the others. That meant that any one of them could have been a victim, could still die by "friendly fire."

A few of the others sat down with him. They were all concerned about the death, but it was Shaw's reaction that troubled them the most. The lieutenant was the de facto leader for most of the students, and his concerns became their own.

“I have had it with this shit!” Shaw told them in a low, intense voice. “I’m not gonna just keep going until I screw up so they can shoot me. I’m working too damned hard for this. We don’t have to be treated this way. This isn’t right.”

One of the others present was a young man who had been in the program longer than Shaw. He was at least as able as Shaw was and, because he was older and had been in the program longer, he was more skilled. But Shaw was the natural leader, the most aggressive of the young men and women in training. However, because of his greater time in the program, the group looked to the more experienced young man to temper any impulsiveness that might erupt in them. If Shaw could convince this fellow to join the rebellion he planned, the group would not only have his greater knowledge, there would be no problem getting all of them to work together. The trouble was that he refused and that was causing an unexpected problem. The rebels were young, but highly trained. The idea of taking a life had become second nature. Killing was an option that was always among the first choices they might make in any situation. As a result, the older youth was in a danger he had not anticipated.

Shaw said of the older soldier, “he was so gung-ho with his enthusiasm for the training, the missions, his position of authority and all this kind of stuff that he was making enemies of the other kids. Because of his refusal to see it my way, the other kids started threatening his life, and I thought, *Now wait a minute....*”

Shaw told the others, “You want to kill someone? This is not the person you kill. I’ll bail before I’ll see anyone hurt.”

Fortunately, the confrontation ended when the young man realized that what Rikki Shaw was saying made sense. He told Shaw he would be part of whatever the younger soldier felt needed to be done.

“My idea was we go straight up to that command center (a building near the area where they were working out), cut the wires to the power and all that kind of stuff and just keep going up from that point. Leave them (the officers and other military personnel currently in the underground location) behind in the confusion.”

Shaw’s instincts were better than any of the others realized. Not everything in the site was sealed off. In the conversion to more conventional use, there were sections that had direct access to the land aboveground. The command center area actually was a way to the surface, though the angle of the climb from within and the darkness relative to the high intensity lights that illuminated the interior made this fact impossible to see. Neither Shaw nor the others had ever been allowed to explore the external or internal perimeters of the site, nor had they seen the blueprints of either the original construction or the refitting of the interior. By climbing where he planned, Shaw unknowingly would be leading everyone aboveground.

“It was not meant to be easily traversed. I didn’t know if we could actually make it—if we could really get out that way. It just looked like the best opportunity. It was very hilly. It was very rocky. Parts of it had very high fencing around it. There were searchlights set up on the fence, which was one of the reasons I wanted to cut the power. It was not meant to be a place of access and I assumed that since that was one of the most heavily guarded spots in this underground city, there probably was an exit up that way. It was because it was so heavily guarded that made it the most likely target for me and that’s what I talked everyone into going for.”

Rikki Shaw knew that the others would say he should never let his emotions over the death of the girl get in the way of the analysis of what they all were facing. By the time they were ready to go, twenty classmates were gathered around the picnic table. They had several books among them for subterfuge, but never before had so many in the program gathered in one place. They had officially been banned from such large gatherings and until that moment had respected the ban. Shaw was too angry to think about how obvious they had become, how the top brass would recognize that a problem had arisen. The plan was excellent, but only if it was executed by no more than three or four at a time.

The group began to move up the side and carry out the escape plan Shaw had devised. To their surprise, they were suddenly outside the compound and vulnerable to an air assault. That is when, in another area of the site, the officials summoned Sergeant Thomas O’Neil.

O’Neil sat listening to the instructor in a classroom in one of the buildings that was part of the Coast Guard facility at Still Pond. The training was on water rescue by helicopter, though it wouldn’t have mattered what the subject was. As long as the sergeant was learning about helicopters, he was happy.



There was a freedom to being in the air, to being in control of both yourself and the chopper. For a few minutes or a few hours, you knew that no one could hurt you, that no orders mattered unless you chose to respect them. If there was a crisis, your knowledge and skill could mean the difference between life and death, either for you or someone for whom you were providing cover. To know that you were also one of the best, a natural leader who was regularly assigned to train lesser pilots who often were considerably older. Well, it didn't get much better than that. Not in this man's military.

If there was a problem, it was that the first day's training session with the kids had not gone well. A violent electrical storm had come up unexpectedly. Tree limbs were struck by lightning, crashing near the trail they were following. O'Neil radioed back to say that he was aborting the operation. The danger was too great for something so basic as reconnaissance experience. They could do the exercise on another day.

The sergeant's immediate superior disagreed. He told him to complete the mission.

O'Neil weighed the order against the reality of the storm. This was not basic training in preparation for being shipped overseas to do battle with some enemy. This was nothing more than the possibility that kids would be exposed to unnecessary risk in the name of a lesson that could just as easily be learned on a different day. That was why O'Neil had unilaterally countermanded the order, bringing the children in and getting severely punished for his action.

Now the sergeant was back in training, determined to do his best. He did not want his promotions limited because he acted in the way he had when responsible for the training mission, even though, despite the punishment, he knew he would make the same judgment call again.

O'Neil had learned long ago that in the military, what was right depended upon the rank of the person who declared it so. He had moved up the ranks by making very few waves. Still, there were limits and he refused to be blindly obedient when orders were wrong.

As the instructor discussed the handling of the helicopter when rescuing someone floating in the water, an excited officer rushed into the classroom. There had been a serious breach of security. Several soldiers guilty of high treason were making an escape with top secret information. All rigs were to go in the air immediately.

Most of the pilots had partners for the search, but Sergeant O'Neil was assigned what he called the "baby bird," a small, two-person bubble-front chopper that was the most maneuverable to handle. It was equipped with a floodlight he could aim at the ground, illuminating the trees, the brush, the beach and the water, and two side floods he could use when flying low to the ground. It was so maneuverable, if he spotted any of the escapees, he could set it down in front of them, then call for a ground crew backup.

"Take this, O'Neil," said one of the officers standing near where the helicopters were parked. He handed the sergeant an assault rifle with a full clip. The escapees were to be shot if they resisted, held for the military police if they cooperated.

O'Neil's baby bird was on the roof of one of the Coast Guard buildings. As he rose into the air, he turned on the spotlight and began watching the beach area. The larger choppers were going elsewhere, but the sergeant had the feeling that at least some of the escaping soldiers might try to go to the water. They would not want to leave tracks and would be harder to spot if they swam a distance away from Still Pond before continuing on land.

Moments later, Sergeant O'Neil spotted four figures moving in the brush near the beach. There was an inlet from the ocean leading to a cove and it was to that area that the group seemed to be running.

The sergeant radioed for assistance, giving his position and explaining that he was going down to stop them.

The distinctive sound of the chopper blades and the growing intensity of the light from the landing aircraft terrified the members of the escaping group. They split up, only the apparent leader continuing to race for the water. O'Neil radioed where the three were heading, then continued in pursuit of the leader.

Thomas O'Neil dropped the helicopter low to the ground as the spotlight picked up the running figure. He thought for a moment the target would dodge back and forth, perhaps reversing his run. Then it seemed obvious to O'Neil that the fleeing man was going for the water. The soldier was running at full speed, and O'Neil assumed that the target believed that swimming was his only chance.

Suddenly, the racing figure reversed direction and headed back across the beach toward a hill. Immediately, Sergeant O'Neil started to land the baby bird. There was no cover nearby, just scrub brush that obscured nothing. But there was a road at the top of the hill, and beyond that there were places to

hide. The road was little traveled and the handful of vehicles that went by on any given day were likely to contain people with business at Still Pond. Still, there was hiding room that would protect the rebel leader from the night search and might give him time to get to God knew where before morning.

The helicopter lifted back up and swung around. This was the beauty of the baby bird. It was fast, maneuverable, the pilot flying like a cowboy on a quarter horse, turning sharply, racing in whatever direction was necessary to run down its quarry.

Once again, the sergeant landed, radioing in his location as he leaped from the chopper, grabbed the assault rifle and shouted, "Halt or I'll shoot!"

Lieutenant Rikki Shaw, leader of the rebels, stopped running, hands raised in the air. He was too well trained to resist when he was both unarmed and too far from his captor to take away the weapon as he had been taught to do if captured. Slowly he turned, staring into the side spotlights that lighted his position. When the moment was right, when the pilot with the gun was within striking distance, Shaw would take out O'Neil, grab the weapon and continue to flee.

Sergeant O'Neil's finger was on the assault rifle's trigger. The soldier before him had apparently stolen something the military considered top secret. The man had committed treason, though O'Neil had no way of knowing if this was in the past or if he had some top secret information that was being taken from the site to turn over to the enemy. Either way, the rebel would face a court martial. Either way, this soldier was going to jail, perhaps for life.

O'Neil may have been a gentle soul, nurturing as an instructor, but he hadn't been promoted because he was ever derelict in doing his duty or wavering in his patriotism. You didn't have to agree with the army to believe in your country, to honor its laws and to kill, if necessary, anyone who threatened national security. If the rebellious lieutenant tried again to escape, he would be dead on the spot.

The light made seeing difficult. For O'Neil, the contrast of the harsh light against the black night made his captive visible, but without clearly defined features. The soldier was like an overly airbrushed photograph of an aging actress that eliminated lines, wrinkles and pores, creating a smoothly bland portrait. For Shaw, watching the sergeant required trying to keep from staring at the bright spotlights of the helicopter. If he could focus his eyes between them, perhaps more than just a silhouetted figure shouting orders would be identifiable.

Shaw moved slowly towards the sergeant, the action smooth, in perfect balance, like a ballet dancer gliding across a stage. Once the other man was within reach, Shaw wanted to be poised to fight. He would use the sergeant's weapon and body movement against him.

The sergeant recognized what was happening. He, too, was trained in unarmed combat, his skills honed from years of practice. He did not know what abilities the escapee possessed and did not care. The idea of taking out the treasonous bastard hand-to-hand appealed to him. O'Neil almost hoped he would be rushed, even as he ordered Shaw, "Stop where you are and lay face down on the beach." The escapee was still far enough away to not be able to attack and the right approach, O'Neil decided, to handling the problem was to hold him until the Military Police arrived.

Suddenly, Shaw stopped, staring more closely at the brightly backlit figure holding the rifle. Seeing the other soldier's face, he was stunned. *My God, that's...*

"Lay face down on the ground or I'll shoot!"

"Don't you recognize me?"

"I'm warning you. I can kill you here or they can take you back alive. Have it either way. My orders don't allow for anything else."

"Cheryl!" Shaw yelled.

"On the ground!"

"Cheryl, it's me..."

"My name's Sergeant Thomas O'Neil. Why are you..."

"Cheryl, it's me, Lynn. Don't you recognize me?"

"Get down, you bastard!"

There was no mistaking the movement. The person holding the gun was about to fire.

"Cheryl Hersha! It's me, Lynn, your sister. You've got to let me go. You can't shoot me."

"Like hell, you lunatic."

And then Shaw remembered. Summer camp a few years before. They had both had jobs. One was a junior counselor, the other a lifeguard. But they had to work with the kids, and they all had

special names, Indian names, or so everyone claimed. In private, it was what they called each other from then on. “Summer Rain!” shouted the soldier. “Summer Rain, it’s me, Sunbeam.”

O’Neil froze for an instant, lowering the gun and looking around, confused. *There was water, sand... Lake Arrowhead... Lake Arrowhead Lutheran Camp.* She was Cheryl Hersha—Summer Rain. Her sister, Lynn, was Sunbeam. The children had been... *What had they been?*

“You’ve got to let me go.” All Lynn could think about was escape, survival. There was no time to explain.

Confused now, Cheryl glanced down at the assault rifle in her hand. “Oh my God.”

“I’m going now,” said Lynn, never explaining how she got there. “I’ve got to get out of here.”

Cheryl stared, not comprehending. There were too many questions and not enough answers. She just watched as her sister, wearing the unfamiliar uniform, took off running as a Jeep with several soldiers inside came rushing up.

“Sergeant!” shouted one of the soldiers as he stepped from the Jeep. He was uncertain why the officer standing by the helicopter was so confused. “Sergeant O’Neil, we can take him.”

The others raced after the escapee, tackling the soldier known as Lieutenant Rikki Shaw. There was a punch to the face, another to the gut. As the escapee fell to the ground, the men kicked and pummeled, teaching a lesson they knew would not soon be forgotten. Then the figure was handcuffed and dragged to the Jeep.

The change in the helicopter pilot was abrupt. Gone was the confusion. Back was the soldier known as Thomas O’Neil. He turned to the officer standing next to him and said, “Why the hell did you let him run like that? I had him covered. You almost let him get away.”

The soldier from the Jeep stared at the figure before him, not certain what had just taken place. He would let O’Neil fly back to base and then he would put in his report. Perhaps both the sergeant and the escapee should be confined while the incident was reexamined, each person questioned and the truth somehow determined.

“What kind of top secret information did the bastard have?” O’Neil asked before clambering back into the cockpit.

The MP just shrugged. He thought the paperwork would be found when a search was conducted in the holding cell area. Neither he nor anyone else realized that Rikki Shaw had not been trying to steal government secrets. Rikki Shaw and Thomas O’Neil *were* the government secrets. They were the end products of perhaps the greatest United States experiment.

The Still Pond incident was dramatic. Despite their training, each sister had recognized the other. Each flashed on memories their conscious minds did not retain. Their reaction avoided a violent confrontation that could have resulted in the death of one of the sisters. Yet, it was forgotten almost as quickly as it occurred. The punishment for both sisters was swift. Sergeant O’Neil had her wrists chained to an overhead pipe and was forced to stand on her toes, unable to move, for several hours. While it was not the type of punishment the American military likes to discuss, in the secret environment in which the sisters were living it was not that unusual or out of line. She had been trained to endure torture. One of the artificially created personalities was a soldier who had lost his mind and control of his body. He was a physical and psychological wreck, seemingly totally broken, unable to effectively communicate no matter what was done to him. Cheryl had been trained so that if she was captured and about to be tortured to be made to talk, the broken soldier would take control and nothing could be learned. Something so minor as being held captive as she was did not cause anywhere near enough anxiety or pain to create the split.

Rikki Shaw was simply beaten and confined. Again the punishment was severe by the standards expected of the military, but extremely mild for a participant in the covert program to train the perfect soldier assassins. Others had been killed, though it is presumed that they were not considered as important as Lynn was.

## CHAPTER

## 20

---

### *The Times, They Are A-Changin'*

Not only were the secret programs changing, but the world was changing very fast. The Soviet Union was disintegrating and the United States intelligence community was training assassins for Middle East operations where powerful individuals, in countries far from where the violence was taking place, increasingly financed terrorists. The feuds of wealthy, powerful families, the goals of religious extremists, organized criminals involved with drugs and the political ambitions of aggressive politicians were other dangers the United States was facing. For instance, in Los Angeles, the metropolitan squad's special weapons and tactics unit was training to possibly handle members of the Israeli Mafia, Libyan-backed hit squads, the Japanese Red Army and just about anyone who hired Carlos, the Jackal, to help them plot terrorist activities. Los Angeles had become a city of so many tongues, many colors, many ethnic and religious groups it was easy to move without detection. Someone who would be noticed in a city where the majority of people had ancestors from either Eastern Europe or Africa might not warrant a second glance. Small groups of terrorists were thus able to move freely, sometimes stealing or illegally buying high-powered weapons. Meanwhile, in rural areas such as Montana, militia were being assembled and elsewhere, cult groups were settling in.

These were the newest menaces for the last decades of the twentieth century. The military, looking primarily at foreign enemies, had not yet caught up; the intelligence community was only beginning to adapt and so, in the chaos of change, there were opportunities for mayhem.

Lynn became aware that some young officers had started talking about taking over. "They began looking at a plan that would enable us, because they thought my sympathies were with them, to take control of the country. They felt that the answer was to create chaos in the same manner as the student protests. Then we would provide the solution to the problems we had created. And finally, a chosen individual would become the leader."

There were three areas the rebels in the military were exploring. There was the cynicism resulting from the Watergate scandal. There was the desire for media control because of the continuing energy crisis which they felt would intensify over the next years whenever a rich oil nation had illusions of becoming a nuclear power. The ease with which the small, oil rich countries could alter the course of American society was impressive to the soldiers. They saw the combination of events impacting on the nation as a blueprint for implementing covert action of their own.

At the same time that some of the young officers were discussing their ideas for becoming the ruling force in America, Lynn's training was broadening into learning tactics for guerrilla warfare, urban chaos and combatting domestic terrorism.

There were other exercises as well. For the guerrilla warfare training, actions were simulated in a large building that looked like a gymnasium converted for training use. There were painted backgrounds and screens meant to fabricate a South American terrain. This was similar to the work done by members of the Taos, New Mexico, Society of Artists to help train troops with target practice prior to fighting World War II. The artists painted massive murals meant to look like the coastline or villages of the areas where the men would be fighting. Thus, after troops went through such training, the surroundings they encountered in combat were somewhat familiar to them.

The system Lynn used, along with a large number of older enlistees, was similar in nature to what would become standard police training courses. There were pop-up targets, sometimes allowing

for a clear shot from whatever weapon she carried and sometimes positioned with a civilian who would be endangered by a shooting. Because the system was still crude, there were soldiers on rolling carts, a little like those used by auto mechanics, who would roll on their stomachs to simulate alligators that might be found outdoors at night. Dimly lit bulbs high in the ceiling, flash bombs and firecrackers simulated both the night sky and explosions. Lynn and the others working on what amounted to an obstacle course, were in full gear, paintball guns that shot paint instead of bullets utilized while indoors in close quarters.

There were other tests outside in dense brush and scrub. These often used live fire, though the larger area and careful design made them safer. Always, the idea was to be able to read the terrain, sense the danger, determine where to go and where trouble might happen. Each participant was being looked at both for personal skills and leadership skills. To her delight, Lynn was the only one of those participating in the testing who made it through all aspects of the course.

“It was all real for me, whether in the gymnasium or outdoors. I could not comprehend make-believe. I don’t know if I was programmed to think that way or it was just me. I always approached the course as though it was life or death and I was determined to survive.”

More deadly was the testing Lynn experienced in the Yuma, Arizona area. Personnel from all four branches of the armed forces were present.

“We had been at the camp for a couple of days—teenagers, boys and girls and older adults all bivouacked together. There were perhaps twenty of us at most.

“The first part of the day was spent in the classroom with written tests. There were essay questions that began, ‘If you were the commander of troops...’ and went on to ask about military strategy in real world situations. There were true/false questions, such as ‘A Howitzer has a 40mm cannon. True or false?’ And there were math problems that related to the logistics of moving air and ground forces.” The latter were typical of the story problems in many algebra classes, but they were concerned with the interception of enemy aircraft or the bringing together of different forces from different locations for a precision attack.

After the written tests were completed, the youths were divided into two teams. One was to portray an occupying force. The other was a unit sent to ambush and take back control of the territory being occupied.

The battle simulation was as real as possible. There were smoke grenades, special blanks in sophisticated weapons such as shoulder fired anti-tank missiles. All types of equipment that would be used for real assaults were present. The only difference was the final objective, a headquarters tent in which high military and civilian officials could witness the action while sipping ice water and enjoying the shelter.

Lynn led her unit through the essential violence of the exercise. Escape routes were sealed. No survivors were taken. Regaining the objective was swift, violent and assured minimum casualties for the “good guys.”

When the exercise was over, the leaders had to stand in front of military experts and face intense questioning about their decisions and actions.

“What would you do differently?” an Army official asked.

A Navy officer interjected, “What tactics had to be changed as the battle proceeded?”

“Where did you make mistakes?” the Air Force officer shot out.

“I barely had time to answer one officer’s question when the next was fired off. The day was long and hot and I got pissed off at all the questions. I had done my job as it should be done and they knew it. Instead of being able to rest, my handler, the man in charge of my training, told me I had to go through one more course.”

The last challenge of the day was a pressure-shooting course on a massive range that simulated two forms of combat situations. One was a steep hillside. The second was an urban ghetto scene. “I had to talk while walking the course and respond to whatever came along. I also had to use different weapons that were left for me to grab at different stages of the course. One was a thirty-eight revolver with a four-inch barrel, the type of police snub nose weapon meant for close-in shooting. There were also different types of assault rifles allowing for both distance shooting and bursts of bullets. Each was to be used in a different part of the range and I was to handle both of them with speed and accuracy. I also had to explain why the gun was the appropriate choice for the danger I would be in if the situation was real.

“It was a stress course with pop-up people, blasts coming randomly from upper story windows and other dangers. I had to know when to shoot and when to hold fire and why. I had to talk through what I was thinking while avoiding being killed as if the simulation were real.”

But it wasn't and Lynn was out of patience with simulations and being used as a show project. “Look, I'm hot, I'm tired and this is a lot of bullshit,” she said rudely to the men watching as she went through the course. “I knew I was pushing the envelope, but I didn't care.” What she did not realize was that, just as she had done when she fought back against the “Button, Button” electric shock game when she was first inducted into the program as a child, her confrontational attitude was impressing her superiors. They were more convinced than ever that she would be capable of assuming leadership roles later.

Because of this, Lynn was next sent to the area known as Raven Rock, an underground city connected with Camp David, Maryland, the presidential retreat established by President Eisenhower. The military maintains a number of facilities that are at least partially underground in order to have a location where government officials, key military personnel and soldiers with special skills can survive a war. Raven Rock was linked underground with Camp David by a rail system similar in concept to a subway.

“There was a large body of water underground,” Lynn describes. “Facing the water, approximately two hundred yards to your right, a five-story building served as command center. Next came a four-story building with a central cafeteria, central laundry and cubicles for sleeping along with toilet facilities. I wasn't sure, but I thought the body of water was probably part of a self-contained hydroelectric facility.”

She considered herself honored to be chosen to go to the underground facility. “Only the elite attend classes at Raven Rock,” her handler told her.

“I also loved the fact that I had my own apartment, a studio with a bed, toilet, shower and small wardrobe. There was a cafeteria for meals and a gymnasium where I could work out.

“Also, there was a mini-mall complete with a large store that was like a TG&Y. It had a little bit of everything. The selections were limited, but it had clothing, some jewelry, some toiletries and some kitchen items. Family members were frequently underground with loved ones involved in the military.”

These tests marked a change for Lynn. She was no longer a child and not treated as one. She was moving up in the elite leadership corp for which she had been selected, but the stress of creating divisions in her psyche was taking its toll on Lynn. The experiments were taking their toll on Cheryl as well. The years were passing. The sisters were becoming young women.

## CHAPTER

## 21

---

### *Jarring Memories*

The two sisters had learned their lessons well. But there were other facets to the lessons being taught.

Cheryl had been trained in the tradition of the seductress, spy and soldier who became legend among the Veterans of Foreign Wars whose call to arms had been in France, Italy, Germany and other parts of Eastern Europe during the two major wars of the twentieth century.

Lynn was one of the highly trained young men and women who had seen that overwhelming force, superior arms and noble missions could be defeated at the hands of rag-tag groups of rebels playing by different rules. In the Vietnam War, cargo planes loaded with vast quantities of supplies that could be moved swiftly across the land were pitted against human pack animals—peasant farmers carrying outdated rifles, walking up and down trails with whatever food, medicine and weaponry they could carry on their back—who won.

The lesson of Cuba had shown that charismatic, guerrilla leaders like Fidel Castro, who worked from mountain hideouts, could bring down a nation's seemingly more powerful government.

And there were more lessons being taught by worldwide terrorist groups, which caused the enemies of democracy to realize that the United States was vulnerable to terrorist activity, such as the destruction of Manhattan apartments which would fall like a house of cards if sabotaged or subway tunnel air being chemically poisoned.

Lynn's further training was part of this new school of thinking. Lynn was trained to be a leader in a future when flexibility would be critical, when war might mean nuclear missiles striking military bases or the release of poison gas on civilians or enemy soldiers in the streets. She learned how to survive, then analyze whatever threat confronted a city, state or the nation and work to neutralize it, then normalize the government. She became as innovative, flexible and lacking in hidebound thinking as the most imaginative, sophisticated and determined enemy yet to be encountered.

As time went on, the heads of the secret program reevaluated their warriors. It was thought that Cheryl could become an anachronism, but Lynn was too important to ever lose. And so it was Lynn whose skills were kept honed like the blade of a razor, while Cheryl was used less and less and began to have more time to think. It was also a mistake, the flaw in the intelligence community's thinking that would help lead to the sisters' discovery of who they were and what had been done to them.

Meanwhile, California law had changed, allowing Louise to divorce her husband. She also wanted to leave California. Both Lynn and Cheryl were finished with high school and ready to get on with their adult lives. Their younger sister, soon to be a high school freshman, would be changing schools anyway so the timing seemed less traumatic for her as well. Besides, nothing about Carlsbad remained particularly desirable except the fact that the burgeoning population assured a resale value for their home that was triple what Louise and Dick originally paid.

Louise Hersha sold her family's Carlsbad home, using part of the proceeds for a large motor home. She decided to take her three daughters on a meandering two week tour of the United States on their way to Florida.

The church pastor tried to talk Louise out of making the move. She had already been criticized for not trying harder to make her marriage work, even though Dick's volatility and violence were no longer just family secrets. One self-righteous neighbor went so far as to imply that his wife likely caused Dick's problems.

Prominent individuals in the city encouraged Louise to continue her work with children. One offered to help her start a daycare business since Louise's children were now old enough that an in-home business no longer seemed particularly necessary. But it was too late for such offers. Louise wanted and needed to free herself from the home and city that reminded her of Dick's mental illness and abusive behavior. She wanted a fresh start for herself and her daughters. Louise had no intention of remaining in Carlsbad any longer.

Florida offered new opportunities for Cheryl and Lynn. There was a tremendous need for licensed foster care of children who were mentally or physically disabled. Lynn had worked with such children at the Lutheran summer camp where both she and Cheryl had been employed during their high school years. Lynn and her mother established proper credentials, then divided the work. Louise took a job in food service for a year in order to build a credit rating that could be used for a business loan. Lynn cared for the disabled children in their new home during the day.

Cheryl was not a part of what was becoming the family business. She took a job as a waitress at a steakhouse for a year, but she didn't like it very much.

That Easter vacation, she visited her cousin in California and the two drove to Mexico to spend some time at a home the cousin's family owned there. "He had an air gun that looked like an automatic. It was powerful enough to kill small animals, but he kept it for target shooting. I didn't care what it was for, it was a gun and I didn't like it. I had never really held one and I was always afraid of handling weapons. Or so I thought."

Her cousin pushed the gun into Cheryl's hand, telling her to try to hit some simple targets that had been set up on a saguaro cactus in a desert area near their home. "Suddenly, I found myself in a two-handed combat position, slowing my breathing, analyzing the distance, the wind and the probable trajectory of the pellets, then blasting everything I aimed at. I was an expert marksman, yet I didn't think I had ever fired a weapon in my life. I certainly couldn't remember being trained and I told my cousin so." Yet she chalked it up to beginner's luck and forgot all about it.

A few months later, Cheryl found a job back in Florida at the Arrowhead Lutheran Camp. She had decided to work there for the summer, then move back to Carlsbad with a friend. But her plans changed after she met Don, a young man who was running the soccer program at the camp.

The local church had year round programs. During the summer there were general camping experiences as well as specialty programs in soccer, swimming, skating and other activities. Don, also a former Californian, was coaching soccer after having completed two years at Christ College in Irvine, training to be a youth leader within the Lutheran Church. Shortly after Cheryl and Don met, they fell in love. Instead of going to Carlsbad, Cheryl and Don became engaged, marrying the following May and taking full time summer positions at the camp.

After that the couple took a series of jobs, moving back to California, then on to Arizona where they eventually settled. He remained active in the church wherever he went, but his jobs ranged from construction to working for the Postal Service. Cheryl held a variety of jobs in the local department store.

For several years, the sisters lived in separate states, leading separate lives, their new families not particularly close. As events occurred that startled them and involved flashbacks, they usually kept the incidents to themselves.

Sometimes a memory would come as a curiosity, a long forgotten incident suddenly remembered with the clarity of a current event.

Cheryl's first experience of memories flooding to the surface happened when she saw her cousin and remembered how, years earlier on their trip to Mexico, she had been puzzled by her seeming expertise with firearms.

Lynn was experiencing memory flashes, too. One day, Lynn noticed a photograph on the dresser at the home she and her mother were renting. Her mother said she'd found it in a box of old memorabilia. Lynn studied the photo that showed some of her classmates at Magnolia Elementary School, then spotted the tall, powerfully built older boy who was the school bully. Suddenly, she remembered how as a child she had watched the boy, who was several inches and many pounds larger than she was, intimidate the other children on their way to and from the school. She remembered the boy demanding one child's dessert, another child's lunch money and a third child's favorite toy. She remembered that when anyone resisted, the bully had been as good with his fists as with his words. He did not pick only on the frightened, withdrawn children desperate to avoid conflict, he also bullied the school athletes and always won the fights. It was because he was skilled with his fists that none



of the children ever told the teachers or the principal. They were afraid of the retaliation they knew would occur.

Lynn also had no intention of going to the grown-ups, but she had a different attitude. She remembered the day she marched over to the bully, their size difference making her feel a little like a flea confronting a St. Bernard. She said, "Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" She had to crane her neck upward to do it and he laughed at her comments. Then Lynn began goading him, hoping to get him to hit her.

"Part of me knew I was being dumb, that I was going to get clobbered. But part of me told me not to back off."

"You're just a wimp," Lynn told the boy. "You're a weak nothing. I've seen you fight and you fight like a girl."

Finally the boy had had enough of her mouth. "He hit me, just like I hoped he would. He was strong and he hit me hard, but I just took it."

Then she quietly told him, "Now you've gone too far."

What surprised Lynn most about the incident was her calm. She was not mad. She was not scared. He was a problem to be instantly analyzed, understood, then deconstructed.

"I ignored whatever he was doing to me and focused on his weak spots. I hit him in the stomach to wind him, and when he dropped his hands to protect himself, I hit him in the face. He brought his hands back up and I hit him in the stomach. Then I again hit him in the face. I took advantage of whatever opening he gave me and I wouldn't back off until he was lying on the ground, crying and bleeding. His reputation was destroyed and he never tried to hurt the kids again.

"The incident was extremely satisfying. The problem was that I was sure I had never taken a self-defense course in my life. Yet, I fought him as though I had experienced extensive training I was sure I had never had."

Now the scene flooded back bringing few answers and more questions.

Another incident for Lynn came one night, when she suddenly recognized her own behavior as being out of place for the life she thought she had led. She was at a night club when a really tall and muscular guy started coming on to her. "The drunker he got, the more aggressive he got. Finally, I was on my way to the restroom when he blocked the doorway and demanded a kiss before he'd let me get through. He stood so his body filled the door and he was big enough so his body *really* filled that door. He had his hand up against the door frame and I couldn't get past. When I realized he was way out of control, I put one hand on his wrist, holding it against the frame, and my other hand directly under his elbow, pushing upwards until he screamed in pain. He yelled at me to stop before I broke his arm and I told him to leave me alone so I wouldn't have to. He got the hell out of there and left the club, terrified. The trouble was that I had no idea I knew how to do something like that. I certainly had never taken any training in self-defense. It just came naturally and yet I knew it wasn't natural at all."

Her sister was also continuing to have *deja vu* experiences. At an airport, Cheryl spotted a small helicopter on a portion of the tarmac where sightseers could go. She was terrified of helicopters, of flying in one, of walking too close to it. But Cheryl had her husband with her and he wanted to see the two-person bubble front chopper. Reluctantly, she walked with him to the cockpit, peaked in...and immediately wanted to start flying. She knew instantly where the controls were and how to use them. She checked the gauges, looking to see the fuel level and decided how far she could fly before refueling. There was no fear, only a feeling of aggression, as though taking that helicopter into the air would give her a power and control over life that she had been missing for too long. She seriously considered climbing into the pilot's seat and stealing the chopper long enough to go in the air and show off for her husband. "As far as I knew, I had never been in a helicopter in my life. Yet suddenly, I knew all about flying it. Just to be sure, I struck up a conversation with the pilot who was standing nearby. We talked about technical things only a fellow pilot would know. But when he asked me where I gained so much experience, I startled him by admitting I didn't think I had ever so much as been inside a helicopter. He thought I was joking and said I had to have had not only ground school training, but a lot of flying hours to carry on our discussion.

"I knew the pilot was right. I also was certain that something was very wrong with my memory."

Still other jarring memories began cropping up for each of the young women. Nightmare memories. Memories of being the victims of sexual violence. Memories of being in life and death combat. Memories of being parts of assassination teams. Some were like watching the testosterone-

driven action movies that are released in the summer to fill movie theaters with hormone possessed teenage boys and young men. Others seemed like X-rated horror films filled with deviant behavior.

On those nights, they awakened drenched in sweat. They awakened screaming. They awakened in terror or flushed with adrenaline as though they had been about to fight for their lives.

Gradually, each sister began talking to the other long distance, making the first explorations. Speaking tentatively at first, they talked of remembered violence at the hands of their mentally ill father. They talked of missing time, of going to school, yet not remembering large portions of certain years. Sometimes one said, "Do you remember...?" going into the sketchiest ideas of a long forgotten incident, when the other suddenly filled in all the details.

One night, Lynn asked Cheryl about the night when their mother was in the hospital giving birth to their youngest sister. "Remember they hired a baby sitter so Dad could be at the hospital after the birth, but for some reason he came home for a few minutes that evening, probably to shower and change his clothes? Then he found the sitter ignoring us, letting us do whatever we wanted so long as we didn't bother her eating the food in the refrigerator and watching television. She had fixed herself a steak Dad was saving for himself and he just exploded, throwing her out of the house.

"It didn't stop there, though. You and I snuck along the floor, peaking around the corner of the living room to see the confrontation. When he saw us, Dad took out his rage on us. He threw me across the room, then attacked you. I ran at him and leaped on his back, but he threw me off." Lynn could remember only bits of the incident and as she described it to her sister, she envisioned scenes like a series of snapshots—the sitter with the steak, her Dad throwing the woman out, her father attacking Cheryl. There were no specific details. Just sketchy memories.

"You remember everything right," Cheryl said. Then she began describing their pajamas, what their father wore, everything.

Lynn asked her mom if she remembered the incident, but no one had ever told her. "However, she did confirm Cheryl's memory of our pajamas, what Dad was wearing, and all the other small details that Cheryl had mentioned. And though Mom and I were in the same house in Florida as I talked to Cheryl in Arizona, Mom hadn't overheard our telephone call."

Gradually, the two sisters became more open with each other, discussing the night terrors, the sudden flashes of memory, the incidents that were so unexplainable. The lives they had led were suddenly revealed to be giant picture puzzles with many key pieces missing. They felt that they had to share their memories with each other, however fractured, in case the other remembered something that would make the puzzle comprehensible. And when they did, they came to the only logical conclusion—they must be mentally ill. After all, if any of the horrible things had really happened, they would remember them more naturally and completely. Or so they believed.

It was with the birth of Cheryl and Don's first child that Cheryl became aware she was experiencing unusual emotions that seemed to have no place in her life. She was terrified of leaving her daughter alone with anyone, including Don. She had no reason to distrust him and he treated their little girl with love and tenderness. Even odder, the one time she left her daughter with her mother, a period of just two hours, she became nearly hysterical with fear.

Then when reading some women's magazines, she saw articles about eating disorders. "I had been anorexic, often not eating for days or weeks at a time. I knew the calorie count of everything and constantly worried about my weight. I was disgusted with my body, repulsed by male genitalia, had thoughts of suicide and used laxatives obsessively for weight control. I had all the phobias they listed," Cheryl explains. At the end of the piece, it discussed the possibility of such disorders resulting from child abuse situations.

Another day Lynn was reading an article which told about people who were sexually abused as children and their common characteristics. "It explained that those things that served to protect abuse victims as children were causing problems in adult life. I read the list and realized I fit all of them."

The next moments blended together. One moment she was staring at a list of problems to which she could relate, the next moment she found herself in the bedroom closet with no idea how she had gotten there.

"I thought, *Oh, my God, what happened?* I was standing in the dark closet, crying and feeling I needed to pee. I had no memory of getting up off the chair, getting to the closet and getting in. There had been no conscious decision to do what I was doing.

"I didn't tell anyone. I felt I was insane. I was hopeless. I began having bouts of insomnia. I began having panic attacks. There were times when I thought that the planet would be better off if

everyone on it was dead and that I would be happy to help them die. Then there were times when I was completely immobilized with fear and dread and anxiety. In those dark hours, I just wanted to curl up in a corner and pull a blanket over my head forever.”

Meanwhile, Lynn was trying to lead as normal a life as possible. She had gone to a nearby college, ironically thinking of becoming a psychologist. She completed only one semester at the time, because she shattered her leg in a skating accident. She could not drive and that meant she could not go to school. She had been attending on a scholarship, but even a one semester break in her studies meant that she would lose the financial aid she needed.

When she became mobile, Lynn worked at the church camp, but after a time her job became more complex. She, an interim deaconess and a maintenance man, all in their early twenties, ran the camp. The only additional help they received was from a weekend cook, a retiree who was seventy-two years old.

“I started out as the weekday camp cook, but soon was doing everything else. I learned maintenance. I learned public relations. I began going to schools to tell kids and teachers about the camp programs. Over the next few months I learned how to market, sell and run a camp.”

She entered college again, working part-time at a large independent toy store. “I was in no hurry for a degree. I was taking required courses that I also liked, such as ancient history.

“My youngest sister was also at the college, though she was a theater major. She was taking voice lessons, acting lessons and everything else that would help her have a career in the theater. She was quite talented, but she was disappointed when the show she was in was canceled because not enough students auditioned to fill the roles. That was why, when there were auditions for the next play, Tennessee Williams’ *Summer And Smoke*, she asked me to audition. She wanted to make certain that the play went on and I figured it was no big deal. I could be part of a crowd scene, walking on and off the stage without saying anything. Instead, I got the part of the leading lady’s insane mother, a delicious role and very funny.

“The leading man was a guy named Edward. He was taking a full course load and though he tended to not do well in the ones he did not like, he was a very serious theater student. He had been in the army, but had failed basic training and accepted the option of being honorably discharged without further obligation. He was extremely intelligent and artistic, but had come from an abusive environment.

“There was a gentleness to Edward that brought us together. I also liked his mother, with whom we eventually lived for a while. Edward and I married in nineteen eighty-eight, the year after we met. By this time, Edward’s stepfather had congestive heart failure and emphysema and was home-bound, tethered to an oxygen tank. His mother had been hurt in a factory job. Her hand was caught in a machine and the doctors had to fuse some bones. Her life revolved around work, taking care of her husband, living with severe diabetes and going to Bingo. She loved Bingo and I took her all the time. It was what helped her to get from day to day.

“Edward had a job with a traveling show. He was gone most weekdays and back for the weekends. Our staying with his parents helped them and helped us.

“But then several things happened at once. I discovered my husband was having an affair. Our son was born and his stepfather died. Our life fell apart under these new pressures. I began seeing visions of my dad standing in the door frame of many of the doors I passed. He was so real, I’d scream, yet he wasn’t really there. I developed insomnia and frequently could not hold food down. I began vomiting from the stress.

“One day I pulled open the kitchen drawer where all the highly sharpened knives were kept. I placed the telephone next to them. Then I had to decide what I was going to do. I figured that if my emotions were bad enough for the knives, they were bad enough to pick up the telephone. If no one helped me, I could always pick up the knives.

“My first call was to the community mental health agency where I was told they could do nothing for me. Fortunately, I called Family Services next and they told me to come in for an assessment.

“I told Edward that he had to either leave or go for counseling. He chose to get out of the house, but he came back the next day, begging me to take him in, telling me he’d do anything for me, including going to counseling. We went together.

“I was completely open with the therapist. I poured my guts out, telling the woman how I was hallucinating about my father. I told her how I heard my father’s voice and how I was getting panic

attacks up to five times a day. I was trying to hold on to my job and my sanity, but I was losing it. Edward also showed her my arm, rolling up my blouse sleeve so she could see that I was cutting myself.

“During the early part of the sessions, the counselor suggested to improve our relationship Edward and I try dating each other. Edward decided that we should go to dinner and a movie, leaving our son with his mother. I didn’t want to do that with the baby, but he kept saying how nice it was to be alone without our child. We went to a restaurant but he just wouldn’t talk about anything that mattered. He kept saying that our son was off limits, that we should be talking about each other. We were supposed to be restructuring our life together, working out the future of our family, and he refused to talk about most of what we had to deal with from day to day. I was getting extremely angry.”

Then he reached across the table, taking Lynn’s hand in his and squeezed it hard, giving her a “come-hither” look. She stood up so fast the table shook, shouting at him, “I came here to talk about what’s wrong in our marriage. You won’t talk about anything and all you care about is sex. You’re just not going to be happy unless I fuck you right on this table. You’re just not going to be happy unless I worship at the altar of your goddamn penis. I’m getting the hell out of here.”

She turned, strode to the door, got in the car and drove home, leaving him stranded.

“It was much later, when I finally was emotionally stable enough to think back over all that had happened, that I realized how off base my reaction was.”

Lynn realized what her own reaction meant. “Now you have to understand how much I’d degenerated. I created this massive scene in the middle of a crowded restaurant that also happens to be one of my favorites. I screamed foul language, coming just short of throwing the dishes at Edward and never gave a thought that I was being offensive, that I was upsetting the other diners, embarrassing them or anything else. I thought of myself as acting appropriately for the way Edward was behaving, never thinking beyond that.”

Right after the incident, Lynn and Edward switched to separate therapy visits. It was obvious to the therapist that there were quite different issues to be resolved. It was also obvious that the marriage could not last. Edward’s affair had shattered all the trust Lynn had placed in him. Their life together was over, though they did not immediately seek a divorce. Lynn’s role in the secret program, however, was far from over.

*Explosive Threats*

Though her personal life was fractured and her mother was caring for her son more and more, Lynn Hersha had learned leadership skills that few officers below the rank of general ever acquire. She was an expert at situation analysis. She was skilled in armed and unarmed self-defense. She could handle a variety of weapons. She was fluent in Spanish and was sent on some missions into Mexico with Mac, the man who served as her handler.

One project was called Sleeping Beauty. It was summer. Lynn and her handler, dressed as casual tourists, went to buildings around Mexico that had dual uses. Part of each building was open to the public, both locals and tourists regularly going in and out for all manner of activities. And part of each building contained one or more private government agency offices where confidential material was often filed.

Mac used code words based on regularly reinforced hypnotic suggestion to “awaken” Sleeping Beauty. She wore a wedding ring and lived in a hotel with him, believing herself to be his wife and acting accordingly. She also knew that she had a mission to obtain one or more files he designated, depending upon the Mexican government office. She never questioned him; as Sleeping Beauty she could only blindly obey whatever her handler demanded.

Lynn and her handler went through the areas open to the public so they seemed to have a reason to be there. Then Lynn wandered out and around to a rear entrance, choosing a time when the staff was known to be mostly away from the office. She opened the door, went inside and obtained the papers she was told to get. If she got into a bind, her ability to speak accentless Spanish would help her flee. And if she was arrested, Sleeping Beauty was programmed to return to her nap, a different personality, totally oblivious to the mission taking place. No matter what might be done to that personality, she would never reveal the truth because she would have no idea what the truth might be. Even if she were caught holding the file, she would be as genuinely shocked as the people arresting her.

But she was never caught.

The new missions were successes. They had tested her mettle as the program moved into a different direction, a direction it was hoped she could handle. And now they knew she could.

The intelligence community has always operated ahead of the military. It has always been more concerned with new threats rather than what exists at the moment. By this point, though the United States military was still thinking in terms of conventional warfare, the CIA recognized new terrors on the horizon.

The intelligence community felt that the next big threat to the nation’s security was likely to be chaos caused by domestic and foreign terrorism. What would happen when groups of people panic? What would happen if a specially trained Delta force was sent into the chaos to either restore order or, if caught in the crisis, escape to fight another day? Could the Delta force succeed?

The question was an important one. The CIA determined that any foreign terroristic attack against the United States could begin with strikes against all military bases. In this case, most of the armed forces living and working on those bases would be killed or wounded. While there would be underground personnel—an estimated 100,000 at that time—these would be people with different skills.

Some of the underground personnel surviving the first strike of an attack would be those who had rotated through regular service underground. These would be men and women involved with worldwide communication, coordinating our own underground missiles and related matters.

Some of the people surviving the attack in the underground bunkers would be political leaders, including the President. They might be critical for the sustaining of the government and, of course, the President is officially Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, but they would be worthless in battle.

And some of the people, like Lynn, would be carefully cross-trained in skills that could be used to put down riots, control crowds, enforce martial law and act as a first line of defense against an invading army. Thus, the number of trained personnel would be less than the 100,000 figure and, even among them, the defense of the nation might require them to stay underground.

Lynn and a few others were being given elite training. They were future leaders who would be dispersed in big cities and small towns everywhere. It was surmised they would survive the first strike and have the skill to escape, to lead retaliatory battles. They would command active duty soldiers as well as members of the various National Guard groups and former soldiers who were expected to privately take up arms to fight.

This concept of the future meant that Lynn, regardless of her personal life, regardless of perhaps having a husband and being a mother, had to know everything needed for such emergencies. This was why she was taught how to fly the F-14, as well as given weapons training in the plane. In addition, Lynn was taught how to drive standard shift cars, armored vehicles, trucks ranging from pick-ups to eighteen wheelers and anything else that moved. She would have the knowledge to escape when necessary and that meant having the skills to steal and utilize any form of transportation immediately available to her.

These were the plans in case of foreign military threats. But the threats the intelligence community had begun to worry were of even more imminent importance were the possibility of domestic terrorism inciting widespread anarchy. Some of the intelligence agencies were watching fascist, communist and other fringe groups in the United States. There were other groups and individuals, some incited by foreign enemies, some by enemies from within, known and unknown.

During that summer, Lynn and a selected Delta Team had to learn to survive one of those threats.

The dirty little secret of border states such as California and Arizona is that the terrain, the lifestyles of the inhabitants and the isolation of various regions assure that people can disappear without being traced. Migrant workers, campers, hikers, illegal aliens crossing the border in search of jobs, college students seeking a wilderness experience, young adults paying for vacations by doing a little drug running, all have disappeared. Some are murdered for their possessions. Some are raped, then killed to avoid their identifying the person who attacked them. Some are killed for money. Some are killed for sport. And some are killed as part of secret programs and missions.

Sometimes people disappear forever, their bodies hidden so well they decompose or are destroyed by wild animals before anyone finds them. Most times the bodies turn up after a spring thaw or when a lightning strike creates a fire that burns ground cover brush that had hidden the corpse. Depending upon their condition, identities and causes of death are likely to be learned, though the killers frequently are not caught.

Lynn's mission began in an underground area where there was a subway rail system. She was told only that a threat had been received, that someone was going to blow up the facility. And so Lynn led a Delta team, all dressed in leather jackets and biker garb, onto the passenger car for a trip deep into a cave that was in the side of a mountain.

As they rode deeper into the cave, their eyes adjusted to the dim light.

"We had gone through steel doors in the side of the hill to get to the tram we were riding. The interior was massive, perhaps the length of two football fields. The floor had been smoothed, but the height was uneven, the lowest part rising to a height similar to that of a two- or three-story building. The temperature must have been around sixty-five degrees, something I suspect it retained year round. The air was slightly chilly and damp. It all had the feel of a basement.

"The tram had the appearance and feel of a city bus on wheels. There was no driver on board, and the power came from an overhead line."

They went in 500 feet or more from the side of the hill. There they entered what seemed to be an endless blackness in the tunnel. There was one dim light inside the car as the soldiers rode in total silence.

Reaching the underground, they got out. There were doors that indicated there were other places to go. Lynn saw three rows of bleachers further down, though no one was sitting there when they arrived.

“Since I was appointed team leader, I chose two others I trusted and ordered the rest to return and guard to the tram. The three of us set off to explore the tunnel.

“I found a retaining wall, placed my back against it and began inching along, always looking ahead until I could see what was going on in the cavern.” To Lynn’s surprise, there were several different groups of people. “It was obvious why we had been chosen; unlike other officers, we could more easily blend in.

“First, there were bikers—Hell’s Angels and other outlaw biker gangs. They had leather, chains, butterfly knives for fighting, tattoos and lots of attitude.

“They seemed to be divided into several different gangs. Like us, they wore bandannas and jackets bearing several different insignias. They also had their motorcycles with them, apparently having been invited in earlier.”

The bikers were grouped around a large bonfire, acting as though it was the choice position.

“Next I saw Latinos who wore chino pants and plaid shirts and seemed to be in a kind of semi-circle.

“In another area was a group of African-American males standing around. Most of them wore dark clothes.

Some families standing in another group looked bewildered and a little frightened of the others. Perhaps they had been chosen as hostages. Lynn scrutinized them. They looked like they had been taken from the middle of hiking or camping somewhere, their clothing obviously meant for the trails and wilderness areas. They kept their children nearby. “I looked closer and saw some men talking to them. I realized that they were really part of the whole thing. Perhaps it was a cult.

“I took point, leading my small group to where we could see what was taking place. Then I left them, moving in quickly, assessing the problem immediately. That was my skill by then. I had learned to come to decisions really quickly, all the while moving to avoid danger.”

She looked around sure that conflict was going to happen. It had to happen. It was just a matter of time, especially with the bikers being unpredictable. Nobody could know what might set them off.

“The other odd part were some armed guards standing outside the observation windows, who wore suits and held semi-automatic rifles. They spoke in broken English so I assumed they had not been in the United States all that long.

“The problem I immediately saw was that we were too exposed. If I stood, the retaining wall would come up to my shoulders. We stooped as we moved, keeping low, but I had to expose my head to see what was there. The observation booth was perhaps twenty feet up the side. There were bleacher steps, some doors in the wall. And there was obviously a man-made structure on the other side of the booth, though the harsh contrast of intensely bright light and deep shadows made seeing exactly what was going on almost impossible.”

As she looked, one of the armed guards spotted her. The fact that they were dressed in biker garb didn’t fool him.

“We got one here,” he shouted.

She ducked down and turned to the other two. “Get back,” she said, as they all moved quickly towards the bonfire. There was little time to act, but they had brought with them the necessary ingredients to quell the uprising.

“I did what I had to and we ran back toward the tram.” Moments later a loud ‘Kaboom’ sounded and logs flew through the air. As the bonfire exploded, people screamed. The bonfire itself glowed as though it had enlarged three or four times its original size. The clothes of some of the people burst into flames.

Bullets started flying, and the guards began running down the bleacher steps to the ground level by the retaining wall. Lynn saw they were out to get her since she was closest to them.

“One of my group, another young girl, was racing ahead of me. Suddenly, Steve, the young man next to her, looked back over his shoulder, then froze in his tracks. He saw what was happening behind us and just stopped moving. I don’t know why he froze, but the look on his face was pure shock. He stared in wide-eyed disbelief at something I didn’t want to know about. I knew that whatever it was, it was not good. But I didn’t take the time to look. He was ahead of me, in the mouth of the tunnel.

When I got to where he was standing, I threw myself forward onto him, knocking him to the ground. The force of my leap slid us into the tunnel and away from the bonfire.”

Just as they hit the ground, a huge fireball went right past them overhead. “I assumed that someone had fired a flame-thrower at us. We were lucky. The only reason it missed was because we were down.”

She grabbed Steve by the arm, pulling him to his feet and shoving him down the tunnel. “Run!” Lynn yelled, and he finally did. Lynn stopped for a moment to make sure no one was coming through the mouth of the tunnel.

“I had been trained to use the momentum of a pursuer against him. I waited at the corner, just out of sight of someone who might run through. I had my hand ready to do what’s called a knife hand strike into the neck. My instructor always told me that if you strike there, the person can’t breathe. If he can’t breathe, he can’t fight you.”

No one was in pursuit so Lynn continued running back to the tram.

She only had about twenty feet to cover when a doorway opened up on the side of the tunnel and a guy jumped out. He seemed to be one of the bikers. “He stared at me, his squared body ready to grab me. He was huge, much bigger and taller than I was. Maybe I could have handled him in a fight, but if he had the same training I did, fighting him would be stupid. This was no time to make a mistake. People were probably dying behind me. We were playing for keeps. I shaped my knuckles like a knife and jammed them as hard as I could into his windpipe as he grabbed for me.”

Lynn made it back to the tram and the others just as a huge explosion sent a shockwave through the cave that shook the ground. It knocked Lynn off her feet. Overhead the tram line attachment was sparking. She scrambled back up in the doorway and whispered, “Everyone crouch low. Try to be very, very still and very quiet.”

The tram had been operating automatically when Lynn and the others came in. Now when she looked at the front, she could see no dials or switches. “We were not going anywhere unless it was reactivated from somewhere else and that seemed highly unlikely,” she says.

Suddenly, there was quiet. They stayed there, keeping the doors closed, waiting. “Get under the seats so that the only way they can shoot us will be to break out the windows, put their weapons through and then aim,” Lynn ordered to the others. She figured that if they did that, all of them knew how to grab the guns and turn them against their attackers. It was the most defensible position they could take until they could get the tram to take them back to the big doors where she thought they could make their escape to the outside.

“Before we boarded the tram, if they wanted to shoot me, I’d have been dead. With the positions we took, we had a chance to fight. We could effectively counterattack by hand.” No one came. “I radioed back to base that the Delta group was safe and the uprising had been quelled. Suddenly, the tram started moving back up the tunnel, from where they had come. When we reached the terminal, three guys who seemed to be law enforcement officers were waiting for us.”

The three men looked like researcher types, wearing black double-knit pants, short sleeve white shirts over barely visible T-shirts, pocket guards with pens, clip-on name tags and, in one man’s case, a necktie. They looked to be in their forties. They looked like shoe salesmen, the type of people Lynn went to church with.

“The man I thought was the lead guy was perspiring profusely. You could see his underarms were wet, his shirt clinging.”

The men first peered through the windows to see if anyone was inside. Then, curious, they knocked on the door.

“They didn’t have guns drawn. There was no aggression. Their body language and expressions were calm. But I knew appearances could be deceiving.

Lynn stood in front of the door. “Everyone else was behind me at the back of the tram so I could see anything coming up the tunnel from deep inside the cavern.”

They knocked again and Lynn stared out at them.

The one with the necktie called, “You aren’t hurt are you?”

Then another, not waiting for an answer said, “How did you stop it?”

“It wasn’t easy. I had to rig an explosion.”

“That was a good decision to make,” the lead man said.

“Then the lead guy told us to follow them off the little tram. We went into a door in the wall that was just five feet from the door of the car. All I could think was, *Oh, my God, can I trust these guys?*



But they did not challenge my authority. The lead man just made extensive notes on the papers he had attached to his clipboard and let us out in a different direction from where the carnage had occurred.”

Lynn’s mission was deemed a success. The intelligence community judged itself to be right—domestic terrorism was going to be a major threat to the safety of the American people. The program had to add to its focus training its leaders not only to combat foreign terrorism, but domestic terrorism, and Lynn had to change with the program. “Although they thought I had screwed up at Still Pond, this time I apparently did everything right and that was the hell of it.”

Later, Lynn received a commendation on handling the crisis in which she neutralized the enemy without anyone but a handful of carefully selected law enforcement officers knowing the danger existed.

## CHAPTER

## 23

---

### *Bound*

Cheryl had settled into a family life in Arizona. Her husband had transferred to the regional postal service. They moved to a small suburban area with land on which their children could play and where Cheryl could garden. It was also near a college where Cheryl began studying to be a nurse. Yet, as good as life seemed to be, there was tension.

The birth of Cheryl's second child had required a Caesarean section whose aftereffects proved extremely painful. Moreover, the program appeared to have severed its bond with her and without the reinforcement of frequent training, more of Cheryl's childhood memories streamed back.

At the same time, Lynn, whose returning memories were more sporadic, was bound by a tether kept invisible until someone would feel the need to yank the cord and make certain the lab rat knew she still had a master.

Another call for Lynn came in September, 1993. Mac, her handler, the man who had worked with Lynn on earlier missions to Mexico, arrived at her house one Saturday with a female officer and a psychiatrist whose job it was to take notes of their conversation for later analysis.

The arrival of the handler and the others was important. Lynn understood that. "They were aware that my marriage had fallen apart. They were aware that I was talking to the Family Services counselor. They had probably checked to learn if I was talking about the program I had been in and had found out that my conversations with the counselor had focused both on my husband and the incestuous abuse of my father.

"I'm sure they were relieved by the records, but they were also aware of how fragile I had become. They didn't mention the incident at the restaurant, but I had the feeling they knew about it. It was definite proof to them that I was cracking and if I really lost it, I would be a loose cannon," Lynn says. "They had no way of knowing if I would become suicidal or murderous. They had no way of knowing if the walls surrounding my various ego states had been shattered so that in the future I would remember things and speak too freely. All they knew was that I was in crisis and they were desperate to learn what I might do."

The handler began rapid-fire questions. "Are you eating? Are you sleeping? Why are you seeing this therapist?" The questions that were asked were logical ones given the circumstances.

"I tried to answer as honestly as I could and the interview went well. They were satisfied that I had found a way to deal with the intense emotions in my life and overcome them. My husband was gone. Our son was healthy and safe. My mother's business was thriving and I enjoyed my work at the toy store. I was not a threat to them or the program."

"I did not react negatively when they invoked my military alter. I never went into the regular army, but in that guise I still considered myself a soldier. I hate the control the government intelligence agency placed on my life, but I believe in that government, believe in the Constitution, believe in what makes America great. I wanted to serve when genuinely needed."

Two years passed. One Sunday, other visitors came to see her. One was the man Lynn knew as her commanding officer and with him was a woman in uniform. "The CO is always dressed the same—in a casual khaki uniform with insignia and a holster on his waist in which he keeps a snub nosed thirty-eight very much like the weapon some police detectives carry for close-in altercations. Although I've had this man as my CO ever since his predecessor was reprimanded when the dignitaries were

killed a few years earlier, I was programmed to respect anyone wearing the same style uniform, the same insignia and saying the same code words.

This time the CO brought Lynn a small quantity of plastique, the explosive that was popular with the French underground during World War II. "It's time to bake a cake," he told her.

"It's time to bake a cake" wasn't a secret code or a trigger. "It was a phrase we used all the time when I was being trained in making bombs and other deadly devices using items most people have in their homes. This was because plastique can literally be baked in an oven without exploding. The French used to bake it into a loaf of bread they could openly carry on the streets, adding a detonator when they reached their target. Whenever I was asked to bake a cake, I knew I'd be building a bomb with things I had around the house.

"Mom was at my house. She was awake when they came in and she started asking questions.

The CO got mad and turned to the woman with him. "Put her in the bathroom." He obviously wanted to get her out of the kitchen where her daughter was going to do the work.

After she left, the CO turned to Lynn. "I'm here for a test."

"This was something I understood. I instantly reverted to the loyal soldier when he gave me my orders. I was determined to do my best."

"We expect you," Mac said, "to be the first line of defense following an attack. The potential for destruction of the United States government as we know it and have lived under it will come from chaos and terrorism. There may be a direct attack against America with missiles, probably from one of the smaller countries expected to use nuclear weapons as a first resort to counter their lack of a large military rather than as a last resort when traditional tactics fail. The missiles would strike the military bases and strategic targets such as airports large enough to handle military aircraft. The rest of the nation will survive as best it can and those of us who are trained for these crises will be among those trying to survive."

No one knows how many individuals went through the program that was used to train Lynn. Perhaps there were a couple of dozen. Perhaps it was an ongoing program with new people regularly being brought into it. One source with whom we talked feels that the original program is still operating, albeit on a smaller basis, under the CIA's Office of Research and Development. It is possible that children and/or young adults who qualified, a few hundred individuals, might be scattered throughout the country. Others might be career military as was desired for Lynn, though the career officers would be vulnerable to attack since they would likely be attached to a base.

"The people who trained me and keep checking on my skills are not trying to set something up or expecting a particular country to attack. I was frequently told that governments have definite life spans. Historically, they say we're looking at the end of the life span of most large nations. However, they do anticipate threats to the existence of our country. These could be in the form of domestic terrorism, an outside assault or general rioting from inflation, recession or high unemployment. They made this all deliberately vague. The only certainty is that major events are coming that will threaten the security of our nation," Lynn observes.

On this particular day of his visit, her handler made Lynn's future duties clear. "Start where you are," he instructed. "Try and run things as normally as possible. In the event of catastrophe, we will have to have a center location to decide what is most important to each community." He added, "You'll have people look at the basic needs such as water, fuel, food and transportation. You'll see who's best and have them do it. You'll keep working for a continuity of government. Once the event has happened, it will be important to rebuild society as it was. You will be looking to find people who believe in the same thing. You are trained to get through the event, then deal with whatever is necessary. It might be destroying an occupational force entering your city. It might mean putting down internal unrest. It might mean killing a spy. You will do whatever it takes to restore the constitutional government as we've known it in the past."

Lynn stared at the man. Given the right circumstances, they'd already seen she would kill in a heartbeat if that was the only way for her to keep the people she was responsible for alive.

And that was the other thing they learned about her in the mission with the underground subway. Lynn wouldn't leave behind the people she was responsible for. She'd go to her own death before she left anyone behind.

Knowing that, the CO wanted to check and further instill the non-traditional skills that could help Lynn handle whatever crisis was coming for America. Whatever it might be, they wanted to make certain she could do what she had been programmed to do—lead. That was why he brought her the plastique.

“I’d been involved with craft projects since I was in the Bluebirds as a girl. I had lots of bare copper wire around the house, and that was what I needed to make the bomb. I could use a regular small alarm clock for part of the mechanism and everything else was just household stuff. The only problem was my pliers. I needed a long needle nose and all I could find was one of those flat, stubby things. When I was critiqued on my work, it was pointed out that the lack of the proper pliers resulted in my copper coils not being wound tight enough.”

As Lynn set to work on her kitchen table, her mother was fighting with the woman who had forced her into the bathroom. “There was yelling and pounding, but my mind was under the CO’s control and not worried about Mom’s safety.” She only worried about her assignment and she was livid about the noise. “I don’t care what you do or say,” Lynn told the CO. “If you can’t control this environment better than this, I’m not even going to attempt to carry out my assignment.”

The CO nodded. He took out a syringe with a sedative in it and headed for the bathroom. He used the drug to knock out Lynn’s mother, though this time there was nothing to affect her memory. She just lost consciousness. Then he told his assistant, “Get out of the house and wait in the car.”

“I was so under his control that I never was concerned about Mom. Fortunately, my son was taking a nap and evidently never woke up, never heard a thing. I was relieved to know I could bake my cake without needless distractions,” Lynn says.

Lynn built the bomb so it would fit in a plastic sandwich box of the type millions of people use when carrying their lunch to school or work. As she anticipated, the only criticism was on her coils of copper wire. They were perfect for the bomb, unlike aluminum wire she also had but knew would be likely to short out. However, the coils were more loosely wound than could have been done with the needle nose pliers, though that looseness in no way jeopardized the ability of the bomb to be detonated as timed. “It would still go ‘Boom,’ so I really didn’t care that it didn’t look perfect. I did the best I could with the tools at hand and when he took it apart to check, he admitted it would work exactly as desired.”

Two years later, there was another visit from the CO. This time Lynn was at her workplace, having just finished an inventory. After greeting him and hearing the code words to activate her once again she suddenly found herself putting on a nondescript brown uniform similar in appearance to what was worn by delivery drivers for services such as United Parcel. She went to the armory, a military facility a couple of blocks from where she was working and was given a large delivery van. Next, she put on Ray-Ban sunglasses and a brown hat and got behind the wheel. The entire back of the truck was loaded with boxes. It was a stick shift designed for heavy loads. There were ten or eleven gears, including a creeper gear used for heavy loads carried up an incline. “I went up the Lansing Avenue hill, working the clutch and the gas, fearing I would roll backwards if I made a mistake and had to spend too much time finding the right gear. I was expected to handle anything that rolled and several things that flew so I could always escape or utilize whatever transportation I might find. I drove the packages to the designated place. I refused to help unload them. I didn’t want to know what I was carrying.

“And as soon as I returned home I had been programmed to completely forget the incident.” But somewhere beneath the surface the memory lurked.

*How Could That Be?*

Lynn and Cheryl had moved hundreds even thousands of miles from where they had experienced much of their early secret training. But their pasts continued to intrude upon the present. In Lynn's case, her programmers were unwilling to relinquish their hold on her and were continuing to try to completely control her mind. In Cheryl's, the fact that her programmers no longer kept in constant touch allowed more memories to be released from bondage.

There are two types of memory frequently experienced by individuals who have had overwhelming trauma that has been suppressed psychologically or chemically. The first is a general memory, experienced as an adult, in which there is a natural recall of early events. The other is the memory that is often associated with post traumatic stress syndrome (PTSS). The person suddenly smells, sees and feels as though he or she is actually living the event that took place months or years earlier.

Many soldiers who survived horrifying combat experiences have PTSS. This has frequently been discussed in terms of Vietnam veterans who suddenly mentally find themselves in the jungle, hiding from the enemy or assaulting people they see as a threat. The fact that they have not been in Vietnam for decades and that they are experiencing the flashbacks in shopping malls, at home or on the job does not change what they are mentally reliving. But PTSS has existed for centuries and has affected men, women and children in the midst of all wars, horrifying natural disasters and other traumatic experiences. This includes physical and sexual abuse when growing up.

The PTSS Cheryl was experiencing more and more frequently, in which she found herself seeing, feeling and re-experiencing events from her childhood and adolescence had become overwhelming. She knew she needed to get help.

Cheryl was aided in her search by the Internet. Each time she remembered a name that seemed important in her life, she tried to look up the person on the World Wide Web.

The names and pictures Cheryl found were at once familiar and yet not part of her conscious memory: Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Dr. Louis "Jolly" West, Dr. Ewen Cameron, Dr. Martin Orne and others had information by and about them on the Web. Soon, she began looking up sites related to childhood incest and found that some of the survivor sites mentioned the same names, though in the context of experiments performed on small children. Again, some names were familiar.

Then Cheryl began remembering what turned out to be triggers from old programs. "The song, 'The Green, Green Grass of Home' kept running through my mind. I remembered that my father sang it as well. It all made no sense until I remembered that the last line of the song tells of being buried six feet under that green, green grass. Suddenly, it came to me that this was a suicide program of the government.

"I went crazy. I felt that my body would explode unless I released some of the pressure I felt within, so I grabbed a scissors and cut myself with the blade so I bled. In my distracted state, I was certain that the bleeding would let the pressure out. I didn't know Lynn had felt the same way years earlier. I just knew I had to do it," Cheryl says.

She had some barbiturates and other medicine in the house. "One particularly despondent night, I took several pills. It wasn't exactly a suicide try, though the pills could have killed me. Instead, I kept thinking that I would give myself a fifty-fifty chance of waking up the next morning. Maybe

the pills would kill me. Maybe the dose would not be lethal. It was all up to God. I began taking pills each night. Each morning I kept awakening.”

Cheryl had mixed experiences in the church to which her parents belonged when she was growing up, but she had strong faith in God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit. Don was a church youth leader and they were raising their children in the Lutheran church. Now she sought pastoral counseling.

Unfortunately, Cheryl initially encountered a degree of rigidity in pastoral counseling, because her circumstances were so unusual. Cheryl’s growing awareness of her emotional difficulties was leading her to research multiple personality. As she had learned more about dissociation, she realized just how severe the abuse had been and how much she had been hurt. Her mind had dissociated to assure survival during the abuse by her father and it had been forced to dissociate by various researchers in the government programs. The pastor she went to was compassionate, but lacked understanding of her mental state. He lacked training in extreme hysteric dissociation or multiple personality.

Meanwhile, Cheryl was becoming more and more certain that she was a multiple. She had seen information on the Internet concerning some government experiments that artificially created multiple personality. She also had been reading books on adult victims of child abuse that talked about multiplicity. One writer talked of having voices in your head that you could not identify. She talked of the failure to remember large gaps in a person’s childhood and Cheryl knew that there were weeks and months she could not remember during the years she was growing up. Since she was simultaneously enrolled in nursing school, studying anatomy and physiology, she realized that the marks and bruises she had seen on her body in childhood could not have been the result of her carelessness. They were not self-inflicted injuries, nor were they injuries that came from the normal childhood activities—falling while learning to roller skate or riding a bike, tripping on the sidewalk while running and the like. She knew now she must have been battered, tortured and violated. Cheryl also realized that she had odd fluctuations in mood and ability. She was a skilled writer—if in the mood. She was an excellent singer—if in the mood. Yet the truth was that she could not regularly call upon those abilities. They belonged to what she came to understand were different alter personalities. They were a part of her, yet apart from her.

The pastor’s counseling did not help her. She felt he viewed her as demonic or otherwise working against God. There was a lack of understanding of what she was experiencing, but her faith in God did not falter. Finally, she decided that God must want her to help herself so that she could regain her belief in herself. To do this, she felt she needed an objective therapist who would help her explore the increasingly terrifying experiences she was remembering. And she needed an investigator who would help her search out the truth.

*The Search for Truth*

It was in June 1996 that Cheryl called the office of retired police captain Dale Griffis, Ph.D. of Tiffin, Ohio, an expert on violent cults and ritual child abuse, pleading for his help.

By chance, Griffis was working on another case that involved checking on secret bases on the eastern shore of Maryland. He was helping a former student, Brent King, a man who had spent twenty-five years in military intelligence and knew firsthand the various bases that existed. King was going to drive Griffis through the area, especially near Still Pond and the former Nike base that had been converted to other uses. These were the very sites where Cheryl Hersha told Griffis she thought she had been taken for some of her training.

Not long after he talked with Cheryl, he made his scheduled trip to Maryland. When he and Brent neared Still Pond, Maryland, Griffis noted that the location was a strange one for a base. "I went across a lagoon and looked back towards a Coast Guard base that was back there, then continued on and looked around the area. Our concerns were mostly the surrounding terrain and I saw that the residential section was an expensive area. There were nice homes and, as an outsider, I assumed they were costly. Certainly they would have been in my part of Ohio."

Griffis and his friend looked closer. "Everything seemed wrong. The surrounding terrain was farmland and the fields looked as though they had been prepared for planting. The trouble was that the effort was so superficial, it was obviously a ruse."

"I'm from farm country," he said to Brent. "You can't go more than a few minutes out of Tiffin, Ohio before there are large and small farms everywhere. Everything is divided into plots back there and when I've been to agricultural areas throughout the country, it all looks the same. Still Pond looks different."

His friend nodded in agreement.

Some of the land was fenced as though it was set up to be individual farms. Other areas were not fenced at all. Some areas provided an open view and some had tremendous amounts of hedgerow.

"There were some houses connected with the land, but even this was different. Farm houses are always visible and often quite close to the road, with the land behind them. In this area, most of the houses were either way back in the distance or the land had been built-up so that the slope obscured all but the top of the house behind it. If you looked at the paths and driveways leading back to the houses, the trees had television cameras for observation of anyone approaching.

"It was strange," Griffis says. "Several homes had drives which led to the road but there were no mail boxes. Where I come from, they're always out by the road. Rural routes have mail carriers driving from box to box, not going up the drive or getting out to walk.

"I had the feeling," Griffis says, "that anonymity and seclusion were important to the residents of the area. There was no identification of the homes, no painted names or personalized entrances like you see in Ohio. Many of the houses were built in such a way that if you didn't know where they were located, they would be hard to find. The houses weren't built to be viewed from the street or to view the street except with the help of the cameras."

There were other curious factors about the area immediately surrounding Still Pond that Griffis noted. A surprising number of small airports existed, as though many people flew small craft in and out of the area. But in most communities, the airports are visible when out driving. The former intelligence

officer pointed out to Griffis locations that were invisible from the road. "You have to know where to look or you would never see them."

There was another odd part of the area. Griffis explains, "The major business of Seneca County, where I live, is agriculture. Farmland is five minutes from my house. Wherever you go, you see a combine, a tractor and often old, rusting equipment. There are animals. There are outbuildings big enough to hold farm equipment. There are barns. There are roadside produce stands. In fact, you can't go a mile without seeing a produce stand for selling whatever is being harvested. In Still Pond, there was none of that stuff. It was spring and nobody was out planting. The only thing they had were some nice aluminum outbuildings and I had never seen anything like that because they are impractical." It was as though someone had created a life sized imitation of farm country without having much idea of what farm country might look like.

The two men circled the area, eventually going up on a high knoll from which they could see the tower of the Coast Guard station. "See the lights and the helicopter landing area?" Brent asked.

Griffis nodded.

"None of those features are visible from the roads. They can only be seen if you were flying in by helicopter or had climbed the hill as we have," Brent said. In addition, as darkness fell, they could see that there were some tricks of visibility. At night the tower seemed closer to the Coast Guard station than it really was.

All these facts were noted before Griffis returned to the New England area where his clients, a doctor and two female patients, were waiting. The women claimed, like Cheryl, to have been in Still Pond. They claimed to have been involved with maneuvers on the ground and to have been in underground locations. The doctor could not prove whether or not they had knowledge of the area because of the almost impossible task of trying to assess it without knowing where to look. It was the help of the retired military intelligence officer that had made Griffis' discoveries possible. It was also that personal journey which convinced him Cheryl's story was true.

When Griffis returned home to Ohio, another letter from Cheryl arrived at his office. In this communication, the young woman supplied details about the location that exactly matched what he and Brent King had seen. She also described the terrain that he had seen from the knoll, discussing how she knew about it from flying into the area in helicopters. The details not only matched what he had seen, she was able to describe the underground with details his friend, who had worked underground at times, confirmed.

Not long afterward, Griffis made another trip to Maryland, this time because of a Massachusetts case in which a Boston area police captain needed help corroborating similar stories to the ones of the two women who had previously asked for Griffis' help. Griffis learned the women's stories included information about ritual and sexual abuse. They, too, described much of what he had seen or learned about on his first trip. This time, though, he felt he would have to go into other sections of the Still Pond, Maryland area in order to ferret out more conclusive evidence.

Griffis flew to the Baltimore airport where the Boston area police captain met him. From there, the two men drove to Still Pond, after which they planned to drive up to Massachusetts to talk with the women.

On this trip, the two men decided to drive completely around the area. "The car in which we rode was somewhat conspicuous because it had Massachusetts license plates. The vehicle was driven into an area where the Nike site was located. Supposedly, the site was no longer used for anything that was highly secretive, though it was still a government installation. We drove down a little road on the way to a small town a quarter-mile away to look at a marina, and to my surprise, it was just like the area Cheryl described," Griffis relates.

When they came back up, there was a truck that looked like a military type vehicle. "It was a very clean, obviously cared for short-bed, fire-engine-red, pick-up truck, a Dodge, and it had kind of a bull nose. The Navy used to have them as kind of an all-purpose vehicle. In it were two guys with brown aviator jackets sitting there watching us."

Griffis and the captain started down the public road and the two guys fell in behind them, staying there for six or seven miles. Griffis point to a grocery store and suggested they pull off the road to see what the men following them would do. The red truck continued down the road, then made a U-turn and sped back the way it had come. After a while, Griffis and the captain went back. "We wanted to take a look at the wooded area Cheryl had talked about where they played war games.

"We had seen a wooded area, but the undergrowth looked extremely well kept. The edges of roadways in and among woods usually have a lot of overgrowth from lack of use. These roadway edges



looked almost like they were regularly mowed. There was no trash or anything under trees. We could see that it was actively used and maintained.

“I’m not a hunter, but the captain who was with me was. Every thousand feet there appeared to be a deer stand, one of those places where hunters sit, waiting for a deer to appear so they can shoot it. Instead of facing the woods so the hunter could see the deer, these stands were facing the road. It wasn’t the type of deer stand you’d have for being up in a tree. It was like an observation post. There was only one other time I had seen something like these stands and that was when I went through basic training. When we were playing war games in the army, the observers were sitting up there on stands like that.”

When they got to the Nike site this time, they saw another, different vehicle—an old, black side-walled, Chevy-type sedan. There were two military types sitting in the car. “As we drove up, they pulled behind us. We realized we would have trouble doing or seeing anything else, so we cleared out and went back to where we had been staying on the western shore. They stayed with us until we crossed the bridge leaving the whole area—a total distance of about thirty miles.”

Griffis and the captain went to lunch in a restaurant along the Chesapeake, striking up a conversation with the red-haired waitress. “We’re just traveling through and we understand there is good duck hunting in the area. We’re curious about the location.”

The waitress shook her head. “It’s a very poor and very quiet area where little hunting goes on.”

“As we ate,” Griffis confides, “we looked out the window and saw about one hundred fifty sailboats, the smallest of which appeared to be about twenty-five feet and the masts seemed to go sky high. There were several boats obviously costing thousands and thousands of dollars. Now this was ninety miles from Baltimore, not where you’d expect to see such a display of money.”

They asked the woman about it.

She shrugged. “I’m not a boat woman.”

Later, despite what the waitress told them about the lack of hunters, they saw men in the area dressed in camouflage fatigues, looking like duck hunters. Duck hunters usually wear their licenses where they can be instantly spotted by a passing game warden, yet the men Griffis saw had none. These same men drove pick-up trucks, but had no dogs to retrieve the downed ducks. The only other indications that they were hunters were the shotguns on racks in the windows of the passenger cabins. But that was not enough to make Griffis believe they were what they portrayed themselves to be. “They were no more duck hunters than the farmland I had seen on my previous trip was used for growing crops.”

The next day Griffis and the police officer returned to the area coming in from the south and found that there was a vehicle waiting for them at the intersection where the former Nike site and the woods came together. The two men were not trespassing on government territory. There were no postings indicating that unauthorized personnel were to keep out. This was a public yet fenced off area where it was said secret activities took place, and the fact that the license plate of the vehicle Griffis and his friend were driving would check out to be owned by a high ranking law enforcement officer meant nothing. All the players in this cat and mouse game seemed to know the rules.

Again, Griffis saw two military men in the official looking vehicle. Once again, there was a slow pursuit, though this time Griffis and the captain utilized their own pursuit training and experience to put extra distance between themselves and the men. They made unexpected turns on roads that had thick trees, allowing them to get far enough ahead to be able to reach a gas station without being spotted. They parked their car in the back, went around the side by the road and watched the government men drive slowly back and forth trying to spot them. Finally, they stepped out and waved, ending the pretense and ending the chase.

The men who looked like they worked for the government sped off. Griffis and the police captain moved on to the antique stores located in the area. They spent a couple of hours browsing and making an occasional purchase—some old fountain pens for Griffis’ collection and an old dueling mask for the captain’s—so that, if anyone asked, they could say that visiting the stores had been the sole reason for their presence in the area.

There was no security in pursuit when the two men finally left the area. They traveled back to Massachusetts, taking a circuitous route through Aberdeen and Edgewood Arsenal, two of the areas where secret government programs had been and possibly were being conducted. Cheryl had described the land to Griffis where she had been, terrain that was not readily evident. However, what she said had been and would continue to be confirmed by people who had once worked at high levels in the two

locations. Now the two police officers made certain they carefully observed the areas, taking advantage of the terrain to gain a better view where possible.

Cheryl had told Griffis about sections of houses across the Chesapeake from Still Pond. She had talked of Edgewood's special sections, some of which were cordoned off with high, razor wire fences and others which had horses kept in pens as though they were ready for riding through rough terrain to seek out where an invader might be hiding or an insider might be trying to escape.

They also saw an area described by the two women Griffis had interviewed at the police captain's request. One of them had talked about a training school that was identical to the description Cheryl had given them. Cheryl also told of learning to fly a small plane, explaining where she had flown between Edgewood and Boston and the men spotted the location which concealed a landing strip.

Having seen more of the areas Cheryl had discussed, it was easier to ask questions later of men and women who were intimately involved with the locations. Most wished to speak anonymously, worried about their careers or fearing some form of unnamed retaliation. But always, they confirmed the details provided by Cheryl and the other women.

Over the next couple of months, after Dale Griffis returned to Ohio, he talked with a highly respected therapist in Dallas, Texas. She was known for working with women who have been cult victims and a few women whose stories of involvement in government projects were similar to the Hersha sisters' account. "I had known about her activities from other people I had worked with around the country and they all felt she was accurate in her findings. She told me about some of the other bases where research had been done, including experiments on children."

Later, he talked with a New Orleans therapist whose clients had appeared during the 1995 hearings before Congress to testify about children subjected to radiation and mind control. "She told me what had been confirmed as a result of the hearings, then provided details of some of the military bases where her patients had been subjected to torturous training or mind control experiments. Again, they matched what I was hearing from Cheryl Hersha.

"I also received a call from a Ph.D. in Florida who had a client, Peter, who was having memory problems as far back as the age of eight. Peter had told him about a 'Button, Button' game in which children shocked each other. He played the game at least a couple of years earlier than the Hersha girls. The boy did not go through quite as much as Cheryl and Lynn, so far as I know, and I suspect this may have been one of the preliminary programs. His doctor is still working with him and I hope to find out more in the near future."

Griffis had only limited access to original files at this stage in his work. He had been re-reading books with which he had first become familiar during his years of specialized training and during his pursuit of his doctorate. They discussed aspects of mind control and detailed programs used on college and university campuses by experimental psychologists and psychiatrists, some of whom were later found to be funded either directly or indirectly by the CIA. They discussed the reasons the intelligence community wanted to develop human secret weapons.

In his long career, Griffis had also witnessed what might be called non-governmental mind control. He was familiar with cults that used consistent practices to gain new members—sleep deprivation, isolation from ideas that might differ from those of the group's leadership and constant positive reinforcement of the individual. He was familiar with psychological manipulation in family settings, in which a husband was a charismatic, albeit emotionally destructive leader, and his wife was his single follower. Griffis had also worked with what were then called multiple personalities, the extreme dissociating hysterics who had suffered overwhelming psychological trauma prior to the age of seven.

The information Dr. Griffis was now gaining from the therapists with whom he spoke made him eager to talk to a number of their different patients around the country. Some of the patients, mostly women, also claimed to have been laboratory rats for one or more government experiments identical to what Cheryl said she and her sister experienced. The difference was that the sisters had experienced many programs over a prolonged period of time, a fact matched by far fewer of the patients of therapists Griffis knew were trustworthy.

More evidence surfaced as Griffis worked with author Ted Schwarz. They obtained copies of the government files related to MKULTRA and related programs. Some were provided by a CIA contract employee and her friends who had been based in Miami and worked in the anti-Fidel Castro movement. Some came from a Texas based researcher who had been acquiring files as they were declassified. And some came from the National Security Archives in Washington, D.C. where the

archivists not only helped find the files Schwarz knew to seek, but also found those that were located in storage under notations that seemed to have no connection with his search. These were files he would otherwise have overlooked, some of which began to clarify the programs created by Sid Gottlieb and his associates.

Schwarz found that there were individual programs proposed to the government as early as 1938, then slowly inaugurated after World War II. Each had a specific purpose, and they all seemed to involve adults. After perhaps twenty years of experimentation, however, it was clear that a combination of proven individual programs could be used to create the perfect spy, a Manchurian candidate. This was what the sisters were in training to become. The notes also indicated the type of intelligence level and socio-economic backgrounds the researchers thought were ideal for their subjects. When these programs were joined together, then applied one after the other, beginning with the forced separation of ego states, the key to the creation of the laboratory rats had been found. More important, the programs into which the sisters were forced were enacted in the same apparent order for a handful of other women who were being treated in different parts of the country.

Griffis next focused on the Baltimore area. Maryland is a major center for issues of national defense and intelligence concerns. It is a state that not only has underground and above ground facilities; it has easy access to Washington, D.C. and the personnel who lead the nation.

The therapist Griffis trusted in Baltimore had heard of cases like those of the sisters, but she had only encountered one such patient. The rest of her work was primarily with victims of sexual abuse.

A licensed, experienced private investigator in Baltimore provided an additional perspective. He described the residential areas and the types of people who were there. He detailed both the prosperous retired military personnel, their bedroom communities and their high ticket purchases of such items as antiques, as well as safe houses used for government agencies. Safe houses—secret locations in the midst of seemingly normal communities—are used for interrogation and training purposes by the CIA, National Security Agency and others.

Next Griffis talked to a doctor in Massachusetts who had a female patient describing a series of programming experiments that matched the ones described by the sisters. The patient spoke of learning to fly a small plane, taking it from Maryland to the Mt. Washington area in the White Mountain National Forest of New Hampshire. Like the Hersha sisters, the patient had gaps in her memory. She was also unusually sensitive to touch in the area of her lower back and could have a different personality triggered by hearing a number/color combination, such as thirty-six green or twenty-seven red. She also was aware that there were places she visited where she knew she had hurt people and she wanted to understand what had happened to her over the years.

The doctor brought his patient, Gail Fuller, an attractive woman in her late thirties, to meet with Dr. Griffis. “I want to tell you everything I know,” she said softly. Then suddenly she had an overwhelming need to use the bathroom. When Fuller came out, her face had changed, her posture was different and she was holding a single edged razor blade in her hand. She was poised to attack Griffis because he was forcing her to reveal secrets no one else must know. She was prepared to kill to preserve those secrets.

Fuller’s doctor immediately began gently talking to her. Over the next minutes, during which Griffis prepared to defend himself if necessary, the doctor calmly talked to his patient. Finally, the violent personality switched back to the gentle woman who had first come to see Griffis. She looked at the blade in her hand as though seeing it for the first time.

Later, Griffis learned that the patient’s violent alter-personality had brought the blade hidden in her shoe. In the coming months, Fuller began to tell a story similar to that of the sisters.

Griffis’ search continued. At about the same time, Cheryl finally found a therapist who could help her—Dr. Arthur Talbon. (1)

*The Past Surfaces*

“Cheryl felt by May 1997, when I first saw her, she had done a lot of work on her incest issues,” said Dr. Talbon, an Arizona therapist who would eventually help Cheryl to reintegrate. “But then Cheryl took a vacation with her husband, Don, to the California area where she grew up.” After that vacation, according to Talbon, she began having post-traumatic stress disorder symptoms and major physical problems.

“At that time, she had just finished her first year in the nursing program at a nearby university. She had just gone through a cousin’s induction into the Rainbow Girls, a branch of the Masons, where she found herself reacting physically and emotionally to the ceremonies. Then she started having some dreams that seemed very powerful to her. She wondered if they were really memories.”

Cheryl told Talbon of other problems as well. She found herself feeling triggered by objects and events. She sometimes felt as though she were spinning uncontrollably and she also experienced a lot of grief about her family situation. “She was still dealing with her father having molested her and her marriage was troubled at that time,” Art Talbon observes. “There was a lot of anger in both directions. And she had a lot of spiritual confusion about God’s allowing the abuse to go on while she was a child. She was troubled that God hadn’t stopped it.”

Cheryl was also having sleep problems along with migraines and depression. “She was on a lot of medication at that point.”

To Talbon, she seemed like a pretty typical adult survivor of incest. “What began to sound strange,” he observes, “was when she started talking about her reaction to the induction ceremony into the Rainbow Girls, of this cousin of hers and the strange feelings she had. And I think at that point she had started to do some research into the Masons and other groups and it had her wondering if her father was involved in a cult type of thing.”

The Masons are not a cult, of course. But the structure of fraternal orders such as the Masons involves rituals and earned advancement for the members, actions similar to what some cults require. It is also similar to the structure of worship of many traditional churches, though each group has very different ends for their actions. Some are healthy and positive, having improved society over the centuries. Some are harmless activities for adults, the fraternal orders providing recreation, socialization and in some instances, the chance to do good works for others. The latter is most obvious with the Shriners’ support of a burn center and the Lions Club support of eye research and aid to the visually impaired.

More and more, Cheryl began thinking that her father might have been involved with a cult. She was remembering that some of the abuse she had endured involved rituals. She also came to remember that there were times when at least one church building was the site of violence against her. The church itself was not filled with evil people. Rather, her father, or someone with him, had access to a key and the building was used when others were not around.

“She didn’t talk much about any direct memories of that at first,” said Talbon. “That all didn’t come out until later.”

Cheryl returned to California late that spring, the second trip meant to enhance her memories. She traveled to locations where she felt she had experienced violence or witnessed events that were criminal in nature. However, she was not able to get inside any of the locations where she thought

some of the training and missions had occurred and the exteriors did not trigger specific memories of the locations. Instead, she began recalling far more of her childhood than ever before.

For Arthur Talbon, the conversations with Cheryl were troubling. Arizona is a state that shares many cultures and many beliefs and where people are able to live in isolation. Less than twenty percent of the land can be privately owned, the remainder being either Native American reservation land or government protected wilderness. The vast majority of the state's population is concentrated in Phoenix and Tucson, with Flagstaff, a city of approximately 60,000 (including a state university), being the largest area in northern Arizona.

Cities are often many miles apart and small towns pop up here and there along roads where you can travel for an hour or more without seeing any people. Militia groups have made their homes there. The military has several bases, including one where they stockpile chemical weapons. Some of the mountains are sacred to the Native Americans and some of the mountains are perceived to be sacred by aging hippies, who fantasize blessings by various gods when they are in their presence. There are ultra-rightist fanatics, conservative thinkers, Libertarians and traditional liberals. And, over the years, the area has been home to nontraditional religions, from the non-violent Wicca to self-styled, extremist, Satanist groups where animals and, occasionally, human beings are known to have been sacrificed.

It was because of all this that Talbon was no stranger to the type of violence Cheryl described. At the same time, the idea that someone who might have been connected with such activity would come into his office was not something he could have anticipated. "I was just not sure how seriously to take this stuff," said Dr. Talbon, "because I did not know her very well. I hadn't talked to her very much, but she started just—after barely getting to know me—started to pour out all this stuff that's just hard to grasp.

"I had run into ritual abuse before, but I don't think I had ever talked with anyone who was as far along in the recovery as she was at that point."

Dr. Talbon continues, "I made a decision to suspend my judgment about whether Cheryl was telling the truth about her life or just believed what she was saying even though it had not happened. Because she was well enough, she had it enough together at that point, I felt that she was managing all the stuff pretty well and just let her tell her story."

The credibility issue of Cheryl's story was one that her therapist handled as much by instinct gained from experience as it was anything she was saying. "As a therapist, you get certain instincts. She was obviously very bright. I could pick that up very quickly. She was really smart. She was very motivated. She was not at all interested in staying stuck in the past, saying 'Feel sorry for me. Isn't this a fantastic story?' For her, it was about getting better, getting help and continuing her recovery. And I think that's what really helped me. Sometimes the stuff she was telling me began getting so fantastic, it began getting into the governmental stuff, normally a therapist would put his head in his hands and think, 'How do I get this client to work through this obvious paranoia and how can I do anything productive with this person?' However, by the time the government stories started coming out, while it was incredible to me, I had learned not to jump quickly to any conclusions with her. I approached it with an open mind, because she's clearly not psychotic and she doesn't have a desire to get attention by telling these stories that I could see. As we went through all the stories, those that were dreams and those that were memories, like an old movie, sifted themselves out. What helped me with her was that as she told these stories, and sometimes she would go into alter-personalities as she did, she did improve. The alters told the stories of the horrific things that were done to them, the things that caused them to exist. As she and her alters went through the catharsis, the feelings seemed to be very genuine."

Yet sometimes Cheryl would feel worse for a little while afterwards because she would go through a grieving type reaction when she talked about her torture experiences. For example, there was the time she recalled being locked in the "Green Room" for a noise threshold/tolerance experiment. Cheryl was subjected to such deafening volumes that she went into convulsions, her hearing permanently damaged. Another memory she spoke of was being suspended with four straps to her wrists and ankles in a flotation tank while being given solutions intravenously to induce edema. Once Cheryl finished recounting these horrific events, Dr. Talbon explains, "There was a time of real depression afterwards, what I call normal grieving in those types of experiences. And there were also those times when she would discover that there would be traps—the booby trap thing—where by talking about it, she would become extremely suicidal, perhaps, or self-destructive.

One day, Cheryl told him about the Black Widow missions and then had a very strong compulsion to go out and collect a bunch of Black Widow spiders, common to Arizona, put them in a bottle and stick her hand in it so they could bite her. It was a torture she had gone through when

creating the Black Widow alter when she was placed in a box filled with spiders. “They created a compulsion to self-destruction.”

Another time, Cheryl told Talbon about her past training as a helicopter pilot and the visions that came back to haunt her at night. “I have these incredible dreams in which I am flying the baby bird. I can feel it all. I look at the instrument panel and know what everything does. It is as automatic as when I first practiced with the dummy cockpit at Camp Pendleton.”

Could Cheryl fly today? “I don’t know,” she says. “I’m not certain if I could describe everything that has to be done the way I once could. I do think my body remembers everything. The dreams told me that. I think I could get inside and, the minute I put my hands on the controls, be able to do everything necessary to fly safely. I’m fairly certain that Sergeant O’Neil’s knowledge is now my own and he was the best.”

There were other strange signals and signs. Another day, Cheryl suddenly felt an almost overwhelming urge to travel to Baltimore. “I wanted to ‘kidnap’ a helicopter to fly there if I didn’t drive there,” she explains. “I had no idea where I was to go only that I was certain I would know my destination as I encountered signs and landmarks along the way. I was not even certain who I was to meet or what my mission was, but I felt I must go.” Beginning to heal by this time with Talbon’s help, she resisted that urge. Yet she sensed she would be summoned for three more Cat Woman missions: two in 1999 and one in 2000.

As for the code words for activating her, those had been erased from Cheryl’s conscious memory. Buried deep in her unconscious mind, however, the words, when called up, cause her to react as her programmers want her to. Though she can’t remember the activation codes, Cheryl knows her handlers said the same things every time. “I’m working on unblocking the words in therapy. Once I know what the words are, I can learn how to stop their effect on me. I did it already when I learned the control code. Standing in front of a mirror, I said the control code words over and over until I was completely desensitized to them. That’s what I have to do for the activation code words...but I have not been able to recall all of them as yet.”

Dr. Talbon was struck by another very important thing. It all hung together. “The stories Cheryl told—even though it was upsetting to think people could do stuff like that—they were not disjointed. They were not repetitive in terms of ‘I’ve heard this before.’ It was not just someone trying consciously or unconsciously to get attention. She’d really processed them out and was done with them. She didn’t come up with them again (after telling the story once and dealing with it). Once it was done, it was done. And I think that was probably the biggest factor for me in her believability. I got no sense that she was using these stories to make herself a really interesting person to me so I’d really want to work with her, or something. Or that she was just living in this stuff like it was her life. Once she dealt with it and processed it, it was gone. We just went on to other things.

“Throughout the whole thing, emotionally Cheryl was getting her life together. Parts of her were integrating where she could say, ‘I have a sense that some particular alter has folded in with some basic alter,’ and she didn’t bring it up again. She didn’t say that this alter has reappeared to cause more problems. That just didn’t happen.”

The therapist had learned from training and experience that when real integration occurs, it is permanent and the patient moves on. When the patient is using multiple personality or the idea of multiple personality to get attention, an alleged alter may return. Anything dramatic that has gotten the therapist’s attention is likely to be presented anew when the patient feels he or she is no longer quite so special.

Talbon pauses and goes on. “I went through a series of adjustments in the process. At first I had disbelief...I mean real disbelief...that this sounds paranoid to me. And as she told the story more.... Some of it, again, was pretty fantastic. She talked about being trained to fly helicopters and going on these missions and stuff like that.

“I still don’t know what to do with that. For instance, I asked myself, if she sat down at a helicopter console, would she know what to do?” the therapist says he asked himself. He was not going to find out.

“As Cheryl talked about these things, she then went out on the Internet and came back with data that backed her up. I went through—it was very difficult for me, both in terms of my government and my country—doing these things, and people doing these things. Yet, having worked with people long enough, I’ve learned enough about human nature to know that if you have virtually unlimited power and resources and no accountability, why wouldn’t there be evil people in the government who

would push it over the line? I think it would be more incredible to think it wouldn't happen under those circumstances than that it would. That's kind of where I came to."

Cheryl worked with her therapist to mentally integrate and to rejoin the separated ego states. More horrific memories returned. Unfortunately, at the same time, Cheryl's physical health was deteriorating dangerously. Her blood pressure rose ominously and fell to such extremes that she occasionally passed out while watching her son's baseball games. She had migraines, her heart required a pacemaker and she found herself having life-threatening reactions to chemicals and electronics within the hospital where she was working. Some appeared to be allergic reactions. Others appeared related to the strange implant which was discovered in her sinus cavity during x-rays and a CAT scan. Surgeons are now evaluating whether or not the implant can be removed. The violence done to Cheryl's body in order to create America's ultimate secret weapon was having serious long term effects.

*Wrestling the Demons*

While Cheryl was wrestling with physical ill health and the demons of her past, Lynn was fighting the ongoing demons of her present. Cheryl was more expendable to the men and women involved with the continuation of the CIA programs and so was cast aside and allowed to become part of her community, but Lynn was of too much value in the changing world dynamic to be allowed such a fate.

Nevertheless, as time went on, Lynn was becoming more and more disturbed by the tethers which held her so tightly.

“What angers me,” Lynn says, “is the loss of control. At any moment someone could come to me, be dressed the right way and use the right code, and I no longer have free will. I will do anything that person requests.

“I hate them for that. Nothing else is as bad as knowing that I am always out of control; knowing that I am still a laboratory experiment, a puppet whose strings are hidden from everyone but my handlers, and I don’t yet know how to break free.”

In 1999, once again Lynn was given orders for a new mission. The child of an important figure had been kidnapped. She wasn’t told by whom, whether it was terrorists, organized crime or a cult. She was only told the boy was in grave danger and was being used as a pawn to try to elicit secrets from his father. They told her where the boy was being held. The question was, could he be gotten out safely? Having a small boy of her own, Lynn was especially incensed that someone would take a small child to barter for government secrets. She was determined to get him back. Working with a small Delta Team Force—two other women—she managed to slip into the facility at which the boy was held and get the child out and safely back home. Neither the press nor city law enforcement ever realized the hostage drama was going on.

More proof that Lynn is still meant to continue with the government program occurred during the winter of 2000, when she was sitting at a cafeteria table at the area college. It was later in the afternoon when a few people congregated there with books spread out so they could study while drinking coffee or snacking. Many tables were empty, yet after Lynn had been sitting for a few moments, an elderly man sat down across from her.

The old man seemed familiar to Lynn, though, at first, she pretended to ignore him. He said nothing, just sat there as someone might when all the tables are filled and it is necessary to share space with a stranger. His presence made her uncomfortable, yet there was nothing specific which alerted her.

A short while later, Mac, the man who had been Lynn’s handler in Mexico, came out of the shadows and stopped at the table. He was younger than the old man. His clothes were military casual, the type of garments that veteran students who have military experience might recognize, but not think unusual. He leaned over Lynn and kissed her gently on the forehead, spoke quietly to her and then said, “Wake up, Sleeping Beauty.” (1) Those were the code words that would start the covert program of which she was still a part. The words led to her being switched from the control of the old man, a researcher she now believes may have been part of Dr. Ewen Cameron’s staff before coming to the United States for the latter part of his career, to the younger man.

The change is like a reenlistment in an army she never willingly joined. In a very real way, she is a career soldier who has never been paid, never allowed to retire and never given a chance to lead a life free from the fear of what she might do without conscious awareness.



For Lynn, the nightmare was continuing. She felt she would never know when someone would come into the toy store where she worked, dressed in a too-familiar uniform, saying words she could not remember yet her subconscious mind knowing she must obey.

Lynn lives with her mother, her son and the often disturbed and/or retarded children they nurture and love, helping them grow towards an adulthood that will be better than might have occurred without the two women's intervention. Yet Lynn knows on any given night, no matter how tired she is, no matter what her responsibilities are, her commanding officer might appear without warning. If that happened, there again would be the clothing, the insignias and the code words that must be obeyed. If she was lucky, she would have what in college is called a "pop quiz." She would build a bomb from implements the average housewife keeps around the house. She would be sent off to drive an army truck, a jeep or perhaps fly a plane. She would be checked on reconnaissance and planning. She would be sent on a mission where no one needed to die.

And if she was unlucky she would be part of yet another mission where taking a life is the only way to survive. If her programmer decided it advantageous, she would be forced to compromise her morals and ethics because, though she would be in the midst of danger, she couldn't turn down the assignment.

The men and women who continue to hold Lynn's mind hostage against her will believe the future will be filled with terrorism, death, destruction and a challenge to the survival of America. They believe Lynn and the other lab rats must still respond to their programming for they are the second line of defense against enemies from within and without and the first line of offense in a catastrophe which would require the recreation of America's constitutional government. They are still intent on preparing Lynn for the day when she will be necessary for battle.

One summer day, all these dark realizations came flooding upon Lynn and she knew if she was ever to free herself, she needed to get immediate help.

So, Lynn, whom Cheryl had been telling about Dale Griffis, telephoned him as her sister had a few years before. Like her sister, she came to trust him. He referred her to Michelle Morgan (2), a Florida therapist with whose work he was familiar.

Morgan had some advantages. She had learned about mind-control experiments while she was going through her own training. She also was able to compare the signs and symbols the patient showed her with known writings relating to occult practices. She also knew some of the therapists, like Valerie Wolf, whose patients testified before the government during the 1995 hearings on radiation experimentation.

One early patient of her own had given details concerning criminal activity that only an eyewitness could possibly know. The information she brought her therapist was factual and Morgan had learned to keep an open mind.

This did not mean that Morgan instantly trusted what Lynn was saying. If anything, she was all the more cautious. Knowing the truth made it difficult to believe that someone else was telling the same type of stories. "I had to wonder if she had really gone through what she was saying. Was she just trying to get my attention?"

Morgan said, "I had heard the tape of a lecture Dale Griffis had given on ritual abuse some time before I began working with Lynn. At that time, I had a ritual abuse patient with all sorts of legal problems. Since Dale's telephone number was on the tape, I called him for information, and he proved to be very helpful. That was when I first got to know him. So, when Lynn came to me after I talked with Dale and I spent some time with her, I came to realize she actually had already gone through what a lot of people do initially—that is, to fall apart, feel overwhelmed and have a lot of memories of sexual abuse. I got to know her really well. As Lynn began getting psychologically better, she took me to a variety of sites. She taught me how to read trail markers."

In the end, Lynn's stories could not be denied. She was not only a victim, she wanted badly to heal. As her experiences were told and worked through, as she slowly began to come to grips with her past, the personalities within her have slowly begun to heal. And each step of the way, Dale Griffis was working to check out the facts as much as possible for both sisters and their therapists.

Gradually, with the help of Griffis, her therapist and the shared communion with her sister, Lynn, too, has begun reintegrating. Recently, her mother joined Lynn in therapy.

Slowly, despite the interference of those who would keep them bound, the two sisters are making their way out of the specter of their dark pasts.

Step by step, the two sisters are finally beginning to build futures of hope for themselves and their children. Within the limits of how they have been wounded, they are healing and dedicated to

finding the freedom in which, despite all they've endured, they fervently believe—the freedom their country's Constitution promises—and which they and others experimented upon like them have for so long been denied.

## Afterword

Dedicated journalists love to imagine the “big story,” the one that will change the world. They hope to be the first people to discover the bought-and-sold politician, the outrageous military action, the corrupt police detective, the immoral clergy member. To document, then report such a story can bring writers journalism’s highest honors, media attention, careers that will skyrocket and respect that will linger throughout their careers.

Honest career police officers share similar dreams. Street cops, tired of seeing young lives wasted by drugs that have led them into prostitution, theft and too often early deaths, dream of following the trail of street drugs back to the distributor, the importer and, ultimately, the individuals whose power, influence and money initiate the pipeline. Detectives who arrest well-connected individuals for major felonies, only to see judges give the guilty parties slaps on the wrists, fantasize about gaining adequate evidence of the judges’ corruption to assure their disgrace and disbarment.

What both conscientious police officers and crusading investigative journalists overlook is the way such stories can impact their own lives, their values and their emotions. These men and women are idealists, no matter how cynical and hard-bitten their façades may be. They believe in the institutions of government. They believe in the inherent integrity and selflessness of public servants. They respect the Constitution and the laws of the land. They want to expose the bad guys, because they foul all that is right and good about businesses, government agencies, medical institutions or nations. They may joke that all politicians are dirty, but they expose them in hopes of ending the dishonest ones’ careers and allowing honorable ones to enter those offices. That is why it can be so difficult to discover stories that shatter all illusions, question assumptions about friends and acquaintances and reveal worlds so evil they could only belong to “enemies.”

For many years there have been rumors of mind control experiments in the United States. In the early 1970s, the first of the declassified information was obtained by author John Marks for his pioneering work, *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*. Over time, retired or disillusioned CIA agents and contract employees have broken the oath of secrecy to reveal small portions of their clandestine work. In addition, some research work subcontracted to university researchers has been found to have been underwritten and directed by the CIA. There were “terminal experiments” in Canada’s McGill University and less dramatic but equally wayward programs at the University of California at Los Angeles, the University of Rochester, the University of Michigan and numerous other institutions. Many times the money went through foundations that were fronts for the CIA. In most instances, only the lead researcher was aware who his or her real benefactor was, though the individual was not always told the ultimate use for the information being gleaned.

In 1991, when the United States finally signed the 1964 Helsinki Accords that forbids such practices, any of the programs overseen by the intelligence community involving children were to come to an end. However, a source recently conveyed to us that such programs continue today under the auspices of the CIA’s Office of Research and Development. The children in the original experiments are now adults. Some have been able to go to college or technical schools, get jobs, get married, start families and become part of mainstream America. Some have never healed.

The original men and women who devised the early experimental programs are, at this point, usually retired or deceased. The laboratory assistants, often graduate and postdoctoral students, have gone on to other programs, other research. Undoubtedly many of them never knew the breadth of the work of which they had been part. They also probably did not know of the controlled violence utilized in some tests and preparations.

Many of the “handlers” assigned to reinforce the separation of ego states have gone into other pursuits. But some have remained or have been replaced. Some of the “lab rats” whom they had kept in a climate of readiness, responding to the psychological triggers that would assure their continued involvement in whatever project the leaders desired, no longer have this constant reinforcement. Some

of the minds gradually have begun stopping suppression of their past experiences. So it is with Cheryl Hersha and now her sister, Lynn.

As a scientific investigator, Dale Griffis started his inquiry of the stories first Cheryl and then Lynn told him with the presumption that the stories were fabricated in order to deal with their father's abuse. For the next few years, working alone and whenever he had time, Dr. Griffis worked to prove whether the stories the sisters were telling were true. When he consulted with a law enforcement agency located near one of the military bases or research facilities the sisters described, he went to see them. If the base was restricted, as was the case with many of the underground facilities, he tried to find a former student who trusted and respected him so he could enlist his or her help. They would, he reasoned, be able to tell him whether or not one of the sisters' descriptions of an underground facility matched what the place looked like, for example.

Griffis assumed he might be discrediting the sisters' stories as more and more details about these facilities were remembered and provided. Instead, as he related them to his contacts, what the young women described shocked some of the men and women with whom he was consulting. They explained that the sisters had to have been on the bases or they could not know what they knew.

As he viewed firsthand more of the areas the sisters discussed, it was easier to ask questions of the men and women who were intimately involved with the locations. Most wished to speak anonymously, worried about their careers or fearing some form of retaliation. But always, they confirmed the details provided by Cheryl and Lynn.

"I had a tough time coming to grips with what I was hearing and seeing," says Dr. Griffis. "I could understand it. I lived through the Cold War and the terrorist threats from groups in the Middle East as well as within our nation. I thought I knew what our government was about. In fact, when I was taking my doctorate courses, I wrote the CIA and asked them for any documents relevant to behavior modification, because I was writing a dissertation on a related subject. And they wrote back that we do not operate that way in this country and we do not have experiments of that type. To my great regret today, I believed them. I believed it all."

As time has passed, Griffis has visited still more areas where the sisters claim to have been involved with secret military programs. He has talked to long time researchers, career military officers and former students in his training classes. He has obtained maps where possible, especially of declassified facilities that have been converted to both military research and civilian use. These included the decommissioned Nike missile sites, once the first line of defense against the Soviet Union.

He found the Nike sites interesting, because Griffis knew they were created to assure the survivability of civilians involved with retaliation against a first strike attack by the Communists. America's early nuclear deterrent for the Cold War involved second strike capability. And it was in this frightening period that the sisters had first been inducted into the secret experiments.

Later, what mattered to military leaders was not that the Nike missile defense plan allowed for a massive first strike that would kill as many as one hundred million Americans, regardless of civil defense shelters. In some instances, the Nike sites were situated so that if hit by an enemy missile, the radiation from the blast would travel over a nearby large metropolitan area. The concern was with assuring that enough missiles would survive for a devastating retaliatory strike. The message to the enemy was that a first strike would ultimately be suicide for the attacking nation.

The missile sites, along with various command centers, were designed to protect the occupants from radiation and the initial blast. They were small towns with one employer—the Department of Defense. It was believed that hundreds of people could live underground for weeks on end without needing fresh supplies. In many instances, children would be able to go underground with their parents. There were hospital facilities, a wide array of scientific equipment and numerous recreational opportunities, most of which remained when the Nike missiles became obsolete, were removed and deactivated.

Cheryl and Lynn had talked to Griffis about the missile sites and provided details of the interior, details that the average person could not and would not know. To check their words out, Griffis then went to men he had trained who were with the military at the time, had been on the base or had access to the plans for the interiors. Their first reaction was that the sisters could not have been inside because sometimes they were describing a location that had long been closed down. Then, after learning that the sisters were claiming to have been inside as children, the men checked and to their amazement found that the girls' descriptions were accurate.

During this period, Griffis and his office assistant, Joyce, began searching the Internet, something Cheryl was also doing. Cheryl, at first, used the Internet to make contact with other survivors of childhood abuse, ritual abuse and government abuse. She wanted to know she was not alone. She wanted to know that there were others experiencing the same problems she had endured. She wanted others to say that this was not her imagination, that she was not crazy, that others had shared her turmoil, both during the time and afterwards. And many were all too eager to confirm anything she said, even if, in reality, they had no firsthand idea what she was talking about.

The search Griffis and his assistant did was meant to uncover as much information as they possibly could concerning the programs, bases and research facilities that the sisters were describing. At first, like Cheryl, Griffis had faith in the Internet information, but he and his assistant soon found that searching on the Internet resulted in their encountering a new problem—the Internet child abuse fantasy. Griffis and Joyce then felt they needed to ascertain whether the sisters had been unduly influenced.

Griffis knew that in recent years the subject of mind control has become a major Internet topic. There were sites related to adult victims of child abuse where people discuss the difficulties they encountered growing up. Sometimes these were straightforward accounts of being the son or daughter of a pedophile. Sometimes these talked about abuse at the hands of a relative, schoolteacher or other trusted individual. And frequently this was the type of information that was presented accurately, the victim using a Web site, e-mail or chat room to admit to a past he or she was overcoming. The comments of others, frequently including those with similar histories, can be like group therapy. The experience could be a healing adjunct to professional therapy in progress and, for those who do not yet have the courage to talk with a therapist, it can be the first step in ending the guilt and ending the feelings of being responsible for having been victimized.

The problem is that some people, undoubtedly having troubled pasts, are seeking attention through the Internet. Their troubled reasoning was that just having been molested by their fathers was not enough. They had to have been through something more horrible than that. They had to have been victims of religious cults, government experiments and even pedophiles in the highest offices of the land. Currently on the Internet are stories of not only being victims of MKULTRA programming, but also having been victims of such disparate individuals as President Jimmy Carter and evangelist Billy Graham. The more famous and respected the male, the more likely that someone—usually female—will claim that she was given to the man as a reward. There are rarely, if ever, any additional details given with these stories. They just talk of being sex toys, sometimes adding locations that are either plausible—for example, Camp David—or ridiculous, such as the busy center of a religious revival's coordinator's office.

Theoretically, what is said on the Internet is as checkable as what is published in newspapers, magazines or books produced by established and reputable publishing houses. Practically, as Griffis found out, this is not the case.

The Internet, he and his assistant found, is unfortunately filled with much misinformation. They and Cheryl learned there may be legitimate contacts that can be made with others who shared the experience of government experimentation, but the proof is not in the stories they post. The proof, Griffis found, is in learning their full background, having them obtain whatever documents they can, then spending hours talking with them, learning their stories and taking the time to check out everything they say. The support groups may be comforting, but not all the members are what they seem.

The research ultimately led to three different types of sources. The first was the survivor story, often found on well designed web sites. These were usually not credible, especially when the people who posted the information took nicknames or code identities meant to “protect” them. Not only did few, if any, have anything to fear from the agencies that supposedly abused them, the inability to talk directly to them, to know who they are now and that they are no longer a part of any program, means it is impossible to check them out.

The second source was the official site of an agency, hospital complex, university or similar institution. These provided information that helped corroborate what Lynn and Cheryl were saying. Unfortunately, it had to be noted that those places could be located and if the information supplied by the sisters did not reflect knowledge beyond what was public, then certainly they could have seen the same web sites. They could have taken this readily available, public information and started talking about it as though it was part of their lives.

The third source was web sites that had information about programs and people known to be a part of CIA research. These included newspaper files that are increasingly available on the web, magazine articles and other checkable sources. Each time, the articles were gleaned for previously

unknown details that could be checked out and names of living individuals who could be located and interviewed. These helped provide substantive background prior to Griffis seeking information through the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).

FOIA information helped Griffis piece together the story of the programs that eventually involved the children. While names were often omitted, locations for the research projects were usually left visible. This allowed the gathering of further information from those institutions. It also helped confirm statements made by the Hersha sisters.

The National Security Archives in George Washington University was a treasure trove of FOIA material, especially files obtained by John Marks, and other documents. In addition, the study of files related to seemingly disparate programs unrelated to the experiences of the Hersha sisters helped corroborate much of what they were saying. These were checked by Griffis and co-author Ted Schwarz, who had previously researched such covert activities as the assassination program against Fidel Castro and the CIA financed Cuban revolution training in Miami and the Florida Everglades region.

Though Griffis and Schwarz often found themselves fighting a wall of secrecy that appeared almost impenetrable, they refused to give up. Both authors interviewed experts from the military, law enforcement and related areas. Most spoke off the record. Some, like former CIA Director, Richard Helms, who in 1973 was responsible with Dr. Sidney Gottlieb for the destruction of all records related to MKULTRA programs including the one in which the sisters participated, refused to talk. In what was probably a typographical error in a letter to the authors from Mr. Helms, he wrote that his memory of that time was "lazy."

Ultimately, Griffis and Schwarz reached several conclusions concerning the Hersha sisters. First and most important, their story is true. Second, and equally important, the chance of finding any documents in government files that name either sister is probably nonexistent. Understandably, there are no photographs of them performing secret missions. There are no photographs of them undergoing laboratory experiments. There is no document that can be found that lays out the program in which the two sisters participated. However, the experiments done on the sisters do match experiments previously performed on adults, though with less satisfying results than could be obtained with children, the reason the researchers chose the very young for later experiments.

The authors acknowledge that there are memory lapses for the sisters and their mother, but they know these lapses are not unusual among other individuals who have been experimented upon. This may have come about because such memory lapses are generated by the use of Electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) which also has been used with some frequency in legitimate psychiatric treatment for many years. It is a controversial treatment and the correct amount to be given difficult to ascertain.

Other aspects of the world in which the sisters were raised have been proven. They talk of their father being involved with non-traditional religions and their being forced to participate (quite apart from the government research) in what amounts to cult activities. These allegations check out to a great degree, both with law enforcement officers and other adults from the areas where the sisters were present. Independent of the Hershas, several other women tell essentially the same stories about the same locations and people involved with fringe religious movements concerning Satan and the occult. There was probably some cross-over with the intelligence community, individuals such as the late George Hunter White being involved.

People who were aware that research facilities were conducting experiments that the general public would find repugnant justified what they were doing for several reasons. One was that such research was necessary for America's triumph in a dire time. When the sisters were inducted into the program, the United States was immersed in the Cold War. The fear of the Communist menace was overwhelming. Both Dr. Griffis and Ted Schwarz were school children during the early years after World War II. Both remember the television programs designed to help Americans understand how the atomic bomb would come, what it would do and how to seek effective shelter. Both experienced school civil defense drills involving "duck and cover." Both remember never quite buying into the idea that the Russian children would be vaporized because they did not know how to get under their desks, kneeling in almost a fetal position, then covering their necks with their arms. Both remember thinking that they would never become adults. The bomb was coming. The Soviet Union was sending it. And the Communist menace could mean their deaths.

The other justification researchers used for their experiments was that there was informed consent (by proxy). Yet the consent form never indicated the full details of what the children, such as Cheryl and Lynn, might endure. For as one army general, actively involved with chemical and biological warfare research, commented, "You don't know what will happen until you try it."

Some who worked for government agencies were idealistic enough to believe that there had to be drastic sacrifice and major effort for America to become impenetrable by its evil enemies. If a few adults, such as Colonel Frank Olson, died because of Gottlieb's LSD experiments, that was the price for stopping the enemies of the United States. If a few children had their lives forever altered, some felt that was also a fair price to pay. After all, we were the good guys and if we had to sacrifice a few civilians for the greater good of the American way of life, it was a price worth paying. That was the reason so many good and decent men and women were seduced in the beginning into participating in research programs that should have remained unimaginable. Later, when the communist threat evaporated, fears arose about equally strong threats from terrorists within and without.

Questions, of course, must now be asked. How were such heinous experiments allowed to reach the brutal depths they did and why are they continuing? The answer is: When the public is unaware, mad men vested in secrecy by the intelligence community, with no accountability and unlimited funds, can wreak havoc on the real future of democratic society—its children. And witnessing for the first time the results of such unspeakable acts and imprisoning lies is why the authors have written this book. They believe the horrific awful truth must now be brought into the open so it can set us free. It is the only way in the future we can protect all our children and live in a land where the powerful cannot trample the rights of the innocent...and liberty and justice truly prevail.

[Please note: As with all the research used for his books, the material utilized for *Secret Weapons* will eventually be made public through the Ted Schwarz Archives, the Special Collections Division, Hayden Library, Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona. Although that process has begun, the availability will not be immediate, because the material is being retained so that Ted Schwarz and Dale Griffis can further explore and add to the broader story of mind control. Check with the director of Special Collections to learn when the material is cataloged for use.]

## *Documents*

*The following documents show the increasing interest and involvement of government agencies in mind control techniques. They provide a compelling body of circumstantial evidence supporting the credibility of the story of Lynn and Cheryl Hersha.*

**Document A:** 1953 memorandum by Sidney Gottlieb—written just one month after Allen Dulles authorized the MKULTRA program—explains planned experiments using hypnosis for a variety of outcomes including inducing anxiety in test subjects and increasing the ability to learn and recall complex information.

**Document B:** 1953 memo from a working magician who wrote the CIA’s Manual on Trickery—which includes “tricks” to use pills, liquids and solids on individuals wanted for interrogation—suggests that the manual should be expanded to include similar “tricks” that can be performed by women.

**Document C:** 1955 memo reviews the CIA’s research and development of an extensive list of mind-altering substances to achieve such outcomes as producing “physical disablement such as paralysis,” promoting the ability “to withstand...torture...during interrogation” and promoting “illogical thinking and impulsiveness...[so] the recipient would be discredited in public.”

**Document D:** 1963 memo explains the purpose and origin of the MKULTRA program and offers a review of the mind control program and suggestions for changes to be implemented.

**Document E:** 1972 memo of Sidney Gottlieb requests the termination of Project MKSEARCH (which provided secret funding to maintain mind control experiments) due to reasons including incoming senior CIA officials’ distaste for and moral and ethical objections to the experiments.

**Document F:** 1977 memo is a result of author John Marks’ Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request which caused previously unknown MKULTRA documents to be discovered. The memo requests the CIA Deputy Director’s approval to release the newly found files.

**Document G:** 1977 letter from the CIA Director of Intelligence reveals to the Senate Committee on Intelligence the recent discovery of additional MKULTRA files.

**Document H:** 1978 *New York Times* article details Project Artichoke—the purpose of which was to make unwitting individuals commit assassinations—shortly after CIA documents on Artichoke were released under FOIA.

**Document I:** 1980 Associated Press article discloses news that a lawsuit has been filed against the U.S. Government by five Canadians who were subjects in Dr. Ewen Cameron’s CIA funded brainwashing experiments.

**Document J:** 1995 testimony of Claudia Mullen to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control describes her induction into the mind control program and the violent and abusive treatment she experienced.

**Document K:** 1995 letter from law professor and author Alan Scheflin to the Presidential Committee on behalf of Claudia Mullen, urges them to listen to her testimony and the testimonies of others with open minds.



**Document L:** 1995 testimony of Chris De Nicola, another victim of mind control experiments, to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control recounts her horrific experiences.

**Document M:** 1995 article by Jon Rappoport tells how victims' testimony to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control corroborates other claims of CIA mind control experiments being performed on young children.

**Document N:** 1995—after Claudia Mullen and Chris DeNicola testified before the Presidential Committee—the Advocacy Committee for Human Experimentation - Mind Control forms to provide information on mind control experiments and to lobby the United States Government to recognize the atrocities committed through these programs.

**Document O:** July 2000 article by Andrew Basiago reveals that former astronaut Gordon Cooper admitted on a radio talk show that NASA used young children in mind control experiments in the 1950s and '60s.

**Document P:** September 2000 *New York Times* article reports that the new head of the Office of Human Research Protections acknowledged that the current standards and reviews of research and experimentation on humans is flawed and needs to be revised.

**Document Q:** List of some of the underground bases and forts referred to in *Secret Weapons*, gives those facilities' locations, uses and purposes.

DOCUMENT

A

---

*Memorandum on MKULTRA  
Hypnosis Experiments*

11 May 1953

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

Subject: Visit to Project [Deleted]

1. On this day the writer spent the day observing experiments with Mr. [deleted] on project [deleted] and in planning next year's work on the project (Mr. [deleted] has already submitted his proposal to the [deleted]).
2. The general picture of the present status of the project is one of a carefully planned series of five major experiments. Most of the year has been spent in screening and standardizing a large group of subjects (approximately 100) and the months between now and September 1 should yield much data, so that these five experiments should be completed by September 1. The five experiments are: (N stands for the total number of subjects involved in the experiment.)

Experiment 1 - N-18 Hypnotically induced anxieties to be completed by September 1.

Experiment 2 - N-24 Hypnotically increasing ability to learn and recall complex written matter, to be completed by September 1.

Experiment 3 - N-30 Polygraph response under Hypnosis, to be completed by June 15.

Experiment 4 - N-24 Hypnotically increasing ability to observe and recall complex arrangement of physical objects.

Experiment 5 - N-100 Relationship of personality to susceptibility to hypnosis.

3. The work for next year (September 1, 1953 to June 1, 1954) will concentrate on:

Experiment 6 - The morse code problem, with the emphasis on relatively lower I.Q. subjects than found on University volunteers.

Experiment 7 - Recall of hypnotically acquired information by very specific signals.

[Deleted] will submit detailed research plans on all experiments not yet submitted.

4. A system of reports was decided upon, receivable in June, September and December 1953, and in March and June, 1954. These reports besides giving a summary of progress on each of the seven experiments, will also include the raw data obtained in each experiment. At the completion of any of the experiments a complete, organized final report will be sent to us.
5. After June 1, [deleted] new address will be:  
[deleted]

6. A new journal was observed in [deleted] office:  
Journal of Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis  
published quarterly by the Society for C. & E.H.  
publisher is Woodrow Press, Inc.  
227 E. 45th Street  
New York 17, N.Y.  
Price is \$6.00

To date two numbers issued, Vol. 1, #1 January 1953, and Vol. 1 #2 April 1953.

7. A very favorable impression was made on the writer by the group. The experimental design of each experiment is very carefully done, and the standards of detail and instrumentation seems to be very high.

[signature of Sidney Gottlieb]  
Chief  
Chemical Division, TSS

DOCUMENT

B

---

*Expansion of CIA's  
Manual on Trickery*

November 11, 1953

[deleted]

Dear [deleted],

This is a memo in regard to expansion of the manual on trickery.

The manual as it now stands consists of the following five sections:

1. Underlying bases for the successful performance of tricks and the background of the psychological principles by which they operate.

2. Tricks with pills.

3. Tricks with loose solids.

4. Tricks with liquids.

5. Tricks by which small objects may be obtained secretly. This section was not considered in my original outline and was suggested subsequently to me. I was, however, able to add it without necessitating extension of the number of weeks requested for the writing. Another completed task not noted in the outline was making models of such equipment as has been described in the manual.

As sections 2, 3, 4 and 5 were written solely for use by men working alone the manual needs two further sections. One section would give modified, or different, tricks and techniques of performance so that the tricks could be performed by women. The other section would describe tricks suitable for two or more people working in collaboration. In both these proposed sections the tricks would differ considerably from those which have been described.

I believe that properly to devise the required techniques and devices and to describe them in writing would require 12 working weeks to complete the two sections. However, I cannot now work on this project every week and would hesitate to promise completion prior to the first of May, 1954.

I shall await your instructions in the matter.

Sincerely Yours,  
[deleted]

## DOCUMENT

### C

---

# *CIA's Research and Development of Mind-Altering Substances*

5 May 1955

A portion of the Research and Development Program of TSS/Chemical Division is devoted to the discovery of the following materials and methods:

1. Substances which will promote illogical thinking and impulsiveness to the point where the recipient would be discredited in public.
2. Substances which increase the efficiency of mentation and perception.
3. Materials which will prevent or counteract the intoxicating effect of alcohol.
4. Materials which will promote the intoxicating effect of alcohol.
5. Materials which will produce the signs and symptoms of recognized diseases in a reversible way so that they may be used for malingering, etc.
6. Materials which will render the induction of hypnosis easier or otherwise enhance its usefulness.
7. Substances which will enhance the ability of individuals to withstand privation, torture and coercion during interrogation and so-called "brainwashing."
8. Materials and physical methods which will produce amnesia for events preceding and during their use.
9. Physical methods of producing shock and confusion over extended periods of time and capable of surreptitious use.
10. Substances which produce physical disablement such as paralysis of the legs, acute anemia, etc.
11. Substances which will produce "pure" euphoria with no subsequent letdown.
12. Substances which alter personality structure in such a way that the tendency of the recipient to become dependent upon another person is enhanced.
13. A material which will cause mental confusion of such a type that the individual under its influence will find it difficult to maintain a fabrication under questioning.
14. Substances which will lower the ambition and general working efficiency of men when administered in undetectable amounts.
15. Substances which will promote weakness or distortion of the eyesight or hearing faculties, preferably without permanent effects.
16. A knockout pill which can surreptitiously be administered in drinks, food, cigarettes, as an aerosol, etc., which will be safe to use, provide the maximum of amnesia, and be suitable for use by agent types on an ad hoc basis.
17. A material which can be surreptitiously administered by the above routes and which in very small amounts will make it impossible for a man to perform a physical activity whatever.

The development of materials of this type follows the standard practice of such ethical drug houses as [deleted]. It is a relatively routine procedure to develop a drug to the point of human testing. Ordinarily, the drug houses depend upon the services of private physicians for the final clinical testing. The physicians are willing to assume the responsibility of such tests in order to advance the science of medicine. It is difficult and sometimes impossible for TSS/CD to offer such an inducement with respect

to its products. In practice, it has been possible to use the outside cleared contractors for the preliminary phases of this work. However, that part which involves human testing at effective dose levels presents security problems which cannot be handled by the ordinary contractor.

The proposed facility [deleted] offers a unique opportunity for the secure handling of such clinical testing in addition to the many advantages outlined in the project proposal. The security problems mentioned above are eliminated by the fact that the responsibility for the testing will rest completely upon the physician and the hospital. [Deleted] will allow TSS/CD personnel to supervise the work very closely to make sure that all tests are conducted according to the recognized practices and embody adequate safeguards.

## DOCUMENT

### D

---

# *Memorandum on MKULTRA Activity*

*(Experiments on Chemical, Biological and Radiological Materials in Clandestine Operations to Control Human Behavior)*

26 July 1963

Memorandum for: Director of Central Intelligence

Subject: Report of Inspection of MKULTRA

1. In connection with our survey of Technical Services Division, DD/P, it was deemed advisable to prepare the report of the MKULTRA program in one copy only, in view of its unusual sensitivity.
2. This report is forwarded herewith.
3. The MKULTRA activity is concerned with the research and development of chemical, biological and radiological materials capable of employment in clandestine operations to control human behavior. The end products of such research are subject to very strict controls including a requirement for the personal approval of the Deputy Director/Plans for any operations use made of these end products.
4. The cryptonym MKULTRA encompasses the R&D phase and a second cryptonym MKDELTA denotes the DD/P system for control of the operational employment of such materials. The provisions of the MKULTRA authority is also cover [deleted material]. The administration and control of this latter activity were found to be generally satisfactory and are discussed in greater detail in the main body of the report on TSD.
5. MKULTRA was authorized by the then Director of Central Intelligence, Mr. Allen W. Dulles, in 1953. The TSD was assigned responsibility thereby to employ a portion of its R&D budget, eventually set at 20%, for research in behavioral materials and [deleted material] under purely internal and compartmented controls, (further details are provided in paragraph 3 of the attached report). Normal procedures for project approval, funding, and accounting were waived. However, special arrangements for audit of expenditures have been evolved in subsequent years.
6. The scope of MKULTRA is comprehensive and ranges from the search for and procurement of botanical and chemical substances, through programs for their analysis in scientific laboratories, to progressive testing for effect on animals and human beings. The testing on individuals begins under laboratory conditions employing every safeguard and progresses gradually to more and more realistic operational simulations. The program requires and obtains the services of a number of highly specialized authorities in many fields of the natural sciences.
7. The concepts involved in manipulating human behavior are found by many people both within and outside the Agency to be distasteful and unethical. There is considerable evidence that opposition intelligence services are active and highly proficient in this field. The experience of TSD to date indicates that both the research and employment of the materials are expensive and often unpredictable in results. Nevertheless, there have been major accomplishments both in research and operational employment.
8. The principal conclusions of the inspections are that the structure and operational controls over this activity need strengthening; improvements are needed in the administration of the research projects; and some of the testing of substances under simulated operational conditions was judged to involve excessive risk to the Agency.

9. Attached for the signature of the Deputy Director of Central Intelligence is a memorandum transmitting the report to the Deputy Director/Plans requesting a summary of action taken or comments on the recommendations contained therein.

[signature of J.S. Earman]  
Inspector General

Attachments - as stated



DOCUMENT

E

---

*Memorandum on Termination  
of Project MKSEARCH*

10 July 1972

Memorandum for: Deputy Director for Plans

Subject: Termination of Project MKSEARCH

1. This memorandum constitutes the regular annual report on Project MKSEARCH. It also requests your concurrence for the termination of Project MKSEARCH.
2. Project MKSEARCH was established in 1965 to provide funds, not subject to normal Agency funding, accounting and contractual procedures for research and development, and to maintain an operational support capability, in the covert utilization of chemical and biological materials and techniques. Over the past several years, with your and the DCI's concurrence, we have diminished the expenditure of funds and the scope of this program to the minimum necessary to maintain an operational capability. The Project was funded at a level of \$110,000 in FY 72.
3. In FY 72 we had no approved requests for operational support in this area. There were several requests for information, with which our contractors were helpful. In fact, we have had no approved operational requests for these materials or techniques for the past four years. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that Project MKSEARCH should be terminated and we request your concurrence.
4. There have been four individuals or facilities involved in this effort as follows:
  - a) [Deleted] develops evaluates and maintains a variety of biological materials suitable for covert application. Since some of these materials have nothing to do with the area of manipulating human behavior, we are planning to continue our relationship with [deleted] using our normal contractual mechanism. For instance, he is doing some important work on the [deleted].
  - b) [Deleted] is a Psychiatrist who has maintained a facility for years for investigational and clinical programs utilizing prison volunteers.
  - c) [Deleted] is a Pathologist who has provided expert services in the fields of pathology, biological chemistry and toxicology.
  - d) [Deleted] is a Pharmacologist who has provided very useful services to us for the past fifteen years in the field of psychoactive chemicals.
5. The projects involving the services of [deleted] were amicably terminated on 30 June 1972. We are maintaining clearances on all three and they have indicated that they would be happy to help us whenever the need arises in the future, on an ad hoc basis.
6. As a final commentary, I would like to point out that, by means of Project MKSEARCH the Clandestine Service has been able to maintain contact with the leading edge of developments in the field of biological and chemical control of human behavior. It has become increasingly obvious over the last several years, that this general area had less and less relevance to current clandestine operations. The reasons for this are many and complex, but two of them are perhaps worth mentioning briefly. On the scientific side, it has become very clear that these materials and techniques are too unpredictable in their effect on individual human beings, under specific circumstances, to be operationally useful. Our operations officers, particularly the emerging group of new senior operations officers, have shown a discerning and perhaps commendable distaste for utilizing these materials and techniques. They seem to realize that, in addition to moral and ethical

considerations, the extreme sensitivity and security constraints of such operations effectively rule them out.

[signature of Sidney Gottlieb]  
Chief  
Technical Services Division

CONCURRENCE:

          [signature deleted]            
Deputy Director for Plans

10 July 72  
Date

## DOCUMENT

### F

---

## *CIA Discovers Previously Unknown MKULTRA Documents*

22 June 1977

MEMORANDUM FOR: Deputy Director of Central Intelligence

THROUGH: Deputy Director for Science and Technology

SUBJECT: Request for Guidance on Handling Recently Located MKULTRA Material

1. (U/AIUO) This memorandum is to advise you that additional MKULTRA documents have been discovered and to obtain your approval for follow-on actions required. Paragraph 7 contains a recommended course of action.
2. (U/AIUO) As a result of John Marks FOIA request (F-76-374), all of the MKULTRA material in OTS possession was reviewed for possible release to him. Following that review, the OTS material in the Retired Records Center was searched. It was during that latter search that the subproject files were located among the retired records of the OTS Budget and Fiscal Section. These files were not discovered earlier as the earlier searches were limited to the examination of the active and retired records of those branches considered most likely to have generated or have had access to MKULTRA documents. Those branches included: Chemistry, Biological, Behavioral Activities, and Contracts Management. Because Dr. Gottlieb retrieved and destroyed all the MKULTRA documents he was able to locate, it is not surprising that the earlier search for MKULTRA documents, directed at areas where they were most likely to be found, was unsuccessful. The purpose of establishing the MKULTRA mechanism was to limit knowledge of the sensitive work being performed to those with an absolute need to know. If those precepts had been followed, the recently found B&F files should have contained only financial and administrative documents. (In retrospect, I realize that a serious error was made in not having B&F files and other seemingly innocuous files searched earlier.) As it happened most of the individual subproject folders contain project proposals and memoranda for the record, which in varying degrees, give a reasonably complete picture of the avenues of research funded through MKULTRA. For your information, the original memorandum setting up MKULTRA, signed by Mr. Dulles, is also among these documents. A copy of the memorandum is attached.
3. (U/AIUO) At this writing, it does not appear that there is anything in these newly located files that would indicate the MKULTRA activities were more extensive or more controversial than indicated by the Senate Select (Church) Committee Report. If anything, the reverse is true, i.e., most of the nearly 200 subprojects are innocuous. Thus, the overview of MKULTRA is essentially unchanged. With two exceptions, the project find fills in some of the missing details.
4. (U/AIUO) One of these exceptions is Subproject Number 45 which concerns an activity that should have been reported earlier. That project deals with the search for a knockout drug which was concomitant with, and a by-product of, cancer research at a major university. It is believed that an objective reading of that project would demonstrate that the search for knockout materials and anesthetics were compatible activities. However, the research proposal stated that "chemical agents...will be subjected to clinical screening...on advanced cancer patients".
5. (C) Subproject Number 55 contains full details of CIA's contribution of \$375,000 to the [deleted] Building Fund. The Agency was then involved in drug research programs, many of which were being conducted by [deleted] whose facilities were inadequate. In order to facilitate the ongoing

research programs, it was decided to expedite the building program by contributing to it through a mechanism that was also being used to fund some of the research projects.

The contribution could be controversial in that it was made through a mechanism making it appear to be a private donation. Private donations qualified for, and [deletion] received, an equal amount of Federal matching funds. A letter from the Office of General Counsel dated 21 February 1954 attesting to the legality of this funding is in the file.

6. (U/AIUO) The Legislative Counsel has been made aware of the existence of these additional MKULTRA documents which are still under review and sanitation. The MARKS case is in litigation and we are committed to advise Mr. Marks of the existence of these files shortly, and to deliver the releasable material to his attorneys by 31 July. A letter from the Information and Privacy Staff to Mr. Marks' attorneys informing them of the existence of this material is in the coordination process and is scheduled to be mailed on 24 June.
7. (U/AIUO) There are now two actions that should be taken:
  - a. Release appropriately sanitized material to Mr. Marks' attorneys as required by FOIA litigation.
  - b. Inform the Senate Select Committee of the existence of the recently located records prior to informing Mr. Marks' attorneys.It is recommended that you approve of both of these actions.
8. (U/AIUO) If additional details on the contents of this material are desired, the OIS officers most familiar with it are prepared to brief you at your convenience.

[signature of David S. Brandwein]  
Director  
Office of Technical Service

## DOCUMENT

### G

---

# *CIA Informs Senate Committee of MKULTRA Documents Discovery*

[1977]

The Director of Central Intelligence  
Washington, D.C. 20505

The Honorable Daniel K. Inouye, Chairman  
Select Committee on Intelligence  
United States Senate  
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Mr. Chairman:

During the course of 1975 when the Senate Committee, chaired by Senator Church, was investigating intelligence activities, the CIA was asked to produce documentation on a program of experimentation with the effect of drugs. Under this project conducted from 1953 to 1964 and known as "MKULTRA," tests were conducted on American citizens in some cases without their knowledge. The CIA, after searching for such documentation, reported that most of the documents on this matter have been destroyed. I find it my duty to report to you now that our continuing search for drug related, as well as other documents, has uncovered certain papers which bear on this matter. Let me hasten to add that I am persuaded that there was no previous attempt to conceal this material in the original 1975 exploration. The material recently discovered was in the retired archives filed under financial accounts and only uncovered by using extraordinary and extensive search efforts. In this connection, incidentally, I have personally commended the employee whose diligence produced this find.

Because the new material now on hand is primarily of a financial nature, it does not present a complete picture of the field of drug experimentation activity but it does provide more detail than was previously available to us. For example, the following types of activities were undertaken:

- a. Possible additional cases of drugs being tested on American citizens, without their knowledge.
- b. Research was undertaken on surreptitious methods of administering drugs.
- c. Some of the persons chosen for experimentation were drug addicts or alcoholics.
- d. Research into the development of a knockout or "K" drug was performed in conjunction with work being done to develop pain killers for advanced cancer patients, and tests on such patients were carried out.
- e. There is a possibility of an improper payment to a private institution.

The drug related activities described in this newly located material began almost 25 years ago. I assure you they were discontinued over 10 years ago and do not take place today.

In keeping with the President's commitment to disclose any errors of the Intelligence Community which are uncovered, I would like to volunteer to testify before your Committee on the full details of this unfortunate series of events. I am in the process of reading the fairly voluminous material involved and do want to be certain that I have a complete picture when I talk with the Committee. I will be in touch with you next week to discuss when hearings might be scheduled at the earliest opportunity.

I regret having to bring this issue to your attention, but I know that it is essential to your oversight procedures that you be kept fully informed in a timely manner.

Yours Sincerely,  
[signature of Stansfield Turner]

## DOCUMENT

### H

---

# *“C.I.A. Documents Tell of 1954 Project to Create Involuntary Assassins”*

*By Nicholas M. Horrock  
The New York Times  
February 9, 1978*

WASHINGTON—The Central Intelligence Agency began a study in 1954 to find out whether a person could be secretly induced to commit an assassination against his will, newly released Government documents disclosed today.

It was the first documentary evidence that the C.I.A. had contemplated such a situation.

The study was disclosed in a series of 1954 memorandums made public under the Freedom of Information Act request by *The New York Times* and others. The documents were prepared as part of a project sometimes known by the code name “Artichoke,” one of four C.I.A. programs to conduct mind-control experiments from 1949 to 1974.

#### **No Evidence of Attempt**

There is no indication in the documents released so far that the C.I.A. attempted to use mind control in an actual assassination attempt. However, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence reported in 1976 that the intelligence agency had plotted three assassinations and had become indirectly involved in several others.

According to the documents, a team from the project, which usually included interrogation experts, drug experts and psychiatrists or psychologists, was asked to “give an evaluation” of the following “hypothetical problem” in January 1954: “Can an individual of (deleted nationality) descent be made to perform an act of attempted assassination involuntarily under the influence of Artichoke?”

The memorandum, which like most documents released by the agency has names of individuals, government agencies or locations deleted, described the following “problem.” “As a ‘trigger mechanism,’ for a bigger project, it was proposed that an individual, of (deleted) descent, approximately 35 years old, well educated, proficient in English and well established socially and politically in the (deleted) government be induced under Artichoke to perform an act, involuntarily, against a prominent (deleted) politician or if necessary, against an American official.”

At another point it noted that “access to the subject would be extremely limited, probably limited to a single social meeting.” The memorandum went on: “Because the subject is a heavy drinker, it was proposed that the individual could be surreptitiously drugged through the medium of an alcoholic cocktail at a social party, Artichoke applied, and the subject induced to perform the act of attempting assassination at some later date.”

“After the act of attempted assassination was performed, it was assumed that the subject would be taken into custody by the (deleted) government and thereby ‘disposed of,’” the memorandum said.

The project team reported that it did not think the plan feasible “because it would have insufficient control over the subject.” Moreover, it said, he would be “unwitting” and the team’s access to the subject would involve both “cleared” personnel—CIA employees—and “uncleared” personnel.

“Whether it was carried out or not under crash conditions and appropriate authority from headquarters, the Artichoke team would undertake the problem in spite of operational limitations,” the memorandum said.

In late January 1954, there is a dispatch accompanying the memorandum that says: “Herewith report of Artichoke team on first assignment. Considering the speed with which we had to operate, I believe it went extremely well. We were ready when called upon for support, even though the operation did not materialize.” “Artichoke” was just a code word and had no apparent further significance.

Several groups have studied the documents from the standpoint of whether they may provide any evidence in the continuing inquiries into the assassination of President Kennedy or the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Members of a nonprofit group, the Assassination Information Bureau, said that the security officer for the "Artichoke" project, Sheffield Edwards, was later the C.I.A. man assigned to form the assassination team that made attempts on the life of Prime Minister Fidel Castro of Cuba.

The bureau's conclusion is supported by the Senate intelligence report and C.I.A. documents released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Copyright © 1978 *The New York Times*  
Reprinted by permission



## DOCUMENT

### I

---

# *“5 Canadians Ask \$5 Million for ‘Brainwashing’ by C.I.A.”*

*Associated Press  
December 11, 1980*

WASHINGTON—The wife of a member of the Canadian Parliament and four other Canadians filed a \$5 million lawsuit against the United States Government today, charging that a Montreal psychiatrist, the late Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, conducted Central Intelligence Agency-financed “brainwashing” experiments on them.

The suit, filed in Federal District Court here, said that from 1957 to 1963 they were given the hallucinogenic drug LSD and extensive electroshock treatments to wipe out behavior patterns.

The suit seeks \$1 million each for Val Orlikow, wife of David Orlikow, an M.P. and a member of the New Democratic Party; Jean-Charles Page of St.-André-Est, Quebec; Robert K. Logie of Vancouver, and Jeanine Huard and Lillian Stadler of Montreal. All sought treatment for psychiatric troubles.

Copyright © 1980 The Associated Press  
Reprinted by permission

*Author's note: The former patients of Dr. Ewen Cameron were later awarded \$750,000 by the CIA and \$100,000 per person by the Canadian government for signing away their right to sue. —T.S.*

## DOCUMENT

### J

---

# *Claudia Mullen's Report to the Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control*

*March 1995*

FIRST: THE SUBJECTS OF THESE EXPERIMENTS AND HOW AND WHY THEY WERE CHOSEN.

Most were females between the ages of five and early thirties.

Children are easily intimidated, coerced and obviously, easier to control than adults.

In the event a child breaks the silence, their stories are usually ignored or seem unbelievable.

Abused children especially if initiated to sexual abuse at an early age are "expected to perform and tend to fight less."

If introduced to an incestuous relationship early enough, children learn silence, shame and are made to feel guilty and deserve some form of punishment.

Abused children crave attention. When they are forced into a maternal incestuous relationship, they tend to crave the attention especially by a paternal figure, and will do ANYTHING to obtain it.

A child who has never been rewarded for "acceptable behavior" does not need to be retrained. They already learn that "unacceptable behavior" is often rewarded.

As Dr. Martin T. Orne once said (in front of me at age eleven or twelve), "Chrystal here is a gold mine...she's ours to manipulate, straight from the crib to the classroom to the bedroom. The perfect little whore for any red-blooded American male!"

Dr. L. Wilson Greene stated once that "It WAS true...ALL females subconsciously fantasize about being controlled and even raped by a father figure."

When sent in the "field as future honeypots," Richard Helms said, "men tend to talk more freely about their personal lives, jobs, secret desires and God knows what else. When involved sexually with a very young female...they never even realize they're spilling their guts."

"Differential amnesia can be used," Dr. Cameron said, "and painful memories are repressed. Also splitting can occur and the host child (personality) honestly has no memory of the recent event; while the 'other' split can be trained to retrieve information, when a proper signal is given. One hand has absolutely NO idea what the other has done!"

Doctor L. Wilson Greene said directly in my presence to \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ (who "volunteered" to become my constant monitor until this day in return for taking sexual favors from me whenever he felt like it—he was a close "family friend" and thereby above suspicion), "These kinderkund children are the easiest to train. AND the cheapest ones to work on. Also, they are much more fun than soldiers or loonies or prisoners. Besides, I LIKE scaring little children. It gives me a feeling of being a god to them and to the agency too...creating little robots to use for whatever deviant purposes they can think up...and Sid (Gottlieb) and James (Hamilton) can really come up with some doozies!"

During the year after I turned eight, I was told I needed to be tested by some very "important doctors who were coming from a place called the NIH; from as far away as New York City and a group of scientists who belonged to a Society (Human Ecology Society)." Also, I was told to be "on my best behavior; do as I was told and answer any questions they might ask truthfully; and try not to pay too much attention to the people's faces or names. This was a very important SECRET and

sensitive operation they were working on for the President and a Deputy of an important organization in Washington, D.C. In order to help me forget everything (I was told the tests might hurt), I would be given shots and x-rays and maybe a little jolt of electricity, but I was to be brave!" Naturally, as most children do, I made certain to do the opposite and remember as much as I possibly could.

After the tests and before I was shocked and placed in a tub of water in a dark placed called the "sleep room" at the hospital (Tulane University Medical Hospital), I overheard Doctor Greene and MY doctor (Dr. Robert G. Heath) speaking with a group of physicians and men in suits and Army uniforms. Dr. Greene said, "She has a fertile mind, and according to her hypnotic abilities, she is perfect for their needs." He also said, "She is motivated by neurotic defenses and needs and is able to hallucinate freely!" A man I learned was called John (Gittinger) said according to my PAS's, Weschlers and remarkable scores in the digit span tests, all indicated I had innate abilities needed for this project. Someone else responded with a remark as to my age and the man who had called me "Lassie" (whom I came to know as Dr. E. Cameron) stated, "It's just a matter of degrees. Age really has nothing to do with her usefulness. You must learn to overlook the fact she's only eight years old and have fun with your subjects!" Then I heard laughing as I remember crying inside. I had already learned NOT to show emotion on the outside, because you never knew what reaction or response would be punished or rewarded. By the time I was allowed to go home, I had already forgotten ever meeting anyone new, taking any tests or being tortured. I recall ONLY what Dr. Heath TOLD me had occurred over the past few days. My mind was already being controlled and I was completely unaware. Any bruises, burns, needle marks or even genital soreness was always explained to me and I had no reason NOT to believe the kindly doctor, who always called me "Dear." In the words of Sid Gottlieb, "I was ripe for the Big A" ('A' meaning Artichoke, not amnesia, as I first thought, when these horrible memories began to surface over two years ago).

Twice I overheard Dr. Greene and the people who came from a place called ORD (Office of Research and Development) discuss radiation in reference to a group of "retarded children" in New Orleans East and problems they were having with "leaks." When someone called Steve (Aldrich) notified Dr. Greene of the problem, there was a crude remark made by the men they jokingly called "Stuttering Sid" (Dr. Gottlieb, who I came to know well over the next eight years. I learned to recognize him walking toward my room, because of his distinct limp. I also saw him often with the man known as Morse Allen who spoke of creating a *tabula rasa*—his version of a human vegetable through the use of radiation, intense shock treatment and hypnosis)...that why was he so worried about a few retarded kids..."they were the LEAST likely to ever spill the beans." Another time I heard Dr. Martin Orne, while he called himself the "director of the Scientific Intelligence Office" and later the head of the facility called the Institute for Experimental Research and the APA speaking to doctors Greene and Heath about demanding that "executive action" be taken when they were through with me as a test subject on controlling my mind with drugs, shocks, lots of hypnotic techniques he knew of; sexual humiliation and entrapment of all the top "echelon to insure the funding did not stop"; and even stepping up the stressors, such as chemicals, biologicals, increased use of the Variac (a portable type shock machine that could be used anywhere on a person's skin, as long as it was wet first); and even more x-rays. When one of my "splits," as they called my dissociated personalities, asked him what "executive action" meant, he replied, "It means we get rid of the little bitch—YOU...don't you get it? You simply disappear. John (Dulles) can order that at any time and even Mac (John McCone) would never know what happened to you!"

Second Report to Committee by Claudia Mullen  
Techniques Utilized for Training  
and Indoctrination of Subjects

March, 1995

From 1958 until the late summer of 1959, I was tested by numerous doctors. That same spring, I overheard the doctors—Gottlieb, Heath, Greene and a Phyllis Greenacre—talking about sending me away for a three week training program in Maryland. Dr. Greenacre had been consulted to determine certain "sexual problems or confusion I might have IF used in an exciting but highly sensitive operation they were planning for August of that summer." She was to see if she could "assure Richard (Helms, Deputy Director of Clandestine Plans—often called the head of "dirty tricks" and "Stormy," a nickname I heard them call the man from California called Captain White) that I would be acceptable

for “certain scientific procedures in an operational setting.” She asked, “What for?” Dr. Gottlieb said Morse (Allen) was anxious to begin teaching me entrapment techniques, which could be used in a couple of years...as soon as they decided I was not too young to be conspicuous to the unwitting targets. She said she and James (Hamilton) both agreed that I “responded well to older men and external stimulation combined.”

Although they laughed, I was excited to be going anywhere but home or the hospital where I was still being abused by my mother’s house guests and numerous “terminal type techniques” (as they called the tortures we were subject to at either the hospital or one of the Air Force Bases near New Orleans (and also the children in East N.O.)). These terminal type experiments included:

“A combination of interrogation techniques involving a certain mixture of intravenous barbiturates; followed by a stimulant; memory tests; shocks; isolation in huge tubs of alternating hot/cold water; degrading genital tests; followed by x-rays and/or long periods of no sleep with taped messages running. All this was followed by tests to determine if we remembered the series of tests!

“Sadistic harm avoidance tests (different types of pain to determine our tolerance to pain).

“Verbal abuse to lower our egos and increase our ‘needs to be dominated.’

“Complete isolation from anyone else for long periods of time with only liquids to eat, which contained caffeine to increase amnesia.

“Sexual molestation by the doctors and Mr. Fenner, who was Chairman of the University board of directors at that time.

“Tactics to give us nightmares and then forced to remember them over and over.

## DOCUMENT

### K

---

# *Professor Alan Schefflin's Letter to the Presidential Commission on Radiation and Mind Control*

March 9, 1995

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Alan W. Schefflin. I am a Professor of Law at Santa Clara University Law School, and a judicially recognized expert in mind and behavior control. I co-authored a nonfiction book about government mind control programs entitled *The Mind Manipulators*, which was published in a dozen countries.

I am writing in support of the testimony of Claudia S. Mullen and for the purpose of encouraging the opening of secret government files on radiation and on mind control. I have been studying these secret programs since 1975 and it is my conclusion that there are at minimum hundreds, and most likely thousands, of American citizens who could benefit from learning that they were used as experimental guinea pigs in government research projects.

Claudia's therapist has been kind enough to send me, with her patient's informed consent, some of the pertinent records reflecting Claudia's memories of her experiences as an unwitting subject in these experiments. I have been able to confirm that some of the information Claudia has provided is absolutely true and could not have been derived from any published source. I am persuaded that Claudia is proof that secret mind control experimentation is on-going and vastly more expansive than government authorities are willing to admit.

I know that many of the stories that will be told by witnesses will sound unbelievable. Please do not dismiss them out of hand. I learned the hard way that, although there is much disinformation about mind control experiments, there is also much truth in the least likely stories.

Release of remaining documents on secret government experiments is in the public interest and would not threaten national security. It is time for citizens to again trust their government. Public disclosure would be the act of good faith to encourage that trust. Furthermore, and most important, there remain victims of these programs who deserve to have that victimization come to an end. Let the truth set them free.

It would be my pleasure to supply any additional information requested.

Sincerely,  
[signature of Alan W. Schefflin]  
Professor of Law

## DOCUMENT

### L

---

# *Chris De Nicola's Statement to the Presidential Commission on Radiation and Mind Control*

March 15, 1995

Good afternoon. I'm Chris De Nicola born July of 1962 rendering me thirty-two years of age. I was a subject in Radiation as well as Mind Control and Drug Experiments performed by a man I knew as Dr. Greene.

My parents were divorced around 1966 and Donald Richard Ebner, my natural father, was involved with Dr. Greene in the experiments. I was a subject from 1966-1976. Dr. Greene performed Radiation Experiments on me in 1970 focusing on my neck, throat and chest, 1972 focusing on my chest, and my uterus in 1975. Each time I became dizzy, nauseous and threw up. All these experiments were performed on me in conjunction with Mind Control techniques and Drugs in Tucson, Arizona.

Dr. Greene was using me mostly as a Mind Control subject. From 1966-1973 his objective was to gain total control of my mind and train me to be a spy/assassin.

The first significant memory took place at Kansas City University in 1966. Don Ebner took me there by plane when my mom was out of town. I was in what looked like a laboratory and there seemed to be other children. I was strapped down, naked, spread eagle, on a table on my back. Dr. Greene had electrodes on my body including my head. He used what looked like an overhead projector and repeatedly said he was burning different images into my brain while a red light flashed aimed at my forehead. In between each sequence he used electric shock on my body and told me to go deeper and deeper while repeating each image would go deeper into my brain, and I would do whatever he told me to do. I felt drugged because he had given me a shot before he started the procedure. When it was over, he gave me another shot. The next thing I remember I was with my grandparents again in Tucson, Arizona. I was 4 years old.

You can see from this experiment that Dr. Greene used trauma, drugs, post-hypnotic suggestion and more trauma in an effort to gain total control of my mind.

He used me in Radiation Experiments both for the purpose of determining the effects of Radiation on various parts of the body and to terrorize me as an additional trauma in the Mind Control Experiments.

The rest of the experiments took place in Tucson, Arizona out in the desert. I was taught how to pick locks, be secretive, use my photographic memory to remember things and a technique to withhold information by repeating numbers to myself.

Dr. Greene moved on to wanting me to kill dolls that looked like real children. I stabbed a doll with a spear once after being severely tortured but the next time I refused. He used many torture techniques but as I got older I resisted more and more.

He often tied me down in a cage, which was near his office. Between 1972 and 1976 he and his assistant were sometimes careless and left the cage unlocked. Whenever physically possible, I snuck out into his office and found files with reports and memos addressed to CIA and Military Personnel. Included in these files were Project, Sub Project, Subject and Experiment names with some code numbers for Radiation and Mind Control Experiments which I have submitted in written documentation. I was caught twice and Dr. Greene tortured me ruthlessly with electric shock, drugs, spinning me on a table, putting shots in my stomach, in my back, dislocating my joints and hypnotic techniques to make me feel crazy and suicidal. I protected the information by using the technique I had been taught. I repeated to him over and over, "They came too quick, I didn't have a chance to see anything."

Because of my rebellion and growing lack of cooperation, they gave up on me as a spy/assassin. Consequently, the last two years, 1974-1976, Dr. Greene used various Mind Control techniques to reverse the spy/assassin messages to self-destruct and death messages. His purpose? He wanted me dead and I have struggled to stay alive all of my adult life. I believe it is by the grace of God that I am still alive.

These horrible experiments have profoundly affected my life. I developed Multiple Personality Disorder because Dr. Greene's goal was to split my mind into as many parts as possible so he could control me totally. He failed, but I've had to endure years of constant physical, mental and emotional pain even to this day. I've been in therapy consistently for twelve years and it wasn't until I found my current therapist two and a half years ago who had knowledge of Mind Control Experiments that I've finally been able to make real progress and begin to heal.

#### In Closing

I ask that you keep in mind that the memories I've described are but a glimpse of the countless others that took place over the ten years between 1966 and 1976. That they weren't just Radiation but Mind Control and Drug Experiments as well. I have included more detailed information of what I remember in your written documentation. Please help us by recommending an investigation and making the information available so that therapists and other mental health professionals can help more people like myself. I know I can get better. I know others can too, with the proper help. Please help us in an effort to prevent these heinous acts from continuing in the future. Thank you.

## DOCUMENT

### M

---

## *“CIA Experiments with Mind Control on Children”*

*by Jon Rappoport*

The CIA mind-control apparatus has been well known since 1975, when ten large boxes of documents were released pursuant to Freedom of Information Act requests.

Several good books were then written on the subject of the CIA program known as MKULTRA. Officially spanning ten years from 1952-62, MK-ULTRA involved the use of LSD on unwitting military and civilian subjects in the United States. LSD and more powerful compounds were given under duress as brainwashing and truth serum drugs. The program's aim was to find drugs which would irresistibly bring out deep confessions or wipe a subject's mind clean and program him or her as “a robot agent.” In experimental test situations, people were given acid without their knowledge, then interrogated under bright lights with doctors sitting in the background taking notes. Threats were made.

The test subjects were told that their LSD “downer trips” would be extended indefinitely if they refused to reveal their closely-guarded military secrets. The people being interrogated in this way were CIA employees, U.S. military personnel and, abroad, agents suspected of working for the other side in the Cold War. Long-term severe debilitation and several documented deaths resulted. Much, much more could be said about MK-ULTRA. None of this prepared people for the explosive testimony made on March 15, 1995, in Washington, D.C., before the President's Committee on Radiation, however. In unpublicized sessions, New Orleans therapist Valerie Wolf introduced two of her patients who had uncovered memories of being part of extensive CIA brainwashing programs as young children (in one case, starting at age seven). Their brainwashing included torture, rape, electroshock, powerful drugs, hypnosis and death threats. According to their testimony, the CIA then induced amnesia to prevent their recalling these terrifying sessions.

Both Wolf and her patients stated that they recovered the memories of this CIA program without regression or hypnosis techniques. In other words, these patients spontaneously discovered this information about themselves and their pasts. Although the committee was mainly concerned with radiation, they permitted Valerie and her patients to testify because, astonishingly, several doctors who had administered the mind-control experiments had also been identified by other Americans secretly exposed to radiation. Apparently there was a crossover. Prominent names surfaced in the March 15 testimony: Richard Helms, former head of the CIA, Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, who ran MK-ULTRA and Dr. John Gittinger, Gottlieb's protege. These men and others were directly accused of participating in grisly mind-control efforts on children. Predictably, this testimony received no media attention. I now have it all, including many pages submitted to the committee that will likely never be released as part of their final report. Only a small percentage of the pages were read aloud at the hearing. Included are corroborating statements from other therapists around the country and several of their patients. I have now released all of this testimony as a book, *U.S. Government Mind-Control Experiments on Children*.

When the sickening shock starts to wear off, deeply disturbing questions flood one's mind: just what was this CIA program? How extensive was it? What was its purpose? From what I have been able to discover so far, many American children, as well as children from Mexico and South America, were used over a period of about forty years, starting around 1948. In fact, the program may still be going on. Doctors and agents who administered it wanted to obtain control over the minds of these children, ostensibly to create superagents who wouldn't remember even what missions they carried out, because of hypnotically induced amnesia (which could be removed by their controllers and reinstalled at will). (1) Children were trained as sex agents, for example, with the job of blackmailing prominent Americans—primarily politicians, businessmen and educators. A great deal of filming was done for this purpose. Eventually, people from the inner core of the CIA program filmed each other, and some



of the centers where children were used as sex agents got out of control and turned into CIA-operated sex rings. Some children were considered expendable and simply murdered.

One person who states that he was in this program as a child said, off the record: “They tried out their brainwashing techniques on the kids from Mexico and South America. They were considered expendable. But on another echelon of the program, they went after the best and the brightest American kids. Making perfect agents to combat the Soviets wasn’t, I don’t think, their ultimate objective. I can’t remember what that was.” At this point, I made a suggestion: “Well, if they were choosing the best and brightest, maybe they figured these kids would one day rise to important positions in the society, and they wanted to gain long-term control over them, so they would be under their thumb, so they could tap them at will—a way of controlling the future society.” “Maybe,” he said. “The Nazis gained control over the intelligentsia in Germany. That was a very key step in their dominance. That was the first thing they did.” “This smells very much like a Nazi program in the U.S.,” I said. “I don’t mean all the controllers were German, but the style of it, the insanity.” He said, “They brought over a lot of Nazi doctors after the war and not just to build rockets—for a lot of projects.”

Other people who said that they had been used as children in the program remember that doctors with German accents were definitely present at the sessions. One therapist, who shared this information informally with colleagues around the country, states that, so far, the oldest person she has heard of who was in the program is now fifty-two, the youngest is now nine. Since a number of people who were brainwashed, tortured and drugged in these experiments try to resolve their experiences in therapy, psychiatrists and other professional therapists are hearing these stories. They are told, for example, that CIA controllers sometimes dressed up in Satanic costumes to further traumatize the children, also providing a cover that wouldn’t be believed if the children ever talked. It is worth noting that there is a movement to discredit these “recovered” memories, and the most prominent group, the False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF), has several board members with CIA or military-intelligence connections—including the notorious Dr. Louis “Jolly” West of UCLA, who tried to establish a center for “the study of violence” at the university in the 1970s. This center’s specialty would have been psychosurgery, a horrendous melting of brain connections, supposedly to curb people’s “violent tendencies.” FMSF maintains that a person always remembers abuse done to him or her, and therefore any new recovery of it in therapy is false and must have been fabricated through misleading suggestions by the therapist.

While it is certainly true that such inducement happens in therapy, the blanket statement that all recovered memory is invented is unsubstantiated. In a written statement to Dr. Wolf that was included in her testimony to the president’s committee, well-known researcher and psychiatrist, Colin Ross, said, “Published articles in my files include descriptions of administration of 150 mcg of LSD to children age five to ten years on a daily basis for days, weeks, months, and in a few cases even years. Neurosurgeons at Tulane, Yale and Harvard did extensive research on brain electrode implants with intelligence funding, and combined brain implants with large numbers of drugs including hallucinogens.” Ross based his report on his more than twenty years of investigating CIA mind control. Chris De Nicola, one of Dr. Wolf’s patients who testified before the president’s committee, named her controller as Dr. Greene, a name reported by several other mind-control subjects. It may well be that this name was a cover used by various CIA and military-contracted experimenter-torturers. Here is a quote from her testimony:

“[Dr. Greene] used me in radiation experiments both for the purpose of determining the effects of radiation in various parts of my body and to terrorize me as an additional trauma in the mind-control experiments. [She was eight years old.]

“The rest of the experiments took place in Tucson, Arizona, out in the desert. I was taught how to pick locks, be secretive, use my photographic memory to remember things and a technique to withhold information by repeating numbers to myself. [She is obviously talking about being trained as an agent.]

“Dr. Greene moved on to wanting me to kill dolls that looked like real children. I stabbed a doll with a spear once after being severely tortured, but the next time I refused. He used many techniques but as I got older I resisted more and more. He often tied me down in a cage, which was near his office. Between 1972 and 1976 he and his assistants were sometimes careless and left the cage unlocked. Whenever physically possible, I snuck into his office and found files with reports and memos addressed to CIA and military personnel. Included in these files were project, subproject, subject and experiment names with some code numbers for radiation mind-control experiments which I have submitted in my written documentation. I was caught twice and Dr. Greene tortured me ruthlessly with electric shock, drugs, spinning on a table, putting shots in my stomach, in my back, dislocating my joints and hypnotic

techniques to make me feel crazy and suicidal..." Is there a precedent for this kind of sadistic treatment by CIA and military personnel? Indeed there is.

Here is a quote from the introduction to my book, *U.S. Government Mind-Control Experiments on Children*. It contains information from reliable sources: such as *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* by John Marks (2), *Acid Dreams*, by Martin Lee (3) and *The Mind Manipulators*, by Alan Schefflin (4). In part, these authors derived their information on the CIA and MKULTRA from the ten boxes of information released suddenly in 1975 by the agency in response to Freedom of Information Act requests: "Dr. Robert Heath of Tulane University, as early as 1955, working for the Army, gave patients LSD while he had electrodes implanted deep inside their brains." Canadian researcher, Dr. Ewen Cameron, under long-term CIA contract, attempted to depattern and reprogram his psychiatric patients' personalities wholesale. He started with fifteen to sixty-five days of 'sleep therapy,' during which a patient was kept under nearly 24 hours a day, through the administration of cocktails of Thorazine, Nembutal, Seconal, Veronal, and Phenergam. Throughout this sleep period, the patient would be awakened two or three times a day for electroshock treatments, given at an intensity 20-40 times the 'normal' convulsion-producing strength.

"In the mid-1950s, Paul Hoch, M.D., a man who would become Commissioner of Mental Hygiene for the State of New York, then a laborer in the field for the CIA, gave a 'pseudoneurotic schizophrenic' patient mescaline. The patient had a not-unfamiliar heave-and-hell journey on the compound. But Hoch followed this up with a transorbital leucotomy...Hoch also gave a patient LSD, and a local anesthetic, and then proceeded to remove pieces of cerebral cortex, asking at various moments whether the patients' perceptions were changing."

Claudia Mullen, the other of Dr. Wolf's patients who testified before the President's Committee on Radiation, said her experiences with CIA mind-control experiences began when she was seven years old: "In 1958, I was to be tested, they told me, by some important doctors coming from a place called the 'Society' [the Human Ecology Society, a CIA front]. I was told to cooperate: answer any of their questions. Then, since the test 'might hurt,' I would be given 'shots, x-rays, and a few jolts of electricity.' I was instructed 'not to look at anyone's face too hard and to ignore names,' as this was 'a very secret project' but to be brave and all those things would help me forget.... A Dr. John Gittinger tested me and Dr. Cameron gave me the shocks and Dr. Greene the x-rays...By the time I left to go home, just like every time from then on, I would recall nothing of my tests or the different doctors. I would only remember whatever explanations Dr. Robert G. Heath [of Tulane Medical School] gave me for the odd bruises, needle marks, burns on my head and fingers and even the genital soreness. I had no reason to believe otherwise. Already, they had begun to control my mind!

"The next year, I was sent to a place in Maryland called Deep Creek Cabins to learn how to 'sexually please men.' Also, I was taught how to coerce them into talking about themselves. It was Richard Helms (Deputy Director of the CIA), Dr. Gottlieb, Captain George White and Morse Allen, who all planned on filming as many high government and agency officials and heads of academic institutions and foundations as possible...I was to become a regular little 'spy' for them, after that summer, eventually entrapping many unwitting men, including themselves, all with the use of a hidden camera. I was only nine when this kind of sexual humiliation began." Captain George White was a notorious agent for the CIA. He set up a brothel in San Francisco in the 1960s and, using hidden cameras, filmed men having sex with prostitutes. The men's drinks were "spiked" with LSD. In 1950, Morse Allen, another important CIA man, was appointed head of Project BLUEBIRD, another CIA mind-control program. Ms. Mullen states that she was adopted when she was two years old. By the time she reached seven she had already been abused extensively by her mother. Her mother apparently turned her over for "testing" to CIA-connected people and Claudia then entered a twenty-seven-year period of what can only be called enslavement. Claudia states that she has been monitored, that she is still monitored and watched by agency related people, including a medical doctor. Now living in New Orleans, she has given information to local police authorities about her situation. Claudia remarked, "Although the process of recalling these atrocities is certainly not an easy task, nor is it without some danger to myself and my family...I feel the risk is worth taking."

Claudia's therapist, Dr. Wolf, has written to the president's committee. "To the best of my knowledge, [Claudia] has read nothing about mind control or CIA covert operations. Since she decided to listen carefully and remember as much as she could about conversations among the researchers, her memories are extraordinarily complete. I have sent written copies of memories to Dr. Alan Schefflin [author of *The Mind Manipulators*] for validation and he has confirmed that she has knowledge of events and people that are not published anywhere, that some of her memories contain new information and that some are already known and published. Some of her memories have been confirmed by family

members. She has also shown me old scrapbooks where she wrote notes to remember what was happening to her and hid the notes under pictures in the scrapbook.” I spoke with Alan Schefflin in May of this year. He said he had found one piece of information Claudia had mentioned in her recollections that had no precedent in published material. It involved a connection between two government researchers.

This is just the tip of the iceberg on the 130 pages of testimony given before the President’s Committee on Radiation, and it is also just the beginning of a history that will undoubtedly widen in the coming months and years. Dr. Wolf told me that when word got around she was going to testify before the president’s committee, she was contacted by about forty therapists “in just the ten days leading up to my trip to Washington.” The therapists had heard similar CIA mind-control stories from their own patients. Many of these professionals are afraid to go on the record about their patients’ stories, as censure from their professional societies is a reality. The political mood these days is not conducive to granting an aura of credibility to revelations of CIA brainwashing. So what else is new?

Notes:

1. See “From the Inside Out,” *Perceptions*, March/April 1995, p. 58.
2. Paddington Press, New York, 1978.
3. W.W. Norton, New York, 1979.
4. Grove Press, New York, 1985. This article appeared in *Perceptions Magazine*, September/October, 1995 (10734 Jefferson Blvd., Suite 502, Culver City, CA 90230; (310) 313-5185) and in *The Leading Edge Research Journal*, Issue No. 85, September 1995 (Leading Edge Research Group, P.O. Box 7530, Yelm, Washington 98597).

## DOCUMENT

### N

---

# *American and Canadian Victims of Mind-Control Experiments*

*(From the Advocacy Committee for Human  
Experimentation Survivors and Mind Control)*

Since at least 1945, hundreds, if not thousands of American and Canadian victims (primarily female) have been physically and sexually tortured, locked in cages, sadistically brainwashed with electricity, drugs and experimental military technologies, and programmed to perform specific tasks including crimes.

Some were selected before birth, and tortured throughout infancy. For others the process began later in childhood or adulthood. Survivors' stories are remarkably similar, and it is believed that we are now entering an era where third generation human subjects are being subjected to torture to induce mind control programming that begins in infancy. All of this is done in the name of "National Security." The documented acts of torture and atrocity carried out by Nazi physicians under the Third Reich have been systematically exceeded by those conducting covert mind control experiments on human subjects in North America since the end of the last World War and beginning of the Cold War. While publicly condemning the race hatred and death camps of the Third Reich, the American and Canadian governments have been harboring a concentration camp without walls on this continent.

Survivors, now in their thirties, forties and fifties are discovering themselves to be functioning as multiple personalities—intentionally created to serve (body, mind and soul) as "Manchurian Candidates." Once selected, we have been used as human lab animals—some of us have been used throughout our lifetime in one externally controlled and monitored experiment after another.

These experiments are in total defiance of the laws of nature, the Nuremberg Code (which has been "official" American policy since 1946), the Hippocratic Oath, and the judicial system. They are also in total defiance of the guidelines for federally funded biomedical and behavioral research involving human subjects. However, members of the medical and behavioral research communities (bound by vested interests and threats to their professional, if not physical, lives) have been reluctant to publicly and academically address this situation. Consequently, at this moment, an aristocratic few (those most knowledgeable about behavior control and mind manipulation) are allowed to reach among those less privileged and select their experimental fodder.

In March of 1995, Valerie Wolf, M.S.W., and two of her clients who had been subjected to mind control experimentation since early childhood appeared before the President's Advisory Committee on Human Radiation Experiments. After consulting with forty other therapists across the country (the majority of whom remained anonymous for reasons of personal safety), Ms. Wolf documented in writing the names of the research projects and the names of the people involved.

The two survivors, Claudia Mullen and Chris DeNicola Ebner, testified that as victims they experienced electric shock, hallucinogens, dislocation of limbs, sadistic acts of pedophilia, hypnosis and sensory deprivation. Often they were locked in cages for long periods of time. At the conclusion of the Presidential Hearing, the Committee recommended further exploration of the mind control experimentation on unwitting human subjects. It has been over a year and a half since this recommendation was made, but nothing further has been done by the President's Advisory Committee. You will not be surprised to learn that there has been no coverage or investigation by the mainstream media despite the testimony provided by Wolf, Mullen and Ebner.

Survivors seeking to end the horrors began immediately to document cases in writing, and we have now formally created ACHES-MC: (Advocacy Committee for Human Experimentation Survivors

- Mind Control) in order to lobby for formal recognition of these atrocities by the government, In preparation for a Presidential Hearing, a letter writing campaign that includes therapists and researchers, as well as survivors, is under way.

Reprinted by Permission of Lynne Moss-Sharman and the Advocacy Committee for Human Experimentation Survivors and Mind Control (<http://www.aches-mc.org>)

## DOCUMENT

### O

---

# *“Astronaut Reveals NASA Mind Control Program involving Children”*

*By Andrew D. Basiago  
July 21, 2000*

LOS ANGELES—Astronaut Gordon Cooper, one of the original seven Mercury astronauts, has confirmed the existence of a mind control program administered by NASA in the 1950s and 1960s involving gifted American schoolchildren. The astronaut’s revelation was made during a July 19th interview by host Mike Siegel on the popular, late-night radio program, “Coast-to-Coast AM.”

During a discussion that primarily focused on Cooper’s beliefs that extraterrestrial beings are visiting planet Earth and that some UFOs are alien spacecraft, Siegel asked Cooper: “Who were the space kids?” Cooper answered: “The space kids were children with exceptional mental abilities... run through a kind of MK program, like the things that are coming out now.” He went on to describe how NASA’s mind control program, which emphasized cultivation of the children’s psychic abilities, consisted of training involving telepathy, remote viewing, and out-of-body experiences (OBEs).

Cooper’s comments support the claims of a growing cadre of Americans, now in their thirties, forties, and fifties, who are recovering memories of unusual classes that they were enrolled in as children during the advent of the Space Age. These “study groups” included speed reading lessons that enabled students to comprehend entire passages of text at a single glance, the use of learning machines to teach them vast amounts of information, advanced memory training, card games and other situational exercises involving clairvoyance, and rudimentary seminars in the guided imagination that forms the basis of “remote viewing.”

It is believed that NASA’s mind control program had as its primary objective the task of preparing children who would later be able to communicate with the non-human intelligent species that humanity might encounter in space. This thesis is supported by the fact that one experiencer remembers being tutored in a hieroglyphic alphabet that author Fritz Springmeier has identified as a set of “intergalactic symbols” developed by NASA for the purpose of communicating with extraterrestrial civilizations.

The accounts of some individuals suggest that in some cases, the children involved were given drugs to enhance memory and learning and were physically spun on table top-like devices to induce the altered state of consciousness associated with OBEs.

Cooper’s book, *Leap of Faith*, will be released to the public in August.

## DOCUMENT

### P

---

# *“New Voluntary Standards Are Proposed for Experiments on People”*

*By Philip J. Hilts  
The New York Times  
September 29, 2000*

The new head of the federal office that oversees research on people said yesterday that the system was flawed and would be revised to increase protection for human subjects.

The official, Dr. Greg Koski, said stricter standards were needed because of the increasing number of experiments involving people.

Dr. Koski, who became director of the Office of Human Research Protections this month, said he would ask universities to verify that scientists dealing with human subjects had formal training in ethics. He also said the review boards at the universities that approve human experiments must show that they have sufficient staff members and expertise to conduct proper ethical reviews of proposed experiments.

In addition, he is asking the Institute of Medicine at the National Academy of Sciences to devise a way to measure the performance of the scientists and boards.

The moves come after several lapses in experiments that Dr. Koski said had shaken public confidence.

Last fall, Jesse Gelsinger, 18, of Tucson, Ariz., died in a gene therapy experiment. And in the past two years, the federal government has shut down human research at eight major universities and hospitals for failure to abide by the nation's ethics rules, and has cited an additional 34 universities and hospitals for similar violations, according to an agency within the Department of Health and Human Services.

Dr. Koski said he hoped that most of the changes could be adopted voluntarily by research centers. But if they are not, he said, public sentiment will probably force Congress to mandate such standards.

“We must move beyond the culture of compliance, to move to a culture of conscience and responsibility,” he said at a news conference at his office in Washington.

Until now, there has been no certification or accreditation of scientists or review boards to make sure they have formal ethics training. Federal officials do not even know how many review boards there are in the United States, how many experiments are conducted on humans, or exactly what qualifications researchers and ethics reviewers have.

Instead, under the system in place since the mid-1970's, researchers propose experiments on humans to an ethics review board, usually at their home university or hospital. That board reviews the proposal to assure that patients are not likely to be harmed and that the experiment complies with federal ethics rules. Federal oversight has been minimal.

Dr. Koski said his office had already increased the number of investigators to six from two.

For now, he said, the certification of scientists and supervisory boards by universities and medical centers will remain voluntary.

But in the end, he said, his office has the option of suspending any program that gets federal money to carry out research. Research carried out with private money is not covered by the system.

Adil E. Shamoo, vice president of Citizens for Responsible Care and Research, a nonprofit group that has criticized government supervision of human experiments, said the moves announced by Dr. Koski were “good first steps.”

“It will now depend on how they are carried out,” Mr. Shamoo said, “and whether they can address the weakest link in the system: that the review boards themselves are employees of the institutions doing the experiments. That conflict of interest is the central problem.”

Copyright © 2000 *The New York Times*  
Reprinted by Permission



## DOCUMENT

### Q

---

### *Some American Forts and Bases Entirely or Partially Underground Referred to in Secret Weapons*

Camp David, Maryland—The official presidential retreat in northern Maryland has an underground command post for use by the president in an emergency.

North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD), Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado—The most famous underground base, it is the center for all information about space activities, missiles, air traffic and the like. There are routinely 1,700 personnel assigned to the base at any given time.

China Lake Naval Weapons Center, Ridgecrest, California (near Death Valley and the Panamint Mountains)—Site contains more than fifty miles of underground tunnels large enough to drive half-tracks. This allows the underground transport of missiles and the like when the above ground desert temperature reaches 140 degrees or higher in the summer. A vast communication center is also underground. Only the housing above ground is obvious.

Federal Reserve Communications and Records Center, Culpeper, Virginia—A 140,000 square foot facility inside Mount Pony near the intersection of State Routes 658 and 3 in Culpeper, Virginia. Over the years it has had a peacetime staff of 100, beds for 200 and supplies to seal in 540 people for thirty days. Private wells for safe water following a nuclear attack are available, along with indoor pistol range, helicopter landing pad, cold storage area for corpses and several billion dollars in shrink wrapped currency.

Fort Ritchie, Cascade, Maryland—Originally Camp Ritchie, named for Maryland Governor Albert Ritchie when it became a Maryland National Guard facility in 1926. It was converted to a military intelligence facility where Office of Strategic Services (OSS) personnel were trained in demolition, evasion, escape, etc. A German village was built here so that operatives who would be going behind the German lines during World War II could practice both the language and the cultural subtleties, quite different from what Americans were used to, before they went undercover. Part of the land in the area, approximately fifty miles or more away, eventually became Camp David.

After World War II, Camp Ritchie became a long-term care facility for people with chronic diseases. Then, on November 1, 1951, after purchase by the Federal Government and a shift to the Second Army, the area became Fort Ritchie, a restricted access base. It became a supplemental communications center and the administrative arm of what was known as Site-R (See Site-R entry).

Fort Ritchie has a recreational facility that is primarily above ground. There is a weight room, workout area, post exchange, barber shop and numerous other amenities not unlike those found in a lake recreational area catering to tourists. The command post is a castle that was a tourist attraction when the base was open to the public. It is believed that the castle was part of the mock German village used to train American operatives.

The truth behind Fort Ritchie is that it is connected with the United States Army Signal Command. Any time any base is part of the United States Army Signal Command, this means it has underground high tech computer systems, capable of intercepting all international communications. It keeps track of everything going on throughout the world, from satellite messaging to fax machine

transmissions to telephone calls. This is officially for military applications, but can be and, at times, is used for exploring business communications and even personal communications, both abroad and in the United States. This is also why it is a fully sealed facility.

Mount Weather (near Bluemont, Virginia)—Another back-up Federal government relocation center for high ranking politicians and others needing evacuation from Washington during an attack.

Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, Nebraska—The underground command post was established here for the Strategic Air Command.

Raven Rock—Raven Rock Mountain near Camp David is the underground community, complete with a man-made lake, that serves as an evacuation location from Camp David. It is hardened to survive a direct nuclear attack. This is also the place where Lynn received training underground and Cheryl worked above ground, the two ultimately coming into near combat with one another when Lynn decided to leave.

Site CREED—Site CREED, on the west side of the Alternative Joint Communications Center of Site-R, has its own underground building post, all hardened and secured on Raven Rock mountain. It has its own communications tower and was designed to be the Presidential Emergency Facility operated under the White House Military Office. It was officially abandoned in the 1980s.

Site-R (near Waynesboro, Pennsylvania)—The term Site-R designates the location as a major United States military control and command facility, the Alternate Joint Communications Center.

The real location of Site-R is found by going to the west side of Ft. Ritchie's lake which is on the Pennsylvania/Maryland border. On the Maryland side is a small mountain under which is Site-R, the computer command center. It is hardened against nuclear attack. This is different from Raven Rock which is adjacent to Camp David and is the big underground town with an indoor lake that will be used for evacuating government personnel. Site-R is used year-round, always staffed with personnel keeping it in a state of readiness for any sudden large scale need. The government sources for public information lump Raven Rock, Fort Ritchie and Site-R together, as though they are one and the same location. In truth these are separate entities, both in responsibilities and in physical location.

Site-R is located a little over sixty miles from the Pentagon and originally had to be reached by ground transportation. Helicopters were too new and too small for the massive evacuation of key Pentagon personnel and other top government officials who would need to be moved in the event of a sneak attack. This made it of questionable value when first developed, though changes in helicopters and other means of transportation increased its value.

Initially, Site-R was managed by the Joint Communications Agency and had independently run communication equipment by each of the military services. This created conflict that was gradually eliminated by 1961 when Site-R became the Alternate Joint War Room from which a major international conflict could be run.

Officially Site-R was not designed to survive a direct hit by a nuclear missile. This did not matter prior to the Russian development of Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles with the accuracy to be targeted against the entrance. Ultimately there were changes in the use and separate back-up locations. However, Site-R and Raven Rock continue to be important because of their use for any conflict where they were not likely to sustain a direct hit. Or so the government reports. In truth, it is properly hardened to keep all inside secure from a direct attack. All true Signal Command centers are deep and tough, regardless of what they report, especially when an above-ground portion is closed.

## *End Notes*

### **CHAPTER 2**

1. The information about Camp Grayling's use for the initial testing of the sisters and other children is one that has been neither officially confirmed nor denied by the military. Even the sisters were uncertain of the name of the location, but when they described in detail the interior of the facilities, their description proved to match Camp Grayling. As with other base information contained within this book, there are times when a lack of records prevents 100 percent confirmation. The authors have had the sisters describe each facility in great detail. Then their descriptions were crosschecked against photographs, blueprints when available, and the memories of men and women who served in the location. In each case where a name such as Camp Grayling is used, it is because the sisters could not have known what they know unless they were present where they remember being present.

The Michigan connection with government testing has been found in declassified Central Intelligence Agency documents. The records indicate that both the University of Michigan and a private psychiatric facility in Detroit have been used for projects funded through MKULTRA and other programs. There is no indication that these were violent in a manner similar to what was done to Lynn and Cheryl. There is no indication that these involved children. But the use of such facilities as a place for conducting tests was routine. Camp Grayling appears to fall within this pattern. Because the tests were top secret in their day, and because the research was often channeled through seemingly independent organizations and institutions, it is usually not possible to confirm details through the application of the Freedom of Information Act.

Louise Hersha has difficulty remembering a number of events from this period. When asked about the trip to Camp Grayling, she recalls climbing up the steps to the plane, walking inside as several people pressed against her, then returning home. She does not know if she was drugged, if she has deliberately put out of her mind the events, or if there is something wrong with her, such as traumatic amnesia.

### **CHAPTER 3**

1. Names such as MKULTRA, Bluebird, ARTICHOKE, and the like have been endlessly dissected in order to find their hidden meanings. Are the letters an acronym for something? Is a name like Bluebird a special code? The truth is that the names are meaningless. The CIA followed the OSS lead in using code names with no special meaning. That way, if an enemy spy learned the name of a program, he or she would still have no idea what the program might entail.
2. A memo titled ARTICHOKE begins, "The ARTICHOKE Team visited [omitted] during period 8 January to 15 January 1954. The purpose of the visit was to give an evaluation of a hypothetical problem, namely: Can an individual of [omitted] descent be made to perform an act of attempted assassination involuntarily under the influence of ARTICHOKE?"

A January 1954 memo outlines the ARTICHOKE program. It states that the subject of the experiment was "...an individual of [omitted] descent, approximately 35 years old, well educated, and proficient in English and well established socially and politically in the [omitted] Government." He was to be induced under a CIA program called ARTICHOKE "...to perform an act, involuntarily, of attempted assassination against a prominent [omitted] politician or if necessary, against an American official. The SUBJECT was formerly in [omitted] employ but has since terminated and is now employed with the [omitted] Government."

The experiment was to be the culmination of one of the earliest mind control programs. Officially ARTICHOKE was a method that combined hypnosis and chemicals to obtain information from prisoners of war and others whose knowledge was critical. It was an interrogation method, but gradually there were questions about the ability to use the same program to control men's minds. The memo continues:

“Access to the SUBJECT would be extremely limited, probably limited to a single social meeting. Because the SUBJECT is a heavy drinker, it was proposed that the individual could be surreptitiously drugged through the medium of an alcoholic cocktail at a social party, ARTICHOKE applied and the SUBJECT induced to perform the act of attempted assassination at some later date. All the above was to be accomplished at one involuntary uncontrolled social meeting.”

The actual assassination was not to be carried out, though the CIA did not want to leave any record of the experiment. Fortunately there was an inherent cover-up mechanism in the plan. “After the act of attempted assassination was performed, it was assumed that the SUBJECT would be taken into custody by the [omitted] Government and thereby ‘disposed of.’”

3. There are numerous documents concerning experiments in interrogation techniques, many of these listed under a program called ARTICHOKE. Among these are the June 22, 1948 memo from the Acting Deputy for Security to the Security Control Staff on the “Use of Special Interrogation Techniques by Foreign Countries. There is a February 28, 1952 memo concerning research done on the development of so-called truth serums. There is the January 14, 1953 memorandum on Interrogation Techniques, and dozens of others. The concerns were several. The first was extracting accurate information as quickly and effectively as possible. This included an analysis of what was done by other countries, what was done in the United States and what could be tried. Hypnosis, narcotics and a variety of “special mechanical devices” were all studied. In addition, during the Korean War, when Americans were discussing “brainwashing,” it was clear from internal memos that the Koreans and Chinese were *not* using the torture and drug techniques with which we were experimenting. Instead exhaustion and coercion were used in most instances. The January 14, 1953 memo notes, among other things, “Dr. Olivecrona, a Swedish physician who attended Stalin, says the Soviet method of obtaining information is a matter of ‘reactions following excessive fatigue due to loss of sleep, etc., and the threat of injury to family and relatives which was the dominating factor in breaking the morale.’”

The same memo indicates that narcotic agents used for interrogation have caused deaths and suggested that a new product by Merck, N-allyl normorphine hydrochloride, C<sub>19</sub>H<sub>2</sub>, NO<sub>3</sub>HCL, “has a respiratory stimulating effect against respiratory depression caused by morphine, Methadone, Dilaudid, Dremoran, Fantopon, Demerol, Codeine, Metopon, and Nisentil.” In all, dozens of memos document the research from the end of World War II through the Korean War.

4. Information on prostitution and CIA created and financed brothels can be found in the declassified MKULTRA files numbers 2, 3, 14, 16, 42 and 149 in the National Security Archives’ John Marks Collection at George Washington University.
5. MEMORANDUM FOR: Director of Central Intelligence. SUBJECT: MKULTRA/MKDELTA. Statement from IG [Inspector General] Report of 26 July 1963. Part 3 reads: “It is firm doctrine in TSD [Technical Services Division] that testing of materials under accepted scientific procedures fails to disclose the full pattern of reactions and attributions that may occur in operational situations. TSD initiated a program for covert testing of materials on unwitting U.S. citizens in 1953.”
6. The outrageous nature of Sid Gottlieb’s actions required Allen W. Dulles, CIA Director, to place a “Personal and Confidential” memo in the files of the Personnel Office and the Security Office concerning Gottlieb’s reprimand. For a lesser individual, killing a man, even accidentally, by acting against both the mandate of the agency and the laws of the city and state where the incident occurred, would have resulted in firing, at the least. Gottlieb was too important, the reason the final draft of the reprimand was the innocuous: “I have personally reviewed the files from your office concerning a classified action which is identified in the files. In recommending the action to your superior, you did not in my opinion exercise satisfactory judgment in the case.”
7. The official statement from the CIA regarding Olson’s death stated, “Frank Olson—a civilian biochemist working for the United States Army—died shortly after midnight on November 28, 1953, when he plunged to his death from a window on the 10th floor of the Hotel Statler in New York.” The death certificate states that Frank Olson “jumped or fell” and cites “multiple fractures, shock and hemorrhage” as the causes of death. Olson’s wife and children referred to the CIA’s official statement on July 10, 1975 when, following the Rockefeller Commission’s discovery of the truth behind Frank Olson’s death, they announced their intention to sue the Central Intelligence Agency for covering up the truth of Olson’s death and creating a cover story that implied mental illness where none existed. Congress subsequently passed a private humanitarian relief bill that

provided \$750,000 for Olson's widow and three children and which prevented them from continuing with a lawsuit. President Gerald Ford publicly apologized to the Olson family.

#### **CHAPTER 7**

1. Cheryl Hersha, as Charles Wallace, was tested for remote viewing ability. She was told to go inside her mind and travel to different locations that she was to describe. Approximately thirty years later, when Cheryl was in therapy with her psychologist, the Charles Wallace alter-personality emerged prior to psychological integration. Charles liked the doctor. He related well to children, was extremely intelligent and was a gentle man. Such characteristics were unusual in her experience with therapists, and Charles decided to see where the doctor lived. He used remote viewing, telling the doctor the Arizona city in which he lived, giving him a description of the front of his house, including the garage and position of the entrance door and said that the doctor's home had something to do with horses. He also supplied three of the four digits of the doctor's unlisted home address, saying that he did not stay long enough to read the fourth digit for fear of being seen. The latter was because Charles was convinced he physically traveled to what he saw, while Cheryl is convinced that everything takes place in the mind. The doctor confirmed all that Charles said, including explaining the probable reason for the horse connection. His street is named Gelding Drive and a Gelding is a castrated male horse.

#### **CHAPTER 8**

1. McGill University has regained its deservedly respected reputation for treating the mentally ill. A professor of psychiatry, Dr. Prince, among others, has been a factor in not only revealing the problems of the past, but also making certain they are not repeated. The scandals that continue to haunt the school's reputation lasted only a decade and have not been concerns for more than thirty years.
2. Quoted from the essay, *Transcultural Psychiatry at McGill* by R.H. Prince, in the book *Building on a Proud Past: Fifty Years of Psychiatry at McGill*, edited by T.L. Sourkes and G. Pinard, Pages 177-181.

#### **CHAPTER 11**

1. A few children can be identified based on the specific mission they were on. In other instances, Lynn was part of a group of students, some of whom were studying aviation because of a personal interest, some were studying it as part of an external program to introduce them to flying an aircraft as a potential career and some of whom were being trained by the government. In most cases, the young people with Lynn were legally adults. She was not only the youngest, she also looked the youngest, having what she derogatorily calls her "chipmunk face" until her body took on the characteristics of an adult woman.

#### **CHAPTER 12**

1. In recent years, limited evidence has been discovered indicating that Louise Hersha may have been unwittingly involved with government's secret program. She seems to have a past she cannot remember in full. If they were a part of the program, they probably came into it when Lynn was a teenager and some of the drugging that took place was probably meant to erase short term memory. This would imply that she was another experiment, even if she was openly interested in the work and volunteered to participate. It is hoped that either through therapy, where Louise may remember enough for the information to be carefully checked, or through documents yet to be uncovered, the facts will eventually be known. It is clear, however, that only Dick seems to have known at least some of what his daughters were going to endure when he signed the Proxy Consent.

#### **CHAPTER 13**

1. There are always credibility questions when dealing with incidents where one person says something happened, but the other witnesses either will not talk (e.g. the Commanding Officer) or cannot remember. What is ignored is that even when taking a drug, there are memories prior to that time. They may be repressed naturally or repressed through hypnosis. But repressed memories do return without prodding by a therapist, the use of more hypnosis or anything else. Often it is just the passage of time and the person's desire to recall exactly what happened that leads to the recovered memory of everything just prior to when the administered drug took effect. In the case

of Louise Hersha, the drug erased the memory of the plane ride and what Lynn says was done to her. But over time she is beginning to remember details prior to and following the incident, details that match information not told to her and that she could not have known if she was not there. As a result, it seems safe to say that Lynn's memory is an accurate one and that the story is true, even when there is no corroboration for certain aspects of what is related. This is quite different from the scandal caused during the late 1980s and early 1990s in the field of adult victims of child abuse. A very popular healing workbook was developed that did help those who were abused. However, the author went to an extreme in discussing child abuse. Recognizing that many victims have repressed memories (that they invariably recall on their own over time), she wrote that if someone has no memory of being abused as a child, that was proof in itself that the adult had been a victim of child abuse. It was such patent nonsense that it discredited otherwise worthy information. After all, by such an outrageous statement, literally every adult in the world was the victim of child abuse.

2. Multiple personality patients are known to have two types of alter personalities. The first is the type created through overwhelming physical and mental trauma that the person cannot escape. Once a child develops a multiple personality, this becomes the coping mechanism of choice. Minor personalities are then created to deal with difficult issues, such as trying to figure out what to have for dinner. The mind can create a personality solely to make that choice one time, adding a new personality to the cacophony of voices and people in the mind. However, when therapy takes place, those minor personalities are ignored, naturally integrating as the therapist helps the patient through the traumas that created the major alter personalities. That Lynn and Cheryl would create alters on their own was perfectly natural once their minds had been artificially separated at such young ages.

## CHAPTER 18

1. Confirming the story of the assassination has been impossible. Checks in back issues of newspapers in the area indicate that at least one suicide took place from the type of building described during the period when Lynn claims it happened. The age and sex of the suicide also match. What can never be proven is whether the person who reportedly committed suicide is the same one the teenagers watched murdered by the soldier. Because so much else checks out and because there is no reason for Lynn to create such a story, it is presumed to be accurate.
2. Another indication that Louise Hersha was also used in government operations is that both her daughters remember times in the last two or three years before their parents' separation and divorce when the father stayed in California, and Louise and her daughters traveled to a base in Maryland. They remember living in married officers' quarters with the fighter pilot who was one of Lynn's trainers when she had to learn to fly. They remember that they pretended to be a family on temporary assignment to the base, the pilot allegedly their father. Again the question is whether their mother was used for missions after being subjected to some of the same treatment—drugs and hypnosis—that they experienced. Or, for that matter, whether their mother was used at all. It is also possible that the memory of the time with their East Coast “father” was one that was implanted in each of the sisters. It is hoped that therapy will help reveal details that clarify what took place and why.
3. Lynn is certain she was flown to a base outside the United States, though she can no longer remember if it was Costa Rica or Puerto Rico. She believes it was Costa Rica, because there was missionary work taking place in that country. She remembers a hurricane affecting the region at this time, but either location would fit that description. This was also a period when Puerto Rico was experiencing violence among families connected with organized crime, the pharmaceutical industry and what might be considered class warfare. Life was cheap for some of the most powerful people in the territory during this time. However, Puerto Rico was not a normal location for the assistance programs of the churches.
4. The use of military bases to help troubled teens is a concept that has been a part of government thinking for many years. During World War II, bases were used to provide remedial education to illiterate white recruits in order to bring their basic skills to a level where they could be trained for the military. Before retiring as head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Colin Powell spoke widely of converting bases being closed by Congress into places to help youth. These could be used as modified boot camps and specialized education facilities. Teens in crisis could be isolated from the destructive environment in which they were raised, then nurtured into individuals who could become well-educated, productive citizens.



5. There are several unanswered questions about this incident. The first is the reaction of the other soldiers at the base. Did they see what took place? Were they troubled by it? Did they realize it was something other than a training accident? The answer is that most likely they did not. Most likely they accepted the account they were officially told. Training accidents on military bases are far more common than most people realize. Inexperienced pilots crash planes and helicopters despite hundreds of hours of careful training to prevent such loss. Explosive charges fail to work as planned, sometimes being too powerful and other times blowing up later than when they were set so that a rigger checking a seeming misfire, gets caught in the delayed blast. So many things can happen that, when something does go wrong, it is accepted. There is also the question of the loss of the children. Was it reported as a terrible accident to the organization? Was it reported that the teens ran off or failed to achieve their goals and fled to the streets upon returning to the United States? And what about the remaining children? Did they talk, and if they did, did others perceive it as a tragic accident? These facts have not been determinable at this writing. The incident is believed to have happened exactly as described, but like a number of these events, official records do not exist.

#### **CHAPTER 25**

1. The names of the therapists have been changed at the request of the therapists. They have been given full permission by Lynn and Cheryl to tell their stories from both their memories of the therapy sessions and the notes in their files. They do not want to be seen as promoting themselves or what they accomplished with their patients in any manner that might be considered unethical.

#### **CHAPTER 27**

1. The Sleeping Beauty Program was originally administered in the presence of Lynn's father. He was having a psychotic episode and was screaming at her, though his actions may have been encouraged by the programmer. In the original story of Sleeping Beauty, being asleep was bad. The prince awakened her to give her joyous life. Sleeping Beauty programming worked in the reverse way. When Sleeping Beauty was awake, she was taught she would experience all the harshness of her existence. Being awake meant her father's madness. Being awake also meant the routines of daily living. However, when she was asleep, Sleeping Beauty was with the Handsome Prince (the handler). Sleeping Beauty asleep went on missions. Sleeping Beauty asleep worked in the capacity of a government agent. The reverse was necessary because, once the mission was completed and the handler kissed Sleeping Beauty awake, she could be interrogated and tortured and never reveal anything. She would honestly say she knew nothing about an incident because, if she did remember something, it would be from the period when she was "asleep," and dreams don't count. Dreams are not truth. Thus her mind had experience reversed so that if she tried to cooperate with the enemy, either voluntarily or through drugs, force, etc., she would avoid mentioning the "dreams" that were actually her reality.
2. See note #1, chapter 25.

## Bibliography

- Acheson, Dean. *Present at the Creation: My Years in the State Department*. New York: New American Library, 1970.
- Ambrose, Stephen E. with Richard H. Immerman. *Ike's Spies: Eisenhower and the Espionage Establishment*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1981.
- Aquino, Michael A. *The Book of Coming Forth by Night: Analysis and Commentary*. Santa Barbara, California: The Temple of Set, 1976.
- Aquino, Michael A. *The Church of Satan*. Santa Barbara, California: The Temple of Set, 1978.
- Brown, Anthony Cave. *Wild Bill Donovan: The Last Hero*. New York: Times Books, 1982.
- Ceplair, Larry and Steven Englund. *The Inquisition In Hollywood: Politics In The Film Community, 1930-1960*. Garden City, New York: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1980.
- Cline, Ray S. *Secrets, Spies and Scholars: Blueprint of the Essential CIA*. Washington, D.C.: Acropolis Books, 1976.
- Delgado, José, M.D. *Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psychocivilized Society*. New York: Harper & Row, 1969.
- De Silva, Peer. *Sub Rosa: The CIA and the Uses of Intelligence*. New York: Times Books, 1978.
- Dowdy, Andrew. "Movies Are Better Than Ever": *Wide-Screen Memories of the Fifties*. New York: William Morrow, 1973.
- Dulles, Allen. *The Craft of Intelligence*. New York: New American Library, 1965.
- Gup, Ted. *The Book Of Honor: Covert Lives And Classified Deaths At The CIA*. New York: Doubleday, 2000.
- Hersh, Burton. *The Old Boys: The American Elite And the Origins of the CIA*. New York: Macmillan, 1992.
- Hodgson, Godfrey. *People's Century 1900-1999: The Ordinary Men and Women Who Made the Twentieth Century*. New York: Times Books/Random House, 1998.
- Hymoff, Edward. *The OSS In World War II*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1972.
- Lee, Martin A. and Bruce Shlain. *Acid Dreams: The Complete Social History of LSD: The CIA, the Sixties and Beyond*. New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1985, 1992.
- Lovell, Stanley P. *Of Spies & Stratagems*. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1963.
- Marchetti, Victor and John Marks. *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*. New York: Dell Books, 1980.
- Marks, John. *The Search For The "Manchurian Candidate": The CIA and Mind Control*. New York: Dell Publishing, 1979, 1988.
- McGehee, Ralph W. *Deadly Deceits: My Twenty-five Years in the CIA*. New York: Sheridan Square Publications, 1983.
- Muenzinger, K.F. "Motivation in Learning II, The Function of Electric Shock for Right and Wrong Responses in Human Subjects." *Journal Experimental Psychology* 17 (1934): 439-448.
- Murray, Henry A., Ph.D., and the Harvard Psychological Clinic staff. *Explorations In Personality: A Clinical and Experimental Study of Fifty Men of College Age*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1938.
- Payne, Ronald and Christopher Dobson. *Who's Who In Espionage*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984.
- Powers, Thomas. *The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1979.



- Prados, John. *Presidents' Secret Wars: CIA and Pentagon Covert Operations Since World War II*. New York: William Morrow & Company, 1986.
- Ranelagh, John. *The Agency: The Rise and Decline of the CIA: From Wild Bill Donovan to William Casey*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986.
- Rositzke, Harry. *The CIA's Secret Operations*. New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1977.
- Schefflin, Alan W. and Edward M. Opton, Jr. *The Mind Manipulators*. New York and London: Paddington Press of Grossett & Dunlap, 1978.
- Shirer, William. *Midcentury Journey*. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young, 1952.
- Sourkes, T.L. and G. Pinard, eds. *Building on a Proud Past: Fifty Years of Psychiatry at McGill*. Montreal: Department of Psychiatry, McGill University, 1995.
- Srodes, James. *Allen Dulles: A Master Of Spies*. New York: Regnery Publishing Company, 1999.
- Stolley, Richard B., Editor; *Life: Our Century In Pictures*. New York: Bulfinch Press, 1999.
- Temple of Set. *The Book of Coming Forth by Night*. Santa Barbara, California: The Temple of Set, 1975.
- Thomas, Evan. *The Very Best Men – Four Who Dared: The Early Years of the CIA*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1995.
- Troy, Thomas F. *Donovan and the CIA*. Frederick, Maryland: University Press of America, 1981.
- Webber, Ralph E., Editor. *Spymasters: Ten CIA Officers in Their Own Words*. Wilmington, Delaware: Scholarly Resources, Inc., 1999.
- Wenborn, Neil, Chief Contributor. *Pictorial History of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century*. London: Chancellor Press, 1997.

# Index

## A

abuse, 148-149, 304-306, 315, 322  
*Acid Dreams* (book), 382  
Advocacy Committee for Human Experimentation Survivors and Mind Control, 331, 387-389  
Africa, 128  
Ala-Teen, 121, 150  
Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms Agency, xvi  
Aldrich, Steve, 368  
Allain Memorial Institute, 45  
Allen, Morse, 368, 369, 384  
Allende, Salvador, 169, 179  
Allison, Ralph, 53  
alter personalities; within Cheryl, 58-60, 125; within Lynn, 66-68, 307, 309  
Alternative Joint Communications Center, 400  
amnesia, 379  
Angebert, Jean-Michael, 85  
animal research/testing, 56, 62, 64-65, 91-95, 210-211  
Anti-Castro movement, 299  
Aquino, Michael, 83-86, 96, 99  
Argentina, 128  
Arizona, 5, 187, 268, 277, 303, 305, 307  
Arizona State University, 328  
Armory, 283  
ARTICHOKE, 37, 44, 87, 359-361, 368, 404  
Artificial Intelligence (AI), 210  
Aryan Brotherhood, 7  
assassins, 88, 195, 201, 330, CIA program to create, 359-361, 374, 404-405  
Associated Press, 330-331, 363-364  
at-risk youth, 217, 218  
aviation experiments, 42

## B

“baby bird” helicopter, 183-184, 186, 189, 234-235, 308  
“bad trip”, 47  
Baldwin, Maitland, 64  
Baltimore, Maryland, 183, 300, 308  
Basiago, Andrew, 331, 391-392  
Beauchamp, Miss, 52  
benzodiazepine, 156  
blackmail, 179  
black operations, 181  
Black Widow, 128, 167, 172, 174, 183, 185, 195-196, 201, 209, 307-308; spiders, 307-308  
Blackhawk helicopter, xxii, 190  
BLUEBIRD, 37, 87, 384, 404  
Bluemont, Virginia, 399  
bombmaking, 279, 282-283, 313  
Bonanno crime family, 187  
Bond, James, 165  
“Book of Coming Forth by Night”, 84  
Boston, Massachusetts, 297  
Brandwein, David, 354  
brain damage, 65  
brain implant, 56  
brain mapping, 62, 64  
brainwashing, 40, 331, 363  
Buddy Todd Park, 119  
*Building on A Proud Past: Fifty Years of Psychiatry at McGill*, 409  
butcher, the, 196, 198-202  
“Button, Button,” game, 27-28, 246, 298  
Byers, William E., 204

## C

Caesarean section, 277  
California, 1-3, 5, 6, 187, 268; marriage laws, 132, 250  
Cameron, Ewen, xix, 45, 65, 81-82, 96-97, 133, 286, 313, 331, 363-364, 367, 382, 383  
Camp David, 246, 323, 397-399  
Camp Detrick, 45-46  
Camp Pendleton, 14, 152, 156, 160, 184, 188, 224, 308  
Camp Grayling, 21, 23, 403, 404  
Canada, 7  
Canadian victims of experiments, 331, 363-364  
Captain, the (investigator), 292-297  
Carlos, the Jackal, 241  
Carlsbad, California, 1, 3, 5, 6, 14, 105-110, 116-118, 138-139, 151, 182, 251; airport, 183, 184; school system, 138-142  
Carlsbad Army/Navy Academy, 124  
Carter, Jimmy, 323  
Cascade, Maryland, 398  
Castro, Fidel, 187, 250, 325, 361  
Cat Woman, 202, 204, 205-208, 308  
cat's eye, 205  
Central America, 128  
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), 318, 319, 320, 404; Chemical Division, 37, 45; directors, 48; fronts, 97, 214, 215, 367, 383; funding for research, 40, 97; headquarters, 40; memorandums, 329-330, 333-354, 405-407  
Central Park, 13-14  
chaos, 267, 280  
Charles Wallace programming, 83, 85, 87  
Chemical Division, of the CIA, 37, 45  
Chesapeake, 294, 296  
Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, 397  
Chicago, Illinois, 5  
child abuse, 112, 322, 410  
child pornography, 11, 123  
child psychology, 55, 88  
Chile, 169, 175  
Chilean diplomat, 168-182  
China, 128  
China Lake Naval Weapons Center, 397-398  
church missions, 214-215  
Church of Satan, 83-84  
CIA; *see* Central Intelligence Agency  
Citizens for Responsible Care and Research, 395  
*Citizen-Patriot*, 14  
Civitan, 14  
classmates, 112-114  
cleaning crew, 181  
Coast Guard, 290, 292  
cocaine, 189  
code words, 308-309, 313  
cointreau, 46  
Cold War, 327  
Cold War paranoia, 63  
Commanding Officer (CO), 279-283  
communist menace, xxi  
communists, 48, 226, 321, 327  
computer/brain link, 210-211  
computer training, 68  
congress, 40  
Constitution, 279, 316, 318  
Consumer Power, 4  
Convair, 105-106  
Cooper, Gordon, 331, 391-392  
Costa Rica, 412  
Council of the Nine, 83-84  
Council of the Trapezoid, 83-84  
Cuba, 250  
Cuban Revolution, 325

Culpeper, Virginia, 398  
cults, xvii, 38, 242, 298, 304-305  
curare, 170, 180  
Czechoslovakia, xxi

## D

Dachau concentration camp, 41; experiments at, 41-43  
Dallas, Texas, 297  
daredevil, 157-158  
Death Valley, California, 397  
Deep Creek Lake, 46  
Defense Department, 26, 226, 321  
Delgado, Jose, 56  
Delilah System, the, 66-67  
Delta phase, 128  
Delta Team, 211-213, 267-269, 312  
De Nicola, Chris, 331, 373-376, 381, 389; testimony of, 373-376  
Department of Defense, 26, 226, 321  
Department of Health and Human Services, 394  
depression, 97, 304  
"Diabolican, The", 83  
Dick, 116, 118-123; abusive behavior of, 120-121, 123, 148-150, 251; alcoholism of, 120-123, 128, 148-150; fathering, 118-119; finances and, 116, 118; mental illness of, 120, 128-134, 136, 148, 251  
Disneyland, xxi, 107  
dissociated ego states, 52  
dissociation, xvii, 73, 287-288; hysteric, 53  
divorce, 121  
dolphins, in experiments, 64-65  
domestic terrorism, 127  
double agent, 212, 213  
"Dr. Green," 32  
Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), xvi, 187, 189  
drug trade, 187-189  
drug smuggling, 187-189  
Dulles, Allen, 329, 344, 352, 407  
Dulles, John, 369  
dyslexia, 137-138, 140

## E

Earman, J.S., 345  
East Berlin, xxi  
Eastern Europe, 249  
edema, 307  
Edgewood Arsenal, 296, 297  
ego states, 52, 55, 61, 73, 87  
Eisenhower, Dwight David, 246  
electroconvulsive therapy (ECT), 326  
electroshock, 24-25, 57, 92-93, 65, 73, 88, 95-96, 99, 133, 144-145  
elephant, experiment on, 210  
Eli Lilly & Company, 45  
Emory University, 210  
ergot, 43  
Evel Knievel, 157-158, 160, 164  
Everglades, 325  
experimentation on children, 297, 319  
extrasensory perception (ESP), 77, 83-84, 101-102, 124  
extremists, 6-7, 241, 305

## F

F-14 airplane, 161, 164-165, 268  
False Memory Syndrome Foundation, 380  
fascist groups, 268  
Federal Bureau of Investigations (FBI), xvi  
Federal Department of Health & Welfare, Canada, 81-82  
Federal Reserve Communications and Records Center, 398  
Flagstaff, Arizona, 305

flight simulator, 155-156, 161, 164, 184  
flight training, 143, 152, 156-160  
flotation tank, 64, 305  
Flower Connection, 188  
Ford, Gerald, 408  
foreign terrorism, 127  
Fort Ritchie, 99, 224, 398, 399, 400  
fortune-teller, 76-77  
fourth dimension, 85, 87, 98, 100-102  
Fowles, John, 85  
France, 249  
Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), 330, 351, 354, 359, 361, 325, 404  
friendly fire, 228, 230  
fringe groups, 268, 305  
Fuller, Gail, 300-301  
funding for CIA research, 40, 97

## G

G-forces, 156, 164-165  
General Dynamics, 105  
George Washington University, 325, 407  
Georgetown, 167  
Germany, 249  
Geschickter, Charles, 92  
Gittinger, John, 367, 378, 383  
Gottlieb, Sidney, 35-37, 40-41, 43-48, 61, 82, 85, 88, 91, 94, 96, 102, 125, 193, 286, 299, 325, 327, 329, 330, 333-335, 347-349, 367-369, 378, 384, 407; Destruction of MKULTRA documents, 352  
Gooding, Samantha, 165, 167-182, 191, 195-196, 201; *see also* Black Widow  
Graham, Reverend Billy, 323  
"Green Room", 307  
Greenacre, Phyllis, 369  
Griffis, Dale, xv-xx, 189-301, 314-315, 328; investigation by, 189-301, 319-327  
ground school training, 152-154  
guerrilla warfare, 243; training for, 243-244  
Gulf Stream Jet, 160  
gun training, 171  
Gypsy, 76-77

## H

hallucinogenic, 36, 41  
Hamilton, James, 367, 370  
handler, 265-266, 278, 312-313, 319, 414  
Hayden Library, 328  
heart attack, 181  
Heath, Robert G., 367-369, 382-383  
Hee-Haw Valley, 119  
helicopter training, 183-186, 308  
Helsinki Accords, 48, 54, 319  
Helms, Richard, 48, 190, 193, 202, 205, 208, 325, 369, 378, 384  
heroin, 189  
Hersha, Cheryl, abuse of, 148-149; alter personalities in, 58-60, 125; Black Widow mission, 167-180; deterioration of physical health, 310; helicopter missions, 188-190; Cat Woman missions, 206-208; self-destructive behavior of, 287; suicide attempt by, 287; therapy and, 303-310  
Hersha, Lynn, abuse of, 148-149; alter personalities in, 66-68; missions to Mexico, 265-266; rescue mission, 312; self-destructive behavior of, 145-147; therapy and, 314-315; underground mission, 269-275  
Hilts, Philip J., 393  
Hippocratic Oath, 388  
Hitler, Adolph, 85  
*Hitler's Secret Sciences*, 85  
Hoch, Paul, 383  
Holiday Park, 119  
Horrock, Nicholas, M., 359  
Hotel San Diego, 106  
human polygraph, 174  
Hungary, xxi  
hypnosis, 41, 54, 75, 100, 159, 191, 406; experiments using, 66, 73, 333-335

hypnotic, [170](#), [178](#)  
hysterical dissociation, [53](#), [88](#)

## I

incest, [303](#)  
implant, [310](#)  
integration of personalities, [309](#)  
India, [128](#)  
Inouye, Daniel K., [355](#)  
Intelligence community, [xxi](#), [7](#), [103](#), [112](#), [266](#), [328](#)  
Inter Continental Ballistic Missile (ICBM), [226](#)  
Internal Affairs, [206](#)  
Internet, [286](#), [322-324](#); sources on, [324](#)  
interrogation techniques, [37](#), [330](#), [406](#)  
isolation, as torture, [54](#)  
Israeli Mafia, [241](#)  
Italy, [249](#)

## J

Jackal, the, [241](#)  
Jackson, Michigan, [77-78](#)  
Jacob, [110-111](#)  
Janus/Janice, [66](#)  
Japan, [4](#)  
Japanese Red Army, [241](#)  
jet fighter, [161](#), [164-165](#)  
Johnson, Lyndon, [xvi](#)  
Juan (Chilean diplomat), [168-182](#), [202](#)

## K

Kansas City University, [374](#)  
Kennedy, John F., [361](#)  
Kent Motors, [13](#)  
Keweenaw Peninsula, [76](#)  
King, Brent, [289-292](#)  
King, Dr. Martin Luther, Jr., [361](#)  
Kinsey Institute, [55](#)  
Knob Hill, [106](#), [109](#), [116](#)  
knockout gas, [171](#)  
Korea, [xxi](#), [38](#)  
Korean War, [406](#)  
Koski, Greg, [393](#), [394](#), [395](#)  
Kuala Lumpur, [160](#)

## L

LSD, development of, [43](#); as treatment for schizophrenics, [43](#), [383](#); mind control experiments using, [44-46](#), [48](#), [100](#), [327](#), [363](#); to promote memory loss, [75](#); as "truth serum", [174](#), [377](#)  
La Costa Downs, [108](#)  
Lake Magrethe, [21](#)  
Lake Superior, [76](#)  
Langley, Virginia, [40](#)  
Lassie, [367](#)  
lawsuit, [330](#), [363-364](#)  
leadership training, [154-155](#)  
*Leap of Faith*, [392](#)  
Lear Jet, [160](#)  
Lee, Martin, [382](#)  
Le Mans, [186](#)  
L'Engle, Madeline, [87](#), [211](#)  
Levin, Ira, [85](#)  
Liberals, [306](#)  
Libertarians, [306](#)  
Libya, [241](#)  
Lilly, John, [61-64](#)  
Lions' Club, [304](#)  
London, England, [160](#)

Los Angeles, California, 241-242

## M

Mac (Lynn's handler), 265-266, 278, 312-313  
"magic" mushrooms, 44  
*Magus, The*, 85  
Manchurian Candidate, 88, 299, 388  
Manual on Trickery, memo on, 329, 337-338  
Marine Corps, 109, 194, 197  
Marks, John, 318, 325, 330, 353-354, 357, 382, 407  
Masons, 303, 304  
maze, 91-95  
McCone, John, 369  
McGill University, xix, 45, 65, 81, 96-97, 318, 408-409  
"Me Dead", 125  
*Mein Kampf*, 85  
memory loss, inducing, 75, 133  
Mesa Vista, 131-132  
mescaline, 41  
Mexican mafia, 187  
Mexico, xxii, 7, 105, 188, 215, 265-266, 278, 312, 379  
Middle East, 128, 241  
militias, 242, 305  
mind-altering substances, CIA's use of, 329, 339-341  
mind-control experiments, 297-299, 314, 318, 329-331, 374  
*Mind Manipulators, The*, 371, 382, 385  
Miramar Naval Air Base, 160-161, 225  
Missions, Cheryl's, 167-180, 188-190, 206-208; Lynn's, 265-266, 269-275, 312  
MKSEARCH, 330; termination of, memo on, 347-349  
MKULTRA, 40, 87-88, 94-95, 180, 299, 320-330, 343, 377, 404; documents discovered, 351-357  
MONARCH, 88  
Montreal, Canada, 45, 65  
Morgan, Michelle, 314-315  
Mount Washington, 300  
Mount Weather, 399  
"Mr. Caldwell", 92  
Mullen, Claudia, 331, 365-370, 383, 384, 389; testimony of, 365-370  
multiple personality disorder, xvii, 52-53, 287-288, 301, 309, 375, 411

## N

NASA, 331, 391, 392  
National Academy of Sciences, 394  
national defense, 300  
national guard, 6, 268, 398  
National Institute of Health (NIH), 62, 64, 368  
National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH), 44  
national Security, threats to, 267  
National Security Agency, 300  
National Security Archives, 299, 325, 407  
Native Americans, 305  
Navy, 64  
Nazis, 380  
Nazi death camps, 388  
Nazi scientists, 41  
New Orleans, Louisiana, 297, 370, 378, 384  
New York, xvii, 13, 47, 97, 407  
*New York Times*, 330, 332, 359-361, 393-395  
Nike missiles/sites, 224, 226, 289, 293, 294, 321, 322  
Nixon, Richard, 190, 224  
noise threshold/tolerance experiment, 307  
non-traditional religions, xvi, 77, 194, 197, 306, 326  
North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD), 397  
nuclear weapons, 127  
Nuremberg Code, 388

## O

occult, the, 326  
*Occult and the Third Reich, The*, 85  
Oceanside, California, 3  
O'Connor, John Cardinal, xvii  
*Omen, The*, 85  
Office of Human Research Protections, 332, 393  
Office of Research and Development, of the CIA, 319, 368  
Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 87, 404  
Officer Mel (Dick's friend), 125  
Offutt Air Force Base, 399  
oil crisis, 242  
oil producers, 127  
Oldsmobile, 206  
Olivecrona, Dr., 406  
Olson, Frank, 45-48, 327, 407-408  
Omaha, Nebraska, 399  
Omnibus Crime Control Act, xvi  
O'Neil, Sgt. Thomas, xxii, 183, 185-186, 188-189, 223-224, 229, 233-239, 308  
Operation Paperclip, 41  
organized crime, 187, 241  
Orme, Martin, 286, 368  
out-of-body experiences, 392  
Owosso, Michigan, 77

## **P**

paganism, 194  
*Painted Black*, xv  
Palomar Airport, 143, 152, 160  
Panamint Mountains, 397  
*Paradise Lost*, 83  
paralytic drug, 170, 179, 180  
pastoral counseling, 287-288  
pediatrician, the, 193-194, 196-197, 200-201  
pedophiles, 123-125, 194, 201  
Pennick, Nigel, 85  
Pentagon, 400  
personalities; within Cheryl, 58-60, 125; within Lynn, 66-68  
Phoenix, Arizona, 305  
*Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psychocivilized Society*, 56  
Physical tests, 70-71  
Pinochet, Augusto, 169, 179  
Pizza Connection, 188  
plastique, 279  
Pod A, 139, 142  
Pod B, 139-140, 142  
Pod C, 140, 142  
Pod D, 141-142  
Pont-Saint-Esprit, France, 43  
"pop quiz", 313  
pop-psychology, 149  
pornographic films, 54-57  
Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome (PTSS), 64, 285, 286, 303  
Powell, Colin, 412  
Presidential Committee on Radiation and Mind Control, 331, 365, 371, 378, 383, 385, 388, 389  
Presidential Emergency Facility, 400  
primate research/testing, 62, 91-95, 210  
Prince Charming, 67  
Prince, Morton, 52  
Prince, Raymond, 97-98, 409  
procaine, 42-43, 189  
prostitutes, 45, 384  
proxy consent, 48, 50, 88-89, 94, 410  
psilocybine, 44  
psychic ability, 100-102  
"psychic driving", 45, 81-82  
Puerto Rico, 412



## R

radiation experiments, [297-299](#), [374](#)  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*, [83](#)  
Rainbow Girls, [303](#), [304](#)  
rape, [148](#)  
Rappoport, Jon, [331](#), [377-386](#)  
Rascher, Sigmund, [42](#)  
Raven Rock, [224](#), [246-247](#), [399-400](#)  
rebellion, military, [242](#)  
religions, non-traditional, [xvi](#), [77](#), [194](#), [197](#), [306](#), [326](#)  
remote control, [56](#)  
remote viewing, [83](#), [85-87](#), [408](#)  
rescue mission, [312](#)  
repressed memory, [410](#)  
Ridgecrest, California, [397](#)  
right-wing extremists, [6-7](#), [305](#)  
Riley, Clark, [18](#), [21](#)  
Ritchie, Albert, [398](#)  
ritual abuse, [306](#), [315](#), [322](#)  
rituals, [xvii](#)  
Rockefeller Commission, [407](#)  
*Rosemary's Baby*, [85](#)  
Ross, Colin, [381](#)  
ROTC, [217](#)  
Ruff, Sigmund, [42](#)  
Russia, [xxi](#)  
Russians, [224](#)  
rye grain, [43](#)

## S

San Clemente, Mexico, [xxii](#), [190](#)  
San Diego, California, [5](#), [64](#), [105-106](#)  
San Francisco brothels, [45](#), [384](#)  
San Francisco Police Department, [xvi](#)  
San Luis Ray River, [119](#)  
Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, [44-45](#)  
Satan, [83-85](#), [326](#)  
Satan worship, [xvi](#)  
Satanists, [306](#)  
Schefflin, Alan, [331](#), [371-372](#), [385](#)  
schizophrenics, [43-44](#), [96](#)  
school system, in Carlsbad, California, [138-142](#)  
Schwarz, Ted, [xx](#), [299](#), [325-328](#); archives of, [328](#)  
science fiction, [211](#)  
scopolamine, [75](#), [156](#)  
Sea World, [107](#)  
*Search for the Manchurian Candidate, The*, [318](#), [382](#)  
security breach, [234](#)  
sedative, [282](#)  
self-destruct, [308](#)  
Seltzer, David, [85](#)  
Senate Committee on Intelligence, [331](#), [355](#), [363-364](#)  
sensory deprivation, [64-65](#)  
sensory overload, as torture, [54](#)  
Set, [84-85](#)  
sexual abuse, [100](#), [315](#)  
sexual deviance, [194](#)  
Sexy Sadie, [58-60](#), [81](#), [100](#), [124-125](#), [174](#), [180](#), [185](#), [201](#), [209](#)  
Shamoo, Adil E., [395](#)  
Shaw, Lt. Rick "Rikki", [xxii](#), [224-232](#), [236-239](#)  
"shellshock", [64](#)  
show trials, [38](#)  
Shriners, [304](#)  
Siegel, Mike, [391](#)  
simulator, airplane, [155-156](#), [161](#), [164](#); helicopter, [184](#)

Site CREED, 400  
Site-R, 398, 400  
sleep deprivation, as torture, 38-39  
“sleep therapy”, 382  
Sleeping Beauty Program, 67, 265-266, 313, 413-414  
Society for Human Ecology, 97, 367, 383  
Society of Artists, 243  
South America, 128, 216, 379  
Southeast Asia, 187  
Soviet Union, 38, 46, 241, 321, 327  
spies, xxi, 88  
Spock, Benjamin, 55  
Springmeier, Fritz, 392  
St. Anthony’s Fire, 43  
Stalin, Josef, 406  
*Star Wars*, 83  
starvation, as torture, 39  
State Department, 169, 172  
Statler Hotel, 47, 407  
Still Pond, Maryland, 202, 223-226, 229, 233, 236, 289-293, 296  
Stoll, Werner, 44  
Strughold, Hubertus, 41-42  
*Summer and Smoke*, 260  
surveillance, 206-208  
survival camp, 216  
Suster, Gerald, 85

## T

*tabula rasa*, 48, 368  
Talbon, Arthur, 301, 303-310  
Taos, New Mexico, 243  
Taser, 29, 145  
Technical Services Division (TSD), 344, 349, 407  
Technical Services Staff (TSS), 37, 46, 56, 341  
Temple of Set, 85  
“terminal” experiments, 64-65, 81-82, 318  
termination, 193  
terrorism, 267-268, 275, 280  
terrorist groups, 250  
tesseract, 98, 100-102  
tesseract, 85-87, 100  
therapists, 297-300, 314, 413  
Third Reich, 388  
“Tiger”, 202, 208; *see also* Helms, Richard  
time travel; *see* tesseract  
Tombstone, 9  
Tomcat jet fighter, 225  
torture, 39, 54, 307  
training accidents, 228  
traitor, 212-213  
trauma, 285  
treason, 234, 236  
Tri-City Hospital, 129  
tricks, for CIA agents, 329, 337-338  
triggers, 308-309, 313, 319  
troubled teenagers, 216-218  
Tucson, Arizona, 305, 373, 374, 381  
Tulane University Medical Hospital, 367, 383  
Turner, Stansfield, 357

## U

underground facilities/bases, 321, 322, 397-401  
underground personnel, 267  
underground rail system, 269; mission 269-275  
United Parcel, 283  
United States Army Signal Command, 399

University of California at Los Angeles, [210](#), [318](#)  
University of Michigan, [318](#)  
University of Rochester, [318](#)  
University Hospital, San Diego, [130](#)  
*U.S. Government Mind Control Experiments on Children*, [379](#), [382](#)

## **V**

Valentine's Day, [134](#)  
Veterans of Foreign Wars, [249](#)  
Vietnam, [7](#), [25-26](#), [83](#), [86](#), [286](#)  
Vietnam War, [185](#), [249-250](#)  
Vision Quest, [216](#)  
Volkswagon Beetle, [206](#)

## **W**

Waldorf-Astoria, [13](#)  
Wallace, Charles, [85](#), [87](#), [100-102](#), [408](#); *see also* [Charles Wallace Programming](#)  
Walter Reed Army Medical Center, [167](#)  
Washington, D.C., [165](#), [172-173](#), [182-183](#)  
Watergate, [242](#)  
Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, [400](#)  
West, Louis Jolyon "Jolly", [210](#), [286](#), [380](#)  
West Point, [204-205](#), [225](#)  
White, George Hunter, [45](#), [194](#), [326](#), [369](#), [384](#)  
White Mountain National Forest, [300](#)  
Wicca, [306](#)  
Williams, Tennessee, [260](#)  
Wolf, Valerie, [314](#)  
Wolff, Harold C., [97](#)  
World War I, [64](#), [211](#)  
World War II, [37](#), [228](#), [243](#), [299](#), [327](#)  
World Wide Web, [286](#)  
*Wrinkle in Time, A*, [87](#), [97](#), [100](#), [211](#)

## **Y**

Yuma, Arizona, [244](#)