

1 SPY IN THE U.S. -748- 10 on 13 x 35 Baskerville
HARPER BROTHERS PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

25 YEAR RE-REVIEW

SPY
IN
THE
U.S.

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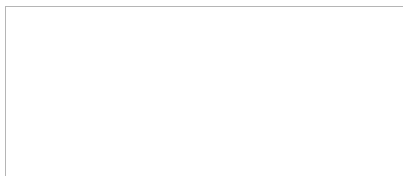
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SPY
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THE
U.S.

BY PAWEŁ MONAT
WITH JOHN DILLE

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NEW YORK

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SPY IN THE U.S.

BY PAWEL MONAT AND JOHN DILLE

This is the story of Pawel Monat, a Polish officer trained by Communist experts for espionage against the United States, who successfully carried out his mission in this country with the most innocent equipment—a guileless appearance and willing ears.

He was assigned to the Polish embassy in Washington as military attaché in 1955, and in the years which followed, he operated as a spy throughout the United States but particularly in the east, taking his part in the intricate exchanges of military information, recruiting new agents from among us, setting up new apparatuses, choosing the "drops," which other agents used to forward their findings to Warsaw and Moscow and receive their recompense, obtaining plans of U.S. installations and defenses, late model electronic devices, reporting on the movement, training and equipment of U.S. troops and the actual conditions in the areas where atomic research was being carried out.

Pawel Monat's account of these exciting years, the constant attentions of the FBI and his alternating successes and failure, seems more fiction than fact—yet fact it is; and to the American reader, the astonishing thing is the ease with which Monat accomplishes his purpose—the eagerness with which hospitable, ingenuous Americans surrender to polite inquiry, information of tremendous value to a potential enemy. Americans cannot believe in the possibility of espionage.

But of primary interest to the reader are the events which led Pawel Monat, returned to his native land with wife and child, and facing a promising future with the party, to turn his back on the Communist cause and seek asylum in the United States embassy. John Dille, who has written Pawel Monat's story, is military editor of *Life* magazine.

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*To my son,
and his new home*

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This is a true story of espionage carried out against the United States by a Polish colonel whose real name was and is Pawel Monat. In a few instances the names of people and places have been altered or shifted slightly in the interest of U.S. security. For, though Pawel Monat is no longer involved in it, the deadly game which he describes so graphically in these pages still goes on. And some of the people he knew about may still be at work, ignorant of whether the U.S. knows who they are now and is watching them—or not.

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I

ARRIVAL

It was bright and clear at Idlewild Airport on the morning of September 22, 1955. This was a lucky break for me, for as the plane approached New York I had my face pressed hard against the window; I was determined to see everything I could even before the plane landed—how the streets ran, how the people drove through traffic, what the buildings looked like and where the alleys began and ended. I had studied all of this in Warsaw by looking at photographs and reading the reports my professors had sent back from Washington. But now I had to put my training and theories into practice. I was coming to the U.S. as a Communist agent and I hoped that even this quick bird's-eye view would give me some tips on where to hide.

I was in no real danger, of course. I was fully accredited to the United States Army, Navy and Air Force as the new Polish military, naval and air attaché—a three-in-one job. These agencies knew that I was coming. And though they might not exactly welcome me with open arms, there was nothing they could do to keep me out. I had a diplomatic passport in my pocket which would get me past the immigration and customs offices at Idlewild and grant me official immunity if I ever got into trouble. And—more important—I knew that the U.S. and Poland were bound by a reciprocal arrangement which allowed American attachés to travel and work with reasonable freedom in Poland so long as Polish attachés received the same privilege in the U.S. Since the U.S. considered its diplomatic work in Poland to be extremely important, I knew that my presence in the U.S. would at least be condoned. I knew that I would be welcome at official functions in Washington and that I could live—like diplomats everywhere—without fear of arrest or persecution. My luggage was full of Polish uniforms and decorations. And my wife, Maria, and my nine-year-old son were with me on the plane. There was nothing secret about my arrival.

But I was not coming to the U.S. simply to observe the diplomatic amenities. I came as a full-fledged Communist spy, and the U.S. knew this, too. In every land and language, the term "military attaché" is only a synonym for "spy." A cultural attaché studies the cultural affairs of the country to which he is accredited. A political attaché reports back on a country's changing political structure. A military attaché sizes up its defenses. Since the details of any nation's military posture are normally kept secret, the military attaché often has to engage in feats of unmitigated espionage to dig them out.

And so I came to the U.S. in a double guise—as a diplomat entitled to the usual courtesies, and as an undercover agent. I would even be given an identity card signed by the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, asking U.S. officials and the public to be courteous and helpful to me in the event of an emergency.

Technically, however, I was an Army colonel attached to Z-2, the intelligence branch of the Polish armed forces. My orders, which I received direct from the Polish Chief of Staff, General Jerzy Bordzilowski, were grim and emphatic. And as my plane came in over the Atlantic I recalled the scene in the general's big office at headquarters in Warsaw.

Bordzilowski, a stout, jolly man with smiling eyes, was wearing a Polish uniform when I entered. And his command of the Polish language was good. But after greeting me in Polish, he switched languages and we spoke together in Russian. This was easier for him. For though General Jerzy Bordzilowski was our chief of staff, he was also—and still is—a citizen of the Soviet Union and an officer in the Soviet Army. He was stationed in Poland as Moscow's man. I knew that whatever he had to tell me about my mission would reflect not only Warsaw's views, but Moscow's as well.

The general greeted me cordially. "Colonel," he said, "you must know that we are handing you a very difficult and vital assignment." Then, placing his stubby fingers around the drawstring of a huge map which was rolled up on the wall, he gave me a brief lecture.

"As you know," he began, "the United States is the greatest enemy of the Communist camp. All over the world it is her forces which stand in the way of our victory. That is why we expect you to learn everything you can about these forces—everything."

"You also know," the general went on, "that relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are not good. The U.S. does not allow Soviet attachés to travel in the U.S., but it does allow us Poles to travel. That is why you can be so valuable to us. You will learn things which not even the great Soviet Union can learn by herself. You must seize on this opportunity, Comrade Monat. You must travel everywhere. You must listen. You must dig deep under the surface to find the secrets. You must *steal* them if necessary. Do not stop at anything to carry out your orders."

Then Bordzilowski pulled down the map, adjusted it against the wall and quickly slapped a pudgy fist at it twice—first over Poland, then over the Soviet Union.

"Here," he said, "are our two countries. One is small. The other is large. But you must remember one thing," he said, turning to look at me. "Good intelligence has nothing to do with the size of the country which carries it out. Your success will depend only on how hard you work. The harder you work, the more our little country can help the great Soviet Union and our glorious cause. We are counting on you. There," he concluded, pointing to the U.S., "is your target."

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After this speech, General Bordziłowski rolled the map up along the wall and motioned for me to follow him into a small sitting room which adjoined his office. Inside, on a small table near the window, two empty glasses and a decanter of white wine waited for us. The general filled our glasses, clinked his to mine and proposed a toast.

"I wish you every success," he said. "And I will be awaiting your reports. Remember, we will back you in whatever you do. And remember this, too—be careful."

6 SPY IN THE U.S. -748- 10 on 14 x 25 Baskerville of their trousers, the color of their ties, the styles of their shoes, how they asked for cigarettes at a counter, how they addressed a porter and how they spoke to their wives in public. I could see that it would be almost impossible for me to impersonate an American. I would definitely have to play the role of an immigrant.

My first impression of the U.S. was distinctly unfavorable. When my family and I reached the immigration desk at Idlewild, the inspector announced that American citizens would go through the line first, ahead of any foreigners on the plane.

"What an arrogant way for a democracy to welcome its guests," I remarked to my wife. "They could at least take us in order—first come, first served."

I was angry, and I was glad that I was. For despite my mission and my high standing in the Communist party, I came to the U.S. with a few doubts about the Communist system buried deep in my mind. I did not come hating the U.S. I was filled to the brim with the standard Communist opinion of the U.S. I was convinced that she was a shallow, superficial nation, ruled by Wall Street, permeated by Fascism and McCarthyism, and that her streets were full of hungry children, oppressed workers and gangs of vicious hoodlums. None of these prejudices caused me to hate the U.S. Instead, I pitied her. But pity is not a strong enough motive for espionage, and I was under orders to fight harder than I ever had in my life. It was good for me, then, to be so nicely provoked at the very beginning. It was reassuring to know that the U.S. was smug, crude and selfish after all. I was now in the right mood for work.

When my turn finally came at the immigration desk the inspector took my passport, looked it over carefully and then took a long look at me to make sure I fitted the description. He could see that I was neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin. He saw that my eyes were bluish and large, that my mouth was firm. I wore a gray suit of good material, an overcoat with a rather sporty European cut and a snappy British hat I had bought in China. My wife, who is a pretty woman with a good figure, was wearing a neat travel suit and carried a small handbag. My son, who was dressed informally, looked like all boys everywhere. All three of us resembled the other foreigners on the plane, some of whom were arriving to attend a session of the United Nations. There was nothing singular about our appearance which sorted us out, either as Poles or as Communists. The distinguishing marks were in our minds. The inspector stamped our passports and let us enter.

My next problem was a matter of logistics. Warsaw had promised me that we would be met at the airport and driven to the Polish UN delegation in New York to rest. But no one showed up at Idlewild to claim us. For a moment I was rather concerned. But finally I managed to discover the Manhattan telephone book, look up the number of the delegation, figure out the dial system and the coin box, get a dime from a cashier and make a call. I was very relieved to hear a Polish voice on the other end. The office was sorry, the man said, but there had been a mix-up in schedules. He suggested that we come into Manhattan in a taxi. After a day's rest, he said, the legation would arrange for us to go on to Washington.

The cab driver I engaged was very friendly. But he was not exactly helpful to my cause. He was a Serb, and in my first long conversation with any American I found myself speaking Russian, Czech and Polish instead of the English I should have been practicing.

The ride into the city was interesting, but I was not prepared for some of the things I saw. The long lines of automobiles startled me. I had seen pictures of American traffic jams, but I had always assumed they were posed for propaganda. Here, I thought, as we became snarled in one, was one area in which the Soviet Union was *not* pre-eminent.

The tall buildings impressed me, too. But I did not like the feeling of being trapped by them, as if in some monstrous graveyard. I was also rather dubious about the buildings. I had seen photographs of the Manhattan skyline, but I had always assumed it was really a Potemkin city put up just to impress visitors like me and distract us from the ugly truth. Now that I was here, I wanted to see the *real* New York—the slums of Harlem, the miserable Bovey and Wall Street. I did get to Wall Street as soon as I had some rest, and the sight was very reassuring. For there, hidden away in the midst of all those tall, imposing buildings dedicated to commerce, I saw a tiny church, its little spires completely dwarfed by the skyscrapers looming up around it.

"Who is nearer to God here," I thought to myself, "the ministers or the moneychangers?"

But I still had a few things to learn. My self-confidence was not exactly bolstered when I discovered on my second day in the U.S., that all those strange-looking metal boxes I saw sticking out of apartment-house windows were really air conditioners. When my wife asked me about them on our arrival I told her they were obviously doves.

2

FIRST MISSION

When we got to Washington, my family and I went to the 2400 Hotel, an old, seven-story brick structure on 16th Street where we were to live for several weeks until we had time to get settled. It was close to the Polish embassy, a large mansion two blocks away at 2640 16th Street, and also not far from the annex of the embassy, another large house at 2224 Wyoming Avenue, where my office was located.

On our second evening in Washington my wife and I went for a short walk after dinner to see what the neighborhood was like. We had heard so many stories in Warsaw about hooligans roaming the streets of U.S. cities, robbing the citizens and beating them up, that I left my gold watch and money at the hotel, and we were careful to stay on the lighted streets. On the way home I proposed a short cut through Meridian Hill Park, which is across the street from the hotel. But it looked dark and rather forbidding so my wife grabbed my arm and begged to go back the same way we had come. I did not argue with her.

I spent the first three weeks getting acquainted with my staff, paying courtesy calls on the chiefs of the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force intelligence branches, and meeting military attachés from other countries. I also spent several days prowling through the back streets of Washington in an office car, timing the short cuts to the bridges and learning the intricacies of Washington traffic. This was important work, for I would soon be trying to sneak out of town on business, and I did not want the FBI following me.

I did not have long to wait for my first assignment. My wife and I were dressing for breakfast one morning at the hotel when the telephone rang. It was the code clerk at the embassy. Since we all assumed that our telephones were tapped, he had to be careful what he said.

"Colonel," he began, "I have just finished the book you wanted to borrow. It is very thick, which is why I took so long."

I knew this meant he had received a long cable for me from Warsaw and had already decoded his part of it.

"Please come and pick it up as soon as you can," he said. "I will wait for you."

I skipped breakfast and walked to the embassy to get the message. The code room, where all transmissions from Warsaw were processed, was behind locked and bolted doors on the third floor. I rang the buzzer outside the thick door, and the clerk on duty opened it slightly and handed me an envelope.

Like all messages from Warsaw involving espionage matters, the cable had been sent in a double code. That is, it was coded twice in Warsaw—once by Z-2 which had sent me the message, and once more by the Foreign Ministry's communications office which had transmitted it to Washington. The Foreign Ministry clerk who coded it the second time had no idea what the original message contained. He did not know the Z-2 code. And the code clerk in Washington who handed me the message did not know the contents, either. All he had done was to peel off the second code so I could get to the first one. It was up to me to decode my own message. No one in the embassy—not even the ambassador—was supposed to know my secrets.

I drove to my office at the annex and pored over the cable with paper and pencil for more than an hour, deciphering the message, word by word, out of the long string of numbers which made it up. I could tell at the very beginning that Warsaw was giving me a tough assignment—especially for a newcomer. The message went something like this:

U.S. MARINES HOLDING BEACH ASSAULT MANEUVERS VICINITY CAMP LEJEUNE, NORTH CAROLINA, FIRST WEEK NOVEMBER. URGENT YOU GET CLOSE AS POSSIBLE FOR COMPLETE REPORT LATEST MARINE TACTICS AND TECHNIQUES. UNDERSTAND THEY USING NEW PLANES AND HELICOPTERS. CONFIRM. OBSERVE CAREFULLY CO-ORDINATION BETWEEN AIR AND ASSAULT TROOPS. WHAT IS PROPORTION OF BOATS AND HELICOPTERS FOR LANDING TROOPS? HOW DOES EQUIPMENT FUNCTION? IN EVENT BAD WEATHER WHAT EMERGENCY TECHNIQUES USED? HOW DOES WEATHER AFFECT MANEUVER? WHAT IS TIME GAP BETWEEN LANDING ECHELONS? ALSO MAKE FULL PICTURE COVERAGE, BOTH MOVIE AND STILL, FOR EVALUATION HERE. ON COMPLETION, SUGGEST RETURN TO WASHINGTON VIA COASTAL ROUTE TO REPORT LOCATION RADAR AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT SITES VICINITY NORFOLK. BE CAREFUL.

Since I knew almost nothing about Camp Lejeune, I made an appointment to see the Soviet naval attaché in Washington, Captain Fedor Presnakov. Somewhat to my surprise—since I had just gotten the cable—Presnakov already knew about my assignment. He was very kind and diplomatic.

"I was just going to call you," he said. "You are a new man, and I thought perhaps you might need some advice."

Presnakov told me what he knew about Camp Lejeune from information he had in his files, and I had the feeling he could have answered a good part of my query himself, then and there. But if the Russians were instrumental in my going to Lejeune—and I suspected that they were—it was because they wanted to confirm and update the information they already had. I returned to my office and sent for Captain Stanislaw Golach, one of my assistants. Golach had spent two years in the U.S.; he spoke good English; and he

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 knew the American rules of the road. I outlined the assignment and told him he was going with me. Together, we worked out a plan.

We decided to drive all the way so I could get a good look at the countryside and the people en route. My office had two cars assigned to it. One was a black Oldsmobile with diplomatic license plates—which we used when we wanted to advertise our diplomatic status. The other was a gray Chevrolet with ordinary District of Columbia plates—which we used when we did not want to be conspicuous. I decided to take the Chevrolet. We made plans to leave Washington three days before the maneuvers were scheduled, in order to give us plenty of time to lose the FBI.

Next, to conform with the diplomatic rules, I had to notify the Pentagon that I was leaving town. I was required to give my destination and mode of travel—but not my exact time of departure. And though I was also supposed to report the purpose of each trip, I could hardly admit that I was making a journey to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, to spy on the U.S. Marine Corps. I told my secretary to inform the Army, Navy and Air Force liaison officers that "Colonel Monat is driving to North Carolina on a pleasure trip." I knew the Pentagon would alert the FBI. I would have to shake Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's representatives somewhere along the way. They would undoubtedly trail me. But since I was a diplomat they could not interfere with me so long as I behaved myself. By staying on my heels, however, they could try to keep me from getting much work done.

We did not have to report Golach's departure. Golach was not registered with the U.S. as a Polish intelligence officer, but as an embassy clerk. This, of course, was a ruse on our part. And though it meant that he did not have the advantage of diplomatic immunity to protect him from arrest, it also meant he did not have the *disadvantage* of having to report his movements ahead of time. The FBI men had to keep track of Golach without any advance tips from us. This kept them on their toes.

We started out at six in the morning with Golach driving. First, I had him wander aimlessly all over town to see if anyone was following us. I was frankly disappointed when I saw that no one was. I knew the men from the FBI had to be somewhere. Perhaps, I thought, they are more clever than I gave them credit for. After about twenty minutes I changed places with Golach, so he would be free to act as a lookout. I decided that as a veteran in the U.S. he might spot the FBI more quickly than I could. He looked in all directions—especially to the rear—but he could not find anyone, either.

We passed the Marine Corps training schools at Quantico, Virginia, but we did not stop. Quantico was well known to us. The countryside was beautiful. The trees were turning a splendid yellow, and the sight reminded me of golden autumn days back in Poland. How nice it would be, I thought, if we were only on a picnic instead of on a mission. I had never learned from our intelligence reports how beautiful the U.S. was. And no one at Z-2 would discover that secret from reading my reports, either. Like everyone else, I would bend over backward to be negative, critical and tough. As we passed a large farm, I pointed it out to Golach.

"Someday," I said, "that farmer will belong to a commune in a People's Republic which is just like ours."

Then I remembered a Polish joke. "We Communists," the joke goes, "will conquer the whole world—except the U.S. We will let the U.S. remain capitalistic so she can provide us all with grain and food." This was not the kind of joke, however, that an officer shares with his assistants, and I did not mention it to Golach.

When we reached Richmond, I suggested that we stop for a bite to eat. Golach recommended that we avoid the restaurants and go into a drugstore—"the way the Americans do." I agreed, and after sandwiches and coffee we drove on and stopped for the night in Greenville, North Carolina. The next morning we got an early start and arrived in Jacksonville—some five miles from Camp Lejeune—at about eleven. There was no sign of the FBI all the way.

Golach bought a paper in Jacksonville, and we looked through it for news of the maneuvers. The paper carried a brief story, but it did not tell us enough to help us make our plans. Our biggest problem was to find a lonely spot near the maneuver area where we could set up our cameras and make our notes without being observed. We decided to go on an immediate reconnaissance to look for such a place. First, however, we thought it would be a good idea to talk with some of the people who knew the area the best—the local Marines.

It was now lunchtime, so Golach and I—who were both dressed in civilian clothes—drove to a small café near the camp and sat down at the counter to order hamburgers and coffee. We picked seats next to two enlisted Marines. When my coffee came, I asked one of them for the sugar and used this as an excuse to start a conversation. I had heard that a group of foreign correspondents from Western countries had been invited to attend the maneuvers and I implied, in my broken English, that Golach and I were members of this group. I explained that we had broken away so we could meet more enlisted men and fewer generals.

"Where you fellows from?" one of the Marines asked.

Golach answered that we were from Poland. But—as we had rehearsed it—he managed to stumble over the word so that it came out sounding like "Holland."

"You from Holland?" the other Marine asked. "I got a brother fought there in World War II."

Golach and I ordered more coffee while the boys finished their hamburgers. They gave us a few directions to help us find our way around the area and told us where the main assault beaches were. When we got up to leave, one of them brought out a small notebook and asked us for our autographs.

"I want my brother to see I met a guy from Holland," he said.

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Golach and I wrote in the book—"With best regards to our dear friends in the U.S. Marine Corps"—and we signed our real names. But we scribbled them so badly that no one could read them. Then, after stopping at a drugstore and the chamber of commerce to pick up some maps, we got into our car and started looking for the roads the boys had described. We discovered a long peninsula on the maps which the Marines had told us would take us straight to New River Inlet and Onslow Bay, where the troops would be landing. The Marines said that only fishing parties ever drove onto the strip. The spot sounded ideal to us and we decided to take a look at it before dark.

As we headed down the road, however, I looked back through the rear window and saw three black cars following us about two hundred yards behind. Golach made a few crazy turns. He drove around one block four times, took a short cut through an alley, then suddenly stopped to park. The cars followed us wherever we went and stopped when we stopped. We knew now that our friends—as we sarcastically called the FBI agents—had caught up with us at last. We could not go on reconnoitering while they tagged along. So we switched to Route 17, drove about forty miles south to Wilmington, North Carolina, and checked into the biggest hotel for the night.

While Golach was getting the keys to our rooms, I sneaked a couple of extra registration cards from the hotel desk and put them in my pocket. Then I went to a writing table in the lobby and picked up a small stack of stationery. I had no intention of writing letters. I wanted the cards and stationery for a huge collection of similar material which has been piled up in Warsaw from hotels all over the world. Z-2 never knew when it might have to forge a letter for some agent who—for one reason or another—was supposed to have spent the night once in Wilmington, North Carolina. The agent might never have been there in his life. But, with bona fide stationery and a registration card filled out with the appropriate name and date, it would not make any difference. The man would have his alibi. We had a standing order to pick up raw material like this for phony cover stories wherever we went.

Before going to dinner Golach and I decided to make one more attempt at checking the peninsula before dark. We hurried down the back stairs, went out through a rear door, jumped into our car and drove away as fast as we could. But it was no use. The FBI was on its toes, and the same three black cars we had spotted before came chasing after us. We returned to the hotel, parked as close to it as we could get and went to dinner. The six men who had been following us in the three cars sat down near us at three separate tables in the hotel dining room. After dinner Golach and I took a leisurely walk down town and went to a movie. The six men followed us and went to the movie, too. When I got up to go to the washroom, three of them went with me. After the show they followed Golach and me into a drugstore where we all had milk shakes. No one spoke to anyone else, but it was much too cozy for comfort. We knew we would have to think of something fancy if we were going to lose them the next morning.

Before we went to bed Golach and I asked the desk clerk to call both of us at 7:30 in the morning. Then we went to our rooms and called the switchboard to ask the girl to make sure to ring us until we woke up. Golach and I also called each other from our rooms to discuss an appointment which we supposedly had two days later in Washington. We assumed that our friends downstairs were drinking all this in.

The next morning at 5:30, two hours before our call, Golach and I dressed quickly and tiptoed downstairs and into the lobby. No one was there except the clerk, who was asleep behind the desk. We woke him up to pay our bill, then hurried outside onto the street, which was still deserted. We got into our car—leaving the doors ajar to avoid making a noise—started up the engine and drove away. No one followed us. We were in the clear.

Golach drove while I watched the map with a flashlight. We slowed down at every intersection to study the signs. And eventually, after about an hour of driving and several wrong turns, we found our way onto the peninsula. As the Marines had warned us, there was no real road and we had to drive over a rough trail. But, as we bumped along in the direction of the maneuver area, we were very pleased with ourselves. We had worked out a good plan; we had escaped from the FBI; we had found an ideal place to work; and we were equipped with everything we needed to do the job. In the trunk of the car, ready for action, were three cases packed with expensive German equipment—Leica cameras mounted with telephoto lenses to bring the maneuvers up close for detailed study; a movie camera, also equipped with telephoto lenses, to record action sequences; artillery-spotting scopes to observe the maneuvers while we made our notes; and enough tripods to hold all of the equipment steady. It really looked to me as if my first espionage mission in the U.S. was going to be a fine success.

But I was too optimistic. Golach and I had forgotten one simple piece of equipment which we would need most of all. As we drove along the trail the ground suddenly became wet and soft, and the car began to slip and swerve. Golach had trouble keeping it pointed straight ahead. Then, with a quick lurch, the rear wheels of our car slid off the trail and sank in a deep hole. We were stuck—and only three miles from where we had to get to do our work.

We tried everything we could think of to get out. Golach rocked the car back and forth while I grunted and pushed. I found a few sticks and tufts of grass and stuck them under the wheels, hoping they would provide some traction. But nothing worked. The sticks and grass spun into the mud and out again. Every time Golach tried to move, the wheels only sank deeper. I was very upset. It had never occurred to me in the great U.S., which was famous for its sixty million automobiles and thousands of miles of fabulous highways, that anyone ever got stuck. We stayed stuck for nearly four hours:

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We could see the planes coming in from the sea to simulate the bombing which was scheduled to precede the landing. We heard the whirring noise of helicopters as they scurried about with their loads of Marines. But everything was too far away for us to see it clearly. From where I stood, I could not have answered a single question in the cable from Warsaw. It was terribly embarrassing to think of confessing failure on my very first assignment.

I thought for a moment of carrying the equipment forward on foot. But it was heavy and would have taken us a long time to move. Also, I had spotted some fishermen casting their lines up the beach and I was afraid they might report us if they saw us lugging such strange gear around. My mind was working at full speed, but I could not think of any solution that made sense.

Finally, at about ten o'clock, a Negro family drove up in a truck, which bristled with fishing tackle. The people were very friendly, and in the back of their truck they had the very equipment I should have had—two shovels. While the father of the family and his oldest son dug us out, I walked out onto the beach and saw that the most important phase of the operation was over. The troops were already landing. We might as well have stayed home.

I gave the family a five-dollar bill for helping us, and Golach and I debated what to do next. He was eager to push on. But I knew we were too late to learn anything useful. It would be like eating dessert without having dinner. We drove back toward Wilmington and stopped to take a few pictures outside a Naval transport base. After a quick lunch we drove on to Moorehead City, another Marine staging area, made a short photographic reconnaissance of the Marine air station at Cherry Point and then headed east to Sandy Point where we crossed Albermarle Sound on a ferry and drove north toward Norfolk. The country was extremely picturesque. We found no radar stations or antiaircraft batteries along the way as Warsaw had hoped. But we did meet and talk with a number of people. This portion of the trip was a revelation to me. After years of dealing with the hostilities and suspicions of the Communist world, I was amazed to discover how friendly and outgoing the American people were. I had no trouble at all meeting and talking with them. All I had to do to make friends with them was to mention what a lovely town they lived in. And they did not seem to mind or notice my accent. I decided that in such a hospitable country as this my work might not be so difficult after all.

But I did not have time to test this hope further. I had to be back in Washington by November 7 to attend a party at the Russian embassy honoring the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Soviet Revolution. It was now November 5. I rented a motorboat in Norfolk and made a quick one-hour reconnaissance of the naval base there. Then Golach and I headed home. The first thing I did when I got to my office was to put in an order for three strong shovels.

3

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

The Christmas season is normally a lazy one in the espionage business. The work of the attaché's office in Washington slows to a crawl. The experts back in Warsaw, who are usually busy sending cables and asking questions, are on vacation. It is a time for rest before the New Year comes and the assignments start to flow again.

At the end of December, 1955, however, I was a busy man. A long cable came from Warsaw asking me to head for Florida on the most extensive expedition I had made yet in the U.S. I was ordered to take a good look at Cape Canaveral and Patrick Air Force Base; go further south to inspect the big naval installations at Key West—and also pick two good rendezvous points there where secret agents could meet in the future; reconnoiter Elgin Air Force Base in southern Florida, where the U.S. was carrying out an important research and development program; drive on to New Orleans to search for a Polish agent who had disappeared there a few years earlier; take a look at other military installations we would pass along the way; pick up the usual collection of hotel stationery and chamber of commerce literature wherever we stopped; keep eyes and ears open for possible recruits for a new network of agents; and photograph everything of any military interest in sight.

This was a big order even for Z-2, and I assumed immediately that at least part of it was Moscow's idea. I knew, for example, that Poland—which had no space or missile program—could not possibly have that much interest in Cape Canaveral or Patrick Air Force Base. But, as usual, my orders did not stipulate who had thought them up. And since a copy of my report would be forwarded to Moscow, as a matter of routine, anyway, it really made no difference.

It also made no difference to me who would be using the rendezvous points I was to look for in Key West. For all I knew I might be setting them up for other Polish intelligence agents, for members of the Polish U.B.—or secret police—who also work in the U.S. on special espionage assignments, or for agents working directly out of Moscow. I would never know. All I did know was that as a military attaché who had been trained in such work, it was my responsibility to find the spots and check them out.

Again I assigned Golach to go with me. This time, however—to make the journey seem more like the pleasure jaunt I told the Pentagon it would be—I decided to take my wife and son along, too. My wife knew the kind of work I was involved in—though I did not tell her all the details. And my son, who understood only

11 SPY IN THE U.S. —718— to on 13 x 25 Baskerville that we were going on some kind of reconnaissance, was looking forward to the trip so he could sit in the back seat of the car and help me watch for the FBI. He was beginning to develop a good instinct for this, and he was often right. Whenever he saw two or three rather beat-up cars following us—worn-out Fords or Chevrolets with no chrome on them—he would warn me, for this was the usual pattern. Whenever he noticed cars like this with two men in the front seat, I was more likely to sit up and pay attention. And if we suddenly stopped to check our tires or take a short rest—and the cars behind us stopped, too—then we *knew* we were under surveillance and would have to take some evasive action.

Golach came to the 2,100 Hotel early on the morning of January 5, and at 7:30 we started out. As we pulled away from the curb I looked back in the mirror and saw two cars falling into line behind us. Some of our friends had decided to spend the remainder of their holiday traveling with me through the South.

I drove across Memorial Bridge and headed south toward Richmond. A few minutes later my son reported that there were now three cars behind us. Our friends were gathering support. I was slightly annoyed that they would make such a fuss over a pleasant holiday trip, so I speeded up and started passing buses and trucks as fast as I could, to put the big vehicles between us. The traffic was heavy and the three cars fell back slowly until both Golach and my son said they were out of sight. I was just about to take advantage of this break and turn off onto a side road—which the FBI would not know we had taken—when I saw a policeman up ahead, flagging me down.

"You were speeding," the man said when I pulled to a stop. "Let me see your license." He wore the badge of a deputy sheriff.

"I'm sorry, Officer," I said, "but you see I am a new diplomat here. I did not mean to be speeding."

I had been warned not to try to use my immunity unless I had to. But I hoped the Virginia police had seen enough diplomats to understand.

"You'll have to prove that," the officer said. "Let me see your papers."

I reached for my wallet and handed them to him. He took his time looking them over. Then, even more slowly, he handed them back to me, one at a time.

"All right," he said, "you can go. But I'm warning you to be more careful on our roads. Just because I can't arrest you doesn't give you the right to speed."

I thanked him and started the engine. As I got back on the road I saw the three cars following us once more. I also saw the officer wave to them as they went past. I could only assume from this that the FBI had radioed ahead, when I got out of sight, and had asked for help. The officer had stepped in and delayed me just long enough to let them catch up. It was a sly trick, but a fair one. We pulled similar tricks on the American attachés in Poland all the time.

That night we stopped in Fayetteville, North Carolina, which is the nearest city to Fort Bragg, the home of the U.S. Army's famous 82nd Air-borne Division. We toured the stores that evening, buying samples of the shoulder patches and unit insignia which the paratroopers wear, and which I later sent back to Warsaw for our costume department to file away for future use. I also bought a copy of the local newspaper and discovered that it published a special section, once a week, featuring news from Fort Bragg. I was always on the lookout for newspapers like this for they are usually very efficient about reporting social news from the base, some of the military activities of the units stationed there and a running account of the promotions and transfers of the local officers.

There was a steady market for all of this news back in Warsaw—especially for the information about American officers. Z-2 keeps a tremendous filing system at its headquarters called the *Kartoteka Personalna*—or "Personnel Index." The file contains folders on every known U.S. officer from the rank of colonel or Navy captain on up. And each folder is a compilation of information on the officer's unit, his career, his personal habits and his wife and family. Any stray piece of news or gossip which goes into the file may help in evaluating an officer. And if the officer is later assigned a major command, Warsaw can make a fascinating evaluation of the unit simply from the insight it has into the man who is running it. But the file does not stop there. It also includes information on lower ranks—including waitresses and bartenders in officers' clubs, and cleaning women in officers' homes, who might someday have access to intelligence information. I decided to subscribe to the Fayetteville paper and add it to the thirty or forty other newspapers which we had delivered to us regularly back in Washington for the same purpose.

The next day, after an early breakfast, we left Fayetteville and drove farther south. We did not take the shortest route. I wanted to test the FBI a bit by leading it over some back roads and detours, to see how well it kept up with us. Our friends did very well and they pulled a trick or two on us. When we crossed the Savannah River from South Carolina I noticed three strange cars waiting for us at the city limits. The cars which had been following us during the day pulled out of line at this point and the new team—all Georgia boys, I assumed—took over. They were working on us in shifts now. In Savannah I looked up a memorial to the Polish general, Casimir Pulaski, who was killed while helping the colonies in the Revolutionary War. It was good to remember that the Poles had not always been enemies of America.

The next day we stopped in Jacksonville, Florida, long enough to let Golach call on the chamber of commerce and gather all the maps and literature it had to offer on local industries. None of this information was classified, and none of it, by itself, was extremely valuable. But pieced together back in Warsaw—or Moscow—along

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with a lot of similar material collected from other cities in the U.S., it helped to fill in a detailed mosaic about U.S. commerce, factory locations, railroad sidings and local economic factors which would have cost us a fortune to assemble in any other way. We did this work in our spare time.

From Jacksonville we took U.S. 1A along the coast to Cape Canaveral and arrived in the area about two hours before sundown. We could not enter the missile base. But I drove up to the perimeter to check on where the gates were, how many guards were posted at each gate, where the "No Trespassing" signs were located, what the restrictions seemed to be on entering the base, and *exactly* where the power lines and telephone wires ran, into and out of the installation. This kind of information would be most useful to a Communist sabotage team which just might want to put Cape Canaveral out of business someday.

The FBI stayed right behind us all the way, and so we were not tempted to take many pictures. But I did sneak a few through the window while Golach did the driving. At dusk we stopped working and headed for Cocoa Beach, a bustling little city crammed with missile engineers and motels which serves as a headquarters town for the Cape. We drove up to the first motel we saw and signed up for the last available rooms. There was just enough for Golach, my wife, my son and myself. Our friends had to go down the road and look for accommodations elsewhere.

The next morning we tried to take advantage of *this* separation to hit the road before dawn while our friends were still asleep. But I think we were outmaneuvered. When we went to the car to load up we discovered that two of our tires were flat. Since we had only one spare we had to wait until the nearest garage opened up at eight o'clock to repair them. We were on the road by nine—but so was the FBI.

A few minutes later, as we passed through Patrick Air Force Base, Golach drove while I manned the cameras and the notebook. Though Patrick is the housekeeping base for Cape Canaveral there is not much to see there. The public highway runs right through it, however, and we had orders to take a good look. While the traffic piled up behind us—Golach was driving very slowly—I took a few pictures of the headquarters building, the officers' club and some of the officers' homes along the road.

The picture-taking was easy, and there were no signs forbidding it. There were also no signs saying I could not keep notes. But this work was not so easy. We had standing instructions from Warsaw to answer a long list of questions about each military base we saw.

What highways lead to it? What kind of highways? Where are they divided? Where are they four-lane? Where do power lines enter and leave the base? Exactly where are the power stations? Where are the fences and gates around the base and how high are they? How many guards are on duty at each gate? How do they control the traffic in and out? What passes are needed to enter? What restaurants in the area are most frequented by the military? Where do the personnel live?

Again, the chief reason for all this curiosity was to prepare the way for infiltrators and saboteurs. We knew many of the answers already—we had them in our files. But security measures are changed quite frequently on most military bases, to keep the enemy guessing. And so I had to double check the smallest details to make sure we were absolutely up to date.

I kept all of my observations in a notebook and jotted down, in a running fashion, what I saw on the left side of the road, on the right side, straight ahead and directly behind me. I recorded all of this in a weird form of shorthand which no one but me—I hoped—would ever be able to understand. The American authorities knew very well that I was spying; but I was not supposed to prove it for them. The FBI could not complain so long as I just looked at the scenery. But if it caught me with a notebook which showed that I was taking pains to pinpoint power lines and guarded gates at one base after another, I could have gotten myself into serious trouble—and even, perhaps, been thrown out of the country. I kept my notes, therefore, in a code of my own which varied from place to place. In Florida, which is noted for its fruits and fish, I simply scribbled what appeared to be an eccentric tourist's diary of roadside sights. The word "cucumbers," for example, stood for Nike missiles; a guard was an "apple"; a camp was a "garden"; an air base was a "field"; a ship was a "shark"; a naval base was a "pool"; power lines were "vines"; Canaveral itself was "hawk."

Strung together in my notebook—which I never let out of my sight—an entry describing "3 small sharks in pool, 6 apples at north-east corner of garden, vines overhead 100 feet left of cucumber patch" would remind me of enough clues, back in the hotel, to help me write a fairly detailed report which I could flesh out with other facts I had kept in my head.

After Golach and I had committed Patrick Air Force Base to film and notes we drove on to Miami. The entire landscape, from Jacksonville south, was the most beautiful my family and I had ever seen. We halted several times to enjoy the giant palm trees, the date gardens and the tame fish at Marineland, near St. Augustine. And at each stop I noticed several familiar figures ambling along ahead of us and behind us. I was happy to see that our friends were enjoying their vacation, too.

At Miami Beach we took rooms at a motel on the beach and spent three days going for dips in the cold ocean, playing shuffleboard, spending too much of our money in the fancy shops and writing up our notes. On the third day we put on the steam and kept up a strenuous pace until almost midnight. It was a trick, and it worked. When Golach and I got up at four the next morning and tiptoed into the lobby, the clerk was asleep in his chair, and the familiar figure of a tall young man whom we had seen following us was

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 curled up on a couch, dead to the world. Neither of the men heard us leave, and before long Golach and I were speeding south over the long row of bridges which link the mainland of Florida with Key West. The sun looked beautiful, rising up out of the cold Atlantic. And it was reassuring to know, as we were about to go to work, that our friends were still either sleeping peacefully—or looking for us in vain.

Golach and I had breakfast in Key West. At about nine o'clock we rented an outboard motorboat and went for a quiet cruise by ourselves around the port, to photograph the colorful old forts, the U.S. Navy docks, the submarines and the warships.

Then we went looking for the two rendezvous points which Warsaw had asked me to find. We found both of them fairly quickly. One was a soda fountain located near the entrance of a ferry. The other one was a small café which we came across near the Key West Chamber of Commerce. We made sure that both places were open every day and we made a note of their business hours so the agents who would be using them could time their missions accordingly.

We also had to suggest the script of an innocent little playlet which the agents could safely act out in each place to make sure that they recognized each other and did not accost the wrong man.

After noticing that the regular clientele of the café seemed to regard it as something of a reading room, we suggested to Warsaw that Agent A should enter, take a small table near the door and spread out a copy of the *Miami Herald*. Then he was to take a copy of *Reader's Digest* out of his pocket, place this on top of the newspaper and proceed to read the magazine. Agent B, we suggested, should enter the café holding a copy of *Life* magazine and a small paperback book in his right hand. He was to go directly to the man at the table and greet him.

"Hello," Agent B was to say, "why didn't you wait for me at home? I tried to reach you there for more than an hour."

Agent A, who would recognize this little speech as his colleague's password, was to reply, "I'm sorry, John. I forgot you were going there." Warsaw would take the additional precaution of prescribing the clothing the men would wear, so there would be no chance of a dangerous slip-up in the unlikely event that two strangers decided to read their copies of *Reader's Digest* over the *Miami Herald* that day. As soon as these recognition signals were out of the way, the men would leave the café to transact their business.

I made a special point of describing the kind of customers who frequented the café. Most of them seemed to be local people in their working clothes. And most of them ordered sandwiches and coffee—or a bowl of soup and some crackers if it was cold outside. But there were also a few tourists among them—including some who had obviously come up from Cuba or somewhere else in Latin America. I suggested to Warsaw that it could send foreigners there, too—especially if they had Spanish accents. They would not look out of place. I worked out a similar routine, complete with prescribed dialogue and bits of business, for the soda fountain. Z-2 accepted both plans, but I do not know if either of them was ever actually used.

Golach and I had completed our work in Key West by mid-afternoon and we started back for Miami where Maria and my son were waiting for us. We were so pleased with our day's results, however, that we grew a bit of careless. We forgot to check our supply of gasoline, and about ten miles north of Key Largo we ground to a halt. It was almost an hour before we could persuade someone to stop and help us carry a can of gas from a filling station several miles away. As we started up again Golach looked back and saw that two cars were following us. The FBI had apparently guessed where we had been all day and had come out to look for us. But our friends were too late. Our work was done. When we returned to the hotel, Maria told me about her strange day. The maid had come into our room every half hour or so, on one pretext or another, and had kept asking Maria where her menfolk were and when they were expected back. Maria had said she did not know. And the telephone in the room had rung several times. Maria, knowing that it was the FBI checking up on us, had not bothered to answer.

The next morning, though we were a bit weary, we got up at five, hoping again to get away before our friends were ready. But once more we had a flat tire. I could not understand why our brand-new tires were so reluctant to travel early in the morning. I assumed that our friends might know something about this strange phenomenon, but as usual we were not speaking to each other. And, though I could easily have changed the tire myself and used the spare, I would still have had to stop somewhere and make repairs. I decided it was not worth the trouble, and we all went back inside for a short nap to wait for a garage to open. By the time it did, our friends were packed and ready to go.

We stopped for breakfast near an orange grove. While the FBI watched us from the side of the road, the four of us had great fun picking the first tree-fresh oranges we had ever eaten. That afternoon we stopped near Tampa to take a quick look at MacDill Air Force Base. We checked the security system, looked over the gates, watched some B-47 bombers take off and land and made notes on several cafés where the officers and enlisted men seemed to congregate. MacDill was not one of our primary objectives on the trip, and we did not learn much there. But I knew from experience that the southern part of the U.S. was not represented in our Z-2 files with nearly as much detail as we had on other sections of the country, and I felt that anything I could learn about MacDill would be gravy.

That night we checked into a motel in the vicinity of Hampton Springs, Florida. After dinner, still a bit annoyed about the flat tires, I decided to give the FBI a good workout. We parked our car near our rooms and went inside as if we were going to bed. Then we

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 dashed out and drove off down the driveway. Golach, who was driving, made a fast U-turn when he reached the road, doubling back in the opposite direction from which he had started, turned off onto a side street just across from the motel and switched off our light. It was a neat maneuver.

We watched from the shadows while the FBI cars took off after us. Fortunately, they had missed our reverse twist and they raced away in the wrong direction. As soon as they were out of sight we drove in leisurely fashion to a near-by town where we all had a brisk walk, bought a bag of oranges and shopped for post cards. An hour or so later, when we got back to the motel, the FBI men were standing around outside waiting for us. We walked past them without speaking and went to bed.

Our friends got even with us the next morning. We got up at dawn to try an early getaway, and our tires were sound. But someone had parked a car behind ours and locked it to block our escape. We called the manager and asked him to find the owner. A half hour later the owner showed up. He was an FBI man and, like the rest of our friends who came along behind him, he looked very pleased with himself and well rested.

We drove the five hundred miles to New Orleans in one day, slowing down only as we went past Eglin Air Force Base to make whatever notes and pictures we could from the public roads. Eglin, we discovered, is a huge, sprawling installation which has most of its secrets carefully hidden away in hangars, runways, testing grounds and bomb runs far from the main roads. I took about fifty photographs and made a few sketches from the car, but I reported to Warsaw that a complete report on Eglin would require a special trip. I did not know it then, but in due time we would return to Eglin for a better look—as the invited guests of the U.S. Air Force.

We stopped briefly in Pensacola for a quick lunch and to buy some maps and post cards showing the naval air station there. Late that night we pulled into New Orleans. We had no reservations, and the Roosevelt Hotel, where we had hoped to stay, was full. We drove around the city for nearly an hour, looking in the dark for a place to sleep. Finally I went to a telephone and called a few hotels. A clerk at the St. Charles said he had two rooms. But after I hung up I realized I did not know where the hotel was or even where I was. We started driving toward the center of the city, hoping we would run across it, but the hotel seemed to be well hidden. Once, as we stopped at a red light, I noticed that the car which had just pulled up alongside us was filled with some of our friends. They looked tired, too, and I was ready to stop playing games.

"Excuse me," I said, leaning out of the window and speaking to the nearest FBI man, "but can you gentlemen direct us to the St. Charles?" I knew he was a local agent because I had seen him join us when we entered the city.

"Sorry," the man said, shaking his head. He did not even look at me.

We finally found the hotel just a few blocks away, and soon we were in bed. We slept late the next morning. Then, after breakfast, I made an appointment to join my family for a late lunch and started out with Golach to solve the mystery which had brought us here.

A man who had once worked for Polish intelligence in Europe had settled down later in New Orleans to live. He was expected to maintain contact with Warsaw through dead drops and intermediaries, and to carry on with his espionage work in the U.S. But then he dropped out of sight. Warsaw did not know whether he was trying to hide out on us, or had simply lost touch. I was supposed to find him and help Warsaw get him back to work. We had an old New Orleans address for him and we had tried to locate him from Washington by searching through a copy of the New Orleans telephone directory. But he was not listed. It was possible, of course, that he had no phone.

It is not a simple matter to search in a strange city for a man one has never seen—especially if he is a trained agent who knows how to vanish if he wants to. It is even more difficult if one is being dogged at every step by the FBI. We roamed through the French quarter, trying to lose our friends in the narrow, twisting alleys. But they knew the turns better than we did and they stayed with us. Once we ran into a large department store by one door and out by another, hoping we could lose them in the crowd. But they still stayed with us.

Then I had an idea. Golach and I switched our pace and began to walk very slowly, as if we had given up the idea of trying to get away. We went back through the French quarter and took our time admiring the quaint old buildings. We stopped and looked into shop windows, and we sauntered through a park. This process took nearly an hour. Slowly, the FBI men relaxed and fell back a few yards. Then, when I could see that they had halted for a brief conference a couple of hundred feet behind us, Golach and I stopped at a corner and started talking. I pointed to something in a shop window. Golach, acting as if he just wanted to take a better look at whatever I had seen, stepped casually up to the window, then moved around the corner to glance at the display through another window. I kept right on talking to him. I talked and pointed and talked and pointed. And all the while, the FBI men stayed where they were, watching our conversation. They never guessed—until it was too late—that I was talking only to myself. As soon as Golach stepped around the corner he jumped into a taxi and got away.

Late that afternoon Golach returned to the hotel to make his report. He had tracked down the last local residence of the man we were looking for and had found an old woman there who had been his landlady. The man, she said, had left New Orleans in late 1953. She had no idea where he had gone. She had not heard from him. No mail had arrived. She knew of no friends of his who might

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 help us find him. And no one else in the house or the neighborhood
 could shed any light on where our man might be. It was a negative
 solution to our problem. But at least it was a definite answer which
 we could send to Warsaw. Our mission through the South was
 completed.

4

ON THE LOOSE IN NEW YORK

The Mecca of all Communist intelligence agents in the U.S. is New York City. During my mission to America I made some forty trips to New York—more than I made to all other cities combined—and I did some of my best work there.

The sprawling metropolis, with its bustling traffic, crowded meeting places and throngs of United Nations delegates and other foreigners all speaking in strange accents, is an ideal stamping ground for a foreign agent. The city and its suburbs overflow with parks, scenic drives, movie theaters, small restaurants and dingy subway stations where spies and their stand-ins can meet or leave messages with little fear of being noticed. A foreign courier, coming in to supply an agent with money or to pick up a packet of microfilm or secret documents, can arrive—if he is careful—at any of the city's airports and railroad or bus stations, make a quick trip to his rendezvous by cab and get away again before anyone knows he is in the area.

This does not mean that I always found it easy to work in New York. I always had to report my trips there in advance to the Pentagon. And on nearly every trip the FBI and I ran a close race to see if I got my work done or not. My opponents often won, and I had to return to Washington empty-handed. When I won, it was invariably the result of split-second timing, some desperately close calls and a lot of luck.

In the summer of 1957 I received urgent orders from Warsaw to pick up some very valuable microfilm in New York from a gentleman I had never seen, then forward it to Warsaw as quickly as possible. I did not even know the man's name, and I did not know what kind of mission he had been on.

I was only the intermediary and these facts were none of my business. It is standard procedure in espionage work that no agent—no matter what his rank—is ever told anything more about a mission than what he absolutely must know to carry it out. This procedure is scrupulously followed to protect the other agents in the apparatus—and the mission itself—in the event one of the agents defects or is caught in the act.

Warsaw did send me a full description of the man I was supposed to meet, and it provided both of us with a plan which told us exactly where, when and how we were to come together, and what we were to say to each other. We were ordered to rendezvous at the Manhattan entrance to the ferry which plies back and forth across New York harbor between lower Manhattan and Staten Island. We were to meet there at precisely 2:45 on a certain Thursday afternoon.

The stranger, I was told, would be smoking a large black pipe and carrying a pair of green-colored glasses in his right hand. Under his left arm he would hold the latest copy of *Sports Illustrated*. To make sure he recognized me, I was to carry a brown felt hat in my left hand, along with a rolled-up copy of *Newsweek*, and clutch a brown unlighted pipe between my teeth.

As soon as we were sure of each other's identity, we were to approach one another. And, according to the script which Warsaw had made up, I was to speak first.

"Pardon me," I was to say, "but do you know when the next boat leaves?"

"No," the stranger was to answer, "but I can find out for you."

"Please don't trouble yourself," I was to say next. The words "trouble yourself" were my part of the password which would confirm our identity.

The stranger was then supposed to say, "It will be a pleasure." The word "pleasure" was his password. If, by some fantastic coincidence, I met a man at the ferry at 2:45 with a black pipe, green glasses and a copy of *Sports Illustrated* who did not follow this procedure exactly, I was to beg his pardon and walk away quickly.

If all went well, however, and we were sure of each other, the stranger and I were to board the ferry boat separately and meet on the top deck after it got under way. Though I do not smoke, I was instructed to have a packet of tobacco and a small box of kitchen matches in my pocket to complete my pipe-smoking equipment.

"At the most convenient moment," the instructions read, "you will exchange matchboxes and in his box you will find the material."

That was the plan. Warsaw left it up to me—and to the stranger—to get to the ferry landing without being followed. If he did not show up on Thursday, we were to try again at the same time and place on the following day. If he failed to arrive then, we had an alternate plan to meet at another spot a few weeks later. If I could not keep the appointment, the stranger would follow the same instructions. No detail was left to chance.

I decided to go to New York the day before the rendezvous—on a Wednesday—in order to give myself plenty of time to lose the FBI and get set. I told the Pentagon that I was going there on a pleasure trip, and I left my apartment at seven in the morning for Union Station to catch an eight-o'clock train. The FBI had men waiting to see me off, and as I climbed aboard the train I saw two of them nod to each other and follow me onto the same car.

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I had breakfast in the diner and began to make my plans. I decided, first of all, that I would try to be the first passenger off the train when it stopped at Pennsylvania Station in New York. That way, I would be able to spot the New York FBI men who would be waiting for me on the platform and identify them before they got lost in the crowd. I went back to my seat and read until the train entered the tunnel which took it under the Hudson River from New Jersey and into Penn Station. Then, before anyone else could get ahead of me in the aisle, I walked to the door of the car and waited while we pulled in. The FBI men who had come along from Washington—to keep an eye on me in case I met my contact on the train or got off en route—followed close behind me. But I had the advantage of knowing what I was about to do. Before the train could come to a stop, and while it was still inching past the porters, stairways and escalators, I jumped off with my small overnight bag and dashed for the nearest escalator. I brushed past four men who were undoubtedly members of my reception committee. But before they could realize I was their quarry, I ran up the escalator and ducked into a small snack bar on the upper level. I hoped to hide there while the FBI men went racing on into the main waiting room or to the taxi stand. But I was unlucky. The snack bar was almost empty, and there were not enough customers to hide behind. I could see out of the corner of my eye that several of my pursuers did go past; but the last man in the chase happened to glance inside and he saw me.

There was nothing for me to do now but relax and take my time. I ordered a cup of coffee and drank it slowly while Mr. Hoover's men regrouped outside and waited for me. Then, with my bag in hand, I walked past them and took a cab to the Plaza Hotel. My friends followed me in two other cabs.

I had never stayed at the Plaza. It is a luxurious hotel, full of elegant dining rooms, marble pillars, display cases full of expensive jewelry in the lobby and a well-dressed clientele which I had judged, from previous reconnaissance trips, to be most distinguished. I hoped these guests did not mind having a Communist in their midst.

Since I was playing each move by ear, I had not made a reservation. But I was able to get a room, and I checked in under my own name. Then, while six or seven of my friends followed me around like a gang of bodyguards, I went on a leisurely tour of the hotel to refresh my memory. There was a large dining room at the front of the hotel, glowing with candlelight and accessible through two entrances—one off the lobby, and the other leading into a foyer off a fancy, high-ceilinged café in the center of the hotel known as the Palm Court. An elegantly paneled dining room in the rear of the hotel adjoined a large, rather plush bar and a hallway which led both into the lobby and to a side door on West 50th Street. The hotel itself had entrances on three sides—a formal front entrance off the small, setate plaza on Fifth Avenue, and side entrances on both West 58th and West 50th Streets. I noticed a movie theater opposite the 58th Street entrance, and I decided it might make a handy place to run to and hide. The basement of the hotel contained an elaborate washroom for male guests and an interior entrance to a fashionable supper club which was also accessible from the street. Two banks of elevators serviced the upper floors—one from the main lobby near 50th Street and another leading past the banquet rooms and dinner suites on the 58th Street side. All in all, the Plaza seemed very promising. There were plenty of revolving doors to run in and out of, and a number of big rooms in which to maneuver.

After my tour of the hotel I went for a leisurely walk and stopped at a drugstore for lunch. After that I walked some more and did some shopping. Then I climbed onto a sightseeing bus for a three-hour trip around Manhattan. That evening I had a good dinner, took in a play and went to bed fairly early. I wanted to appear as nonchalant as possible so my friends would relax and give me a chance to move. They followed me everywhere. But I hoped, as I turned in, that they now felt I was in New York only for a good time.

The next morning, assuming that the FBI would be waiting for me in the main lobby, I went to the elevators on the 58th Street side, rode down to the street floor and quickly walked out the side entrance. But my keepers had outguessed me. When I reached the street I saw that two of them were following me and that a third man had gone back to summon the rest. Once again I started walking casually and aimlessly, stopping at shop windows along 57th Street to gaze at everything from Steinway pianos and ladies' furs to a basket of fresh, white eggs in the window of a "Hamburger Heaven." The FBI men stayed about two hundred feet behind me now, instead of right on my heels. But they looked at me with suspicion and they seemed as alert as ever. I knew I would have to act fast in order to lose them. Then I saw my chance.

I came to a large office building on Sixth Avenue where I saw a bank of elevators a few yards away in the lobby. One elevator was filling up with people going to work, and I could see that the starter was about to let it go. I ran through the door and squeezed into the elevator just in time. The operator closed the door and up we went. I got off at the first stop, found the stairway and walked up three flights. Then I went down a long hallway to another bank of elevators at the far end of the building, which I knew would take me back to ground level an entire block from where I had started. I took the first elevator going down to the street, jumped into a cab and went back to the Plaza—leaving my friends looking for me inside the building.

Just as I had hoped, there were no FBI men left at the hotel. They had all gone out on the hunt. I went up to my room to get my bag and quickly checked out. I was taking a risk, of course. If the FBI had left a man behind to watch the hotel I would have had to

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 start getting lost all over again. But I decided I would be taking a far greater risk if I did *not* check out. I had to be prepared to stay overnight in New York if the stranger and I did not meet according to schedule. But I did not want to stay at the Plaza now that my friends had lost me. I was afraid, however, that if I did not get my bag out of the hotel and make a clean break with the Plaza, the FBI could make it tough for me. The Plaza is a fine hotel with famous guests. And I could imagine what the FBI would be able to do with that bit of leverage. It could notify the police and the press that a Polish diplomat had disappeared at the Plaza under mysterious circumstances, that his luggage was still there and that the U.S. State Department feared he had met with foul play. The newspapers would be asked to carry my picture, and the radio and television stations would be asked to broadcast my description—so the public could help look for me—and I would never be able to work secretly in New York again. The FBI would know all along, of course, that I was only hiding out. But that would not stop my friends from *pretending* that they were worried about me. The Plaza's name in the story would help spread it.

After I checked out of the Plaza, I walked for several blocks with my bag—so the doorman at the hotel would not be able to tell the FBI where I had gone. Then I hailed a cruising cab and went to Grand Central Station. I put my bag in a locker near the subway entrance and went to a movie to keep out of sight.

At 1:30 I boarded a Seventh Avenue subway train and arrived at the South Ferry station at 2:35, just ten minutes before my deadline. I bought a copy of *Newsweek*, put it and my brown felt hat in my left hand, stuck a pipe in my mouth and went to a spot near the ferry entrance to watch for the stranger.

The minutes went by slowly. At 2:44 there was no sign of anyone with a black pipe, green glasses or a copy of *Sports Illustrated*. I waited for about five minutes, then I went back to the subway. I did not dare wait longer. Punctuality is a prime rule in espionage work and if one party to a rendezvous does not appear on time, the second party must take it for granted that his colleague is in trouble and must leave the area immediately to avoid being picked up himself.

I never liked to get involved in missions with someone I did not know or had never seen before. And when he was late showing up, I always assumed the worst: that the FBI had apprehended the man and had persuaded him to go through with his act until he had fingered his accomplice—who was me. It is not unusual, however, for a secret rendezvous—even between two experienced comrades—to fail on the first attempt. So I was calm as I rode back to Grand Central to collect my bag and checked into the Hotel Roosevelt across the street.

As I registered I wrote the initial R instead of P for my first name and scribbled "Monat" so it looked more like "Donat." I hoped that this slight change in my name would be enough to throw off the FBI if it checked the registry, but not enough to get me into trouble with the State Department if I was found out. Going under an assumed name is not one of the accepted rules of diplomacy. But in this case I could always plead bad penmanship.

The next morning I had breakfast in my room and then went for a walk to see if anyone followed me. No one did. I was still in the clear. I went to a double feature to *stay out of sight*. Then, after a hasty lunch, I went back to the ferry by subway. Precisely at 2:45, I saw the man I was looking for. The clues were all there—the physical appearance, the pipe, the magazine. I had been calm until now. But when I saw that the stranger had spotted me and was coming my way I shivered slightly from excitement. I knew that I was not being followed. But was he so positive, I wondered, that *he* was in the clear?

I quickly took hold of myself, however. I knew that if I acted frightened I would upset my colleague and perhaps spoil the entire mission. It was my responsibility as a representative of headquarters to give *him* confidence. I took a deep breath and walked up to him.

"Pardon me," I said, "but do you know when the next boat leaves?"

"No, I don't" he said, "but I can find out."

He was a good actor and he started to walk in the direction of the ticket office.

"Please don't trouble yourself," I said.

"It will be a pleasure," the stranger answered, and he started once more toward the ferry.

"Do let me go," I said. "I have to buy a paper anyway."

This was a line I made up on the spot to cover a small discrepancy in the script. Warsaw had intended all along that I should go check the timetables. But the playwrights at Z-2 had neglected to feed me a line to cover this bit of action. There was no reason for the discrepancy except that Warsaw was writing plays for a very limited audience and not for dramatic criticism.

The stranger smiled at my *ad-lib*, and when I returned to him a minute later I told him the next ferry would be loading in five minutes. He thanked me, and we parted. When the boat came in from Staten Island we waited until it was almost loaded, and then we went aboard in the last group of pedestrians. As the ferry moved out, and the tourists on board went to the railing to watch for the Statue of Liberty, I climbed the stairway to the top deck and stood alone in the wind. The stranger came around a corner and walked up to me.

"Excuse me," he said, "but have you a match? My pipe is out."

This was the moment. I fished my box of matches out of a pocket and handed it to him. The stranger thanked me, took a match from the box and struck it against the strip of sandpaper. He turned away from me to avoid the wind as he put the flame to his tobacco. Then, very casually, as if he had completely forgotten about me, he

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 slipped my box of matches into his pocket and started to walk away.
 Then he turned back toward me with an embarrassed smile.
 "I am so sorry," he said, "I forgot to return your matches."
 He stuck his hand into his pocket and handed me a matchbox.
 "These are yours," he said, with a faint sigh of relief.
 Then he turned away once more and disappeared down the near-
 est stairway. I did not see him again.

The box the stranger handed me was not the one I had lent him.
 But it held the prize I had come for. Tucked under the top two
 rows of matches were several tiny strips of microfilm, carefully
 wrapped and sealed. I did not know what secrets they contained. I
 still do not. I got off the ferry at Staten Island and walked for a
 few minutes to give my comrade a chance to put distance between
 us. Then I got aboard the next boat, sailed back to Manhattan and
 took an afternoon train to Washington. I went straight to my office
 from Union Station and placed the small box in my safe. A few days
 later, when one of our diplomatic couriers came from Warsaw, we
 put the box—along with other secret materials—into a locked,
 sealed and waterproof pouch which the courier took to Warsaw
 with him on the next flight.

Not long after this mission was completed, another courier
 brought still another pouch from Warsaw to Washington. In it was
 a bulky envelope which was marked, in large red letters, *Scille*
Tajne, which is Polish for "Top Secret." Beneath these words was
 another warning—*Tylko do ręk własnych*, or "For addressee only."
 I was the addressee.

Inside the envelope I found a long, coded letter of instructions, a
 sealed packet containing eight thousand dollars in good American
 currency and the photograph of a middle-aged man I had not seen
 before. He wore glasses, a hat and a European-style raincoat. Accord-
 ing to the instructions, which I decoded myself, I was to meet this
 man in New York on a date Warsaw would give me later. The
 stranger would hand me a secret report which headquarters wanted
 me to forward to Warsaw. I was to turn over to him the eight
 thousand dollars to pay him for his work.

A note at the end of the instructions ordered me to return the
 photograph to Warsaw as soon as I had studied it, to destroy the
 letter as soon as I had memorized its contents, and to change the
 U.S. currency into new bills of different denominations so my pay-
 ment to the stranger could not be traced to Warsaw.

I obeyed the last part of my orders to the letter. I had various
 assistants make several trips to different banks to change the cur-
 rency in small batches so that we would not arouse suspicion. But
 the letter of instructions was so crammed with precise details that
 I wrote the gist of it down in a special notebook which I kept locked
 in my office safe. Before I returned the photograph I had a copy
 made of it which I also hid away. In these two instances I broke
 the rules. For I had standing orders never to keep any material in
 the office—even in the safe—which might be used against me as evi-
 dence that I was engaged in espionage. Warsaw was afraid the FBI
 might try to burglarize our office and get its hands on this material
 —or that one of our own people might become careless and leave it
 lying around where it could be found. But I was quite sure my staff
 was not that clumsy, and I did not feel there was any real danger
 of a burglary. The U.S. would break into my office, I felt, only in
 the unlikely event that a war was imminent, or when it was ready
 and willing to have its own embassy in Warsaw raided in reprisal.

Whoever drew up the plans for my eight-thousand-dollar rendez-
 vous did his work well. No details were left to my imagination. The
 meeting would take place sometime in late autumn, the letter said,
 and I was to wear a gray overcoat. The stranger would be dressed
 just as he was in the photograph. The other clues were equally
 meticulous. To make certain that we identified each other quickly,
 I was to carry a copy of *The New Yorker* magazine under my left
 arm and have an umbrella slung over my left wrist. Even if it
 was raining at the time of the meeting, I was to keep the umbrella
 furled as I approached the rendezvous. In my right hand I was to
 carry a shopping bag from Saks Fifth Avenue.

The stranger, in addition to wearing the hat, glasses and trench
 coat I had seen in the photograph, would carry a white handkerchief
 in his left hand. We were to meet one evening at seven sharp under
 the marquee of the Guild Theater, a small movie house which spe-
 cializes in foreign films and is located on West 40th Street, opposite
 the RCA building and kitty-corner from the Rockefeller Center
 Plaza. When we both got under the marquee, we were to stop and
 peer at the posters advertising the movie. I was to look at the
 stranger and strike up a conversation.

"I hear this is a very good movie," the first line in the script read.

"Oh," the stranger would answer, "I imagine there are better
 ones."

The words "better ones" were his password. My answer was to be,
 "Maybe so, but I hear this is a good show." "Good show" was my
 password.

We were then to buy tickets separately and enter the theater. We
 were to sit next to each other in the least crowded section. And
 there, in the darkened theater, he was to hand me the material for
 Warsaw, and I was to give him his money.

That was the plot. Once more, it was up to me to shake off the
 FBI and get to the rendezvous at the appointed time. In case I
 failed we were given an alternate plan to carry out a week later.
 But Z-2 made it clear that the mission had a high priority and that
 I was to do everything possible to bring it off on the first attempt.

I heard nothing more about the mission for several weeks and I
 almost forgot about it. Then, one Saturday evening when I was
 home reading and enjoying the unusual fact that there were no
 boring diplomatic receptions to attend that night, the code clerk
 called from the embassy to let me know that he had something
 urgent for me. When I arrived at the embassy the clerk was waiting
 for me downstairs with the message.

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 "It's a *Byskawica*," he said.

Byskawica is the Polish word for "lightning bolt," which is the vernacular among Polish attachés and code clerks for "top priority message."

I knew this meant trouble. Warsaw would not be bothering me with a *Byskawica* just to inform me that I had been promoted or that I could take the weekend off. The message was a long one—about a thousand symbols—and I sighed as I drove back to my office to decode it. It looked as if my quiet weekend was over before it had started.

The message was a lightning bolt, all right. I was to meet the stranger in New York on the following Tuesday—just three days away. The rest of the message repeated the same instructions I had received by letter and had jotted down in my notebook. Warsaw assumed I had destroyed my orders and it was taking no chances that I had forgotten any of the details. It took me two hours to finish decoding the cable, and I worked very carefully to make sure it did not include last-minute changes. Then I sent a short coded cable to Warsaw "Roger" for the message and advising my superiors that I would leave for New York on Monday.

This presented a problem. The Pentagon expected notice of our travel plans at least twenty-four hours in advance. But the Pentagon was closed now until Monday morning. I decided to tell the authorities, the first thing on Monday, that I had to leave for New York that afternoon "on urgent personal business." I knew that this would arouse the FBI's suspicions, but I had to take that chance.

I spent most of Sunday making my plans and trying to think of some new way to go to work in New York without being harassed by my friends. I called in two assistants who had recently been there and asked them for their ideas. One of them, Major Edmund Baranowski, suggested that I stay at the Hotel Dixie, a commercial establishment on 42nd Street which is surrounded by souvenir shops, record stores, pizza-pie joints and second-run movie houses. I had seen the hotel, but I had never stayed there.

"It's in the middle of the block between Seventh and Eighth Avenues," Baranowski reminded me. "It's a narrow building with a small lobby. But it has entrances on both 42nd and 43rd Streets, so you can walk through it from one block to the other. There are a few bars and dining rooms off the lobby where you could duck in and hide. And there must be at least four different subway entrances within half a block of the place where you could make a getaway."

My other assistant, Lieutenant Colonel Czeslaw Tanana, was not so sure the Dixie was a good idea. "I wouldn't recommend it," he said. "It does have two entrances, but that might be a liability. They could bottle you up there very easily."

Tanana had a point, but I decided to agree with Baranowski. It might not be so simple to avoid the FBI at the Dixie. But this might work to my advantage. If my friends saw that I could not run away from them, they might relax a little and decide that I had chosen this place because I had come to New York to have some fun. It was worth trying.

By the time I got to the Dixie, however, I found out that my theory was wrong. The FBI followed me all the way from Washington on the Congressional Limited; it followed me to the hotel when I checked in; it followed me when I went out for supper; it followed me to Radio City Music Hall where I took in a show; and it followed me back to the hotel. The only thing it did not do was follow me to bed. Apparently my last-minute decision to come to New York had my friends worried. They did not seem to think I had gone to all this trouble just to settle down on a street full of tawdry amusements.

The next morning, at about 8:30, I left the hotel and went for a long walk. I carried the eight thousand dollars in a secret pocket I had sewn into my trousers. But walking around New York with so much money on me—even with an FBI escort—was not pleasant. I had breakfast at a drugstore, and through the window I could see five of my friends posted on the street outside. I knew them all by sight because they had followed me out of the Dixie that morning and had been on my trail ever since. The reason I had gone for the walk was to sort them out.

As I paid for my breakfast I had an idea. I went straight to the nearest subway and bought a handful of tokens. My plan was to take a hectic ride all over town—running up and down the platforms, jumping on and off trains, changing directions in the middle of a ride—and try to lose my posse in the process, one at a time. When the first train came by I waited on the platform until the last minute, and then jumped aboard just as the doors were closing. But my friends were nimble, too. They all made it and stood a few feet away from me, dangling from their straps, as the train pulled out.

I stared at the subway map on the wall of the car for a few minutes, trying to appear unconcerned. Then, when we stopped at a small local station, I tried the same trick again and jumped off just before the train started up. Once more, all five men went with me. They were really very agile. When the next train stopped I dashed aboard a car through one door and ran out through another door back to the platform. I got one this time. Only four men made it to the platform. The fifth man was safely on his way to the next stop—and out of the game. It was one down and four to go.

But that was as far as the game went. The four men who were still playing were much too alert now, and very clever. I kept switching cars and changing my mind about where I was going. But my friends stayed with me every step of the way. I finally decided that I was wasting time and energy and got off at a station near Times Square to start walking again. I had no idea where to go from there or what to try next. I was exhausted and completely fed up, but I

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 was also desperate. I had to complete the mission, which was now only about five hours away. But first I had to shake the FBI. And the FBI was not shaking.

Then I remembered a tremendously complex spot in the neighborhood which I had reconnoitered once before but had never tried to use. This was the short, narrow skyscraper on 42nd Street between Broadway and Seventh Avenue which once housed the offices of the *New York Times* and was still known as the "Times Tower."

The building, which is famous among tourists for the news headlines which flow around it at night on an electric sign, is also a great place for playing hide-and-seek. On one side of the building is a subway entrance which leads down into a basement arcade which is a maze of bypaths including a subway stop, a shoeshine stand, a barbershop, a store specializing in foreign periodicals, a large underground room full of telephone booths and an interior stairway which ascends into the lobby of the building. This—in turn—branches off into a bank of elevators, a cigar stand, an entrance leading out onto the street on the *other* side of the building, a door leading into an advertising and subscription office of the *Times*, and still another door which leads into a small Walgreen drugstore that has its *own* separate entrance on 42nd Street. If I could not lose four men in a place like this, I thought, I might as well give up. This was my best and possibly my last chance to get rid of eight thousand dollars.

With the FBI men still following me, I started across 42nd Street on a red light, dodging buses and taxis and hoping that my friends would get caught in the noisy traffic jam that I started. They did, and this gave me a few seconds' head start to run down into the arcade. I decided not to try hiding in the *Times* basement. By splitting up, four men could have found me there fairly quickly—or at least sealed off my escape. Instead, I ran up the interior stairway into the *Times* lobby and ducked into the Walgreen drugstore.

Then I pulled a switch on my usual routine. Often, when I was being chased, I would run into a store or restaurant by one entrance and then out again by another one, hoping the men who were chasing me would get lost in the crowd. I rarely tried to hide *inside* a place for fear of getting trapped and losing precious time. But I knew that the FBI was aware of this habit, and I decided to see if they remembered it. Instead of running out of Walgreen's and trying to make a getaway on 42nd Street, I ducked down behind a small counter in the store and stayed put. I could hear several pairs of feet running through the store. And once, as the footsteps stopped in the middle of the room, I had the feeling that at least two pairs of eyes were searching for me with great care. Then I heard the feet thump on through the door and into the street.

I stayed crouched behind the counter for several minutes to make sure the FBI was satisfied I was not in the store. A clerk spotted me and came over to ask if I was looking for anything special. I shook my head and started to inspect the stock on the lower shelves. It consisted of a big supply of cold medicines—nose drops, inhalers, antihistamine tablets and other remedies. I felt fine and I did not even have the sniffles, but I slowly picked up several of the boxes and carefully inspected the fine print on the labels. The clerk kept his eye on me, and I could tell by the look on his face that he thought I was about to stuff the medicine into my pocket and walk out. As soon as I thought it was safe to stand up, I picked out one box of vitamin pills and took it to the clerk.

"I'm a very difficult person to satisfy," I said, "but I guess these will do."

I paid for the medicine and put it in my pocket. Then I went back into the *Times* lobby and stood inside the street entrance until a bus stopped at the curb outside. I ran across the sidewalk and jumped aboard. I got off again two blocks away—in case the FBI had seen me get on—changed to a cab and told the driver to take me to Fifth Avenue and 110th Street, seventy blocks away. The ride took about fifteen minutes, and I looked back all the way to see if a cab or car was following us. When we went through a yellow traffic light somewhere in the seventies and there were no vehicles behind us but a Fifth Avenue bus and a chauffeured limousine, I knew I was in the clear.

I walked through Central Park for about an hour. Then I took a subway to Brooklyn, had a late lunch and rode the subway again until it was time to get ready for the meeting. At five o'clock I got a cab and went to Saks Fifth Avenue, where I bought an umbrella and a shirt. I asked the clerk to give me a shopping bag for the shirt. Then I went to a newsstand to buy a copy of *The New Yorker*. At 6:20 I went into the washroom of a bar to remove the packet of money from inside my trousers and place it in the shopping bag, where I could get at it quickly. At 6:35 I started for Rockefeller Center and at 6:50 I was watching the skaters glide around on the sunken rink beneath the gilded statue of Prometheus in the plaza. At 6:59 I walked across the street with my shopping bag, magazine and dangling umbrella all in place.

Precisely at seven I stood in front of the Guild Theater. There were only a few people passing by—the time had been chosen so that people would be at dinner and not on the streets. I waited under the marquee and looked up and not on the sidewalk. The stranger was nowhere in sight, but I decided to stay for two more minutes and turned to look at the posters near the box office. At 7:01 I looked once more in the direction of Sixth Avenue. I saw a man in a hat, glasses and trench coat approaching from about a half block away. Even from that distance I could see something white in his hand. It was a handkerchief. This was my man.

I turned again to look at the posters. When the stranger got under the marquee, he stopped beside me and looked at them, too. "I hear this is a very good movie," I said, turning to glance at him.

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 "Oh," he said, smiling—but not looking at me—"I imagine there are better ones."

I looked at the posters again and shrugged my shoulders. "Maybe so," I said, "but I hear this *is* a good show."

Then I went to the cashier, bought a ticket and walked through the turnstile into the dark lobby. The stranger followed me a moment later and pointed toward the other side of the theater, which was almost empty. I followed him, and he motioned me into a back row ahead of him and sat down in the aisle seat beside me. We both looked at the screen, but I watched out of the corner of my eye as he fastened the button on a pocket of his raincoat and fished out a package about the size of a small book. He handed it to me and I stuck it into my shopping bag—which I had placed on the floor between my feet. I pulled the packet of money from the bag and held it out for him to take.

We both watched the film in silence for another five or ten minutes. Then, without saying a word, the stranger got up and left. A few minutes later, when he had had time to get a few blocks away, I left too. This was one movie I did not have to sit through just to kill time.

Not all of my trips to New York were quite so adventurous. One of my many duties was to act as a purchasing agent for the Polish government. The purchases I made, however, were illegal. The U.S. government had drawn up a long list of items—ranging from scarce metals and radioactive ores to sensitive electronic equipment—which could not be sold, according to the law, to anyone who might try to export them to an Iron Curtain country. The purpose of the law was to prevent the Communist bloc from getting its hands on equipment which might be used to wage war. My job, as a military attaché, was to find ways to get around this legal barrier and buy a few samples of forbidden goods for Poland. Once a year Warsaw sent me a complete list of the material it wanted. My annual budget for this activity alone amounted to about forty thousand dollars, much of which went to buy electronics equipment. The material we bought ranged from simple fuses, worth only a few cents each, to special tubes for radar sets which sold for a thousand dollars or more. Since New York is an important shopping center for electronics equipment, we did most of our business there, concentrating our buying among the wholesale houses in lower Manhattan which specialize in such technical commodities.

I usually divided the work between two or three of my assistants, and spread the buying out over a period of several months to avoid arousing suspicion. My assistants usually made their purchases in person, using fictitious names and listing the hotels where they happened to be staying as their addresses. They were very careful to cover their tracks. For, after all, our most important work was espionage. We could not afford to compromise our major mission by getting caught in an illegal business transaction which could get us kicked out of the country.

Quite often, when my assistants were busy with other work, I went to New York to handle one of the deals myself. Once I took on the job of digging up a number of radar tubes which would be used to train Polish antiaircraft crews to track enemy planes. Warsaw decided it did not need brand-new tubes for this purpose, and Z-z asked me to find some good used tubes and try to get them at a bargain price. I found a place which was willing to sell me ten renovated radar tubes at a saving of about four hundred dollars per tube, and Warsaw told me to go ahead and buy them. I went into the deal against my better judgment, for I knew that we would not be able to test the used tubes and that it would be difficult to return them if they proved faulty.

I explained to the salesman that I was a German engineer working in the U.S. And, in my best German accent—which was not too good—I explained that I needed the tubes to help develop a new landing system for commercial aircraft. The salesman seemed slightly suspicious.

"I can get into a lot of trouble if you are not telling me the truth," he warned me, "and so can you."

I crossed my heart and assured him that I had no intention of getting either him or myself into trouble.

"How could I do anything illegal with old radar tubes here in New York?" I asked him.

The salesman shrugged and sold me the tubes. I paid cash for them and took them with me. When I got back to Washington I stuck them in a special diplomatic pouch—so that no U.S. official would see them leaving the country—and shipped them to Warsaw. A few weeks later I got a coded letter complaining that five of the tubes were defective and asking me to exchange them. It took me two months and a lot of patient correspondence to talk Warsaw out of that idea. I suggested that a batch of tubes worth twenty-five hundred dollars was hardly worth jeopardizing the safety of our operation and that we ought to take the loss and forget about it. Reluctantly, Warsaw agreed.

One reason I did not want to go to any more trouble over the tubes was that I had taken a fairly big risk getting my hands on them in the first place. When I went to New York to set up the deal I had the FBI on my trail all the way to Penn Station. I tried the calm, cool approach at first. I moseyed through the basement concourse of the station as if I had nothing particular on my mind. I strolled slowly past the newsstands, the snack bars and the subway station, and finally I reached a long, white-tiled tunnel which leads to an elevator connecting the concourse with the Statler Hotel across the street. As I neared the elevator I saw a hotel porter getting out of it with a pile of luggage. I jumped aboard as the operator was about to close the door. The FBI got left behind, and when I reached the lobby I ran through it into the street, where I ducked down a subway entrance and got into a train headed for Times

22 SPY IN THE U.S. -748- 10 on 13 x 25 Baskerville Square. A few minutes later I checked in at the Times Square Hotel, at Eighth Avenue and 43rd Street, and sat down to catch my breath. I was very happy to be free so early in the game.

I had had nothing to eat on the train, so I went for a short walk and stopped at a Nedick's lunch counter to order a hot dog and a glass of orange juice. I was standing at the counter with my back to the tables when I suddenly sensed that someone was watching me. I turned around slowly and saw that right behind me, his hand around a cup of coffee, was one of the FBI men I had just managed to escape from at Penn Station. It was pure coincidence. The poor man had stopped to rest for a moment while he was searching the town for me. And here I was. I dropped my hot dog on the counter and walked out of the place as fast as I could. The FBI man put down his coffee and followed me as fast as he could.

It was a draw, however. I walked for about an hour and tried everything—racing in and out of crowded stores and restaurants, ducking into subways, sampling various men's rooms—but nothing worked. At some point along the way—I suppose my friend passed the word through a policeman—other FBI men joined the parade. I had no idea what to do now or where to turn.

Then I happened to pass Macy's. The interior system of communication in this big department store is excellent. Banks of elevators take the customers up and down, from lingerie to rugs to men's furnishings to toys. And a fine set of escalators rolls people along from floor to floor in an unending stream. We gave the whole system a marvelous workout that day.

I started out by riding the elevators. I would dart into one just as it was filling up. Then, when the FBI men had squeezed on with me, I would jump off again murmuring, "Sorry, a mistake," to the operator. But FBI men have good elbows, and they stayed with me. Whenever I even went close to an elevator, they scurried up to surround me to make sure they got to go wherever I was going.

So I switched to the escalators. I went up one floor, then turned around and came back down. Then I went up two floors and came down three. On each trip I tried to lose my friends in the crowd of women pushing and tugging at the end of the line. But the FBI pushed and tugged and kept up with me.

Finally I decided to try a combination of elevators and escalators. I took a position near an up-going escalator and casually started to inspect some perfume which I thought I might buy for my wife. Then I spotted a very stout woman heading for the first step with her arms full of packages. I ran for the escalator, begged the lady's pardon and rudely squeezed in front of her through about six inches of space. The lady's left foot was already on the treadmill and she was committed to the ride. The moving steps edged her in behind me and the FBI was completely blocked off.

I ran up the escalator as fast as I could, dodging around the other customers, who had seen me coming by now and were clinging to the rails. When I reached the top I ran for the nearest elevator, which happened to be going up, and rode one floor. There I got onto the first elevator going down and took it to the main floor, where I vanished through an entrance onto 34th Street and into a cab. The driver took me to lower Manhattan, where the store I finally patronized had no escalators and not even an elevator that I know of. But it did have a fairly good set of used radar tubes, and you can't get those at Macy's or Gimbel's.

REARER REARER REARER REARER

5

WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS

My command post in the U.S.—the headquarters of Polish military intelligence here and the center for all my activities—was a comfortable, three-story red-brick house at 2224 Wyoming Avenue, right in the center of Washington's diplomatic community. This was the annex of the Polish embassy. It was about five minutes from the embassy by car and a convenient ten-minute walk from an eight-story apartment house at 2828 Connecticut Avenue where my family and I finally settled after our stay at the 2400 Hotel. The apartment was much more convenient for my line of work. There was a garage in the basement and a parking lot in the rear—which gave me a choice of places to leave my car. The parking lot led into an alley which ran in two directions—giving me two extra avenues of escape. And there was a bus stop directly in front of the apartment house. Sometimes, when I wanted to sneak away from home without the FBI seeing me, I hid behind a door in the basement until a bus stopped at the curb, then ran to get aboard when no one was looking.

The annex itself was not so easy to get in and out of. The building had two entrances—a front door and an alley in the rear. But it stood on a corner. And the FBI could keep an eye on it fairly easily just by driving up and down the two thoroughfares—Wyoming Avenue and 23rd Street—which intersected in front of it. The FBI's job was also made easier by the fact that we were located right in the midst of a hornet's nest of Communist establishments. The Soviet military-attaché office, which occupies a large annex of its own at 2552 Belmont Road, the Czech embassy at 2349 Massachusetts Avenue, and the Rumanian legation at 1601 23rd Street were all only a few blocks away. This placed so many of our eggs in one basket that the FBI could watch over all of us at once simply by cruising around comfortably in its cars.

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I figured out a solution for this problem, however. Our regular office hours at the annex were from nine to four. Instead of having all of my assistants report to work at nine—which would have made it too easy for the FBI to check us all in and then go have coffee—I set up a staggered schedule for my staff and worked so hard to avoid following a set routine every day that the FBI had to work overtime to keep up with us. I would show up, for example, at nine. One assistant would arrive at 9:30, another at 10:15, another at 10:45. The next day we scrambled this schedule and everybody came in at a different time. Sometimes I had an assistant take a pile of work home with him and ordered him to stay there the next day. He was not to answer the telephone—which the FBI often used just to find out if we were home—and his wife was to inform all callers that she had no idea where he was. This trick always sent the FBI off on a wild goose chase looking for the missing man. It also meant the FBI had to tie up extra men watching his residence.

The FBI staggered its work schedule, too. On some days it pretended to ignore us—and we knew then that our friends were taking a needed rest. But we never knew when these periods would come. The FBI might not let down its guard for a week or a month at a time. We had to assume from day to day that we would continue to be under strict surveillance. On most mornings when I went to work, therefore, I could see two men sitting in a car in front of the Windsor Park Hotel, at the corner of Kalorama Road and Connecticut Avenue, checking me off their list as I walked in the direction of the annex.

Inside, the annex was a cozy and well-equipped place to work. The first floor was occupied by the Polish consulate. The second and third floors were my bailiwick. My private office occupied a large room on the second floor overlooking the garden and 23rd Street. When I first arrived I was situated in another room at the front of the building. But this room had a fireplace against a wall which was adjacent to the building next door, and I was afraid the FBI might have planted listening devices inside it. The house next door was very mysterious. It was well kept up and there were curtains at the windows, but we never saw any signs that anyone actually lived there. I suspected that our friends were using it as an outpost to spy on us.

My chief assistants occupied two other rooms on the second floor. The only other room was a large closet which we converted into a vault by lining its walls with thick sheets of iron. We placed our office safe inside this vault. The safe was an American model, strong and thick-walled. But we removed the combination lock which came with it and replaced it with a special key lock which we brought in from Poland by diplomatic pouch. All the locks in the building, as a matter of fact, came from Poland. And we sent them back to Warsaw at intervals to have them changed—just in case someone who had no business in our offices had been able to get his hands on a key.

The top floor contained desks for the rest of my assistants, several locked closets full of documents, a photographic laboratory where we processed our own films, a library crammed with American maps, newspapers, military manuals and reference books to help us with our research, and a small apartment for the Polish secret policeman who worked during the day as a doorman to check on visitors, and slept in at night with his wife as an on-site-premises guard. The entire third floor was closed off from the rest of the building by an iron door with a sturdy lock on it which stretched across the stairway. In the guard's apartment, near his bed, we rigged an array of lights and bells which would start flashing and clanging the moment anyone tried to open a door downstairs or approached one of the safes or so much as tapped on one of the outside walls.

We also had a short-wave radio on the third floor to help us keep in touch with Warsaw. According to the rules of reciprocal diplomacy we were not allowed to transmit over the set, and we never did. The U.S. could easily have intercepted our messages if we had tried. But there was no rule against our receiving messages, and we turned the set on several times a week—at specific periods when Warsaw knew we were listening—to test the reception and pick up a few coded transmissions. In 1958, after I returned to Poland, Z-2 started work on a small portable transmitter which would be capable of sending messages out of the U.S. from a moving automobile or boat. This set would be much more difficult to find, and the U.S. would have a lot of trouble intercepting its messages. The plan was to relay them to Warsaw by way of Soviet stations operating in the Arctic, or from the fleet of Russian trawlers "fishing" off the U.S. coast.

Most of our daily communications between Warsaw and Washington were routed over the RCA commercial telegraph and radio network. All the messages were coded. The coding and decoding on the U.S. end was done at the Polish embassy on 16th Street, where the code clerks—who were all members of the Polish secret police—occupied the two most heavily guarded rooms. The code clerks actually lived at the embassy, along with a few embassy guards, so they would be safe against any attempt to kidnap them or persuade them to defect.

Once a month—or oftener in the case of urgent business—two special couriers flew into Washington with the diplomatic pouches from Warsaw. They always traveled in pairs—to comply with a Polish security requirement. And their luggage, which they carried with them, usually consisted of one or two big canvas bags and a small, heavy brief case containing the most important papers. Everything was locked and sealed before the couriers left Warsaw, and the pouches were opened only after they were safely inside the embassy. The couriers were also members of the U.S., or secret police. Whenever they arrived at the airport they were met by an

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 embassy car with diplomatic license plates. These plates gave the car's passengers diplomatic immunity—they made it, in effect, a mobile embassy. Thus, if the car had an accident (and we always assumed that the U.S. might try to arrange one) the couriers and their escort and their valuable baggage were safe so long as they stayed inside the car. If the car was out of commission they stayed put until the ambassador could send another diplomatic car to the scene to rescue them.

Whenever the couriers arrived I sent two of my officers to the embassy to pick up whatever material the pouch contained for me. This was always wrapped separately in Warsaw and was carefully sealed so that no one—not even the ambassador—could see what it was. Theoretically, the ambassador was my boss. He was senior to everyone else in the embassy, and it was his responsibility to sign all embassy cables. But the military attaché's office was an exception to this rule and it was sovereign unto itself. I coded, signed and sent my own messages. And though the ambassador knew in general what I was up to, he did not know the details.

The Polish ambassador in Washington when I was there was Mr. Romuald Spasowski. His role was extremely difficult. As a member of the Communist bloc, Poland was on the side of the enemy. But the U.S. was trying to woo Poland away from the Soviets with some economic assistance which Poland was eager to receive. This meant that Spasowski had to walk a very tight rope. He had to seem friendly to the U.S. in order to wrangle the loans, but he could not act overly friendly for fear his hard-bolled bosses in Warsaw (and our big brother in Moscow) would crack down on him for going too far.

Spasowski's main concern with me was that I might unwittingly spoil his game. My job was to carry out espionage against the U.S., and my immediate superiors in Warsaw were military men who had little patience with the diplomatic niceties. But Spasowski had to keep everything in balance. From time to time, when the ambassador was in the midst of delicate negotiations with the State Department, he would call me in and suggest that I lie low for a while. He did not want me to get involved in some sticky espionage case which could rock the boat and upset his diplomacy. Z-2 usually urged me at the same time to continue with my work, but to be a little more careful than usual not to get caught. It was a subtle tug of war between the soldiers and the diplomats, and my discussions with Spasowski on these occasions were always general. He did not know my secrets, and I am sure he did not want to know them. The less he knew, the less the chances were of his being compromised if I got caught. We took no chances, even among ourselves, of wrecking our mission.

We took no chances inside the annex either. Like many buildings in Washington which are now used as offices and diplomatic quarters, the building on Wyoming Avenue was once a pleasant residence. It has large windows and imposing fireplaces and a pretty garden where I suppose children once played innocent games and lovely ladies once served tea to their friends. But these charms were lost on us. We seldom ventured into the garden—except when we wanted to hold an extremely secret conference away from the listening devices which we assumed the U.S. had planted inside the house. Many of the nice windows were barred with heavy iron grillwork so the FBI and other counterintelligence agents could not break in. And we had an equally unromantic attitude toward the fireplaces. We kept boxes of matches and small cans of gasoline within easy reach, and we were ready at a moment's notice to toss our secret papers into the nearest fireplace for a quick, roaring and destructive blaze. Many of the papers which came to us from Warsaw were marked *Zniszczyć po zapoznaniu się*—or "Destroy after reading." We did not use the fireplace for this routine work but installed a special incinerator in the basement where we could burn and churn the documents each night until there was nothing left of them but a mass of black soot and ashes.

The essence of good security is to trust no one, and that was our policy. The locks, the safes, the iron closet, the alarm system and the bars on the windows were all installed by workmen who came especially from Warsaw to do the job. The work was usually done at night, so that not even our own employees would know exactly how the system worked or how it had been installed. The safe in my office closet required two keys to open it. I received two sets of them from Warsaw. I kept one set for myself. The other, a reserve set, I split up and sealed in two different envelopes. I gave one envelope to the code clerk for safekeeping and gave the other to the ambassador. Neither man knew who had the second key.

We were especially careful about our conversations inside the annex. We always took it for granted that nothing we said was completely private. And whenever we were discussing a matter of espionage or planning an illicit trip, we either turned up our office radios until they were blaring, or started to tap rapidly on our chairs or desk with a pencil. These extraneous noises helped to drown out our voices so that any hidden microphones could not pick them up so easily.

We had only one telephone in the entire office. It was installed in a hallway on the third floor, well out of earshot of any of our private offices. Thus, if an American called and tried to engage any of us in a long conversation, he would not be able to overhear someone else talking business at his desk. We assumed, of course, that this telephone and our phones at home were tapped. In fact, we made positive use of this assumption. If one of my assistants was about to try to sneak out of town on a secret mission, I had one of the office wives make a call inviting him and his family to dinner, or to the theater, for the same evening. The deception seemed to work. The FBI stopped watching him and the man usually got away without being trailed.

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Security was even tighter when we were *not* in the office than when we were on duty. Every night before we went home, each of us was responsible for locking his own office door and safe and sealing them with small bits of wax so we could determine the next morning if anyone had tried to break in. I usually kept one officer on duty until late in the evening to discourage the Americans from trying to sneak in during the dinner hour, while the guard and his wife were out eating or shopping. And we were especially vigilant on Polish holidays, when we assumed the U.S. might try to take advantage of us while we were at home celebrating. I doubled the guard at the annex on these occasions and kept an unusual number of lights burning late as an extra deterrent.

We had excellent reasons for taking these precautions, for we discovered, in 1957, that our military mission in West Berlin had been tapped by allied intelligence for two years—despite a security system which was similar to the one we had in Washington. We managed to bug the U.S. embassy in Warsaw in 1950 and 1951, and we tried again in 1957 or 1958. I do not know whether this last attempt was successful because I was not in Warsaw to find out. . . . But if we could tap each other in Europe we were sure that the Americans—with their famous technological superiority—could certainly try to take advantage of us in Washington.

Good as our security was, it did not come close to matching the precautions of the Russians. They were even more suspicious than we were: they had more money to spend on their embassy defenses than we did; and they had more to lose if the U.S. ever penetrated them. The Soviets do not fool around with fireplaces and matches to burn their documents in the event of an emergency. Instead, they keep strong chemicals on hand which can eat through a thick stack of papers and disintegrate it in a matter of seconds. The Soviet military attaché office on Belmont Road also had only one telephone. But the Russians do not rely on blaring radios or pencil tapping to drown out their voices while they talk. They have constructed three special closets on the second and third floors of their intelligence annex which are so perfectly soundproofed that a man standing inside a closet and yelling at the top of his voice cannot be heard outside the door. I had several confidential talks with my Russian colleagues in these closets. It was nice to know that no microphone inside or outside the building could have heard us. The only trouble was the rooms were so badly ventilated that they got terribly stuffy after a few minutes of secret chitchat.

The Russians also take extra precautions with their diplomatic pouch. Instead of filling it with secret papers, they keep the original papers locked up in Washington and ship only photographs of the documents which they make on tiny rolls of film. And they do not develop this film until it gets to Moscow. Thus, if the pouch falls into the wrong hands, there is nothing in it which anyone can see. And whoever tries to take the film out en route to process it is doubly foiled. The film is packed in a special, locked container along with a vial of powerful acid. If anyone who did not know the combination were to try opening the container, the acid would automatically spill out and destroy the film within a second or two.

In addition to these mechanical safeguards the Soviet embassy has the heaviest human guard of any diplomatic post in town. Soviet secret police are on duty inside the big embassy building twenty-four hours a day. During working hours, from nine to four, when visitors are coming and going, armed Russians are stationed at all the entrances. A visitor will not see the guns; they are well hidden. But the guards who carry them are posted where they can keep an eye on everyone who approaches the building from any direction.

The Polish embassy and consulate were well populated by secret police, too. They were all from the Polish Ministry of Internal Affairs—of ~~the Polish Ministry of Internal Affairs~~—which was commonly, but not so affectionately, known as the U.B. The agents from U.B. had a triple-threat job: (1) to carry out special political and economic espionage against the U.S.; (2) to provide security for our embassy and annex; and (3) to keep an eye on our own people. To carry out the first mission, the U.B. was especially active in Chicago (which has a half-million residents of Polish descent whom the U.B. thought might be useful sources of information) and Detroit (with two hundred thousand Polish-Americans). But these two cities were not the U.B.'s only stamping grounds. Approximately three-fourths of the Polish delegation to the United Nations, which is bedded down in New York, is made up of U.B. agents who form the strong-arm branch of Polish diplomacy. *And to take care of its third mission, the U.B. also had a good deal of work to do right in our embassy and annex, among us Communists. The reason for this was simple.*

The imposition of a police-state system like Communism on any people calls for the deployment of an immense number of undercover agents and informers to protect the system and hold the people in line. This is true on all levels—from the lowly crowd of the governed to the exalted elite of the governors. Intrigue, cunning and deceit are inevitable ingredients of Communism wherever it is found. And no one ever really trusts anyone else. This is especially true among the Communist cadres which have been plunked down inside the U.S. The easy American way of life and the heady influence of freedom and justice which we saw all around us might have tempted any of us to defect at any moment. And a defector from an embassy can take important secrets with him. It is the job of the U.B.—which is made up of some of Poland's most trusted Communist cops—to see that this does not happen.

Most of us in the embassy knew who most of these U.S. agents were. We knew that the embassy's Chief of Registry, who was responsible for the mail and the diplomatic pouches, was a trusted U.B. agent. We knew that the code clerks, guards and chauffeurs—who were there to protect us—were all U.B. men. And we knew that the embassy's First Secretary was their chief. But the U.B. also had representatives scattered among us whose membership in the

R.H. [unclear] [unclear]
WEN: [unclear]

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 secret police was a secret to all of us. Their mission was to watch us all—including the ambassador himself—and to report any sign of instability or wavering loyalty to Warsaw immediately. These men showed up at our parties as friends, listened to our most private conversations and kept a secret score on our spoken thoughts. If any one of us did not fill the U.B.'s quota of appropriate anti-American, anticapitalistic and pro-Communist remarks in any given period, he was immediately suspect, and the U.B. would start watching him in earnest.

But this system of intrigue could work both ways, and one day I decided to try a little intramural espionage of my own. I had a good reason. The consular office downstairs processed a good deal of mail from Americans, especially from people who wanted visas to visit Poland. It occurred to me that some of these people might be good sources of military information. An American who worked in a defense plant, for example, or an officer or enlisted man at a classified installation might be very useful to me—especially if I knew ahead of time that he was about to visit Poland. If we could manage to compromise or embarrass him in some way while he was there—and Z-z had ways of doing this—I might be able to get him on the hook and pry some secrets out of him when he got back home.

But, in order to accomplish this, I would have to have complete control over the man's travel plans. I would have to take him out of the regular consular channels, and I would have to do all this without letting the consulate know what I was up to. The U.B. men who were planted there were also involved in espionage work, and if they happened to spot a likely informer or a good candidate for recruiting before I did, they would probably line him up for themselves before I could even get started. I had to get the jump on them in order to compete with them.

I decided to go about this in two different ways. The first approach was quite simple—I would read the consular mail before it ever reached the consulate. This was not hard to arrange. The mail for both offices in the annex was delivered to the building every day in one bag. By embassy custom, it went to the consulate first for sorting, and then I got whatever mail was addressed to me. I called on the ambassador and explained to him that I considered this routine very risky and would like to have it changed. I told him that since some of my mail was extremely sensitive and even secret in nature it was vital for me to protect it from all eyes, and I suggested that the best way to accomplish this would be for the embassy to send the bag of mail to me first. I would see to the sorting and would then forward whatever did not belong to me to the consulate. The ambassador agreed, and my plot had official sanction.

From then on my staff opened and read all of the mail—including letters addressed to the consulate, which we then sealed up again and sent downstairs where they belonged. But we held back anything which seemed promising—like a visa application from a scientist, an engineer or a missile worker—and processed this business through our own channels.

My second plan for keeping a jump ahead of the consulate and getting first crack at Americans who might be useful to me was to recruit one of the men on the consulate staff who had official dealings with Americans and could keep me posted on the best prospects. I looked over the people downstairs and decided to work on a young man named Witek who had come to Washington as acting consul in 1956.

It was Witek's job to keep in touch with Polish-American groups around the country, to help Poles who were living in the U.S. look after their relatives in Poland and to advise American tourists who wanted to go there. If anyone could help me, I decided, Witek was the man. He was also an extremely friendly fellow. And I judged, from observing his habits, that he could use the extra money. He was on the Foreign Ministry payroll, but if he worked for me—on the side—he would get an additional salary from Z-z. I sent a coded message to Warsaw asking Z-z to check his file and verify his security clearance.

Two weeks later, Z-z cabled back: "Continue with Witek; security cleared; we are interested; proceed as if in Poland."

This meant that I could go straight to the point with Witek without too much shilly-shallying or needless double talk. I invited Witek to my apartment for dinner and asked him up to my office several times to sound him out. Then I asked him point-blank if he would like to work for me. I explained the extra pay, in passing, but I made an especially strong appeal to his sense of patriotism. I really worked on him.

"You are already doing valuable work for Poland," I told him, "but if you also work for me you will be doing double duty for our fatherland."

Witek listened politely and kept nodding his head as I talked. I went on, to make sure he understood the details of his new job, and told him that he would have to sign a few papers agreeing to keep the new arrangement completely secret.

Again Witek smiled and nodded. Then, without changing his expression, he interrupted me.

"Colonel," he said, "I must tell you a secret—and for God's sake please keep it. You see, I signed a paper before I ever left Warsaw, committing me to work for the U.B. I do not believe I can hold three jobs for Poland."

I tried not to show it to Witek—I thanked him and apologized for taking up his time—but I was so angry with Warsaw for letting me make a fool of myself that I sent off a cable immediately:

"You badly misinformed me," I said. "Man you cleared works for U.B."

Warsaw did not answer, but I could guess what had happened. Z-z had confirmed Witek's clearance but it had neglected—on purpose—to consult with the U.B. Z-z knew that if Witek was really a

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 good man, and the U.B. did not have him, the secret police would
 snap him up for their own outfit before I even had a chance to see
 him again. I could only hope, after all the trouble I had gone to,
 that Comrade Witek had some nice things to say about me in his
 reports.

6

THE WEEK'S WORK

General Bordzilowski was not kidding when he said he expected me to work hard. My arrival in Washington coincided with a sharp upgrading of Polish military intelligence work in the U.S. I had three assistants when I got to Washington in 1955. Two years later I had eight.

I initiated a good deal of my own work, but once a year, to make sure that I did not miss anything, Warsaw sent me an agenda in the form of a questionnaire. This usually ran to about twenty-five typewritten pages, and it included dozens of questions about the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force, American scientific and technical developments, the latest changes in U.S. military doctrine, new weapons, the curriculum at West Point and Annapolis, the abilities, character and personal lives of American military leaders, and so on.

Sometimes the questions focused on specific details of a new weapon or piece of machinery—like the radar fire-control equipment in a new tank or the bomb sight of a new plane. What is it made of? How is it machined? Who makes it? How does the part fit together with other parts? I usually had to try answering these questions without ever seeing the gadget itself. Sometimes the question dealt with a whole new airplane. In 1957 I received an urgent request to learn all I could about the U-2 reconnaissance planes which were to cause a sensation three years later when one of them came down over the Soviet Union. Warsaw needed the information from me because Russia and Poland had a point air-defense system and the Poles were supposed to shoot the U-2's down before they could reach the Soviet border. They wanted to know what kind of plane they were shooting at. I learned later that the U-2's flew so high over Poland that our fighters never came closer than about five thousand meters to knocking them down. I never came closer than that to answering some of the questions on the agenda, either. Even if I had had free access to the White House, the Pentagon, the CIA, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—and had a staff of one hundred men—I could not have answered more than a portion of them.

But intelligence work is both an art and a business. As a business, it deals in a strange commodity. Even the best intelligence information usually comes in broken pieces, not in full sets. No single piece by itself would ever solve a complicated problem or win a battle, but every isolated piece, no matter how insignificant it may seem, is potentially important. As an art, intelligence work is very much like the arts of music, poetry and painting, and it uses the same basic techniques. It is largely a matter of putting together small touches to make a satisfactory whole. A series of random facts, gathered from all over the world by different agents, can be pieced together at headquarters—like a series of brush strokes—to form an extremely valuable picture. Sometimes, as in a jigsaw puzzle, the smallest, oddest-looking piece will suddenly help bring together all the other isolated pieces and reveal a pattern which makes sense. The best attributes of a good intelligence agent, therefore, are patience, perseverance and the willingness to deal in small unrelated strokes.

There are a number of standard techniques for carrying out espionage, and during my assignment in the U.S. I used most of them. My assistants and I snooped around military bases; we bought information from informers; we tricked Americans who knew something about a vital subject into telling us what they knew; we recruited American agents who could keep us informed about military affairs on a regular basis; and—as I shall explain later—we were able to fill in many of the gaps in our knowledge with techniques which did not even require us to budle from our offices.

Warsaw also had some ideas on how I should operate. General Bordzilowski, who really knew very little about how espionage is carried on, was behind one of them. It was one of the general's pet theories that the people of Polish descent living in the U.S. would be only too happy to assist me in my work.

"Even in America the Poles are a patriotic people," the general said. "All you have to do is put your problem to them."

I had my doubts about this from the start. It was my own theory that the Polish people who had come to America to live—and certainly those who were born here—would probably feel more patriotic toward their new home than the old country. But Bordzilowski was so eloquent and dogmatic on the subject that I did not try to argue with him. Finally, I was ordered by Z-2 to test out the theory.

It was a harebrained plot. Warsaw had noticed the large number of packages which arrived in Poland from thoughtful relatives in the U.S. It decided to reverse this trend and ask some Poles in Poland to send packages to their relatives in the U.S. The idea was that a few warm gestures directed from Poland to America might open the hearts and minds of the Polish-Americans—and make them open their doors to us. It also would not hurt, from a propaganda standpoint, to demonstrate that Poland was not so full of poor and hungry country cousins after all.

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To give the transactions a personal touch, it was decided that the packages should not be delivered by the U.S. Post Office but by fellow Poles—men from my office. This would allow us to ingratiate ourselves as good fellows with people we would not otherwise be able to meet. Each of my officers was to pretend, as he walked up the steps, that he had just come from Poland (though he had been in Washington all along), that he was a close friend of the relatives living in Poland (though he had never seen them in his life), and that as a personal favor to both parties he was going slightly out of his way to deliver the package (though he was actually going miles out of his way to infiltrate the poor family like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood"). According to Warsaw's plan, my man was to flourish the package to get his foot in the door, then take advantage of his new friendship in any way that he could.

The plan required a tremendous amount of research on Warsaw's part. Z-2 had to send us a complete dossier on every family which was being asked to send a package and, before my man could go calling on the relatives here in the U.S., he had to know all about the cousins, aunts and grandmothers back home, what the house and the neighborhood looked like, whether Aunt Stefania had gotten over her flu, what color eyes the second daughter-in-law's new baby had, and whether Cousin Stanislaw was still working for the coal mine or had moved to Lublin to take that job in the state store. We had to be as well-informed about the folks back home as their own relatives were.

All this information was sent to Washington in the diplomatic pouch—like so many state secrets. And along with it came a suitable gift of Polish ham, a piece of lacework or a costume doll and a personal note signed by some member of the family in Poland introducing my representative as an old friend and asking that the relatives in the U.S. "be kind to him." My officers had to memorize so much family information before they could go calling that I was worried they might get mixed up and start chatting with the Wojcikiewicz family from Wroclaw about the Wojcikiewicz family in Krakow—or vice versa. Fortunately, the proceedings seldom got that far. In the twenty-five or so families we called on, most people opened the door a few inches, took the package, then shut the door again. Some were more courageous and asked a few polite questions before they retreated into their living rooms. Only two families—one in Newark and one in Camden, New Jersey—were at all "friendly." But in both these cases I suspected that they were being courteous only out of fear of what might happen to their loved ones back in Poland if they were not.

The project was a failure. But Warsaw has still not given up. It still reads samples of all the mail which goes back and forth between the more than four million Poles who live in the U.S. and the thirty million Poles who live in Poland. It is still searching for Polish-Americans who sound as if they might be helpful to the cause. I am convinced it is all a waste of time. I had better luck with Americans who had no Polish blood in their veins at all.

One of my most important jobs in the U.S. had very little romance attached to it. But it required an immense amount of effort and it was as important, perhaps, as any duty I had to perform. This was the task of setting up secret drops throughout the U.S. where other espionage agents could pick up or deposit secret messages and other hot material.

One of the cardinal rules of espionage is that agents must never come together in public except when it is absolutely necessary. Sometimes an intermediary, who is known in the trade as a "cut-out," is assigned to meet each agent separately and convey the messages back and forth. But even this procedure is risky. The safest alternative is to set up an unmanned or "dead" drop where the agents can come, by prearranged schedule, one at a time.

I was given special training in Warsaw on the care and feeding of dead drops, and it was my responsibility as military attaché to supervise the setting up of an extensive system of drops in the U.S. In most cases I did not have the slightest idea who would be using them. Many of them would be taken over by other espionage networks working independently of me.

Finding a drop which will be both practical and safe is not easy. It can be as natural in its form as a crack in an old log, or as artificial as a hole in the wall behind the water closet of a washroom. I had to supervise the selection of more than two dozen good hiding places in the New York area, and one of the best of these was located on one of the scenic parking places or "overlooks" on the Palisades Parkway, a highway which runs north from the George Washington bridge along the New Jersey bank of the Hudson. A rustic trail leads from the parking place through the woods. Near the trail, next to a large rock, an old tree trunk lay prone on the ground. A small hollow in the trunk was just big enough to contain several rolls of film. It was not so large, however, that tourists prowling around the area were likely to notice it. I tested the drop myself. The person who found it for us had deposited a small envelope in the hole containing a newspaper clipping and two one-dollar bills. A week later I sat down on the rock and bent over, pretending to tie my shoes, while two or three couples walked past. As soon as they were gone I reached back casually with one hand and stuck it into the hole. The envelope, with the clipping and the money intact, was still there. I liked the layout so much that we set up three other drops in similar places along the same parkway. None of these drops was very useful, of course, on weekends, when crowds of tourists made it dangerous to hang around. And they were also not too practical in bad weather. A man sitting on a rock in the midst of a blizzard or a driving rainstorm would have looked rather noticeable to a passing cop.

Wojcikiewicz

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Other drops in the New York area included a gap behind an advertising poster on an elevated station in the Bronx; a crack between two shelves in the New York Public Library on 12nd Street; and a hole in a stone stairway in Fort Tryon Park. In Washington, D.C., we liked some large, well-revised rocks near the zoo in Rock Creek Park.

Whatever size or shape it comes in, a drop must first of all be easy to get to so the agent will not look conspicuous or get himself trapped in a blind alley as he approaches it. A crack on top of a high wall, for example, would be useless. And a good drop must not be so tricky or complicated that the agent has to spend more than a second or two planting his material or taking it out. It has to be sheltered from the weather so the material will not be ruined by rain or snow. And it must be located in a spot which is almost certain not to be torn down, ripped up, blown away or otherwise put out of action within a year or so after it is first suggested to headquarters.

Espionage material is never left in a drop for that long, however. It is standard procedure, in fact, that all messages, files or other important material must be cleared out of a drop on the same day they are deposited in it—or at least no later than the next day. Despite this firm rule, a drop must still be fairly permanent, for it is part of a very complex system which takes time to set up. The drop must first be described to headquarters in detail including photographs of it if possible—so the experts there, thousands of miles away, can pore over the description and decide, on the basis of their own experience and intuition, whether or not it is suitable. And the drop must fit the mission. A drop which will be used by a well-dressed businessman or a college professor, for example, should not normally be located in the midst of a slum area where the agent would seem out of place. An agent who will be dressed in work clothes should not be sent into a fancy restaurant or a recreation area to get rid of his material. And a man's washrooms would hardly be appropriate for a lady spy. These problems have to be taken into account by headquarters. Then, as soon as a drop is approved for a mission, its description must be sent back to the agents who will use it. All of this takes so much time that a drop which might disappear within a few weeks is usually not worth the trouble of setting up.

But finding a good drop is not the end of the job. Every drop must also have a reserve drop for the agent to fall back on in the event the first one turns out, at the last minute, to be unusable. And each drop must be linked by an elaborate system of signals with the agents who will be using it so they will know whether it is full or empty or out of order without having to go look at it every five minutes.

Imagine, for example, that Agent A has a valuable piece of microfilm which he must pass on to Agent B. Agent B knows the day and, roughly, the hour when he will have to remove the gift. Agent A has deposited for him. But he cannot keep running to a hollow log to find out if the material is there yet. If he does, he may run into Agent A—whom he is not supposed to be seen with—or he may arouse the suspicions of the FBI and lead the authorities to the drop. Instead, Agent A leaves a signal at another spot as soon as his work is done. This spot must be the sort of place where either agent can be seen without attracting attention. Agent A might stick a thumbtack under a certain slat on a specific park bench where Agent B could sit down and feel for the tack with his hand. Or Agent A might make a small chalk mark on a post or tree. Or, better yet, he might walk into a specific telephone booth, turn to page 1524 of the latest Manhattan directory and make an "X" next to the thirty-seventh "Smith" from the bottom of the page in column two. Agent B makes a periodic check of this page. If he finds the mark, he hurries to the drop and removes the material. Then he goes to a different telephone booth and leaves another mark on another page of another telephone book to let Agent A know that he has found the material and that everybody can now relax. If Agent B does not find Agent A's mark within the prescribed period of time, he knows that something has gone wrong—there were too many people wandering around near the drop or the FBI suddenly got on the trail—and the whole procedure has to start over again with the reserve drop.

I sometimes felt that there was much too much hocus-chorus mixed up in all this, and that whoever designed the system had probably seen too many movies. Actually, however, the system made sense. There are so many imponderables in intelligence work—so many things can go wrong, so many accidents can happen, so much has to be left to chance—that the standard techniques are made deliberately complex simply to guard against human failure.

I also felt sometimes that Z-2 made us set up far more drops than we would ever use. But the work was good practice for my staff, and it gave me an excuse to send them out on trips to learn more about the U.S. In one two-year period, we set up five new drops in Philadelphia, three in Baltimore, four in Detroit, five in Chicago, two in New Orleans, two in Dallas, ten in Massachusetts, ten in Connecticut, three in Washington, D.C., and twenty-six in the New York area. In many cases, we prescribed telephone booths for the signals. And we located a good number of the drops in restaurant washrooms. We favored telephone booths and washrooms for an obvious reason: so many people frequent them, one at a time, that even if the FBI does get suspicious it can hardly challenge or follow everybody who goes inside.

7

MY FRIENDS, THE FBI

My friends from the FBI never actually followed me all the way into a telephone booth, and they never followed me all the way to bed. But they did their best to dog my steps almost everywhere else I went. They showed up with monotonous regularity in the same washrooms, restaurants, movie theaters, trains and back alleys where I happened to be trying to hide. And they had the annoying habit of calling me up in my hotel room at odd hours to find out if I was still there. They were a nuisance and a menace.

But despite our lack of rapport, I never felt any real dislike for the FBI. We both had a job to do and we were stuck with each other. Though Mr. Hoover's men made my life and work as unpleasant as they could, I must have made their lives rather miserable, too. I am sure that they did not like to walk for miles on a hot day or dart across streets against red lights any more than I did. And I doubt that they relished getting up at four in the morning, either. I know I didn't. But though I did not like to see my friends around when I had work to do, I still had all the advantages. They could not arrest me. They could only harass me. And I was calling the plays. All that the FBI men could do was try to keep me in sight and anticipate my moves.

I do not know how the FBI felt about it, but I developed a healthy sense of competition when it was on the job. My friends provided me with a useful catalyst. We were pitted against each other in a wild game of cat-and-mouse, but it was not a children's game. We were playing for keeps. I had no guilty conscience about the game, however. I knew from my experience at headquarters in Warsaw that the American attaches in Poland were not exactly innocent themselves. They were using the same tricks when they traveled through Poland that I used in the U.S. And they had a peculiarly unfair advantage in Poland, too. The Americans traveled in big, comfortable, heated cars. When night came they often stopped on the road and slept in their cars instead of going to a hotel. This meant that the Polish security forces, who were crammed into small, unheated European cars, had to spend many a cold winter night sitting alongside a country road waiting for the Americans to make their next move. I had no competition, therefore, about keeping the FBI awake.

I also had to admire the FBI for its immense energy, its cleverness and its skill. Though I often won the game, the FBI deployed its men against me with military-like precision. We had to counter this attack with ingenuity of our own. Whenever my officers and I were working in New York, we kept track of the FBI men who followed us by memorizing their faces. I went to New York a number of times for no other reason than to stir up the FBI and see what new men it might send into battle against me.

In Washington we kept track of the FBI by memorizing its cars. As I have already explained, the FBI fleet was largely made up of rather drab-looking vehicles with little or no chrome on them. They stood out fairly well in a city which is full of big limousines and shiny new cars. If a drab car followed us or was parked near us with two men seated in it, we usually assumed it belonged to the FBI. And if we could get close enough to see a radio-telephone mounted inside, we knew we had found a friend.

As soon as we were certain that a car belonged to the FBI, we wrote down the license number and passed it on to other Communist embassies so that they, too, could be forewarned. And the other embassies, through their military attaches, shared their discoveries with us. We printed these license numbers on small cards which we carried in our pockets or fastened to our dashboards for easy reference. If we spotted a suspicious-looking car with a number we did not already have on our list, we jotted it down on the card in pencil. If the same car followed us or parked near us a second time, we marked a check after the number. And if it showed up a third time under similar circumstances, we erased the check, typed the number in as a "positive" and spread the word. I still have the card which I carried with me in Washington in 1957. It has seventy-one license numbers listed on it—representing all the FBI cars in the Washington area that year which we were sure of—plus five "probables." These numbers changed every year, of course, and then we had to start compiling the list all over again. But the numbers never changed oftener than once a year. The FBI may be smart. But it is still a government agency, and it was apparently easier for the FBI to trail spies than to do away with bureaucratic red tape.

"Look out for Chicago."

That was the watchword among all Communist attaches in the U.S. Chicago was a tough town for spies, and for all I know it still is. Whenever we knew that a comrade from the Czech, Hungarian, Rumanian or Soviet contingent was about to head for Chicago on business, we tried to warn him to watch his step, and we gave him a few tips on how we had made out the last time.

The cause of all this caution was the Chicago contingent of the FBI. It was the most relentless FBI group I ever encountered anywhere. Our friends in Chicago did not simply follow us—they accompanied us. They invariably walked right on our heels wherever we went. And I often had the feeling, as I walked down a street, that my escorts were about to reach out a few inches and grab me as if I were a common thug who had just robbed a bank. The Chi-

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Chicago FBI could be outwitted, too. But it took a tremendous lot of
luck.

In April, 1966, I informed the Pentagon that I was flying to New
York to see my family off to Poland for home leave, and that I
would then head for Chicago for a brief "vacation" myself. My real
purpose was to contact a Pole whom I had once met in Chicago and
whom I now hoped to recruit as an agent. After seeing my wife and
son off at Idlewild I went into New York City and dodged in and
out of several telephone booths with the New York FBI men on my
trail. In one of the booths I made a quick call to an airline and
reserved a seat to Chicago for the following day. I covered my mouth
with one hand so that the FBI men outside could not read my lips.
I was sure they did not know my exact plans.

There was no sign of the FBI the next morning when I went to
La Guardia to catch my plane. It seemed like a miracle to be sud-
denly free of surveillance, and I hoped I could get my work done
quickly. After getting off the plane in Chicago, I hailed a cab and
told the driver to take me to the La Salle Hotel. It still looked as if
I were in the clear. But as we headed into town I glanced back out
of the cab and saw an ominous-looking black car following us about
thirty feet behind. When we reached the hotel the black car pulled
up ahead of us. And when I entered the lobby I noticed a group of
five or six men scattering like sea gulls on a beach and taking up
positions near the desk, the doorways and the elevator.

After I had checked in I went outside for a walk. The men fol-
lowed a couple of feet behind me, I soon tired of this and went to
a movie to rest. My friends took seats behind me, in front of me and
next to me. When I got up to get a drink, they all followed me to
the water fountain. I decided to leave the theater and go to dinner.
But when I sat down at my table, the restaurant looked as if it were
playing host to an FBI convention. I thought about giving up and
going back to Washington. Why, I asked myself, should I waste
good Polish government money if the FBI would not let me work?

I returned to the hotel, and as the elevator took me up to my
room I suddenly saw an opening. The elevator which picked me up
had come from a floor below the lobby. I knew, from previous
reconnaissance, that the hotel had a basement concourse, but I had
always used the stairway to get there. It never occurred to me that
I could take an elevator directly from my own floor to the basement.
With this thought in mind, I went to bed. I planned to sleep until
ten the next morning and get a good rest. But at seven forty-five the
phone rang and I heard a stranger ask, "Is Mr. Smith there, please?"
It was the FBI checking to see if I was still in my room.
"I'm very sorry," I told the man, "but Mr. Smith has just left for
Africa."

The man hung up without another word. I dressed and went to
the elevator and asked the operator to take me all the way to the
basement. As we stopped at the lobby floor to let off some other
passengers, I hid in the corner. I caught a glimpse of my friends
waiting for me near the desk; but they did not see me. The door
closed again, and in a few seconds I was loose in the concourse and
heading out of the hotel by a basement exit. I did not find the man
I had come to see—he was out of town. But the trip was not wasted.
I filed a full report on my trip to Z-2—including a suggestion that
the La Salle Hotel was not a bad stopping place.

There are exceptions, of course, to every rule. And on one of my
trips to Chicago the FBI was more relaxed. Perhaps this was because
they knew I was on a cultural mission. The famous Polish pianist,
Madame Czerny-Stefańska, was on a tour of the U.S. We knew that
when she got to Chicago a large number of Polish-Americans would
turn out to hear her and to attend a reception in her honor after
the recital. Warsaw ordered four of us to go from Washington just
to mingle with the crowd at the reception and see if we could meet
someone who seemed sympathetic to the regime.

The three men who went to Chicago with me
were Alojzy Walaszek—who was carried on the diplomatic lists as
First Secretary of the Polish embassy but was really the chief of the
Polish secret police in the U.S.; Eugeniusz Szczepanik, a major in
the U.S. who was masquerading here as an embassy attaché; and
one of my own assistants, Captain Tadeusz Wisniewski. While we
were waiting for the recital, Wisniewski spent his spare time
looking for dead drops, and I went sight-seeing. We never saw the
FBI.

From Chicago, Wisniewski and I extended our trip to take in
Detroit and Pittsburgh. I had never been to either city and I wanted
to get the feel of them. We left Chicago for Detroit by train, and
two FBI men got on with us. They were getting interested in us
again, now that we had given up our cultural pursuits. When we
got to Detroit several other men were waiting for us in cars parked
near the taxi stand. They did not offer us a ride. In fact, as usual,
we neither spoke nor nodded to each other. So Wisniewski and I
had to fend for ourselves and take a taxi to our hotel.

We were now in the territory of the Detroit FBI office. The local
men seemed a bit unsure about what to do with us. At least, they
were much more easygoing than their counterparts usually were in
Chicago. After dinner, to test our new friends' reaction time and to
see how much we could get away with, Wisniewski and I went for a
long walk. We ambled up and down the shopping streets, looking
into windows and prying clothes. The FBI men apparently decided
we were harmless and they gradually fell back, a few feet at a time.
That gave us our chance. We saw a lone cab coming up the street
and in one fast move we hailed it to a stop, climbed in and got
away. There was no other taxi in sight, and the FBI men had left
their own cars several blocks away.

We knew the FBI had had time to write down our license num-
ber. We also knew that our cab had a two-way radio linking it with

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 a dispatcher—who could easily pass on instructions from the FBI. We had to work fast. I gave the driver the name of a hotel a few blocks away, and when we got there we quickly changed cabs and asked the new driver to take us to a Polish club which we had heard about. We split up there. Wisniewski went off on foot to look for drops. I walked into the club to see if I could meet a likely recruit. But the club was empty, and I went for another walk.

That night we met again at the hotel. The lobby was now full of FBI men, including a few new faces. They tried not to let us know who they were, but after years of living in a police state, I had developed a fairly good instinct for spotting cops. They come in all shapes and sizes, and their techniques vary, but police all over the world seem to have something in common in their bearing, their quick, alert eyes and their studied nonchalance which usually gives them away.

Neither Wisniewski nor I had any luck that day. We decided to try again the next morning. After breakfast we both tried to think of some new trick for losing our friends. We had no plan and we could think of none. So we went for another walk and decided to take our chances. In sheer desperation we tried the same stunt we had used the night before. And, to our great surprise, it worked. We happened to be on a one-way street, walking against the traffic, when an empty cab came by. We jumped in and rode a few blocks, then switched cabs and headed for an address in Hamtramck, the famous Polish-speaking community in Detroit. I had the driver make several turns, as if we were looking for an address. But no one followed us. We got out and Wisniewski went his way while I went mine.

On the streets of Hamtramck even the children were speaking Polish. It was almost like home. But though I tried to approach several strangers I had very poor hunting. It was too early in the morning for people to stop and talk, and I soon gave it up as a waste of time. After an early lunch I went to the River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company and took one of the guided tours of the factory. I was not looking for production secrets (I would not have known one if I had seen it). I was still looking for people in Detroit who might be useful contacts. Unfortunately, most of my group was made up of tourists from out of town, and they had so many children to look after that they had little time for idle conversation. I did manage to strike up a running friendship with three families from Oregon, Montana and South Dakota and exchanged addresses with them. The name and the address I gave them, of course, were false. None of these innocent people from such remote places would ever be likely sources of military information. But they might prove useful in other ways. If one of our agents happened to be traveling in South Dakota, for example, and wanted to throw off suspicion by acting like a real tourist, he might drop in on the family—using as a reference the phony name I had given them, and using the family as convenient camouflage. It is quite possible that these three names are still listed in Warsaw. And so may Wisniewski's drops. He found two good ones that day, and he made photographs of both of them. When I returned to the hotel that evening he was writing down brief coded notes describing in detail what the drops were like.

The next day Wisniewski and I rented a U-Drive-It car and pushed on toward Pittsburgh. Three FBI cars followed us as we left the hotel and they stayed with us all the way. Near the end of the trip I speeded up to nearly a hundred miles an hour in an effort to lose them before we entered the city. But they kept up with me. And because of the speed I missed the main turnoff into Pittsburgh and got completely lost trying to find my way. I drove around in circles for nearly an hour. Every time I turned a corner and *thought* I was headed in the right direction, I somehow wound up on a dead-end street overlooking the Ohio River. It was dark, and I was tired, and I was even afraid I might go hurtling over the bank at any moment. I got so desperate that I contemplated pulling up to the nearest FBI car which was following us and making a proposition.

"I promise not to run away again," I wanted to say, "if you'll just lead us into town."

I decided to be brave, however, and to sweat it out. I finally stumbled onto the right street, and we entered the city. We took rooms at the Hotel Penn, went for a walk to get oriented, had dinner in a Chinese restaurant and went to bed. We had only one mission the next day—to find two more drops—so we decided to sleep until nine. Our friends were kind this time. They did not wake us up asking for "Mr. Smith."

The Pittsburgh FBI was on its toes, however. Perhaps Detroit had sent word ahead that Wisniewski and I were slippery characters. When we went for a walk the FBI followed close behind us. When we stopped at a small corner restaurant for breakfast, our friends did not come inside to eat but set up a perimeter defense outside the front door and acted as if they were ready to start running at any second.

Wisniewski and I ordered bacon and eggs and took our time eating. We had no plan for getting out of this trap. But Wisniewski had noticed something as we entered the café.

"There's an alley behind this place," he said, "so there must be a back door in the kitchen. They don't seem to be watching the alley. Why don't we try it?"

When our waitress had gone to the kitchen we put the money for our bill and a good tip on the table. Then, without looking back, we walked slowly into the kitchen, brushed past the waitress, the cook and the dishwasher without saying a word, and ducked out the back door. We ran up the alley to the next street, turned the corner and walked quickly to the garage where we had left our car the night before. We drove around Pittsburgh for nearly an hour to get the lay of the land. Then, knowing that the police might be asked to look for us, we parked the car and split up to continue our

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 reconnaissance on foot. At five that afternoon we met to turn in our car and take a night train back to Washington. While I paid for the car Wisniewski went to the station to pick up our tickets and reserve two roomettes. The FBI apparently saw him, for when I got to the station at train time to join him, the Pullman conductor had bad news for us.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," he said, "but there has been a mistake. Your space was reserved for passengers who will be getting on later. We will have to move you to berths in another car."

I did not like the sound of this maneuver, and I protested.

"We have paid for these rooms," I said, "and we have the tickets. You will have to put the other people somewhere else."

"I can't do that," the conductor said. "I'm sorry, but *you* will have to move."

"We will not move," I said.

Wisniewski and I got on the train and went straight to our roomettes. The train pulled out, and in a few minutes the conductor came by.

"I still have to move you gentlemen," he said, a little sternly this time.

"Move the other people who are not on the train yet," I said.

The conductor shrugged his shoulders and left. He went to the car ahead of us and, through the passageway, I could see him talking to two strangers. One of them shook his head and motioned for the conductor to come back and take us to their car.

Now I knew what was going on, and I was very angry. The FBI men who had to follow us to Washington had not been able to get space in our car at the last minute. So they were asking the conductor to move us to *their* car where they could watch us more easily. I was determined not to accommodate them.

The conductor came by again. This time he looked desperate, and I felt rather sorry for him. But I did not like to be pushed around just to make it easy for the FBI. It was the principle of the thing. We had a right to ride wherever we wanted to. I asked the conductor for his name, this time, and wrote it down in my notebook. Then I told him I would write a full report on the incident to the Pullman company and ask for our money back.

"If we have to move," I said, "we will move to the coaches."

The conductor sighed, but he said nothing. He punched our tickets and went away. Wisniewski and I locked ourselves in our roomettes.

An hour or so later I went to the diner for supper—leaving Wisniewski behind to guard our accommodations so no one could search them. As I walked down the aisle I glanced through the open door of another compartment in *our* car and saw our friends seated inside with their eyes fixed on the corridor. It was the FBI that had had to move. The mountain had come to Mohammed.

It was an exhausting game, pitting wits and legs against the FBI's troops. And though I felt no friendship for them—and they none for me, certainly—I sometimes tried to lighten the day for all of us with a little friendly conversation. Once, in New York, when I had been racing all over Central Park for hours trying to lose the FBI on the winding trails, at the crowded zoo and even in the cavernous halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, we were all so hot and tired that I stopped for a moment at a water fountain. One of the FBI men took advantage of the recess to sit down on a bench and rest his feet. There was no one else on the bench so I went over and sat down next to him.

"It's a very hot day, isn't it?" I asked.

My friend was not in the mood to be friendly. He stared straight ahead, like one of those imperturbable guards at Buckingham Palace, and did not answer me. He was under orders, I suppose, not to get familiar with his quarry on the hunt. Or perhaps he was so fed up with me by now that he did not trust his tongue. After a few minutes we both got up and went on with the race. The FBI men won the prize that day; I never did lose them. I did try to make it pleasant for them that evening, however. I let them follow me to the Latin Quarter, an opulent night club where I think we all had a wonderful time. At least I liked the show very much. And the FBI men, who sat at an adjoining table, seemed to enjoy themselves, too. But I never again saw the man whom I had spoken to on the bench. The fact that I had singled him out apparently ended his usefulness on the Monat posse. I did hope he was transferred to more pleasant duty.

In Penn Station one evening, as I was waiting to board a train from New York to Washington, I saw three FBI men standing a few feet away from me. They were obviously impatient to see me off and get rid of me. One of them had been my special enemy that day. Every time I thought I was about to get away from him—in a Times Square restaurant, on a subway train or in an office elevator—he had been right on top of me. The race took us all over the city and it lasted for about eight hours. Even though my friend won, I was sure that by now he was sick of the very sight of me.

He looked it, too. He was a tall, good-looking man with a youthful, athlete's face, bright eyes, a crew cut and a well-tailored suit. He could easily have passed as the young headmaster of a fashionable prep school or the junior partner in a leading New York law firm. I could tell from his manner that he had nothing but contempt for me. His eyes glanced just past or just over my head whenever he had to look in my direction. And as he stood there, calmly smoking a cigarette, a look of real disdain crossed his face. He seemed like a very good man—to have *on* your side, not against you.

Partly out of boredom and pettiness—and partly out of professional admiration for the man—I decided to speak to him.

"Pardon me," I said, turning to face him, "but haven't I seen you somewhere today?"

"No, I'm afraid not," he said, glancing down at me very quickly.

"But I'm sure I saw you in Times Square," I said.

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"I was not in Times Square," he answered.

"Perhaps it was on the Seventh Avenue subway?"

"I do not ride the Seventh Avenue subway."

"That is very odd," I said. "I hardly ever mistake a face."

My friend said nothing but kept puffing on his cigarette. He almost blew the smoke in my direction, but he thought better of it and turned away just in time.

"Are you going to Washington?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "I am waiting for my mother-in-law."

Then he dropped his cigarette on the cement floor and ground it out with a stomping motion of his foot. I could see that he was extremely uncomfortable and wished only that I would go aboard the train and get out of his sight. I decided to tease him once more.

"Perhaps you have not seen me before," I said, "because I am not from New York. You see, I am the Polish military attaché. I live in Washington."

Now he looked straight at me.

"So you are the Polish military attaché," he said. "Well, I am the monkey keeper at the Bronx Zoo."

I never saw that agent again, either.

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8

AMERICANS TALK TOO MUCH

It was lucky for me that not all of the Americans I met were as close-mouthed as the FBI. If they had been, I would never have been able to send as many secrets to Warsaw as I did. Soon after my arrival—and much to my amazement—I discovered that the U.S. is not a difficult country to spy on at all. For one thing, it is rather ingenious about keeping its secrets. It places armed guards and barbed wire around a new defense installation, but it also allows the contractor who built the place to print pictures of it in his publicity releases and in his advertising. It puts most of its Grade-A military eggs—the top generals and admirals and staff planners—into one basket—the Pentagon—but then it allows almost anyone, including Communist intelligence officers, to go prowling through the basket almost at will, searching for cracked shells and broken secrets. But one of the weakest links in the nation's security is a national trait which is also, ironically enough, one of the country's best and most charming assets—the yearning friendliness of her people.

No simple characterization ever fits an entire population. But I have found—in general—that Americans are a likable people, a friendly people and a generous people. The only trouble with them on this score is that they also seem to crave public recognition and appreciation for being likable, friendly and generous. Perhaps this is because they are self-conscious about being the world's *nouveau riche* and want to make up for their good luck and their comforts with organized kindness. Or perhaps it is because America is such a melting pot of foreign blood and fluid social classes that everyone is ashamed—or afraid—not to slap the stranger on the back, and tell him far more than the time of day which he has asked for.

I am afraid it is not for me—so recently a Communist—to fully understand the U.S. or to judge its way of life. But whatever the reasons are, I found it a delightful country in which to carry out espionage. And soon after I got here I discovered an approach which I finally decided could be formulated into a basic principle for getting along with Americans. At least, it stood me in good stead. The principle is this: if a strange foreigner tells an American often enough and firmly enough that he, the American, is a very nice and friendly person and that the U.S. is truly a magnificent country, the foreigner is almost sure to be accepted—and almost immediately—as a good and trusted friend. Shakespeare warned against this sort of instant friendship in his eloquent advice from Polonius to Laertes. And the fraud squad of any police department could give similar warnings. But the Americans have not listened. They are too busy wanting to be liked and admired. Even with a Polish accent, I was able to find one American after another who seemed impelled—usually after a drink or two—to tell me things he might never have told his own wife.

One evening, in the winter of 1956, Captain Wisniewski and I boarded a train in Washington for Chicago. The FBI had seen us off at the station. But apparently it trusted us this time not to get off en route, so none of our friends came along for the ride. Wisniewski and I shared a Pullman compartment, and while he stowed away our luggage I stood in the corridor watching the train pull out. I noticed a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman with glasses and thinning gray hair standing next to me, also looking out the window. As I turned towards him we nodded and smiled to each other.

"It looks like a pleasant journey," he said.

"I hope so," I answered. "I hope we are on time."

"Oh, we will be," he said. "The B & O is pretty good about that."

"Do you travel very much?" I asked him.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he sighed. "On the go most of the time. Busy, busy, busy."

"Well," I said, "you have a very beautiful country to travel in. It is very nice this time of year."

"Yes, it is," my companion said. "Beautiful." We both looked out the window again.

"I noticed your accent," he said, looking back at me. "Where are you from, if I may ask?"

"Oh, you may ask," I said. "I'm originally from Poland. But now I live here in Washington."

"I see," he said. "And what do you do?"

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"What does everyone do in Washington?" I asked. "I am with one of the government offices." I did not lie. I just did not bother to tell him *which* government office I was talking about.

"Well," the man said, "that is a coincidence. So am I."

"Is that so?" I asked. "And what do you do?"

"I am a scientist," he said. "I do research for the Air Force."

"Oh, that sounds very interesting," I said, and looked back out of the window.

At this moment the train rounded a curve and began to lurch from side to side. My new friend and I grabbed for the railing along the windows to steady ourselves.

"Won't you come inside and sit down?" the scientist asked, motioning toward his own compartment.

As we went inside and sat down in the swaying car he picked up a fat brief case which he had left lying on one of the seats and put it on his lap to get it out of the way.

"This is the project that I'm working on right now," he said, patting the brief case. "I take it with me wherever I go." He opened the brief case and brought out a fistful of papers. "I must spend about eighteen hours a day on these," he said.

I could see at a glance that the papers were full of graphs and tables, and that his work was therefore a long distance over my head.

"It looks very complicated," I said. "You must be designing a new airplane."

"Oh, no, nothing like that," he laughed. "I design the machine that we build to *test* the design of a new airplane. I'm in aerodynamics, and these are the plans for a new wind tunnel." With that, he put the papers back in the brief case and stood up to stow it on the rack over his head.

What a predicament this was! Two of the many blind spots in my formal education were mathematics and engineering. I was a simple soldier, and I did not understand much about the complexities of modern science. Neither did Wisniewski. We had not counted on running into an aerodynamics genius on this trip—and such a friendly one at that. But I was sure that both Warsaw and Moscow were hungry for the contents of that brief case. A new wind tunnel meant new airplanes were being designed. And new airplanes meant that new Soviet defenses had to be devised to shoot them down. For a military spy this was a chance in a lifetime.

Just as I was trying to think of some way to abscond with my friend's secrets without his knowing it, a steward went through the car announcing that dinner was served. My friend asked me if I cared to join him, and I gladly accepted. I still did not know, as we started down the corridor, how I would proceed. But, as we entered the next car on our way to the diner, I remembered that my companion had closed the door to his compartment and had not locked it.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I must wash my hands first. Please go on. I will join you in the diner."

I rushed back to my compartment where Wisniewski was dozing with his head against the window.

"Wisniewski," I whispered, shaking him by the shoulder. "Wake up."

Wisniewski opened his eyes and looked at me.

"Listen," I said, "where is your photocopying equipment?"

He looked vague and sleepy.

"Your photocopy equipment," I repeated. "The camera. You brought it?"

"Of course," he answered, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"Good. Listen to me. Two compartments down—*two* compartments to your *left*—there's a big brief case on the rack. Do you understand?"

Wisniewski was still not completely awake. He looked down at the floor and yawned, but he nodded his head to indicate he understood.

"The brief case is full of very important material," I went on. "You won't have time to read it or sort it out. Just bring it in here and copy everything you see as fast as you can. I will try to hold the man it belongs to in the diner, but you won't have much time. As soon as you have copied everything, put the brief case back where you got it. But make sure that no one sees you enter or leave the compartment. When I come back from dinner I'll knock on the door. If you have not finished you must hide the brief case immediately—in here. Do you understand?"

Wisniewski wiped his eyes again and nodded.

"All right," I said, "go to work."

On my way to the diner I thought of a way to handle the situation if my friend and I got back before Wisniewski was ready. I would hang around outside the scientist's compartment until he noticed his brief case was missing. Then I would persuade him that he had taken it to the diner with him. When he went to get it, I would get it back from Wisniewski—ready or not—and stow it under the scientist's seat. Then I would show it to him and tell him the porter must have put it there while we were eating.

The scientist and I had a pleasant dinner. He had done a good deal of traveling, and we talked about Europe and foreign customs, the museums in Paris, the restaurants in Brussels and the ruins of ancient Greece. I had never been to Greece, but I liked to talk about it. He was interested in hunting and fishing so I encouraged him to tell me about the best streams for trout in Colorado and the best beaches along the Atlantic for surf casting. When dinner was over I asked him to join me in the lounge car for a cigar and I had the steward bring us two good ones. I paid for the cigars and he paid for two snifters of cognac which we sipped between puffs. We watched the station lights pass by outside, and once or twice I got him onto a new tack by asking him about the schools he had been to and the schools his children were attending. I did not ask him about his work. I hoped Wisniewski was taking care of that while we finished our cigars.

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Finally, about two hours after we had sat down, my friend said he was sleepy and ought to turn in.

"I have a very hard day tomorrow," he said. "Some other scientists are meeting me to go over my paper work and I want to be fresh."

We got up and left the lounge, and I preceded him through the rocking corridors back to our car. As we passed my compartment, I opened my door slightly and banged it shut again.

"My colleague is already asleep," I said. "I was afraid he might have locked the door."

"Oh, dear," the scientist said. "I forgot to lock mine. My God, I hope . . ."

He opened the door to his compartment and braced himself against the wall as he peered inside. He looked up at the rack, then turned back toward me and smiled.

"Everything's fine," he said. "It's still there. I hate to think of having to do all that *over* again. Well, it was very pleasant. Perhaps I'll see you in Chicago. By the way, where are you staying?"

"At the Palmer House," I said.

"Too bad," he answered. "I'm at the Drake. Well, good night."

"Good night, good night," I said. "Thank you for your company—and for the cognac."

"Not at all," he said. "Thank you for the cigar." And he closed the door.

Wiśniewski was still awake when I entered the compartment.

"Good God, Colonel," he whispered, "what *was* all that stuff?"

"Something about wind tunnels," I said. "Did you get it?"

"Well, I copied every page," he answered. "But the light in here is terrible and the train kept rocking so I'm not sure how it will turn out."

"We won't try to process it," I said. "We'll send it straight to Warsaw and let them work on it. Good night."

"Good night," Wiśniewski said. "What hotel *are* we staying at in Chicago?"

"The La Salle," I answered.

"That's what I thought," Wiśniewski said, and turned out his light.

I undressed and climbed into my berth and turned out my light.

"Oh, Colonel," Wiśniewski whispered loudly. "As a soldier, it is my duty to report that I had no dinner tonight."

After lunch, one hot summer day in 1957, I decided to drive to Baltimore to learn more about the city. It was the closest big city to Washington, but I did not know it nearly so well as more distant places like Chicago and New York. I also wanted to check on two new drops which my assistants had found, before recommending them to Warsaw. It was a muggy day, and there was not much traffic on the roads. I took a roundabout way of getting there to shake off any FBI cars which might have followed me. As was often my custom on short trips out of Washington, I had not bothered to tell the Pentagon that I was going. I took a chance that no one would catch me. No one did, and I reached Baltimore at three in the afternoon.

It took me about two hours to check on the drops. One of them, perhaps because it was in a very macabre place, was quite good. It consisted of an ancient grave hidden away in an old cemetery, with tall grass all around it, and an old headstone that had long since tumbled over. Under the stone was a cozy, dry place where we could safely conceal a large package of material for a day or two. The second drop was not so good. It consisted of a pile of rusty pipes in an alley behind a Montgomery Ward store. As my assistant had told me, the pipes had obviously not been moved for many months. But I decided that this was no *proof* they could not be moved by someone within the next week or so. I checked that drop off the list and did not bother to recommend it.

I was hungry when I finished work and decided to stop at a cafeteria for a snack before I went home. It was dinnertime, and the place was crowded. I reached the food counter after waiting in line for several minutes and took an order of roast beef, rolls and a cup of coffee. Then I looked for a place to sit down. I saw two men getting up and rushed to their table just as a young woman got there with her tray.

"Won't you join me?" I asked. "There's room for us both." I never liked to eat alone on my travels.

The woman was about thirty, brunette and rather pretty. And her name—she told me right away—was Lucille. I told her mine was Robert. We chatted politely about the weather and the crowd and how good the food was. Then, answering one of my perfunctory questions, Lucille said something which made me open my ears.

"I like Baltimore very much," she said, "and I like Martin. But I guess a person can get tired of any job."

"Oh," I said, "you work for Martin?"

The Martin Company was the closest American firm to Washington which manufactured military aircraft, and I probably had done more personal research on it than on any company in the U.S. I knew that it employed about twenty-six thousand people and that it was involved in building planes for both the Navy and the Air Force. But—as I soon found out from Lucille—I did not, by any means, know everything there was to know about Martin.

"Yes," Lucille went on, "Martin is a fine company, and we build some marvelous airplanes. But I sometimes wonder how we get it done. Of course, I'm only a secretary. But I see quite a bit from my desk. And if I were running Martin you could bet your boots I would not let some of the things go on that I *see* going on."

"Like what?" I asked, wishing I had brought along my tape recorder.

"Well," Lucille said, "I won't name names because you probably would not know them—you don't work for Martin, do you?"

I shook my head.

"Well," Lucille began, "take my own boss. He helps handle government contracts. The money he spends taking generals and admirals out to dinner to try to sell them airplanes—well, I think it's

37 SPY IN THE U.S. --748-- to on 13 x 25 Baskerville scandalous. And the poor man's wife. She's always calling him up to tell him she's out of bourbon, or the children won't behave, or the car won't start or something. I think companies ought to hire their executives by the wives they've got. You know what I mean? Check up on them to make sure the ladies don't drink too much or won't badger their husbands when they're working. I don't think *I'd* act like that if *I* were married."

This was all gossip and much of it was probably not true. But Lucille wanted to get it off her chest and she was happy to have someone like me to listen to it. Factory gossip, however, was not her only subject. She had quite a few facts at her fingertips. At least they sounded like facts. And by some judicious questioning—and even more judicious listening—I was able to keep the talk flowing. Lucille was familiar with Martin's government contracts—some of which I did not know about. To my surprise, she knew the status of various design models. She knew some of the production figures. And she understood some of the technical problems which Martin engineers were trying to solve. Several times during the evening I could only ask myself, "How will I ever remember all this?"

Lucille was so eager to talk, in fact, that we both had to go back for seconds. Then we went back for dessert. And finally I went back to refill our coffee cups. After we finished dinner Lucille and I went for a short walk.

"Gee," she said, when we got out into the fresh air, "I'm sorry I kept bending your ear. Won't you tell me something about *yourself*?"

"Well, there isn't much to tell," I said. "I'm in business—but nothing like yours. I live in Washington. I come here now and then to handle a deal. And now I have to go back."

"Well," Lucille said, "it *was* nice talking to you. I hope you didn't mind. I eat in that place quite often, by the way—if you happen to be back in town some evening."

"That would be very nice," I said. "I may join you again."

I really intended to. Lucille was a nice girl, attractive and intelligent. And I was surprised that she was not already married. As soon as I got back to Washington I went to the office and cabled a long report to Warsaw, describing my meeting with the lady from Martin and proposing that I meet her again. Warsaw was quick to react. The next day I got a cable saying, "Definitely no." From the perspective of Warsaw, where women play a rather different role in life, Lucille seemed too good, too co-operative, too talkative and much too knowledgeable for a mere secretary. *Z-2* suspected she had been planted by the FBI to trap me. I sent a few more cables trying to convince my bosses that they were wrong, but they insisted that I drop her. And I had to follow orders. I never saw Lucille again.

I was returning to Washington from New York by train one evening when a young Army lieutenant came aboard at Trenton, New Jersey, and sat down in the seat beside me. I could tell from his insignia that he was an ordnance officer. We did not speak at first. The lieutenant leafed through a magazine while I gazed out of my window and watched his reflection in it for some sign of an opening. Finally, when he seemed bored with his reading, I brought out my cigarette case—which I carried only as a prop, to help start conversations—and stuck a cigarette in my mouth. I offered one to the lieutenant. He said he was trying to quit, but he accepted one and I gave him a light.

"I'm going to Washington," I said. "How far are you going?"

"Aberdeen," he answered.

"Oh, the ordnance proving grounds," I said. I knew that this was one of the most highly classified posts in the U.S. and that it tested new weapons and equipment for the U.S. Army. I tried not to betray too much interest, but I soon discovered I did not have to worry. The lieutenant was ready and willing to tell me all about it.

"You must have a very interesting job," I said, "for such a young officer."

"It sure is," he answered. "We're on a fascinating project right now—we're trying to figure out the best angle to mount armor on a new tank. You know, so the shells won't penetrate it but will bounce off."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed.

"Right now we think it goes on about like this," the lieutenant said, holding his hands up to show me the angle.

"You've probably heard about the new M-14 rifle and the M-60 machine gun," he said, after we had both puffed on our cigarettes for a moment.

"Very little," I said, speaking frankly.

"Well," he said, "that little M-14 is really terrific. We think that baby's going to give us a firepower of 750 rounds a minute. That's faster, you know, than some of our machine guns."

"I didn't know that," I said. And I really didn't.

I kept nodding my head or exclaiming over facts for the next hour until the train stopped at Aberdeen, Maryland, and the lieutenant shook my hand and got off. I spent the next hour—until the train pulled into Washington—scribbling down notes of everything he had said. The next day I discussed them with one of my assistants, who was an expert on ordnance. He knew most of the facts the lieutenant had given me, but some of the details were new to him. I checked these with the Soviet military attaché and they were news to him, too. It was a profitable cigarette.

In May, 1957, when the U.S. was celebrating Armed Forces Day at military bases all over the country, I decided to send Captain Edward Gordon to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to take a good look at the 82nd Air-borne Division, which we knew was putting on a big show for the public that day—including a demonstration parachute jump. Gordon sneaked away from Washington without an FBI escort and arrived in Fayetteville on the day of the demonstration. He was standing on a corner waiting for a cab when a car

38 SPY IN THE U.S. —7,18— 10 on 13 x 25 Baskerville pulled up and a middle-aged couple asked him where he was headed. Gordon told them he was going to Fort Bragg to see the show. The old couple told him to jump in—they were going there, too.

The man in the car—Mr. B—asked Gordon where he was from, and Gordon told him he had just arrived from Washington.

"From your accent," Mr. B said, "I'd guess you work for one of the embassies there."

"Why, yes," Gordon admitted, "the Polish embassy."

"And how do you like the United States?" Mr. B asked.

"I think it is wonderful, very beautiful," Gordon said. "The people in Washington are very nice, very friendly."

"Well," Mr. B said, looking around at Gordon in the back seat, "the people here in North Carolina are a lot friendlier than the people there in Washington. Just you wait and see."

Gordon sat back in the car, thinking that this was too funny to be true. He was not in uniform, so Mr. and Mrs. B could not guess that he was a military man. But even if they had, it would not have made much difference. Mr. and Mrs. B did not seem to think it was at all unusual for a Pole to be running around loose at a U.S. military demonstration. If Gordon did not belong there, they seemed to assume, somebody would have stopped him.

"You know," Mr. B said, "you really are lucky that I picked you up. I know this outfit as well as anybody around here. If there's anything you want to know about it, just ask me."

Mrs. B explained that her husband did a good deal of business with the Army people in town and that they were both devoted fans of the division.

"They always give us VIP treatment at these shows," she said, "and we never miss one of them. I guess you'd say we've sort of adopted each other—the 82nd and Mr. and Mrs. B."

Mr. B was right about Gordon's luck. He had a special sticker fastened to his windshield which allowed him to park close to the grandstand. And every soldier in the area seemed to know him. A sergeant saw that he got a choice spot for his car. And while Mrs. B went off to join some lady friends—mostly Army wives—her husband took Gordon into an enclosed area where he had a fine vantage point for watching the jump. Gordon had brought along both a movie camera and a still camera, and when the show started Mr. B obligingly offered to operate one camera while Gordon was busy with the other. He also kept up a running commentary on the demonstration. He seemed to know a good deal about the division's parachute tactics and combat organization. Whenever an officer he knew came by, Mr. B stopped him and asked him to explain his job to Gordon. Gordon picked up at least one new fact from each officer he met. One of them told Gordon about a special training course he had helped devise to teach the paratroopers guerrilla tactics. This man alone was worth Gordon's trip, for a few weeks after Gordon returned to Washington we got a cable from Z-2 querying us on the same subject.

Mr. B never did tell his Army friends where Gordon was from. It never occurred to him, apparently, that this was important. Perhaps he did not know where Poland was or that it belonged to the Communist bloc. Mr. B was a very kind man and an extremely patriotic American. The 82nd Air-borne was the salt of the U.S. to him, and the U.S. was the salt of the world. But Mr. B was also a kindly old fool.

In 1956 I sent two of my best assistants—Majors Edmund Baranowski and Wladyslaw Kutuski—on a trip through Texas to search for new drops. They flew to Dallas and rented a car there for the rest of the tour. They looked for drops by day and spent their evenings looking for strangers who might disclose some information. Texas is crammed with Air Force installations, so my officers made a point of staying at motels close to the airfields and eating their meals in restaurants which they noticed were frequented by Air Force men. Despite these preparations, however, and long hours of patient waiting, their pickings were slim. Then one night, as they sat at a bar outside San Antonio, Baranowski and Kutuski looked up to see a tall young man come striding through the door, amble up to the bar and order a double bourbon-on-the-rocks. The majors were fascinated by him. The thing which impressed them most about him, they reported to me later, was the rakish ten-gallon hat he wore. They had never seen one quite like it. They must have stared at him, for in a moment the Texan waved to them from his end of the bar.

"Howdy, strangers," he drawled, "ah don't reckon ah've seen you two around here before."

My majors waved back and nodded. They admitted they were strangers, and the Texan sidled over to stand next to them. He told them his name; they told him their names. In the confusion of the moment they even volunteered that they were from Poland.

"Well," he said, "you've come a far piece to see Texas. What do you-all think of it?"

Kutuski and Baranowski assured the young man—who was still wearing his hat—that Texas was amazing. It was very big, it was very rich, it was everything they had ever heard about it.

"Well," the Texan said, "we try to do our share. The old country up north wants to build herself a lot of automobiles—we dig up all the gas and oil to make 'em run. She gets hungry—we fatten up all the steers. She gets her little ol' self into a war—we bail her out. We've got a lotta fightin' folk down here. Ah guess you all've seen the big airfields we got all over."

Kutuski and Baranowski said they had seen the fields but did not know too much about them. So the Texan proceeded to fill them in.

"Ah've been inside most of 'em," he said. "Ah was a pilot myself for more'n four years. Then my daddy died and ah had to get out and mind the ranch. Ah sure do miss flyin'."

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My men suggested that they were hungry and they asked the Texan if he would join them for dinner. He agreed—"If you'll let me pay my own way and buy the next round." During dinner the Texan talked on and on about his Air Force. He was a walking encyclopedia of military aviation. He knew the speed and performance of Air Force planes; he knew the training schedules of the local pilots—many of whom were friends of his; he knew about their pay, their morale and their proficiency; he knew how the SAC alert system worked—and he went on to describe it; he knew how many bombers on an SAC base were loaded with nuclear weapons and ready to fly away to war; he knew about the armament of the planes and the radar systems and the best tactics for shooting down an interceptor in midair—a feat which he enacted dramatically with his hands; he knew what formations the fighter planes were trained to follow; and he went into detail about Air Force maintenance and repair crews. He not only knew all this, but he was eager to brag about his information to strangers. Kufuski and Baranowski, who were not aviation experts, understood and retained about half of what he told them. As a result of this amazing adventure, I suggested in my report to Warsaw that future missions of this kind into Air Force territory be staffed with trained Polish Air Force officers, even if they had to be sent all the way from Warsaw for the purpose. The Texan simply knew—and said—too much.

One of our best sources of loose talk about military subjects was —of all places—the Pentagon in Washington. Anyone, from a four-star general to a fifteen-year-old boy, can get *into* the Pentagon. There are information desks at the Mall and River entrances where ladies sit ready to answer questions or direct strangers to the proper room in the proper corridor on the proper floor of this gigantic maze. And presumably, they also are there to sift out people who don't belong. But no one needs a pass to get past them. And once inside the Pentagon—though many areas are extremely well guarded to let the Joint Chiefs, the intelligence staffs and the top-secret planners deliberate in privacy—anyone can roam the hallways and pause in the corridors. The basement of the Pentagon houses a large concourse which is filled with shops, snack bars, post offices and other public conveniences for the Pentagon's huge population. This area, along with the Pentagon library—where we were allowed to browse contentedly through the unclassified material—were our main stamping grounds.

But we were not interested in buying stamps or drinking coffee or simply flipping the pages of military history books. We *did* all of these things—but only as an excuse for hanging around. Our real purpose was to eavesdrop on conversations. A good deal of the talk we overheard consisted of everyday military gossip. A general was being transferred or promoted, and his friends came up to congratulate him. A new admiral was moving in and he went up to greet old friends. A colonel who was well known around the Pentagon was telling everyone how he had taken over a new Army branch involving research. Air Force captains stood around in groups worrying out loud about their pay, their housing and their promotions to major.

Once in a while, in the midst of all this chatter, we picked up a juicy morsel. Two officers meeting in a hall confirmed a rumor we had heard that an infantry regiment was undergoing special nuclear training. A colonel told a friend that he had just been ordered to evaluate a new weapon that we had never heard of. We got our first real hint about the reorganization of the Army into new, streamlined "pentomic" divisions in the Pentagon cellar. And one of my assistants first heard about the new B-70 airplane from an Air Force colonel who mentioned it to a colleague of his as the two of them stood waiting for hamburgers at a Pentagon snack bar.

All of this information was choppy and fragmentary. It was collected on the edge of crowds and sometimes it gave us only the rough edge of a new fact. But each small tidbit helped us build up the mosaic. The eavesdropping also gave Warsaw—and Moscow—an incredibly intimate insight into the daily workings of the American high command.

The Pentagon was so easy for us to get into, and so safe for us to work in, that I wanted very much to locate a secret drop there. We found an excellent spot for one—a crack in the wall behind a door not far from the underground taxi entrance. And I could have made wonderful use of it. Every now and then some co-operative soul in the Pentagon would send word that he had some classified material for us. We did not dare meet him anywhere. And he did not want to carry his papers too far from the Pentagon for fear of getting caught with them. A drop was the ideal solution. But Warsaw turned us down. It was inconceivable to Z.2 that we could work right under the noses of the top brass without getting into serious trouble. Warsaw was wrong, of course. It would have been a snap.

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9

THE PRESS IS A BIG HELP

Americans are not only careless and loquacious in their speech. They also give away far more than is good for them in the public print. This fact—which I soon realized was another basic principle in American life—came in very handy for me. It was nice to know, on a rainy day or when the wind was howling down Wyoming Avenue or the snow was drifting outside, that I could go right on collecting secrets for Warsaw without ever leaving my desk. And, though I had an unlimited budget for buying information, it was also gratifying to know—since Poland is poor—that I could acquire a good deal of it, even in the money-conscious U.S., for next to nothing.

Take February, 1957, for example. I really got a windfall that month. For the incredibly reasonable sum of two dollars, I was able to buy—in one tidy bundle—a long and extremely detailed series of facts concerning military aviation in the U.S. and allied countries. Here are just a few of the fascinating facts which I learned from this one source:

The first squadron of twelve F8U-1 Crusader planes will soon be put into service in the U.S. Navy; the plane is powered by a Pratt & Whitney J-57 engine with a thrust of ten thousand pounds; an improved version—designated the F8U-3—will have a speed of Mach 2 and will be ready in three years. A photographic version of the plane—designated the F8U-1P—is already on the books in the Fleet Introduction Program.

More than one hundred Douglas F4D Skyray all-weather fighters—also powered by J-57 engines—are assigned to the fleet, and quantity production will continue until mid-1958.

The Convair F-104A jet interceptor has a wingspan of 32 feet 2 inches, is 68 feet and 3 inches long, 21 feet and 3 inches high, has a speed of Mach 1, is powered by the J-57 and carries a Falcon missile produced by Hughes which is 6 feet long, 6 inches in diameter, has a wingspan of 2 feet, weighs 100 pounds and is guided to its target by a radar homing device.

Engineers at Boeing have discovered that they can save at least 30 per cent on the weight of a B-47 or B-52 bomber by constructing it of heat-treated 6Al-4V titanium alloy instead of the Type 422 heat-treated steel which they have been using.

The British have a Saunders Roe SR-53 rocket-jet interceptor—powered by an Armstrong-Siddley Viper engine—ready for testing at Boscombe Downs; the Armstrong-Whitworth people are working on a ship-to-air weapon for the Royal Navy which will use a Sperry guidance system.

Canada has already sent one squadron of Avro CF-100 fighters to join NATO in Europe and will have the second squadron there in another month. The Canadians plan a total of four CF-100 squadrons, with the remaining eight squadrons to be equipped with F-86 Sabrejets.

The Saab Aircraft Company in Sweden has completed the maiden flight of its all-weather J 32-B night fighter, which differs from the A 32 in that it has a more powerful Rolls-Royce engine, an enlarged afterburner, new armament, a new navigation system and new fire-control equipment.

Argentina has turned down a U.S. offer of F-84 Thunderjets at thirty thousand dollars each because the "Argentines thought the plane was too hot for them to handle." Argentina still has 70 of its original 100 Gloster Meteors, but only 45 of them are in operation.

The West Germans are building 350 Fouga-Magister trainers and 469 DO-27's for their own Air Force, with the Messerschmitt, Heinkel and Dornier companies doing the work.

Italy has three brigades of fighter-bombers, each outfitted with F-84's and F-84F's, an all-weather fighter brigade equipped with F-86K's, a squadron of Fiat Vampires, and two antisubmarine groups equipped with Harpoons. Total strength of the Italian Air Force is now 700 planes, which is a 27 per cent increase over 1955.

Japan is rehabilitating an old field at Shizuma, near Nagoya, with a 6,000-foot runway, has an 8,000-foot runway at Hyakurihara near Tokyo, and is planning to spend a billion yen expanding other airfields in 1957. Japan also plans to add 450 planes to the 519 it already has, including 137 new F-86's, 82 new T-33A trainers, 7 new T-34's, 25 new T-6's and 2 new C-46 cargo planes.

These were only a few of the thousands of facts which I learned all at once, simply by thumbing through the February 25, 1957, issue of *Aviation Week*, a periodical which is published in New York City by McGraw-Hill. This particular issue was labeled "24th Annual Inventory of Airpower" and it was 372 pages fat. Pages 222 through 226 alone were worth far more than two dollars to Warsaw, for they carried tables listing the name, address, plant area, employment figure, yearly sales, net income, backlog, dividends, production allocations and research budgets for every major company in the U.S. which was then engaged in building aircraft or missiles. Other tables described the military designation, primary mission, dimension, weight, performance, power plant, armament and flight history of eighty-three different airplanes. A final table summarized the name, category, military designation, manufacturer, status and performance of thirty-five different U.S. missiles.

Very little of this information was of a really classified nature. We could have dug up most of it ourselves from other sources. But it would have taken us months of work and required us to shell out thousands of dollars to various agents to ferret out the facts, one by one. The magazine handed it all to us on a silver platter.]

The publishers of *Aviation Week* try to be responsible about their gold mine. The magazine sounds a warning in each issue that it solicits subscriptions only "from persons who have a commercial or professional interest in aviation. . . . Position and company connection must be indicated on subscription order." Though I thought that I, as a military attaché, had an extremely professional interest in aviation, the McGraw-Hill people wrote me a letter refusing my subscription and suggesting that it would be inappropriate for them to welcome me as a customer. They were very nice about it, however,

41 SPY IN THE U.S. —748— 10 on 13 x 25 Baskerville and said they would be happy to hear from me again if the political situation changed for the better. Actually, it did not matter whether I subscribed to *Aviation Week* or not. Whenever one of my officers or I happened to be in New York, we could drop by at the editorial offices of McGraw-Hill at 330 West 42nd Street and purchase back copies of the magazine over the counter for fifty cents each.

[*Aviation Week* was only one of our regular and more dependable sources of military information. Another was *Missiles and Rockets*, a monthly magazine which specializes in digging up and selling information about the new science of astronautics and is filled from month to month with all kinds of facts, figures and trade gossip concerning U.S. progress—or lack of progress—in the missile field. I have already mentioned that we subscribed to some thirty or forty American newspapers which made a habit of printing a good deal of local and national military news. The best of these, from my point of view, was the *New York Times*. The *Times* is "must" reading for any espionage agent. This does not mean that it trades consciously in military secrets. The *Times* is a responsible paper, and most of the facts it prints could probably be picked up by any enterprising agent without breaking into anyone's safe. But the *Times* is also a fabulously big and successful newspaper. It has to fill so many columns of news just to dress up or hold apart, its voluminous pages of advertising that in due time it undoubtedly gets around to printing every conceivable fact about everything which anyone would want to know. All I had to do was be patient and wait for the *Times* to print what I wanted to know.]

[One day, for example, in a small story which the *Times* buried on one of its inside pages, I learned about the selection of several new sites for Atlas ICBM launching pads in the vicinity of Plattsburg, New York. A small map which was tucked into the story showed the exact position of each proposed site. And, as if this were not enough, the story pinned down the geographic co-ordinates of each pad, based on information its reporter had gathered from the local abstract office describing the sections of farm land which were being condemned to make way for the missiles. All that Moscow had to do to procure this extremely valuable information from a rather remote area was plunk down a nickel for a copy of the *Times*. The U.S. would have to spend millions of dollars on a fleet of U-2 airplanes or reconnaissance satellites to get the same kind of information out of Russia.]

I should make it clear that I think I understand the American devotion to a free press. If the government ever loved the press to stop printing available news, simply because some of it might help the enemy to fill in his mosaic, then one of the most valuable American freedoms could begin—at that very moment—to wither away. I also understand that in a democracy like the U.S. the public must be kept informed of some of its defense matters so that it will support the tremendous tax bill required to buy the weapons. In addition, the enemy must be told a certain amount about U.S. defenses or he will not fear them and be deterred by them. It does occur to me, however—despite these truths—that it must be extremely difficult for the U.S. military to try to defend the nation and its freedoms when the very sinews of its defenses are being exposed, day by day, to anyone who can read. [From September, 1955, through May, 1958, when it was my duty to relay all the facts I could to Warsaw and Moscow, I had nothing but overwhelming gratitude for the free American press.]

[But daily newspapers and technical magazines were not our only sources of defense information. We subscribed to—or had access to—a whole library of special periodicals which filled in our knowledge of U.S. military affairs. These included magazines like *Air Force*, which is the monthly house organ of a professional air-power lobby known as the Air Force Association; the *Marine Corps Gazette*, which is put out by the Marine Corps Association; *Navy, the Magazine of Sea Power*, an official publication of the Navy League; the *Infantry Journal*, the bible of the American Infantry Association; and similar mouthpieces supported by various military groups, and with titles like *Ordnance*, *Armor* and the *Quartermaster Review*.

The general editorial purpose of most of these magazines is to fight the battle of interservice rivalry in print. Since most of the readers are zealous members of one competing fraternity or another, the magazines vie with one another to present the strongest possible case for their own respective branches of the service—and print advertising for the defense industries which are most involved. Sometimes the talk gets quite frank and hard-hitting, and by reading all of these periodicals regularly it is possible—even for a foreigner—to keep in step with the latest trends in U.S. military doctrine and to get a good running summary of the weapons, the plans and the tactics involved.

Some of these publications are available only to qualified U.S. military personnel, and we often had trouble getting our names entered on the subscription lists. The *Quartermaster Review*, for example, turned us down cold—though the Czechs managed to subscribe. *Armor* refused our subscription one year, but let us climb aboard the next. One journal, put out by the Army's Chemical Warfare Service, turned us down every time we tried to buy it. But we were lucky. One of my officers happened to live in an apartment house where a copy of the journal arrived each month addressed to another tenant. My assistant grabbed it off the pile of mail in the lobby as soon as it was delivered and put it back a few hours later—after we had time to photograph every page and ship the film to Warsaw.]

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Another good source of intelligence was the stream of manuals and reports which is published each year by Army, Navy and Air Force technical schools and which specialize in such interesting subjects—especially for the enemy's general staff—as signal communications, artillery, ordnance, supply problems, chemical warfare and armament. The schools issue catalogues of their work, along with order blanks which are supposed to be signed by the customer's commanding officer authorizing him to make the purchase. Since I had no commanding officer in the U.S., I ignored this red tape and simply had one of my own captains or majors write in, giving his real name and rank—but neglecting to mention that he was a Polish, not an American, officer. Since Polish names are by no means uncommon in the American military, our own Captain Wiśniewski or Major Kutuski was not always unsuccessful in building up our library.

Whenever we submitted an order for publications we usually asked for several volumes of general and nonmilitary interest also—to make us look more like normal readers. And we usually sent along more money than the purchase called for, and told the friendly people who filled the order to apply the extra money to our next order—so we would have a foot in the door. Now and then, when we wanted to lie low ourselves, we asked the Polish attachés in Canada to write in. These orders were usually filled promptly in a commendable spirit of good neighborliness.

But somehow the U.S. State Department caught on to our tricks and warned us to stop buying military publications under false pretenses. We did—for a few months. Then we started up again. And, to our great surprise, we were once more fairly successful. But in 1956 I thought of a refinement on this trick which I decided would help eliminate the suspicion altogether. It involved our being able to place orders under names which did not sound so obviously Polish. I knew that a Polish captain by the name of Edward Kucharski was about to leave Warsaw to join my staff. I sent a cable requesting that Kucharski change his name before he left and come to the U.S. with a label that sounded purely American.

He would have to go through all kinds of legal shenanigans, of course—take out a new passport with his new name inscribed on it, and even get a new birth certificate stuck into the files in Warsaw so the dereption could not easily be discovered by American counter-intelligence. His wife and young son would have to change their names, too—since they were coming with him. And the new name would have to ring true. Kucharski could not switch to a name like Smith or Saltonstall or O'Flaherty—since there are no such names in Poland. But he could come with a name like Gordon. Gordon, for some reason, is not an uncommon name in Poland; several Gordons are even listed in the Warsaw telephone book.

Kucharski did not like the idea at all; he was very fond of his own name. But my superiors liked it; and Kucharski, like a good soldier, had to obey. And so, when "Edward Gordon" showed up in Washington as my new assistant, I put him to work immediately subscribing to magazines and writing in for books. The trick worked very well. Captain Gordon remained in the U.S. until early in 1961. He is back in Warsaw now, under his old name of Kucharski.

One of the best sources of loose talk in the U.S. is the United States Congress. Almost Senator and Congressman likes to consider himself an expert on one phase of U.S. defense or another—if only to know how to wangle a new Air Force base or an Army post for his constituency back home. Some of the members, especially those who have served in the armed forces themselves, develop a real competence in the field and take a hand in helping to mold the nation's defenses. Once a year, when the military budget is being thrashed out in Congressional hearings, the members of Congress put the top admirals and generals on the witness stand and talk it all over, expert-to-expert. The questioning goes on for hours. And all of it—except for the really secret material which goes off the record—is printed, word for word, in big, fat reports which almost anyone can get his hands on simply by going to a Congressman's office or to the Government Printing Office and claiming to be a journalist collecting information for an article. (At least, that is how I got my copies of Congressional hearings on the defense budget.)

In 1957, when the military appropriations for 1958 were being worked out, the hearings were immortalized in a stack of documents—one for the Navy, one for the Army, one for the Air Force and one for the Defense Department—which stood almost a foot high and ran to more than six thousand pages of very fine print. Many of the passages were extremely boring, even for the experts. One table, for example, summarized the number of square feet occupied by U.S. Army barracks in Hawaii, Alaska, the Caribbean and the U.S., and broke it down into such singular categories as "permanent," "improved temporary," "unimproved temporary," and "austere." Another section pinned down the amount of money the U.S. Navy would be asking for in 1958 (\$1,200,000) for the "Transportation of Things."

One of my favorite characters during these annual meetings was Representative Daniel Flood of Pennsylvania, a man who obviously took great delight in asking piercing questions of the brass. And sometimes Mr. Flood got an answer which was quite enlightening for me. On April 16, 1957, he was in the committee room as Brigadier General Chester De Gavre, Director of Development in the Army's Office of Research and Development, was showing some movies and slides to a Congressional committee so the members could

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 get a good look at the items they were being asked to pay for. I
 thought Mr. Flood's reaction to one gadget General De Gavre un-
 veiled was particularly interesting. Here is how the testimony went:

GENERAL DE GAVRE. The item being shown is the Scorpion
 of the M-56 assault gun. It is not a tank. Mr. Sikes, as you
 recall, recommended this be named the Slugger. We have
 named it the Scorpion because it cannot stand up and slug
 with tanks. The crew is entirely on the outside of the vehicle.
 It weighs 16,000 pounds. It gives the Air-borne Division the
 first capability of antitank defense.

MR. FLOOD. You are going to send that against tanks?

GENERAL DE GAVRE. Yes, sir. This is the only thing that can
 be delivered by air. The present status is that they are now
 being procured for the air-borne divisions.

MR. FLOOD. It would be a suicide operation against tanks.

I suppose no one can blame the Congressmen who have to pay
 the military bills for wanting to make sure they are not throwing
 money away on dubious projects. But it must be difficult to run a
 defense establishment in a goldfish bowl.

Both the Congressmen and the generals are careful to go "off the
 record" when the testimony involves classified material. But this act
 of patriotism is also duly recorded in the printed hearings, and I
 often learned as much from seeing where a deletion was made as I
 might have learned if the testimony had been printed verbatim.

An example of this came on the afternoon of January 8, 1957,
 when Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy was appearing before a
 House subcommittee on defense appropriations and Mr. Dan Flood
 was leading him across the griddle. They were talking about setting
 up Thor missiles in England, and the testimony, as reprinted in the
 hearings, went like this:

MR. FLOOD. Now, do you fellows really think that you are
 going to have IRBM bases, with squadrons, troops, hardware,
 installations, launchers, missiles, with the electric light all
 ready to push a button, in the British Isles before Christmas
 of 1958? Do you really mean that?

SECRETARY McELROY. I believe it.

MR. FLOOD. So at the very, very earliest—and this is even
 money—we will have one operational squadron, and paren-
 thetically I doubt it—

SECRETARY McELROY. I think we will; but, of course, you
 could be right.

MR. FLOOD. I will bet you a hat you will not have it. My
 opinion is you will have nothing resembling—

SECRETARY McELROY. On the record I will take that bet.

MR. FLOOD. You will have no British, or anything else, for
 eighteen months at the earliest.

SECRETARY McELROY. Well—

MR. FLOOD. Certainly you will not.

SECRETARY McELROY. If that is true we will have had an
 out-and-out failure.

MR. FLOOD. American?

SECRETARY McELROY. Americans or—

MR. FLOOD. Just Americans.

SECRETARY McELROY. The early ones will be manned by
 Americans simply in order to get going.

MR. FLOOD. That is what I say.

SECRETARY McELROY. We would expect to have the second
 one available by early 1959.

[Discussion off the record.]

MR. FLOOD. That makes my second question important, at
 least to me. That makes me unhappy.

It certainly did not make Warsaw or Moscow unhappy to learn
 that whatever was said "off the record" in that conversation had
 made Mr. Flood unhappy. I sent all of the fat volumes of Congres-
 sional testimony to Z-2 by diplomatic pouch. But I usually skimmed
 through them first—if only for laughs.

Despite the stacks of magazines, books, pamphlets and Congres-
 sional transcripts which I kept stuffing into the pouch and sending
 off to Warsaw, Z-2 was never quite satisfied. It wanted maps and
 charts, too. In 1957 I got a request to gather descriptions of all the
 major U.S. seaports. To make sure I did not forget anything, Warsaw
 sent along a list of some 150 questions which it wanted me to
 answer about each port. How deep was the harbor? How wide and
 deep were the channels? Where were the railroad sidings and repair
 shops? Where did the pilots go aboard? What was the tide?

I knew from the sound of the query that these questions did not
 reflect only Warsaw's curiosity. As usual, Moscow was using us to
 learn some things its own attachés could not find out. When the
 cable arrived I was tempted to answer that I could not possibly
 tackle such a task without at least a year to do the work and a staff
 of twenty or thirty people to help me. But I decided I had better
 give it a try. I sent for two assistants who had already been to
 Norfolk—which was one of the ports on the list—and ordered them
 to start the project there as a test run. The men worked at Norfolk
 for several days, but when they returned they had only a few rough
 sketches and a few pages of notes. The job was too tough for such
 a frontal approach.

Then, a few weeks later, I had a great stroke of luck. I had gone
 to the Government Printing Office to pick up some unclassified
 reports I needed, and when the clerk brought them to me I asked
 him if—by any chance—he had a good unclassified report on the
 port of Baltimore, which was also on my list. He went to find out.
 A few minutes later he returned with two volumes. One was a book
 which had been put out by U.S. Army engineers describing the
 Baltimore port; the other was a catalogue listing similar studies of
 other U.S. ports. I thanked the clerk for his trouble and went out
 to my car. As I started to leaf through the books I almost jumped

44 SPY IN THE U.S. —748— 10 on 13 x 25 Baskerville through the roof. The volume on Baltimore was packed with much more information than I needed to answer all the questions Z-2 had asked. And, according to the catalogue, similar reports were available on all the other cities on the list.

I sent several of my assistants back to the Government Printing Office on a staggered schedule over the next few weeks—to avoid arousing undue suspicion. And eventually we had the complete set of eighteen volumes in hand. The entire project cost me only about twenty-five dollars—plus a gallon or so of gas getting us to and from the printing office. If a clever agent had offered me the same information—and if he had been smart enough to dole it out to me a few facts at a time to make it look *really* difficult—he could easily have fleeced me of at least fifty thousand dollars. To Warsaw and to Moscow, the information I turned in was worth every bit of that.

I received a similar request from Warsaw that same year for aviation maps of the U.S. Z-2—and again I suspected it was Moscow—needed a complete description of every air base in the U.S., including the length and width of the runways, the best approaches for landing, the location and frequency of the radio directional beacons, etc. Once more, I threw up my hands. But then—once more—I was lucky. I stumbled onto a catalogue one day, from a firm in California, which offered aerial maps of the U.S.—to U.S. citizens only.

I wrote the firm a letter—over a phony signature—and explained that I was a private pilot and needed navigational maps of the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington area to keep me from getting lost. The firm apparently took pity on me, for in a week or so I got the charts I asked for, along with a friendly letter thanking me for my business. The charts were exactly what I needed. So I wrote a few more letters to the same company—I always liked to do business with the same people if they were efficient. In a few weeks I had gradually built up my collection until I had a complete set of maps covering the entire U.S. When I showed them to the Soviet air attaché, he was so amazed that he tried to take them from me. I would not let him have them.

"But how did you get them?" he asked.

I would not tell him. I knew that Moscow would receive its own copies of the maps eventually—Warsaw would have to see to that. But we did *not* have to inform Moscow how and where we got them. Even in the espionage business there is such a thing as a professional secret. I wanted to keep this one to myself.

IO

THE RUSSIANS RUN THE SHOW

The Russians were never content just to sit and wait for the material I was gathering. After all, they were running the show, and as our senior partners in Washington they worked hard to keep us stirred up and eager and to co-ordinate and guide our efforts to their own ends. The Russians always wanted more details included in our reports than we would normally provide our own headquarters. They liked to get their facts by the gross, not by the dozen. And, like fish peddlers, they wanted the material delivered fast, while it was still fresh. They still do. If a small company in Detroit receives a contract for five thousand dollars' worth of spare parts for tanks, Moscow hears about it immediately. If an Air Force jet crashes during a routine flight over the Nevada desert, Moscow wants to know. And if the Soviet attachés in Washington learn that a single, isolated battalion of GI's has just been moved from one post to another, they send a coded cable about it to Moscow that very day.

Because of all this vitality, Moscow receives a tremendous flood of information every day, a good deal of it made up of bits and pieces of unrelated minutiae. But Moscow is ready and eager for all this chaff. At Soviet intelligence headquarters—which has the formidable name of *Glavnoje Razvedowatelnoje Uprawlenie* and is located near Red Square and the Kremlin—a task force of some five thousand trained experts does nothing but sort, fit together and analyze the thousands of pieces of intelligence which pore in from the U.S. alone by mail, cable and radio. Nothing is too insignificant to wind up in Moscow. As the Soviet military attaché in Washington, General Aleksander Rodionov, once told me, "We can use every detail. If we do not use it in a war, we can at least turn it over to our sabotage teams. Bring us everything; be a sponge."

Because the Russians could not travel freely around the U.S., my office did a lot of sponging for them. But the Russians also worked hard themselves. The office of the Soviet military attaché in Washington had a staff of about forty people. Sometimes these agents were joined by reinforcements. In 1957, a few days before a great Armed Forces Day celebration in Washington, three high-ranking Soviet officers flew in from Moscow disguised as diplomats on an inspection trip. Actually the officers were specialists in analyzing new weapons simply by looking at them from a distance, and their job on this trip was to watch the parades and visit the public displays and make an appraisal of any new guns, tanks, planes or other equipment that the Americans might unveil.

The Russians were never bashful about asking for our help. In May, 1957, the U.S. Navy was host to a gigantic naval review in the waters off Norfolk. The purpose of the review was to celebrate the founding, by sea, of the Jamestown colony in 1607. A total of 114 ships from eighteen different countries were scheduled to take part—including a British aircraft carrier, Belgian mine sweepers, and

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destroyers from Canada, Italy, Norway, Turkey, Venezuela and the
Dominican Republic.

As a gesture of international good will, the U.S. Navy invited all the naval attachés on duty in Washington—including the Russians—to make a one-day visit to Norfolk for a quick look at the armada. We all accepted. But the Russians were not satisfied with this arrangement. They knew we would be well escorted and that we would be able to see only what the Americans wanted us to see. The Russians had a plan. Several days before the review, the Soviet naval attaché, Captain Presnakov, came to my office and outlined it to me. Because of the travel restrictions, he said, his men could not visit Norfolk on their own. But my men could. He wondered if I would send two of them to Norfolk before the review started, to dig up extra information on the ships, the crews and some of the officers who were gathering there. I told Presnakov that I had intended to do this all along and would be happy, as usual, to cooperate. He left and returned later in the day with a detailed list of questions which he wanted answered. Many of them were quite technical, and since I am not a naval expert—I do not know one end of a ship from the other—I called in my two assistants who would be going to Norfolk and had them listen to Presnakov so they would understand precisely what he wanted.

Later, after Presnakov returned to his own office, Captain Gordon, who was one of the assistants, came back to see me.

"Colonel," he said, closing the door behind him, "do we have to take orders from them *here?*"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean we *have* to take orders from the Russians back in Warsaw, but do we have to do it here?"

"Listen," I said, slapping my desk. "you are *not* taking orders from the Russians. You are taking orders from me."

"Yes, Colonel," Gordon said, and turned to leave.

"I am not finished," I said. "Can't you see that Presnakov's questions will help us to fulfill our mission for Warsaw? Where do you think all this information winds up eventually, anyway? What possible difference does it make that we talk it over with them here so we won't make mistakes?"

"I suppose none, Comrade Colonel," Gordon said. He was addressing me more formally now, as I scolded him.

"Exactly," I said. "none. And remember this—if it will make you feel any better—I would not listen to Captain Presnakov if I did not *want* to."

I could not really be angry with Gordon. He was a good Communist and an excellent officer. But Gordon was also a good Pole, and I could not entirely blame him for his attitude. The Russians were terrible badgers when it came to thinking up things for us to do.

But the Russians are also wizards when it comes to espionage, and they often thought up schemes which sounded crazy but which helped all of us improve our product. In May, 1956, for example, a few months after I had made a hurried reconnaissance of Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, the U.S. Air Force invited all foreign air attachés in Washington to fly to Eglin as its guests. The occasion was one of the periodic displays of air power which Eglin put on in those days for leading U.S. civilians and the American press to demonstrate the latest American techniques. It would be a guided tour for us, and we knew we could not roam around to look for any secrets which the U.S. did not wish us to see. But we also realized that the junket would give us our first good look at a few Air Force developments which we were curious about.

We almost missed getting to the show. Our group was put aboard an Air Force VIP plane at Bolling Field outside Washington. But before the plane could taxi to the runway, it developed engine trouble. Similar troubles seemed to crop up every time the U.S. tried to take us anywhere, and we wondered whether American aircraft maintenance was really so sloppy or it was simply an embarrassing coincidence. In this case one of the engines had developed an oil leak. The Russians were delighted over the Air Force's predicament, and we all cracked sarcastic jokes back and forth—in Russian—about the so-called technological superiority of the U.S. Finally, two hours late, the plane was repaired and we took off. I was at least grateful that the Americans had managed to have their mechanical troubles *before* we took off.

Air Force buses met us at Eglin and took us directly to a huge grandstand in the center of a barren, sandy area which was normally used as a bombing range. Several hundred American officers and civilians were already on hand. Dozens of buses were lined up behind the bleachers, with large numbers on them, ready to escort us back to our planes after the show. Air Force escort officers were assigned to us so we would not wander off on our own. Hamburger stands were set up under the grandstand for anyone who got hungry. And, at one point during the program, a jet screamed low over our heads to take our picture. We all got copies of the aerial photograph as a souvenir before the day was over. It was a well-organized show.

Thanks to the Russians, we were well organized, too. We all had cameras. But, instead of everybody trying to photograph everything, we divided up the program and each of our teams assumed responsibility for covering specific events. This way, we took no chances of missing a good picture just because everyone happened to be changing film or lenses at the same time, or got hungry and went off to get a hamburger. We split up and covered the demonstrations of precision flying by a team of jet acrobats, the low-level bombing which took place a few hundred yards in front of us, and the refueling over our heads of a big B-52 jet bomber from a flying tanker. We all pitched in together, however, to photograph a special new combat technique called "over-the-shoulder bombing."

This was the most fascinating event of the day. A B-47 jet bomber flew in high over the field from our right. Then it started climbing

46 SPY IN THE U.S. —748— 10 on 13 x 25 Baskerville sharply upward and slowly rolled over on its back. Just as it started to roll backward, the jet let loose a bomb and then flew off upside down in the same direction from which it had come. The plane kept flying in one direction, still upside down, while the bomb went hurtling slowly through the air in the other direction and finally landed on the bombing range well to our left. In actual combat, the announcer told us over the loud-speaker, the bomb would be nuclear. The point of the exercise was to show how a plane could come in fairly low—to avoid enemy radar—drop a devastating bomb, and then get away to a safe distance before the bomb could explode. It seemed like a stunning—and dangerous—idea to us, and as soon as we got back to Washington the Russians cabled a brief description of the technique to Moscow. But Moscow did not believe what it heard.

"Impossible," the intelligence chiefs cabled back from Red Square. "B-47 is too heavy for such a maneuver."

The Soviet air attaché, Colonel Philip Bachinsky, who had organized our work, was very upset. He had seen the stunt with his own eyes, but his bosses seemed to think he was either drunk or making it up. How could he convince them? Bachinsky called an emergency meeting of the rest of us who had gone to Eglin and asked us to help him out. We knew that Moscow would have to believe us as soon as it received the pictures we had taken. But Bachinsky also wanted us to be extremely careful when we wrote up our reports. They would have to jibe with his. He did not want us to write identical reports—Moscow would be even more skeptical if we all said exactly the same thing. But he did ask that we agree on the basic facts—the speed, altitude, range and timing of the demonstration—and present a solid front to Moscow as far as the details went. It was not until we shipped off our films and this final co-ordinated report that we were able to convince Moscow that a six-engine, 185,000-pound Boeing B-47 Stratojet bomber had indeed tossed a bomb over its shoulder and then run like hell.

In the spring of 1956 I got orders from Warsaw to make a scouting trip to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and learn all I could about the Atomic Energy Commission's huge center there for processing and testing nuclear materials. I knew absolutely nothing about nuclear physics or atomic energy. And though I had never been near Oak Ridge, I did know that the area was extremely well guarded and that I would be lucky if I saw anything at all. None of these problems deterred Warsaw. I was told to collect precise information on any nuclear piles which were located on the reservation, where the main research laboratories were, what kinds of roads ran through the area, where the fences and guard posts were, how many people worked at Oak Ridge and where they lived, what the travel restrictions were, where the power plants stood and exactly where the power lines ran from one section of the complex to another.

It was clear to me, as soon as I started to decode the orders, that Warsaw was not fully responsible for them. Only the Russians would want to know so much about a place like Oak Ridge—this was their style—and my real customer on this trip was obviously the Soviet Union. My suspicions were confirmed shortly before I left on the trip. Colonel Sergei Edemsky, the assistant Soviet military attaché in Washington, looked me up.

"Where are you going in Tennessee?" he asked me.

"How did you know I was going to Tennessee?" I said.

"Oh," Edemsky answered with a smile, "somebody told me."

I took Captain Golach with me. We traveled the first leg, from Washington to Nashville, by train. The FBI joined us in Nashville. We hired a car there and tried to lose our friends before we left the city. But they covered all possible avenues of escape, and we finally headed for Oak Ridge in a caravan of cars, three of which belonged to the U.S. government.

As I had expected, we did not see much. We were able to drive off onto a number of roads in the Oak Ridge area, but we could never go far. No matter what direction we drove in, we always ran into a high, guarded fence which kept everyone—including unauthorized residents of the area—from getting even close to the important sites. There were signs posted along the roads forbidding anyone to stop. So while Golach drove slowly, I took what pictures and notes I could. The traffic piled up behind us several times, and we could hear horns honking. There were no signs which said we could *not* drive at five miles an hour, however, so we ignored the impatient horn blowers. I was able to draw a rough map on which I tried to plot the fences, the gates and some of the distant buildings. But I had no idea which building was which. And with the FBI creeping along behind and ahead of us wherever we went, I could hardly stop to take a good look or ask questions.

A few weeks after I sent in my report I received a cable from Z-2 complaining that it was neither very valuable nor very interesting. The Soviet air attaché in Washington, however—who had apparently been given a good fill-in on what I wrote to Warsaw—was more charitable.

"We would like to know a lot more," he admitted, "but we did learn some things from your report which we did not know before."

I assured the colonel that he now knew everything that I knew about Oak Ridge—and probably everything that anyone *could* learn about it when he had such unwelcome company tagging along. I suggested, since the Russians could not even get within five hundred miles of Tennessee—much less Oak Ridge—that they ought to be satisfied with small favors. The colonel assured me they were.

As in everything else, the Russians also took the lead in the Communist social whirl in Washington. The two biggest events on the annual calendar which were organized just for the brotherhood were a New Year's party for the children of all the Communist

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 embassies—at which the Russians did their best to amuse and impress our children with games, songs, gifts and costumes for all—and a special reception for our ladies on March 8, which is International Women's Day in the Communist world. At this annual party one lady from each Communist embassy makes a little speech outlining the progress the women in her country are making and thanking the great Soviet Union for setting such a wonderful example for them with its own standard of living. I am sure that the ladies from Czechoslovakia must bite their tongues and cross their fingers whenever they make this speech. For in order to match Russia's standard of living, the Czechs have had to bring theirs down considerably.

The parties were not held just for fun. There was work to do, and the Russians usually saw to it that we worked as hard as they did—which was hard. The wine cellar at the Polish embassy was well stocked with excellent libations, many of which we imported from England and France as diplomatic cargo—duty free. The Polish embassy was the scene of many lively receptions for the diplomatic community. Some of the dinner parties at the Polish embassy were given at the special request of the Russians, who asked us to bring them together with various Americans who could not so easily accept invitations to dine at the Soviet embassy.

The Russians also provided us, from time to time, with a supply of political small talk to use on social occasions. A classic example of this came in 1956, shortly after the Soviets got themselves into serious trouble in the world over Poland and Hungary. In the midst of the criticism over Russia's heavy handling of the Hungarian uprising, the British and French joined up with Israel to wage a war against Nasser in Egypt. The Russians seized on this new incident to divert the world's attention from their own mistakes, and they tried to get into the act by sounding the somber warning that they would send Soviet volunteers into Egypt to help out Nasser immediately if the French, British and Israelis did not pull back.

But no one seemed to take the Russian threat seriously, and Colonel Edensky, of the Soviet military attaché staff, asked me to help them out.

"Nobody seems to want to talk to us these days," he said, "and we are not getting invited to any parties. But everybody wants to talk to you Hungarians and Poles. They apparently think you are all martyrs and heroes of some kind. Will you please try to convince everyone you see and talk to that we *do* mean business and that we *will* send volunteers into Egypt if the war does not stop? You can quote me as your source. Then please come and tell me what reaction you get. Moscow is anxious to know."

"But what will I say if people ask me how you plan to carry this threat out?" I asked. "It sounds rather difficult. After all, Egypt is very far from the Soviet Union. Are you going to fly them in and drop them by parachute, or are you planning to sneak them in by sea?"

"My dear Pawel," Edensky said, "do not concern yourself with such details. I can tell you that we *do not* plan to send volunteers into Egypt at all. That would be nonsense. You are right. But we want everyone to *think* we do."

I did not bother to carry out Edensky's request. For one thing, it was such a clumsy piece of Soviet blackmail that I knew I would make a fool of myself if I tried to promote it. But more importantly, I was so shocked, personally, by the Soviet behavior in Budapest, and so disappointed by the conduct of the Russians in Warsaw, that I could not have done a favor for them just then even if it had made sense. In fact, I went out of my way to admit to some of my West European friends that the Russian threat on Egypt was a farce.

It was typical of the Russians, however, that they picked on us and the Hungarians to try the trick for them. It was their considered opinion that American diplomats in Washington were very naive and easy to fool. Having just managed to make the free world feel sorry for us, they were sure that the State Department would believe us—no matter what stupid things we said—simply because we *were* supposed to be sore at the Russians. This time, however, the laugh was on them.

II

HOW TO SPOT A RECRUIT

It was raining hard in Memphis when Golach and I stopped there overnight on our way home from Oak Ridge. We were killing time in a movie when the cloudburst started, and when we left the theater we stood in the dark under the marquee to keep dry. Standing with us were a few other moviegoers, including some friends of ours from the FBI. We could see two cars parked across the street in the shadows. Everyone was waiting for us to make our next move.

It was a quick one. We had inched along the sidewalk to the corner when suddenly an empty taxi started across the intersection, just as the light was switching from green to yellow. We ran for the cab, jumped in and told the driver to get going.

"Get going where?" he asked.

We had no idea; we were strangers in Memphis.

"We'll guide you," I said finally, and began to give directions—first to the right, then to the left as we wound through a quiet section of town near the docks. The rain was letting up as I spotted the lighted sign of a bar and café.

"That's the place," I said.

Golach and I got out and paid the fare. Then, as soon as he was out of sight, we started walking fast to get away from the neighborhood. I was afraid the FBI might locate the cab driver and discover where he had taken us. We walked several blocks and ducked into

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 another restaurant just as the rain started up again. We checked our coats and sat down to order dinner. After we had eaten we went to the bar for drinks. The bar was almost empty, but we saw two men, in their late twenties, who had come in off the street. Both were nice looking and well dressed; one in a suit, the other in slacks and a sport jacket. Both wore ties. They smiled politely at Golach and me as we sat down next to them.

"A very rainy night," I said to the one nearest me.

"Yes," he said, "a good time to sit inside and drink."

"If you can afford it," the other young man added.

"Well," I said quickly, "I'm a stranger here. Perhaps you would be so kind as to accept a drink from me to help me get acquainted?"

"That's very nice of you," one of the men said without any hesitation.

Our guests ordered Martinis. Golach and I had Scotch and water. We usually drank this in public—especially after dinner—because it seemed very American, and I thought it probably helped our camouflage. Before the two men could ask us where we were from I volunteered the information that Golach and I were both from Europe but that we were now living in the U.S., where we had business interests. They did not ask us where we had come from in Europe or what our business was.

The two men—I shall call them Bill and Mark—informed us that they were accountants with a finance company in Memphis and that they had decided to have a drink together after working late.

"You know us Americans," Mark said. "All we do is work."

The two Americans did not work any more that night, but I did. I talked with them for nearly five hours—with Golach pitching in now and then. And when the evening ended I was so satisfied with the results that I jotted down coded notes for a full report to Warsaw on both of them. Bill and Mark were the prototypes of the kind of Americans I was always looking for, the kind I hoped to recruit as agents for the Communist cause.

This was not because the men were Communists. They were not. In fact, if they had been party members, they would have been of little use to me. As a rule, card-carrying Communists are not recruited into intelligence apparatuses in the West for the simple reason that they are too obvious and too vulnerable to exposure and arrest. Neither—so far as I could see—was there any basic flaw in the two men's characters which would make them easy marks for Communist blackmail. Bill told me he was happily married. Mark was single, but as other customers came and went I noticed that he had a normally roving eye for the women. Neither of them had important military secrets to offer. Bill had served in the Army and had been stationed in Europe; Mark had been as far as Japan with the U.S. Navy. Both were now in the reserves. But though this meant they might still have access to classified training manuals, I was not impressed by that—I could obtain the same manuals by other means with a lot less work. And though both men were college graduates, neither of them was by any means a genius who might be tapped by us for his brilliant ideas.

My interest in Bill and Mark was based on more subtle attractions. One of these was their strong fascination for anything foreign. They both seemed deeply intrigued by the very idea of running into two foreigners in Memphis, and they were extremely polite toward Golach and me. When they noticed that my English was by no means fluent, they tried to speak simply and slowly to make sure that I understood them. And they talked, over and over, of their desire to travel and see more of the world.

"I'd give anything," Mark said, "to get back to Japan. I was only there for a few months. But I liked everything about it—even the food they eat. You know, the raw fish?"

I told Mark that I had been to the Orient, too—to China, where it was easier, I explained, for Europeans to go than for Americans. I mentioned a collection of ivory carvings which I had made while I was there.

"Damn it," said Mark, "I wish I'd done that. I saw those things in Japan but I never bought one. I'd like to go back just to do that."

Bill chimed in that he was anxious to see Europe again.

"They've got—I mean *you've* got," he said, pointing to Golach and me—"a lot more culture than we have in *this* darned country. You know . . . nothing here is considered any good unless it's big and loud and flashy. Big cars. Big *cats*, hell! They're *yachts*. And you can't park them anywhere; you gotta anchor them—you know, drop a big hook in the water? And our Hollywood movies—all those big fur-lined bedrooms and those phony blondes in the beds. Even the breakfast food has to *crackle* and *pop* or the kids won't eat it. And your breath has to smell nice or your girl won't kiss you. *You* don't go for all that stuff in Europe. Maybe you don't have such good *plumbing* as we do. And maybe you don't have so much fun going to the *bathroom* as we do—all that soft tissue paper and everything. But, by God," he said, banging his glass on the bar, "you know how to *live*. You know how to *enjoy* life!"

Bill drained his glass to emphasize this point, and I ordered another round to confirm his belief that we Europeans do indeed know how to live. Bill and Mark had switched by now to straight Scotch from Martinis, but Golach and I were being very careful. We were sipping Scotch and water and letting the ice melt so we would not consume too much. Mark had a car, and as we finished a round I made a proposition—if he and his friend would kindly show two strangers the town, we would be more than happy to pick up the check. It was a deal.

At one of the stops we made, a fairly fancy restaurant, we all had dinner—the second one for Golach and me—just to keep the talk going. My guests ordered the most expensive items on the menu.

This was another clue for me, for I knew the type. I judged that Bill and Mark each made about six thousand dollars a year. But their appetite for food and drink and their yearning for color and

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 adventure in life were both far out of proportion to their ability to pay for them. Like a number of Americans I had met, Bill and Mark were dissatisfied with their lot and thought they deserved better. And they did not seem at all shy about discussing this condition with strangers.

"You've got to be rich in this country to really enjoy life," Mark said, "but you've got to be dishonest to get rich. You've got to make big deals to get ahead, but you have to be a boss to make big deals. And you have to climb *over* everybody to be a boss. What a system!"

I motioned for the bartender to set up a new round. While he was out of earshot, I suggested—very tentatively—that the Soviet Union seemed to think it had a system which did away with all this unfairness and which gave *everybody* an equal chance. I made it clear that I did not necessarily believe all the propaganda that the Soviets put out, but that maybe they had something.

"Well," Mark said, after waiting for the bartender to go to the cash register with my money, "maybe they do. Who knows? All we know is what we read in the papers. But the guys who own the papers are rich, and *they've* got axes to grind. They want to hold onto what they've got and sell their advertising space to the other rich men. I wouldn't trust their view of the world. I'd just like to go *see* Russia and figure it out for myself."

All four of us were quiet for a moment, and I was anxious to change the subject. This was not the time or place for proselytizing. I was just about to wonder out loud if it was raining again when Bill interrupted.

"Look," he said, nodding his head heavily and moving an empty glass back and forth across the bar, "I don't think *anybody* ought to say that Russia has *the* idea that's good for everybody. I'm an American. And if I had to fight for the good old U.S.A. *against* Russia, by God I'd fight. In fact, I'm pretty sure the Russians *don't* have anything to offer us. We probably don't have anything to offer *them*, either. We're pretty god-damned different from each other. But I agree with Mark, my friend here. I'd like to see Russia, too. I'm pretty damned tired of having other people make up my mind for me."

It was nearly midnight now, and I decided to break up the party and head back to the hotel with Golach. This was our first meeting with two rather confused young men, and I did not want to push the contact too far. But I was well satisfied with what I had learned. I especially liked their remarks about going to Russia. If it could be arranged, they would get a fine guided tour and see everything we wanted them to see—and nothing more. They would see Russia, the show place.

Before we parted Golach and I got Bill's and Mark's full names and addresses. Then we went to the men's room and carefully distributed this information through our notes in bits and pieces so they would not make sense to anyone else if our notes got lost. It would have been a sad waste of an evening if we had found two likely recruits only to give them away to the FBI before we ever had a chance to use them. I also left the way open for us to contact them again. I told Mark I would bring him an ivory carving the next time I came through Memphis—or that I might send it to him in care of a friend. I did not name the friend. This would depend on who Warsaw—or Moscow—might want to send to Memphis to follow through. The carving would serve as an introduction. Mark was very pleased at the prospect.

That was the last I ever saw of Bill and Mark. Memphis was too far from Washington for me to handle their case myself. Grooming and guiding them into our service would have taken months of patient work. I did file a complete report to Warsaw on them, including their names and addresses, a full run-down on our conversation and my own recommendations as to how they might be used. They were of no value to us in a finance company in Memphis. But if we could somehow satisfy their longing for travel—by arranging a personal loan or a Polish government junket—they would be in our personal debt and on the hook. Then, as trusted friends, we would try to guide their futures and steer them into new jobs—a government post, a scientific institution or an industry with military contracts—where they could be of real use to us. We would be extremely careful never to let them know who we really were or whom we represented. And they would never realize that they were agents of Communism. They would never be *asked* to betray their country. They would simply remain innocent dupes, helping us to add a few more pieces to our mosaic. When I made out my expense account in Washington for that evening in Memphis, however, I considered the forty or fifty dollars it had cost Poland to get two new names on the list well worth the expense.

A few months after my trip to Memphis, the Polish vice-consul, Mr. Zenon Piekarek—who was actually a lieutenant colonel in the U.B.—came to my office and said he had been ordered to go there himself. He asked me a few questions about the city but he behaved very mysteriously. It was only after I had pinned him down, and he had sworn me to secrecy, that Piekarek admitted his mission was to contact two young men there in whom Warsaw had expressed interest. He would not tell me their names, but I was sure they were Bill and Mark. My drinking companions were now in the U.B.'s hands.

Recruiting agents in a foreign land is one of the most difficult jobs any agent can have. One bad slip can mean exposure and arrest or expulsion from the country. There are no short cuts or easy solutions. There are no obvious places in which to look. There are no specific types to look for. Searching for recruits is a little like fishing. It requires tremendous patience. A man may cast his hook