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The Central Intelligence Agency and Me

During my last month in Vietnam, I sent out my resume to various United States intelligence agencies and services in the hope that I could possibly either to stay in Vietnam or to be trained by one of them in order to return to Vietnam. If the U.S. Army could not use me, perhaps another entity might meet my goal and desire to continue to serve my country in Vietnam.

But there was a major corundum; I was engaged to be married to my college sweetheart whom I first met when I was a college junior when I opened a door for her and her friend as she was leaving the Student Center and she smiled at me. It was love at first sight for me. I pursued her for four years. She was my sun, the moon, and all the stars in the sky. God, I adored Sharon Joy. I asked her to marry me prior to going to Vietnam and she said yes. A year away and apart changes people and relationships. I was a combat officer and she was a registered nurse at a Veterans Hospital. She daily saw the wounded and suffering men as the result of the war in Vietnam, and I adored being in combat in the Nam and the longer I was there the more I loved being there. I didn't have much of a real family in my younger years. My parents divorced when I was one year old. Both remarried and I was kind of the odd kid out, an after thought rather a family member of either parent. Therefore, when I was in college, the fraternity was my family; when I was in the Army; that was my family; and when I went to Vietnam; it was my most loving and loved family that I ever had. When she returned the ring, I understood. We both had changed. She lives in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, along with two others of my other fiancés and their families, all within two miles of each other. I guess that Bloomfield Hills is the storage depot of my ex-fiancés.

On December 7, 1970, I received a telephone call from the Central Intelligence Agency agent recruiter in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the home of the University of Michigan. We talked for a while and he stated that he wished to interview me. The meeting would take place on December 14, 1970 at 10 AM. Strangely, he stated that he would meet me on the corner of State and University Drive and that he

would be wearing a blue overcoat with a red carnation in the lapel. I was on time and parked my car in this strip mall and walked over to the carnation guy who was this old, little guy who was about forty-eight or fifty and introduced myself. He said that his name was 'Charles' and to follow him. We walked across the parking lot, into a dress shop, walked to the back, went down the stairs, and entered the CIA office. We talked for about an hour and a half with me asking most of the questions. At the end, I asked if he had any questions for me. He answered, "I have everything I wish to know about you right here," as he pointed to a file on his desk. The following morning, "Charles" telephoned me and said that he wanted me to take a series of examinations this coming Saturday in Ann Arbor that would last eight hours at a middle school in Ann Arbor. He gave me the time and address and hung up. I took the tests and wrote the three essays and went home. The FBI interviewed all my neighbors on the block twice. A month and half later, I heard nothing from the CIA. I decided to move to California in order to seek my fortune and destiny. I did an "Easy Rider" journey; Mardi Gras, Mexico, Arizona, and California. I arrived in Long Beach in the evening in February at my friend's apartment. My friend handed me a telegram that he said was delivered an hour earlier. I opened it and it was from the CIA that informed me to call the telephone number on the telegram and ask for "Michael" immediately. I called and asked for "Michael." "Michael" came on the phone and I identified myself with the code number on the telegram. "Michael" said that the agency wanted to fly me to Virginia for a week of interviews and tests. "Michael" said April and that they would continue FBI background interviews. Question: How did the CIA know that I would be in Long Beach on that day when I told absolutely no one of my itinerary?

Two months later, I received a call from "Donald" from the CIA to be in Washington in the third week of April for the tests and examinations. I had a job offer from a hospital that I had accepted to start in May.

I went to Langley, Virginia and for a week of tests and examinations. On Tuesday of that week, the United States invaded Cambodia. On Wednesday, there were riots and demonstrations on many college campuses. The Ohio National Guard opened fire on the demonstrators at Kent State and killed four students, two of which were students walking to class. At the same time, Time Magazine in a squib article said that the New York Times was about to publish an article regarding an incident that in 1968, where an U.S. Army operation massacred approximately 200 women,

children; many under the age of one years old, and old men at a village called My Lai and the United States government and military command covered it up.

On August 4, 1970, I received a telephone call at 4 AM offering me a position as a contract agent in the CIA. I said no!