

Now, the first few days were a furor, not only in finding out what made him tick; what he wanted us to do for him; what he was willing to do for us; but to analyze in the greatest of detail from his own notes, what all the little abbreviations, hieroglyphics and everything were, on some one hundred fifty pages, some typed, some written, of misselery. The people who understand this subject from a scientific viewpoint completely, they would of course, analyze everything that they needed to know themselves, but we could at least contribute this one effort of expounding and extrapolating every abbreviation that wasn't clear, but which he, having inserted, knew about as to what he meant when he put it in. This was a monumental job. I don't remember seeing a tree between London and Leeds, because in a jiggling car, as I was yapping from Russian as to what this particular R-7 missile would or wouldn't do, and Bulik was writing with the others, which was in English, we never had a chance to lift our heads.

We barged into the hotel, had a meeting set up there, met him, went on to Birmingham. In Birmingham we had a technical flap with the British, but we managed to luck out. We took along two large suitcases, hand bags I should say, much larger than this, with Mohawk, battery operated recorders, just in case we would need them. Unfortunately, they are albatrosses, because we had no place to leave them, except the U.S. Embassy. Therefore, in the hotel room, someone had to be with those damn pieces of equipment. On travelling, we took them along. Well, when we hit Birmingham on a Sunday night, the Scotsmen came in with some very incongruous expressions which sounded like "whir oh whir, we are in trouble," - we had hit the tail end of the world in England. This part of the town, the center part, is still on direct current. I have no place to get a converter at midnight on Sunday and the tape recorder can't work.

So, we said, "however, for three thousand miles we have carried those damned instruments of ours on battery. Let's see if they can pick up the slack." So we ran eight reels, and they

all came out. One from one machine, one from the other, alternating to cover our four hour meeting. So, even then, it was worthwhile taking them along on the trip, they appeared superfluous at the time, we were glad when we realized we could tape this, not only overtly, but with superb electrically operated equipment. That's just a side light, and having analyzed everything he had in his notes we had one of our top men, a very heavily and well decorated one, even though he is a reports officer. I would love to mention his name because he is one of the most distinguished reports officers I know of, his name is Len McCoy. He had spent time at Cape Kennedy, Thule, , Churchill, all the air force bases, he is quite an adept and knowledgeable person in anything relating to misselery. He came out to give us all the requirements and processed the material as fast as he could. The British were so impressed by him that they permitted him to handle all the British requirements. They threw up their hands, he was so much head and shoulders above them that they accepted anything that he would. Of course we would need him, not at the meeting with PENKOVSKIY but after the meetings. We tried to transcribe the tapes, but it was totally impossible. When you have a meeting of four hours, once a day, it would take six months to finish all the tapes after we brought them home, because they were just catching up ahead of us all the time.

Well, amongst other things that he told us about, all of the associations we reviewed carefully with Marshall VARENTSOV. We began to tabulate his unbelievable accessability to highly classified documents. First, he had a complete entree to the fund of GRU, which is the classified library section of their intelligence organ. He could read anything on missilery in the headquarters of Marshall VARENTSOV. who was there as his adjutant, about to become a general, would just unlock the room and say "PENKOVSKIY, I know you are writing a book in Russian from the English on missilery, that's why you have all these research privileges. Please be my guest. Don't take them out, but read anything here." So we were getting a

pretty good idea of what their ICBM's could do, where they were, about the Cuba situation and what their missilery there could do, almost straight from the horses mouth. In fact, there was a publication (I will make a more complete reference to it later) called the Strategic Missile Bulletin, on ICBM's from MOSKALENKO's shop. MOSKALENKO at that time had two hats. One he was on the General Staff of the Ministry of Defense. Remember, they have only one ministry, the Army, Navy, Air force are all under it. The first hat was, he was the first deputy to the minister for all new technical developments and means of mass destruction and so forth. The second hat was at the same time he was the Commander in Chief of all Strategic Missile Forces. That is, all the manpower and officers and so on, who are scattered at the various ICBM sites. You know already what VARENTSOV's position was, but they are closely related. In fact, outside of the tremendously complicated geometric and geophysical machinery and computations for guidance systems, the ICBM Russian style is an expanded, enlarged practical missile, and probably is in all countries. We didn't get yet into space technology thank God, because that would have been just too much to swallow.

Anyway, next we had brought over with courier service suitcases full of photographs. As I remember we had covered something like 7,000 available photographs from all the assorted files of CIA, MI5 and MI6. These were all categorized by countries, when last seen and he identified maybe 7 to 10 per cent of these people. The total number of GRU officers in detail, depicted, described, identified from photographs, etc., was somewhere over one thousand. The KGB numbers were less, some two or three hundred. Of course, the rosters of everyone who was ever in Turkey before him, during his time and currently was like knowing his five fingers; not to mention everyone on the India, Pakistan, Ceylon, also Iranian and Egyptian desks, and the field stations; as well as everyone in London, and later as you will see, everyone in Paris. That was very, very significant. This is of course from a CI viewpoint, but his

greatest contribution, as it became more and more developed came strictly in the PI field.

Alright. During this period we have consolidated all possible ways of recontacting him. We knew he was going to come back here. He had a scheduled return, knew there would be a very short interval. We knew he was coming back per schedule to London without a delegation, alone, for the purpose of establishing a program for a later delegation. This gave him even more latitude and freedom of action, and this time he came very heavily reinforced with influence from back home. He was called in by Army General SEROV, the Chief of GRU, and, as I mentioned before, the former Chief of KGB, and told "PENKOVSKIY, my wife and daughter are taking a trip to England. I know you will be there at the same time. Please keep a weather eye open for them and make sure there is no difficulty." "Yes sir, be glad to do it." Naturally, the Soviet Embassy gummed up even having a car waiting for them when they arrived, but PENKOVSKIY did not. He took them to the hotel, he wined them and dined them. He did everything, except he overdid it. He began to play "footsie" with Svetlana, and I begged him on my knees almost, "This is not the girl for you. Let us not complicate life." "But she likes it." "Look, PENKOVSKIY - Pozhaluista - there are others. Not this one." Anyway, I'm not going to get into that phase of life. He is very human, very normal, he likes to flirt a bit. Anyway, he made a terrific hit with Mrs. and Miss SEROV and loaned them money because they ran out. He made sure they ran out. So they shipped all kinds of stuff home, heavy freight, by boat that was parked somewhere in the Thames River, such as a swinging artistic sort of affair for the garden. I remember personally purchasing a beautiful V-cut sweater for the General for the General to play tennis with on the courts at his dacha and then we went into a shopping list which was out of this world. He said "I need help. This is operational." But the list, the list was not a piece of paper. It was a book. A book. And neatly depicted page ~~there~~ were page were items for who for what. In the middle of it

outlines of a foot, his wife's foot, his daughter's foot, his mother's foot. Who knows these English sizes.. The foot. So we had to get shoes, sandals and so on in all sizes and description to match that. He needed a suit so we measured Mike Stokes who looks something like him, back to back, a little shorter and he went to Oxford Street and got a suit for PENKOVSKIY. But the list, finally, I'm not going to describe the details. They are too unbelievable, but there were about 4 suitcases of about 70 kilo, 70! That means well, how is he going to take it home? A cinch - no problem. Well, here is how he did it. WYNNE took them in on his official trip, between meetings. He met WYNNE at the airport. He had every pass in the book and when the custom officials were there, he said "Don't stand there like apes. This is a guest of the Soviet Union. Help him carry them." They were all carrying them into his car. So as he delivered WYNNE to his hotel, passing messages from us and giving him cachets in the car, he drives off with the rest of the baggage, to his home, for further distribution there. WYNNE would immediately proceed to the British Embassy, without even washing his face and hands, and his own personal little baggage there they could search to the hearts content, he would deliver everything, he would be clean, and on the return trip the messages would come back in reverse. So that was ideal. That is how he got them in. No problem.

Well, what did we get. We got, for about 25 pounds, a rocket, a beautiful rocket, for the birthday which was actually on the 16th of September, although the birthday was on the 3rd. You see, you had a calendar switch about 13 days. VARENTSOV was about to get an Order of Lenin, already he did have the title of Chief Marshall, on his 60th birthday, which is very customary for high-ranking people in Russia; as I read to you from this order which happened to PENKOVSKIY's great uncle. For this day and occasion PENKOVSKIY was nominated to be the major dommo. He got the singers, he got the dancers, he got the whole list of guests and naturally he had to present his own gifts too. He got a gold watch and he immediately wanted it engraved "To dear Sergey Sergeevich from the Penkovskiy's". I said we could not

engrave this in London. We have no cleared engraver. We could do that in Moscow. He argued "What kind of an intelligence service, you can't even put this on?" "No!" That he had to take back himself. The big rocket was a silver thing - beautiful - you press buttons here - cigarettes come out - cigars come out and light. It's one of those sort of things. It was very appropriate for VARENTSOV, but the piece de resistance was something else and this gave us a TSS problem. He wanted a bottle of the rarest Napoleon-type brandy cognac exactly brewed 60 years ago on the date of his birth. Oh with 50 years we could do, but 60 that was a little more difficult. However, with 4 case officers, which it took, outside of us for support, to buy all these things every day; they were coming home with buckets of assorted material; with the help of TSS on the label we got a 60 year old bottle. This bottle paid for itself many, many times over, during that celebration for his 60th birthday. One of the first guests to enter was Rodion MALINOVSKIY, Minister of Defense. No one was there with less than two stars. One poor little

was there with two stars, who has long since retired for all times sake, KARIOFILLI with three, Chief of Staff of the Rockets, this, that, Marshalls. From the Central Committee side CHURAYEV, the poor peoples representative at the Central Committee level, who has a dacha with 20,000 roses - the poor communist society - he even bragged about it at the party and got drunk. MALINOVSKIY made a bee-line for this cognac, "This is better than our vodka," and he was slopping up our cognac like mad. At the same time he was predicting, depicting every thing he was going to do with the Berlin Wall; how he was going to do it and how the Americans would swallow that pill, and he was prepared to make us swallow a second pill if KHRUSHCHEV wanted to press a different button; namely the second pill would have been to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany, by prolonging the maneuvers of the Warsaw Pact nations by three more weeks, 250,000 men strong. However, KHRUSHCHEV himself, passed that one up. The first one, when it was reported, we told them exactly how he was going to do this, how we could stop it like a clock, probably for the cost of \$200 worth of gas, but it took

Washington three months of deliberation before we could give any sort of definitive answer for what to do in Berlin. All kinds of speculation about future nuclear wars was discussed at this meeting. They felt completely free, oiled with our cognac didn't harm a thing, fortunately, so we had a complete report on this. This high level access, other than the tremendous amount of documentary material was what was really helping us out all the time and he was delivering them to us in cachets.

Now, at this second go-round of meetings we had to re-tool the whole operation in terms of secure future contacts, and the receipt of this invaluable material that was now in huge volume. First of all, we had a Minnox camera especially prepared. A gentleman in the Ninth Bridge, an excellent technician, British more or less froze the "f" stop at 8, you could click off of it; more or less froze on the (fiftieth "D") speed, we had a template in centimeters 21 X 17½ where the brown fringe of the eye piece would adjust you are in focus. It takes practice but you are on focus, you can throw away the chain, which is a security risk if you are going to clandestinely carry the Minnox, the more chains you have the more complications you have, so you eliminate three variables. All the training then took place on the steadiness of hand and estimation of light. As a result, the man produced something like 5,000 perfect frames. One frame had two bottom lines cut off. It became so hairy with this accuracy, we wondered "could it be possible the KGB is doing this." So at one of the meetings, after we got the cachets, in London, we threw him one just like that - "Catch" - "Take picture." "Where" "That wall, that map, this map, this magazine." We were brewing tea now. Every four o'clock is tea. We are in Britain you know. We are taking time out for tea, and you have this done. In about 15 minutes with the steadiest of hand, "I'm done." He even squeezed out 55 frames from a 50 frame roll in a Minnox. You can do this, but you have to have an awful lot of practice. He threw it back to us. Tomorrow we will see. The next day in gloss prints this big the Ninth Bridge brought them

developed. Out of this world. Out of this world, like a photographers masterpiece. Well, obviously he can photograph. Whatever he learned, he learned well. I do not mean he can run 15 kinds of photographic apparatus, but the one he knows, he knows. The same thing with the Russian version of the one time pad. We practiced with them. This is all done by us. We had all the commo support in the world. A member in Frankfurt gave us test messages. He would finally break it out. Naturally, he had the "yo yo 51" with the Russian coding-decoding system, one time pad, and with it in this interval he came back with a little typewritten message. In it he had gummed up one word, one word - one letter. Beginning - he said "moh" instead of "nach" which means nothing really, beginning or our number one. I said "Becareful with our 32 instead of 33 on yo yo." "Yes, I'll not do it again." The rest was perfect. I thought "Well, gosh darnit, who is breaking this code." Again, it took me three hours to make two different type messages, old book, new book. It is the difference of one group. Again, we are brewing tea. I said "Here is a test pad. Break these messages." In 15 minutes he had both messages done. Perfect. The man is a technician. So in one phase of commo, in one phase of photography the man was absolutely superb. I've never seen one like it and never expect to again in my life. But, with his photographic capability (and he is a three Minnox man - he would send one in for repairs on occasion to us via channels - might as well be hung for one as well as three - and why change cachets in the middle of an important operation) when he would go into the GRU room, ask for quiet, "don't disturb me", he looked for certain things of interest. "Ha, a bibliography. I wonder what kind." Looks it over. In about two or three frames he had a bibliography of every document stolen from the United States, and the correct title, right down the line. Military manuals, all other kind of documents that had a classified value. The hell with the documents. They are ours anyway, but now we know what's been stolen from us. The same from the French, The British, the Italians - the bibliography. How many frames does it take to

take a bibliography. Peanuts! He got us all the classified directories of the Kremlin; what you call here the gray line, the red line; complete, who's on it, what number, how they cross connected. Well, it took us four frames for the whole thing. Directories - that's big those directories. So he got us nine assorted classified telephone directories. A complete volume on everybody as to his background, history, Academy of Science of the USSR, and its' filiale in Siberia, and eight other directories; Ministry of Defense; Government of the USSR; KGB; GRU; Internal , those are the internal dialing systems of three and four numbers. It was really fantastic. Well, now our idea is "How shall we keep this thing going?" "What channel?" At this point of history, the wife of an MI6 officer Ann, was brought into the act. She was stationed in Moscow. Ann came and was introduced to PENKOVSKIY in London. Now here is the gimmick. He had gone to a scientific gathering. There was an officer by the name of Mr. ?SENIOR?, actual name, British, and he was ordered to go there and report and he met Ann. He went to the UK Embassy and again said "How do you do" to Ann. Therefore, she was, her last name was CHISOLM, on their interest list, They had a dossier on her. He had an official reason to meet with such people because he was sent there. We didn't like it in terms of frequency of meetings, outside of official functions. He said "Well look, if I meet her on the street, tip my hat and say , talk to. I'll make a report on it. Of course I say hello to someone I know officially. This will give me a chance to pass something." "All right, you can do this once or twice, but beyond that you are gambling." The British say "And what do you have American, besides a big mouth?" They just about were as nasty as that. We didn't have very much going at the moment, but on the road we had plenty in what we call the pipeline. Our object was to get an appropriate man, in the Embassy under the appropriate cover, which was a big headache; to whom PENKOVSKIY could be officially sent by his people for official business. Then, we have no clandestine, risky meetings outside. It's a beautiful thing,

Except that you can't schedule it always and except that you can't predict the frequency of the meetings. That was our concept and we held out for it as long as we could and we also injected into the plan to have such person or persons available. In the meantime, Ann was briefed that "when the time comes, you will do this." "Okay." We didn't need her when WYNNE was going back and forth because that was completely blessed by the GRU and the KGB for that matter, as official. Fine.

So, time goes by and we get a message through WYNNE that pretty soon he is going to the French Exhibition in Paris and he is loaded with cachets, other than what WYNNE has already picked up. We are getting all these things all the time and we are drooling. Fine, but this was an awful beating because although it says the 20th September it was the 14th October for the twelve meetings. We were before 1 September. We didn't know when the French would give him his visa. We could not hurry them up or show any interest and the French were playing fancy reciprocation. You make us wait three weeks, we make you wait three weeks. So he is furious. What are they, Allies or not? I mean, after he told us "Why the hell you keep me bouncing in place in Moscow for three weeks?" Well, we were bouncing in place in Paris for the same time, letting things develop normally. In the meantime, we had cased more safehouses and more meeting sites and everything else that we needed in Paris than you can imagine. There, unfortunately, the British have assets far and away above anything we could dream of in the way of safehouses, support assets and everything you want in Paris. After all they are close to the continent themselves, they have been there for many, many years and they know how to operate. So, (garbled) the British safehouse, the British vehicle, a lot of them hired, a lot of them right hand drive, Everyday I went from Orly to Le Bourget and back, a beautiful distance of about 40 or 50 miles through French traffic; we had a special driver Roger King, who drove (garbled), he was a race track driver; when necessary he would go 60-70 miles a hour

respect for you in his mind. All right that is fine for a fellow who might want to work with you or defect. There are the in-betweeners for whom the timing is off, the concept is ripe, but the timing is off. Family situations, obligations which may change. He might say like PENKOVSKIY said "If you see Colonel Peak, give him my greetings." Maybe/did a great deal without even knowing it himself, of putting some seeds of thought to cooperate with us in PENKOVSKIY's mind. Someone else may get the credit in the future for the contact, but there is where the seed comes in. So don't pass up the (garbled) if the guy doesn't want to play ball because he can't at this time. (garbled portion) but he can't telegraph to you now or to anybody else his views. Of course, in the case of the fellow who never would, you still have an asset to generate by creating respect for you. At the very outside he who hates the United States might at least tell another Soviet "You know, all Americans aren't sons of bitches. I met one who wasn't," and even this is a plus by having this or desire to the Soviet. How do you do this? No two people are alike amongst us and no two Soviets are alike, but as an objective, how to impress favorably the Soviet, try to generate a concept. I just quote his own words ".....respect, he was dignified, he could keep a confidence, and I could trust him." So, I think as a piece, as we teach down south, to quote someone like this is far more meaningful than to generate concepts of how to get along with a Soviet from every other possible self-generated psychological Anglo-saxon background thinking. It is not quite the same thing.