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File NSC matter

THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1949.

NEW BODY FORMED TO GUIDE SECURITY

Interdepartmental Committee Will Chart Policy Against Subversive Activity

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WASHINGTON, May 10—The National Security Council, it was learned today, has created the Interdepartmental Committee on Internal Security (ICIS) to develop a policy against subversive activity within the United States.

The new agency, which will function at the highest level above Federal investigating and intelligence agencies, was formed on March 23 with the approval of President Truman, who is chairman of the National Security Council. The directive putting it into effect was recently taken off the secret list.

The ICIS received co-equal status with the Interdepartmental Intelligence Conference (IIC), which consists of the heads of Federal investigating departments.

Thus, while the new committee will have no authority over the old IIC, its policies and decisions on methods of coping with particular security problems will govern the investigating agencies. Any disagreement between the two would be settled by the National Security Council, parent of both groups. Any fundamental division that could not be settled by the council would be submitted to the President for decision.

Officials said this was the preferred solution of the problem of coordinating anti-subversive activities and developing a policy relating to it. It was recalled that James Forrestal, former Secretary of Defense, had proposed that some eminent civilian be chosen to survey the adequacy of internal security and to take on the task of correlating the efforts of all the agencies involved in maintaining it.

The wisdom of placing such a role in the hands of one person was questioned, however. The council thereupon settled on the ICIS. Mr. Forrestal, a member of the council, readily joined in accepting it as the preferred machinery, it was reported.

As now conceived, the two agencies, having great responsibilities relating to inquisitional powers and safety of the nation, would act as a check and balance on each other.

The members of the ICIS are: Raymond P. Whearty, special assistant to the Attorney General; Samuel D. Boykin, director of the Office of Controls, State Department; James J. Maloney, former head of the Secret Service, and now chief coordinator of the Treasury Department's enforcement agencies, and Major Gen. Charles L. Bolte, director of the Special Planning Group of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

J. Patrick Coyne, former Director of Internal Security in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has been retained as coordinator of the Activities of the IIC and the ICIS. He is a member of the staff of Sidney W. Souers, executive secretary of the National Security Council.

The members of the IIC are J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI; Major Gen. S. LeRoy Irwin, Director of Intelligence, Army Department General Staff; Rear Admiral Thomas B. Inglis, Chief of Naval Intelligence, and Brig. Gen. Joseph F. Carroll, director of the Office of Special Investigation, Air Force.

Between them the two agencies, apart from maintaining established security safeguards, would consider new problems as they arose.

These might include such cases as that of Mme. Irene Joliot-Curie, daughter of the discoverer of radium and wife of Frederic Joliot-Curie, Communist head of the French Atomic Energy Commission. She received a visa to visit this country in March, 1948. But when she arrived in New York the immigration authorities detained her.

She was finally released and went ahead with a lecture tour on behalf of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. It was said that under the new system her case would be considered before a visa was granted.

Also mentioned was the problem raised by the admission of communists and fellow travelers to the so-called Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace in New York in March.

Yale Professor Chosen As Drew Seminary Dean

The Rev. Clarence T. Craig

The board of trustees of Drew Seminary of Madison, N. J., met here yesterday and elected Dr. Clarence Tucker Craig of the Yale University Divinity School as dean. Dr. Craig will also serve as Professor of New Testament, the same chair he now holds at Yale. The appointment is effective Sept. 1.

The deanship of the 82-year-old Methodist seminary has been open since last July, when Dr. Fred G. Holloway moved from that post to the Drew presidency. In the chair of New Testament, Dr. Craig will succeed Dr. J. Newton Davies, who is retiring next Monday after thirty years on the faculty.

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They Fight the Cold War Under Cover

By DONALD ROBINSON

Here's the story of what our new cloak-and-dagger outfit, the Central Intelligence Agency, is doing to keep our secrets—and learn the secrets of other nations. It comes from those who serve in the little-known organization.

Director of the new outfit, Rear Admiral R. H. Hillenkoetter avoids hiring "gumshoe artists."

LATE last spring, Lt. Col. J. D. Tassoyev, Soviet Guards Officer, was the central figure in a melodrama of international intrigue that rocketed onto the front page of almost every newspaper from Moscow to San Francisco. At the time, there were two versions to the incident.

Tass, the official U. S. S. R. news agency, charged that Tassoyev was kidnaped from Bremen to London, imprisoned and tortured by the British Secret Service in an effort to make him abandon his country's service.

Only because "a scandal was brewing," Tass said, did the British Government ultimately release the colonel to Soviet authorities.

"The gentleman was here in England of his own free will," countered the British Foreign Office. "He left because he was asked to leave."

The American intelligence officers could fill in the missing chunks of both stories. They could tell a tale of spy and counterspy that would sound like a movie thriller. It would be a valuable account, too, for it would prove that, despite blundering at high levels and abrasive frictions between agencies of our own Government, the United States at last has the makings of an effective intelligence system.

Here is the story the United States intelligence officers could tell. It comes from official United States Government sources.

Colonel Tassoyev approached American agents in Bremen last April with an offer to desert the Soviet Army. According to the report sent Washington, the colonel spoke at length about his hatred of communism, his yearning for democracy. He hinted that he had a large stock of secrets to divulge.

Such an offer was nothing new to the United States intelligence men. Scores of Red Army men, including at least one Russian lieutenant general, have recently run out on Stalin. Many have given valuable information. But the American agents told Washington that they were not impressed with Tassoyev. There was something phony about him. In their radioed report to Washington, the Americans said point-blank that Tassoyev was a plant. Washington directed that they have nothing to do with him.

The American agents didn't, but the British Secret Service did! Tassoyev went to the British after the Americans shut the door in his face. The British took him at his word and flew him to England in Field Marshal Montgomery's own plane.

When our supersleuths flopped. Bloody rioting in the streets of Bogotá, Colombia, marked the opening of the Pan-American Conference there last April. Our operatives' inexperience was blamed.

In London, the British lodged the colonel in a comfortable six-room apartment and set to work examining him. They even had one of their young woman operatives, a blonde named Betty Wiggin, on hand to help. To their dismay, as Washington heard the story, the colonel refused to answer any questions. Instead, he kept asking questions. He tried to probe into the operations of the Allied intelligence services. He wanted to know about the "Freedom Route" that other Russian defectors had followed.

When the British declined to oblige him, Colonel Tassoyev attempted a getaway. He broke out of the West Kensington apartment and ran to near-by Olympia Hall, London's exposition center. Bursting in on the crowds there, the colonel shouted that he had been kidnaped and demanded to be put in touch with the Soviet Embassy. A public scene was in the making, but an imperturbable London bobby, on duty in the hall, managed to squelch it. He calmly led the colonel back into custody.

Tassoyev was a plant, all right! By this time, the British were convinced of it too. But what to do with him—that was the problem. After talking it over with American intelligence men, they decided to send him back. It would teach the Russians, they felt, that the democracies could not be duped by their tricks. A few days later, Tassoyev was flown back to Germany and handed over to the Russians.

The American agents who spotted Tassoyev as a fraud belong to the Central Intelligence Agency, a hush-hush, cloak-and-dagger outfit that the United States Government recently established as a successor to the wartime Office of Strategic Services. It is the first permanent intelligence organization that this nation has ever had in peacetime. Despite the mistakes it has made, it is gradually building for itself a good reputation on both sides of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The fact that it showed up so well in the Tassoyev affair by comparison with the vaunted British Secret Service, for instance, was not lost on the White House, No. 10 Downing Street, or the Kremlin.

Only a year old, CIA already has a network of agents functioning all over Europe, Africa, South America, the Near and the Far East. It can be authoritatively stated that CIA men have penetrated everywhere behind the Iron Curtain. Twenty-four hours a day, dispatches from these operatives flow into the CIA's closely guarded offices on the seventh floor of the Federal Works Building in Washington, D. C. Behind grated windows, these messages are decoded, co-ordinated and weighed. Added one to the other, they are supplying top governmental leaders with an intimate (*Continued on Page 191*)

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Such was the emotion generated that one of the town's prominent physicians, an arthritis victim, performed a minor miracle. The doctor had been wheeled to the game, too lame to walk. During the tense final moments he had been standing and yelling. When the Lutherans won, he walked out of the stadium, got into his car, drove home, and thought nothing more of his arthritis until the following morning, when he was unable to get out of bed.

This season, by a conservative estimate, more than 7,000,000 Americans will watch small-college contests, a phase of football blithely overlooked by the rating bureaus, syndicated columnists, national radio networks and most metropolitan fans. Many will become as excited as the Parkland physician, who proved that you don't have to pay scalpers' prices or $5.50 for a Rose Bowl seat to enjoy the pastime to the hilt. Pro-team scouts, combing the back country for hidden talent, agree that the carefree rustic game is the most spectacular of all. "Big schools must play cautiously, always figuring percentages," says Jim Lawson, ex-Stanford coach now with the San Francisco Forty-niners. "You have to get out in the bush leagues where there's no pressure to see those what-the-hell triple reverses and lateral forwards."

It is frequently a small-college back who leads the nation in scoring. In 1926, Mayes McClain, of Haskell Institute, made 253 points in one season, the all-time collegiate record. Since then the title has gone to such unsung wonders as Bob Campigilio, of West Liberty Teachers; Pete Young, of Bluefield Institute; Doug Locke, of St. Mary's (Texas); Ray Zeh, of Western Reserve; Ed Smith, of Rust College; Lloyd Madden, of Colorado Mines; John Hunt, of Marshall; Eddie McGovern, of Rose Poly; and Bill Shepherd, of Western Maryland. Last season, nine of the first ten high scorers hailed from the lesser academies, and Wilton (Hook) Davis, of middle-flight Hardin-Simmons, in Texas, ran away with the national ground-gaining championship. The streakish Davis, incidentally, has as many pro scouts trailing him this season as the better-publicized Doak Walker, of Southern Methodist.

"Little" schools—those with enrollments running from 100 or so students up to 1500—get few headlines. Yet, far from the tumult of ticket hustlers, pool-sheet scrambling and well-paid publicists, they have an impressive impact on the game. There are approximately 150 large schools with a total of about 5200 athletes which get most of the sport-page columns and the big-city attendance. But there are also 700 small colleges and junior colleges with more than 28,000 youths in suits who wow fans from Worcester Tech to Whittier. You can count the major college conferences on your two hands, but there are sixty-five minor circuits important enough to make the record book, ranging from the Little Three of New England to the bulging twenty-two-team Ohio Athletic Conference.

Thus far, the busy reformers have had no reason to attack the grid's grass-roots regions. Last year, Pres. J. L. Morrill, of the University of Minnesota, bewailed, at the National Collegiate Athletic Association meeting, "This year of football lunacy! . . . This year of 'black market' in players for hire . . . of cowardice in restoring normal eligibility rules, of inflation-mad scrambles for seats at any price!" President Morrill added pointedly, "It is peculiar, isn't it, that there is no real public distrust of higher education except in the conduct of athletics? To get them back on the campus is the problem."

Most minor schools have no such worries. Partly by inclination and partly because they haven't the bank roll to compete in an open player market, the Slippery Rocks, Spearfish Normals and Old Siwashes of the country remain the last outpost of strictly defined amateurism in football.

"We wouldn't have it any other way," vows Athletic Director H. F. (Pat) Pasini, of tiny Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. "We have about six hundred students, and Benson Field holds only two thousand in its wooden stands. Football is for sport only, and, brother, do we have fun! We charge one dollar and tax for our games, and lose about six thousand dollars a year. Thirty men is the average-size squad. We have no scholarships. In fact, an athlete has a rough time getting into Kenyon unless the admissions department considers him a brain."

Kenyon, rattling over rural Ohio and Indiana by bus, played to less than 25,000 people last year. Comparatively, the University of California drew 608,000 in 1947. This season's train-and-plane bill of a biggie such as California or Michigan State, which planned to play in Pennsylvania, Iowa, California, Indiana and Oregon before Christmas, alone would support Kenyon's entire sport program for several years. The peanut-and-soft-drink sales at vast Memorial Stadium in Berkeley will total more in one game than Kenyon's season gate receipts.

The happy amateurs have a stock quip which goes: "One thing about us, we have more professors than certified accountants." This isn't so funny to the majors, who grow secretive when specific questions are asked about finances. Recently, the writer requested one Pacific Coast Conference university to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GENE LESTER

At Willamette there is endless patching and mending. Funds for new equipment are limited.

list its football expenditures and receipts. Though it is a state institution, officials were overcome with regret. "Sorry," they replied, "but this material is restricted." When the same request was made of Willamette University, a grid-conscious little Methodist school in Oregon, a twenty-page copy of the athletic department's annual report to the president was made available. "The difference is that we haven't made a dime at the gate in years," said Willamette spokesmen. "So we have nothing to hide."

Willamette, where they patch the pigskins and have never yet dismissed a coach for losing, comes about as close as any school to the definition of a model small college, as given by the academicians: an institution with long tradition and history—usually dating to the Civil War—whose moderate endowment yields an income equal to one half its annual budget, and whose selected student body numbers 1200 or less. The pioneer, Jason Lee, founded Willamette, one of the oldest universities in the West. Today it has 1150 eager students, an outstanding faculty and a comfortable $2,000,000 endowment. One student applicant in every two fails to meet entrance requirements, a deliberate device to keep enrollment down and boneheads out.

Willamette's rugged, well-drilled teams are just as typical. In 1894, a (Continued on Page 167)

This is how Willamette sends its heroes off to the wars. The ride may be as grueling as the game, as in a 1200-mile round trip to College of Idaho.

Coach Jerry Lillie, who acts as everything from trainer to equipment manager, may also be called upon to keep eye on children of players.

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THEY FIGHT THE COLD WAR UNDER COVER

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picture of what is going on above and underground throughout the world.

On the basis of a probing investigation into CIA's record, the results of which were checked with a wide number of important Government officials, this writer can say:

Months in advance, CIA ascertained that the Russians were projecting a drive to oust the Western democracies from Berlin. As far back as last December, it provided Washington with details of the Russian plans for blockading the German capital by disrupting its rail, river and air transportation.

CIA obtained full facts on the activities of the 100,000 slave laborers mining uranium for the Russians in Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

More than three months' notice was given the United States Government of the Russian communist plot to take over Czechoslovakia. The massing of Red troops on the Czech border was completely reported to Washington. After the debacle, CIA engineered the escape to the United States Zone of Germany of dozens of outstanding Czech democrats.

CIA agents turned up the proof that Russia was supplying arms and ammunition to its adherents in Italy and France.

Continuous inside information has been furnished Washington on future Arab moves in the Palestine situation.

On the other hand, the record also discloses that CIA has stumbled badly at times. It shows that:

CIA made a mess of its work in connection with the outbreak of violence that swept Bogotá, Colombia, during the Pan-American Conference there last April.

Efforts by CIA to learn and properly evaluate what other nations are doing in the field of atomic energy have been a fizzle.

CIA permitted subversives to penetrate its own staff. This occurred when it was given responsibility for the monitoring of foreign broadcasts, a job formerly held by the Federal Communications Commission. A number of fellow travelers, or worse, who had been working for the FCC were taken on the CIA pay roll too. It took months before CIA awakened to their presence and cleaned them out.

Experts like Secretary of Defense James Forrestal and Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, the President's Chief of Staff, ascribe these bungles largely to CIA's youth and inexperience. They say that the organization has shown real improvement in recent months.

The Central Intelligence Agency is not the only Government agency in the foreign-intelligence field. The State Department's Foreign Service, the Office of Naval Intelligence, Army Intelligence and Air Force Intelligence also have their fingers in the pie. Each is authorized to collect any information "of interest to itself" that is available through "open channels," such as the press, radio and official government reports. However, under a formula laid down by the National Security Council, CIA is the pivotal group. It handles all undercover operations and, in addition, is charged with correlating all material gathered by the others.

Unfortunately, there is evidence of bitter jurisdictional rivalry and feuding among these various organizations. Overlapping functions and unnecessary duplication of work are widespread. And in the opinion of many Washington experts, these factors are seriously impeding the nation's intelligence program.

On the bright side of the ledger, though, is this: CIA has built up a staff of some thousands of people and is now striving diligently to give America eyes and ears in every country on earth. Its agents abroad are under strict orders to keep Washington posted on everything from a mayoralty election to the name of a prime minister's mistress and the extent of her influence over him.

Government officials familiar with CIA operations say that its men are closely scanning every facet of the economic life in the countries they're in. Key factories, railroad lines, oil refineries—all these are being ferreted out and reported back to Washington.

Not long ago, a high Air Force general wanted to see just how much progress CIA had made in this sphere. He arranged a confidential meeting with CIA chiefs. At this session, he asked the CIA people to assume that war with Country X was going to break out the following day. How much help, he inquired, could CIA give in the determination of bombing targets.

Inside of five minutes, complete details were handed him on the location, description and importance of every significant industrial target in Country X, several thousand in all. In many cases, photographs were shown him. The general was deeply impressed. He told me so.

By orders of the National Security Council, CIA men are sent into action whenever the Army, Navy or Air Force is unable to get data through open channels on the new weapons produced abroad. Right now, CIA agents are said to be working overtime to get specifications on certain foreign bombers, submarines and germ-warfare developments.

Though little is being said about it, CIA is known to be making wide use of the same spectacular techniques which OSS employed to rally resistance movements against Hitler. Both in front of and behind the Iron Curtain, CIA men are assisting democratic forces to resist Red excesses. Anticommunist political leaders, editors, labor-union chiefs, clergymen and others are getting CIA support in their struggles to retain or regain democracy. CIA men call this "building first columns."

In view of today's international tensions, the biggest assignment CIA has, of course, is the evaluation of other nations' intentions toward the United States. It is CIA's duty to tell the National Security Council if and when another country plans to start a war against America. The biggest test CIA has had to face in this line came during the "war crisis," last spring. It was a tough one.

A top-secret cable from Gen. Lucius D. Clay, United States Military Governor in Germany, set off the furor. It arrived at the Pentagon on a Friday morning shortly after the communists had seized control in Prague. Cabinet officials who read the cable quote Clay as saying, in effect, that he was ready to modify his long-standing belief that the Russians did not intend to start a shooting war soon. The man sitting on the hottest spot in the world, in other words, had shifted his position from "they won't" to "they might." Clay explained very carefully, however, that he had no new evidence to support his belief; he merely had a hunch and wanted Washington to know about it.

When a man as responsible as General Clay makes such a statement, Washington sits up and takes notice. The CIA was asked to check up—immediately.

For three days and three nights the CIA staff got no sleep as it got in touch with its agents in all parts of the world and assembled all the information on Russia at its disposal. It had its operatives check to see if any Red Army units had been shifted, if new supply dumps had been established, if European fifth columns had been alerted.

On the following Monday morning, CIA sent a note to President Truman, stating: "The Russians are definitely not going to start a war for the next sixty days, and in all probability not for a year."

The President's Cabinet accepted this estimate and tension eased in the capital.

The men and women overseas for CIA today are operating under a score and more of different covers. As a rule, they do no spying themselves. No one wants the men to crack safes or the women to vamp generals. The risks would be too great. The main job of these agents is to make contact with elements in each country who are willing to support the fight for democracy. This is not to say that CIA representatives don't also buy a good deal of information. They do. Most of the CIA agents are veterans of wartime intelli-

"Quitting, Matthew?"

gence. Each is required to speak and read the language of the country in which he is stationed. In fact, CIA insists that an agent must have traveled extensively in that area before it sends him there.

A top Government official who knows the organization inside out says that CIA has deliberately steered clear of gumshoe artists in selecting its agents. He says it much prefers "keen analysts, with imagination and a flair for winnowing the important matter out of a mass of confused detail."

Training men like that is a tricky business and a very secretive one, he declares. As he puts it, "A new CIA agent has to be taught the techniques peculiar to covert operations. He has to be briefed in the area he is going to from a clandestine intelligence point of view. He has to be tutored on personalities to know, use or avoid. A secure system of communications, with alternates, has to be devised for him and he has to learn how to use it." And, he states, this all has to be done in complete secrecy. At no time during his training can the new agent have any direct contact, or be in any way identified, with CIA.

CIA personnel are paid up to $9900 a year. The total amount of funds available to CIA, incidentally, is a carefully concealed secret. All that is known is that it runs into the tens of millions.

In spite of the missteps CIA has made, reports have it that even the British Secret Service has been favorably impressed by its early record. According to an unimpeachable authority, the British recently urged a virtual merger of both services. The British suggested that the two agencies split the world between them, with some areas assigned to CIA for coverage and others to the British. In particular, the British proposed that CIA handle all intelligence work for both nations in Rio de Janeiro, while it would handle everything in Cairo.

CIA refused. Under such an arrangement, it fears the United States might be left half-blind should war come and Great Britain be knocked out. In an uncertain world, the CIA men hold that America must have its own eyes everywhere, depending upon no one but its own organization to keep it informed. The closest liaison is maintained, however, between the top echelons of CIA and the British Secret Service.

How did CIA come into being? Traditionally, the United States has always ignored the value of intelligence. It had no real organization of any kind before the war, depending upon its military and naval attachés to pick up any scraps of information they could. Pearl Harbor disclosed the tragic results of this attitude. Nor was our military intelligence much improved during the war. While OSS sometimes performed Herculean feats, Army G-2 was frequently ineffective. The massing of German panzer divisions prior to the Battle of the Bulge was fully noted by OSS, but G-2 disregarded its reports. Hence the paralyzing surprise the Nazis were able to effect in the Ardennes. It was a lack of accurate intelligence on the Pacific war, Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan, OSS head, says, that led President Roosevelt, at Yalta, to make such extensive concessions to Stalin. F.D.R. was informed by G-2, states Donovan, that the Japs had an additional army of 750,000 men in Manchuria. Anxious to offset this force, Roosevelt went all out to get the Russians in the Pacific war on our side.

"That report was untrue. The Japanese had no such army," General Donovan informed this writer. "It is tragic that poor intelligence so misled the President."

With the end of World War II, Donovan and others urged President Truman to take immediate steps to establish a permanent peacetime intelligence organization. Groundwork for such an outfit was even laid by the OSS. Before its various units around the world closed up shop, they drafted plans and made arrangements for such a group to take over. The OSS plans were largely discarded, however.

Luckily, a recommendation by the Joint Chiefs of Staff for a temporary intelligence setup was accepted by the President. On January 22, 1946, he established a National Intelligence Authority, consisting of the Secretaries of State, War and Navy, and the President's Chief of Staff. It was not until the passage of the National Security Act of 1947, though, that a permanent intelligence organization was set up by law. This was the CIA. It came into official being on September 26, 1947, as a separate agency reporting only to the National Security Council, a group composed of the President, the Secretaries of State, Defense, Army, Navy and Air, and the chairman of the National Security Resources Board.

The law specifically decrees that CIA "shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers or internal-security functions." Congress was taking no chances on propagating a Gestapo.

On the recommendation of Admiral Leahy, President Truman appointed Rear Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter as CIA's first director. The post pays $14,000 a year. A snub-nosed man of fifty-one, with closely cropped dark hair, Admiral Hillenkoetter is a Missouri-born Annapolis graduate who has had a distinguished naval career. He was wounded aboard the battleship West Virginia while fighting off the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor. Later, he commanded the U.S.S. Dixie during the Solomon Islands campaign. He has spent many of his twenty-nine Navy years in intelligence, putting in three different stretches as a full or assistant naval attaché in Paris. It was he who set up Admiral Nimitz's intelligence network in the Pacific.

Hillenkoetter is married to the daughter of a Navy doctor. They have one ten-year-old little girl. His friends say that he spends twelve to fourteen hours a day at his desk, taking an afternoon hour off only once a month for a game of golf. He generally shoots about ninety-two. His chief recreation is the reading of history, and he is said to be an expert on the writings of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, quoting at length from them to prove a point.

Admiral Leahy says that no man in the country has a better grasp of the mechanics of foreign intelligence than Hillenkoetter. He gives him personal credit for virtually all of CIA's accomplishments. However, other Government officials do criticize Hillenkoetter for certain missteps. They say that he badly erred in filling some forty of CIA's most important posts with Army and Navy personnel. They claim that this was unwise, on the ground that the services lend only their less able officers for duty with outside agencies. These same officials heatedly censure Hillenkoetter, for example, for placing one of his key branches under Brig. Gen. Edward L. Sibert, who, as intelligence chief for the 12th Army Group in Europe, was blamed for the Ardennes surprise. Hillenkoetter apparently saw some validity in these charges, because he recently had General Sibert transferred back to the Army.

Over in the Pentagon, Hillenkoetter is particularly assailed for talking too freely before Congress on the rioting that punctuated the Bogotá Conference. He did this when asked to explain CIA's failure to warn Secretary of State George C. Marshall of the likelihood of broad-scale trouble during the Pan-American parley.

At an open hearing of a House committee, the admiral read a number of the actual messages CIA had received from its agents in Bogotá. They purported to outline communist plans to break up the conference.

"We did know of unrest in Colombia," he testified. "We did know that there was a possibility of violence and outbreaks aimed primarily at embarrassing the American delegation and its leaders, and this information was transmitted to officials of the State Department." He implied that General Marshall had disregarded the CIA warnings.

Nothing in Hillenkoetter's testimony, though, demonstrated any inkling on CIA's part that such widespread disorders were in the wind. Furthermore,

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
"Heh-heh—er—that's the end of the joke . . ."

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the Pentagon believes that Hillenkoetter did CIA a great disservice in giving this evidence. He compromised his Colombian agents and their sources, it feels.

Actually, Hillenkoetter begged the congressmen not to make him testify in public. He was told, though, that if he refused to testify at an open hearing, he would be punished for contempt of Congress.

Even so, one prominent Defense Department official sternly commented, "He should have gone to jail first."

The Bogotá incident brought something else to light. It showed how squabbling between CIA and other Government agencies has critically impaired America's intelligence effort. Hillenkoetter's evidence disclosed that one vital CIA dispatch was withheld from the State Department because Willard L. Beaulac, United States Ambassador to Colombia, and Orion J. Libert, the department's advance representative in Bogotá, insisted upon it. The message said that "Communist-inspired agitators will attempt to humiliate the Secretary of State and other members of the U. S. delegation . . . by manifestations and possible personal molestation."

What happened was this: Under current regulations, CIA agents in foreign countries must submit all their dispatches to the ambassador or ranking diplomatic official present. They therefore read this message to Ambassador Beaulac before radioing it to CIA headquarters. Beaulac demanded that the dispatch be shown to Libert before it went to Washington. This was done. According to the CIA men, Libert stated that he did "not consider it advisable to notify the State Department of this situation." He was afraid it might unduly alarm the delegates.

Libert's stand put Admiral Hillenkoetter in a quandary. He got the report, all right. The ambassador could not prevent its transmission to CIA. But Hillenkoetter knew that if he forwarded it to Secretary of State George C. Marshall, Beaulac would learn of it and might make the CIA men's position in Colombia untenable. Reluctantly, he decided not to pass this message along.

Bogotá is not the only place where CIA has been tangling with State Department people and regulations. It is common knowledge in Washington that a similar situation prevails in Italy. The chief British Secret Service man in Rome is said to have more authority even than the British ambassador. In the American Embassy, however, the head CIA agent reportedly complains of being treated like an office boy.

There have also been differences between CIA and the Atomic Energy Commission. One cause for this has been CIA's inability to learn what progress Russia has made with the atomic bomb. The other big reason has been CIA's refusal—on the ground of security—to tell the AEC the sources for such atomic-energy information as it has been able to secure. The AEC maintains that it must know these sources if it is to evaluate the information with scientific accuracy. Recently, the situation was somewhat eased when CIA designated a reliable scientist as a liaison officer with the AEC. The AEC has agreed to accept his judgment as to the worth of CIA scientific reports. Relations between the two groups, however, are still far from amicable.

Evidence is also on hand that CIA and Army Intelligence do not get along. It is known that Army Intelligence took eleven months before it carried out orders to turn over all its undercover operations to CIA.

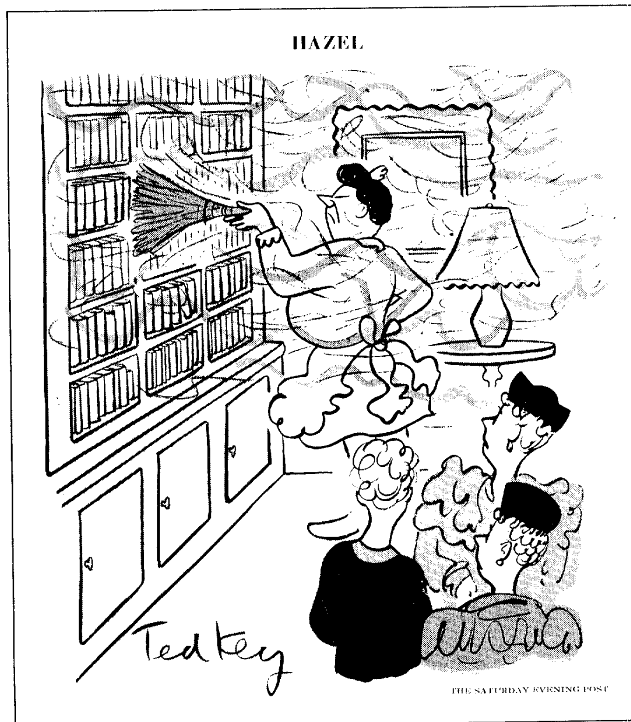
Washington is still talking about the catastrophic boner Army Intelligence pulled in connection with a clandestine project to take aerial photographs of Poland. In June, 1947, the Army ordered S/Sgt. James Hoagland, an Air Force photographer, to join the United States Military Mission in Warsaw for this purpose. He was to make use of the mission plane for his surreptitious photographing job. One set of Sergeant Hoagland's orders was sent by diplomatic pouch to Col. Thomas Betts, the head of the mission. Another set of these top-secret papers was sent through the ordinary mail in an envelope addressed simply to "The Commanding Officer, Warsaw, Poland." Quite naturally, the Polish authorities opened the envelope and read its contents. They permanently grounded the Military-Mission plane.

Another move that amazed Washington was a statement by Army Intelligence people in Germany giving details of the alleged manner in which they had spirited former Vice Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk out of Poland. Capital officials cannot understand why Army Intelligence bragged about such an ultraconfidential topic, especially since Army Intelligence, they say, had nothing whatsoever to do with Mikolajczyk's escape.

It is true, as Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, of the Army General Staff, pointed out to the writer, that "the caliber of American military attachés abroad has been vastly improved. We are no longer sending over teacup pushers with rich wives. Now we are using military experts who are thoroughly conversant with the people, the language and the conditions of the nations to which they are assigned."

But the Army has not been so careful in its choice of enlisted personnel for the offices of these military attachés. Last May, Army Intelligence was severely embarrassed when a Russian spy named Mrs. Galina Dunaeva Biconish was able to seduce twenty-one-year-old Sgt. James M. McMillin, decoding clerk in the Moscow Embassy. The sergeant fell wildly in love with this beautiful brunette and publicly renounced his American citizenship in favor of Russia.

Unlike CIA, where opportunities are being offered for a lifetime career in intelligence, the Army has almost always refused to let its officers specialize in intelligence work. It assigns men with little or no intelligence background to the various G-2 sections. Lt. Gen. Stephen J. Chamberlin, for example, who, until his transfer recently, was Director of Intelligence, Army General Staff, is an officer with G-3 (Plans and Operations) experience. So is Maj. Gen. A. R. Bolling, who was his deputy.



Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Army Chief of Staff, recently recognized this peculiar state of affairs and made a move that to Army men is 100 per cent revolutionary. He said to this writer, "I am recommending to the General Staff that the Army establish an intelligence corps in which personnel can specialize in intelligence just as artillery men concentrate on guns, and armored-corps men on tanks."

The Office of Naval Intelligence is already veering in this direction. It has instituted a separate section just for intelligence experts and other specialists. This will allow them to focus exclusively on their specialties without the old-time necessity for regular tours of sea duty. The stress that ONI is now placing on intelligence can be seen in its training program. Where the Army gives its military attachés and other intelligence men four months' schooling, the Navy puts its men through a fifteen months' course.

ONI men, by the way, are quick to deny responsibility for Secretary of the Navy John L. Sullivan's statement about the presence of "unidentified submarines" off the California coast. During congressional hearings on the draft, Sullivan got headlines by intimating that Russian submarines were reconnoitering American waters. He noted that similar reconnaissance by Nazi and Jap submarines prefaced Pearl Harbor.

A news report of the secretary's remarks was the first indication ONI had of the presence of those submarines. An immediate investigation was ordered. According to a Navy Department spokesman, ONI found that there was nothing to Mr. Sullivan's statement. No Russian submarine was then closer to the United States than 3000 miles.

The Air Force's intelligence service is reputedly doing a good job, although it is occasionally attacked for alleged wild-eyed exaggerations in its estimates of Russia's combat air strength. In as much as General Vandenberg, the Air Force commander, is an old intelligence man himself, Air Force Intelligence has been receiving consistent support in terms of funds and personnel.

At the State Department, it is said that Secretary Marshall has made several attempts to better its foreign-intelligence reporting. The same pattern is still followed, though, with all dispatches channeling through the various ambassadors and ministers. This, it is stated, has frequently resulted in only that information reaching Washington which has shown the particular envoy in a good light or which has reflected his personal political views.

Whether this be the reason or not, members of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee are bitter about the department's forecasts of the results in the last French municipal elections. The department told the committee that General DeGaulle's new party did not have a chance, that the communists would sweep the polls. Instead, the Reds were decisively trounced and the Gaullists won an outstanding victory.

The FBI has not been in the foreign-intelligence field since early in 1947, when it was directed to transfer its wartime Latin-American network to the Central Intelligence Group. It is now responsible solely for counterespionage activities within the United States and its possessions. There is antagonism between it and CIA.

Official Washington is aware of this feud and the other internecine strife in the intelligence family. In behalf of the National Security Council, Secretary of Defense James Forrestal has appointed a three-man board to look into it as part of a broad survey it is to make of all American intelligence operations. On the board are Allen W. Dulles, who headed the OSS mission to Switzerland, William H. Jackson, New York lawyer and wartime intelligence ace, and Mathias F. Correa, former United States attorney for the Southern District of New York.

While the full findings of this board will probably never be made public, it is expected to demand that the inter-agency squabbling stop and that all groups co-operate in the drive to give the United States the best possible eyes and ears around the world. The board is said to believe that a fair start has been made in this direction, but that much remains to be done if another Pearl Harbor is to be avoided.

THE END

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1948.

Intelligence—I

One of Weakest Links in Our Security, Survey Shows—Omissions, Duplications

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

America's first line of defense in the atomic age—a world-wide intelligence service—is today one of the weakest links in our national security.

This is the conclusion of this correspondent after a careful survey of our intelligence activities, and it is a conclusion with which most of our informed authorities emphatically agree.

The evidences are legion. Friction has been pronounced between various intelligence agencies of Government—notably between the new post-war Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department; between the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency) and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and between the CIA and the Atomic Energy Commission.

There is unnecessary duplication and overlapping; at the same time, there are serious omissions of intelligence, and there is considerable expensive "empire-building." Worst of all, many of the personnel being utilized to evaluate intelligence reports are definitely second-rate, able to earn more money in Washington in Federal employment than they could earn on college campuses or in other civiilan occupations.

Know Little of Soviet Strength

The result today is a marked depreciation in the quantity and quality of our intelligence as compared to the war years. Our knowledge of Russian strength is admittedly fragmentary, and many of the estimates by different Government agencies are conflicting—so widely divergent in some cases that they are impossible to reconcile. Our information about Russian atomic energy activities is notable for its scarcity.

These facts, a growing sense of frustration and discouragement among some intelligence personnel, which has led to the resignations from CIA and Army G-2 of some of the best civilian personnel, and several intelligence fiascos since the war, climaxed by Bogotá, have brought about an investigative survey of the whole intelligence structure of Government, it was learned.

Allen W. Dulles, who occupied a prominent role in Switzerland with the Office of Strategic Services during the war; William H. Jackson, New York lawyer and wartime intelligence officer, and Mathias F. Correa, former OSS official, have been surveying our intelligence organization and its operations [illegible] White House, Secretary of Defense Forrestal and the National Security Council.

The survey, a continuing one which will end with a report by next January, is studying not only the Central Intelligence Agency, but also the inter-relationship of this agency with the intelligence activities of the State, Army, Air Force, and Navy Departments and the FBI. As a result of the study some changes already have been made, and others—perhaps of a sweeping nature—are predicted. Considerable shifts of personnel, particularly in the Central Intelligence Agency, have occurred, or are occurring, although some of them pre-dated the Dulles commission's appointment.

Changes Going On in CIA

Apparently as a direct result of the Dulles inquiry some strange "finaglings" have been going on in the Central Intelligence Agency. Last year, coincident with the transfer of its director, the office of collection and dissemination, one of six principal offices in the agency, was abolished. Today it has been restored under another head and is bigger than ever.

After the Dulles survey started a considerable section of the office of administration and management, a lopsidedly large and overstaffed office which was supposed to shuffle paper work for the benefit of the operating forces but had become in some ways the tail that wagged the dog, was seemingly "eliminated." But the elimination, it has now developed, merely involved the paper shift of a large number of personnel to the newly reconstituted office of collection and dissemination, with no net reduction in employes.

At the same time some of those in the intelligence picture—particularly a few "empire builders" in the CIA, who were being studied with particular interest by the Dulles commission — have apparently started an attempted "backfire" against the Dulles group in an attempt to discredit it.

Mr. Dulles' survey, in other words, already has struck sparks, but if it is to achieve its purpose it must inevitably lead—in the opinion of those who have studied our intelligence agencies closely—to major personnel changes in our intelligence agencies, to some re-organizational and perhaps functional modifications, and to insistence upon better cooperation between all intelligence agencies.

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Intelligence—II

July 22, 1948

Older Agencies Resent a Successor And Try to Restrict Scope of Action

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

Friction between Government Intelligence agencies is in a major degree responsible for the current study, headed by Allen W. Dulles, of the Government's intelligence organizations.

Friction is not new to Washington, but the newly-established Central Intelligence Agency, successor to the Central Intelligence Group and to the wartime Office of Strategic Services, has had more than its share. A new agency always has trouble in establishing itself in politically-jealous and power-conscious Washington, and this has been especially true in the case of CIA, which "inherited" some of the Office of Strategic Services' wartime feuds, and which found itself a "nouveau riche" in the field of intelligence amongst old established agencies.

Some gross mistakes of its own and a much too rapid expansion by CIA which led to "empire-building" and retention of some incompetent personnel fed the flames of controversy, but major friction has resulted because of the attempts of the older agencies to retain all their powers and prerogatives and to restrict and confine and reduce CIA's scope of action.

Catalogue of Friction

A brief catalogue of this friction reveals its seriousness:

1. CIA and G-2 were locked in a bitter feud until some months ago; today relations are more correct but not cordial. The issue, in part, was whether or not CIA should take over collection of secret intelligence as well as its evaluation. CIA won out and theoretically, at least, controls all espionage agents operating for this country overseas, but there is still reason to believe that G-2 continues to operate its own agents, although it denies this.

2. Prime antagonists today are the State Department and CIA, or at least personalities in both agencies. CIA representatives overseas have been in virtually all cases attached to American Embassies and have usually used State Department communications facilities. Differences of opinion as to the exact power of the Ambassador over the CIA representative and other issues finally crystallized into open "name-calling" after the unexpected rebellion flared at the Bogotá conference in April.

The full intelligence story of the Bogotá conference never has been told, and probably never can be. Rear Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, produced—at the quickly dropped Congressional investigation—messages which were hailed in some quarters as proof of our foreknowledge of the revolt.

A careful reading of these messages, however, indicated that they were virtually unevaluated and undigested intelligence; most of them read like clippings from The Daily Worker and were so generalized that they could scarcely be interpreted as accurate forecasts of the revolt.

It was learned, however, that the messages produced for Congress and published were not, by any means, the only indications gleaned of the Colombian situation. Other messages—at least one of them forecasting the participation of some of the Bogotá police and the [illegible] use of mobile sound trucks to incite revolt—were received, and the factual advance information contained in some of them was accurate and of considerable importance. The full scope of the uprising, and particularly the extensive participation of the Bogotá police in it, were not anticipated, however. The incident clearly revealed some weaknesses in collection of intelligence, greater weaknesses in evaluation and the creaky nature of the mechanism for exchange and transmission of information between the State Department and the CIA overseas and in this country.

Improvements in the latter weakness have been made, due in large measure to the Dulles inquiry, but the State Department is still hostile, not to the concept of the CIA, but to the present organization staffed as it is, and feels that many of its reports and evaluations merely duplicate its own.

3. Friction between the CIA and the Federal Bureau of Investigation really began fourteen months ago when, under a Presidential directive, the CIA took over the intelligence functions that the FBI had expressed in Latin America during the war. The turnover of responsibility in various offices that had been established in Latin America followed no common pattern but generally was a good example of lack of teamwork.

In some Latin-American offices FBI agents offered full cooperation to their CIA successors and delayed their departure to permit a period of overlap and a gradual and orderly turnover. But in a number of instances the CIA agents arrived in the morning to find the FBI files burned and the FBI agents booked for departure that afternoon. The excuse given was that some of the CIA agents assigned to Latin America were not sufficiently "security-conscious."

Shift on Loyalty Checks

More recently, the FBI, which conducts loyalty and security checks for personnel of all Government departments, stopped performing that function, in so far as the CIA was concerned. The CIA was forced, because of this FBI action, to set up its own security check department—now a part of the office of inspection and security—to check records of prospective employes. The FBI recently rescinded its action and is again undertaking CIA checks, but the expense to the CIA and to the Government in personnel and money was large.

4. Considerable difficulties between the Atomic Energy Commission and the CIA were evident until recently. The CIA, criticized by older intelligence agencies because of its alleged lack of security, refused to divulge to the AEC on the grounds of security the sources of its atomic energy information. The AEC insisted that it required these sources for proper evaluation of scientific information. This difficulty seems to have been at least temporarily straightened out by the appointment of a liaision officer within the CIA—a young scientist, whose word as to the reliability of scientific reports is satisfactory to the Atomic Energy Commission. Neither the latter commission, nor for that matter the CIA itself, are satisfied, [illegible] ligence, and we know very little about Russian atomic energy progress.

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Intelligence—III

July 23, 1948.

Errors in Collecting Data Held Exceeded by Evaluation Weakness

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

Several intelligence fiascos since the war, major service differences in our estimates of Russian strength and intelligence evaluations too much influenced by prejudice have hampered and are still hampering a sound intelligence analysis of the world situation.

The fiascos—they might be called intelligence "catastrophies"—have occurred in Rumania, Hungary, Finland and elsewhere.

The Rumanian case of last fall offered an almost opera bouffe example of how intelligence should not be gathered; the episode might well have been "graustarkian" had it not resulted in tragedy and in considerable embarrassment to the United States Government.

Two young and exuberant army officers attached to the Central Intelligence Agency as carry-overs from the old Office of Strategic Services organization made contacts almost openly with anti-Communist and opposition leaders in Rumania, urged the formation of an anti-Communist group in that country and recorded their efforts, the names of the conspirators and even the minutes of the "secret" meetings held—apparently in order to impress their superiors with their industry.

"Duck Soup" for Soviet MVD

Naturally such naive attempts were "duck soup" for the Russian MVD; the officers left Rumania hastily, but their native associates soon landed in jail. The Russians utilized the information, including the seized documents, with considerable embarrassment to this Government at the trial of Dr. Juliu Maniu and his associates which subsequently resulted in Dr. Maniu's imprisonment for life.

The details of the Hungarian and Finnish fiascos have understandably been guarded with considerable secrecy, but apparently "rings" of agents established in the old OSS days and inherited willy-nilly by the Central Intelligence Agency were responsible for much loose work which resulted in easy detection and ultimate elimination of the "rings."

Perhaps more dangerous today than the heritage of the mistakes of the past, and even more glaringly weak than our system of collection of intelligence, is our evaluation of it. That evaluation is too often subjective and prejudiced, and is too often made by men without adequate background for the task.

Each service—Army G-2, Air Force A-2, Navy-ONI—is making subjective estimates of Russian strength, each of which varies in important particulars from the other estimates. The Navy emphasizes Russian submarine strength; the Air Force, Russian air power; the Army, numbers of Russian divisions.

[illegible] estimates are, [illegible] course, affected, if only subconsciously, by the inter-service struggle for funds and by their own service loyalties and service interests. The men who are making these estimates are thinking first as naval officers, air officers or Army officers, not as intelligence officers.

The result is a distorted picture of Russian strength. The Navy probably exaggerates the numbers of modern Russian submarines; the Air Force's estimates of Russian combat planes are not wholly accepted by G-2, and at least one well informed British air officer believes the A-2 estimate of Russian long-range bombers is far too high.

CIA Tries to Reconcile Data

The CIA is attempting to reconcile these divergent estimates with the aid of service information and its own sources, and the resultant compromise estimate is, in this writer's opinion, more accurate—or at least, less in error—than that of any one of the services. Yet the CIA estimate cannot yet command the respect it must have, if it is to mean much, partly because of past CIA mistakes, partly because of some inferior CIA personnel, partly because of the newness of the CIA and its history of frictions and duplications.

Another mistake now currently being made—exemplified in the February and March crisis when the CIA was right but General Clay and the Army were wrong—was a mistake constantly made during wartime, the confusion of enemy "capabilities" with enemy "intentions." The Russians, for instance, may have the physical "capability" of overrunning western Europe in forty-five days—though this seems a dubious estimate—and the military services may be perfectly correct in so estimating, for this involves a military judgment. But a Russian "intention" to overrun western Europe must imply political as well as military judgment, and the services are not particularly competent to make such judgments.

This is the function of the CIA, to couple the political judgments of the State Department with the military judgments of the services and to supplement them with data gathered by itself and other Government agencies and to evaluate all this and present a definitive whole view. Too often it has not done this, at least not comprehensively; too often it has simply repeated the political views of state and the military views of the services.

Occasionally it has produced a careful synthesis, and it has certainly produced many detailed reports of great value. Its judgment in the so-called "spring crisis," for instance, was far closer to being correct than the Army's was.

But the CIA does not yet have sufficient stature to command the full confidence of the other services. Nor can the other intelligence services—subjective in their approach—fulfill alone the functions which CIA is supposed to fill.

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Intelligence—IV

July 24, 1948.

Competent Personnel Held Key To Success—Reforms Suggested

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

The current survey of the nation's intelligence agencies, which have been beset by factionalism and friction, can lead only to one major conclusion: that adequate personnel is the key to adequate intelligence.

The study now being conducted under the chairmanship of Allen W. Dulles must undoubtedly recognize this fact, even though it may make suggestions for improvements in organization and perhaps a redefinition of functional activities by the various agencies.

Personnel weaknesses undoubtedly are the clue to the history of frustration and disappointment, of friction and fiasco which have been, too largely, the story of our intelligence services since the war.

Present personnel, including many of those in the office of research and estimates of the Central Intelligence Agency, suffer from inexperience and inadequacy of background. Some of them do not possess the "global," objective mind needed to evaluate intelligence, coldly, logically and definitively. Others, in offices of operations or special operations in the CIA are chair warmers. Some—in CIA and service agencies—are "empire builders," anxious for prestige and rank.

Civilian Executive Urged

The first requirement is to induce into government service civilians of high capacity and willing anonymity. The CIA should be headed by a civilian, not by a military or naval man as its first three directors have been. Its senior executives and office chiefs should be largely civilian.

The concept that CIA could be staffed in large measure by service personnel and that the services would then owe greater loyalty and support to this agency because of their personnel stake in it has failed. The officers sent to CIA are not always the best and most of them have a psychological aversion to the duty; they consider themselves, in a professional sense, "lost."

Civilians, therefore, must be induced into CIA and into other government intelligence agencies, but they probably cannot be persuaded unless some of the restrictions of Civil Service are relaxed and more security and sense of accomplishment is provided. A corps of junior civilian intelligence experts might be established gradually by enlisting picked men from the colleges or graduate schools to serve four or five years in government intelligence work.

The best 10 per cent might, if they wished, make intelligence a career; the rest would return to civilian life—available, if necessary, for a later tour of duty or for service in an emergency. The services themselves must emphasize intelligence even more greatly than they have yet done and they must provide a greater continuity of career and chance for promotion to officers who make intelligence their specialty.

Some Reforms Suggested

A solution of the personnel problem is of prime importance, but these additional reforms ought to be considered carefully:

1—A thorough house-cleaning of the Central Intelligence Agency and other intelligence agencies to rid the services of drones, incompetents and "empire-builders."

2—Reorganization of the CIA on a more efficient basis. The office of collection and dissemination probably ought to be eliminated or greatly reduced and the office of administration and management ought to be cut down; these two offices have become too much the tail that wags the dog. Friction between the vital offices of operations and special operations must be eliminated; these two offices probably ought to be combined under one head and reduced in size. Neither one needs an evaluation section as at present; these sections somewhat duplicate the work of the office of research and estimates. The latter office is a key to sound intelligence; it must be strengthened. One means of doing so and of eliminating duplication with the State Department is to transfer the State Department's intelligence analysts to CIA. The residue of the Office of Strategic Services was split up after the war between the Central Intelligence Agency (then the Central Intelligence Group) and the State Department. This, it is now clear, was a major mistake; the two ought to be rejoined.

Functions Need Redefining

3—The functional purposes of each of the government's intelligence agencies ought to be redefined clearly and unmistakably, but the CIA must be clearly established as the top-echelon agency with powers to coordinate the activities of all the others. Organizationally, the present structure seems sound; certainly it is better than any prior system. The CIA probably should continue to collect information by both overt and covert means as well as to analyze it. If, however, official approval should be given to the collection of secret information by spy rings operated by other agencies the "master mind" control of all such rings must be in the hands of the CIA.

4—Secret intelligence operations must be conducted on a broader and far more secure base than heretofore. The State Department's embassies and missions have offered "cover" up until now for nearly all overseas CIA activities, largely because this was the easiest [illegible] types of "cover" can and must be provided. Ingenuity and secrecy are the keys to sound operational procedures.

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Intelligence—V

July 25, 1948.

Broader Control Set-Up Is Held Need, With a 'Watch-Dog' Unit for Congress

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

The enlargement of present intelligence activities of the Government and the establishment of a Congressional "watch-dog" committee to study and inspect those activities continuously are two of the major reforms required in the reorganization and modernization of our intelligence procedures.

The first suggestion enlargement of our intelligence activities already has received some attention from Allen Dulles, chairman of a three-man group which has been surveying our intelligence agencies. Mr. Dulles is the brother of John Foster Dulles, who is generally regarded as the next Secretary of State if Governor Dewey should be elected to the Presidency. The need for enlargement of some of our post-war concepts of intelligence was stressed by John Foster Dulles recently in a speech to the Bond Club of New York.

Mr. Dulles, in his address, recommended "an organization dedicated to the task of nonmilitary defense." Such an organization, he held, should expose Communist and other subversive plottings, "tell adequately through radio and press the story of what is happening," protect "the free press" of other countries by opportunity to "get print paper"; provide "asylum for those menaced by Communist terrorism," and help leaders-in-exile of foreign countries overrun by communism "to go on working for freedom."

Joint Organizations Mooted

John Foster Dulles did not spell out the details of his proposal, but seemed to lump together the functions now conducted by the State Department's "Voice of America," the FBI and the Central Intelligence Agency. Such an organization as he described would presumably conduct some of the same activities carried on by the Office of Strategic Services during the war, plus political warfare and psychological warfare, including the utilization of "black radio" or clandestine stations operating perhaps behind the "iron curtain." In wartime other activities, including sabotage, would be included in its scope.

No single organization of government now has any such all-embracing charter as this, but the CIA could conduct some of the activities suggested, particularly "black radio" and the encouragement of anti-Communist minorities. There is some feeling that the CIA has not hitherto approached this phase of its work with broad enough viewpoint. Allen Dulles' survey already has resulted in a re-emphasis of these "secret operations," but it seems likely that most of these will be conducted by the CIA. No such inclusive overall organization as that apparently suggested by John Foster Dulles is probable, at least in the immediate future.

Early Wartime Merger Failed

A merger of psychological warfare and intelligence activities was tried in the early days of the war, but did not work out, and there was a resultant split into the Office of War Information and the Office of Strategic Services. The State Department must also have a major voice in "political warfare" and in dealings with leaders-in-exile. It does not seem possible, therefore, to centralize all such operations in a single department or agency, nor is it desirable. From the Congressional and public point of view such an organization would represent too great a grant of power.

Nevertheless the need for a greater emphasis on "secret operations" as well as on "secret intelligence" is now obvious, and some agencies of government must perform all the functions mentioned by John Foster Dulles as well as other functions to which he did not allude. The CIA is the place for many of them but not for all.

"Watch-Dog" Group Suggested

Because of the importance to national security of secret intelligence and secret operations, because of our past errors in intelligence, and particularly because the grants of power given to intelligence agencies must be major and secret, a Congressional committee to act as a discreet "watch-dog" over all our intelligence agencies—particularly the CIA—ought to be established. It ought to be composed of men of great discretion and thorough reliability, close-mouthed men able to keep secrets. It should be composed of representatives of both parties; such a committee must be nonpartisan, for above all, intelligence must be kept out of politics. It should have the same relationship to the CIA and other intelligence agencies that the Senate-House Atomic Energy Committee has to the United States Atomic Energy Commission. Such a group, to act as a sympathetic advocate for our intelligence agencies and at the same time as a gadfly to those agencies and a check-rein upon undue power, would serve a highly useful purpose in the atomic age in establishing and maintaining a sound intelligence system—the first line of defense.

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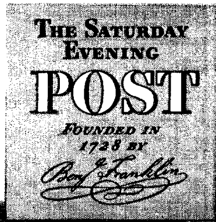

The shake that failed. In Manila to give up, General Kawabe got thumbed on his way when he tried to clasp hands with the author.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

I Was an American Spy

By COL. SIDNEY F. MASHBIR, as told to JIM ASWELL

One of MacArthur's key aides tells the almost unbelievable story of his life as a "cloak and dagger" operative. Peril, intrigue, skulduggery were his daily dish. His first chief told him: "Remember, if you're caught, we never heard of you."

SIGNAL CORPS

Colonel Mashbir, who today breaks a 29-year silence on his unique undercover work.

PART ONE

I HAVE been in military-intelligence work, directly and indirectly, for twenty-nine years. During that time my chief relaxation has been to pick up a book or drop into a movie for a couple of hours. So I'm pretty familiar, too, with the Cloud-Cuckooland version of intelligence.

Your American intelligence agent of fiction and screen is a man of parts. He's part Dick Tracy, part Sir Galahad, plus dashes of Lanny Budd and Casanova, double-distilled with the Boy Standing on the Burning Deck and Vesuvius in eruption. All this is wrapped in a package resembling Alan Ladd.

Usually the agent is an amateur, a sort of Intelligence Minute Man. He has been called to service from soda fountain, law practice or garage. A few weeks of training turns him into such a master of disguise, dirty infighting, secret inks, codes and lethal gadgets that he'll make monkeys out of the best career operatives the enemy can muster.

The fictional agent, for variety's sake, sometimes runs into such a riot of mayhem that he goes down, bloody but unbowed. In that case, a faithful companion delivers the all-important documents. Either way, the agent or his hallowed memory gets the undying gratitude of his government. On the screen this is quietly expressed by a distinguished, white-haired official in a map-hung office whose windows frame a view of the Capitol dome.

There is a modicum of truth to this popular notion of intelligence work. For that matter, there are recognizable objects in a Dali painting. But,

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taken by and large, it's flapdoodle—entertaining enough, but still flapdoodle.

I know this because my career has covered every phase of this complicated work. If a few of my experiences will serve to bring the vital subject of military intelligence into better focus and to alert our people to its importance, I shall be satisfied. If any toes are stepped on, I apologize in advance, but the public must know the facts in order to plan intelligently for the future—something we have never done before.

My first detail took me into Mexico before we declared war on the Kaiser's Germany. Later I helped run German spies to earth. Between wars, I had assignments in Japan and Siberia for Army Intelligence, and in Japan again for Naval Intelligence. During World War II, I served first with the Intelligence Branch of the Signal Corps, and later in the G-2 Section of General MacArthur's Headquarters.

I have not been a typical intelligence officer, for the very good reason that there is no such animal. The only constant in intelligence is infinite variety. So this has to be an intensely personal narrative.

And being personal, let me dispose of glamour right now. Sadly enough, no movie-type female spies endowed with slinky grace ever tried to suborn me. I've an idea, too, that most movie-goers wouldn't find the rough stuff sometimes involved quite as attractive as the vicarious thrills of the screen. For one thing, when a bullet rips into you, you don't bleed tomato catsup, as I learned on my first intelligence mission, which was as a spy.

In the summer of 1916, I was a captain in the 1st Arizona Infantry. We were stationed on the Mexican border, where Pancho Villa and his *bandidos* were kicking up a lot of dust after their raid on Columbus. Although the headlines in Mexico read: "Our brave General Villa has captured Columbus, is marching on Washington, and President Wilson and family have fled to Canada for safety," the fact is that "Black Jack" Pershing and his cavalry were running him ragged.

Suddenly our advance was halted on inexplicable orders from Washington. Arizona's Sen. Marcus Aurelius Smith told several of us in the old Pueblo Club in Tucson that President Wilson had privately advised the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that "there are grave reasons why we cannot become involved in a war with Mexico, and those reasons have nothing to do with any country on this continent."

Apparently that was why Gen. Frederick Funston sent me below the border to investigate reports from Papago Indian scouts that groups of Japanese had been landing in Sonora and infiltrating northwest into Baja California. From the Indians' description, they were clearly military personnel, armed and specially trained.

General Funston's parting words were, "Remember, Mashbir, if they or the Mexicans catch you, we never heard of you."

A Hot Time in a Jap-Infested Desert

IN prospector's clothes with every identification removed, and traveling light, I went across the border. Northwestern Sonora is one of the most desolate spots on earth. Even cactus doesn't thrive, and rattlesnakes and Gila monsters are few and far between. The Indians themselves shunned this suburb of hell. When the sky was like a sheet of dull fire and the heat devils shimmered over the dead sand, I was thankful for the hardening I'd had in Arizona. I had been reared there, had spent years in the desert surveying for railroads, and as a kid had even worked in the copper mines.

No one had mapped the region I was entering. I did discover that one white man had preceded me, at least as far as the Pinto Range. I found his bleached bones. He'd been a prospector. Inside an iron utensil which stood beside what time had left of him, the dying man had scratched with his knife: "eny body watl cum this fur lookin fur gold is a dam fool. John Gilson 1851."

There was no time to bury bones. I kept pushing on to Tinajas Altas, a water hole where I had my first glimpse of Japanese ideographs. They were traced in charcoal against cliffs overhanging small puddles of greenish-brown soup.

Later I spent years studying the complicated Japanese writing. In 1916, I hadn't the faintest notion what it meant. I made laborious copies in my notebook. As it developed, they were route markings. I collected scraps of paper printed in Japanese. Whether they were military messages or wrappings of canned goods, I couldn't tell.

At any rate, I was three weeks on the trail, from one scummy water hole to another. Subsequently, we estimated that no fewer than 10,000 Japs had taken the trek across those terrible shifting sand dunes—as advance training for possible operations in American desert areas.

The Japs were guided between water holes by mounted Mexicans and half-breed Indians. Once I came upon them just before sundown. I hid among the rocks until dark. Then I crawled closer to watch and listen. In the glow of the firelight, the Jap leader was poring over a map. He gave orders in broken Spanish to a swarthy guide whom he called "Fosutachari." Subsequently, when I learned Japanese, this name resolved itself into "Charlie Foster."

The party turned in without posting sentries. As soon as they were asleep, I crept forward, scared silly, but determined to get the map and what other papers I could lay hands on. I almost made it. In fact, I was just reaching for the leader's knapsack when I knocked over a canteen, whose rattle roused them all.

I got the damnedest beating I've ever had. A thousand years later, I heard my voice croaking for water. Dimly I was aware of the renegade half-breed, Foster, looming over me. He spat in my face and told me in foul Spanish that that was water. He thought I was too badly injured to move, much less attempt to escape. I lay still for a while, gathering my strength. Again I groaned for water, and again Foster came over and leaned down to spit in my face.

I caught him on the point of his chin. I eased him silently to the ground, without disturbing the sleeping Japs. I had been too weak to do more than stun him. I couldn't afford to take chances, so I made use of the knife he had at his belt. Still gripping the knife, I stumbled to Foster's horse. I cut the rope hobbles and pulled myself astride.

Foster must have made some dying commotion. The Jap camp sprang to life. There was scattered rifle fire. I'd just about got out of range when a Mauser slug caught me in the right hip. An even unluckier shot dropped the horse. I crawled off over a bed of shale where tracks wouldn't show. Squeezing into a jumble of boulders, I flattened out and waited.

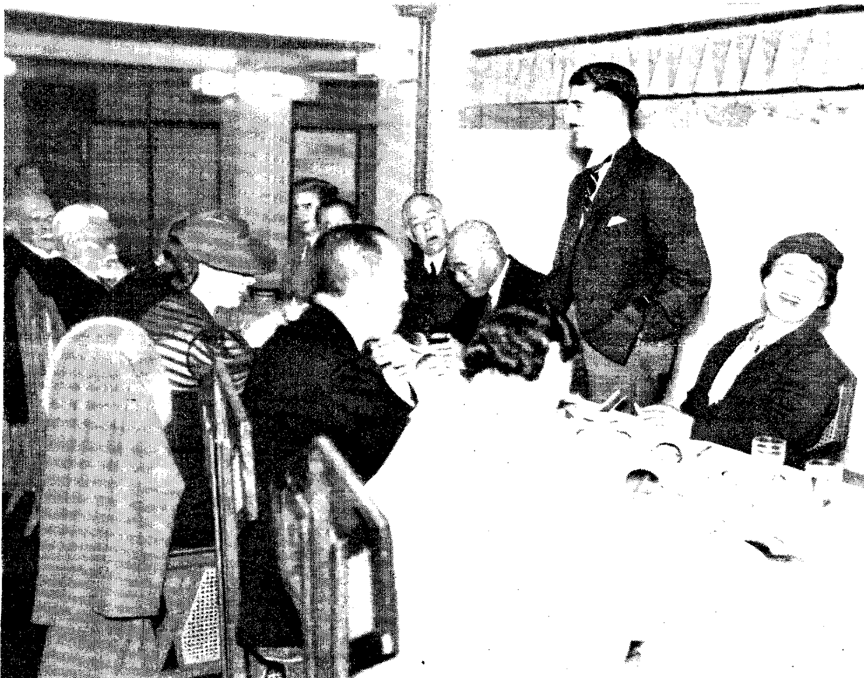
The Japs combed the area. They found the dead horse. Somehow they missed me, though one of them came so close I could hear him muttering to himself. At daybreak they gave it up, apparently deciding I was so far gone from the beating that the desert would get me. What finally happened to them and to the other Japs who had gone before them I don't know. I suppose eventually they seeped out of Mexico as they had come in.

At any rate, I lay low for twenty-four hours. I dug the Mauser bullet out of my hip with my knife, cauterizing the wound by packing it with gunpowder and touching a match to it. After recovering my haversack from its hiding place, I hobbled off for the border, under an umbrella of low-circling buzzards whose frightful menace drove me on every time I was about to give in and quit. The sheer horror of that I'll never forget.

I did get over the border with the first Japanese papers ever captured by an American. I had lost thirty-five of my 160 pounds. I had gained an ineradicable hatred of the Japanese military. My papers and notes were sent to Washington.

Now a simple definition of intelligence is "evaluated information." The most detailed information is worthless if the higher-ups misinterpret it. I was bitterly disappointed when Washington reported: "These papers and writings have no military value."

Somebody had completely missed the point, the obvious military significance of any Japanese writing's being discovered at that time and along that route. The Japanese were then at war with Germany, but on a jackal footing, to pick up what spoils they could in the Far East. They seized Tsingtao, but refused to send troops to Europe unless permitted to colonize Australia. The Allies in France seemed to be crumbling before the massive German drives. In later days, when I studied the Japanese at firsthand, I learned that they seldom gamble in the Western sense of the word. When they do bet, it's on what they believe is a sure thing.



To get information, you associate with those who have it. So Colonel Mashbir wows Jap big-wigs with a speech at a Pan-Pacific luncheon in Tokyo in 1937. The man fingering his chin is Baron Togo.

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SIGNAL CORPS

Lt. Gen. Kawabe Takashiro, suing for surrender, gets the word from Mashbir and (at left) General MacArthur's G-2, Maj. Gen. C. A. Willoughby.

So, in 1916 they were preparing to switch sides if and when Germany forced the United States into the war and there were diversionary attacks on us by the Mexicans. Afterward, when I was an intelligence officer at Governors Island, I learned that Germany had not only offered Mexico the states of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas but had guaranteed the participation of Japanese troops.

For practical purposes of applied intelligence, my mission into Mexico had been time wasted. I might as well have spent those weeks playing ticktacktoe. Later Pershing was withdrawn from Mexico.

However, I was rewarded by my immediate superiors. Within less than a year a lot of regulations were waived, and I had been commissioned in the Regular Army and put in charge of counterespionage and counterintelligence for the Eastern Department of the United States Army.

I owed the assignment to Gen. F. D. ("Handsome Dan") Webster, who had been with General Funston on the Mexican border. He told the Eastern Department commander, Gen. Eli D. Hoyle, that I was the man for the counterespionage job, on the premise that it takes a thief to catch a thief. And hadn't I been a spy for a few weeks? That ought easily to qualify me to discover and upset the complicated spy system which the Imperial German General Staff had spent many years perfecting.

I confess I was in a hand-painted Peruvian tizzy. I didn't know how to begin. Almost, I was tempted to dig into E. Phillips Oppenheim for guidance. Then I recalled the old Arizona story about the cowpuncher with a gift for finding strayed horses. When asked how he did it, he said, "I just figger where I'd want to go if I was a hoss, and I go there, and there the hoss is." In amateur fashion, I'd hit upon one of the fundamentals not only of counterespionage but also of all intelligence. Knowing the enemy's intentions, you must deduce the courses of action open to him, and then anticipate him. Conversely, if you do not know his intentions, you must deduce them from his strength, dispositions and possible courses of action.

Very well, I thought, if I were doing it, I'd plant spies and saboteurs in positions where they could do the most damage while attracting the least notice. That finally boiled down to just one thing—noncommissioned officers. They are the backbone of any army. You'd as soon have suspected General Pershing of traffic with the enemy as American noncoms, who, traditionally, are rough diamonds with hearts of gold.

Precision Work Exposes a Noncom

I DUG into the records. I discovered that the rolls bore thousands of Teutonic names. The preponderance were undoubtedly loyal. But the concentration of Germans in noncom ranks was particularly heavy. I felt I was near pay dirt.

I tested my theory at Governors Island, where I was stationed. There was a good possibility handy near by at Fort Hamilton—Master Gunner Paul Otto Kuno. Kuno had served ten years in the Coast Artillery. He was efficient, his conduct had been exemplary. I felt hangdog about it, but I had him sent on a detail to Fort Wadsworth for a day on which I arranged with Frank Burke, operative in charge of the Secret Service in New York, to lend me his best lock expert.

This expert, who not only looked but dressed like President Wilson, was G. E. Adams, known as "Camera Eye Adams." After we had got into Kuno's quarters, Adams removed his frock coat to reveal, fastened all around his belt, dozens of bunches of keys of all sizes. None of Kuno's luggage gave difficulty, and none revealed anything, except for one small trunk. The odd thing about this trunk was that it had two different locks and that everything had been packed in a peculiarly systematic and complicated manner. Camera Eye Adams photographed in his mind the exact angle and order of each piece as he removed it. Adams felt over the emptied trunk, inch by inch. Finally, he grunted, "Here's something."

He had found a key under the bottom lining in a place exactly hollowed out to fit it. I'd have missed it entirely, so cunningly was the job done. Adams discovered the microscopic seam, carefully cut and peeled it back, removed the key, made a wax impression and replaced it. After a delicate gluing job, he repacked the trunk so that Kuno was never able to detect any tampering.

Several days later Adams reported that he had checked the key made from the wax impression with all the key companies. Kuno's was of a type furnished for safe-deposit boxes to a bank not far from Fort Monroe, Virginia. The rest was routine.

We located the box, taken under an assumed name. It contained Kuno's credentials as a reserve officer of the Prussian Imperial Guard Artillery on special foreign service. Among other incriminating evidence was a notebook giving most minute details of our Eastern coast defenses.

From then on it was like unraveling a piece of knitting when you've snatched the right tag of yarn. We discovered that the Germans had at least one man in every (Continued on Page 124)

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"Nice night," Niles said amiably. Jo-Anne turned on him. "It most certainly is not! It's a perfectly lousy night! Did you hear that Juanita sing?"

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I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY

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troop, battery and company in the prewar Regular Army. They didn't need infernal machines and other favorite devices of fictional secret agents. Pliers to cut a control cable or a handful of sand thrown into the mechanism of a big gun could immobilize it as effectively as a direct hit by a shell. Often as not, the Kaiser's boys turned out to be company cooks. Imagine what a cook, armed with nothing more deadly than a bar of soap, could do to an outfit on the eve of battle. Even careless failure to rinse all the soap from the soup kettle can knock out an entire company with dysentery.

I might mention in passing, as another example of our naïve unpreparedness for World War I, that inspection revealed that, due to recalibration, not one single big gun in the coast defenses of New York harbor could have been accurately fired at an enemy fleet for the first nine weeks.

In one way or another, we got rid of all the German agents we uncovered. If, as in the case of Kuno, they were not naturalized and we caught them with incriminating documents, they were dishonorably discharged and interned for the duration at Ellis Island. After the war they were deported. But no German spy was hanged in the United States during World War I. Under the laws then in force, we would have had to nab them actually smashing a breechlock or handing secret papers to someone in German uniform.

A number we knew to be enemy agents were so clever that we either couldn't even get enough admissible evidence to intern them or get it before it was outlawed by the two-year statute of limitations. The Articles of War provide: "Except for *desertion committed in time of war*, or for *mutiny* or *murder*, no person subject to military law shall be liable to be tried or punished by a court-martial for *any* crime or offense committed more than two years before the *arraignment* of such person. . . ." Treason, after two years, is exempt under military law.

We had to shunt them to routine Army jobs where they couldn't possibly cause harm. I regret to say that several have "honorably" completed their active service. They are now drawing retirement pay "equal to three quarters of the pay of their highest grade." All this because of the lawmakers who failed to provide us with adequate safeguards against espionage before and during World War I, or with an adequate intelligence service staffed by trained officers, instead of leaving it in fumbling amateur hands like mine.

Counterintelligence work kept me in this country throughout the war, in spite of every effort to get overseas. I was finally detailed as G-2 of the 12th Division just before the war ended, but wound up in Washington instead, and was sent to Camp Dix as Camp Intelligence Officer.

Then in June, 1920, I got confidential orders from the War Department to proceed to Tokyo as assistant to the military attaché. Officially, I had a four-year assignment to study the Japanese language. Shirttailed to the orders, however, was this significant passage: ". . . and to perform such other duties as may be assigned to you."

I arrived in Tokyo in August with my running mate and lifelong friend, Maj. Edward F. Witsell, now the Adjutant General, reporting to Lt. Col. Charles E. Burnett, our military attaché. Another officer who was on the same transport with a similar detail to China was Maj. Joseph W. Stilwell, afterward the famous General "Vinegar Joe" of China and Burma fame.

The morning after I moved into my Japanese-style house, a stocky Jap, enveloped in a suit of clothes straight out of vaudeville and with a dinky derby riding prim and high on his shaved pate, bowed and hissed on my doorstep.

"Captain Mash-i-ba San," he said, "I are detective from Aoyama Poreece Station. I are come to welcoming you to new home. Japanese soldier are very foolish. Japanese soldier think must be loyal to Emperor. Japanese soldier think must fight for Emperor. Japanese soldier are very ignorant."

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(Continued from Page 124)

If I had fallen into this so-subtle trap and had agreed with him or had made any remark which the witnesses shuttling with elaborate casualness back and forth before my door could have twisted, the Imperial Government would have demanded my withdrawal on the ground that I had insulted the Emperor.

I shut the door and the incident in his face. It was not to be my last experience with Japanese police. Their military intelligence wasn't always that muttonheaded. For example, Colonel Burnett told me that the day my orders to report to him were mailed from Washington, and before they had reached me, Maj. Hisao Watari, of Japanese Intelligence, walked into his office and demanded, "Who is Captain Sidney Forrester Mashbir? Who is Major Edward Fuller Witsell? Why they are coming to Japan?" Beyond a doubt, whether by blackmail or cash, they had, to our peril, made some of our own people their creatures. The Germans used Germans; the Japs, perforce, used mercenaries. Here was the tip-off on an even more acute peril than the prewar German spy system.

My primary duty was to learn Japanese. More than once I've heard it said that no sane man can learn Japanese and that no man can learn Japanese and remain sane. Somehow I passed my examinations in the spoken idiom as well as the three types of ideographic writing. The reader is welcome to draw his own conclusions.

As I got the knack of conversational Japanese, I kept my ears open. On the streets, in trams, at the markets—everywhere I heard hatred of the United States voiced. My superior, Colonel Burnett, took my reports seriously. Not so, the diplomatic gentlemen of the embassy. They stayed in character. To hash a few metaphors, they preferred to see everything rosy, as through a dark glass eye. We intelligence attachés—crude fellows—must have been subjects of superciliously amused chitchat over cocktails and teacups.

These "tea-drinking crystal gazers" by rights should have had the field to themselves. Congress allowed such niggardly appropriations for military and naval intelligence that an officer either had to have a private income or use up his savings to supplement his trifling pay. The wonder is that there were always officers and their wives willing to scrape down to the last cent in order to stick with their duty as they saw it. Speaking for myself, I know that I wound up my first period of service in Japan penniless and in debt. But that's running too far ahead.

It was my habit to take daily walks through Tokyo. One day I stopped at a bookseller's stall. My eye had been attracted by a red book cover which showed an American flag being attacked by dragonflies. Its title was Nichi Bei Moshi Tatakawaba—"If Japan and America Fight." The author was Lieutenant General Sato, of the Imperial General Staff. I took it home and worked on it, turning the translation over to Colonel Burnett to forward to the War Department. The virulence of the book was beyond the wildest invective of that part of the American press which relied on the "Yellow Peril" for sensational stories. When I later reported the existence of this ultranationalist group after the assassination of Premier Hara on November 12, 1921, one indorsement on my official report read, "This young officer has been reading E. Phillips Oppenheim." Another comment: "This young officer apparently fancies himself as an international spy!"

Alerted by Sato's book, I searched further and discovered several volumes written by other high Japanese officials, including Lt. Gen. Baron Tanaka, Minister of War and reputed author of the notorious Tanaka Memorial. I'll admit that I was shaken to bedrock. Here were blueprints for aggression drawn by the powers behind the Japanese throne and implemented by the notorious Black Dragon Society. Prominent among their schemes were plans for air attack on the United States, outlines of what was later to be known as the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere and dozens of other harbingers of the Nipponese will to conquest.

It was all succinctly epitomized in the doctrine of *Hakko I-Chiu*—"The eight corners of the world under one roof." Expanded, this meant that all Japanese, being gods, are superior to all other mortals, that the emperor is the greatest living god, and that all nations must be brought under his benevolent and enlightened rule. That was a clear-cut statement of enemy intentions.

The day I gave my translation of Baron Tanaka's book to Colonel Burnett to be sent home in the diplomatic pouch, I put in an appearance at one of the regular Wednesday Afternoons at the embassy. Our ambassador, Mr. Charles Beecher Warren, had no high

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(Continued from Page 126)
opinion of intelligence activities, but he was a stickler for those Wednesday Afternoons.

On entering the embassy, I found Mr. Warren standing before the great fireplace in conversation with Sir Charles Eliot and Monsieur Bassompierre, the British and Belgian ambassadors. Mr. Warren motioned to me and said, "Mashbir, I was just telling their excellencies here that no Japanese in a position of authority has ever made the statement that Japan desires a foothold on the mainland of Asia. Isn't that so?"

"I'd better go pay my respects to Mrs. Warren," I said.

"Answer my question. Is that not so?"

"No, sir, it isn't," I said.

He flared up, "What do you mean by that, Mashbir?"

"Mr. Warren," I said, "I have just translated a book called Sotei Tokuhon written by the Minister of War. It is required reading for every male Japanese inducted into the armed force. The opening sentence of the opening paragraph of the preface states, 'In the event that we do not gain a foothold on the mainland of Asia and hold it at all costs, we shall die like a miniature garden deprived of moisture.'"

The ambassador was speechless as I excused myself to give my respects to his very gracious wife.

In January, 1922, I had one of my finest breaks in the way of an intelligence mission. The Armament Limitation Conference, then in session at Washington, was also taking up the question of withdrawal of Japanese troops from Siberia, where they had formed part of the allied expedition against the Bolsheviki. American, French and British contingents had pulled out almost two years before. The Japanese gave as their excuse for staying the massacre of their garrison at Nikolaevsk. They claimed that the deed had been done by Chinese bandits who were in the pay of the Reds.

Our military intelligence smelled a large rat behind the wall of so-righteous indignation which the Japanese had thrown up about the incident. Furthermore, Merkuleff, president of the pink Far Eastern Republic—a ramshackle moderate-socialist affair, bolstered by the Japanese, but by this time secretly leaning toward the Soviets—had got in a vodka-flavored mood of confidence with Macgowan, our consul in Vladivostok. He had hinted that he had documents proving the Nikolaevsk slaughter had actually been something special in the way of a hand-crocheted double cross. Then he had shut up tight and refused to say more.

I was sent to Vladivostok to get to the bottom of the thing and, if possible, to obtain at least one of the documents. As the first Army officer to get a visa for Siberia since our forces had withdrawn, I expected—and got—a full share of secret-police surveillance. All the way from Tokyo I had the company of a staring Japanese. He sat opposite me in the railway coach, from which other passengers vanished as soon as they saw him. On the deck of the steamer he practically walked in lockstep with me.

However, he couldn't have been shadowing me. Said so himself. Several times he volunteered out of a clear sky, "I are not secret poreece. I are not following U. S. captain. I are simple Japanese business person."

I had to paralyze his arm with a loaded riding crop when I caught the simple-business person trying to rifle my luggage. Otherwise the trip to Vladivostok was comparatively uneventful.

NEXT WEEK—Nimble footwork brings Colonel Mashbir through a succession of Jap traps. He undertakes a mission in Japan so secret that even G-2 doesn't know about it—and it puts him under surveillance as a suspected Japanese agent. Second of three articles from a book titled What is Intelligence, Anyway?, which Colonel Mashbir has written on his unique career as an intelligence officer.

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I Was an American Spy

[illegible]NEY F. MASHBIR as told to JIM ASWELL

The Japs arranged a sure-fire trap for the Yankee sent to ferret out their secrets in Siberia. And then he discovered that our own G-2 strongly suspected him of being a Jap agent!

The author, whose duel of wits, Scotch, sake and secrets with the Japs had a surprise finale.

PART TWO

INTELLIGENCE work can be an unrelenting grind. But every once in a while you get a dividend of high amusement to top off the accomplishment of your mission. Not that you have any forewarning. I know that I expected anything but amusement when I left Tokyo in January, 1922, for Siberia, where the Japanese expeditionary force was sitting tight long after the other Allied units sent there to check the Bolsheviki had withdrawn. I had been ordered to discover the truth about the massacre of the Japanese garrison at Nikolaevsk, allegedly the deed of Red-inspired bandits. We had sensed that this Jap claim was spurious. I braced myself to face a very rough time from their intelligence agents. A three-ring circus was the farthest thing from my mind.

At Vladivostok, I was met by Capt. Louis C. Richardson, of the U.S.S. Albany, which was anchored in the harbor. He introduced me to Marine Capt. (now Col.) James F. Moriarty, intelligence officer of the Albany. "Mo" and I not only worked on this mission together, we have remained the closest friends ever since.

Meanwhile, the Japanese authorities in Vladivostok had put their heads together and had cooked up a sure-fire recipe to get rid of me, but good. First step was a flowery but urgent invitation to pay a call on General Isamura, chief of staff of the Japanese expeditionary force.

This I did immediately, but not—as they had expected—alone. To their chagrin, Moriarty accompanied me. We were met by a Major Isobe, who ushered us into an anteroom and promptly disappeared. The room was bare of furniture except for a table in the corner. The table was heaped to a height of about two feet with rolled maps, all of which were stamped in Japanese characters, *Goku Himitzu*, or what would correspond to our "Top Secret" classification. The red stamping was arranged so that I could not fail to see it.

In an undertone, I said to Moriarty, "Straight to the window."

The window was on the opposite side of the room. We stood there forty-five minutes, looking out, talking weather and other trivialities, until Isobe, ill concealing his disappointment with politely hissed phrases, came to fetch us to the general.

The watchers at various thin slots in the walls had expected us to grab up a few secret maps and conceal them on our persons. Thus, on leaving, we would have been arrested, dealt with as spies, and would have contributed a *cause célèbre* to thicken the Japanese smoke screen over Siberia.

Instead we strolled in to see the general with all the amenities intact. The general was, to say the least, somewhat upset by the failure of his plan. But taken within his own frame, he was no fool. He could be shifty on his mental feet. After an involved lead-up, he announced that, as the Washington Conference would make us allies, we would surely want to know and report to our Government the disposition of Japanese divisions in Siberia. Therefore, he would sketch us a little map, with details and designations on it.

This he did, and handed the map to me, not bothering to veil the gleam of triumph in his eyes. He knew that the stupid Americans were hemmed in. They couldn't refuse the map without giving grave offense. "Mo" and I would have to take it, thank him, and then walk out to search and certain arrest.

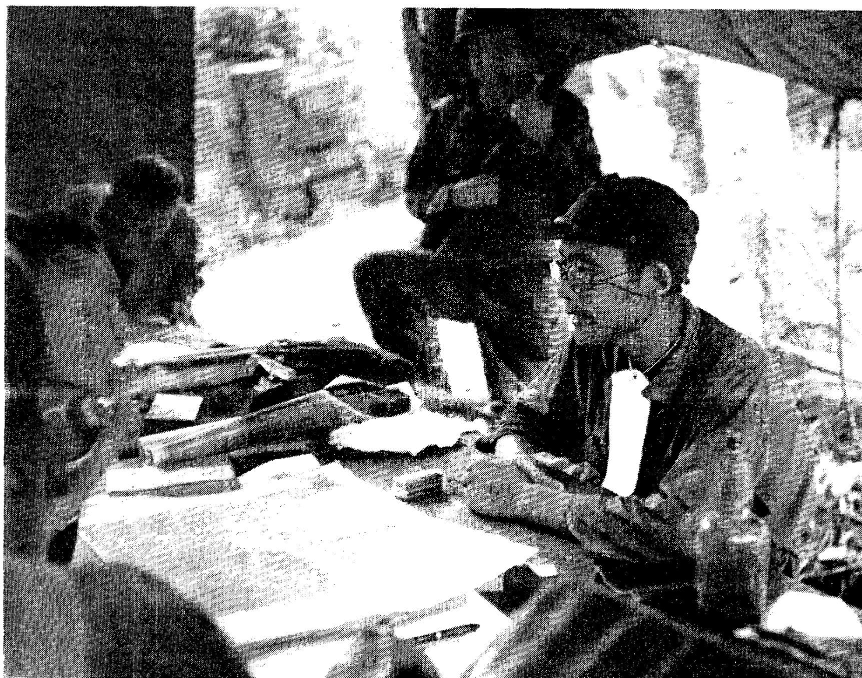
We assumed an air of awe-struck diffidence, and I began saying, "Your excellency, we do not feel worthy. But now that you have seen fit to bestow such confidence upon two lowly American officers, we humbly ask another small favor from the bounteous store of your graciousness. We desire a memento which our children and our children's children can proudly display. In a word, Captain Moriarty and I shall be grateful evermore when your excellency and the renowned Major Isobe, who sits beside you, favor us with your autographs upon the map, setting down in your own distinguished hands the date of this not-to-be-forgotten occasion."

It was in the purest formal Japanese corn. As a samurai, General Isamura had to abide by the code of his own game. Possibly, he was secretly amused. In any event, trapped by his own ground rules, the general shot his stale eyes at Isobe, picked up the brush again, flicking his signature and the date on the map—as did Major Isobe. "Mo" Moriarty and I solemnly followed suit. We shook hands with Isamura and the gaping Isobe, and politely bowed ourselves out. We returned to the Albany unmolested.

But, as I was soon to learn, the assiduous Major Isobe had by no means tossed in the sponge. President Merkuloff, of the Far Eastern Republic, regretting his indiscreet hinting at the machinations of the Japanese occupation forces in Siberia, made himself about as easy to get hold of in Vladivostok as soap in a tubful of hot water. Major Isobe took the opposite tack.

Wherever I went, he thrust himself upon me. A droshky jaunt? Major Isobe would draw up beside me in another droshky, ducking his head and popping a mouthful of teeth at me. A café? Isobe would table-hop to mine, teeth gleaming. If I took a stroll, guess who happened accidentally to be taking a constitutional along the same avenue?

The upshot of it was that I accepted an invitation to dine at his billet. I had become so interested in the good major's devious ubiquity that I agreed to appear alone, at six (Continued on Page 125)



DICK HANLEY

A scene from the crowning operation of Mashbir's career. A fresh-caught Jap prisoner is being put through the wringer on Hollandia. Painstaking intelligence work saved countless American lives.

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ACME

What goes on off stage in our relations with Russia is so painfully different from what happens on stage. Marshall and Molotov are toasting each other at last year's London debacle.

EUGENE KAMMERMAN

We do get along—sometimes. This Russo-American parley near the Northern Bavarian border is a laughing matter.

We Need Not Fight Russia

By HANSON BALDWIN

We should not wage a preventive war against the Soviets, nor embrace the world state of the visionary internationalists, the author states. Rather, he believes, we should support a new kind of American balance-of-power role.

AMERICANS are a materialistic people with a washing-machine culture. We are fond of escape mechanisms, wishful thinking and ivory towers. Some of us are cynics, but we often cloud our national aspirations with a wistful romanticism, and we always have possessed what Percy Bidwell has called "an underlying vein of idealism." No other nation, a British editor has written, is "more firmly on the side of the angels in the long run."

This conflict has produced a contradictory and unstable political mind. The gyrations of this American mind are plainly influencing the present debates in Congress on the Marshall Plan and are scaring the daylights out of our friends in Europe and Asia. The plain truth is these friends of ours don't know whether they can depend upon America.

Let it be said at once that we are more realistic than we used to be—most Americans now understand that we cannot change the horrid facts of international politics by turning inward upon ourselves. We are committed to the role of world power. Some of us welcome this, some of us are resigned to it, few of us understand it. A world role for the United States—yes, but what world role?

Communism's appeal to the multitudes is as a blood-red banner streaming from the battlements of heaven. It promises the brotherhood of man. False though its promises are, we cannot counter them beneath a simple standard of the status quo.

Politics is the "art of the possible." This is a definition that ought to be emblazoned on every American's political consciousness. For in our thinking about international affairs we tend to leap too easily over the chasm of the impossible into the millennium. We fashion nice political theories which have nothing to do with reality. What in the modern world does the "art of the possible" permit?

There are four principal courses, any one of which we might, in theory, follow. These are: (1) isolationism; (2) a world order by agreement, with international atomic and other controls; (3) a world order by conquest—that is, imperialism and the waging of a deliberate preventive war against Russia before she manufactures atomic bombs—and (4) the middle road: the maintenance and utilization of our national power for international rehabilitation and world stability. The objective: A balance of power.

1. Isolationism. Isolationism cannot be fitted into the "art of the possible." Isolationism is impossible in the guided-atomic-missile age. Transoceanic planes and supersonic, stratospheric missiles with atomic warheads, biological agents, radioactive dusts and lethal new gases have destroyed our strategic insularity. Oceans, polar ice masses and other barriers are no longer ramparts of defense. Today the United States has "live" frontiers—the frontiers of the air. Isolationism today is simply retirement into a fool's paradise and never-never land.

This nation, standing alone or with the rest of the Western Hemisphere at its side, has such tremendous strength today that it could face with some assurance for a few years a Europe—and even an Asia—aligned beneath the standard of a single power. But if, in time, anticommunist forces were scattered and broken; if, in time, the potential of Europe and Asia was harnessed and developed to the Kremlin's ends, we should be threatened as never before in our history.

Even if this danger did not exist, it is certain that we cannot serve the cause of Western civilization by shutting ourselves up in our hemisphere. We are not self-sufficient—uranium, manganese and many other essential raw materials come from foreign sources. Our prosperity depends upon the world; we need the world as the world needs us.

Isolationism is not the answer.

2. A world order by agreement. The type of world order contemplated by many blueprint internationalists is not compatible with the "art of the possible." Man's mind and man's emotions are not yet adjusted to the elimination of national boundaries, to a common citizenship. Such a development seems to me to be psychologically impossible today. The deliberate reduction of national military strength to a position inferior to the strength possessed by some overriding world order has been shown to be politically impossible by our postwar experiences. This solution begs the question of practical means

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I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY

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o'clock sharp, one evening. I'd come to be rather fond of him in a back-handed sort of way. He meant so ill and worked so hard at it.

I arrived ten minutes early. Throughout my career I've found that nothing is so disconcerting as to keep an appointment before you are expected. So I rang the bell, whereupon there were sounds within as of rats scurrying in a wall. Finally, the worthy major himself trotted to the door and ceremoniously ushered me in. Obviously flustered he led me to the dining room. We took chairs on opposite sides of a mahogany table. It was covered with linen and had candles throwing blobs of snuff-colored shadow on a beautiful Japanese screen where ancient heroes stomped and grimaced, gods squatted, and female deities were stylized wraiths. No dishes had appeared or did appear. However, on the table were bottles of old Scotch whisky, *Tan San* water, and sake.

Major Isobe's opening gambit was a rhapsody on the friendship between Japan and the United States, a friendship welded as steel by the Washington Conference, then closing. He proposed toasts to the illustrious leaders of our two peoples. It would be appropriate, he declared, for each of us to imbibe his own national drink. He would sip the relatively mild sake, I whisky.

"No, major," I said. "I think, as allies, it would be more appropriate for us to alternate our national drinks—I drinking sake and you whisky, then swapping back and forth. That would be a real hands-across-the-Pacific evening!"

I poured him a generous four fingers of Scotch, and extended my glass, into which he automatically slopped sake. As he opened his mouth to make some belated objection, I quickly arose, saying, "His Imperial Majesty! *Kampai!*" (Bottoms up.)

Of course, Isobe shot to his feet. Strangling manfully, he managed to view the ceiling through the bottom of his glass. As duty-bound, he proposed the health of President Harding. This time I drank Scotch, he sake. Instantly I proposed Her Imperial Majesty, we refilled, and his Scotch and my sake went bottoms up.

Now, sake itself is a mild rice wine. But sake-and-Scotch sandwiches, rapidly taken, have all the subtlety of an elephant on roller skates. Like the vast majority of the Japanese, Isobe had never learned to handle hard liquor. However, he was a soldier on a mission. He remained on his feet through four quick pairs, but he was obviously slipping. He clutched at the table with both hands while an expresson of cunning idiocy puddled his now cherry-red face. We seated ourselves.

He said, "Washington Conference have make us allies. We will have very entertain evening now." He gulped and leaned forward confidentially, blurting in what he conceived to be a whisper, "You know secrets?"

"Oh, yes," I replied.

"I know secrets," he said. "You will telling me American secret and I will telling you Japanese secret."

"Fine," I said. "Go ahead and tell me one."

"Oh, no, you telling me first."

I became quite reluctant, asking for his word of honor as a samurai never to repeat to a living soul the hushed information I was about to divulge, because it would most assuredly embarrass a highly placed personage.

"I promise on honor of warrior ancestors," said Major Isobe.

In a low tone, I said slowly, "I hear, major—I hear that your commanding general has been living with a Russian woman for six months."

Isobe gasped, then pitifully wailed, "Oh, but I do not mean that kind of secrets!"

"Hell, major," I said, "that's the only kind of secrets I know."

He didn't answer. His head had dropped forward on the table. He was snoring in a moist, whimpering sort of way, passed out cold. I looked at him for a moment. Then I got up and walked around the corner of the handsome Japanese screen and politely said good night to the two astonished gentlemen behind it, whose chagrin was beyond description. Although I frequently saw Major Isobe later in Tokyo, the word "Vladivostok" was never even mentioned. Oriental "face saving."

At long last we got devious word that President Merkuleff would see us secretly at a late hour one night. Why his sudden change of heart, I'll never know. I don't profess to understand the odd wellspring from which Russian logic flows like glue.

Captain Richardson, of the Albany, was with me. Merkuleff produced a file of documents from which he read in excellent English at great length, without letting us inspect them. In general, these purported to be translated statements by Chinese bandits that they had been paid by the mikado's forces to massacre the Japanese Nikolaevsk garrison. Merkuleff did not say how the papers had been obtained. Obviously either bribery or torture—probably both—had been resorted to by his Cossack strong-arm men.

In my inexperience, I revealed my interest and asked Merkuleff to let me take the documents with me. He refused. I begged him to let Captain Richardson and me at least look over the file. He declined abruptly and loudly. He said that his word as a Russian ought to be sufficient guaranty of the authenticity of the documents. Furiously he charged that I was impugning his honor. I did not know at that time that such is the Russian way of getting concessions they want. The guy who yells the loudest wins.

How long the thing might have lasted, I can't say. On a sudden inspiration, I adopted one of the best techniques—the "sneer technique." Seemingly I lost my red-headed temper.

"Very well," I said. "I don't want to discuss these so-called documents further."

Merkuleff bridled, "Why not?"

"Because, your excellency, I'd have to say something that would offend you. Let's drop the subject."

"I demand ——" he shouted.

"No," I said acidly. "Your excellency has undoubtedly been acting in good faith. Temporarily, I was also deceived. But I soon realized that you have been imposed upon and that the documents you hold in your hand are unquestionably forged. I would not consider offering such fakes to my Government. I believe you understand me!"

He exploded. He raved and ranted all over the place in Russian, English, French, and—I think—longshoreman's Turkish. To cut a long story, he wound up by offering first one, then several, and, as Captain Richardson and I indifferently declined them, the entire batch of documents. If he'd had any idea of remuneration for his evidence of Japanese duplicity in Siberia, he forgot it in his passion to prove that he was neither a dupe nor a liar.

With a great show of reluctance, Captain Richardson and I permitted ourselves to be persuaded to examine and select key documents, no more than I could carry back to Tokyo concealed on my person. We maintained a bored attitude as we took our departure, but there was nothing languid about our beeline to the Albany. We didn't relax until we were safe on good American deck plates. Then we must have laughed a good ten minutes.

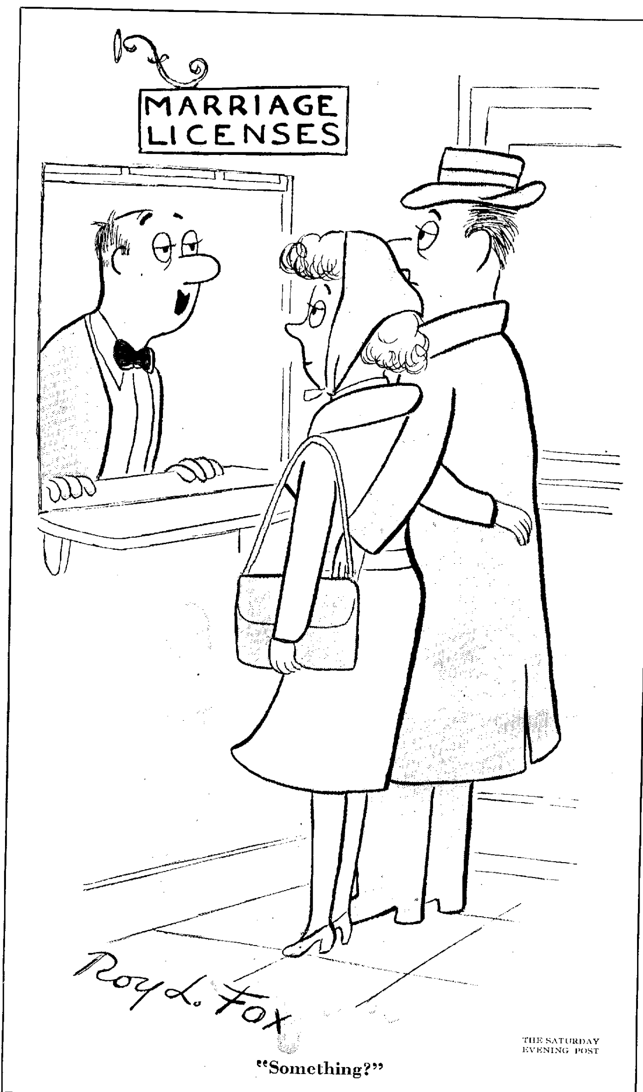
Some days later, after more fencing with Japanese intelligence agents on shipboard and along the rail route to Tokyo, I reported to the embassy and gave the documents and full details of the mission to Ambassador Warren and to his extremely able counselor of embassy, Hugh R. Wilson, afterward ambassador to Germany.

A long cablegram was drafted to go to the State Department. Mr. Warren added: "I am not prepared to state that these facts are not correct."

I mention this gobbledygook, not to reflect upon the memory of Mr. Warren, but to point out that his reaction was only typical of the non-career diplomat's attitude at that time. For that attitude tens of thousands of young Americans have paid with their life's blood, and in suffering, maimed bodies and nightmare memories. I am grieved to say that some persons in lofty positions and even in the armed services still do not seem to be convinced that intelligence is a profession—is, in fact, an art, requiring a lifetime of study, application and devotion over and above the call of cocktail parties and intimate little luncheons. It's beyond human understanding.

To return to the Siberian affair—Hugh Wilson was upset over the ambassador's footnote to the cablegram. He said to Colonel Burnett, "Charlie, send a cable to your people on the third floor"—the Intelligence Division was then on the third floor of the old State, War and Navy Building in Washington—"and tell them to walk around the corner and tell our people to disregard that last sentence."

This was done, and it worked. After my return to the United States, I was told by Maj. Karl F. Baldwin—now a retired colonel—who had been detailed by the War Department as liaison officer to the Japanese delegation at the



"Something?"

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Washington Naval Limitation Conference:

"When Secretary Hughes read the cablegram nailing down the plot against Siberia to the main group of Nippon's delegates, he, unfortunately, hadn't enough fingers to cover up all the names of the Japanese officers instrumental in arranging the Nikolaevsk massacre. One name could easily be read. As you remember, that officer was reported a suicide within forty-eight hours."

Shortly thereafter, the Japanese withdrew from Siberia. The military caste lost a great deal of face. Their advance into the continent of Asia was set back by many years. I do not wish to be understood as claiming that my mission alone forced their withdrawal. But it probably played a part, and if so I'm pleased.

One morning in June, 1921, Capt. Edward H. Watson, our naval attaché in Tokyo, came to me and said, "I've been instructed by the Navy Department to find some way to get information out of Japan in time of war. Do you think you could draw up a plan?"

I'd been waiting for such a request. Before leaving Washington, I'd had oral instructions in G-2. The officer explained the impossibility of using non-Japanese as spies. Japanese natives themselves were under such thorough surveillance that they would be almost as useless for our purposes. "We're completely at a loss," he said. "During your four years in Japan we want you to give as much thought to this problem as possible."

It was never out of my conscious or subconscious mind. By the time Captain Watson talked to me, I believed I was close to a solution. Main details of this M-Plan are still on the Secret List, and likely to remain there for some time. But I can say this much: It depended on establishing in Japan a number of commercial enterprises, apparently unrelated to one another.

By a carefully thought-out psychological plan—too lengthy to go into here—I had been able to get closer than most foreigners to topflight Japanese. I knew many of the "advanced thinkers" who opposed the conquest schemes of the military. I was also well acquainted among the great financial and industrial families who believed that Japan's destiny lay in co-operation with the United States. Such statesmen as Prince Tokugawa and Viscount Inouye were my friends. I became a director of the Pan Pacific Association, the surviving members of which will form the only safe nucleus of a postwar Japanese democratic government.

From a Japanese engineering firm I'd had an excellent offer to go into business. It flashed through my mind, *Why not take it? It ought to pay enough money to permit me, personally, to get the M-Plan started. By using personal funds, I could eliminate the greatest danger of our Government's being implicated if the Japs caught up to me.*

I was not so naïve as to believe that Washington would go shouting mad with enthusiasm when it examined the M-Plan, but I didn't expect it would roll over and play dead. As Capt.—now Rear Admiral—Ellis M. Zacharias of the Office of Naval Intelligence, and author of the recent authoritative Secret Missions, put it, "Any plan was better than a total of no plans at all."

Weeks passed after I had submitted the plan to Washington. It had evoked an epic unenthusiasm and a thunderous silence. Some dusty, remote file cabinet had swallowed it up. I was just as pleased to have it turn out that way, for the time being. After I'd got my plan working, I could present a *fait accompli* to the top-drawer boys in Washington. The story would be different then, or so I believed.

However, one hurdle I balked at taking. I could get a leave of absence from the service, but knew it wouldn't do; the Japanese would suspect my real designs. Or I could resign outright from the Army. Week after week I hesitated to do that. One day I was discussing it with Colonel Burnett. He pulled out of his desk drawer a copy of the National Defense Act of 1920, saying, "Here's your answer, Mashbir."

One section stated: "Former officers of the Regular Army and retired officers may be reappointed to the active list, if found competent for active duty."

"Home wave."

"Hell, son," Colonel Burnett said, "when the war breaks, Congress will promote you and cover you with medals."

That settled it. I could resume my intelligence career officially, once I had the M-Plan going soundly. Yet the act of writing my resignation caused me the most terrific mental turmoil. I didn't even take my wife into my confidence as to what lay behind the resignation. Only Colonel Burnett, in Tokyo, and Commander Zacharias, Naval Intelligence, in Washington, knew.

In April, 1923, now a civilian, I started work for the Japanese engineering firm. I had charge of importing American agricultural and industrial machinery such as tractors, high-pressure boilers, hydroelectrical equipment, coal-loading apparatus, and so on. By late summer the Japanese were placing increasing confidence in me. *Unless the skies fall,* I thought, *I'll have the M-Plan operating in good earnest by the end of the year.*

The skies remained in place, but on the hot September first of 1923, the earth heaved and spewed beneath Japan. It was the most cataclysmic earthquake of modern times. My firm was wiped out. And what was worse, from the standpoint of the M-Plan, the militarists made use of the earthquake shambles to tighten their grip on Japan. Many of the "advanced thinkers" upon whose good will I was counting were herded into bull pens and bayoneted. They were blandly reported as quake victims. Fear made most of the survivors docile. Those who dared to show sparks of opposition were later used as shock troops in the campaigns against China. They were among the first casualties. Others were assassinated by army and Black Dragon Society thugs. During the war, many were imprisoned and even tortured.

Along with my red hair, I'd inherited Scotch stubbornness. I returned to the United States early in 1924, hoping to get American capital to finance my M-Plan. To put it mildly, the attempt was a flat failure. The particulars are too involved, too dismal for inclusion here.

I applied for reinstatement in the Regular Army under the previously mentioned terms of the National Defense Act. Colonel Burnett, Gen. Frank McCoy, Ambassador Warren and others had written to the Adjutant General and to the Secretary of War, recommending my immediate return to intelligence duty in Tokyo.

My orders were already drawn up when it was discovered that some six months before my resignation the Judge Advocate General had ruled out reappointment of former officers who had resigned. Incidentally, this was not printed in the law until 1926. Anyway, the decision went against me on the grounds that unless the real reason for my resignation were given, even one exception would establish a precedent.

"If we give the real reason," the chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs said to me, "we'll have international complications overnight. This time your country must desert you, and depend on the loyalty and patriotism you have shown to see that this does not become public until after the war."

Well, it's after the war now!

If ever a man smacked into a dead end, I was that man. A few pen strokes had crossed out my excuse for being. It was the all-time low of my life. But despair and defeat aren't cherished seriously or long under a red thatch. Moreover, I had a family to support. So, at the age of thirty-two, dead broke, I had to make a new start in life. Friends grubstaked me. The minutiae of my subsequent business ventures, ranging from selling cash registers and some minor dabbling in the stock market to the founding of my present engineering-research firm, are more a hiatus than a central part of this narrative.

I'll pass over the years 1924–1937, saying only that I kept plugging for reinstatement in Regular Army Intelligence. In 1928 I served eight months on the General Staff as a Reserve Intelligence Officer.

Then, in 1937, at the request of Commander Zacharias, with whom I had been constantly co-operating, and of Capt. William D. Puleston, the director of Naval Intelligence, I went on a short mission to Japan. The Office of Naval Intelligence had disinterred my M-Plan. I was asked to make an eleventh-hour reconnaissance to see if, perhaps, it still could be put into operation. I insisted on going at my own expense to prevent discovery of a Government tie-in.

I discovered that it was much too late for the M-Plan. However, I did return with such conclusive evidence of Japan's aggressive intent against China and against us that only the deaf, dumb and blind could have ignored it. Washington's high policy makers ignored it with frantic enthusiasm.

I heard the first Pearl Harbor bulletin over the radio in my Washington home. I went from the dinner table to the phone and called several intelligence officers, offering to take anything anywhere. I wired the Secretary of War and offered my services in any capacity without pay for the duration.

A puzzling silence of weeks followed. Finally, on January 23, 1942, I was assigned as a lieutenant colonel in charge of the Intelligence Branch of the Office of the Chief Signal Officer. Early in 1942, Zacharias was made Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence. He knew that I was anxious to go to the Pacific, where my knowledge of the Japanese and their language ought to be useful. But orders to that theater were strangely tardy. Then Zacharias set certain wheels in motion.

One day I saw the dossier on me. The file was half a foot high. Talk about the left hand neither knowing what the right is doing nor giving a damn—G-2 had not known that my Japanese visit in 1937 had been on a Naval Intelligence mission. By avoiding contact, as instructed, with our military and naval people, so as not to arouse Japanese suspicion, I had, weirdly enough, incurred the suspicion of our own side. Through the five years since the mission, I had been under close surveillance. I was strongly suspected of being a Japanese agent.

NEXT WEEK: In the last of three articles, Colonel Mashbir reveals how Allied intelligence extracted vital information from captured Japanese documents and soldiers. He tells about the sheet of carbon paper which led to the liquidation of a Jap force, and the *faux pas* which endangered the surrender conference.

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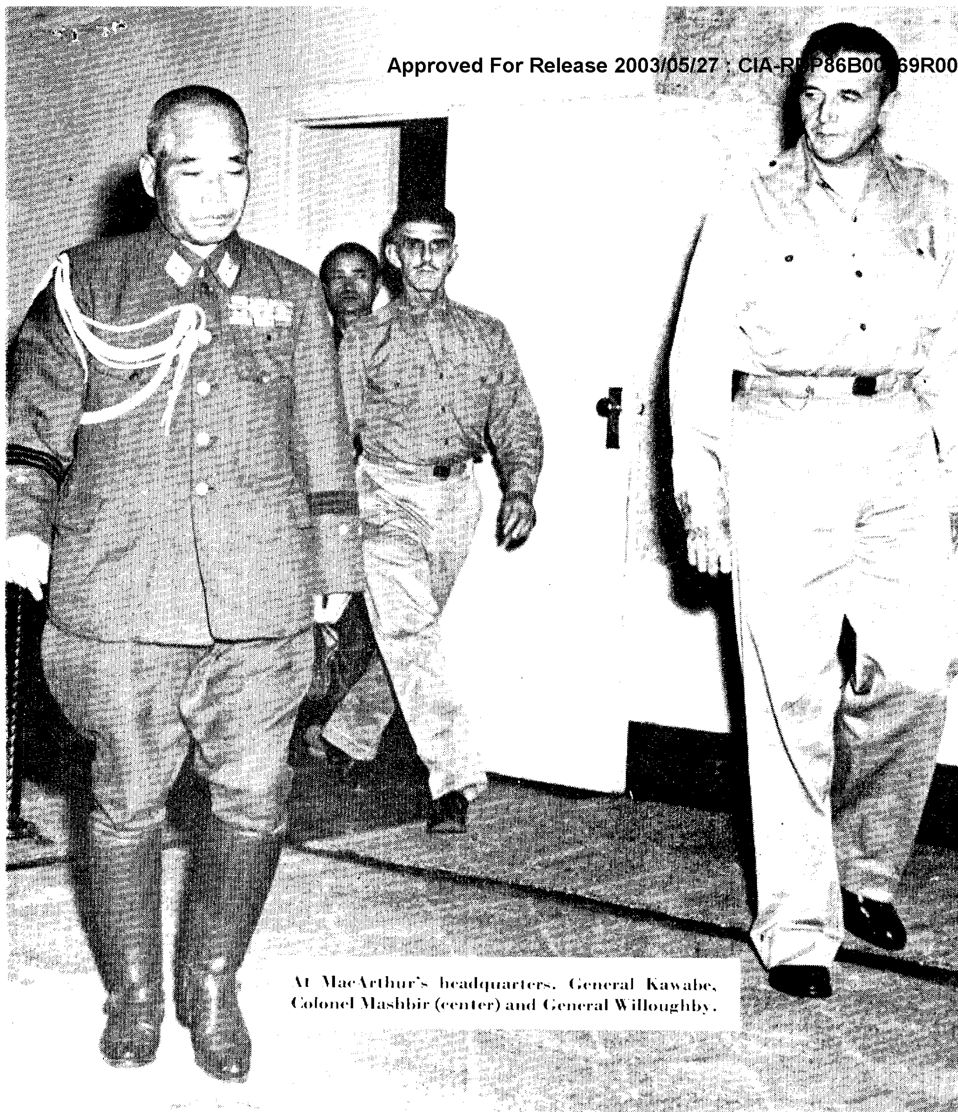

At MacArthur's headquarters, General Kawabe, Colonel Mashbir (center) and General Willoughby.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

I Was an American Spy

By COL. SIDNEY F. MASHBIR, as told to JIM ASWELL

Chief of one of the most vital intelligence operations of World War II, the author reveals how his unit obtained the Japs' top secrets and enabled MacArthur's forces to carry out their island-hopping advances—to Tokyo's dismay.

CONCLUSION

AN intelligence agent can never tell when his work may have some jolting backlash. I learned that after Pearl Harbor. Previously, in 1937, Naval Intelligence had sent me on a confidential mission to Japan. At the beginning of World War II, when I applied for service in the Pacific, I found that Army Intelligence just about had me taped as a Japanese spy.

I admit to unbridled rage. After all, in 1916 I'd been all but killed by what amounted to a Jap goon squad in the Sonora desert of Mexico. While I was an intelligence officer in Japan, I'd reported time and again the ultranationalists' plans for war on the United States and for the seizure of East Asia. And now, because I had done what an intelligence operative should do — keep his mouth shut, except to those who have assigned him — I was under a cloud.

Fortunately, Capt. Ellis Zacharias, of Naval Intelligence, having discovered the G-2 blunder, simply invited an inspection of his secret files. The whole thing was cleared up in no time. On September 28, 1942, after spending some six weeks working with Zacharias at the request of Admiral King, preparing a plan for a central intelligence agency, I left for Brisbane, Australia. I had been detailed to General MacArthur's headquarters as chief of the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section of GHQ, under Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, his brilliant G-2.

It was a small — less than forty men — but polyglot unit, composed of Australian, Canadian and British army, air and navy men; Chinese, White Russians, East Indies Netherlanders and a handful of Americans. As the war progressed, ATIS was to become preponderantly American. At the outset, however, we were a potpourri, not an organization. The prize was a Greek citizen in the Australian Army who spoke Japanese with a Russian accent.

Soon after my arrival, we had our first captured Japanese documents. Clotted with blood and body fat, they had been taken in New Guinea and flown to Brisbane. Australian Lt. John Shelton read them aloud. Our group made notes. They dealt chiefly with a Japanese mountain-artillery regiment in the Owen Stanley Range.

Two American officers jumped into a car and raced to General MacArthur's headquarters with the information, just in time to catch hell. One of the other men, an Australian, had telephoned it to his headquarters, which had at once rung up GHQ and passed on the data before the Americans could get in with it.

I called together my unit heads. "Gentlemen," I said, "right now, let's make the Japs our Number One enemy, instead of their coming fourth—after the three allied intelligence services."

Then and there we agreed to wipe out all interallied and interservice distinctions and prejudices. Information gleaned from documents and prisoners was thenceforth communicated to all headquarters simultaneously. It was an interallied, interservice command that really worked.

ATIS was completely secret until the Japanese surrender. It eventually expanded from its little nucleus to more than 3000 personnel, and participated in every single operation in the Pacific Theater. In the beginning, when the Japanese were pushing ahead in New Guinea, we had few captured documents, fewer prisoners. But as the Japanese advance turned into retreat, more of both began to trickle in. "Trickle" is the correct word. Throughout the war the number of prisoners was amazingly small, and most of them were suffering either from wounds or starvation. At Guadalcanal 40,000 Japs were killed, but only about 600 taken prisoner. Forty-three thousand dead were counted in the Buna operation, yet we captured just 625 prisoners. This ratio remained constant until just before the close of the Philippine campaign. I doubt if in any war so few prisoners have been captured in proportion to the number of troops engaged and killed. The United States, in contrast, lost 85 per cent as many prisoners as dead.

The reason for this state of affairs was Japanese indoctrination. The soldier was taught that he ceased to exist as a Japanese and as a spiritual entity if he gave himself up. Unwounded men sought death rather than capture.

Captured Japanese invariably lied on first interrogation. The PW often gave an assumed name—frequently that of his bitterest personal enemy. He readily gave information on the chap's particular outfit, although it might be his own unit. His chief concern wasn't military security, but to protect his family from reprisals.

We soon came to know that, even though given under an alias, most of the information was fairly accurate. Since the Japanese fighting man was under grim order to die by his own hand in preference to capture, his superiors couldn't very well school him to avoid divulging information when captured.

A scattering of prisoners—mostly navy men, more intelligent than the run-of-the-mine army conscripts — would say nothing at first. I remember one obdurate Japanese who sported that rarity among his people, a full beard, of which he was very proud. I had him brought into a room where a camera was set up and a barber's chair prepared. The barber waited with lather cup and razor.

"Do you see that barber?" the bearded Jap was asked. "Well, we are going to shave you and photograph you and have your picture published in Allied and neutral countries as one of the first Japanese prisoners."

After a moment of thought, he said, "*Hakitai!*" which means, "I must vomit!" Promptly he did, then talked quite freely. *(Continued on Page 130)*

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build, with broad shoulders and a swarthy face. His eyes hold little encouragement for anyone wishing to push Jerzy around.

It all started in September, 1939, when Hitler invaded Poland, and Jerzy was hurriedly drafted for the defense of Warsaw. He was just seventeen. He had left school two years before and was working as a bellhop in the Hotel Polonia, where his father, Samuel, had spent the better part of his life as a doorman. He was by no means a stationary character, old Samuel Fordonsky; having fought bravely with the Czar's armies in the first World War, he landed in Shanghai, where he became a man of some importance in the Chinese police. He returned to Lodz, via the United States, with four Chinese medals, which he kept on a silk cushion in his living room, where Jerzy eyed them with envy, and decided to earn his own medals someday. By 1939, Samuel had already been pensioned off and was living in a small apartment near the Lodz railroad station with his second wife—Jerzy's mother having died when Jerzy was five months old.

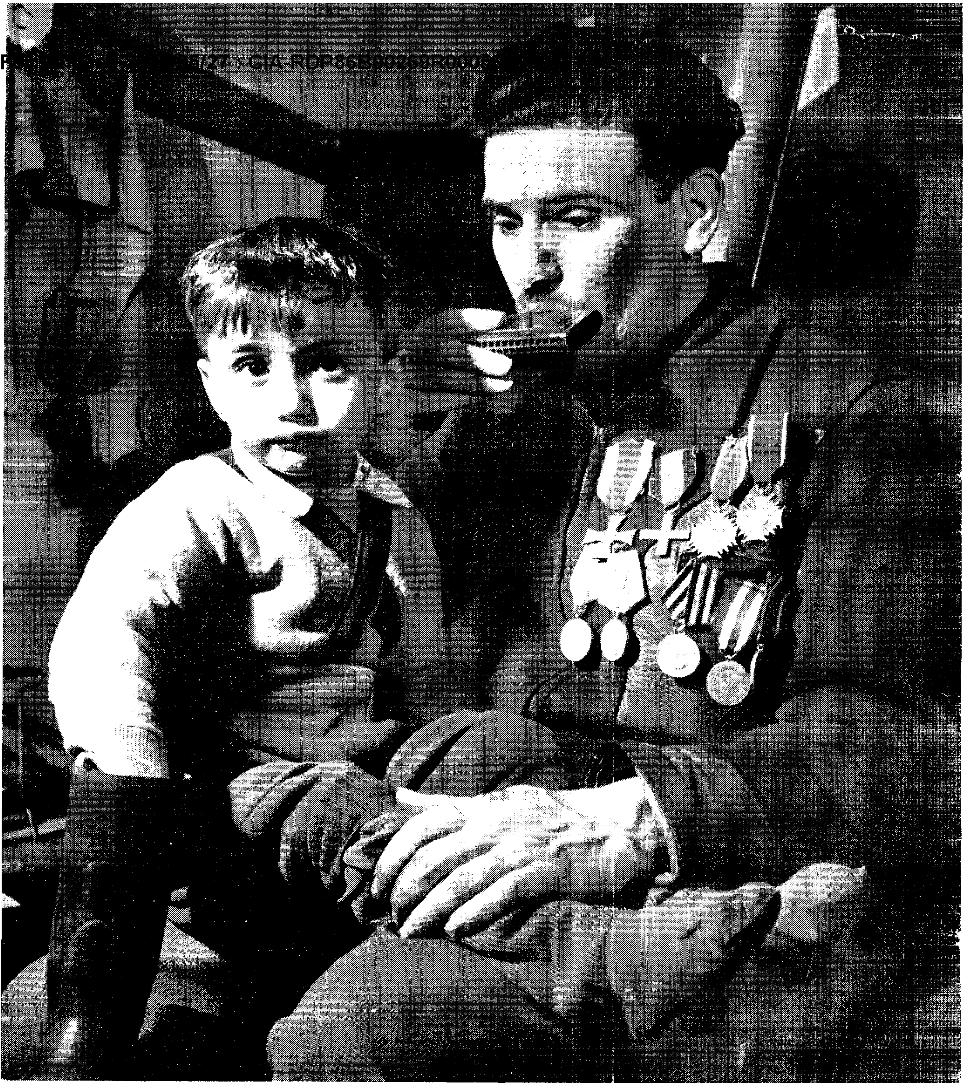
Jerzy had been a soldier for exactly ten days when Poland fell. He was taken prisoner. "Your father's name is S. Fordonsky?" The German looked at his papers. "S. for Stanislav?"

Jerzy nodded.

"It saved my life right then and there," he explains. "They released me, along with the other Polish soldiers. If they'd known I was a Jew, they would have sent me along to Auschwitz." And Jerzy had other plans.

Back in Lodz things were looking grim and getting grimmer by the hour. More than half of the city's 700,000 inhabitants were Jews, and the German conquerors were beginning to herd them into a ghetto. Jerzy, having holed in with non-Jewish acquaintances here and there without reporting his whereabouts to the police, took one look at the large walled-off Jewish section and decided it was not for him. He preferred the freedom of the hunted. He went just once, to see that his old father, his stepmother and his brother, who had obeyed the Germans and moved in, were all right. But even while he was visiting, the Germans sealed the exits, and Jerzy had to climb back to freedom over the high wall. He checked in with a Catholic family he knew in one of the suburbs and took stock of the situation.

"I watched the German progress in France and Scandinavia," he recalls, "and I figured it would be a long war. 'You can't stay on here indefinitely, Jerzy,' I said to myself. 'Too many people know your face around this town, and the Germans will pick you up in the end.'" Having heard that large remnants of the Polish army had pushed across the border into Czechoslovakia and Hungary, he decided to join them. One rainy morning in June, 1940, having bade farewell to two or three friends of the family, Jerzy quietly slipped out of town.



To give the kids a thrill, Jerzy frequently wears some of his medals. Years of tragedy have not damaged his spirit. He often cheers the young DP's with a lively bedtime solo on his harmonica.

How is the fighting going in Palestine? Jerzy devours all available newspapers to find out.

In the ancient city of Cracow, not far from the border, he called on an old pal who had once been a policeman in Lodz. "The border is closed and guarded by the SS," he told Jerzy. "Why don't you stay here? Cracow doesn't even have a ghetto yet. You're safe here . . . as long as no one knows that you're Jewish."

Jerzy thought it over and decided to take his advice. "All I could think of, then, was how to survive. The Germans had caught me once, and I didn't want them to catch me again. I was afraid of them. I wanted to live."

Jerzy went to the Polish Red Cross and told them the hard-luck story of a released prisoner who had no family and was out of a job. The Red Cross, without asking too many questions, directed him to a small furnished room in an apartment which had once belonged to a Jewish family until the Gestapo emptied it, and Jerzy moved in.

Jerzy couldn't look for a job because of the constant danger of being found out. The Gestapo was combing all Poland for Jews, and they were using the fine-tooth comb by now. He had no proper papers. He had no alibi for being at large. But he had to eat, and there was only one answer to his immediate problem: the black market. On Cracow's main square, christened Adolf Hitler Platz by the Germans, Polish boys would buy whatever German soldiers could spare—extra blankets, boots and watches—and sell them, in turn, such luxuries as a side of bacon, a Polish ham, a few eggs. There was a fair living in this sort of thing, if you were smart. Jerzy felt relatively safe in a business where neither seller nor buyer could afford to be inquisitive. He became a steady, though distinctly small-time operator on the Platz; and he went on, in this precarious fashion, for nearly two years, never revealing himself, and wary of making enemies or friends.

But clouds were gathering over his head. All Jerzy had to do was look out the window and he could see which way the wind was blowing. The street where he lived was sealed off with barbed wire now; the Gestapo was using it as a collecting point for Polish Jews. Every night a new cargo of weary, ragged, stupefied humanity was pushed onto trucks to be carted off. And every night, as Jerzy looked on in horror, a few would quietly collapse, having managed to swallow poison. When would they come for him?

By late summer of 1942, with the Germans bogged down before Stalingrad, the dragnet was applied with greater care than ever. SS men took up positions at the street corners, spot-checking people's documents. A decree was published ordering every Pole to apply for a new identity card, with his picture on it. Deeming it unwise to present himself to the authorities, Jerzy let the dead line go by, undecided, brooding. The *(Continued on Page 153)*

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I WAS An AMERICAN SPY

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That is as close as ATIS ever came to applying pressure to a prisoner. Yet every one of the 14,000 we interrogated eventually told us what we wanted to know.

The attitude of many of them was expressed by one Japanese sergeant, member of a "special intelligence unit" which operated in Filipino garb behind our lines in the Philippines with orders to assassinate MacArthur. "Defeat for Japanese is death. Thus, if living in flesh after defeat, Japanese prisoner is reborn to new life. We prisoners, having been reborn as Americans, must serve America with utter loyalty. Americans do not understand this, and I do not understand why I am to be hanged tomorrow for a crime committed in a previous existence."

General MacArthur is one American who does understand, incidentally. The wholesale success of his administration of Japan, where the armchair experts expected bedlam confounded, demonstrates his profound knowledge of the nuances of Japanese psychology.

Before Pearl Harbor, there were probably fewer than 100 Caucasians in all the Allied forces reasonably expert in both spoken and written Japanese. Written Japanese entails use of some 6000 borrowed Chinese ideographs. As if that weren't enough, there are three varieties of Japanese writing. *Kaisho* is a relatively simple blocklike printing. *Gyosho* corresponds roughly to handwritten script. *Sosho* can be described only as a species of shorthand, refined to almost indecipherable rudiments.

As for the spoken language, everyday Japanese talk is a morass of homonyms—words identical in sound, but with meanings poles apart. There is some of this in English, to be sure—"pear," "pair" and "pare," for instance—but nothing to compare with Japanese. Take the sound "*Ki*," pronounced "key." Depending upon the ideograph used, *Ki* can mean tree, vessel, river, undiluted, yellow, a season, a warning, a warrior, strangeness, and a baker's dozen other things.

On a street corner in Japan it is a common sight to see two conversationalists lost in the labyrinth of their own speech. One breaks off talk to explain what he has been saying by tracing with a forefinger in the palm of the other hand the written symbol involved.

The insane complexity of the language proved a terrible problem to us at first, but in the end a boon. The Japanese had to write down everything possible of misinterpretation. They depended to a pitiful degree upon the written word in all military operations.

We found that they seldom used the simple *Kaisho* for anything more important than formal operations orders, medical and intelligence reports, whereas at least 80 per cent of the documents set down in the obscure *Sosho* script had immediate tactical value. Apparently the Japs had decided that *Sosho* constituted an almost unbreakable code, as far as Anglo-Saxons were concerned.

Every scrap of Japanese paper we regarded as a potential nugget. A sheet of carbon paper salvaged from an abandoned Jap position in New Guinea had been used three times. This became an intelligence classic. Subjected to ultraviolet-ray scanning and other techniques, the carbon betrayed: (1) a hitherto unknown war-craft route between the Japanese bases of Kokopo and Salamaua; (2) The exact strength of the Jap 66th Infantry Regiment; (3) The amounts of quinine dosages being issued to troops in a certain jungle area.

The intelligence value of the first two items is obvious. However, it was the routine medical notation that proved to be of most dramatic and immediate tactical importance. We already knew the approximate number of Japanese troops in the sector, and we had learned that about 30 per cent of them were normally out of commission with malaria. But the carbon revealed such a heavy increase in issues of quinine that it was deduced that malaria casualties had soared to at least 80 per cent.

The Australians had been moving up men and supplies for an attack on this area, planning to launch it in about three weeks. Now they decided to strike at once. This they did the midnight following the discovery of the sheet of carbon. The malaria-ridden Japs were cleaned out in short order, and the Allied timetable in that part of the Pacific leaped three weeks ahead.

Another discarded scrap of paper, picked up at Gizarum, gave away the daytime hide-outs of Jap supply and troop barges along the New Guinea coast. Allied aircraft promptly blasted them, sinking 300, with probable Japanese casualties of 12,000 to 15,000 men, and none on our side.

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Eventually, ATIS published 20,000,000 pages of information derived from the interrogation of prisoners and the examination of 2,000,000 enemy documents. All of it was evaluated, painstakingly correlated and then indexed and cross-indexed. On very short notice almost any fact or combination of facts about Japanese forces anywhere could be extracted from the files.

For example, before the attack on New Britain, ATIS was ordered by General Willoughby to furnish data on Japanese strength on the Gazelle Peninsula and at Rabaul. In twelve hours we delivered to GHQ a study, complete with maps, showing every gun position, pillbox, pig track and equipment part, every billet and the number and identification of its occupants, and even the telephone numbers. If needed, it would have been possible to give ages, birth marks, hobbies, food prejudices and snoring habits of scores of the Rabaul garrison. Toward the end of the war, GHQ literally knew more about Japanese military and naval dispositions and strength in the Pacific than did the Japs themselves.

Most of our tiny original ATIS group were competent linguists. But as the work load became heavier, I had to requisition additional men from the military-intelligence language schools in the United States. A very few were expert. Some, found proficient in Japanese, were only so-so in English. Others, rating excellent in English, had mediocre grasp of Japanese. It occurred to me that individuals in the groups might serve as mutual crutches. Experimentally, we paired linguists. This technique proved eminently successful. Out of every two partial Allied linguists we obtained one team nearly the equal of an educated Japanese.

A majority of our translators were American Nisei. Had it not been for the loyalty, bravery and ability of these Japanese-Americans, many phases of intelligence work in the Pacific would have fallen flat. I know that their faithful service to the United States saved many thousands of American lives and shortened the war by months. It must be realized that this group of men had more to lose than any others participating in the war. Had any of them been captured, their torture would have been indescribable. To each Nisei outfit reporting for duty, I said, "I won't lie to you. You're in as difficult a position as Jews in Germany. The vast majority of you are volunteers. You know what war hysteria has done to your families in the States. They have been put in concentration camps, some with good reason, others simply because of race. Undoubtedly, some of you are bitter. But you are good Americans. You have decided to serve your country where you will be most useful, nevertheless. I give you my promise that, if I live, I will make every effort within my power to see that your achievements are recognized by the American public."

Every word was taken to heart. Throughout the war, we never had to take any disciplinary measures where our Nisei were concerned. When the Nisei got into combat zones, they often were fired on by both sides. The Japs complicated this by infiltrating our lines with men garbed in American and Australian uniforms stripped off our dead. Finally we issued orders that every Nisei going to the front had to be accompanied by an American or Australian noncom or officer.

None of them ever showed the white feather, although ATIS Nisei accompanied assault units on every landing from Papua to the Philippines. More than 150 were finally given direct commissions. The rest were promoted several grades. An exceptionally high percentage were decorated or cited for valor.

Every now and then you get results in intelligence work by playing a hunch—not the race-track, spur-of-the-moment kind, but the poker type based on knowledge of your opponent's psychology. During the New Guinea campaign, ATIS was having trouble identifying scrambled place names on Japanese military maps. Sometimes the Japs used native names. Again, they would adopt designations from British maps or from old sketches made by Dutch missionaries. At other points we found arbitrary labels such as Hill A, Hill B, Hill C.

In certain sectors, however, everything bore historic Japanese names. At Wewak, for instance, they used names like Momo Yama—tomb of the Emperor Meiji—Tsushima—scene of a great naval battle of the Russo-Japanese War—and Chusenji—a famous shrine. Capt.—later Maj.—George Caiger, Australian Army, had an inspiration while laboring over these maps. He said, "I don't think these Japanese place names have been applied haphazardly. I'm convinced this is a far cry from the sense of humor that G. I.'s show when they call some steaming, muddy hole 'Times Square' and a jungle trail 'Broadway.'"

We finally concluded that the elaborate names were a tip-off that the Japs had been ordered to hold these places to the death. If so, they might just as well die there of starvation as of bullet wounds or shrapnel. This deduction was submitted at once to GHQ. General Willoughby concurred. It was one of the factors considered in the leapfrog jumps which thereafter characterized General MacArthur's tactics.

Wewak was among the first Jap strongpoints by-passed. Among their sacred place names the Wewak troops sat and starved while our timetable jumped four months ahead. Their plight became so bitter that cannibalism was rampant. At final surrender, nearly 40,000 Japanese scarecrows at Wewak laid down their arms. I believe that thousands of Americans are alive today only because—in spite of lifted eyebrows—General MacArthur decided not to storm those symbolically renamed Wewak strongholds.

Understanding the unique quirks of the Japanese make-up was just as vital to success in another phase of intelligence—psychological warfare. Some Washington officials initially felt that techniques which had worked brilliantly in the European Theater of Operations ought to come off as well against the Japs. Much effort against Japanese troops in the field was initially directed toward arousing nostalgia. Leaflets were dropped describing the beauties of Japanese homelife and giving surrender as the prescription for a quick reunion with loved ones.

I doubt like hell if any Jap gave up for this reason. By their code, the Jap who did surrender considered his family disgraced and himself dead as a Japanese, and forevermore banished from his homeland. However, constructive criticism by ATIS was well received in Washington. By and large, the quality of psychological warfare improved remarkably. Under Gen. Bonner F. Fellers it became a precision weapon—but that is a story in itself.

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Ridicule was one of our best psychological weapons against the Japanese. I do not mean juvenile insults and name-calling, such as the Japs' classic shouts of, "To hell with Babe Ruth!" But skillful needling could, and did, goad them out of bunkers and caves into suicidal Banzai charges where grenades and trench mortars failed.

For the Philippines campaign, we broadcast to the Japs along this line: "Can it be that the Imperial Japanese Navy, whose bravery has never been questioned, is carrying its historic enmity against the army to such an extent that it is abandoning the soldiers to die like curs on the shores of foreign lands?"

Quickly the Japanese filled the ether with counter-propaganda that the Philippines were now an integral part of the empire. Therefore, Japanese soldiers giving their lives there would certainly not be dying on foreign shores. But other Jap broadcasts confusedly stated that the Japanese fleet was inactive in the Philippines because it was being utilized for protection of Japanese home waters.

This gave us the perfect cue. Our next broadcast said, in effect, "In view of the fact that the Philippines are now a part of the Japanese Empire, how can the Imperial Japanese Navy reconcile its statement of guarding the Japanese Empire with its abandonment of Nipponese soldiers in the Philippines? As part of the empire, the Philippines are part of the home waters of Japan!"

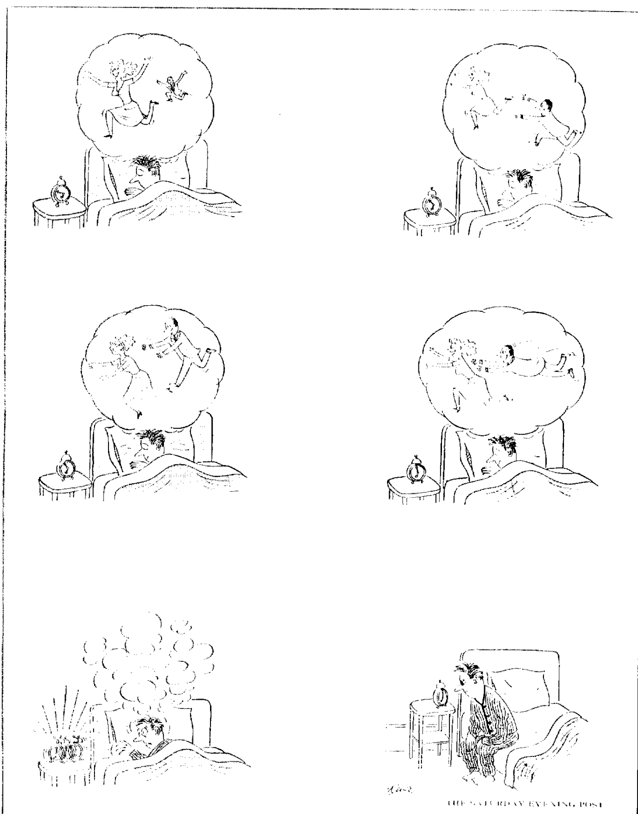
We couldn't have wished for more perfect timing. Damned if it didn't, the Japanese fleet chose to be damned if it did. It sallied forth to its destruction at the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

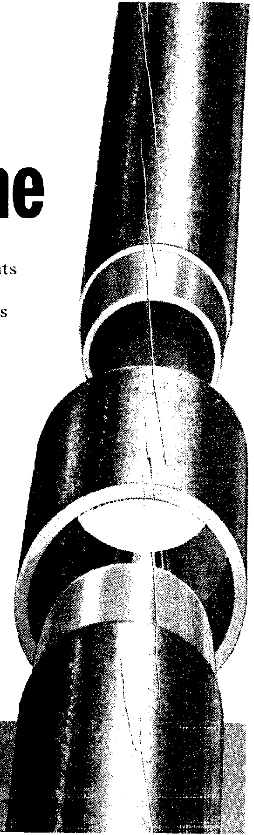
The climax of my intelligence career came in two parts—one before and one during the surrender. Ever since I had lived among the Japanese I had puzzled over their seemingly automatic discipline. They are law-abiding, whether the law is civil or military, on a scale that Occidental individualists simply can't grasp. I tried to attribute it to Emperor worship, to Shinto indoctrination, to the thought police, inbreeding, tradition, and so on. No single factor or meshing of factors gave me a satisfactory answer. I was also at a loss to interpret certain vague undertones in Japanese conversations and newspapers. During the war, the same maddening hints kept bobbing up in captured documents.

Then in March, 1945, ATIS had a windfall. Several apparently unrelated Japanese documents reached us simultaneously. Taken together, they spelled out for the first time the missing clue to Japanese psychology—a spy-hostage system called *Hoko*, which had secretly functioned in Japan for centuries. Under its modern name of *Tonari Gumi* or "Neighborhood Associations," it had been successfully extended to conquered parts of China and Manchuria, and was now proposed for application to the Filipinos.

The system originated in China about 1100 B.C., and was first introduced into Japan about 700 A.D. by the Empress Gemmyo. Very simply, it made every member of every family responsible for any offense committed by any other member. A special family representative "acceptable to the police" was appointed to report to the authorities.

That was only the beginning. Every ten families formed a *Hi*. They, in turn, selected a responsible representative. Ten *Hi* became a *Ko*, with its own representative. Every ten *Ko* formed a *Ho*, with its representative. The local





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prefectural government, the military governor, or the chief of police could call in ten *Ho* representatives and give orders which at least 50,000 human beings must not fail to obey.

The system came to its ostensible apex in the Emperor. Actually, it was the Minister of Home Affairs—the only cabinet minister belonging to the same clan as the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal—to whom all Japanese were responsible, and whose every individual action he could have reported if he wished. Since June, 1940, by the way, Marquis Koichi Kido, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, had been the most powerful individual in Japan. He is emphatically branded by most of my enlightened Japanese acquaintances as War Criminal No. 1.

My report on the Neighborhood Associations went to General MacArthur. After the surrender, he converted the system to his own advantage, purging it first of ultranationalist links. This is one of the principal reasons why our occupation of Japan has been so smooth and peaceful. MacArthur is using the system to pass down to the smallest family group elements of democracy which could be brought home through no other channel. Once these sink home, *Hoko* will be discarded.

My years of studying the language and psychology of the Japanese paid a bonus on the second day of the surrender conference at Manila. The first session had been devoted principally to getting detailed information on their troop dispositions. The next day, August 19, 1945, we again took them to the City Hall. Here they were to get the draft of the imperial surrender rescript prepared in Washington.

Frigidly, stiffly, the Jap military delegates—Lt. Gen. Takashiro Kawabe and Rear Adm. Ichiro Yokoyama and their aides—filed into the office of Lt. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, MacArthur's Chief of Staff. With them was the representative of the Imperial Japanese Government, Mr. Katsuo Okazaki, of the Foreign Office. A self-possessed, well-poised diplomat, he was secretly well pleased at the final eclipse of the military clique. The scene that followed is best described in the report submitted to me immediately afterward by my outstanding language assistant, Comdr. Samuel C. Bartlett, Jr.:

"General Sutherland handed the rescript to General Kawabe, who seemed to drop it rather impatiently on the table while he listened to General Sutherland's explanation being translated. He then picked it up as if it were deadly poison, thrust it over his left shoulder to Captain Otake, his interpreter, and said, '*Yakuse*' [imperative command to translate]. The interpreter reverently grasped the book, opened it, turned pale and examined the rescript. . . . The captain read the rescript like a doomed man, with pauses between sentences, right through to the end.

"General Kawabe folded his arms, closed his eyes, and screwed up his face as though undergoing a painful operation. The only movement was an occasional quiver of his chin. When the interpreter said, '*Owari*' [the end], Kawabe slapped the table and said, '*Shimai!*' [finished!]."

Later, several officers cornered me and asked, "Mashbir, tell us what the devil was happening at that table. Those fellows rolled their eyes back in their heads and every one of them seemed to be dying."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "they were not only dying right there in their chairs, but they saw millions of Japanese dying. There is probably no subject of the Emperor who would dare present that rescript personally to him for signature. They would prefer suicide."

I explained that the surrender proclamation was drawn in insultingly informal terms, instead of in the ancient formal terms in which an imperial rescript is always couched. It thus disregarded the maintenance of the personal dignity and position of the Emperor, a stipulation by Japan which we guaranteed when they otherwise accepted the Potsdam Declaration.

The session ended on the most somber possible note. I was gravely alarmed. The fanatical fight to the death, which we had feared, might now become an actuality, once the emissaries returned to Japan with that rescript. I drove with the delegates to the Hotel Rosario for a fifteen-minute stop before they were to board their planes.

Then I took the most momentous step of my career. With General Willoughby's permission, I said to the two Japanese delegates:

"I am sure it is not the intention of the supreme commander to degrade or debase your Emperor in the eyes of your people. I know how you felt when the draft of the surrender rescript was read. I understand what was in your minds. Now, immediately after your take-off, we shall return to headquarters. I will take it up personally with the chief of staff and if possible with General MacArthur. Therefore, unless you get specific orders to the contrary—in which event you will be notified at once and officially by radio—you will disregard the drafts that have been handed you of the surrender proclamation and of the rescripts empowering the delegates to sign. You will have them issued in the normal form of an imperial rescript, with the time-honored and customary phraseology, such as this draft which we have worked all night to prepare for you."

Kawabe and Okazaki all but snatched the draft from my hand, carefully read the formal beginning. There was a visible transformation, as though an immense weight had been lifted from their shoulders.

"Is it really that important?" General Willoughby asked.

Okazaki replied in perfect English, "It is of the utmost importance, General Willoughby. I haven't words to tell you how important it really is!"

After the departure of the Japanese delegates, I reported to General Sutherland what had occurred. He agreed that the action I had taken was correct, but sent me to General MacArthur for a final decision. When I had finished telling MacArthur about it, he smiled, placed his arm around my shoulder. "Mashbir," he said, "you handled that exactly right. I have no desire whatever to repudiate the Potsdam Declaration or to degrade Hirohito in the eyes of his own people. We can maintain orderly government in Japan only through him."

And that's the story of fifteen minutes which may have prevented renewal of bloody, bitter-end fighting between the Japs and ourselves. But for that quarter of an hour, we might today still be trying to dig the remnants of 70,000,000 fanatics out of cave strongholds in their mountains.

If the surrender documents had been signed as originally drafted, with the common pronouns "I" and "myself" referring to the Emperor, instead of the imperial first person singular and plural pronouns, and the informal instead of the historic phraseology, they would not have been legally binding under Japanese law. They would have amounted merely to papers signed by a Japanese citizen named Hirohito. At any later date they could have been repudiated. But as finally worded, they represent with solemn legality the voice and will of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, the supreme commander of the armed forces, the head of the civil government, and through him the entire Japanese people. That, I submit, is no small difference.

Now the World War II intelligence job is done, but our future security depends to the greatest extent upon the truth and accuracy with which our people are kept informed of the designs of other nations. My experience convinces me that to do this job right, we must have a central intelligence unit stocked with real—not pseudo—experts. It must be entirely independent of political changes in national administration. It must never be used as a dumping ground for lame ducks or incompetents of whom other services want to be rid. It is no place for dilettantes. Anyone with a record of past errors of judgment, those even remotely connected with our shameful surprises in World War II, should be debarred.

The agency must be staffed by career men—specialists of undoubted loyalty, proved courage and demonstrated ability in their fields. They must place the security of our country ahead of any injury to their personal feelings.

I remember Tom Rynning, once a captain of the Arizona Rangers. He used to toss dimes in the air, drawing his revolver with the same motion, and drilling the coins as they fell.

An onlooker asked him, "Could I learn to do that by practicing?"

"Hell, son," Captain Rynning drawled, "you could practice all your life, but you'd never be worth a damn at it unless you've got that six-shooter impulse."

To paraphrase Captain Rynning, in intelligence we must provide the opportunity for men to take up the study of languages and all the other needful techniques and skills as a career, not as a rich man's hobby. Then we shall get men with that basic intelligence impulse who can be trained to make the future of America secure.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Colonel Mashbir and Mr. Aswell.

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