

SECRET

SOI: AERHAWKEYE/1, 14 July 1962

So-Called [ ] ( )

Met him twice in July/August, 1959, at the safe house (rather apartment) near Hauptbahnhof in Frankfurt/Main, Germany.

[ ] introduced me to him, and I was told that [ ] has recently arrived from Washington as our new boss. He showed some interest in my personal problem--as to my family joining me in Frankfurt, my new apartment on Fridrichstr.--as well as about my working conditions in the future (promised to get a room for me in the tempos north of the I.G. Farben Building where I could work undisturbed by my family). His main interest, however, seemed to be in my recent trip to Hamburg where I was supposed to recruit a German seaman. He had some strong and justified criticism as to my handling of this case, but I resented his remarks since this seemed to me a phony case, a mixture of truth and imagination, either to test my qualifications for this kind of job or just to make fun out of my futile efforts to be a successful agent in this cloak-and-dagger business.

[ ] didn't make a favorable impression on me. It is now hard to tell what was it I didn't like in him. It seems to me that he irritated me just by his pose and behavior--sort of a Big Brother in a supersecret intelligence outfit, or the Super Spy, taken out from a movie picture. I had to agree with his criticisms--though John had put me in such a position that it was almost impossible to proceed differently--and I had to admit that my approach to the afore-mentioned seaman had indeed been "shooting from the hip".

Next time I saw [ ] in the same apartment and accompanied by John some 2-3 days before my departure from Germany. I had already visited the General Consulate and requested to be transported home, and now [ ] wanted to know whether I had changed my mind. Plain stubbornness made me answer negatively, although I recognized fully the consequences I had to expect. My answer would have been different if not the letter from my wife [ ] had brought to this meeting. This letter showed me that my wife is strongly resenting my way of life then, had taken offense in a jokingly written sentence in my letters to her--and that our marriage might be on the rocks again. In such a situation the only sensible way out seemed to be my return to the States. In my excitement I made some rather incoherent and stupid statements as to my motivation since I had the strange feeling that [ ] was instrumental in achieving my breakdown.

Last time I saw [ ] in I.G. Farben Building (U.S. Army Headquarters) in Frankfurt/Main when I went to the post office thereto send a telegram home. He was accompanied by two men; I didn't show that I saw him since I was not supposed to enter this building.

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