

RED SPIES IN THE UN

UN

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**Coward-McCann, Inc.
New York**

*I dedicate this book, for my part, to my daughters
Marianne and Jacqueline Huss, to counsel them forever
to cherish with courage the greatness of our land
and the blessings of their heritage.*

—PIERRE J. HUSS

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by Pierre J. Huss and George Carpozi, Jr.

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 65-13278

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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1 : Serpents in the House

ON the banks of the East River in Manhattan, in the area of the city known in the days of the American Revolution as Turtle Bay, a camping ground for the British Army's forces facing the valiant "rabble in arms" commanded by George Washington, stands now a complex of buildings which is world headquarters of the United Nations.

In a Dutch apple orchard several blocks up the street, Nathan Hale was hanged as a spy in 1776.

Today, nearly 200 years later, his ghost would be in good company among an unprecedented swarm of diplomatically cloaked professionals plying the ancient craft of espionage from within the UN's massive architectural cluster.

It is a strange and paradoxical situation which, morally and legally, has no place in this forum. The United Nations is an organization dedicated to keeping the peace of the world; it functions by virtue of the contributive membership of one hundred and twelve large and small nations of all races, colors, religions, and political ideologies.

A charter signed by fifty original allied nations in San Francisco in 1945 provided the ground rules and basic principles by which this deterrent to the "scourge of war" operates.

A voluminous treaty signed between the United States and the United Nations names and guarantees the rights and privileges of the world organization. The treaty, subject nowadays to a wide range of

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criticism in the United States—and elsewhere from time to time—creates an “international” enclave within the perimeter of 42nd Street, 48th Street, 1st Avenue and the banks of the East River. New York City has no jurisdiction in this tiniest of world states except by consent of the Secretary General. The Mayor and the City Council have no control over this choice piece of Manhattan real estate; nor does the Governor nor State Legislature nor, for that matter, the President and the Congress of the United States. In theory, those who step through the UN’s gates have gained sanctuary. A fugitive from the Federal Bureau of Investigation or city police can be handed over to the law only if the Secretary General says so. Yet it is improbable that there will ever be a time when a Joe Valachi or a Willie Sutton will escape the law by taking asylum at the UN.

Nevertheless, as this book will show, a spy sent here with diplomatic credentials by a foreign power to steal military or defense secrets can take refuge behind the ramparts of the UN, remaining there in absolute safety until the machinery of our State Department grinds into motion and effects not his arrest but his deportation through “channels.”

This privilege of immunity descends from traditional agreements and understandings enacted between governments, giving diplomats and consular employees *carte blanche* immunities from the laws of the land when they are stationed on each other’s soil. Those enjoying this status are secure from arrest or prosecution while representing or working for their own governments abroad—regardless of the crime. They can only be declared *personae non grata* and expelled.

The extension of diplomatic immunity to members of missions accredited to the United Nations has become an increasing source of irritation. Particularly to the United States and the city of New York.

Over the years, privileges granted to a number of diplomats have been misused and abused. The violations have ranged from infractions of parking laws to doubtful behavior in hotels and public places; from exceeding speed limits and drunken driving on public highways to hit-and-run driving—and even murder.

But the ultimate crime, in that it can have the most far-reaching and widest effects, is that of espionage. Only a small handful of nations is known to have taken advantage of the freedom afforded at

the UN to engage in subversion. Yet one nation—the Soviet Union—has managed to put the entire western hemisphere under a spy glass and has committed subversive acts repeatedly on U.S. shores.

It is the purpose of this book to focus America's and the world's attention on Soviet and satellite nation espionage as it emanates from the UN, and especially to show, by case histories obtained from the FBI, the State Department, the United Nations, and other sources, how the Russians operate this clandestine operation. These cases present documented proof that the Russians:

a) seized, with the help of the notorious Judith Coplon, a highly confidential file of FBI reports on the Red conspiracy in the U.S.;

b) launched a vast spying operation directed at gathering data and secrets of military and seaport facilities on the Atlantic Coast;

c) penetrated all but invulnerable security measures in order to seize intelligence manuals at the U.S. General Staff School in Leavenworth, Kansas;

d) obtained aerial photos and maps of military installations in the Midwest where some of America's key defense bases against Soviet nuclear-missile attack are situated;

e) stole top secret information on the location of missile and rocket launching sites and bases in the U.S.;

f) plotted a master plan to blow up our eastern seaboard via a terrifying campaign of sabotage that would have destroyed much of our resources and imperiled the lives of millions.

All of these plots and such others as we shall discuss in this book were initiated in one central location—the so-called Moscow “high command post,” centered in a busy house not many blocks away from the United Nations: the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. Soviet nationals at the UN and staff employees from Iron Curtain satellites are part and parcel of this “high command post” housed in that unprepossessing building just off fashionable Park Avenue at 136 East 67th Street.

It is the nerve center on this side of the Atlantic Ocean for almost every phase of the Kremlin's subversive activities in North and South America. The fangs of this spy network rooted in the Soviet Mission

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and in the UN, as we shall show, extend miles beyond to the Soviet Embassy in Washington and its satellite diplomatic missions there, and beyond to Mexico, Panama City, Cuba, Brazil, and Canada.

While we abhor the methods employed and gains scored by the U.S.S.R. over the years in gathering secrets from us, we are forced to recognize the unfortunate truth that espionage is a necessary evil of international politics. To pretend that espionage is a crime exclusively of Russian origin would be hypocrisy, for we are dealing with a practice that is as old as recorded history.

The Egyptians were perhaps the first to realize the need for espionage when they organized a secret service and established schools to train spies. The first practical application apparently came during the reign of Egyptian King Tuthmosis III, when a Captain Thute managed, with the help of his spies, to smuggle into Jaffa two hundred armed soldiers who were sewn in sacks and carried into the city as a shipment of flour.

Perhaps the greatest of all espionage stories is to be found in the *Iliad*, in which Homer sings of the Trojan horse.

Down through the ages spying gained impetus and importance. We know Joan of Arc was betrayed by a spy, Bishop Pierre Cauchon of Beauvais, who was in the pay of the English king.

There was Benedict Arnold, of course, and during World Wars I and II we saw women such as Martha Cockaert of Belgium and Anne Marie Walters of France serve their respective countries as spies against German occupation forces.

It appears that Russia's first serious attempt to engage in espionage—domestic style—occurred in 1881 when the Okhrana or defensive police was organized to combat terrorism. By devious methods it succeeded in foiling not only the desperadoes threatening the czar, but the plotters in the government as well.

When the Bolsheviks seized the government in 1917, Lenin organized the Extraordinary Commissions to Combat Counter-Revolution, Sabotage, and Speculation. Because it was such a mouthful even to the Russians, they called it Cheka. Nevertheless, it was Okhrana under a different name.

In 1922, Cheka was replaced by the State Political Administration, called the GPU, which grew into a far more fearsome secret police and spy organization. In 1934, the People's Commissariat of Home

Affairs took over from the GPU and became a tool of world-wide espionage. Readers may be more familiar with that spy machine's nom de guerre—the infamous NKVD which, in subsequent years, changed its name but never its objectives.

Before Lavrenti Beria, its chief, was executed in 1953, the NKVD slipped through a title change to MVD or Ministry of Home Affairs; then, its bull-faced boss eliminated by a firing squad, it became the KVD or Committee for State Safety—and finally the KGB.

The agents of this highly trained secret service form the nucleus of the Communist espionage conspiracy encircling the globe today and, with agents of the Comintern and Cominform, the international agencies of the Communist Party, have been carrying out the Kremlin's goal of spying in such diverse areas as politics, industry, business, commerce, agriculture, labor, transportation, and—most important—in the military.

With so many self-confessed former Communists telling us repeatedly about this, there is little doubt that the overriding interest and aim of Soviet spies centers chiefly in that last area—the military.

We also know that to be true because of the increasing number of spies uncovered in this country and, most especially, the preponderance of agents caught operating out of the United Nations.

The USSR has never admitted engaging in espionage, not even when its agents have been trapped red-handed with stolen secret data. On the contrary, they laugh at every unmasking and jibe us by saying: "You see a Communist spy behind every bush."

This is good form. An unwritten law of espionage is that one does not admit that one employs spies. It is not a question of etiquette. For maximum efficiency, a spy system must be entirely secret. An admission of ownership is an admission of failure; and in a world of secrecy, reputation is built upon what is unknown.

In the United Nations the dynamics of Soviet membership takes on special significance in the light of the many cases of espionage involving Moscow's diplomatic and consular corps, as well as its citizens who serve in the Secretariat's employ.

The UN Charter demands that staff employees, regardless of what country they come from or what capacity they hold, maintain a status as "international civil servants." That status is achieved by the signing of a loyalty oath before starting work in any UN post. The oath

pledges the employee to serve the UN faithfully and impartially. It binds him to the world body and prohibits influences or acts of the home government to deflect the employee from his trust.

The oath obligates the entire UN staff—from the Secretary General down to the most obscure file clerk—to work in accordance with the UN rules and regulations. Strikingly, there is no suggestion in the oath for disloyalty to one's own country. Yet, on the other hand, a UN staffer is not allowed to exercise loyalty to country by passing, for example, UN documents to contacts on the diplomatic delegation of his native land or lobbying around UN departments for projects affecting his country.

The first nineteen years of the UN demonstrated fairly conclusively that the "international civil servant" can become enough of a reality to make a ponderous machine like the world organization work despite certain flaws and hazards in the loyalty system.

But the span of years also demonstrated that the Soviet Union, while subscribing to the loyalty rule at San Francisco, as it did to all Charter principles, had other ideas about the UN and the way it might serve the Kremlin.

Although until 1962 Soviet and satellite country UN employees signed the loyalty oath, if somewhat grudgingly, they nevertheless carried manifest instructions from Moscow. They were put in the UN not only to do their part for the Kremlin in world affairs, but also to carry out the secret orders issued by superiors seated in the Soviet Mission to the UN. Some of these Soviet nationals were trained as spies and saboteurs, yet came disguised as secretaries, clerks, typists, or officials from high Moscow posts to head UN departments.

We may be understating when we say "some" of the Soviet nationals are trained spies. The FBI prepared a report not long ago which it submitted to the Attorney General for use by the Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws.

In speaking of the United Nations, the report stated: "Attention is called to the fact that many of the incidents and cases [of spying] previously cited involved Soviet employees of the United Nations. They are guests of the United States and are supposedly dedicated to the cause of international peace but they are, in fact, carefully se-

lected envoys of the international Communist conspiracy, trained in trickery and deceit and dedicated to the concept of fully exploiting the freedoms of the countries they seek to destroy. It is too much to expect that they would not prostitute the United Nations.”

2 : Valentin Gubitchev, the First UN Spy

THE shapely young woman dressed neatly but inconspicuously in black skirt and tan sweater with pearl necklace at her throat sat meditatively in her seat as the Pennsylvania Railroad's Washington-to-New York express rolled towards its destination—Pennsylvania Station. Her black cloth coat was neatly folded in the empty aisle seat beside her.

Now and then she looked out casually at the passing countryside. Now and then she turned and glanced at the other passengers in the half-filled coach.

Her name was Judith Coplon.

On that Friday, March 4, 1949, on the train which had left the capital at 1 p.m., two men in the same coach reclined in their own seats near the young woman. Judith Coplon, a plain-faced girl with intense dark eyes and brunette hair, was an analyst in the Internal Security Section of the Department of Justice in Washington. Although they were employed in the same service, the 27-year-old Miss Coplon did not know that the two men near her were FBI agents.

Nor did she know that they were trailing her.

Judith Coplon had been under surveillance for several weeks. The history of the case went back to late December, 1948, when Miss

Coplon first drew the suspicion of her superiors. A former fellow employee in the office of Foreign Agents Registration in the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department reported that Judith Coplon had been slanting her analyses and other reports so that they benefited the Soviet Union, favoring its friends and condemning its foes.

A loyalty investigation was begun and the springboard was the young woman's background. The probers found she was a native of New York City, born in Brooklyn. She was the daughter of Samuel M. and Rebecca Coplon and had been a student at Brooklyn's Madison High School where she averaged well above ninety percent for all subjects in her four years there. She then went on to Barnard College where she proved herself an equally brilliant student, winning two one-hundred-dollar scholarships in competitive examinations that tested both her academic potential and her character. She was graduated in 1943 cum laude and was listed by Barnard's placement bureau in the top category for ability, application, integrity, public spirit, leadership, and good breeding.

Almost immediately after graduation, Judith Coplon obtained a job as an economic journalist in the Economic Warfare Section of the Justice Department's New York City office. She remained there until January, 1945, and then, while World War II was still on, was transferred to Washington and assigned to the Foreign Agents Registration Section as an assistant political analyst. Her salary was \$4,479 a year.

In her spare time in the capital, Miss Coplon also enrolled at American University to earn a master's degree in international relations. This opened a new phase in her life, giving her an opportunity to learn languages, and she was soon speaking French, German, and Russian.

Her work for the Justice Department was regarded highly, and in one instance, during February, 1946, Jesse M. MacKnight, chief of her Justice Department bureau, had occasion to report on the young woman's employment ability. He said she "showed herself a capable, industrious, and intelligent research worker. . . . Her language skills were more than adequate in French, and good in German and Russian . . ."

While the reports on her background were laudatory, sufficient information to raise some doubts about her loyalty was developed in

just two days of investigation, prompting the Justice Department to assign special agents of the FBI to keep Miss Coplon under close surveillance.

Although nothing untoward had yet happened, the Justice Department nevertheless also took immediate steps to make certain she no longer had access to important secret defense information in the Government's files. The routine of her work, however, did not change: she continued to receive data she had been handling, but it was altered so as to make it worthless in the event it fell into the wrong hands.

The agents who were put on her trail came to know the suspect's habits quite intimately; one of them was making weekly trips to New York to visit her parents who were both ailing at the time.

The pattern of Judith Coplon's conduct remained virtually unchanged over the next few weeks, but in mid-January of 1949, the G-men assigned to keep an eye on her detected a variation. Miss Coplon's routine on this 14th day of January had started like all the other days. She reported for work in the Justice Department Building in the capital, put in an eight-hour day, then left for Union Station where she caught a Pennsylvania train for New York.

But this time, instead of going to the apartment of her father and mother in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, Judith Coplon headed from Pennsylvania Station to the Independent Subway system's 8th Avenue line station at 34th Street and boarded an uptown express.

The two G-men who had followed her from Washington, Agents Richard T. Hradsky and Richard E. Brennan, were met by other FBI men at Penn Station and they, too, became shadows of Miss Coplon. The G-men all boarded the same subway train, then jammed by the rush hour crowds, and rode uptown. When she got off at the Fort Tryon Park station at 190th Street and Overlook Terrace in the section of Manhattan known as Washington Heights, the agents followed her off the train, into the elevator, and up to the street.

It was precisely 7:10 p.m. on Hradsky's wristwatch when Judith Coplon meandered out to the street and began looking in all directions as though she were planning to meet someone there and was impatient at the person's lateness.

Moments later, she walked east for two blocks to Broadway, then

turned the other corner into Dyckman Street and headed to 143, which was the DeLuxe Italian Restaurant.

As the agents watched discreetly from the outside, they saw Judith Coplon walk to a table and sit down beside a somber-faced but handsome man with a receding hairline who looked to be in his early thirties. Beside the 5-foot, 100 pound Miss Coplon, the stranger seemed not much bigger. He was perhaps 5 feet 4, on the stocky side, about 165 pounds.

There was little opportunity for the agents to observe from the outside without attracting attention to themselves. At most they could only pass the restaurant in relays, mingling in the crowds of pedestrians, casting quick glances inside until they had determined what was going on. They soon found out. Miss Coplon and the man she had met were ordering from the menu.

Special Agent T. Scott Miller, Jr., was designated to go into the restaurant and take a booth near the couple to observe their activity from close range. Miller noticed the waiter brought food to the man but only a cup of coffee for Miss Coplon. As she sipped the coffee, Miss Coplon dropped nickels in the musicbox coin machine at the table.

Agent Miller was unable to hear their conversation through the blare of the juke-box music. Even during the moments of quiet he could not pick up any of the talk because the conversation, although animated, was conducted in whispers.

Finally Judith Coplon and her companion rose from the table and walked out of the restaurant. Their trail outside was picked up by the other G-men—Agents Hradsky, Brennan, and Daniel Garde—who followed Miss Coplon and the still unidentified man back to the IND subway station entrance where they stopped.

Miss Coplon, who was holding a folded newspaper, raised it and gesticulated. It seemed for a moment that she was going to strike the man, for she appeared angry now as she spoke with him. But they soon ended their heated conversation and went down into the subway. Agents followed them and rode on the train with the couple. At the 116th Street station the man suddenly got up and left the train. Agents Hradsky and Brennan followed him while the other operatives remained on Miss Coplon's trail, which led to Brooklyn, to the home of her parents.

Meanwhile, her companion hailed a taxi and went east on 116th Street. Hradsky and Brennan followed in another cab. The ride ended at Broadway and 116th Street where the pursued man headed to another subway, the IRT's Broadway-7th Avenue line.

The G-men were about to follow him, but just then their quarry turned and looked in their direction. The agents were standing less than ten feet away. Afraid the man might suspect he was being trailed, Hradsky and Brennan decided on discretion and ended their surveillance.

But the next morning one of those fortuitous strokes that often seems to guide the destinies of the FBI found Hradsky and Brennan standing outside the old Soviet Mission to the United Nations at 680 Park Avenue. Lo and behold, whom should they see but the man who had met Miss Coplon the night before!

To this day the FBI insists Hradsky and Brennan had no inside information but were only playing a hunch when they went to the Mission. As he was to explain later, when he first saw the man at the table in the restaurant with Miss Coplon, Hradsky thought he "looked like a Russian." And where but at the Russian Mission to the UN does one go looking for a Russian in New York?

The operatives picked up their prey's trail. It led to a fashionable six-story apartment house at 64 West 108th Street, between Manhattan and Amsterdam Avenues. In the lobby, the agents checked names on the mailboxes. The names meant nothing to them, so they called on the superintendent who lived on the ground floor.

From the agents' description of the man they had trailed, the superintendent told them he probably was Valentin Gubitchev, who lived with his wife in a \$63.25-a-month four-room apartment on the fifth floor of the forty-two-family house.

"He works at the United Nations," the superintendent said as casually as if he were talking about a shipping clerk. What immediately lifted him above the ordinary to the FBI agents, though, was the superintendent's confirmation that Gubitchev was a Russian and that he was employed at the UN. Together with what the agents already suspected about Judith Coplon, the Justice Department girl, her association with Gubitchev took on an ominous configuration.

Agents Hradsky and Brennan notified their superiors immediately and a stakeout was ordered for Gubitchev's apartment house. G-men

in cars kept a day-night vigil outside the building. In the morning, as Gubitchev came out and started downtown for his job at the UN, the agents shadowed him all the way to work. He went by bus and, while some of the FBI men followed in their cars, one agent, John F. Malley, boarded the Broadway bus and rode to 42nd Street in the seat right beside the suspect. When Gubitchev transferred to a 42nd Street crosstown bus for the ride across Manhattan to the UN Building, Malley was still with him.

During that day, the FBI, making discreet inquiries at the UN, whose headquarters at the time were still out in Lake Success on Long Island, determined just what Gubitchev's function was at the world organization. He was a civilian engineer, employed as third secretary of the Soviet delegation. He had come to the United States from the Soviet Union in July, 1946, as a member of the Soviet Delegation, but subsequently had severed his connections to become a \$6,600-a-year tax-free member of the Secretariat which gave him international civil servant status. This was done, the FBI found, to enable Gubitchev to contribute his talents as an engineer in the planning of the new United Nations skyscraper headquarters on First Avenue which was now nearing completion.

When he resigned from the Soviet delegation on September 26, 1946, Gubitchev had signed the oath required of all Secretariat members. It read: "I solemnly swear (undertake, affirm, promise) to exercise in all loyalty, discretion and conscience the functions entrusted to me as a member of the International Service of the United Nations, to discharge those functions and regulate my conduct with the interests of my duties from any government and not to seek or accept instructions in regard to the performance of my duties from any government or other authority external to the organization."

This was the same oath taken by the more than score of other Soviet nationals who were caught in espionage activity in subsequent years; it was the same oath that Khrushchev would repudiate fifteen years later.

In the days that followed in the unmasking of Judith Coplon's companion, every step Gubitchev took was watched ploddingly. Every time he came out of the maze of construction that was shaping the UN Building, FBI agents were standing by to follow his trail. He never walked or rode in a public conveyance alone. Even when he

took a cab or rode in a car, he was shadowed by FBI men in their own vehicles.

The FBI's investigation revealed that Gubitchev also had a child, a girl of thirteen, who had lived in New York City with her parents until the previous summer when the Russian Consulate, where the family had been staying, was closed. That action was forced on the Soviet Union as an aftermath of the celebrated Mme. Oksana Kosenkina case. Mme. Kosenkina was a teacher at a Russian school conducted by the Russian Consulate, at 7 East 61st Street, for children of Soviet officials and emissaries in the New York City area. Among the children who attended the school was Gubitchev's daughter. But when Mme. Kosenkina's husband was slain by the Reds, rather than return to Russia, Mme. Kosenkina went into hiding with the Countess Alexandra Tolstoy in Rockland County, just north of New York City. But Russian agents kidnapped Mme. Kosenkina and took her to the Soviet Consulate. While being kept a prisoner there pending her return to Russia, she escaped by leaping from a window. She was badly injured and spent several months in Roosevelt Hospital, but she achieved her goal: asylum in this country.

The FBI learned that in the same month as the Kosenkina incident, August, 1948, Gubitchev and his family had gone back to Russia briefly. When they returned a few weeks later, their daughter did not come back with them.

"We put her in school in Moscow," Gubitchev told one of his neighbors.

Digging further into his background, the FBI found that Gubitchev was born in Orel, Russia, on June 24, 1916. He was a student at the Moscow School of Construction, then went into the employ of the Soviet Ministry of Construction. He rose to deputy chief of the Ural Construction Trust in Chelyabinsk. Afterward he was transferred to the Soviet Foreign Office and came to the U.S. in July, 1946, as the third secretary of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations.

When the Soviet Union was allotted a quota to fill on the UN Secretariat staff, Gubitchev was designated and he resigned from the Soviet Mission to accept the new post which brought him back into the field of his first love—construction engineering.

Secretary General Trygve Lie provided the information that Gubitchev was one of the outstanding figures in the planning and de-

sign of the new UN Building. "He is a good man who has worked both inside and outside under the direction of Construction Co-ordinator James Dawson," Lie told the FBI.

While Gubitchev was kept under rigid surveillance, no less an effort was exerted to maintain a check on Judith Coplon's movements and activities. G-men followed her everywhere she went. When she left her parents' home the night after her furtive meeting with Gubitchev and went back to Washington, agents rode on the train to the capital and kept her in their sights constantly. They followed her cab to McClean Gardens, a substantial housing development in the capital where Miss Coplon resided in a two-room, \$34.50-a-month apartment.

The next morning when she went to work, G-men were right behind her again. And when she sat down at her desk in the Justice Department, agents made it their business to know what Judith Coplon was doing at work.

So it went through the rest of January and into the middle of February. Nothing unusual occurred in this period. But on February 18, once again Miss Coplon headed for New York and once again she met Gubitchev in the same general locale in Washington Heights as their first meeting. But the pattern this time took on marked variation.

Instead of coming face to face in the restaurant, Gubitchev and Miss Coplon, with their respective FBI shadows behind them, appeared to come together for a rendezvous at the northeast corner of 193rd Street and Broadway. Yet they did not quite meet there. This time their actions were strictly cloak-and-dagger.

Gubitchev, who was being followed by Agent Malley and other operatives, had taken a bus from his home and reached the Washington Heights corner at 7:05 p.m. He loitered briefly there, looking around at the people passing. After a minute of this, he boarded a downtown Broadway bus. Malley and the other agents followed in their car and watched as Gubitchev got off at 166th Street. There he crossed Broadway and immediately got aboard an uptown bus that took him back to 192nd Street, which is on the fringe of Fort Tryon Park.

Meanwhile, agents following Judith Coplon rode with her on the IRT subway to the 191st Street station, where she got off and went

up to the street. She, too, meandered about as though searching for someone.

The agents finally focused in on the play. Gubitchev had crossed the street and was standing on the west side of Broadway. Miss Coplon, on the east side, looked across the stream of cars and buses passing, seemed to spot Gubitchev and crossed over. As she reached the sidewalk, she started up Broadway, passing Gubitchev by as if he were a total stranger. The G-men watching the action noticed that as Miss Coplon passed the Russian, she shifted her pocketbook to her left arm. A second later, as if that movement were a signal, Gubitchev started after Miss Coplon. For a time, he stayed behind several paces, then finally hurried his step. As he drew alongside on her left, he held his right hand in front of the government girl and they walked together like that five or six steps. Then Gubitchev slowed his pace while Miss Coplon walked on.

Only one FBI man was close enough to see what was happening. He was Roger B. Robinson, a former Rose Bowl football star, a blocking back on the 1938 Duke University eleven which went undefeated, untied, and unscored on, and which beat Southern California 7 to 3 in the Tournament of Roses. Robinson saw Miss Coplon open her handbag as she lifted it up on her arm. Then passersby were in the way and the G-man could not see if Gubitchev took anything out of the bag as he walked alongside the girl with his arm stretched across her. Nor could he see if Miss Coplon had passed anything to the Russian.

But Agent Miller, who had ridden uptown on the subway with Miss Coplon, knew what she was carrying in her handbag—certain folded onion-skin papers. He had seen them when she opened her bag while he was standing beside her in the train. Such papers—they contained secret but erroneous information about the Amtorg Trading Corporation, the Russian purchasing mission in the U.S., and data about the use of geophones to measure pressure in U.S. atomic bomb tests—had been prepared as decoys and routed through Miss Coplon's desk in the Justice Department the day before she met Gubitchev.

For no valid reason, the papers had remained on her desk far longer than they should have. While no one could observe what was going on, the assumption was that Miss Coplon had copied the information on her own typewriter on the same kind of paper at her desk.

After his brief encounter with Miss Coplon, Gubitchev turned, walked to the corner of 192nd Street, and took a Broadway bus downtown. He got off at 108th Street and went into a supermarket. The agents watched the Russian as he filled a shopping cart with pumpernickel bread, cake, and a variety of meats, including a length of bologna. Then he went home.

Miss Coplon's movements were tracked by other FBI men. When Gubitchev had turned back after his brief and furtive encounter with the girl, she walked to the corner of 193rd Street, stopped momentarily, looked around, then walked back, entered the subway station, and took a train to her parents' home in Brooklyn.

The pattern of this get-together in which Gubitchev and Miss Coplon cautiously avoided all signs of recognition was reminiscent of the tactics used by the Canadian atom spy ring. In that case, the standard operating procedure was never to loiter at an appointed spot if a fellow conspirator was late, but to return later. The G-men who followed Gubitchev and Miss Coplon were convinced that the Russian had taken his short bus jaunt downtown because the Justice Department girl was late for her appointment. But what puzzled them was the change in procedure; they had previously met rather openly in the restaurant, as perhaps a couple of lovers might do on a date, but this time they exhibited the bizarre tactics of a couple of secret agents. Why the change?

The FBI decided that Gubitchev and Miss Coplon had probably begun to suspect they were being followed. That this was so could not be discounted because agents had made so many inquiries about Miss Coplon among her friends. It was deemed well within the realm of probability that some word of the investigation had seeped back to the suspect.

Miss Coplon's FBI shadows found that her trips to New York City did not always lead to rendezvous with Gubitchev. On at least five other occasions G-men found her involved in other situations.

On the night of January 19, FBI Agent Richard E. Brennan followed Judith Coplon to the Hotel Piccadilly off Times Square. There, after a long and impatient wait, he saw her come out of an elevator in the lobby with a tall, handsome, dark-haired man who certainly wasn't Gubitchev.

From the hotel, Brennan followed the couple to the Alps Restau-

rant at the Avenue of the Americas and 58th Street, and then to the Colony Theater where they watched the stage performance of *Kiss Me Kate*.

For the next three days, Brennan and other agents trailed Miss Coplon around Manhattan but she never met Gubitchev. Most of the time she was in town she went shopping—with a diplomatically distant escort of three FBI men, including Brennan. But all that the agents saw Miss Coplon buy on those days—she had four days off from her job because of President Truman's inauguration ceremonies in Washington—was a scarf.

On one more occasion, Miss Coplon went out without meeting Gubitchev. It was the night after that February 18 when she had the brief and clandestine encounter with the Soviet engineer up in Washington Heights. Miss Coplon went from her parents' home in Brooklyn to visit friends in the Fresh Meadows housing development in Queens. These friends also were later questioned by the FBI.

While agents continued to keep tabs on Gubitchev and Miss Coplon, other FBI men sought to determine what dealings were being transacted between the two suspects, what secrets the Justice Department girl was passing to the Russian—if, indeed, she was selling out.

Everything began to point toward that probability. For one thing, the investigators learned that Miss Coplon, for no apparent reason, had been calling for FBI data on embassies and consulates and embassy personnel. Then, finally, she asked her superior in the Justice Department, William Foley, for a secret file marked INTERNAL SECURITY-R. The "R" stood for Russian. And the data was classified information dealing with Red agents and national security.

For another thing, the meetings between Gubitchev and Miss Coplon paralleled in many respects the fantastic account bared during the previous summer of 1948 by Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers, the confessed couriers for Communist espionage networks. Miss Bentley had told the House Un-American Activities Committee the details of clandestine meetings with government employees on street corners, meetings at which she admitted turning over vital government secrets. The FBI was convinced Miss Coplon was similarly engaged in espionage.

Now they decided the time had come to close in.

Late on March 3 the FBI in New York learned that Judith Coplon again planned to visit the city. How did they learn that? From a phone conversation Miss Coplon's mother in Brooklyn had with her daughter in Washington. The FBI had put a tap on the Coplons' phone.

That information prompted a teletype alarm to Washington which read in part: "Due to time Judy stated [in the phone conversation with her mother] she would be home [on March 4] strong possibility she may meet Gubitchev at 7 p.m. Wash Field should surveil her to N.Y. as in past. N.Y. coverage will be same."

William Foley, her superior in the Justice Department, was instructed to notify the FBI when Judith Coplon was leaving so the tail could be put on her. Late on the afternoon of March 3, Foley tipped the FBI that the suspect had made arrangements to go to New York the next day.

At 1 p.m. Friday, March 4, Miss Coplon left Union Terminal in Washington aboard a Pennsylvania Railroad train for New York. And sitting alone beside the window looking out at the landscape whizzing by, Judith had no idea that two seats behind her on the opposite side of the aisle, the two men sitting together had one over-riding mission—never to let their eyes off her. They were the same two agents who had followed her on a number of previous occasions, Agents Hradsky and Brennan. They felt reasonably safe that Miss Coplon had not spotted them before and that she could not suspect they were following her now.

In New York, elaborate and painstaking preparations had been made for her arrival and expected meeting with Gubitchev. There was little doubt but that Judith Coplon would meet the Russian official, because this time the FBI strongly suspected she had made off with data slips containing extracts of FBI reports relating to Soviet affairs; word sketches of three government employees, and extracts from a decoy message prepared by the FBI and made available to her by her superior, Foley, on that Friday morning. The FBI was almost certain the petite Miss Coplon was going to transmit this data to Gubitchev.

The preparations were more elaborate than before because this time the FBI was prepared to close in and make arrests. Twenty

agents and seven radio-equipped cars were pressed into service in New York. Five agents were assigned to watch Gubitchev—three at the United Nations and two at his 108th Street home.

Another car with two agents covered the DeLuxe Restaurant on Dyckman Street where Miss Coplon and Gubitchev had had their first known meeting. Two more G-men were at the Broadway IRT subway's 191st Street station. Another two were put in a stationery store at Broadway and West 193rd Street to watch the corner the suspects had used previously for their hurried cloak-and-dagger rendezvous. Two other agents were posted across the street.

Downtown, two cars, an agent in each, were designated to patrol outside Pennsylvania Station, while five other agents—one a tall, willowy brunette named Sappho Manos, chief clerk in the New York City FBI office—were in and around the station on foot.

As the train bringing Judith Coplon to New York passed through the tunnel under the Hudson River and slowed down in its approach to Pennsylvania Station, the slender, dark-eyed Miss Coplon rose from her seat and straightened the wrinkles in her black skirt, adjusted her sweater, then reached for the black cloth coat which had been on the seat beside her. She put on the coat, then walked forward to the car's vestibule.

Agents Hradsky and Brennan remained in their seats but their eyes were glued to the suspect.

When the train came to a halt and the doors opened, Judith Coplon stepped onto the platform and walked toward the stairs. Right behind were the two agents who had followed her from Washington. And when she reached the main terminal level, other alert but invisible hosts were there to greet her.

Miss Manos and FBI Agents Robert Granville and Edward Scheidt quickly targeted in on Miss Coplon and, with several paces separating each operative, fell in behind her as she threaded her way through the incipient evening rush hour crowd to the IND's 34th Street station at the far western end of the giant terminal.

Unknown to Judith Coplon, this same trio followed her through the turnstile to the platform and into an uptown Washington Heights express. Agents Hradsky and Brennan, on a signal from Granville that his team had taken over, dropped out of the picture at the sub-

way entrance. They could not continue to tail the suspect without risking the chance that she would recognize what they were doing.

Nevertheless, Miss Coplon was in the clutches of a formidable array of operatives. At no time could she elude the scrutiny of at least one or all three of her watchers, even when the homebound crowd grew at each subsequent stop on the trip uptown.

The ride lasted less than a half hour. Shortly before 5 p.m., Miss Coplon wove her way to the train's door and stepped out onto the platform at the 190th Street station. Agent Granville was right behind her. At the same time Miss Manos and Agent Scheidt stepped off through a door at the other end of the car. They turned and walked toward Miss Coplon as she, seeming somewhat confused on the crowded platform, moved toward them.

Then came one of those incidents that if written into fiction would surely have been discounted as too melodramatically implausible.

Miss Coplon stumbled and literally bumped into Miss Manos. "Excuse me," the girl said, "I'm sorry." Then as she recovered, she added, "Excuse me again, but I seem to be lost. Can you tell me how I can get to Broadway?"

Heart in mouth but deadpan, as though nothing in the world could be amiss, Miss Manos turned a quick smile and answered in a steady voice, "That's quite all right. I'm sorry we can't help." She gazed at Scheidt and then at Miss Coplon again. "We seem to be lost, too. We were just trying to get our bearings. Sorry . . ."

And with that, Miss Manos and Scheidt walked in the opposite direction, refusing even to glance at Agent Granville who, of course, had stayed back during the brief encounter and now had to go it alone.

Granville tailed the diminutive suspect to the street and watched as she walked aimlessly, or seemingly so, from Overlook Terrace east on 190th Street to Fort Washington Avenue and on to Broadway. After long minutes of this wandering, Granville sensed this part of the trip might be a decoy. He quickly slipped into a phone booth which gave him a view of the street and so let him keep an eye on his quarry, and called a special FBI number. He gave his location and asked for reinforcements. Then he stepped out and picked up Judith Coplon's trail.

Minutes later Granville spotted the help he was looking for in the person of Agent John R. Murphy who fell in behind Granville as Judith Coplon's second shadow. At 191st Street and Broadway, Granville veered off in another direction and circled around the block. Still more minutes later, Granville came back to stalk the suspect as Murphy peeled off.

At 5:55 p.m. Valentin Gubitchev all at once appeared on the scene. Two agents had followed him from the UN Building to the Heights, but now as they spotted Granville and Murphy nearby, they fell back and let these two agents do the spotting.

As Gubitchev rounded 191st Street into Broadway, he walked toward Judith Coplon—and right past her. Neither gave any sign of recognition. The G-men, expecting something of the sort, split up again, each taking up the trail of a suspect.

For more than an hour, Gubitchev and Judith Coplon wandered the streets of Washington Heights, occasionally passing one another, occasionally walking in the same direction, but never looking at each other directly, never exchanging a glance, never handing anything over, never signaling each other.

It was now apparent the Justice Department girl and the Russian engineer were following an elaborate cloak-and-dagger routine.

Finally, after an hour and more of seemingly aimless promenading, Miss Coplon headed back to the IND subway at 190th Street and boarded a downtown express that ultimately deposited her at the 42nd Street station on 8th Avenue. It was 7:30 p.m. when she climbed the stairs to the busy street, just a block west of Times Square. Agent Murphy had never let her out of his sight on the train ride and he was still stalking her now on the street. But he had no idea where Gubitchev was. Nor Agent Granville.

Miss Coplon headed east on 42nd Street, past the bright blinking lights of the all-night movie houses that illuminate the street into an incandescent brilliance, past the multitude of hot dog stands, pizza parlors, army and navy stores, past the throngs of black-jacketed teenagers who make the gaudy street their constant hangout.

Murphy clung to Judith through the crowds and soon the blinding lights of Times Square burst upon them. Judith Coplon turned the corner into Seventh Avenue where it merges into Broadway, walking into the pulse center of the big city. Here his quarry suddenly slowed

her pace, almost ambling along now. The crowds were fairly thick in Times Square because curtain time was approaching in the more than score of legitimate theaters that dot the area. It was easy to lose her in those throngs, so Murphy moved closer.

In front of the Paramount Theater at the corner of 43rd Street, Judith suddenly turned and started back. Murphy stepped into the doorway of a variety store and waited until his prey had passed, then he picked up her trail again. It led around the corner into 42nd Street once more. As Miss Coplon walked west toward Eighth Avenue, Murphy suddenly became aware of Gubitchev. He had popped up about fifty feet behind Miss Coplon and was going in the same direction. Murphy had been about seventy-five feet behind Miss Coplon which put Gubitchev only twenty-five feet in front of the G-man—almost too close for Murphy's comfort.

Murphy turned and looked in desperation for Agent Granville who had had the job of tailing Gubitchev. There was no sign of him. It was up to Murphy now to follow both suspects, who now walked on past Eighth Avenue and headed toward Ninth.

About mid-block, Gubitchev suddenly looked back over his left shoulder, held the glance, then turned his head frontward again. A few paces on, Gubitchev tossed another quick look over his left shoulder, then his right. He straightened again and quickened his pace.

Then, as he drew abreast of Miss Coplon, Gubitchev broke into a run. All at once Miss Coplon began running, too. As Murphy took after them, Gubitchev and the girl sprinted across Ninth Avenue and hopped aboard a downtown bus.

Instead of racing for the bus himself, Murphy darted into a bar-and-grill and phoned the FBI to report what had happened. A radio flash went out immediately to all FBI cars to converge on the bus.

From scattered directions, the unmarked cars gathered speed and headed crosstown, downtown, uptown, all targeting in on the south-bound bus. One FBI car, far uptown, raced along the West Side Highway, an elevated expressway that snakes along the Hudson River shore, and as it neared the scene came to grief—with a flat tire. That put four agents out of action.

But no misfortune overtook the other pursuing cars and within minutes they had the rear of the bus fixed in the beams of their headlights. The trail had been picked up even before the bus had

gone ten blocks. And Judith Coplon and Valentin Gubitchev were still aboard the bus, but sitting apart on opposite sides of the aisle. They were still pretending they were strangers to each other.

When the bus stopped at 14th Street, the northern edge of Greenwich Village, Gubitchev and Miss Coplon stepped off. It was 9:05 p.m. and the neighborhood was nearly deserted. For the first time, in the darkness of the quiet street, Gubitchev and Miss Coplon apparently felt it was safe to meet. They stood a few minutes chatting, then walked east on 14th Street and went down into a BMT line subway station.

A train bound for the Canarsie section of Brooklyn pulled in and the suspects scampered aboard. Into the same train went Granville, who had been picked up in one of the FBI cars after Miss Coplon and Gubitchev had given him the slip earlier, and now was again restored as the primary tail.

In the car the couple separated again, taking seats apart from each other. But at the next station, Union Square, they suddenly leaped to their feet and dashed out of the car in what seemed to be perfect timing for their exit. They went out just as the doors were closing. Granville could not get off in time and was forced to ride the train to the next station, where he quickly phoned the FBI command post to report what had happened.

The time now was 9:22 p.m. and for the next twelve minutes the FBI lost all touch with Gubitchev and Miss Coplon. But at 9:34 p.m. they were spotted once more on the east side of Third Avenue near East 15th Street. By now Granville had gotten back and joined the other G-men who had the couple in their sights once more. Again he stalked behind at a discreet distance as the other agents took up obscure positions in doorways along the grimy avenue.

Granville allowed the two to stroll unhampered across 15th Street. All at once the deserted avenue came to life as a stream of cars converged on the area. Just then Granville was joined by Agent Murphy who had brought instructions.

He spelled them out very simply: "We take them!"

Midway between 15th and 16th Streets, on the east side of the avenue, Agent Granville drew up to Gubitchev and Miss Coplon, tapped them gently on the shoulder and said grimly, "I am a special agent of the FBI. You are both under arrest."

Miss Coplon's handbag was seized and examined on the spot. In it the G-men found the very documents the suspect was reported to have taken with her when she left her office in the Justice Department earlier in the day. One of these papers was a two-part memorandum which dealt with: (1) actual Communist attempts to lay hands on the geophones which had been designed to register the destructive force of atomic bombs; and (2) fictitious data that the FBI was using to hire Amtorg officials as informants concerning the Red conspiracy in the U.S. The signature of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was on the memo to make it look authentic.

Gubitchev was given a quick frisk to determine whether he had a weapon on him. He was clean. Then Granville went through Gubitchev's pockets and found a plain white envelope containing \$125 in \$5, \$10, and \$20 bills. In addition, he had \$4.25 in another pocket.

Over their protests, Gubitchev and Miss Coplon were escorted into a car and driven to FBI headquarters in the Federal Building at Foley Square in downtown Manhattan. They were questioned for the next seven hours, during which time both suspects categorically denied every allegation that they had engaged in espionage.

Miss Coplon insisted the meetings the FBI had witnessed—on January 14, February 17, and the last one which had ended in her arrest—were nothing more than innocent get-togethers of a “maiden and man carrying on a romance.” She told her questioners she had met Gubitchev in September of 1948, had fallen in love with him, and, until the first rendezvous on January 14 which the FBI observed, was hoping to marry him. That night she learned for the first time Gubitchev could not go through with his promise because he already had a wife. When the FBI saw her raise the newspaper she was holding and gesticulate, Miss Coplon explained, she was actually trying to hit Gubitchev in anger.

Shortly before 3 a.m., the FBI concluded its questioning and notified the United Nations Secretariat to send an attorney to the Federal Building to determine whether Gubitchev was on official duty when taken in custody and hence entitled to immunity. At the same time the prisoners were directed to make efforts to obtain counsel.

Meanwhile, Federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind was awakened and asked to come to his chambers in the Federal Court House to conduct an arraignment.

was such as to arouse the gravest of suspicions.” Her pocketbook,

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At 4 a.m. the prisoners were brought before Rifkind. All he did at that juncture was advise Gubitchev and Miss Coplon of their constitu-

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the judge asserted, was "literally bulging with highly confidential secrets," most of which referred to suspected espionage agents.

"She is charged with a serious offense," the court declared. "She violated a high trust. She was in a highly confidential position. She attempted to betray the country although she had taken a loyalty oath."

The sentence: forty months to ten years.

Now Judith Coplon faced another trial—with Gubitchev—in New York City. The proceedings got under way January 24, 1950, and they were greatly enlivened by the antics of Judith Coplon's voluble, fiery attorney, Archibald Palmer, who had been twice fined \$100 for contempt of court by Judge Reeves in Washington. Palmer stayed out of serious hassles with Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan during the New York trial but fell afoul of his client, who never did get along too well with her lawyer.

Shortly after the trial started, Miss Coplon asked that Palmer be dismissed as her counsel on various grounds which Judith purported had made her lose confidence in him. He was then dismissed by Judge Ryan.

When Miss Coplon failed to select a new lawyer, Judge Ryan named Attorneys Samuel Neuburger, Leonard Boudin, and Sidney S. Berman to defend her. Their contention throughout the trial was that Miss Coplon's association with Gubitchev had been strictly a romantic one.

Gubitchev's attorney, Abraham L. Pomerantz, also claimed that a friendship existed between his client and Miss Coplon, and asserted that the Government's case was largely based on illegal search and seizure and on wiretap evidence.

On March 7, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against both Miss Coplon and Gubitchev. Before pronouncing sentence on Miss Coplon, Judge Ryan lashed out with this denunciation:

"You have brought dishonor upon the name you bear; you have brought disgrace and even tragedy upon your family. You have been disloyal to the country which has nourished you, helped you acquire an education and placed in you high trust and confidence. Your country looks upon you with sorrow. You have proved yourself an ungrateful daughter. My observation of you during the trial and my

knowledge of the facts convince me that the seeds of disloyalty still find root within you.”

The tragedy referred to by Judge Ryan was the death of Miss Coplon’s father. The family had tried to keep the news from the elder Coplon who was an invalid. At the time of his daughter’s arrest, Coplon was recovering from a stroke. Despite the family’s attempts to shield him, he heard of the arrest through a radio broadcast. When his daughter was indicted a second time on March 16, 1949, in Washington, Coplon suffered a second stroke and never regained consciousness. He died on March 29, 1949, at the age of sixty-nine. Miss Coplon was with her father at her home in Brooklyn when the end came. He died in the belief his daughter was innocent of the crime of betraying her country. He actually accepted her explanation that she had merely “borrowed” the secret documents found in her possession for the book she was planning to write.

Judge Ryan imposed fifteen-year sentences on Gubitchev and Miss Coplon, hers to run consecutively. But the tall, square-jawed Judge Ryan literally rocked the courtroom when he turned to address Gubitchev:

“You came here as an emissary of peace; you were accepted among us in the role of a friend; you violated your oath of office to the Secretariat of the United Nations of the world. . . . You stand convicted before the world of betrayal of all human mankind. You, it has been found, have by your acts attempted to destroy the hopes of millions who would avoid war and establish peace among the peoples of the world. And you do that with arrogance and with a smile on your lips and on your face as you stand here before me for sentence, and in defiance of all humanity . . .”

Everyone was expecting Judge Ryan to reel off one final blast at Gubitchev, then send him off in the custody of the guards to do his time in Federal prison. The final blast came, but it was impregnated with a great surprise:

“The Attorney General of the United States and the Secretary of State have recommended that this sentence be suspended and that you be sent out of the country. These officials state that they feel that the best interests of the United States of America and of its citizens will be served by following this course. . . . It is beyond my prov-

ince to question the reasons for or the wisdom of their recommendation. I shall accept it . . .”

Then Judge Ryan gave Gubitchev an alternative: get out of the country or go to jail.

Gubitchev was delighted inwardly, yet he made a brief stand of it by threatening to fight the sentence. “I want very much,” he said, “to clear my name.” But the gesture was empty. On March 13, four days after Judge Ryan gave him a choice, Gubitchev advised the Federal court he would be pleased to leave the United States in lieu of doing fifteen years in prison.

Gubitchev also tried in those last hours to have the court rescind its directive that he “never return” to the United States, but U.S. Attorney Irving H. Saypol who had conducted the prosecution was quick in warning that he would permit no “shenanigans,” that Gubitchev could accept the terms laid down by the court or else.

Gubitchev did not press his “technical legal reservations” any further and on the 20th of March he sailed for home on the Polish liner *Batory*. He was accompanied by his wife, Lydia, who met her husband dockside and thrust welcoming arms around him. Gubitchev could not return the embrace. His wrists were still manacled—and remained so until the vessel set sail.

Meanwhile, Judith Coplon, out on a total of \$60,000 bail, turned to the higher courts for a reversal of her dual sentences. Through her attorneys, Neuburger, Boudin, and Berman, Miss Coplon met a broad-shouldered, sandy-haired, blue-eyed young man who worked as a lawyer in their office. His name was Albert H. Socolov. They were introduced in January 1950, just before her second trial.

On the afternoon of May 29, about fifty relatives and members of the family gathered in the Coplon four-room apartment in Brooklyn to witness a simple, double-ring wedding ceremony, conducted by Rabbi Max Felshin of Manhattan’s Radio City Synagogue, in which Judith Coplon and Albert Socolov were married.

Looking radiant and rested, Judith Coplon was hardly to be compared with the tired and angered woman who in March had stood before the bench and listened to Judge Ryan label her a traitor to her country.

Her new husband immediately made it his personal business to clear his wife’s name. With Attorney Boudin as the chief ball-carrier,

Socolov masterminded an appeal and achieved the first breakthrough on December 5, 1950, when the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Foley Square unanimously set aside her New York conviction—even though holding that her “guilt is plain.”

The court, presided over by distinguished Judge Learned Hand, ruled that the conviction must be upset because Judith Coplon was arrested without a warrant and that the Government had failed to show conclusively that its evidence did not stem from other than illegal wire-tapping sources.

Although the indictment was not dismissed and the way was left open for retrial, many sources at once conceded that the high court had knocked the props from under the Government’s case. The court had found that the incriminating evidence—the Justice Department documents allegedly found in Miss Coplon’s handbag—could not be used against her because the G-men had seized them without a warrant. The papers were the crux of the case.

Since then a law has been passed enabling the FBI to make arrests without warrants, but that could not apply in the Coplon case.

Boudin and Socolov then hit the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington on Miss Coplon’s 1949 conviction there. The verdict was upheld but the court said she was entitled to a lower court hearing to determine whether her telephone conversations with her lawyer, Palmer, before and during her trial in Washington had been tapped. If the phones were tapped—a fact conceded by the Government at the New York trial—then, the court ruled, she was entitled to a new trial in Washington.

But the hearing suggested by the Court of Appeals never came off. Instead, opposing sides sought relief before the United States Supreme Court. The Government went in with two motions, the defense with one, both hoping to bring order out of the chaos created by the conflicting Court of Appeals decisions.

On January 28, 1952, the nation’s highest tribunal merely added to the muddle by refusing any review. That left everything up in the air, where it has remained ever since.

For more than a dozen years, Judith Coplon, or Mrs. Albert Socolov, has been a free woman while government officials debate and deliberate what they can do with her case which has come to be one of the most celebrated “hot potatoes” in the annals of jurisprudence.

And today Judith Coplon is still a free woman, although she is being continued in the \$60,000 bail which has never been returned. Forty thousand of that money, all in cash, was put up for her bail in New York; the other \$20,000 was posted through a bonding company in Washington. Not a penny of interest has been earned on that money in all these years.

The indictments against her still have not been dismissed and it is next to impossible to learn when, if ever, they will be dismissed or new attempts made to bring Judith Coplon to trial. The case, a legal nightmare, has passed through four national administrations: Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. And still it lingers.

Meanwhile, Judith Coplon, now a matronly mother of four children, spends her time as an obscure housewife, living in a 132-year-old red-brick apartment house in downtown Brooklyn. Socolov bought the house and the family occupies three of the four floors, which they have remodeled and furnished.

Judith Coplon's dark brown hair is still dark brown, but strands of gray show now. Although she is twenty pounds heavier than she was in the early 1950's when she was front page news, she still runs up and down the stairs with plenty of bounce and exudes a surprising middle-age youthfulness.

If you should ask why Judith Coplon has not tried to have the dual indictments dismissed and the \$60,000 returned to her and the bonding company, part or all of the answer perhaps lies in the fact that she has those four children. The last thing she wants is to have them find out about their mother's past. Espionage is a hard subject to discuss with youngsters, especially when it concerns their own mother.

Try to talk to her husband about the case, and he says, "I don't want to discuss it. We have cherished these years of privacy we have had . . ."

The years have been private for Gubitchev, too. Nothing of his whereabouts in the Soviet Union has been heard during all this time. If he is still alive, no one this side of the Iron Curtain knows.

3 : Our Eastern Seaboard Defenses Under a Red Spyglass

THE Gubitchev-Coplon spy case revived a clamor for an investigation of the United Nations that had been demanded back in 1948, when charges of subversion were being hurled about by a handful of congressmen and senators whose tactics were labeled by critics as “incredibly irresponsible and hysterical.”

The thunder was sounded off by three State Department subordinate officials of the Visa Division, who gave testimony to a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee in Washington to the general effect that the UN headquarters was being used by Communist countries as a “gateway” to slip hundreds of subversive agents into this country, to roam unwatched under cover of diplomatic immunity.

One witness, William McGrath Harlow, chief of the department’s Diplomatic Visa Section, expressed the belief that “every representative of an Iron Curtain country” attached to the UN “is a threat to the security of the United States.”

The other two witnesses, Robert G. Alexander and R. Clyde Larkin, also gave testimony to the same general effect—that the security of the United States was threatened by several hundred Soviet and satellite representatives who were using the UN merely as a cover up for subversive activities.

Larkin told the Senate subcommittee that some agents were mov-

ing about freely "trying to collect intelligence data of benefit to their own country, as well as for the enlightenment of various groups in this country."

Alexander, a 31-year-veteran of the State Department service and an expert on visa matters, added fuel to the fire by saying the UN was honeycombed with international and domestic Communists.

The charges brought angry reaction from the staff committee of the UN, which unanimously passed a resolution in behalf of the more than 3,000 employees of that time, condemning the repeated spy accusations against the organization. The resolution stated that the "unsubstantiated charges which have been made, and the manner in which they were publicized, unjustly cause damage to the United Nations in general and the Secretariat in particular."

The charges by the three State Department officials quickly prompted Secretary of State George C. Marshall to form a committee of distinguished citizens to look into the matter. The committee consisted of Benjamin M. McKelway, James H. Rowe, Jr., and Marcellus C. Sheild.

After listening to the testimony of the three State Department officials and completing its study, the Secretary's committee reported back that it did not find several hundred persons, or even one person, abusing America's hospitality under UN auspices by spying or conspiring in espionage. The committee was "shocked by the manner in which these serious charges were made." It pointed out that the "irresponsible" statements "produced serious repercussions on the foreign policy of the United States."

They did in truth, too, for the United Nations was injured and doubts were raised abroad about the sincerity of America's support of the great undertaking that was the still infant world organization.

The New York Times commented on the incident: "This episode might not have occurred, and certainly would have drawn less attention, if people's ideas of what constitutes evidence had not been upset by the activities of one or two other congressional committees. We have to guard ourselves but we do not have to go into hysterics in the process."

Although the committee failed to find any documentation in the three State Department officials' charges, the Central Intelligence Agency conducted its own investigation and reported back to the

Senate Judiciary Committee, headed by Senator Pat McCarran (D.-Nev.) that Communist terrorists, wholesale killers, spies, and subversive agents did, in fact, hold jobs with the United Nations and its subsidiary organizations.

Senator McCarran released the contents of a letter from Rear Admiral R. H. Hillenkoetter, director of the CIA, who had investigated a list of one hundred names of UN employees submitted by the McCarran committee.

Here were Hillenkoetter's findings:

- a) Thirty-two of the employees were engaged in active work for the intelligence agencies of their respective countries.
- b) Twenty-nine others were high-ranking Communist Party officials. And as such, the committee indicated, they must be considered as engaging in subversive activities against the United States.
- c) Twenty-one more were engaged in active Communist organization work of an underground or subversive nature outside their native homelands.
- d) Fifteen others were not in the CIA's "derogatory information file."
- e) The remaining three had definite pro-American sympathies or had shown disaffection with Communist ideology.

Another part of Hillenkoetter's letter to the senators described the pattern of Communist espionage and subversive group operations, listing these specific objectives:

- a) Placing agents in strategic U.S. installations.
- b) Establishing communications facilities for agents to transmit material, one facet of which is the system of seamen couriers.
- c) Checking on Soviet personnel in this country to guard against defection.
- d) Dissemination of Communist propaganda and gathering of adverse facts about the United States.
- e) Through U.S. immigrant and language groups, sending American currency to Russia, where it aggregates a considerable income for Russian intelligence operations abroad.
- f) Maintenance of liaison between Communists in the United States and Russian headquarters.

g) Organization of pressure groups to oppose American legislation adverse to Russia.

Hillenkoetter further went on to describe how Russia went to extreme lengths to select personnel for service in the United States and the UN, and extreme pains to pick diplomats and other officials who would not defect and who would make good spies.

The concern over Red spies in the UN eventually diminished, but with the Gubitchev-Coplion case came a new ground swell of fears and apprehensions about the world organization as a seat for espionage. For the first time, the critics could point to Gubitchev and say, "See, we told you . . . the UN is reeking with Red agents."

The *New York News*, which could look out of its own imposing skyscraper across 42nd Street and see the mammoth 39-story UN structure blotting out the magnificent view of the East River, wrote a bitter editorial about the UN after the Gubitchev-Coplion case. At the time, Congress had not yet allocated the \$65,000,000 U.S. loan for the construction of the building on property donated by the Rockefeller family.

Every precaution should be taken—and put in writing—against letting the UN serve as a spy hideaway and retreat [wrote the *News*]. Congress can force such restrictions, too, if it so desires. That \$65,000,000 U.S. "loan" for the UN palaces in east midtown New York has not yet been okayed by Congress—and need not be, as long as the UN is the least bit stuffy about limiting diplomatic immunity.

Or, if Congress should feel like just inviting the UN to take its world HQ the hell out of this country and move them to Geneva, Switzerland, we think that would be even better. It seems a safe bet that, no matter how severely we limit diplomatic immunity, some clever spies, Russian or other, will always be able to make dangerous uses of UN world HQ if they are in the United States.

Needless to say, the United States okayed the loan and the United Nations remained, even though the *News* chose not to be a friendly neighbor.

Before too long, the *News* and other opponents of the UN had something more to cackle about when the Senate Internal Security Committee in Washington touched off a full drive against subversives

and Communists in the Secretariat. The storm broke over the UN in mid-summer 1952, when an investigation linked forty Americans in the UN to espionage. Although the scandal pointed directly to Communists and their agents inside and outside the UN, there had been no hint as to which Reds might have been involved in the attempts to subvert the Americans.

The probe led to the dismissal of twenty-nine disloyal Americans and the suspension of eleven others. Several of the latter group turned in their resignations before they could be given hearings.

The highlight of the Senate Internal Security Committee hearing came in early December when Evelyn Thaler, secretary to Konstantin E. Zinchenko, head of the UN's Department of Security Council Affairs, testified. Zinchenko was a Russian.

Miss Thaler told the probers that she had been a Communist at one time, but quit of boredom. The committee praised Miss Thaler for helping spotlight the twenty-nine disloyal American employees at the UN, who were later fired, and praised her for co-operating with the committee as well as the FBI. Observers could only guess whether she hadn't supplied even more vital information at the closed sessions.

At any rate, Miss Thaler's testimony helped focus attention on a strange vacancy that had developed in the august councils of the United Nations. Her own boss had suddenly dropped out of sight, or it just became apparent that he had.

Actually, the vacancy at his desk was noted some months before and it was a matter that had gnawed at Secretary General Trygve Lie. Then around mid-September of 1952, Lie decided to make it his business to find out what had become of Zinchenko.

"What has happened to Konstantin?" was how Lie put it to one of the Soviet Delegation members, Arkady A. Sobolov, when they met for lunch in the delegates' cafeteria shortly after noon on the 13th. Konstantin Zinchenko as Assistant Secretary General of the UN was the highest ranking Russian in Lie's Secretariat and the official who sat in for the Secretary General when he was away from the UN. Lie himself was aware that Zinchenko had gone back to Moscow in June, but he had taken far too long to return.

Sobolov shifted uneasily in his chair as he mulled over the Secretary General's query. Then finally he said with a forced smile, "I have

been wondering myself why Konstantin has not come back. I had heard he was ill, poor fellow. Maybe he is still indisposed . . .”

It was about what Lie had expected to hear. It's practically the stock reply one gets from Russian government officials at the UN after one of their number drops out of sight suddenly and mysteriously and in all likelihood isn't coming back.

Lie had heard reports for some time that Zinchenko was ill in Moscow, but like other diplomats wise in the ways of reported Soviet ailments, the Secretary General suspected strongly the illness was mostly diplomatic, and that Zinchenko had seen the last of his days in the U.S. and in the service of the UN.

Of course, if anyone had known what had become of Zinchenko, Sobolov would be the one. For Sobolov himself had held Zinchenko's \$22,000-a-year Assistant Secretary post until late 1949 when the Gubitchev-Coplon case had exposed Russia's espionage activity in the UN and brought widespread criticism of the Soviets. Sobolov was then recalled to Moscow and from there had sent word back that "illness" prevented his return. Zinchenko then was assigned to take Sobolov's job.

Sobolov eventually returned to the UN, but he had a reduced rank in the Soviet Delegation. Observers of the diplomatic scene agreed at the time he was very fortunate indeed to have recovered his health.

And now Zinchenko was "ill." But still another element of mystery cloaked the case because, along with Zinchenko, one of his chief aides, Nicolai Skvortsov, also was among the missing and had been for some months. He had taken home leave in April and returned to Moscow. Skvortsov, who had put in three years at the UN, was expected back in a month. But then he applied for an extension of leave on the ground his wife was sick. The request was granted and he was continued on the payroll, drawing a tax-free \$8,000-a-year salary with full retirement benefits.

No one at the time when Lie inquired about Zinchenko could attach any significance to the dual absences except to speculate along the usual channels: Zinchenko and Skvortsov had fallen out of the good graces of their government and Premier Stalin was dealing with them in the obvious manner.

Nor was much thought given to the fact that the two Russian diplo-

mats had left the scene right in the thick of the storm over the United Nations in mid-summer when the congressional investigation had linked the forty Americans in the UN to espionage.

In the uproar over the charges against these Americans, a hue and cry rose in Washington and other quarters in this country once more against the UN's Department of Security Council Affairs, the very department headed by Zinchenko, the now missing Assistant Secretary General, where the accused Americans had worked.

There was more than a little significance in this situation because the department at the time was dealing in highly important matters pertaining to the Korean War which was then still raging.

There was also considerable significance to the action Lie had taken against Zinchenko, in early 1952, in denying him access to any reports coming in from the Korean front. Zinchenko had been caught making unauthorized diversions of certain documents dealing with strategy, troop movements, and other military matters concerning UN forces in Korea. There can be little doubt that Zinchenko was feeding the information to Moscow which was actually directing the Red forces fighting against the UN divisions on the battle lines.

Secretary General Lie's quarantine of Zinchenko had the effect of reducing his position on the 38th floor to that of a courier. At that same time, Zinchenko's assistant, Skvortsov, also was restricted, so that he, too, had only limited access to papers and documents dealing with Korea. To say the quarantine contributed to Zinchenko's and Skvortsov's departures would probably not be far from the truth.

Zinchenko had come into his post in 1949 as one of the UN's eight Assistant Secretaries General. When the war broke out in 1950, Zinchenko theoretically became the UN Minister of War, Communication, and Information. That put him in charge of all legal, military, and judicial affairs relating to the subsequent UN operations in Korea. This prize position had been delegated to the Russians at the 1945 San Francisco Charter Conference after Molotov's threats to withdraw from further participation in the world body. Molotov then named Sobolov for the job.

The first weeks of fighting in Korea produced understandable confusion in the conduct of field operations and in reports on activities coming back from the front. The Security Council, which had

voted UN intervention to stop the Communist North Korean invasion, stipulated that field commanders make frequent reports to the world organization.

These reports went directly to Zinchenko. In time we were to learn that, in receiving this information himself, Zinchenko in effect was getting information about American and UN troops from a theater of war where the enemy in actuality was being commanded by Zinchenko's own boss, Stalin.

Even before Secretary General Lie suspected what was happening in his own Secretariat, the field commander, General Douglas MacArthur, who headed the U.S. forces as well as those of other nations under the UN banner on the Korean front, had begun to realize what was going on. The North Koreans seemed to have an almost uncanny ability to anticipate MacArthur's battle plans.

The General decided on a new strategy, not on the field but in his reports to the UN. He limited the information to general matters of a non-military nature and kept battlefield and logistic data down to an unenlightening minimum.

MacArthur had a secondary reason for holding back. On more than one occasion he had found the UN Security Council had censored his reports on the course of the war in the Far East. This had pulled him into a temporary feud with Trygve Lie. The General was truly on the spot. He was damned if he sent a full and accurate account of activities because he knew that, through Zinchenko, the information would go right back into the hands of the Communist Chinese and North Koreans. And he was damned if he didn't send the full report because he was committing a slur against the whole UN structure.

It was an unfortunate position for MacArthur. And it soon made trouble for him. Zinchenko, as the UN's Minister of War, Communication, and Information, was compelled to notify MacArthur that he was failing in his obligation to the UN. The complaint was certainly justified, but coming as it did from Zinchenko—he was no longer able to transmit accurate warfront information to the Kremlin because of MacArthur's holdout—the question of the General's actions became academic.

In the exchange of messages between Zinchenko and MacArthur

which followed, a long-distance feud soon galvanized. Zinchenko demanded full reports; MacArthur refused to comply.

Finally in anger over Zinchenko's abuse, MacArthur whipped off a blistering complaint to Secretary General Lie. The General did not accuse Zinchenko of espionage; he merely charged that his reports were being censored by the Security Council.

Zinchenko took this occasion to strike back at the General. The Soviet official called a news conference and acidly denounced MacArthur for "holding out" on military information. This outburst was viewed as an attempt to stir up a row and put UN pressure on the General. But the pressure never developed. Instead, not long afterward Lie began holding closed door conferences with the Security Council—without Zinchenko. It was apparent now that Lie, too, had become aware of Zinchenko's real aims in demanding full battlefield reports. Within a few short weeks the Secretary General directed that henceforth reports from MacArthur must not cross Zinchenko's desk; they were to go directly to Lie.

Lie followed this move with the establishment of a "vigilance committee" which, in effect, went a step further in blacking out Russia's access to all information about Korean UN military activities. Only the committee was allowed to handle the reports from Korea. And—Zinchenko was not on the committee.

Thus Zinchenko was reduced, for all intents and purposes, to the level of a liaison or courier between the Secretariat and the Soviet UN Mission. In subsequent months Zinchenko was seen more and more in the company of his aide, Nikolai Skvortsov, and their comings and goings together began to raise questions about what activity they were engaged in.

The suspicion arose because UN observers had always regarded Skvortsov as a man of mystery. Young and clean-cut, Skvortsov had been the greatest enigma that UN correspondents had ever encountered among Russians who passed through the skyscraper headquarters. He liked to chat with people he knew so as to show off his excellent command of English; he cracked jokes; he was affable. Yet he was severe and aloof and extremely cautious in what he said in conversations with correspondents.

The most curious aspect of Skvortsov's peregrinations was the fre-

quency with which he went in and out of the UN Building. Although his duties demanded his presence inside most of the working day, he seemed to have an inordinate amount of business somewhere outside. Where he went and what he did were questions asked but never answered. At least not in the UN.

But a time finally came when one person in the UN did learn about Skvortsov's mysterious trips, now being made with Zinchenko, his boss. Secretary General Lie got the word from the State Department, and it was that Skvortsov had been trying to subvert a number of Americans into obtaining secrets about America's Eastern Seaboard defenses.

Lie also was told that the man behind the plot was Zinchenko, the Secretary General's own first assistant. Lie was truly shocked. He was cognizant of Zinchenko's clandestine role in the Korean military reports affair, but he never suspected a plot to steal the military secrets of the UN's host nation, let alone through a distinguished delegate of the Soviet Mission such as Zinchenko.

Valentin A. Gubitchev was the first person in the UN to be caught as a spy, but he did not enjoy high diplomatic status. In fact, he had no diplomatic immunity at all. He was merely a staff member. Zinchenko was a top-ranking representative of the Soviet government as well as the United Nations.

Lie was informed about Zinchenko and Skvortsov only a week after the Secretary General had had that lunch with Arkady Sobolov and had inquired about the long-missing Assistant Secretary. Now it became evident to Lie why Zinchenko and Skvortsov had taken their leaves so suddenly and why both were delaying their return to the UN.

Of course, the Soviet Union was aware of the probe into the activities of the forty Americans in the UN who were suspected as Communist sympathizers or spies. Had the Kremlin allowed Zinchenko or Skvortsov to return in the midst of this investigation, the Russians certainly could anticipate their involvement in the inquiry; the Senate Internal Security Committee had already been told in private hearings that the two Soviet emissaries were behind the whole plot.

Zinchenko and Skvortsov had been trying all along to recruit many of those Americans working in the UN as Soviet spies. But the plot never got far off the ground. Alerted to Skvortsov's and Zinchenko's

unusual comings and goings at the UN, the FBI put a tail on them early in the campaign. One of the factors that drew this shadow was the discovery that Skvortsov previously had been stationed with the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa at the very time the notorious Sergei M. Kudryavtsev operated in Canada as head of the spy ring which stole our atomic secrets. There was immediate suspicion therefore that Skvortsov might have had experience in espionage and that he was a full-time Red spy; he was now looked upon as the man who may have held the funnel through which our nuclear data passed on its way from Kudryavtsev to the Kremlin.

But these were only suspicions. Before long, however, the FBI's surmises received validating support. Trailing Skvortsov, agents had witnessed his surreptitious meetings with various American UN employees. When these meetings began to attract Zinchenko also, the FBI moved in quickly and grabbed off the Americans, one by one, questioned them, and learned what the Russians were after.

The FBI said Zinchenko and Skvortsov were out to get any information dealing with military and seaport facilities on our Atlantic Coast: the capacity of our naval shipyards in Brooklyn, Norfolk, and Portsmouth; data on the Electric Boat Company yards at Groton, Connecticut, where the United States was about to launch its nuclear sub construction program; statistics about Air Force landing strips at Mitchell Field, Long Island; Andover, Massachusetts; and Maguire Air Force Base in New Jersey; and numerous other closely guarded top-secret data.

But the FBI was always a step ahead of Zinchenko and Skvortsov. No sooner did the Russians select one or another of the American UN employees for a job of espionage than the G-men were on to it. They intercepted the employees one at a time, questioned them, learned what they had been asked to do, and engaged them in a prudent mission of counterespionage.

That there had been some transmission of secrets to the Russians cannot be doubted, because when Congress finally stepped in with its probe and prompted the dismissal of the twenty-nine disloyal Americans and the suspension of the eleven others, there was solid proof to point to their subversive ties with the Kremlin. Yet there was insufficient evidence to show any had committed espionage and so warranted prosecution under the law. Ostensibly they were fired or sus-

pended for merely associating or being seen in the company of Russia's emissaries, which was certainly enough to raise serious doubts about their loyalties to the United States and to the UN. While there never was real evidence that any of the Americans actually had transmitted secrets, the FBI believes some of them did, although it has never been able to prove it. Most of the witnesses pleaded the Fifth Amendment, which in itself was grounds for dismissal.

Only when the plot crystallized and the FBI had proof of Skvortsov's and Zinchenko's attempts to subvert the Americans in hand did FBI Director Hoover notify the State Department, which in turn alerted Lie, who was given a first-hand rundown on the spy scandal in his midst.

Of course, there was little Lie could do then against Skvortsov and Zinchenko, for they were back in Moscow. Actually, the FBI wanted Lie to do nothing. Both Skvortsov and Zinchenko had notified the Secretary General of their intentions to return as soon as they had conquered their respective bouts with "illness." The United States wanted them back to pick up the strings of their espionage activities on the chance that they would lead the authorities to other spy contacts. So Lie went along with the plan.

But when September passed into October and Skvortsov and Zinchenko both continued to stall about their return, Lie was convinced the Soviet Government had gotten wind of what was suspected of the two diplomats even though their names had never been mentioned at the congressional hearings.

Early in November, Lie finally sent a note to Skvortsov in Moscow, informing him he had been dismissed. No note was sent to Zinchenko. Inasmuch as he enjoyed high diplomatic status, Lie wanted to avoid an "incident." Moreover, it was becoming increasingly apparent that Zinchenko would never return, for nothing had been heard from him for several months.

It wasn't until December 13 that an announcement of the UN spy scandal was made to the public. It came when the United States Delegation at the UN called reporters to a conference and broke the news with this statement: "The United States Government has notified the United Nations that Mr. Nicolai Skvortsov has attempted espionage activities. The United States has also indicated to the United Nations that such conduct is in its opinion a clear violation of

his status as an international civil servant. Pending UN action, the U.S. Government has taken steps to deny a visa to Mr. Skvortsov, who is now on home leave.”

It made no mention of Zinchenko in the announcement, which significantly had come only a few hours after a three-man judicial advisory committee had completed its study of the “disloyal” employees at the UN and submitted a report to Lie. In effect, the jurists recommended disciplinary action against foreign nationals accused of subversion and dismissal of disloyal American UN employees.

This was the beginning of what ultimately became in the months ahead a full drive against subversives and Communists in the Secretariat.

The public was never told that there was a direct tie between Zinchenko and Skvortsov and the forty Americans in espionage. You are reading it here for the first time in its natural order of evolution.

There is a little more to tell.

Zinchenko’s vacant chair in the Secretary General’s office and in the council halls of the UN remained unoccupied through the rest of 1952 and for the first half of 1953, and the FBI always was on the wait for his return so it could see where his trail in espionage might lead.

Then unexpectedly on July 1, almost a full year after Zinchenko’s departure, a new Assistant Secretary General came into the post. He was Ilya S. Chernyshev, and he was sent here from Moscow on the heels of a note of resignation Lie received from Zinchenko.

As Chernyshev stepped into the job vacated by Zinchenko, the new Assistant Secretary had to face the deep-seated suspicion that had begun to gnaw at many Western diplomats in the UN—that a Russian diplomat could not be expected to play a neutral role such as the rules required of UN employees, not even someone on the diplomatic level.

Chernyshev, former deputy director of *Tass*, took the pledge of allegiance and signed the oath of loyalty to the world organization, but his word and signature had far less meaning now.

The story of Konstantin Zinchenko would not be complete without a brief postscript on his ultimate fate.

As suspected, Zinchenko had fallen out of the good graces of the Stalinist regime and had been shipped off to a prison camp in one of

the last purge campaigns before Stalin's death. He remained a political prisoner until the post-Stalin rehabilitation procedures enacted by the new government.

Zinchenko first reappeared in June, 1955, when he joined the staff of the Soviet English-language magazine *News* as a foreign affairs commentator. And his first article was a tirade against the United States which he accused of systematically flouting the United Nations. Among other things, he charged us with violating the UN resolution against war propaganda, obstructing Soviet disarmament proposals, bypassing the Security Council, and making the UN a "cold war battlefield."

By contrast, Zinchenko declared that the Soviet Union always had firmly upheld the Charter. He neglected to mention his old sidekick, Nicolai Skvortsov who, like himself, had fallen down in his role as a spy for the Soviet Union while serving as Zinchenko's chief aide. And he failed to comment even in passing about Soviet espionage activities in the UN.

Two years later, Zinchenko moved up another notch when he was appointed head of press service on a newly formed State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

This committee's existence was described in a dispatch from *The New York Times* correspondent, Max Frankel, in Moscow this way: "The Soviet Union looked at its Western window today and saw an Iron Curtain. The fabric appeared to be Western, the Government said, and it appointed a committee to haul it down. The committee at once pleaded with Western correspondents to help haul . . ."

Today Konstantin Zinchenko still serves in that post. The continued absence of so prominent and talented a diplomat from public functions of the Soviet Foreign Office and the lack of an assignment in the Foreign Office to this day indicates that he still is not out of his difficulties with the Kremlin.

But he's still better off than Nicolai Skvortsov.

Nicolai has not been heard from since early 1952, when he left the U.S. with the hot breath of the FBI panting on his back.

4 : The Sperry Bombsight— A “Bargain” at Six Thousand

THE year was 1952 and it had suddenly become very warm for April, even in Washington, but it wasn't the hot sun that bothered the assistant naval attaché in the capital. Rather, it was a feverish fright which had swept over the Russian Embassy.

In the painstaking business of espionage, the margin of safety one believes he possesses is rarely measurable, and for one reason or another, the Embassy decided its own margin had narrowed to the danger point in the case of a man we shall call Frederick Timsford.

Tall, distinguished-looking, with a massive head on broad, rugged shoulders, Frederick Timsford was an engineer at a large electronics plant on Long Island. All of six feet two and a bristling two hundred and forty pounds, Timsford looked more like a lineman for the New York Football Giants than a spy. Actually, Fred Timsford was not a spy—he was a counterspy.

His role as double-agent was incited by his recruitment into the ranks of Soviet subversion during the early part of April, 1951, in New York City, even while the last unmelodious strains of the Gubitchev-Coplon case were still echoing in a groaning symphony of travail and trial for its participants.

The forty-one-year-old engineer had attended a small gathering of

his company's employees in the Astor Bar in Times Square. The occasion was simply to enjoy a pleasant night on the town—a brief cocktail hour, dinner, then a Broadway play. It would break the monotony of their daily rigors at the plant and their nightly suburban routines at home with wife and children and the ever-recurring chores of spring-feeding the lawn, mending window screens, putting out the garbage.

As is their habit sometimes when they gather around a table weighted with cocktails, engineers—like other professional people—have a tendency towards loquaciousness. This group would not have been incongruous in some other bar where loud talk is part of, or indeed is, the atmosphere. But in the quiet, dignified limits of the Astor, the heady conversation attracted some attention from the red-coated captain, yellow-jacketed waiters, and the customers around them whose tête-à-têtes were being conducted in quiet whispers.

But most of the attention seemed to come from one customer in particular, a short, stocky man with blond hair and the sort of aquiline good looks that you could compare with a Soviet medium T-34 tank. He was sitting alone at a table for two in the second aisle from the window on the West 44th Street side. The engineers occupied a string of tables along the window where a long leather seat runs from the front to the rear of the bar.

The laughter, the gaiety, the kibitzing did not seem to do anything more than attract this man as the group downed their drinks and called for new rounds. Certainly he wasn't annoyed by the clarion-voiced group. He sat virtually unconcerned, dwelling meditatively over his own goblet.

Just before 7 p.m. the levity suddenly diminished at the engineers' table. All at once someone had brought up an engineering problem he had encountered at the plant. The gathering quickly plunged into a serious discussion of its solution. From jovial men on the town they had quickly reverted to the calculating, slide-rule, methodical men that their profession had made them.

Just as suddenly, almost automatically, the blond man sitting opposite them seemed to freeze, then to concentrate on the discussion across the aisle. The topic was on the operation of a radar unit under development for cargo ships. The man listened intently, his eyes now riveted on the speaker, Frederick Timsford, who had edged into the

center of attention by providing pertinent details which proved he had the answer to the problem.

The short, stocky onlooker so absorbed in the discussion was eminently qualified for the role of listener. He had the credentials for it, both by training and by avocation.

This was Aleksandr Petrovich Kovalev, Second Secretary of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations, a graduate of the Soviet School for Espionage and Sabotage in Moscow.

For approximately two dollars and forty cents—the price of two cocktails—it was a night well spent for Kovalev. From that night on, Frederick Timsford was his daily target. He would stalk him from his home in Freeport, Long Island, to the plant not very far from his home, to some of the better restaurants on the Island where Timsford occasionally dined with his wife and children, to the intermittent cocktail sessions at other gathering spots that Timsford and his engineer friends patronized.

Kovalev studied Timsford's style of clothes, his house, his family, his habits, all in a calculated effort to assess his target's wants and needs, and, through that knowledge, his vulnerability.

In time, Kovalev decided that, like so many suburban husbands and home-owners, Timsford was in bondage to the banks for his mortgages on house and car, to the department stores, to the supermarkets, the liquor store, the lumber yard, the lawn nursery, the dentist, the doctor, and a dozen others who extend the one commodity the contemporary male apparently cannot exist without—credit.

And having reached this conclusion from his steady observation, Kovalev went the next logical step and reasoned Timsford needed money. It was on that basis that Kovalev made his approach to Timsford.

First came the casual, almost accidental meeting on the evening of April 26, 1951, in a Lake Success restaurant where Timsford had gone after work for a drink or two at the bar. He was alone. Kovalev took the stool beside Timsford. He introduced himself. He said flatly that he was Alex Kovalev, the Second Secretary of the Soviet Delegation.

"I drop in here once in a while," Kovalev said. "We have our estate nearby at Glen Cove, you know."

Timsford was suddenly alerted to a memory. He turned back

a few weeks to the gathering at the Astor. He recalled sitting there with his back against the wall in the bar and talking to his co-engineers. There had been a blond-haired man at the table across the aisle who had suddenly begun to listen to what Timsford was saying about the radar device. Timsford had noticed this sudden attention to his technical exposition on the problem that had been brought up by one of the other engineers. And he had lowered his voice when he became aware that the man was listening in because, after all, he was discussing a matter that dealt with a sensitive technical development still under wraps at the plant.

Timsford's most outstanding asset was his photographic memory. He could even recall that the stranger at the table that night at the Astor had had a second cocktail before getting up and leaving. And he had not forgotten the face.

It was the same face on the man beside him now at the bar in the Lake Success restaurant. It was Alex Kovalev's face.

Why did this high-ranking Russian delegate from the UN seek him out, Timsford wondered? Was it his discussion of the radar unit that had prompted the Soviet official to meet him in this casual way, a chance encounter that was not really accidental at all? Was there a plot, Timsford asked himself?

Whatever the motive, Timsford was determined not to let on that he had taken notice of Kovalev at the Astor Bar. Timsford would act dumb. He would wait and find out what the Russian was after.

"What kind of work do you do?" Kovalev smiled as Timsford offered to buy the Russian a second drink.

"Oh, I'm an engineer."

There really was no point in hiding his identity, Timsford reasoned. The Russian probably knew enough about him to detect any false statement he might make.

"Isn't that a coincidence," Kovalev said. "I am an engineer, too. But I am not doing very much in that line now. Mostly diplomacy these days at the United Nations."

With the surprising discovery that both were engineers, that each had the same field of interest as the other, Kovalev suggested they get together again.

"I have never met an American engineer before," Kovalev said as if

he had discovered one of the Seven Wonders. "What do you say we have dinner together some night next week?"

Timsford responded as though he had read Kovalev's master script. Certainly he'd meet his newly made acquaintance. How about Wednesday night of next week?

Timsford said nothing to anyone about his encounter with Kovalev. The following Wednesday night he kept his dinner date with the Soviet emissary at the Tower Clock Restaurant in Roslyn, not far from Lake Success.

There was nothing subtle in Kovalev's approach when he got down to business in the middle of the meal.

"I am not going to try and fool you, Fred," Kovalev began. "I know a great deal about you. I know that you are greatly in need of money. I am prepared to pay you considerable amounts."

Timsford somehow concealed the shock he felt, perhaps because he expected the Russian to make precisely this kind of an offer. Yet Timsford had not anticipated such an undisguised approach. He had always given Soviet espionage agents more credit for craftiness.

"You are to supply us with certain information we need on the Sperry bombsight, but that is not all," Kovalev whispered as he munched on a celery stalk between mouthfuls of roast beef au jus and mashed potatoes, the same course ordered by Timsford.

"We also will need certain data about Navy equipment and ships, cargo ships—and radar."

Timsford glanced apprehensively at Kovalev across the table.

"Suppose . . . suppose I get caught," he asked in an air of pretended fear that would have done justice to the acting talents of Sir Laurence Olivier. "You know I could be sent to the electric chair. Look at the Rosenbergs . . ."

Just a month ago, in the Federal Courthouse in New York City, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg had been sentenced by Judge Irving R. Kaufman to pay for their crime of passing America's atomic secrets to the Soviets. The penalty was death.

"It's a very big risk," Timsford complained quietly.

"We will work something out to make it impossible that you can be suspected," Kovalev interrupted. "Your risk will be very little—but the money, very big."

Timsford was playing a role and, even without training or advice from the FBI, he was magnificent at it. When dinner was over, he was in Kovalev's hip pocket. Or that is what Timsford wanted him to believe.

As he shook hands and promised to meet Kovalev the following Saturday for "instructions," Timsford was positive now that the whole thing wasn't some kind of nightmarish gag and that Kovalev was, in fact and in the flesh, a genuine Soviet spy.

Thirty minutes later, Timsford was home in Freeport. He greeted his wife and children, then went straight to his den. He closed and locked the door after explaining to his family that he had some important drawings to study. Then Timsford did the thing he knew he had to do. He telephoned the FBI.

At 10:15 p.m., two FBI agents drove through the block and past Timsford's ranch-style home, then circled around and repeated the cruising procedure. They were first making certain that no one was watching Timsford's house, that no Red agent was on a stakeout to detect any unusual activity after Kovalev's proposition had been made to the engineer.

Then, when they were satisfied that the coast was clear, the G-men parked their car a short distance away from Timsford's house and walked to his front door. Timsford admitted them and showed them into the den.

There behind the locked door the G-men listened to Timsford's recapitulation of the events that led up to tonight's offer by Kovalev. And there, too, the FBI agents outlined in detail the instructions Timsford must follow.

Kovalev would have to be watched by the FBI. He would be shadowed by FBI observers whenever he met with Timsford, whether in a restaurant, a bar, or anywhere else. And Timsford, too, would have a shadow when he was away from his work or his home.

But for Timsford himself there was a more delicate, extremely sensitive plan to follow. The FBI would have to have accurate reports on where meetings were to take place, what codes, if any, were agreed upon, and what information Kovalev was after.

The FBI—and Timsford—would have to learn, if they could, what other persons were involved. The Government's counterplot against

the Soviets had one built-in obstruction in the path of justice. Kovalev, even if caught red-handed with any information or secrets that Timsford would pass to him, could not be arrested or punished. He enjoyed diplomatic immunity. But any other conspirators who did not share in this exemption from prosecution would have to be found with irrefutably incriminating evidence, something that would hold up at their trial.

It was a heavy responsibility for Timsford. Did he really want to undertake it? Was he aware of the dangers involved?

He was. But they made no difference. Timsford would work with the FBI.

There was one stringent rule that Timsford was instructed to abide by. No one—not his family, not his employer, not another soul—must be told about his role either as an agent for the Russians or as a counterspy for the FBI.

Back with Kovalev the following Saturday night, Timsford received his first instructions from the Soviet delegate.

"We want you to give us the range and scope capabilities of the radar that is being developed for cargo ships," Kovalev ordered. "But you will not deliver it to me. You are in the habit of making business trips to Washington. We know this about you. Now, tell me, when is your next trip?"

Timsford was somewhat surprised. He knew that the Soviets had investigated him. He had no idea how thoroughly.

"I'm due to go down to the capital next Friday," Timsford said truthfully. That date had been set up sometime in the middle of April when he had met with Navy officials in the Pentagon to discuss the details of some engineering project his company had contracted to do for the Navy.

"Fine," Kovalev nodded. "You will bring the information directly to the Assistant Soviet Naval Attaché at our Embassy. I will advise him to expect you. He will pay you when you deliver the information—in cash, of course."

The following Friday Timsford went to Washington. The data that Kovalev had sought had first been cleared by the FBI. In fact, the FBI had provided it. Timsford, in truth, did not have the particular information the Reds were after. Another engineer had worked on

that phase of the project. But the FBI obtained it and, after properly doctoring it so it would be useless to the Russians, put it in Timsford's hands.

Working under this arrangement, Timsford made seven similar trips to Washington in the next eleven months and each time handed the information over to the man he got to know as Victor Ustinev. Actually, the name was a puzzler to the FBI for they had no record of any such person. It had to be assumed that the name was a phony. There was no way the FBI could ascertain immediately who was receiving the information brought to the Embassy by Timsford, because all transactions were carried on inside the diplomatically protected confines of the Soviet preserve in the nation's capital.

Everything went along without a hitch, but on Timsford's eighth trip to the Potomac, the Soviets suddenly switched tactics.

"From now on," Timsford was told by Ustinev, "you will negotiate entirely with Alex [Kovalev] in New York. I cannot tell you why we are doing this, but we have good reason."

For nearly all of the time that Timsford had been delivering data to the Russians in Washington, his instructions had been coming to him from Ustinev. Now he was to negotiate again with Kovalev, the Russian UN official whom he had not seen in several months. Their last meeting had been only a social get-together suggested by Kovalev "to see how you are getting along."

But the FBI had an idea why the Soviets decided to eliminate Washington as a "drop" in this particular espionage activity. Timsford's repeated visits to the Embassy could attract attention. The Russians are extremely sensitive about who watches them, and they apparently felt that Timsford sooner or later would be detected entering and leaving the Embassy. They probably felt they had gotten away with it long enough and there was no point in letting the margin of safety narrow to what could be the danger zone. Thus the orders to deal with Kovalev in New York.

Timsford had received his instructions in Washington on April 19, 1952. The next evening, after making arrangements on the phone, Timsford met Kovalev in the bar where they had had their first "chance" encounter. The engineer drove there straight from work, had dinner in the dining room, then moved into the bar to wait for Kovalev. The Russian arrived shortly after 7 p.m.

"There is nothing really wrong, but we must change procedures because those are the orders," replied Kovalev in a polite but severe tone when Timsford tried to pry from him the reason for the switch.

Timsford was somewhat taken aback by the new method of transmitting data which Kovalev outlined to him. The counterspy was no longer to deliver raw documents or even copies of them. Henceforth he must commit everything to microfilm which, in case the heat is on, is an easily disposable object.

"Just touch a match to it and—poof!" Kovalev advised as he oriented Timsford on how to get rid of the evidence in a pinch.

"Tell me this," Timsford said. "What do I use for a camera?"

"This," Kovalev smiled, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a small camera of German make that was no larger than a pack of cigarettes. "You will take all the information down on this."

When the meeting was over, Timsford headed to Felice's Restaurant at Old Country Road and Post Avenue in Westbury, about twelve miles out on Long Island from Lake Success. And there in the bar he met his two FBI contacts as had been arranged beforehand.

Timsford, whose retentive powers were described as "almost in the realm of the supernatural," gave the G-men a verbatim and detailed account of his conversation with Kovalev earlier that evening:

KOVALEV: You will take photos with this camera, but you will not develop the film yourself. You will place the undeveloped film in a black paper wrapper, then encase it in a rubber covering. After that you will insert it into a beer can for us.

TIMSFORD: And what do I do with the beer can?

KOVALEV: You will dispose of it in Glen Cove, not far from our Mission's estate.

TIMSFORD: How will I let you know I have something for you? Just phone as I have been doing?

KOVALEV: No, that is out. No phoning. No more personal contacts. You must signal us.

TIMSFORD: Smoke signals, like the Indians?

KOVALEV: I am not joking. This is serious business. You were the one who expressed fear of getting caught at the beginning, remember? So pay attention and don't be funny. This advice I am giving you is intended to give you the greatest degree of safety you can expect in the kind of business we are doing.

TIMSFORD: I'm sorry, Alex. I'm listening. You said you wanted me to signal.

KOVALEV: That is right. You will signal in this way. When you have film to deliver, you are to park your car on West Ninetieth Street in Manhattan. Use the north side of the street. There is a fireplug just in from Central Park West. Park your car there on any Wednesday morning and remain there from nine thirty to nine thirty-five. You are not to leave the car.

TIMSFORD: Is that all?

KOVALEV: No. In your car you must have a red package. Any kind of package with red wrapping which we want you to put in the back so it can be seen through the rear window.

TIMSFORD: And then?

KOVALEV: Now that we know to expect something from you, we will be prepared. That night you are to go to Glen Cove. You will drive out on Northern Boulevard and then turn left on Glen Cove Avenue. Drive along Glen Cove Avenue until you see a stone wall on the right side of the avenue. There will be a hole in the wall slightly beyond a telephone pole. The pole will have two faint white bands painted on it. When you see the hole, place the beer can in it. But remember this. It must be placed there between ten and ten fifteen at night. No earlier, no later. We have studied the location and that is the safest time.

TIMSFORD: Is that it?

KOVALEV: There is more. After you have placed the beer can in the hole in the wall, drive into the village of Glen Cove and then retrace your route to the Golden Slipper and drive to the parking lot. Time it so that you reach there by ten forty to ten forty-five. Park your car in the lot and stay in the car until eleven o'clock. Then you can leave. But—and this is very important—you must have the red package still showing in the back window of the car. In that way we will know that you left the material for us in the wall.

TIMSFORD: I've got that straight. But how will I know you made the pickup? Suppose something goes wrong? Say some kids come along and pull the can out of the wall. Who tells me?

KOVALEV: It is your job to check this out, and we have thought of a way. On the following day, you are to go to the Continental Restaurant on Flatbush Avenue Extension near the Long Island Railroad



OUR EASTERN SEABOARD DEFENSES UNDER A RED SPYGLASS

Konstantin Zinchenko of the Soviet Union accepts congratulations of countryman Yakov Malik on appointment as Assistant Secretary General of United Nations. Other delegates, including Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, form receiving line to welcome Zinchenko. Date was October 25, 1948. Four years later—after a bitter feud with General Douglas MacArthur, who accused the Russian of feeding UN Korea battle plans to the Kremlin and Red Chinese—Zinchenko quietly slipped off to Moscow, one step ahead of FBI which found he was mastermind in a plot to recruit 100 American UN employees in Soviet espionage.



“ . . . AND THEY SEEMED
LIKE SUCH NICE,
QUIET PEOPLE”

Their neighbors in New York City's suburban-like borough of Queens had no suspicions about Ivan Dmitrievich Egerov, a Russian national working as personnel director in UN. But FBI caught him and his wife, Alexandra, in role of inter-city couriers transmitting U.S. missile and military secrets. Here Egerov (in doorway) and wife leave Federal Building after arrest. But they escaped prosecution as spies when State Department traded them for two Americans imprisoned in Soviet Union.





First case of espionage to sprout from United Nations involved Valentín Gubitchev, Soviet engineer who helped design UN skyscraper headquarters. He conspired with Justice Department girl Judith Coplon in stealing confidential FBI information. Photo top left shows bashful Gubitchev in un-diplomatic pose after arrest. At top center he is being brought into Federal Court for trial with Judith Coplon. Jury (bottom left) found both guilty of espionage but Government let Gubitchev go home. Judith then won freedom on legal technicality and married her lawyer, Albert Socolov (top right), who holds first of their four children. As they sail for homeland (bottom right) Gubitchev's wife still manages smile despite testimony that her husband romanced Judith.

VALENTIN GUBITCHEV—

THE FIRST UN SPY





THE RED COLONEL AND

FBI Agent Fred Peck, posing as U.S. Army Colonel whom Soviets recruited in East Germany to steal military codes from Fort Leavenworth's staff school, is shown in remarkable series of photos taken with hidden FBI telephoto camera. Sequence beginning top left shows Peck paying cab fare on Madison Avenue and 86th Street in Manhattan where he has rendezvous with Soviet contact. Film strip next shows Colonel Maksim Martynov,





OUR GENERAL STAFF SCHOOL

Soviet member of UN Military Staff Committee, waiting, checking watch, then getting first look at the American "Colonel." In film at right the "Colonel" looks at the time, again walks by Martynov who pretends no recognition. But in last two enlarged sequence shots, Martynov makes approach (top) and finally speaks prearranged code words. Diplomatic immunity saved Martynov from our laws, but he was ordered out of country.







Premier Nikita Khrushchev still could hide anger with a smile back in 1960. He has just come out of Soviet UN Delegation Building in New York City to condemn U-2 spy plane incident over Soviet territory. Arrow shows face of Igor Yakovlevich Melekh, chief of Russian Section in UN Secretariat, agreeing with boss that spying is outrageous. Insert shows Melekh's full face—after FBI arrested him (see photo right) and German-born illustrator Willie Hirsch (wearing glasses) for attempt to steal maps of Chicago's defense installations. Melekh and Kirill Sirgeevich Doronkin (bottom), another Soviet employed at UN who was in on plot, were sent back to Moscow. Hirsch was deported later to Czechoslovakia. At right Melekh and family cast last look at U.S. from liner *Bremen*.

A

KHRUSHCHEV

VISIT





THE UNITED STATES SAILOR

WHO FELL FOR THE LINE

Shame and desolation mask face of Nelson Cornelius "Bulldog" Drummond after arrest for stealing and selling NATO and Navy secrets to Soviets for \$22,000. First and only Negro in American history convicted for espionage, Drummond escaped electric chair but received life imprisonment. His Soviet contacts, Evgeni M. Prokhorov (top right), a Second Secretary at UN, and Ivan Y. Vyrodov (bottom right), a Third Secretary, were protected by diplomatic immunity which was their passport back to Russia.

Terminal. Get a cup of coffee or something, then go to the phone books to look up a number. In the Manhattan directory you will turn to page seven hundred. If things went off all right and we have received the delivery, you will find the word "Manhattan" at the top of the page is underlined in pencil. That will be the signal. Later we will use other pages—seven ten, seven twenty, and so on, in units of ten. But always the signal will be the same, the word "Manhattan" underlined.

After the FBI men had recorded the instructions Timsford had relayed to them, he was asked when the plan was going to be put into operation.

"Next Wednesday," Timsford said, explaining that Kovalev had asked for additional classified material on radar units.

On Tuesday night, April 22, a G-man brought the information the Russians wanted, meeting Timsford in the parking lot of a shopping center on Lakeville Road just over the New York City line.

The next morning, Timsford drove to Manhattan and parked according to plan next to the fireplug on West 90th Street. In the back of the car, on the shelf under the rear window of his 1951 DeSoto sedan, was a red box which could easily be seen by anyone approaching from the back.

Timsford watched the front and also the back, through his rear view mirror, to ascertain who was going to observe him. He watched passersby on the sidewalk as well as cars that passed in the block.

About five minutes later, a blue Dodge cruised by and stopped at the corner of Central Park West for a red light. When the light changed, the Dodge proceeded directly across Central Park West into Central Park.

Timsford recognized not only the car, but its driver. Alex Kovalev was behind the wheel.

That night the next phase of the plot was acted out. At exactly 10:15 p.m. Timsford drove to the spot at the stone wall on Glen Cove Avenue where he was to leave the beer can for the Soviets. He had no trouble locating the pole with the two white stripes which showed up in the bright beam of his headlights as he cruised slowly along the street, close to the curb. Once he spotted the markers, Timsford stopped his car, got out, and went to the stone wall which ran parallel to the street. He found the hole, about eight inches in

diameter. It had been created by the removal of one of the stones that shaped the wall. Timsford placed the can deep into the hole, then went to his car and drove off.

Carrying out the next step in the involved drama, Timsford drove into the village of Glen Cove, then backtracked and headed to the tavern parking lot designated by Kovalev to signal by his presence—and by the red package in the back window—that all had gone off without a hitch.

Timsford did not spot anyone he recognized as he waited in the lot. Several cars drove in and out during his fifteen-minute wait. At 11 p.m., again as instructed, he drove off. This time he went straight home. And at 11:30 p.m. he called the FBI from his den and reported simply, "Mission accomplished."

The FBI already knew this. Three FBI cars had maintained a constant roving patrol along Glen Cove Avenue, passing the drop back and forth in relays at a cruising speed of about twenty miles an hour. As one of the FBI cars passed at 11:10 p.m., a car recognized as one from the Soviet Mission to the UN pulled to a stop at the wall. A man seated behind the driver got out, cleared the drop, then returned to the car and was whisked away by his companion. The G-men trailed the car from a distance and watched it turn into the nearby estate of the Soviet Mission.

Meanwhile, two other G-men were staked out in the Continental Restaurant in Brooklyn. Their assignment was to watch the Manhattan telephone directory. From a table nearby, where they sat drinking coffee, they had an excellent view.

They had posted themselves in the restaurant at 11:30 p.m., after receiving word that the Russians had picked up the radar data in the beer can. Now someone would have to come to the restaurant and underline the word "Manhattan" on Page 700 in the phone book.

Their wait was brief. At about three minutes after midnight, a figure in a dark blue topcoat ambled into the restaurant, went to the telephone directory stand, pulled out the Manhattan book, and began leafing through it. Then he took out a pencil, drew a line at the top of a page, turned to see if anyone had seen him and, assured that no one had—the G-men pretended to be looking the other way—he walked out of the restaurant.

One G-man got up and followed the suspect to the street. He saw

him get into a blue Dodge and drive away. Then he came back into the restaurant. The other agent was at the directory stand. The first FBI man walked over and looked at the page the other agent was pointing to. It was Page 700. And the word “Manhattan” at the top of the page was, indeed, underlined.

Then the operative who had found the mark in the book reached into his pocket and pulled out a photograph he was carrying. It had been distributed to the agents working on the case.

“Yes,” he said to the other agent, “that was Kovalev.”

This procedure continued into the summer of 1952, a period which saw Timsford go through the routine—and it was routine after a while—six times in all. It was always the same—parking on West 90th Street on any given Wednesday morning, the red package in the back window, the microfilm wrapped in black paper and protected with its rubber covering inserted in a beer can, the drop in the stone wall, the inconsequential drive into Glen Cove, the trip back to the tavern parking lot, the wait, then the trek home and the telephone call to the FBI to report, “Mission accomplished.” And in Brooklyn, the assignment of a different team of operatives each time Timsford delivered was to wait in the restaurant for a Soviet agent to come in and make his notation in the Manhattan directory. A different team of agents because Kovalev—and it was Kovalev every time who marked the book—could have recognized his watchers.

By the end of September, 1952, the markings in the directory reached Page 750, denoting that six deliveries of information and data had been made by Timsford and received by the Russians.

For his efforts up to this time, Timsford had been paid a total of \$3,500; this included the money he had received in Washington. There is an added touch of the cloak-and-dagger that applies to the way the counterspy was getting his money for his work in the Glen Cove hole-in-the-wall operation. Since he had been told there would be no more personal contact, Timsford had to rely on another method which would get around the ban on face-to-face meetings with Kovalev.

This procedure was simple enough. On the day following each delivery of microfilm, a Thursday, Timsford was to drive to the tavern in Lake Success where he had met Kovalev and go in for a drink. Then he would come out and drive home. By then he would have his

money. It would be in an envelope under the car floor mat in the front. While Timsford was having his drink inside, someone from the Soviet Mission was putting the money in the engineer's car.

In every case, it was Kovalev who was spotted doing this by the G-men shadowing him.

On October 5, Timsford returned home from the plant and found a letter waiting for him. It was marked "personal." Timsford's wife, however, was not one to regard any delivery by the U.S. Post Office with any high degree of exclusivity. At least, not where it concerned herself and her husband. Her attitude, common to a few wives, was that "what's mine is his and what's his is mine."

"Honey," she trilled as Timsford came through the door. "When did you ever do a favor for a Captain Olson? Why you never told me that you performed any services for a ship . . ."

Timsford, as he explained it later with a slightly red face to the FBI, felt the floor under his feet quiver just a mite as a cold sweat swept his body.

"Oh, that's something I had to do for the company," he stammered, trying to manufacture a believable story. "They had sent me to check on the radar equipment on Captain Olson's ship a couple of months ago . . . I just forgot to tell you."

"But," his wife interrupted, "why did Captain Olson write to you at home? Why didn't he send the letter to the office? And why did he mark it 'personal'? My goodness, there's nothing personal in this letter. It's just a thank-you note. I don't understand it . . ."

It took another desperate few minutes to allay his wife's suspicions or, if not that, at least her curiosity. Timsford told her that Olson wanted to write to him sometime when he was steaming back to New York so they could have a drink together.

"He took a liking to me," Timsford said casually. "You know how these Swedes are. You're a Swede, don't forget."

As Mrs. Timsford headed for the kitchen to begin supper, Timsford took the letter with considerable apprehension still churning inside him and went to his den. And there he read it.

"Dear Fred," it began. "I want to thank you again for all you did on the ship for me when we were docked in New York. We are sailing this afternoon and I am writing to let you know again how

much I appreciate everything. I want to see you again and I hope it will be very soon."

The letter was signed with a typed signature: Captain Olson.

The receipt of such a letter, postmarked in New York, had the greatest significance in Frederick Timsford's dealings with the Soviet espionage ring. He had been advised in Washington by the man who called himself Victor Ustinev that if he should ever receive such a letter, signed by Captain Olson, it was a signal that he was wanted in the capital for a personal encounter with his contact there. The time of the meeting was to be at 10 p.m. two days after the date on the letter, October 4, 1952, and the place was the Men's Bar in the Mayflower Hotel.

Timsford notified the FBI immediately about this development.

Two days later, October 6, Timsford left work early and caught a train at Pennsylvania Station which brought him into the capital shortly before 9 p.m., in plenty of time to make the meeting.

Timsford knew as he walked into the dimly lit Men's Bar in the Mayflower that G-men would certainly be staked out in the place, although he didn't know who they would be or where they would be sitting. Ustinev, or whatever his name was, would know nothing.

Timsford had been instructed by the FBI to arrive early, ahead of his Soviet contact, and to hold the table until Ustinev arrived. Timsford may have suspected, although he didn't indicate so, that the two men who seated themselves at an adjoining table shortly after he came in might very well be FBI agents. He had the same passing thought about three other well-dressed men who walked in minutes later and sat at another nearby table.

At any rate, Timsford felt comfortable. He wasn't certain but he had a gnawing suspicion that he might have been found out by the Russians and that this meeting could be the payoff, a payoff that could even come in bullets, although that isn't the way the Reds do business in this country. It's too dangerous to risk killing a man they suspect of a double cross, especially an American citizen. They are better off just dumping him as an agent and latching on to someone else. This way there is no blood on their hands and they are far less likely to risk a head-on clash with the FBI.

Whether they considered it or not, if they entertained any thoughts

of violence against Timsford or, for that matter, upon anyone else working as a counterspy for the FBI, killing that man would have the same effect in bringing down the full force of the Bureau as it would were an agent harmed.

Actually, Timsford need not have even given a thought to the possibility that the Soviets were wise to him or that they were dissatisfied with his work. If anything, as Timsford was to learn from Ustinev once he arrived and had taken his place at the table, his work was being received with only the greatest satisfaction by the Reds.

"We have gotten nothing but compliments from home since you have been helping us," Ustinev said with gleeful satisfaction as he ordered a drink for himself and another round for Timsford. "But, as I told you before, there are things we must watch. And one of these is the possibility that we will get down to a routine that will be noticed by someone. That is why I have called you here. I want to shift the recognition signals which Alex Kovalev gave to you. It is not much of a change, but it is enough to assure us that nothing will go wrong."

One of the two men who had taken the table beside Timsford's shifted slightly in his chair and continued to sip his drink. They were strangely silent, these two men—and for good reason. They did not want to blur the conversation at the next table with their own voices; every word being spoken by Timsford and the Russian agent was going down on tape. The man had just shifted in his chair because the tape recorder he had in the specially sewn, extra-large inside pocket of his jacket was pressing uncomfortably against his chest.

Ustinev plotted the new "recognition signals," as he called them.

"From now on, after you drive away from the fireplug on West Ninetieth Street, you are to cross Central Park West and enter the Transverse Road, southbound. You will note to your right as you drive along that there is a traffic light stanchion about one hundred and fifty yards beyond your point of entry into the park. Look carefully and you will see the number twenty-seven is stenciled on the stanchion. When you observe this, look down at the base. If you see a banana peel lying there, then you will know that not only have you been seen by our contact, but also that we are prepared to pick up the material you have ready for us."

Then Ustinev stressed and re-stressed a point. "If you do not see

the banana peel, do not go to the drop that night. It means that something is wrong. You will have to wait until the following Wednesday, or perhaps the one after that. Or you may receive another 'Captain Olson' letter from me."

Timsford was tempted to tell Ustinev that another such letter to his home might well blow the whole plot to the high heavens, but he had second thoughts about this. He had not been advised by the FBI to discuss this incident of letter-tampering by his beloved wife, and Timsford was a man who did only what he was instructed to do. He kept his mouth shut.

On October 15, back in New York once again, Timsford followed through with the new procedure and drove into Central Park after parking at the fireplug for the required fifteen-minute waiting period.

Just as the Soviet agent in Washington had said, a stanchion holding up a traffic light stood on the Transverse exactly one hundred and fifty yards beyond the entrance. Timsford looked closely and spotted the number "27" stenciled on the pole, a marking placed there by the Department of Traffic to facilitate the locating of lights reported out of order by the patrolman on the beat.

And at the base—a banana peel.

That night Timsford drove out to Glen Clove and deposited the first of several newly requested microfilm reproductions of important data concerning the Sperry bombsight. One of the nation's most closely guarded military devices, this is an "eye" that provides our Air Force bombers with a vastly greater accuracy than the Norden bombsight that had gained such wide fame and acclaim in World War II.

Again, as in all previous instances when Timsford delivered data to the Russians, the information was supplied by the FBI. And it was all so carefully doctored that there would be no way for the Soviets to know it was not accurate information until they had actually begun to develop the unit themselves. And this they could not do until they had acquired all the design information for the various components that go into the bombsight; so complicated is this procedure that it could well have taken years before they had assembled all of it. Then and only then would they realize that they had been taken on a good old-fashioned Yankee sleigh ride.

Timsford delivered additional information on the bombsight on three later occasions during November and the early part of December.

It was after he had made his last drop, on December 3, that Timsford received instructions to provide the Soviets with something extra—a certain electronic device used in military aircraft. The unit, of course, cannot be purchased on the open market. The only way it could be gotten would be for someone like Timsford to steal it from his own plant.

Timsford had received the word that the Russians wanted this device in a pencil-scrawled note that had been left in the envelope with his payoff for the last delivery. He found the envelope in the usual place under the floor mat of his car parked in the lot outside the Lake Success restaurant.

He found \$1,000 in the envelope—\$500 for the last microfilm delivery with data on the bombsight and \$500 for the purchase of the electronic device. This latter unit sells under contract to the Government for about \$75. So the Russians must have been quite desperate to get their hands on it.

This could have proved a hot potato for the FBI in its effort to string the Russians along in their dealings with Timsford. His failure to deliver the device, which the Russians must have known Timsford could pilfer from his plant, would pose the threat of ending the engineer's usefulness to the Reds and bring a cessation in their dealings with him.

But the FBI quickly solved the problem. The Department of Defense came to the rescue by providing an early model of the electronic device, one which had proved extremely faulty in operation. The specifications of this model, actually a laboratory prototype, were vastly changed in the units that finally were turned out on the production line.

The Russians didn't know this when they took delivery and probably never found out until they had gone to the trouble and expense of building the unit in one of their own electronic plants in the Soviet Union.

By then, of course, it would seem entirely possible that they might have sent Aleksandr Petrovich Kovalev up in a plane to test the unit's

airworthiness. And if all did not go well, it is unlikely that any Soviet official would mourn Kovalev's unfortunate mission.

For, to bring this case to a rapid conclusion, Kovalev had to undergo the ignominy of being exposed as a spy by the State Department. It happened on February 3, 1954, when Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge had the occasion to present the first of many such notes in his long career in the UN which advised the Soviet Union that one of their people had been caught in the act of spying. And in this case it was Aleksandr Petrovich Kovalev.

He was declared *persona non grata*, and a week later, on February 10, he sailed aboard the *Gripsholm* for home.

And Frederick Timsford?

He was given the heartfelt thanks of the FBI.

Fred Timsford received no monetary emoluments from his own country for his long and perilous role in counter-espionage. But he was pleased anyway. After all, he had collected \$6,000 from the Russians for a lot of worthless information and material.

Fred Timsford was ahead of the game, and so was the FBI, thanks to him.

One strange aspect hangs on this case. No announcement about Kovalev's involvement in espionage or about his deportation was made until May 23, 1960—six years later. And then it was revealed in a list of fifteen Soviet officials who had been declared *persona non grata* in the past seven years because of their involvement in espionage, a list that the United States had prepared for disclosure before the Security Council in defense of Soviet charges growing out of the U-2 spy plane incident over Russia.

Here, reprinted from the official State Department text, is all that was revealed about the Kovalev case at that time, which is all that has ever been said about it since.

ALEKSANDER PETROVICH KOVALEV:

Kovalev arrived in the United States October 8, 1950, as a Second Secretary of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations. In the course of his stay in the United States, Kovalev arranged to receive undeveloped microfilms of materials of intelligence significance at a drop area in New York City. The recruited agent

was told to park his car in a designated area in New York City at a designated time and to place a package wrapped in red paper therein so that it could be seen through the rear window in the event material was to be passed. An additional signal by way of marking a telephone directory in a New York restaurant was perfected to indicate to the agent that the material delivered to the dead drop was picked up. Material of intelligence significance was left by the recruited agent in the New York dead-drop area and it was retrieved by Kovalev. The agent was given \$500 to purchase an electronic device for delivery to the Soviets, an additional \$500 in payment for delivery of a microfilm reproduction of portions of a manual dealing with an automatic steering device for ships. Kovalev was declared *persona non grata* by the Department of State for his actions in this case on February 3, 1954, and he departed the United States February 10, 1954.

That was the end of the announcement. The facts are identical to ours—except that we also have the full story in all its detail.

Moreover, we can now reveal what wasn't known of one of Frederick Timsford's early Washington encounters with the assistant naval attaché who called himself Victor Ustinev.

That meeting the night of October 6, 1952, in the Men's Bar at Washington's famed Mayflower Hotel had provided the G-men with their opportunity to tear the mask from the agent's face as he sipped his vodka martini and instructed Timsford about new "recognition signals"—the banana peel.

The two men at the one table, as we have already related, were Federal agents who took a recording of the conversation between the Russian attaché and the American engineer.

Timsford's suspicion about these two men was well founded. Timsford also had an idea that the three other men who had taken another table nearby were also agents. He was right about them, too. And one of those agents had the job of photographing the entire scene at the little table occupied by Timsford and the Russian.

When the photos were developed in the FBI darkroom, it was child's play for the bureau to trace the real identity of Victor Ustinev.

The picture of the man seated with Timsford matched the photo in

the State Department files of an assistant Soviet naval attaché named Igor Aleksandrovich Amosov.

Amosov was given his deportation orders the same day as Kovalev—February 3, 1954. Amosov made a quicker departure than the UN-based spy, leaving four days later, on February 7.

The FBI had broken up the Kovalev-Amosov spy operation, but they could not rest on their laurels. Already another case of espionage was beginning to burgeon in the United Nations.

5 : The Red Colonel and Our General Staff School

EVEN before the thunder of the Kovalev-Amosov case had subsided, the FBI was collecting evidence against still another Russian spy suspect, Maksim Martynov, a member of the UN Military Staff Committee, the organization that has no apparent real or useful purpose other than to deter the formation of a permanent UN military force.

Word had been flashed from West Berlin of a fantastic Soviet proposal to obtain United States army intelligence manuals at the General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. An American army colonel, whom we must identify only as Frank S. Pilgrim, had been broached with the proposition in August, 1954.

A 39-year-old career man, Colonel Pilgrim had been stationed in East Berlin since the end of World War II, and his time had come for a well-deserved furlough in the States. Not that the colonel had been given no annual furloughs, but he had preferred to spend those leaves visiting countries in Europe. His departure from his post in Germany now was to be permanent, since he had also received orders to report to Leavenworth for a new tour of duty after his leave expired.

It came as no surprise to Colonel Pilgrim when he received a phone call at American Headquarters in West Berlin the morning of August 12 and found the party on the other end of the line was

Aleksei Vladimir, a colonel with the Russian garrison in East Berlin. Pilgrim and Vladimir had been quite friendly. They had met often to discuss official matters dealing with the border situation between East and West Berlin, and out of these get-togethers grew a social relationship that brought them back in each other's company for dinner in various restaurants on both sides of the divided city.

This particular call, the morning of August 12, 1954, was strictly social.

"I have heard that you are leaving us," Colonel Vladimir said with a genuine tone of regret. "I feel terrible. We have worked well together."

Colonel Pilgrim said he was sorry that his stay in Berlin had to come to an end. He had enjoyed every day of it, but he was now very anxious to get back "and see what the States look like."

He then mentioned casually that his next post would be Fort Leavenworth.

"I'll help draw up some manuals from my experience with you fellows so that our Intelligence people will be better able to keep tabs on Soviet activity," Pilgrim said jocularly.

"How about lunch?" asked the Russian colonel. "I would like to see you once more before you leave."

The invitation was accepted. Five days later, on August 17, Colonel Pilgrim drove across the border into the Soviet sector and met Vladimir near the Unknown Soldier's Tomb. He parked his jeep and joined the Russian officer in a Soviet staff car that was waiting nearby.

"We are not going to a restaurant," Vladimir informed Pilgrim as the driver started out. "You are coming to my place. I have a special lunch prepared. This is my way of showing you my friendship."

The Russian colonel's quarters occupied the first floor of a spacious three-story stone dwelling on a tree-lined street about a ten-minute drive from the border.

A young Russian who worked as a houseboy for the colonel opened the door and admitted the host and his American guest. As they walked into the living room, Pilgrim encountered a heavy-set stranger about as tall as he was himself—six-feet-two—who sprang from the arm chair he had been occupying and walked with anxious but lumbering steps toward the two men who had just arrived.

Dressed in a dark blue business suit, the man smiled broadly as Colonel Vladimir took care of the introductions. The civilian was introduced as Arkady Vostok, a "good friend." He spoke good English although with a pronounced Russian accent.

The houseboy served the meal in the dining room and the conversation at the table was nothing spectacular. They talked about conditions in Berlin, about women, the weather, then hopscotched on to other subjects. Finally the houseboy approached Vladimir and whispered in his ear.

"Oh, no," the colonel said with surprise. "No coffee?"

Vladimir jumped to his feet. "Gentlemen, I will go to the store myself and bring some coffee right away." Without another word he hurried out of the house, leaving Pilgrim and Vostok to carry the conversational ball themselves at the table.

Vostok immediately cocked an eye at Pilgrim. "I suppose you will be happy to return to the United States. Will you be spending any time in New York City?"

"I expect to," Pilgrim said, gazing at his questioner with curiosity. "Why do you ask?"

Vostok smiled into a glass of water he was sipping. He put the glass down and looked up at Pilgrim. "I would like to meet you there. You see, you have an opportunity to make a lot of money. I have something in mind . . . very secret, mind you. It should be to your liking. It won't be much trouble . . ."

Pilgrim took the suggestion with the pretense that he was turning it over in his mind. His training in G-2 told him at once that he was dealing with a Soviet agent who was trying to recruit him for some clandestine purpose. His training also told him that he must not back away from the suggestion.

"What's on your mind, Vostok?" Pilgrim said, interest bubbling in his voice. He leaned forward to show genuine curiosity.

"I am after the manuals the Army puts out—the intelligence manuals used in the training at the General Staff School . . ."

Vostok spoke bluntly. Pilgrim smiled silently for a moment, then pushed his chair back. He got to his feet and walked around the room as if pondering the enormity of the proposition. Actually, he was trying to look like a man who would betray his trust, to make it appear believable to the propositioner that he was accepting the offer.

"How much money?" Pilgrim demanded, patting his pocket to signify his willingness if the price was right.

The Russian looked pleased. "You do not have to worry. It will be well worth your effort. What is important now is to arrange a time and place to meet in New York." He got up and walked over to Pilgrim who was standing at the window.

"I am going to try to make it to New York by October fifteenth. We will meet at the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street. Shall we say at four that afternoon?"

Then putting a friendly hand on Pilgrim's shoulder, Vostok grinned. "I may not be able to get there myself, but someone else will take my place if I am not there. Let us arrange signals. You are to wear civilian clothes and you must come alone. If the weather is cold, you will wear a topcoat or overcoat. But underneath you must wear a tweed jacket. You will stand at the corner a few minutes, then look at your watch. Then you will be approached. Someone will say to you, 'Didn't we meet in Spechstrasse, Berlin?' You will reply, 'Yes, I lived at Number Nineteen.' Then you will know you are dealing with the right party—and so will we."

After listening intently to Vostok's instructions, Pilgrim asked what manuals he was supposed to get.

"Whatever ones have been published," Vostok said somberly. "We are paying you high. We will have to receive our money's worth. We want the latest . . ."

Pilgrim grinned at him. He was trying to conceal the shiver of excitement he felt, the trembling anticipation of getting back to American Headquarters and reporting the Soviet plot to his superiors. Even as he spoke, he envisioned himself delivering the manuals to the Soviet agent in New York—and then providing him the surprise of his life when FBI men closed in and made the arrest.

"If I or someone else does not meet you on the fifteenth, or if you yourself cannot make it then, we will get together at the same location on the twenty-fifth, same time," Vostok said.

Then he recited six additional alternate dates for Pilgrim in case any of the previous ones were not productive. The dates were spaced on the days of the following months falling on the 15th and 25th in each instance.

"Is it all clear to you, Colonel?" Vostok asked.

Pilgrim nodded. His face was enigmatic. "It's all very clear."

A moment later the two men turned at the sound of a slamming door. Colonel Vladimir, the host, was back, a package under his arm. "I got it," he smiled triumphantly. "What a difficulty it is to get a good brand of coffee. That is why I went myself. The Russian Army's influence works wonders on these Berlin grocers. I have gotten the best South American coffee."

By the time coffee was served, Vladimir, Vostok, and Pilgrim were ensconced in the soft upholstered chairs of the living room discussing world affairs and other matters, none of which remotely approached the subject the Russian civilian had broached to the American military man.

When it was time to leave, Pilgrim and Vostok parted with a brisk handshake.

"It was a great pleasure, indeed, to get to know you," Pilgrim said.

"The pleasure was all mine, Colonel," smiled Vostok with a significant wink.

Colonel Vladimir drove his American counterpart in the staff car back to his jeep at the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and the two officers from opposite sides of the Iron Curtain shook hands in a warm farewell. At no time did Vladimir mention Vostok to Pilgrim. It was as though Vladimir had no part in the deal, or at least he made no effort to show an awareness of it.

Back at American Headquarters in West Berlin, Colonel Pilgrim promptly reported his experience of that afternoon in East Berlin to his superiors in G-2. He gave them a play-by-play account of the entire conversation with the Russian who called himself Arkady Vostok. Later the colonel sat with an artist and helped him prepare a sketch of the man who had propositioned him to steal the Army School's intelligence manuals.

Three weeks later, Pilgrim left Berlin for New York. He landed at Idlewild Airport and was met, according to plan, by FBI agents who had been alerted to the plot by the Army. They drove Pilgrim to the Hotel Commodore, next to Grand Central Terminal on East 42nd Street, where the FBI had arranged for the colonel's stay in a large suite.

The G-men told Pilgrim that as a necessary part of the scheme they were to live with him and accompany him wherever he went for

the next week to ten days. They did not explain quite clearly why this was pertinent to the investigation, and the colonel didn't ask. But all during that period, during which the G-men questioned Pilgrim intensely about his career in the Army, his family background, and a great many other personal details, the officer's curiosity mounted. From time to time he asked his questioners about their tactics.

"It's part of the preparation for the case," he was told. Nothing more. Pilgrim was edgy by the end of the tenth day. He couldn't understand what the agents were after. He began to wonder whether he himself wasn't suspect. Finally, just as his patience had frayed, he was let in on the mysterious doings.

"We've been studying you all this time, Colonel," he was told. "Now we know everything about you. Exactly what anyone who has ever been acquainted with you might be expected to know about you. And, just as importantly, we have studied your walk, your posture, the way you sit, your mannerisms, your habits, your way of talking. You see, Colonel, you aren't going to keep that appointment with Arkady Vostok or any other Soviet agent. Your double will deal with these boys now."

Surprise and disappointment were mingled in the expression on Pilgrim's face. Surprise—because he never suspected the FBI had made that close a study of him; disappointment—because he had counted on being in on the "kill." But Pilgrim readily accepted the FBI's reasons for preferring to handle this case in their own way, and his disappointment soon left him when he got a glimpse of the man the FBI picked to impersonate him. He was the colonel's spitting image—same height, same weight, same build, same dark brown hair, blue eyes, large hook-like nose and receding chin, same ruddy complexion, same severe look.

There were only two differences in their appearance. The FBI agent, Fred Peck, was a few years younger than Pilgrim and lacked Pilgrim's bushy, dark brown mustache. But a makeup man flown up from the Bureau in Washington soon took care of both.

The next several days, Peck and Pilgrim spent ten to twelve hours a day together as the agent sought to capture every detail of the colonel's personality. Painstakingly Peck worked at the impersonation, refining, polishing, until at the end of a week the two were literally mirror images of one another.

October 15 finally came and Peck was ready. But his bosses decided to play a waiting game with the Russians. If Pilgrim—played by Peck—showed up for the first appointment, he might seem too eager and, to the Russians perhaps, too suspect.

But other agents were ready to scout the locale at Madison Avenue and 86th Street to see if the Russians indeed intended to go through with the rendezvous. The agents staked out the neighborhood well in advance. Days before they had made arrangements to occupy second- and third-story quarters in nearby buildings which would give them vantage points for observing the action on the corner below. But more than mere observation posts for FBI agents with high-powered field glasses, these hidden positions were to serve as vantage points from which 16 mm. movie cameras would record the activity on the sidewalk through powerful telephoto lenses.

This was the first time a long-distance camera, employed by the FBI to catch Red agents in acts of espionage, was to trap a Soviet United Nations diplomat enjoying both the immunity that goes with the position and U.S. hospitality in an attempt to steal American secrets. It would not be the last. Previously, in the case involving Soviet Naval Attaché Igor Aleksandrovich Amosov, still cameras had been successfully employed indoors to record his meeting with Frederick Timsford in Washington.

At 4 p.m., ten FBI agents were in their places, hidden behind carefully curtained windows and also posted on the street in various disguises—laborers and other industrious workers scurrying along the street pretending to be busy with one chore or another. One agent was inside a wine and liquor store at the very corner where the meeting was to take place. He was sweeping the floor, with one eye trained on the street to observe what was going on.

The appointed hour passed and there was no sign of a man answering the description of the Russian who had told Colonel Pilgrim to meet him at this corner on this date. The G-men had sketches of the Soviet agent, Arkady Vostok, but did not spot anyone who looked like the drawing. At the same time, no one else took a position at the corner to await Pilgrim's arrival.

However, during their period of observation, the FBI agents recognized three men who made their presence in the neighborhood conspicuous by strolling back and forth repeatedly, as if they were look-

ing over the area. The agents on the stakeout recognized these reconnoiterers. They were staff members from the Soviet Mission to the UN.

For something like twenty-five minutes, the trio coursed over this corner, individually and together at various times, as if eyeing the situation, perhaps looking for Colonel Pilgrim, to see if he had kept his end of the bargain.

Shortly before 4:30 p.m., the Russians hailed a taxi and drove away. The FBI packed up its binoculars and telephoto-lensed cameras and left the scene, too.

On October 25, the date of the second rendezvous, Agent Fred Peck, by now a master of the art of walking, talking, and looking like Colonel Pilgrim, was ready. Peck arrived at the scene at 3:57 p.m. A cab dropped him off at the southeast corner. He stepped out of the taxi which had stopped at the bus stop and paid the driver through the open window of the front door. He then crossed 86th Street to the northeast corner and took his place at the designated spot in front of the liquor store. Inside the store, an FBI man again wielded a broom. Across the street, other agents strolled leisurely along with one eye on the mustached Peck standing alone with his hands in his overcoat pocket. Two more FBI men passed by in front of Peck. Up in the windows, still more agents were ready once again with binoculars and long-range cameras to "shoot" the scene.

At 4:01 p.m. two Russians from the Soviet Mission were spotted crossing 86th Street. The cameras rolled. The men looked at Peck as they approached. But that is all they did. They cast a long, searching glance at him and continued on their way. They gave no sign of recognition. And Peck pretended not to see them. He simply followed through with the pre-arranged signal worked out with Vostok, which was to glance at his wristwatch on his left hand.

The Russians went to the end of the block, turned, and strolled back. Again they gazed searchingly at Peck, then moved on. They crossed 86th Street and disappeared.

At 4:30, when it appeared that the Russians would not try to make contact with Peck, the FBI called off the stakeout.

"What could have gone wrong?" Peck wondered. "Do they see through my disguise?"

That was a possibility, but it was too far-fetched to believe that the

Russians, who ostensibly had never seen the real Colonel Pilgrim, would spot the perfectly disguised G-man as an impostor.

There was nothing to do but wait until the next date—November 15.

Again, as before, Peck arrived in a cab which deposited him at the bus stop. Again, as before, Peck paid his fare through the front window, and as he did he cast a quick glance to the opposite corner. Now he had a feeling the rendezvous was going to come off. He spotted a tall, solidly built figure in a dark blue overcoat and black fedora hat standing erect at the northeast corner, back against the wall of the liquor store. His hands were folded behind his back. He looked from side to side now and then to glimpse pedestrians passing by.

"This may be it," Peck told himself as he waited for the traffic light to change. Then he crossed over and walked slowly past the man standing on the corner. Peck did not look at him. He kept his glance straight ahead. But from their observation posts, the other FBI men saw the tall man in the dark blue coat turn and stare fixedly at Peck as he strolled by. Several G-men peering through binoculars recognized the man at once.

"This is the real thing," one of the agents said. "They've sent the big boy out on this one. A military man."

It was Maksim Martynov, the Soviet member of the UN Military Staff Committee. Martynov, in brief, was a 38-year-old colonel in the Soviet Army and had been in the United States as a representative of his country on the military branch of the UN since 1949.

Peck walked to the end of the block at 87th Street, then came back down Madison. As he strode along, Peck kept one important identifying feature of Colonel Pilgrim's very much in mind—his bearing. Peck had to walk erect, shoulders back, as years of military training had taught Pilgrim to do.

Passing again, at a slower gait, almost a hesitant walk, Peck turned and shot a glimpse at Martynov. The Russian's eyes met Peck's. Martynov's lips opened slightly as if he were going to speak. But he apparently decided not to. Peck walked on and paused about ten feet away. As he stood there, he glanced back at Martynov, who was gaping at the undercover agent. Peck waited a few moments, then

took a step forward, raised his left hand, and looked at his watch. At the same time Peck took out a small paper packet that was stuffed in his right-hand coat pocket.

Martynov's eyes were attracted to the packet. He continued his studied gaze of the tall, military-like figure, then apparently made a decision. He approached Peck.

"Colonel, didn't we meet in Spechstrasse, Berlin?" he said in a broken English heavy with a Russian accent.

Peck smiled. "Yes, I lived at Number Nineteen," the American colonel's impersonator replied.

Martynov extended his hand. "My name is Schultz. I have been looking forward to this meeting, Colonel." Then he turned and studied some of the passersby, men and women hurrying by, some mothers wheeling buggies on their way to air their children in nearby Central Park. Martynov appeared to be bothered by the congestion. "Shall we take a ride?" he suggested.

Peck didn't want to lose the FBI observers who were recording the meeting for posterity. "I'd prefer to take a little walk," he suggested. "I've been doing so much traveling lately that I need to stretch my legs."

"Fine, Colonel," Martynov replied. Peck pointed toward Central Park, a block to the west. "Shall we go where it's nice and peaceful, Mr. Schultz?" he said. Martynov nodded.

As they crossed Madison and walked along 86th Street to Fifth Avenue, then to the opposite side where the Park began, Martynov almost immediately asked Peck about his "assignment" to obtain the intelligence manuals from Fort Leavenworth.

"I did not get them yet, Mr. Schultz," Peck said apologetically. "It's not that I encountered any trouble, but a thing like this takes a little time. I don't think it will be much longer."

Martynov then plied Peck with queries about the intelligence activities of the army, asking about the size of its staff, the posts where its personnel were stationed, the amount of training they received, whether they worked with the Central Intelligence Agency, and many other matters concerning intelligence operations. Peck answered every question. He didn't give the correct answer each time, for the FBI had anticipated the line of questioning the agent would be sub-

jected to. His replies had all been carefully rehearsed. Some answers were correct. They had to be, because the FBI knew that the Soviets would spot a wrong answer to certain questions. But Peck gave nothing of value away. His job was to stall Martynov, to bring him back another time when he would be still more anxious to receive the intelligence manuals.

Yet Martynov's anxiety showed even now. "Look, Colonel," the Russian blurted. "I want to get those documents at all cost." Martynov stuffed a roll of bills into Peck's hand—twenty-five ten-dollar bills. "This is just for your expenses," the Soviet officer smiled. "When we receive the package from you we shall pay you the big money."

Peck suggested to Martynov that they meet at the same time and place the following January 25. "Agreed." Martynov grinned. They shook hands and parted.

Peck showed up on time for his next meeting with Martynov. The other FBI agents again were stationed at the windows with their long-distance cameras, while others strolled past the two men as they greeted each other on the street corner. Martynov appeared pleased at seeing Peck, who was carrying a briefcase.

"You have it, Colonel?" he asked anxiously, eyeing the briefcase.

"I have it," Peck said. "Shall we walk to the Park?"

"No," Martynov said firmly. "Let us go somewhere else, out of the way."

Even as the evening darkness lowered, the FBI's supersensitive film and lenses followed the two men and recorded in perfect detail every movement they made on their way across to the south side of 86th Street and into the Hotel Croydon's small, richly paneled bar where the cocktail crowd was just beginning to gather. Martynov led the way to a corner table.

A waiter came over and took the order; Martynov asked for a vodka on the rocks, Peck a whisky sour. As the waiter walked away, Martynov whispered, "Don't raise your voice—tell me, did you get what I want?"

Peck gave the Russian an affirmative nod. "In here," he smiled, running his hand over the briefcase he had placed at his left on the floor.

Martynov's eagerness was overpowering. He reached down to grab the briefcase. Peck pulled it away. "Not yet," he said. "Let's talk about the money."

Peck was bidding for time. In a few minutes, the time was right. By then several patrons had entered the bar and seated themselves at tables near the two men. The Russian eyed the patrons with a probing eye and he seemed to acquire a measure of uneasiness over their presence.

"Look," he finally said, "let's get out right now. I don't like this place."

Peck reached for the briefcase and placed it in the center of the table. "Mr. Schultz," he said to Martynov, "this is for you. Take it."

Martynov seemed surprised. He put out his hands to take it.

As he did, two conservatively dressed patrons at separate tables rose in unison and glided quickly across the floor to the table. Peck's motion with the briefcase had been their signal. Now peering down in the bar's dim amber light, they each flicked open a leather case and displayed their identifications as agents of the FBI.

Martynov's eyes darted at the men and past them to the doorway beyond, but he saw instantly there was no chance to escape. Instead, he summoned a scowling indignation and cried, "What are you doing? I am a diplomat. I have immunity. You cannot touch me."

He plunged his hand into his suit's breast pocket and fumblingly spread out his diplomatic credentials. There was nothing the FBI men could do.

"All right," said one of them. "We can't hold you. Get out. But you know what this means. You'll be out of America in a week."

The agents cleared a path for him as Martynov got up from his chair and stormed out the door. Reluctantly the three FBI men watched him board a bus heading downtown in the direction of the Soviet Mission to the UN.

The FBI sent its report on the case to the Attorney General and the State Department. On February 21, 1955, the United States Government declared Martynov *persona non grata* and five days later the Soviet spy left for home.

Once again the FBI had effectively thwarted an insipient Soviet espionage operation stemming out of the UN. But just as surely as

one case was over, another would begin. And by the following year the FBI was wading through the mire of not one but three new episodes involving Soviet conspiracy at the UN.

The first of these dealt with a case which achieved nationwide headlines. It was the defection of nine crewmen aboard the Soviet tanker *Tuapse* who had fled their ship after it had docked in San Francisco. The crewmen had said they did not want to return to Russia and asked for asylum here. It was granted.

But then, on April 7, 1956, five of the nine crewmen abruptly left their United States asylum for Russia. They departed so swiftly that American officials had no opportunity to question them.

An effort by immigration authorities to interrogate the five at Idlewild Airport was thwarted by Arkady Sobolov, head of Russia's United Nations delegation, who told the officials that the seamen did not want to answer any questions.

Their sudden redefection and swift departure for Russia under a Stalin-like atmosphere of secrecy and oppression raised speculation that the five were being blackmailed into returning to the Soviet Union, possibly through threats against their families. At the same time, it triggered a Senate investigation into the whole sphere of Soviet UN activities in the United States.

The episode evoked similar concern from the State Department, which promptly ordered the ouster of two Soviet diplomats, and sharply rebuked the high-ranking Sobolov but did not call for his expulsion. State also dispatched a sharp note to the Kremlin demanding that the Soviet Government instruct Sobolov and his staff to stick strictly to their United Nations functions in the future.

The note said that Sobolov insisted on intervening during a departure interview with the seamen conducted by immigration officials at Idlewild. It said Sobolov did this "despite the presence of an accredited representative from the Soviet Embassy in Washington."

Testimony presented to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in mid-April was to the effect that the Russians had overstepped their UN functions and engaged in activities outside their official capacities.

Rebuked with Sobolov in the State Department's note were two members of the Soviet Delegation, Aleksandr K. Gurynov, an

attaché, and Nikolai Turkin, the third secretary of the Soviet Delegation. Charging that Gurynov and Turkin had behaved in a particularly objectionable manner, the note stated that the two exceeded "the scope of their official capacities and thereby abused the privilege of their residence."

Although the U.S. expelled both Gurynov and Turkin, in reality the expulsion only applied to Gurynov, because Turkin had accompanied the five seamen back to Russia.

The Soviet Union put in the popular disclaimer and objected to the charges made against the three diplomats. But they made no attempt to have the State Department reconsider the expulsion order against Gurynov.

To reporters at the airport, Gurynov himself had seemed remote from the hub of Soviet supervision during the episode with the seamen. He had remained starkly inaccessible behind a wall of six beefy Soviet UN employees, and precisely what his role was in the crewmen's redefection has never been made clear. And, of course, Gurynov himself wasn't saying.

Actually, observers at the airport who later testified before Senator Eastland's subcommittee said that the mastermind behind the seamen's alleged kidnapping was really Konstantin Pavlovich Ekimov, First Secretary of the Soviet Mission to the UN. Although Ekimov's name was never raised in the State Department's note, he was generally described as "the man in charge at the airport."

Why the State Department didn't take steps against Ekimov remained a mystery—for the time being. As it turned out, Ekimov's immunity from U.S. action against him was short-lived. His day would come before the year was out.

Meanwhile, Gurynov departed for Russia aboard the *Queen Mary* on the following May 9th. Leaving in good spirits, he played host at a brandy party for some thirty guests in his cabin-class stateroom.

"I'm very glad to be going home," he blithely said as he sipped his brandy. "I'm going back to the motherland."

"What about the Senate probe into allegations that the five seamen were kidnapped?" asked a newsman.

"Nonsense," the smiling Russian declared with a wave of his hand. "I had no relations whatsoever with this case. I was just one of many

friends who spoke to the boys returning to the motherland. I was just seeing them off."

The *Queen Mary's* smokestack had barely dipped beyond the horizon, figuratively speaking, before another Soviet UN diplomat was ordered expelled from this country, and again the issue turned on blackmail.

As a result of the seamen's incident, the Senate stepped up its inquiry into allegations of Soviet harassment of Russian refugees in this country. Information was reaching the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and its chairman, Senator Eastland, that Soviet UN personnel were using blackmail and applying other pressures on the refugees to force their return to their homeland.

It is legal for Soviet Embassy officials in Washington to contact former Russian citizens in this country, but a Soviet diplomat or employee at the United Nations is prohibited from doing so since such action is consular in nature.

One of the key witnesses among the refugees testifying before the Eastland subcommittee was former Soviet Army Captain Michael Shatov, who at the time was living in New York. On June 13, 1956, just two months after the alleged kidnapping of the five seamen, he told the probers under oath that two ranking Soviet diplomats at the UN had brought terrific pressure on him to return to Russia. Although his testimony was never made public, it was indicated the Russians were trying some sort of blackmail scheme to force his return.

He flatly accused Soviet Second Secretary Rotislav E. Shapovalov and Aleksei Petukov, a technical aide, of applying the pressure. Senator Eastland forwarded the results of the Senate inquiry to the State Department, and two months later, after satisfying itself that the allegations were true, State ordered Shapovalov's expulsion and warned that Petukov would be declared *persona non grata* if he persisted in undiplomatic activities.

Shapovalov was expelled, the State Department revealed, because he had made "direct contact with Russian émigrés in this country." Petukov, director for Asia and the Far East of the UN Technical Assistance Program, drew the minor penalty because there was no proof he had made any direct contacts, although his overall involvement in the scheme was undisputed.

The morning of September 12, 1956, found Shapovalov, his wife, Ada, and their six-year-old daughter, Ludmilla, aboard the luxurious *Queen Elizabeth*, ready to sail with the outgoing tide. In a brief ship-board interview, through an interpreter, Shapovalov called ex-Soviet Captain Shatov a traitor, said that America was a good country, Americans a good people, then concluded sadly that "at the same time there are in America some people such as Senator Eastland who don't like Russians being here."

The bells of justice for Konstantin Pavlovich Ekimov, so silent the previous April when witnesses branded him as the mastermind in the seamen's alleged kidnap plot, finally tolled in December, 1956.

The brilliant Red ringleader, officially the First Secretary of the Soviet UN Delegation, became the third high-ranking Russian to sail for his homeland under a State Department expulsion order growing out of testimony before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. And, like Gurynov and Shapovalov before him, his ouster was again linked to the Soviet Union's intense effort at coercing Russian refugees back to their native land.

But in Ekimov's case, the coercion took a new twist in that it involved the forced return not only of a Russian émigré but also of his Philadelphia-born baby daughter, a full-fledged American citizen.

So ominous was the case that Republican Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana, in his role as acting chairman of the subcommittee during Senator Eastland's absence, remarked gravely: "This is the first time that the Soviet Union has attempted to assert its sovereignty by force over a United States citizen in the United States."

The strange case which startled all of America unfolded in September, 1956. It began when Aleksei Chwastov and his American-born daughter, Tanya, two-and-a-half years old, approached a case worker for the Church World Service in Philadelphia in early September and told of the coercion certain Russians in this country were applying to get him to return to the Soviet Union—and to take Tanya with him.

The Church World Service interviewed Chwastov in Philadelphia and again in Newark, New Jersey, and then satisfied that he was in fact being intimidated, notified U.S. Immigration officials. Chwastov was brought to New York City on Thursday, September 27, for still another interview by immigration and refugee officials, and this time,

strangely, he announced that he would return to Russia "on my own." His charges of coercion, he said, had all been a "misunderstanding."

To Roland Elliott, immigration director of the Church World Service, the organization that had sponsored Chwastov's entry into the United States in 1951, the refugee's sudden reversal rang false. He told Chwastov he was "free to go or stay," but to think it over for a night before giving his final answer.

Castling about for a safe place to keep Chwastov for the night, Elliott hit upon the refugee's own church, the Russian Orthodox, and by evening a church representative had taken Chwastov and Tanya under his wing.

Chwastov and Tanya had been living alone in Philadelphia. Tanya was an illegitimate child born in Philadelphia, July 12, 1954, to Chwastov and Elena Romanow who later became Mrs. George Dieczok and settled in Detroit.

Chwastov had good reason to fear the Russians. His two brothers had been slain by the Communists and Chwastov himself had several times been imprisoned and tortured by the Red government as a political prisoner. He was toiling in a slave labor camp in Austria when freed by the United States troops at the end of World War II.

Having weighed his decision for the night, Chwastov told the Church World Service and the immigration officials the next morning that he wanted to remain in America if he could be assured that he and the baby would be safe from Communist agents.

Chwastov and Tanya were moved into a rooming house on New York City's West Side, where they were supposed to stay until Monday, October 1, when the church representative would take the refugee and his daughter upstate and get him a new job in Richfield Springs, New York.

But the plan never materialized. Sometime during that weekend, Chwastov and Tanya vanished from the rooming house and weren't seen again until they appeared at dockside on the morning of Wednesday, October 3, prior to the sailing of the *Queen Mary*. Chwastov refused to say anything except to affirm in glum monosyllables that he had changed his mind and was returning to Russia of his own free will. Chwastov and Tanya were hustled aboard the big liner and placed in their tourist cabin, while three Russians intercepted U.S.

immigration officials who had hoped to question the refugee more fully.

One of the Russians was a burly three-hundred-pounder never identified. The second was Fedor F. Solomatin, attached to the Soviet Embassy in Washington. The third was—Konstantin Pavlovich Ekimov.

For nearly an hour, the three Russians engaged immigration officials in a spirited argument on Tanya's American or Russian status. The argument was inconclusive and the trio joined Chwastov and Tanya in their cabin. A short while later, an unidentified immigration agent found them and attempted to block their departure until Tanya's status was cleared up. Solomatin objected to the inspector's authority and the inspector left temporarily to call his superiors for instructions. When he returned to the cabin, it was empty.

He hastily called for aid, and a few minutes later three other immigration men joined him in a search of the ship, which by now had slipped away from its pier and was heading toward Quarantine. When the ship passed Quarantine and left the harbor heading for the open sea, the immigration men had to leave and ride a Coast Guard launch back to shore to report their failure.

When the *Queen Mary* arrived in Southampton, Chwastov and Tanya were bundled off to the Soviet Embassy in London where they were safely detained beyond the reach of U.S. officials. In the meantime, Tanya's mother, who by now had married George Dieczok, tearfully journeyed to London in a desperate attempt to block her daughter's departure for Moscow through the English courts. But she learned to her heartbreak after a brief legal skirmish that the case was outside the court's jurisdiction.

A few weeks later, Tanya and her father were taken behind the Iron Curtain and have not been heard from since.

Back in the United States, the State Department assembled all the facts in the perplexing case, and on October 29 it ordered Konstantin Pavlovich Ekimov expelled from the country.

Senator Jenner called Ekimov's part in the forced return of Chwastov and his infant daughter a "reprehensible act." Jenner also demanded the ouster of Fedor Solomatin, but under the consular laws of the country the Soviet Embassy official in Washington was technically within his legal rights in interceding in the Chwastov affair.

The case drew wide publicity both in the United States and abroad because of the child and the emotional impact her plight had on people everywhere.

While Ekimov was preparing to leave, Immigration Director Elliott, appearing before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to plead for tighter immigration laws, spoke movingly of the Chwastov case and said it was typical of thousands of others in the United States.

"The action of Soviet representatives here," he said, "is contrary to the best interests of our country and the safety of those who have fled persecution from the very forces which now seek their return."

On a cold, wintry December day in 1956, five weeks after he was declared *persona non grata*, Konstantin Petrovich Ekimov walked up the gangplank of the *Queen Mary* for the first leg of his journey home. He and five Russian associates carried his bags.

The longshoremen had refused to touch them.

6 : The Friendliest of All Russian Spies

THE Marine Firebrand Corporation is a fictitious name and so is that of Richard Simmons, a tall, graying individual with a military bearing, who is the sales engineer of the firm. But only the names are disguised to protect the innocent dupes in one of the classic cases of how the Soviets, employing blandness and subtlety, sought to obtain secrets from an American momentarily caught off guard.

The date is early June, 1955, and Simmons is in his office in lower Manhattan giving dictation to his secretary. Suddenly they are interrupted by the receptionist's voice coming over the intercom.

"Mr. Gladkov from the Soviet Mission to the United Nations wishes to see you."

Simmons was not surprised. He had been expecting a visit from the caller since they met at a cocktail party some weeks before.

"All right, Miss Jones," Simmons said. "Send him in."

The door opened and instead of one there were two men, both smiling as they walked in. The shorter of the two—heavily built, about five-foot-six and one hundred, seventy-five pounds, with gray eyes and balding blond hair, approached Simmons—shook hands, and said, "So glad to see you again."

This was Boris Fedorovich Gladkov whom Simmons had met at the cocktail party. The engineer did not know much about Gladkov, for their first meeting had been brief. He knew Gladkov was attached to the Soviet Mission at the UN but was unaware in what capacity.

But during their conversation at the party, Gladkov had learned a few things about Simmons—particularly the fact that he was an executive with Marine Firebrand, a company noted for its advances in turbine engines both for commercial and military vessels. Gladkov suggested at the time that he might drop in sometime and discuss the possibility of buying some turbines for export to the Soviet Union. Simmons had thought the Russian was merely making conversation.

Now, in his office, Simmons was to learn Gladkov had not been talking idly. After introducing his companion as Victor Rudenko, whom he described as “an associate,” Gladkov commented about the rainy weather, about his lumbago which was bothered by the dampness, and engaged Simmons in a brief, friendly chat about the luxuriousness of his office and its decor which was Swedish modern. Then Gladkov came down to cases.

“Since the last time I spoke with you,” Gladkov said quietly, “I have discussed your new marine turbine with my government. They have instructed me to begin negotiations with you for the purchase of several.”

Simmons was surprised the Russians knew enough about the turbine to seek an order and he asked Gladkov about it.

“We read your brochure and the printed specifications are quite impressive,” the Russian replied. “Our government believes the turbines can be used very satisfactorily in some of the new ships we are building.”

Gladkov did not explain how he obtained the brochure, but it was a document that had been widely distributed by the company in its sales campaign.

Simmons shook his head. “I’m sorry I didn’t explain this to you at the party when you brought up the subject,” he said politely. “You see, our company is bound by a strict government rule against doing business with the Soviet Union or any . . . er . . . satellite country. I hope you understand this is not my policy . . .”

Gladkov laughed. “You Americans . . . so suspicious. Why, I am not here to buy atom bombs. I’m only looking for a simple new type of turbine for our commercial vessels. Do you know we have bought them from other American firms? All we must arrange to clear the deal is an export license, which I’m certain the Government will grant.”

Simmons felt stupid. Of course, he had never dealt with a Soviet customer before and had never had occasion to face up to the machinery involving a sale to Russia. He had just felt that the turbines his company produced could not be sold to the Soviet Union.

"If what you say is true," Simmons said apologetically, "I will stand corrected. I will check on it immediately."

Gladkov took out his card and handed it to Simmons. "This is where you can reach me when you have word," he said.

The other Russian, Rudenko, who had not spoken yet, now broke into the talk. "You are a hunter, Mr. Simmons?" Rudenko was standing at the far wall admiring the picture of a large deer that Simmons had bagged.

"Are you a hunter, too?" Simmons asked curiously.

"Oh, no, I am not," Rudenko replied. "But Boris—well, he is one of the good ones. He has a sharp eye behind a deer rifle."

Gladkov smiled at the compliment. "Don't build me up too much, Victor," he said. "Mr. Simmons doesn't have a bad eye if he can fell a deer like this one. Look at that aim—right through the eyes." Then he turned to Simmons and said, "Who knows, maybe one of these days we can go out and try to bag a couple of deer, eh?"

Simmons nodded condescendingly. He figured the suggestion was just idle chatter. "Maybe so," he smiled. He shook hands with his Russian visitors, watched as they left, then returned to his desk. His mind played with the visit, wondering what to make of it. Well, he mused, it would certainly make good dinner conversation when he got home. It's not every day he talked to authentic Russians.

Later that day Simmons checked through the legal department of his firm and with other sources and found to his surprise that there was no prohibition against selling the commercial type turbine to the Soviet Union. He promptly phoned Gladkov.

"So I was right, eh?" Gladkov chided good-naturedly. He told Simmons that he would notify his superiors about the availability of the turbines and wait to receive orders to negotiate directly for their purchase. He suggested that the Soviet Government might want to buy six turbines "as a start." It would take a few days for a reply.

Simmons heard nothing from the Russian for the next couple of days. By week's end he had all but forgotten the incident. Thus it came as something of a surprise when, in mid-August, nearly two

months later, his secretary's voice cut across the intercom in late morning and announced a visitor, a Boris Gladkov. Would Mr. Simmons see him?

"Yes, of course, send him in," Simmons replied. As he waited, Simmons' thoughts turned back to the earlier discussions with Gladkov and his desire to buy the company's turbines.

When Gladkov, whose somewhat ruddy complexion and rugged features also suggested fondness for the outdoors, entered the office, the two men shook hands and Simmons immediately said lightly, "Well, Mr. Gladkov, whatever happened to the turbine business? Has somebody underbid us?"

"No, no, not at all, my dear Mr. Simmons, nothing like that," the Russian replied in good English just barely tinged with an accent. "As a matter of fact, I've had my hands tied. I can't do anything without clearance from back home. It will come, I'm sure. You should know the red tape when our two governments are involved."

Then Gladkov moved toward the wall. "Actually, this is simply a social visit. I was intrigued by this picture of you with the deer." Gladkov looked at the framed photo admiringly. "I thought possibly we could have lunch together sometime soon. Maybe we can swap some hunting stories, and perhaps you will tell me where to find that kind of deer."

The two men agreed to meet at the Harwyn, one of New York's smartest supper clubs, at noon the following Monday. When the hour neared, Simmons walked the three and a half blocks from his office to the restaurant and found Gladkov already there, waiting at the bar.

The two men greeted each other cordially. "Come," Gladkov said, swallowing his cocktail and putting the glass on the bar. "I have a fine table for us."

Simmons and Gladkov seated themselves in the crowded dining room and after a round of martinis ordered sirloin steaks. As the waiter walked away, Gladkov settled back in the chair and said, "I must confess you Americans do have remarkable food."

After a moment of idle chatter, Simmons tried to satisfy his industrialist's curiosity. "Have you heard from your government yet about the turbines?" he asked.

Gladkov waved his hand. "No, no, my friend. Let's not talk busi-

ness. Let us enjoy our drinks and our meal. And let us get to know each other better."

An adept conversationalist, Gladkov swung into one amusing anecdote after another as he described his life in Russia, his family, some innocuous incidents about his experience as a Soviet diplomat. He seemed to like to dwell on his family. He had a lovely wife, he said, from a village in central Russia who had gone to medical school but quit before she became a doctor to marry him.

"Yet, it is a shame she is not a physician, but I must say her training comes in very handy when either of our two little boys get sick." Gladkov talked a while about his time in the Red Army during World War II and modestly described some of the battles he was in as a Soviet ski trooper.

In turn, Simmons skimmed over his own personal history and then asked Gladkov, "How do you like the United States?"

"Oh, I like it very much," Gladkov answered. "I find Americans quite friendly and pleasant to be with, although we Russians, too, are famous for our hospitality and friendliness."

Gladkov chatted on lightly, saying how he enjoyed the great variety of goods that American stores offered for sale; he was particularly impressed with the vast number of automobiles that crowded the streets and highways.

"We don't have nearly that many," he said, then added with a smile, "but give us time."

The steaks, both ordered medium rare, slowly vanished as the two men talked. And then the coffee and apple pie came. The talk turned to hunting. Gladkov's enthusiasm was genuine. He spoke glowingly of the great bear and elk that roamed the thick woodlands flourishing in the north central region of the Soviet Union near Gladkov's home village of Novorossisk.

Expertly he described the rifles, shotguns, and ammunition he used on various hunts. He admired most American weapons but thought possibly the Russian equivalent of our .30-.30 was a bit superior, and he had some reservations about the quality of some of the game birds found during the one or two outings he had in the Adirondacks earlier in the year.

"Too scrawny," he quipped.

Gladkov did most of the talking. And Simmons, for his part, was content to listen. He found it an unusual and stimulating experience to be so close to someone from a land that in many ways was a tantalizing enigma to him and to most Americans.

Only once did Simmons try to probe Gladkov's mind on the great political issues dividing their two nations. But Gladkov resolutely avoided politics.

In answer to Simmons' passing reference to the Hungarian Revolt, Gladkov said simply, "I think that there is possibly some misinformation among Americans about it." And then he quickly skipped to another subject.

In all, they sat, talking and eating, for a pleasant hour and fifteen minutes, then it was time to leave. Gladkov paid the check.

As they walked toward the exit, Simmons felt the need to reciprocate Gladkov's generosity. He casually remarked that he was having a party at his home that weekend, and perhaps Gladkov might find time to stop by.

It was meant simply to be a courtesy gesture, but to Simmons' mild surprise, Gladkov seized on the invitation quickly and accepted, saying, "May I also bring my wife? It is not often that she gets the chance to see and talk to Americans."

It was a typical suburban split-level party that Gladkov and his wife encountered when they arrived the following Saturday night. About thirty persons, appropriately well-dressed men and women, were standing about in clusters in the living room, den, and patio of the Simmons' \$32,000 home on Long Island's North Shore. Most of them engaged in the animated conversation that frequently characterizes such parties.

They had been told that a genuine Soviet diplomat would be there and they were at their sophisticated best. Nor, once the Gladkovs fell into the rhythm of the party, did they disappoint anyone. They were excellent guests. Gladkov brought along a bottle of vodka and presented it to Simmons, saying it was "the very best of Russian spirit." Everyone sipped a little of the vodka and toasted the visitors.

Gladkov accepted the toast modestly and began mixing with the guests, many of whom were executives in industry or fairly high-placed officials in government.

Mrs. Gladkov, a reserved woman, spoke sparingly under the hand-

icap of the language problem. But her husband immediately became the hit of the party. A clever conversationalist, he held everyone's attention as he spoke of his own experiences, particularly about hunting. But frequently, and almost unnoticeably, he shifted from monologue to dialogue as he asked questions of the other guests—what their names were; where they worked; what they did. To each male guest, Gladkov presented his personal card, and in nearly every case, he received the other's business card in return.

All in all, the party was a huge success, largely because of Gladkov's presence. More social engagements between the Russian diplomat and Simmons followed.

As the weeks wore on, the two became increasingly closer friends, hunting together, attending Broadway plays with their wives, dining out, and even taking the subway up to Yankee Stadium to see the New York Yankees play the strange and incomprehensible game of "beezball." Gladkov took a particular liking to Yogi Berra. "He looks like my brother Stanislaus," he would chuckle.

The two men clearly got along well together and seemed to find one another interesting. Gladkov liked to talk but he also knew when to stop and listen. He drank, but not excessively. He always paid his share of bills, and sometimes more. He spoke intelligently of current trends in medicine, science, the arts. He had a scholar's knowledge of Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Jack London, Mark Twain, and Theodore Dreiser.

By the end of summer, Gladkov had become assimilated into the fabric of Simmons' social life. Then on a morning in late September, Gladkov unexpectedly reintroduced a subject that had long been forgotten—the marine turbines.

"We've received word from Moscow at the Soviet Mission that we can begin negotiations," Gladkov said. "I think that the order will be substantial. Is there any way you can expedite matters?"

The suddenness of the contract talks startled Simmons.

"The whole thing had completely slipped my mind," Simmons said. "Frankly I don't know where things stand. I'll have to check. Give me a day or two."

"Of course," said Gladkov. "By the way, have you put out any new literature about the turbines?"

Again Simmons said he would have to check.

Two days later, Gladkov and Simmons met for lunch at the Harwyn Club, and this time Simmons had with him several new pamphlets and a new, rather lengthy technical paper on the turbine.

"You can look these over, but they don't amount to much," Simmons said. "Just some material we've put together to promote sales. We haven't done anything new in research."

"That's quite all right. I'm sure these will be very interesting and may help sell my bosses on placing a bigger order," the Russian said.

That ended all business talk as the conversation reverted to more general subjects.

A week went by and Gladkov appeared in Simmons' office and requested some fairly widely distributed literature about turbines manufactured by rival companies. Simmons had his secretary dig into the files and gave Gladkov the material.

On another occasion about three weeks later, Simmons furnished Gladkov the names of several engineers in his plant and also the names of a few members of his engineering society that Gladkov wanted for "file purposes."

Gladkov and Simmons continued to see each other for lunch or at social gatherings during the ensuing weeks. Then suddenly the Christmas holidays were upon them and Simmons was plunged into a rush-order period at the company. Not that marine engines and turbines are part of Yule giving, but it just happened to be a busy time.

On New Year's Day, Simmons and his family went to Bermuda for a vacation. When they returned three weeks later, Simmons phoned Gladkov but got no response at his home. An inquiry at the Russian Mission to the UN brought the answer that Gladkov and his family had returned to the Soviet Union for a vacation of their own.

Simmons did not see Gladkov again until the end of February when the Russian telephoned his American friend for a luncheon date, explaining then that he and Mrs. Gladkov had returned to Novorossisk for a visit with their families. Gladkov was particularly happy to have seen his parents again. "They're getting older, you know," he sighed. "They won't have many more years."

For the next three or four meetings nothing technical came up in their discussions and when it did it was almost as an aside.

"You're just the person to help me," Gladkov said one day over coffee. "My old friend Yuri Malinovsky is having a problem. You're

the man to solve it. Yuri is an engineer back home. He's doing some work for his company on plans for a turbine. He needs some advice."

As though from memory he recited the technical problem involved, then asked Simmons if he would write some suggestions for Yuri.

Simmons took out a diagram he had in the portfolio he had brought with him to the restaurant. It was a much simplified version of the marine turbine that Gladkov was negotiating to buy from Simmons' firm. Simmons turned the diagram over and dashed off the solution to the problem Gladkov had posed.

Gladkov pocketed the sketch and chatted with Simmons a while longer. The men made a date to get together the following weekend at a resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains, about a hundred miles upstate. Then the Russian picked up the tab, \$17.25, left a \$20 bill on the table, and the two departed.

By now it was late April and spring was at its luxuriant zenith. Rich green carpetings of grass covered the flower-sprinkled countryside of Monticello and a bone-warming sun hung golden in the sky as the two men walked leisurely along a winding, wooded path late that Saturday afternoon. The talk at first was casual—more about hunting, what the ladies had planned for the evening, the weather.

But something seemed to be disturbing Gladkov. Simmons noticed it and finally asked, "Is there anything wrong, my friend?"

"No, not really. But I keep worrying about my friend Yuri. This is an important job for him and he seems to be having one problem after another. I wonder . . ." He fell silent.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Simmons asked.

"I'm sure you could but I don't think it's fair. After all, you are a busy man. But maybe we can find some way." Gladkov hesitated a moment. Then he said, "Why . . . why don't you help out as a consultant . . . a paid engineering consultant? I'll be happy to absorb the cost . . ."

"Why, Boris, I'm surprised at you," Simmons said. "My company wouldn't stand still for that! But . . . I'll be glad to help out Yuri without charge. I'll be doing it for you because you are my friend."

Gladkov gave Simmons a pound on the back and thanked him.

Later that day Gladkov and Simmons headed to a pond stocked with trout and pike and lazed a quiet two or three hours in a rented rowboat. That evening the two couples drove to an Italian restaurant

nestled in the heart of the so-called "borscht belt" and dined heartily of baked clams, veal scallopini, and chianti. They took in the nightclub act in their hotel and managed, as comfortable friends so often do, to get slightly lightheaded by evening's end. They slept over at the hotel that night and, after breakfast the next morning, left for New York in Simmons' car.

In their ensuing meetings, Gladkov always managed to relay some new problem his friend Yuri was encountering to Simmons, and Simmons, the older, more experienced, engineer, would either solve it on the spot or ask for a day or two to gather the necessary information, which he always managed to obtain.

The two men held to their agreement that Simmons would receive no consulting fee since he did not accept the status. But as the problem-solving became more complicated and almost a ritual part of any evening they spent together, Gladkov insisted that he at least reimburse Simmons for any expenses his American friend incurred.

On one occasion it was for several trade magazines Simmons had to buy, another time Simmons made several long-distance calls to engineer friends, arranging contacts for Yuri when he had other technical problems to clarify. The sums were never great, but they were always offered promptly—and accepted.

As the sessions became more frequent, Gladkov began asking for more complicated, more detailed information. Yuri, he would say, needed data unavailable to him back home on gears, generators, condensers for naval vessels, and even—on one occasion—certain general information concerning atomic submarines.

At no time did Gladkov ask for classified information or in other ways try to breach U.S. security. But Simmons nevertheless suffered some fear that the inoffensive favors he was doing for his friend would be misinterpreted if they became known to his firm.

As a result, Simmons, although absolutely convinced he was doing nothing wrong, established a somewhat clandestine process of passing along the needed information to his Russian friend from the UN.

When Simmons suggested the need for such discretion, Gladkov laughingly agreed, saying, "Any mystery novel reader would appreciate this, you know. The classic way to pass material is called 'the drop.' Yes, we can work something out."

The details of the first and subsequent "drops" varied, but they followed a general pattern. Here is a typical one:

Simmons left his office at 6:05 p.m. on a Tuesday and rode the BMT subway to Union Square where Broadway and 14th Street cross. He went up to the street and walked east to 15th Street and First Avenue—a rendezvous area made popular in espionage some years back by Judith Coplon and Valentin Gubitchev—then swung northward until he spotted Gladkov's 1955 red Ford sedan parked at a meter on the east side of First Avenue, between 17th and 18th Streets.

The car was unoccupied. Simmons walked up to it confidently as though he were the owner, opened the right-hand door nearest the curb, and climbed in. He pretended to be looking for something in the glove compartment, but he was actually placing an envelope under a blanket on the car's front seat. Once the envelope was tucked in its hiding place, Simmons continued the charade of hunting through the glove compartment, pretended to be unable to find it, and left the car, walking southward on First Avenue at a brisk pace as though he suddenly remembered where he left the object he was looking for.

Simmons almost enjoyed what he came to call "the game." It added an element of thrill and excitement to his relationship with the Russian diplomat, and yet, of course, as Simmons thought of it, the whole thing was entirely innocent.

On a day in the middle of June, 1956, Simmons met Gladkov for one of their more or less regular Wednesday lunches and as the Russian UN delegate entered, his friend noticed a sprightlier bounce to his walk. He seemed to be excited about something.

"Dick, my friend," Gladkov said. "Let me congratulate you. I finally heard from home and we want your turbines. It's definite. They've looked over your specifications and want to increase the order now to twelve. This should be a fine feather in your cap."

Simmons modestly acknowledged the congratulations and the two men ceremoniously shook hands on it. During lunch they discussed possible shipping dates, export requirements, and the other details. And Simmons promised to have his sales and legal departments work these out and draw up a contract of the sale within the following week.

By Tuesday, the contract was drafted. The amount Simmons' company was to receive was substantial. In every respect the contract seemed to be mutually profitable to both sides. The turbines were in Simmons' plant in the metropolitan area and could be shipped immediately. The contract was mailed to the Soviet Government.

Ten days later Simmons and Gladkov had dinner together. Gladkov announced the news immediately.

"They're satisfied back home. Very satisfied. They aren't asking a single change in the contract."

His superior in New York, he said, would sign for the Russians in a day or so and Simmons' company could expect a check promptly. Then Gladkov fell to eating his dinner and for some inexplicable reason sank into a strange quiet.

After several minutes Simmons felt obliged to ask, "Is something wrong?"

Gladkov looked up. His face was grim.

"Dick," he began hesitatingly, "can I ask you to let me have the specifications for the [classified] turbine. My superior would like to see them before he signs the contract."

Simmons stared across the table at Gladkov. The American engineer was bewildered by the request.

"I can't do that," he said finally, with an edge of astonishment in his voice. "That's a different turbine completely. Our contract covers the commercial type. What you're asking for is classified information. You're asking for specifications on a military turbine. I couldn't possibly give you what you want unless you were cleared by the State Department in Washington. And you know you couldn't get such clearance."

"I know," Gladkov said meekly, as though suggesting he was doing nothing more than performing an unpleasant errand for someone. "Look," he pleaded, "we've been good friends for a long time now. I'm sure you can help me out."

Gladkov now suggested that the whole deal might fall through if he didn't supply his government with the classified data.

Simmons toyed with his fork in silence as he appeared to ponder his friend's request.

"I'll have to let you know," he finally murmured. "I can't say anything more about it now."

Simmons went home that evening, his mind a spinning kaleidoscope of doubts, worries, and fears. He slept a troubled sleep that night and woke up the next morning still seized by anxiety. He drank a cup of coffee for breakfast but refused any food. At precisely thirteen minutes after eight o'clock, he abruptly rose from the table, walked to the kitchen telephone, and dialed the New York number of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

For the rest of that morning, afternoon, and late into the evening, Simmons gave a full account of all his dealings with Gladkov. Slowly, methodically, through expert questioning of FBI agents, every gap and hole in Simmons' story was filled in until the G-men had what amounted to a finely woven tapestry of the relationship and every known fact connected with it between Richard Simmons and Boris Gladkov, beginning with the very first meeting at that cocktail party in late May, 1955, more than a full year ago, and ending with the previous day's disturbing dinner, when Simmons finally realized that he'd been a tool in a far deeper and infinitely more insidious operation—espionage.

As the FBI agents reconstructed the case, they recognized an all too-familiar story. Scores of times before they had heard other innocent dupes unfold, sometimes too late, their stories of friendship and favors with members of the enemy camp.

Simmons' case was almost a classic example. Here were two men, a Russian diplomat in the service of the UN and an American industrialist, meeting across what amounted to an international chessboard in a game in which the Russian wrote the rules, held all the pieces, and directed all the moves. His adversary did nothing, really, but pick up the pieces and slide them across the board like an automaton, ignorant of the rules, of the stakes involved, unaware that he was even playing the game. He never had a chance.

Gladkov was a legally accredited diplomat charged with carrying out the legitimate business of his government on these shores. In that capacity, he enjoyed, though with some restrictions, the freedoms of an open and democratic society. But Gladkov was more than an emissary in the political arena. He was also a Soviet KGB agent and had been specially selected and trained in Russia for espionage work in the United States.

His "chess" opponent was, it is true, an intelligent, well-educated

man, but he was absolutely devoid of any skills in espionage or counterespionage, and was further handicapped by the fact that nothing in his healthy, democratic background bred those suspicions that are second nature to the professional spy.

Unknown to Simmons, he had been thoroughly investigated and personally sized up by the Soviets long before he met Gladkov at the cocktail party. They knew who he was, how much authority he wielded, even what his hobbies were. They could have decided upon Simmons as a man worth nurturing for any of several reasons.

A Soviet agent might have met him at a party a year or two before Gladkov ran into him and discovered his huge fund of technical knowledge. His name might have been gleaned from the business pages of *The New York Times* or the *Wall Street Journal*. It could have come up at an engineers' convention in Atlantic City. They might have spotted it in a trade journal.

The purpose of that first visit to Simmons' office by Gladkov and Victor Rudenko, the aide who dropped out of the picture once it became clear that Gladkov had established the necessary rapport with Simmons, was to scout the American executive in greater depth than had already been studied, and see if he was worth developing.

Obviously from the Russian viewpoint he was.

Not everyone passes the test. If an American indicates hostility, the Russians will more than likely drop him. But anyone who appears friendly—and most Americans do—is considered a definite possibility.

What followed was almost Chapter I in any espionage manual. Gladkov established a common interest—hunting. Then came the inevitable social follow-up contacts. Once the friendship was solid—and the Russians will spend months and even years abuilding if the prospect seems sufficiently promising—the innocent pleas were made for bland, plainly inoffensive material and information: “to help Yuri back in Russia.”

At this point, the money offer is always advanced and usually accepted because it is always negligible and seemingly justified. In Simmons' case, Gladkov paid out exactly \$1,550 during their year-long relationship.

Speaking about such emoluments as are proffered by the Russians, FBI Director Hoover once said: “Money is one of the most effective recruitment weapons. The Soviets have money and will spend it

quickly and in sizable sums if they feel they will benefit. . . . The acceptance of money gives the Soviets a dominant hand, which is part of their strategy. Even gifts such as vodka, caviar, and books are designed to put the businessman under an obligation.”

At some point, usually after money or some other material inducement has been accepted by the American, the Soviets have to take a gamble. The risk eventually must be taken. The Russians will listen to unimportant peripheral information and sometimes even appear eager for public source information, but the prize catch is to break through the inner secrets of business, government, and the military.

It becomes the moment of truth for the Soviet spy and his whole future and, indeed, even his life may depend on the outcome.

In the Richard Simmons case it came when Gladkov asked for the technical specifications of a classified marine turbine. Other men might have succumbed to the arsenal of pressures the Soviets had imposed on him by now, but Richard Simmons was made of sterner stuff. The security of his country was paramount over all other considerations. Thus, his call to the FBI.

The FBI moved swiftly. Simmons had blown the whistle on the plot in mid-June. On June 22, 1956, based on Simmons' detailed and, in some cases, documented account, the State Department declared Boris Fedorovich Gladkov *persona non grata* for engaging in “activities which were highly improper and incompatible with his status as a member of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations.”

He left New York on July 12, 1956, and returned to Russia. His mission had ended in failure.

In this one instance, the Soviet danger was eliminated before any real harm was done. But the FBI was certain of one thing—that somewhere another Boris Fedorovich Gladkov was already at work on another Richard Simmons.

7 : Land, Sea, and Now Our Air Secrets

THE spy cases sprouting out of the United Nations in 1956 did not end with the ouster of Turkin, Gurynov, Shapovalov, Ekimov, and Gladkov. This was a hectic year in the annals of espionage, one which brought on the exposure of a bumper crop of Red agents.

A half dozen UN-based Russians were tapped by the State Department as spies during 1956. There had never been so many cases in one year before—nor since.

There is no way of knowing whether the Russians were particularly industrious in 1956 or if they were more careless in their movements. It must remain one of the mysteries inherent in subversion, which in itself is a baffling profession.

If it proves nothing else, each case does exhibit the vulnerability of Kremlin agents. None can know, despite his knowledge and training in this crafty art, when he will become enmeshed in one or another of the bizarre twists that inevitably bring a plot to steal our secrets to the attention of the law.

There are many heroes in the relentless crusade to expose the enemy endangering America's security and defense; and the paladin in this spy adventure we are about to relate is Henry Farmer, a simple,

hard-working family man living on Long Island and employed as a draftsman with one of the large aircraft companies out there.

Actually the name Henry Farmer is fictitious, as was Fred Timsford and Richard Simmons. The FBI has never released the names of the actual persons for their own protection. But they are being protected from different fountainheads of trouble. Timsford's identity is kept under wraps for security reasons alone. That reason also applies to the anonymity given Farmer, but in addition this man needs protection from the possible ramification of the seeping distrust and stigmatism that could accrue to him.

For Henry Farmer is a man who unwittingly came close to contributing to the Communist cause before awakening suddenly from a nightmarish experience which brought him face to face with reality. His haste to bare the whole story of how he was taken in, and his willingness to make amends, earned him both forgiveness and well-deserved privacy.

Henry Farmer's work at the aircraft company, which we, of course, will not name, was important so far as it went. But as happens so often, the salary wasn't enough for his needs. Farmer earned \$8,500 a year and found it hard making ends meet. He had a family, children, and a heavy mortgage on a new house. This is a weakness that espionage agents seek to find in their recruits, as we have said.

Henry Farmer decided that he must acquire an additional income and the best way he knew how was to put his talents as a draftsman to work in his spare time. To that end he solicited part-time employment by placing an advertisement in the classified section of a New York City newspaper in the early part of December, 1955.

It was gratifying for Farmer to receive an almost immediate response.

The name Victor Petrov meant nothing to him and it had no greater significance once Farmer got talking with the man who phoned him about a job. Farmer detected the accent but he wasn't certain of the man's nationality. Just in passing, he thought the man was of Slavic or Russian origin.

Petrov told Farmer that he wanted some drawings traced and asked about his fees. After a brief conversation, the caller said he'd let Farmer know.

Ten days passed. On January 15, just as Farmer and his family were sitting down to dinner, the phone rang. Farmer answered it.

"I am Victor Petrov," the caller said. "I want to see you, Mr. Farmer, about some work I would like to have done."

Farmer invited him to his home, and in less than an hour, Petrov was at the door.

Farmer, greeting the man who responded to his ad, found a sturdy-looking individual who stood about the same height as himself, five feet nine inches, but who was somewhat heavier, about one hundred eighty pounds. His brown hair had premature strands of gray that seemed to reflect the color of his eyes. His face, almost olive-toned, appeared to be that of a man in his early thirties.

Farmer ushered the visitor to the living room and offered him a drink, which he accepted. It was Scotch on the rocks.

"Well, Mr. Petrov, what can I do for you?" Farmer asked, sitting next to his guest on the sofa.

Petrov wanted to learn first about Farmer's qualifications and experience. He asked questions politely and with tact. Farmer answered readily, explaining almost immediately his connection with the large aviation corporation, which he named.

The name acted like a magic word. Petrov instantly showed an absorbing curiosity and interest in the draftsman and his work.

"It is simply a stroke of luck that I ran into you," Petrov remarked enthusiastically. "You are just the man I have been looking for, someone to provide me with diagrams for airplanes."

Bewilderment seized Farmer at once. He thought Petrov was referring to sketches of planes either in production or on the drawing boards at the aircraft plant where the draftsman worked. If so, he was sorry but he couldn't possibly do that.

"Oh, no," Petrov laughed. "I simply want you to make drawings of whatever is readily available. You know—the designs that appear in magazines and other air publications."

Petrov then identified himself as a translator employed by the United Nations Secretariat, but he did not bother to add that he was a Soviet national. Farmer, who was reluctant to ask, assumed, as he had on the phone when he first heard Petrov speak, that he might be Czechoslovakian, Yugoslavian, or perhaps—Russian.

Petrov told Farmer that his purpose in having the tracings done

was for a sideline job he held as a translator for some foreign countries.

One of these accounts, he said, was a toy manufacturer who was producing authentic scale-model submarines, ships, tanks, automobiles, and planes. He said the firm was too small to afford a full-time draftsman.

"And besides," as Petrov put it, "your American designs are so much better than what they can get on the Continent."

That was why he had come to Farmer—to provide drawings on a part-time basis.

"I am willing to pay you at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents an hour for your time," offered Petrov.

Farmer rather liked the offer but he had some reservations about copying plans or drawings of actual planes, which, he suggested, was larcenous since it infringed on copyrighted or patented designs. But Petrov dismissed that argument.

"It's done every day," he chuckled. "The companies don't mind it as long as we don't build the real thing. In fact, it makes them happy that someone is promoting their product among the children. It builds up prestige and good will for the companies."

Petrov then pulled out a recent issue of an aviation magazine from his leather portfolio and turned to a page containing the diagram of a U.S. Air Force single-seater jet fighter.

"I want you to copy this for me," Petrov said. "Is it a deal?"

Farmer consented. He told Petrov he would have it ready in a few days and the two parted on a firm handshake. On the way out, Farmer invited him to come back some evening for dinner with his family; the draftsman's wife and children were shopping at the supermarket this evening.

"I will be happy to join you," the departing guest assured Farmer. "Maybe very soon."

Even as Petrov walked down the front steps, thoughts about the assignment coursed through Farmer's head. Why, he asked himself, did Petrov want him to copy something out of a magazine that already was available in the very form required for the production of a toy. True, Petrov said the company had no draftsman and he had also instructed Farmer to draw enlargements of the design which could be translated into templates. At the same time, Petrov asked Farmer to

reduce the scale drastically from feet to inches for application to the production of the plane as a toy and not the real thing. Yet anyone who had taken high school mathematics could have worked out the new figures, while the pilfering of the design itself and its enlargement to the required dimensions could have been accomplished via any inexpensive enlargement process on a photo-copy machine.

The thought of easy spare-time money then came into Farmer's thoughts and quickly chased out whatever confusion coursed through his head. By the time his wife returned from the market and joined him in the living room, he was bubbling with eagerness to tell her all about this first spare-time assignment that would pay him \$2.50 an hour.

Farmer quickly plunged into his first extra-income job. He worked on the drawings the next few nights at home and then received a call from Petrov. Since Farmer was ready to deliver the finished sketches, he invited the client over to the house the next night.

That evening Farmer took Petrov to a corner of the living room where Farmer had a desk and showed the Russian the sketches he had prepared.

"Marvelous," Petrov remarked exuberantly after looking them over. "Just what I wanted. Perfect. You are a master draftsman."

Then digging into his portfolio again, Petrov took out another aviation magazine and turned to a page with a design for a different fighter plane. He showed it to Farmer and asked him to reproduce that model. Again it was a simple routine of merely duplicating design and reducing scale.

It was child's play for Farmer, virtually an insult to his intelligence and his talent as a draftsman. But the five crisp ten dollar bills that Petrov put in Farmer's hand for the time he had put in on the design just delivered were perfect palliatives for any indignation he might have entertained about the plebeian nature of the work—and a good argument to end his wife's nagging about working at home. There was no question in Farmer's mind that he had found a gold mine in Petrov. He was determined to satisfy and asked no questions.

"I can have it ready in four or five nights," Farmer volunteered eagerly, resolved now more than ever that he was going to please this high-paying client.

"That will be fine," Petrov said with a glow of satisfaction. "I will call you in a few days to find out if they are ready."

Actually, a week went by before the Russian phoned. Farmer had the sketches ready and asked Petrov to come over the next evening. Again Petrov was delighted with Farmer's sketches and again he provided the draftsman with an issue of an American aviation magazine to copy an airplane, this one a bomber. The assignments continued.

Then, in late February of 1956, Petrov came to the house on one of his regular visits and, sitting at Farmer's desk, he noticed the previous November's issue of an aviation monthly the draftsman subscribed to. Petrov picked up the magazine and leafed through its pages. Then he suddenly stopped and studied a design for a military plane that was being developed by a West Coast firm.

"I wonder," Petrov asked, "could you send in this reader's reply card to get more information about this airplane? I think some of my accounts might be interested in a later model like this one."

Farmer felt no qualms about doing it. He filled the card out on the spot and said he would mail it first thing in the morning.

"I will save you the trouble," Petrov smiled, taking the card. "I will mail it tonight." That night Petrov gave Farmer still another design to copy.

In early March, Farmer had a call from Petrov who invited the draftsman to have dinner with him in a neighborhood restaurant. Farmer agreed and they met at the corner of Roosevelt Avenue and 77th Street in Jackson Heights, Queens. Petrov had not indicated why he wanted to meet Farmer away from his home, but as the two men munched on their food in a nearby restaurant, they began sailing into a new savanna of companionability that had not been achieved at any of their many gatherings in Farmer's home. They were soon discussing considerably more mundane matters than drafting—politics, religion, and friends.

That last area seemed to interest Petrov the most. He dwelled on the subject of Farmer's friends at length, asking about them in various ways. As Farmer later recalled, Petrov had an insatiable curiosity about what people the draftsman knew at the aircraft plant, what jobs they held, and his extent of friendship or acquaintanceship with them. Farmer harbored no hesitancy in discussing his fellow employ-

ees. He spoke freely and truthfully about them. Well freely, anyway. In trying to make an impression on Petrov, Farmer may have gone overboard in tossing around a few names of key figures at the plant as close friends when at most they were merely executives he knew just in passing.

At any rate, the evening was a huge success so far as Farmer was concerned. Not only did he develop what he viewed as a deep camaraderie with Petrov, but he also came away with the idea that his client had a new and high respect for his importance at the plant. This was certain to continue the part-time work that Petrov had been giving him.

Before parting, Petrov presented Farmer one more plane sketch to trace. Then he suddenly seemed to remember something.

"Did that material from the magazine come yet?" Petrov asked.

Farmer said it had not arrived but would let him know as soon as it did.

In late March, the two met again in the same Jackson Heights restaurant. The information about the plane in production on the Coast had come and Farmer turned it over to Petrov who was enthusiastic about it.

The talk once more reverted to the pattern of the last meeting, centering on the people Farmer knew at the aircraft plant. Now Petrov was exhibiting curiosity about their incomes and their financial straits. When Farmer mentioned that one of the engineers, a man who worked on aircraft methods and design, was in a money jam and was himself looking for part-time work, Petrov's face lit up.

"I think I can help him," Petrov offered almost eagerly. "I have something big in mind, but it is too soon to talk about it. I will let you know. There will be a lot in it for you, too."

For the moment, Petrov had another problem. "I have a client in Austria who has been using the sketches you have been making. He has a very small plastics company and at night he has been going to the university to work on his doctor's degree. He needs some of the latest literature and pamphlets from your company to prepare a thesis. Can you help? Can you get them out of your company's library?"

"Sure," Farmer laughed. "That's a cinch. We distribute that literature to all our clients. No problem."

There was another fifty-dollar drafting job for Farmer before they parted, and there was also payment for the information that Farmer had obtained from the magazine.

"I am going to be paid by my client for this, so there is no reason I shouldn't pay you for your trouble," Petrov said, putting twenty-five dollars additional in Farmer's hand.

On their next meeting in the same restaurant, Petrov had come prepared to talk about his "big deal." But nothing was said until after dinner when Petrov suggested they take a walk. Petrov seemed to know the neighborhood better than Farmer and led the way along 77th Street to Broadway, then along 78th Street to a small park.

"Here's a good place to sit and talk," Petrov said, stopping at a bench.

Despite several drinks before and after dinner, Farmer had the presence of mind to be shocked when Petrov began discussing his "big deal."

What Petrov now proposed was a treasonous scheme to obtain classified or top secret information about military aircraft in production at the plant on Long Island.

"I can't do a thing like that," Farmer blurted in protest. "I can go to jail for something like this. So can you . . ."

Petrov grinned and patted Farmer on the hand indulgently.

"You need money," Petrov said knowingly. "I have plenty of money to pay you. Not the kind you have been receiving from me, but really big—in the thousands. You have a family to raise, a big mortgage around your neck, debts to pay. I can put you on easy street."

Then, gazing intently into Farmer's eyes, Petrov whispered, "Don't give me an answer now . . . think about it. I can wait. But not too long. I will have to go to someone else . . ."

Before they got up to leave, Petrov took out an envelope and put it on his lap. "Take this," Petrov said, pushing it toward Farmer. "Open it later when you are thinking about my proposition."

Farmer reached out and palmed the envelope. Later, at home, he found it contained one hundred dollars. That night Farmer thought about Petrov's offer. He didn't breathe a word of it to his wife and, as he later revealed, he "didn't sleep all night, worrying about what could happen to me and my family."

In his stupor he had failed to ask Petrov what he was going to do with the information. Yet Farmer had a good idea it would not be going to any of his toy manufacturing clients. Such data as Petrov was asking wasn't required in building toy planes. As the United States Air Force was to tell us, this information would have been an excellent guide to the Russians in determining the status of our aircraft development.

The next day Farmer was at his wit's end with worry. He needed money badly, but his conscience told him that this was not the way to get it. He was not going to commit treason. While he was not yet certain that Petrov was a spy, Farmer had ample reason now to suspect the worst of his benefactor.

Could Petrov be a Russian spy?

The thought sent a chill through Farmer. Trembling at the idea that he had conceivably been suckered into a Red espionage trap, Farmer decided to see the FBI. He called the New York City office and asked for an appointment "to discuss a very urgent matter." He was told to come right in.

It was Saturday and Farmer did not have to work that day. He kept his date with the FBI in the afternoon. The meeting with the G-men lasted several hours, during which time he told in detail every step of his relations with Petrov and of the drafting jobs he had been given to do. Meanwhile, a quick check on Petrov's name told the FBI what he had neglected to inform Farmer—that he was a Russian.

Farmer's story had a familiar ring to the FBI, which at that moment was still in the midst of the investigation into the case involving Boris Gladkov's attempt to weed out classified information on a military-type turbine from Richard Simmons. But the similarity was not as great. Petrov had not gone to the lengths that Gladkov had in building up a friendship that encompassed a complete circuit of social events. Petrov had merely been a guest in Farmer's house, had done the draftsman a good turn by providing him with spare-time work, but had never gone to the trouble of building up the closely knit association that was inherent in the other case.

But the story Farmer told did have an almost exact parallel in a case the FBI had worked on a few months before when another American, Sidney Hatkin, an Air Force economist, had inserted a classified advertisement in a newspaper for work. Hatkin was desper-

ate for employment; he had been suspended for a year at the time as a suspected security risk.

A Soviet Embassy employee in Washington, Vladimir P. Mikheev, who saw the ad, got in touch with Hatkin and asked him to gather some aviation statistics. Unlike Farmer, suspicion gripped Hatkin at once and he went to the FBI.

The story broke in the newspapers prematurely and the adverse publicity prompted the Russians to put Mikheev on a fast plane back to Moscow, where he has remained ever since. The Kremlin acted so swiftly that it spared the State Department the trouble of preparing a formal note of protest and a request for Mikheev's recall. For his own quick enterprise in alerting the FBI, Hatkin was restored to a non-sensitive Air Force job.

Because the case involving Petrov and Farmer had gotten far more involved, it was handled differently. After baring everything about his dealings with Petrov, Farmer was instructed by the FBI to "play along." He was told to meet Petrov again and to find out precisely what information and date he was seeking. Farmer agreed to play the dual agent.

The FBI already knew a great deal about Petrov, as it does about most Russians at the UN. It was known that he lived in an apartment house at 110 West 96th Street on Manhattan's Upper West Side. With him was his wife Vladilena and a six-year-old son, Alexei. Petrov was also known to be thirty-one years old, he had come to the UN from Moscow on February 17, 1953, and was holding down an \$8,000-a-year translator's job in the Language Section.

So far as the FBI was concerned, there was no question Petrov was a spy. That called for certain moves. G-men were assigned to watch Petrov, and a tail also was put on Farmer.

The following week, Farmer met Petrov in the Jackson Heights restaurant which, by this time, had become the central rendezvous for their transactions.

"Can we do business?" Petrov asked after settling down with Farmer over cocktails.

"Yes," Farmer replied matter-of-factly.

Unknown to Farmer and Petrov, their meeting now was in the process of being preserved for posterity. Seated at a table nearby were two FBI men pretending to be in deep conversation and obli-

ous to the goings-on about them. The agents made a good pretense of looking like a couple of businessmen unwinding at the end of a difficult day. But one of the agents had a miniature camera concealed in his jacket and managed to photograph Farmer and Petrov at their table in various poses.

One photograph, it was later revealed, showed Petrov pulling out a large printed sheet. This was a published chart concerning the physical specifications and flight characteristics of United States military aircraft. The chart contained a number of blank columns, indicating that specific information relating to certain airplanes could not be released publicly in the interest of national defense.

"I want you to get me the figures for these missing blanks," Petrov murmured to Farmer.

Farmer said he himself did not have access to those figures, but that the engineer he had mentioned at their previous meeting—the one who worked on aircraft methods and designs and was in a money jam—might very well be the man to supply the missing data.

"Good," Petrov smiled. "I do not want to deal with him. I leave it in your hands. You come to terms with him. I will pay you. The price is two thousand dollars. You can split with him any way you wish . . ."

Later that evening, according to pre-arranged plans, Farmer met the G-men in a diner in Long Island City not far from Jackson Heights and turned over to them the chart Petrov had given him.

The agents gave Farmer his orders which were: "Stall." They wanted to prolong the negotiations for as long as possible, to see how anxious Petrov was for the information and also to observe what other espionage activities he might be involved in.

The days became weeks and the weeks passed. Summer finally came and Farmer still had not delivered the chart back to Petrov with the data. But their meetings continued. Always Farmer came prepared with a good excuse for the delay, an excuse that had been framed by the FBI and drilled into Farmer at long briefing sessions.

Petrov's patience appeared at last to be wearing thin. His exasperation reflected in his voice finally one day in mid-August when he complained to Farmer at their favorite restaurant: "Now listen, this can't go on. You are taking too long to provide me with the figures. I

must have them by next week or the whole deal is off. This is my final word."

Farmer could see that Petrov would not be strung along any further. It was obvious that he had to produce the document by the following week or admit failure and put an end to the negotiations with the Russian. But that decision was not in Farmer's province. The FBI was calling the signals and it was up to them to say what Farmer must do. He reported back what Petrov had said.

The FBI's instructions to Farmer were brief but explicit: "We will let you know what to do. Let us know if he calls you in the meantime."

All the delay over the months was engineered by the FBI to give its agents opportunity to observe Petrov, in the expectation he might betray himself in other espionage endeavors. But he did not attempt to suborn any other American. It appeared his primary goal was to obtain the airplane data he was after from Farmer.

The FBI felt finally that Petrov would not lead them to other conspiracies. As it was, all the evidence that was needed to make a case against Petrov was in hand. The findings were forwarded to Washington with the recommendation that the game they were playing with the Russian come to a halt, since it promised to serve no useful purpose to prolong it.

FBI Director Hoover studied the evidence and concluded that the field office had the right slant. He turned the case over to the Attorney General, who decided that the evidence against Petrov, while solid and indefensible, was not sufficient or worthwhile to warrant his arrest and prosecution. The case against Valentin Gubitchev, who, like Petrov, did not enjoy the diplomatic immunity held by some of the other Russians caught in espionage, was far stronger and yet he managed to escape punishment in the end. What chance would the Government have against Petrov with the relatively thin skein of evidence they had on him—a published chart of physical specifications and flight characteristics for United States military planes which wasn't even in his possession now, and, of course, a document that in itself was not incriminating since it was something that anyone could obtain. The crime would have been committed had Petrov succeeded in obtaining the data and figures for the blank boxes on the chart which he had asked Farmer to get. But Farmer had gone to the FBI

and the FBI never allowed Farmer to deliver the secret information.

Moreover, Petrov held the trump card. He had the "spy trade" working for him, a pattern of operation that was now beginning to shape itself more and more, and which, in later years, would come to be regarded as the only way to deal with Russian spies: give them back to the Soviets in exchange for one of our people who had been accused in Moscow of espionage. To make a circus out of Petrov's arrest, to put the Attorney General to the trouble and expense of prosecuting, when in the end it would be nothing more than a perfunctory performance, was not only wasteful and time-consuming, but ridiculous. Reality must be faced with reality.

So, since it did have the goods on Petrov anyway and because his conduct was not in accord with the UN Charter Agreement, the Attorney General decided to put the matter into the State Department's hands with the recommendation for the Russian's ouster.

The State Department agreed and transmitted its decision to James J. Wadsworth, deputy United States delegate to the United Nations in the absence of his superior, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., the U.S. Ambassador, who was in California at the time.

Wadsworth wasted no time putting the case against Petrov on the 38th floor desk of the Secretary General. Sitting behind that desk was Dag Hammarskjöld who was getting his baptism in the field of espionage as practiced in the UN by Soviet nationals employed as civil servants.

Hammarskjöld proved no less a foe of Charter violators than Lie. After studying the testimony against Petrov, Hammarskjöld drew up the order for the Russian's dismissal from the Secretariat. That order went out on August 24—but not fast enough.

Petrov had already taken his leave. Without waiting for a formal discharge, the Russian translator, his wife, and son made a hurried departure from their apartment the day before, although the rent was paid through September, and had taken a Scandinavian Airlines plane out of the country, with Moscow as their destination.

It was never made clear whether Petrov had advance warning that he would be unmasked as a spy and that Hammarskjöld intended to dismiss him. But it was learned that Petrov called in "sick" on August 22, just as Hammarskjöld was beginning to look over the case Amba-

sador Wadsworth had brought to him. And the Soviet translator did not show up for work the next day, either.

His rushed travel arrangements were said to have been made without United Nations' aid, and a Soviet spokesman denied his delegation had helped pave the way for Petrov's hurried departure.

"We disclaim any knowledge of him or of his activities," the Soviet spokesman stated.

Despite this denial, the FBI, which had a tail on the spy, spotted Russian UN representatives at New York International Airport bidding adieu to Petrov and his family as they boarded the airliner for home.

The Petrov case was stamped closed soon afterward with a terse announcement from the State Department that no further action through the United Nations was necessary, and that as far as was known, no United States co-conspirators were involved.

The United States UN Delegation also issued a statement saying that Petrov's dismissal had been ordered on the basis of evidence that he sought to get "information vital to the security and defense of the United States."

The bare details of the case and a generalized description of Petrov's subversive activities were made public in Washington by Assistant Attorney General William F. Tompkins who headed the Justice Department's Internal Security Division. In telling of the long and fruitless espionage effort, Tompkins asserted that "at no time had Petrov succeeded in getting any classified information."

Tompkins also made it clear that Farmer was not involved in security charges. His intent in running the advertisement that had attracted Petrov's attention was simply to provide Farmer a source of extra income in his spare time. Farmer, whose loyalty was beyond question, continued to work at his job at the Long Island aircraft plant.

And he continued to seek part-time work in his spare time by running ads in the very newspaper that had caught Petrov's eye. But he has been a lot more careful in picking his outside employers after this experience.

And what of Petrov?

Nothing was heard about Petrov after his departure until a brief

dispatch was filed from Moscow by United Press International on June 19, 1961. It read: "Three more local Communist Party officials have been fired in Soviet Premier Khrushchev's drive to weed out inefficient and dishonest bureaucrats, it was announced yesterday. The Communist Party newspaper, *Pravda*, said Yaroslav regional Party Secretary B. Barinov was released from his job 'for not insuring leadership.' *Pravda* said two other officials—bureau member Alexandre Borisenko and Party Secretary Victor Ivanovich Petrov—were relieved."

If one were to attempt to evaluate what the future could hold for Petrov, about whom no word has come here since that UPI dispatch, one must consider his failure first as a spy at the United Nations, then his downfall as a Communist Party official.

It might even be safe to say that Petrov, having run the gamut of washouts, has been committed to history and that there is nothing left but his ignominious past and that somewhere on some wall in some Siberian salt mine is etched his epitaph:

VICTOR IVANOVICH PETROV—FAILURE. R.I.P.

8 : Vice President Nixon Lets a Spy Out of the Bag

THE sky was growing dark, and ominous granite clouds swirled in from the West, dimming the afternoon light. A curtain of violet shadow hung over Main Street as it did over the rest of the city that September 18, 1959. Apart from the threat of a downpour, the broad thoroughfare was busy with passing cars and pedestrians who seemed to ignore the menacing weather.

Neither did anyone appear to pay attention to a brown two-and-a-half-ton delivery truck, devoid of all lettering or identifying features, as it cruised slowly along Main Street. The man behind the wheel spoke like a ventriloquist, virtually never moving his lips. His thin young face was somber, his eyes more alert than most drivers'. He was trying to watch not only the weaving threads of traffic but also the files of pedestrians coursing back and forth on the sidewalks on both sides of the street.

The man driving the truck had a job to do. So did the other two men to whom he spoke so furtively now and then. They were riding in the back, unseen from the street. These three were FBI agents on an important mission on Main Street in Springfield, Massachusetts. In fact, this was the most important moment in the FBI's three-month investigation into a plot by a Soviet political affairs officer at the UN to steal designs of cryptographic machines used in intelligence work by the U.S. Army.

The first rumblings of the conspiracy were heard in late June of that year when a 22-year-old ex-college student phoned the FBI office in Springfield to report he was being harassed and pressured "to commit treason against my country" by a Russian whom he knew only by the name of George. Agents were sent immediately to the caller's home in the outskirts of Springfield.

They found a pleasant, intelligent, level-headed young man who has been identified to the authors by the pseudonym of Robbie Rostak. Beside him, when he answered the door, was a young, dark-haired girl, no more than eighteen or nineteen, whom Rostak introduced as his wife. The agents were shown into the living room which was sparsely but tastefully furnished. The couple had been married less than a month.

"We're still waiting for some of the furniture to arrive," the bride apologized. She offered the agents the settee, then she hurriedly fetched two folding bridge chairs for herself and her husband.

"Gentlemen," Rostak said slowly, drawing in a sharp breath as he sat stiffly in his seat. "I would like to see your identifications again, please." The FBI men had flashed their credentials at the door, but Rostak and his wife had hardly glanced at them.

The G-men again pulled out their leather cases containing the FBI identity cards and passport-size photos. Rostak eagerly got up and this time closely examined the proof that gave the two men title to belief and confidence.

"I am scared," Rostak said defensively. "I'm not sure whom to trust. This matter I called you about has bewildered me. I haven't been able to sleep or eat. My stomach is in a knot . . ." He went back to his chair.

One of the FBI agents said, "Just relax now. You are in good hands. Let's hear your problem. Forget all your worries and get it all off your chest."

Rostak grinned and his wife almost laughed with relief at the reassuring words.

"Where shall I begin?" Rostak asked, rubbing his hands almost impatiently.

"Right at the beginning," the agent said with a look at his watch. "We have all the time that it will take you to tell us the whole story. We're here to help you."

It was 6:30 p.m. as Robbie Rostak began the recitation of his encounter with Soviet plotters. Here is the gist of Rostak's story:

In the latter part of August, 1958, Robbie Rostak was discharged after two years in the army that included a tour in Korea in intelligence communications. After arriving home, he took advantage of the G.I. Bill to further his education and enrolled in a college near his home.

At school he met some foreign-exchange students who somehow stirred his interest in language study. His thinking was influenced particularly by one of the group, who became a close friend and advised Rostak that he could receive far better training in language studies at a foreign university.

"He told me that I had the qualifications to merit a scholarship," Rostak related. "He suggested that I try the University of Mexico."

The University did not tender him a scholarship, but the zeal to pursue his study in a foreign land prompted Rostak to leave his college and go to Mexico City. His first objective was to learn to speak Spanish, which he thought would make the University more receptive to his next application for scholarship. Rostak concentrated intensely on mastering the language and in about four months he had acquired a high degree of fluency in both writing and speaking. But he still could not afford the tuition fees.

About that time he heard that the Russian Embassy in Mexico City was offering college scholarships to qualified and deserving foreign students. Without any reservations or second thoughts, Rostak said, he went directly to the embassy to inquire about the scholarship program.

"As I got to the embassy," Rostak said, "a man was coming out. I asked him in English whom I could see about scholarships the Soviets were giving for study in Mexican colleges. But the man didn't understand English. Then I talked to him in Spanish. Still he couldn't understand me. So then I tried Ukrainian . . ." Rostak interrupted the narrative to explain to the FBI agents that his ancestry was Ukrainian and that he spoke the language flawlessly.

"The stranger understood me now and said that he could help me. Without taking me into the embassy, he asked me to meet him at four o'clock that afternoon in front of the Reforma Hotel."

Rostak went to the hotel a few minutes before the appointed hour

and waited. Promptly at 4 p.m. a chauffeur-driven car wheeled to a stop in front of the hotel and a man in the back summoned the youth to him.

"Are you the young man interested in scholarships?" Rostak quoted him. When he said he was, the man invited him into the car. This was not the same person whom Rostak had met outside the embassy. The youth made no attempt to ask why his first contact didn't keep the appointment; he concluded that this was procedure, that the man who had met him now was the one to deal with about the scholarship.

As it turned out, he was the man. But his offer, over drinks at a café to which the benefactor and the chauffeur took Rostak, was not to the University of Mexico.

"They talked about scholarships that the Russian government was offering to a university in Moscow. They made the suggestion after they had brought up the fact that I had spoken to the other man in Ukrainian. I told them that my parents came from the Ukraine. That is when they became extremely interested in me. They invited me to meet them the following day."

On that day, Rostak said, the two Russians took him forty miles into the country for a picnic. They had brought a basket of assorted Russian food and picked an isolated spot at the grassy edge of a woodland at the base of a high-sloped valley that Rostak had never seen before nor since.

"They talked to me about the beauty of the land and how it compared with Russia," Rostak continued. "Then the conversation turned to scholarships. As the chauffeur served the food, the other man, who told me his name was George, took out some forms from his pocket and asked me to fill them out. He told me it was strictly routine procedure, that the forms were a necessary requirement in applying for a scholarship."

The questions were routine: name, address, date of birth, education, employment, and military service. Rostak answered the last question by stating that he had served about a year in Korea and that he had been assigned to intelligence communications. The Russian made a note of this fact on the back of the questionnaire.

After the picnic, the Russians drove Rostak back to Mexico City and dropped him off at his place of residence, a small hotel. George

told him that if the Soviet Government was favorably disposed to granting him a scholarship, Rostak would be notified to that effect by letter. The signature, he was advised, would be simply "George."

A month went by without a word from the Soviet Embassy. Then a letter arrived at Rostak's hotel. It was a brief message on plain stationery, saying, "Everything is all right." It was signed "George." But after that, he heard nothing more and at the end of May, Rostak decided to return home. Rostak by now had met his future bride, a beautiful native of Mexico City. She had grown impatient with his indecision about school or matrimony. Rostak decided on matrimony and married the girl in the Mexican capital. Then the young couple left for his home in Massachusetts.

But no sooner had they arrived than his mother told Rostak that "a man named George has been telephoning you constantly." Several days later, on June 5, "George" phoned again and found Rostak at home. The Soviet scholarship had come through for him, Rostak was told. He could attend the University of Mexico. But there were a few details to discuss. Could Rostak meet George in front of the Capital Theater at Main and Pynchon Streets? Rostak kept the appointment.

As he approached the theater, a man walked up to Rostak and introduced himself as "George." But it was a different George than the Russian he had met in Mexico City. They went in this George's car to a tavern and sat at an out-of-the-way booth which George selected. Rostak tried to save the man's time by telling him at the outset that he was not sure he was still interested in a scholarship to the University of Mexico, that he was married now. In fact, he and his bride were all packed and ready to leave on their honeymoon, an auto trip to New York City.

'That's when he made his pitch,' Rostak told the FBI men who were listening to his story. "George asked me whether I didn't think I could do something for my country. I was amazed at the question. I told him that I had done something for my country—I had served two years in the army. He said he didn't mean America, but the Ukraine. That was a shock. I told him that the Ukraine was not my country. That my parents had come from there. I said I was born in the United States and this was the only country I knew.

"'That is not so,' he told me. 'You are still considered a Ukrainian because of your ancestry.' I tried to argue with him but he cut me off

by saying there were some very important people he wanted me to meet. 'Since you'll be in New York,' he said, 'let us meet in St. James Park in the Bronx. It is opposite Morris Avenue.' Then he proceeded to give me detailed instructions on how to get there and what to do.

"First, he didn't want me to bring my wife to the park. Secondly, he wanted me to leave my car in Manhattan, take the subway to the Kingsbridge Station in the Bronx, then walk to the park. Finally, he reeled off a code that I was to follow in making contact with the people who were waiting for me. I was to be met by a stranger who would approach me and say, 'Have you seen George lately?' I was to reply, 'Yes, I saw him in Mexico City.'

"Next this fellow asked me to repeat the instructions. I did. He made me give my word that I would keep the appointment which was for two o'clock the following Saturday. I said I would be there. But I said it only to get him out of my hair. I didn't like all the secrecy and I began to be suspicious about the whole deal with their scholarships."

Rostak and his wife went on their honeymoon but stayed clear of the Bronx except when they passed through that borough on their way to the city and on their way home eight days later.

Rostak said it came as no surprise when he got home and had a call from George expressing disappointment over his failure to show up for the meeting with the "very important people." George then asked Rostak to meet him in Springfield on June 25. Rostak kept the date, which was in the same tavern they had visited on their previous rendezvous. In the meantime, Rostak and his bride moved out of his parents' home and settled in their own apartment.

"And this is why I called you," Rostak told the FBI men in a voice suddenly growing tense. He sat back stiffly in his chair, arms locked around his angular frame, eyes staring sightlessly down on the floor. He had been composed until now and had told of his encounters with the Russians in an even, equable tone, but it seemed that the stress of what he had still to say was beginning to reach him. It was the most important part of his story, the reason why he had summoned the FBI to his home.

"It happened yesterday, gentlemen," Rostak said, lifting his head to face the FBI agents squarely. "George asked me to go to Washington and get a civilian job in the Defense Department. He said that I had the qualifications because of my experience in intelligence com-

munications in the army to get employment as a cryptographic machine operator. I had happened to mention to the George who had taken me on that picnic in Mexico that I had worked on the army's cryptographic setup when I was in Korea.

"I told him sternly that I had no desire to go to Washington nor to get a job in the Defense Department. But he got angry. He slammed his fist on the table and said, 'Now, listen to me, young man. We have this background sheet on you—the one you filled out in Mexico City. It has your signature on it. We don't want to hold it against you, but it won't sit right with your own government if they know you signed up for a Russian scholarship. You know how suspicious they are about people who are too friendly with the Soviets.'

"Then he started to give me a long spiel again about my Ukrainian ancestry and how I owed my people something. He played on my sympathies and told me that I would be doing something for world peace if I followed his advice." Rostak shook his head in dismay. "How did I let myself get so involved?" he commented sadly.

His listeners assured him he had more than atoned for any wrong he might have done by calling the FBI. But what else, they wanted to know, did the Russian named George want from Rostak? So far it was a big buildup. Where did it go from there? Why was Robbie Rostak so frightened?

"George took out a note pad. He said, 'You have more than a year of experience with the cryptographic machines. I want you to take this book and put down in it everything you know about those machines. I want diagrams of the machines—all your knowledge about them.' When he was through, I sat stunned and silent for a long while and he kept staring at me. Finally he said, 'Will you do it?' By then I had made up my mind. I managed a smile and said I would do it. But what I really meant was that I was going to do what I had decided in my mind—call the FBI."

The agents who had taken the story down in a verbatim transcript gave Rostak some immediate instructions. He was to keep the appointment with George. Try to arrange the meetings in the open—anywhere that the FBI will have an opportunity to watch. "Even if it has to be indoors, try to pick a public place, like the tavern, where we are in a position to observe without attracting attention . . ."

There were other instructions, specific advice on how to handle

himself in his conversations with George or any other Russian who might try to deal with him. All of it was comforting reassurance that Robbie Rostak had nothing to fear anymore.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said as the agents bade him and his wife goodnight. The time was 10:55 p.m. It had taken four hours and twenty-five minutes to relate his story to the FBI and to listen to their instructions.

Ten days went by before Rostak again heard from George. As he had promised to do, Rostak agreed to meet the Russian. Then he notified the FBI.

"He asked me if I had prepared the sketches," Rostak told the agent on the phone.

"We have them partly ready. We will have someone bring the notebook to your house tonight."

The next day Rostak kept his appointment with George. They met at the corner of Main and Hampden Streets where George was waiting in a car. Close by, the two FBI agents who had gone to Rostak's house were watching the corner from their own car. They saw Rostak enter the Russian's auto and followed at a discreet distance as they drove away.

The Russian tooled his car through the crowded downtown streets out to the city limits and northeastward in the direction of the picturesque Hoosac Hills, the lesser range of mountains east of the Berkshires. The trip extended along the narrow, winding macadam highway skirting the valley of the Connecticut River, and then veered up a steady incline through Mount Tom State Forest that took them to the top of 1,200-foot-high Mount Tom.

There George escorted Rostak to a low stone wall where they sat to talk. His first words were about the notebook. In the car he had asked Rostak if he had it. Rostak had reached for his inside jacket pocket to indicate the answer. George said to leave it there, that he could not look at it while he was driving. Now, in the quiet splendor atop Mount Tom, the Russian asked to see the book and the plans Rostak had prepared on the cryptographic machines. The young counterspy handed the notebook over. George took it with an eagerness that was clearly apparent to the two FBI men who remained in their car in the parking lot from which they had a commanding view of the rendezvous. One of the agents also had a movie camera and was

grinding out some footage that would later prove enlightening, if not surprising, when it was developed.

George skimmed through the pages of the notebook with the quiet, studied look of a man who had a technical understanding of the drawings. After he had pored through the dozen or so pages that had been prepared for this occasion, George spoke in a sharp, impatient voice.

"You haven't done too much here. I expected that you would have much more than just the exterior designs. These don't tell anything." He was plainly annoyed.

But Rostak had been forewarned to expect the complaint. "It just can't be done this soon," he said with a shrug. "You seem to think that I invented the machines. I have to work at this carefully. You do want accurate work, don't you . . . ?"

"Oh, yes, yes," George broke in urgently. "Accuracy above anything. If you need time, take it. By all means . . ."

"Then," Rostak said quietly but adamantly, "please don't put the pressure on me. I need time. You will get it."

It was just what he was supposed to say in a situation such as this.

George offered Rostak a cigarette and flicked his lighter for both of them. They seemed to reach an impasse in the conversation for a moment, but Rostak was ready for the next move by the Russian. He had been alerted by the FBI about the probable turns the meeting could take.

George looked at Rostak with a somber expression and said firmly, "Robbie, I want to urge you again to try to get that job in Washington. You will be doing something for world peace. Can you understand that?" And before Rostak could reply, George injected an incentive that he hadn't previously mentioned—money.

"How much?" asked Rostak, his face lighting up just as if the FBI had turned on the switch.

"One to two thousand dollars a month," the Russian replied as nonchalantly as if it were a ruble.

Rostak nodded approvingly. "That sounds very interesting." He smiled into George's eager waiting eyes.

The Russian extended his hand. "It's a deal, then?"

"Yes," Rostak said with an animated nod. "For that kind of money I am willing to do all I can for world peace!"

They drove back to Springfield and George dropped Rostak off at

the corner of Main and Hampden. "I will be in touch with you," the Russian said.

Then he handed Rostak the notebook. "You take this," he directed, "and work up those sketches that I want. Until the next time . . ."

He threw Rostak a short salute and drove away.

That 16mm. film, shot in Kodachrome, was a breathtaking spectacle of the scenic Connecticut River Valley and of the well-known peaks of the Hoosac Mountains such as the gentle Mount Holyoke and the taller Mount Toby. The background faded into a raw purple haze that obliterated the distant Berkshire range rising in its majesty to the imposing heights of famed 3,400-foot Mount Greylock, the tallest point in the entire state of Massachusetts. But the camera had not been focused nor trained with any deliberation upon the beauties of the region. These were purely a fringe benefit accruing to the man who took the pictures.

What he was after came out in clear, unmistakable perspective—the face of Rostak and, more particularly, of George—at their meeting atop Mount Tom. The lines of George's face, the deep-set furrows under his brown eyes that gave the appearance of a man older than his thirty-two years, his light brown hair, his thin and rigidly expressionless lips—all came out as distinctly as if Leon Shamroy had filmed him in a close-up on a Hollywood sound stage. In fact, only the sound was lacking.

Clips from the film were rushed to the FBI's New York City office. It was a painless routine to establish what the agents in Springfield had long suspected. George was not George by any angle his countenance revealed on film. Full face, right profile, left profile, George was not George but Vadim Aleksandrovich Kirilyuk, a political affairs officer employed by the Department of Trusteeship and Information from Non-Self Governing Territories, a division of the United Nation's Secretariat. And, of course, a Soviet citizen.

The FBI's brief sketch of Kirilyuk pulled from its files revealed this background: Born 4-1-28 at Vinnitsa, Ukraine, Russia. Height, six feet; weight, 200 pounds; hair, brown; eyes, brown; build, heavy; married; smokes.

This information added nothing to the case. But the FBI didn't need to know anything more about Kirilyuk now. Now it was just a matter of giving the Russian a little more rope to fashion the noose

which would lift him out of the UN and swing him aboard a fast plane or ocean liner back to Moscow.

That opportunity presented itself on September 18, 1959, the dark and ominous day that had brought both the threat of thunder squalls and the FBI in droves to Springfield, to administer the *coup de grâce* to this latest Soviet spy discovered nesting in the arboreal safety of the UN.

In stark contrast, at this very hour—3:45 p.m.—at the UN itself, Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev was advancing to the podium to speak before the General Assembly about finding a means to stop mankind from backsliding into an abyss of war. This was the dramatic highlight of Khrushchev's historic American goodwill tour which had evolved out of President Eisenhower's personal invitation to the Premier to visit this country.

As the undistinctive brown panel truck coursed its way along Main Street that dreary late-summer afternoon, the two agents in the back were being kept apprised of developments both by their driver and a radio that was broadcasting instructions to them from FBI headquarters in Springfield. The agents also had their own peepholes drilled in the panels of the truck to afford them a view of the sidewalks on both sides of the street and an opportunity to take some important additional footage on their motion picture cameras poised on both sides of the truck.

The truck made four passes along a seven-block stretch of Main Street, starting at 3:30 p.m. Each time it came to the end of its designated patrol area, the driver made a lazy U-turn at a corner and eased his way back over the route.

There was no activity until 3:45 p.m. when the driver of the truck broke a long silence and coughed into a handkerchief. This was a feint to alert the agents in the back. He reported to the others that their man was on the west side of the street, walking away from them. He spoke behind the cover of his handkerchief drawn over his mouth.

The agent had spotted Kirilyuk, the man better known to Rostak as George. Rostak himself had been summoned by Kirilyuk the night before to meet him in town, but the method chosen by the Russian was different than any procedure he had used in the past. It was almost a throwback to the *modus operandi* of Aleksandr Kovalev in

his dealings with Frederick Timsford in the attempt to obtain the Sperry bombsight data. But, instead of a red package in the back window of his car and instructions to look for a banana peel, Robbie Rostak had been told to arrive at Main and Hampden in a taxi, to alight at the corner, stand there for five minutes as if expecting to meet someone, then head over to Railroad Street and wait in front of a restaurant for his contact who would be George—actually Kirilyuk.

The FBI knew of the plan because they had been apprised of the instructions telephoned to Rostak the night before.

As the truck passed him, Kirilyuk was walking at a lazy but steady pace toward Hampden Street. The cameras whirred silently, recording his presence in Springfield and recording his every move.

The agents manning the truck noted Kirilyuk turning from time to time and peering over his left shoulder to the other side of the street. His gestures prompted his watchers to search the east sidewalk to see what curiosity was commanding Kirilyuk's attention. They soon found the attraction—a short, stocky man with broad shoulders, wearing a dark blue suit, like Kirilyuk, and walking with the same slow, casual gait.

The second camera was quickly swung into action and captured this stranger in a movement that seemed designed as a countersurveillance. That is, he was there to determine if Kirilyuk was being watched or trailed by anyone. This stranger, later to be identified as Leonid A. Kovalev, an associate of Kirilyuk's at the UN, did not even cast an eye at the truck, so prosaic was its appearance.

The FBI crew pressed along the street until it had gained a short distance on the two Russians, then double-parked in the middle of the next block as if the driver had a delivery to make. Presently the two men passed and kept going until they had reached the corner of Hampden Street. Then, as Kovalev crossed over and strolled further along Main, Kirilyuk ambled to a clothing store off the corner and stood in the shadow of the entrance. The FBI agents manning the truck had a clear, unobstructed view of the activity.

A few minutes later, at 3:55 p.m., a cab screeched to a stop at the corner and out of it emerged the tall, angular, youthful counterspy, Rostak. He went through the motions of paying the driver, but it was all exhibition. The driver, garbed in cabbie's hat and provided by the Springfield Police Department with all necessary appurtenances to

establish his identity as a hackie, was actually an FBI man. To make it look more real, the agent handed Rostak change before he left the cab to keep his appointment with the Russian agent.

From the cover of the clothing store doorway, Kirilyuk or, more familiarly, George, watched Rostak as he stood on the corner for the length of time he was instructed to wait. Following orders like a private in the army, Rostak maintained his vigil, with his feet planted slightly apart on the sidewalk, craning his neck in pretended search for someone he was expecting. He never saw Kirilyuk in the darkness of the doorway.

Several claps of thunder rumbled out of the leaden sky but Rostak seemed to ignore it. He carried on the ruse for the prescribed five minutes, then turned and walked toward Railroad Avenue and the restaurant George had named for their rendezvous.

Seeing the coast clear, Kirilyuk left his place in the shadows and proceeded to the restaurant where he found Rostak waiting. He shook hands warmly with the young American, then took his arm and led him into the restaurant.

Rostak and the Russian sat at a table near the entrance. It was obvious Kirilyuk had no intention of asking for the notebook containing the more refined sketches of the cryptographic machines in the restaurant. The sketches were ready. They had been carefully—and erroneously—prepared by army experts. Rostak had the notebook in his inside pocket and offered to hand it over to Kirilyuk. The latter shook his head.

“No, no,” he said heavily. “Not here. Later. Did you bring your car like I asked you?” Kirilyuk had told Rostak the previous night to park his car in a block east on Hampden Street and then to walk three blocks further east and let a cab bring him to the rendezvous. The Russian said this was a way “to make certain we are clean,” meaning there was no tail on them.

After downing their sandwiches and coffee, Kirilyuk paid the check and got up. “Let’s go to your car,” he commanded.

As they walked out of the restaurant, two of the FBI men who had been riding in the back of the truck, strolled leisurely along Hampden Street in the vicinity of Rostak’s car. They were there to observe the next episode in the clandestine drama.

The other Russian, Leonid Kovalev, had now dropped out of sight.

Actually, a team of G-men followed him to a nearby hotel where he sat in the lobby to await Kirilyuk who arrived there a short while later. Then together they went back to New York.

But first, Kirilyuk and Rostak went to the car. The FBI had anticipated that the Russian would ask his American victim to drive to some other locale. As it turned out, that was Kirilyuk's plan.

"Let's take a little spin," he said.

Rostak switched on the ignition. The motor coughed once, twice, three times, then lapsed into an agony of silence. "Damn it," Rostak complained with a pained expression, "it's that miserable distributor again."

Rostak had taken care of the distributor to make certain the car wouldn't budge when he came back to it. The FBI had arranged their observation teams in key positions along the street to continue their compilation of evidence against the Russian, and they didn't want the car to move from that spot.

Kirilyuk was forced to alter his plans. He fell into deep concentration for a moment, trying to decide on what to do. Finally he made up his mind.

"Let's see the book right here," he said anxiously. "But be careful. Don't let anyone see you taking it out. Slip it down on the floor over the transmission."

Rostak removed the book from his pocket and placed it down on the hump on the floor between himself and the Russian. Kirilyuk's hand, steady as a rock, thumbed methodically through it. He barely looked at the first dozen or so pages; he had seen those before. He was interested in the new, intricate patterns he had asked for, the interior designs of the cryptographic machines. There were about fifteen new pages of sketches. Kirilyuk examined each design scrupulously, his body tilted sharply so he could read the notebook in the out-of-the-way and awkward position.

"These are excellent," Kirilyuk finally blurted exuberantly. "But there is a lot more. When will you have the rest?"

"A few more weeks," Rostak said with a studied air of exasperation. "This isn't easy, you know."

"Yes, yes, I realize," Kirilyuk placated. "You are doing very nicely, very nicely!"

Rostak then glanced at the Russian with a look of concern. "You know, George, this is a dangerous thing I'm doing. If I get caught, I'll be holding the bag . . ."

"You need not fear," Kirilyuk assured him. "Remember, there is nothing to be nervous about. The biggest and most powerful country in the world is behind you."

Even as the FBI agents walked past, their eyes on Kirilyuk, he resorted to his grandest boast. "My dear boy, it's impossible for you to get caught. We'll take care of you, no matter what."

Almost as an afterthought, Kirilyuk reached down and tore the pages with the cryptographic machine designs out of the notebook, folded them twice, and put them in his inside jacket pocket. Then he turned to Rostak and advised him on a new method for passing such information in the future.

"Whenever you bring me something, put the pages in a newspaper. Tear out the pages from the notebook and put them in the inside of a rolled-up newspaper or magazine which you can hand over."

Then Kirilyuk offered his hand to Rostak. "Until the next time, good-bye."

Kirilyuk got out of the car, slammed the door, then stuck his head through the open window. "I am sorry to leave you this way. I hope you don't have too much trouble starting the car. That's the trouble with these American-made machines—very undependable."

The case had now reached a point where all the evidence amassed against Kirilyuk left no doubt of his involvement in espionage. It was forwarded to the Attorney General for review. Then on it went to the State Department.

But a change in procedure was followed in this case. There was no immediate announcement of Kirilyuk's activity as a spy. The United States tactfully decided not to embarrass the Soviet Union in light of the Khrushchev visit which was being hailed as the first real thaw in the Cold War. President Eisenhower decided to keep the news of this case from the public for the time being.

But very quietly Ambassador Lodge went to Secretary General Hammarskjöld with the facts developed by the FBI. After studying the case, Hammarskjöld advised the Soviet Delegation to the UN that Kirilyuk had to go. On January 10, 1960, without any fanfare, with-

out any parting shots at the United States, without a word, Kirilyuk, his wife, and their two young children slipped away from these shores for the last time.

It wasn't until May 18 of that year that the world learned about Vadim A. Kirilyuk, and then the word came in an announcement more dramatic than that of any previous spy case.

No less a personage than Vice President Richard M. Nixon made the disclosure while on a visit to Buffalo, New York. Nixon was compelled to reveal the plot in the wake of the furor created by the downing of Francis Gary Powers and his U-2 spy plane over Russia. The Vice President named Kirilyuk and told briefly how the Russian had tried to obtain the drawings of the Army's cryptographic machines.

Six days later, on May 23, Ambassador Lodge formally went before the UN Security Council and handed over the list of fifteen Soviet officials who had been declared personae non grata in the past seven years because of their espionage activities.

Kirilyuk's name headed that list. Like all the others, Vadim Kirilyuk was now safely out of the country. Like the others, he had failed to obtain the sensitive information he had sought which would have given the Kremlin a better insight into the workings of our intelligence procedures.

But already other UN-based Soviet agents were working on other Americans and the next target was Chicago. The Russians decided they wanted data on that area's rocket and aerial defenses.

The assignment went to a burly, graying Russian UN Secretariat employee named Igor Yakovlevich Melekh . . .

9 : A Khrushchev Visit

THE story of Igor Yakovlevich Melekh begins on the sidewalk in front of the Soviet Mission to the UN on the afternoon of September 29, 1960.

“I condemn spying and will not tolerate it . . .”

The words were spoken by a short, pudgy man with hanging jowls and a red face—Nikita Khrushchev.

Reporters furiously scribbled down his translated words in their notebooks. The occasion for Khrushchev’s appearance was to spout a big head of steam about a matter that had been grating him for several long months—the U-2 spy plane incident.

This was Khrushchev’s second visit to this country in a year. It was the last thing the world expected of him after his denunciation of the United States, his destruction of the Paris Summit Conference, and the ultimate affront, his cancellation of President Eisenhower’s visit to Russia.

Khrushchev hadn’t come to New York this time as a state visitor. He was there as head of the Russian Delegation to the UN for what resembled a summit session on the Congo, world disarmament, and other international crises.

Khrushchev’s appearance required hasty maneuvers by our State Department because of the great embarrassment he had caused us by ranting over the U-2 plane Francis Gary Powers had crashed deep in Russian territory on May Day, 1960. The United States did not offer

the Soviet Premier the red carpet it had laid out for him on the earlier, historic state visit here which took him across the breadth of the land.

The orders went out this time: Keep Nikita pinned down to Manhattan Island.

But the Soviets protested the limitation on their leader's travels, and the State Department lifted the restriction slightly, allowing the Red Premier to spend weekends at the Soviet Delegation's retreat at Glen Cove on Long Island, thirty miles east of the city.

The curb on Nikita's travels and movements occasioned some weird scenes, especially during the press conferences. On weekends, for example, he met reporters at the gates of his delegation's rambling Long Island estate. On weekdays in New York City he talked to the press at the front door of the Soviet Delegation's headquarters on East 67th Street.

Every day Khrushchev came out and talked to the throngs of reporters massed at the entrance, expatiating on a wide range of subjects, cracking jokes, sometimes insulting the United States, often snapping barbs at President Eisenhower, and occasionally sniping on the delicate issues about United States aerial reconnaissances over Soviet territory.

The afternoon of September 29 was not especially different from the other days of Khrushchev's stay. Khrushchev was particularly vociferous about American espionage activities. He was wound up and clearly angry as he condemned spying.

That was one difference in the press discourse. The other was in the gathering of newsmen around the portly Kremlin dictator. The ranks of the press had inconspicuously increased by two this day. Only a trained observer who had taken a daily poll of reporters at Khrushchev's conferences would have noticed the added starters.

Actually they were not reporters, these two. They were FBI agents who might have looked like newsmen. But they were not there to keep tabs on Khrushchev. Their mission was to maintain strict surveillance over the balding, somber-faced man with the hooked nose, slitted eyes, and dark brows standing next to the Premier and shaking his head in agreement with what Khrushchev was saying.

This was Igor Yakovlevich Melekh, the 47-year-old chief of the Russian Section of the UN Secretariat, a man who had come to the

FBI's attention some weeks before when the FBI learned the Russians were seeking aerial photographs, as well as maps, of the Chicago area.

What was there about Chicago and its environs that prompted the Soviets to seek out such data?

The FBI learned that the Russians were out to locate the positions and placement of our military and defense installations in that area so as to provide the Soviets information for bombing targets, data for Russian bombers and for Russian intercontinental ballistics missiles firing ranges to be used in case of war, or in case the Russians decided to pull a Pearl Harbor.

In a free country like ours, of course, aerial photographs are available to the public and can be bought in almost any well-stocked book store or from a commercial map maker.

The Soviets are fully aware of this and through the years they have been taking full grip on this easy-to-get information. The FBI knows the Reds have gathered immense quantities of aerial photographs of many areas of the United States.

Yet this is not the only interest or target of Russian espionage agents, as the preceding chapters of this book have indicated. But aerial maps are a major scope of Soviet intelligence.

As FBI Director Hoover has told us: "Soviet agents for three decades have engaged in extensive espionage against this country, and through the years have procured a volume of information which would stagger the imagination. This information includes a vast number of aerial photographs of major U.S. cities and vital areas which have given the Russians the product of aerial reconnaissance just as surely as if Soviet planes had been sent over the country."

Most significantly, the Russians have not been content merely in grabbing publicly available data. They have even gone so far as to rent planes and fly over critical "target" cities in the United States and have taken their own photographs.

One such case involved Leonid Igorovich Pivnev, an assistant air attaché stationed in Washington, who previously had traveled extensively throughout the country and obtained a number of available aerial photographs of various areas.

On May 3, 1954, Pivnev hired a Washington photographer to fly over New York City in a rented plane and take photos not commer-

cially available. He specified the scale he wanted, the altitude to shoot from, and gave the photographer exacting orders on what pictures to take. Pivnev wanted the photos to show vital port facilities in New York Harbor, industrial plants, and military installations including the strategic Brooklyn Navy Yard. For all this, he offered the photographer seven hundred dollars.

But the FBI got on to Pivnev. He was declared persona non grata and returned to Moscow on June 6, 1954. However, the exposure of this Soviet plot did not stop the Reds. They went right on collecting aerial photographs of major cities and vital areas of the country.

As the FBI became more aware of the Soviet's increasing activity in this systematic program of espionage, the State Department sent a note to the Soviet Ambassador that restricted certain types of data to Soviet citizens in the U.S. Among the banned items were aerial photographs, except those which "appear in or are appendices to newspapers, periodicals, technical journals, atlases, and books commercially available to the general public."

The Soviet response to the restrictions was typical of their philosophy. They circumvented the ban by subverting Americans to buy aerial photographs and even to steal maps for Russia.

Soviet spying in the United States always has been brisk, as we have shown so far, but, except for 1956, it probably was never more so than in the early spring of 1958. At that time, the FBI learned that the Russians had set out to obtain aerial photographs of military installations in the Chicago area and a set of maps pinpointing the metropolis's defense sites. Until then the Soviets had been unable to put their hands on satisfactory area maps of Chicago which would give them so-called "bomb target" areas.

Their desperation to obtain these became apparent in a sudden flurry of feverish activity in that direction, when a Soviet agent began making overtures to a Chicago man who had access to the secret data sought by the Reds.

The man, who has never been identified by the FBI, reported the proposition to the Bureau's Chicago office. He told the G-men he had been offered "big money" if he could obtain the data for the Soviets. He said he didn't know the man who approached him, but that the man had said he would get in touch again.

"I told him," the informant said, "to give me time to think it over. I needed the time to report it to the FBI and see what I should do."

The G-men regarded this development as a ten-strike. Now the next step was to find out who the espionage agent was. The FBI induced the Chicagoan to become a double agent, a role involving him in a highly dangerous game of deceit. He would pretend to be in need of money and willing to let himself be corrupted by the Russians so they could get what data they wanted. And at the same time he was a full-fledged FBI counterspy.

And so began one of the most involved and dangerous cloak-and-dagger operations in the annals of Russian espionage in the United States. It was to become a cat-and-mouse game in which the FBI would scamper from Chicago to the UN in New York, and to a number of other cities in a two-and-a-half-year pursuit that finally led to Igor Yakovlevich Melekh, the man who had stood on East 67th Street and Park Avenue behind Premier Khrushchev.

But it all began with the Soviet's man in Chicago.

The FBI got a quick break. Not many days after this man had contacted the Chicago man, he called again to find out if they could do business. This time the FBI was watching. And they later learned his identity. His name was Willie Hirsch, a 52-year-old German immigrant.

Acting as Melekh's representative, Hirsch laid it on the line for the double agent. The Soviet spy wanted up-to-date maps showing Chicago's port facilities, industrial plants, defense installations such as anti-aircraft gun emplacements, and other military information vital to the aerial defense of Chicago. He also wanted maps of the same critical "target" areas.

The double agent, now called Agent X by the FBI, did not set a price, nor did Hirsch talk money. Instructed in advance by the FBI on how to deal with Hirsch, Agent X haggled, which is what a man not too desperate, yet in need of money, would do. Agent X was a respectable businessman in reasonable financial straits, and he had to act the part.

So a price was not agreed upon. Agent X was to let Hirsch know later what he must pay. Agent X said he had to engage others in the clandestine operation and he could not know what price they would ask. And it was left like that until the next meeting.

Hirsch seemed confident that he had made a good contact. His confidence would not have been so great had he known that from the moment he met Agent X, he was a marked man. The FBI, diligently digging into Willie Hirsch's background, learned that he made his home in a \$225-a-month four-room apartment on the fifteenth floor of a fashionable 20-story building at 30 Fifth Avenue, in the Greenwich Village section, known as Cambridge House. The apartment was just a block north of Washington Square Park. Hirsch had only to look out his window to see the Washington Arch, a replica of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, erected in honor of one of the nation's great patriots, the same George Washington who led the "Rabble in Arms" in Revolutionary War days.

The FBI also learned that Hirsch was using an alias, John Gilmore; the FBI found, too, that he had been living in the building nine years; that he had a wife, Ruth, and a stepdaughter, Susan, eleven years old, who lived with him.

Hirsch, so the FBI had discovered, worked as an illustrator for medical journals and publications under the Gilmore name. He was, furthermore, a sick man. He had a heart condition and ulcers and was a diabetic. Several times in the past, the FBI was told, Hirsch had been carried out of the building to an ambulance and rushed to a hospital when one of his various ailments gave him trouble. Further inquiry into the records of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service disclosed that Hirsch had come to the United States as a boy from Germany and never had bothered to become a citizen.

Now the FBI had all it needed on Hirsch. Any other information, particularly and most importantly on his spy activities, would be obtained by shadowing him. As the days wore on, Hirsch, a short, stocky, graying man with a moon face and sagging jowls who wore horn-rimmed glasses and bow ties, stuck to a routine that did not suggest he was engaged in espionage.

Invariably he carried illustrations, which apparently he had prepared in his home studio, to various medical publication offices. This procedure could have been dismissed as routine and harmless.

Then one day the pattern changed.

Hirsch subways to midtown and met a man on a street corner not far from the United Nations Building. The stranger was somber-faced, had a hooked nose, narrow eyes, and dark brows. His suit had

the lines of European tailoring. The conversation was brief. Then Hirsch and the stranger parted.

The latter's trail went a most surprising course, directly to the UN.

The G-men could not violate the ban against crossing the line into the UN, but they had other ways at their disposal of learning that the stranger was employed upstairs in the Russian Section of the UN Secretariat's Languages and Meetings Service, as chief of the section.

By then, of course, the FBI knew who the man was: Igor Yakovlevich Melekh. Now the FBI realized that the plot to steal the Chicago photos and maps was being directed by the Soviets from the UN.

The FBI kept tabs not only on Willie Hirsch but on Igor Melekh, too. During the next few months, over the summer of 1958, Hirsch and Melekh met frequently. Then Willie Hirsch went back to Chicago to meet the American counterspy, Agent X, to talk about the data the Reds were seeking. The routine repeated itself several times in that period.

Every meeting was designed by the G-men to prolong the negotiations between Hirsch and Agent X for psychological reasons. The FBI was certain the longer Agent X stalled the more anxious the Russians would become and the better chance there would be of other Red spies unknown to the G-men at the time entering the negotiations.

By late October, however, Willie Hirsch informed the Chicago contact that he would have to produce the photos and maps or the deal was off. Coached by the FBI, Agent X said he might be ready to act, but he promised nothing.

On October 23, FBI agents under the direction of Harvey G. Foster, the special agent in charge of the New York City office, trailed Willie Hirsch, now accompanied by Igor Melekh, to Pennsylvania Station where they boarded a train for Chicago. Two G-men quickly arranged with the Pennsylvania Railroad for a sleeping compartment right next to the one shared by Hirsch and Melekh. Sound detectors and recording equipment took down every word the spies spoke in their room. Their destination, of course, was a meeting with Agent X.

At this meeting, Hirsch introduced Melekh as the "big man in this deal." Melekh demanded that Agent X produce the secret data immediately or no deal. The counterspy, still stalling for time, agreed. But he must have money.

Melekh took out a roll of \$20 bills and handed them to the Chi-

ago man. It amounted to \$200. Before leaving, Melekh and Hirsch promised another payment, but they demanded to see some action.

Nearly a month passed without further meetings, although they kept in touch by phone. Hirsch would call Agent X periodically, urging haste. In his conversations he would say "Gypsy" wanted action. "Gypsy," of course, was really Igor Melekh, the Soviet UN employee.

Meanwhile, as Hirsch and Melekh were shadowed back to New York, an interesting development came about in the offices of the Chicago FBI which quickly became significant.

A second Chicago man called and said he had been approached by a Soviet agent to procure aerial photographs and maps of the Chicago area. He wanted to know what to do.

The Soviet spy system had now reached out to another American citizen. It was clear to the FBI that the Russians were making a double effort to get the photos and maps. Their desperation was showing.

The FBI immediately recruited the second Chicago man as a counterspy. Reputable and well-to-do like the first counterspy, Agent X, this citizen was designated Agent XX to protect his identity.

Agent XX said he had been contacted by a Russian who identified himself only as Kirill and had been given implicit instructions on what photos and maps were wanted. But there was one catch: they had to be delivered at once or no deal.

The FBI made arrangements for Agent XX to get such documents. Then he sat back to wait the Russian agent's phone call with further instructions.

Days later Kirill called and was delighted that the photographs and maps had been obtained so swiftly. He instructed Agent XX to drive to New York and meet him at the New York Central Railroad's parking lot adjacent to the station in Scarsdale, a small, wealthy community in Westchester County just outside New York City.

The date was November 15, 1958.

Notified by Agent XX of the rendezvous, the FBI assigned special agents who posted themselves in key places near the parking lot.

It was exactly 6 p.m. when Agent XX reached the station in his car. He drove to the designated area to keep his scheduled meeting with the Red agent, who still was a mystery man to the FBI.

At 6:05 p.m. a dark Chrysler sedan pulled into the parking lot and entered a stall at some distance from where Agent XX was parked. A woman and a man got out. But the woman remained beside the car and only the man walked over to the Chicago man. He introduced himself as Kirill.

Agent XX opened the trunk of his car, a gray 1959 Buick Electra 225, and took out a paper-wrapped package.

"Here are the photographs and maps you wanted," he told Kirill.

The Russian took the package and handed over an envelope containing bills of large denomination. (The amount has never been revealed by the FBI.)

As the G-men watched from their observation posts, the Chicago man and the Russian spy and the woman with him got into their respective cars and drove away. One group of G-men followed protectively behind Agent XX while another trailed the Soviet agent and the woman.

Kirill drove to New York City and what turned out to be his home. The next morning he drove to work—at the United Nations. The FBI identified him as Kirill Sirgeevich Doronkin, film editor of the UN's Radio and Visual Division in the Department of Public Information. The woman with him had been his wife Irina.

Kirill's efforts were not destined to win him the Order of Lenin. His booty was so much worthless paper.

Evidently the Russians discovered this very quickly, for the very next day the Soviets were back at it in full swing with the first team of Willie Hirsch and Igor Melekh trying to get their hands on the real maps and photographs.

Melekh himself phoned Chicago and told Agent X, the first counterspy, that the time had come to deliver. This was the tip-off to the FBI that the Soviets knew Kirill Doronkin's maps and photographs were not the real thing.

Instructed in advance what to say, Agent X told Melekh he was ready but needed just a little more time and money. Melekh ordered the counterspy to come east and meet him at a designated location in Newark, New Jersey, across the Hudson River from New York City.

They met and the counterspy received another two hundred dollars, all in 20's, and was told the balance of the money would be paid upon

delivery of the photos and maps. No date was set, but Agent X assured Melekh he would hurry it up as much as he could.

As it was at all other meetings, G-men watched from nearby hiding places. Everything seemed to go off smoothly except for one unexpected development.

To the G-men's amazement, Melekh was being shadowed by a man they knew was not one of J. Edgar Hoover's operatives. They knew that because they knew Melekh's shadow. His name: Kirill Sirgeevich Doronkin.

The FBI understood at once.

Because Doronkin had turned up with phony pictures and maps, the Russians knew the FBI was on to him. The Russians also correctly reasoned G-men were following Doronkin.

Thus by sending Doronkin out to loiter about as Melekh and Agent X held their rendezvous, the Reds were using Doronkin as a "safety" man for Melekh, which meant that if the latter should be followed, the known Red spy trailing behind at a distance would serve as a decoy, drawing the FBI men away from Melekh. Beyond that, Doronkin was to tip off Melekh in case the FBI closed in suddenly, to prevent Melekh's arrest or even identification.

But there was something Doronkin, Melekh, and their bosses didn't know. The FBI already had Melekh's number, too.

The FBI continued to keep tabs on the Russian spies. Nothing of importance happened until mid-January of 1959. Then Melekh, the UN Secretariat employee, called their operative, Agent X, in Chicago and asked if he was prepared to deliver. Agent X was ready. He had finally obtained the necessary photos and maps sought by the Soviets, he said. Actually they were photos and maps doctored by the FBI to reveal no critical defense installations in their precise locations. But they were prepared with painstaking effort, the idea being to deceive the Reds into believing what they didn't believe of the photos and maps that their other spy, Doronkin, had delivered—that these were legitimate. It could take months, perhaps years, before the Soviet Intelligence system determined the inaccuracies in the doctored documents.

A rendezvous was arranged in the Fulton Street subway station of the IRT line in Brooklyn. Agent X came east by train for the meeting

with Melekh. The date was January 17, 1959. The time was 5:30 p.m.

With subway trains roaring in and out of the station almost drowning out their conversation, Agent X handed over a package containing the photos and maps and Melekh put an envelope into the counterspy's hand. The envelope contained five hundred dollars, again all in 20's. Hirsch, the German illustrator who had started the negotiations with Agent X, wasn't in on the final payoff.

The transaction on the subway platform ended all negotiations between the Russian spies and either Agent X or Agent XX.

But that was not the end of the FBI's activity. A tail was kept constantly on Melekh and Hirsch as well as on Doronkin, although the latter's value in espionage was certainly lost so far as the Russians must have been concerned. They knew our intelligence agents were onto him, and they were probably expecting it when they were asked a short while later to send Kirill Sirgeevich Doronkin back to Moscow. The Soviet Mission to the UN protested as it always does, but in the end Doronkin went back. That was March 11, 1959.

That left Melekh and Hirsch to contend with. Since they had been so successful in their dealings with Agent X, the FBI reasoned that the Russians still had confidence in them and might send them out on new assignments. Weeks, months, a year passed. Melekh and Hirsch did not once appear to be involved in another plot. Melekh continued to work at the UN, Hirsch as an illustrator on the outside.

The State Department and the Justice Department finally decided that there was no point in keeping the strict and unrelenting surveillance over Melekh and Hirsch. It could be years before they were given another espionage assignment. Possibly, too, the Soviets detected the phoniness of the maps and photos of Chicago's defense and military installations, and realized that here also the FBI was wise to them.

The wheels of justice were quickly put in motion. On the early evening of October 27, 1960, FBI agents moved out and took both men into custody at their respective homes in New York City. The particular date was chosen because a Federal grand jury in Chicago which had listened to all the evidence in the case presented by an assistant United States attorney had returned indictments against

Melekh and Hirsch, as well as against the now-departed Doronkin. The true bill specified espionage involving "conspiracy to obtain information pertaining to our national defense for transmittal to Soviet Russia."

Melekh, the Russian Secretariat employee, was seized in his \$200-a-month, two-and-one-half-room apartment at 333 West 86th Street, where he lived with his wife, and their two small children, Marina, two and Mikhail, who was just six. When the FBI swooped into the apartment, they interrupted a gay birthday party for Mikhail. Several other children who lived in the building, all sons and daughters of Russian delegation employees, were attending the party.

Melekh was taken downtown to the FBI's headquarters where he came to a dramatic confrontation with a man he knew quite well, a fellow spy named Willie Hirsch, who had been similarly picked up in his own apartment.

Residents of both Melekh's as well as Hirsch's apartment buildings were stunned to learn they were spies. Neither had worn a slouch hat with downturned brim over the eyes nor a trenchcoat with upturned collar as the storied spies do to mask their identities.

They simply hid behind the best disguise of all—respectability.

After their stopover at the FBI's Manhattan offices, Melekh and Hirsch were whisked further downtown to Foley Square for arraignment in the chambers of Federal Judge Lloyd McMahan.

The Federal Courthouse loomed a ghostly white in the glare of television and newsreel lights that were turned on the two accused spies as they arrived in a black FBI sedan.

Head bowed, Melekh, in brown trousers, white shirt, brown tie, and brown gabardine coat that gave him a closer appearance to a spy than ever before, made his way from the car. Ignoring the hordes of reporters and photographers pressing around him, he sullenly climbed the long flights of courthouse steps with FBI agents holding him firmly by each arm.

He was followed by Hirsch, who was clad in a blue suit, white shirt, blue and white tie, and gray topcoat. His heavy jowls bounced like Jello as he stepped from the car and made his way up the steps behind Melekh to the courthouse. He, too, ignored the newsmen.

They stood stolidly as Judge McMahan read the charges. When the court asked them if they had anything to say, Melekh spoke.

"Generally I understand the nature of this charge, but . . . I protest the way my arrest has been done. I have been arraigned since 7 p.m. and they wouldn't let me finish my talk on the phone."

Judge McMahon asked, "Have you a lawyer to telephone? You may use my phone."

The prisoner replied, "It will be very difficult to get one tonight."

Judge McMahon then said, "In this country we do not keep people against their will nor from getting counsel."

United States Attorney S. Hazard Gillespie, from the New York District, then told the court, "He has had ample opportunity to obtain counsel since the time he was taken in custody. A recommendation was made in Chicago for bail of twenty-five thousand dollars each. But as United States Attorney for this district and mindful of the responsibility placed upon my office to produce these people before the court in Chicago, I ask for seventy-five thousand each . . ."

Gloria Agrin, an attorney who had been summoned for Hirsch, gasped audibly.

Gillespie continued, ". . . subject to change which may be made in Chicago later."

Miss Agrin then said in an indignant tone, "I raise serious objections to this bail. You might as well have said two million dollars."

Judge McMahon replied, "It seems to me that in view of the serious nature of the crime charged, and the fact that ample opportunity to consult with counsel is available, and to be sure that he himself is available, I will set bail of fifty thousand . . ."

The judge added, "Each."

The prisoners were then taken to the Federal House of Detention for the night.

In the next few days there were several surprising developments, and they all came from the Soviets.

First, an official from the Soviet Delegation marched into court, plunked down the \$50,000 bail to spring Melekh. He was startled to have the money turned down.

It seemed that the cash, brought to court in a suitcase, belonged to Nicolai Reznichenko, chief of the Soviet Consular Division. And because Reznichenko had diplomatic immunity, U.S. Attorney Gillespie

feared the Government might not be able to seize the bail or hold Reznichenko responsible if Melekh jumped back to Russia.

As this and other cases we have covered always show, the Russians are quick to disown nationals of other countries caught in acts of espionage for the Soviet Union. Thus it was not surprising when they failed even to lift a little finger in Hirsch's behalf. All their efforts were in behalf of Melekh only.

The day after Reznichenko's money was refused, U.S. Commissioner Earl N. Bishop was approached with a request for Melekh's release. This time it was the Russian's wife, Irina, who had been furnished the \$50,000 by the Soviet Embassy. Bishop finally granted Melekh his freedom when his wife swore she would inform the Government "at once" if Melekh made plans to leave the country.

To prove the tender of bail, Attorney William Kleinman, who had been retained by the Soviet Embassy to represent Melekh, took a worn, brown attaché's bag and turned it upside down on Commissioner Bishop's desk. Neatly packed \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100 bills cascaded out to a round pile of \$50,000.

That afternoon Melekh was released from jail with the restriction that he could not leave Manhattan, and if he so much as sought sanctuary in the United Nations or any embassy where the United States did not have jurisdiction, his bail would be forfeited. He also was ordered not to enter piers, railroad trains, or terminals, nor make any move, actual or implied, to leave the city.

When Melekh left the Federal House of Detention, he had no comment, not even a word about his accused sidekick, Willie Hirsch, in the dangerous game of espionage they had played. Hirsch still was behind bars, and, for the Russians, a forgotten man.

While removal proceedings were being awaited before Melekh and Hirsch were taken to Chicago to be arraigned on the espionage indictment, Soviet officials in New York and Moscow wailed loudly about the arrest of their delegate.

Tass, Khrushchev's official news agency, screeched about the United States jailing Melekh "unlawfully and provocatively."

At the United Nations, one Soviet delegate demanded that Secretary General Hammarskjöld arrange for Melekh's release and end "this shameful act," his arrest. Another said the arrest had been contrived by Allen W. Dulles, then head of the Central Intelligence

Agency, to justify the United States' U-2 spy plane flight over Soviet territory which had created so much furor in Moscow and was made much of here by Khrushchev when he visited the UN.

But the Soviet Union was rudely rebuffed in Melekh's case because he did not fall into the category of a diplomat. Melekh had the dubious distinction of being the second Soviet member of the UN staff to be arrested; Valentin Gubitchev was the only other one in all the years of Red espionage perpetrated against the United States from the world body's home base.

The U.S. attorney in Chicago set about in earnest to prosecute Melekh and Hirsch until word reached him from the Justice Department asking for a postponement in any action. Not long after, in a surprise move, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy requested the court to give Melekh his freedom, provided he returned to the Soviet Union.

Melekh agreed. He was released, and on April 8, 1961, he left the country.

Of the three spies exposed by the FBI, Doronkin and Melekh, both Russians, managed to elude punishment. Only Hirsch, the German, was left to face the music.

But not for long. Some weeks later the case against Willie Hirsch was dropped. He went free because the charges against him could never stand up in court once the charges against Melekh had been dropped. Hirsch's part in the spy plot was deeply intertwined in the acts and conspiracies of Melekh.

But Hirsch did not get off lightly at all. The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service stepped in and ordered his deportation to Germany. On July 21, 1961, before formal proceedings were started, Hirsch and his family sailed "voluntarily" for Germany, en route to Czechoslovakia where asylum had been granted them.

During the intricate behind-the-scenes activity that led to Melekh's release and return to Moscow, many newspapers throughout the United States strenuously objected to the kid-glove treatment accorded the Soviet spy.

The criticism prompted President Kennedy to comment on one specific charge that had been leveled—that the charges against Melekh had been dismissed because there was a connection with the Soviet Union's release of the American RB-47 fliers who had been

shot down over the Barents Sea on July 1, 1960. Kennedy said there was absolutely no connection.

Officials later explained that the case had been called off for several reasons, but largely in the hope it would make things easier for the United States to intervene on behalf of Americans who got into trouble with the Soviet Union in the future.

To be sure, a number of Americans have been in trouble in Russia since, by being arrested and accused of spying. And they have to a man all been released after only brief detainment.

It would almost seem that we have come to a sort of unwritten agreement with the Kremlin. An agreement which says: "We'll catch your spies and you can catch ours, but let's swap them when all the screaming and shouting dies down."

10 : Satellite Espionage— Murder Czech Style

THE high, sharp clatter of leather heels on marble floor echoed nervously down the long antiseptic third-floor corridor of the United Nations Secretariat Building.

Someone was in a hurry.

In a dozen offices lining both sides of the hall, the weathered faces of UN correspondents snapped up at the unfamiliar sound. Ordinarily the third floor in the Secretariat Building is reserved for the working press and the UN's own press information service. Except for the times when a major news story is breaking, the corridor is usually a sea of calm.

The sea was never calmer than on that extremely dull afternoon of June 16, 1961, and that, perhaps, is why the sudden flurry of footsteps exploded so intrusively into the newsmen's idle reveries.

Within moments they were out of their seats and satisfying that hallmark of their trade—their curiosity. A few peered out into the lengthening corridor to see a slim figure in black dart into one of the rooms commonly used for press conferences by UN officials.

Without delay most of the press corps ducked into the room behind him and found to their surprise that the darkly clad intruder was a minor liaison officer from the Czechoslovakian Mission to the UN making an extremely rare appearance on the third floor.

Rare, because Czechoslovakia almost never had anything to say directly to the press. Russia did all of Czechoslovakia's talking.

Rare, too, because the Czech official was of such a minor rank that no one, including correspondents who had been there for ten years or more, knew his name. Nor would he disclose it despite queries from a half dozen correspondents.

His name, he said, didn't matter. He was there simply to distribute a statement from his government. Would each correspondent please take one and read it?

The Czech moved around the room passing out the mimeographed handout and then in another staccato outburst of leather on marble, he swept down the corridor and was gone.

Alone in the conference room, the correspondents took a minute or two to digest the contents of the two-page document and then were dashing for their telephones and filing the opening stanzas of what later became another celebrated case of Communist espionage at the UN.

In a writing style as dry as the Sahara, the Czech statement accused United States intelligence agents of attempting, by coercion and threat, to enlist a certain Miroslav Nacvalac as a spy against his own government of Czechoslovakia. Nacvalac's name was familiar to most of the correspondents. He was in no way a diplomat of the first magnitude, nor was he a flamboyant personality. But he held the relatively important post of Counselor for the Czechoslovakian Mission to the UN and, as such, was occasionally in the public eye at the UN.

The Czech document went on to state that United States Intelligence had sought Nacvalac's services on the assumption that he was in a key position to "observe, participate in, and report secretly on the clandestine activities" not only of the Czechs but of all Iron Curtain delegations at the UN.

The story was moderately good for a dull afternoon. The UN correspondents reported it completely, although realizing their day's work was only beginning. There would be more coming, and soon, because their experienced eyes told them that the real reason for the extraordinary appearance of the Czech official on the third floor was actually to beat the United States to the punch. What tipped the correspondents was the last paragraph in the press announcement. It stated with

calculated underplay—and almost as an afterthought—that after failing to enlist Nacvalac as an espionage agent, the U.S. had branded him a spy and ordered him expelled from the country.

The correspondents' hunch proved right. The Czech announcement beat the American version by precisely one hour.

The United States put its own case on display with an announcement from UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson that Nacvalac not only was guilty of espionage, but had tried to hire an American citizen of Czech descent to spy on U.S. military establishments.

The Ambassador's statement was brief and devoid of specifics, but the Iron Curtain countries nevertheless sent up a screeching howl of protest over America's countercharges.

The Communists denied Nacvalac was a spy and reiterated with blustering invective their original claim of U.S. attempts to turn the Czech into a traitor against his own people.

For three days the United States—and the world—listened to a crescendo of denouncements from the Soviet camp, then dropped a small A-bomb of its own. Nacvalac was not simply a spy, the United States said, he was the chief of the entire far-reaching network of Czechoslovakian espionage in America.

Actually, the Czech and U.S. announcements had simply brought to an eruptive climax a sinister cloak-and-dagger episode that was three years abuilding. It had its genesis in Nacvalac's arrival at the UN as the Czech diplomat in charge of his delegation's budgetary affairs. He did nothing to attract suspicion to himself. He moved about inconspicuously, was seen at the correct Iron Curtain gatherings, occasionally chatted amicably with his new Western friends at the UN.

He was always prompt and displayed the tidy, precise mind of an accountant. Everything about him was methodical. He was in his Czech Delegation seat before meetings began, never leaving until the conferences were over, even if it meant missing lunch or being late for a dinner engagement.

When Nacvalac, tall, dark, and young-looking for his thirty-six years, drew the UN assignment in the summer of 1958, he had behind him a spotless record of Communist loyalty. Moreover, he seemed to be perfectly trained for work in the Czech diplomatic corps. An early journey for the Czech Government took him to Mos-

cow, where he learned to speak Russian fluently. As he progressed, his talents took him to important Communist "listening posts" in Vienna, and by the time he reached the UN in New York, he had added fluent German and English to his diplomatic arsenal.

He adapted to New York life easily. He dined out frequently with his petite wife, Hana, and often entertained Iron Curtain colleagues in his comfortable apartment a few steps off Park Avenue. As Third Secretary of the Czech Delegation, he appeared to be less dependent on his official income than others of his rank. His sons, Miroslav, Jr., eight, and Ivan, ten, attended the private school reserved by the Soviet UN Mission for children of Iron Curtain citizens serving on the UN staff.

In all outward appearances Nacvalac led an exemplary life.

But he had come to the United Nations for a purpose and before long was immersing himself in his real work—espionage. In the end, that proved to be his undoing.

Nacvalac was a graduate of the Soviet School for Espionage and Sabotage. Like many Europeans, he had a contempt for American counterespionage. He rated only the British and French intelligence services as worthy of his respect. But respected or not, the American agents were on his trail virtually from the moment he set foot on our soil.

Thus it was that the United States could pinpoint the exact date—November 3, 1958—that Nacvalac stepped into the case that blew up in his face at the UN on a dull June afternoon two years and seven months later.

It began when Nacvalac left the Czech Delegation on Madison Avenue on that November 3rd afternoon, presumably on Soviet instructions, and met a contact at a rendezvous point near the New York Stock Exchange in the heart of Wall Street. The contact was Karel Hlasny, a Czech-born, naturalized American stationed as an instructor in the Army Language School at Monterey, California.

At this point Nacvalac had only a superficial knowledge of Hlasny gleaned from certain correspondence Hlasny had sent to the Czech UN Mission. Hlasny's sweetheart was still in the Old Country and he was trying to bring her over. He had asked the Czech UN Mission to help secure an exit visa from Czechoslovakia. In Nacvalac's trained espionage mind, Hlasny seemed a prime candidate for undercover

work. The deal Nacvalac was trying to set up was a simple quid pro quo. Hlasny could have the exit visa in return for certain information.

The two men met on the sidewalk outside the Stock Exchange and repaired to a nearby restaurant for a late luncheon. In the course of it, Nacvalac dangled the promise of the exit visa for Hlasny's girl friend and extracted a promise of cooperation from the young Czech expatriate.

Nacvalac had no specific assignment in mind for Hlasny yet but said he'd be in touch with him soon. The master spy spelled out a code by which they would keep in contact and arranged for the next meeting. By the time lunch was over, so were all the preliminaries. The men shook hands and went their separate ways.

The next meeting took place in Los Angeles two months later, on January 11, 1959. The time had come for Nacvalac to put his new recruit to work. Measured against the scale of international espionage, the assignment was rather elementary.

It was Hlasny's job to collect information on certain regional military projects, information that was, although Hlasny didn't know it, actually available from public records. The purpose, of course, was to test Hlasny's loyalty and to break him in for more important tasks in the future. Hlasny delivered to Nacvalac's satisfaction.

The next assignment was to provide Nacvalac with the names of people selected by the Army to study Slavic languages and to hunt out and report any character weaknesses they betrayed, whether any were drunkards, homosexuals, and the like—all of which could be invaluable for blackmail purposes later if necessary. Nacvalac sealed the bargain by handing Hlasny six hundred dollars in \$5's, \$10's, and \$20's.

Once again Hlasny performed his assignment faultlessly, but on May 27, 1959, in a meeting between the conspirators in Monterey, Hlasny presented his own demands: there would be no more "cooperation" until his sweetheart joined him in America.

All further meetings between the two were suspended for three months until the attractive young woman arrived in the United States in mid-August. Then Nacvalac promptly informed Hlasny that it was now his turn to produce.

Though still contemptuous of American counterintelligence, Nacvalac realized he was dealing with a novice and decided to change the

locale of their get-togethers. Instead of meeting in Monterey as they had been, the conspirators now agreed to hold their next rendezvous in the Milton Kreis Restaurant near Geary and Powell Streets in San Francisco.

The date of the meeting was November 14, 1959. Hlasny drew another minor assignment and received five hundred dollars in payment.

The two men continued to communicate with each other by code but did not meet in person until three months later when they once more rendezvoused in the San Francisco restaurant.

The principal reason for the long delays in the in-person tête-à-têtes was Nacvalac's need to function also at his UN post in New York City three thousand miles away. Absence of any great duration from the Secretariat office could attract suspicion. The delays had nothing to do with another circumstance that Nacvalac knew nothing about.

The Czech spy, though full of contempt for the United States and playing his brand of espionage as carefully as he knew how despite his disdain for our own agents, was totally unaware that Karel Hlasny throughout all their secret negotiations was and had been working with the FBI and faithfully reporting every detail of his surreptitious dealings with Nacvalac.

During 1960, Nacvalac met Hlasny three times all told—in March, August, and November. Each time Hlasny furnished the Czech with military information he had sought but which had first been cleared by the FBI.

There was another meeting between the two, supposedly their last. This was in San Francisco on January 21, 1961, when the Czech paid Hlasny two hundred dollars for what Nacvalac believed to be "classified" information relating to details about certain Army projects in California. Again, all the material turned over to Nacvalac had first been cleared by the FBI. Nacvalac then gave Hlasny a miniature camera and instructed him to use it in the future in his espionage work.

"You will hear from me about what we want you to do next," Nacvalac told him. Then he returned to New York.

For the next four months Nacvalac made no further overtures to Hlasny. Then came a day in early June. The FBI office in New York received an anonymous phone call.

A male voice with a Slavic accent whispered, "You have a good chance to enlist the services of a valuable Czechoslovakian emissary to the UN. He is fed up with his country's system and he has indicated an interest in discussing the possibility of defecting and remaining in the United States. He can provide you with a lot of information . . ."

The FBI agent who took the call asked for the name.

"Miroslav Nacvalac is the man. Look up his status at the UN and you will see."

The G-man wanted to know where he could get together with Nacvalac; it was not beyond the agent's suspicion that the man he was talking to was Nacvalac himself. That's an old Iron Curtain tactic employed by agents who have begun to feel their usefulness to the motherland has taken a nosedive; foreign agents on the Soviet payroll, such as Nacvalac, often look for a way out when they suspect they have fallen from grace, whatever the reason. So, very plausibly, Nacvalac might have heard rumors winging around the UN lounge that he was through or even have sensed that his usefulness was at an end by the changed attitudes of his Russian superiors, and a fast exit into the protective arms of the FBI and asylum in the United States was a far better fate than a plane trip home to Prague where the cruelties of the established order would await him.

The voice on the phone made it clear Nacvalac wanted to talk business, and if the FBI wanted to listen it could send its men to the Gripsholm Restaurant at 324 East 57th Street at lunchtime on Tuesday, June 13. The FBI agent quickly consulted his superiors. Harvey G. Foster, the agent-in-charge of the New York office, gave the order: "Keep the date."

Two G-men were assigned by Foster to rendezvous with Nacvalac. But they did not go alone to the meeting. They took along a former military attaché in the Czech Embassy in Washington, Frantisek Tisler, who was to serve for the FBI as the go-between. Tisler had become disenchanted with Communism, quit his post, and asked for asylum here. Prague immediately labeled him an embezzler, and sought to recall him to Czechoslovakia. The U.S. refused to accept the charges and granted Tisler asylum. Moreover, Tisler knew Nacvalac.

At the restaurant, the G-men and Tisler found Nacvalac sitting at

an out-of-the-way table chatting with a guest. Tisler pointed out Nacvalac. One of the FBI agents walked through the dining room, crowded during the lunch hour with some sixty patrons, and stopped at Nacvalac's table. The G-man slipped his hand in his jacket pocket, pulled out his identification, and flashed it to the two men at the table.

"I'd like you to leave," the agent politely told the Czechoslovakian emissary's companion. "There is some business we would like to discuss with Mr. Nacvalac."

Without a word, the man rose and left the table. The second G-man and Tisler walked over and sat down with Nacvalac and the first agent who had taken the departed guest's chair. The FBI later learned that the man who had just left was an American economist from Connecticut who had been invited to lunch by Nacvalac, presumably to be a witness to the G-men's visit.

Nacvalac did not enter into any kind of discussion that even remotely suggested his intention to defect or to serve this country as a double agent. It soon became apparent to the FBI men that Nacvalac was enjoying a vague pleasure out of having brought about the meeting with "American intelligence agents," as he called them. He had nothing really to say. He seemed ill at ease and his conversation was rambling and weary, without order or sense. He spoke about his beliefs and his devotions which were strongly pro-Communist, yet he espoused a certain begrudging admiration for the capitalistic system. He commented obliquely on issues hanging fire in the General Assembly, at intervals pausing to ask the G-men and Tisler for their views on the issues.

Neither espionage nor the mention of Nacvalac's defection was brought up by anyone during the hour and a half that the meeting lasted. During it, Tisler seemed the most uneasy. It had been his understanding that he was wanted there to pave the way for Nacvalac's defection. He was bewildered.

Not the G-men, however. They saw an ulterior motive through the smokescreen of Nacvalac's reticence, although they couldn't equate it precisely to the ultimately startling turnabout the case would take in the UN when the Czechs issued their charge that the United States had attempted to recruit their man to spy on his own people.

Three uneasy days passed at the UN after the Czech announce-

ment, as correspondents scrounged around for new angles to give them fresh leads on the story. Just as it began to appear that this latest spy thriller was destined to go into limbo, with only the formality of Nacvalac's ouster left to provide the next and final development in the story, the UN press corps was treated to a hearty surprise.

It came on June 19 when none other than Miroslav Nacvalac himself trudged into the UN lounge for the first time since the respective charges and countercharges were issued by the Czech and American delegations. A score or more eager correspondents quickly surrounded Nacvalac, who appeared to relish the magnetism of his new-found status.

Nacvalac was in fine vocal fettle. He launched a rambling tirade against the United States, painting a pernicious mosaic of FBI efforts to recruit him into the ranks of the "American counterespionage machine." He reviewed the luncheon meeting in the Gripsholm Restaurant and identified the two agents who had accompanied Tisler as "Mr. Mack" and "Mr. Jack." He said they accosted him on their own volition, that he had not sought them out.

Nacvalac's platitudes were followed that night by stiffly worded broadsides beamed by Moscow and Prague radios against "American gangsters." Among other charges, the Communists revived the U-2 spy plane incident and, with *Pravda* and *Izvestia* joining in the thunder of condemnation, bellowed that the Nacvalac case demonstrated clearly that the United States held nothing sacred, not even the Charter principles binding the UN together as a protector of small nations.

Irrelevancies continued to fuddle the issue as Soviet and Czech diplomats stumbled over each other in their haste to deliver notes of protest to Secretary General Hammarskjöld.

The thunder boomed steadily louder over the next two days and then Nacvalac advanced to the fore again to issue a new statement. He challenged the State Department to present just one shred of evidence to corroborate the charges that he had met Karel Hlasny in San Francisco—or anywhere else. Nacvalac blandly denied he had ever set foot in California.

"They are liars and they cannot prove it." He said it almost with a snarl.

That was June 18; the time—shortly before noon. Nacvalac's state-

ment was flashed to Washington. An hour later, a press attaché in the State Department summoned capital reporters to his office for what he termed "an important development."

"This, gentlemen," he said, "should end Mr. Nacvalac's frantic denials."

He distributed to the reporters a set of photographs. They were pictures of the outside of the restaurant at Geary and Powell Streets in San Francisco, and they showed in a dramatic, clear sequence Karel Hlasny entering the eatery, followed a few feet behind by another man.

The other man, big as life in the photos, was Miroslav Nacvalac.

"Fake!" protested Nacvalac. "The pictures are doctored."

Next morning the Soviet Delegation was gripped by a new spirit of righteous belligerence for the downtrodden diplomat. Truculently they demanded sharp intervention by Hammarskjöld against the United States. They threatened to invoke Article 21, which provides for an international tribunal of three arbitrators, to resolve the case. Moreover, the Soviet Delegation summoned all neutrals and the Afro-Asians in particular to condemn the "imperialist travesty by the colonialist powers who run the UN."

Six days after the spy case burst into headlines and had engendered the animosity and bickering that had gone unabated for that period, the State Department put its foot down. In a note to the Czech Delegation, it demanded that Nacvalac leave the country in the next twenty-four hours or he would be arrested and summarily deported by our own authorities.

At exactly 10 o'clock of the following morning, June 23, Miroslav Nacvalac, his wife, and their two children arrived at Idlewild Airport to board an Air France jetliner for Paris, en route to Prague.

The branded Soviet spy was grim and unsmiling. Anger still crossed his face. He took one final swipe at the United States, declaring; "I'm being forced by blackmail and pressure to leave this country and my important post at the United Nations. I blame this terrible crime on American gangsterism."

Nacvalac flicked a cigarette ash off his smartly cut Fifth Avenue suit and turned to shake hands with Soviet and Czech delegates who had come out to the airport to see him off. Then, taking his wife and children, he mounted the ramp and disappeared into the plane.

Miroslav Nacvalac, a smart satellite spy who arrogantly despised America's intelligence system, was on his way home a failure, a victim of his own system's audacity.

Czechoslovakia managed to keep out of the FBI's hair for the next seventeen months. Then, on October 19, 1962, the Czechs, the FBI, the United Nations, and the police of three states were once more shoulder to shoulder in the newspaper headlines.

It was 10:10 a.m., October 18, a Thursday, when New Jersey State Trooper Stanley Dutkus of the Clinton Barracks, saw a 1962 Cadillac sedan zoom by his cruiser parked on the shoulder of Route 22 near Intersection 69, outside Clinton in Hunterdon County. Route 22 is a main link between New York and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Dutkus quickly set out in pursuit of the speeding car. In seconds, he was blazing along with siren screaming at eighty miles an hour.

The Cadillac paid no heed to the trooper behind. The driver kept pouring on the speed—90, 100, 105 miles an hour. Dutkus noted the New York license of the car, DPL-41. He knew it was a diplomatic plate, but he doubted that a diplomat was crazy enough to drive as wildly as that. He thought the car might have been stolen.

Stepping on the floorboard, Trooper Dutkus managed to squeeze all the speed he could out of his Pontiac until it was tearing along at 110 m.p.h. He pulled abreast of the speeding Caddy in an attempt to force the driver to the side of the road. But the man behind the wheel swerved to the outside and tried to run the trooper off the other side of the road.

It was a close call for Trooper Dutkus, who managed to slow down and avoid a tragic collision. As he fell behind, he grabbed the phone and radioed Clinton Barracks for help. He gave the direction of the pursuit and flashed word of the attempt by the driver to crash his car into the police vehicle. Then Dutkus once more tried to overtake the Caddy, only to have the driver veer menacingly toward him again. Dutkus decided to play it safe and stayed on the fleeing car's tail.

About three miles ahead of the chase, State Trooper William Howie was at a truck checkpoint on Route 22 when the alert from Clinton crackled over the air. Howie hurried out to the center of the road and looked east in the direction from which the fugitive car was reported coming. Seconds later he spotted a black car in the distance

barreling down the highway, another right behind. It was the Caddy with the police cruiser tearing toward him.

Howie raised his hands and waved frantically in an attempt to flag down the oncoming car. But the driver kept coming. Without letup on his speed, he bore down on the trooper. Howie leaped to one side, out of the path of the car. As it roared by, the trooper raced to his own cruiser and joined the pursuit.

Traffic ahead slowed the first trooper, Dutkus, and he fell behind the Caddy which ignored the other cars on the road, zipping and zigging around them as it went. As traffic thinned again, Dutkus drew nearer and so did Howie, who then spurred ahead and tried to force the fugitive car to the side of the road as Dutkus had tried to do unsuccessfully twice before. Once again the Caddy's driver resorted to the turn-in tactic at high speed and drove Trooper Howie off.

The chase now was rapidly approaching the two-lane Phillipsburg-Easton Bridge spanning the Delaware River to Pennsylvania. Both troopers had radioed their difficulties back to headquarters and orders were flashed to the bridge police to set up a roadblock.

Wooden barriers were spread across the highway. As the Caddy approached the barricade, it slowed down for the first time to about 40 m.p.h. Holding that speed, the driver slanted his car as he reached the barriers, hit them at an angle, and plowed through. The troopers followed past the debris of splintered lumber strewn on the highway and stayed on the fugitive's tail as he put on a new burst of speed going into Pennsylvania.

Trooper Dutkus finally put on a tremendous burst of speed of his own that shot him past the Caddy. In front now, he tried to slow down the big car. But Trooper Howie radioed from behind the warning that the Caddy was trying to ram Dutkus' car from the rear. Howie accelerated to get away from the Caddy. The speed went back up to 110 m.p.h. And the driver was still trying to ram Howie with the Caddy—at 110 m.p.h.

Suddenly there was a sickening screech of tires. The driver of the Caddy seemed to lose control. His car swerved first, then careened to the edge of the road and mounted the gravel shoulder. In the next instant, amid a cloud of dust raised by its spinning wheels, the out-of-control Cadillac crashed through a wooden guard rail, plummeted down a ravine, and disappeared from view.

Troopers Howie and Dutkus braked to a halt, leaped from their cars, and raced down the side of the hill. The car, its wheels still spinning, had overturned and come to rest on its roof. Smoke was pouring from the engine and its gas tank was ablaze.

Howie hurried to his cruiser to fetch a hand fire extinguisher. When he got back, Howie was amazed to see the driver—he seemed about thirty-five to forty, stocky, and brown-haired—on his stomach, resting on his elbows inside the car. In his right hand he was holding an automatic. With his left he was pushing a clip into the gun.

Just then two more troopers' cars arrived. These were Pennsylvania State Policemen. Corporal John E. Uditis of the Bethlehem Barracks was one of them.

As the senior trooper on the scene, Uditis spotted the danger and yelled to the New Jersey policemen to get back. Howie and Dutkus quickly climbed the hill.

"The man's crazy," Howie told Uditis.

"I'll say he is," Uditis replied. "You fellows cover me," he ordered; then, his own revolver in hand, he went down to the overturned car.

Exercising caution, he drew slowly toward the car. The driver now was smoking a cigarette with his left hand. His right was out of sight. The fire in the gas tank had burned itself out. The overheated engine was still smoldering but no longer posed a threat.

"Take your hand out . . . take your hand out slowly," Corporal Uditis commanded.

The man in the car, who seemed uninjured despite the turning over in the crash, calmly went on smoking. Uditis again ordered him to show his right hand. But the man puffed on his cigarette and stared blankly at the trooper.

Turning for a split second to the other troopers on the hill, Uditis shouted, "Bring me a sledge hammer to break the window."

As he snapped his head back, Uditis saw the driver's gun hand move, bringing the automatic into view. An instant later, the gun was being pointed at the trooper.

Uditis saw the danger. He squeezed the trigger of his service revolver. A shot rang out. The man in the car winced. The bullet struck him in the shoulder. For several seconds he seemed dazed and hurt; then all at once he appeared to relax.

Finally, he raised the automatic to his own temple—and fired.

As the driver slumped into unconsciousness on the "header" of the overturned car, the other troopers scampered down the hill and helped Corporal Uditis pry open the door.

An ambulance was summoned. The comatose driver was borne on a stretcher up the hill and rushed in the ambulance to nearby Easton Hospital.

At the scene the troopers looked over papers they had removed from the victim's pockets before he was taken to the hospital. To their astonishment, they found the man who had given them all their difficulties was a diplomat. His identification showed he was Karel Zizka, forty, an attaché of the Czechoslovak Mission to the UN.

In the car, police found one hundred rounds of .38 caliber ammunition scattered about, a roll of three hundred dollars in American money, and an empty bottle of imported Russian vodka.

Word was quickly relayed to New York City police, who went to the Czech Mission at 1109-11 Madison Avenue near 83rd Street in Manhattan, to report the episode of the errant diplomat to superiors. The blinds around the mission building at that hour, shortly before noon, were strangely closed. The patrolmen were greeted at the door by a tall, well-dressed man who identified himself as Antoni Nenko. He said he was an aide.

When the patrolmen determined that Nenko knew Karel Zizka, they told him what had happened and the hospital he was in.

"Thank you very much," Nenko said stiffly, betraying unusual nervousness. The policemen then left.

Meanwhile, back in Easton Hospital, Zizka's life was teetering on the precipice of eternity. Physicians found that the bullet he had fired into his temple was lodged in his brain. Emergency surgery was required to save his life. The operation would have to be performed at St. Luke's Hospital in neighboring Bethlehem.

Shortly before noon, just as the policemen were breaking the news about Zizka to the Czechs back in New York, the patient was taken by ambulance to St. Luke's where he underwent a two-and-a-half-hour brain operation. Afterward, physicians reported his condition as critical and gave him little hope to pull through.

Even as Zizka was being wheeled out of surgery to a private room in the hospital, the reception hall downstairs was buzzing with nervous chatter that none of the hospital personnel could understand.

It was Czechoslovakian, and doing the talking were three Czech emissaries, Dr. Zdenek Pisk, Dr. Frantisek Tellichka and Antoni Nenko, all of whom had sped to Bethlehem after receiving word about Zizka.

In New York again, police were able to dovetail an earlier episode into Zizka's wild flight across New Jersey and Pennsylvania highways.

It all started around 7:30 a.m. when Zizka's Cadillac ran into a 1955 Plymouth sedan at 86th Street and First Avenue. The damage was slight, but the Caddy did not stop. The owner of the Plymouth saw the Caddy hit his car, took down the license, DPL-41—DPL stands for diplomat and means its driver cannot be ticketed—and reported it to police.

Minutes later Patrolman William Myers of the Safety Enforcement Squad received the call on the air and spotted the Cadillac at 92nd Street and York Avenue where it had stopped for a red light.

As Myers drew close, the light changed to green. The Caddy spurred forward. Suddenly a Buick loomed ahead. The driver behind the wheel of the Caddy—Zizka—lost control and ripped into the side of the Buick.

Patrolman Myers hopped out of his radio car and went to talk to Zizka.

"I am in a hurry," the Czech said curtly. "I am on my way to Idlewild Airport. I am a diplomat. I have diplomatic immunity."

Myers knew the score. He could not hold Zizka, nor even ticket him. So the patrolman made notes and waved the car on. Then, in accordance with departmental policy, he routed his report so it would reach the Czech Mission.

The errant car was not spotted again until it whizzed by Trooper Stanley Dutkus and started the chase that ended with Zizka's crackup in the ravine and his suicide attempt.

The mysterious flight and actions of the Czech diplomat stirred everyone in the United Nations Building. Rumors quickly spread through the third floor that the real story was not the chase in Jersey and Pennsylvania but right there in New York.

Someone had heard someone say that there had been a murder at the Czechoslovak Mission Building on Madison Avenue.

The rumor spread and raced like wildfire. The Czech Delegation was besieged by inquiries. Polite smiles, firm denials met every such inquiry. But by late afternoon, Milos Vejvoda, counselor of the Czech

Mission, was compelled to come out and read a statement at the Mission's headquarters. From the first-floor foyer he addressed himself to a gathering of newsmen.

After the reports of the inexplicable behavior of Mr. Zizka, and about his firing at a state policeman, the members of the mission and the families became suspicious that Mr. Zizka's wife has not been seen since the morning.

When she did not answer the telephone and knocking of the door, the door of their flat was opened by force. Mrs. Zizka was found dead in the bathroom, and the flat was in a terrible state and was partly demolished.

On the table [was] a report by Mr. Zizka, explaining that he killed his wife and that he will commit suicide.

According to all persons who have known them, the Zizka family life was happy and quiet, and this tragic happening can only be explained by a sudden mental breakdown.

The Zizkas, Vejvoda went on to say, had two children, a girl, eighteen, and a boy, fifteen, both in Czechoslovakia. He stood cool and impassive as he read his statement and answered a few questions tossed at him.

"Yes," he admitted, "the body is still upstairs."

In contrast, a somewhat more emotional peripheral account came a while later, after police arrived on the scene, from Miss Rita Myatt, a Canadian-born resident in an apartment house at 48 East 83rd Street, opposite the Mission.

Miss Myatt said she had been restless and awake during the wee hours of the morning and, as she put it, "I heard a woman scream about five times at about four-forty. So I got up and took a cold drink from the Fridge. I didn't see anything, but it was terrible. She was screaming blue murder."

This was a statement from a woman living across the street. Didn't anyone living right in the Mission itself hear Mrs. Zizka's screams?

"I have said what there is to say," Vejvoda snapped, adamantly refusing to answer further questions.

Shortly before Vejvoda had read his statement to reporters, Dr. Jiri Hajek, the Czechoslovak representative at the United Nations, had taken the precaution to phone Police Commissioner Michael J. Mur-

phy downtown at Police Headquarters on Center Street. It was 5:30 p.m. and Murphy was about to leave for home.

Dr. Hajek was trying to be brief. He merely wanted to report a murder, the murder of Karel Zizka's wife, Vera, also forty.

"But you need not concern yourself," Hajek told the Commissioner. "We have the situation in hand. We will ship the body back to Prague."

Murphy, who has a peculiar idea that murders in New York City ought to be investigated by his own department, politely asked for a few details. He was given the barest. The victim, Hajek informed the Commissioner, was found Thursday morning in the three-and-a-half room apartment on the third floor of the Czech Mission. It appeared she had been bludgeoned to death. A Russian physician, Dr. Anna Cernyseva of the Soviet Union Mission to the UN, was summoned and pronounced the victim DOA (dead on arrival).

"We still must conduct an investigation," Murphy said firmly when he was told that he could not probe the murder. Dr. Hajek insisted that the Mission was "inviolable" because of the diplomatic immunity it enjoyed.

"We merely called you as a courtesy," Hajek told the Commissioner.

But Murphy, who comes from tough Irish stock, wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally Hajek yielded and gave his permission to police and other authorities to see for themselves what did happen.

Dr. Milton Helpern, the city's chief medical examiner, was permitted to enter the Mission shortly after 6 p.m. With him came Assistant District Attorney Gerald Fogarty, Police Deputy Chief Inspector George Gallagher, and Assistant Chief Inspector Edward W. Byrnes. They were the only officials allowed into the forbidding eight-story stone building that houses the Czech Mission to the UN and which was now a house of murder.

The killer, according to Hajek, was the victim's husband, Karel Zizka, who himself now lay closer than ever to death. Hope that he might even live until morning had been given up at St. Luke's; nevertheless, physicians continued to fan what little flame of life was left in the Czech attaché's body.

Dr. Helpern was permitted to examine Mrs. Zizka's corpse. Clad in a blue silk nightgown, the body still lay on the floor in the bedroom.

The face was a fright. The skull had been crushed and blood covered every portion of the face.

From a hasty examination that he was allowed to conduct there, Dr. Helpern determined that the woman's skull had been broken in several places by blows from a hard object. He also found that there was a bullet wound in the left temple and several knife punctures in the chest.

No gun was found in the apartment, the Czechs told police, but they pointed to a blood-caked wooden meat-tenderizing mallet and suggested that was the weapon probably used as the bludgeon.

A look around the apartment revealed a terrifying tapestry of violence and death. The rooms were a shambles, with the kitchen and dinette awash in liquor from smashed gin, whisky, wine, and vodka bottles, and splattered with food. On the kitchen tablecloth was a message scribbled in pen in large block English letters: "I went probably mad and so goodby, goodby."

Nearby in a stamp album was scrawled: "I have killed her to death—wife—goodby, goodby."

Dr. Helpern turned to Counselor Vejvoda and asked for permission to remove the body for autopsy to Bellevue Hospital's morgue.

"I am afraid you cannot do that," Vejvoda told the medical examiner. "You have no jurisdiction here. This is foreign territory . . ."

Vejvoda had the upper hand. There could be no argument. The Czech Mission's building was a diplomatically immune island of Communism in the middle of Manhattan, and now more than ever a house of mystery, not only to the people in the neighborhood but to the authorities who had gone there to look in on a murder they were not allowed to investigate.

As the lawmen and Dr. Helpern left the forbidding Red outpost in the center of the city, the heavy brocade curtains on the doors were hastily pulled, shutting out any view left to the outside world.

"It's a strange thing," commented Inspector Gallagher as he and the other officials were surrounded on the sidewalk by reporters who had not been allowed entry to the Mission except for those brief few minutes in the foyer when Vejvoda read off his prepared statement on the murder. "The minute you step inside that door, you are in Czechoslovakia."

Within the hour, a hearse from the I. Weil Sons, Inc., funeral home

pulled up in front of the building. Three men carried a canvas body-stretcher inside. About fifteen minutes later, the door opened and the three men came out lugging the stretcher with Mrs. Zizka's blanket-covered body. They placed it in the hearse, then drove away.

At police headquarters and at District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's office, reporters besieged officials for an explanation. Was there to be no investigation of the murder? Why?

The answer was "no." Diplomatic immunity and all that, you know.

Moreover, it was stated, Zizka himself, if in fact he was the killer, could not be prosecuted. Nor even arrested. He would be protected by a full diplomatic immunity against prosecution if he lived.

Diplomatic immunity extended to Zizka in his status as a member of the staff of a delegation to the United Nations under the agreement entered into between the United States and the UN on June 26, 1947.

This pact covers four principal categories of representatives of member nations: ambassadors or ministers plenipotentiary; resident members of their staffs; persons designated in the United Nations Charter; and such other principal resident representatives of members to a specialized agency or members of their staffs.

It was the same law that protected all the other diplomats whom we talked about in the preceding chapters—the Russian diplomats who spied here and got off scot-free. And now a satellite diplomat had committed murder.

"No police action is planned," Inspector Gallagher finally informed the press. "There are no charges to be made. The incident occurred on foreign territory. We have no jurisdiction. There will be no autopsy. The body will not go to the morgue. We understand that the body will be flown to Czechoslovakia for burial sometime tomorrow."

"Who do you think is the killer?" one reporter wanted to know.

"We were told it was the husband," Gallagher said. "We have only their word. That's all."

The next day the scene of greatest interest shifted once again to Bethlehem where surgeons had managed miraculously to keep Karel Zizka alive through the night. But it was a losing battle. Zizka, who never regained consciousness after firing the bullet through his temple, succumbed at 10:20 a.m.

The three Czech delegates who had arrived at St. Luke's the pre-

vious afternoon had remained overnight and were on hand to begin making arrangements for the body's shipment to New York. But the Lehigh County coroner, Dr. Clayton Werley, declared that the body could not be removed before an autopsy was first performed.

Dr. Teliicha, who was First Secretary, and Dr. Pisk, Second Secretary, both of the Czechoslovakian Embassy in Washington, and Nenko, Third Secretary of the Czech Mission in New York, all violently opposed the autopsy.

"That's orders, gentlemen," Dr. Werley said firmly. He had already discussed the matter with the Lehigh County district attorney and the State Department in Washington.

"I am advised, gentlemen," Dr. Werley went on, "that diplomatic immunity ends at death and that it is perfectly legal and proper to determine the exact cause of death."

Dr. Werley then went ahead with the autopsy and made his ruling: suicide.

Afterward, Zizka's body was released to the Czechs. A hearse arrived a while later and took the body back to New York. It reached the city in late afternoon just as the wife's body was being put aboard an Air France airliner at Idlewild for the flight back to Prague. About two hours later, Zizka's body was taken in a casket to the airport and was flown home on another Air France trans-Atlantic plane.

A Czech spokesman at the UN announced that night: "There will be no further discussion of the case. It is closed so far as we are concerned."

And in that atmosphere of conspiratorial secrecy, the Czech Mission wrote "finis" to the case of Karel and Vera Zizka, a case of murder and suicide.

But it did not end precisely on that note. Newspapers in New York City and others around the country wrote steaming editorial criticism of the Czech Delegation, then dwelled at length on the abuse of diplomatic immunity as practiced by members of Iron Curtain countries.

At the UN, many an eyebrow was raised and many questions were asked.

Why did the Czechs go to such lengths to prohibit a decent inquiry into the crime?

Was Zizka a Red agent?

We have repeatedly seen espionage machines in foreign lands liq-

kidnapping agents caught in one act or another of treachery. Such killings can often be disguised as suicides or accidents.

What was it in Zizka's case?

Is it conceivable that Zizka was ordered to murder his wife, the wife he supposedly loved so much, according to Milos Vejvoda? Is it possible that his wife had committed some act of treachery and Moscow wanted her out of the way?

And is that the reason Zizka went berserk—because he was forced to kill the woman he really loved?

Or did he simply lose his head during a marital squabble, slay her in a fit of anger, then take his own life in remorse?

Who can say now? Who can know? The Czech Delegation to the UN cloaked the case in so much secrecy, perhaps on orders from the Soviet Mission, that the facts in the case were effectively smothered.

If there was anything more to it than what we've told you, diplomatic immunity performed a noble service for the Czechs in obliterating the efforts of police to unearth all the facts.

Needless to say, the law regarding diplomatic immunity has not been altered. Murder can still be committed as easily as espionage in New York City or anywhere else in the United States. And the killer can feel free to escape punishment, just as the spy does. All he needs is diplomatic immunity.

There is one consoling aspect to this hair-raising episode of the Czechoslovakian diplomat. It was the first case of murder involving a delegation to the United Nations and the only one up to now.

Yet the morrow could dawn on a new case of Iron Curtain murder in the UN. It will probably have the very same ending.

11 : The Soviet War-of-Nerves Plot Against the United States

IT was warm, sunshiny, and perfect flying weather at Havana Airport on the afternoon of October 3, 1962, as a jet airliner, bearing the bright colors of Cuba but patently of Soviet origin, roared down the runway for the takeoff.

A small group of government officials and six Russians, headed by Alexei Alekseyev, chief of the Latin American Section in the Foreign Office at Moscow, waved politely from the field as the jet with its thirty passengers picked up speed and nosed into the bright blue sky on a northerly course.

When the plane had disappeared from sight, the contingent at the airport returned to their offices in Havana, but only to learn they were wanted back at the airport. Mechanical trouble had forced the plane to return.

Repairs were made within the hour and the six stiffly correct and uniformed Russians, along with the Cuban officials, saluted the departing passengers and marched off to their waiting cars as the plane this time streaked up to 30,000 feet en route to its destination, New York, with its thirty passengers, headed by Osvaldo Dorticos, Cuba's puppet president.

The plot to blow up a large area of the eastern seaboard of the United States was about to be put to its acid test. It had been many

months in planning and it was now up to one man among the thirty aboard that plane to launch the terrible holocaust upon the United States.

He was Roberto Lazaro Santiesteban y Casanova, a 27-year-old Havana-born saboteur who had been drilled and trained in the terror school the Russians had recently established just outside Havana.

The hope, of course, was that the sabotage would severely damage the United States, but not provoke it into a full-scale nuclear war with Russia.

The Kremlin, well aware of the arsenal of U.S. nuclear and rocket might it would face in a war, must play it "safe." Yet by steering clear of a hot war, the Soviet Union can still advance itself toward the goal of world domination by subtle and covert means, those cold war weapons and devices so capable of wearing down the enemy through attrition and corruption of national morale. Espionage and subversive agitation, designed to reduce the vigor, vitality, and stability of an enemy nation, are two of the Kremlin's weapons. Sabotage, which can ruin a country physically, is another in the Reds' cold war arsenal.

So far as sabotage goes, no nation in the world has exerted more time nor greater energy than the Soviet Union in attaining the know-how to put this destructive force to work. Not only have the Russians mastered the technique of sabotage themselves, but they have instructed satellite nations in its uses, as they have Cuba.

On the wings of the plane bearing Roberto Santiesteban y Casanova that warm afternoon of October 3, 1962, rode Soviet hopes for the success of the first real test of its sabotage virtuosity against a major power, the United States. The Russians felt comfortable and confident about the plot for they were not directly involved in its execution. Only the Cubans could be blamed. Yet we have since learned that the Central Intelligence Agency has obtained unimpeachable evidence against Moscow, showing its cyclopean hand in the plot.

By the time the jet reached New York's Idlewild Airport, it was dark and cold. But the promise of success for the incredible band of conspirators seemed as bright and thermal as the sun burning on the other side of the world that October Thursday.

The plane landed and was guided to a special berth at the airport where security and police precautions protected President Dorticos

from the boos and shouts of exiles who had come to protest his arrival.

Formalities were brief. Squinting through his thick-lensed eyeglasses in the white light of popping flashbulbs and brusquely ignoring reporters' questions, Dorticos hurried to a limousine at the head of a small fleet of autos waiting for the party. Dorticos was anxious to be on time for a dinner date with Andrei Gromyko at the Soviet UN Mission. In fact, it was Gromyko's doing that brought Dorticos to New York.

Some days before, Gromyko implored Khrushchev to send either Castro or Dorticos to the UN to salvage some Russian prestige out of the slap administered by President Kennedy when he threatened to take action to stop the positioning of Russian troops and nuclear rockets on the Caribbean island, action which, on October 21, had led to a blockade of Cuba.

Kennedy's bold stand and the immediate support he received from the Organization of American States had put the Russians on the spot. Their prestige in the eyes of the whole world was at stake. The President had given Khrushchev an ultimatum: get the troops and rockets out of Cuba, or else . . .

From the Kremlin, the order went to Havana: "Send Dorticos to New York to see Andrei Gromyko."

The order also went out: "Send Santiesteban Casanova to execute the sabotage strike."

It had been three years in the making, this plot, and now the time had finally come.

The beginning was in 1959, even as Fidel Castro paraded behind the facade of a "liberator" of the Cuban people. After Castro surged into power on the crest of an impassioned revolution that overthrew the hated Fulgencia Batista regime, he began at once to carry out the secret directives from the Kremlin that were designed to transform the Caribbean nation into a Communist state.

To build this Soviet beachhead in the Western Hemisphere into a Soviet base for military and subversive pressures upon all Latin America, Castro had to be hitched openly to the Moscow droshky which would lead Cuba full circle into the Communist orbit.

Khrushchev designated his wily Armenian deputy, Anastas I. Mikoyan, to the job of harnessing Castro. And Mikoyan, the traveling

salesman of the conspiracy, knew just what to do. In Havana, he and Castro signed a vital trade agreement, thus laying the economic foundation for Russia's subsequent, inevitable political take-over of Cuba. Later, when he returned to New York, Mikoyan faced a packed press conference at the UN and laughed off all suggestions that he had ulterior motives in Cuba, and that the trade pact was merely a cover-up for other more grandiose designs.

But evidence of direct Russian intervention in Cuba soon began accumulating. Cuban exiles and foreign correspondents, lucky to get out of Havana with their lives, periodically reported an ominous influx of Russians—silent, high-cheeked men in square-cut suits, accompanied by women whose bearing was so military-like they looked almost like soldiers in dresses. And instead of pocketbooks, the women always seemed to carry mysterious-looking locked brief-cases.

In retrospect now, the chronology of events from 1960 through 1961 testifies graphically to the systematic Sovietization of Cuba in that brief time span. Cuban exiles and experts on Russia had repeatedly voiced warnings in the United States about the Soviet build-up, but nothing was done to prevent or arrest it except an occasional declaration by the United States that we would not tolerate any violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The clamor grew loudest after Mikoyan, back in Moscow now, delegated Alexei Alekseyev to leave the Latin American Section in the Foreign Office and proceed to Havana and organize the second stage of the Soviet take-over.

Alekseyev took scores of "advisers" with him, people who gradually displaced Cubans in key positions in the Castro regime. These Russian "advisers" also were instrumental in filling many executive positions by advancing Cuban Communists who had until now remained discreetly out of the public's eye.

As Alekseyev thus toiled the engine for Cuban Sovietization, he also built into it the added horsepower needed to drive the Communist droshky into other Caribbean and Latin American lands when the time became ripe.

But primarily his aim was the United States, chief target of the Soviet-Cuban military build-up that was about to begin.

By the time Alekseyev left the summer heat of Havana and re-

turned to the cooler precincts of the Kremlin, Fidel Castro and his brother, Raul, were deep in Khrushchev's pocket. The Soviet Premier had only to give the word now to begin the next stage in the conspiracy—the *coup de grâce* of sabotage against the United States.

For this phase, Khrushchev handpicked a henchman seasoned to the core in the webs and wiles of espionage, sabotage, and subversion. He was the man who headed the Soviet spy ring in Canada in 1945 which gave Russia the secrets of splitting the atom and the know-how to build atom bombs, secrets and know-how filched from the United States while it was still in the stupor of World War II.

The man was Sergei M. Kudryavtsev, an unprincipled Kremlin agent who had served his apprenticeship in espionage in the *Tass* office during Hitler's days in Berlin.

Once again now, Kudryavtsev sallied forth from Moscow to the Western Hemisphere with the rank of ambassador. The sweltering weather of Havana gripped the Russian's porky frame uncomfortably, but he found instant pleasant relief in the air-cooled luxury of the Soviet Embassy, where the kingpins of the Communist conspiracy network in that part of the world had gathered for a briefing on the mechanics of the sabotage plot against the U.S.

N.B.

Kudryavtsev's job was twofold: he had to cast a blanket of agents over Latin America; and he had to prepare the first direct action against the United States, sabotage that was calculated to grate on American nerves and instill consternation and panic in strategic areas of the East Coast. Immediately afterward, if all went well, the plot was to be extended to other vital areas of the country.

Those fortunate enough to have lived in America during World War II would have difficulty understanding the rapacious effects of what the Germans so aptly describe as *nervenkrieg*. Hitler's propaganda minister, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, refined this insidious weapon to a fine art. The Russians copied and improved on it with assiduous skill.

Britain withstood the Nazi bombings of London and other cities valiantly. But in 1944, the heroic nation buckled a bit under the impact of the V-1 and V-2 rockets, those terrifying weapons which splintered and shattered large areas of the British Isles. Even to this

day, it isn't difficult to speculate on Britain's fate if Hitler had had the deadly missiles a year or two earlier.

It is entirely possible that the nerves of those courageous people would have cracked, for a war of nerves is a poisonous weapon. Like opium, it creeps into the nervous system dose by dose until it brings on physical and moral collapse.

Sergei Kudryavtsev was deeply versed in this psychology of the *nervenkrieg*, for he had been the very master of subversion who, for a time, had run the Soviet network of espionage and sabotage in West Germany. He knew how to contrive dangerous incidents, plan involved undercover projects, and take advantage of every situation in bringing an assignment of terror to a successful conclusion.

In Cuba he could operate freely and without cover, an unusual experience for him. Cuban Communists who journeyed to Caribbean and Latin American lands as agents found Kudryavtsev had a keen perception of their special problems. They went on their missions much the wiser for the advice and direction he imparted.

His own special problem was to plot the initial move against the United States. To help him put over his scheme, Kudryavtsev had at his disposal the services of the Communist Party of the United States. But, to be sure, whatever role the Party was to play would, as always, be a subordinate one. The Kremlin has never regarded American Communists sufficiently "reliable" to be trusted with important duties. Traditionally, Moscow looks to this country's Communist Party for subordinate help, such as providing information—the thankless, dirty, and dangerous job of legwork.

Kudryavtsev also could rely for a limited amount of help upon the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

But his real preparation base for the *nervenkrieg* against the United States was the Soviet Mission to the UN. In that adjunct of the Kremlin in New York City, Kudryavtsev had at his disposal a ready-made springboard from which to launch the sabotage blows dictated by Moscow.

By June, 1962, after receiving guidance relayed from Moscow through the UN command post, Kudryavtsev had the blueprint ready. It was clear that the ringleader responsible for the execution of the terror and sabotage in the New York area must be someone who

could work under a protective shield that would render him virtually immune to detection. And he would need unfettered freedom to circulate at will in the target area.

There was only one logical candidate for the job—someone who could operate out of the UN's Cuban Mission which enjoyed immunity from the travel restrictions laid down for certain other Communist or satellite delegations.

Kudryavtsev realized that the man he would finally pick to lead the sabotage ring into its orgy of destruction must be assigned to an inconspicuous post in the Cuban Mission and that he be granted authority to employ trusted aides. The Mission thereby would be used as the base of operations, serving both as the channel of communication with Havana and as supply depot for whatever the terror drive would require.

At the UN, too, the ringleader of the Cuban sabotage team would have the benefit of all the experience and advice that was at the fingertips of the Soviet officers on the UN Mission staff. It would be a terrible oversight of the Russian espionage network's capability to presume that the Soviet military men at the UN had not mapped out a detailed target area long before the Soviet-Cuban plot was hatched.

In their plan we must recognize that they knew precisely what public buildings, railroad terminals, bridges, tunnels, and defense and military installations had to be destroyed for their *nervenkrieg* to be most effective.

Now that we know about it, Kudryavtsev's program for the destruction of our East Coast facilities leaves little doubt that he had the kind of guidance which can come only from a highly skilled, clandestine, psychological-warfare planning and operational unit like the Soviet military staff at the UN.

Although Kudryavtsev had organized and started his saboteur training program in a "terror school" just outside Havana, he never finished the job. At the beginning of summer, 1962, Khrushchev grew impatient with his own grand design to convert Cuba into an unvarnished Soviet military and political beachhead. The aging Kudryavtsev was not capable of handling this assignment, so back to Havana went Alexei Alekseyev, the architect of the Cuban take-over.

Alekseyev lost no time paving the way for the arrival of the ad-

vance guard of Soviet troops and "technicians" who would install the dreaded nuclear warhead rockets and missiles.

In time, historians will record how much prestige and ground in the struggle between the free world and Communism was lost by Khrushchev and gained by President Kennedy in the subsequent show-down which led to the withdrawal of the missiles and warheads and the reduction in the body of 17,000 Soviet troops which had occupied the island by the late summer of 1962.

Suffice it to say, however, that Khrushchev failed to panic or intimidate America. But in October of that year he was still trying, and the key instrument in the war of nerves was still the sabotage plot against the East Coast.

With the canny Alekseyev now running the show in Cuba, the time had come to draft the leader for the attack on the U.S. The man who would lead the team of saboteurs on their mission had to come from the band of terrorists being drilled and readied in the "terror school" on Havana's outskirts. And when Alekseyev studied the records of the students, he settled inevitably on the one who had shown the greatest talent for terror, Roberto Santiesteban y Casanova.

A little man of twenty-seven with crinkly black hair, Santiesteban was furnished with a diplomatic passport which identified him as an attaché at the Cuban Mission to the UN. When he passed through the gates at Idlewild Airport that night of October 3, 1962, with President Dorticos, the furtive-eyed Foreign Minister Raul Roa, and the other Cubans who had come up from Havana, hardly anyone among the greeters from the Soviet and Cuban Missions to the UN seemed to pay even the slightest attention to Santiesteban.

The inconspicuous little man walked briskly to one of the cars in the fleet that had come from the city to pick up the planeload of Cubans, and in a blink of an eye, he had vanished into the night with the rest of the entourage.

That was the last we saw of Santiesteban until six weeks later when he was ready to execute the lessons he was taught in the "terror school."

During all those weeks in New York, Santiesteban had huddled for hours on end with the Soviet military staff until he was thoroughly briefed on what targets he was to sabotage. The whole list had been

laid out for him: Macy's department store, Grand Central Terminal, subway stations, New Jersey oil refineries . . . the works!

Time bombs would be planted in a specified critical location at each of the installations so as to cause the maximum devastation and loss of life.

It was precisely 10 o'clock of Friday night, November 16, when Santiesteban stepped out of the doorway of an apartment house on once-fashionable Riverside Drive skirting the Hudson River. It was nearly freezing and Roberto Lazaro Santiesteban y Casanova drew up his collar to protect himself against the icy winds blowing in off the river.

This was the moment. He was on his way to carry out the first ignominious assignment in the Soviet-Cuban plot to blow up vital areas of the eastern United States.

12 : The FBI Nails the Cuban Saboteurs

ROBERTO LAZARO Santiesteban y Casanova was but one of several conspirators behind the scheme to unleash the Soviet-designed Cuban terror against the New York metropolitan area's 16,000,000 residents. Santiesteban had laid out the plan for the others—the people he had chosen with Soviet UN military staff approval—to carry out the wholesale destruction.

As he walked along Riverside Drive heading for his official diplomatic car parked fifty feet down the street, Santiesteban stopped suddenly under the glare of a street lamp and glanced at a piece of paper he had pulled from his pocket. It held only an address: 242 West 27th Street.

This was his destination, the rendezvous point for Santiesteban and two other conspirators who would galvanize the wave of terror against the citizenry. At that address, his two handpicked accomplices were waiting. They had arrived hours earlier to prepare for the big strike. They were on the sixth floor of this grimy, unkempt commercial building in the heart of Manhattan's renowned Garment District. The 27th Street block between Seventh and Eighth Avenues is probably a classic example of the dinginess and decrepitness of this particular area of New York City. Except for the magnificent ultra-modern edifice that is the Fashion Institute of Technology directly across the

street from No. 242, the block is a monotony of smoky brick structures, four to fourteen stories tall, housing an assortment of fur cutters, dress manufacturers, coat makers, and dealers in sundry other apparel goods.

As it happened, the occupant of the sixth floor of 242 West 27th Street was a manufacturer of costume jewelry, one of the chief sidelines of the garment industry. The owner of the business was José Garcia Orellana, a 42-year-old Cuban national who had been doing a modest trade with dress firms in the area, supplying them with ornaments and jeweled accouterments that go on dresses.

A hand-lettered sign on the translucent glass of the firm's only door was the lone clue to the nature of the business conducted inside. The sign read: MODEL-CRAFT COSTUME JEWELER MANUFACTURERS.

Although it was Friday night and the vast garment district was bathed in the darkness of weekend inactivity, the offices of the Model-Craft jewelry concern's loft were strangely and inexplicably busy. Lights burned brightly and two figures moved stealthily within.

One was José Garcia Orellana himself; the other was a younger man, Marino Antonio Esteban del Carmen Sueirro y Cabrera, another Cuban national who was in Garcia's employ as a "salesman." Or, at least, he had been posing as such. Actually, neither man was interested in costume jewelry—certainly not on this Friday night of November 17, 1962.

Other business was on their minds at this moment, the business of sabotage. Before them in the center of the loft was a large five-shelf, six-foot-high safe, its doors ajar. Garcia and his 22-year-old "salesman," Sueirro, stood before the vault eyeing its contents. What held their gaze was the collection of explosives and incendiaries stocked in the safe.

These were the devices that the Cuban saboteurs were going to employ in their nefarious scheme to blow up the refineries, department stores, public transportation, and other targets marked for destruction by the Havana-Moscow Red axis.

Garcia and Sueirro had waited long for this moment and now they had very little time left. Within minutes they expected to be on their way, ostensibly to target No. 1, the multimillion-dollar petroleum complex of the Humble Oil and Refining Company plant in Linden,

New Jersey. This vast sprawling empire lies some ten miles from Bayonne down the western shore of the Arthur Kill, the body of water separating New Jersey and Staten Island.

In from the sea each year come millions of barrels of crude oil from all over the world to feed the oil-hungry metropolitan area. Giant tankers and barges tie up in the Kill. Hoses swing out. The crude oil flows into the "cat plants" and is "cracked." Out through a maze of color-coded pipes into acres of tanks flow, in turn, gasoline, heating oil, industrial fuel oil, alcohol, naphtha, jet fuel, kerosene, lighter fluid, anti-freeze—the host of products that heat, power and provide amenities for our way of life.

The catalyst plants towering into the sky look like mountainous Christmas trees at night, ablaze with lights. Oil is an around-the-clock industry.

If the plot hatched by the Cuban saboteurs were to come off as planned, they would have to get inside the plant. Could they? What protective and security measures did the company have in force to guard against the danger of sabotage?

Fortunately, this was a time that Humble and a number of other refineries along the Jersey shore had just recently initiated a program of intensified security. What prompted it was the devastating saboteur strike at the refineries in Venezuela in October at the height of the Cuban crisis. It was strongly suspected—if not proven—that Cubans were responsible for the havoc wrought upon the Venezuelan plants, and the refineries in Jersey were quick to realize the potential danger to themselves.

Their first step was to triple and quadruple the police forces which patrol the endless acres of refinery grounds. At Humble, the head of plant protection, stocky, broad-shouldered John Hoff, fifty-five, wasted no time in beefing up his force. He ordered three radio cars and twenty pickup trucks on around-the-clock patrol from the instant the first explosion echoed up from the Venezuelan oilfields.

Hoff also ordered every inch of the eight-foot, barbed-wire-topped cyclone fence surrounding the 1,600-acre plant and its maze of pipes and tanks checked for holes and breaks.

"We're ready for anything," Hoff said confidently after issuing orders to one hundred and sixty key men on his force to maintain vigil.

Hoff also cautioned Humble's thousands of employees: "Be alert and report if you see anything even remotely suspicious. Don't make physical contact with strangers. Call headquarters at once."

"Headquarters" for plant protection was a radio-control room, a nerve center that picks up flash reports of everything that happens throughout the refinery. In organizing his stepped-up protection plan, Hoff also established a tie-in with the Linden police and the security task forces at the other two Linden refineries, Texaco and Cities Service.

Presumably they were ready for the Cuban saboteurs, even though they had no idea when or how they might strike, if at all. And yet the time was so perilously close. Perhaps only an hour or two away.

How could the saboteurs, even with the lessons taught them in the "terror school," begin their destruction against the plant when security alert was so high?

A look inside the vault at the Model-Craft Costume Jeweler Manufacturers on West 27th Street told the story. It virtually bulged with the familiar crenellated or pineapple-type hand grenades, large non-fragmenting cylinders of TNT detonators, incendiaries, and a whole variety of other weapons of destruction.

On the bottom shelf were all the instructions the saboteurs would need to arm and deploy the weapons in their strike; precise rules on how to spread devastation and death, even with around-the-clock guards on duty.

For example, the booklet bearing instructions on the arming and use of the detonators and incendiaries gave these suggestions:

The detonator, because it is shaped like a pencil, will fit into a slot at the side of the incendiary proper; the latter itself is a smooth black package (about the size of a packet of four cigars) and can be concealed in the inside jacket pocket or other good hiding place without creating suspicion.

Do not attach the detonator to the incendiary while you have it on your person. This process is done only when you are at your target. That is when you affix the detonator—and then push the button.

The incendiary is timed to go off in approximately an hour to an hour and fifteen minutes. But before that, at exactly ten min-

utes after the detonator is depressed, the incendiary will burst into flames for about ten minutes . . . The actual explosion will not occur until the full cycle has passed . . .

Drawings, diagrams, and sketches were contained in the leaflet which showed exactly at what parts of tanks, trains, stations, buildings, and even ships the incendiary should be placed for "maximum destruction and vulnerability."

The text of the leaflet was in English and French, which suggested that the Cubans, and in all likelihood the Soviets, had obtained these weapons of sabotage from some holdover surplus stockpile that might have belonged to the French Underground during the Resistance in World War II.

There was no literature on the use of the hand grenades, but it wasn't necessary. Although very destructive and dangerous, a grenade is, nevertheless, a relatively simple device. The saboteurs could employ this tool as a last resort in the blow against the refineries. In effect, if they could not get inside the barbed-wire fence and past the security patrols, they could hurl grenades over the fence at the tanks and pipes with every reasonable chance of causing a fracture or a break which, in turn, would touch off a devastating explosion and fire.

The Cuban saboteurs had overlooked nothing.

Even as Garcia and Sueirro waited for Santiesteban to reach the office on West 27th Street, other Cuban agents at that very moment were preparing to move out and make simultaneous "death blow" strikes against the greater metropolitan area.

As Santiesteban consulted the scrap of paper in his hand now to familiarize himself with the address he was heading for, the man who was Garcia's "salesman" hurriedly left the sixth-floor loft, went downstairs, got into his car, and drove crosstown to Third Avenue and East 24th Street where he met a woman. The scene was less than ten blocks from where Judith Coplon and Valentin Gubitchev had come to the end of their trail more than a dozen years before.

The time was 10:25 p.m. and the woman Cabrera rendezvoused with was olive-skinned, pretty, and young. She was American-born Ada Maria Dritsas, twenty-six, of 204 East 25th Street. Her occupation was teacher and recreation supervisor at a social center called the Hudson Guild, 436 West 27th Street, two blocks from the loft building where the explosives and incendiary devices were stored.

Ada was waiting on the corner and when Sueirro drove up and parked at the curb on Third Avenue, Ada walked over, opened the door, and got in beside the driver. Sueirro turned off his motor and blacked his lights. There in the darkness, the two spoke quietly.

Subdued, too, was the conversation in another part of town at that precise moment. The scene for this colloquy was a comfortable, neatly furnished apartment in a building at 265 West 71st Street where over coffee José Gomez Abad, twenty-one, and his wife, Elsa Montero de Gomez Abad, twenty, were soberly discussing a plan to spread death and destruction in New York City itself.

Gomez and his wife were also part and parcel of the total Cuban-Soviet conspiracy. Like Santiesteban, they had one thing going for them that the others did not—diplomatic immunity, a wonderful escape hatch for a spy or saboteur if he should get caught. They had come to this country in the guise of employees of the Cuban Mission to the UN.

A pert, dark-eyed beauty, Elsa Montero had arrived in New York City on August 28, 1961. Fluent in English, Elsa was assigned to operate the switchboard in the Cuban UN Mission, a job which requires a trustworthy person. Elsa was just such a person, for she had been one of the staunchest supporters of Fidel Castro back in Havana. As a teenager, Elsa had fought with rifle and bayonet in the Revolution which overthrew Batista. Her assignment to the Cuban Mission was a token of Castro's gratitude to a loyal subject.

That same gratitude had gone out also to Elsa's husband, José, although at the time Castro sent him to New York, December 14, 1961, Gomez Abad had not yet met the woman who would become his wife. As a teenager, too, Gomez Abad had also carried a rifle and a belt of grenades strapped around his middle and trudged into the cities and towns to fight the hated Batista soldiers.

Mustached, curly-haired, and almost handsome, Gomez Abad joined the staff of the Cuban Delegation on his arrival from Havana. Although he held minor rank, he was noticed around the UN's corridors and cocktail lounges as a man with far greater freedom and much more spending money than befits the commonplace attaché listed in the delegation roster, as he was, on the third rung from the bottom. That wasn't smart of Gomez Abad, for that freedom and spending

power have been in the past the great betrayers of an otherwise good agent.

Let us say here and now that Gomez Abad became a man to watch. As events will show, Gomez Abad had come to the UN as a key agent of Cuban espionage activity and purposely was placed in an insignificant category to give him the elbowroom needed to engage more effectively in the underground work that was his real mission.

José met Elsa soon after he arrived in New York and they fell in love and married. It cannot be doubted that he was alerted beforehand to Elsa's own importance in the Cuban conspiracy; and now with marriage they became partners in everything they had to live for. Now they could—and did—work as a team. Elsa, on the switchboard, could eavesdrop on conversations and detect any turn-coats disloyal to the Communist masters in Havana; José, in turn, with his freedom to roam New York as he pleased, could round up the likely candidates for the team Santiesteban would need when he finally arrived in the city to launch the sabotage-and-terror plan.

It was, in fact, Gomez Abad who had things in readiness for Santiesteban. Gomez Abad was the one who found custom jeweler Garcia and salesman Sueirro and recruited them as key figures in the sabotage plan. He liked what Garcia and Sueirro offered.

Garcia and Sueirro both had extensive backgrounds in pro-Castro organizing activities in New York City. Both belonged to the "Movimiento del 26 de Julio" or 26th of July Movement, the basic group on which Castroism has been built. It was on July 26, 1953, that Fidel Castro led an attack on Batista forces at Santiago. Seventy of 165 attackers were slain, and the revolution-bent doctor was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. He was subsequently freed in an amnesty and deported to Mexico. From there he returned to lead the revolution which overthrew the Batista regime.

Garcia and Sueirro had not only frequented but were officers of the Casa Cuba Club, one of the most notorious gathering places in New York for Castro sympathizers. Sueirro was treasurer and Garcia president of the club located at 691 Columbus Avenue on Manhattan's West Side. It was in this club that the plot to hijack American airliners and fly them to Cuba was hatched, but the New York City police, acting on the FBI's information, raided the club and thwarted the plot.

The two candidates for the sabotage ring also were active in the affairs of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, which, because of its attitude on the Cuban controversy, had come under the scrutiny of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in 1961.

And now Garcia was already recruited into the ring and at this precise moment, 10:25 p.m., he was waiting alone in his sixth-floor office for the arrival of Santiesteban.

Santiesteban by now had folded the piece of paper he had consulted for directions to Garcia's place downtown, and had begun to walk toward his car. The wind was still blowing briskly from the river all along Riverside Drive.

At Third Avenue and East 24th Street, Antonio Sueirro Cabrera and Ada Maria Dritsas may not have felt the chill of that wind as they sat in their car, but they were impelled suddenly by an urgency to breeze along. Wherever it was they had to go, the time had come. Sueirro turned on his headlights and started the motor.

Up in the apartment shared by the Cuban Mission's newlyweds, José Gomez Abad and Elsa Montero de Gomez Abad, that same imperativeness to move on started them toward the door of their apartment. They turned out the lamps and, with José leading the way, came out of the apartment into the lighted hallway.

Incredibly now, although none yet knew of it, each participant in the Cuban sabotage plot to destroy our eastern seaboard had for weeks before begun to head into the center of a massive web, a web painstakingly woven by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. And at this very minute—10:25 on the night of Friday, November 16—the web was fully spun. The time had come to close in on every one of the plotters.

The deserted sidewalk along Riverside Drive, where Santiesteban walked toward his car, suddenly sparked to life as a half dozen G-men issued forth from the shadows of building doorways, emerged from alleyways, sprang from behind parked cars, and in quick formation formed a ring around the Cuban saboteur.

"What you want?" Santiesteban cried excitedly in his broken English as fire flashed from his angry eyes at the sight of what he surely must have guessed was the law.

"FBI," said one of the agents curtly. "We want you to come along with us."

Unknown to the Cuban conspirators, the FBI had greatly increased its vigil of Cubans in this country, particularly in the New York and Florida areas, because of the grave deterioration of U.S.-Cuba relations. The Cuban Mission to the UN had become the prime target of FBI surveillance. And from this outpost the G-men were able to detect the first signals of the sabotage plot almost from the moment it was conceived. Then it was simply a matter of baiting the trap—and waiting.

The words of the FBI man had barely been uttered to this first of the Cuban saboteurs trapped, when Santiesteban lurched, grabbed the G-man around the throat, and hurled him backward. Then, before the other agents could move against the Cuban, he dug his hand into his pocket, pulled out a wallet, and from it took a piece of paper.

With a seemingly practiced smooth, swift motion, he rammed the paper into his mouth and began to chew it. But one of the G-men lunged at Santiesteban and knocked him off balance. The others closed in and took a grip on him. The first agent took hold of Santiesteban's jaw and with the help of another G-man extricated the saliva-soaked paper.

The paper contained a formula for a highly secret, powerful explosive that was to be used in the sabotage operations. Its mixture constituted five volatile ingredients that included nitroglycerine, phosphates, and soda.

Santiesteban wasn't going to give up without a fight, even though the secret formula had been seized. Cursing shrilly in Spanish, he hurled punches and kicked high in a furious attempt to escape. But the six G-men were too much even for a man as wild as Santiesteban. He was subdued, but in the process he had suffered bruises and cuts on his face and left eye which later prompted him to protest "brutality methods" by the FBI. Luckily for Santiesteban, he never pulled the fully loaded automatic Mauser he was packing in his inside jacket pocket.

There was no violence elsewhere as other G-men moved in simultaneously to close the ring against the rest of Santiesteban's saboteur team.

Antonio Sueirro Cabrera and Ada Maria Dritsas were seized on their corner before the driver could release the brake and shift into drive. Things happened so swiftly there on Third Avenue that not

even the few passersby at that late hour had any idea what was happening. No less so, perhaps, than Antonio and Ada who were so overwhelmed by the sudden appearance of agents around their car that they sat staring blankly in stunned silence.

There were G-men to the left and G-men to the right, and without a single wasted motion, they had the door on either side of the car opened and the two suspects by the arms. Just as swiftly, they packed them into an FBI squad car and headed uptown to the FBI's regional headquarters at 201 East 69th Street, where Santiesteban also was being taken.

At that very moment, too, José Gomez Abad and Elsa Montero de Gomez Abad had stepped into the hallway and were in the process of locking their door when, like the others, they were stunned and speechless as FBI men broke from cover under the stairwell and surrounded the pair.

The words, "You are under arrest!" spoken by one of the G-men prompted a sharp and sarcastic rejoinder from Gomez Abad after he had recovered from the initial surprise of the entrapment.

"How you going to make it stick?" he snapped. "We have diplomatic immunity—you know that?"

"Just come along with us," replied the agent. The husband and wife saboteur team were escorted downstairs and, like the others, taken to FBI headquarters.

Only one member of the sabotage ring was yet to be accounted for. But time had run out on José Garcia Orellana, too, and inexorably he was being sucked into the trap of his making.

When the door of his office on West 27th Street opened suddenly, José might have been expected to believe Santiesteban was arriving a few minutes early. But spies and saboteurs work on a split-second schedule, and if Garcia Orellana had thought Santiesteban had just come in, he could not be much credit to his profession. As it turned out, he wasn't.

"So early, Roberto?" called José from the vault where he was sorting hand grenades into neat piles along the fourth shelf.

But the ear-splitting silence followed by the sudden and hurried shuffling of several pairs of feet prompted José to wheel around in stark astonishment. The surge of five neatly attired men in overcoats

and guns in hand told José the jig was up even before one of the agents announced crisply, "FBI. You are under arrest."

As two agents put handcuffs on Garcia Orellana, the other three G-men examined the vault. In addition to the grenades, detonators, and incendiaries, they found two pistols, three loaded pistol clips, and a quantity of TNT. More grenades and detonators were found secreted in an old 42-inch fluorescent lighting fixture that was tilted against a wall. The G-men uncovered the material under the curved hood, hidden in with the wiring and transformer.

Garcia, who had arrived in the United States in 1941 and became naturalized by virtue of service in the army during World War II, was hustled downstairs, and he, too, was taken to FBI headquarters.

The FBI had carried out its crackdown so efficiently that not a word about the arrests was heard until the next morning.

The official announcement came jointly from the U.S. Mission and the FBI at 11 a.m. and it pointed to a sabotage and terrorist plot of staggering scope, a plot that bore all the earmarks of careful masterminding and preparation by experts in possession of both the resources and secret channels of information essential to the success of the mission.

Except that they hadn't counted on the effectiveness and efficiency of the FBI.

The sheer audacity of the scheme to blow up installations paled even the infamous design of evil aimed at America by Hitler who personally had approved a plan to land Nazi saboteurs on U.S. soil by submarine in June, 1942. German U-boats had landed eight men in rubber life rafts on the East Coast—four at Amagansett, Long Island, and four in Florida, but a tip to the FBI had led to a quick roundup of the would-be saboteurs before they could carry out their assignments. Six were executed within two months; the two others were sent to prison.

Immediately following the joint announcement of the arrests of the Cuban saboteurs, the U.S. Mission to the UN summoned correspondents to inform them that a note of protest had been delivered by Ambassador Stevenson to the Cuban UN Delegation and to Secretary General U Thant. The United States demanded that José Gomez Abad and his wife, Elsa, be recalled immediately to Havana. Both

were accused of active participation in the sabotage and terror conspiracy, and were specifically named as the ones who supplied the explosives and incendiaries to the ring.

The evidence of this was the address found on some of the packages in which the contraband came, 155 East 44th Street, the home of the Cuban Mission to the UN.

Stevenson's note sidestepped the customary diplomatic niceties and went straight to the point, saying: "José Gomez Abad and Elsa Montero de Gomez actively participated as co-conspirators in a plot against the security of the United States. Their activities are a gross violation of their status as members of a permanent mission to the UN. The U. S. Government considers this criminal activity a most flagrant abuse of the privileges of residence. The permanent mission of Cuba is requested to effect the immediate departure of Jose Gomez Abad and Elsa Montero de Gomez from the U.S."

Carlos Lechuga, the Cuban Ambassador to the UN, pilgrimaged hastily and dutifully to U Thant's office to protest in pain against the "grossly unfair accusations" by the U.S. Thant was busy elsewhere. But an aide listened politely. Lechuga then faced the correspondents, aired his outrage, then stalked out of the UN Building.

Soon Moscow Radio was protesting that the U.S. was harassing Cuban nationals in this country with "trumped-up" charges of sabotage. It accused the U.S. of trampling on the sanctity of treaty agreements with the UN by making Cuban diplomats scapegoats of its propaganda hate campaign against Castro.

Pravda and *Izvestia* joined shortly after and Havana Radio added its protest by calling the arrests "a Yankee maneuver to offset the recent arrest of a United States Central Intelligence agent in Cuba who tried to blow up a mining installation . . ."

The Cubans also raised an outcry at the arrest of the master saboteur, Roberto Lazaro Santiesteban y Casanova, but it was a weak protest by contrast to the complaint lodged in the case of the Gomez Abads. It seems Santiesteban had indeed arrived on a diplomatic passport, but the State Department had held up his papers in processing them for reasons it did not reveal. Thus Santiesteban, technically and legally, could not claim to enjoy diplomatic immunity.

Three days later, on Tuesday, November 20, Gomez Abad and his

wife unobtrusively boarded an Aeronaves de Mexico jet bound for Havana via Mexico City. They were returned home under the protective cloak of diplomatic immunity.

Meanwhile, Santiesteban, Marino Antonio Esteban Del Carmen Sueirro y Cabrera, and José García Orellano were put in jail; Santiesteban was held in \$250,000 bail and the others in \$100,000 each. Maria Dritsas, the teacher who was with Cabrera in the car, was released after extensive questioning. Authorities said she had no hand in the plot, nor even knew about it. She had merely met Cabrera "socially," it was explained.

On Wednesday, November 21, the trio was indicted by a Federal grand jury in New York for sabotage and conspiracy, and also was accused of having acted as unauthorized agents of a foreign government.

After the hearings in court in which all three entered "not guilty" pleas, the case quickly seemed to be forgotten. Nothing more was heard about the Cuban saboteurs for the next four months, except for one unconfirmed report that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had visited Santiesteban in the Federal House of Detention in New York City to discuss a "trade" with him. At the time the Government was negotiating with Cuba for the release of U.S. nationals and others involved in the calamitous Bay of Pigs invasion. There had been talk, too, that besides the drugs and medical supplies that Castro was seeking in the exchange, he also wanted release of the three saboteurs.

On April 22, 1963, the release became a reality. The three Cubans were given their freedom to return to Cuba. Along with them, the Government threw into the bargain a fourth Cuban prisoner, Francisco "The Hook" Molina del Rio, a Fidel Castro supporter who accidentally killed a 9-year-old girl, Magdalena Urdaneta, of Caracas, Venezuela, during a shooting fray with anti-Castro Cubans in a New York City restaurant in 1959. At the Federal Government's request, New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller commuted Molina's sentence of twenty years to life, "with the express condition that Molina del Rio be deported and never again re-enter the United States. If he does so, he is automatically deemed an escaped convict and compelled to serve the balance of his sentence."

The prisoners' release was granted on the ground "that the State Department had suggested to the Department of Justice that it would be in the national interest if the three defendants were released."

There was a provision that Santiesteban and Sueirro leave the country immediately. No stipulation was made in jeweler Garcia's case. But Garcia, who had become a naturalized citizen because of his service in the U.S. Army, elected to go to Cuba with his wife, Josephine, and their two daughters, aged twelve and seven years.

On the night of April 21, Santiesteban, Sueirro, Molina, Garcia Orellana and his family were taken under guard to Idlewild Airport and escorted aboard an Immigration Department plane bound for Florida; they were transferred there to a Cuban airliner that took them back to Havana.

In the aftermath of the prisoners' release, it was learned that Castro had brought up the names of the prisoners during discussions with James B. Donovan, the New York attorney who had worked the Abel-Powers swap and was then negotiating for the release of the Bay of Pigs invaders. Donovan, who since then has gone on to become president of the New York City Board of Education, reported the conversation to officials in Washington. It was then decided to release the three saboteurs and the killer of the little Venezuelan girl.

Special circumstances dictated Molina's release. But in the case of the saboteurs, once again, the United Nations with its built-in protection became the shield and the umbrella under which Communist espionage agents and terrorists can function and do function with immunity in this country.

In the aftermath of the FBI's quick work in smashing the sabotage ring and the disclosure of its existence by Ambassador Stevenson, a great public cry of rage was lofted against the Cuban UN Mission. Angry throngs milled truculently at the Mission's doors and demands rang out everywhere that the Cuban UN emissaries be summarily deported. Less drastically, some newspapers urged that travel restrictions be imposed on the Cuban UN representatives as they are on UN delegates from the Soviet Union and satellite nations. Even General John B. Medaris, retired chief of the Army Space Program, lent his weighty voice to the appeal.

In the end, the same travel restrictions applying to Soviet bloc countries were imposed on the Cuban Delegation. But under the sanc-

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tuary of diplomatic immunity, New York remained as fecund as ever for espionage and sabotage activity.

As the liberal New York *Post* editorialized: “. . . unfortunately, for every group exposed, it is reasonable to assume another may be escaping detection.”

13 : Soviets "Buy" the GOP Candidate

ELECT
RICHARD A. FLINK
CAPABLE, CONSCIENTIOUS
FOR THE
NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLY
VOTE GOP ALL THE WAY

RE-ELECT
J. LEWIS FOX
EXPERIENCED, DEDICATED
FOR THE
NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLY
VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC LINE

ELECTION posters such as these were tacked on wooden telephone poles, pasted on cast-iron street light standards, strung on traffic stanchions, and displayed prominently in hundreds of locations in the Howard Beach section of Queens during the fall of 1962, a time when a particularly vigorous political campaign was being waged in that area of New York City.

Richard A. Flink, a mere twenty-seven years of age, was matching youth and ambition against his rival's maturity and experience. As a Republican, Flink was also fighting upstream against a strong current of Democratic voters who comprised the political power in the 12th Assembly District. Yet Flink was eager and determined to unseat the incumbent assemblyman, J. Lewis Fox.

Flink had one thing going for him that Fox did not—Flink's campaign was being financed, in part, by the Soviet Union.

Incredible as it may appear, two Russian employees at the United Nations had managed to work their influences on this young Republican political hopeful until they were certain he was on their side and convinced that he was going to toe the line of Communism in subtle but substantial ways once he was elected. For this they contributed a total of three thousand dollars toward his expenses in the Assembly race, and Flink took the money willingly, even eagerly.

But Flink's acceptance of the three thousand and his assurance to the Reds that he would espouse Kremlin propoganda in speeches he delivered before various organizations did not constitute a traitorous act. For Richard Flink was definitely not a traitor at all, but a patriotic American who, as the FBI has put it, made a notable contribution in aborting the first known attempt by UN-based Soviet agents to infiltrate the nation's politics.

Richard Flink was born in 1934 to parents who, although immigrants, had been in the United States many years; his father came from Staraya Russa, Russia, in 1906, his mother from Vienna a few years later. After Richard, there was a girl, Yvette. The parents eventually moved into a comfortable apartment at 245 West 107th Street on Manhattan's upper West Side, home for Richard Flink for a good many years of his life.

Richard attended Public School 165 on 109th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue, achieved a superior scholastic standing that won him admittance to highly rated Stuyvesant High School. He graduated with honors, was accepted by Brandeis University in Massachusetts. In 1955 he received his degree, came back to New York, then enrolled at New York University Law School at Washington Square. He went to live in the Law School dormitory at 33 Washington Square West, opposite the college. As a student, he worked part time in the New York office of U.S. Attorney S. Hazard Gillespie.

By 1959 Flink had his law degree and prepared to take the New York State Bar examination in June of that year. With a friend, whom we shall call Joseph Seldrich, Flink crammed for the exam. He studied at the NYU Law Library on the Square along with Seldrich, a graduate of Amherst College and Harvard Law School.

It was a day in late June, 1959, when Seldrich mentioned to Flink that he had been to the New York Coliseum to see the Soviet Trade

Commission Fair, and while there had met one of the officials, a Vladimir Orlov, the head of the exposition's literary section.

"He heard so much about Greenwich Village," Seldrich told Flink. "He wants to come down and be shown around."

Flink knew the Village well. He had lived, those years at NYU, in its very midst. He knew every section, every landmark, every place of interest in that world-renowned community which adjoins Washington Square.

"Will you show Orlov around?" Seldrich wanted to know.

"Certainly," agreed Flink without a second thought. "Bring him down."

The following week Seldrich escorted Orlov to Washington Square and Flink took them on a tour of the Village. When it was over, Orlov couldn't thank Flink enough.

"You must come up to the exhibit and see some of the interesting things we have in my country," Orlov said. Flink agreed he would, and as a courtesy Orlov gave him passes.

The young law student told of his meeting with Orlov and the Russian's invitation to the Soviet exhibition at the Coliseum to a young man whom we shall identify as Milton Chernik. Chernik, another of his friends, was at once fascinated by Flink's encounter with the Russian.

"Why don't you invite him to my cocktail party?" asked Chernik. "I think the crowd would enjoy meeting someone from the Soviet Union."

Flink said he'd ask. A few days later he went to the Coliseum, met Orlov who greeted him warmly, and was given the red carpet treatment as he was taken through the Soviet exposition to view a fashion show, an agricultural demonstration, several scientific exhibits, and a literary display which Orlov himself had charge of. Then Orlov introduced Flink to another Soviet fair official, Gnadi Beckerov.

Flink ultimately tendered Orlov the invitation to the cocktail party at Chernik's apartment three nights hence.

"I won't be able to go myself," Orlov apologized. "But perhaps Gnadi can attend." He turned to the other Russian.

"It will be a pleasure," Gnadi Beckerov smiled.

Arrangements were made to meet after the exhibit closed the night of the party. That was at 10 p.m. On the appointed evening when

Flink went to the corner of Central Park South and West 59th Street, just across from the Coliseum in Columbus Circle, he found Orlov waiting. But not alone. With him was another Russian who was introduced to Flink as Yuri A. Mishukov, a translator in the UN Office of Conference Services.

"Is it all right if Yuri comes along, too?" asked Beckerov.

Flink said that would be just fine. The party was in an apartment in the Peter Cooper Village housing development in the east 20's. But Flink soon found himself in an embarrassing situation. The guests at Milton Chernik's party appeared to take a sordid delight in ridiculing the Russian visitors. They criticized the Soviet Union's political philosophies, poked fun at Premier Khrushchev, and, in general, made the Russians' visit an unpleasant experience. Because he felt responsible for their plight since he had brought them there, Flink stepped into some of the arguments in the role of an arbitrator. His friend, Joseph Seldrich, was also at the party and he, too, sided with Flink in mediating some of the more heated discussions.

The party ended around midnight. Flink and Seldrich accepted Beckerov's offer of a ride home. Mishukov went along. Flink was dropped off first at the NYU dormitory, then Seldrich was taken home.

Flink heard nothing more from the Russians as he waded into his bar exams, passed them, and became a lawyer. Flink then left his student-attorney job at the U.S. Attorney's office and began the ritual familiar to most young men about to launch their careers, the ritual known as "pounding the sidewalks." But for Flink, a personable, easy-going type with an imposing six-foot-four, 210-pound physique, his job-hunting days were neither long nor unpleasant. Within a couple of weeks he landed a position with Bass & Friend, a law firm at 342 Madison Avenue in Manhattan.

It was now well into the summer of 1959, and despite his new job, Flink decided he'd be able to take on the additional burden of studies for an advanced law degree, his master's. Accordingly, he continued to live at the NYU dormitory while he carried out his twin responsibilities as attorney and student.

With his days and nights filled with work, studies, and now frequent dates with a pretty brunette who would soon become Mrs. Lois Flink, summer swept by and September was soon upon him.

Yuri Mishukov, the Soviet UN employee, chose that month to re-establish contact with his young acquaintance from the party of that previous June, and on a morning just beginning to be tinged with the crispness of autumn, the Russian phoned Flink at the dormitory and suggested they meet over lunch.

Flink talked cordially to Mishukov, but the telephone call actually puzzled him. He wondered idly why the Russian wanted to see him again, yet agreed to the luncheon date, more out of curiosity than anything else.

The two men met at the reception desk on the first floor of the UN Building, then repaired to the delegates' dining room on the fourth floor.

Mishukov was the very embodiment of the good host. As Flink recalled the incident later to these authors, the jovial Soviet welcomed him to the UN, spoke a while of its gargantuan operations and of his own job as an interpreter, and all in all seemed in absolutely relaxed good spirits. The conversation was light, interesting.

"He told me about his family and asked me questions about my family," Flink recounted. "He wanted to know where I went to school, what I studied, what my interests and aims were. He seemed very interested in me as a person. I answered him and, of course, asked him about himself—you know, the same sort of questions. He was quite friendly through it all.

"Then he inquired about my political beliefs, whether I was a Republican or a Democrat. He seemed interested in the fact that I'd worked in the U.S. Attorney's office. I told him I'd done mostly corporate work there and he wanted to know when I left and why, and if I liked it there and a lot of things like that. There was nothing cagey or underhanded about him. It was all open talk and entirely sociable."

After lunch, the two parted with some vague remarks about seeing each other again. It was now mid-afternoon and Flink started walking west on 42nd Street toward Grand Central Terminal and the IRT subway. But as he strolled in the waning afternoon sun, he began reflecting on the entire incident.

Why, he wondered, had Mishukov called him? Could there be anything sinister behind it?

Flink thought a while and tried to dismiss the idea. Yet something kept nagging at his thoughts and, as he reached the subway, the

bright, affable young attorney decided on the spur of the moment to talk it over with a good friend at the U.S. Attorney's office, Assistant U.S. Attorney Arthur Savage, who had been Flink's immediate superior in his days there as a student attorney.

Savage listened while Flink unfolded the events in their proper sequence. At the end of his recitation, Flink asked: "Well, Art, what do you think?"

Savage gave some thought to the question before replying.

"I'd say it's a little funny, all right, but I don't see anything, well, diabolic in it. Still . . ."

"Still what?"

"Still, I think to be on the safe side we'd better call the FBI about it. They'll know how to evaluate it. They can tell you better than I what to do."

Savage made the call. An agent listened while Savage filled him in on Flink's experience with the Soviets. The FBI man suggested that Flink meet him outside the NYU dormitory the following day at noon.

The agent easily recognized the towering, rugged-looking Flink. He introduced himself and then escorted the young attorney across the street into Washington Square Park. The sprawling green oasis in the center of one of the city's great cultural and business hubs was a-swarm with NYU students, with a scattering of bearded beatniks, with elderly Italian-speaking neighborhood residents from the large Italian-American settlement in the Village, and with dozens of young children from the new high-rise apartments sprouting throughout the area. The FBI man and Flink found a bench on the quieter west side of the park, and Flink, with occasional questions and prodding from the agent, recapitulated the entire episode with the Soviet officials in detail. The G-man took some occasional notes.

"What should I do?" Flink asked curiously after he had told all there was to relate.

"If he calls again and makes another date, meet him," the FBI man advised simply.

"And then?"

"Just let us know what happens. Call from a pay phone . . ."

Marveling somewhat at the crisp, economical way of the FBI, Flink departed not quite sure what was happening to him, uncertain

of what lay ahead, but above all curious and determined to see it all through wherever it led.

Flink waited with high anticipation for Mishukov's next summons even though he had no guarantee there would be one. But there was; it came about ten days later.

"How about lunch?" the now familiar voice asked after the preliminary greetings. Flink agreed readily.

"At the reception desk again," Mishukov said, "and then we'll go up to the lounge. All right?" That was just what Flink wanted.

They met a few days later, during the first week of October. Flink, as he had been instructed to do, cleared the meeting with the FBI.

At lunch, Mishukov was cordial, in good spirits, filled with light, small banter. Flink matched Mishukov's mood and loquacious animation. But as the conversation continued, Flink noticed the tenor changing.

"He began to seek out my feelings about Russia," Flink recalled later, "and to find out if I was sympathetic to Khrushchev. He asked me what I thought about his recent visit to the United States and his talks with President Eisenhower. He tried to find out in general my feelings toward Soviet-American relations. I didn't indicate one way or another too strongly how I felt because I was keeping in mind the advice I'd gotten from the FBI that I had to play up to Mishukov. Personally, I had very strong anti-Soviet feelings because of their anti-Semitic policies."

Mishukov's conversation now ranged over much of what they'd talked about at the earlier luncheon. He again touched on the kind of work Flink was doing now and what he had done when he was working in the U.S. Attorney's office.

Flink restated that his assignment in Foley Square had to do for the most part with corporate law and matters dealing with such institutions as the Department of Commerce, the Small Business Administration, and the Business Advisory Council.

Mishukov finally asked Flink what his real ambition in life was. Flink replied, "I've been thinking about entering politics." According to Flink, "Mishukov's antenna went up with that."

The Russian asked what kind of politics.

"Well, I'd be interested in the City Council, or perhaps the State

Assembly, at first," Flink admitted with a trace of modesty. "You know how it is in politics—you have to crawl before you can walk."

Mishukov was visibly excited as Flink talked on about his political aspirations. "Good, good! Are you taking any steps toward doing anything about it?"

Flink said he hadn't yet, that he was still just thinking about taking that direction into politics. But, as Flink remembered, Mishukov emphasized again how marvelous he thought the idea was and urged Flink to "get on with it."

The luncheon ended on the same friendly note as the first one had, with Mishukov repeating his invitation for another date sometime soon.

After leaving the UN, Flink walked west on 42nd Street to Fifth Avenue and entered a public pay phone. He dialed the FBI and spoke to the same agent he'd met in Washington Square Park. This time, after hearing Flink's account of his last conversation with Mishukov, the agent asked the young attorney to hold on while he summoned his superior to the phone. The incident, it appeared, was escalating into something a lot more serious. Flink went over the subject matter once more in detail and again received instructions to continue his meetings with Mishukov and to report them back to the FBI promptly.

Over the next four months, he met Mishukov regularly, often dining with him at the United Nations. But Mishukov soon began suggesting a variety of restaurants, and they went to such places as the Brass Rail in Brooklyn, Patricia Murphy's Candlelight Restaurant in Yonkers, and other famed Manhattan landmarks such as Scott's, Churchill's, the Beer Pub on Third Avenue, the Long Bar, and Figaro's all-night coffee house in Greenwich Village.

In February Flink completed his studies for his master's degree in law and left the dormitory at NYU to go and live with his parents in upper Manhattan. A month later he told Mishukov at one of their get-togethers that he planned to marry his 22-year-old fiancée in June. Mishukov congratulated him heartily and wished him luck and happiness. Together they drank a toast to the upcoming wedding.

All the while, of course, Flink was in constant touch with the FBI, reporting fully on each meeting he had with the youthful Soviet trans-



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lator. And with each report Flink became increasingly puzzled about Mishukov's motives. Where was it all leading? So far, across nearly a full year, their relationship had been entirely social, and, from the FBI's considered point of view, entirely proper. Was there nothing more to it?

Flink was still puzzled by the whole aspect of the Russian's aggressive friendship when Mishukov made what Flink considered the first move toward something that brushed against the edge of impropriety.

"He told me that his translator's job was only temporary," Flink related to the authors. "He said he was hoping for a bigger job, something with a diplomatic rank. And to prepare himself for it, he said, he was taking post-graduate work at a Russian university. He asked if I could help him with his thesis which dealt with 'American enterprise.' Specifically, he wanted information about why the Business Advisory Council was no longer with the Department of Commerce. He asked for several Department of Commerce pamphlets. He wanted certain specific information about the Commerce Department's dealings with American businesses. From the material he wanted, I knew he was familiar with the Commerce Department's functions. Since I had worked in the U.S. Attorney's office and my job dealt mainly with the things he was asking about, he thought it would be easy for me to get the pamphlets and the other information."

After checking with the FBI and getting clearance, Flink did exactly as Mishukov asked. He obtained the information and printed material the Russian wanted and delivered it all to him. Then nothing was requested of Flink for a while.

In June, 1960, Richard married Lois in West Hempstead, Long Island, and the young newlyweds set up house in the rambling Lindenwood Gardens Co-operative Apartments in Howard Beach, Queens. Their apartment was at 155-24 84th Street.

Soon afterward, Flink left Bass & Friend and entered a law partnership with Edward Kaplan at 160 Broadway in downtown Manhattan, but he continued, nevertheless, to have those occasional luncheon or dinner meetings with Mishukov.

As the months went by, Flink again was confronted with occasional requests for information that would help Mishukov with his

"thesis," but the Soviet visitor was now prodding Flink more and more to enter politics. It became, in fact, his favorite theme.

And then during the winter of 1960, Flink joined the Lincoln Republican Club in Ozone Park, a nearby community in Queens. After a few months, Mishukov's questions began targeting in on Flink's club, the people in it, the political structure of the community, the backgrounds of certain politicians and officeholders.

"He asked a lot of questions about the organizations of various state and federal agencies, too," Flink later reported, "and how to go about applying for membership."

About this time, Mishukov offered Flink some legal work to do for the Soviet Mission, involving the lease for the new building the Russians had purchased on East 67th Street, which was to become their new home.

Flink, to be sure, would be paid for his work. And, as promised, he was. The first payment was \$200. When it was turned over to Flink, he was asked to put his signature to a receipt for the money. Flink signed.

"Now they figured they had me hooked," Flink told us. "With the receipt, they could force me to do more work for them, or use it to ruin me if I failed to co-operate with them."

No such hazard really existed, since Flink had been working closely all along with the FBI.

Additional legal work Flink did for the Russians brought him a total of another \$300, and with each payment Flink signed a receipt.

By the spring of 1962, Flink, with his outgoing personality, his natural good looks, his quick wit, his youth, his pretty wife usually at his side, his high intelligence, had matured into a potential, if not eminently acceptable GOP candidate for the State Assembly from the 12th Assembly District.

All this while, however, Flink was struggling with a problem at home. He had told Lois even while she was his fiancée that he was in some kind of undercover work for the FBI and that it had to do with the United Nations and espionage, but he never explained it further to her, not even after they were married.

Lois was naturally curious but, more than that, she was becoming increasingly nervous and worried about her husband's continued association with the Russians.

Mishukov finally asked Flink point-blank if he was going to run for office. Flink said he would like to, but that he didn't know if he could afford to finance a campaign, particularly a dynamic campaign such as would be required against an incumbent Democrat in a Democratic stronghold.

"I just don't know if I'll be able to scrape up enough money for it," Flink informed Mishukov. "I'll have to do some deep thinking about it."

Mishukov put his hand on Flink's arm and patted it affectionately.

"We may be able to help," Mishukov said, eyeing the young attorney closely. "Just work on it—get the nomination."

The FBI also appeared to favor Flink's candidacy, but for another reason. It wanted to see just how far the Soviets would go in "helping" him attain the goal they seemed to have their sights set on.

Flink's magnetism and other attributes landed him the nomination in June of 1962 and he embarked at once on an underdog campaign to wrest the Assembly seat from J. Lewis Fox.

At his next meeting with Mishukov, on June 19, the Russian hit the young politician with the very proposition the FBI had been anticipating.

"My superiors," the Russian said softly, "have decided to help finance your campaign."

And as he spoke, Mishukov pulled from his pocket a thick wad of crisp ten dollar bills, adding up to one thousand dollars.

"This is to start you off," he said. "But there is a condition . . ." Mishukov reached into his attaché case and withdrew a book. It was Nikita Khrushchev's political treatise, *For Victory in the Peaceful Competition with Capitalism*.

"Read this," Mishukov advised firmly. "You'll get an idea on our thinking."

Then Mishukov laid down the rules of the game. He told Flink that he was to espouse the Red line whenever he could in speeches on housing, welfare, state and federal aid, on trade with the Soviet Union, and in a dozen other areas of social reform and political thinking.

Furthermore, Mishukov ruled, Flink was to provide more detailed information on government agencies, politicians, and most of all—the

developing ideology of the Republican Party and its practical application by the GOP's national high command.

"We want to see particularly the monthly newsletter sent out by your Speaker of the Assembly [Joseph A.] Carlino from Albany . . ."

In late June, Mishukov met Flink in Longchamps Restaurant in the Empire State Building and told him that his UN assignment was over, that he was leaving for Moscow. Flink had expected this. Mishukov had given no hint of his impending return to the USSR, but the FBI had warned Flink to expect the well-known "switch" soon. Now that the preliminaries were over, Mishukov would be replaced, the FBI said, by a "stronger" man, someone considerably higher than Mishukov in the Communist Party councils.

Mishukov told Flink his new contact would be Yuri V. Zaitsev, a 38-year-old political affairs officer in the UN Department of Political and Security Council Affairs.

Twice during July—on the 10th and again the 31st—Zaitsev met Flink. On each occasion he gave the campaigning young politician a brand new package of one thousand dollars in ten dollar bills for his campaign expenses. Each time Flink had to sign a receipt.

By the middle of August, however, the pressure was beginning to build unbearably for Flink and for his wife. Flink was finding it virtually impossible to run on a Republican ticket and keep the Russians happy by harping along Communist lines, a position he always managed to avoid taking. Yet he never knew who was in the audience checking to see whether he was doing what he was being paid by the Russians to do.

On August 18, 1962, Dick Flink went to the FBI and told them it was impossible any longer to play a double agent. He wanted to devote his full energies to a genuine campaign for the State Assembly without the burdensome yoke that his contradictory double life had lowered on him. The masquerade, he announced reluctantly, would have to end. The FBI agreed. Flink was directed not to respond to any further Soviet contacts.

Then on September 15, much to Flink's surprise, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy exposed the entire plot and the bizarre three-year split existence led by the young attorney.

From Washington, Kennedy disclosed the fantastic plot in detail

and gave it its due importance by labeling it the first known attempt by the Soviet agents at the UN to infiltrate American politics. At the same time, he praised the tough, demanding double role played by Richard A. Flink, a young man who, for three years, had been an adroit counterspy performing a deft and patriotic piece of work for the FBI.

Simultaneously Ambassador Adlai Stevenson delivered a note to the Secretary General's office, declaring the now-departed Mishukov and the still-present Zaitsev personae non grata. Zaitsev left within two days.

At Richard Flink's home, Lois, by now the mother of a 14-month-old daughter, sighed with relief.

"It was an incredible experience," she said somberly. "I'm glad it's over." Then, smiling, she quipped to reporters, "You don't know how hard it is for a woman to keep a secret for three years."

As for Richard Flink, the undercover work and the furious political campaigning he did for the State Assembly, together added up to the most exhilarating experience of his young life.

He was up late into the night on Election Day, 1962, and, with his child in bed, his wife at his side, the Russians gone, and the praise of the Attorney General still vibrating in his ears, Flink watched himself lose the election to the favored Democratic incumbent.

Flink felt badly, even though he had known the odds he was bucking. But he also was aware of a deep satisfaction and pride, for he had made a vital and patriotic contribution to his country.

Richard A. Flink was a winner—even in defeat.

14 : The United States Sailor Who Fell for the Line

NELSON CORNELIUS DRUMMOND dislikes his nickname, "Bulldog," but it doesn't make much difference any more. He's simply "Drummond" when anyone wants to talk to him, and there aren't many who do. Even in prison, even among the dregs of society, even among killers, rapists, degenerates, kidnappers, and thugs of every description, everyone despises a traitor.

"Bulldog" Drummond moves like a gray solitary phantom these days in the caged microcosm of New York's Federal House of Detention* that has been his world since August 15, 1963, when a Federal jury found him guilty and a judge sentenced him to life imprisonment for what the court termed a "most awful crime," the "heinous" crime of conspiring to spy against his country, of selling highly secret documents to the Soviet Union even while he was wearing the proud uniform of a U.S. Navy yeoman.

When he cadges an occasional cigarette, when he stands in line for meals, when he turns out each morning for work and retires in the silent evening to his cell, Bulldog Drummond tries desperately to win

* Drummond was confined to the Federal House of Detention pending outcome of his appeal. If he loses he will be transferred to a Federal penitentiary to serve out his life sentence

some sign of friendship from the other prisoners, but his plaintive, almost whining appeals are uniformly turned away by everyone.

Perhaps that more than anything else—the shame, the confinement for life, the loss of citizenship, the private nightmares in the dead of night—perhaps more than all these the total rejection by his fellow man is Nelson Drummond's greatest punishment. And it all began, he tries to tell everyone, it all began, really, so innocently . . .

It was in London in 1957, while Navy Yeoman 1/C Nelson Cornelius Drummond, a tall, 27-year-old, husky Negro, a native of Baltimore, Maryland, was stationed in the British capital as an administrative clerk at the U.S. Naval Base. He worked in the section that housed classified papers dealing with electronics equipment, weapons systems, and other technical data pertaining to U.S. and NATO military defenses.

Even then, Drummond was something of a paradox. His service records bore out what his superiors already knew of him: that he was an average sailor with no outstanding qualities to set him apart from others. But once he stepped out of uniform he became something of a hustler, a shifty type, fast with money, a gambler, a little too fond of whisky, an angler always looking for an easy buck. After several months in London, he'd run into considerable debt and had become an easy mark for the Soviet espionage agents who prowled the gray, quiet city for potential recruits. The Russians routinely keep a close watch on military personnel stationed on a foreign land, and it was inevitable that Drummond's carousing would draw their attention.

The story of how he was launched into his career as a traitor was told to the FBI by Drummond after his arrest for espionage in the fall of 1962. Whether or not it was precisely how it happened, no one can really say. But it was part of the evidence presented at his trial, part of the testimony Drummond gave.

It happened on a London street sometime in the latter part of 1957, when a man approached him while he was on a pass from the U.S. Naval Base. The stranger seemed to be well aware of Drummond's background or else he had some idea of the sailor's current greed for money. He offered Drummond two hundred and fifty pounds—approximately seven hundred dollars—in cash to obtain him a Navy commissary pass so he could purchase foods and other articles at the base where the supply was plentiful and the prices reasona-

ble. The tender of so much ready cash struck a responsive chord. Drummond promised to get the pass for the stranger. He took the money, he said, and all he had to do was show his identification card and sign a receipt for the money.

Drummond was unable to get the commissary pass. When he told his benefactor this, he was given a hard time, threatened, then finally given an alternative to compensate for the money he had taken—and spent. That alternative was espionage.

Drummond was invited to the Soviet Embassy in London where he met several of the aides. They were hospitable to him. They wined and dined him. Played up to him. And invited him back. Before long, Drummond's benefactor revealed himself as a colonel in the Soviet Army. He began instructing Drummond on the kind of data he was to obtain from his base. Drummond delivered to the colonel, who also proved to be the Soviet's payoff man.

Then, in early 1958, Drummond was warned by the Soviet colonel that he was facing an investigation by the Office of Naval Intelligence. "But it has nothing to do with your relations with us," he was comforted.

Actually, a naval counterintelligence officer had happened to spot Drummond talking to one of the Soviet Embassy aides. The Office of Naval Intelligence, however, conducted its probe in a very discreet manner. It brought Drummond in for questioning about a purported affair he was having with a married English girl. The Russians, who appeared to have a pipeline to the base, evidently heard that this was the matter under investigation. But the questioning by the counterintelligence officers covered a great deal more of Drummond's activities in London. The answers he gave were not satisfactory. However, he was allowed to think that the probers had given him a clean bill. He was even administered a lie detector test which was actually designed to determine his loyalty. He passed this, although the warning he had had from the Russians might have prepared Drummond to a degree that enabled him to cope with the questions of the inquisition. At any rate, from this day on, Drummond was a marked man. Intelligence kept him under constant surveillance.

The Russians at the Embassy had no further assignments for him after the investigation, but soon after took a renewed interest in the sailor—when they learned he was being transferred to the Newport

Naval Base in Rhode Island. They told him bluntly that he would spy for them.

If we had not already seen the incredible inroads the Soviets have been able to make in espionage operations in the episodes we have already recited, it would probably be far more shocking to know they were willing to continue their relationship with Drummond and to recruit him for espionage in the United States, despite the fact that he had come under the shadow of an investigation.

Before boarding ship in Southampton for his return to the U.S., Drummond rendezvoused with one of his Soviet contacts. He was given fifty pounds—about one hundred and forty dollars—plus a black bag and a single cufflink with a horse-head design. His instructions were that, on the first Saturday of the month after his arrival, he was to go to New York City and there, at 9 p.m., he was to walk south on Seventh Avenue from 125th Street. He was to hold the bag in his hand and wear the cufflink in his lapel.

He was told that a man would approach him and ask, "Can you show me the way to the Savoy Ballroom?" He was to reply, "Yes, I will show you the way." Undoubtedly the rendezvous in Harlem was chosen by the Russians because Drummond was a Negro.

Accordingly, Drummond did as told when he got to New York, and he was actually met by an unidentified Soviet agent on Seventh Avenue near 116th Street in early April, 1958. The agent discussed monthly meeting dates with the sailor, at which time he would provide him with "instructions on what we want you to do and how to do it."

Drummond traveled down from Newport once a month to keep these dates, and received four hundred to five hundred dollars at frequent intervals as he began to deliver documents he pilfered from the Navy's files. His meetings with his Soviet contact were generally held in the vicinity of Seventh Avenue and 121st Street.

Although he had been under that cloud of suspicion from his first association with Soviet people in London, Drummond was assigned as administrative assistant to the officer in charge of Mobile Electronics Technical Unit 8. The assignment was consonant with his still officially spotless service record—and that was how Naval Intelligence wanted it.

Drummond settled down professionally in his new job and carefully learned everything about it: the nature of the documents, how they were routed among the Navy brass, what signatures were necessary before they could be requisitioned, whether they were photographed, where they were filed, how they were accounted for, how long they could be removed from their places before they were missed.

Once he had learned the routine and devised ways of getting the data out of the base in a seemingly effortless style, the mechanics of his treasonous sideline became a mere routine for Drummond. And a profitable routine.

The first conclusive evidence of Drummond's dealings with the Soviets on this side of the Atlantic came toward the beginning of 1960. At this time Drummond had begun to show an affluence highly inconsistent with his yeoman's status. His net service pay, after deductions, totaled a mere \$120.95 a month. Yet he was able to toss money around recklessly on women and whisky.

His behavior pattern also showed a change. He was carving a reputation in private life as a wastrel, a gambler, and an all-around troublemaker that brought him afoul of the law again and again.

On May 20, 1960, he was arrested for reckless driving. The following September 13, he was seized in a dice game raided by police, and the very next month he was charged with lewd, wanton, and licentious conduct involving a woman. He was placed on six months' probation. Less than a year later, on September 13, 1961, he was arrested for assault after punching a man in the eye, then was arrested again for fighting on September 2, 1962. He was again placed on six months' probation. At the same time he was fined ten dollars and costs for using obscene and indecent language.

Through it all, Drummond retained his important responsibilities at the Newport Naval Base as administrative assistant to Lieutenant Lawrence H. Carter, who was in charge of Mobile Electronics Technical Unit 8.

In the meantime, Drummond met and married his wife Lucille. Nothing was more surprising to the FBI shadowing Drummond than to find that his mysterious source of income was suddenly plying him with extra-large portions of "long green," as he called it. There was one helping that was big enough to enable him to buy a tavern,

the Havana Bar and Grill at 12 Oak Street, just outside the Newport Naval Station. Drummond put his wife to work in the bar during the day while he was at the base, and then went there himself at night to tend bar. Although it was a honky-tonk, the tavern did a thriving business. Mostly sailors from the base and their dates patronized it. But on weekends, when a small orchestra played there, couples from town drifted in for drinks and dancing.

FBI agents also dropped into the Havana Bar and Grill once Drummond took it over. They could be found now and then at the bar for beers that many times were served by Drummond himself with the casualness and eclat of a professional tavern owner. The G-men prepared detailed reports about their visits there and made special note of certain patrons who were unmistakably Europeans. The FBI watchers noticed that Drummond always conversed with these strangers off at a quiet end of the bar.

Despite the mounting evidence that Drummond was solidly in the employ of the Soviet spy system, he was deliberately kept in his sensitive post at the naval base. And for good reason, for his feeling of security in his apparent espionage activity was preserved and given the opportunity to lead the FBI to the big game. At the same time, his access to the important naval documents, plans, and classified papers made Drummond better "bait" for the Soviet agents and shaped up a sort of guarantee that they would not abandon him before the FBI had the necessary evidence to close in. The FBI had to know who was dealing with Drummond, who was providing him with his ready cash. And they had to catch them in the act.

There was a measure of risk in this scenario for, in allowing Drummond to continue in his sensitive post at Newport, the peril always existed of giving up highly secret information to the enemy. Many of the documents, which in part were manuals on electronics maintenance, could enable a foreign power to evade or neutralize the latest detection devices and to penetrate anti-submarine and anti-aircraft systems on United States warships.

For example, so-called countermeasure equipment described in one manual for detecting radar signals was part of a family used throughout the Armed Forces. Other manuals to which Drummond had easy access dealt with maintenance of the latest anti-submarine weapons systems for two classes of destroyers, and still another manual was on

aircraft bombs, fuses, and associated components, with appropriate information disclosing the capability and vulnerability of the system.

The FBI's intensive study of Drummond's modus operandi ultimately brought it to the conclusion that his main contact was in New York City. His periodic visits there served to betray him; it seemed that Drummond always came back from New York with large sums of money.

The first important lead to Drummond's big contact in New York came on August 13, 1962, when a team of FBI agents trailed him from Newport to an apartment house at 400 Central Park West at 100th Street, which overlooked Manhattan's Central Park. The agents shaping Drummond's shadow on this hegira were Thomas P. Selleck, Jr., Arthur K. Dowd, Jr., Frederick V. Behrends, Robert C. Puckett, Charles T. Weiss, and Joseph Palguta. It was quite a team of bloodhounds. The FBI was determined finally to break up the conspiracy.

The G-men learned very quickly that Drummond visited apartment 12-R, leased to Vadim Vladimirovich Sorokin and Vladilen V. Klokov, both of the Soviet Mission to the UN. This was an interesting discovery.

The FBI knew that Sorokin, who was a third secretary, had left the United States in May, 1962, and Klokov, who also was a third secretary, departed in November, 1961. Sorokin never tried to return here, but Klokov did. However, he was denied a permit to re-enter the U.S. because the Russians had failed to explain large amounts of electronics equipment forbidden as export to the Soviet Union which Klokov had purchased from an American businessman.

The FBI arranged its own observation post in the building to determine who the new tenant was. An apartment down the hall with a mirrored door peephole provided the G-men with an excellent view of 12-R. And pretty soon they knew that the new occupants of the apartment were two other Soviet Mission diplomats, Evgeni Mikehalovich Prokhorov, thirty-one, a second secretary, and Ivan Y. Vyrodov, thirty-eight, a third secretary.

In the days and weeks to come, the FBI accumulated a wealth of information about Prokhorov and Vyrodov, who seemed to be spending considerable time away from the UN, a great deal of it in Drummond's company. The Soviet diplomats were trailed during the third week in August to Fall River, Massachusetts, where they were seen

making a pickup from a "drop," a rusty pipe in a park in that city. Earlier that day other agents had followed Drummond to the park and had seen him put something in the pipe drop. Although it is a relatively hard and fast rule of the FBI not to disturb data that is left at a drop, in this case the agents made an exception. Drummond was well on his way back to his base, while the Soviet agents were still en route to the scene.

The FBI found the documents left in the rusty pipe contained data concerning summaries of work in progress on ships of the Atlantic Fleet. These were taken right out of the files in the office where Drummond worked. The papers were imbedded in the hollow of two magnetic containers which held fast to the inside of the rusty pipe. The agents put the documents back as they found them, then watched from a distance through binoculars as the Russians made the pickup.

A week later, the same two Russians journeyed by New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad coach to East Providence, Rhode Island, where they again made a pickup of classified naval secrets, this time a manual dealing with the capabilities of an electromagnetic interception system that functions beyond the range of radar. The document was hidden by Drummond under a flight of wooden stairs at an abandoned station of the rail line.

Once during August and twice in early September, Drummond also was trailed to New York and was seen entering the Soviet Mission headquarters at 136 East 67th Street. Each time he spent no more than a half hour inside the building, and when he left, he was alone.

Then came September 28. The FBI was ready to move in on Drummond and what appeared to be a specific team of Soviet agents. By now, too, the FBI had conceived of a novel way to lay some traps for Drummond. Arrangements were made with Drummond's commanding officer at Newport, Lieutenant Carter, to install a silent burglar alarm in the office where the yeoman worked which could give a signal in a nearby room when the door to the unit office was opened. In addition, the FBI placed hidden TV cameras in the office which would give a view of both the area around the file cabinet where the secret documents were kept and Drummond's desk. The cameras were linked to a closed-circuit monitoring screen in the same nearby room as the burglar alarm.

After the installations, three FBI men—Selleck, Dowd, and Behrens—were assigned to spy on Drummond.

On the late afternoon of that September day, Drummond's actions in and around the office aroused Lieutenant Carter's suspicions, prompting his tipoff to the three agents who were close by for the surveillance. Carter said he thought Drummond might be getting ready again to "lift some documents out of the file cabinet."

At 5:20 p.m. by the time on his wristwatch, Agent Selleck sneaked into Drummond's office in Mobile Electronics Technical Unit 8 and secreted himself behind a bookcase. Before that, he removed some books to provide himself with a sighthold to observe the activity in the room.

About six minutes later, Drummond entered, went to the cabinet, unlocked it, took some papers, and went to his desk. He was temporarily out of Selleck's sight now, but not from the view of the other two agents who were watching the performance on the monitor in the other room. They saw Drummond extract some papers from a three-level mail box on his desk and place them along with those he had taken from the file into a leather carrying case. Then he left the office. For the record, the agents had shot some stills of the scene depicted on the monitor.

Agent Dowd then whisked himself away from the monitor and dashed to his car. He drove to a spot on Route 138 just outside the base and took up a position there, according to plan. Minutes later, Drummond whizzed by in his 1962 blue Pontiac sedan. He was wearing a brown leather jacket and a maroon baseball cap. Dowd followed.

The trail led downstate into Connecticut. Dowd stayed behind Drummond until Old Saybrook, then peeled off the highway as another agent, Robert Puckett, took over. Puckett stayed with Drummond as he went onto the Connecticut Turnpike and didn't let him out of his sight until they hit Greenwich, just short of the New York State line. Then another G-man, Palguta, followed the suspect as he breezed into the next state past Port Chester, Rye, Harrison, Mamaroneck, and as far as Larchmont where Drummond turned off the highway.

Meanwhile, there was other activity in Manhattan. The G-men

staked out at the Soviet agents' apartment at 400 Central Park West, spotted Prokhorov and Vyrodov taking hurried leave. The time was 10:30 p.m. FBI cars were waiting downstairs to follow the diplomats, whose departure at this late hour signified that they were up to something.

Among the agents who formed part of this tail were Weiss and Dowd who had sped back to New York after completing his assignment of tagging behind Drummond on his way down from Newport.

Agent Puckett, who was the last FBI shadow on Drummond, was still with the sailor. By now, Drummond had driven to a diner on the busy Boston Post Road in Larchmont, entered its parking lot, cut his motor, turned off his lights, and remained behind the wheel in what was a sure sign that he had come this far to rendezvous with someone. Puckett radioed his position and other agents, including Behrends and Selleck, headed for the location.

The FBI would soon see what it suspected already. Drummond was waiting for Prokhorov and Vyrodov. The Soviet agents' trail led up the West Side Drive into the Henry Hudson Parkway, then the Cross-County Parkway, Hutchinson River Parkway, and to the Larchmont exit. Then on to the diner. They reached there at precisely 11:47 p.m. in their 1961 black Buick Electra hardtop sedan.

Vyrodov, who drove, stopped the car in the lot in a stall about twenty-five feet from where Drummond was parked. Vyrodov then got out and went into the diner. Prokhorov sat alone in the car for about five minutes, then left and walked over to Drummond's Pontiac. He opened the door on the right hand side and got in beside the sailor.

The G-men allowed five minutes to go by. Then they converged in a body upon the trio. Selleck, Dowd, Palguta, and Behrends surrounded Drummond's car and ordered the sailor and Prokhorov to get out. They were utterly astonished at the stark development and both emerged from the car, bewilderment markedly apparent on their faces.

"What's this all about?" demanded Drummond when he had finally gathered his presence of mind.

"A matter of espionage, Mr. Drummond," replied Behrends as he frisked the sailor.



SOVIETS "BUY" THE GOP CANDIDATE

A cheery hail and hello is offered by Richard L. Flink at Republican reception in Buffalo before opening of 1962 GOP State Convention. Behind him in crowd is smiling U.S. Senator Jacob K. Javits. Flink, a candidate for State Assembly, received \$3,000 in "campaign contributions" from Soviet espionage agents who wanted him to spout Communist line. What Russians didn't know though was that Flink had alerted FBI to the plot and was working as counterspy. One of conspirators, Yuri Mishukov, a translator at UN, left country before Government exposed brazen scheme. Other agent, Yuri V. Zaitsev, a UN political affairs officer, was declared persona non grata and returned to Moscow.

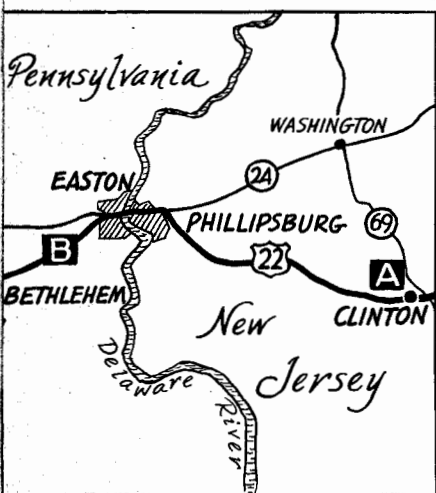
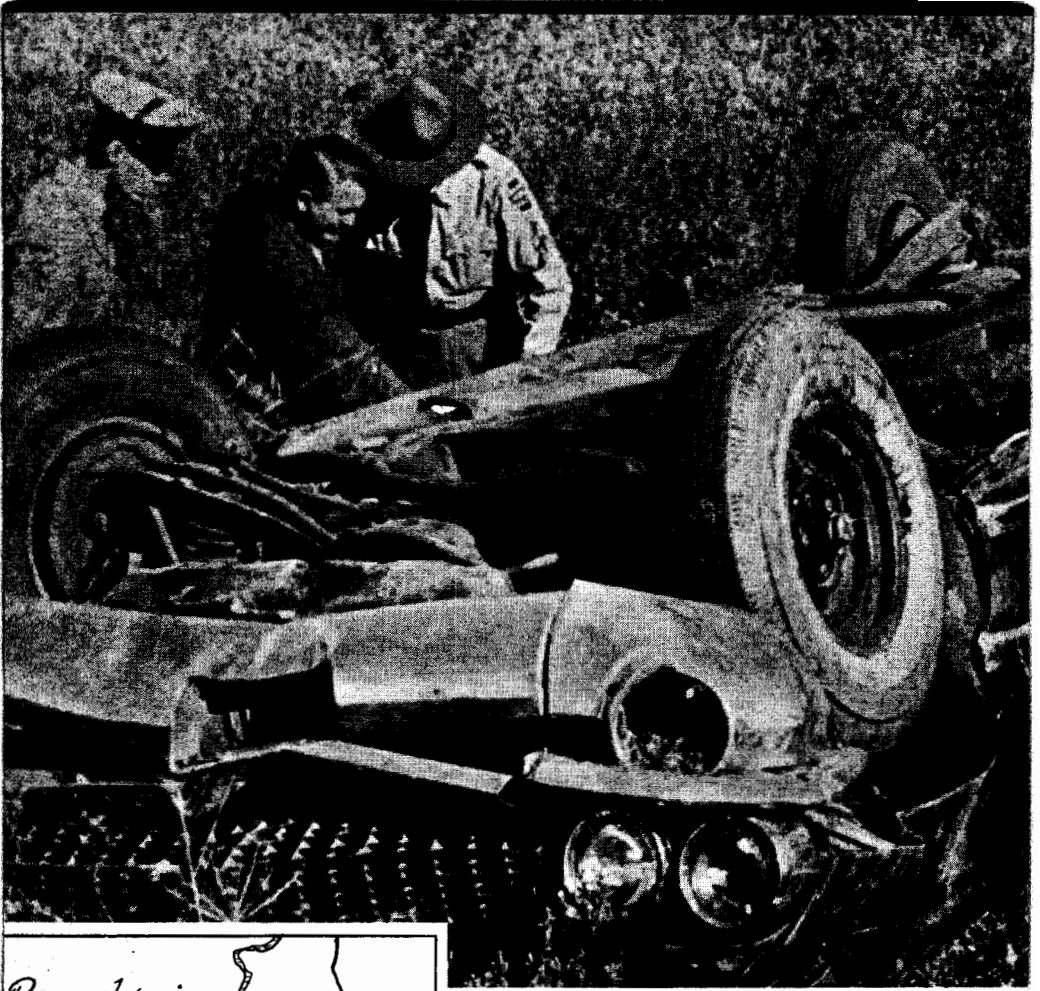


First case of satellite espionage involved Czechoslovakia's Miroslav Nacvalac, a counselor for his country's mission to UN. Shown here in official FBI photos taken with concealed long-range camera is Nacvalac going to Milton Kreis Restaurant at Geary and Powell Streets in San Francisco for rendezvous with Karel Hlasny, a Czech-born naturalized American and instructor at Army Language School in Monterey, California. Nacvalac told Hlasny he could have his sweetheart brought to America from behind Iron Curtain if he supplied classified information about Army projects on West Coast. Hlasny revealed conspiracy to FBI, Nacvalac denied all, said he'd never been in California. Photos made him a liar and put him in another pose (below) that is now familiar ending to UN cloak-and-dagger chapters—diplomatically immune Nacvalac, wife, and children board plane for Prague.



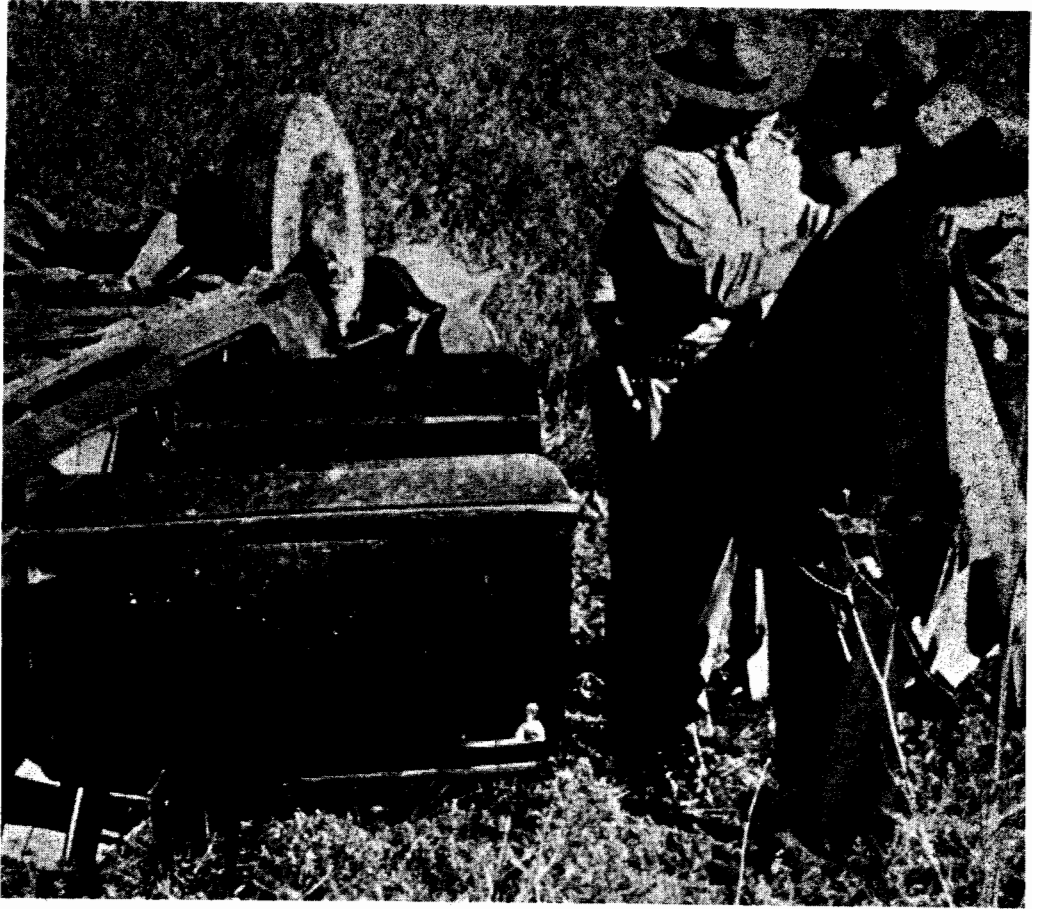
SATELLITE ESPIONAGE . . .





**MURDER
CZECH STYLE**

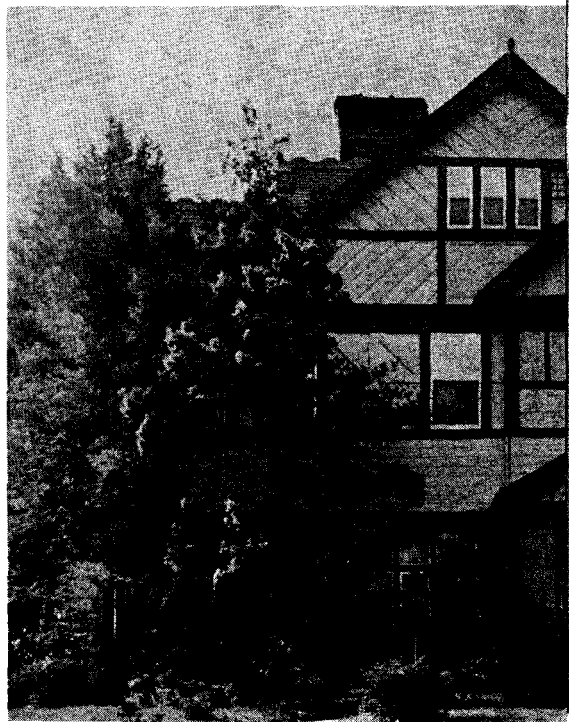
Once more Czechs at UN figure in headlines in 1962 when State Troopers pursue Cadillac with diplomatic license plates across New Jersey and Pennsylvania highways at 110 mph speeds. Caddy finally goes out of control in Easton, Pa. (see map), plummets down ravine, and overturns. (Chase extended from A to B.) Driver, apparently unhurt in crash, pulls gun when troopers try to take him and shoots self in head. Papers in pockets show he was Karel Zizka, attaché of Czechoslovak Mission to UN. When police checked back at Mission they learned Zizka's wife had been murdered—bludgeoned, shot through head, and stabbed in chest. Notes left in apartment indicated Zizka killed her but authorities were not allowed to investigate fully because Mission is diplomatically immune island. So with aura of mystery cloaking case, Mrs. Zizka's body is carried out of Mission to funeral home for shipment back to Czechoslovakia by plane. Body of Zizka, who died hours later in hospital, also was flown home. To this day there is question about whether Zizka killed his wife during quarrel—or was ordered to take her life.





THE ELECTRONICS ENGINEER

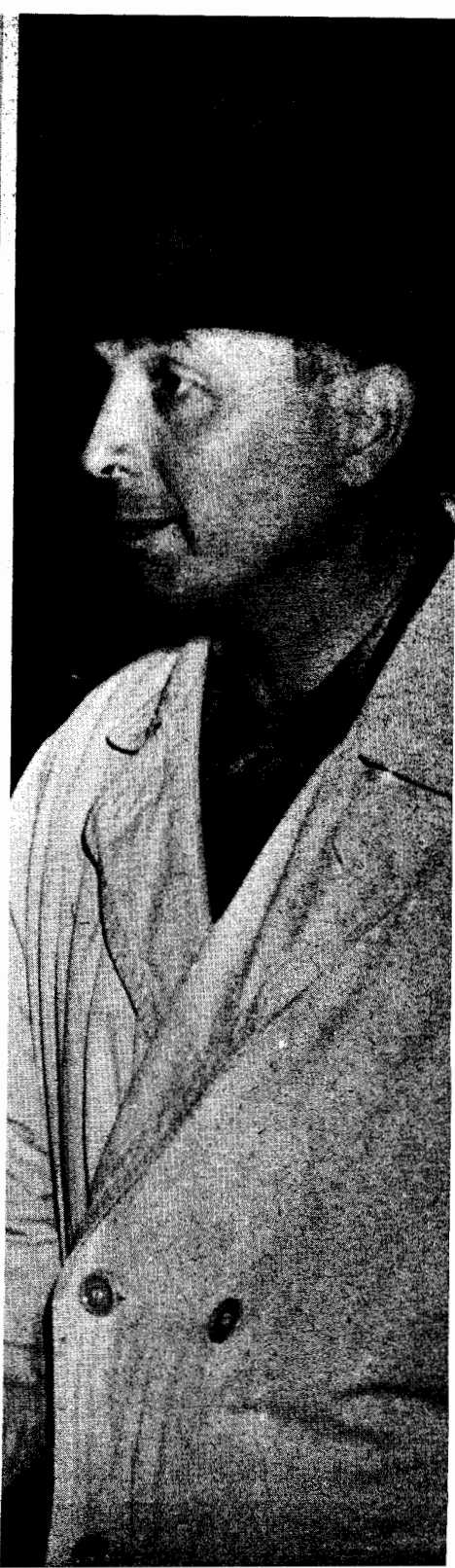
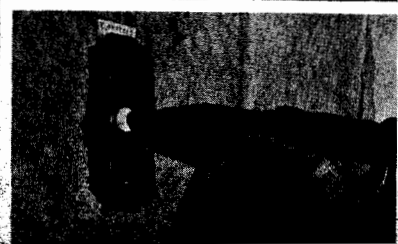
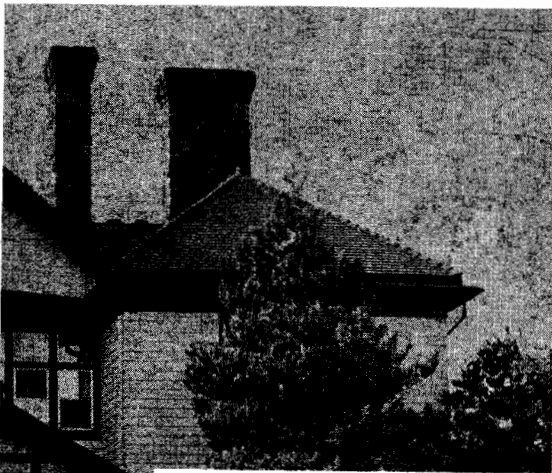
American-born electronics engineer John William Butenko is camera shy as he is escorted (above) from FBI headquarters in Newark, N.J., after arrest for passing classified information about Strategic Air Command to Soviet UN Delegates Gleb A. Pavlov (left) and Yuri A. Romashin (right). A fourth conspirator was Igor A. Ivanov (top right), a Russian citizen employed as chauffeur by Am-





AND THE RUSSIAN CHAUFFEUR

torg, Soviet trade agency in U.S. Pavlov and Romashin, thanks to diplomatic immunity, were released and sent back to Moscow. But Ivanov, who didn't enjoy diplomatic privileges, and Butenko were tried for espionage and convicted. Butenko, who lived in palatial Tudor-style home (below) in Orange, N.J., was given 30 years, Ivanov 20. But Ivanov was released in bail pending appeal.





The United States was shocked into new awareness of Communist danger in November, 1962, when it learned of monstrous Soviet-designed Cuban sabotage plot against New York metropolitan area's 16,000,000 residents. Conspirators planned to blow up rail terminals, subway stations, department stores, oil refineries. But FBI stepped in at 11th hour and seized plotters. In photo at top left is mastermind, Roberto Santiesteban Casanova, who flew up from Havana with Castro's puppet president Osvaldo Dorticos as decoy, to unleash horror. Other plotters included José Garcia Orellana (bottom left), Cuban national who stored explosives for the destruction in his Manhattan costume jewelry firm, and Antonio Sueirro Cabrera (seated at right in car), who worked for Garcia as "salesman." At right Ada Marie Dritsas, a teacher in New York City, was seized with Sueirro as material witness, later released.

THE FBI NAILS

THE CUBAN SABOTEURS



Dowd checked Prokhorov for weapons. Like Drummond, he was clean. But Agent Selleck didn't find the car that spotless. A .22-caliber Zephyr revolver with four bullets in the chamber was tucked in the glove compartment. Except for the spare tire and jack, the trunk had only one other tangible item—a miniature camera, the type used by Soviet espionage agents in their work.

The real evidence that was to provide the Government at a later date with the means to get a conviction against Drummond was on the front seat between where Drummond and Prokhorov had been sitting—six classified Navy documents.

As handcuffs were clamped on Drummond and Prokhorov, Agents Weiss and Puckett were extending this same service to Vyrodov whom they had found at the counter in the diner sipping a cup of coffee. His surprise was no less than Drummond's or Prokhorov's when the agents asked him to come along. The suspects were hustled into the FBI cars and driven to the bureau's offices in Manhattan. Their own cars were brought back to the city by other agents.

Drummond was reluctant at first to cooperate in his questioning, maintaining an attitude of injured innocence.

"I didn't do a thing," he insisted. "I am innocent of any wrongdoing."

But under further interrogation by Agents Palguta and Weiss, Drummond soon broke down and admitted that he was passing Navy secrets to the Soviets. He attested to the various meetings at which he had been seen with the Russians, and also conceded that he had been passing documents in person and at drops.

Drummond told an unbelievable story as he detailed his dealings with the four Soviet emissaries in New York whom he named and others whose identities he was uncertain of.

"There were so many of them that I got all mixed up doing business with them. I had to use code names to tell one apart from the other. Those Russian names—I could never remember them." But Drummond was able to identify four of his Soviet diplomatic contacts and to tie them up with a simple code he had devised to tell one from the other.

The first of these contacts was Mikail Stepanovich Savelev, who had called himself only "Mike" when he met the sailor in New York

in 1958. Drummond referred to him as "Mike Number One." "That was so I could tell him apart from the others who eventually took over," Drummond said easily. Savelev had returned to Moscow in mid-1961.

Vadim Sorokin, who began to deal with Drummond sometime in the summer of 1961, was known to the sailor as "Mike Number Two." Before Sorokin left the country in May, 1962, Drummond was put in touch with Prokhorov, who became "Mike Number Three."

Drummond said he had little dealing with Vyrodoov, and therefore did not find it necessary to give him a numerical "Mike" designation, although appropriately he could have been Number Four.

In his statement, the FBI said, Drummond told Palguta that he was penitent of his role as a traitor. He startled his questioners by volunteering himself for the role of a double agent for the United States.

"I am ashamed for the disgrace to my family. I regret everything and I want to die honorably in dishonor rather than dishonorably in dishonor. Please let me spy for you . . ."

The FBI never took the offer seriously.

Asked how much he had been paid for his services to the Soviets, Drummond coolly estimated that he had received between \$20,000 and \$24,000 over the period of years that he had worked with Soviet spies. "I guess you could say it was around twenty-two thousand," he said candidly. He explained that payments ran between \$250 and \$500 as a rule, but he recalled three "unusually large payments" that amounted to \$1,000, \$4,000 and \$6,000. With the \$6,000, he said, he bought the Havana Bar and Grill.

Drummond was then questioned about the "system" he had employed over the years to remove the naval documents from the files without being observed.

"I would take them out on a Friday night," he said as calmly as if he were talking about some routine of his job. "Then I would get them back on Saturday morning and return them to the file."

Q: What did your contacts do with the documents while they were in their hands?

A: I guess they photographed them. They gave me that camera you found in my trunk and sometimes I took pictures of the papers in the office, the ones that couldn't be removed.

Q: What methods did you use to pass the documents?

A: Several . . .

Drummond then talked about the drops under the abandoned steps in East Providence and the hollow rusty pipe in the Fall River park. He also related that the Soviet agents gave him a pencil, whose writing was invisible, to copy material that he could not remove from the office without being detected.

Q: Did you always get paid for delivering the material?

A: Sometimes they didn't pay right away. When I needed dough I'd come to New York and go to the Soviet Mission. I'd tell them I needed cash. They used to get disturbed at my visits. They would say that I was embarrassing them by coming to the Mission. But I just kept coming whenever I felt like it. They finally told me to stay away and promised to pay more money for what I was doing if I listened to them.

Q: Did you ever think of quitting this business?

A: Yes, I once did try to get out, but they wouldn't let me. That was in London. I wanted to marry a French girl, but they told me I couldn't. They said it would interfere with the work I was doing for them. They said I would be more useful as a single man. And the ironic part of it all was that I really started to take their money because I wanted to marry that girl.

Q: You didn't marry the girl?

A: No. And that hurt so much that I figured I would be better off to get out of the Navy to get the Russians off my back. I figured that if I left the service I would be useless to them in espionage.

During the questioning, Drummond insisted he did not pass legitimate secrets to the Soviets. He said he "doctored" any information he turned over so it was of no real value to the Russians. He insisted they never suspected he was "taking them . . . making suckers out of them."

Drummond said that one of his duties at Newport was to burn obsolete classified documents. It was some of these papers that he turned over to the Soviet agents. He was further quoted: "When I'd remove papers from the office files, I'd do so in grab-bag fashion."

While the agents questioned Drummond, other FBI men tried to

interrogate Prokhorov and Vyrodov who were held in another office. The Russians refused to answer any questions and insisted they had diplomatic immunity.

Harvey G. Foster, the agent in charge of the New York FBI office, decided before releasing the Russians he would pull a little coup of sorts. Foster was aware that no Soviet diplomat ever trapped so neatly as these two, had ever been subjected to the humiliation of being positively identified by a fellow diplomat of his mission. He had an agent phone the Soviet Mission at 3:30 a.m. and say that the FBI was holding two strangers who "claim to be Soviet diplomats. Can you please help us clear up this situation?" The nature of the case was carefully withheld so as not to tip off the Soviets.

Within a half hour, three Russians—Roland M. Timbebaev, the Mission's counselor; Igor S. Tumanov, an attaché; and I. I. Techeprov, an aide—appeared at the FBI. They were led into the office where Prokhorov and Vyrodov were seated.

Timbebaev, the lawyer, looked at the two diplomats and blurted, "These gentlemen are members of the Soviet Mission."

"Thank you very much, sir," Foster smiled. Then turning to the diplomats caught as spies, "You may go now."

It was the first time the Soviets had fallen for this bait and, in the presence of the law, allowed one of their own people to identify a fellow delegate suspected of spying.

At 4 a.m. Drummond was taken to the U.S. Courthouse in Foley Square where U.S. Commissioner Earle N. Bishop was waiting after being roused from bed to preside at the arraignment. It was a brief session, held just long enough to determine the charges against Drummond—they were espionage and conspiracy—and to set bail, which was fixed at \$100,000. The sailor was then remanded to the Federal House of Detention to await a hearing, and what ultimately would be the action of the Federal grand jury.

Drummond's arrest created a nationwide, even an international, stir. Not only was he the first American-born citizen since Judith Coplon to be charged with treason involving UN-based Soviet agents, but he was the first Negro in the nation's history to stand accused of espionage.

The shock of Nelson Drummond's arrest devastated his parents living in West Baltimore, Maryland.

"It's enough to make you wish you were dead," murmured the father, Archie Drummond, who, though more poor than middle class, was nevertheless a respectable, hard-working citizen of the community. With his wife, he had raised four other children on a minimum income provided by his job as a maintenance man with the city's Bureau of Recreation. The look in his eyes, the heartbreak that showed on his face betrayed his wishfulness when he said, "I hope there's nothing to it." Then he thought about that a while. He shook his head. "But they usually don't arrest you unless they have something."

The sailor's mother spoke with tears trickling down her cheeks, lips trembling. Her grief was easy to see as she sat next to her husband who was trying to comfort her.

"We tried to give him all the advantages we never had," Mrs. Drummond said. "It just doesn't seem real."

The father had only one complaint. He was disturbed and "hurt" because the FBI did not notify him of his son's arrest. The parents got the news from a newspaper reporter.

"If it hadn't been for that, my wife and I couldn't have taken the news when we heard it later over the radio," Drummond murmured. "The FBI should have notified us about the arrest."

The day after the arrest and on State Department orders, the United States Mission to the UN delivered a strongly worded note to the Soviet Mission.

"As host to the United Nations, the Government of the United States strongly protests these espionage activities directed against the internal security of the United States," read the note which mentioned Prokhorov and Vyrodov by name and accused them of paying substantial sums for classified documents they received.

"Not only are such activities clearly outside the scope of the official responsibilities of these members but they are an outrageous violation of their privilege of residence . . . The United States Mission requests the permanent Mission of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to take the necessary steps to effect the immediate withdrawal of Mr. Prokhorov and Mr. Vyrodov from the United States."

The Soviet Mission wasted no time shooting back its reply. It charged the Soviet diplomats had been seized "illegally and without any reason." It contended that Prokhorov and Vyrodov had told the

agents they had diplomatic immunity but that they were "illegally arrested" despite this.

"Physical measures were used to take the men," the note went on. "This included handcuffing of Mr. Vyrodov. According to a doctor's certificate, both his arms were injured."

The Russians said the FBI searched the diplomats, confiscated Prokhorov's money, tried to question them both, and "cruelly denied their demand that they be permitted to get in touch with the Soviet Mission."

On October 1, 1962, just three days after the case broke, the Soviet Mission to the UN was minus two diplomats. Prokhorov and Vyrodov were on their way home.

"Happy to leave this country where there is no law," fumed Prokhorov as he boarded a Sabena Belgian Airlines jet at Idlewild Airport on the first leg of his trip to Moscow. With him were his wife and two children, and Vyrodov, who had no family to take back home. Some twenty members of the Soviet Mission were at the airport to wave good-bye.

Now the spotlight turned to Nelson "Bulldog" Drummond, the accused sailor, who was literally left holding the bag.

On October 5 a Federal grand jury returned a two-count indictment against the sailor. The first charge: espionage. The maximum penalty upon conviction: death in the electric chair.

The indictment also named the four former secretaries—Prokhorov, Vyrodov, Savelev, and Sorokin—as co-conspirators but not defendants; while Drummond was accused of conspiring to turn over to the Soviet Union or its agents "documents, writings, code books, signal books, sketches, photographs, photographic negatives, blueprints, plans, models, notes, instruments, appliances, and information relating to the national defense of the United States with intent and reason to believe that they were to be used to the injury of the United States and to the advantage of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

The second count alleged that Drummond attempted to obtain information relating to naval weapons systems, maintenance data relating to submarines, and electronics data.

The indictment further stated that Drummond had received \$6,000 from Sorokin alone and, altogether, some \$22,000.

Judge David N. Edelstein, who accepted the indictment, ordered a hearing for the following Tuesday at which time Drummond appeared and pleaded innocent. Judge Edelstein then set down the trial date for October 10. But the usual legal wrangles and arguments and crowded court calendars held off the start of the trial until spring.

The proceedings finally got under way May 13 before Federal Judge Edward Weinfeld and an all-male jury. The prosecution was headed by U.S. Attorney Henry Morgenthau, Jr.; the defense, by Attorney William Chance, Jr. The trial lasted until May 22. The case went to the jury at 2:40 p.m. Deliberations were interrupted for dinner, then resumed until 1:40 the next morning when the jury quit for the night.

It reconvened at 10 a.m., but at the end of the eighteenth hour the jury notified Judge Weinfeld that it was hopelessly deadlocked. There was one holdout against conviction and there was no possibility that this dissenter could be persuaded to change his mind.

Regretfully Judge Weinfeld dismissed the jury.

"It seems," he said, "we'll have to start all over again. It is my custom not to thank a jury for a verdict, and I will not do so now."

Then he ordered a new trial to begin on June 3. Drummond's counsel tried to get a reduction of the \$100,000 bail.

"The bail already fixed is eminently fair," Judge Weinfeld said. Drummond went back to the Federal House of Detention to await the second trial.

After the disagreement was announced and the jury dismissed, it was learned that the jury had taken a vote twenty minutes after it had retired to weigh the evidence, and the vote was eleven for conviction and one holdout. More than twenty-four hours later, after four ballots had been taken, the vote remained unchanged.

Jury Foreman Harry Schmitt, a statistician, of the Bronx, and six other members of the panel identified the holdout juror as Edward L. Watkins, a clerk, of Harlem. He was the only Negro member of the jury. There was only one issue that could not be resolved, according to some of the jurors polled—Drummond's race. Armand J. Menrad, a cook, of Manhattan, and Gordon Henee Price, an advertising art director, of Ossining, were among the jurors who shared that view.

However, Watkins denied that his decision was influenced by the color of the defendant's skin. "I would have voted the way I did no

matter what color he was. I felt he was guilty. I had a choice between giving this man the electric chair or life. Well, I could see life imprisonment, but not electrocution."

Watkins said he would have voted guilty on the conspiracy count if the others had favored acquittal on the espionage charge. Conviction for conspiracy does not carry a mandatory death sentence; for espionage it does. Since the others did not accept Watkins' plea for acquittal on the charge that meant capital punishment, he would not yield on the other. Actually, if Watkins had voted for acquittal on the espionage charge and cast a vote for conviction on conspiracy, Drummond conceivably could have been brought up for trial on espionage at a later date.

"You must remember," Watkins said. "I've never been a juror before. All of a sudden they sat me down in a trial in which a man's life is at stake. That's quite a jump."

One juror insisted that Watkins had said, "My people are fighting for their lives in the South. This is a frameup of a colored man by the FBI." The juror said Watkins didn't believe the testimony of one of the FBI agents who was from Mississippi. Watkins denied it all. Another juror said that if Drummond were white, he would have been convicted in five minutes.

At any rate, the Government was committed now to go through the whole costly and time-consuming process again.

The second trial was postponed from its originally scheduled date and did not get under way until July 8 in Room 110 of the Federal Courthouse in Foley Square. The presiding judge this time was the enormous, mustached, one-time police commissioner of New York City, Thomas M. Murphy. Chance again was on hand as defense counsel and Morgenthau sent his chief assistant, Vincent L. Broderick, to conduct the prosecution.

A jury of ten men and two women was selected this time. Again as before one juror was a Negro—Mrs. Pauline Blanchard, an employee of the State Unemployment Insurance Office, of Washington Avenue, the Bronx.

The proceedings got going in an atmosphere far different than one might expect in an Ian Fleming-James Bond thriller. There was little of the glamor and swagger built into the everyday adventures of the fictional British intelligence officer.

As Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney Broderick presented the prosecution case, it resembled more an architect's blueprint than something torn from the pages of a spine-tingling spy adventure. Just to detail the floor plan of the Newport Naval office in which Drummond worked at the time of his arrest was an all-day job. The buildup was helped by FBI Agents Selleck, Dowd, and Behrends, who had had their eyes on the defendant both from behind the peephole in the bookcase and on the TV monitor in another nearby office.

Drummond's commanding officer, Lieutenant Carter, also testified and told what the defendant's duties actually were: rerouting mail, expediting various clerical tasks, picking up registered mail. It didn't sound so important. It didn't impress courtroom observers who had heard the Government claim that Drummond had virtually unrestricted access to vital and classified secrets pertaining to the national defense. But it is the jury's job to judge, not the courtroom observer's.

At last Drummond's turn came to take the stand in his own defense. He was carefully taken by his attorney over the course of his espionage activities. Drummond testified to the London meeting with the stranger who paid him seven hundred dollars for the Navy commissary pass.

Q: What happened then?

A: I wasn't able to get the pass. The man got angry. He said he wanted me to produce it. Then he introduced himself as a colonel in the Russian Army. We stopped talking about the commissary pass then. He made me know that I was expected to produce information from the files of the Navy activity to which I was assigned. I told him he was nuts, he was crazy, but he answered that "we think you will do it."

Drummond said he was held virtually a prisoner in "an old-style English mansion" and threatened. "They kept me there several hours. There was a burly bodyguard who went along with the Russian officer."

The defendant said that among the documents he passed to the Soviets in London was a "list of U.S. air bases in England which I faked and stamped NATO secrets." Drummond insisted he had not given the Russians the real list but a phony one.

"I was just trying to get them off my back," he said. "But I couldn't."

Drummond then told how he contemplated leaving the Navy after sixteen years because he thought it would make him useless to the Russians in espionage. He also told of the Russian efforts to prevent him from marrying the French girl for fear it would interfere with his spying activities.

Drummond then swore that he doctored the documents he passed to the Russians so that they weren't ever of any real value.

"Sometimes I'd give them obsolete documents that were about to be destroyed, and they never knew the difference."

Trying desperately to explain away some of the many damaging admissions he had made to the FBI after his arrest, Drummond testified that he ultimately struck on an idea he thought would work to get rid of the Russians.

"I asked them for six thousand dollars. I figured they would tell me to go away, tell me I was crazy. I was surprised they even listened." He was more surprised when they gave him the money. And with it, he said, he bought the bar and grill in Newport.

There was one even more startling bit of testimony that Drummond provided in his behalf during his two days on the stand.

"I bought a gun—a twenty-two-caliber revolver—before that last meeting I had with the Russians in the Larchmont diner. I had made up my mind to kill the contact man, Mike Number Three [Prokhorov]."

But this was a contradiction of his previous day's testimony when Drummond had said he had carried the gun every time he met one of his contacts over the years. During his first day on the stand, Drummond said he wanted to kill Mike Number 3 because he was being hounded by him. In later testimony the defendant said he was afraid the agents had found out the documents he was passing along were worthless, and "I was afraid they'd try to kill me." Still later he said he was going to shoot the Russians because his family had been threatened by them.

Q: Why didn't you go through with your plans for the killing?

A: I couldn't find a suitable occasion.

Drummond also told of his offers to become a counterspy.

"I said to the FBI men the night I was arrested and later I wrote it in a letter from the jail to Attorney General Robert Kennedy, asking that my hundred thousand dollars bail be reduced to twenty thousand, and if the FBI supplied the money to my wife so I could be set free, I would jump bail, defect to Russia, and from there act as an agent for the FBI. I wrote that I am a good American fighting man and I would like a chance to make up for my faults."

Then in a statement read to the jury by the prosecution, Drummond was quoted as saying: "I hold profound hatred against these bastards. I am prepared to offer my life for my country."

In the statement, Drummond said he had spoken to his wife when she visited him in the Federal House of Detention about his proposal to become a counterspy, and that he asked her if she wanted to go with him to Russia for that purpose.

"She said, 'Just tell me when, where, how.'"

As this portion of the statement was read, Lucille Drummond, who was sitting in the first row in the spectators' section, buried her face in her hands.

Of all the witnesses against Drummond, none was more forceful, nor more damaging, than FBI Agent Palguta. The balding, frowning G-man spent three days on the stand. He demonstrated a remarkable facility for remembering what Drummond had said to him during the questioning following the arrest and recalling the details of the track-down.

Defense Attorney Chance appeared at times to become exasperated with the witness's extraordinary recollections. Chance also was disturbed over the statements Palguta had obtained from Drummond. The attorney interrupted the agent at one point to ask how much time it took "to teach" Drummond to draw up the admissions. Judge Murphy was surprised that Chance would use such a phrase. The lawyer apologized.

When Chance had placed Drummond on the stand, he exposed him to cross-examination by the prosecution. Attorney Broderick questioned the defendant relentlessly. One of the highpoints of the prosecution's cross was this brief but damaging exchange:

Q: How many times altogether would you tell us that you met or dealt with persons you believed to be representatives or agents of the Soviet Union?

A: Approximately sixteen times . . .

Altogether, the same twenty-three witnesses called at the first trial appeared at the second.

The case went to the jury at the end of nine days, July 19. Judge Murphy, who in his days as an assistant U.S. Attorney successfully prosecuted Alger Hiss for treason, showed the true impartiality that is needed on the bench. He emphasized to the jury in his charge that "there is conflict on substantial matters, and the different versions cannot both be true." It was up to the jury to resolve them. He said further that the jury must try the case "without sympathy or bias or prejudice . . . in a courtroom persons of every race, color, or creed stand equal."

The jury began deliberations at 11:05 a.m. Three times during the day, Jury Foreman Robert Leopold, an office manager, of East 83rd Street, Manhattan, sent requests for exhibits or reviews of testimony. About twenty minutes after the jury retired to its room, Leopold sent a note to the court asking for two photographs taken by the FBI men from the closed-circuit television monitor up in Newport. These photos showed Drummond removing documents from the Navy file cabinet. The jury later asked for copies of statements Drummond made to the FBI and for the six Navy documents the agents said were found in Drummond's car in Larchmont the night of his arrest.

Among those in the courtroom as the jury went out to weigh the evidence was the infamous Jack Soble, who was convicted in 1947 as a spy for the Soviet Union. He had recently been released from prison after doing five years. His presence had been noted on two prior occasions during the trial, and on this one he was exchanging friendly observations and banter with some of the prosecution staff, the same prosecution staff which had also presented the case against him.

The jury took time out for lunch and dinner. After dinner, the jury returned to the courtroom to notify Judge Murphy that it had reached agreement on the first count without specifying whether it was guilty or acquittal, but it was deadlocked on the second.

The judge read the jurors excerpts from a century-old Supreme Court decision that defined responsibilities of veniremen. Then he sent them back to try again to reach agreement, pleading for an open

mind to the arguments of the members of the jury and warning against clinging to one's own stubborn, unreasoning opinion.

At 9:26 p.m. the jury returned to the courtroom one more time. It wanted to hear the judge's charge on the second count. Murphy reread it and then told the panel that if it decided Drummond had been prepared to deliver the documents that night of September 28 in Larchmont, even if actual delivery had not taken place, it could vote for conviction.

Eleven hours and forty minutes after it received the case, at exactly 10:45 p.m., the jury came back to the court with the same story—it had reached a decision on the first count but not on the second. Murphy said he would accept the finding.

Then Foreman Leopold read the verdict: guilty on the first count. And on the second it was a hung jury.

Judge Murphy declared a mistrial on the second count, then set August 15 for sentencing on the first. The verdict meant Drummond could receive the death penalty, but he could also escape it. He was remanded to the House of Detention to await sentence. This time he was denied any bail.

Drummond, who was dressed in a gray seersucker suit and brightly colored flowered shirt, took the verdict without emotion. Lucille also failed to evoke any outward disturbance at the jury's decision. The prisoner smiled wanly at his wife as he was led out of the courtroom in handcuffs.

As they had done after the first trial, newsmen went after the jurors to learn who the holdout was. Again as before, the poll showed it was the lone Negro member of the panel who blocked conviction on the second charge, of passing Navy documents to Soviet agents.

Mrs. Blanchard had nothing to say to the press, radio, or television reporters who tried to query her. But one juror, interviewed by New York *Journal-American* Reporter Frank Borsky, commented:

"Mrs. Blanchard told us she didn't believe any of the FBI men. She said she preferred to believe Drummond's word against theirs and that her mind simply was made up. It was hard to convince her. She didn't talk much or give any of her reasons. That was the frustrating part. We did our best to explain the case . . . but it all seemed lost on her. She either didn't listen or didn't want to listen. Right from the start, eleven jurors felt completely convinced of Drummond's guilt.

After several hours, Mrs. Blanchard changed her mind on the first count."

That was almost the same account that had been given of the deliberations made by the first jury. The foreman of that jury, Harry Schmitt, was asked his opinion about the second jury's verdict.

"Drummond should have been found guilty in the first trial," said Schmitt. "He was guilty then and he's guilty now. There was never any doubt in the minds of eleven jurors on that first jury. We were convinced that the Russians were not paying him large sums of money for that long a period for nothing . . ."

On August 15, 1963, Judge Murphy convened his court and summoned Drummond before him. The stocky defendant, attired in a neat blue suit, white shirt, and blue tie, stood listlessly before the bench. His wife sat in the front row of the spectator seats, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands as the proceedings began.

His face solemn, his stare fixed straight at Drummond, Judge Murphy slowly intoned the words that castigated the defendant for his crime.

"Yours was a most awful crime. One so heinous that the Congress has empowered the court to impose the death sentence for it . . ."

Drummond blinked and lowered his head. He seemed to be expecting the worst. Lucille clenched her fists.

"The evidence against you is overwhelming," continued Murphy in the utter silence of the crowded courtroom. "You have sold the security and safety of your country for twenty-four thousand dollars while you were a uniformed member of the United States Navy. Because of compassion for your innocent wife and the true devotion of your family, I will not impose the death penalty, but I will, and do sentence you to prison for the rest of your natural life."

Drummond, now seven years older than the day he met his first Russian in London, had reached the end of his treasonous trail, and justice had taken its course. He took the verdict with a quiver of his body and a slow, deliberate shaking of his head. Even escape from the chair was no occasion for rejoicing for the 34-year-old convicted traitor. There were to be those cruel, terrible years of confinement for the rest of his life in a prison where he would be among the lowliest creatures of society, living with killers, rapists, degenerates, and other criminals. And somehow Drummond seemed to know that his crime

was the worst. He would be the one among thousands behind those grim prison walls who would hold the distinction of having been committed there for a crime that the judge himself called "most awful" and "heinous."

Lucille reacted to the verdict with an audible gasp. Then she covered her face with both hands, her shoulders shaking violently.

It was all over.

The Government announced later that it would hold open the espionage count on which the holdout jurors twice blocked a verdict. Also still facing Drummond was a Navy charge of stealing government property—the documents.

But it is doubtful that he will ever be brought to trial on either of these two charges. Nelson Cornelius "Bulldog" Drummond can only serve one lifetime, one nightmarish eternity, for betraying his country and his countrymen.

15 : "... And They Seemed Like Such Nice, Quiet People"

SOMETIMES spy catching is a frustrating and exasperating process for the FBI. This was very much the case in the early days of May, 1963, when the Bureau received word that Petr Egorovich Maslennikov was packing to leave for Russia. The square-faced, soft-spoken First Secretary of the Soviet Mission to the UN, a blond, stiffly erect individual with a military bearing, had been under surveillance for more than a year.

Few Soviet delegates who are sent to the UN attract suspicion until they get involved in some facet of espionage. Contrary to Soviet claims, the FBI does not shadow *every* Soviet emissary and employee at the UN or at the Embassy in Washington. Congress would have to greatly increase the FBI's appropriation to give it the wherewithal for such intensive probing.

But there are times when the FBI will train its eye on certain Soviet individuals as soon as they step off the boat or plane here. Petr Egorovich Maslennikov was one of those. He was well-known to the Central Intelligence Agency long before he came to the U.S.

Maslennikov was a Soviet Military Intelligence officer. Traditionally his background would have called for an assignment to the Military Staff group at the Soviet UN Mission. But Moscow detailed him to serve as an assistant to the Soviet Ambassador in New York.

The wisdom of this move isn't fathomable. There is a suspicion the Soviets could have just thought that the 43-year-old Maslennikov might attract less attention in a non-military assignment. But it didn't. The FBI shadow fell over Maslennikov the moment his plane brought him to New York City's Idlewild Airport in early January, 1962.

Before many days passed, Maslennikov was spotted traipsing about town with an old comrade from their days together in Soviet Military Intelligence, a squat, square-jawed chap named Aleksei Ivanovich Galkin. Like Maslennikov, Galkin had also commanded the FBI's interest because of his background and training. G-men had kept tabs on Galkin for several years, but had never uncovered any dark role that he might have been playing. He minded his manners well and seemed to devote himself wholeheartedly to his post at the UN as First Secretary of the Byelorussian Mission.

But once Maslennikov arrived, the pattern changed. So much so that the FBI intensified its surveillance immediately. And soon it saw a picture shaping with certain faint shadows that had the ominous configuration of a conspiracy.

It was their subway trips on the IRT line to Flushing, starting the second week after Maslennikov's arrival, which settled the mantle of suspicion on them. Ostensibly their journeys could readily have been dismissed as social sojourns, for their destination invariably was the apartment of still another Russian national, Ivan Dmitrievich Egerov. He was the \$10,000-a-year personnel director of several UN administrative branches and councils. Egerov lived with his wife Aleksandra in a third-floor \$135-a-month two-room apartment.

The job itself that the slim, black-haired Egerov held appeared to be mundane and largely uninteresting, and, except for whatever peripheral security information he may have picked up, in general was separate and apart from the inner workings of UN diplomacy. As a result, nothing on the job seemed to place Egerov in a sensitive position. Yet some things were noticed. It was Egerov's habit, for example, to socialize only with Soviet bloc diplomats and occasionally members of the Afro-Asian nations. In a way, that was a bit odd, since even agents coming directly from Moscow for espionage purposes alone made it a point to expand their social contacts and become as friendly as possible with Western diplomats.

It was probably Egerov's own shy personality along with his lim-

ited facility with the English language that kept him to himself. At official functions, according to reports the FBI received, Egerov was very correct and unobtrusive and, the FBI concluded, probably something of a bore. He resolutely avoided all UN reporters and correspondents, and the result was that few of the journalistic fraternity at the world headquarters of the United Nations could identify him by nationality and name.

Between 1960 and early 1962, therefore, Egerov had committed no overt act that commanded more than peripheral attention from the FBI. But the moment Maslennikov and Galkin began their curious subway rides out to Flushing to visit him, the alert signal went up and earlier tactics were abandoned for the new intensified plan of operation. The FBI began inquiring offhandedly, casually, unobtrusively, among his neighbors and co-tenants into Egerov's habits, attitudes, personality.

They learned, too, more about Egerov's short and rather plain-looking wife, Aleksandra. Like her husband, Aleksandra was apparently introverted, insecure with her knowledge of English, and quite content to spend her days alone at home or visiting with other wives of intermediate level Soviet bloc diplomats. Plump, Slavic in her facial contours, with slightly slanted eyes and high, rounded cheekbones, Aleksandra Egerov seemed to match her husband's quiet personality.

And, until early 1962, the FBI had never even seen her.

Neighbors in the suburban-like Flushing neighborhood said they were hardly aware of the Egerovs, and if they gave them any thought at all it was simply to notice them as a pleasant couple more interested in keeping to themselves than in becoming a part of the local social fabric.

None of the other tenants in the building recalled the Egerovs having visitors or throwing parties, and the superintendent remembered that the Egerovs asked for his assistance only once, when they were having trouble with a light switch.

None of the neighbors recalled seeing any children with the Egerovs. Yet a check with the State Department revealed that the couple did in fact bring a son with them to the United States from Russia, but that the boy was sent back in July, 1961, at the age of twelve, for schooling in the Soviet Union.

Although Egerov and his wife, through their new and sudden association with Maslennikov and Galkin, came under the watchful eye of the FBI on a steady basis, the agents concentrated on a vigilant observation of the activities of the two top Russian professionals and shadowed them virtually around the clock.

The wearisome trailing began paying quick dividends. A pattern of operation soon became discernible to the FBI, involving not just the visits to the Egerovs, but to assorted rendezvous points to the city which the FBI immediately suspected were actually drops for espionage material. At the same time, another element to the operations began to emerge, and as the FBI concentrated its surveillance and investigation on this angle, it became evident that the whole plot was triangulated between the UN, the Egerov apartment in Flushing, and Washington.

The first intimation that Maslennikov and Galkin were up to something came on September 23, 1962, when a pair of FBI agents picked up Maslennikov and Galkin in the late afternoon as they left the UN Building and walked to Grand Central Terminal three blocks away and boarded a New York Central commuter train. It was a sudden move, an unexpected one, and the FBI agents had no idea where the trail was leading. However, they were prepared for an assignment that might take them several days and had in fact barely deposited themselves in separate seats at either end of the coach in which Maslennikov and Galkin were also traveling, when the two Soviet diplomats rose and joined the commuter swarm disgorging itself at the Graystone station in Yonkers, just north of the New York City limits.

The FBI men picked out Maslennikov and Galkin from the throngs of brief-case-carrying, seersucker-suited young commuter executives and their uniformly cool, freshly coiffured wives waiting for them in the family Ramblers, Porsches, Volkswagens, Cadillacs, and other wagons that are the mark of suburban life. The G-men trailed their quarry out beyond the parking lot and up a tree-shaded street to a drugstore.

As the agents watched from a distance, they could see through the open door a man emerge from a pay telephone booth just as the Russians entered and then casually walk away. Galkin then entered the phone booth, appeared to make a call that lasted about a minute

and a half, and then stepped out of the phone booth and, with Maslennikov, left the drugstore and returned to the Graystone station where they boarded the next New York-bound train.

To the uninitiated, the phone booth incident would seem completely innocent, but to the highly trained FBI agents it was far from innocent. From the fleeting look that passed between Galkin and the man who preceded him into the telephone booth, and from Galkin's quick, fluid motion as he slipped something into his pocket while in the phone booth, the FBI men were fairly certain that they had just seen a drop.

Maslennikov and Galkin were followed back to the city, but not by both agents. One G-man took off to fall in about fifty yards behind the mysterious stranger. The stranger walked for about a half hour, apparently aimlessly, in what the FBI perceived was a standard maneuver to throw off any pursuers. Then, quickly, at an intersection he hailed a taxicab fortuitously stopped there for a light, hopped into it, and sped away, leaving the FBI man stranded. The stranger evidently had been waiting for just such an opportunity, and in such circumstances there is nothing any sleuth can do but shrug it off as a bad break. Thereafter, the Graystone drugstore was kept under intensive surveillance, but never again was it used as a drop.

Over the next several days, the two Soviet diplomats made two more pilgrimages to Egerov's apartment. It now began to seem to the FBI that Egerov might be receiving instructions, possibly information, and transmitting this to someone. But to whom? And what was the nature of the information? The answers to both questions continued to elude the FBI.

Egerov himself had not yet made any overt move to link him to espionage activity. Then, on February 6, 1963, his time appeared to have come. At 7 p.m. he and his wife left their apartment, got into their 1960 black Pontiac sedan and drove off. They cruised around Queens for approximately an hour, always in a westward directional drift until they were in the Astoria section of the borough, practically just across the East River from the UN. Egerov tooled slowly through the streets of Astoria until 8:15 p.m. when, in the gathering darkness, he slowed down at an inconspicuous locale, on 19th Street which ran parallel to Astoria Park and beneath and between the shadows of the Triborough and Hell Gate Bridges. There he stopped.

He talked briefly to his wife sitting beside him in the car, and then got out and walked down the steps in the park leading to the municipal swimming pool. But instead of heading for the entrance, Egerov strolled around the side of the red brick wall and re-emerged ten seconds later with something clutched in his hand.

Back behind the wheel of his car, he handed the object to his wife who put it in her purse, and the two drove off.

Egerov had apparently accomplished his first observable act of spying, and his assignment, the FBI believed, was to pick up material left at the swimming pool drop.

One of the FBI agents had remained at the park to see if he could spot anyone. But the park was deserted. It was winter and the pool, of course, was closed. The agent saw no one, and, therefore, it seemed unlikely that another Soviet operative had actually met Egerov in that brief moment around the wall's corner. More probably some accomplice had simply left the material at a previously designated spot, perhaps in a trash basket the FBI man observed there, and had gone away before Egerov arrived.

Egerov and his wife returned home, saw Maslennikov and Galkin once again two evenings later, but they did nothing suspicious until five additional days had passed. Then the slim Russian and his plump wife took another outwardly looking aimless drive through Queens. This time they journeyed to a quiet, residential neighborhood of Woodside, midway between Flushing and Astoria. Egerov parked his car near an intersection about two blocks from the Long Island Railroad's Woodside station. He opened the door on his side and with his left hand threw a small brown envelope beneath his car, as though he were discarding some trash. Then he drove away.

This time the FBI did not follow. This time it was quite clear Egerov was making the drop. And now the FBI agents in their own car across the street and a hundred feet behind sat watching. They did not wait long.

Less than a minute later, a 1958 blue two-door Ford sedan pulled up to the same corner and parked a car's length behind the spot where Egerov had stopped. The driver got out, picked up the envelope, and turned back to his car. In so doing, he unknowingly faced into the binoculars in the hands of the one agent and the telescopic-lensed camera of the other.

He drove away with the agents behind. The stranger headed into Queens Boulevard, one of the borough's main thoroughfares, and followed it out to the entrance onto the Grand Central Parkway. Ten minutes later he was at La Guardia Airport, where he left the car in the parking lot and boarded the next shuttle flight to Washington.

The agents did not have to follow him to the capital. A simple phone call to the New York Bureau office giving the stranger's full description and his destination touched off an immediate teletype advisory to Washington. Other agents were waiting to pick up the suspect's trail when he debarked at the nation's capital. At the airport in New York, the first pair of agents kept themselves staked out at the parking lot to see who picked up the car. Twenty minutes after the plane took off, Maslennikov and Galkin drove to the lot. Galkin got out and drove the car away.

In Washington, an FBI team watched the shuttle flight arrive and the passengers debark. From the moment the suspect was spotted, an inseparable shadow in the persons of four crack G-men fell across him. The mysterious traveler took a taxi from the airport to 2839 27th Street, just off Connecticut Avenue. The building housed sixteen apartments. The stranger disappeared behind the entrance door. As soon as it was safe enough, the FBI men also went into the building. They heard footsteps climbing to the fourth floor. Keys jangled, a latch clicked open, and a door slammed. The FBI men were easily able to tell by the direction of the sounds they heard which apartment had been entered.

And then it was a simple routine of looking at the name on the bells and mailboxes downstairs to determine the identity of the tenant. There were two—Robert K. Balch and Joy Ann Balch. The names meant nothing to the FBI. They surmised they belonged to a husband and wife or brother and sister.

An intensive rundown through official records—military, civil service, FBI, and capital police yellow sheets—was begun at once. By the following day the FBI knew the backgrounds of both. They were husband and wife. Balch was a part-time student and teacher in a private school across the Potomac in Alexandria, Virginia, licensed to teach by the Virginia Department of Education. Inquiries at the apartment revealed that Joy Ann Balch had lived there previous to her

marriage under her maiden name of Joy Ann Garber. An FBI man, tailing her as she left the building at 8:25 a.m., found she worked as a manicurist in a downtown Washington beauty salon.

On the surface, the information seemed legitimate enough. But as the investigation probed deeper, a strange picture began to emerge. In checking out the information that Balch had submitted in applying for his teaching certificate, the FBI agents were astonished to learn that there appeared to be two Robert K. Balches with seemingly identical backgrounds.

Beginning with his birth certificate registered in an upstate county in New York, the FBI traced his life's progress and found that the Robert K. Balch living in Washington had somehow also become a Roman Catholic priest living in Amsterdam, New York. Their backgrounds were absolutely identical. The parents' names were the same, the dates of birth were the same, the schools they attended were the same, the graduation dates were the same. The total picture, in fact, pointed to two possible alternatives. Either Robert K. Balch was living a double existence and somehow was diabolically combining twin careers as a Catholic priest and a teacher, as well as that of a Soviet spy; or, more probably, the Soviet spy was arrogantly appropriating a living Catholic priest's identity to cover up his own.

It took no more than hours to clarify the fact that there was a Reverend Robert Keistutis Balch serving a parish in Amsterdam, New York. It was now clear that the probable was true. Someone had appropriated the priest's identity.

Now the FBI reasoned that if the ersatz Balch was living under an assumed name, so was his wife. And a similar inquiry into her identity was launched. Implausibly enough, the probes found that Joy Ann Balch, previously Joy Ann Garber, had adopted the same maneuver as her husband and had literally stolen the identity of a woman who was now Mrs. Robert Seskin, a housewife in Norwalk, Connecticut. Neither Mrs. Seskin nor Father Balch had any inkling that they were the dupes in so bizarre a masquerade.

By late April, 1963, nearly all the pieces had fallen into place. The Washington Balches were phonies, but who were they? The FBI could not determine that, short of taking them in custody and questioning them. The time for that would soon come.

Meanwhile, the loose ends on the case had to be tied up. FBI agents in Washington and New York began collating all the available information.

The evidence showed that the two suspected masterminds, Maslennikov and Galkin, were collecting highly classified information. How the FBI knew this has not been revealed to the authors; the FBI and the Justice Department withheld these details because the case—as the surprising climax will show—is not yet closed. Nevertheless, the FBI has said that the information was technical in nature and related to the national defense, and particularly to military installations, naval facilities, shipyards, military waterfront operations, and troop movements. The data, according to the FBI, was transmitted onto magnetic tapes in some instances, then placed in protective capsules for delivery to the Soviet spy network.

This much was revealed about the operation: Maslennikov and Galkin used the Balches and the Egerovs as intercity couriers. When the transmission of secret information from New York to Washington became necessary in the opinion of Maslennikov, either he or Galkin would travel out to Flushing for a “social visit,” carrying the magnetic tape to Egerov. Egerov would then arrange a drop delivery locale with Balch, and Balch would catch a shuttle flight to New York, pick up the material from the drop, and immediately fly back to the capital.

Similarly, if Maslennikov decided he wanted a first-hand look at espionage material channeled into the Soviet Embassy in Washington, Balch would be utilized as the courier carrying the information north. This time, Balch would deliver to the drop and Egerov would retrieve the material and hand it over to Maslennikov and Galkin on their next visit to his apartment in Flushing.

Very rarely Egerov would be unable for some reason or other to perform the assignment. In that case, Maslennikov and Galkin would have to carry out that duty themselves. The Graystone drugstore drop was one such incident.

With the full sinister picture of the triangular operation in clear focus and each perpetrator's role fully understood, it now became simply a matter of waiting for the right moment to close in, a time when the physical evidence of the magnetic tape was present to implicate the conspirators.

The long cold winter had now gone its weary way and the warmth and green of spring were rejuvenating the land when the FBI was given an unexpected and terribly disappointing jolt. In early May Maslennikov and Galkin abruptly halted all official activity at the UN and virtually overnight departed New York for Moscow. Characteristically the Russians gave no reason for the departure, nor could the FBI determine any way in which the two professional spies might have been tipped off.

Possibly the Soviet espionage network had somehow picked up on its antenna some slight but discomfoting disturbance and decided to play it safe. Conceivably the FBI inquiries among tenants and others who knew the fraudulent Balches and the Egerovs had somehow become known to the Soviets at the UN. Whatever the reason, Maslennikov and Galkin were now frustratingly beyond the clutch of American justice—whatever that means in dealing with Soviet agents who have the protective cloak of diplomatic immunity. At worst, if Maslennikov and Galkin had stuck around, they would have been taken in custody for a few hours, then freed, and booted out after the now-routine procedure of a State Department demand to the Soviet Mission for their expulsion. Can anyone venture to say that the end would have been any different if Maslennikov and Galkin had not left the country when they did?

So Maslennikov and Galkin, the big game, were gone. However, the FBI was determined not to let the same thing happen to the Washington Balches and the New York Egerovs. After synchronizing their plans, separate teams of FBI men in the nation's capital and in New York drew in their nets simultaneously.

Just as the fiery-red sun of an intensely hot July 3 began to dip in the western horizon, four FBI men drove along Connecticut Avenue to the Balches' apartment at 2839 27th Street and came to a halt directly in front of the building. It was 6:30 p.m.

Another agent, on stakeout, nodded the signal that meant the Balches were home. All five agents moved quietly up the stairs to the fourth floor and a moment later confronted Robert and Joy Ann Balch.

“We're the FBI,” the lead agent stated bluntly. “You're under arrest.”

The five agents swept into the apartment and two of them quickly

clamped handcuffs on the astonished couple. The FBI men looked around the flat. They had plainly made their move just in time. Two steamer trunks, nearly full, were up against the wall, open. Clothes and possessions had been jammed every which way into them. The closets were empty. Two plane tickets on Sabena Airlines to Copenhagen were on the dresser. The couple's passports were beside the tickets. The FBI had gotten there with only a few brief hours to spare.

The Balches were taken to the District of Columbia jail in the early morning hours of the next day, after they had undergone intensive questioning at the FBI offices. It was a hopeless effort questioning the Balches. They refused absolutely to say anything.

"You still have to prove these charges," Joy Ann Balch screamed at the FBI men as they led her for the formal booking before a U.S. commissioner.

Balch was somewhat calmer. "The only declaration I wish to make is that I deny all charges," he muttered, practically under his breath.

Unknown to the Balches, the same swift justice was closing in on their co-conspirators two hundred and fifty miles away in Flushing, Queens.

Precisely at 6:30 p.m., the FBI surprised the Egerovs, and with a curt declaration that they were under arrest, flashed their two sets of handcuffs. Numbed into inaction by the unexpected raid, Egerov meekly held out his hands as the manacles snapped around his wrist. But the plump and deceptively docile-looking Aleksandra suddenly unleashed the fury of a wounded tiger and lunged at her captors. Growling, snarling, and cursing at them in Russian, her arms flailed at the FBI men and her feet whipped out in viciously aimed kicks. But the agents managed to take her in tow and brought her down to the waiting car with her husband.

Neighbors were astonished at the arrest of the Egerovs. A housewife living on the same floor looked out the door as they were taken away and shook her head.

"I knew they were from the Soviet Mission," she said. "But they were so very ordinary someone might have thought they were just another immigrant couple living here as American citizens. And they seemed like such nice, quiet people. I can't believe they were spies."

Like the Balches in Washington, the Egerovs were arraigned be-

fore a U.S. commissioner in the Federal Courthouse in Brooklyn which has jurisdiction over Queens and the Long Island area. Like the Balches, they were held without bail and remanded to the Federal House of Detention.

They were allowed to call the Soviet Mission and a representative from the Mission soon appeared and demanded the Egerovs' release on the grounds that they were protected by diplomatic immunity. At the same time, the Soviet Embassy in Washington called on the State Department, and another Soviet diplomat at the United Nations appealed to the Secretary General's office for the Egerovs' release. But in all cases, the Soviets were turned down flatly. They were told that the much-abused shield of immunity did not extend to Egerov nor his wife. He was simply an employee of the United Nations, not a diplomat acting as a representative of his government, nor employed in the Soviet Mission.

The Egerovs and the Balches both languished in jail as the machinery of the American legal process went to work to bring them to trial after indictments by Federal grand juries were returned in Washington and New York against them.

But then an almost inevitable development occurred, a development that had now become monotonously routine in the handling of Soviet spy suspects. Washington and Moscow worked a deal. We would give them Ivan Dmitrievich Egerov and his wife Aleksandra in return for two Americans then being held in Russia on similar charges.

On October 12, 1963, the discredited Egerovs sullenly boarded a plane at Idlewild Airport that took them back to Moscow. And somewhere, as the plane crossed the Atlantic, another airliner was bringing home the Reverend Walter M. Cizek of Shenandoah Valley, Pennsylvania, a 58-year-old Jesuit Missionary, and Marvin W. Makinen, 24, of Ashburnham, Massachusetts. Makinen, a visitor to the Soviet Union, had been arrested on espionage charges in 1961 and had served two years of an eight-year prison term. Father Cizek, gaunt, weakened, but not broken, was coming back after twenty-three cruel, almost unbelievable, years in a Siberian labor camp where he had been confined by Stalin for alleged activities against the State.

From the United States' point of view, it was more than a worthwhile exchange. The Egerovs would never again take part in espi-

onage against the U.S., while on the moral level, releasing Father Cizek—and Makinen, too—was infinitely more humanitarian than incarcerating the Egerovs.

As for the Balches, no such deal was arranged. These transactions are always kept secret until the final details are completed and the accused spies are actually released. But in the Balches' case, why should there be a deal? Who said they were Russian? The truth of it was that no one really knew who they were. The couple steadfastly refused to answer the questions of the FBI and the assistant attorney generals who tried to pry from them their real identities and their places of origin. They could have dropped down on the United States from Mars so far as anyone knew. The Russians pretended not even to be aware of their existence.

The case was put on the Federal Court calendar in the District of Columbia for trial January 6, 1964. But it was postponed again and again. Observers familiar with espionage matters had a feeling that the Balches would ultimately be released and deported, since convictions are rarely obtained when the defendants' very co-conspirators have been given their freedom. The case of Willie Hirsch was a classic example. When Igor Yakovlevich Melekh was deported, the Federal prosecutor no longer had a case against the German-born illustrator and it was dropped. Hirsch was then deported.

In the latest espionage case, however, the Government suddenly announced it was finally ready to go to trial, and on September 29th the proceedings got under way in Brooklyn's Federal Court. By now the Government had developed additional information against the Balches, but it apparently contributed little material value to the case. The most important of this evidence was that Balch was at last identified as one Aleksandre Sokolov, from Tiflis, Russia. But the Soviet Union still evinced no interest.

The indictment under which the Sokolovs were to be tried named Egerov and his wife, as well as Maslennikov and Galkin, "plus various other officials of the Soviet Military Intelligence."

Defense Attorney Edward Brodsky, representing the Sokolovs, demanded to know who these "various other" people might be. The Government furnished a list: Dmitri Fedorovich Polyakov, Anatoli Borisovich Senkin, and Lev V. Sosnovski. But, alas—the Government attorneys shook their heads—they too have returned home. It was

explained that these Russians held posts at the UN, and served as couriers in transmitting stolen data to Moscow.

Only one witness of any substance appeared to be waiting in the wings to put the finger on the Sokolovs, or Balches. This was Kaarlo Rudolph Tuomi, a 45-year-old Finn who had been a trusted officer in the Soviet Union's Military Intelligence Bureau. What role he played in the case was not clear, but this much about his past was revealed: Tuomi was recruited into the GRU, the Chief Intelligence Directorate, after the Russians conquered his homeland during the bitter winter campaign of 1939-40; then several years ago he gained a measure of revenge by enlisting in the CIA as a counterspy after being sent here by the Russians to work with a Soviet espionage ring operating in the U.S.

But Brodsky, a brilliant 34-year-old attorney who had been chief of the Government's special prosecution division of the Southern District of New York during 1961-62, threw a well-aimed monkey wrench into the prosecution's case right at the start. Brodsky informed Judge John F. Dooling, Jr., that the prosecution must produce all the addresses of some 80 Government witnesses it planned to summon to the trial—including the addresses of 75 FBI agents and others who took part in the trackdown of the Soviet spy ring.

Otherwise, the defense declared, all witnesses "whose abode was not given" must be excluded. That meant Tuomi, the star witness, too.

Judge Dooling ruled for the defense, saying that the home addresses of all witnesses—including the 75 FBI men and Tuomi—be given to Brodsky, and the Sokolovs, if they wanted them.

"Opponents of the FBI would give quite a bit to have all those home addresses," observed Paul C. Vincent of the Justice Department, who came up from Washington to assist U.S. Attorney Joseph P. Hoey, of the Brooklyn District, in the prosecution.

Judge Dooling then addressed himself to Vincent.

"If you tell me that disclosure would imperil the life of a man or the security of the United States, I will not disclose the addresses."

Vincent replied, "I can make no such statement, as it would be speculation."

"The defendants," the court declared, "have a statutory right to see such a list, under a law of 1795 wherein access to witnesses specified their abode."

The defense then leaped in with a motion to dismiss the 15-month-old indictment, but it was denied by the court. The trial was to go on, one way or another. In an anteroom 300 prospective jurors who had been waiting heard the call, and three days later the panel, including alternates, was picked. The morning of October 2 was to see the jurors sworn in and the trial get under way with opening statements by prosecution and defense.

The jury was sworn in but no opening statements were made. Instead a recess was called amid an air of great bewilderment. When court was convened at 3:10 p.m., U.S. Attorney Hoey rose and addressed himself to the bench in a very dispirited voice.

"Your Honor, I have been instructed by the Attorney General [Acting Attorney General Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, in the absence of Robert F. Kennedy who had resigned to run successfully for the U.S. Senate in New York] that in the interest of national security, he would not offer any evidence relating to Overt Acts 6 and 7 of the indictment. The Government could not make an opening statement that could withstand a motion for dismissal."

The slender, timid-looking 40-year-old Sokolov reached out almost in triumph and squeezed his wife's hand. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, 34-year-old Joy Ann wept softly.

"These are the only acts within the conspiracy which connect the two defendants with this conspiracy," Hoey continued. "The Government moves to dismiss this indictment against both these defendants."

The move was sudden and dramatic and left courtroom spectators and jury alike thoroughly stunned.

Judge Dooling's sentiments were reflected strongly in his statement to the jurors before dismissing them.

"Your first sense of this must be a mixture of mystification and the futility of our week's work together," he said solemnly with no trace of the smile so often lighting his face the first few days of the proceedings. "Neither you nor I can know with what complexities our Government has had to deal and deal responsibly."

Judge Dooling explained that the case could not be tried because the defendants were entitled to a public hearing—open in every respect.

"The interests of our national security, it has been concluded, precludes that. No trial at all is better than a secret trial on shapeless charges, without witnesses. We can take pride in the majesty of spirit

that disdains to deviate one iota from principle in order to attain a particular objective. We can count ourselves honored to witness this dignified act of constitutional government. This is government as free men would have it.”

With that the jury was dismissed.

The defendants were met at the door by agents of the Immigration and Naturalization Service and presented with an aliens' arrest warrant. They were not surprised and evinced no outward emotion as they were taken in custody after their brief moment of freedom which had brought them from the front of the courtroom to the back. The arresting officers whisked the couple to 20 West Broadway in Manhattan, where a hearing was held before the district's immigration director, Peter Esperdy.

Esperdy remanded Sokolov to the Federal House of Detention and his wife to Civil Prison to await deportation proceedings.

When the hearing was held, both Sokolov and his wife expressed a desire to be deported to Czechoslovakia. The Czech government, acting through its emissary in Washington, granted the couple's request—and on the night of October 15, 1963, Aleksandre Sokolov, alias Robert Keistutis Balch, and his wife Joy Ann Sokolov, alias Joy Ann Garber and Joy Ann Balch, left New York aboard an Air India flight for their new homeland.

The FBI had little doubt the Sokolovs were heading back to Russia where they would be welcomed with open arms.

Spies such as the Sokolovs were suspected of being are a rare type. They are dedicated to their profession, true to their masters.

No doubt the Soviet Union can find employment for them elsewhere.

16 : The Electronics Engineer and the Russian Chauffeur

THE FBI agents felt the cold late October drizzle trickling down their necks and into their already badly soaked shirt collars, and in the gloomy darkness they must have silently cursed all the spies who had lived. Only a nut would be out on a night like this. The agents, shivering against the cold and misery of the night, hugged the rain-shiny tree trunks that served as their covers.

Standing back in the shadowy stand of maples edging the parking lot at the old stone Erie & Lackawanna Railroad station in Englewood, New Jersey, only one thing made their ordeal any lighter. They knew the Russian spy beneath the tree just fifty feet away from the nearest FBI man was getting just as wet. If only the trap worked—a trap that had been eighteen months in the making—the FBI men might just get home before pulmonary pneumonia brought their lovely wives to premature widowhood.

The agents were all in their places. They were ready. Now it all depended on the greed of John William Butenko.

The trail that, an hour from now, might end in the smashing of one of the most dangerous Soviet spy operations to threaten American security in recent years, had begun a year and a half ago—eighteen months cluttered with an endless series of pursuits, stakeouts, travels,

dead ends, messages, and rain-soaked nights of sometimes fruitless surveillance. But all together, they had brought the FBI to the threshold of success.

Now, in the immediate vicinity of the old railroad depot, thirteen FBI agents were carefully positioned according to the pre-planned strategy that had been so laboriously laid out. Some were hidden in some of the hundred dark pockets of shadow around the depot. Others were in cars. Several hid behind trees and absorbed the full brunt of the drenching downpour. Two had movie cameras equipped with infra-red film, ready to shoot through the misty black of night at the 1956 green Ford sedan with the two suspected Russian spies inside. Off near the parking lot entrance beneath another water-logged maple stood a third spy, hunched deep into his double-breasted black raincoat, serving as a lookout, unaware that all around him were the FBI agents poised for the kill.

All that remained now to complete the gloomy tableau was the arrival of John Butenko.

Let us introduce some of those in the cast of G-men, those who played predominant roles and who later on will show up with star billing in the halls of justice where the case ultimately winds up:

Special Agents Edmund Birch, William V. Schmaltz, Thomas B. James, Robert Haines, Allan A. Anderson, Arthur K. Dowd, Jr., Carmelo Graffagnini, Edward Moody, George Allf, George MacDougal, Robert Conway, Joseph L. Conway, and Bernard J. Dabinett.

Thirteen agents are named here and eleven of these were posted around the station now. Despite the rain, there was little doubt in the minds of these thirteen G-men that Butenko would show up. The agents knew Butenko as they knew few other suspected traitors. They had virtually eaten and slept with him ever since he had first drawn attention to himself as a suspected collaborator with the Soviet espionage tangle at the United Nations.

The FBI's first encounter with John William Butenko came early in 1962 when he crossed the sights they had trained on a dapper, 39-year-old attaché in the Soviet Mission to the UN named Gleb A. Pavlov. They had been watching Pavlov on and off since he had landed in America in 1960, but to all appearances the handsome Moscow-trained diplomat was hewing to the line and staying clear of espionage work. At their first sight of Butenko, the FBI had no idea

who he was. But when he and Pavlov met, they decided they had better do a little checking.

It was an easy matter to put a shadow on the unsuspecting Butenko, and very soon they had a fairly comprehensive file on him. Several things in his background raised the flag on the man and made it more than prudent that they keep a closer watch on him.

In their characteristically thorough way, the FBI was able to catalogue virtually all of the important landmarks in Butenko's life. They discovered he was born on July 6, 1925, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, the son of parents who migrated from Kiev, Russia, during the reign of the czar. His father had been naturalized and made his home in New Jersey almost from the time of his arrival in this country. Butenko attended New Brunswick High School and was graduated in 1942. He joined the Navy and served with the Seabees from December 24, 1943, to December 1, 1944. Then he was returned to civilian life because of an emotional instability. He received a medical discharge under honorable conditions.

His naval medical history was and is a confidential record, but there is later evidence to indicate that among his emotional defects was a predilection for violence. Nothing on the public record pointed to the young Butenko as a social animal. On the contrary, the facts and marginal notations on his life portrayed him as an introvert, an isolate, a loner.

Soon after his discharge from the Navy, he entered Rutgers University in New Brunswick and spent four years there, studying electrical engineering. He finished well up in his class, but his behavioral patterns remained the same. He continued to be withdrawn, aloof. He was graduated with honors from Rutgers in 1949 and then embarked on an electrical engineering career which took him bouncing around from job to job, although usually within the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area. He held several engineering jobs with the Radio Corporation of America in Harrison; with the Armed Services Electro-Standard Agency at Fort Monmouth—both in New Jersey; and with the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Jamaica, Queens.

In 1960, the now 35-year-old, bushy-haired engineer applied for a position with the International Electric Corporation in Paramus, New Jersey, a subsidiary of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. He was conditionally hired while he underwent a six-

month-long Air Force clearance investigation, and then he landed a \$15,400-a-year job as a control administrator. With his top-secret credentials, he had unrestricted access to documents and information about International Electric's most important and secret job—managing the production of a world-wide electronics control system for the Strategic Air Command, the nervous system vital to the manned bomber weapons-delivery system that gives the United States so powerful a nuclear deterrent force. Specifically, it was Butenko's primary duty to maintain a master schedule of every aspect of International Electric's contract with the Air Force. The project had the designation 465L.

Thus the FBI had shaped a skeletal profile of Butenko from his public records. For the bones and flesh, they looked beyond the written file and studied the man himself.

They saw an enigma. For example, Butenko seemed to be a devoted son who tenderly cared for his ailing father. The father, in his eighties and widowed now, was confined to a wheelchair. Butenko spent a good deal of time offering companionship to the old man who lived with him in a \$140-a-month three-room apartment in a Tudor-styled, seven-unit apartment building on a patch of beautifully landscaped grounds at 366 Park Avenue in Orange, New Jersey. By every account he was a dutiful son. When he had to leave town, he would ask the landlord to look in on his father whose confinement was a result of a broken hip suffered in a fall.

Other reports showed him to be kind and thoughtful in other ways. He would frequently ask neighbors' children to join him for milk and sandwiches at home and let them stay a while and watch color TV. Though a bachelor, he never seemed to have any dates with women and rarely entertained. In general, he avoided socializing with others in the community, but during the summer of 1962 he did join other residents in the apartment house for probably the first time in a swimming and picnic outing at New Jersey's Lake Hopatcong.

But there was another side to John Butenko's personality, a side that seemed strangely discordant to the dutiful son, the avuncular pal to the neighborhood small fry. The FBI learned, for example, that while Butenko was living in Franklin Township with his mother and father, he had become involved in an angry argument with his mother and, in an outburst of rage, struck her and broke her collarbone.

And still other reports the FBI pieced together through scrupulous inquiry depicted Butenko as a rather heavy drinker who liked the horses, who plunged heavily in high-stake card games, and who frequently ran into debt. And one other report, never fully developed for lack of adequate information, stated that Butenko "defended homosexuals."

By the time the FBI began investigating him because of his alliance with the Soviet attaché, Gleb Pavlov, Butenko had developed a reputation for being excessively interested in money, particularly the stock market and insurance and investment trusts. One associate, Alfred A. Arky of West Orange, Butenko's attorney, said he was with Butenko at a party when the engineer discussed the gold standard and international exchange with considerable insight.

With this accumulation of background information on him, the FBI concentrated now more on Butenko's relationship with Pavlov and with others who, by the nature of their work, had come under the FBI's watchful eye. One was Vladimir I. Olenov, a Soviet UN Mission aide, the other, Igor A. Ivanov, a chauffeur for the Amtorg Trading Corporation, the Soviet corporate invention established in this country to promote Russian trade. This, as the FBI has indicated publicly, is an outfit that quite often serves as a cover for Soviet spies.

With increasing frequency, Butenko would meet with one or more of the Soviet trio until it became clear they were absorbing most of his non-working time. For the FBI agents assigned to the case, Butenko's association with Pavlov, Olenov, and Ivanov had all the earmarks of an old familiar refrain—conspiracy. The question was did Butenko enter the conspiracy, if that was what it was, voluntarily or involuntarily. The FBI knew from long experience that Butenko was a classical example of the potential espionage recruit. His heritage was Russian. He could speak the Russian language. He had a good technical education. He was in a sensitive and, therefore, valuable job. And beyond all that, he had uncles, aunts, and other relatives in Russia and was thus vulnerable to blackmail.

On the other hand, Butenko displayed enough characteristics to lead the FBI to believe that he'd be willing to sell his services to the Soviets, or perhaps to anyone, for the right price. Whatever the gen-

esis of his relationship to the Russian triad of Pavlov, Olenev, and Ivanov, the FBI decided that too much was at stake to waste any time on idle speculation.

By mid-summer of 1962, John Butenko never strayed from the sight of an FBI agent. He was watched constantly. And soon it became apparent from the timetable of his meetings with the Russians and from the elaborate, although unsuccessful, steps he took to shake any possible followers, that Butenko was indeed involved in something inimical to the nation's security.

One thing seemed obvious. Butenko must be giving the Russians information dealing with the electronic control system of the Strategic Air Command to which Butenko, of course, had unlimited access. It therefore became imperative to cut off the flow of information, and yet at the same time preserve Butenko's value to the Russians.

The FBI hoped in doing that to accomplish two purposes. One would be to feed the Soviet espionage monster false and misleading information, and the other was to prolong Butenko's role as a suspected spy until the FBI could determine the full nature and scope of the operation and learn the identity of everyone involved.

The result was a highly secret agreement between the FBI and two or three of International Electric's top officials. Together they arranged not only to continue to give Butenko access to documents about the SAC communications project, but to carefully doctor them in such a way that the Russians were getting false information without arousing Butenko's suspicions.

As the months wore on, Butenko's meetings with the Russians, Pavlov in particular, became more frequent. Yet the G-men never actually witnessed an overt act of espionage. The FBI was quite certain by now that Butenko was transmitting information to the Russians, and still there seemed to be no way to catch him at it. And without documentary evidence there could be no way to make their case stand up.

It wasn't until April 21, 1963, that the FBI got a first glimpse of Butenko passing something to the Russians. On that day, Gleb Pavlov drove into New Jersey with Olenev and Ivanov and headed for a restaurant in the community of Northvale. There Pavlov temporarily abandoned Olenev and Ivanov and waited, with his car's en-

gine running, against the curb on the highway until a white 1959 Chrysler New Yorker slowed down, edged toward Pavlov's car, and then swung out again, accelerating.

Pavlov's 1956 green Ford stationwagon with New York license plate No. 2N-3078 shot out into the highway, and soon the two cars were rolling in tandem toward Closter, New Jersey, where both came to a stop at an A&P Supermarket parking lot. There Butenko—for he was the Chrysler's driver—handed Pavlov a brown leather briefcase. Then Pavlov drove back and picked up his confederates at the restaurant in Northvale.

On other occasions the FBI witnessed similar meetings in New Jersey, always at a restaurant but always at a different one. And always the same roundabout tactics were used in the rendezvous. In one of these, a fourth Russian went along. He was Yuri A. Romashin, another Soviet Mission aide. But it was always Pavlov who appeared to be masterminding the meetings, who did the talking, who stayed with Butenko, while the others spent the time poring over the contents of the briefcase. The FBI drew the conclusion that Pavlov was the arranger, the "fixer," and that the others, particularly the new man, Romashin, were the technical experts capable of comprehending and assessing the significance of the data delivered by Butenko.

Another rendezvous came on May 26. This time Pavlov, Olenev, and Ivanov drove to the vicinity of Closter where Olenev and Ivanov got out of the car and went into a roadside restaurant. Pavlov, behind the wheel, remained in the car. Minutes later, with a tan leather case in his possession, Butenko also drove to the vicinity of Closter. This time Pavlov and Butenko did not make immediate contact but waited until nine o'clock at night when they met at a pre-arranged destination. Butenko got out of the car with the attaché case in his right hand, walked to Pavlov's Ford, climbed into the front seat beside the Russian official, spoke to him for about three minutes, then emerged and went back to his own car—empty-handed.

The next day Butenko drove from Paramus toward Fort Lee. At the same time, Pavlov, carrying a reddish-brown briefcase, headed for Fort Lee and later rendezvoused with Butenko outside a restaurant. When Butenko drove off, the reddish-brown case was in his car. Later that evening, Butenko and Pavlov met again in Paramus and

talked together in the front seat of Butenko's car. Meanwhile Romashin, apparently just killing time, was driving back and forth between Paramus and Teaneck. A short while later Romashin met Pavlov in front of a Paramus restaurant, picked him up, and drove back to New York City.

All the while, of course, the FBI was watching every move.

Now that they knew the modus operandi, the FBI decided to move in on the conspirators. All that had to be done was to catch the Russians with a briefcase in their hands. The FBI wasn't at all skeptical about the contents it would find in the briefcase. It had a pretty good idea what they would be.

On the night of Tuesday, October 29, 1963, that cold, rainy night laden with the first shivering suggestion of the coming winter, the FBI agents on the case finally got their chance. They were ready.

From previous observation, they knew the Russians reached the rendezvous point first and were then joined by Butenko. And thus it was that, as Pavlov's 1956 green Ford sat idling in the darkness of the Erie & Lackawanna Railroad station parking lot in Englewood, the eleven FBI agents, including the five with the thoroughly soaked shirt collars beneath rain-soaked maples, were there and waiting to spring the carefully laid trap.

Actually the agents waiting for Butenko's arrival had a firm idea he'd be coming, for they had received a radio message from Agent Arthur Dowd that the engineer had just left his house. Another agent, Allan A. Anderson, had watched Butenko come out of his apartment at 366 Park Avenue in Orange and walk to the lot behind the house. He saw him open the door and lift a reddish-brown leather attaché case into the passenger seat. Butenko couldn't see Anderson because the agent was in another apartment in the housing development, looking down from a window.

And as Butenko drove off, Dowd followed a short distance behind in his own car, radioing ahead an alert to Englewood.

It was not quite eight o'clock when Butenko's car approached the parking lot in the railroad depot, picked up the waiting green Ford in its headlights, drove by once, then twice, and then finally cut into the parking lot itself and drew up behind Pavlov's machine.

On both his preliminary passes, the FBI men in the three separate cars, parked haphazardly and discreetly distant enough from the park-

ing lot, ducked down and were not seen by Butenko. As the FBI men looked on, Butenko got out of his car, carrying a leather attaché case, and climbed in beside Pavlov in the Ford.

The lookout man in the double-breasted black raincoat, standing soaked under the tree—the FBI would soon learn it was Romashin—waited. The FBI waited.

To make the arrests valid, the G-men would have to find the incriminating documents in Pavlov's car. After a moment, Butenko hopped out of the Ford and dashed back to his own car. Romashin ran through the rain to join Pavlov. Ivanov was also in the car. Then both cars headed for the roadway. Neither made it.

Engines roaring, the three FBI cars burst forward and converged on the parking lot, blocking the conspirators' exit. Then the FBI agents bolted from their cars and other vantage posts and descended on the suspects who sat frozen like so many marble statues in their cars.

Inside Pavlov's car, the G-men found Butenko's briefcase jammed thick with highly secret papers from International Electric Corporation. A further search uncovered a small automatic .35-mm. document-copying camera ingeniously camouflaged as the cigarette lighter on the dashboard, and other evidence that would be revealed later at the trial.

All of the suspects were taken under armed guard to the FBI offices in Newark. Within two hours Pavlov and Romashin were freed under the provisions of the UN Charter granting diplomatic immunity, a familiar story by now. But Ivanov, who had no such protection since he was an employee of Amtorg, a commercial enterprise, and Butenko, who, of course, was an American citizen, were held on espionage charges. Only Olenev eluded arrest. He wasn't with the boys this night.

Butenko and Ivanov were arraigned at 2 a.m. before U.S. Commissioner Theodore C. Kiscaras in Rutherford, New Jersey, and held in \$100,000 bail each. They were then lodged in the Hudson County Jail in Jersey City. Later on that morning of October 30, the State Department delivered a note of protest to the head of the Soviet Mission to the UN and demanded the expulsion of Gleb Pavlov, Yuri Romashin, and Vladimir Olenev for their espionage activities against the

United States. Within forty-eight hours all three were on their way back to Moscow.

On November 7, a Federal grand jury, sitting in Newark, returned true bills against the Russian diplomats in absentia, charging them as co-conspirators but not defendants. The panel reserved its big punch for Ivanov and Butenko, charging them with the capital crime of espionage.

They were arraigned on the indictments before Federal Judge Thomas F. Meaney in Newark and remanded back to the Hudson County Jail without bail on the plea of U.S. Attorney David M. Satz, Jr., who argued that bail should be denied since the offense carried the death penalty upon conviction. The wording of the charge, he emphasized, was "delivering to a foreign government information relating to the national defense of the United States."

Judge Meaney set a hearing for November 15, when the two suspects would be allowed to plead.

Attorneys for Butenko and Ivanov promptly sought relief in the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third District, sitting in Philadelphia, from the ruling that prohibited them from posting bail. The court denied the motion. On November 15, Ivanov and Butenko appeared in Newark's Federal Court and both pleaded not guilty to the indictment.

In order that no question could be raised about Ivanov's misunderstanding the proceedings, Judge Meaney insisted that the indictment be read in Russian, and the translation was done by Aleksei Kozikov of the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Assistant U.S. Attorney Sanford Jaffe indicated that the trial would begin the following January.

In a surprise move on December 19, though, the Russian Embassy in Washington deposited with the clerk of the U.S. District Court in Newark a certified check for \$100,000 to obtain Ivanov's release. The action had been rumored for days and it appeared to be in line with the continuing trend toward more cordial relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. The U.S. Government evidently felt that releasing Ivanov on bail would be an appropriate gesture of good will. In return, Moscow went so far as to guarantee Ivanov's appearance at his trial. Ivanov was released with the proviso that he was not to leave the New York-New Jersey area.

Meanwhile, Butenko languished in his jail cell. No privilege of bail was granted to him. Then, in still another unexpected move, U.S. District Court Judge Anthony T. Augelli ordered Butenko committed to "a suitable federal institution" to determine whether he was mentally competent to stand trial.

Surprisingly enough, the motion to commit Butenko was made by his own co-counselor, Stephen Maskaleris, who based his request on the finding of two doctors whom he had asked to examine his client in the county jail. Butenko reacted furiously to the attorney's suggestion and promptly fired Maskaleris. Butenko didn't want to be examined.

The usual delays involved in accumulating evidence and preparing a case of this magnitude kept advancing the trial date until it was finally set for the fall of 1964.

Prosecutor Jaffe saw a long, bitterly fought court battle that would last at least four weeks. He had correctly assessed the bitterness, but was only half right about its duration. It lasted eight weeks.

The trial opened October 5, 1964, in Newark's Federal Court, with Judge Augelli presiding and a panel of 500 prospective jurors reporting. But with the decision not to prosecute Aleksandre Sokolov and his wife in Brooklyn just recently very much in everyone's mind, the question of whether the Government would go through with its case against Butenko and Ivanov became a guessing game of increasing engrossment. Would the Government divulge the home addresses of undercover agents it planned to call as witnesses against Butenko and Ivanov?

Attorney Raymond A. Brown, of Jersey City, who took over as Butenko's new counsel, and Attorney Samuel A. Lerner, of Newark, who was defending Ivanov, both promised they would demand full disclosure of the home addresses. Moreover, both lawyers made it known they would seek a postponement because they didn't believe their clients could get a fair trial at the time because of the high public resentment over the scuttling of the Brooklyn case.

Judge Augelli, who was quite aware of the Government's reluctance to turn over the data on the witnesses in the Brooklyn trial, and who was also quite aware of the 169-year-old Federal law that says it must, made it clear from the start that the prosecution had no choice but to turn over the list.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Jaffe, who headed the prosecution staff, then surprised everyone by presenting a roster of 89 names of potential Government witnesses—with addresses for each which spanned the length and breadth of the land and even touched such far-off places as Greenland, Denmark, and Norway. The list included 36 FBI agents and five military people.

In turning over the list, Jaffe pleaded that the defense treat the data confidentially “for the sake of national security.” The defense attorneys said they had no intention of hurting the United States—but they quickly leaped on the prosecution for omitting the three ousted Soviet diplomats in the list and cited this as grounds for dismissal of the charges.

“We should have been able to talk to these people,” Butenko’s lawyer, Brown, said.

Ivanov’s attorney, Lerner, claimed the Government’s choice in deporting the three Reds deprived the defendants of one of their basic rights under the Sixth Amendment—compulsory summoning of witnesses. Thus the Government had no right to try Ivanov and Butenko now.

This, of course, was the ground on which the case against Willie Hirsch went down the drain, after Igor Yakovlevich Melekh was booted back to Moscow.

But Judge Augelli, who speaks with a nasal Jersey City accent and is in the habit of wigwagging a yellow pencil at the person he is addressing, promised the lawyers a ruling. Augelli reached his decision October 24, by which time a jury of eight women, four men, and four alternates had been seated.

“The State Department,” Augelli declared, “has been reasonable in accordance with the principles of diplomatic law. . . . I find there is no evidence that the three ousted diplomats would have voluntarily testified.” Thus he refused to dismiss the charges.

The prosecution opened by telling the jury just how important the Strategic Air Command’s Project 465L was to the security of the United States in peace and war.

“The basic functions of the project,” Jaffe asserted, “are to enable the SAC commander to alert and execute his forces, to keep abreast of the present status of all the weapons in his command, and to make

tactical decisions based on the information already in the system and to conduct exercises.”

Jaffe told the jury that Butenko had access to all documents relating to the project—and that together with the three departed Russian United Nations diplomats, Butenko and Ivanov had conspired to “communicate, deliver, and transmit” information relating to the command and control system of SAC to Russia.

As the prosecution launched into its case, a parade of FBI agents who had worked on the long trackdown and arrests took the witness stand and testified.

Agent Schmaltz told the court how he saw Pavlov and Butenko meet in the A&P supermarket parking lot in Closter on April 21, 1963, and revealed how he observed them through field glasses and also how he spotted the number of the stationwagon, New York plate 2N-3078. . . . G-man Thomas James related how he followed Butenko from his home in Orange on May 26, 1963, and watched him drive his car into that same lot to meet Pavlov, while two other men stood nearby. . . . FBI man Robert Haines talked about the next day when he saw Pavlov leave the Soviet Mission on East 67th Street in Manhattan with a reddish-brown briefcase under his arm, and five minutes later observed Ivanov come out of the same door. . . . Agent Anderson spoke about the time he secreted himself in the apartment over the garage next to the parking lot behind Butenko’s home and watched the engineer go into his car with that same reddish-brown leather attaché case that G-man Haines spotted the day before in Pavlov’s possession. The defense wondered how Anderson could see in the darkness of 6:55 p.m. and the agent said there was a light shining from an apartment house and that the dome light of Butenko’s car, which went on when he opened the door, gave him all the illumination he needed to see. . . . Agent Dowd told of how he followed Butenko to the rendezvous with the other Russians in Englewood’s railroad station. . . . Agent Graffagnini carried the ball then by relating how he picked up and spotted the three Russians waiting in the station lot for Butenko, identifying the trio as Ivanov, Pavlov, and Romashin. . . . Agent Moody added more details to this testimony. . . . G-man Allf told how he moved in on Ivanov and Pavlov for the arrest. . . . Agent MacDougal told about two shopping bags in the back of the Russian car which contained photo copying machinery,

two converters that enabled the auto's current to power the photo copiers, short-wave radio transmitter and receiver, and, most damaging, a set of the specifications of the Strategic Air Command which the defense claimed was transmitted by Butenko to the Russians.

Agents Conway and Dabinett also testified about the actual arrest of Butenko and the others.

Other witnesses also were called. Mrs. Marilyn Brillo, employed as secretary to the security officer of International Electric, took the stand and identified security guides and manuals that had been furnished to Butenko. Then Robert McCarten, the senior technical writer and custodian of documents for the data information center at the firm, testified that the list of numbers on the company's secret papers was the same as those found on a small map of an area of Bergen County, New Jersey, in Butenko's possession the night he was seized.

Meanwhile, as the trial progressed, it became evident that the case was rapidly establishing itself as one of the classics in American jurisprudence. More and more, attorneys and other students of the law were observed in the always-crowded courtroom, watching the proceedings with absorbing interest.

The defendants themselves, although in close physical proximity, seemed to be miles apart in their reactions. The bespectacled, thin-lipped Butenko showed a deep and intense interest, often reacting to testimony with anger, agitation, incredulity, and sometimes sardonic amusement. Ivanov, on the other hand, seemed almost phlegmatic. The blond, heavy-jawed Russian almost always appeared to be relaxed. His right ear was always connected to a hearing device. The device was provided through the courtesy of the State Department, which supplied a staff of two Russian-English translators who gave a running account in Russian to Ivanov as he sat at the defense table.

Now and then, too, observers caught sight of Soviet Government officials including one of the "heavies," Aleksei Kozikov, who was better identified now as chief of the consulate division of the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

Kozikov and other Russians seemed to have a great deal of interest in the testimony that finally came from the military.

Major Henry E. Davis, field test officer of SAC, was the first on the stand and he described SAC's system of processing data at the Inter-

national Telegraph & Telephone Company's plant at Paramus. The defense got to Major Davis on some points by compelling him to admit a number of the documents in Butenko's possession the night he was seized were not classified. But he would not go so far as to say the documents were available to the public, as the defense tried to do.

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas I. Allison, another SAC officer, came under pounding cross-examination when he insisted the Air Force had not authorized public disclosure of the information in the documents. Allison, an operations planning officer, held the stand for two days. The defense finally got Judge Augelli to strike out the colonel's testimony because he had failed, in the court's opinion, to qualify as an expert in certain areas of the National Defense system.

But Lieutenant Colonel Jack B. Robbins chief of the computer division for the 465L project, was accepted as an expert by defense attorneys—and his answers were very similar to Allison's.

When the Government finally rested its case on November 18, the defense motioned the court for a directed verdict of acquittal on the ground that "the Government has failed to prove that a conspiracy existed" and that the Government "has tied its case together with chewing gum."

Judge Augelli, patient man that he is, listened to the arguments in the same persevering mood that he displayed from the start of the trial, then ruled against the motions that sought to set aside the charges.

The defense opened with its own round of witnesses. Mrs. Gaetano Cunsolo, secretary to A. P. Schneidau, Butenko's superior on the secret military project, told the court that Butenko once raised the question to her about what would happen if she and Schneidau were both sick at the same time and there was no one around to open the safe containing the important documents. The attractive brunette witness then told of how Butenko once asked her for the combination to the safe, but that she saw it as just a casual request and thought nothing of it. Of course, she did not give him the combination.

Schneidau also testified, saying he saw Butenko take some documents home to work on—and that this was at a time when the FBI had already alerted him to their investigation and requested him to keep an eye on the engineer.

The defense then called Butenko's 73-year-old landlord, Irving

Barenberg, who told of how FBI agents made a number of visits to his tenant's apartment during a six-month period in 1963. He said they did not show him a search warrant. Attorney Brown leaped on this statement and said if the information accumulated by the FBI had indeed been obtained without a warrant, then Butenko's rights had been violated—and the court must rule that any such evidence obtained without a warrant was inadmissible.

Prosecutor Jaffe argued that Brown's motion came too late.

Augelli took the motion under advisement, then ruled that he was satisfied it was all very legal.

On November 25 Butenko strode up to the witness' chair for what amounted to a very routine appearance.

"I never made any agreement with anybody to pass any information," Butenko testified. "The agents took my dispatch case from me while I was in my car." The Government charged Butenko's case had been taken from the Russians' car.

Testifying in bursts of loquacity, punctuated by pauses and frequent sidelong glances at the ceiling, Butenko was questioned extensively by Brown about his real reasons in meeting with the Soviet officials. The explanation was that he was trying to get information on some relatives in Russia from whom he had not heard in some time.

Butenko also charged that he was framed by the FBI. He categorically denied passing documents to the Russians and insisted he never met his co-defendant, Ivanov, until they were brought together at their arraignment following their arrest.

The defense rested on November 30. In closing, Brown asked again for a declaration of mistrial on grounds that the prosecution had put questions to Butenko under cross-examination that conveyed innuendoes which could well lead to his conviction.

In his summation, Government attorney Jaffe insisted the prosecution had proved its case and that no doubt remained of Butenko's plot to betray defense secrets as he worked on SAC projects.

"This is no Alger Hiss story," Jaffe exclaimed.

Brown leaped to his feet and again demanded a mistrial, this time on the ground that the jury would be prejudiced by the reference to the former State Department official who was convicted of perjury in 1950 for denying that he had passed State Department documents to a confessed Soviet spy courier.

Jaffe quickly apologized.

"I'm sorry. That's a slip of the tongue. I had meant to say Horatio Alger."

Judge Augelli, waving his yellow pencil at Brown, smiled:

"I believe it was a slip of the tongue."

In summing up, Brown painted the FBI, the Air Force, and the Justice Department as "an overpowering machine that has to be stopped." He said the Government had failed to prove the charge that Butenko, Ivanov, and the three expelled Soviet diplomats had plotted to pass Air Force secrets to Moscow.

"This man is innocent, whether you like the Soviet Union or not," Brown said of Butenko. "I resent the flag being waved in my face; the flag should be above us."

He took a parting shot at the FBI, which he pointed out had forty agents working for more than six months to track the spy ring—which some courtroom observers interpreted to mean it was just too much manpower to nail a handful of Red espionage agents.

"The press and everybody else grovels before the FBI," the defense attorney shouted. "Since when are they not above being believed?"

The Russian chauffeur's attorney, Lerner, was briefer in his summation. He cited Ivanov as "a little man" who was not trained to be a spy.

"He's a Russian and that's a dirty word in this case," Lerner said, asking the jury to acquit Ivanov.

The jury took eight and one-half hours—with an hour out for dinner—to reach a verdict. It was announced by Miss Michelina M. DeLuca, the foreman, and the finding was—Guilty.

As the verdict was read, Butenko was visibly agitated and fought for self-control. His face turned ashen and his jaw muscles churned furiously as he gnashed and ground his teeth. Ivanov took it with an air of detachment and his only motion was to swirl back and forth slowly in his swivel chair.

The defendants had been found guilty on two counts of the indictment for conspiracy to commit espionage; in addition Butenko was convicted of failing to register as an agent of a foreign power.

Both Butenko and Ivanov were aware of the consequences as Judge Augelli revoked Ivanov's \$100,000 bail and ordered both defendants committed to the Hudson County Jail in Jersey City pending

sentence, which he put on the court calendar for December 18. Both Butenko and Ivanov knew, as they were led out of the courtroom, that they could be sentenced to the electric chair.

But Judge Augelli proved himself a far more humane person than the extremes of the law dictated when he convened court on the 18th. He gave Butenko thirty years on the charge of conspiring to spy for Russia, and two five-year terms for acting as a Soviet agent, the latter terms to run concurrently with the first. Ivanov was slapped with a twenty-year sentence on the espionage conspiracy conviction, and he also received five years on the second count—being a Soviet agent. That term, too, was to run concurrently with the first.

Neither Butenko nor Ivanov had a word to say after sentence was passed, but earlier both had been given opportunities to address the court and both took advantage of them.

Butenko thanked the court and his counsel, then said:

“I realize I have been found guilty according to our form of justice by a jury. However, I know I am innocent. I have done nothing to harm the security of the country. I just want to ask the court for mercy and clemency . . . I hope that someday time will vindicate me.”

Ivanov, who had claimed he speaks no English, made a statement through an interpreter, a sentence at a time:

“I came to this country to work as a chauffeur, and I worked here only as a chauffeur. During my stay in the United States, including up to today. I did not come to break any laws. I consider my arrest an unfortunate misunderstanding. I fully and completely reject the indictment in this case. I am not guilty.”

When he addressed Butenko, Judge Augelli abandoned all the light-handedness and judicial good humor that became his trademark during the trial. Somber and almost with an angered look, Augelli declared:

“I regret to say I have found no extenuating or mitigating circumstances in your case. Our national security is of vital importance to all of us. It is distressing to note a native-born American who has enjoyed the benefits of education could commit so heinous a crime.”

The eight-week trial was over. But no sooner had it ended than a now-familiar pattern in Soviet espionage cases again emerged. On December 23, just five days after the trial ended, Igor Ivanov was

freed in \$100,000 bail pending appeal of his conviction. A three-judge panel in the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third District in Philadelphia granted the petition by Ivanov's attorney.

No such pre-Christmas freedom was granted Butenko, who was confined without bail.

Ivanov's lawyer told the Circuit Court that the Soviet Ambassador had asked the State Department to intercede with the Justice Department to have bail granted for his client. The court granted it after Jaffe said he had no objection.

The authors hold it is bad form to prognosticate how the courts will eventually rule on the appeals of Butenko and Ivanov.

But if the cases of Valentin Gubitchev, Igor Yakovlevich Melekh, and Alexandre Sokolov and his wife Joy Ann Balch Sokolov are to serve as a criterion—what else but freedom lies ahead for Igor Ivanov?

17 : Espionage: Here to Stay

SPIES and espionage rings have a lurid history that reaches back into the eras of King David and the Pharaohs, painting a melodramatic record of cloak-and-dagger thrillers across the centuries.

It is now in the sixth decade of the twentieth century and today, as in antiquity, the motivations are the same: to seize power, to expand power, to prevent the diminution of power. It is paradoxical and, in a way, sad that despite all the enlightenment the centuries have brought us—great, unimagined advances in technology, medicine, education, the welfare of man—despite it all, the primordial drives of power and fear still rule and dominate civilization.

The governments on this earth exist to a large extent in fear of each other and measure power and prestige by the “instant kill” capabilities of their nuclear weapons and industrial and military arsenals. Each of the rival power groups needs to know what the other has in instant striking potential and, more important, how it intends to use that potential.

Thus the business of espionage goes on daily in an endless battle of wits and courage to gain small fragmentary advantages. The United States and its allies, of course, are forced into espionage activities as a matter of survival, but the episodes described in this book might never have occurred if the Soviet Union had joined the wartime allies in building a genuinely peaceful world devoid of any territorial or ideological ambitions by any single nation or power bloc.

But the contrary happened under the terroristic postwar rule in Moscow of Joseph Stalin, whose obsession was nothing less than world domination.

Such a sinister dream called for extensive information on the strength and weaknesses of the governments and nations earmarked as the next victims. Within a brief year of the end of World War II's alliance, he had built up a most formidable espionage and sabotage network, one that virtually girdled the world. From then on, his agents and spies, plotting—even murdering—with appalling indifference, made it their business to organize and use as operating bases the local Communist Party in each country.

Moreover, Soviet embassies, consulates, and trade missions were systematically converted into spy and espionage centers, and also into sanctuaries for the instigation of revolutions and bloody riots.

Despite his pose in recent intervals as the peace champion, Nikita Khrushchev was as much the mastermind of present-day Communist espionage as Stalin was in his day. The aim is still—ultimate supremacy over the world. Just how assiduously Khrushchev employed espionage in the pursuit of the Kremlin's design to dominate other nations—and what we may expect from the *new order* now headed by Premier Alexei N. Kosygin and First Secretary Leonid I. Brezhnev—is clarified in clear and unmistakable language by FBI Director Hoover, who has told us:

“The espionage potential of the Soviet bloc is tremendous. The extreme security hazard inherent in their operation is indicated somewhat by the fact that our State Department estimates that Russia and the Chinese Communist bloc countries have some three hundred thousand trained spies serving throughout the world.

“Through subterfuge, deceit, and deliberate circumvention of regulations, the Soviet bloc officials stationed in the United States have systematically developed one of the best industrial spying systems in the world. One defector has stated that the ease with which data is obtained in the United States has eliminated much of the hazardous and time-consuming clandestine operations which otherwise would be necessary. Another has estimated that the Soviet military attaché's office in the United States is able to obtain legally ninety-five percent of the material useful for its intelligence objectives and that the Polish

military intelligence secures more technical data in the United States than in all the other countries of the world.”

Still another Soviet defector told Government sources in Washington that the annual budget for espionage and subversion set by Khrushchev for 1964 was \$1,500,000,000, most of it to finance the network operating in America.

There is no reason to believe the Kremlin's budget for this purpose in fiscal 1965, 1966, or 1970, will be any less despite the thaw in the Cold War. There is no reason to believe that the Soviet Union will not attempt to subvert another Henry Farmer or Frederick Timsford during this year, or the next, or five years from now. There is no reason to believe an American soldier, another Colonel Frank S. Pilgrim, will not be approached in Berlin, or another sailor such as Cornelius "Bulldog" Drummond will not be stopped on a London street and asked to perform some clandestine assignment for the Moscow espionage network.

Nor, of course, is there any reason to believe that the United States and its allies will lessen their efforts to learn about Russia and her satellite bloc countries through the tried-and-true course of espionage.

The authors have concentrated in this work on exposing only the Soviet espionage conspiracy anchored in the United Nations, chiefly because none except the Soviet bloc operates from behind this privileged sanctuary. Here both deception and criminal activity, as we have shown, are carried out in defiance of all the international treaties and laws of the host country, the United States of America.

It is precisely to alert the American people to the perils of that deception that this book has been written. Yet, despite the incidence of Soviet espionage emanating from the United Nations, we must not be spurred into rash and intemperate decisions and actions. We must not move beyond the confines of our democratic traditions even though we have seen the extent and scope of Soviet espionage and the methods employed to exploit the freedom inherent in our society.

Everyone can help to minimize the threat of the Red enemy by being as alert and intelligent as Frederick Timsford, Richard Simmons, Richard A. Flink, and the other real-life heroes of this book. There should never be hesitation in advising the FBI of a suspicion raised by Soviet activity that may seem even remotely to breach the bounds of legitimate and ethical dealings.

Anyone—an engineer, a draftsman, a salesman, an officer of a company, an exhibitor at a technical exposition, a politician, a government employee—is a potential target of Soviet espionage. Therefore, everyone must be deeply aware at all times about the danger and be prepared to meet it with imagination, intelligence, and aggressive thinking.

If all responsible Americans remain alert and sensitive to the threat of the Communist enemy, Russian and satellite spies will find it difficult, if not impossible, to do business with them. And those agents who try will not succeed. Fighting the Communist conspiracy is everybody's business.

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