

## America Has **ACE SPIES, Too**

Some of the nation's best brains work for CIA, a new agency in our security program

by TRIS COFFIN



**O**NLY A FEW PEOPLE, and they are pledged to secrecy, know that The Enemy lives in buildings sprawled on a hilltop in downtown Washington. In the locked and guarded desks are detailed plans of The Enemy. In the message room, reports of life behind the Iron Curtain are decoded.

The head of this strange establishment, a lean and keen-witted ex-Muscovite, sits in the highest councils of the U. S. Government. He refers to himself sardonically as "The Enemy." The President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff ask him in dead seriousness: "What will The Enemy do in Yugoslavia and Indo-China? How will The Enemy react if we move in this direction?"

The gentleman so questioned, Lieut. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, former U. S. Ambassador to Russia, now director of the Central Intelligence Agency, must come up with the answers. The CIA is the final authority on The Enemy in the U. S., a co-ordinator and evaluator of the information gathered by military intelligence and other departments. The CIA must know the strengths, weaknesses, and aims of The Enemy, and make it tough for him to fight a war.

The CIA staff (in their offices hidden behind a Washington brewery) and their contacts across the world fit together a puzzle. The clues may be a muttered aside by a Czech diplomat at a Cairo reception, the oil-production quotas in Rumania, a boast by a drunken Soviet officer in a Hong Kong restaurant, recent aerial photographs of the Baltic Sea lanes, and a detailed report on the maximum load of the Berlin-Moscow railroad.

The CIA is a young and relatively untested child in the strange world of intelligence. The Enemy dourly accuses it of "black warfare." But there is definite proof of its success. Radio Moscow never misses a chance to scream shrilly of "the extended spy network of the Wall Street mercenaries." Even more important, the National Security Council, our top defense and foreign-policy body, has obtained accurate data on Russia's most zealously guarded secret, her atomic-bomb production.

The staff that makes all this possible is a strange household, and includes such oddly assorted members as a Shanghai beggar, a distinguished American scholar, a herdsman in the mountain wilderness of southern Asia, an industrial engineer in Washington, a pretty Berlin waitress, a communist of-

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ficial in eastern Europe, and many employees in its Washington office who go to great lengths to persuade their best friends they are insurance salesmen.

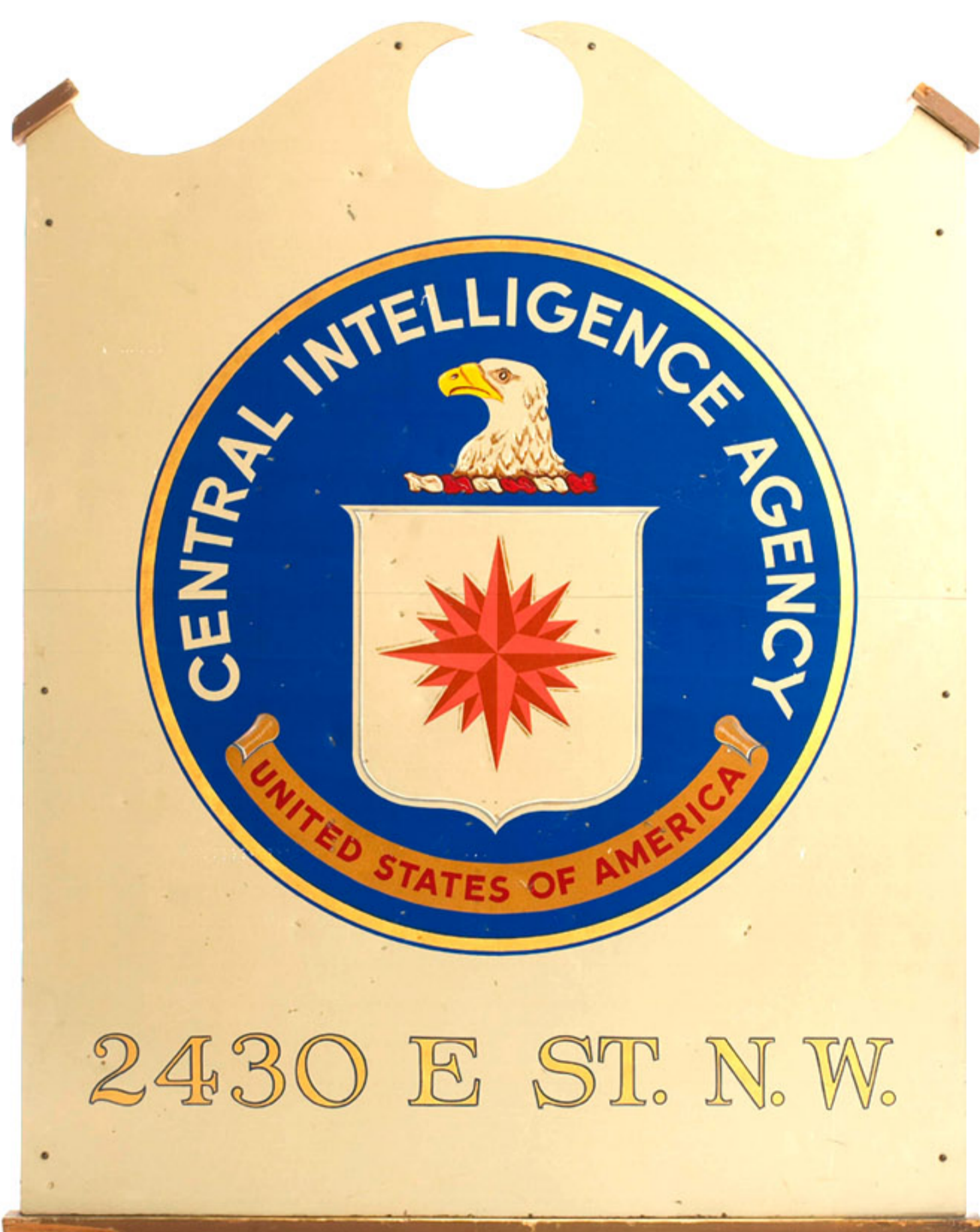
One CIA employee was so zealous at concealing his occupation that he started a fascinating game in his car pool. He would get off at a downtown Washington building, then grab a cab across town. For several weeks all the other riders tried to find just where the evader was going. After accusations of being everything from a gambler to a polygamist, he ruefully confessed to working for CIA.

**S**IDNEY SOUERS, a conscientious and soft-spoken St. Louis businessman, is responsible for the CIA. As assistant chief of naval intelligence in World War II, Admiral Souers was upset to discover that America had to rely on its Allies for basic intelligence. He told the late James V. Forrestal: "It doesn't make sense for us to lean on the British to find out what is going on in the world. We should have our own intelligence in operation long before war breaks out."

For a year, Admiral Souers devoted himself to selling this idea. His proposal was to use the staff of the wartime Office of Strategic Services for a new intelligence agency to collect and evaluate information gathered by military and diplomatic agents. For this, Souers was awarded the Legion of Merit and became the first CIA director. Today, he is personal intelligence adviser to the President.

In setting up CIA, Souers cheerfully disregarded romantic cloak-and-dagger methods to build an efficient machine for gathering facts. Good-humoredly he told associates: "This spy stuff is exaggerated. A roundabout tip from a communist general's girl friend is likely to be as worthless as the gossip your wife picks up at the beauty parlor. Ninety five per cent of what we want to

*(continued)*



*This is the sign that was hung in front of the CIA Headquarters while they were housed in the Foggy Bottom neighborhood in Washington.*

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know is right here in the United States. It just needs to be organized and evaluated.”

This formula avoids the fog of rumor that fills any world capital, and goes straight to the hard facts of The Enemy's economy, production, transportation, raw materials, and manpower. A modern war must be organized, much of it in the open, long in advance. Guns must be manufactured; munitions, food, and raw materials stockpiled; railways and roads expanded; and soldiers trained. The allocation of scarce Soviet-controlled steel is far more important than the minutes of the Politburo.

The CIA system of evaluating information on The Enemy takes advantage of the staggering amount of expert knowledge shared by American scholars. Only a few people know it, but probably the world's greatest authority on Russian agriculture is a shy little man in the Department of Agriculture, Dr. Lazar Volin. One of the top experts on Soviet geography is a professor at the near-by University of Maryland, Dr. John A. Morrison. The knowledge of these scholars, the mass of published data emanating from behind the Iron Curtain, and the far-flung intelligence operations of the military and State Department are pulled together by CIA's evaluators into a single picture.

The tortuous work required to build a tip into a full-scale report can be illustrated by a story in which key facts have been altered for security reasons. In this camouflaged account, an American engineer with a wide prewar friendship in Europe visited Vienna and was told a provoking story by an old Austrian friend. The source was a ne'er-do-well cousin who was now a potent figure in the Bulgarian communist regime. The cousin boasted of being introduced to Soviet Marshal Zhukov at a secret meeting in a villa outside Sofia. The American made sure that this information went swiftly to Washington. There, CIA raised significant questions: “Was this a military meeting? Was Zhukov organizing an invasion of Yugoslavia?”

The agency called for an “estimate”—a thorough evaluation. All other U. S. intelligence was called on to join the hunt. The British and Yugoslav governments were asked for an appraisal. Messages were sent to secret sources in the Balkans, asking for facts. CIA staff experts were ordered to gather all information on these topics:

1. Roads and railways in Bulgaria leading to the Yugoslav border and north through Rumania to Russia. Would they support an invading army and the shipments needed regularly from Russia?
2. Training and armaments of the Bulgarian army. Had the troops received intensive practice to scale the mountains on both sides of the border? Had the troops been supplied with cold-weather uniforms?
3. Status of Bulgarian oil reserves. Was there enough gasoline near the front to keep planes, trucks, and

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tanks moving for a week, two weeks?

When all these reports were in, they revealed that Zhukov and a staff of bemedaled Russian officers had indeed attended a highly secret meeting near Sofia. The purpose was to find out if the Bulgarian armed forces could hold the border against a Yugoslav thrust, should Soviet occupation troops withdraw.

Zhukov had arranged to train ten Bulgarian divisions in Russia, and set up an elaborate system of ruses to convince the Yugoslavs that a mighty army lay just across the frontier. But the CIA studies also revealed that neither the Bulgarian army, the transportation system, nor the oil supply appeared to be ready for war.

**T**HE CIA STAFF that brings forth the estimates look more like members of a research foundation than the popular conception of a swarthy spy with hat pulled down and drooping cigarette. A few of the top officers are Dr. William Langer, Harvard's professor of European history; Dr. Max Millikan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor of industrial economics; and Dr. Sherman Kent of Yale. Also there is Allen Dulles, long-time State Department career man turned New York lawyer; William H. Jackson, former deputy chief of intelligence for Gen. Omar Bradley and an attorney in private life; a former magazine editor, and a number of one-time foreign correspondents.

Surprisingly little of CIA's information comes from the romantic world of espionage. In fact, the agency will not even admit it knows a spy. One official stated blandly: "I suppose it can be assumed that somewhere among the government agencies, somebody is giving direction to American agents throughout the world."

It would, of course, be folly to give The Enemy any clue to the sources of secret information, but this generalized example can be safely given—an American with a foreign background, who had close contacts with an organized minority abroad both before and during World War II, is invaluable. He can help establish an information network that will extend even into Moscow itself. The submerged ends of this network are not made up of professional spies, but of lovers of freedom who are willing to risk their lives to undermine the Cominform system.

The professional spies—freelance artists who live by the scores in such international cities as Hong Kong and Macao in the Orient, and Berlin and Vienna in Europe—are not highly regarded by American intelligence. They are more valuable to fiction writers than for digging up the kind of hard facts needed.

The CIA will not confirm or deny Russian and satellite charges of feeding the underground that is now growing swiftly in eastern Europe and China. The strategic value of encouraging anticommunist

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movements in the "cold war" is immense. Russia would not dare a major war in Europe if there were danger that her supply lines would be cut by partisans. This was how the Nazi invasion of the Soviet was thwarted, and it is no secret to the Kremlin that armed underground units exist in almost all hard-to-reach areas, such as mountains and deep forests, in eastern Europe and even in Russia.

One, the White Legion, operates almost openly in Czechoslovakia, its hidden radio station broadcasting daily the names of communist informers. A Catholic underground is active in Poland. The strength of anticommunist guerrillas in China is estimated at 1,600,000.

The communists, at least, give the CIA great credit for stirring up these undergrounds. Recently the Moscow radio growled: "The U. S. intelligence department does not confine itself to sending spies and saboteurs in large numbers to various countries under guise of diplomats, advisers, experts, and specialists. U. S. authorities are now enlisting former fascists and war criminals, hired cheaply in the western zones of Germany and Austria."

One recent communist statement accused the CIA of plotting sabotage of the S-Bahn railway in eastern Berlin. Also, according to a fascinating account in the weekly Moscow magazine *New Times*, an American, British, Canadian, and French ring operating in Warsaw managed to spirit out of the country "the enemies of New Poland." This was accomplished, said the Russians, by hauling the illicit passengers aboard allied trade vessels at night in small Polish ports.

When riots broke out in Rumania between farmers and armed police, the Bucharest radio angrily charged: "This disloyalty of reactionary landlords was instigated by agents of Wall Street."

Of all such accusations, the CIA says nothing. However, a composite picture can be drawn from Cominform charges. In the darkness of the night, a note is slipped to an American in a Cominform nation. It says: "I once lived in America but returned here after the war. Several hundred of us are in the mountains. We can raid the communists if we have ammunition. If you are interested, one of us will be at the northwest corner of the public market on Monday morning between 9 and 11. You can recognize our man by his green hat with the yellow band."

The contact is made. Several nights later, an unmarked plane drops ammunition, a short-wave sending and receiving set, and an American agent by parachute. Soon afterwards, communist munitions are mysteriously stolen and the dump blown up.

Despite compliments from the communists, the CIA is far from a finished outfit in Bedell Smith's eyes. When he was appointed, the keen-witted General frankly told Senators: "My big job is to get the

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very best brains in the country, persuade them to leave fame and fortune for a government job where they'll study secrets they can't even discuss with their wives. And, next, we'll have to persuade them to stay on after all the inevitable disappointments and frustrations. Intelligence isn't a gay lark; it's a serious business."

The job ahead of CIA is one of the toughest ever tackled by Yankee ingenuity—to worm out of fanatics notorious for deceit their intentions and plans. It means not only knowing when The Enemy is ready to go to war, but when he is ready to talk peace. It means knowing his strengths and weaknesses exactly.

And, probably what is hardest of all for Americans, the intelligence agent can never hope for the acclaim of a hero. Just a note on his secret record: "Well done!"

