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REPORT

on my recent overseas assignment (Nov.'58 - Aug.'59).

DOI

1 Nov. 1958

My relative, Mr. ^{Appreciate} ZARINSH, Zigurds (residing in N.Y.C.), saw me off aboard the S.S. United States. I had called him ^{up the} previous day and asked him to come to see me there. During our conversation he came out with some info re LEN - it disturbed me at that time since it showed some inside knowledge of this matter (can't recall now exactly what was said); according to Mr.Z.Z. he had obtained this info from one of LEN's friends residing near N.Y.C. This info implied that there had been foul play in LEN's case here in regard to his parents (Mr.Z.Z. said - LEN's mother) - The latter had been told by the AIS people that their son had been killed in some accident though in fact - as the Soviet publications about this case showed ~~me~~ later - LEN was still alive at that time. - I denied any knowledge about this case, except from the a/m publications and some hearsay; Mr.Z.Z. apparently did not believe ^{me}.

^{PI} I became acquainted with my table mates at the dining hall: Mrs. Doris BELL (from Texas, went to her husband to Munich where I met her later), Mr. Richard B. MOON (a likeable young man who allegedly went to the US Consulate in Paris, France, as a vice consul) and three WAVE's who were going to London, Gr. Britain .

^P During the following days aboard the ship became acquainted with several Americans who were either members (or relatives) of US Armed Forces or went overseas for pleasure. Among them was a man whom I suspected to be in some ^{observer} intelligence job because of his behavior and some advice he gave to me; his name was ^{WAVE} Joseph L. PRANTL and he went ^{seemingly} allegedly to Katterbach/Ansbach, GFR. We became rather good friends though at one instance he put me in a ticklish situation by bringing one of a/m WAVES to my cabin at night; this ^{WAVE} allegedly had bad reputation - was too obviously after the boys. Since ^{WAVE} had told me before I left for Europe that I should be especially cautious in contacts with the Americans I don't know well. I followed

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this advice carefully and did not take any chances here as well as afterwards.
when I became acquainted with one Mrs. Patricia B. ^{* URKE} (a friend of a/m Mr. MOON)
who went to Baumholder in Germany to join her husband there. There was an interest-
ing episode re the latter which showed me that something ^{possibly} went on behind the
scene as to my person: Mrs. Patricia B., who played the part of a naive young wife
who is very enthusiastic about the intriguing life in Europe and who claimed to
be interested in celebrities, was rather friendly toward me, ~~and~~ ^{my} table mate,
Mrs. Doris BELL, told me that Patricia's behavior might be explained because of
the fact that I am a celebrity now (no explanation was given but already then I
had a strange feeling that something is wrong as to my official cover).
Then there was a rather embarrassing conversation with the violinist of the ship's
band, Mr. Saul ^{* U.S.} LEVITAN, ~~XXXXXX~~ who is a Jewish immigrant in the States from Riga,
Latvia (though immigrated at the age of 6 prior to WW I) and ^{NY 3B} resides now at 456-
9th St., Palisades Park, N.J. He claimed that his sister, ^{* Mrs. Helena SOTNIK} who had remained in Latvia
and lived there at Liela Nometņu Street # 21 in Paradaugava, Riga, had been executed
there together with her family in the summer of 1941 after the arrival of the Ger-
man troops. Since he did not hide his suspicions that it was done by the Latvians
and not the Germans I tried to explain all these happenings to him, especially
the role of the Jews in 1940/41 in Latvia. Mr. LEVITAN somehow did not trust me -
asked several questions as to my occupation and assignment; asked me even to show
my AGO card ^{and its number} and wanted to know where I will be stationed as well as what people
I am going to visit in Germany immediately after my arrival there. Since the name
of his a/m sister seemed to be familiar to me from some Soviet publication (or
otherwise - I still think that I have read about it somewhere) and since he mentio-
ned that the ^{* SAUL LEVITAN} Latvian soccer player, Max LEVITAN, is his relative (has been mentio ned
in Soviet Latvian press) I promised that I would try to find out some info about
these persons when I would have again access to the Soviet Latvian press. In this
connection I gave him my home address in Lancaster upon his request.

Another ^{new} acquaintance aboard this ship was Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Allen CANGSON, YNC(SS),

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USN, who went to Kolsaes, Norway, from California; while in Germany I exchanged a couple of letters with them since we liked each other rather well (probably because Ralph was a Philippino - a new American like I).

Then there was another episode which attracted my attention: during the nightly dance party an Army officer (who had a charming wife of French descent) came to my table where I sat with some of a/m WAVES and said in a loud voice: " I can't order my wife (to dance) but I can order a WAVE " (the girl in question was rather embarassed by such approach). I recalled this sentence several times later since it did fit very well my own marital situation; it shows also how sensitive I was at that time in these matters.

8 Nov.

Went ashore in Bremerhaven after some confusion due to the military processing aboard the ship - I was told already in Washington not to go through this procedure but the situation was such (because of my newly won acquaintances whom I told that I am working for the US Army) that I decided to get in line with my Travel Order, and nobody seemed to know what to do with me. At last I was put in the military train leaving for Frankfurt/M but went by it only to Bremen where I brought my trunks to the American Express Co. and made a long distance call to Frankfurt to notify [] ^{managers of E} about my arrival (later [] told me that I should not have made this call until my arrival in Frankfurt proper).

From Bremen I went by rail via Hannover to Frankfurt and experienced during this trip my first indirect interrogation by an elderly German gentleman who boarded this train in Hannover. He was apprx.55, handsomely dressed, resembling a businessman. When he started to ask me too many questions about my life, work, my political convictions etc. I asked him a few questions, too. It came out that he is a pharmacist who lives at the zone border in Wolfenbuettel (or Wolfsburg ?), GFR, and is going to some congress of pharmacists in Frankfurt/M. However, his way of putting questions, of eliciting info about me showed that he eith^{er} has been or still is an old hand in

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these matters. It came out that he knows several Latvians in GFR and he tried to bring home the point that some of them have reached now a respectable living standard. With great emphasis he told me that he/hopes, i.e. the ^{West} Germans, the Latvians, too, do not want any new war. His way of talking as well as his appearance resembled very much that of Alfreds BERZINSH (former Latv. minister) and therefore I was rather reserved in my attitude; I recalled also that Latvian Envoy in Washington, Prof. SPEKKE, had warned me to be cautious just toward such pleasant elderly gentlemen as well as toward good looking young women - and here seemed to be clearly the first case; this man seemed to be put on my trail by the German IS to check my intentions and my behavior (when later in Frankfurt I checked whether there has been such congress of pharmacists I could not find any confirmation about it). Nevertheless, we did not ask each other's names and at Frankfurt RR station he departed with the best wishes for me and my work.

In Frankfurt I checked in at Hotel Continental (quite expensive !), was soon visited there by [] who took me to the SH apartment nearby for undisturbed talk. The main thing he wanted to know was whether I would interrupt my assignment as soon as my wife would ask me to come home - my answer was yes. Then he inquired about my marital troubles, whether we are separated now or still consider to be a married couple. My reply was that as long as my wife remains loyal to me I will do nothing what would amount to disloyalty on my part. I told him also that I don't expect my family to join me soon therefore I would like to give up my former apartment as too large and expensive and search for a smaller one for the time being. Then we talked a great deal about ^{= AECAMBARA/2} ANDY's case and I expressed my doubts as to our organization, i.e. whether it is really qualified to bring such missions to any results [] patience at this as well as at similar instances was admirable - he never lost his temper though often was rather angry).

9 Nov.

Went to my old apartment on Wilhelm Busch Street. All was as it had been in 1957

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except for a ceiling lamp in the living room which somehow had lost its glass shade - its fragments covered the whole floor (the family upstairs claimed that they had had no party or dance which could have caused this damage). To me it was a bad omen since around this time there was the anniversary of the notorious "Kristalnacht" of the Nazi regime when much glass was shattered during the persecution of the German Jews; the embarrassing episode with Mr. LEVITAN aboard the ship was still very much in my mind.

ADDRESS:

Wilhelm Busch Str. FRANKFURT, GERM.

As soon as I had arrived at my apartment I got my first visitors: Mr. von NASO (husband of my landlady and a noted German author and play director), Mrs. Anemay

*SCHLUSNUS (his co-worker; widow of a noted German concert singer) and their acquaintance, Mrs. NOELL, who lived in the same house above my apartment. They all expressed their alleged great surprise about meeting me here - as one of them told me, they had thought that I am a ghost since I had been absent for such a long time; my impression, however, was that it was not a chance meeting but pre-arranged by somebody in order to get a better picture of me. I notified von NASO about my intention to give up this apartment after three months, i.e. on 1 March; Mrs. SCHLUSNUS came with the proposal that I could move to her home where a room had been vacated due to the death of some of her relatives (later I went to take a look on this room, liked it as well as the house itself but was strictly against my intention to move there - thought that in such case he would not be able to visit me home without the knowledge of the people there). In general Mrs. SCHLUSNUS was very friendly toward me, showed interest ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ my family in the States (stated that she has a son there who is in some business, that she visits the States now and then) but Mr. von NASO was more reserved, seemed to observe me closely as if I had arrived from another planet. They both seemed to be of a rather high intellectual level, had seen much of the world and made the impression of very rich and interesting personalities - it is a pity I could not get better acquainted with them since they were the type of Germans I like best.

Later, when I went to my favorite cafe Kranzler at the Hauptwache, I observed there

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an unusual number of Jews (it came out that there had been some meeting of them, possibly in connection with a/m anniversary of the "Kristallnacht"). At that time I was not sure yet but some fragments I picked up from their conversations made me think that at least to some of them my person is known. It was only a vague impression I got and [] derided me about it when I told him about my feelings that something in the air reminds me of my troubles in Madrid, Spain, couple years ago.

10 Nov.

ACEMAR 2/1/1 []

Met for the first time with HERBERT - was introduced to him by [] at a noisy beer restaurant (Maier Gustl - near Hauptbahnhof). My first impression of him was favorable - he seemed to be relaxed, showed good sense of humor and a friendly attitude (I had expected to find a quarrelsome person - at least so I had been told by some who knew him previously). We discussed the KARLSONS case; it came out that I have to replace HERBERT there since the latter had to enter a TB sanitarium after some days. I was already partly familiar with this case because of the intercepted letters I had read in 1957 while in Germany; now it came out that Mrs. KARLSON had made the trip to Latvia and brought out her Latvian husband, too.

ELSA []

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[] explained to me that the HQs in Washington considers this case as one of which is controlled by the Soviets but [] was of different opinion and stressed that I should do the best I could, since it is a good opportunity to show the HQs that too much security and doubt might be of disadvantage in such cases. HERBERT, too, shared this opinion - he was quite convinced that Mrs. KARLSONS had acted just as we had told her to do and even her husband seemed to be more a Latvian patriot than a person still under Soviet control. - It was a rather short meeting. I did not like particularly the place since we sat all three there almost like on the stage (though the SH was just around the corner). Since I had heard that HERBERT is known to everybody, ^{even the Soviet IS,} as working for the AIS, it did not make any sense to show it publicly that we are working together.

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On [] advice I went this night to an Ukrainian dance & song show - expected to see there a Soviet troupe but it ~~was~~ consisted of Ukrainian exiles and the show lacked spontaneity, was too well rehearsed in my opinion. During the intermission there observed a strange-looking woman in a furcoat (ozelot ?) who seemed to take a good look of me; had high cheekbones, Slavic features of her face.

When afterwards I went again to Cafe Kranzler, the female switchboard operator there was smiling when I passed her - obviously she recalled me from the fall of 1957 when I was placing from here longdistance calls to Rome, Italy (at least I recalled her).

Same night late (after midnight) I placed my first overseas phone call to my wife at home; the audibility was very poor - I could not recognize the voice of her and was unable to tell her my phone number as well as my address.

11 Nov.

Was told by [] to go to a restaurant near Main RR Station (Henningers) and wait there for HERBERT who would arrive there with the KARLSONS ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and introduce me to them. Went there on the agreed time, took a seat near the entrance not to miss them, waited there for one and a half hour without meeting them. During this time a whole cavalcade of rather interesting guests took the seats at the adjacent tables and again I had the feeling that I had been put here on the stage for display since some of the guests took a good look of me (and vice versa - of course) I still recall an elderly, rather sloppily dressed man who had the typical nose of a Russian drunkard but who managed to sit there very unobtrusively - the others were mainly sharp looking Germans and acted too obviously in observing me. Had to leave the place because I had to catch the bus to the airport for a flight to Hamburg together with [] Met him at the airport; to my reproaches re the a/m unsuccessful meeting [] could not give me any plausible explanation which still strengthened my suspicions that in fact such meeting was not intended to take place at all at this time (and I still cannot see any sense of such proce-

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sure though later on I became accustomed to such happenings, i.e. being put on display for some purpose unknown to me). During the flight [] ordered me not to discuss with him operational matters; this, too, did not make any sense to me because of the great noise of the airplane (in fact, it made me to assume that the listening devices of imaginary enemies might be very well developed; it was sort of intimidation ~~me~~ put on me by [] - and it worked for the first two month).

In Hamburg we went to the SH where we soon were joined by PETER who had arrived by plane from his city. He was rather handsomely dressed, seemed to be very self-confident and at the same time glad to meet me again after ^{a year's lapse} ~~some years~~. We did not discuss any matters of importance - obviously this was only a get-together in order to establish contact between me and PETER. It came out that PETER had been already previously at this SH. Later we went to St.Pauli after having had supper at a Russian restaurant (Rodvna ?) near Hamburg Hbf. In St.Pauli we picked up a call girl known to [] and went back to the SH. Here [] asked whether PETER and I would like to go to bed with this girl, called Marie; PETER refused to participate in such activities, I told [] that I would be interested (though I sensed that [] might be testing here my loyalty to my wife; had no intention to try out this girl though I thought it would be interesting to have a private talk with her). Nothing happened since [] alone was busy with this girl and we both with PETER were too tired to stay longer awake.

12 Nov.

Had had very deep sleep - awoke when PETER started to get dressed. To our surprise [] - who slept in another room - was already up and served us coffee though he had stayed up late. As I see it now, [] probably had used this night to check secretly my personal papers (I had been very careful aboard the ship not to let anybody take a look in my papers - dairy, address book and two intimate letters to my wife which I kept for the future) ~~in order~~ to get some insight into my motivations. However, it is possible that PETER did it; in any case I offered the

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first opportunity to do such search since at that time I considered both as good and trustful friends(still have the same opinion).

Afterwards we went both with PETER for a long walk. It was a very foggy day; during our stroll I observed a German car which had some sort of direction finder (or similar gadget) and seemed to be patrolling on our route. PETER told me about an article published in the Communist publication Dzimtenes Balss (published in East Berlin for the purpose to get Latvian refugees back to Latvia) concerning my father; it made me rather concerned about the fate of my father as well as the reputation of my own since, according to PETER, it showed that my father allegedly is a loyal Soviet citizen and is quite well off. I thought it rather ~~strange~~ strange that this article had appeared just when I had come to Germany - it seemed to indicate that the Soviets are aware of my movements (later I saw the original of this issue - it was dated in September, 1958, i.e. before I had left the States though, of course, the date could ^{have been} ~~be~~ adjusted by the Soviets). During our stroll PETER tried to discuss with me the case of ANDY & Co. but, on [] instructions, I avoided this topic (see my Contact Report re this meeting with PETER). Nevertheless PETER showed repeatedly his concern about this case which had apparently severely damaged our prestige in his eyes; his criticism was rather unfounded and irritated me a great deal though I tried hard not to show my annoyance. In any case the good personal relationship with PETER seemed to have changed - he seemed to be now less co-operative, showed some arrogance as well as anxiety due to the international tension created by the Berlin crisis. I tried to build up his morale, to explain the American position as good as I could but PETER seemed to be somewhat absent-minded as well as puzzled this time.

After PETER had left [] introduced me to a German seaman, called ADOLF, who arrived at the SH and had a longer discussion with [] in which I did not participate (therefore I did not submit any C.R. about this meeting). ADOLF allegedly was offered an important job at the Kiel Canal (main pilot ?) where he would be in an excellent position to get in contact with Soviet ~~seamen~~ seamen from the Baltic

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countries. In this connection I explained to him how to recognize Latvian surnames. Afterwards [] ordered me to take ADOLF to some restaurant in downtown; we went both with ADOLF there in the latter's car and I observed how ADOLF made sure that nobody was trailing us - drove almost out of town, took deserted roads. However, he did not show any fears and/or exaggerated attitude of security - seemed to be an old hand in these matters. During this ride he expressed also some doubts as to the reliability of the German IS, i.e. the organization headed by Gen. GEHLEN (mentioned a case of recent defection there). In general he made a very good impression: seemed to be a person who possesses authority, is careful but likes to act; mentioned also that he could get a better paid job but on our advice had settled for this one. Nevertheless he made the impression that his motivation is mainly professional not idealistic and that possibly we had offered enough money to him to make his new job even in financial aspect more attractive. During our supper (at the Alster Pavillion on Jungfernstieg) he showed good table manners, was relaxed and in good spirits. I never saw him again.

When I returned ^{to} the SH, [] had there a woman, called HILDEGARDE (had a Polish sounding last name), whom he introduced to me as a journalist who has some connection with the German weekly Der Spiegel (I was introduced to her as a journalist, too, my name being Hugo BERGS). Judging by her appearance and [] behavior toward her, she resembled more a call girl than a newspaper woman. [] seemed to be on rather intimate terms with her; I did not like it and showed openly my dislike for such ~~kind of~~ women (since I sensed again that [] is only pretending to make love to this woman in order to arouse my interest in her, to lead me in temptation as in the case of Marie on the previous night).

13 Nov. 59

Residence: Varel, W. Ger. ← Civ: LAT
Went by train to Varel to meet there my acquaintance, Col. Karlis ZIVERTS (see my C.R.). On my trip there shared the same compartment with a distinguished-looking British couple - He was a handsome gentleman of aprx.50, she was apparently his

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secretary of aprx.45. The gentleman seemed to be either an influential British businessman (they discussed much about high level economic problems) or a higher government official. Suddenly I became aware that they are using the indirect way of talk so well known to me from my difficult days in Sweden and Madrid, i.e. they talked about some person describing him in terms which could be very well applied to me. Of course, it might have been a pure coincidence but I was rather sensitive in this respect though trying hard not to listen to their conversation; in any case I remained calm and composed and was glad to detect that this kind of talk does not disturb me anymore - I took it as a good joke and played accordingly.

Arriving in Varel I had no great difficulties to find Col. ZIVERTS but he was rather stubborn ~~in~~ and did not want to go out with me for a lunch. I got the impression that he knows quite well my occupation and what I am after and therefore did not want to be seen with me in public. On the other hand, he seemed to be still rather fond of me and was glad about my visit. Besides, he predicted also that the West will be in great trouble in Berlin since the pure logic is on the Soviet side in this instance. My interest in aged people who would leave for Latvia from this Old People's Home in Varel found no great response in Col. ZIVERTS though he promised to notify me if some actual case would come up (but did not do it when such thing occurred soon afterwards). In any case I got the impression that he ^{Possibly} already is in contact with some Western IS (probably the British since he mentioned a British officer he knew rather well).

On my way back I had to stay for an hour or so in Bremen. There I went to Cafe Europa not far from the Main RR station and some of the guests who entered after me seemed to observe me closely though nothing extraordinary happened there.

Arriving back at the SH, [] put me in a separate room since he had some visitors which I was not supposed to see; after a while, however, I was introduced to them - a German seaman, called HARRY (in fact Fritz N. - as I was told later), and his wife Anita. HARRY spoke a very heavy English and consistently refused to speak German; he allegedly went to Polish ports and brought back clandestinely

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taken snapshots as well as something of special value (described by [] rather cryptically to me as a "special stuff" - I suspect that in fact there was nothing of importance but was supposed to believe there was; this special "stuff" was brought to Frankfurt in a small cardboard box on several instances and by rather elaborate security precautions which seemed to ^{me to} be copied from a mystery book). His wife was a rather pretty girl who seemed to be not as reliable as HARRY. Though HARRY at that time was already quite intoxicated, [] took them both and me to a newly opened Spanish restaurant (Fiesta de Mallorca) where we had a hearty meal and then proceeded to another Spanish local (Don Juan) for dancing. Since HARRY at that time was rather noisy and difficult to keep in line, [] took care of him but I went dancing with ANITA. She was a good dancer though provoked me to keep her closer than it would be decent (later [] reproached me for this since it could have made HARRY jealous - in my opinion he was at that time too drunk and his wife should know better - and it was not a proper way for an American to dance in this fashion). At one instance it seemed that HARRY would be thrown out of this local for bothering two German ladies, but somehow [] managed to calm him down, especially after HARRY had made a one-man's show of a wild dance. In any case [] seemed to be a respected guest in both these Spanish locals; to me they seemed as a sort of Safe Houses for entertainment of people of our kind. - Since I had had no operational discussions with HARRY I did not prepare any C.R. about this case afterwards - and did not meet these people again later.

14 Nov.

Went both with [] to the restaurant of Main RR Station of Hamburg to meet PAUL - a spotter of eastbound seamen. Was ordered by [] to pay PAUL the latter's increased salary in an unobtrusive way (this was probably the worst possible place to do it; again I had the feeling like being brought on the stage). Allegedly took over PAUL from HERBERT; PAUL reported about his production (three candidates but nothing certain)

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Was introduced to PAUL as Hugo BERG. It was a very short meeting; later [] asked me to write a C.R. about it but I had nothing to write about it - was still toodizzy from the three days I had spent in Hamburg (and the nights !). In general I got a favorable impression from PAUL - he seemed to be the right kind of a guy to approach seamen without arousing their suspicions. Being an invalid (one arm amputated) he automatically created a feeling of sympathy toward him and his Baltic origin as well as his ardent anti-Communist attitude usually found response when meeting people (as I observed it later). During this particular meeting PAUL was very nervous - his hands were trembling - and tense but later he showed rather good sense of humor and discipline. We made some agreements as to the future meetings (PAUL had to write to me via a postbox in Fran).

Back at the SH I met there a colleague of [] called HANK, who had arrived from Fran in connection with HARRY's "special staff". He was a likeable guy though a little bit odd - seemed to me to be some sort of an expert. We went all three to the airport and took the same plane to Fran. While waiting for our flight in Hamburg, [] thought that one of the persons in the waiting room looked rather strange (had scars in his face - probably caused by duelling while student at some German university) and HANK went to the phone to make some call; no explanation was given to me and I did not ask for any - felt that [] and HANK should know the circumstances better. When back in Fran airport we went by [] car first to my home after a rather wild ride - it seemed to me that [] is trying to get rid from possible followers by driving very fast and changing directions. All this seemed to me as a part from a thriller which was played for my benefit in order to get me conditioned for the future.

15 Nov.

Spent mostly at home preparing C.R. on my meeting with Col.K. ZIVERTS. & PETER. Late in the evening made a phone call to HERBERT - somebody else was answering and though I had given my true name this person refused to state who is talking.

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However, I recalled that his voice resembles that of STRANTE (whom I had heard during the European Latvian Youth Congress in Ettlingen in the fall of 1957) - later it came out that I had been right - and thought it very stupid to answer in this manner - he could have told me that, f.i. OZOLIJS is answering (I made this phone call in order to get the copy of a/m Dzintenes Balss issue). In any case STRANTE told me that HERBERT is already in sanitarium which fact I did not know.

16 Nov.

Went for a Sunday morning stroll to the Ambassador Arms Hotel. Not far from this hotel observed a young couple who spoke Swedish; it surprised me since it was not the time for tourists from abroad. Again it seemed to me that they are of the kind of people who are being put on my way in order to irritate me since some of the phrases I picked up from their conversation seemed to indicate that they are gossiping about me - though I was not quite sure as mostly in such cases. - While sitting in the restaurant of a/m hotel I observed three women who took place ^{next to} ~~at~~ my table after my arrival there. One of them was an elderly Jewish lady, quite obese, accompanied by two rather good looking young ladies. This trio talked so loud that I could not but listen to their conversation; this time it was almost unmistakably that they were gossiping about me (they mentioned my captain's "rank" and the incident in Philadelphia police station - where I had been detained in the ~~fall~~ spring of 1957 - as well as the town of Lancaster and possibly even the phone number of my wife there). Their tone was malicious and it was really difficult for me this time to keep myself under control especially because I felt that they are watching for my reactions. Then an Army officer with his wife took seat at my table and the trio immediately interrupted this kind of talk.

Most of this day I spent in writing reports.

17 Nov.

Most of the day spent at home writing reports and waiting for the people from

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American Express Co. who brought my trunks. There was a mystic phone call from a ~~xxEnglishxx~~ lady who wanted to speak with Moses SHAPIRO and tried unsuccessfully to find out who is answering.

18 Nov.

Met [] and submitted to him 15 typed pages prepared during the last days. Got from [] additional briefing re the KARLSONS. Told [] about my suspicions that the situation tends the same way as I had experienced in Madrid; [] derided these suspicions telling me that I am too conceited and self-conscious, that my worries are out of place here. Later we both went to a restaurant (Schultheiss on Bockenheimer Landstrasse) for supper and to celebrate the Latvian National Day. Due to this occasion I suggested that we switch to the more intimate "Thou" instead of "You" in order to establish closer relationship. We had some argument, too, since I told [] that he is not a Latvian patriot - he was rather angered by this statement. Though I had intended to take a train trip to Ludvigsburg to participate there at the festivities of the 18th of November (arranged by Lt. Vilmars KUKAINIS of US ^{DOT.} ~~Army~~ ^{stay in} ~~LUDWIGSBURG~~) it came out that the train was gone. Since we had consumed great deal of cognac mixed with beer, I felt rather dizzy and instead of going home went to a concert of Indian music; nevertheless, it was so strange and boring that I felt asleep and left the place ashamed during the intermission. Indeed - it was a sad day.

19 Nov.

Working at home. Late in the afternoon went to a movie picture "Fraeulein" across the Hauptbahnhof; considered it a smart pro-American show which ridiculed the Soviets without too much of propaganda. While watching the picture, had the feeling that I am under observation ~~there~~ by some of the patrons there though nothing particular happened.

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Afterwards went to a nearby cafe (Roessner on Eschenhauer Landstr.) to ~~read~~^{read} the newspapers. There the same things started again, i.e. indirect, malicious talk by some patrons entering after me and taking seats not far from my table (two elderly German women; an oddlooking trio who had a Slavic looking unkempt woman in their midst). On the other hand I observed some men who seemed to watch me as well as the a/m persons in an unobtrusive way; I got the impression that they are my "guardian angels", i.e. put on my trail by our organization due to my complaints to [] re these matters.

23 Nov.

Worked for eight hours on intercepted letters, mainly going over the old ones from 1957 which I found in my safe as I had left them there in the fall of 1957. I went over also of some of the new ones I had got from [] and I was almost shocked when I detected several letters among them which seemed to be written deliberately to annoy me, i.e. their text contained facts which could be taken from my marital life (when I told [] about it he only laughed; later on, however, he took a look on such kind of letters and told me to ignore them - I got the impression that he knows who had written them and on what purpose). Thus I was still more convinced that there must be some monkey business behind all these strange happenings. Since HARRY in Washington, D.C. had told me before I left for Germany that my clearance (re my newly acquired status) had not been completed yet - he mentioned that usually it takes six months - I assumed now that I am still being tested here as to my qualifications for these field activities as well as to my motivations, and decided to sweat it out come what may.

24 Nov.

FRANKFURT, W. GE.

Went to another real estate office (Staffel & Co. on Rathausplatz) which had an object not far from the Hauptbahnhof as [] had suggested. Mr. STEFFEL himself seemed to be a very co-operative man; I somehow got the impression that he is in

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connection either with the German IS or our organization since he perfectly understood my wishes, did not ask any unnecessary questions and was very kind to me.

Since I lost much time in stoking my furnace at home, my neighbor, Mrs. NOELL, suggested that I employ her charwoman, Mrs. GOEBEL [] (agreed to it), whom she recommended as a very reliable person. Mrs. GOEBEL was a German woman of approx. 50, did a very good job and showed great interest in my personal life - was sorry that I am so lonely and showed openly her motherly feelings toward me. I got very well along with her though [] assumed that she might be a little bit too curious about my activities (when I moved to my new apartment [] advised me not to employ her anymore).

On this day [] brought me to University Cafe at the Bockenheimer Warte to have a lunch there; he suggested this as a good place to eat though I observed that he was very watchful there as if looking for a certain person ~~XXXX~~; among the patrons there seemed to be some American students, too, and once again I had the feeling that this place has been covered by our people.

25 Nov.

Signed the new rent agreement for the two room apartment at Mainzer Landstr. 112/III since our office had accepted its draft.

26 Nov.

Was instructed by [] ~~tax~~ (already the previous day) to go to Neumuenster to meet a German seaman Hugo (last name forgotten) there because of a cable the latter had sent to our postbox requesting for a meeting; it had been a case started by HERBERT and I had to take it over since [] was allegedly too busy at this time to settle it himself. It seemed to me a difficult case since nobody was to introduce me to this Hugo and I had to meet him quite unprepared; somehow I sensed that this case will go wrong since it had to be a cold approach based on HERBERT's info only - this HUGO even had not seen me before and he could suspect me as an enemy agent if

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I would not been able to convince him sufficiently. [] made a phone call to HERBERT and the latter promised to send a introductory letter for me to the SH in Hamburg where I would pick it up on my way to Neumuenster. The manner [] instructed me about this case showed that he, too, expects some difficulties there. In this connection he told me also about the alleged rivalry between our organization and the agency headed by Gen.GEHLEN (does such mystic general exist in reality or is he only an imaginary figure like the Latvian colonel who was thought up ^{by my friends} as the C.O. of our partisan groups in Kurzeme ? Sorry - an unpertinent question but it now & then popped up in my mind also afterwards), that the Germans consider our interest in such seamen as out of place in GFR being their own field and that therefore I have to be very careful in handling this matter.

Due to weather conditions I had to give up the flight to Hamburg and was transferred to the express train instead thus arriving in Hamburg rather late. During this train trip I experienced again the same kind of indirect talk while dining at the dining car. Not far from me sat a German party of 4-5 persons and one among them, who had an extremely loud and clear voice, came out with rather embarrassing remarks re the Americans stationed in GFR; some of them seemed to fit exactly my case and were told again in an obviously malicious way so that it was rather difficult to me not to lose my temper - and my appetite.

When I arrived in Hamburg Hauptbahnhof and took a taxi cab to go to the SH I had the distinct feeling that some kind of police escort by other cars awaited me already at the exit of the RR station; nevertheless I reached the SH without any mishaps and could detect no surveillance when entering it - the other cars had apparently dispersed during the ride to this rather fashionable residential area.

Besides, before I boarded the train in Fran I tried to reach [] by phone to ~~xxxx~~ notify him about the change in my transportation; instead of [] another person answered there telling me that he is "your old Bill" (apparently same Bill I had met for a couple of weeks in Washington, D.C. when returning from my first trip to Germany in Sept. '57; when I later mentioned this to [] the latter

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seemed to be annoyed by this fact qualifying it as a slip of tongue.

27 Nov.

Was waiting at the SH for the Special Delivery introductory letter from HERBERT in vain (it arrived only the next day) though got a phone call from him which did not help me much since he only repeated the facts already known to me. Since [] had instructed me to arrive in ^{Neu}Muenster one hour earlier than proposed by HUGO and meet him not at the RR station but at the home of his fiancée, went by cab to Hamburg Hauptbahnhof, changed there to another cab for Hamburg-Altona RR station, took from there a train to Kiel (further than Neumuenster but on the same route) but had all the time the impression that I am under surveillance despite all my precaution.

In Neumuenster I went by a taxi cab to the address of HUGO's fiancée which was almost out of town; during this ride I did not observe any surveillance. I found HUGO at home; he was very surprised about my visit though did not express any doubts as to my purpose. Nevertheless, for the first half an hour or so his hands were trembling and he made a rather jittery impression. I repeated to him what had already been told him previously by HERBERT, i.e. that we would be interested if he takes a job on a vessel which sails to the USSR ports and would pay him a certain amount monthly to reimburse him for the loss of salary which such change would bring him. Further I told him also that we would support him financially if he would change to attend some marine school in order to improve his qualifications. HUGO showed no enthusiasm, mentioned that he is re-married now and his new wife will get soon a child; he even thought to give up his seaman's job as incompatible with the family life. He expressed also his unwillingness to get involved in any kind of intelligence work - mentioned the drastic punishment the Soviets apply in such cases even to foreign seamen. In general his attitude was so negative that it made me wonder why he had sent the cable asking for this meeting - an explanatory letter would have been more proper. Later it came out that HUGO is going to Hamburg same night to get back on his job and I thought it rather strange why did not he arrange this

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meeting in Hamburg as a much more convenient place - here in Neumuenster my arrival alone aroused some attention as it is usual in such small towns when a stranger appears there. To all this HUGO could not give any convincing explanation. For a while I thought that he might have some inhibitions to discuss all these matters at home (though his wife and the latter's sister did not disturb us, staying in another room) and I invited him for a lunch somewhere in the downtown. He agreed, cheered up a little but in general remained in the same trance-like mood. During the lunch he became a little bit friendlier, discussed the problem of the danger of Communism - it seemed that he is not a fighter type being more interested in well-being and family life now. After the lunch I was in great hurry to catch my train and did not want to be seen together with HUGO at the RR station (which was the place of meeting HUGO had proposed in his cable - and [] had instructed me not to meet him there) but HUGO insisted to accompany me there and made quite a show there in bidding me farewell as well as mentioning loudly the name of HERBERT there. I got the impression that he acted as he did on the order of somebody else, his behavior just did not seem natural(see my C.R. re this meeting).

Arrived back in Hamburg without any incidents, went to the SH to change my clothes and attended the stage play "Der Geizige" at the Deutsches Theater across the Hauptbahnhof. It was an excellent play and I enjoyed it very much though I detected that I am very insecure amidst the crowd during the intermissions - had the feeling that my appearance attracts attention in some odd way (as if many of the spectators knew who I am and why am I here in Germany).

28 Nov.

Took a flight back to Fran. Was debriefed by [] about my latest trip and instructed to go to meet the KARLSONS in Gelsenkirchen during the coming weekend. [] instructed me to obtain mainly positive info from the husband but not to care for the wife (according to [] Mrs. KARLSON had been already interviewed, seemed to be very co-operative and had successfully accomplished her mission); I

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should strictly avoid any conversation with Mr. KARLSON re the Soviet security organs - this topic would be covered later by someone else after my report would be submitted.

[] told me also that Mr. KARLSON seems to be ripe now for a confession as to his connections with the Soviet IS but that I should not push him toward this goal - he should come out with this info completely by himself. - This conversation took place at my apartment and after an hour or so we were joined by [] colleague [] who was introduced to me as [] substitute in case anything would happen to [] Allan was rather reserved - seemed to have come mainly in order to get some impression about me - showed good sense of humor, spoke in a teasing manner to me (it came also out that he had visited my apartment now and then while I had been in the States) but in general made a favorable impression on me; I liked his easy going attitude. It was agreed that I would go to Gelsenkirchen the next morning. Besides, [] instructed me also to take the KARLSONS out for a meal somewhere in the town and to create in Mr. KARLSON the feeling that he is safe here, i.e. that there are no dangers in Germany as to the Soviet agents.

29 Nov.

Took an early morning train to Gelsenkirchen via Koeln. Observed in my car a couple of French-looking women - and one of them I met later in the hotel in Gelsenkirchen where I spent the first night (we met in the elevator there thus she probably was a guest there, too). In Gelsenkirchen I went first to a small hotel not far from the residence of the KARLSONS. While checking in (I made here an error by using my true name though I had with me a German Personenausweis issued in the name of Hugo BERGS; ^{pseudonym used by AENAWKEYE} did not use this because [] had told me that there is the possibility to get detained by the German police if I would arouse some suspicion - he mentioned also that HERBERT once had experienced this) I became aware of some rather drunk Germans at the bar who addressed themselves as Comrades (in fact they used the Russian expression "Towarishtch") which I did not like and decided already then to look for another hotel later.

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Arrived at the KARLSONS' apartment and got the impression that I had been already awaited there (though they should not have known when I would arrive). Spent some 3-4 hours there chatting about this and that. Told Mr. KARLSON that my main interest would be to gather info about the Latvian national partisan movement since the capitulation and whether there is any chance for a similar movement in case of a new war or uprising. Mr. KARLSON then started to tell me about facts and persons of the partisan movement which to my great surprise were partially known to me from my own experience in Kurzeme. In general he made a good impression, was rather composed, did not show any particular anxiety or excitement about my visit, was co-operative and friendly. I was quite surprised about their very well furnished apartment - it was almost of the same quality as that of HERBERT re the furniture and appliances; it seemed rather strange for their status, i.e. being recent repatriees and without any permanent job. Though both were very hospitable and urged me to stay over night at their apartment, I decided not to take this risk and implied that I have to meet a colleague of mine somewhere in the town.

Checked out of a/m hotel and moved to another across the RR station which was ~~xxx~~ further from the KARLSONS. While having my supper at the restaurant of this second hotel had again the feeling that some of the guests arriving after me did know who I am and what I am doing here; possibly a rumor had been spread that an American journalist is visiting this town (I mentioned in the application form of the hotel that my profession is journalism); nevertheless, I had the feeling that here again I have some "guardian angels" who are concerned as to my security.

30 Nov.

Thought that it would be a difficult day for me and therefore went to a church to gather some strenght and inspiration(it was a Catholic church but the sermon was in German - and a good one). Arriving at the KARLSONS I declared that - since it is a Sunday and the first in Advent - we should not do any interviewing but just celebrate it (it was interesting to note that next day there ~~xxx~~ appeared an Advent wreath with candles in their apartment - as if to show that the KARLSONS are no

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atheists). It was also difficult to discuss some sensitive matters because of the presence of a young ^{German} boy of approx. 14 (an acquaintance or relative of Mrs. KARLSON) who just sat there and listened to our talks without participating in them; I am still in dark as to his role there since Mrs. KARLSON should have avoided such guests in my presence. This boy left us after the lunch. Another obstacle was the aged mother of Mrs. KARLSON who was very talkative and departed only late this evening. She was a rather hysterical woman who seemed to ^{be} under some stress and full of worries. Nevertheless, now and then she was very clever in trying to elicit from me info as to my identity and my work; sometimes even Mrs. ^{Else} KARLSON felt obliged to interrupt her mother in questioning me. - Since I considered this meeting mainly as gathering of positive info, I did not pay much attention as to the political questions asked by the KARLSONS and therefore freely expressed my opinions about the Berlin crisis and how it will be solved. During this political conversation at the lunch table I detected that Mr. ^{Thomas} KARLSON is quite interested in these matters, has read a great deal about them (recalled, f.i. some speeches made at previous CP congresses, knew about the speech of Winston Churchill at Fulton - which, in his opinion, was the start of the Cold War). During these talks I made the prediction that the West would not give in in the Berlin question since it is a matter of greatest importance, a question of principle; further I predicted also that this crisis will end in a summit meeting where mutual concessions will be made and the Soviets would probably get out the most of it (have been damned right up to now !). During all these talks I had the feeling that Mrs. KARLSON is very smart and tries to create the impression in me that she is almost my co-worker who does all to get her stubborn husband to be co-operative, that we both are sharing a common secret. However, I could not get rid of some suspicion toward her since she acted in a way which brought up my recollections of the Soviet agents I had observed in 1940/41 - there was an artificiality, a certain effort to pretend as well as a strong influence of the Russian way of life; Mr. KARLSON seemed to be much more a former Latvian patriot and decidedly had an anti-Russian attitude (though possibly

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not an anti-Soviet). What struck me especially was his antagonistic attitude toward his wife - it was difficult to believe that they are a married couple, at least there seemed to be no harmony among them. Despite the fact that they had a guest in my person - and should at least pretend to be on good terms - now and then an argument started between them in rather heated form. Mrs. KARLSON seemed to be much more practical, showed more sense for the realities but her husband still seemed to be possessed by some ideas and ideals re the Latvian cause.

In the afternoon we went all four to a movie (the picture was based on a story by Selma Lagerloef, the Swedish writress; Mr. KARLSON had seen it on the stage in Riga). Afterwards Mrs. KARLSON's mother left for her residence and I took the KARLSONS to a restaurant after a leisurely stroll through the town. While sitting there Mr. KARLSON was at first rather jittery being apparently bothered by the presence of some other guests. Later he warmed up and started to talk about the case of ANDY & Co.. During this conversation he stated also that there are still devoted men in Latvia who would fight for the freedom if such situation arises; Mrs. KARLSON objected this statement, tried to convince me that no Latvian would take a risk now (in fact, she even tried to get out of her husband the names of ^{such} Latvian patriots who could be considered as future fighters - her husband did not reveal such names changing to another topic). On our way home - I had agreed to spend this night at their apartment in order to establish better relationship with them, to demonstrate that I trust them - Mr. KARLSON wanted to buy some bottles of beer, and I got the impression that he wants to talk with me in private. Nothing especial was said, however; apparently he had not yet made up his mind - came out with his confession the following day. At their home I pretended to be very tired and a little bit intoxicated in order to get some sleep as well as to be alert during the night; though Mr. KARLSON was still eager to talk with me we all went to bed (I slept in the living room; took some precautions to hide my personal documents).

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1 Dec.

Started to interview Mr. KARLSON, mainly about the partisan movement. Mrs. KARLSON left us alone since she had to go out on some errands (allegedly for a Demoscopic Institute in Fran. - to gather opinion about a new brand of pipe tobacco). Soon afterwards Mr. KARLSON came out with his confession re the collaboration with the Soviet IS though I did not ask for this kind of info; in fact, Mr. KARLSON asked repeatedly if I am interested in all in these matters - I politely answered that he might proceed with his story (and I made a point not to take any notes while he was telling all this in order to show him that it is not my direct task). Now and then I tried to pin him down on some particular topic which would be of some value as to the positive info; usually he would dodge these questions with the remark that he had stayed for a too short time in Latvia after his release from Siberia to give any pertinent info; allegedly also his excessive drinking during the last year while under the control of the Soviet IS had impaired his memory. It was a rather touching story and I was inclined to believe in it though now and then I got the feeling that this story possibly had been made up just for me since quite a few facts of it (especially re the partisans and the national underground) were more or less familiar to me - as if his ^{Soviet} C.O. would have assumed that I would interview him or at least read his story and check it. - Besides, once he mentioned that he should have come out with his confession already to HERBERT but had not been sure enough whether HERBERT is the right man, i.e. from the proper agency (here I remarked that I, too, don't know exactly HERBERT's position since we both have met only once before and, as far as I know, HERBERT works for a central Latvian organization which possibly is supported by the Americans, but I am working for the US Army directly). Another interesting detail on this day was that both KARLSONS - though each separately and in private - told me that my person is known to the Soviet IS (I took it as an obvious attempt to intimidate me, answered by some joke; in fact, it did not surprise me at all though I assumed that here might be some mixup with a/m ZEGNERS). Our interview with Mr. KARLSON was interrupted by his mother i.l., who arrived to

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prepare dinner for us two; I observed also that she tried several times to involve me in some lengthy talk as if being afraid that Mr.KARLSON would tell me too much - and Mr.KARLSON felt tense in her presence. Nevertheless, my impression was that he had started to tell me some truth about his experience with the Soviet IS - though once he himself remarked that there are some important things he had not yet revealed to me. The most outstanding impression I got was, however, that he does not trust his wife anymore because he had seen her collaborating with the Soviet IS men. Further, he seemed to be genuinely afraid as to his own security - was convinced that a Soviet agent would soon approach him clandestinely; for such occasion he wanted to have a pistol for his selfdefense. - He insisted to accompany me to the RR station and while we were ~~en~~^{on the} way to it used the opportunity to come out with further confessions (see my C.R. about all this). In general he seemed to have reached the breaking point - I don't believe that he was such a good actor, felt that he was now ripe for the full truth - and it was a pity to interrupt this meeting just now (I did it because of [] strict order not to interrogate him about his connections with the Tcheka). While waiting for the train I sensed his deep restlessness, his need for a friendly soul and therefore proposed to get on "Thou" terms with him - he accepted it gladly, of course (and [] of course, was rather annoyed about this fact, had no understanding for it when I told him about it).

When departing from Gelsenkirchen by train my compartment was shared by a well-dressed man who had with him some boxes (or cans) resembling those for tapes of tape recording and somehow I got the impression that these contained recording from my interview with the KARLSONS (though , of course, I cannot prove it); he left the train before we reached Koeln. In Koeln I tried to reach by phone [] but all the booths were occupied there. Since there was a telephone service on the express train from Koeln to Fran I tried again to place a long distance call from there but without any success. I did all this because I was afraid that Mr.KARLSON might be really in some danger because of his confession made to me.

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2 Dec.

Made a long distance call to ANNA's mother instructing her to phone me ^{at home} on 7 December after her arrival in Detmold, GFR (she was supposed to arrive ^{there} ~~here~~ on 4 Dec.), to make then arrangements for our meeting.

Had a longer discussion with [] who debriefed me on the KARLSONS' case. I told him frankly that I don't trust Mrs. KARLSON but am quite sure that her husband would come out with the whole truth if properly approached. I suggested that I should be given aprx. two weeks to work with Mr. KARLSON at some secluded spot where he would feel free and relaxed; I urged also that he is separated from his wife for this time since in my opinion she had him under some sort of control. I expressed also my opinion that my interview with the KARLSONS had been monitored in some manner (see my Contact Report - the frequent pushing of the radio receiver by the KARLSONS during our conversation and Mr. KARLSONS' reaction to it); [] would not agree with it. He even reproached me that I am jumping to conclusions too ^I hastily; that in his opinion Mrs. KARLSON had acted just as planned and is well under our control.

3, 4 and 5 Dec.

Spent at home preparing reports. Nothing of importance happened.

6 Dec.

Went to the Opera House to Puccini's "The Girl from the Wild West (or California ?)"; enjoyed very much the voice of Anny SCHLEEM. Continued my reports but was disturbed very much by the noisy party somewhere in the apartments above me. (I should mention here the odd thing that I heard almost every word spoken in the apartment of the NOELLS above me though they claimed not to hear a sound from me ~~and~~ and once I checked it by turning my radio on full loud while visiting them upstairs - could not hear anything; figured later that the noises might come ^{via} from the plumbing but why only one way ? Later I observed to my embarrassment that some footsteps above went from room to room ^{in the same manner} as I moved around my apartment, "following" me even to the toilet. It

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was as if somebody wanted to check every move I made or to drive me crazy. After a while I stopped to be bothered about it though I still don't have an explanation for it). This party broke up late in the night; while passing my windows the people started to whistle the Toreador aria from "Carmen" - and I ~~took it~~^{took it} as meant for me because of the very late hour and the fact that this show took place just outside my windows. All this seemed so funny that I started to sing the same aria - and the people on the street ~~brought~~ responded to it by hearty laughter (later this motive from "Carmen" was taken up by bands in some cafes when I entered them; was it only by coincidence ? I doubt it). * This episode as well as others of similar character seemed to show that there is a group of people in Germany who possibly knew about my experience in Spain in 1955/56 and were teasing me now about it.

7 Dec.

MOTHER REC'D 10/10 []

ANNA's mother called me up as agreed; I instructed her to come to Fran on 12 Dec. for a couple of days stay with me here; gave her my home address in Fran.

While going by streetcar to downtown I was again bothered by the usual indirect talk which was malicious and possibly intended to annoy me and to make me lose my temper. I recall in this connection an elderly German lady who resembled a Baltic German noble woman (Baronin - in Gry.) and who was especially acid in her talk. Another woman, who seemed to be from Spain (had some trinkets of the Toledoan brand), seemingly observed my reactions but left the streetcar in a hurry when I took the seat beside her and started to observe more closely her.

Took this day off and went to Wiesbaden. Since there was a very heavy fog there, spent the most part of this day at the Kurhaus. It just seemed to be a hapless day to me since there again I encountered the same unexplainable attitude toward me by the band members at the bar (and I was the only guest there thus it could not be a mixup with another person). Between the intermissions they gossiped about a person whose description fitted very well my case (they, f.i., mentioned that this person has a very sharp tongue - and it was a fact that I had frankly expressed

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now and then my opinion of some wrongdoings by the Germans, especially the Nazis). To make sure that this is not my imagination again I tried to start a conversation with them but got an answer which clearly showed their dislike for my person. I got the feeling that they consider me being an informer who sneaks around and gathers the opinion and attitude of the German population. It was a sad feeling and therefore I decided to visit the Wiesbaden Area Civilian Club (at Rosselstr.22; [] had suggested that I visit it when in Wiesbaden) in order to find a place where I won't be bothered. However, when I got there I soon sensed that there is no difference here compared ^{to} with the German ^{bars} ~~bars~~; especially the band members, who were Germans, were very efficiently using this kind of indirect talk. I overheard also somebody, an American, ~~to~~ tell another American that I probably am from the police. Nevertheless, I did not lose my equanimity being still convinced that all this must be some strange plot by the Germans. Soon I had to change my mind - while I had my supper there the adjacent table was occupied by two couples of young Americans and they, too, started to talk in the same way as my German "fiends" used to do. However, this time I had the opportunity to follow closely their discussion and it showed that they are talking about another person, not me though much of what was said could be applied to me. Now at last I had got the evidence that the Americans are participating in this "plot", too, and thus I concluded that there must be some good reason to do it - that I have nothing to fear because all this had been arranged either by our or some related agency and not by the Soviets or some Nazi Germans. Nevertheless, it took still some time before I was able to ignore all such talk; and to take it as a joke or certain kind of test (in fact, I got completely rid of all my worries and fears only after my trip to the Netherlands - see further). - While going back by train to Fran there was a rather young man who took place in front of me and started to stare to me in a too obvious manner as if trying to hypnotize me. At this time I felt rather strong and returned his stare so that at last he gave up and changed his seat showing quite openly his surprise about my changed attitude and behavior, i.e. that he had not succeeded to make me feel uncomfortable.

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8, 9 Dec.

Nothing to report. Presumably was preparing some reports at home. - Since [] had told me that he suspects my charwoman being in the service of the German IS, i.e. that she possibly tries to find a clue in my apartment as to my ^{true} job, I was a little bit unpolite toward her ^{by} letting her to see that I am in an angry mood and do not want her service for the time being (she resumed it a couple of days later).

10 Dec.

Was instructed by [] to meet the KARLSONS at the Hotel Wiesbaden, then take Mr. KARLSON by taxi to a SH where our CI people would take over his interrogation. I did not like the idea - thought that more would be accomplished if I had the opportunity to continue our relaxed and friendly conversation - but did as I was ordered. Besides, Mrs. KARLSON, when meeting me, remarked that she has the feeling that I do not like her (which was true; in my opinion it again showed that she is an old hand in these matters, has the ability to assess people correctly). At the SH our man told me to say Mr. KARLSON that he should be as co-operative as he had been recently with me. When I told this Mr. KARLSON, he answered with emphasis: "If Thou say so (I will do it)". However, even after the first questions put to Mr. KARLSON (in Russian) by the CI man, I sensed that the atmosphere here will be completely different as it was during my last day in Gelsenkirchen - the CI man showed clearly that he means strict business and the interrogation would be sharp and offending. I observed also that Mr. KARLSON sensed it and became tense and nervous. Thus I left the scene with the feeling that an opportunity to soften him first up would be spoiled (and later, when continuing my interviews with him, I saw that I had been right - he was stubborn, sarcastic and acted as a person who knows the procedure and how to handle it). - When having supper at "Loevenbraeu" restaurant I had the usual experience with people sitting at nearby table; especially malicious was a rather young man with a beard who resembled a sea captain ^{who} was accompanied by some girls. At this time I had found a way how to show these people my contempt for them - I deliberately

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played a small act with my overcoat turning its gaudy red lining toward my "torturers" and holding it for a moment as if teasing a bull (a true torrero !); it gave me some satisfaction since it was the same indirect way and nobody could say that I was doing it intentionally (besides, this red lining seemed to be almost my trade mark since I never saw another one like it during my stay in Germany - it might have been one of the reasons for the strange thing that people ^{seemed to} recognized me wherever I went, i.e. in the locals where I took off my overcoat).

11 Dec.

Nothing to report. Presumably working on my reports or reading the intercepted letters.

12 Dec.

Made some preparations for the meeting with ANNA's mother. ^(Dec 10) [] instructed me not to discuss any sensitive matters with her at my apartment - to tell her that there exists the possibility that the Germans might monitor our conversation there. He instructed me also to bring her after two days spent at my apartment to the Hotel Metropole near the Hauptbahnhof where I should interview her more thoroughly about ANNA and related matters. - She arrived late at night, during the cab ride to my home she was told about the precautions mentioned by [] but nevertheless she repeatedly forgot about it when at home.

13, 14 & 15 Dec.

Spent all these days with ANNA's mother (see my C.R. and Special Report prepared now on the request of LESTER).

16 Dec.

Saw off ANNA's mother. Besides, only when she had boarded the train did I observe that she had chosen a car which had an East German station as its destination - for a moment I was quite scared ~~th~~ since it was possible that she would not detect

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it in time and cross the zone boundaries unwittingly (later it came out that she had been herself rather shocked about this fact when it came to her attention - had even thought for a while that I had deliberately put her in such car).
Got a longdistance call from Gothenburg, Sweden, from my friend, the PUNNELLS, there (see my C.R. re it) who invited me to spend the Christmas with them; they were especially interested whether my wife would soon join me.

18 Dec.

While sitting in the small cafe of my block (in 1957 the personnel there had been very friendly toward me; now they showed the same confusing attitude ,i.e. as if annoyed by my presence and therefore showing me the cold shoulder) found a short note in some German newspaper which mentioned the experiments with dog's heart by a Soviet medicine professor guest-lecturing in Leipzig, East Germany. Jumped to the hasty conclusion that it might be the case where ANNA's wife has taken the trip to East Germany (as implied in a letter she had written recently to ANNA's mother; ANNA himself had also hinted that such trip is intended) as a translator for the professor. Tried to contact by phone [] but he was allegedly out of town and somebody else, named [] came out to see me since I told him that it is a case of emergency - in my opinion ANNA's mother could possibly now defect to East Germany with all her info re the Swedish IS as well as our plans. There were some difficulties between me and [] (later called []) since I had never met him before and expressed my doubts as to his identity; I felt that my behavior is rather ridiculous but I was quite excited at that time and did not want to take any risk - [] asserted that I am right in doing so. Here he made a slip of tongue which gave me a good clue ^{that something strange actually} ~~that exactly~~ is going on re my person and all the troubles I had experienced by people trying ^{to} embarrass me; he told me that he knows my hardships and the difficult position I have been put in, implying that all is well under control and that I should have patience to sweat it out (later, too, he made some sign which showed me that he knows my

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troubles, sympathizes with me but is not permitted to discuss with me frankly this problem). Now I was quite sure that I am involved in some project of a peculiar nature and have to play my line only by my intuition. In fact this was only an affirmation of what had been told me already by HARRY in Wash., D.C. - that I am sent to Germany on a special project without any precedents. - Later [] was quite dissatisfied about this contact I had had with [] the latter allegedly was not supposed to meet me, had done it out of pure curiosity according to [] (and I asked myself why was there such curiosity , am still wondering about it).

19 Dec.

As [] had already notified me, an expert^{and (?)} of our organization came to my apartment together with a/m BILL to check whether there are some listening devices put into my rooms. I told him about the strange phenomenon that I hear almost every word spoken in the apartment above me, mentioned also about the footsteps and how all this annoyed me. He asked me to leave the apartment for aprx. two hours since he allegedly had some classified devices with him. I had to show him also the cellar since I had heard there^{a couple days before} - just below my study - strange noises as if somebody tried to make a hole underneath my desk (when I had inspected it it came out that a servant of my neighbor, Mr. NOELL, was just putting on some boards for the coal there). This expert asked me also whether I am against the reshuffling of some of my furniture; I had, of course, no objections - in fact, when I returned I could not detect any obvious changes in the setup at all. However, there must have been some importance as to the arrangement of the furniture since later as was repeatedly asked by my landlady and her friend, Mrs. SCHLUSMUS (when they took over this apartment from me), whether the place of the furniture had not been changed in some way; this question puzzled me because the ladies should not have been in a position at all to memorize the placement of it. - Since BILL had asked me to go to the Main Post Office for some errand and not to return to my apartment before two hours or so (I had to get there a new key for a postbox). In the vicinity of this post office I observed that

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I am being followed by a lad. I made sure that it is not my imagination by observing his movements for 2-3 blocks; then I started to follow him until he sensed that I have detected his role. He tried then to pass the surveillance of me to another chap but I repeated the same maneuver with this one, too, to teach him a lesson. (when I told later about this to [] he only smiled and pretended not to know who is responsible for these acts). - Since it was the day of the successful firing of the Atlas ICBM. I wanted to celebrate this occasion and went to the fashionable restaurant "An der Post" across the Opera House. There were several groups of Americans sitting there who all seemed to be in high spirits which infected me, too. There occurred an interesting thing there: not far from me were sitting three German men who were rather noisy and animated, too (their appearance and dresses seemed to be out of place in this restaurant). After some while they became aware of my presence, started to stare in my direction and became obviously uncomfortable and left the place in a hurry accompanied by the hearty laughter of the Americans - and I had to laugh with them. Though all this made no sense to me, I overheard a beautiful lady saying: " He seems to enjoy all this " (and applied it to my person, of course). Later in the night I made my first rounds through the night clubs of Fran - and again had the feeling that my appearance there created an excitement for some reason. Besides, while having a drink at the Lipizzaner Bar of the Frankfurter Hof, there arrived a party of Germans who started the familiar indirect talk; they ~~stopped~~ stopped when I asked the band to play "Lilli Marlen" and ordered ^{on their part} the song "Patricia" afterwards - as if trying to please me, too.

20 Dec.

Was ordered by [] to go by plane to Hamburg and meet there at the SH PETER; had to question him about his friend. ~~PAUL~~ *LIEPINS, Pauls, in connection with the possible ~~contact~~ ^{contact} with ~~PAULS~~ * [] BRAKSHIS. Arrived by plane there, PETER arrived one hour late. I took him for a long stroll in the downtown, started to question him about a/m PAUL but saw that PETER did not like this kind of talk - he was apparently quite

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convinced that PAUL is completely reliable and this approach irritated him. PETER was still rather sceptical as to the efficiency of our organization and I made great efforts to convince him that it should be done in this way, i.e. without rushing the things and checking carefully all the persons we use. - When we returned to the SH to my great surprise [] was there, too; he rebuked me rather tactfully that I had not interviewed PETER at the SH going out instead (and I sensed that in this manner I had doublecrossed the monitoring system there).

21 Dec.

Went out all three to the town; had a lunch together at some restaurant during which PETER again took up the hapless case of ANDY & Co., calling our organization inefficient (used the expression "small cabbages" - Kāpostipi, in Ltv., in a derogatory sense). This, of course, hurt my feelings a great deal especially because I was not permitted to talk back, to give some explanation (besides, in 1957 PETER even did not know that ANDY had left his residence; now PETER was saying that this fact was known to every Latvian in his country !). Instead I started to crossexamine PETER on various persons and happenings but when I returned to the question of a/m PAUL, [] pretended to have forgotten this case and I judged from his behavior that [] does not want to discuss this topic anymore (these inconsistencies of [] bothered me a great deal - it was not the only case - especially because he never offered me an explanation for it later). Afterwards [] left us having agreed that we all three would meet at the Bocaccio Bar across the Hauptbahnhof (this bar was known to me from 1951/52; I had some ugly recollections about it). PETER wanted to buy some presents for his family at a department store, I remained at the entrance but did not like it to stand there - had the feeling of being under surveillance - and went instead to a/m bar, could not find [] nor await PETER and went back to the SH - [] was, of course, there and gave no plausible explanation why he had not been at the bar as agreed. PETER arrived a couple hours later, was rather angry that I had left our meeting place at the department store, reproached me being

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undependable. We had aprx. one hour of interviewing PETER; [] had a list of questions for a/m BRAKSHIS which I translated to PETER in a hurry. The latter was obviously against meeting BRAKSHIS himself, did not like to get involved in this case directly but wanted to send his friend ^{PAULS LIEPINS} PAUL instead if BRAKSHIS would re-appear in Sweden again. Already during our stroll in downtown PETER had complained to me that he is underpaid by us, that there is no profit to him to do this job. I had answered that he should first show some results and then ask for a raise. Now PETER asked the same question to GEORGE showing clearly his annoyance, repeating my frank answer. Though [] replied evasively at that time, I was very much surprised to learn from [] later that PETER got what he had asked (it should have been a lesson for me, too, but I never got the courage to ask earnestly for a raise since I never saw any results of my activities). PETER left in a hurry and anger.

22 Dec.

Met PAUL (the spotter) at Hauptbahnhof as it had been pre-arranged by letters. Did not like the place; on PAUL's suggestion went to a small bar "Exoten Clause" but there the ^{other} patrons were too noisy and disturbed us much. PAUL seemed to be unable to control his loud voice, did not show any understanding for security and talked in a rather incoherent way (a peculiarity - often mispronounced names because of his heavy Estonian accent). On the other hand he showed some fears - mentioned a case of murder in the neighborhood, at this and later occasions was very worried about the Berlin crisis. His intelligence seemed to be spotty but again I got the impression that he is an ardent anti-Communist. He had prepared a listing of ships which had recently visited Soviet ports; as to the prospective candidates among the seamen he had not much to add beside the facts mentioned at the previous meeting. After a while we moved to another restaurant, "Holsten Braeu" across the Hauptbahnhof; both a/m places I cho^sed for our future meetings with PAUL on pre-arranged time. During our conversation at the last mentioned place a German couple took seats beside our table and seemed to listen in to our talks; when we both started to

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make some remarks about them they left(the woman sat with her back toward us and PAUL came out with the proper remark that "Ein schoener Ruecken kan auch entzuecken"- she probably heard it).

23 Dec.

ILMOR []
Tried twice to reach PETERSON in Sweden by phone; first time his little boy was answering (made this phone call from Hauptbahnhof and it took one hour before I got the connection; while I was waiting there appeared a Swedish-looking lad there inquiring ostensibly for a lost hat - I got the feeling that he arrived there in connection with my call). PETERSON seemed to be very timid and was shortcut. Later in the night [] took me to the previously mentioned Spanish nightclub "Don Juan". Something seemed to be wrong there since [] cautioned me ~~to~~ not to use Spanish expressions; I got the impression that there were two antagonistic groups of guests there. An exceptionally beautiful lady, accompanied by a gentleman, took seats beside us and [] had to remind me that I have a wife - so eagerly I (observed her apparently). Among the guests there was a blonde who seemed to have some interest in us, to know us; at times she acted as if to avoid any disturbances caused by our presence. - Late at night, when back at the SH and going to bed, the local radio station played the record "Wem Gott will seine rechte Gunst erweisen (To whom the God wants to show his genuine appreciation)" and I almost started to cry since it was the saying which was meant for me in the letters sent by my parents to my sister in Australia in order to show that they are happy for my being abroad. Was it a coincidence? - [] smiled as usual.

24 Dec.

Bought a Christmas tree and prepared to spend the Christmas alone in the SH since [] ordered me to stay there and wait for a phone call from a/m HARRY who should arrive during the next days in Hamburg from a longer sail - should meet him and exchange some boxes. Got a phone call from HERBERT after [] had left; HERBERT

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seemed to be concerned, too, about my meeting with HARRY. In wishing me happy Christmas, he used rather profane language - this was additional way to spoil my intention to have a solemn Holy Night. While listening to the radio I was almost shocked by the nerve war going on in the air, i.e. how the Soviets ^(were they Soviets?) tried to disrupt the Christmas spirit. At times their program was of such kind that I was wondering whether there is a special program prepared by some people to drive me crazy since it included several facts as if taken out of my life and recent experiences (f.i. my conversations with Mrs. Patricia BURKE aboard the S.S. United States) and I had to strongly suspect again our organization. It seemed that all this was meant as a punishment to me for my rude behavior toward my wife before I left for Germany. It is a pity I did not write down then the most outstanding examples of this broadcast but I was too embarrassed and switched to another station as soon as I felt that it might affect me. Nevertheless, I was deeply touched by the Christmas message of Chancellor ADENAUER - it revealed the whole tragedy of the old generation as represented by ADENAUER. In comparison IKE's speech was too much down to the earth and containing quite a few platitudes. - My worst surprise, however, ^{came} ~~XXX~~ when I opened the package PETER had submitted to me as a Christmas gift - it contained an ugly old woman (wood carving) known as a incorporation of a bad, mean spirit (troll - in Sw. = witch). It showed that PETER, too, took part in my "conditioning", i.e. to make me repent my harsh attitude toward my wife and my leaving of my family, there was no doubt about it (much later, next August, it came out that not PETER but his wife had chosen this present for me). At this time I was near to a breakdown but somehow got the strength to go on, mainly because of my stubbornness and my pride not to show to anybody how much I suffer now since it was my decision to do as I did. Anyway, it was the worst night I had had for a long time and I was puzzled as never before - it seemed just unbelievable that so much effort would be made to get me down on my knees. But it was also quite clear to me that all these were no coincidences anymore. I have to make this statement despite the possibility that it could be interpreted as a clear evidence about my persecution mania. I make

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it in the conviction that all this served a good purpose - at least I had such feeling.

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25 Dec.

Still waiting in vain for the a/m phone call at the SH not daring to leave it. Only late in the evening I went to the Alster Pavillion to have a good meal since the SH was out of any food. There I again had the impression that some of the patrons were watching me, especially two young couples not far from my table. One of these couples seemed to be out of place in this rather fashionable restaurant - they resembled young laborers who had entered this place just to demonstrate that they, too, might afford to sit there; judging by their clothes and appearances as well as behavior I even suspected a little bit that they might be young Communists. The other couple seemed to be better off; the young man attracted my attention because of the peculiarity that his tie contained the Latvian national colors - I almost went to him to find out whether he is a Latvian.

26 Dec.

Same as the previous day. Made a phone call to [] who ordered me to wait still longer. Late in the evening I went for supper to Hotel Reichshof. Had there as my neighbors at the next table three Swedes (a gentleman and two ladies) who seemed to make some derogatory remarks about "the American", i.e. me. Went to the excellent band there and ordered a Swedish song. The trio was rather touched by this gesture and changed immediately their attitude (but it cost me \$ 4 - for the drinks I had to order for the band).

27 Dec.

Got phone call from [] in the afternoon. He ordered me to go to Rotterdam, Holland, by the first plane I could catch same day and to try (there to meet HARRY, (the seaman). [] gave me two places (nightclubs) where I could possibly find him ashore as well as the name of his ship. I was to get a certain box from

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HARRY or - if he would be unable to bring it ashore - to tell him to get rid of it.

[] instructed me also not to stay longer in Rotterdam as until 1500 on Sunday. He gave me also the true name of HARRY (using a provisional code) and suggested that I go to the harbor in Rotterdam by taxi and then send the cab driver with a letter for HARRY to the ship.

It seemed to be a rather difficult task to locate HARRY in a strange country and with such meager instructions. - I got a plane which arrived in Amsterdam around 2300, went by bus to Rotterdam (and had again the feeling that I am under surveillance by some benevolent force), checked in there at Hotel Atlanta and went immediately to the harbor by taxi. It was a rather thrilling experience to sit in the cab for almost an hour alone while the driver tried to find the ship; however, he returned with the message that nobody seems to be aboard there; apparently the whole crew had gone ashore to have fun. Then I started to ^{search for} find HARRY in some of the nightclubs mentioned by [] One of them was some 20 miles out of town and, according to the Dutchmen, was closed in wintertime. Thus there remained only one place - the "L'Ambassadeur (X)" which ^{turned} ~~was~~ out to be one of the most expensive and fashionable night spots in Rotterdam. It was very crowded and I saw that it would be rather difficult to find there a certain person, i.e. HARRY. Therefore I decided to get acquainted with some of the call girls in order to take her to dance and the various bars there which would seem natural and facilitate my task. She was an intelligent woman and gladly accompanied me in this inferno of noises and mad dancing. Then I went once more to the harbor but again without success. Returned to a/m nightclub and started to stroll around there on my own. Exchanged some words with a couple of ladies who seemed to be on lookout as well; while chatting with them I got the impression that they try to shield me from the public (as if somebody of the ^amen there - there were quite a few of them - would intend to attack me). Later I got acquainted with two young Dutch couples who were very friendly toward me; one of the ladies was such a beauty that I almost lost my head, especially, when she took me by hand and invited me to join the public dance (a sort of polonaise I had already

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experienced when sailing from Europe to the States aboard the S.S. New Amsterdam in the fall of 1952 - but then together with my wife). All the people ~~suddenly~~ seemed to be in a hilarious mood and again I had the uneasy feeling that many among them knew something about me as well as about my mission there. Nevertheless, I did not mind and felt great despite the fact that I could not find HARRY. It must have been quite a sight when I jumped there ~~and~~ pressed between the Dutch beauties. It was like a turning point for me because suddenly I felt that I like this kind of clowning - that I am starting to behave as a genuine American would in similar situation, i.e. I had lost my inhibitions and could laugh at myself. All seemed to be like in a dream and I was very, very happy (next day I decided to ask my wife to join me in Europe since I had lost my fears and my worries).

28 Dec.

Went again to the harbor but unsuccessfully though it was told to the driver that HARRY would probably be back on the ship in the afternoon. Then strange things started to happen. I had checked the flight schedule and found a flight which left Amsterdam before 1500 (as instructed by []) Tried to reach by phone [] in Fran but as usual - when calling the emergency phone number - the man in charge there allegedly could not understand from where I am phoning (though he repeated all I told him correctly) and I could not receive [] accept for my prolonged stay. Then I decided to remain in Rotterdam until the flight next morning. However, when I returned later to my hotel room the previous time table was gone and replaced by another one which showed the flight I should have taken (i.e. around 1500) - somebody had checked this flight by pencil in my absence. Thus I knew again that my "guardian angel" is following me here, too. Then there was a show in the cafe of this hotel - it depicted a man whom some malicious beings are trying to intimidate by ghostlike behavior but finally these badmen had to retreat and all ended well. This show was just as made for me - to show me that all my fears are in fact only imaginations though caused by some persons who had some interest to drive one crazy. Around 1500

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I went again to the harbor and this time the cab driver came back with the info that HARRY had met his wife soon after his arrival in Rotterdam, had gone by taxi to meet her somewhere in West Germany) and would not be back so soon. Now I was quite convinced that HARRY would have delivered the box in question to his wife and therefore I should have nothing to do in this matter anymore (still later I suspected that [] had used me in this case only in order to divert the attention from HARRY to my person in Rotterdam - if all this had not been only an additional case of testing me and my qualifications for such kind of work under strange circumstances; [] denied it vigorously but his explanation did not sound convincing). In any case I still felt great since the people in the Netherlands seemed to be very kind, I did not encounter the cases of malicious talk, had no feeling that I am disliked here. Somehow the way of life here, as far as I could judge, seemed to be healthier than in Germany- the people here were not overdressed, were more natural and content lacking the restlessness and exaggerated dynamism characteristic for the Germans, seemed to be emotionally better balanced than their unruly neighbors in the west.- While dining at the restaurant of my hotel I observed there a nice American family and somehow felt attracted by their uninhibited way, their togetherness and joyful mood. Again I had the feeling that at least the husband somehow knows me and tries to keep up my morale; it was as if there were some hidden bonds between us and I had a very good time there, especially ~~also~~ because of the excellent violinist who played there for our entertainment. Besides, there was there also a German couple who somehow seemed to be annoyed by the way the American family acted and left the hall almost immediately after the American gentleman had ordered the violinist to play a German song - and the song was "Ach, Du lieber Augustin!" (in my opinion it was played just to tease the Germans though in a polite way). After the Germans had left we both agreed with the American gentleman that it has been a very good time here; in fact I had again the very reassuring feeling of belonging to the American people - as I had ~~had~~ it for the first time during my sail aboard the S.S. United States.

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29 Dec.

Left the Netherlands by plane from Amsterdam to Fran taking with me the best impression about this diligent and kind country. - Arriving at home I experienced deep disappointment - there were no letters, no Christmas gifts from my family though I had expected them so much. Then a ^{phone} call ~~from~~ from a small girl who asked in English whether she could talk with my daughter. All this made me so sad that I had for the first time to cry about my family troubles. When [] arrived I was not in my right mind - had consumed a bottle of wine - and was not able to discuss with him any matters. Late this night I had a long distance phone conversation with my wife in Lancaster and urged her to come soon over to me - she promised to do it though did not mention any definite time.

30 Dec.

Got the full text of the German folk song "Nem Gott seine rechte Gunst erweisen will" from my neighbors, the NOELLS. It came out that Mr. NOELL had been a POW in Texas, had later visited the States as a guest and was very fond of the Americans; they had ^w grownup daughters who both seemed to be enthusiastic about the American records and I started to visit this family afterwards in order to play the records I had bought on my own - this family was the first one who helped me to overcome my loneliness showing great understanding and genuine kindness. They, too, were refugees (from East Prussia).

31 Dec.

Went to the barbershop in PX. Already previously I had observed ^{here} that the ^{German} barbers started the usual indirectly malicious talk as soon as I appeared there as if having got an order to do so. This time one among them remarked - when this talk had started - that it is a nasty thing to bother "him" even during this ^I last day of the year. - [] had phoned me and promised to bring over to me a letter from my wife but it turned out to be a letter from my godmother - another disappointment. Nevertheless,

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when departing and wishing me a Happy New Year, I felt that he sympathizes with me, wants to encourage me but is bound to stick to some instructions not to reveal to me what is going on. - Then there was the strange business with my small radio receiver I had got from [] (only three stations - the AFN and two local German stations - could be heard on this) - it played such records that I was almost sure that a wonder would happen and my wife would arrive at 12 o'clock midnight; not because of the text alone of these records but mainly because of the live program which came from the Ramstein Air Base this particular night (besides, they had even a sketch with imitated the way [] was speaking German at the restaurants: "Dankeschoen, Bitteschoen, noch ein Bier !"). Then there was an excellent sermon via the AFN which moved me deeply; it ended with the words: " be good, be careful, be a man " (in the coming year I lived up to the first two suggestions but failed in the last one).

~~xxxx~~ 1 Jan.

Since it was the New Year's Day I took the day off and went to Ruedesheim at the Rhine River, visited also Bingen across the river. At any restaurant and/or cafe I went there I had the same feeling that the patrons - at least some of them - know who I am but this time some of them made me feel that they are friendly toward me. Ended this day in Cafe Kranzler in Fran where some of the guests remarked to another, when I appeared there, that I am from the Balticum - another example that these were not only my imaginations about people knowing me though I did not know them.

2 Jan.

Made a phone call to Hamburg to [] who had gone there for some errands. Later went to the US Army movie theater. The picture somehow influenced me - it used the Shakespearean trick of make-believe - and I got moody again; thought that all my embarrassments would take no end apparently. Had some three or four Tom Collinses at the bar of Hotel Ambassador Arms. There some men seemed to watch me closely for

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my reactions as if they were puzzled by my behavior. One of them - talking to another guy - indirectly implied to me that I should think about my wife and children (it was said in a manner which told me that I should not spoil my chance to get them here and to make a better living). Nevertheless, I grew more and more bitter, felt injured by all this intrusion in my private life. When I returned home and switched on again my radio, heard the same indications that the program is possibly used to tease me, to laugh at my sorrows. I got the impression that it must be a two-way radio, i.e. that by some method it works also as a transmitter thus providing some people with info what I am doing at home. In a sudden anger I took the radio and smashed it to the floor. Late in the night I had again a longdistance talk with my wife - felt much better afterwards since her voice alone gave me back the feeling of togetherness, that somebody still loves me.

3 Jan.

Enjoyed the deep silence at home - it was as if a nightmare had ended. Went to the Taunus which was covered by new snow. Arrived at the forest inn of the Taunus Club. During my lunch there became involved in conversation with an elderly gentleman who rather skilfully ^{tried to} elicited from me some info as to my occupation and life; allegedly he was a German post ^(Bundespostamt) engineer. Besides, he asked me whether I know some Americans stationed in Fran; I recall ^{he mentioned} the name of George SPEER (or SPEAR) and Van de MON (?) - one of them should be an engineer, too (when I later told [] about this encounter, he only smiled and thought that I would meet this "postal" engineer surely again later). Our conversation was interrupted by a young woman who seemed to arrive in a great hurry and behaved rather strange - as if trying to assist me in my effort to ward off the searching questions of the elderly German. The latter then started to put the heat on this girl (she claimed to be a German and interested in literature but I soon found out that she is rather ignorant about the German writers though knows very well the American ones; I concluded then that

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she must be in fact an American German). When I paid my bill she insisted to have a piece of my small change as a souvenir (same puzzling thing happened next day). Nevertheless, I still was in a gay mood and felt that my gaiety infects other people, too. To my great surprise I got a letter, sent to my home address, from one Mrs. SMITH in Lancaster (she works as a secretary at the same office my wife is working, I had barely become acquainted with her before I left for Germany) containing Christmas greetings. - Since my wife now claims that she did not have my home address in Fran at that time it is still a rather puzzling fact; the name SMITH did puzzle me even later.

4 Jan.

Strolling around the town I observed signs written on the wooden fences by chalk which I could apply again to my miserable situation: " Tom, Du bist doof und feige" (I should mention here that the hit "Tom Dooley" was at this period my favorite tune since it was a good illustration for the way I often felt). This cheered me up a little and I got some laughing spells - which became more and more frequent during the following days. I had reached the point where all the things I experienced seemed to be more or less comic and not tragic anymore. - In the afternoon I was visited by my landlady, Dr. Brigitte von NASO, who appeared at my apartment together with her two small children. She started to question me rather closely about my past and my family but I answered evasively and had some fun in doing so. Somehow I got the feeling that she, too, must be involved in all the circus going on around me. She surprised me very much by saying that her mother has met me some time before (later she called up her acquaintance, Mrs. SCHLUSNUS, and asked for the last name of my landlady's mother - it was SCHEMIT (SMITH), of course !). Besides, Mrs. Von NASO, too, asked me whether I could give her son a coin for a souvenir. Then she came out with a rather nice trick which I had not expected from her - after having paid her directly my rent, I prepared a typewritten receipt which she signed (it was for DM 400) but when they had left the receipt was gone, too.

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Apparently either she or her son (around 9) had taken it clandestinely while I was looking for the a/m coin. It was quite a joke - since now I had no receipt to account for my housing expenses - and I took it in such spirit, found a letter which had the signature of Mrs. Von NASO, cut off the text and made out of this a new receipt for the same amount (when I later asked her by the way if she had not found the receipt she denied it keeping a straight face). - All the time I still had the feeling that despite the silenced radio there must be some other kind of device to monitor my movements around the apartment. I took out the plug of my telephone - and immediately heard a hearty laughter by some people above me as if they would applaud my ingenuity. This night I went to the widely publicized concert by the formerly noted songstress, Zarah LEANDER. Already before I went there I assumed that the audience would certainly consist of some of the former Nazis. My suspicions were probably right since I found quite a few German policemen put around and in the concert hall. The program was rather anti-American and so was the response of the audience (some songs and commentaries implied that the Americans are coldhearted, ^{and} beaten by the rock'n roll craze). Zarah LEANDER herself appeared only at the very end with a couple of songs which showed that there is not much left of her once so beautiful voice (she was excused by the M.C. as being affected by a severe cold; probably it was only a pretext to cover up her inability to sing as she had done before). It seemed that she had come here only because she wanted to keep up a little bit the shaken morale of the Germans. When she made her bows after the rather enthusiastic applause I had the uneasy feeling that her eyes are looking just for me - in any case she made some gestures in my direction in a way which seemed to indicate clearly her gratitude for my coming to this concert. I was puzzled again and moved almost to tears, felt rather weak again because of this display of great emotions and a certain tragedy of this once so noted artist.

5 Jan.

Met [] and submitted to him some C.Rs. Had a longer conversation with him re

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my family, especially the possibility for my wife to practice dentistry here in Germany at some US Armed Forces hospital. [] still claimed that it could be arranged in some way but suggested that I myself inquire directly at the General Hospital in Fran. He mentioned also that he has a colleague who had told him that such possibilities exist; however, he avoided to give me any definite assurances re this matter. [] told me also (might have been at some later occasion) that my real work has not started yet, implying that up to now I had experienced only a warm-up period (since he made the same statement also once later I got the impression that this real job would start only after the arrival of my wife - though GEORGE denied it vigorously later, i.e. such interpretation). Besides, he asked me whether I still have with me the old journalist identification card (issued by the "Baltic Press Asso." already in 1957). I replied that I have it probably at home in my safe - and was very surprised when I found it after having left the meeting place (in the Fran SH) in my pocket. I could almost swear that GEORGE had put it in my pocket secretly during our conversation; when I later reproached him for such behavior he told me that I am quite obviously insane (TBC - total becloppt) and in a certain degree I possibly was because all these puzzling things happening to me.

6 Jan.

Went to the General Hospital as [] had suggested only to find out that there are no chances to employ my wife there as a dentist. Met [] again to settle the accounting matters; told him about my unsuccessful visit in the hospital - he told me to go to the Dental Dispensary on the Hanza Allee and to contact there the German official in charge of the LWE (local wage earners). Had the feeling that [] is having much fun about my hapless family situation - did not like his evasive attitude.

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7 Jan.

Submitted to [] my report about my activities in December, 1958 (it was the only time I was asked to prepare such report; now I think that it should have been requested every month thus showing also to me the state of my work - which later slackened off quite badly; in fact I would now suggest to keep day by day notes about the production if somebody would be in the same situation as I was, i.e. working out of office on his own). I was still bothered by [] attitude toward my family reunion and therefore I asked him to take some hours off for a longer discussion about these matters. When he arrived at my home I suggested that we go out for an undisturbed talk - since by now I strongly suspected that the audio specialist, who had allegedly checked my apartment for hidden bugs, ~~was~~ (see 19 Dec.), had in fact installed some (as it probably happened also in summer 1958 in my residence in Washington, D.C.; at least my wife ~~was~~^{had} such opinion then - and her intuition has been often damned right). We went by [] car to the small cafe "Schiefe Laterne" across the IG Farben Building; though I had hoped for a conversation without witnesses, there arrived shortly after us a couple, took seats near us and I had to assume again that it was not by coincidence; [] however, did not pay any attention to them - as usual he seemed to possess the supreme knowledge who is who. - Then I tried to explain to [] why I had left my family (my fears as to their security in Germany as well as giving my wife free hands in case she had become fed up with me and my behavior toward her; I mentioned also that by this separation I intended to make the Soviets believe that we are separated for good now and therefore they would not bother my beloved ones). When I was through with my story [] asked to my great surprise whether I had got a slap from my wife because of all this scheming - I could not understand why he was unable to see my point (and as I saw now returning to the States - nobody seems to understand my point of view though it is not as complex as it seems to be even to some doctors; the idea is as simple as this: to ward off any possible troubles from my family by exposing myself to them and pretending to have broken my marriage). However, this remark

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by [] made me think whether my whole attitude in my marriage had not been wrong - because he, being a man (and a husband - I suppose), did not side with me but my wife. Now I wish he should have been more explicit then - it would have helped me a great deal; a friendly advice at such situations might be of more importance than the businesslike attitude and halfwords, especially because we knew each other for quite a long time. I got the impression also that [] is very well informed about my marital troubles but hopes that it all will work out well after a while. He made another statement which caused a new laughing spell in me - when I asked him why is it so that I am always getting into some kind of trouble, being unable to make any progress in my job, he replied that this is apparently my fate ! (until now he has been too right in this though I don't think it is my fate - it has been my wrong outlook on the life and people). - Afterwards I went to the Opera House and saw the excellent performance of the "Merry Widow" though still feeling uneasy among the crowd during the intermissions, had still the impression as being myself on the stage for display.

8 Jan.

Started to work on a bunch of recently intercepted letters; discovered among them again quite a few which seemed to be written just in order to embarrass me, f.i. some of them contained the advice to pay strict attention to the white lines when crossing the streets at intersections (previously I had frequently stated my fears of some street accident because of the reckless driving in Germany) - it did not make any sense in normal letters; there was also advice not to drink so much and not to mix beer with cognac (as I had often done in Germany). This kind of letters mystified me and made me suspect strongly that somebody is exploiting his knowledge about this kind of my work to tease me (I cannot assume that the Soviets were so well-informed about my activities; it must have been done either by the Germans or our organization).

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9 Jan.

Could not find my blue-red pencil, called up the office and created quite a confusion ([] was out of town, Allan was answering and could not understand my joke - later [] scolded me about this unnecessary call which allegedly had made a bad impression about me; by now I thought that I am entitled to "retaliate" for the practical jokes played upon me, at least I did not hurt anybody). - Later at night I went to a concert where an American Negro was conducting one of Beethoven's symphonies (Dean Dixon from Gothenburg). Was surprised by the very warm response he got from the audience - had expected the Germans to be prejudiced re the Negroes - and moved myself deeply by the music. During the final part of this concert started conversation with a German woman who sat beside me. She stated that she intends to go for a trip to the Soviet Union as many Germans are going now but I did not use this opportunity to find out more about her and this intended trip since I was still rather suspicious re such chance meetings(later, when I told about this GEORGE, he said that I could have used this case for our purposes).

10 Jan.

Nothing to report except for the letter I sent to my wife urging her again to join me soon in Germany. Went to a movie ("The Card" with Alec Guinness - thought that he resembled me in some aspects or vice versa; at that time I had started to play the role of an eccentric myself and felt that everywhere I went people seemed to cheer up; deliberately acting like a clown I had the feeling that I am doing a better job - though not of the kind I was supposed to do - than I ever had imagined. The international situation with the cold war going on strongly it seemed to me that such kind of clowning - pretending to be a "crazy American" - made the people to relax and have a good laugh, not to take the things too seriously).

11 Jan.

Sunday. Made no much difference since I had been rather lazy during the preceeding

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days. Went to a comedy by Erich Kaestner (Three man in snow) at the Theater am Rossmarkt. Was struck by the resemblance to me the male hero (W.Eger) had not only in his appearance but even in his behavior on the stage - as if he had studied me for some time. Though possibly it was only a coincidence I could not avoid feeling hurt and even offended (it was as if somebody would have stolen my personality). Afterwards I went to the "Paprika" restaurant and enjoyed there very much the Gypsy band there, especially the violinist who seemed to pay special attention to me.

12 Jan.

Nothing special to report. Probably prepared Special Report re prospective candidates for the Latvian broadcasts from Rome, Italy (suggested and described two of them: Veronika STRALEKTE and her husband Andrejs JOHANSONS).

13 Jan.

Met with [] and submitted a/m Special Report (or reports re intercepted letters - my notes do not show it) but [] did not accept them for some reason; as I recall the reason was that these letters did not seem sufficiently promising.

14 Jan.

Nothing special to report. Read in the newspapers about MIKOYAN's visit in the States and felt sorry for the Hungarian Freedom Fighters (their demonstrations against MIKOYAN in USA); decided to visit a Hungarian restaurant to cheer up the people there. Went to "Hungaria" and had the impression that it worked, i.e. the arrival of an American there. Was involved in conversation with the people at the next table, among them a rather pretty blonde of Hungarian descent. Since I had consumed several Slivovitzes, mixed with beer, became rather friendly and asked her to meet me again at the same place next Friday (though had no sinful intentions - just liked her company, to chat with a friendly soul).

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15 Jan. 57

Was ordered by [] to go to Hamburg where I should meet PAUL, debrief him about ^{Residence:} the seamen, pay him his salary; I should go also to Luebeck and become acquainted there with ~~ROZE~~ ^{citizens} Ilmars ^{Intend to work there} who, according to GEORGE's info, possibly had the intention to go back to Latvia - should assess him, mainly his political attitude, for possible recruiting later (we had already some info about him because of the intercepted letters, i.e. his correspondence with his brother and other relatives in Latvia).

Went by plane to Hamburg, then by train to Luebeck where I checked in a hotel across the RR station and got a room which had almost no heating but was cheap.

Started to look for a/m ROZE - had his home address (in the large apartment buildings on Marli Street, former barracks) but when arriving there found out that ROZE had entered a TB sanatorium, allegedly for being a chronic drunkard. This was told me by a Latvian woman, ^{MARLI ST.} SEJA-BERZINA Drosme, who lived in the same building. She was a rather interesting woman (later I heard from Miss HESS Irene - see further - that she is notorious for her love affairs with men and her loose morale) who seemed to know several of my acquaintances, f.i. my friend Dr. PUNNENOVVS-PUNELL Georgs in Sweden (though she thought that he is now in USA), from WII; was rather curious about me but did not press for much info. Because of her good looks and a certain way she spoke I got the impression that she might be working for some IS. She introduced me to her fiance, one Mr. SCHMIDT, who was told to work with the Hamburg Radio & TV (Norddeutscher Rundfunk & Fernsehen); later I heard that nothing had come out of this - she had allegedly got another lover - despite the fact that she had three or four very nice sons, the oldest around 12. Nevertheless. she was helpful to show me were another person, ^{MARLI ST.} ~~Miss HESS, Irene~~ ^{GEORGE'S} was residing in this DP Camp-like building.

WUEBECK, W. Gek
I knew Miss HESS only from third persons - she was a very good friend of my godmother, Mrs. JANSONS, Gertrude, and my distant cousin, Miss Lorena JANSONS, had visited her in the fall of 1956 (besides I had read in the Latvian newspapers about her active participation in the Latvian cultural life in Germany as a pianist). She turned out to be a very charming personality and became one of my best friends during my stay

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in Germany. Though she had only one rather drab room at her disposal (it served at the same time as her bedroom, kitchen and piano study) and the heating was very poor, I felt there like at home because of her warm and kind heart, her great wisdom and unselfishness as well as her stoic attitude toward the life. She seemed to be a person of great inner strength and with the enviable talent to enjoy the small things of life which are free. Somehow she seemed to know about me a great deal (probably by her correspondence with my godmother) and took an almost maternal care of me every time I came to Luebeck later. She sensed that my mind is puzzled by all the happenings I experienced in Germany and she did her best to keep up my morale in an unobtrusive way I liked very much. I only hope that I, too, cheered her up considerably during the most difficult days of the Berlin crisis. Our first meeting was rather short but the next day I visited her again.

16 Jan.

Went back to the Marli Street and spent several hours with Miss HESS. Found in her room Latvian newspaper Latvija and detected that there will be an exhibition of Latvian paintings in Hamburg which will start the next day in "Haus der Begegnung" (on Agnes Str. - quite near the SH, as I found out later). Miss HESS told me that she, too, is going to participate at the opening ceremonies there and suggested that I should come there, too. I agreed telling her that ^I have this weekend free and therefore could spend it as I want. Besides, she took me to the workshop of amber processing owned by a German, RASCHKE Martin, where amber trinkets could be bought for aprx. half of the price asked in the States. Miss HESS explained to me that all the amber mines are now in the Soviet hands (mainly in East Prussia) and that she suspects that a/m RASCHKE gets his amber from the Soviet controlled part of Germany not by fully legal ways possibly. Bought some of the amber trinkets for my family; from Miss HESS I bought some artistically adorned leather wares which she had prepared to earn some additional money. When I discussed with her the case of ROZE Ilmars, she was rather reluctant to talk about it (I sensed that she does

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does not like to discuss persons if there is something wrong with them). Told her that I have to visit him because I had heard that he is very depressed and therefore a friendly chat might cheer him up a little.

Went by bus to the Krankenhaus Ost where I found ROZE at Block 28 B. Recalled him immediately though had seen him 22 years ago while in Riga and - because of the difference in our age - had not become acquainted with him then. He did not recall me anymore though remembered my last name (he and my father are of the same student fraternity "Selonia"). At first he was rather reserved, almost antagonistic toward me but soon I succeeded to make him feel at ease. He seemed to be a wretched man; of the once so handsome and tall lad now there had remained a physical wreck who often was overcome by coughing spells. He stated that he does not suffer of TB but has only a severe bronchitis. He avoided to mention that he had been put in this institution for excessive drinking (so I heard later from other Latvians, too, that it had been the case). He seemed to be extremely sensitive and often was near crying, suffered obviously by selfpity. Had divorced his wife who lived now with their children in Gr.Britain. Some years ago ROZE had served with a Latvian Labor Service Company in Kaiserslautern but did not like there because of the dull life there and the indulgence in intoxicants there by the men. He did not mention his correspondence with his relatives in Latvia nor state his political convictions but I got the definite impression that he has no intentions to go back to Latvia; by some remarks I saw that he is still quite aware of the Communist danger, f.i. he wanted to sell a valuable painting from his father's collection ("Gypsy" by ROZENHAI Janis) but was afraid to put an ad in the Latvian newspapers re this offer since then the Soviets would possibly know in whose hands this painting is know and could cause difficulties for ROZE (he did not mention what kind of difficulties but it seemed that ROZE was not sure whether his relatives in Latvia won't be pressed to object to such deal as co-owners). On the other hand ROZE showed great interest in business projects - had thought that it would be very profitable to open a self-service laundry with Bendix washers; mentioned that he

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already had contacted by mail some of Bendix representatives in Europe; that up to now there don't exist such self-service laundries in GFR. He thought he would be able to start such enterprise on small scale if he only could sell a/m painting which would provide him the down payment for the washers. - I even did not try to start with him a conversation which would give some clue as to his alleged intentions of repatriation since I felt great pity for him (when I later reported orally to [] this case the latter agreed, too, that it seems a hopeless case and that apparently false rumors had been spread as to his intentions; to my surprise [] agreed also that it would be morally unjustifiable to recruit such broken man for operational services - this made me feel much better). ^{Weeks} After our meeting, which lasted for two hours, I received a very kind letter from ROZE who stated that my unexpected visit had cheered him up quite a lot and he expressed his deep gratitude (it might be again my imagination but it seemed later that my visit had been a turning point in ROZE's miserable life - the following meetings showed that he had improved radically as to his health and appearance).

Returned in time to Hamburg to meet PAUL (had previously sent him a letter from Fran announcing my arrival). First we had ^{some beer} ~~supper~~ at "Holstenbraeu" across the Hauptbahnhof but some of the guests there seemed to pay too great attention to our conversation (PAUL still could not control his loud voice and acted too conspicuously) therefore I proposed to try out some other place which could serve also for our future meetings and on PAUL's suggestion we went to "Muenchener Hofbrauehaus" across the Dammtor RR station. It was rather crowded but we found that the bar upstairs was almost deserted for most of the time; we could have had here an undisturbed talk of not the bar maid who was very beautiful and enjoyed to participate in our chatter. It came out that she is the first day on this job, had arrived here half an hour ago and I wondered whether all this was only coincidence since she was completely unexperienced as to the drinks she had to serve - and at the "Holstenbraeu" we had talked rather loudly about going to this place. Since PAUL had nothing of importance to report I decided to test him on his alleged drinking habits (I

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should confess that the bar maid, called Gretchen, was very attractive, too - I had never before seen such shining eyes; got inspiration from her beauty and told her a nice story about my experience as a partisan - it should have been tape recorded as well as our conversation in general, it was a hit !). After couple of hour I saw that PAUL became rather aggressive - got involved in a very heated argument with some other guest at the bar because of the latter's objections to the military service and pacifistic attitude. It showed that PAUL is still a fighter and ardent anti-Communist but due to his drinking habits might get involved in troubles (during out future meetings, however, he showed some restraint in this respect).

17 Jan.

Went to the "Haus der Begegnung" at Agnes Str.44. Had arrived too early there though the manager of it, Mrs.Von RAFFAY, let me in after I had introduced myself as an American of Latvian descent who has some journalistic interest in the exhibition of his former countryman. Mrs.Von RAFFAY was a very likeable woman, stated that she, too, is an American citizen and journalist, who formerly had lived in Austria. Again I had the feeling that she must have some knowledge as to my person, that she was in some connection with our organization (I recalled what ^{Otto} O.BONG had told me about the setup of the management of similar "Haus der Begegnung" in Munich; I knew that American money and influence is behind it there thus it should be here the same situation). Spent some 2-3 hours of undisturbed in taking a good look of the paintings on display, enjoying it very much though some of the artists did not live up to my expectations (Mrs.GEISTAUTE-KOVALEVSKA Erna, who had changed considerably her style using now very bright colors and tending to abstract painting; her previous works had been decidedly more convincing; NEILIS Karlis - had lost his fine sense for colors indulging now in incoherent drawing and dirty, pale colors). For some reason Mrs.Von RAFFAY insisted that I call up a/m Mrs.GEISTAUTE ~~XXX~~ who was the responsible manager of this exhibition. I told Mrs.RAFFAY that I would not like it - told her frankly that I had met Mrs.GEISTAUTE some years ago using another

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name, that she would possibly recall it and thus I would be in an embarrassing position. Mrs. RAFFAY replied that it does not matter (in general she almost directed me to do so and I had the feeling that all what happens and will happen had already been expected and planned - it was as if I would have to act on a TV show; later I saw that the local TV station in fact took some pictures of this house and its activities - I am not so sure whether at some unguarded moment they even did not have me shot, too). So I called up Mrs. GEISTAUTE, told her frankly that I have no idea what we should discuss but that I surely would like to meet her(She later told me that it had been very amusing to hear from me that I don't know what we should talk); in any case she did not recall my name. Later I met here Mr. ^{*}NATRIŅŠ, the chairman of the Latvian Society in Hamburg who made a very good impression on me because of his appearance as well as his manners - seemed to be a selfconfident, conscientious man who had achieved some success (was in some business) and had well adjusted himself to the life in Germany. He resembled so much an acquaintance of mine in Sweden, Mr. ^{*}BACHS Karlis, that I asked whether they are relatives(his nose was almost exact copy of that of Mr. BACHS, even his voice and the way of talking was almost the same as that of Mr. BACH's). To my great surprise he suddenly became confused, grasped for an answer and finally denied any relationship to Mr. BACHS (I had to conclude that there surely must be some relationship but Mr. NATRIŅŠ apparently wanted to hide it for some peculiar reason; later I sensed that he tries to avoid my company - probably in order not to be get revealed by me; in any case Mr. BACHS does have a brother in Germany). This man later introduced me to Mrs. GEISTAUTE - and the latter seemed not to recall me (had met her shortly on two occasions in 1951). She was very genial and apparently interested in my person very much. When I told her that now and then I had sent some articles to her husband (editor of the newspaper Latvija until my arrival in Germany) she exclaimed that now she understands the whole situation (did not explain it but I got the impression that somebody had recently told her some story about me) and that all this is very intriguing. I pretended that I, too, know the story and tried to play by ear my

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the role I did not know by heart (though now I know for sure that there is a "plot" in which I have some important part to play). otherwise it did not make any sense why all these people acted as strange as they did when meeting me). Afterwards I took her to a nearby restaurant and listened patiently to the many complaints she had about the ungrateful job she had in arranging this and similar exhibitions (she was rather sore that the Americans recently had cut short the funds to support such activities) in general and about the controversies her husband had had with the Latvian Central Committee in GFR in particular - in her opinion the leaders of this committee, in fact the ^{Head} board of the "Daugavas Vanagi" with Col. JANUMS at the ^{J. W. G. C.} head, are unexperienced in the newspaper business and had come with impossible requirements to which her husband strongly objected (I remarked her that I, too, am member of the "Daugavas Vanagi" and admire Col. JANUMS in his post). When I had told her that I am one of the initiators of the Latvian National Foundation in Scandinavia and that in my opinion this organization does an excellent job, she broke out in very enthusiastic remarks as to this organization. In general I got the impression she tried almost desperately to please me, to secure my support (of what kind it could be ?), to get my opinion. She also frequently complained about some very severe tensions she had experienced recently which had led her almost to a nervous breakdown (I understood that the political situation had caused it). In my opinion she was still very upset and almost hysterical, tried to calm her down, to reassure her that the situation is not as bad as it looks. Afterwards she told me that she feels much better now, that I had achieved a miraculous change to the better of her mind. Despite all these compliments I had the feeling that she is a very clever woman who knows how to handle people in order to achieve her goals; that in fact she is a very selfish person who desperately tries to regain her former social status. Nevertheless I felt obliged to keep up her morale for the time being in order to secure success for the Latvian exhibition, especially because she told me that there are certain German circles who try to put obstacles in the way of these cultural activities of the refugee organizations. Later I

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assisted her to arrange the paintings for the opening ceremony which took place the next day. Told her also frankly that I don't like her displayed paintings as much as I liked her previous works - and she admitted that she had gone astray (because of the strong influence of her trip to ~~Sixixix~~ Sicily recently), will follow my advice to find back to herself in her art.

18 Jan.

Spent five hours at the "Haus der Gegengung" becoming acquainted with several Latvians who had come to the opening of this exhibitions: Mr.CIPULIS (whom I knew from the description of his friend, ^{Mich. friend of AENAWKE 16} NEPARTS, A, in Detroit) - who made a good impression on me as an intelligent and well-balanced person; Mr.Pauls EACS - a very subservient person who made an unclear impression on me ; disliked him despite his efforts to get on friendly terms with me; Mrs.PETERSONE-DZENIS - a Latvian songstress who recently had got married to Mr.DZENIS (met those two later together with HERBERT); Mrs KUNCITE Olga - a Latvian artist-painter who had come from Luebeck together with her friend, a German businessman Von BERG; was introduced to them by Miss HESS Irene. I had already made up my mind that I would like to buy one of Mrs.KUNCITIS' paintings, named "The Flight" (Die Flucht - in Grm.) though in fact it showed a Gypsy girl (she resembled my mother and my wife); when I saw that Mrs.KUNCITIS is a hunch-back and seemed to be in rather poor financial situation I felt great pity for her and decided to buy a/w painting on installments (made this deal later by letters). At the time being asked her only to put a sign on this painting that it has been reserved (lay-away plan). It came out that Mrs. GEISTAUTE had tried to exclude Mrs.KUNCITE from this exhibition and only at the last moment other Latvians had achieved that Mrs.KUNCITE, too, is being represented at this display. - At the opening ceremonies Mrs.GEISTAUTE gave a review of the Latvian art, especially the hardships of the Latvian painters now residing in GFR, criticizing the indifference of the German officials responsible for these matters (I encouraged her to speak up, not to be afraid to tell the truth even if it would not be pleasant

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for some Germans). It followed a concert which moved me to tears - I felt overwhelmed by all this beauty and friendliness I had experienced during the last days; somehow I felt like at home in these surroundings of Latvian paintings and music as well as the several newly won acquaintances. And I sensed, too, that Mrs. RAFFAY somehow had been responsible for all that had happened and touched me so deeply. Besides, the local TV station had sent his people to take some pictures on this day, too, but just before the ceremonies started the lights went out and had to be replaced by candles. All the time I had the uneasy feeling that a show is going on here - this time ~~it was~~ ^{these were} not my personal feelings alone since I observed that all the guests did behave unnaturally as if having been instructed how to act.

Afterwards I sent an express letter to PAUL advising him not to come to the meeting the next day as we had agreed previously since I had to go back to Fran.

19 Jan.

Returned by plane to Fran. Was quite depressed because of the meager success I had made (nothing achieved with ROZE, no new info obtained from PAUL). Late in the evening went to Cafe Kranzler in order to avoid my feeling of loneliness. While sitting there overheard some ladies there speaking Latvian; tried to become acquainted with them through my waiter but to my great surprise they replied through him that they don't know any Latvian. Was intrigued by this and tried to listen what they are discussing pretending that I am intoxicated and asleep. It seemed to be again the same kind of indirect talk but this time it seemed to me that they are talking about some of my experiences in 1951 while in Munich (the case of a German girl I was flirting with at that time). This hurt me much ~~so~~ ^{though} I stubbornly remained in my place until these ladies left without having provoked me to some action - I only gave a sign that I had understood what had been said (by lighting a candle as I had often done in 1951 when together with a/m girl) - and the ladies, presumably Baltic Germans, broke out in excited shouts about it thus acknowledging that we had perfectly understood each other.

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20 Jan.

Started my day by breakfast taken in a small cafe owned by a widow (whose Hungarian husband had deceased recently) who seemed to like my visits there and to chat with me; there was a juke-box there and one of the records ("Heile,heile, Gaensje") brought me again close to tears - was overcome by an immense self-pity and sudden fears that I would never see my wife and family again. Later on this day I overheard a small German boy telling another boy when passing me: "He is only a human being" (Er ist nur ein Mensch), was struck by this phrase - applying it, of course, to me - and the fact that even kids on the street seem to know about my troubles; could not stand such life any more and decided to take a long walk in the Taunus. Though it was a rather deep snow there and it was an exhausting stroll I felt much better after some 3-4 hours walk, became hungry, went to the Fuchstanz forest inn, then to the Great Feldberg where I intended to stay for the night. The hotel there was not open yet and I proceeded to Oberreifenberg, accompanied by a small dog who followed me persistently until I had find a small hotel; this nightly walk took away my anger and sorrow and I had a good night in the countryside hotel - the people there were very kind and seemed to know beforehand who I am and why I am wandering around at such late hour.

21 Jan.

Met with [] got a letter from my wife who stated that she would join me in Germany; however, it seemed that there were quite a few obstacles to overcome and nobody to help her. Talked with [] also about the raise in my salary since now it was quite clear that I cannot live on the \$ 100 I received in Germany; my debts to [] from 1957 (which had amounted to aprx.\$ 225) had by now increased to aprx.\$ 300 and I saw no way have to diminish them since my wife still was short of money and I had to give her the greatest part of my salary. Since [] knew perfectly well my financial situation and still asked me how I intend to repay my debt to the Gvt. I started to suspect his intentions re the advances he gave me so freely; it

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looked as if he tries to put me deeper in red so that I would be unable to change my mind and return to my family in the States (it resembled a financial blackmail though I am sure that [] acted this way in order to keep me in the field where I would be satisfied and of some value; however, I would have preferred a plain talk instead of this indirect pressure which ended in my return home).

22 Jan.

Had a six hours conversation with [] who seemed to be reluctant to do anything to get my family join me in Germany; he even doubted whether my wife seriously intends to come over - told me that she apparently now only starts to consider such possibility (it seemed that [] is better informed about my wife's intentions than I was; later it came out that he had been right). - There was also the odd instruction to wait for BONG Otto the next day at the corner of Bockenheimer Landstrasse and Mendelsohn Street because the latter allegedly did not know where to go after his arrival from Munich and probably would go first to a SH near this corner (this SH had been vacated by now) and I should bring them to the new SH across the Hauptbahnhof. Was instructed to wait there for 30 minutes. - Late at night visited the BB Club near the University and found out that it is far too expensive.

23 Jan.

Went to the a/m street corner and waited there for half an hour without meeting BONG. Again it seemed to me that I had been deliberately put on display here for some purpose which I could not understand (and [] did not bother to explain it to me). It seemed as if my patience had been put by my superiors to the utmost stress to test me. - Went to the Annex B and talked to the American lady, Mrs. Mac D., about the job possibilities for my wife [] had suggested I should go there) - the answer was completely negative. Later I went to a lecture about the Soviet Union writers by KRASOVSKY Oleg in the America House and finished the day at the Old Don restaurant across the street where my arrival seemed to excite the management and the musicians (by now I had the feeling that I must be

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almost a celebrity in Fran since everywhere I went the people seemed to know me; the only logical explanation was that I had been shown on the German TV without knowing that when and where the pictures had been taken). Felt embarrassed and therefore went around and used intoxicants to get rid of my troubles and to show the people that I don't care and won't break down despite their efforts).

24 Jan.

Nothing special to report. Went to the USA Playhouse to the "Pajama Game"; was surprised how well it was played. During the intermission a stranger, an American, unexpectedly told me "Good evening !" and I could not get rid of the feeling that several people there knew me.

25 Jan.

The birthday of my daughter. Wrote a letter to her on my typewriter. This letter contained a certain phrase (My home is my castle) and aprx. half an hour later, while having my lunch at a German restaurant ([] had suggested it as a good one) the local German broadcasting station repeated this phrase literally - I almost jumped from my seat (since there were similar instances later, i.e. when I wrote something in my private letters to my family at home and heard the same thought on the radio almost immediately afterwards, I had to assume that there must be a "secret eye" in my apartment which watches even for my writing). This increased my bewilderment considerably. When I asked [] about some explanation how this could be achieved, he derided me and told that he had met some aged women who had complained about "radar" disturbing their thoughts (implying that I, too, am getting senile and fuzzy minded). - In the afternoon I had Mr. & Mrs. NOELL as my guests to celebrate the birthday of my daughter. We had a very pleasant chat; I told them about my life and they seemed to be impressed by the Latvian tragedy as shown by my fate. Later in the evening I went to the Opera House which showed "La Traviata"; for the first time I felt free my my inhibitions and fears

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of the crowd during the intermissions.

26. Jan.

Went to a newly opened store on Kzi Taunus Street which displayed Polish applied arts items and bought there a gift (was surprised when a couple weeks later this store had been closed for some reason). Bought the poem of the Austrian poetess, BACHMANN Ingeborg, "Der Gute Gott von Manhattan" (there had been an article in Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung about this book which attracted my attention). Was very surprised to find in this book here and there almost exact description of some of the most intimate thoughts and incidents re my marriage - it was like the author had had firsthand info about the love story of my wife and me while my wife was studying in Philadelphia. I was amazed as never before - just could not believe my eyes - and went immediately to my neighbors, the NOELLS, to ask them what they knew about this young poetess (they did not know; nobody seemed to know anything definite about this poetess when I inquired later about her).

27 Jan.

Still went around rather dizzy from the shock experienced on the previous day. When I visited Cafe Kranzler later on the evening could tell almost with certainty that some of the patrons there knew about my state of mind - there was much laughter and it even seemed that some snapshots were taken of me.

28 Jan.

Had again discussion with [] about my future (raise of my salary - it could come only after I had worked for six months there and if some results would have been achieved; as to my wife's work [] stated that it could be arranged only as an exception, not on the regular basis). He instructed me to go to Heidelberg to interview there a recent repatriee from Latvia, to concentrate on positive info. [] suggested also that I should do some sightseeing there - visit a famous

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German student inn "Roter Oxe" there. Got from [] accept to meet a German acquaintance of mine, ^{REHAWKEYE} Dr. Johannes BECKER (had met him at the International Students House in Wash., D.C. on the summer of 1956; got his address from my cousin, Miss Lorena JANSONS, who visited him in the fall of 1956); met him at his office at the Landwirtschaftliche Rentenbank in Fran^{kfurt} where he seemed to have a important post - he recalled me only vaguely, nevertheless was very friendly and we agreed that I would visit him at his home later.

29 Jan.

Went by train to Heidelberg, checked in at the Neckar Hotel (very nicely located on the bank of the Neckar River; rather cheap and good service). Found the a/m inn "Roter Oxe" which was crowded by Americans and some students of various nationalities. Got involved in conversation with a group of ladies who allegedly had arrived from New York. In their company was a young Dutchman, EICHHOLTZ Peter (gave his home address as 'S Grave Landseweg 3 d, Hilversum, Holland), who later took care of me - told that he is studying hotel business in Heidelberg. He was an extremely friendly chap who had a wonderful humor. He brought me to another students' inn, "Seppi", where he introduced me to ^{his} German fellow student, Manfred, and we spent together some fine hours. Later Peter E. told me to visit their exclusive bar "Aquarium" the next day. - The whole town seemed to be in a happy mood because of the fasting time. I must confess that I got influenced by this mood considerably - the following three days were really outstanding in this respect; at times I almost lost my sense of reality because of the strange things that happened.

30 Jan.

Interviewed George R. who allegedly had left Latvia a couple weeks before. His aged father seemed to be mentally disturbed (had lost recently his wife and afterwards spent some time in mental hospital), showed an antagonistic attitude toward me at the beginning. Therefore I decided to interview George R. at my hotel room

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later (I should mention that I introduced myself as a Latvian journalist, Hugo BERGS from Munich; had registered at the hotel as such, too - though strangely enough - the hotel clerk did not ask for my personal documents). George R. arrived in my hotel room in the afternoon and I interviewed him for five hours (see my C.R.). He was very reluctant to come out with any specific info; as the cause of his reluctance he mentioned the fact that his wife and children are still in Latvia though probably would arrive in Germany after 3-4 months. However, at times he made obviously wrong statements and I started even to doubt whether he is an actual recent repatriee, i.e. whether this case had not been invented by our organisation ~~in order~~ to test my capability to interview people. Otherwise, he was a rather good-natured ~~man~~ man and amiable though at times it seemed to me that he had much fun out of these interviews (I deliberately played the role of a rather ignorant journalist in order to see what picture about the life in Latvia he would try to give me; when I started to question him more sharply he just switched to alleged ignorance - seemed to be much more clever than he pretended to be at first). In order to make him more cooperative and to test his personality I proposed ~~that~~ to go out with him in the town to meet my newly won student friends (in fact, it happened the next day).

Later this night I went to a/m "Aquarium" - it was rather difficult to find this hidden place which was located in the cellar of a restaurant - Peter E. was already there acting as a bartender. He introduced me to several other students (one Dieter LNU, allegedly from the University of Karlsruhe; a rather pretty girl Giesela - whose true first name was probably Angelica) and I had an interesting time to watch the young students to spend their time in dancing and conversation; they all behaved very well and I was truly surprised to observe no loose moral, no fast life there - they all seemed to belong a generation who knows its goals and is working diligently toward it. I told Peter E. that I would like to bring the next night a man with me here since the latter had just arrived from behind the Iron Curtain and it would be nice to get him mix with all these fine people (though I warned Peter E. that this man would probably try to become fresh with some of the girls since the

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Soviet propoganda had told him that the morality is very low among the West~~ern~~ German girls; PEter thought that it would be O.K.).

31 Jan.

Went to George R's home, bought there a miniature painting from his father (the latter offered many other art objects for sale; it came out that he had worked for a Soviet general in East Germany after WW II before he had moved to GFRG, then went for a stroll with George trying to overcome his initial reluctance by friendly chat. George R. repeatedly stated his surprise about the gaiety and easy attitude toward the life here compared with the drab and joyless life in Soviet Union; I sensed that step by step he became more relaxed and enjoyed the situation. - Afterwards I went to a cafe where I started conversation with an Iranian student and a German professor of philology - and again it seemed to me that these people somehow know me (and like me - that was what surprised me very much; it was as if the whole scene had suddenly changed to the better, that my nightmares had finally come to an end). Later in the afternoon George R. arrived in my hotel room, I interviewed him for aprx. two hours and then went together with him to the a/m "Aquarium" (I secretly already enjoyed the disappointment George R. would have there re his expectations as to the German "fast girls"). He was very suspicious at first, probably suspecting me to take him to a clandestine place of the CIC, and I had great fun to observe his clumsiness when among the nice young people of his own blood. Peter E. seemed to have arranged all very well - at least the gaiety was great and should have made George R. rather perplexed; he seemed to become aware that all this is a big joke played upon him though he took it rather heroic only now and then trying to find out what is going on here in reality (my role was an easy one since I myself was rather puzzled by all the happenings at the "Aquarium" and later at the nightclub "Oaze"; nevertheless I got strenghtened in my belief that Peter E. is not a chance meeting and that he would know how to handle this situation. I observed, too, that Peter E. has some money at his disposal and is very meticulous to be fair when paying the common bills

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- all this seemed to indicate that he is either in connection with our organization or some friendly one). Besides, at the "Cafe" our trio (Peter, [] & I) were joined by a young couple, Valentine & Eva, allegedly of ethnic German descent from Canada and good friends of Peter. Then there was a young woman, Lorena LNU, who claimed to be a student at some school of interpreters in Heidelberg (^{was allegedly} ~~and~~ a half Russian) though later I observed here as working as a call girl at the "Cafe"; she was rather friendly to Peter and the next day Peter tried to encourage me to take her as my "girl" (with no success, of course).

Besides while waiting at my hotel lobby for George R., the radio there played at 1700 a tune which confused me great deal since the text of it seemed to be ready-made for my family - it even had the nickname of my wife "Chubbles" and described exactly the poor living conditions we had had some years ago (it was like written by ED's wife who invented this nickname); it came from the AFN.

1 Feb.

Used this Sunday for my pleasure- had started to like Heidelberg very much, felt there like I had been in my own student years (now I would say that from here on I experienced a strange change in me - was overcome by an exuberant feeling of strength and vigor, felt sometimes as a teenager and could not believe that it was true; it was like a change in my whole personality). - Had a stroll together with George R. but the latter did not feel well - the previous night had been too eventful for him (had the feeling that he felt annoyed by all this carnivalistic approach; in any case he had lost his previous arrogance, was meeker now after this cold-hot treatment I gave him). - Besides, at some small restaurant I met a young Finn who was together with two other young people; they all seemed to be in a very gay spirit - though they talked Swedish I got the impression that they discussed the experience I and George R. had had the previous night. I started a conversation with the Finn after George R. had left; it came out that he is working in Fran, too

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Friend of Richard C. HURLEY
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(allegedly for the Americans there), and was ready to take me by car back to Fran -
Acquaintance of AERHAWKEYE
I refused since I wanted to go to a theater (his name: *Ch. Finlund* ~~POTIKAINEN~~, Ero; home
address: Helsinginkatu 6 B 42, Helsinki, Finland). After the theater - it played
"Eine etwas sonderbare Dame" with Lil DAGCOVER (she was excellent !) - I went again
to "Aquarium", had a longer chat there with a/m Manfred and got him interested in
a book of poems of a/m Ingeborg BACHMANN - he was very surprised to find such fine
poetry in German, it made us good friends despite our age difference (left this book
with him to pass it along among his fellow-students). By now I thought being on
the right way to get easily acquainted with the younger generation of the Germans
and had lost my usual shyness and inhibitions; observed also that I can consume
rather large quantities of alcohol without getting intoxicated. Additionally, I felt
that the people like my way of acting as an American - it was as if immediately
created gaiety and laughter wherever I went (and I felt that it was of great impor-
tance during these gloomy months of the Berlin crisis - to get the people to forget
their troubles, to have a hearty laugh - though on my expense). Together with
Peter, Lorena and one Brigitte (claimed to attend a school for beauticians; was a
girl friend of a/m Manfred) we went to "Rinzenstube". There I met for the second
time an American Negro, called Giorgio - he told that he had served with the US
Army for 17 years - who somehow seemed to me very likeable (by now I had also lost
my former prejudices against the Negroes - now they were fellow Americans to me) and
who seemed to know me somehow.

2 Feb.

Returned to Fran. There was a letter from PETERSON awaiting me - its text did not
make much sense to me (when [] read it he seemed to understand it but did not
bother to explain it to me) since it contained a threat to start some action if
something won't be stopped. The only thing I was able to imagine was that he had
been informed about ANNA's mother visiting me and now tried to stop this contact.
It was strange that [] did not permit me meet with PETERSON in Sweden as the

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latter insisted (when I asked PETERSON later to visit me in GFR he refused to do so using some very unconvincing pretext of not being able to do it). - When [] debriefed me about my trip to Heidelberg I saw again that he does not believe me when I told him about my experiences with the students - he thought that I had acted as I did because of my interest in the German girls (I only enjoyed their company but had no other intentions; [] seemed to lack the understanding for these finer points). During our conversation [] surprisingly told me also not to send letters to my wife and not to lie ^{to} her ! He was dead wrong since I longed for my wife as never before during our last seven years - wanted to share with her my newly won happy mood and self-confidence.

4 Feb.

Worked on reports at home.

5 Feb.

In the evening I visited the BECKERS - was introduced to his very charming wife. They had been married in the summer of 1958 and now she was expecting their first child. Their small apartment was very well furnished and it seemed that this family is a very happy one (besides, they were devoted Catholics). Judging by Dr. BECKER's behavior toward me I had to assume that he understands perfectly well what I am doing in Germany - I could not get rid of the feeling that he is working along the same lines though had an excellent cover. He seemed to be really interested in my wellbeing and afterwards we all three met now and then and had a very good time together. In any case Dr. BECKER made the impression as being a very capable young man who is going to make an excellent career (had graduated from two universities). He showed no sign of German arrogance, on the contrary - he frequently stated his admiration for the American way of life, was very pleased by the efforts of ADENAUER to overcome the age old controversies between the Germans and the French. Mrs. BECKER seemed to be the ideal German housewife though she, too, was of high intelligence

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(not the Gretchen type). - After this visit I made a longdistance phone call to PETER in Stockholm since I had received I puzzling letter from him. When I reached him by phone it came out that he had heard rumors (which were traced to Mrs. ^{*}OSE - ^{Sweden} ^{AEPHAWKEIE} LEIJA in Hallstahammar, who had been with me in the forests in 1945) that I intend to return to Latvia; now PETER sounded relaxed and told me that it had been a mixup and I should ignore his letter as written in great excitement (this behavior of PETER seemed rather strange to me but it did not bother me for long since at that time I had been already accustomed to all kind of surprises; nevertheless, it increased my suspicions that something is going on behind my back, that [] knows it but would not tell me since it was a part of a project - probably in order to confuse the Soviets as to my true intentions).

6 Feb.

My landlady, Mrs. Brigitte von NAGO, and Mrs. SCHLUSNUS arrived in my apartment to take some measures for the redecorating of the apartment at the end of the month (when I should move out).

7 Feb.

Was instructed by [] to interview Mr. KARLSON on 9/10 Feb. in the apartment of HERBERT. He told me to work with Mr. KARLSON two full days and to take precise notes as to the positive info, mainly military objects. I should this time be very pertinent and not display any friendly attitude since otherwise the CI people would have difficulties with him afterwards. [] warned that Mr. K seemed by now to be established as a Soviet agent - had expressed his willingness to return to Latvia as our agent (which indicated that there is something foul with him). [] himself would be out of town and instead I should contact with [] who would take him over after I would have finished my interrogation. [] stressed also that I should handle this case very carefully since much depends on it even as to my work here. - As I had done already before the meeting with ANNA's mother,

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I asked again whether it won't be possible to use a hidden tape recorder for this interview with Mr.K since it is much more efficient, no details would be lost and much more info could be gathered in this manner. [] refused to consider such possibility (at some instance several months later he told me that I am not in a position yet to use such devices, implying that these are classified; in my opinion here was too much stress on security versus efficiency. In any case I assumed that some listening device would have been installed in HERBERT's apartment anyway without my knowledge thus our organization would get the full text of our meeting with Mr.K anyway).

7 Feb.

Got a phone call from PETER from Stockholm - he explained to me the a/m strange letter he had sent ~~xxxx~~ and urged me to read a certain article in Latvija (when I got it later it made not much sense to me only puzzled me still more; in August PETER told me that there had been an article containing news about BRAKSHIS in this issue). Got some more briefing from [] re Mr.KARLSON.

In the evening I took the BECKERS to the "Pajama Game" to the US Army theater; they liked this play very much.

8 Feb.

Worked some five hours, presu bly on the intercepted letters as well as prepari g myself for the interview of Mr.KARLSON on the next day. - Late in the night went to the nightclub "Sie" at the Hauptwache where I became acquainted with a barmaid Elfi (allegedly from Israel) - one of the nicest in Fran - and had a pleasant chat with her. Some other late guests seemed to arrive just in order to keep an eye on me here.

9 Feb.

Picked up Mr.KARLSON at the entrance of Hotel Wiesbaden, went to HERBERT's apartment

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and interviewed him there for eight hours. He told me that he just had finished to write a lengthy report about his past during his several days stay at the hotel and that he is pleased to be at my disposal now - that it seems to him like a rest after all this writing. However, I sensed a distinct change of his attitude toward me: it was not as co-operative and he showed an almost careless attitude, minimized frequently the importance of what he told me as if having fun about my efforts to get info from him. Very frequently he insisted that he had been too short time in Latvia after his release from Siberia to make any observations. In fact - he was not reluctant to come out with answers but he definitely waited first for my questions; I had to pin him down and use the info he had given me previously about his movements and contacts. My impression was that by now he knew that he is being distrusted and played now according to the instructions given to him by the Soviets. - We made an interruption for lunch which we took at some old inn around the corner. Here our conversation was presumably watched by an elderly gentleman (spoke English, seemed to be an American) and a pretty girl who both took seats not far from us; I had the feeling that they are on purpose here, probably to watch for some surveillance put on us by the Soviets.

10 Feb.

Continued with my interrogation of Mr.K, stressing especially the military topics. Here he showed some reluctance, dodged the questions, showed his difficulties of map reading. During this interview there was an interesting episode (not mentioned in my C.R.): Mr.K mentioned that he had spent a very difficult time at a forced labor camp in Dzheskasgan (T), I took the ^{Latvian Author} book by ~~A. SCHILDE~~ ^{A. SCHILDE}, "The Profits of Slavery", found there a photograph of a group of Latvians in Dzheskasgan, showed it to Mr.K and watched for his reaction. It was as if he had been struck by a lightning - sat there in the chair and just stared at this picture for quite a time. For a moment I was even ^{afraid} ~~xxxxxx~~ that he would break out in tears or some kind of hystery. However, to my question whether he knows some of the people shown in this photo, he denied it.

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On the other hand he made some corrections as to the info given in this book about this vicinity (remarked that some ore, mentioned in this book, is not been found near Dzheskasgan). At the end of this meeting I gave him a book of poetry, "Uz Vairoga" (On the Shield), by Andrejs EGLITIS, to read it at night when back in the hotel (it seemed to me a very suggestive and anti-Communist book; was interested in Mr.K's reaction). Next day he told me that it has moved him so deeply that he could not sleep until 0400. All this showed to me that he is very sensitive, has probably experienced great sufferings under the Soviets and still might be willing to come over to our side if properly treated. - During our lunch at the same old inn our neighbors at the table seemed to be of the same kind as the day before; this time they exchanged some kind phrases with us. I had the feeling that Mr.K was tense, not at ease while in public though his behavior was polite and normal - he seemed to be in good command of himself. Besides, he was quite impressed by the great gaiety prevalent during these days in Fran - mentioned that in his opinion the people here have too much fun, don't work as hard as in the Soviet Union (it implicated that there is something decadent in this careless attitude).

11 Feb.

Continued the interrogation of Mr.K for approx. four hours. This time he seemed to become impatient especially when I tried to pin him down on specific military installations (later, when talking over with GEORGE this meeting, the latter asked whether Mr.K did not use the tactics to elicit from me some info, too, by persistently waiting first for me to mention something about a specific site. It was just that - and since GEORGE asked me this before I had submitted to him my C.R. about this meeting it was rather clear to me that he already knows all what had been talked between me and Mr.K. At the end of this meeting I made some error as to handing Mr.K over to the CI people - and [] who suddenly had reappeared on the scene (was in the office when I called up there), was rather angry about this mixup.

Same day had a longdistance call to ANNA's mother - the latter had indicated in

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her recent letters that ANNA would again go for a trip abroad, this time as a legal tourist; in this connection ANNA's mother wanted to meet me again. We agreed that I would meet on 21 February in Hamburg.

12 Feb.

Sent an additional note to ANNA's mother re the a/m meeting. Got a unpleasant letter from my wife (who in fact repeated the same [] had told me on 3 Feb. - that I should not send her any letters because they are a poor substitute for a true love \diamond and was quite depressed about it since it showed that she still does not believe in me despite all my efforts and best intentions. - There was another funny incident which showed that too many people know me in Fran - when I called up the coal company which supplied coke for my furnace, the woman who answered me recognized me by my voice before I even had told her who is talking (and it was only the second or third time I called up this company !). And my neighbor, Mr. NOELL, remarked that the Western policy for the time being seems to him too much fasching-like - it sounded like an indirect reproach also re my way of life recently.

13 Feb.

Had a longer discussion with [] re the expected trip of ANNA. [] told me that again I won't be able to meet ANNA by myself since it is assumed (by the HQs) that ANNA would try to recruit me, possibly using my parents as a pressure upon me. Such assumption, i.e. that somebody assumes that I could defect, offended me quite a lot but on the other hand I knew that my knowledge about all this case is very limited and that [] would handle it better when it comes to a showdown. - Besides, from the letters my sister in Australia had received from my father I saw that my father is in rather close contact with ANNA (one letter even stated that my father knows that I had left my family for one year (!) and that he is quite concerned as to my situation and worried as to the hardships of my wife; all this implied that he - and the Soviets, too - was surprisingly well informed about my life). This fact

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bothered me very much though I tried to ignore it. Nevertheless during my whole stay in Germany I had the feeling of being much closer to Latvia and the fate of my beloved ones there; instead of inspiring me it took off from my strenght considerably - in the USA I had succeeded to live as if my parents were already non-existent. On the other hand there were paragraphs in my father's letters which clearly indicated that he gives me his blessings, tries to keep up my spirits by recounting the achievements of my ancestors.

14 Feb.

Made a long distance call to my wife who sounded again rather sceptical as to the family reunion in Germany - was worried about the schools of our children there, our future residence in the city atmosphere in Fran.

15 Feb.

Worked on my reports.

16 Feb.

Met with [] and asked again him about the raise of my salary since it now was quite clear that I cannot make the ends meet living on \$ 100 (in 1957 I had been able to live on this amount but now all the circumstances were different - I had been full of anxiety and confused about all the strange happenings around me which made me spend much more since I felt that I have to be among people in order to escape from the terrifying loneliness). As usual [] was evasive, asked for more production on my part. - Late in the evening went to the concert of Louis ARMSTRONG which was a great success; was especially moved by his interpretation of the old German song "The Faithful Husar" - it seemed that even he knew about my tragicomic situation, my longstanding love to my wife. And I witnessed how much goodwill can be created by such an excellent musician among the younger generation, how efficient was such approach through music in Europe. Felt very proud of being an American

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now myself. - After the concert met unexpectedly the BECKERS at the Hauptbahnhof; it was as if Dr. BECKER had known where I will be, that he is informed about my movements and I was strengthened in my assumption that he either works for us or some German agency which is responsible for my security.

17 Feb.

Went to the local German Chamber of Dentists (Zahnaerzteskammer), met there Mr. BALDUS and discussed with him the possibility to find a job for my wife in the German economy. After initial reluctance he said that it would probably be possible to find a way to grant her the permission (his reasoning was quite interesting: he told me that in general GFR does not recognize the USA diplomas since the USA does not recognize the German diplomas; now, however, the German-American relations had been improved considerably and therefore this matter could be probably decided positively). - Later I went to a radio shop to take home after some re-adjustment my new (in fact it was very old) radio receiver I had got from [] already at the shop I detected that it worked completely irregularly - did not respond to the turning of the knobs in the usual way - and at home I often got the impression that not I but somebody else ("the engineer") was directing what kind of program I should receive (even [] expressed his surprise about this funny radio though - judging by his smile - he probably knew what is wrong with it).

18 Feb.

Met [] and discussed with him about my future meeting with ANNA's mother. [] instructed me to tell her frankly that we are not interested in her meeting with ANNA, i.e. consider it as a purely private business and therefore won't support her on this trip financially. Further I should tell her that this is probably the last chance for ANNA to go abroad and therefore he should defect to our side now. I had to find out also the date and place where they would meet and should report it back to [] in Fran as soon as I could. - Sent a letter to PAUL in Hamburg asking

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him to meet at the pre-arranged place on 24 Feb. Sent another letter to Miss HE333 Irene in Luebeck telling her that I would visit her on same day.

19 Feb.

Met [] got advance for my trip to Hamburg and a strange advice from him: he said that I would possibly meet during my stay in Hamburg a female journalist who is connected with our agency though officially works at some seamen's club (or something like that); that I should watch out for her and not make any use of my position with our organization if I encounter her, implying that I should not make love to her. It was really an advice which again offended me and at the same time showed clearly that [], i.e. our organization is still trying to check my loyalty toward my wife (and now all the previous happenings, i.e. my encounters with Mrs. Patricia BURKE aboard S.S. United States, the call-girl Maria in Hamburg's SH - see 11 Nov. and similar instances made a sense to me - they all fitted in this pattern and I had at that time great fun to see through all these rather clumsy efforts to lead me in temptation, to play on my sexual desires).

20 Feb.

Went by train to Hamburg, checked whether ANNA's mother had arrived (her train had been delayed; she arrived only late at night) at the hotel where I had made reservations for her. As soon as I had arrived at the SH, got a phone call from Hildegard (see 12 Nov.) who asked for [] told that there is some urgent matter and she has to see me if [] is not there. I agreed though already then I wondered how did she now to call up this number as soon as there appeared light in the windows of this apartment (later it happened again, i.e. such calls as soon as I had arrived there; apparently it was to impress me of the excellent arrangement here). She arrived and it came out that the emergency was very trivial - she needed DM 50 to buy some new shoes, told a touching story how miserable is her financial situation. Since I knew her as a spotter employed by [] I felt obliged to help her out -

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gave her the amount she asked and took her to a good restaurant ("Fiesta de Mallorca") for a hearty supper. She complimented me that I had changed in my personality considerably to the better (and I got the same impression of her) and I sensed that she is interested to give me a good time. Since I expected to have a difficult day with ANNA's mother tomorrow, I was genuinely glad to have some distraction in the company with Hildegarde. Later we both went to some other places where there was dancing. At the "Don Juan" she even managed to kiss me publicly though I told her that I am a married man and would not kiss her (this was the point where I was nearest to give up my self-imposed abstinence - she kissed damned well and gave every sign that she would be ready to make love to me for just asking). I was embarrassed because there were again some guests who seemed to watch carefully for my behavior; on the other hand I cannot deny that I liked the warmth and kindness she displayed toward me). At that time I got an idea how to exploit Hildegarde in my dealings with ANNA's mother. As I saw it there was great chance that ANNA's mother would report to ANNA every detail she knew about me and my family - and this could possibly lead to some steps of the enemy, could endanger my family. In order to give a wrong picture, to mix up the true situation (i.e. my great devotion to my wife) I would pretend to ANNA's mother to be disappointed with my wife and using the time here in Germany in fast life with the German girls. Therefore I proposed that Hildegarde arrives next day at the hotel where ANNA's mother is staying and we both would dance there in the ball room at a time when ANNA's mother, too, would sit there and wait for me. Somehow Hildegarde did not like this proposal - it seemed that she knows something about my true business, did not want to get mixed up in it and was almost offended that I try to use her as a bait (she seemed to have a genuine affection for me now). ^hough all this might sound as a justification of myself for my improper behavior the truth is that I was strong enough to resist all the temptation and at the same time act as if I were weak and ready to surrender to female charms - I sort of felt that my "guardian angels" have great fun watching all this happening and I had my fun, too, of this clowning (though now I feel sorry because there has

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been apparently some false interpretation as to my acting; at least my wife sees nothing funny in it). Brought Hildegard by taxi back to her residence without any other attempts to continue this play; she insisted to visit me again at the SH on the next day - I accepted it since I thought she would change her mind and participate in my small plot intended for ANNA's mother.

21 Feb.

Called up ANNA's mother at her hotel, later spent some seven hours with her mostly strolling around the town and/or sitting in the "Alster Pavillion" (see my Special Report about our discussions). At 1900 & 2000 waited in vain for PAUL at the two pre-arranged places (later it came out that PAUL had mixed up the dates - his explanation was not convincing - it seemed to me that somebody had in fact instructed him not to meet me while ANNA's mother was in town). Told ANNA's mother that I am too busy to meet her again this day - because I wanted to soften her up, to make the impression that her case is not allimportant to me and that I have plenty to do with other cases, too. Around 2100 Hildegard arrived in the SH obviously suffering from a hangover caused by the wine consumption the previous day. Went with her to the "Hofbraeuhaus" at the Dammtor RR station since there was a possibility that PAUL would have gone there to meet me. Here I observed that Hildegard showed distinct dislike for the barmaid there, a/m Gretchen (I got the impression that ~~with~~ each is working for a different boss, possibly different organizations - my guess was that Gretchen works for the Germans but Hildegard for the Americans. Afterwards - still continuing my role of a halfdrunk, fast-living American (in case the Soviets were trailing me in connection with my meetings with ANNA's mother). Already while waiting for PAUL at the "Exoten Clause" I had become acquainted with a callgirl there (at least she acted that way), Vivian, who seemed to me a good replacement for the reluctant Hildegard; Vivian told me that she would be later at the nightclub "L'Amor" on the Steindamm. Now I went there, did not find her but started to chat with the local callgirls - Helga & Brika. Since by that time I had "got the swing",

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I became too free-spending (it was the only time I was not able later to figure out how much did I spend here - guess it amounted to aprx. DM 200 ! - and suspected even that some money was stolen from me or I was cheated by some fictitious bill; at one instance I detected a rather impressive error made by the bartender who apologized very much). In any case it was the week President Eisenhower had proclaimed to be that of the brotherly love and I in fact felt some brotherly love for these girls who had to work under all these demoralizing circumstances, displaying their body and playing on the instincts of the men. I felt that they were grateful to me for my friendly, relaxed attitude and my respect for them as persons, not just items for fun and pleasure. It was quite late in the night (or rather early in the morning) when I wanted to bring one of the girls (Erika) home since she had complained how difficult is her work here, how she is bothered by the men; she asked me to wait for her at the closing of this place. However, when I did so while she went to change her clothes, the doorman asked me to leave the nightclub immediately and when I resisted, he took me in his arms and brought me out of this place like a small child. It must have been quite a sight when I landed on the sidewalk and I had some difficulties to not to lose my temper. - I should add that the whole time I was sober - it was the funny feeling as I myself watched my behavior all the time knowing exactly what was going on and still exposing me to the ridicule of the other patrons and the management of this spot because it all fitted very well in my scheme.

22 Feb.

Got a phone call from [] in Fran, reported to him in short the results of my first conversation with ANNA's mother the most important thing being that ANNA would come out to Finland, not Berlin as expected (and [] remarked with surprise that this makes the whole situation rather complicated). Afterwards spent some seven hours with ANNA's mother again strolling around the town. Between 1990-2000 I again was waiting in vain for PAUL (met him at last the next day). Then I had my final conversation with ANNA's mother who at that time had become quite impatient and

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disturbed by my apparent negligence to discuss in earnest her meeting with ANNA. Our discussion ended at midnight; afterwards I again went to a nightclub("Pigalle" across the Hauptbahnhof) and spent a couple hours there to get my mind off the whole mixedup case of ANNA. - When late in the night I returned at the SH the UKW Nordfunk played a very touching tune ("Die Rose von Novgorod" - as I found it out later) which moved me very deeply because it seemed to depict my own situation so well, i.e. that of my wife.

23 Feb.

Took the same early morning train by which ANNA's mother returned to her hometown thus accompanying her until Luebeck. There I visited again Miss HESS Irene and Mrs. KUNCITE Olga - made a deal with the latter buying from her the a/m painting for \$ 250 on installments (her acquaintance, Mr.Von BERG, made a draft of this transaction which I signed). Besides, Miss HESS corresponded with a Latvian lady-dentist in Gothenburg (Mrs.KAUKILIS ?) and the latter had told ANNA's mother about my previous visit in Luebeck - I did not like it since ANNA's mother seemed to know already too much about me and my activities. - As during my previous visit in Luebeck I had again the impression that quite a few people there recognized me and displayed their affection in some way or other about my coming here - I guess they felt that I am trying to keep up their morale and thus they showed their gratitude for ~~it~~ sticking with them during these critical times

Returned in time to Hamburg to meet PAUL. He had ~~nothing~~ not much to report to me, seemed worried and not very devoted to his tasks. At this time I was almost out of money, could pay only part of his monthly salary to him (sent the rest by mail to him later from Fran). To cheer him up I took him again to the "Hofbracuhaus" (or went alone there - cannot recall).

24 Feb.

Took a TEE train to Fran. During the five hours ride I frequently had again the

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feeling that some of the passengers recognized me. By now I sensed it almost immediately by the way they used to talk and behave though now it seemed to me that they had lost the previous malicious attitude toward me - had changed to a friendly, uplifting tone as if they were my secret friends. Especially surprising was to me the fact that, while I was sipping beer at the restaurant car, there was a German-speaking lady (together with another younger woman) who strikingly resembled my mother when the latter was still beautiful and full of vigor; even the way this lady smiled and held her head reminded me of my beloved mother and I sat there for hours watching her with sorrow mixed with joy; I assume that she felt it and probably misinterpreted my staring (though she was around 50). Somehow I felt also that she sympathizes with me, that we would easily get acquainted and become good friends if not for the security barriers which parted us and made such contact impossible (later I experienced the same feeling of futility, of obstacles arising from the kind of my job which prevented me to come in touch with people I felt I would like to know very much). - After this dreamlike voyage - I would say that here for once I truly started to lose my sense of reality - I came to Fran with barely more than \$ 1 and had no place to go because the movers had taken out all the furniture from my old apartment and the new one was still empty. Therefore I went to the Ambassador Arms Hotel and after some initial resistance by the hotel desk (had no travel order only my AGO card) got a room. Besides, a good joke happened here when I was asked about my rank - did not know it myself but when it came out that it was equivalent to GS 11 the receptionist treated me like a bigwheel probably thinking that I am only acting as to my ignorance about my status.

25 Feb.

[] debriefed me about my meeting with ANNA's mother, reproached me mildly about my contact with Hildegard (now it came out that she was the journalist [] had warned me to watch out !). Afterwards I went to the theater which played "Das Himmelsbett" (The Four Posters) - it was an excellent show, especially

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the performance of Johanna WIGMANN was outstanding. It recalled in my memory many things of my marriage and had such effect upon me that at times I had difficulties to breathe because of my emotions (the pretty, Italian-looking girl sitting next to me should have surely observed my excitement).

26 Feb.

Had an argument at the Ambassador Arms Hotel about my longdistance call to Lancaster (had not properly read the hotel instructions - thought that the charge should be 15 % less though in fact it was 15 % more). Found the record of "The Rose of Novgorod" (later HERBERT teased me about this rather sentimental tune) and bought another by Edith PIAFF - when same night I played it at the BECKERS I had to jump again since at the end of a song she was whispering "L'Idiot" - and I certainly felt like a fool who had left his wife and now was almost losing his mind longing for her. All this moved me to write a letter to my wife and urge her to come to me as soon as possible (in this letter I tried also to explain to her why I had acted as I did.

27 Feb.

Finally my furniture arrived in the new apartment. Got an admonition from [] not to spend my money as freely as I had done (but I still saw no way out of my previous debts). Got this day off. There was a strange thing with my radio receiver - it did not play and I thought that it had been damaged by the movers. However, when one of them arrived later with some item he had forgotten it suddenly started to sound again though this man did not try to repair it only turned the knob as I had done (this strengthened my conviction that this receiver has been specially "doctored" by some engineer).

28 Feb.

Nothing important to report. Was almost choked by laughter caused by a notice in

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Stars & Stripes (a husband kicked his wife with his bare(!) feet in the back). It was a splendid spring day and I was in a very joyous mood because I sensed that the malicious attitude toward me had gone, people were friendly wherever I went (at times I even got the feeling that they compete with each other, especially the innkeepers, to show me their fondness; it might have be caused by the fact that I had bought the badge of the Brandenburg Gate of Berlin which was sold as a contribution for the people in West Berlin. I assume that the Germans were very pleased that an American, too, has it on his lapel - and later even Gen. Maxwell Taylor had it when visiting Berlin). Nevertheless, the day took a bad turn when I went for the supper to the Russian restaurant "Troika" - the service there was good and again I found there some Americans who seemed to know me; then the band started to play a song about Siberia and one of its members sung that Siberia, too, is "part of our homeland".- it was like a slap to me since I recalled the death of my oldest sister in Siberia three years ago; I left this restaurant as soon as I could and went instead to a German nightclub (though I had the best intentions to be thrifty with my money such happenings always brought me out of balance - and I had to find some escape from the tormenting thoughts).

1 March

Heard a very good sermon by the AFN. The theme was that God is the creator (by a coincidence - the child of the BECKERS was born on this day as it came out later) and that all the coincidences are in fact the great mystery of God - they should not puzzle us not bewilder. And again I could not help but think that even this sermon had been prepared for my benefit - to help me, to show me the right way and bring peace to my troubled mind. I have to confess that I took it very personally, felt as if my soul is undergoing some radical changes but at the same time it was like an overeager intrusion in my innermost thoughts, a strong outside pressure which offended me by its obtrusiveness. ~~xxxx~~ It was as if men should have taken over the role of God - though well-meant it seemed to me a too overt approach which

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made me feel like a toy in the hands of some fellow men with superior intelligence. My whole personality resisted against such attempt (if there was such in reality and not in my imagination alone then it should be clear to whom it might concern by now that it was overplayed, should have been gentler and slower, not as forceful and almost apparent as it was). Later I went for a long walk in the Taunus - as I always did when I had experienced great excitement and wanted to feel close to the Lord. At the Great Feldberg there were again some movie or TV people working and I got the impression - as I had had it at the "Haus of Begegnung" in Hamburg - that they are there in connection with my arrival there; that possibly some pictures were taken which included also me - since it was the only logical explanation how so many people seemed to know me by appearance alone. - When I returned home I observed that the radio did not play any of the hits this day - the program was very solemn as if in accordance with my thoughts of the mystery of life.

2 March

Nothing special to report. - However, there was a very strange coincidence again which puzzled my mind afterwards considerably. I had went to the Opera Cafe across the burned-out Opera House of Fran. As usual when I arrived at such public places the people there seemed to have fun about my appearance though I did not mind it anymore (was "conditioned" already). It was a sunny early spring day and I sat there for quite a while fixing my eyes in the direction of the Guillott Street since the park there looked especially attractive. Later I read in the newspapers that an international weapons smuggler from Riga (!), PUCHERT George, had been killed there by a bomb placed in his car on the same day and on the a/m street - almost under my eyes (allegedly it had been done by some French semi-illegal terrorist organization who persecuted persons collaborating with the Soviets and the Algerian terrorists). later I found similar instances of interception of Soviet agents in GFR cities and - was it only a coincidence ? - which I had recently visited, f.i. in Neumuenster, also in Osterode - as far as I recall - which I visi-

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ted later. These coincidences made me think that I might be used as a built-up Perry Mason - that in fact I had been sent to these places deliberately by the CI people prior to their final action, that my arrival there possibly made the Soviet agents insecure and/or brought them out ^{in open} in order to trail me). Later in the night I made an effort to get rid of my shadows (until now I always had the strong feeling that my "guardian angels" are close behind me or already posted in my route) - took all the professional steps by using darkness and deserted streets but to no avail; it seemed that this night they are even more alert (understandably so because of the a/m terror act). It saddened me - somehow I felt that this "kid-and-tiger" play was unfair toward me and went too far; that in fact there was no danger as to my security - I just sensed it.

3 March

Met [] , discussed the matter of ANNA. Afterwards went to the International Spring Fair of Fran only to get once more strengthened in my suspicions that now I could go wherever I wanted and ^{some} people knew me; it was truly a very efficient network (and now I could understand better Mr. KARLSON's statement that the people in Tcheka of Riga had told him that they are unable to get some work done in Fran by their agents). Received also a long letter from my wife who promised to be with me in 1- 2 months (she, too, thus made some empty promises - not I alone).

4 March

Had some difficulties to meet [] - could not reach him by phone and had to keep going around the town, calling to the office now and then. It seemed to be done on purpose, probably to display my smiling & funny face to the Frankfurterians (had to smile because of a/m letter from my wife and her promise to come soon). Observed that now even the people at the PX became hilarious when I appeared there. At home the jokers of the AFN people teased me by radio in such overt manner that there was no doubt anymore that they, too, are participating in this Shakespearean

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5 March

Went again to the Frankfurter Fair and spent several hours there. On [] suggestion filled out a PRQ I for my wife - [] ~~ARRIVED~~ promised to submit it to some acquaintance who would then start to do something about that. Late in the night went to the "Picasso" restaurant and consumed there a lot of beer watching the young Americans who watched me.

6 March

Met [] who said that he is going to ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ be away for two weeks; he gave me five intercepted letters - three of them showed that the writers (or addressees) had recently arrived in GFR but two were cases where it could be assumed that somebody is going to return from GFR to Latvia. During these two weeks I had to visit all these people and prepare C.R.s about these meetings. In case of emergency I should contact ALLAN. During my trip I should use my German passport issued in the name of BERGS Hugo and use as cover the story that I am a Latvian journalist who works as a free lance correspondent of Latvija and Leiks.

7 March

Went to Heidelberg late in the evening after having studied the a/m five letters. Spent the night there. - Besides, went again to "Aquarium" where I got back the book of poetry from Manfred (since the latter started to talk at some length about Spain and marital problems got the conviction that he, too, knows aprx. who I am) and said goodby to him and my other young friends there. Afterwards went to "Seppi" only to see that by now I had become quite popular there, too. Became acquainted there with a young American who allegedly served with the US Forces in the vicinity but judging by his behavior toward me it was rather clear that he had some connection with our organization. He suggested that I should visit "The Cave" - a student inn with very good jazz band; it was crowded with students of various nationalities and my a/m acquaintance was there, too. I guess

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we watched each other both pretending being more or less drunk.

8 March 1959

Went to the apartment of George R. in order to inquire whether his family had arrived from Latvia. Afterwards went by train to Mannheim to meet Mrs. MUCENIEKS who, according to the intercepted letters had recently returned from Latvia. She had in the meantime moved to Heidelberg ([] should have known this fact, i.e. her new address. Got the new address, met Mrs. MUCENIEKS - it came out that she had arrived from Latvia together with her two grown-up daughters. We agreed that I would visit them again the next evening when her husband, too, will be at home since it was quite clear that the women were very worried and almost frightened by my visit not knowing what they should tell me and how to behave.

9 March

Went back to Fran; met there with ALLAN on a street corner - he had to submit to me a letter. Bought a ticket for the ZECOT's concert (which took place two days later; I intended to have a private talk with him since he and his wife had visited recently Riga). Went back to Heidelberg ^{Residence: W. G. R.} and visited the MUCENIEKS - this time the whole family was together. Mr. MUCENIEKS was very friendly and co-operative (during this meeting I had a strong feeling that he had been told by somebody who I am) but Mrs. MUCENIEKS acted rather strange - as if under some pressure - and inquired that I present my journalist credentials because she was afraid that the info they would give me might endanger their security; her daughter seemed to disagree with her mother and showed no inhibitions on their own but respected the attitude of their mother. When I tried to take them all out to the town in order to cheer them up they refused. - Though I got some valuable positive info - especially from the oldest daughter who had graduated from the university in Riga and seemed to possess high intelligence - it clearly showed that I need some additional certificate for such cases where people distrust me. - I should add that Mrs. MUCENIEKS was not at

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all antagonistic toward me - on the contrary, seemed to like me very much because of my deep sympathies with her hapless past. It even seemed that she suffers of playing an unnatural role of formalistic attitude toward me ordered by some CI (German ?) people to test my wits in such unpleasant situation. - Besides, later I read in Leiks that SILDE Adelfs had interviewed these women obtaining aprx. the same info I had got. This fact strengthened my conviction that I had been sent there only to experience how it is when repatriees act this way.

Afterwards I went to the restaurant "An der alten Bruecke" and experienced there the most unpleasant kind of the indirect, malicious talk by a German speaker there (he touched several facts which reminded me about my contacts with the German girls in 1951 in GFR). It was a very rude, almost obscene performance but I did not lose my temper and pretended not to understand what is going on, stayed until the people started to leave and got the impression that at least some among them were ashamed about this whole show and sympathized with me. After two more beers at the "Prinzen Stube" - where I outlasted some "guardian angels" who apparently expected that I would get drunk there - went to my hotel (Huecker) and almost went up in smoke since my pillow caught fire from my cigarett.

10 March

Went back to Fran where I attended the a/m concert with ZECOCI. During the intermission met him behind the scenes hoping to have a conversation with his wife (whom I knew AEHAWKEYE from Latvia as a classmate of my oldest sister) but she had remained in Rome. Exchanged some words with ZECOCI - and again had the uneasy feeling that he somehow knows me already and had expected my visit - and submitted to him a note to his wife reminding her about the past and my sisters; thought that this would help me to approach her when I would get a chance to go for a trip to Rome. - Made a longdistance call to my wife who promised again to join me soon.

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11 March

Went by plane to Homburg, then by train to Ventorf where I met a recent repatriee, Mrs. Marie L. (prior to that I had again to present my German passport to the local German official in charge of the building where Mrs. Marie L lived; he even tried to prevent my visiting Mrs. M. L. but I had already got permission from the Main Office there). She made at first a very incoherent impression, jumped from one topic to another and in general made no sense - was apparently distrusting me at the beginning (and probably did not want to commit herself to interviewing because of the other persons present in the same room). Took her out to some cafe where she relaxed and changed completely her tone after a while when calmed down and had the feeling that nobody listens to our conversation. Judging by all this she had had much experience with the Soviets and their methods - had apparently found out that one of the best ways to escape from lengthy questioning was to pretend to be crazy and hysteric; in fact she was a very intelligent and wise person who was deeply concerned about the world struggle going on and thought that the West is ignoring the very efficient school system in the USSR, their drive for supremacy in the field of education. Her niece (Inara or Irene - both first names were used) was not at home thus I decided to re-interview both of them the next day. Besides, Mrs. M. L. mentioned that there is a lady-physician working at this camp who speaks Latvian (met this lady a couple days later in Luebeck as an acquaintance of Miss HESS Irene). Late in the night went to "Hofbrauhaus" which was again very crowded; at the bar observed some Americans who seemed to be there just in order to observe my conversation with the barmaid Gretchen.

12 March 1959

Went back to Ventorf, continued to interview Mrs. M. L. and her niece - the latter was very excited about my arrival and eager to furnish any info. They mentioned also that another Latvian had visited them day before I had appeared (later it came out ⁴⁷ that *CIPULIS A., Latvian YMCA worker in Hamburg, had interviewed them, too - apparently

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he was this a/m Latvian; it showed me that my G.Rs are being compared to reports prepared by our other agents). - I visited for aprx. one hour also another recent repatriee, Mr. Karl K., who had worked at some of Riga's most fashionable restaurants. He made a very unfavorable impression on me because he tried to feed me the usual Soviet propaganda about the present well-being in Latvia and other outright lies; on the other hand he tried to elicit from me info about the Latvian organizations in GFR (pretended that he needs some legal advice, complaining that the German authorities are putting many obstacles in his way of establishing her a new existence; several times stated even that he considers to go back to Soviet Latvia because of the poor living conditions here). I promised to re-interview him the next day at 1200. - Returned to Mrs. M. L. and proposed that we all three go to Hamburg to attend a piano concert given by a young American female pianist there; my intention was to cheer up both, to show them that there is great interest in cultural matters in the West, too (Mrs. M. L.'s niece had studied music in Latvia). The concert was very good and my companions enjoyed it very much, especially when the American girl played a composition Inara had played, too. Afterwards we sat in a small cafe and both my guests were very grateful for this evening (and I felt that it is the right kind to treat co-operative repatriees in order to obtain their full trust and to pay them back without offending their feelings). I hope I made them feel much better and more content with their decision to come to Germany (as I see it now in Laiks, Adolf's SILDE has also interviewed these people).

13 March

Went again to Ventorf, this time to interview a/m. Mr. K. K. Despite of our agreement to meet at 1200 sharp, he was out and I had to spend half an hour with his wife (besides, the letter was insufficiently clad - showed almost her bare bosom - while we were alone and I had the feeling that she is trying deliberately to play on my instincts; she changed her attitude when her husband arrived). Took them out to the same cafe for a good dinner and treated them very politely using my

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whole charm. Though now and then they repeated the usual Soviet line - and I felt that they almost knew it by heart, had been well instructed what to say - I sensed that they became step by step soft and grateful almost up to the tears (and by now I, too, could work myself up to such state of mind, could produce tears almost like switching on the light; however, at some instances - as in the case of Mrs.M.L. - when I sensed that there had been real misery in the past of these people, this trick played back on me and it was difficult for me to hide my sorrow for all these hapless victims of the Soviet cruelty). It was as if they had almost forgotten how it is to be a normal person, a guest again - they seemed to be well prepared against a hard, pertinent approach (because of their experience with the Soviet brutality) but weak and utterly unprepared when encountering sympathy and kindness. Thus when I mentioned that the next year I would possibly visit Riga as a tourist they stated quite frankly that I won't find the old Riga anymore nor the former spirit there - that it would be a completely different world from that I had known during free Latvia. It even sounded like an admonition, a warning not to go there. - Besides, the Ks had heard that there are some other repatriees from Latvia in this camp, asked me who they are - I denied any knowledge about them since I suspected the motivation of the Ks, did not want to reveal to them that I had met Mrs.M.L.

Returned to Hamburg, had difficulties to reach PAUL - spent some four hours waiting for him near his home (it was a very unpleasant vicinity; as I was later told by [] it was the part of the city known for its notorious street - off limits for Allied personnel - of the prostitutes). Later went together with him to the restaurant "Onkel Hugo" in St.Pauli; observed that PAUL again excused himself for a while as if going to the lavatory (since he did it every time we entered a restaurant I started to suspect that in fact he is calling up somebody in order to report where we are; there were some other oddities in his behavior which indicated that he might be coached by somebody - HERBERT ? - to act this way for some purpose).

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14 March

Went to Luebeck, met Miss HESS Irene, then visited Mr. ROZE Ilmars at his hospital. This time he seemed to be much better physically as well as spiritually - it was an almost unbelievable change in his whole appearance (he gave some credit for this to me - that I had pulled him out of a sort of stupor; he was now quite confident that he would sell the painting he owned and thus acquire money to start his laundry business). We agreed that next day I would take a look on the paintings he had with some German acquaintances (he claimed that his room in the Meesen Barracks had been ransacked during his absence and was not sure enough to keep there such valuable things). Later I went out with Miss HESS Irene who showed me some interesting buildings in Luebeck. She had also taken steps to ~~bring~~ provide me with cheap lodgings for this night with a German family known to her.

15 March

Met again with ROZE Ilmars who seemed to have a hangover from a party the day before - he acted a little strange as if knowing by now why I am interested in him and this time showed also his like for alcohol (besides, he choose in juke-box ~~the~~ my favorite tunes as if somebody had told him my taste, f.i. "Tom Dooley"). We inspected the paintings at the home of his German acquaintances and I saw how he skilfully exploited my presence there - it seemed that it increased his prestige considerably to be seen together with a fellowcountry man from the States. Afterwards I spent several hours with Miss HESS and Mrs. KUNCITE where we were joined by the Latvian lady-physician who was employed at Ventorf Refugee Camp. She, too, mentioned that the repatriee Karl K. had made a very unclear impression on her, that she suspected them as possible Soviet agents. I made here an error by admitting that I had visited this camp and interviewed some repatriees there (Miss HESS came to my assistance by starting to talk about my work as a journalist thus diminishing the impression that I am working for some IS; it seemed that she knows perfectly well my true occupation and mission and is connected with it in some ways - or at least wants to assist me in my tasks).

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Besides, Mrs. KUNCITE told me about the strange death of the former Latvian Colonel, BALODIS Nikolajs (who was contacted in 1950/51 by [] and in 1952 by [] it was quite a horror story (according to Mrs. KUNCITE he possibly had been murdered by an odd person who had pretended to be an American soldier; a large scale investigation had taken place by the German and American authorities in the Mosen Barracks where he had lived near the room of Mrs. KUNCITIS; when I asked Miss NESS about this case she thought that it was a natural death and that all the stories about it had been created by the hysteres of such women as Mrs. KUNCITE and a/m Latvian lady-physician (DALITE ?); [] too, when I told him about it, did not show any interest in this case which should be well known to him). - Returned to Hamburg and met there with FAUL for aprx. half an hour because of some additional info he had promised to furnish though had not got it.

16 March

Called up Mr. APMANIS (form. Latvian consul in Hamburg; had met him before at the "Haus der Begegnung") and told him about the repatriee Mr. K.K. from Ventorf since I had mentioned to the latter that Mr. APMANIS might give him some legal advice. Told Mr. APMANIS also that I had used an assumed name when visiting Mr. K.K. in case Mr. K.K. would refer to this meeting. Afterwards called up Mrs. Von RAFFAY and suggested that she invites the niece of Mrs. Marie L. to participate in the activities for youth taking place at the "Haus der Begegnung" (Mrs. Von RAFFAY was a little bit sceptical as to the reliability of such repatriees; later it came out that she had sent an invitation to this girl but the latter had not responded to it). - Went by plane back to Fran. Was very deeply moved by a program of the AFN which was based on the tune "Love me tender"; had to weep when I heard this xxzn broadcast since it reminded me of the record my wife had bought while in Philadelphia.

17 March

Went by train to Amberg via Nuremberg. Tried to contact in Amberg a Latvian man who was expected to return to Latvia to his wife (according to some intercepted letter []

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had given to me). Went three times to this address but could not meet him; the other inhabitants of this house seemed to be suspicious of my visits and again I had the feeling that the people in Amberg somehow knew my mission there. By that time I had begun to suspect that all my movements and tasks are in fact only an effort to desinform the Soviets, i.e. that our organisation played me out as a make-believe agent who would subtract the attention of the enemy from the true activities and/or to demonstrate that in fact there is no real intelligence activity going on in GFR but only desinformation about it. Was quite mad about all this and left Amberg in anger without any achievements there (and later [] said to my surprise that I had been right by doing so since there is no need to push the things when it seems that something is wrong there).

18 March

Went by train via Goettingen to Osterode in the Harz Mountains to meet the a Latvian from Latgale who indicated in the letters to his sister in Latvia that he intends to return to Latvia. Met this man (don't recall his name anymore) who was very pleased to meet a Latvian. It came out that he is an ardent Latvian patriot, an ex-soldier, who has no intentions to go back to Latvia (had apparently mentioned it in his letters home only in order to doublecross the Soviet censorship). Besides, he stated that his brother in Latvia had spent several years after WW II in Siberia but now was back in Latvia and had even joined the CP. One of his sisters had mentioned in her letters that there still exists a Latvian national partisan movement in Latvia (though he could not find this letter anymore). He was very friendly and suggested that we both visit an ethnic German from Riga, Latvia, whose mother had recently returned from Latvia as a repatriee and now was residing in Luebeck. This ethnic German, KALNING FWU, was now the owner of a small inn in Osterode and was very talkative and co-operative, too - furnished the address of his mother in Luebeck without any restraint and we talked for a while about the good old days in Latvia. The whole time I had again the feeling that both men had already known about my coming visit to Osterode - they were too friendly, did not show the usual reluctance to talk to a stranger in such sensitive matters; it was as if they had been instructed beforehand to give me any assistance and

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to treat me with respect. Since the Latvian from Latgale did not know how to send parcels to his mother in Latvia I promised him to write him later how it can be done (sent him from Fran the address of my acquaintance, Mr. ^{ALHAWKE} ~~DIKIS~~ ^{W.GER} Menvids near Kocln, who had announced in Latvijs that he deals with such matters). In any case he seemed to be satisfied with his life and work in Germany, had a nice wife and showed no signs that he would become a victim of the Soviet propaganda and return to Latvia (I did not prepare afterwards any C.R. about this case since nothing of importance was to report here).

19 March

Received again a puzzling letter from [] sent to the special postbox in Fran (and signed by his code name IGORS) - it was probably this letter - and not the previously mentioned - which threatened to undertake some steps if we won't stop some activities. GEORGE was back in the town - we met, I reported about my trips and together we consumed quite a lot of beer. He reproached me for calling up Mr. APMANIS and Mrs. Von RAFFAY in Hamburg and revealing to them that I had met some recent repatriees under an assumed name. It came out that [] only now is going to Finland to meet ANNA (though according to ANNA's mother ANNA would arrive in Finland around 15 March) - submitted to [] a short letter for ANNA which contained a verse by RAINIS and appealed to the patriotism of ANNA. Was instructed by [] to work on my reports and to visit regularly the postbox known by ANNA's mother for some additional info re ANNA's trip. - Late at night went to "Swing Bar" across the Hauptbahnhof where a callgirl Ingeborg (told that she is from Flensburg and a half-Negro (!)) made great efforts to seduce me publicly though with no success - I sensed that somebody in this bar, which was frequented mainly by Americans, had instructed her to break my resistance; nevertheless, her behavior was quite embarrassing and it was not easy for me to resist her temptations because of her skill).

20 March

Made again a longdistance call to my wife who promised to arrive before the school in America will end.

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21 March

Went to Von NASOS and submitted to Mr. Von NASO a play by EGLITIS Anslava, translated in German, for his inspection and opinion (thought that this play might interest the German audience and thus further the German-Latvian relations). In the evening the BECKERS took me to an international riding contest which was very well organized and turned out to be a good show of European-American solidarity, especially because of the military bands of different NATO countries. Again I had the strong feeling that the BECKERS are really concerned about my well being and morale; by now we had become rather close friends.

22 March

Attended a public concert in the "Palmengarten" (it was the name's day of my wife; the orchestra played among other things "Live Maria" and I could not help but feel that it was not only a coincidence since I had heard - and it happened also later - this piece of music also on other instances when my emotions were aroused) and in the evening went to the US Army theater which played two short shows of Menotti - did not like them since they were too thrilling. There was an American lady in the audience who seemed to be a celebrity; her appearance there aroused great attention. During the intermission I observed her more closely and got the impression that she might be Doris DAY (!) - the latter had visited Germany recently.

23 March

Still strolling around the town. Felt that I am emotionally too excited to work now regularly - that I am still in dark as to my real tasks and that the reports I had to write in fact were of no importance but only to kill my time and to show my qualifications. When I went this evening to the Idle Hour movie I could not get rid of the impression that quite a few Americans waiting there for the next show knew my story - all the people around me laughed and made some remarks which showed that I am not a stranger here (though they did not behave in a malicious way, on the contrary - seemed to like me and having fun about me and my broad smile which I could not control). The movie picture itself -

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"Some came running" with Frank Sinatra - resembled in some aspects my own life (Sinatra's sympathies toward the hapless wayward girl, his arguments with his intellectual fiancée) but what made me wonder most was how similar was the behavior, the acting of Sinatra to my own manners of speech, to my moods. Afterwards I spent several hours in "Storyville" where I often tried to figure out what is so impressive about jazz, why the young people feel so attracted by this ear-shattering music and wild rhythm.

24 March

Visited the Casino in Bad Homburg. Did not participate in gambling but watched the players there and tried to determine who is going to win on the next move (roulette) - went from table to table and was very surprised, could not believe my eyes when 5-6 times in the row I had picked out the winner; it was like a miracle and my mind refused to understand it since the probability to make a correct guess was infinite small. Met there ALLAN, too; to my surprise he did not try to pretend that we are strangers - started to talk with me (remarked, besides, that I am a very good husband to my wife !). Left this place very puzzled and could not get rid of the feeling that I am experiencing now some outright miracles because of my supersensitive mood.

25 March

Took my breakfast in "Frankfurter Hof" where the waiters tried to probe my patience but changed their attitude when I complained about the slow and bad service (some of the guests there again seemed to recognize me and have great fun about my appearance there). Got a letter from my wife.

26 March

Was told by ALLAN by phone that [] will be back on 30 March. Tried to work but could not - felt very moody and restless. It was like a severe case of spring fever and I felt at least 10 years younger than I was - almost like I had been as a teenager. The AFN radio broadcast a poem which moved me again to the tears.

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27 March

It was Good Friday and I went to the "Parsifal" in the Opera House. It was sold out but I managed to get a ticket. The seat next to me was occupied by a young German woman (who allegedly had arrived from Stuttgart and was expecting her husband to return by plane from the States to Fran). We started a conversation during the intermission and I wondered whether it was a chance meeting since she was very friendly toward me, talked just the way I liked as if she had known me for some time. Did not get her name (did not even try to continue our conversation afterwards). The opera itself was very boring and did not uplift my spirits at all - though the Germans liked it and listened to it with great attention.

28 March

Since it was the birthday of my youngest sister wrote a long letter to her while sitting in the Lippizaner Bar of Frankfurter Hof. Another unexplainable thing happened there - a trio of young American lads sat at the adjacent table, their conversation showed that they know something about me (that they are "the ours") but what puzzled me most was that they even seemed to know that I am writing this letter to my sister (judging by their remarks) though this time I did not use any typewriter. It was as if some supreme intelligence knew each my step and ^{even my} thought beforehand, wanted to show me that my whole personality is under control not only my person. My mind refused to accept this situation since it was irrational, unexplainable (at this point I started to wonder whether I am put under hypnosis in some manner unknown to me). - Later at the "Royal" bar across the Hauptbahnhof a callgirl, called "die Baronin" approached me and tried to get on intimate terms with me but did not succeed except for a couple of drinks.

29 March

Went to Heidelberg, mailed there via the local AFO a postcard to [] telling him that I am ready for another six months to be tested (my contract started 1 Oct. '58 - six months ago) since by now I was quite convinced that nothing would be too unexpected for me now, i.e. that I am able to endure such confusing happenings without getting scared out of my

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mind. Had reached the stage where I could look on all this as a big joke played upon me and not feel offended since now I believed that it had been done with a good purpose - to teach me a lesson not to be afraid under any circumstances as well as not to get confused by occurrences with were of no importance to my job. I thought that I had succeeded in all this though it had cost me a lot of money because of my clowning and pride - not to show anybody how deeply hurt I was at times, how lonely I felt and how I wished I would not have acted as I did toward my wife prior to my departing to Germany. - Later, when I asked [] whether he had received this postcard, he denied it obviously by not wanting to give me satisfaction by admission that I, too, am able to play some joke on him. - Made a long stroll in this splendid day and was pleased to see everywhere smiling and joyful people - it was like a show put on for me to show the steadfast morale of the German population despite the Soviet threats. Late in the afternoon I was quite tired and took a rest in a courtyard of a restaurant. There I was teased by a young governess who accompanied three very lively teenage girls - when I took seat on a bench there she remarked that "the heroes are getting tired" (die Helden sind muede) with an unmistakable reference to me and the girls seemed to me like a true symbol of the healthy and high spirited youth of the post-war Germany. It was a touching experience; somehow I felt in complete harmony with the whole world and rejuvenated in my own spirit. - Returned to Fran (probably visited shortly also George R. in Heidelberg to hear about the latter's family - cannot recall it now). Went there to the newly opened Spanish restaurant (adjacent the "Boersenkeller" and experienced there, too, a surprise - a good-looking woman, accompanied by a gentleman, behaved in such a manner that it would show she knows me somehow (she even sung a song - and very beautifully so - which seemed to be meant for me, my heartaches). Though I tried to keep a straight face I had to surrender at last and join her in laughter - it was as if we both were good acquaintances though I had never met her before. Again there was the unwritten law that prevented us two to speak up and put aside all the pretending..

30 March

There was some teasing by phone when I called up the office - ALLAN replied me on my

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question about the news from my wife that he is too occupied just now because Mamie (Eisenhower) is visiting Fran (!).

31 March

Had a four hours meeting with [] who told me how he had met ANNA - I was very shocked to hear all this, could not understand what had made ANNA to collaborate with the Soviets in such degree, it just did not make sense when comparing his attitude with his former opinion and convictions. Told [] that my wife is ready now to join me; [] requested again to prepare a PRQ for her in order to push the matter further as to her employment as a dentist in Germany. - Visited again Mr. Von NASO who seemed to be rather interested in the play of EGLITIS Anslavs; told me that he would study it further.

1 Apr.

Got no April fools ! Met again [] who at last announced that he would notify the HQs in Washington, D.C. to send my family to Germany. He was rather annoyed that I had not finished my reports during his absence; I had no excuse except the spring in the air. It was probably then when [] remarked that with some people, i.e. me, the glands play havoc even at advanced age (and it was true; sometimes I even wondered whether [] had put some pills in the drinks we consumed during our conversation at the SH; every time after these meetings I felt strangely uplifted and could not control my face when stepping out to the streets - had to smile, almost laugh to every passer).

2 Apr.

Worked at last on my reports and felt much better - as if had broken a bad spell.

3 Apr.

Went to visit HERBERT who was now back from the sanitarium (allegedly had spent three months there - though by now four months had gone since he left Fran). We listened to my records; HERBERT showed special interest in those by Doris DAY (another indication that this songstress was somehow involved in all this show). We had an interesting discussion

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about the Jews, i.e. their extermination in Latvia during the German occupation - HERBERT gave me several good points how to explain these matters to those who accused the Latvians being guilty in these crimes. In general I was impressed by HERBERT's intelligence and experience in these and related matters - his mind seemed to be very alert, his speech impressive and thought-provoking; he was not at all the quarrelsome person I had expected due to the info I had got previously. Though sharp in his criticism, often sarcastic he was genuinely concerned about the Latvian cause, showed great political wisdom. I was glad that from now on I could meet him and thus get rid of the feeling of loneliness. When I told HERBERT some of my troubles, f.i. that I have the feeling that everywhere I go somebody is watching me thus nothing can be accomplished clandestinely - that I am probably looking too American in my clothes, that until now I have got no results as to recruiting legal travelers and/or seamen, that the whole work here does not seem to make any sense - he told me to be more patient, not to expect results too soon, especially as to the seamen. He thought also that HUGO (the seaman I met in Neumuenster) probably acted quite natural since he was meeting a stranger therefore was a little jittery. As to the intercepted letters HERBERT thought that these would not furnish any clues since people often included in their text the intention to go to Latvia (or vice versa) either for the censorship or just to cheer up their beloved ones. In HERBERT's opinion the best cases come up through contacts with people.

4 Apr.

Nothing special to report.

5 Apr.

There was an early morning sermon by the radio which depressed me; the AFN's Waltz Time cheered me up and I went for a long stroll in the Taunus again. Everywhere I went the people seemed to be in splendid mood - like I had observed it already in Heidelberg a week ago.

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6 Apr.

Had a long conversation with [] who told me that on 3 Apr. he had notified the HQs in Washington, D.C. that to start the preparations to send my family to Germany.

7 Apr.

Worked on intercepted letters - again some of them seemed to be written in order to annoy and/or tease me. - Late in the night went to the nightclub "Sie" where I became acquainted with the barmaid Elfriede - one of the nicest and wittiest in the town (she was allegedly from Israel); had a good time there.

8 Apr.

Met with Col. JANUMS at the apartment of HERBERT - was introduced to him for the first time; [] was present. There was some discussion about the newspaper Latvija & its former editor, KOVALEVSKIS-KLANS Pavils as well as other matters but mainly a friendly chat intended to make us acquainted better for the future co-operation. I found Col. JANUMS just as I had expected - he showed the strong common sense and wittiness of a Latvian peasant, seemed to be genuinely concerned about the living conditions and morale of the Latvians residing in Germany, in short - he was truly the "Daddy" for the Latvians in Germany and the natural leader of the "Daugavas Vanagi", knew it and played his role skilfully though fully aware as to the difficulties and declining enthusiasm among the Latvians to fight for their cause. I got also the impression that HERBERT understands to direct him politically, to keep him out of troubles caused by the straight, soldierly thinking of Col. JANUMS - in any case they two made a perfect team. Col. JANUMS issued also to me a certificate which said that I am authorized to work for the Latvian Central Committee; instead of my true name it was issued in the name of OZOLS Leo (now I think that my true name might have been better since it was no use to hide my true identity - it caused only complications and misunderstandings on the long range). Afterwards we went all four for a lunch to the "Schultheiss" restaurant on the Bockenheimer Landstrasse. - I expected that from now on my real work is going to start; it was like a semiofficial start of it. - Submitted to [] a letter to my mother which contained greetings to

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her birthday (without my signature); he promised to mail it from a place outside Fran. Besides, I inquired at some German flower shops whether I could send flowers by wire to my mother in Riga but it turned out to be impossible (later I read in the newspapers that the florists in the West had asked the Soviet leaders to permit such transactions).

9 Apr.

It was HERBERT's birthday and the 15th anniversary of my marriage (and at the beginning of this year I had been so sure that my wife would be with me on this date !). We started to celebrate it with [] and HERBERT at the latter's apartment - there was much laughter and good jokes. For once I saw [] completely relaxed and friendly without the usual doubletalk and evasiveness. However, he told me frankly that my wife won't arrive before the 27 May, i.e. the date of Berlin ultimatum - that it would be thoughtless to bring my family to Germany sooner. I still insisted that this date has no importance, that it is only a bluff on the part of the Soviets (but the HQs had apparently a different opinion - and was dead wrong at least in this instance). Afterwards we went to the "Old Don" restaurant - and it seemed that HERBERT is well known there - where my friends tried to involve me in some romance with a very pretty looking young lady who sat there alone. Then we went to the nightclub "Sexy" where [] & HERBERT made a show calling me HUGO (though this pseudo had been dropped by now). Then [] departed and we went with HERBERT for a smok to the "Picasso Keller" (HERBERT insisted to pay all the bills wherever we went; possibly had got an advance from [] for these expenses).

10 Apr.

During my phone call to [] (I had to make them each day exactly at 1000) there was some funny disturbance on the line - a woman's laughter interrupted us. Received a letter from my wife who promised to join me at the beginning of June.

11 April

HERBERT took me out for a movie (Big Country - and I got homesick again).

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During these days HERBERT showed unmistakably great care for me - stressed the importance of sound, good sleep and food, showed by his example that there is no need to rush the things. He had a good sense of humor though it was rather sarcastic and tended to criticism of all. I observed also that he tried to check my convictions, my political opinions and by the same token to bring me in line with his own opinion. Here we had many arguments and invigorating discussions. The trouble was that we both applied the provocative method - expressed frequently opinions which we do not hold just in order to hear the other to refute them; I guess that HERBERT often got the wrong impression as to my true beliefs.

12 Apr.

Felt ill - had troubles with my stomach. Nevertheless tried to work on my reports - this made me feel better.

13 Apr.

Started to search for a new, larger apartment since my wife insisted on it. - Found a new place to spend my night hours among people - the "Westendbar" on the Reuter Street which was frequented by young American lads. The management seemed to recognize me as well as some of the American guests there. Afterwards went often there because of the excellent jukebox there and the American-like atmosphere.

14 Apr.

Had a longer discussion with [] - asked him whether it is true what he had told me about the 27 May; he repeated that my family won't be sent to Germany before this date, that there exists even the possibility that our men would be taken out of GFR if a shooting war starts. In this connection he gave me a password I should use in such occasion and the name of the man who would approach me in such situation (Gerhard ENGEL); all this seemed to me just a joke invented to make me believe that the crisis is real. Nevertheless I obeyed these instructions by writing to my wife that for the time being we should stay where we are. As to my future work [] told me that there are three possibilities; operational work in Germany as until now; transfer to propaganda field, i.e. to the

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Latvian broadcasts in Rome if they would start (but this was out of [] competence - the HQ would decide it); return to the States where, in [] opinion, there was no job for me anymore. - Late in the night I went for a stroll in the parks of Fran, was like bewitched by the spring smells and the flowering berry-alders (ieva -in Ltv.) - the smell of the latter often haunted me even at places where there were no trees or bushes around (it was another miracle I was not able to explain though I assumed that sometimes it was freshly mixed concrete which resembled this peculiar smell of my youth and happiness in Latvia).

15 Apr.

Had still troubles with my stomach (diarrhea) though they took off considerably ~~luxing~~ after some soft drinks consumed the previous day with [] at the SH. The latter had suggested that I buy a drug, called Caopectate; went to a pharmacy and was embarrassed to hear that it is a medicine for the babies (another fine joke [] played on me !). Continued my reports. Met again HERBERT and had a long discussion with him - it always sharpened my mind. - Later at the a/m "Westendbar" became acquainted with a new barmaid Ivette who claimed to be of Hungarian origin (and acted in a way which showed that she had been ordered to be kind to me). A US Army ~~xxxxxx~~ sergeant pretended to be asleep there though in fact he was watching me; I did the same and outlasted him.

16 Apr.

Nothing special to report except for a sudden April shower and a pretty girl at the University Cafe who obviously tried to flirt with me (and a German party watched for my reaction and had much fun of us both). By now I was definitely smitten by the spring fever (which lasted through the whole April and May - emotions I had already forgotten took power on me and I felt very young, vigorous and in love with the whole world). It was now physically almost unbearable to sit at the desk - I had to mix with the people, to get some response from them.

17 Apr.

The AFN radio again seemed to do nothing else but to tease me. Went for a stroll in the

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town, felt that my collar is strangling me, tried to widen it, lost a button, went to the nightclub "Sia", got it fixed but it cost me around \$ 6 since I felt obliged to buy a bottle of champagne for my acquaintance, Elfrida, there.

18 Apr.

Attended a concert by the Black Sea Cosacks (refugees) which moved me very much, especially when they sung in addition an old Russian hymn ("To milostibas speku svoicu" - in Ltv.) which had been the favorite hymn of my mother (and next day was her birthday; what coincidence again!). Again there were several people in the audience who seemed to know me and were obviously pleased about my coming to this concert. Once again I was bewitched by the Russian music, their beautiful songs.

19 Apr.

My mother's birthday - and the radio started this day by music which she loved so much (songs about Heidelberg where she had been as a young girl; the foxtrott "Valencia" which was the first she leached me to dance). It was a very nice day and I felt a genuine spiritual togetherness with my mother. In the afternoon I ascended the spire of the Frankfurter Dome and experienced there a strange show of the sunrays - they came out of the clouds in a fashion which was contrary to the physical laws. Closed this day by attending the movie "Separate Tables" - the people there acted again as if knowing me. For the first time attended also the late service (singing of hymns) at the Army Chapel and liked it very much.

20 Apr.

Continued to work. Met [] got my salary; [] seemed to be very reserved this time.

21 Apr.

Nothing to report.

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22 Apr.

Met [] who told me that by now the advances I had got and not accounted for had reached the total of more than ^{DM}3000; was rather surprised ~~that~~ to hear this since on 6 January they had amounted only to DM 1250. When [] asked me how I intend to repay this debt I could not think of any solution except when I would be joined by my family and I would receive my full salary. As to the increase in my salary [] told me again that first I should show some results in my work (but until now there were no opportunities to achieve something, at least in my opinion). [] asked me also to press PAUL in Hamburg a little more for some progress in his contacts with the seamen. I guess it was during this meeting when [] told me that I should strive to work harder since the HQs had voiced the opinion that the Latvian sector should be possibly get closed ~~in the near future~~ since there are not much hopes to achieve our ends in Latvia; that due to this attitude of the HQs even the further employment of HERBERT is very questionable thus much depends on my work to convince the HQs that such assumption is wrong (now I know that all this was only an attempt by [] to get my Latvian patriotism to work). As to my debts I just could not explain how had they reached such amount - thought that somebody had possibly stolen my money (now I see that I had been too free with my spending, too careless in these matters - nothing else).

23 Apr.

Heard a rather nasty version (German, probably) of the "Tom Doolley" record - it was just as made to tease me and I tried to ignore it. At night met with HERBERT, then visited the BECKERS - Dr. BECKER seemed to know my precarious financial situation, i.e. that I am bound by my debts and have to stay in Germany until they are paid off, since he smilingly told me that by now it is definitely sure that I am going to remain in Germany and got my family here.

24 Apr.

Went by plane to Hamburg to meet PAUL and to work on three cases of intercepted letters with persons residing around Bremen. During the flight became acquainted with an

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American from Detroit (told that his first name is Mervin and that he is working for some engineering enterprise, making frequent trips around the world) who seemed to be one of my "guardian angels" because of his friendliness unusual for average American on such trips. Had been instructed by [] to mail a letter from the Main Post Office in Hamburg (located near the Hauptbahnhof there) though I objected and thought that this airmail letter to Sweden should be mailed in Hamburg Airport - and later it came out that I was right (this was only one example of [] deliberately wrong instructions given to me - he should have known it better). All seemed to go wrong this time - though I had notified PAUL by letter about my arrival I waited in vain to him in the pre-agreed place in St.Pauli at "Onkel Hugo", went to his apartment, told his wife that I would wait for PAUL at the "Hofbraeuhaus" (first waited him for an hour or so at "Onkel Wally" nearby his home - and got two young German lads there on my trail; they were polite but obviously watching me) but he did not appear there, too. Spent the night at the SH.

25 Apr.

Got a phone call from [] in Fran who inquired about the a/m letter. A short time later Hildegarde called me up, wanted to see me - I agreed since some mending had to be done on my jacket and I expected that she would try again to seduce me, that there will be some jokes again. She arrived, claimed to be again short of money (gave her DM 10. and got a receipt for it) and tried very hard to convince me that I should not be afraid to make love to her; at one point she almost pushed me in the bed - acted like crazy for love. I did not want this time to make even the smallest error and convinced her that we should go out for a stroll and have a good supper somewhere in the town (she seemed to be truly underfed). We went to "Planten & Blumen" and probably created there quite an uproar - it must be a great sight for the Germans to see a call girl (she was dressed that way and even her make-up made it clear to anybody) go hand in hand with an American-looking gentleman; it was great fun and I just did not care about their opinion since I know that I had won this struggle and liked to watch for Hildegarde's reaction (she was grateful though a little bit ashamed, I guess). Afterwards I went by taxi to PAUL's apartment, met him there and told him to meet me in St.Pauli at 2200. Went to a concert of Latvian music which had been arranged by Miss HESS Irene. Though the acoustics were

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very poor in the small classroom (it should have been taken place in the hall of the school but in the last minute there had been some change by the German school administration) the program was very well chosen and the performance of Mrs. KURBE Irma in the Latvian folk songs was much better than I had expected - she had the right touch for these unpretentious songs so dear to every Latvian. The greatest surprise, however, was the piano variations of a Latvian folk song ("Ej, skolite, driz pie Dieva") by late Prof. J. VITOLS which was played by Mr. TILTING Wilhelm. I had never before heard about him (later I heard from Miss HESS that he is from Latvia but has lived for many years in Germany and had almost lost contact with the Latvians there) but his performance was excellent, he gave himself completely up in this sad and at the same time heroic music; as a man he was extremely shy and had the same charming smile as Danny Kay - a very interesting personality (should be a good idea to invite him to the States to play for the Latvians here - he would be a great success). The Latvian audience, however, was far too small - there were only around 40 people present. Afterwards I met PAUL in St. Pauli, choose I new meeting place there (Wild West Bar) and explained to him that now he should show greater efforts as to the spotting of seaman. I played on his fighting spirit - mentioned that the Berlin ultimatum would soon run out and that it is very important just now to show our devotion and strenght even in this work. It seems that PAUL was impressed; at least afterwards he became more active.

26 Apr.

Went by train to Luebeck; then by taxi cab to the Artillery Barracks where I wanted to meet a person who had written to Latvia about his going back there from Germany (or expecting somebody to arrive from Latvia - cannot recall). This person did not live there, got his home address, went there - it turned out to be a German official in charge of the workshops at a/m refugee barracks. I introduced myself as Latvian journalist OZOLS Leo (he checked my certificate) who had been told that he might possess some info as to recent repatriees from Latvia. However, this man did not know anything - apparently the writer of a/m letter had used his name and business address without his knowledge (this method might be quite widespread in order to hide the writers true identity from

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the Soviet censorship and/or the German, too). This man suggested that I inquire at the Mesen Barracks for a recent repatriee from the Baltic States (who turned out to be an Estonian woman) he had heard about. Returned to RR Station, called up ROZE Ilmars at the hospital - he agreed to meet me at the RR station restaurant in an hour. Though I had decided this time to find out whether he really had any intentions to return to Latvia I dropped this subject when he arrived and showed unmistakably that he has a bad hangover (had attended a party the previous night). During this meeting he stated that he had approached the former Police & SD General SCHROEDER (notorious ~~frax~~ by his activities in German occupied Latvia 1941-44), who now was a rather influential person in GFR business circles, to get the latter's support for ROZE's business projects, i.e. to start a book publishing enterprise. It seemed to me that ROZE has several projects (previously mentioned laundry) but lacks the courage and means to start one of them. He made also a rather unfavorable impression upon me by asking to loan him DM 10 - told that he is completely out of money (and I gave him this amount - have not got it back). In general he acted in a way that showed that he lacks responsibility and has got used to live on other peoples support (and yet I had a foreboding that he only acts this way now having been instructed by somebody in order to test my reaction). For some reason he refused to attend the Latvian music concert (same as the previous day in Hamburg) in Luebeck - it seemed that he does not want to be seen together with me in public. -
Went to Miss HESS at Mesen Barracks who had a rehearsal with ^{Accompanists of Singsong} Mrs. KURME in her room. Got acquainted with the latter's husband, Mr. KUEWIS. The latter made a very good impression - seemed to be a well-balanced personality who had an alert mind and sound ideas as to the Latvian youth in Germany (though rather critical as to the "Daugavas Vanagi" leadership in Germany - thought that they dominate too much, show no flexibility in their approach to the present-day problems). It came out that the relatives of his wife live in the USA and that they intended to immigrate there but were rejected because of some troubles with his lungs (they reside together with the ^{Address %} CIPULIS in Pinneberg near Hamburg, Saarlandstr. 47 - invited me to visit them there). Later we went all four to the concert which was quite a success here mainly because of the many ethnic Germans from Latvia who had come to listen to the Latvian music. During this concert I had the opportunity to observe the

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Latvian representative of the Latv. Central Committee in SPR, Mr. J. DAGIS - the latter made a very unfavorable impression on me, seemed to be too boisterous and of low intelligence (at one instance he even disturbed the concert by his loud talk about the financial side of this concert). Since I disliked him I did not try to get acquainted with him though he showed every sign that he would like to get know me in order to bolster his prestige. Was very pleased to observe at the concert several very good-looking Latvian girls who seemed to enjoy Latvian music as much as I did. It was an unforgettable spring night - full of fragrance of the ~~hikzxxxx~~ berry-alders and other spring flowers which made me feel like years ago in Latvia when I was young and in love. All just seemed to good to be true - but it was and I strongly suspect that Miss HESS had done a great deal of arrangements to make me happy in this way. After the concert a special buss, full of Latvians who had arrived from the Artillery Barracks Camp, brought the KURMIS and me to the RR station; on our way there the girls and women sung Latvian songs - it was truly a Pre-Summer Dream. Though I had achieved nothing as to my tasks here, it seemed to me a perfect day - now I felt much closer to my fellow-countrymen and their life in Germany; saw that there is still some feeling of togetherness and common cause left. - Returned to Hamburg together with the KURMIS, then went to the SH. Though I locked the door (and even tried to secure the entrance against unexpected guests by putting a brush on the doorknob) late in the night HERBERT entered the apartment almost unnoticed, had obviously some fun to surprise me in this manner (later I checked my new apartment in Fran - there was the same type of lock there which allowed a person to enter my apartment even when the key was in the lock; apparently a standard gadget in the SHs). We had a long talk with HERBERT who teased me good-naturedly about my spring fever; I was still too excited to go to bed and went for my usual stroll around the Alster.

28 Apr.

Went by train to Bremen where I inquired at the Seemannshaus for the whereabouts of a young German seaman Tim FRANZ (or Franz TIM) - ^{Known to SUBJECT} it came out that he is for the time being with his parents at ^{Adress:} Bad Godsherg near Bonn. Proceeded then to Lillienthal where I visited

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an ethnic German couple from Latvia whose close acquaintance had just arrived as a repatriee from Latvia (we knew about it from an intercepted letter); they had now received a letter from this acquaintance, a woman, already in Germany but did not know her exact address (now I would have needed a postbox on my own to give it to these people so that they could write to me this address but Mr. GEORG Leo did not have any address nor postbox - this fact was an obstacle also later in similar situations). Afterwards I went by train to Delmenhorst where another person probably would have arrived from Latvia; however, it turned out that this person is still in Latvia though its relatives were awaiting for his (or her) arrival during the next couple of months. Returned to Hamburg, went to PAUL's apartment (don't recall anymore why), then back to the SH where we had again a long conversation with HERBERT and the latter tried to get HILDEGARDE to join us despite the late hour; she was quite angry about this late call and refused to come to us.

28 Apr.

Returned by plane to Fran.

29 Apr.

Had a meeting with [] who assured me that my family will be sent to me. He mentioned also that he had talked to somebody about the possibility for my wife to work as a dentist with the US Armed Forces in Germany - that the Army regulations don't permit her employment but the Air Force might hire her; in this connection he suggested that I get in contact with Air Force people in Wiesbaden - gave me a day off for this purpose as well as the phone number of some official in Wiesbaden. [] told me also (now and not several days ago as I had mentioned before) that the HQs considers to give up all activities concerning the Latvians because of the meager results; I had to do my best to achieve some results which would make the HQs reconsider its attitude. On [] request I prepared also a letter to ANNA's mother which told her frankly that the present support she was receiving will from now on be stopped (it was intended as our reaction to ANNA's refusal to collaborate honestly with us). [] told me also that from now on I would work as a principal agent (had to give my fingerprints for several cards).

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though the purpose for this procedure was not explained to me); now I seemed to be in the same status as HERBERT - apparently the time of testing me was over now. - At night made a longdistance call to my wife since the next day she was going to meet JOHN in Washington (got connection only next day when she was back from this trip and could not make any use of my advices; I had wanted to tell her not to leave the States without a clear answer from the HQs as to her future job as a dentist in Germany). - Afterwards I went to the "Ratskeller" where I met some Hungarian refugees and got superficially acquainted with the lady who was the manager of the bar there; later I met her and one of the Hungarians at the nightclub "Domino" just when I entered it - it seemed to be more than a coincidence, especially because both were very friendly toward me (met this Hungarian even afterwards as if by chance - he seemed to be one of my "guardian angels").

1 May

Went by bus to Wiesbaden. Had a long stroll in the parks there and came to the beautiful Greek-Orthodox Church near the Neroberg - happened to enter it just when the Russian Easter celebration had started. It was an unforgettable experience since it recalled in my mind the times my mother had taken me with her to these Russian Easter celebrations; I had to fight hard to hold my tears back, was ashamed about my weakness though on the other hand received some strenght from all this. - Besides, when I arrived in Wiesbaden I met there at the RR station an American, OTTO FNU, who allegedly had arrived by car from Gr.Britain and now wanted to make a sightseeing trip through Germany. However, he questioned me also about the political situation, was interested in my opinions and from the way he put these questions and acted I had to conclude that he must be one of our security people probably put on my trail for checking purpose. Nevertheless, he was a likeable man and I was glad to give him some tips as to his future trips (he was interested to go to Heidelberg and I suggested that he uses the Necker Hotel there). I visited also the USAF Dental Clinic (the official whose name I had got from [] had told me by phone to go there and talk to Col.STRIBLING). There I met first two young dentists who tried to confuse me by giving wrong directions. At last I found Col.STRIBLING and told him about my wife (though a young American lady, who was extremely good-looking -

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had never before in my life seen such beauty - was present there and distracted my mind considerably; it seemed that she had somehow known that I would appear there and now she watched how I would proceed with my errand). Col. STRIBLING was not in the position to tell me about the vacancies and introduced me to M. Sgt. (1) Van Landing Ham - he was a very friendly fellow who gave me some good advice though he, too, did not know about any possibility to employ my wife with the Air Force as a dentist (the nearest vacancy was in Italy). I could not get rid of the feeling that my visit here had been expected and that [] once again had played a good joke on me. - I visited also the aged former landlady of my wife (when she was in Wiesbaden in 1945/46), Mrs. NAUMANN. Had visited her already in 1957. This time she started to talk in such way that showed me that even she had been rehearsed and knew some intimate details about my life, f.i. my disloyalty to my wife in 1951. I wanted to close this puzzling day by a good supper at the Civilian Club. This time there was no malicious talk anymore, on the contrary - the guests there seemed to get in a hilarious mood as soon as I arrived there and took my place at the bar. Though I had intended to have only a couple of Tom Collinses before supper, I remained on my seat for several hours since the lovely lady I had met at the Dental Clinic took place not far from me in the company of another beauty and their husbands. I sat there as bewitched by her beauty and stared to her in the mirror (an excellent invention in the American style bars since you can observe the other guests without turning your head). She should have some info about me since after some time - when the two men had left them for a moment - she exploded in a hearty laughter and told her the other woman that she just can't keep her face straight any longer. The only cause for her hilarity could be my behavior - my sitting there and pretending to be a genuine American - and her laughter affected me, too, since now I could not resist to join in the laughter. After a while the men came back and I overheard from their conversation that they know me; as far as I could judge one of them, who later introduced himself to me as JOHNSON FNU (told that he is a descendant of the Cherokee Indians - though did not look like such at all), was in some way responsible for my security. I guess he was the American who, by using the indirect talk, remarked that I have nothing to fear, that all is well under control as to my security. Suddenly both men turned to me (the ladies

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now had left for the plot machines (I was) and started with me a very friendly conversation, even bought me a drink. Then they switched off their sudden interest in me again and ignored me completely. All this was rather confusing but I had the warm feeling that they are my friends who wish me well. - In any way I had sat at the bar too long and could not get any meal anymore.

2 May

Went by train to Heidelberg, visited again George R. though the latter had no new info about his family except that his wife had written to him that she would obtain her exit permit at the end of May (and I predicted that she would leave Soviet Union on the 27th, the day of Berlin ultimatum). It was a drab, rainy day and while I sat at some cafe three Swiss elderly persons from Switzerland took seat at my table though there were other seats vacant; it was rather obvious that they wanted to have a conversation with me, that even these people know me somehow. One of them, an elderly lady, was especially kind to me and asked many questions as to my preference of composers, i.e. what kind of music I like. During our conversation they several times implied that it must be difficult to me to live among the Germans and that the Swiss people are much better and more freedom loving. When they departed the elderly lady told me with great emphasis: God bless you ! and it did not sound as a routine phrase - it came from her heart and went to mine as a genuine blessing. It was again a case when I had met people whom I liked very much but who disappeared from my life without giving me a chance to get in closer contact with them. Because of the rain I had already decided to return to Fran but suddenly got the idea that I should take a look on the castle and its beautiful park. When I had reached it the sun came out from the clouds for a moment - it still was raining but the sun shone with a strange reddish light which put the whole town in a fairy-like veil. The rain was still pouring when I met an elderly German who asked me for the way to a restaurant. We started to talk and it came out that he is from Riga where he had worked as Riga City architect, knew many Latvians in Germany and abroad though did not seem to recall my name (I gave him my true name assuming that he would not know about my meeting with George R. where I had used the assumed name of BERGS). His name was JAEGER, ^{ROD Riga, Latvia} ~~Osborne~~

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and his home address was in Darmstadt, Am Rindstall bei Darmstadt, Friedrichstr. 6 I (his business address: Darmstadt, Karlstr. 19, where he worked in some architect bureau or for a travel agency). From the way he acted and asked me questions I got a strong conviction that he must be in some ^{connection} ~~connection~~ with a IS, probably the German; in any case he was extremely well informed as to the noted Latvians abroad, especially in Canada; seemed to be acquainted with several ethnic Germans in GFR who held important positions there, f.i. Mr. BUIMERINCK (?) in Heidsberg who allegedly was a board member of the town municipality. He took me to the restaurant of a fashionable hotel (Schlesshotel), then to "Molkenkur" where a party for the ADAC (German Automobile Club) took place and everywhere he acted as a man who is used to give orders and knows how to cope with the management best; he stated that he now and then works as a tourist guide (for the "Oberbayrischer (?) Reisebüro" which has a branch in Fran) and therefore has acquired a good know-how in the hotel business. He was also very sharp in his criticism as to the German businessmen who had become very rich during the post-WW II years; reproached their lack of morality and fast life and praised the people who come from the Baltic States. His Latvian was still pretty good and we had a pleasant chat though the whole time I was rather cautious and on guard against his efforts now and then to elicit some info as to my job in Germany (though it seemed that he knows a great deal about it - or assumed to know). At times it seemed to me that he is just a queer old man who uses my company in order to show off at the hotels and restaurants in order to impress the waiters there being together with an American (could use this prestige later when coming there as a tourist guide). When I afterwards took him to a student inn (Sappl) which was crowded by young people who had obvious fun about the arrival of us two, he seemed to be embarrassed and departed soon. Though we had agreed to take the same train, I did not see him later (nor tried to contact him afterwards). - Besides, I mailed from the Post Office of Heidelberg RR station a Mother's Day card to my mother. - Took an express train back to Fran; the main conductor told me that it would stop in Fran outside the town itself but promised to come to my compartment and wake me up in so that we both could take a taxi cab from Fran West to the downtown (he was off duty then, i.e. when arriving in Fran). Had a good sleep but when I woke up it was Kassel not Fran the train had stopped, i.e. I was now some 200

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mile north of Fran (the German conductor had apparently forgotten to take care of me). I was rather angry, had a heated argument with the German RR officials in Kassel - told them that I am going straight to Bonn now to complain about this incident to the German Minister of Transportation, Mr. SEEBORN (and, I guess, the Germans believed that I would do it since they changed their attitude, did not ask anymore that I should pay the fare from Fran to Kassel I had traveled without a ticket). In fact I had made up my mind to visit the young German seaman, Timm FRANZ in Bad Godesberg and only pretended that I would make complaint in Bonn(and I think that I played the role of an angry American quite well until Bonn judging by the reaction of the German RR officials during this trip).

3 May

In Bonn I had some difficulties to freshen up my appearance after this long and unexpected ride but somehow managed to get shaved and get my dresses in better shape. In Bad Godesberg I could not recall the exact address nor the full name of the German seaman though tried to get it at the local German police station. Attended later in the evening the theater which showed Goethe's "Faust". The cast was miserable; I was surprised that GFR capital had such inferior theater. As usual a rather pretty girl had the seat next to me - I had observed that she bought the ticket previously just after me - and was rather consistent to get closer to me when the lights went out (allegedly came from Bad Godesberg and asked whether I would stay the night there - it sounded almost like an invitation) Took the train back to Fran; had to wait for the connection at Mainz for couple of hours and experienced in the waiting room there that some Americans and even Germans seemed to get much fun about my presence there - though as usual I cannot mention any facts only my intuition told me so.

4 May

Nothing to report except that HERBERT called me up rather early (at this and other instances I felt that he knows about my movements, even what I am doing at home; I guess that somebody in my house kept him informer in some manner about it - and he had much fun about my surprise though I tried not to show it). In the evening I went to visit him

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at his home and we had our first argument, presumably re some political question (afterwards I explained to him that it is just my manner of debating, i.e. to provoke my partner by making statements I did not believe in).

5 May

Met with HERBERT who briefed me about a prospective repatriant to Latvia, one KLEGERIS [] had previously told me that I should visit this man and assess him). In fact, HERBERT told me that he had got this info from Col.JANUMS by phone last night - I don't think it is the right way to gather data this way if there is intention to recruit a person for the stay-behind position in Latvia (later, when I talked this over with GEORGE, he agreed that sometimes HERBERT uses telephone too freely in these matters. According to HERBERT, i.e. Col.JANUMS, a/m KLEGERIS had associated with one GAVARS ^{and} who ^{repatriated} went back to Latvia in 1959 and worked for the Soviets; later KLEGERIS had expressed his regret to Col.JANUMS about this incident, had promised to keep out of contact (by letters) with GAVARS.

Afterwards I met with []. I reported him about my meeting with JAEGER in Heidelberg [] did not seem to know him), my trip to Bad Godesberg which ended with no success. [] told me that I should visit during the next days a/m KLEGERIS in order to assess him politically and to find out whether he really intends to get back to Latvia. During my visit I should imply that I am working for the US IS though using the pseudo OZOLS. Got a bunch of intercepted letters from []

6 May

Nothing special to report.

7 May

Went for a walk along the Main River to watch the sunrise on this Ascension Day, slept for some three hours then went to the BECKERS who had invited me to go with them to the German Agriculture Fair. Was introduced there to one Mrs.LEHMAN (?) - an acquaintance of the BECKERS and spent three hours at the fair, had the feeling that I was taken to

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this fair by the BECKERS to make publicity for it by my presence there - in any case the BECKERS acted this way. Afterwards had a snack at the garden cafe of the Kaiser-keller where the band seemed to know me - made eyes at me, played the tunes I liked and again I had the strong feeling that I am almost a celebrity here. Went early to bed.

8 May

Was up at 0500, worked on my reports. Around noon [] arrived at my apartment and announced that I have to pay in back taxes \$ 250. For the first time I lost my temper because of the hopeless financial situation I was facing now. In order to let my steam off went by train to Bad Nauheim, had a long walk there and checked in at the same hotel (Villa Homeyer) where my mother had stayed with her father some 50 years ago.

9 May

Returned to Fran considerably relaxed. Went by train to Hamburg in order to go further to Oldenburg to visit a/m KLEGERIS but it turned out that I am short of money. Called up the office in Fran and asked [] to call me back. When he did I asked to send me money by cable (got it only on Monday, 11 May). At 2100 arrived in the "Haus der Begehung" where a party of the Latvian Society took place. ^{Control of Regime} CHURGIN introduced me to ^{contact of Subject} Mr. ADIK Woldemar (formerly a popular singer in Riga known as KADIKIS-ANCHAROV). He told me about his life in Germany (had got repatriated in 1941; was now a German citizen) as well as his experiences with the Soviets - had graduated from high school in the USSR, in the 1920-ies had returned to Latvia (was from KUREEME). Now he worked as businessman in GFR in the field of Oriental carpets (home address: Hamburg - FU 2, Tornberg 40, phone 520992; business address: Hamburg 1, Klosterstr. 36/40, phone 338013). Though he frequently stated how deeply he despises the Soviet regime and that the Soviets had been after him in 1940/41, it did not convince me - he made the impression that for money he would work even for the Soviets, did not seem to be an upright person though possibly might be of some use due to his business contacts which provided him a good cover. Met again Mr. EROS who turned out to be one of the leaders of a/m Society. He was already

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rather intoxicated (as were the other Latvian guests there - approx. 50 persons), introduced me to Mrs. RUBENIS (Manfreds ?), owner of a small printing enterprise in Hamburg. The latter was - or pretended to be - quite intoxicated and somehow antagonistic toward me, reproached me as an arrogant American and tried to provoke me to an argument. First I tried to reply him by some joke to lessen his apparent tension, then I decided to sweat it out and to let him come out with all his prejudices and abuses. At one time it seemed that there will be a fight since Mr. RUBENIS became quite aggressive, was obviously annoyed by my calmness. During our rather heated discussion he remarked that he knows my business, i.e. to recruit Latvians for some dirty work, mentioned even that late GEORGE O. had once tried to "buy his soul" but that he had refused (though on the other hand he remarked that he had much respect for George O. since the days of the POW at Cedelghem). The whole time he was very boastful and noisy and I recognized that I had come to a wrong place (I could imagine that the same spirit would prevail at the parties of the Latvians in Soviet occupied country - obscene language, calling names, excessive use of alcohol - and I felt very sad having witnessed this kind of entertainment of my fellow-countrymen here in Germany). Mrs. Von RAFFAY, too, remarked that for some reason this gathering represents only a part of the Latvians in Hamburg, that there seems to be an antagonism among several groups of Latvians here (later I heard from HERBERT that I had arrived at the party of the anti-"Daugavas Vanagi" people - the former Latvian soldiers who had founded the LKIA (Latvian War Invalid Association) in protest to the leadership of "Daugavas Vanagi").

10 May

Attended the recital of GOETHE'S poems at the Deutsches Theater; Will Quadflieg held the listeners in his spell for more than two hours. Spent this Mother Day by strolling around the town and waiting for the money from [] When I went to the Alster Pavillion the band there started to play the same aria from "Carmen" ("Auf in den Kampf, Toreador") which had greeted me already on 6 Nov. in Fran and the people all around me seemed to have the biggest fun - they were all smiles and jokes. Late in the evening I was down to my last dollar but nevertheless went to the [] of Hotel Reichshof. There I was soon

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joined by a young man who allegedly came from Finland and was very friendly toward me - even offered to loan me some money when he heard that I am out of funds. Since he rather skillfully involved me in political discussions but did not try to elicit from me any info as to my work I had to assume that he is one of my "guardian angels" who had been sent to assist me financially. Nevertheless, I refused to accept his money.

11 May

Got the money [] had sent to me (it had been delayed for some reason). Went by train via Bremen to Oldenburg, then by buss to the Latvian refugee camp at Ohmstede to meet Mr. KLEGERIS. When I arrived in Ohmstede I was very shocked about the miserable state of the living quarters of the Latvians there - it was almost unbelievable how people had been able to endure in these old shacks for more than ten years. It is really a wonder that so few had decided to leave this drab place and to return to Latvia. The life here seemed to be rotten and stagnating; it was my worst experience in this respect (though I was told that the GFR now had started to tear off these shacks and to build new apartment buildings here recently). The address I had got via HERBERT from Col. JANUMS was outdated but I found the small apartment of KLEGERIS just when Mrs. KLEGERIS (an Estonian) and her oldest daughter, apr. S., entered it. At first they were very suspicious toward me, pretended not to know where I could meet Mr. KLEGERIS (they told me that he had left for his job some 15 miles away, would return only next Saturday) but step by step I succeeded to convince them that I wish them only well. Their apartment consisted of two small rooms which were full of dirt and in chaotic condition - it was hard to believe that human beings could live in these conditions. Nevertheless, they told me that in 2-3 months they would move to a new house in Wolfsburg according to a resettlement plan of the GFR Govt. - they were overjoyed about this prospect of a better future. It came out that Mr. KLEGERIS now had stopped to drink and made relatively good earnings. It was difficult to speak with her wife because she was partially deaf and her German was rather poor. Her daughter Julia was a very likeable girl - told me freely about the troubles her father had had in connection with the case of GAVARS; she told me that the other Latvians here had been very angry about her father's friendship with a/m GAVARS but she also

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stated that she believes in her father, thinks that he is a good man and not a Communist and that now, when the things had turned to the better, he won't go back to Latvia though once had intended to do so - but not her mother who had refused to return to the Communist dominated homeland. She was full of such optimism and vigor that it was difficult believe that this family would ever re-consider the repatriation. I made a great show by taking this girl to the camp store and then walked with her to the bus stop in order to show to everybody that "the American" sympathizes with this hapless family. I decided also not to meet Mr. KLEGERIS himself since I did not know his exact address (the women still insisted that they don't know it) at work and was limited in my funds. - After my return to Hamburg I met PAUL who reported that soon a very good prospective candidate, a German merchant marine officer, would arrive in Hamburg and then I could meet him, i.e. get introduced to him by PAUL; he expected that it would take place shortly after the Whitsunday when I would get a letter from PAUL as to the exact date of this meeting. Went back to Fran by a night train where I encountered the problem how to safeguard my personal papers (especially my notes) during my sleep at the sleeping car; however, I sensed that I had been taken care of by some Germans there who seemed to know me and my mission.

12 May

Back at my apartment I discovered that somebody had been there during my absence (the hot water boiler had been shut off) thus I could not be sure that my home had not been searched by somebody (when I told about this [] he brushed off my suspicions as usual though I got the impression that he knows very well how it did happen). Completed some reports. Met with [] who debriefed me about my trip to Oldenburg and reproached me for going on this trip without sufficient funds. Late at night I went to several nightclubs, ended my rounds at the "Tabu" where the band played for me the "Serenade" by Franz SCHUBERT while I was sitting on the balcony like Nere in the ancient Rome; must have been quite a sight.

13 May

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13 May

Had a long discussion with SECURE about my debts and the taxes as well as the matter of a new apartment which could accommodate my family; [] promised to inquire about such larger apartment (the HQs had requested that I find one before my family starts to move) through some American official who handles such matters. Worked late at night on my reports then fell in deep sleep.

14 May

Woke up and found that my typewriter had been fixed during my sleep - the ribbon had been set on neutral (while, used for stencils) and I was certain that I had not done it myself. When I complained about it later to [] he called me again crazy (I did not mind since such occurrences had become by now an everyday pattern; to figure out how it could happen would only confuse me still more). Went with one Mr. GRUENING, a real estate man, by car to Seckbach to take a look on a large apartment; found it too expensive. During this ride Mr. GRUENING talked much about the German politics - was from East Germany and stated that he hopes ardently for a revenge and a new war which would give him back the property he had to leave in East Germany; seemed to be a typical die-hard, full of prejudices and arrogance despite his financial wealth now (owned the "Hotel Heidelberg" (?) across the University Cafe).

15 May

Met with [] again who showed me that by now my debt, according to the receipts of my advances, had reached DM. 4000. He told me also that from now on I am a principal agent and explained my tasks to me (since I still wanted to know when my real job would start - my previous experiences did not convince me that my job had started). Visited Mr. HORN Hans who, according to s/m Mr. GRUENING, was the trustee of a/m object in Seckbach. He told me that this apartment had already been leased; since he was rather talkative and asked many questions about me I got the impression that the real estate business might be only a cover for him - that he works in fact for the German IS. Later I went to HERBERT who had received a new ^{Latvian} record - "Letters to Per Gint" by

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Janis MEDINS, sung by Paula BRIVKALNE. Its text was just as written for me - about the unfaithful Peers Gint whose Solweig is still waiting for him despite all his adventures and shortcomings - and it moved me deeply though I tried to hide my feelings from HERBERT. It was the first time when I sensed that HERBERT, too, knows quite well about my marital troubles (probably from [] and possibly participates in the arrangements made to bring me to the insight how badly I had behaved toward my wife, to make me repent. After having listened to this record we got in a heated argument because I felt compelled to criticize the way BRIVKALNE interpreted the Latvian folk songs (on the opposite side of this record) since I had to hide my true feelings from HERBERT by this pretext. I found it inappropriate that my colleague knows the intimate details of my private life - it poisoned our relationship. From then moment on I was always on guard toward HERBERT since I expected that he would come out with further indirect hints as to my guilty conscience (and I was right - he did use his knowledge about my past quite efficiently later, apparently could not resist the temptation to needle me). Afterwards we both went to the nightclub "Domino" where we spent a lot of money; all the time I sensed that HERBERT tried to find out what makes me tick, i.e. whether I truly like this night life - and I was too proud to admit that it gives me no satisfaction, that I am living this way only because of my despair, my terrible loneliness. Early in the morning made again a longdistance call to my wife in Lancaster - it was like an addiction; had to hear her voice to be sure that all is well at home, that she has not given up me.

16 May

Spent a nice, sunny Saturday in the Palmengarten and a quite evening at home.

17 May

Went to Kronberg where I visited the "Schlosshotel" described to me by Mr. JAEGER as one of the prettiest in Germany (it was true !). Found it an excellent place to write letters to my wife; had a chat there with an elderly American gentleman who also thought that all one can do here is to eat, drink and to write letters. While I was sitting there a whole parade of wealthy tourists and/or guests passed by and several among them again seemed to recognize me or at least to have, ~~on~~ passing me here. On my way back to Fran

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by buss several German girls succeeded to make me laugh without any apparent cause - I was in such happy state of mind as never before during my years in exile; could hardly believe that I am the same man I had been a year ago. - At home the AFN radio brought a program about Will Rogers and it puzzled me how much I did resemble him now by my wittiness and obvious publicity I seemed to enjoy by now in Germany as well as by the fact that he, too, went frequently away from home though had promised each time that it would be the last one.

18 May

Tried to outsmart the people who had entered my apartment without my knowledge but the result was that I locked myself out of the apartment. Went to Bad Homburg for a stroll (besides, experienced here again the odd thing that it started to rain just when I had entered some building; it had happened already before several times and attracted my attention - it just seemed supernatural because of the series I had experienced; it was as if somebody held back the rain until the minute I was under roof). Returned to Fran, went to HERBERT where I spent the night (because of the second day of Whitsunday could not get any locksmith to open my door).

19 May

Met with [] who told me that he is going on a three weeks vacation from next weekend (it turned out to be two weeks vacation - if there was such at all). He acted rather strange - as if to confuse my mind deliberately for some reason (claimed that the US Marines are subordinated the Navy !; reminded me about the password I had to use in case of emergency and played out a trick with the cards: letting me pick out the ^{king}xxx of spades and then claiming that the phrase "^{king}xxx of spade" had be given to me the first time we talked about this matter - thus I saw that all this was again only a joke by []). I asked him how I should proceed with the German seaman PAUL intended to introduce to me; [] gave me some instructions though quite vaguely and I got the impression that this case has been pre-arranged in order to test me how I am going to handle it on my own. It was probably a correct assumption since when I went to our postbox there was

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the letter from PAUL the latter had promised to send me (and I am sure that [] know about it beforehand) - that this seaman would meet with PAUL the next day. I notified [] who had told me that he is going to Hamburg; he told me not to use this time the GH there though I could call him up there in case of need. Went by plane to Hamburg, checked in at some hotel not far from Damtor, met with PAUL and explained to him how to arrange the meeting with the seaman, G.V., the next day in St.Pauli. Went to "Don Juan" and called up [] from there since I did not know how much I would be permitted to offer this seaman for his services if he would agree to co-operate with us. To my great surprise [] pretended not to know what I am talking about, was very reluctant to come out to meet me though at last agreed and arrived in "Don Juan", however, was very short-cut and showed clearly his dislike to get involved in this matter; it was pretty clear that he wants me to act on my own this time.

20 May

Took my breakfast in the cafeteria of the Univ. of Hamburg. Called up Mr. CIFULIS at the YMCA; he suggested that we both go to the soccer game GFR - Poland and I agreed. It was a fine game, I enjoyed it very much especially the very fair attitude of the German spectators toward the Poles (though in the company of Mr. CIFULIS this time, I sensed that I am still in some manner known to many Germans there; that they were pleased about my coming to this sports event - felt almost like a goodwill ambassador there). As to Mr. CIFULIS he seemed to be the right man in his place - well-balanced, vigorous but not losing his calm manner, has good sense of humor and seems to be very devoted to his job which offers him opportunities to work for the cause. His only disadvantage seems to be his appearance which is not representable and creates the impression of poor health. He seems to be involved in some spotting and gathering of info for our organization - at least he has the opportunity to meet the repatriees from Latvia at the refugee camps soon after their arrival in Germany. In any case he seems to be a valuable asset for us in GFR and could be entrusted with more responsible tasks because of his intelligence and experience in meeting people. At every instance he was willing to assist me without asking too many questions and I had the feeling that

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he knew quite well in what capacity I am in Germany. If I would have stayed longer there I would have liked to collaborate more closely with him especially because he is well informed about the younger generation in Hamburg and is in touch with its aspirations. At 2000 I went to the restaurant "Onkel Hugo" in St. Pauli to meet PAUL. While I was waiting there three young American lads took place at my table; allegedly they were on leave - told that they serve with the US Armed Forces somewhere in the border area of GFR - but I got the impression that actually they are there to watch my activities. One of them spoke fairly well German and even his clothing was of such kind that he could easily pass for an European. PAUL was late - explained that he would meet the seaman one hour later than expected and therefore we changed our plan and agreed to meet at 2100 at the harbor restaurant "Zum Hafendoor (?)" where the wife, called USCHI, of this seaman was working as a waitress. I went there and while I was waiting got involved in conversation with a good-looking young German lad who claimed to be a diver who works in the harbor. His behavior, too, was such that I suspected that he must be put on my trail by somebody. At last - when this German lad had gone - PAUL appeared, gave me rather clumsily a sign to follow him on the street where he told me that the seaman is waiting nearby and willing to meet me. Told him to go by taxi to the "Wild West" bar on the Grosse Freiheit in St. Pauli and wait there for me (had made a casing of this bar and found it sufficiently deserted and secure previously). Arrived there and found them both waiting for me. The German, Mr. G.V., was very genial and well composed as well as utterly co-operative. He told me at some length about his experience in the Soviet ports, did not have high opinion about the Soviet security methods and in general derided the boastful propaganda of the Soviets as an empty bluff - mentioned several facts which showed that the Soviets are inferior in their technology compared to the Western standards. During our conversation I got the impression that he has had some experience in intelligence work. Therefore it was rather strange that he continued to discuss the problems of clandestine actions even when a young German couple took place at a table near us - in my opinion they were able to listen to our discussion and understand it but Mr. G.V. seemed to take no notice of this fact, on the contrary - he just then came out with the question what tasks I would like to perform while he would be in the USSR (I replied evasively then). At no

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time did he ask my name and/or for what organization I am working (seems that PAUL had told him some story) and his whole behavior made me suspect that he has been coached for this meeting by somebody to find out how skilfully I am handling such matters of assessment and recruiting. After a while I proposed that we move to another locale and we went to "Fiesta de Mallorca" where we had a good supper. There I told him when PAUL was absent that I would like to talk with him in private. He agreed and after a while we both departed for a stroll (PAUL went home alone having repeatedly asserted me that Mr.G.V. is a very capable and reliable man - that it is very seldom he could come in contact with such seaman). During this stroll Mr.G.V. asked me to shut out PAUL from our future contacts; in his opinion PAUL had already aroused the suspicions of Mr.G.V.'s wife and he wanted to keep her out of this matter in order not to make her worried and curious. I told him about our intention to use his services and to pay for them as [] had told me, i.e. from DM 100 to DM 1000 depending of the value. He himself suggested that he could take snapshots by his photcamera near and in the Soviet ports; asked whether we could furnish him a better camera (I replied affirmatively). Since in the Neumuenster case of Hugo I had been told by [] to ask HUGO to make notes of the Soviet naval vessels, i.e. to jot down their numbers, I repeated this request (this was apparently a great error sinve it showed Mr.G.V. in what matters we are interested; and he was not checked yet as to his past and reliability; my excuse here was that PAUL had recommended him as very reliable man and I assumed also that the Germans would make a strict clearance of such seaman before admitting them to the School of Marine Officers - which he had graduated recently). He promised to write me a letter after his return ^{to GFR from} the sail which allegedly would start in the next days (destination unknown) and I gave him our postbox number in Fran (until my departure to the States no letter from Mr.G.V. reached me there though possibly [] took care of it without my knowledge). He urged me also to handle this matter in strictest confidence, i.e. only between him and me, since he distrusted the apparatus of a big organization where his name could become known to several persons during the routine procedure - and I promised him to do so. Before we departed I paid him DM 50 and got a signed receipt. During our stroll I observed no surveillance - it was rather late at night but nevertheless it was quite unusual since

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otherwise there were always some people on the streets where I went. Thus I got an even stronger conviction that all this could had been made up, possibly by the German IS, to test me and my qualifications for such activities. - We ended our conversation as good friends and co-workers in the future; I felt that Mr.G.V's feelings toward me were genuine and that he was a good man for such work. - On the other hand, just as in HUGG's case, I thought that it is unfair to recruit Germans by us - this should be done by German IS.

21 May

Went by plane back to Fran. Called up the office where ALLAN answered and teased me (presumably because of my eagerness to get a letter from my wife). Late in the evening I visited HERBERT who awaited a Mr.ALBERT - his former chief during the German occupation time in Latvia who now allegedly resided in Bremen. When Mr.ALBERT arrived we had a pleasant chat - it came out that the ALBERTS formerly had lived in Latvia near the country estate owned by my father (in Murjanis near Sigulda). Mr.ALBERT seemed to be one of the Germans who were now deeply ashamed as to the Nazi atrocities during WW II; now he probably felt indobted to the Latvians. During our conversation I had the feeling that he tries to assess me and that in fact he is working now for the German IS because of his knowledge of the Russians and the Baltic States as well.

22 May

Called up the real estate office of Steffel & Co.; one Mr.WALTER suggested that we take a look on a newly built house in Bad Homburg and we both went there (I liked it but it was inconvenient re the transportation; I did not want that I live outside Fran). In the evening I went to HERBERT where we had a long conversation about our experiences during the German occupation time and my activities as a partisan in the woods of Kurzeme.

23 May

Worked on my reports. Afterwards I went to Bad Vilbel to inspect another house - did not like it. Late in the evening I went to the theater of the university students which played "The Ball of the Thieves" by Anouille (?); the cast was excellent and I enjoyed it very much.

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24 May

Went together with HERBERT to Bad Homburg to inspect again the house I had been shown. It was a splendid day and I intended to go for a long stroll but HERBERT seemed to be tired and in a querulous mood. Afterwards I went to the public lecture given by the noted Latvian essayist, Mrs. MAURIFA Zenta (from Sweden). The hall was crowded and the audience seemed to enjoy her lecture about the authors of the Soviet Union which was decidedly anti-communistic though the emphasis was put on the sufferings of the refugee intellectuals, their nostalgic mood and difficulties to get adjusted in strange countries.

25 May

Got a phone call from HERBERT who told me that I might take over an apartment on Friedrichstrasse which will be vacated soon by an acquaintance of HERBERT, one Mr. FROENDT who is working with the US Army. We went there and met Mrs. FROENDT who showed us the apartment - it seemed to be large enough for my family and close to [] office. Afterwards I went to the owner, Mr. SCHALL, of this apartment and he agreed that I take it over at the start of July. Met BILL, told him about this apartment - he thought that it would be suited for my family but wanted to see the draft of the rent agreement first. In the evening I went once more to the FROENDTS, became acquainted with Mr. FROENDT himself who made a very good impression on me; it came out that he had known late George C. quite well (probably they had worked together in 1956/57). Some of his remarks showed me also that he is informed about my job (HERBERT revealed to me also the fact that once he had met [] at the FROENDTS).

26 May

Went again to Mr. SCHALL where a new rent agreement was prepared; he promised also to do some redecorating of this apartment.

27 May

Went by train to Bonn in order to meet the German woman, TINA FRANZ, in Bad Godesberg. Arriving in Bonn I called up Mrs. STURVO-HAUENBERGER Edite (whose husband, Prof. STURMS,

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had increased recently) and inquired where I could spend the night with some Latvian family. She suggested that I try the Baltic Student Home in nearby Annaberg in Bad Godesberg. Went first to the address of a/m woman in Bad Godesberg (got it in the House of Seamen in Bremen). It was a fashionable private home and a young girl there told me that the lad had moved out and lives now somewhere in Bonn and is allegedly married now. She suggested that I meet first his father - gave me the father's address but when I went there it turned out to be the wrong address; during my conversation with a/m girl I had the feeling that she had known beforehand about my visit and had deliberately misled me by giving me a wrong address. - Went to the Students' Home in Annaberg where I met Latvian pastor URDZE who is in charge of this home. The latter introduced me to some 6-8 Latvian students who attended the Univ. of Bonn and lived here. I participated in their religious discussions led by URDZE. The latter spoke about God's miracles shown in the nature around us - the trees, the flowers etc. and the way he spoke about it strangely coincided with my own feelings and observations lately; it was as if he read my thoughts, knew about my innermost feelings. He was very kind to me, showed me the premises, explained how he had started this project and how he intends to enlarge it. He made the impression that he is a fanatic Christian though at the same time a good businessman who knows how to get support and to make a good impression. Nevertheless, I sensed that he tries too much to dominate and is too dogmatic in his approach to the youth - they seemed to be resisting his manner (one of the Latvian lads there asked rather embarrassing questions which showed that he is in a rebellious mood caused possibly by URDZE's too strict requirements). Nevertheless, I spent there a very quiet night in the beautiful surroundings of this place which seemed the best possible for such undertaking.

28 May

Went for an early morning stroll and saw the German Catholics celebrating their special church holiday (Fronleichnam) - was amazed about their large attendance. Afterwards I had a long conversation with Mr. URDZE who seemed to know about me a great deal more than I expected - it was almost like a sermon intended to bring back the prodigal son to God, to make me to repent my sins. He stressed the demoralizing role of

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time she was much more co-operative, she told me about her sister in Czechoslovakia - it was true that this sister had been permitted in 1950 to go for a visit to Latvia; now she had again applied for a permission but it had been refused her. Mrs. Dzidra K. had some hopes that this sister might come to visit her in GFR but not this year because of the tense international situation. Mrs. Dzidra K. made a good impression, her apartment was rather well furnished and did not resemble the poor conditions some of the Latvians lived in at other places; it seemed that this family was adjusted to the life in Germany and was able to afford a better life than others.

Later I met also the elderly Latvian woman, Mrs. MALINA, who gave me the address of her relatives (near Essen ? - I have it in my notes which I left with [] where the person recently returned from Latvia was residing now. Since I had obtained only vague facts and nothing of importance I did not prepare any report about these meetings afterwards. - Went by train to Muehlheim/Ruhr where I visited another family of recent

ethnic German repatriees - it consisted of mother, her two daughters, a son and a son i.l. (the latter was a Latvian, SKUJA, Valdemars - Mr. CIPULIS in Hamburg had mentioned about him previously)

CITIZEN LATVIAN Requiemer of Raymond S. CHURGIN

though did not know his present address; according to Mr. CIPULIS this Latvian had recently served with the Soviet Army for three years and after his arrival in GFR had been thoroughly interrogated by the British IS). Presently I met only the mother and her daughter, i.e. Mrs. SKUJA (or was it her daughter i.l. ?). Interviewed them shortly and told them that I would come for a longer interview on Sunday when they all will be at home (it was not a home but only two drab rooms in a factory like building which apparently served as a temporary refugee barracks; the living conditions were very poor there and the people depressed and dispirited because of this). - During my stay in Muehlheim I had again the feeling that people on the streets somehow were excited about my arrival there (there were several indications - cannot recall them now anymore). - Arrived in Muenster late in the evening. During my train ride I observed how much this place resembles the landscape of Latvia - it was the closest resemblance I had observed during my whole stay in Germany. In Muenster I went to the university where the opening ceremonies of these days took place. There were two guest speakers - an ethnic German from Riga (Dr. RUTENBERG ?) who presented a very clear and concise outline of

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the Baltic problem seemed to be a vigorous and intelligent man who had some research and deep thinking about it. From the Latvian side poet and editor of London's Avise, Mr. AIGARS Peteris, had the word; his lecture was ill-prepared though he had some rather interesting facts to tell. His main theme was that the Latvians throughout their history had been too eager to serve the foreign power to the disadvantage of their own cause. His speech lacked, however, true conviction and his German (he spoke in German) was very spotty; in general he made a clumsy impression and I guess that the German listeners (they seemed to be in majority) got an unfavorable picture as to the Latvian refugee intellectuals. After this official part I was introduced to Mrs. JANUMS, a/m Mr. AIGARS Peteris and a ^{Dec.} Latvian poetess from Germany, Mrs. HESS-AVOTIJA Zeltite. It came out that she is residing in northwest Germany at Aurich and I recalled a strange intercepted letter I had read in 1957 - it was sent to the ^{Dec.} Latvian poetess, ^{* CIT. LAT} BENDRUPE-VINOGRADOVA ^{RCS} Mirdza in Riga (whose sister Aina I happened to know) and was written in such manner that I suspected the writer to be sympathizing with the Soviets. Recalling all this I became rather cautious toward Miss Z. HESS and at the same time intrigued to find out what she knows about BENDRUPE (when I told HERBERT about my suspicions he suggested that I should frankly state Mrs. Z. HESS my interest - I thought that it is improper and decided to elicit some info from Mr. AIGARS who seemed to be on rather close terms with Mrs. HESS). Afterwards we went to the Latvian camp on Grevenerstrasse which housed the Latvian Central Committee and the Latvian highschool & elementary school as well as the office of the "Daugavas Vanagi". Here Mrs. BLUNITIS - an old and good acquaintance of HERBERT (being on "Thou" terms they used the more official form of "You" in my presence) took care of us two. She had an exceptionally pretty daughter Māra - I felt embarrassed by her beauty at first and HERBERT had much fun about it - who allegedly had recently graduated from a/m highschool. Later we were joined by Mr. K. OZOLIŅŠ who worked as a legal counsellor at a/m committee and came from the same vicinity as I in Latvia. We had a very friendly chat and I was quite happy to be among so many Latvians who seemed all to be rather pleased by my presence there. It was a warm, fragrant spring night and I had a long conversation with HERBERT after the other persons had left (later I regretted having kept HERBERT up so late - it seemed that from here

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HERBERT's health took a turn to the worse because of this nightlife).

30 May

Went to the exhibition of the Lithuanian graphics and encountered there Mr. BONG (had not met him since the fall of 1937). As usual he acted as a conspirator in teaching me - started to tell me about his activities in Munich (some connections with the Polish exiles; a task he had got from [] and which allegedly made a good progress) - though an acquaintance of him listened to our conversation and I had to stop this kind of talk rather harshly by telling Mr. BONG that we would have later some opportunity to talk in private. Later HERBERT introduced me to Mr. BERZINS, board member of "Daugava Vanagi", and the latter's wife. Both seemed to me a nice couple and ardent Latvian patriots; though plain people they possessed great natural intelligence and optimism - especially Mrs. BERZINS was full of jokes and joy of life which was infectious (she is from Latgale). I met here also ^{C.P. C.S.:} Latvian Lutheran minister, ROZITIS E. (secretary of Latvian Archbishop Prof. GRUENBERGS in Esslingen), who recalled me from the days he had spent at our countryestate in Kurjanis; ^{Latvia} I did not like him then and could not help to dislike him now, too, because of his ~~trixixix~~ hypocrisy and smugness - he could be anything else but not a genuine God's servant. However, I did not show him my dislike and we had a friendly chat. At night I was invited to the JANUMS and was surprised how well furnished was their apartment - it could compete with ^{many} ~~any~~ Latvian homes in the States; it seemed to me even a little bit too luxurious when compared with the living conditions of ~~the~~ other Latvians still living in the barracks. It is easy to imagine that this fact alone could arouse the envy of the less fortunate Latvians who had seen it. Mrs. JANUMS seemed to be a very good housemaker who enjoyed having guests and liked to play the role of the "first lady" among the Latvians in Germany; at least at home she seemed to be the boss. Their daughter (who is handicapped by a lame leg) turned out to be a graduate of the French Lyceum in Riga and was a school mate of a/m Mrs. HESS-AVOTINS. In general this family made a very good impression - they all seemed to be devoted Latvian patriots who knew how to keep up the morale of their countrymen in Germany. Here I met again Mr. BONG who entertained this small party by a ghost story and tried hard not to show that we

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the old acquaintance. Just early in the afternoon HERBERT was at their first.

31 May

* *COPY 4/4/57*
Col. JANUMS showed me the Latvian Highschool and its dormitory. It was a very touching experience to meet the Latvian youngsters there who seemed to be well preserved in their nationalism. Since all around them used here only the Latvian language - it was like an isolated Latvian island where the youth grew up completely absorbed in the Latvian cause. In my opinion it could be an excellent place to educate the future Latvian leaders since all the problems of the Latvian life in exile were concentrated here by the presence of the Latvian committee and "Daugavas Vanagi" officers. Col JANUMS told me also that among the students there is a Latvian girl who had been sent to this school from the States since her parents wished that she gets a Latvian education. It seemed to me a good idea which should be applied much more extensively and worthy to get financial support (in the form of scholarships) by the American Latvian organizations in order to secure a new set of leadership (at least a couple years at this school for the prospective candidates should be required to provide them with better understanding of the exile Latvian life and problems which tend to loose their acuteness in the countries with higher living standard; the education here would cost considerably less than, f.i. in the States). Later I met also some of the faculty members: Mr. ABOLTIJS, Mr. ARVALDIS Girts (a mediocre painter), Mrs. A. RUDEITIS. They seemed to be worried about the financial situation of their school and tired by their everyday chores and problems - at least this was my first impression - and now I think that much could be achieved if a Latvian high school teacher from the States would go over and assist them for a couple of years. It would mean even more than the financial support they are receiving now from the Latvians in the USA, would cheer them up and give them some self-assurance back; now they seem to feel as the poor relatives of the more fortunate Latvians in other countries. The concert of the Latvian music took place in a school and was well arranged. Mrs. Paula BRIVKALNE (from the Opera House in Stuttgart) gave an excellent performance - her voice is still very beautiful, her diction perfect. Some local German chorus sung several Latvian folk songs and the local orchestra of a German music school played the works of

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Latvian composers. HERBERT had given a good briefing re the Latvian music to a German music critic who gave a short review about the Latvian folk music and composers. It was a rather impressive manifestation of the Latvian culture and the audience was very responsive. Afterwards I observed that the Latvians present were very satisfied and proud about this concert and judging by the articles which appeared in the local German press the Germans, too, had enjoyed it and had become more interested in the Baltic people and their culture. It was my first experience to watch the activities of the German-Baltic Association and I was very pleased about it since it works in the right direction by eliminating the centuries of hatred and prejudices among the Germans and the Baltic people at least in the field of culture and arts. My own presence here created for me some problems - on the one hand I felt that my arrival here had uplifted the morale of the Latvians therefore I tried to do my best and show my interest in their life and work; on the other hand I felt that a too close contact with somebody might compromise the latter since he could be suspected later as a subagent of the AIS (HERBERT seemed to have no inhibitions - apparently he was already too well known as an agent and did not even try to pretend). Thus I decided to play the role of an American Latvian whose hobby is Latvian art and culture and who shows no interest in the political and/or intelligence matters (had used the same attitude previously in Hamburg and Luebeck when among the Latvians - it seems that it was the best I could do; later there was an article in Latvija by P.KOVALEVSKIS which even implied that my activities in Germany had been that of a culture attaché). Late in the night Mr. BONG ^{OTU 201 -} got a chance to talk to me in private - he repeated again how successful he had been recently in Munich in his undercover work and wanted to know what is my status now - whether I am subordinated to [] or the latter's superior or we both are now in the same level. I replied very evasively, told him that I have not met [] for months since we each of us works on different lines (here, too, I had difficulties to stop Mr. BONG's eagerness to talk over such sensitive topics in the courtyard of the Latvian camp where everybody could listen to them - his sense of security seems to be rather peculiar). On the other hand I observed that he is still very devoted to his work and likes very much to mix with the Latvians. I am sure that he won't be afraid to visit Latvia (as [] had told me already before last

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Christmas) but in my opinion his behavior would attract special attention by the Soviet security organs; besides, ^{ANDY} ANDY knew that we employ Mr. BONS as a cartographer thus he must be more or less be compromised in the eyes of the Soviets. - Besides, I had also a talk with Mr. Peteris AIGARS - asked him what does he know about the poetess, BENDRUPE Mirdza, Rixfina in Soviet Latvia. He seemed to know about my concern, caused by the correspondence between a/m poetess and Mrs. HESS-AVOTIJA (probably HERBERT had told him about this) and revealed that he is quite well informed about the life and political attitude of BENDRUPE now - expressed his conviction that she is a hysterical person with very doubtful moral, in fact - a nymphomaniac. Since Mr. P. AIGARS was very friendly toward Mrs. HESS-AVOTIJA I had to assume that the latter, too, knows all these facts and therefore is only pretending in her letters to BENDRUPE to be the latter's true friend.

1 June

Departed together with HERBERT by train from Muenster (Col. JANUS stated later that my visit there had pleased everybody in his family - so it seems it had been worthwhile to participate in these festivities, as HERBERT had predicted). In Muehlheim/Ruhr I visited again the family of recent repatriees I had met already on 29 May (in the meantime I had decided not to interview them on Sunday when a/m SKUJA Voldemars would be at home, too, since I thought it wiser first to acquire some background info about him and to prepare me better for military topics; suggested even that HERBERT should take this interview over from me - the latter agreed but I don't know whether he did it afterwards). Met there again the same two woman and interviewed them for aprx. three hours (my notes about this interview I left with [] prior to my departure to the States; no C.R. prepared on it). The mother was very incoherent in her recollections but recalled the case of ANDY & Co. + knew a person in Riga who had served under ANDY during WW II and therefore had been very excited when ANDY had been captured and this case had been published in the Soviet press. She was very curious whether I know something more about this case and I got the impression that her interest in it is almost professional, i.e. that she wanted to find out whether I, too, have been involved in this case. The younger woman seemed to be more pertinent and reliable though now and then showed signs of strong Soviet indoctrination. Somehow I did not like their attitude and decided to interrupt this interview.

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Another reason for it was the fact that they had still some close relatives in Latvia and therefore were rather reluctant for the time being to come out with more info - were afraid that the Soviets would find out about it and then their relatives would suffer. (such attitude seems to be prevalent in all cases where the repatriees have left close relatives in Soviet Latvia). The women recalled also that Mr. CIFULIS had approached them in Hamburg (though they mispronounced his name calling him SIPOLS and/or SIFOLINS). Afterwards I went by train to K6eln where I visited an acquaintance of mine (met him already in 1957), Mr. ^{CITLAT} ~~DIKIS~~ Monvids (his address: Koeln-Flittard, Semmelweisstr. 36). He had just got a new apartment in a new settlement and bought a new car (Opel Record) - had made in less than two years a big step toward better living conditions. Though still a Latvian citizen - stated that he does not intend to apply for German citizenship - he seemed to be rather isolated from the Latvians and fully occupied in his work as a chemist with the Bayer works in Leverkusen. My arrival surprised him very much and at first he behaved as if he had encountered a ghost (I had the feeling that he had been influenced by some hearsay as to my person and activities). Nevertheless, he showed great hospitality, asked me to stay over night in his apartment and even took me to the restaurant of his factory. In general his behavior was of such kind that it made me think that he intends to demonstrate me how good can be the living conditions for a Latvian in Germany if he works hard in his profession. He complained also that some Latvians envy his material success and are rumoring that he had become rich by his business with the parcels sent to Latvia (up to this time he had been the sole Latvian who was in this business; just now Mr. IGENBERGS in Munich had started it, too); however, he explained to me by examples that in fact his profit is very small compared with all the chores and he was glad that Mr. IGENBERGS had now got a licence from the Soviets which would lessen the difficulties in this matter. I did not discuss with him any operational matters - used this visit only in order to establish a rapport for a possible use in the future (no C.R. prepared about this meeting). Like Mr. KURMIS in Pinneberg, he, too, was rather critical as to the activities of the "Daugavas Vanagi" and their head, Col. JANUMS - thought that they are trying to dominate too much thus causing unrest and dissatisfaction among other Latvians who did not agree with them on each question (he mentioned several examples re this

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unrest but I don't recall them; the main idea seems to be that there should be some change now just for the change - that people are fed up having the same leaders for so many years in row).

2 June

Went by train to Bonn where I visited Mrs. ^{*}STURMS-HAUZENBERGA ^{CIT: LAT} Edite at the University of Bonn (she works there as an assistant professor), i.e. in the Baltic Research Institute which was lead by her late husband. Though still rather depressed because of the death of her husband she impressed me very much by her high intelligence and her devotedness to the Latvian cause. Seldom had I met a person who combined a strong personality, scientific mind and deep patriotism as in her person. Recently she had got an assignment from a German professor to lecture about the Latvian folk songs and had been surprised that these lectures had been attended by more students, among them some 8-10 Latvians, than she had thought. We discussed the problem of the Latvian youth in Germany and she came out with rather strong criticism about the Latvian Highschool in Muenster - according to her observations its graduates were not sufficiently prepared in German language (which was taught by a philologist of the Baltic, not German language there) and therefore had to take additional course in German when admitted to university (mentioned an example in Bonn or Karlsruhe). She, too, complained about the too dominant role of Col. JANUMS who might be a good soldier but unexperienced in other matters, f.i. re education. To my question whether she won't be interested to immigrate in the USA she replied that she does not want to live there as a manual laborer. I suggested that she should get in touch with some Latvian organization in the States in order to organize a lecturing trip for her there, told her that in such state of sorrows it is the best medicine to visit some other country. In general I succeeded to cheer her up a little bit by this chat and got the impression that she is a very valuable asset for the Latvian cause in GFR since she seemed to have earned great respect among her German colleagues. - While waiting for her I was introduced to a young Latvian scientist, philologist OZOLS FNU, who had been chosen to replace late Prof. STURMS at the Latvian section of the Baltic Research Institute; he was still rather mixed-up as to his tasks (had left a good job at some German university since he felt his duty to continue the work of Prof. STURMS).

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I guess he was rather puzzled as to my visit, too. Made the impression of being a shy but devoted Latvian scientist who would work hard.

Afterwards I went to Bad Godesberg and the house in Ruedigerstrasse where I had got the wrong address on 27 May. This time I met there a German lady who was rather puzzled when I told her about my meeting a girl there couple days ago and getting from her a wrong address. Now she gave me the right one (it was a completely different street in Bonn) as well as the business phone number of Timm FRANZ's father; this number turned out to be an extension of the Defense Ministry of GFR and she told me that Mr. FRANZ Sen. is a colonel. She told me also that his son Timm had caused many problems to his father - seemed to be a runaway lad - and that for the time being his father even did not know where his son is. All this sounded confusing and I decided to call up FRANZ Sen. after the office hours and not at his office since I expected that he would be very cautious and would inquire as to my identity and mission. Took a long stroll across the Rhein River to the Drachenfels rock. While crossing the river by the ferry met there some Americans who turned out to be employees at the USA embassy in Bonn. Again I had the feeling that they knew about me and my mission since one of them started a conversation with me and was very friendly toward me wishing me well. Returning from my stroll made the phone call; Mr. FRANZ Sen. at first seemed to be very suspicious about who is calling (asked even from where I am calling) - told him that I am a journalist, gave him my true name though I doubt whether he recalled it later - and wanted to talk to me in private. I sensed that it might involve me in unpleasant situation and stated frankly that I might drop this business since Mr. FRANZ had already told me that his son is very immature and, though had visited Riga as a seaman recently, does not possess the ability to make any valuable observations and to report about them afterwards (no C.R. prepared afterwards; reported verbally this case to [] and he agreed that it had been wise not to push this case further because of the father's position and possible inquiries by the Germans).

Departed from Bonn late in the night by train.

3 June

Back in Fran where I met with HERBERT, then attended the concert in America House by Bob MITCHELL's "Singing Boys" (an excellent performance which earned much applause; these

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boys should be sent behind the Iron Curtain where they would be an immense success; particularly impressing was their relaxed manner and freedom of any inhibitions). Afterwards I went again to the FROENDTS to settle the matter of taking over their apartment next week. During this visit Mr. FROENDT made a remark which showed that he does not believe my cover story as being employed by the US Army - that he knows the truth. Nevertheless, he was very friendly and I came to like this family which seemed very well adjusted to the life in Germany and could give me many valuable advices.

4 June

Encountered for the second time on the street the vehicle of the Soviet Military Mission in Fran - was able to take a good look of the passengers (and probably vice versa). Met with BILL at the SH, informed him about my new apartment. He told me that now the arrival of my family is certain and will take place soon; according to the news he had got from the HQs they would start to get the necessary inoculations next week and thus I could expect them at the beginning of July. At the end of our meeting he made a gesture which meant that all is O.K. and I should not worry anymore as to my family (since he did not tell me so but made this gesture indicated to me that there are some gadgets in this room as I had already suspected). Got several letters from my relatives which were full of kindness and I was overwhelmed by their love to me, was very much in love myself and this new strong feeling made me cry again when I was back in my apartment. It might be a strange coincidence again but almost immediately afterwards I got two phone calls - one from HERBERT, the other from the BECKERS - who both tried to cheer me up, to take away the depressing thoughts of loneliness and despair.

5 June

Nothing special to report. Probably went around unable to regular work. Once again met with the FROENDTS who moved out of the apartment; later we all went to a small restaurant and had a friendly chat. In the evening I went to HERBERT where I spent a couple of hours. He told me that he expects three acquaintances from New York who would arrive in a chartered plane on 20 June; he mentioned also that SINGER probably would

* pseudonym: AEFLAG

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C. T. LAT []

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come to Germany in connection with the case of HOLLE Harrijs who had allegedly ~~been~~ repatriated from Latvia to GFR and for the time being lived somewhere near Stuttgart. I pretended that I don't know Mr. SINGER very well though it seemed that HERBERT knows very well that we are working for the same agency.

6 June

Went by bus to Bad Soden, then walked to Kronberg and Great Feldberg where I was met by the BECKERS who took me in their small car to a picturesque manor Retterhof. As usual they both were very kind and tried to cheer me up.

7 June

My 40th birthday. Had expected a phone call from my wife but instead [] arrived at my apartment quite unexpectedly with a bottle of wine. He told me that my family would arrive in Germany in a month - it was the best birthday present I could have! In the afternoon I went again to the US Army chapel; the pastor there spoke about the sin of adultery, based his speech on the Psalm 51 and again I had the feeling that he knows my past and that this sermon is meant just for me. It gave me much strength but did not relieve me from the overwhelming feeling to be in love and thus emotionally to excited to fulfill my duty.

8 June

Was occupied with the matter of transfer to the new apartment where some redecorating was needed. In the evening visited HERBERT who took me to a theater.

9 June

Went together with HERBERT by train to Nuremberg where HERBERT introduced me to Mr. AVOTIJS - the latter was apparently one of HERBERT's subagents; ~~max~~ he owned now a small stationary shop and seemed to be well informed about the Latvians residing in this city. It came out that g during the German occupation he had worked for the SD though did not sympathize with the ~~xxxx~~ Nazi regime. He seemed to be a clever, much experienced man though presently was rather depressed and ailing. HERBERT went to meet some of his

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subagents in the nearby Ruerth, promised to be back in a couple of hours but was delayed. I went to see a recent repatriee from Latvia (had read her intercepted letters to Latvia) at the refugee camp in Schafskopf(?) - she turned out to be a young Latvian woman whose husband was an ethnic German and worked now as a driver in Nuremberg ([] had previously submitted to me a report describing this case; only now I detected that it is the same case). This woman was rather co-operative though again she had some reservations to tell me much about the living conditions in Latvia since had left close relatives behind in Latvia. Besides, she mentioned also a case where a person, who had recently got repatriated from Latvia to GFR, had been interviewed by some Latvian journalist (probably A.SILDE - as far as I can recall from the s/m report received from [] this interview had been published in some Latvian exile newspaper and the brother^{in Latvia} of this repatriee had been afterwards arrested by the Soviets (the people in Latvia had concluded that it was caused by this interview). She mentioned also that many times the Latvians in exile had sent parcels to their relatives in Latvia which contained very old clothes - they could not be used and, besides, the receivers felt almost offended by this. Soon we were joined by another woman, a recent repatriee (have forgotten the names of both; they are in the notes I left with [] as well as the transcript of this interview). She was a very interesting case since she had been born and brought up in Russia proper in a Latvian family which had lived in Russia since WW I. During the great purges of 1937/38 her father (as well as all Latvian men in their settlement there) had been arrested and came never back to their families. The woman and children got deported to Siberia when the German-Russian war broke out in 1941. She had very interesting info as to the fate of these Latvians and their sufferings. After WW II she had come as a young girl to Latvia for the first time in her life to find out whether her mother and sister should move to Latvia, too. They had lived then for some years in or near Cesis where she got a position ~~with~~ at some Soviet office, later was sent to some course in Riga. Lately she had worked at a factory in Riga. Though she was very talkative and seemed to have no fears and/or inhibitions to come out with info, there were several discrepancies in her story (f.i. she could not recall any mass deportations in Latvia in 1948/49 though allegedly had resided at that time in the countryside which was mostly affected by these deportations). She showed also very distinct dislike for some of the aspects of

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the life in GFR - that there is no entertainment here for such people as they are, i.e. nobody takes a genuine interest in them (asked whether the Latvian organizations could not organize some get-together for them in order to help them adjust to the life here; besides, she knew that w/m Mr. AVOTIJS is one of the Latvian representatives in Nuremberg - I pretended that I don't know him personally). In general she frequently made the impression that the Soviet indoctrination still has deep roots in her; I even suspected that she might be recruited by the Soviet IS prior to her arrival in GFR. After some two hours I interrupted my interview since it was difficult to listen to both of them and it seemed to me that the Siberian woman watches for some slips of tongue made by the other Latvian woman. I thought that it would be wiser to re-interview them later separately. - Afterwards I did not meet HERBERT but spent the night in a hotel.

10 June

Went by train to Munich. It was the first time I visited this city now (for some reason [] had always objected that I go there implying that it would be outrageous). Since it was the place where I had so badly failed in my loyalty toward my wife, I went to the LiebFrauenkirche (Catholic cathedral there) for a prayer; it just happened that I experienced there a solemn organ concert - it was like a forgiveness and at the same time blessing to me (by now it had become my habit to go to some church in every town I visited because I felt weak and bewildered by all the strange things around me; I badly needed the peace of mind and never before had I experienced such urge to find the right way, to find my God. All this sounds exaggerated and too pathological now but it was the way I felt then). Afterwards I tried to meet the Daughter of my acquaintance, KADILIS Janis (in Wash.D.C.), who allegedly was employed at the SAS office in Munich but nobody could tell me where she is now. Had got from HERBERT the phone number of V.KREICBERGS (who had worked with the VOA in Munich 1956/57), called him up and we agreed ~~that~~ to meet the next evening. Visited also Mrs.Doris BELL - my table mate aboard the SS United States - who lived in a suburb of Munich. Met her and her husband, SP 5 Homer L.BELL, at their apartment in Perlacher Forest, Bldg.306. Was shocked by the appearance of Mrs.BELL - had got to know her aboard the ship as a nice, well-balanced lady but now she was suffering of a

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nervous breakdown (her face was twitching in convulsions; she told how the kids in the neighbourhood are irritating her by their behavior). She complained that the US Army authorities in the States had promised that she would surely get some job in Germany but after her arrival it turned out that there are no vacancies - she just had to sit at home without anything to do (since she did not know any German it was even more difficult for her to spend the time here). Her case showed me what my wife would be like when in Germany without any job; it was another warning that all the promises made in Wash.D.C. and by [] here as to my wife's employment might mean nothing. Nevertheless, I tried to do my best and to cheer her up; had the feeling that at least for a day I had succeeded. Afterwards I went by train to Berchtesgaden to visit there a woman who, according to the intercepted letters, wanted to return to Latvia to her relatives there. In Berchtesgaden I made use of the facilities of the US recreation center here - got a good room in the hotel "Berchtesgadener Hof" and was very surprised by the attention I got there; again it looked like somebody had already notified the employees there about my arrival and had ordered the "special treatment" for me to make me feel like a VIP. Unfortunately, the weather was very bad - it was raining the whole time - and I had attracted a cold which prevented me to enjoy all this in full measure. However, I had enough opportunity to observe that this place was very well managed and made one to feel almost like at home.

11 June

Went by taxi to Koenigssee, met there the a/m woman, Mrs. WUKS (Irene ?) who had her day off from the work at a children's home. She seemed to be a plain woman who obviously enjoyed to have a visitor and told me the sad story of her life (the main trouble had been her hapless marriage to a drunkard; afterwards, too, she had been cheated by a man she had been in love). She had already written to the ^{German} ~~Soviet~~ Embassy in ^{Moscow} ~~Bonn~~ inquiring about the possibility to go back to her homeland Latvia (she was an ethnic German from Liepaja); now she showed me a replay she had got from the German authorities in Bonn re this matter - it explained to her that she might go to Soviet Latvia but then the GFR won't be in the position to grant her return to GFR. I warned her that the life in Latvia would be very difficult for her, that the Soviets would surely make use of her

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for their propaganda purposes and that it is quite certain that after some while she would want to get back to GFR but be unable to do so then. She stated that she has no illusion as to the life in present-day Latvia, that her sister in Lithuania had mentioned in her letters several facts which showed the life there in the true light. Nevertheless, she was very homesick, complained about the indifference toward her at her place of work - that nobody seemed to be interested in her fate, nobody cared for her though she admitted her own inability to mix with the people here. Her story reminded me of my own state of mind not long ago - when I, too, imagined that I am disliked by everybody, that nobody really loves me - and felt deep sympathies with her (could not hide even the tears in my eyes; it was a weakness which bothered me a great deal recently - I just could not control myself anymore when my feelings got aroused). At last I suggested that she should first try only to visit her relatives in Latvia if possible and then make up her mind definitely. She asked about the price of such trip and I was not able to tell her exactly how much would it cost - promised her to let her know it by a letter later (which I also did after a while). The whole time I had the unpleasant feeling that here is a broken woman who has experienced many sufferings and now I am trying to get her involved into much greater troubles if she would get recruited by us. On the other hand I sensed now and then by some of her remarks that this is not a true case of intended repatriation - that it is possibly another way to test my own loyalty, i.e. to check whether I myself intend to get back to Latvia. I was also rather concerned about the security aspect - my arrival in Koenigssee and the meeting with Mrs. FUKS could have been observed by the enemy, too, and this fact would mean that I had given her the "kiss of death", i.e. spoiled this case (had already previously told [] about this possibility but he seemed to ignore it - brushed off my objections as unrealistic). In short - I had such need of love, urge for purity and clean life that this task seemed to me dirty and wrong. Instead of doing good deeds I was now asked to play again the role of a procurer, to profit from the despair and misery of people who had already suffered too much. - On my way back to Berchtesgaden by train I was among a whole bunch of German school girls who seemed to have much fun of my funny face; one of them even remarked that it had been quite a show how her mother had succeeded with her invented story to make someone weak - and I strongly suspected that this was made in connection with my recent

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meeting with Mrs. FUKS (my suspicions grew stronger when I reported about this meeting to [] he seemed to have fun about it, too; later he told me that this case has been found by his superiors as unsuited for our goals because of the low intelligence of this woman; I doubt very much whether a person of high intelligence and in his right mind would ever consider to return to Soviet Latvia willingly). - I should add that during my whole stay in Berchtesgaden I had the same feeling of belonging and hospitality I had experienced during my sail on SS United States (my thanks to whom it may concern !) and this time I felt that I had earned it because of my efforts during the days until the date of Berlin ultimatum to keep up the morale of the people in GFR; now I recognized that it had been rather strenuous time for me though I had tried to deceive myself and to act nonchalantly as if this danger did not exist. Now apparently I had to pay for it - now came the reaction of it.

Went by train back to Munich, checked in there at the US Army hotel, called up Mr. KREICBERGS who arrived soon afterwards by his car and took me out to a small but cozy forest inn where we had a friendly chat during which I learned a great deal more about him (did not know that he had worked for the Americans for 17 years and had thus achieved a certain status enabling him to look forward to a reasonable pension after his retirement). He expressed his great satisfaction in his present job - he was still with the broadcasts in Munich in charge of the news concerning the Baltic States. Though divorced from his wife he seemed to be very attached to his sons - expected to meet them soon and go for a trip together with them to France and Switzerland. He impressed me as a man who had worked long and hard and now had the satisfaction of some achievement. Besides, he stated also that he likes the life in Germany much better than in Sweden - I could only agree with him. Afterwards we had a couple of drinks at the bar of a/r hotel; other guests there seemed to recognize us and watch us - I had the feeling that they were puzzled as to my mission and possibly suspected that I am sneaking around and gathering info for a report to Washington, D.C.; in any case the service here was very good.

12 June

Went by train from Munich to Nuremberg (had planned to return to Fran but changed my mind while in train - decided to try to outwit my "guardian angels" this time and

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to make an unexpected move this time) and visited again the Siberian Latvian, Mrs. Olga K. I had already interviewed on 9 June. This time she was alone (the other woman had left for work) and we had a conversation for approx. three hours. Again she came out with rather sharp criticism as to the life in the West - complained, f.i., that there are no institutions here for babies who could be left there while the mother is working (as it is in the Soviet Union). She could not understand my objections that it is wrong to separate the baby from his mother, to let the State take care of him. She was also very sceptical as to the real importance of the strikes in the West - in her opinion the rich businessmen could at each such case achieve the imprisonment of the strike leaders. She was so persistent in her biased convictions that I almost lost my temper; at the same time I recognized that an interviewer must be very skilled in all these questions in order not to loose the battle of words and ideas in which these young persons from the USSR showed great skill. I myself had to admit that I am not up to date anymore - my knowledge of the economic questions re the life in USSR had become spotty, I had to rely too much on improvisation. After some three hours I left her with an unpleasant feeling of having been partly defeated because I had lacked convincing counter-arguments (except the one ~~one~~ - about the Soviet brutality and imperialism in Hungary; as in the case of Mr. KARLSON I saw that they could not find any excuse for this act, became silent when I mentioned this).- Went back by train to Fran, inspected my new apartment. Late in the evening visited HERBERT who told me that he had had just a bad case of spitting blood (caused possibly by his TB) and felt very weak and depressed now. I was rather worried about this matter and after I had returned home I became afraid that HERBERT might suffer another loss of blood. So I decided to make use of the emergency phone number I had got from [] However, instead of [] I was connected with BILL. When I had reported to him HERBERT's bad shape BILL surprised me very much by asking whether I had seen with my own eyes that HERBERT had spat blood. I had to deny it but this remark confused me considerably because some time ago [] had told me that - in order to ~~wax~~ disinform the Soviets - rumors will be spread that HERBERT has become ill again and has retired from this work. Thus I became rather sceptical as to HERBERT's illness - at times it seemed that he only pretends to be ill, especially when other Latvians visited him, though it did not make any sense why would he have to play this

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role even for his closest colleague, ~~SECRET~~ (and I remained in doubt until my departure back to the States - possibly thus offending HERBERT at times).

13 June

HERBERT asked me to meet the former landlady of Mr. STRANTE Pauls (though the address he gave was neither of the two other known to me as STRANTE's previous residences in Fran); he - as well as [] - warned me that people there might be suspicious as to my appearance there and I suspected that I would encounter again some of the usual confusing situations I had become accustomed to. I was right since I could not get hold of this woman and the people in this house seemed to be quite aroused about my arrival there; I sensed that something wrong is going on here and that I have been again put on display for some reason unknown to me. Besides, while I was waiting on the street I observed across the street a butcher shop which had as its owner a German whose name was identical with that of Mrs. FUKS' relatives (and, coincidentally, these relatives, too, had owned a butcher shop though allegedly in Liepaja !). I went to HERBERT in an angry state of mind and it did not surprise HERBERT at all - he told me that they had just talked both with [] that I would interpret this matter as a new plot against me. We had an argument and I declared that I won't go back there again because I just don't know all the circumstances. It was rather cruel from me - if HERBERT was truly as ill as he told me - since it was a very hot day and HERBERT should have stayed in bed.

14 June

HERBERT called me up early in the morning complaining about pains and asking me whether I could get codein for him from some physician. It seemed strange to me that he, who had lived in Fran for several years, could not get a physician himself; still suspicious about his true state of health and annoyed by the happenings the day before I refused to help him out (all this seemed to me a new test put upon me in order to check whether I am able to control myself when angered). Afterwards I went for a long stroll in the Taunus.

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[] back in the office. Met him at the SH where we had a long conversation during which [] mentioned again that HERBERT probably will leave this work on the orders of the HQs and appealed to my patriotism to achieve more results ~~in order~~ to convince the HQs about the necessity to continue the activities with the Latvians. He stated also that now it is quite certain that my family would arrive in Germany on 1 August. - Afterwards I felt sorry for HERBERT, ~~and~~ went to see him and cheer him up, as well as to get from him info about a Latvian, MURNIEKS (Edgars), who allegedly intended to go back to Latvia. HERBERT told me that he had met this man a couple times, using the pseudo ZARIYS, and that this man, though a chronic drunkard, seems to be still a Latvian patriot and probably willing to co-operate with us, i.e. to be recruited by us prior to his return to Latvia. According to HERBERT this man had recently visited Col. JANUMS and the latter had got the impression that this man is not as bad as it seems - he had even admitted that he had already been in the Soviet Embassy in Bonn to discuss the case of his repatriation. All this did sound to me very discouraging - here I had to deal with an alcoholic who had already been in contact with the Soviet officials and possibly tried now to meet Latvian personalities on the orders of them. HERBERT gave me the address of this man (it turned out to be obsolete) as well as his BI data; according to his info this man was now cured of alcoholism.

16 June

Went by plane to Hamburg where I met [] at the SH then went to the address of Mr. MURNIEKS Edgars which turned out to be in the vicinity of the airport. Already in the vicinity of the address I saw on the street some men who seemed to be heavily drunk and the address itself turned out to be some sort of institution for alcoholics - there was a control at the gate and a guard. The latter checked the list of the inmates and it showed that s/m Mr. MURNIEKS had checked out several months ago; his present address was unknown here. All the circumstances in this case told me that [] had again thought up a case - ~~though~~^{so} I suspected because of my previous experiences - probably ~~was~~ to show me what fate awaits a man who indulges in alcohol. Afterwards I went to the nearby airport to have a supper there; two ladies there took place near to my

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xxxxx Travemuende that he is now together with his family and all is well. Afterwards made a long stroll in Travemuende where many Americans and other foreigners enjoyed the beautiful weather and seashore; took a look on the Soviet zone of Germany - it was quite near here. - Returned to Hamburg without meeting Miss HESS Irene; attended a play with Mrs. ULRICH Louise. Afterwards met with PAUL for approx. one hour - he had nothing of importance and made the impression that - after having brought me together with Mr. G.V. - he could take it easier now. Returning at the SH I could not sleep and went for a stroll around the Alster.

18 June

Went by train via Bremen to Cuxhaven. There I had again the feeling being shadowed and therefore took time to get rid of possible surveillance. At the first address (of a German skipper, who, according to [] had already expressed his willingness to cooperate with us) I was told by a girl that I should come later. When I returned there after a couple of hours a woman, who came out of this house, replied to my inquiries as to the skipper very unfriendly and in an aggressive manner - that she does not know anything about this seaman (though later it came out that she is his wife) and won't furnish any info to a stranger anyway. I told her my story of being a journalist who gathers info as to the living conditions in the Baltic States and who would pay for such info. She became a little bit friendlier though remarked that she is well aware about such seemingly innocent approach which could later lead to great trouble. Nevertheless, she gave me the name and address (town) of another German skipper who allegedly had sailed to the USSR ports frequently, was himself from the Baltic States (an ethnic German) and therefore would be in a better position to give me the info I wanted. While we were still talking a young man approached us - it turned out that he is the son of the skipper in Cuxhaven (the woman presumably was his step-mother) and a seaman himself. He was much more co-operative, did not show any suspicion toward me so I decided to give him a letter to his father (the latter was told to come very seldom home to Cuxhaven - his son had not met him for several months). In this letter I stated my interest in the Baltic States from the viewpoint of a journalist and asked him to

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let me know by a letter to our postbox in Fran (Ed.A.) when I could meet him. - This time , too, I had the uneasy feeling that the woman had known beforehand about my errand and her harsh attitude at the beginning had taken place only to rzkzk test me how I would react to such situation since later she showed almost no inhibitions anymore and seemed even to have fun of me. - It took much time to find out tkm where the other German seaman lives since the address seemed to be incomplete. At last I met him (his name turned out to be a little different from that I had got from [] though the latter had claimed that this seaman had already been checked by us as to his reliability - a discrepancy !). Mr.KONRADI was very friendly and co-opertive, had no objections being interviewed by a journalist (though during our conversation he made the strange remark that I, too, am apparently from the "Comic Club" - Komischer Club, in Grm.; did not elaborate further what he meant by this). It came out that he had recently been twice in Ventspils (once together with his wife) and had been treated there by the Soviets very nicely - had much praise for their attitude. Some of his observations, however, showed that he possibly had been taken in by the Soviet propaganda and had been rather naive in dealing with them. Nevertheless, he seemed to be a man who has no fears and is willing to take risks. Unfortunately our conversation was interrupted by som guests (one of them was a pretty German woman who introduced herself as Mrs.VODKA ! I suspect that in fact she was his wife) and I could not come out with my proposals as to Mr. KONRADI's collaboration with us. - Besides, they seemed to be very interested in a TV show ~~show~~ it was about the doubtful value of the testimony of witnesses of street accidents - which gave me a clue how a person can be photographed on the street without knowing it that he is in the picture (I thought that this possibly explains why so many people in Germany seemed to recognize me, i.e. I might have unwittingly played a part in such TV show during my strjlls in the towns). When I departed I tried to talk with Mr.K in private but he refused because of his guests and told me that I could meet him sometimes next week (he was on two weeks leave now) calling him up first. - Went by train to Bremerhaven and checked in there at the US Army hotel.

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19 June

Decided to contact Mr. KONRADI again by calling him up from Bremerhaven. He told me that he has no time now - I should come back the next week. Went back via Cuxhaven to Hamburg by train (confusing the German train conductors since I had a roundtrip ticket via Bremen). During this trip became involved in conversation with an elderly German man who had spent a long time after WW II in prison in Czechoslovakia; he tried to find out my political convictions and from his behavior I concluded that he possibly works now for the German (or our) IG since he tried to give me good advices in a fatherly manner. From Hamburg I went to Luebeck, met there Miss HESS Irene; though I had intended to discuss with her the possibility of her visit to Latvia, I felt now how difficult it is to talk with her about it since I liked her very much and thought it unfair to get her involved in these matters. It seemed to me that Miss HESS sensed what I have on my mind (I had always suspected that she must be in some way connected with our work) since she kept me busy in her garden lot and did not want to go out with me to Travemuende as I had suggested (thought that there it would be easier to start this topic).

20 June

Went back by plane to Fran where HERBERT had already become impatient because he had ~~got~~ the guests from New York (three ladies) and wanted me to come out to him in order to show these ladies the nightlife of Fran. He told me that one of the ladies is an American therefore my presence would be of great assistance to him. I was quite intrigued by all this (had even imagined that ~~in fact~~ my wife would be one of these ladies), went there and was introduced by HERBERT to Mrs. TAURIJS Ziedone, Mrs. GRAZA and Miss BROWN. Though I had expected another joke here - thought that this American lady would be around 50-60 - Miss BROWN turned out to be a young and quite attractive woman. The joke in this case was that she was in fact a Latvian and all had a good laugh after I had tried to speak with her for a while in my spotty English. Miss BROWN told me also that she had left Latvia as late as in 1948, had been in contact after WW II with Latvian national partisans in the forests (I doubt it since after some questioning I saw that she has little knowledge about the area she supposedly had lived in Latvia;

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her stories about the partisans reminded me of the way Mr. KARLSON had succeeded to enliven my recollections). It seems that Miss BROWN recognized that she had not been very convincing in her role since afterwards she did not come back to this topic. Afterwards I took the ladies to Cafe Brandler, then to the "Old Don" restaurant since Mrs. TAURINS seemed to be very fond of Russian music. Here I experienced a great embarrassment - though I consumed only two glasses of wine I almost passed out (had to rush to the toilets and vomit). It had never happened before - and at that time I had become accustomed to consume great quantities of alcohol without getting intoxicated - and I strongly suspect that something had been put in my wine to make me sick. Nevertheless I still managed to get a cab for the ladies without further troubles but ~~then~~ did it with my last power - afterwards I was not able to reach my home (ten minutes to go only) nor to get another taxi cab for myself (the nearest taxi stand was only a couple hundred yards from there) and had to seek refuge in the park across the street, crouched there between the bushes and slept like dead until the next morning (and saw then to my horror that my feet had been almost on the path there thus every bypasser could have detected me; it was a miracle that all my personal documents and money was still with me).

21 June

Strangely enough I did not feel any guilt or shock ~~as~~ as to my experience the last night - considered it a new big joke though it could have ended very badly. - Went to HERBERT where I met for the first time ^{C. LATVA acquaintance ABRAWKEJE} (Mr. SKULTANS Vilis - the latter seemed to be very well acquainted with HERBERT and working for our organization though he had an excellent cover story (was ~~an~~ representative of the TAZAB Company of Gr. Britain in GFR). His behavior was rather queer - ^{Suspects of W. I. T. Connections} he seemed to pretend to be a little bit crazy, talked rather incoherently now and then (though later I learned that he possesses high intelligence and could be very pertinent). Afterwards we both with Mr. V. SKULTANS went to an inn where he tried to find out for what organization I am working and what are my tasks. All this annoyed me and I started to play back the same way, i.e. pretending to be mixed-up and crazy, too. Besides, he stated that presently he lives in GFR semilegally

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and asked whether he could have a room in my new apartment for one month. I liked this idea since it would have made it easier for me to overcome the time until the arrival of my family. During our conversation here I observed a couple next our table who seemed to pay some attention to our talk; they resembled Brits - when I remarked this to Mr.V.S. the latter was ready to go over to them and find it out.

22 June

Met with [] told him about Mr.V.SKULTANS and the possibility to have the latter as my subtenant. [] showed his usual pokerface pretending not to know Mr.V.SKULTANS and objecting that I take the latter in my apartment - in his opinion it would endanger my security (why should he use such lies ? It achieved only that I had to distrust [] still more not knowing when he is speaking the truth, when just joking and trying to confuse me). In the evening met Mr.SKULTANS again - this time he came out with another story - that already while working with the VOA in Munich he was approached there by an American who wanted to recruit him for intelligence work; now he had met this man again here in Fran (the latter's office allegedly was located in Offenbach; it was presumably the CIC - and Mr.SKULTANS implied that I am working for this agency, too). He urged me also not to reveal this fact to HERBERT - apparently it was his turn to test my reliability (I did not tell this HERBERT but mentioned it the next day to []

23 June

Got an early morning call from Mr.SKULTANS (now the latter, too, seemed to be informed what I am doing at home since his phone calls strangely coincided with my coming and going). He invited me to attend together with him the Latvian Midsummer festivities in Mannheim at the Latvian Labor Service Company there; I rather angrily rejected this invitation since I suspected that it might be a new "trap", i.e. to put me on display. Afterwards met [] who advised me to go to Mannheim since I could spot there for a special kind of men (here [] came out with a project which was obviously invented just to get me to Mannheim but he put it in such manner that I could not refuse to do it despite the fact I knew it is too fantastic - since KHRUSHCHEV soon would visit Scandi-

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navia I should look for bold, desperate men among the Latvians serving with the Labor companies who could be recruited for a clandestine action in Sweden, i.e. they would be brought over there by plane for a very short stay (0,5 - 1 hour), kill Nikita Ch. there and then be returned back to GFR. Though I remarked that such men should be already well known through the C.Os of these Labor Service companies (which were subordinated the US Armed Forces) [] nevertheless insisted that it is my task. I gave in since I sensed that the a/m festivities probably had been planned to uplift the morale of the Latvians serving there and my participation would be some part of it. - In the evening I went to the university to the concert given by US Army soldiers' chorus. It was very well-attended and the audience seemed to be enthusiastic about the performance (and my appearance there, as usual, seemed to create much fun among the students there; as usual a very pretty girl sat next to me but by now I had found out that the best way in such situations is to start a polite conversation in order to avoid a ticklish feeling). Afterwards visited HERBERT and tried to cheer him up.

24 June

Moved over to my new apartment and spent the day there.

25 June

Nothing to report.

26 June

Went together with Mr. SKULTANS to Mannheim, i.e. first to the barracks of the Labor Service Company. It turned out that there are some servicemen who did not participate at the festivities but had to stay at home (some of them were rather drunk when we arrived there; one of them, TOMSONS (?) FWU even imagined that he had met me somewhere before though I had never seen him). From here we both with Mr. SKULTANS were taken to a rather fashionable restaurant (German club) in the outskirts of Mannheim. Here I was introduced to Professor E. BLESSE and the latter's daughter i.l. (who is a cousin of Mr. SKULTANS). The whole arrangement was more like a banquet not the folksy Latvian Midsummer celebration and I was unable to get in the right mood because of nostalgic

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rominiscences. However, I succeeded to make again a show - though unintentionally - by slipping out during a dance and ^{falling} falling flatly on my bottom. At the table I had a chat with the retiring American C.O. and his wife - both were very friendly toward me and helped me to overcome the initial uneasiness in this crowd. Later I met an old acquaintance of mine from the days I had been studying in Jelgava, ^{Dec} Reverend ^{* CIVILIAN} ROMANS JANIS O. from ^{Rus} Kaiserslautern. He recalled my illegal activities during the Soviet occupation in 1940/41 and made some flattering remarks about them though I thought that he did not know what my true position was at that time. He was very talkative, tried to elicit from me info as to my tasks here but did it rather clumsily. We agreed that he would take me some days later by his car to ~~the~~ Mr. ZEGNERS Janis who at that time was with his unit near Fran (nothing came out of it since on the agreed day somebody prevented me to meet him - apparently it was not in the interest of our organization that I meet Mr. ZEGNERS). Left the place of these festivities in a very sad mood and returned alone to Fran by train; had the feeling that I had disappointed the Latvians there and that all this trip had been in vain.

27 June

Went together with HERBERT to the FROENDTS who had invited us. During our chat there Mr. FROENDT made a remark (about the necessity of several inoculations for US Army dependents prior to their arrival in Germany) which showed me that he is well-informed about my problems and the situation of my family just now (next morning I called again up my wife and she told me that they had started with the inoculations !). Afterwards the FROENDTS took me to an old German inn in Niederursel, then to another restaurant in Ginheim and it was rather obvious to me that they were trying to cheer me up (probably because of my failure the previous day in Mannheim). Late at night I went back to "Old Don" where I had experienced such embarrassment - wanted to show the management that I have no hard feelings against them (and sensed that they appreciated this step of mine very much; was serenaded even by a Russian song).

28 June

Made the a/m longdistance call to my wife; she told me not to drink as much (as if she

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had known my recent escapades). The rest of the Sunday spent by strolling around. A very strange thing happened here to me in the Cruzenburg Park - A branch of a tall walnut tree there almost hit my nose when my eyes were fixed on a pretty German girl who approached the place - there was no wind, no birds or squirrels in this tree, nothing which could have caused this branch to brkkk brake off and it puzzled me a great deal (it was as if Him had intended to warn me not to look at pretty girls).

29 June

Through Mr. SKULTANS got a Latvian charwoman, Mrs. ZARIYS (her husband had deceased recently; Mr. SKULTANS had lived in her apartment for a while and recommended her as a very reliable person) - she was full of praise for Mr. SKULTANS, was an elderly and very talkative woman who tried hard to please me and possibly intended to be employed later as my cook too. I got the impression, however, that she is of the type who likes to go around rumoring and would not be very trustworthy in this respect; a German housemaid would have been better because she would not know Latvian and would not become too familiar with the life of my family.

30 June

Met with [] at the SH who stated again that my family would depart from the States on 1 August - said that he had been notified so by the HQs (though could not tell me now whether they would go by plane or by ship). We had some discussion as to my work here - told him that until now I have always had the feeling that there are no real tasks for me, that too many jokes have been played upon me and thus all my activities here make no sense. He told me also that he would try to find out about my wife's job as a dentist in Germany by meeting the daughter of an AF general known to him personally (again it sounded like a good joke). He asked me also rather sternly whether I intend to work here or not - if not he would send me back to the States; I promised to work though I told him also that just now I am in such state of mind that it is almost impossible to fulfill my duties - and [] agreed that he does not expect from me much until the arrival of my wife. Afterwards HERBERT joined us and surprised me very much.

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by his splendid appearance - he looked as if he never had had any haemorrhages, seemed to be in perfect health (and had obviously great fun as to my surprise). [] told me that I have to take over some ^{acco. Addresses} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ addresses from HERBERT since the latter would be unable to visit these persons because of his impaired health. During the next 2-3 weeks we both with HERBERT would visit together several persons all around the GFR to get introduced by HERBERT to them; afterwards I would visit them at intervals of a couple of months. Got no explanation as to the exact way these persons were used and assumed that HERBERT would explain it to me in each case later. At last it seemed to me that my real work would get started and I agreed that this would be O.K. with me. (this discussion took place the next day, 1 July).

1 July

Took up my work on reports and/or intercepted letters (and the AFN radio supported me by its tunes considerably; I had become at this point a true radio addict). In the evening went together with HERBERT to the Soviet movie picture "Malva" picturing the Latvian movie star, RITTENBERGS Dzidra (a fine, apolitical movie). - Probably on this day Mr. SKULTANS started to live in my apartment still pretending and sticking to his cover story ([] had at last agreed that I may have him as my subtenant; it showed that Mr. SKULTANS is "our man" and therefore it was outright stupid and unnecessary for us two to continue to play our roles). Since he still teased me and tried to embarrass me with thrilling stories I played back the same way - called up HERBERT and inquired whether Mr. SKULTANS is not a little bit out of his mind, that I ~~am~~ suspect him being a homosexual (I knew that HERBERT would tell it back Mr. SKULTANS immediately - which he apparently did, judging by Mr. SKULTANS behavior). In any case this way I had a plausible explanation why I am locking the door of my room during the night (in fact, I expected that Mr. SKULTANS, too, would be interested to take a look in my diary - as it had happened to me in Hamburg's SH). It was a confusing and annoying situation since I sensed that Mr. SKULTANS possibly starts to suspect me being really crazy - and I learned that he is a fine man, devoted to our job and the Latvian cause; would have liked to get this situation straightened out but was bound by [] request for security - he still claimed that Mr. SKULTANS ~~is~~ not connected with our organization.

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2 July

Worked on my reports or intercepted letters. The day was unusually hot for Germany and I sweat profusely - Mr. SKULTANS explained it as caused by ~~the~~^{my} mood (and he was damned right !).

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3 July

Though it was the day before Independence Day [] I told me to take it off. Used it for shopping at the PX and German stores. In the evening went to the AFN 10th anniversary party expecting to meet there in person some of the benevolent persons who had entertained me so much - (and pushed me back to the state of mind of a teenager !). The entrance there was only \$ 1 and for this one got free beer and snacks as much he wanted. When I arrived there it seemed to me that almost everybody recognized me and got in a hilarious mood (is my face so funny ?) because of my appearance there. However, when I started to get in conversation with some young Americans there, they avoided my company - it was as if I were an untouchable. The program was quite well prepared, I enjoyed it but at the same time was almost sick by longing for my wife - to have her there, to dance and be happy at last together with her at this genial party and the very beautiful surroundings. Fought my loneliness by consuming much beer (probably ten mugs); afterwards went for a stroll along the Main River but was too sleepy and had a couple hours sleep under the sky in a pile of timbers; sensed that all the time my "guardian angels" were somewhere around me and watching me (this constant supervision slackened my sense for security; I felt that nothing can possibly happen to me).

4 July

Went to HERBERT who was awaiting Mr. SKULTANS and instructed me how to meet HERBERT later at the Hauptbahnhof in order not to show Mr. SKULTANS that I and HERBERT are working together, i.e. going for a train trip to Kaiserslautern (apparently HERBERT still imagined that I believe in Mr. SKULTANS' story and don't know the truth). Had some difficulties to get rid of Mr. SKULTANS later - he played his role very well - and came almost too late to the train; HERBERT was quite annoyed. In Kaiserslautern

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HERBERT introduced me to Mr. ROSENBERG Felin - an Estonian who served with some of the Baltic Labor service companies there. He seemed to respect HERBERT as his superior, was rather friendly and ready to co-operate with me later (though HERBERT did not say what kind of co-operation would it be). This meeting took place in the RR restaurant after we had met Mr. F. Rosenberg across the RR station. In my opinion all this was done too overtly - as to show to everybody what is going on - and thus I had to suspect again that all this had been pre-arranged for some different purpose (to desinform the enemy or the Germans ?) or showed that HERBERT ignores any precautions; in any case all this seemed to me utterly wrong . Since we had to meet two more persons here for the same purpose I still hoped that my impression had been wrong. The next man was Mr. CIRULIS FNU (according to HERBERT he is the board member of the "Daugavas Vanagi" in charge of information, i.e. security questions due to his previous experience in these matters during the German occupation when he had worked for the SD) - HERBERT went to his house together with me in a taxi, took Mr. CIRULIS out and for a supper together with me in one of the best restaurants in the town (here, too, I would have preferred to discuss our future co-operation in some secluded spot, f.i. the hotel we both with HERBERT had checked in at our arrival). Mr. CIRULIS served with some of the Labor Service companies thus he should be very well known to the Soviets - especially because of his past employment at the SD, too - and this fact seemed to contradict the principle of an accommodation address (if the letters from Latvia would arrive to another name, not CIRULIS' own, it would make more sense; however, HERBERT did not mention this possibility - he even did not discuss with Mr. CIRULIS the letter business thus I got the impression that in fact there must be something else). He seemed to be an earnest, conscientious man though showed signs of being rather tired and possibly senile, too; in any case he did not make the impression of being a fighter nor an energetic person. After the supper we went all three to the home of the Latvian artist-painter, SOIKANS Juris (he was not at home), and then all the way back through the town to our hotel. In my opinion it was not wise to make such a show of us three being together but I still trusted HERBERT's better judgement and experience. Nevertheless, when back at the hotel I could not help but show my annoyance to HERBERT about all these meetings and left him

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at the hotel - went myself to the American settlement in the Vogelweh suburb of Kaiserslautern to participate in the Independence Day's festivities there. The fireworks there was already over so I had some drinks at the El Club there which was crowded by the Negroes (one of them teased me at the bar that I am here probably on a CI mission); returned late to my hotel.

5 July

While taking our breakfast at the hotel restaurant had my first serious argument with HERBERT - he wanted to take me to our last contact, Mr. MAZURKEVICIUS FNU, but I refused to go with HERBERT there since then I would have to meet Mrs. MAZURKEVICIUS, too, and I found it very inappropriate in this business. I even told HERBERT that I cannot see any sense in all these meetings and how they are arranged therefore I would have to report to the HQs about it (had no intention to do it - only wanted to show off and make HERBERT to think it over, to be more careful in these matters). HERBERT seemed to be hurt by my attitude but at last agreed that he would take Mr. MAZURKEVICIUS out to town where we would meet at some restaurant. Before he went to Mr. M's home (outside the town) we visited both Mr. SOIKANS Juris, I was introduced to him and remained there for more than an hour until the meeting with Mr. MAZURKEVICIUS. Mr. SOIKANS made me feel like at home, showed his paintings and drawings and we had an excellent time together discussing about the problems of Latvian art; decided that I must come back again to have a better look on his works and to buy some of them. Went back to the restaurant and met there HERBERT with Mr. MAZURKEVICIUS. The latter made a good impression on me - seemed to be intelligent, straight-thinking man of much energy and purpose as well as good sense of humor. It turned out that he is the C.O. of one of the labor service companies and he seemed to possess authority and leadership. Again I was only introduced to him as HERBERT's successor - there were no discussions as to the tasks he would do or what I should expect from him. As to his use as acco. address it seemed to me again dead wrong to chose for this purpose a person with such peculiar last name and surely known to the Soviets as a C.O. in Kaiserslautern (told about my objections later []). Afterwards went back to the SOIKANS where I chose some of his graphics (bought them on installments) and had a long discussion about the problem how to counteract the Soviet

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efforts to profit from the Latvian painters by publishing their paintings in well prepared reproductions. Mr. SOIKANS made a very good impression upon me - was a devoted Latvian patriot, was full of ideas how to fight the Soviets in the propaganda field (has published several articles in Latvijs about it), was self-assured and full of energy; seemed to be a good Catholic, too. They both corresponded with several acquaintances in Latvia (I had read some of their intercepted letters; suspect^{ed} that - if my theory about some of them being written for my "benefit" - they had been the authors of some of the puzzling letters, f.i. the one which contained some poems familiar to me) and seemed to be very well informed about the situation in occupied Latvia. Besides, it came out that some of the maps of Mr. SOIKANS' reproductions had been smuggled into Latvia and caused there great excitement (one of these reproductions depicts Latvian national colors which are now banned by the Soviets) as a message from the Free World Latvians (later Mr. EGLITIS Andrejs confirmed to me from Sweden that he knows about this case since these maps had been brought to Latvia from Sweden). After a while HERBERT, too, arrived and from his talk to Mr. SOIKANS I concluded that both have much fun about me and my problems, f.i. that HERBERT had told him about my supersensitiveness which caused the tears in my eyes when I encountered some sorrowful situation and/or heard a sad story of hapless people in Germany. - HERBERT seemed to be rather pleased about this meeting and my attitude toward the SOIKANS and I had to express my thanks to HERBERT about this meeting thus we returned to Fran in a much better state of mind (though while waiting for the train in the RR station the people there behaved again in a manner which made me suspect that some show is going on here, too).

6 July

Visited HERBERT, then met Mr. SKULTANS and took him to the Idle Hour cinema which showed "Some like it hot", later for a couple of drinks to the bar of Ambassador Arms Hotel - it seemed that by now Mr. SKULTANS recognized that my reserved attitude toward him was only a pretension and that I don't dislike him at all. He promised also to introduce me the next day to a Latvian woman who works for the Americans (in the "spy business", too - as he put it).

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7 July

Met [] at the SH and was rebuked by him for my laziness in preparing reports as well as for my threat to HERBERT to report about the business of the accommodation addresses to the HQs - [] stressed that for me he is the HQ here and that I am not permitted to make any complaints directly, i. e. bypassing him. He reproached me also about the rash manner by which I had tried to recruit Mr. S.V. (German marine officer) in Hamburg. - Afterwards I met Mr. SKULTANS and Mrs. GERCHOEANUS Rata at the Opera Cafe - she seemed to be a pleasant woman who had been pleased to meet a fellow countryman; and so was I - almost missed again the train by which we went with HERBERT to our next contact in Fuerth near Nuremberg. This meeting was ill prepared - the man we had to meet was out of town thus the trip had been in vain (later I read in the newspapers that a Communist agent had been arrested in Fuerth afterwards; it made me think again that such trips were possibly made for a completely different purpose - as I have already stated before). We returned to Fran via Wuerzburg where we went to a restaurant specializing in seafood (Schiffbaeuerin). Here an episode took place which made me think that HERBERT, too, is well aware about the "guardian angels" - two young ladies entered the room we both were sitting and their behavior was such that I became interested who they are - in my opinion one of them was an American girl. When we left HERBERT went over to them (as if he already knew why they have followed us) and asked about their nationality - it came out that I had been right.

8 July

Had caught a severe cold and was unable to work. Mr. SKULTANS tried to cheer me up by showing true friendliness. Made a phone call to the editorial office of the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung because of a quotation published in this newspaper which seemed to misrepresent the role of the ethnic Germans in the Balticum (it turned out that I had misread it).

9 July

Met with [] at the SH who told me that his boss is going to see me - allegedly had

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recently arrived from Washington, D.C. and wanted now to become acquainted personally with all his employees. When [] entered the room I intuitively got the feeling that there will be some trouble - his whole personality and attitude toward me, though very polite and friendly, made me feel that this superior is antagonistic toward me, that I had put [] possibly in difficulties because of my refusal to go after my duties. I expected to get a reprimand from [] about all this but instead he only rebuked me about my too hurried recruitment of the German seaman, Mr. G.V., in Hamburg - that such cases could compromise our organization because the Germans could object to such activities. He implied that the Germans in fact know about our work and goals here but there is a silent agreement that they would not object to it as long as we stick to the rules and don't offer the opportunity for the Soviets to accuse us as collaborating with the German IS. To my question whether it means that "the show has to go on", [] replied affirmatively. He showed also interest in my family, hoped that it would soon join me - I told him that this is my only real problem which bothers me now. He asked me also not to change my mind as to my families' moving to me (and at that time I had no intentions to have it otherwise). Though this conversation was very pleasant and I even got some compliments from [] as to my previous work here, I still had the feeling that it would be difficult to work under this boss - he just seemed to be of completely different kind as [] was. Besides, [] explained to me at some length also the structure of our organization in GFR (still don't know why I should have known it) and promised that I would have a room in some USA office (in the annex near the IG Farben building) since I had mentioned how difficult it is for me to work at home where I cannot keep all my records because of doubtful security. * This night I had a long conversation with Mr. SKULTANS; we both consumed much beer and since he continued to talk rather incoherently, pretending to be crazy-minded, I did the same (predicting, besides, that he and HERBERT would experience great sufferings because all the jokes and embarrassments they had made me go through). These relations between us two seemed to me too stupid and out of place but since Mr. SKULTANS did not change his attitude I had no other choice as to continue my act.

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10 July

The hottest day last summer in Germany. Mr. SKULTANS agreed that it is impossible to work on such day and we both went to Kronberg for a long stroll. Here we met at the public swimming pool one Mr. RIEL Richard - an ethnic German from Latvia who was well acquainted with Mr. SKULTANS (according to the latter Mr. RIEL worked for some IS - either the German or our); to me it did not seem to be a chance meeting - it looked more as if Mr. RIEL had followed us (and later I was strengthened in my suspicions; had the impression that Mr. RIEL is responsible for my security in GFR). He brought us to Koenigstein where we had a long chat with Mr. SKULTANS - the latter came out with another story (that his wife has possibly cancer and therefore my predictions last night had been very inappropriate, i.e. that he would experience great sufferings). When we went home by buss some pretty German girls attracted our attention; knowing that Mr. SKULTANS observes my reaction toward the fair sex (he frequently made remarks teasing me as too occupied by sexual urges because of my long separation from my wife) I deliberately exaggerated my excitement - and I am sure that Mr. SKULTANS reported it later accordingly. Besides, I had written to Mr. SINGER my first impressions about Mr. SKULTANS as a prospective candidate for the Latvian broadcasts in Rome; since I was quite certain that the HQs would read such letters, I mentioned in it that in my opinion Mr. SKULTANS is not qualified for this job because of his age and nervousness (in this manner I wanted to pay back Mr. SKULTANS' efforts to make me lose my temper since I assumed that he might be the person who translates my intercepted letters or at least is in contact with such persons). Now I told Mr. SKULTANS frankly what I had written about him and he was quite annoyed about it - predicted that I myself would suffer from such reporting (how right he was !).

11 July

Met with HERBERT who had summoned to Fran another person I had to take over from him - an Estonian, Mr. JURBAA (?). Our meeting took place in a German restaurant on the Kaiserstrasse; again it seemed to me not the best place because of the many guests here (though I sensed that some of them were there for our benefit, probably watching for some sur-

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villiance put upon us by the Soviets). Mr. JURMAA seemed to be a well-balanced man, conscientious and reliable though not very well experienced in this business. It was a short meeting and - as in the previous case - mainly intended to establish a rapport between Mr. JURMAA and me. - Afterward, we went both with HERBERT to the latter's home where we met the three ladies from New York who allegedly were returning now to the States. They told about their experiences in France and Italy but again it was Miss BROWN who had a slip of her tongue and I started to wonder - though did not say so - whether they really had been there, i.e. Miss BROWN and Miss GRAZA (the latter's story, too, contained some discrepancies as to her trip to Sweden). Later I brought the ladies to the airport of Fran (and got a farewell kiss there from Mrs. TAURINS who seemed to understand my state of mind better than all my overt and covert colleagues).

12 July

Mr. SKULTANS took me to Mrs. DARIUS for a Sunday dinner - she served my favorite soup - but the day was very hot and we both were rather tired and without the usual wits and mutual teasing.

13 July

Went by plane to Hamburg where I met HERBERT (though the previous day he had complained to have fever) and we both went to the DZENIS at the Daimler Street refugee camp. It was a very sad experience to see how the Latvian refugees had to live here (and had lived for many years) though just now some of them, f.i. the DZENIS, expected to be resettled to new apartment houses erected by the money of some religious organization. Had met the DZENIS already before at the "Haus der Begegnung" in Hamburg. Both were very friendly and enjoying our visit; HERBERT seemed to be a good friend of them. Mr. DZENIS impressed me very much by his intelligence and wittiness; presently he was very annoyed by the fact that he had not got the permission to visit his aged father, Prof. DZENIS Burhards, in the States to the latter's birthday (80th ?) - the American authorities had rejected his request and Mr. DZENIS was very offended by such inhumane and bureaucratic attitude. While I was talking with Mrs. DZENIS - who seemed to be very excited and nervous for some reason - I got the feeling that HERBERT and Mr. DZENIS

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are deliberately debating about some facts from the past which were very embarrassing to me - they recalled the time when they had been in Grafenachon (where I had eight years ago visited Mrs. DEBLITIS - and where the events had started which led to my marital troubles afterwards), talked about the sister i.l. of Mrs. DEBLITIS and when I became rather uneasy about these topics they both had apparently great fun though they did not show it openly. This hurt me deeply - I had not expected that HERBERT would take use of his knowledge about my past in such manner, i.e. while among new acquaintances of mine and future co-workers. Apparently HERBERT had decided to pay me back for some of the unpleasant things I had told him during our battles of words. After HERBERT had told the DENIS very shortly that in the future I would contact them we departed - HERBERT went to the SH, I to some hotel [] had instructed me not to use the SH anymore - mentioned that there had been a case of defection by some of [] contacts and therefore this SH is not safe anymore; all this was told ^{to} me in [] characteristic manner when he had to tell me an invented story - his face was stern but his eyes were smiling as if enjoying my inability to contradict him).

14 July

Went by train to Luebeck - this time had made up my mind to talk over with Miss HESS Irene whether she would be interested to go for a visit to Riga. However, it was not as easy as I had thought since she had two xxx guests - girls of her acquaintance (from Bad Godesberg). It was rather late when I finally got the opportunity to talk to her in private while we were sitting in some restaurant. When I touched this topic got the impression that she had known about my intentions beforehand; though she tried to dodge this question I persisted in it and got her answer that she would be too afraid to go there despite the fact that she had no relatives there and would have a good pretext to go to Riga since some of her belongings were still there and she knew where to find them (i.e. her piano). She had some news about my former fellow student, Miss ^{Cp:Lat} BLUMBERGS Valta (daughter of the form. Latvian Minister of Trade, J. BLUMBERGS - this family had been deported to Siberia in June, 1941) - the latter, her sister Mirdza and their mother allegedly were now back in Latvia and lived in Liepaja. Miss

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HESS got these news from a common acquaintance in Latvia; thought that she would know more about this family and its living conditions soon and then it would be possible to send them parcels. It seemed to me that Miss HESS was seduced by my attempt to assure her as a possible legal traveler to Latvia - that now she probably thought that all my interest and friendship toward her had been only a pretext in order to get her recruited for our goal (in fact, it was quite the opposite - I enjoyed her company so much that I mentioned this possibility of recruiting her on to GEORGE only to have a good reason to go and visit her; I was convinced that nothing would come out of it). - Returned late to Hamburg and went to the SH after having called up HERBERT there; as I already had assumed there were no real objections that I spend the night there (it was very difficult at that time to get a hotel room in Hamburg). Since both [] and HERBERT were there I had to spend the night on the floor; nevertheless, I slept very well.

15 July

HERBERT had shown me an article in Hamburger Abendblatt (while we visited the DZENIS) which said that the Soviets in Latvia are preparing new listings of persons who should get deported; this news allegedly came from the Latvian Social Democrat delegates participating at the International Socialistic Congress in Hamburg; one of the delegates was Mr. KALNIŅŠ Bruno from Sweden. I decided to meet him and find out what is behind these news. Met him during an intermission of this congress; he did not recall me but was willing to elaborate w/ the a/m news - told that it had been received by letters from Latvia to Sweden, that the informers in this case had been people not only of the left wing (his acquaintances) but from the right wing as well. When I expressed my doubts as to the reliability of such communications which have to pass the Soviet censorship, Mr. KALNIŅŠ Bruno replied that he knows the authors of these letters as persons who have much experience in these matters, that they had used some sort of code in reporting the a/m fact and are quite familiar with the Russian methods since had spent several years in prison during the Tsar Russia (the last remark made me suspect that his correspondents were former Latvian socialists, not right wing

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people since the latter in general had not been presented in Soviet Russia. I asked whether I could meet him later to discuss these news more thoroughly and he agreed to meet me later in the evening at the hotel where he stayed during the congress (Zum Kronprinzen). - Besides, I had the opportunity to listen for approx. one hour to the speeches held by various European socialists (among them I observed Aneurin BEVAN, Willy BRANDT and other celebrities) - got the impression that they have presently no united front ~~xxx~~ as to their socialistic movement; instead they all seemed to be concerned about the national politics of their respective countries thus showing that they are primarily good citizens who share the responsibility of the policy of their nations (especially revealing was the speech of the Swiss delegate). Thus I had to revise my prejudices re the Socialists in Europe as ~~stubborn~~ ^{stubborn} Marxists and dogmatists. When I went later to meet Mr. KALNIYS B. at the hotel he had with him another Latvian Social Democrat from Sweden, Dr. CGRIYS Erils (the latter took almost no part in our conversation though watched me with apparent interest . This time I tried to catch Mr. KALNIYS as to the a/m news by telling him that in the meantime I had contacted my unit (had told him about my work for the US Army as interpreter and research analyst) and that we had no confirmation as to such listings being prepared. Here Mr. KALNIYS blushed a little bit and I got the impression that he himself had fabricated these news in order to stir up excitement and sympathies at the congress for the oppressed Latvians (or it had been done in order to provoke the Soviets to come out with a dementi which possibly would reveal to the people in Latvia that such congress had been hold and that Latvian representatives had participated in it). Further Mr. KALNIYS complained rather bitterly that the Americans never take up the questions of the independance of the Baltic States at their get-togethers with the Soviets, f.i. now in Geneva; in his opinion nothing could be lost by it and - though the Soviets would not even consider to give the Baltic countries up - the morale of the Baltic nations would get an uplift so necessary just now. In general he was very sceptical as to the policy of the USA, saw not much hopes in the future for the Latvians. Our conversation was very pleasant and polite; I had no more hard feelings toward Mr. KALNIYS Bruno now and he seemed to be thankful for such attitude. My impression was that he had aged considerably, was not as vigorous as he was in around 1948-50 when I had met him in Sweden and listened to his speeches.

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Besides, [] had told me that instead of making the rather expensive phone calls to my wife I could send her special cables consisting of numbers which corresponded certain, ready-made phrases; such kind of communications were the privilege of the members of the US Forces and applied to my case, too. However, when I inquired about such possibility at the Main Post Office in Hamburg nobody knew about it (it was another example how [] was teasing me by giving false info; later it came out that there are two post offices in Fran where these EFM cables were accepted). - Afterwards I met with PAUL in St. Pauli at the "Eillertal" (we had met there already before). He had no new info only some vague leads which did not promise much success. By now I had to admit to myself that I am not a capable superior and unable to get more production out of PAUL - probably had established too friendly relationship ~~between~~ between us. PAUL himself seemed to have changed - he did not drink as much as during our first meetings, seemed to possess more intelligence than I had expected and his memory was not as poor as he had claimed a couple months before. Thus I had the impression that possibly PAUL, too, had only played the role of a drunkard and mixed-up chap; at times I even detected ^{in him} some signs of having fun about me, i.e. my clowning at these meetings. During our conversation there at a bar a group of young lads entered it - seemed to be from Sweden and behaved in such manner as if they knew what we both are doing here; however, they did not use the malicious way of indirect talk - it seemed rather that they had been instructed to cheer us both up, to show me their friendliness and respect.

16 July

Went by plane back to Fran where I met [] the latter suggested that I should take examination for the military driver's licence. - In the evening got a phone call from one of Mr. FROENOT's step-daughters - she had forgotten the new phone number of their home (it puzzled me since at first I did not recognize her voice; thought that a stranger is trying to find out where the FROENDTS are living now). Was very tired and fell asleep with my clothes on.

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17 July

Nothing special to report. Got the IEM call to my wife from the German post office in the IG Farben building (though [] had instructed me not to enter this edifice. I ignored it this time since I had started to suspect that by telling me this he had been joking only as in some other cases).

18 July

The RIELS took me out to some countryside restaurant by their car. Since it was the day when the PEN Congress delegates had arrived in Fran - among them several Latvians - this trip seemed to me as a part of some security arrangements. Later in the evening I invited some of the Latvian delegates of the a/m congress to a party at my home - Mrs. & Mr. AIGARS Peteris, Mrs. SNYERS Volta. Also present were Mrs. & Mr. RIEL (whose wife turned out to be from Riga Jurmala where she had formerly owned some restaurant known to me) and my subtenant, Mr. SKULTANS. We discussed poetry, played records and I was very pleased to play the host for some of my compatriots. Since the AIGARS had some troubles with their hotel reservations (only Mr. AIGARS had got a room but not his wife who had to pay for it herself) I invited the AIGARS to stay for the following week, i.e. during the congress, in my apartment (next day they accepted gratefully this offer). Together with Mr. SKULTANS we brought our guests back to their hotels, then went to the "Westend Bar" where for a night cap but made the mistake by ordering a bottle of champagne without asking for its price (it amounted to DM 66 !) - Mr. SKULTANS was quite annoyed by the unexpectedly high price and started to argue with the waiter but in vain (I was compensated at least partly by the call-girl, Marianne, who shared our company and was ready to dance with me). Afterwards Mr. SKULTANS went home but I strolled around the town and inspected the ruins of an impressive building adjacent the American Express Co. (tore my pants when climbing its fence - a typical example of my teenager behavior at that time).

19 July

HERBERT's illness allegedly took a turn to the worse and we both with Mr. SKULTANS went over to him to cheer him up and to spend the night there if a new crisis

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would start (it was either on this or on some following day when Mrs.AIGARS got very excited and thought that HERBERT is dying because of a new hemorrhage; I still don't know whether she, too, was duped by HERBERT or played a part in this act or HERBERT was actually very ill); in any case Mrs.AIGARS' anxiety about HERBERT's condition did not sound natural and genuine and at times Mr.SKULTANS, too, seemed to have great difficulties to keep his face straight about this matter). Nevertheless, HERBERT looked very pale and sick and I felt very sorry for him; in order to hide my feelings I started an argument with him and deliberately talked in a manner which, though offending, should make him forget his situation. During this night we went with Mr.SKULTANS to an inn in Sachsenhausen to take a snack and were surprised about the gaiety prevailing there - it seemed that all the guests and the band there did all in their power to keep up our spirit. Besides, a handsomely looking Indian entered this place later and asked me where he could find ~~xxxx~~ an inn with good German folk music; I got the impression that he had come here just to become acquainted with me (and the next day I met him again at the opening ceremonies of the PEN Congress where he was in the company of the Latvian delegates - thus my guess was probably right).

20 July

The AIGARS took me to the opening ceremonies of a/m congress where I met for the first time Mr.SILDE Adolfs (he seemed very pleased to meet me this time contrary to his attitude toward me in 1957 when I met him at the European Youth Congress in Ettlingen - then he tried to avoid being seen together with me, had been very short-cut, almost unpolite against me). Other Latvian delegates, Mrs.SNIDERE Velta and Mrs.HESS-AVOTINA were also present there and had reserved seats for Mr.SKULTANS and me. The congress was opened by the speech of the President of GFR, Prof.HEUSS. It was rather informal speech, full of good-natured humor but at one instance I almost jumped from my seat since he made a quotation from GOETHE's works and it happened that it was exactly the same verse I had noted in my diary on 19 January (saw it in a bookstore in Hamburg; got its full text from Miss NOELL). It might have been a pure coincidence - since the text was very appropriate for this occasion ("Wer sich selbst und andre kennt, Wird

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auch hier erkennen: Orient und Okzident Sind nicht mehr zu trennen" - in Grm.) - but Prof. HEUSS added some words which made me think otherwise; he told that nobody should get jumpy by hearing this quotation (but that was exactly what my spontaneous reaction). I felt deep respect for the integrity and common sense of Prof.HEUSS - had stated it frequently to the Germans - and now it seemed to me that he in had heard about it and wanted to thank me for my sympathies in this manner. Now it seems to me as a wild imagination but at that time I was very certain that it was not - not only my compatriots but other delegates around us as well seemed to be full of excitement and having great fun about my embarrassment - and I did not mind, even felt that I had earned such attention because of my poise and optimism during the most critical days of the Berlin crisis. This ceremony was memorable also because of the fact that among the many national colors on display here there was also the banner of independent Latvia (saw it for the first time in GFR during the Socialistic Congress in Hamburg). Afterwards Mrs.HESS-AVOTINA, who wanted to visit some girl friend of hers in Fran but did not know how to get there - took me literally by hand and so we both went hand in hand to this address possibly shocking some observers who knew me as a married man. While we were walking I got out of her the story about her correspondence with Mrs.BENDRUPE Mirdza; it came out that she knows not only this postess but her sister, Mrs.MITREVICIS Oskars, as well - had recently got news from her. Mrs.HESS seemed also to be aware as to Mrs.BENDRUPE political attitude and the latter's questionable morality. Mrs.HESS-AVOTINA promised to me to forward greetings from me to the MITREVICIS when writing to them again. After we had visited her girl friend, I took Mrs.HESS -AVOTINA to a restaurant for lunch; the whole time I had the feeling that I am doing her a great favor by accompanying her - as if by doing so I would let her share my publicity thus furthering the Latvian cause and increasing the interest of the other delegates in her and my other compatriots-delegates (when the days of the congress were over both the AIGARS and Mrs.HESS-AVOTINA seemed to be very thankful to me not only for the hospitality I had shown but probably just for this publicity they got through me).

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21 July

Sent another EFM cable to my wife this time telling her to expect me home soon - had no intention to return but did it only in order to tease [] to desinform him as he had misled me by telling untruth about the arrival of my family in July. Had an argument with [] - the latter asked me to get rid of the AIGARS so that I could work undisturbed at home; I refused to do so since in my opinion the Latvian delegates at the PEN Congress for the time being were doing more for the Latvian cause - indirectly supporting our work and, too - than my reports. Mr. AIGARS tried to get me interested in his poems. In general they were rather sentimental and outmoded, lacked depth and conviction but there were some among them which seemed to be written just for my benefit, as if dedicated to me - and Mr. AIGARS seemed to be very anxious to see my reaction (I pretended not to understand the hidden meaning). One of these poems, "The Badger", even seemed to refer to ANNA and the latter's mother in a symbolic way (it told that one should not let in the badgers in his home other wise he would experience great troubles) and Mr. AIGARS told me that just this poem had found great appreciation among his British friends; now he expected to get it published in some of the German newspapers - had it translated by Mrs. HESS-AVOTIJA. It was rather clear to me that Mr. AIGARS knows about ANNA (he was the Latvian journalist who in 1956 had published an article in Laiks which described ANNA's arrival in Sweden from Latvia and questioned his intentions indirectly). Mr. AIGARS showed also by some remarks as to the present political situation that he has many important contacts in Gr. Britain, implying that he has some knowledge about the intelligence work, too. He made the prediction that the Baltic problem would take a bad turn now because of the West's efforts to eliminate the Berlin crisis and get on better terms with the Soviets; told also that there is a much greater understanding between the Americans and Britons in the political matters than one can imagine. Such statements surprised me since they were not made in private but in the presence of the RIELS and either Mrs. SNIKERE or Mrs. HESS-AVOTIJA. I had to conclude that all these people are working in a team or at least knew each other's position very well thus taking no chance of revealing confidential info to unauthorized persons. - At night I visited the BECKERS who took me to a cozy inn in Sulzbach and treated me there with Appelvoi (apple wine) - seemed to have great fun about it and were in

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a very gay mood; it seemed that by now they were very fond of me and liked the way manner I had acquired by now - relaxed and easy-going despite all the confusing things and problems put on my way. - Late in the night I had again the usual double-talk with my "shadow", Mr. SKULTANS, and much beer was consumed.

22 July

Made another longdistance phone call to my wife who had been puzzled by my cable - told her that it was only a joke and I still am waiting for her (by now I had started to suspect that she, too, takes part in my "conditioning", i.e. testing my patience and teasing me). Got her assurance that she loves me very much - and was again in the seventh heaven; don't recall what else happened during this day. Probably it was on this day when I had a longer discussion with Mr. SILBE and told him frankly that I find his criticism against Mr. ZARINS Karlis in London out of place.

23 July

In order to show the AIGARS that I have some office work to do went to HERBERT and spent there several hours. In the evening went together with the AIGARS to a concert for the PEN delegates. It took place in the courtyard of a cloister which had excellent acoustics and the whole setting was such as to take one almost out of this world - it was like in a very pleasant dream (at least for me) of bygone days: the solemn classical music, the audience which consisted of the elite of European men of the letters, the cool breeze and the starlit sky above us. I was still like intoxicated from the phone call last night and - though almost all people around me were strangers - felt like being myself a creative force, a would-be poet. All seemed to be too beautiful to be true but this time it was the reality and I was overwhelmed by this experience. Mrs. HESS-AVOTINA sat next to me and was like a fairy tale princess - could not believe my eyes how much a woman could change by handsome dress and make-up. Somehow she seemed now to be of completely different identity and I was surprised to observe how much attention did she attract during the intermission - it did not fit her story that she is a poor housewife from a desolated German village; she seemed to have among these distinguished guests many important friends and admirers. Judging by her behavior she even seemed to know about my last night phone call - like my wife she, too, was imitating a cat and had much fun about my ~~surprise~~

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Afterwards the AIGARS suggested that we all four go to some nice restaurant since the main part of this congress was over and they wanted to take a look on Fran's nightspots. We had a good supper at the Spanish restaurant on Schiller Street, then went to the "Old Don" restaurant since Mrs. AIGARS was very enthusiastic about Russian music. Afterwards we all went home and to my surprise Mrs. HESS came with us though her quarters were in the opposite part of the town. I suggested that she spend the night in the room of Mr. SMULTANS and she agreed without objection though pretended to be concerned about the reaction of the AIGARS. To me it looked like a deliberate temptation by her - though I had given her reason to think she must that I like her very much; had been generous in my making compliments about her good looks - but then I know by now that there are quite different standards of behavior among the Latvians in Europe (what here in the States would seem shocking and even scandalous was only natural there). To make sure that there is no misunderstanding as to my hospitality I demonstratively locked my own room - and suggested that Mrs. HESS do the same with her room.

24 July

Don't recall much about this day. In the evening met with Col. PLENSNERS who had arrived with some delay to this congress. Had a pleasant chat with him in the backyard of the "Paprika" restaurant after the opera he had attended. He made a very good impression on me - despite his age (74) he looked and acted younger than Col. JANUMS, showed high intelligence as well as good sense of humor. He talked about his job at the Swedish Ministry of Defence, belittled its importance and gave no sign that he might work on intelligence work, too. Besides, he mentioned that the audibility of the Latvian broadcasts from Madrid is very good in the early morning hours. As to the political situation he was rather sceptical, did not expect much good out of it. On the other hand he expressed his satisfaction about the improvements in the Free World press reporting - that by now it shows much more understanding and responsibility as to the Soviet threat. He expressed his hopes that my family would be soon here and then I would have a better time and would be able to do my work better. He recalled also my father. Besides, he made the impression that he knows quite well my position and even saw possibly through

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my clowning during the past month since he indirectly - by using a story about a clumsy meeting with a Polish lady at the opera performance and her last name - told me that I am a jester (he ^{had} ~~written~~ the name of this lady ^{written} on a matchbox = Yoka (?) PETERS; it was almost the equivalent of the Latvian name for a jester "Jokupētis"). It was neither a rebuke nor sarcastically meant - probably he just wanted to show me that he understands my behavior very well. Of all the ^{Latvian} men I had met in Europe he made the most favorable impression as an old, experienced fighter who still possesses guts and wisdom as well as energy for this struggle. He expected deepgoing changes in the Soviet Union because of the unrest among its younger generation; had some interesting examples in this respect.

25 July

The AIGARS took me by bus to the closing ceremonies of the PEN Congress in Heidelberg by buss. In the buss I met Mrs.SILDE - her husband introduced me to her and made it very skilfully by telling her that we had already once met in Munich several years ago (in fact I had met her at Mr.SILDE's home in Bad Canstatt in 1951 but for some reason Mr.SILDE did not want that she recalls it). It was a very hot day and all seemed to be rather tired from the strenuous week. I kept the company of Mrs.HESS who seemed to have taken over the role of my "guardian angel" though her attitude was more reserved toward me now (possibly she already knew how I had exploited her signature in the letter to my wife I had sent the previous day; ^{as if written by Mrs.HESS} in my opinion it was a big joke - but when I came home here my wife had completely different opinion about it). During the ceremony in the auditorium of the university I tried to avoid being photographed together with Mrs.HESS-AVOTINA but presumably did not succeed - the camera men were very persistent. Later at the final banquet - where I was smuggled in by Mrs.HESS and Mrs.SNIKERE who took me in their midst at the door control - another oddity took place which showed that I have to watch my tongue very carefully. The meat served to us was without any taste of salt, I tried to get some salt from the waiter but got a very unpolite reply (though after a while we got the salt). A German official made use of this incident, i.e. the lack of salt, when coming out with a public speech a little later -

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in fact, he apologized about it jokingly. - Afterwards we strolled around together with the AIGARS and Mrs. HESS and I was introduced to an Albanian refugee who now allegedly was working with the BBC - he had got the full text of Prof. NEUSS' speech which had not been correctly quoted in the German press since it contained a passage which was very friendly toward the refugee authors. I was asked to assist in translating it to English from German (though it came out later that it had been already done; apparently Mr. AIGARS and the Albanian only wanted to give me the opportunity to transcribe this important quotation - and I had the feeling that possibly my personal plight, too, had moved Prof. NEUSS to come out with this statement about the great tragedy of the refugee intellectuals). - I used this opportunity having come to Heidelberg also to visit Mr. George R. and inquire about his family, i.e. whether it had arrived from Latvia. This time Mr. George R. showed no interest in my visit, seemed to be even surprised why I persist in meeting him and possibly thought that I have no real intention to re-interview him (he smiled in an odd way when I asked him a question about his previously mentioned ^{German} correspondence with an US office of former PCW - I got the impression that he had invented the whole story, had possibly returned from Latvia much earlier than I had been told by [] that all this case was only a hoax in order to get me to Heidelberg during the carnival season there). His aged father tried as usual to sell me some of the works of art as he had tried previously (with some success).

26 July

Went to the Palmengarten to have a Sunday's rest after the rather tiring and eventful week. Afterwards the AIGARS asked me to show them around Fran. I had also a longer conversation with Mr. AIGARS about the contacts with people in Latvia; he claimed that the Latvian translation of "The New Class" had been smuggled into Latvia and had aroused much excitement there - he allegedly had read some letters from Latvia which stated this fact as an important achievement. I had the feeling that Mr. AIGARS knows about my participation in the preparation of this translation but I did not reveal it to him.

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27 July

Nothing special to report. The AIGARS spent the last day in Fern and we had the last opportunity to exchange our views. I had learned that Mr. AIGARS is more experienced in the anti-Bolshevik matters than I thought. He came out with very interesting recollections about the Soviet occupation time in 1940/41 - dwelled at some length upon them possibly in order to convince me that he had not collaborated with the Soviets then (I had previously told Mr. SKULTANS that during the German occupation 1941-44 the AIGARS had had trouble because of their alleged affiliations with the Soviets).

28 July

The AIGARS left early in the morning and after many days I was again alone at my apartment and could go over my various impressions I had got from all these different people I had met. Some of them I have already described, some only mentioned so here I will give my assessment of the latter:

Mrs. HESS- AVOTIJA Zeltite

if she is not already in connection with our organization she would be a valuable asset in our network in GFR because of her linguistic abilities (she is excellent in German, knows probably still some French and her Latvian is as good as at home), her talent in poetry which could be used in propaganda matters and her likeable personality - she seems to be very courageous, active and likes to mix with the people; is rather attractive but not conceited. Her patriotism seems to be beyond any doubt and she is eager to fight for the Latvian cause though allegedly married to a German and living far away from the Latvian centers in GFR.

Mrs. SNIJERE Velta (now married to a British subject)

Rather self-conscious, likes to play the role of a grand dame but has the looks and the poise to do it convincingly. Much more introvert than Mrs. HESS - does not possess the latter's easy going attitude, seems to be proud (or just more security minded) and not easily accessible. According to Mr. AIGARS her English is perfect and for the time being she is told to be the most capable translator from Latvian to English. Her poetry tends to modernism, avoiding the sentimental clichés characteristic for Mr. AIGARS.

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More attractive than Mrs. NEIS but in different way - is cooler, more self-possessed and intriguing, understands to have an air of mysticism around her. An able actress. Probably already employed by the British IS because of her intelligence and status acquired by her marriage to a British subject (when I later asked Mr. AIGARS in London what she is doing, he answered that nobody knows exactly but that she is apparently very well off). Her patriotism questionable because of her distinct egocentrism.

Mr. SILDE Adolfs

Though he complained that he has worked too hard during the last seven years (having no vacations) his appearance belied it - he seemed to be in excellent shape and full of vigor and ideas. Politically he came out with rather sharp criticism as to the lack of leadership of the aged Latvian Envoy in Gr. Britain, Mr. ZARIJS Charles - thought that the latter has too many persons on his payroll who do not work as they should thus wasting the fund of Latvian money which could be used much more efficiently if this money would be spent by supporting Latvians who are very active and full of energy (he mentioned Mr. ABAKUKS in Gr. Britain). I objected to such attitude - told him that such public criticism as voiced by Mr. SILDE (during a Latvian meeting in Sweden in 1952) serves only the goals of the Soviets despite the unfortunate fact that Mr. ZARIJS is truly rather inactive and senile. Mr. SILDE was rather surprised to hear this from me but, nevertheless, he thanked for my frankness - told that nobody else had said him this. Besides, he complimented me indirectly by having much praise for the Latvian national partisans in Latvia after WW II; thought that their fight had not been in vain. - Besides, he stated that now he is going to relax and take a well earned rest since otherwise his strength will fail. - He still seemed to be a devoted fighter for the Latvian cause though by now had acquired a wider outlook and did not seem as ~~shaxinistia~~ chauvinistic as he once was. When I asked him whether he had got the impression that the former members of the "Perkopkrusts" organization - he had been one of the leaders there - who are now under the Soviets are starting to collaborate with the letters since both are extreme radicals, Mr. SILDE denied having such info (though I sensed that he became a little bit uneasy by this question); in his opinion they were still ardent Latvian patriots and resisting the Soviets (mentioned an example of Mr. RENCIS Edgars who had led a revolt in Siberia recently).

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Mrs. SILDE - whom I could observe only shortly during the banquet in Heidelberg - seemed like one who really needed some rest (heard that she had done a man's work at the Latvian Red Cross in GFR by having practically all the matter of parcels to Latvia in her hands). The main impression of Mrs. SILDE was that she - though had done a good and arduous work - exaggerates his role, his importance a little bit now and has acquired big political ambitions which could hamper his further work.

Mrs. AIGARS (JUERGENS Sira)

A clever woman who at times pretends to be stupid and mixed-up but in fact possesses rather high intelligence, is practically minded and understands to listen without making any statements on her own. Seems to have very good memory and the ability to keep the secrets she knows. Though already aged and having lost her former charms, she still is an interesting personality, has still the touch of a genuine grand dame. Seems to be the boss at home since her husband at times showed his meekness toward her.

Somehow all these people - as well as HERBERT, Mr. SKULTANS, Mr. KREIBERGS, later also PETER & VELTA - made me feel like an outsider and without the qualifications and/or experiences for an efficient worker in Europe; they all seemed to be of superior intelligence and more vigor as well as conviction. No one among them showed any antagonism toward me (except HERBERT recently - but for good reason), on the contrary - everybody seemed to be pleased that I had joined "the club", their ranks. Probably the main trouble was that there were the barriers of compartmentation - it would be much more easier for me if I knew exactly who is who, whom I could fully trust toward whom I should be cautious. Now all depended on my guesswork only and at times it created rather uncomfortable, even stupid situations - like in the case of Mr. SKULTANS.

29 July

Had got from [] two intercepted letters written by persons r [] had
objected at first because it did not seem right from the security [] interview
people in the same city where I myself was living since I had to use my pseudo and
later on I could meet these people by using my true name. However, [] insisted
that I visit these persons - and I suspected that there will be some troubles again.

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Went to meet Mrs. LONESTADDER not far from the university but which was at home there. Met her [] - told her about my conversations with Mr. AIGARS, especially about "The New Class" being smuggled into Latvia ([] should air fight free again). Again [] stated that my family would leave the State on 1 August definitively - that these are the latest news he had got from the NKs (and HERBERT told me the same, i.e. mentioned the date of 1 August). Afterwards I visited HERBERT, we came to talk about the Jews and the troubles we had had with them in Latvia during the Soviet occupation; HERBERT used quite abusive language about them to my surprise (since usually he showed great tolerance to everybody) - later I saw that he had ^{probably} ~~apparently~~ known that a/m LONESTADDER are Jewish, had possibly tried to get my former prejudices against the Jews alive again. - Afterwards went to the LONESTADDER and encountered trouble already at their door - Mr.L would not let me in before I had shown him my credentials as a journalist (however, he was satisfied with my document issued by the Latvian Central Committee though it did not have any photo). He seemed quite excited and started to fire rapidly questions as to my work, my intentions and my past - instead of interviewing him I was almost put in the position to get interviewed myself. I sensed that I had encountered here another intelligence agent (later he stated that he works for some American office, gave me even its phone number) - that this was possibly another practical joke put upon me by [] - and tried to keep calm, ignores him and talk instead to his wife. The latter turned out to come from Latvia (had allegedly lived there in Talsi - though did not recall the name of some noted family there) where she had graduated from the highschool - could still speak some Latvian - then emigrated to the Israel. Now she was corresponding with her sister in Latvia; she mentioned also the fact which was contained in the intercepted letter, i.e. that this sister suggests that she comes to visit her in the Soviet Union but that she has no intention to go there. At the end of this meeting both were rather friendly toward me, gave me even an ~~had~~ address in Wiesbaden where I could meet a recent repatriee from Latvia. On my part I promised to call up Mr.L the next morning and gave him the address of a company which sends pre-paid parcels to Latvia (gave him the address of Mrs. SKULTAN's "TAZAB"). When departing I was assured by Mr.L that I should not feel offended for his rudeness when letting me in - he allegedly was living in terror (?) and suspected everybody.

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This statement seemed so out of place that I had to wonder whether he is re-enacting the way I felt and acted during the first two months in Germany. In any case all this seemed to me again a big joke since Mr. L had a twinkle in his eyes despite his strange talk and behavior - and I had the unpleasant sensation of being outsmarted once more. Afterwards I reported only ^{orally} the pertinent facts about this meeting to [] and did not prepare any C.R. because I did not want that somebody (or some buddies) would have much fun about it again. - After this meeting I went to the Goethe University nearby to attend a political discussion of the Young Christian Democrats there. It was an interesting experience - this debate was very poorly attended, the lecturer was boring and I had a good example about the indifference prevalent among the German students. - The AFN radio during the broadcast "Make Way for the Youth" came out with a song "Dream, dream, dream" which seemed to be exactly what I was doing during all these days; when I heard this song I truly believed that my dreams are starting to come through - that I would soon see my family here and would live at last happily and without any troubles anymore (but my dreams, unfortunately, did not come through because of my own fault).

30 July

Was ordered by [] to go to Bremerhaven where I should meet a young German seaman whose intercepted letter showed that he had been in some USSR port; [] instructed me to assess him. To make this task more difficult he told me that the name of this lad is identical with some German known as Soviet agent (the usual horror story to make me jittery, I suppose). I was glad about this trip because it gave me the opportunity to attend the congress of European Latvian Youth Association which took place in Hamburg. - Left Fran by plane to Hamburg; was given there at the Hauptbahnhof Information Office the address of the Klopstock Hotel to check in there (at that time I did not know that this hotel is rather notorious because it had been used during WW II as German spy school). Had my first strange experience already at the RR station where I met by chance a Latvian, RIPA-FNU - he attracted my attention by the unusual fact that he had on his jacket the Latvian coat of arms (a recognition signal ? for whom); However, he avoided my company and inquiry why he is here (later Mr. SKULTANS

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told me that he knows this man as residing in Gr. Britain). Afterwards I went to the Mensa (cafeteria) of the Hamburg University where the a/m congress should take place; nobody there seemed to know where this congress would take place - I had the feeling that I am being deliberately desinformed. Took a train to Bremerhaven but during the train ride detected in a German newspaper when and where this congress would take place. Since some of the other passengers behaved in a way which made me think that I was being followed I had a pretext to interrupt this trip, left the train in Buxtehude and took the next train back to Hamburg where I arrived just in time to participate in the opening ceremonies at the university. There I was approached by an elderly Latvian who seemed to be already rather drunk; he introduced himself as Mr. SUMANS, an ex-officer of the Latvian Legion. He stayed with me during the first part of this evening and almost created a scene since he could not keep back his tears and sobs when Latvian national anthem was sung (in fact, while I was trying to tell him that a soldier should be a man and ~~KOKKSKAKKSK~~ should not show his weakness to the youngsters around us, I was able to remain myself calm and escape the overwhelming feeling which would cause me to weep by hearing this anthem - as it had once happened to me in New York at the Latvian Song Festival). Among the speeches held I recall the one by Mr. BRACS Julijs (he spoke in a very exaggerated manner, using high-sounding but empty phrases) who seemed to be completely out of place and hardly could make a good impression on the youngsters and students because of the often heard clichés and and platitudes. Latvian Minister, Mr. LIEPINS Roberts, was calmer in his tone, tried to play on the sentiment of his audience but his speech was far too long and full of old reminiscences - it lacked conviction and sincerity and I doubt very much whether the youngsters were influenced by such highflung words. To me it seemed that both these man just had lost their touch with the younger generation, that they even achieved the contrary effect as it was intended. The concert part, too, was very mediocre and made a boring impression. During the intermission I met an old friend of mine, Mr. PULCIŅS Aleksis, who had been my classmate at the gymnasium in Riga and whom I had tried to find in Hamburg in 1952 and 1957 without any success. It came out that he is studying at the University of Hamburg in economics (is going to graduate next year presumably). I recalled him as a bashful and insecure lad but now he seemed to be very self-confident ~~and~~ full of optimism - I could only envy

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him since he had achieved much more in education by now than I had despite the fact that I had had far better opportunities (and at the gymnasium had been a far better student than he was then). We had a very cordial chat during which he frequently came out with high praise as to my personality (did not elaborate this but he clearly implied that he knows much about my escapades in Hamburg and was pleased as to the publicity I had created there for the Latvians by it; in my opinion he was possibly working in some intelligence work, too, though! I have to state here that he did not make any slip of tongue). Afterwards we both went to a restaurant (Alte Laterne ?) where we were bothered by a drunk German - I suspect that he only pretended to be drunk since he at times talked quite coherently and made the impression that he wants to thank me for my efforts to keep up the spirit of the Germans during the worst days of the Berlin crisis (in any case his efforts to play the role of a die-hard Nazi did not convince me; he seemed to be a very decent chap and upright ex-soldier). I got the address of Mr. PULCIŅS (Verbindungsstr. 6 b, Bei TEICHERT, Hamburg-Othmarschen), gave him mine in Fran and we agreed to meet the next day at the congress (he did not re-appear there anymore). According to some photos he showed me, he had succeeded in making many friends in Hamburg and was a member of some organization (religious ?) which helped him to get better adjusted to the life in Germany and providing him the opportunity to meet with students of various nationalities. He told me also that he is working at an archive in Hamburg (showed me the building). In any case it was a very interesting meeting and I had the feeling that this contact would be as much use for me in the future. Besides, he introduced me to Prof. A. LIEPIŅS (chemist, retired) whom I had known in Riga during my studies; nothing especial about this contact - the old man was rather incoherent and full of bitterness because of the difficulties to get his old age rent from the German authorities.

31 July

Participated at the Latvian church service for the delegates of a/m congress. It was a touching experience since a young Latvian couple got married during it. Besides, Rev. BERZIŅS sermon included some very wise thoughts about the marriage which I

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could apply to my own case (and again I had the uneasy feeling that he had been informed by somebody about my plight and marital troubles; I recalled that Miss HESS Irene in Luebeck had tried to get me interested in this marriage ceremony, that she probably had known how it would affect me). Besides, I met at the church an acquaintance from Sweden - the son of Latvian Lutheran Provost GRIVANS. He recalled me but somehow seemed to be reluctant to talk with me - as if he, too, would know my story and therefore did not want to be seen together with me. - Afterwards I went by train to Bromerhaven, went to the address of the young seaman, SPECHT FINU - he was not at home; instead I talked with his father who told me that his son would not return for several months (if I recall it correctly) and that now he is not sailing to the ports of USSR. This conversation was very short - and I sort of had expected that nothing would come out of this visit (had suspected that [] had given me this task only in order to get me to a/n congress since I had stated my great interest in it). - Returned to Hamburg and went back to the congress- it was a social evening this time; Mr.NOLDE showed the movie pictures he had taken at the previous congresses. There was also another movie picture about the Latvian paintings - it was quite well prepared and seemed to capture the attention of the audience. During the intermission I was approached by a sloppily dressed man of Jewish descent who allegedly had arrived from a German newspaper and wanted to know what is going on here; he was rather obtrusive and talked to me in a provokative manner so I avoided getting involved in a longer discussion with him. When the official part was over and I wanted to leave the place I met at the entrance another acquaintances from Sweden, the PAULS from Gothenburg (Mr.PAULS had been a rather close friend to ANDY; I knew him since the German occupation time when he held a rather high position in Riga because of his affiliation with the "Perkopkrusts"). It was the strangest meeting by chance because a minute later I would have been gone; it seemed to me that it was too well arranged by somebody. Together with the PAULS (his wife and two children) we went to the students' bar in the same building where some of the Latvian youngsters had gathered for a dance. All of the youngsters were strangers to me but it warmed up my heart to see them gay and full of life there; all were very well dressed in by no means resembled anymore the depressed Latvian refugees and their

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trial and former assignments I had done in Sweden during the first post-WW II years - this was a happy and our last youth and I experienced the sad and at the same time happy feeling that a new generation had come up which will continue the struggle and aspirations of the old and middle generation already tired and too disappointed by the ability of their long struggle. The PAULS did their best to convince me how good is the life now in Europe, that I should certainly stay here now together with my family. Mr. PAULS came to talk also about the case of ANDY & Co - tried to elicit from me some info since he knew very well that I had worked closely together with ANDY while in Sweden. I evaded all his questions with the usual replies that I had read much about it, had had even to prepare the translations of the articles at the Pentagon but it was clear that Mr. PAUL did not believe me. While we were sitting there at a table a group of Latvian youngsters joined us and it turned out that among them was a Latvian lady from San Francisco, Calif. (told me that she recalls my friend, Mrs. HAULTAIN Marge, there), who now was staying in GFR where her husband served with the US Armed Forces as an officer. She had a funny smile when talking to me and I had the definite impression that she knows about me though she did not mention it, was very reserved and left our table soon. I had some dances with Mrs. PAULS - had the feeling that she took me to dance just to prevent me to take a girl to dance (which would have put me in a unfavorable light among the youngsters there; in fact, I had no intentions to go to dance with strangers there - I only enjoyed very much watching the youngsters). Besides, Mr. PAUL told me about meeting a former student of the Academy of Agriculture in Jelgava who had recently arrived on assignment from Soviet occupied Latvia in Sweden, had looked after some Latvian names in the phone directory of Gothenburg and called up Mr. KALNIJS (Peteris); the latter had met this man (TUMSAIS ?) together with Mr. PAULS and another Latvian to make sure that it is not a provocation by the Soviet agents. Something in this story did not seem right to me and I pretended not to be interested in it in order not to reveal to Mr. PAUL the nature of my present work. I asked Mr. PAUL about his trouble with the Latvian Social Democrats in Sweden (a couple years ago they accused Mr. PAULS as being involved in too friendly relationships with the young Communists in Gothenburg); this question was obviously bothering Mr. PAULS who came out with a lengthy explanation, claimed that Mr. KALNIJS Bruno had made an unjustified insinuation on political grounds.

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(later PETER told me that Mr. PAULS, however, is still being suspected of dirty and dishonest activities by the Latvians in Gothenburg). The PAULS xxx showed great cordiality toward me, invited me and my family to visit them in Gothenburg next summer - they had there now a large apartment which could accomodate all my family (their address: Lineegatan 70/III, Goctoberg G.; phone 114454). Besides, Mr. PAUL mentioned that they had been away from Sweden for one month, had spent most of the time at some resort in the Netherlands and were now almost out of money; thus I felt obliged to buy them some snacks. They told me that xz they are going to spend the night at the apartment of Mr. USTIS Mikolis (knew this man from 1951/52 when he assisted me in getting the addresses of East Prussian refugees at the Hamburg Red Cross; had avoided meeting him now because at that time he knew me by the pseudo, JANSONS Arnolds).

1 Aug.

Though I wanted to return to Fran early in the evening, I could not get any flight reservations on right time - had to wait until 1900 (but PETER & VELTA ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ would come to my apartment in Fran at 2000). Used the time to attend some other events of the youth congress. Had the opportunity to listen to the lecture about the Soviet Latvian architecture and the state of science there by Latvian architect, LEGZDIJS Roberts from Stockholm. He gave a very vivid picture of the life in Soviet occupied Latvia, his lecture was full of fine irony and witticisms and the delegates enjoyed it very much (in my opinion it was just the right approach to this youthful audience - informal, full of revealing facts and excellent comparison between the former achievements in free Latvia and the present Soviet style). Afterwards I thanked Mr. LEGZDIJS for his excellent performance and suggested that he should visit the States on a lecturing trip. He seemed to be rather flattered but while I was talking with him I observed that he, too, possibly knows my story because he came out with some apparent untruth as if intending to confuse me (about his brother i. e., Mr. SKALBE Janis, who had remained in Latvia) and had obviously fun of about my reaction to it. I met shortly also Mr. KREIOBERGS who had arrived from Munich (this congress was tape recorded for the VOA broadcasts) but he avoided my company for some reason. I saw also that s/m, Mr. LIEPIJS Roberts, tried to draw my attention. ~~Probably~~ wanted to get acquainted with me.

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- but I thought it unwise to get involved in a conversation with him publicly, it could possibly compromise him (and, besides, I did not like his political activities; in my opinion he was one of the die-hards who only make the Latvian cause worse because of their inflexibility and worn-out attitude). - Afterwards I visited the exhibition of the art of the young Latvians - it was of very poor quality and I was amazed about its display. Here I had the opportunity to exchange some words with Mr. IRBE Andrejs (or Gunars ?) who had just returned from a visit in America and, according to the Latvian exile newspapers, one of the best qualified youth leaders. He made a very bleak, almost feminine impression on me - though probably a highly intelligent man he lacks the poise and appearance to appeal people; even his way to speak is awkward - he just seems to lack guts and self-confidence for public work. - My general impression from this congress was that I as well as my generation are already too old and out of touch with the younger generation which seems to go its own ways and dislikes any effort, put upon them from the outside, to be guided; they seem to be especially sensitive and irritated by the shovinistic attitude of the older generation - object to it vigorously and want to find their own ways free of the prejudices and quarreling of the older ones. Some among them seem to be ripe for more important tasks (Mr. TOMPKINS from Gr. Britain, Mr. NOLDE from Sweden, Mr. KADELIS from Germany - they all seemed to possess the qualifications of future leaders). I carefully avoided any attempt to get in closer contact with any of them in order not to compromise somebody who might be of value later for our work (I assumed that the enemy would surely have its observers at this meeting). - Went by plane back to Fran where PETER & VELTA were already waiting in their car at my house (they had previously visited HERBERT - and probably got some instructions from him how to handle me , judging by their strange behavior toward me). From the very beginning I felt that something is dead wrong in our formerly so friendly relationship - both seemed to be bothered about something and wanted to get it off from their mind in a way which would not hurt me too much. Instead of a friendly, uninhibited chat they started to pin me down as to my beliefs, my way of life - in general they repeated the same irritating approach to me as used unsuccessfully by Mr. SKULTANS some weeks ago. It was too obvious for me that they are trying to search my soul, to preach me things

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which I knew too well by myself. Their assumed air of ^{moral} superiority was outright ridiculous, especially re PETER who was full of shortcomings and faults himself so could hide them better, pretend more to be an exemplary man than I ever was able and intended to do. Our fight of words continued for an hour or more until VELTA at last stated frankly that she does not believe a word I was saying - and I admitted that she is right but that it was the way they had started this stupid and unnecessary debate which had spoiled an otherwise fine night. Besides, VELTA admitted now that she was the one, not PETER, who had thought up the idea to present me to the Christmas the ugly old woman figurine (troll - in Swedish) - and I found it very abject and abject way to shock an old good friend; it made me think that she, too, had ganged up against me during the very hard time I had had during the two first months in Germany. This blow was especially painful because I had always thought of her as an exemplary woman who had gone through the same sufferings and despair during the end of WW II as I had; to me it seemed like a betrayal of our sacred comradeship - the very worst offense in our ranks of former fighters for the Latvian cause. It was also clear to me that PETER had told his wife about the attempt by [] in November in Hamburg to bring me into temptation by the callgirl Marie (and PETER could not possibly know that I saw through this trick then) thus making VELTA, too, believe that I am a wayward husband and immoral person. However, my pride prevented to tell them the whole truth - because they, too, did not come out with it thus showing that they were not true friends but acting on somebody's else's advice (HERBERT's or []?). We agreed that next day I would accompany them in their car to Munich (had to visit some persons in its vicinity due to their intercepted letters). - Late in the night - in fact, around 0500 in the morning - I ~~xx~~ got a long distance call from my wife (thought that it was my call at first) - she told me that I could continue with my "free life" for some time to come, that she won't leave the States before the end of August. This was a very bad news and I even suspected by now that she has no real intentions to come to Germany at all - only is teasing and cheating me in order to see whether I would make up my mind and return to her. Because of all the disappointments I had experienced as to the date of her arrival I even thought now that she might have ganged up against me, too. My disappointment was so great because until

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work in Germany as well as with my marriage (did not say exactly so in the letter to my wife). My purpose was to create by these letters the impression that by now I had made up my mind for good to quit my job - I assumed that the contents of these letters would be known to [] already the next day and then he would probably consider in earnest my threats and give up his evasive way of talking about the arrival of my family, would at last come out with the truth. During my stay at the club I noticed several Americans who presumably were concerned about my state of mind - and I played my role of despaired husband accordingly (still did not have any real intentions to return to the States).

3 August

Went to the IG Farben building and went again to the Casino there though [] had instructed me not to visit this place (just wanted to show by this action that I am very excited and won't submit to his control anymore). Afterwards called up [] at the office from a telephone booth across the US Consulate; [] ordered me to come to the SH after a couple of hours. Suddenly I got the idea how to show [] that I am capable to get money for a trip back to the States without his support - went to the Consulate, inquired at the Information Desk where I should go for such info and was advised to meet the counsellor there. It turned out that the counsellor is a woman, Mrs. GRIFFITH. She was very pertinent, asked me some questions as to my unit (stated that I am working with the Composite Group) and whether my wife could not send me the money I need for such trip. Told her that my wife is without any funds, too. - Until now all this had seemed to me only a practical joke, a way how I could probably outsmart my "tormentors" - to show them by my action that I am truly in a desperate mood and ready to go to any length in order to achieve the reunion of my family. However, when Mrs. GRIFFITH asked for my passport, I committed the greatest mistake by showing it to her and letting her take it (thought that she would give it back to me after having inspected it). She took it, went out and when returning she asked for the phone number of my office and the name of my superior - I gave her both and she told me to leave and wait for some action later. - I went to the SH, met [] there, told

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him what I had done and that now I am without the passport. [] showed no excitement, called up the office and related about my steps, then told me to call up the Consulate and ask for Mr.KAYO (K.O.?) and to tell him that all this is a great mistake on my part and that in fact I have no real intention to go back to the States (since I had told [] already that all had been only a big joke - that I had probably gone too far this time without thinking about the affect it will have). Could not reach Mr.KAYO, was connected instead with s/m Mrs.GRIFFITH (phone 770731, ext.208) who told me to come back to the consulate. When I arrived there she brought me to another room where I met two Americans - the one introduced himself as Mr.KAYO, the other presumably was Consul,Mr.G (don't recall his last name in full). Mr.G asked me about some of the statements I had made to Mrs.GRIFFITH - wanted to know again in what unit I am serving. When I replied that it is the Composite Group of USArmy, Mr.KAYO told me that he had just checked the listings of this unit as its Security Officer and had not found my name there, had even never seen me before. I replied that I had never seen him, too, and stuck to my cover story. After some further questions and answers, Mr.KAYO told Mr.G that by now he thinks to have a guess who I am, that the whole matter asks for further investigation and wanted to know whether I could go with him to my apartment. I agreed but had to wait for Mr.KAYO a moment in the adjacent room where two female clerks were working. When leaving the office of Mr.G., Mr.KAYO made a remark which was probably intended to mislead these clerks - that this is a suspicious case but will be cleared up soon. - We went both in his car to my apartment and he was very polite and almost friendly toward me; it was clear to me that by now Mr.KAYO knew very well who I am and only wanted to get me calmed down; took a look around my apartment and told me to sit tight there and wait for further instructions from my superiors. [] too, called me up and told me not to go back to the Consulate for my passport by any means. Later I called up Mrs. GERONDEANUS Rata, asked her for a date and told her that I am fed up with all the Latvians - that she is the only one who has not made me angry yet. She agreed to meet me later at the Opera Cafe; while we were still talking Mr.SKULTANS arrived - allegedly had come back from Gr.Britain where he had gone to visit his family. - Met Mrs.GERONDEANUS (might have been the next day), had a nice chat with her and noticed that some men around our table seemed to have much fun about this meeting. I used this date to find

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out whether Mrs. GERONDELIUS could give me lessons in Russian; she suggested that I visit some elderly man in Koenigsberg but I insisted that the teacher must live here in Fran and be a young, nice woman who would make me learn more diligently because of my prestige. She agreed to introduce me to such person later this week. Afterwards I visited HERBERT where I met Miss GRINS Rasza who had come to assist HERBERT in to move out of his apartment (HERBERT allegedly should go again to a sanatorium for a longer rest this time). Both Afterwards went with Miss GRINS and Mr. SKULTANS to the same inn in Sachsenhausen where we had had much fun with Mr. SKULTANS two weeks ago. During our stay here I noticed that Mr. SKULTANS tries to attract Miss GRINS' attention as to my gay mood (only later I found out that Miss GRINS had known about my visit to the consulate; just now she was apparently puzzled about my gaiety and thought probably that I am truly crazy).

4 Aug.

Went again to the IG Farben building to send a cable to my wife requesting from her money. This time it happened that I encountered [] there in the company of two younger gentlemen (I had started to suspect that [] order not to enter this building had been only another desinformation and did not make any sense). Tried twice to reach my wife by phone but the number did not answer. Was summoned by [] to come to the SH where I met both [] They gave me a letter from my wife and pretended not to know ~~what~~ its contents - watched carefully for my reaction to it. It was one of the funniest letters my wife had ever written to me - it made me laugh though it showed again that she ~~xxxx~~ does not even intend to start moving instead wishing me to continue my careless and joyfull life ("without worries and with music !"). Though I did not show it, it was the final blow since it showed clearly that my wife is making fun of me and had no understanding of my terrible loneliness. I told [] that this letter does not mention any date of my families departure, that it even does not contain the intention of my wife to come over to me and therefore I have to go back to ~~xxxx~~ my family. However, before I make up my mind finally, I would like to have a definite answer from the HQs. in Washington, D. C., if they know whether my family would join me and when would it be. In my opinion it was the most natural

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question and I was entitled for an answer - taking into account the nine months I had spent separated from my family and bewildered about the intentions of my wife. To my great surprise [] found that such request amounts to an ultimatum (!) and when I tried to argue about such view [] too, sided with [] (besides, [] had distinctly read eyes - it looked as if he had wept though I don't believe it). [] told me also that my act yesterday, by bypassing my superiors, had greatly embarrassed them - that he would have been fired for such insubordination on the spot. I replied that I, too, had experienced many embarrassments during my stay here; that by now I even don't know for what agency I am working since the manner of the work I had been requested to do was completely different from all my previous experiences. [] did not lose his temper though it seemed that he really was angered by my behavior. He instructed me not to take any steps on my own for the next two days during which he would get some answer from the HQs as to my future status. - Afterwards I went to HERBERT to bid him farewell; Miss GRINS and Mr. SKULTANS were present there, too. We had some last drinks. When I told HERBERT that the Latvians had disappointed me here by making me annoyed, he made the fine reply that I, too, had disappointed the Latvians here (and he seems to be damned right ! it was the remark which hurt me most).

5 Aug.

A very gloomy and sad day for me - told Mr. SKULTANS that my prediction about the great sufferings he would have obviously had been misdirected - now it was I who suffered immensely.

6 Aug.

Met again [] at the SE. With great emphasis [] told me that he had already yesterday received a reply from the HQs which had contained only one sentence: Bring him back ! It meant that I would be returned to the States as soon as possible. I made then quite a show by saying that it was the best news I could ever have expected (so it was a plain lie; I had never expected it but by now I was too ~~intransigent~~ proud and stubborn to admit it, to ask for forgiveness) and blurted out

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the very impertinent remark that I have greatly enjoyed these nine months in Germany and consider that as a compensation for the nine months I had spent in German prison many years ago. [] remarked on his part that I have still much to learn to become a true American but that in the democracy everybody has the right to act as he wants - which would not have been the case under a totalitarian regime. ~~After~~ ~~that~~ ~~high~~ ~~part~~. Besides, he mentioned also that by now I should have recognized that I am not qualified for a job with the Government. It was clear to me now that [] dislikes the way I had acted very much and that there was no hope anymore to get his mind changed (though I still had the funny feeling that [] in fact is not the superior of [] that he only acts as such and that all this would suddenly end like a nightmare - it seemed to me too unreal, out of place because the reason for my thoughtless action was very simple and understandable: my great longing for my wife, my love to her which had increased during all these months to such degree that I was even unable to do my work).

On this day Miss GRINS moved over from HERBERT to my apartment - had allegedly no other place to stay (though it was clear to me that it was only a pretext - that she now acted as an understanding soul to soothe my anger and bewilderment). I enjoyed her company very much because of her genuine friendliness and her warm heart - she was the first Latvian I had met in Germany who had no bad word for other persons - she found in everybody something positive and valuable and this made her more attractive than the beauty or high intelligence in other Latvians I had met. As I see it now she probably acted this way under the orders of [] (be friendly with mad people or else !) but nevertheless I still am very thankful to her for the way she made me feel better and to overcome these very difficult days when I recognized that my whole career is in ruins now. Besides, she came out with quite a few facts which showed that she had known very well my activities in Sweden and possibly knew much about my experience during these nine months in Germany (I suspect that she was the one who did translate my letters to my wife in English for our censorship though she had a rather good cover story to tell me about her job in Copenhagen; in fact, she made only one slip of tongue, rather by a gesture, when I told Mr. SKULTANS that I had been simply ordered to ~~return~~ return to

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the USA - it showed that she knew the whole story, had been told about my visit at the consulate).

7 Aug.

Got back my passport from [] who told me that I would fly back to the States on 9 August. He asked me to write and sign a letter to my landlord that I am leaving and suggest another American as the new tenant; [] suggested that I should write the name TOWNSEND (it was obvious that the name did not matter). - Sent two letters to my wife about my homecoming as well as a EFM cable - that I am returning home as she had requested (my last joke, i.e. effort to puzzle [] since in fact my wife had made no such request but the censorship would possibly think that we had used some sort of code in our correspondence - this time it was not the case because I had left my wife in anger).

8 Aug.

Invited the FROENDTS for a farewell drink. They seemed to be rather puzzled by my unexpected departure; Mr.FROENDT made a point by saying that the first thing after my return home should be to spank my wife and Mrs.FROENDT thought that it might have been really impossible for me to find out what my wife intends to do. * Late in the night I made my last phone call to my wife and told her when to expect me home (so it was a very late hour I heard a great commotion in the adjacent rooms - apparently Miss GRINS had stayed up the whole night watching what I would do. - Gave up my trunks to American Express

9 Aug.

Had an early morning waltz with Miss GRINS who did her best to keep my morale up during these last hours in Old Europe where I had experienced an unbelievable change of my whole personality and where I had now buried all my hopes to get a break in my work, to show that I am worthy to work as a full member of our organization. My sadness was, however, overshadowed by my longing for my wife - I thought then that my return on my own free will without her asking me would forever convince her about my

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loyalty toward her, about my true and great love to her (alas ! this, too, was only a dream, another wild imagination on my part). Afterwards I took farewell from Mr.RIEL who arrived and did not show any surprise or excitement about my speedy departure. Afterwards I went to the BECKERS - they seemed to be quite puzzled about the motives of my going back, showed clearly their disappointment about my step. - Then returned to my apartment, awaited there [] who went over the things I left there, took my papers from the vault (I left with him an envelope with my notes about some of the meetings I had had as well as some of AKNA's mother's letters which I did not want to take with my personal luggage), gave me a slip which showed my debts to the organization - asked me to keep it for the future - and took me then by his car to the airport. He had regained his reserved attitude, would not admit even now that there had been much of monkey business re my activities during these months and stated that he is going to stay in Europe because he likes the life and work here. I made a very stupid remark that now I am going to start making children - to which [] replied with much sarcasm that it would be undoubtedly much easier job for me.

Left Fran by PAA plane at 1745, at 1950 was in London where a hotel reservation had been made by PAA. Got lost at the airport - the PAA people did not show up - but at last found the hotel. Made from there a long distance call to my maternal uncle, Dr.MEZCIEMS Aleksandrs - he was unable to meet me in London but gave me several advises: to quit my present job since it would be without any results; to settle down as the secretary of my wife-dentist (on the other hand he suggested that my wife should come over to Gr.Britain to work there as a dentist and make much money there); to ask my sister in Australia to apply for an exit visa for my parents to Australia; to make my parents officially denounce me as their son). He wanted also to know what is my salary now - I told him \$ 500 p.m. This conversation was very incoherent since my uncle had apparently difficulties even to speak. His wife sounded very friendly to me; invited me to visit them when I will be back in Europe again. - Afterwards I called up Mr.AIGARS who arrived after an hour and took me for a stroll around London; later I had a very late dinner at his home - both Mr.& Mrs.AIGARS were very cordial toward me; I guess they still did not know the whole truth and possibly assumed that I would still be in some important post in the States.

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10 Aug.

Went for an early morning stroll on my own and almost a bit late to the airport bus though I felt the whole time that there were some thoughtful and careful people around me who pushed me discreetly in the right direction on time. Once again I had to admire the excellent clockwork of our organization; in fact by now I saw that it must be a common organization for all the free nations in Europe, i.e. their IS, and that this network worked very efficiently. When boarding the plane at the airport I had again the notion that the small crowd of spectators there had arrived for my benefit - to take farewell from me and to thank me for the good show I had put on at a time when it was mostly needed (though the finale was rather poor and disappointing not only to me). At 1235 the jet airplane started to bring me toward my family and my new homeland which I like when abroad (and which despairs me when at home) - at times I had the feeling as if having reached the seventh heaven - but it was the last time I felt on the top of the world (the old one, of course); soon I would be down on my bottom and down in my spirit. - In New York, while riding the airport bus to the downtown, I couple acted in the usual way, known to me so well from Europe (indirect talk though not malicious this time). When I took a taxi cab from the bus terminal to PRR station, the driver told me to stay cool (after I had offered him a cigaret; my habit from Europe). It was the best advice but it did not work since it was too hot here and it got even hotter during my first conversation with my beloved one - all my effort, my sacrifice by coming back against my own ~~xxx~~ intentions had not changed her general attitude toward me. - Another nice episode on this first day: at the PRR station two small Negroes wanted to bring my luggage and when I gave them my permission one of them told me: " I am so happy ! " (and I was happy, too, then; I felt now no dislike against the Negroes - had started to like them as my fellow citizens in Germany). From this station I called up my wife in Lancaster, for a moment was afraid that she would have gone in the meantime to Germany, and got the answer that a ^{pickle} herring waits for me in the ice box. The show was over. The Midsummer Dream too.

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P.S. I am fully aware that it is a very important and pretty report. As I see it now my notes should have been made much more extensive - now I have lost the finer points, the many remarks I overheard (which was the main cause of my rebellion and my bewilderment) and I have almost no record as to the hours I had spent on work. However, I have to admit that during June/July my production was almost non-existent. It was neither my laziness, nor my rebellion - it was a mental block I could not get rid off, it was the terrifying feeling that I can achieve nothing how hard I tried to. As I see it now I had possibly lost the sense of reality - lived in a dreamlike world, full of kindness, meekness and love. Suddenly I was ^{put} in a state of a teenager - amazed, bewitched and bewildered at the same time. It might have been love - as it had been for too short period in 1944 when I was just married - but now I would say that I lived like a drug addict. All the life and people around me seemed to me just wonderful (i.e. during the last six month, except July when my impatience put me back in my old mood again). I was in love and all seemed to love me (Everybody loves a lover !).

Too many times I have used here the phrases " I had the feeling ", " I sensed " - but there is no other way how to express it. As it had been in Spain (to some degree even in Sweden) there were almost no facts I could note then and now mention them here. But I am still convinced that there was more than my imaginations, that it was not my exaggerated ~~and~~ self-consciousness alone which played such havoc with me and my work. Too many times I noticed a friendly twinkle in the eyes of persons who otherwise seemed to be strangers to me, kept a straight face. I have no excuse for my failure - only regrets and very bad conscience which would torment me for years to come. And - an immense and despaired longing to get once more back to " the other place " though this time together with my wife who now seems to be like a being from a completely different, strange planet, from the sterile New World. I failed as a Latvian, I probably failed even more as an American but I did achieve something as a man - I conquered my fears, my ugly desires and I saw, though only for a short time, how beautiful the life can be, how near I can come to the Lord and to my fellow men when I am loving.

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I am deeply grateful "to whom it may concern" about this opportunity I got to acquire such insight, understanding and about the efforts to take me on a higher level, to make a better man out of me. What I lacked was time - my transition in this other state of mind came too sudden, it was too overwhelming and I had to resist it in order not to lose myself completely. The presence of my wife would have made it much more easier because of her strong common sense and more logical mind.

As to my suggestions re the work of our organization in Europe I should say nothing because of my failure - otherwise I would truly be a wise guy who knows to criticize but not to work. It is very difficult to suggest something when there have been no achievements made by myself. And - the compartmentation was excellent as well as keeping me in dark what is actually going on. One should know what is going on if he wants to come out with any suggestions. If I reported after my trip in 1957 that [] drinks too much - now I learned that he acts only this way, pretends to be drunk though in fact is quite sober when it comes to action.

Again - in 1957 I complained afterwards that the security had been poor; now I must admit that it is almost too perfect - that there are ways and means (and devices) I had never dreamed about.

And yet - all this excellent and efficient network did not prevent us to lose such fine fighters as ANDY, LEN; it did not prevent the loss of late George O., the poor state of health of HERBERT (if it is true not fiction), the nervousness of Mr. SKULTANS who in my opinion would not be able to keep it going for long - he burns himself up. In my opinion the requirements put upon all of us are too great and we all, especially I as shown in this report, lack badly in one thing - the feeling of belonging to the "club" (or in other words - to live and work in the position of an outsider, to be exploited - though with the best best intentions, for the most worthy cause). It is the same experience I had when working for some months with the Germans at the SD; this time I had strongly expected to have it different because of my American citizenship - it was not.

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Nevertheless, here are some thoughts - though very vague and spotty - what could be done now (if it is not already done, how could I know ?):

- 1/ instead of intelligence and counterintelligence work among the Latvians in Europe - which would bring only very meager results and would not be of much value anyway at the present moment of Camp David "spirit" - the stress should be put on cultural activities of the emigres. These should receive great publicity (in GFR it seems to be very easy to get such just now), get broadcasted to Latvia. This would result in great efforts by the Soviets to counteract it by more cultural freedom in occupied Latvia, by showing off how excellent are the artists and cultural workers in Latvia. This would lead to further "thaw" there, to more and deeper contacts between the Latvians at home and the emigres. The letters should not lack means and opportunities to organize large scale gatherings and cultural events, they should be supported and encouraged to do it on international scene (as did the "Sakte", Latvian folk dance group from Gr. Britain in France and GFR). More Latvian artists from the States should visit Europe and keep up the morale of their compatriots there. The cost of such cultural offensive would be a small part of defensive armaments.
- 2/ The congresses of the Latvian Youth in Europe should be attended by several delegates from the States and Canada (ALJA members) since otherwise the European youth would tend to look too eagerly to the East, would lose the feeling of being understood and supported (not only financially) by the West. American church organizations seem to be the best way how to make this support unofficial but effective. The youth leaders in Europe should be taken into confidence as to our intentions (some of them, the most influential) and convinced that they should not fear to invite to such large-scale gatherings also some representatives of the Soviet Latvian youth. Of course - a thorough briefing beforehand would be necessary to make the free youth well prepared for dialectic debates with their Soviet counterparts.
- 3/ Instead of the various "voices" broadcasting now to the countries under the Soviets should be joined by the "Voice of the Western Youth" with particular emphasis on the youth of the oppressed East Europe. It should have minimal control

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by us and every well-proved actor (only a few among its staff should now be sponsor). Only the free youth can hope to reach effectively the youth behind the Iron Curtain and only if it has the means to come out with their own thoughts, ideas and plans. The program of such broadcasts should be completely different from the existing ones - much emphasis should be put on entertainment, light music (jazz!), humor without sarcasm, with only sparsely injected ideological-political discussions (forum for youth). A good example what can be done in this way are the AFN broadcasts - which I found excellent.

- 4/ As to the legal travelers I doubt very much whether the few Latvians as well as other nationals of the Baltic States would ever be of much use because they all are too well known by now to the enemy. The best way in this respect might be to find out more about all those people from these countries who during the post-WW II years have changed their last names - either by fear or by marriage with to the local Germans - and who thus are possibly almost unknown to the Soviets and their agents in GFR. These persons would be in their majority already GFR citizens, would feel more secure and be better balanced emotionally as well as have strong bonds with the country they now live in (again - I would not expect much success from the ethnic Germans who are surely well known to the Soviets and even more suspected by them. In my opinion everybody (of the Balts) who returns now to the USSR is a mental case, a criminal, drunkard or has strong family bonds with people under Soviet control thus the results will be very meager - the Soviets would make them re-defect.
- 5/ There should be a long-range plan as to preparing cadres among the Latvian youth in Europe for our future needs; to my knowledge there are no such plans now only improvisations and recruitment from case to case. Much more use should be made of the only Latvian highschool in the West - the Latvian Gynasium in Muenster (which just now is almost bankrupt because of the slackening-off of contributions from other countries. It would be wise to select a number of Latvian youngsters here in the States among the junior high school students, to send them - sponsored by some private organization - for two to three years to this highschool in Germany, then let them serve with the US Armed Forces in the States again and finally enable them

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to attend some university in GFR or Switzerland. Only then such youngsters would have the absolutely necessary insight in the European problems and the feeling to be in touch with the enemy. Too many times I had the opportunity to observe in Europe young Americans who acted there so differently from the Europeans that they never would be capable to avoid the attention drawn upon them as strangers there - they seem to me like lame ducks (had this experience already in Sweden) despite their intelligence and qualifications. To work in Europe efficiently and unobconspicuously one must be able to think and get like an European otherwise it is only a poor show despite the splendid cast. The Baltic youngsters have the great advantage of being already by their upbringing at home with the ways and ways used should be made out of this capital.

Beside the intelligence and counterintelligence agents we should have also some agents-desinformants (by activities, i.e. the manner I applied might be a good example). It would cost much less than the efforts of the enemy to find out their movements and tasks. These agents should simulate among various European countries; now and then they should be entrusted to execute a minor task in order to build up their fame as CI or GI agents. After 1-2 years of such successful movements they should be trained for true intelligence work - by that time the enemy would have recognized their expanding role and would take their future appearance on the scene as an attempt to wipe it out.

As to our present agents in Europe I would make any effort to get HERBERT well again (and again - if he is truly ill) since he seems to me the best possible principal agent there (has long and extensive experience, sharp logical mind, devotedness and conviction without any selfish interests, is very likable and popular among the Latvians in Europe, has much political vision, any new agent sent from here should get plenty of time to become acquainted with his way of work and with him personally - he should have the status of an instructor not a local colleague.

As to the operational aspect of our work now I have nothing to suggest since I still don't know how it is really done - got only some glimpses. A little learning is a dangerous thing.

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