

## OF SPIES & STRATAGEMS

by Stanley P. Lovell

**T**HIS BOOK is an account of one man's experiences in World War II, of matters that can now be told. If the story lacks the smooth continuity of fiction, it is because the Office of Strategic Services was itself opportunistic and experimental. Nothing like it had ever existed in earlier American wars. We had to "play it by ear" or not at all. No one could tell us how to do our job.

For my activities, the director, Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan, laid out the objectives in the broadest possible terms and left me wholly free to develop unorthodox weapons and stratagems for O.S.S.

It is understandable that this unprecedented and often loosely disciplined organization became anathema to the well-established intelligence agencies of the other services. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, the U.S. Army Intelligence (G-2), the U.S. Navy Intelligence (O.N.I.) and, at the beginning, our comparable organizations in Great Britain (S.I.S. and S.O.,E.) all resented and distrusted this amateur group. Our greatest tribute was that, at war's end, they generally applauded it.

General Donovan had arranged it so that, at the very start, O.S.S. would be a child of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. How wise that proved to be; otherwise O.S.S. would surely have been crucified as soon as it started to func-



*Gen. Wm. Donovan*

tion. Being the offspring of J.C.S. made it well-nigh invulnerable to competitive attacks.

These chapters are but a part of the O.S.S. story—the part that came within the author's purview. In the secret work to which I was committed, it is necessary to point out that the results of stratagems and the actual use of weapons were often reported to me secondhand, through "cut-outs"—intermediaries who were used to protect and conceal the identity of the spy or saboteur. It makes for a redundancy of "I was told" or "it was said," but in such work, where life and death were at hazard, this is unavoidable.

To the best of my belief these accounts are truthful, but much of what I have to tell was of so sensitive a nature that it is truth based more on my trust of individuals than on documents.

### I Go to Washington

**O**NE DAY in 1942, as I was crossing Boston Common, I saw Dr.

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Karl T. Compton coming toward me. I had a nodding acquaintance with him. We smiled at each other and passed, when suddenly he called out my name. He asked me if I knew what the National Defense Research Committee in Washington was.

I said, "Aren't they a group of college professors doing some project?"

"Exactly, Lovell, but they are all snarled up with businessmen, with whom they are placing big contracts. Neither seems to understand the other. It just struck me, as I passed you, that you have both a strong business experience and a scientific training as well. Come down to Washington and help us."

I was 52 years old and a hard-won business success of sorts seemed to be at stake. I consulted Earl P. Stevenson of Arthur D. Little Company the next day. He confirmed the urgent need Dr. Compton mentioned. He said, "You'll regret it all your life if you refuse Uncle Sam now." I reported at the N.D.R.C. Washington headquarters, that week.

After I had received a favorable security clearance, I was assigned to work with the Quartermaster Corps. Somewhere along the line everyone forgot all about the liaison or arbitration of professors' disputes.

The Quartermaster Corps had a world of problems: how to redesign the Army canteen; how to make mold-proof tents, shoes and leggings. Of course, the solutions to these problems would undoubtedly help win the war, but none of them could get me out of bed in the morning with a wild enthusiasm to charge down the streets of Washington.

I was saved from the humdrum of canteens and tents by a problem one of my superiors gave to all his aides.

"You are about to land at dead of night in a rubber raft on a German-held coast," he said. "Your mission



*Gen. Donovan with OSS  
Operational Groups*

is to destroy a vital enemy wireless installation that is defended by armed guards, dogs and searchlights. You can have with you any one weapon you can imagine. Describe it.”

Here was something to get my teeth into. I walked the streets of Washington at night, imagining myself wading ashore a hundred times; but with what? I early abandoned such fantasies as a death ray, which I knew would require a great power plant to implement it. After soul-searching for a week, I submitted: “I want a completely silent, flashless gun—a Colt automatic or a submachine gun—or both. I can pick off the first sentry with no sound or flash to explain his collapse, so the next sentry will come to him instead of sounding an alarm. Then, one by one, I’ll pick them off and command the station.”

My answer won the first prize in the contest.

Shortly afterward, I was ordered to report one evening to an office at 25th and E Streets in Washington.

I walked up the building’s stone steps and into a narrow hall, which led to a longer hallway at right angles to it. No one was to be seen and I started to roam around, when a touch on my shoulder and a uniformed guard brought me up short.

“Where did you come from?” I asked, startled.

“Follow me,” he said, and I still think he simply materialized like some ectoplasm. He led me to a small

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room with two chairs in it, one window, one picture on the wall and nothing else. There I waited.

It seemed to me hours before the door was quietly opened. A man came in, shut the door, shook hands and sat down in the other chair with great rapidity.

He was all in gray: a gray suit and tie, gray hair and blue-gray eyes. He was about 60 years old, I judged, and thus seven or eight years my senior. He was not a military figure—but somewhat pear-shaped, with pudgy hands and a thickset neck. Powerful, I thought, but rather overweight.

His voice was a surprise—soft-spoken, beautifully modulated. “I’m Colonel Donovan, Dr. Lovell. Dr. Conant and Dr. Roger Adams have told me about you. You know your Sherlock Holmes, of course. Professor Moriarty is the man I want for my staff here at O.S.S. I think you’re it. I need every subtle device and every underhanded trick to use against the Germans and the Japanese—by our own people—but especially by the underground resistance groups in all occupied countries. You will have to invent all of them, Lovell, because you’re going to be my man. Come with me.”

I had never met a man of such magnetism. I heard myself say, “I will.”

He said, “Start tomorrow. Oh, there’s one thing: No matter what you do or hear when you’re with me, I must have your word of honor that you’ll write nothing until 20 years from now. Will you give me that?”

Again I said, “I will,” and nothing would be told here were it a day less. I recall I left him, humming to myself “Give me but 10 who are stout-hearted men.” My instant acceptance was partly due to his charm, partly that silly tune and partly a German

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professor named Oswald Spengler.  
I'll explain his part in it later on.

As soon as I could do so, I looked up all references A. Conan Doyle had made to his fictional Professor Moriarty. Most of them were discouraging to a chemist suddenly called to play the role. "Famous scientific criminal." The greatest schemer of all time. The organizer of every deviltry. The controlling brain of the underground!

I moved into a small office in a temporary building down by a brewery. I had the title of Director of Research and Development, O.S.S. and, happily, Dr. Bush also retained me as a special aide to him and to his newly created Office of Scientific Research and Development. As the days passed by with no instructions, I met Harry and Junius Morgan, Richard Mellon, Alan Scaife, William Vanderbilt and dozens of other prominent gentlemen.

Many of the personnel I met at a lower level seemed to be rah-rah youngsters to whom O.S.S. was perhaps an escape from routine military service and a sort of lark. I wondered, at the time, what either group could contribute in our nation's struggle.

A few days later Col. G. Edward Buxton sent for me. I knew nothing whatever about this man, but such was his instant appeal that within a half-hour we became lifelong friends. He had a bubbling sense of humor.

"Welcome to St. Elizabeth's," was his greeting. St. Elizabeth's was a Washington insane asylum. In no time it was "Ned" and "Stan."

Colonel Buxton was "Wild Bill's" deputy director and strong right arm. Their commands in World War I had been side by side. Together they had helped found the American Legion. Ned Buxton was Bill Donovan's indispensable balance wheel. Because he recognized this to be so, Colonel

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Buxton was the first man Colonel Donovan recruited. He was the only man in O.S.S. who could make the director reverse a decision—when it was poorly thought out or woefully premature—reverse it and have the director thank him.

One thing he told me stood me in good stead all through the years.

“A group such as we’re organizing, Stan, tends to attract two types of people. Beware of both. There are the zealots whose hearts beat high for the red-white-and-blue, but who have little if anything between the ears. The other type is the apparently dedicated, convincing people whose real objective, nevertheless, is to get their mitts on our Unvouchered Funds—the boys on the make.”

Before I really believed and followed the advice of Ned Buxton, I decided to talk it over a bit further with Colonel Donovan. We met at his home in Georgetown one evening.

Without ado I opened up on my basic problem.

“The American people,” I said, “are a nation of extroverts. We tell everything and rather glory in it. A Professor Moriarty is as un-American as sin is unpopular at a revival meeting. I’d relish your assignment, Colonel, but dirty tricks are simply not tolerated in the American code of ethics. It may be a holdover or inheritance from the playing fields of Eton, but whatever its source may be, Americans want to win within the rules of the game and devious, subtle devices and stratagems are, as the British say, ‘just not cricket.’”

“Don’t be so goddam naive, Lovell,” said Donovan. “The American public may profess to think as you say they do, but the one thing they expect of their leaders is that we will be smart. Don’t kid yourself; P. T. Barnum is still a basic hero, because

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he fooled so many people. They will applaud someone who can outfox the Nazis and the Japs. Outside the orthodox warfare system is a great area of schemes, weapons and plans which no one who knows America really expects us to originate, because they are so un-American, but once it's done, an American will vicariously glory in it. That is your area, Lovell, and if you think America won't rise in applause to what is so easily called 'un-American,' you're not my man."

"But, Colonel, I believe I am," I said. "What I have to do is to stimulate the 'Peck's Bad Boy' beneath the surface of every American scientist and to say to him, 'Throw all your normal law-abiding concepts out the window. Here's a chance to raise merry hell. Come, help me raise it.'"

"Stanley," he responded, using my first name as a sort of password, I felt, to his inner circle, "go to it."

### Schemes & Weapons

**I** DECIDED that the very first job to be done was the organization of a plant for documentation—a fascinating, meticulous, deadly business, indeed. It was obvious that any spies or saboteurs O.S.S. placed behind enemy lines would have short shrift unless they had perfect passports, workers' identification papers, ration books, money, letters and the myriad little documents which served to confirm their assumed status. These are the little things upon which the very life of the agent depends.

Nor was reproduction of enemy documents ordinary. All such documents had the most secret security built into them, just so no one could imitate them. Even the paper on which they were printed or engraved was made of special fibers, not to mention invisible inks, trick watermarks and special chemicals incorpo-



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rated into the paper so the Japanese or German counterintelligence could instantly expose a forged document.

I got the approval of the U.S. Treasury and the Secret Service, both of which were vital to us if we weren't to be closed up and arrested as soon as we started work. I recruited Kimberly Stuart, an expert in paper making, and Dr. Westbrooke Steele, president of the Papermakers' Institute. Both started at once to duplicate enemy papers of all sorts.

I went full speed ahead. I recruited Major Reddick, an expert printer, and Major Kelly, the finest engraver and siderographer in the country. We had armed guards 24 hours a day and no access to the plant by anyone. From relatively simple ration cards and identification folders we went on to the difficulties of German, French and Japanese passports. Next came occupational currency, without which one could not live in an enemy-occupied country. Philippine money proved to be the toughest job of all, because the fibers from which that paper money was made were kudzu and mitsumata, to be found only in Japan. No substitute fiber would do—it would not give the “feel” to the bill. It looked like an impasse.

Then I learned that a stock of Japanese paper existed in the United States that was made of those very fibers. We knew we could rework it into currency paper. We knew also how extremely difficult it was to manufacture the money, even with the proper Japanese fibers on hand. The “banana tree” engraving on the bills was of a most intricate and involved piece of art work, and the issue had several color engravings as well.

Even more baffling was the fact that all Japanese money in the Philippines was surcharged or over stamped to identify the particular city or district in which, alone, it was valid as

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money. This was a most ingenious method of immobilizing the entire population and controlling all travel. If a bill marked or surcharged for Davao were offered in payment in Manila, its possessor was arrested at once and forced to explain what he was doing, and why he was in Manila. Each Filipino was frozen in his town or city as completely as if barricades surrounded him. This curtailment of travel made General MacArthur's organization of any resistance forces all but impossible.



*OSS drop knife  
and scabbard*

We engraved a quantity of money sufficient to fill a large cargo plane the currency being surcharged in direct proportion to the last population census. The precious stuff was delivered to MacArthur and distributed by his staff to the Philippine underground. We were justly proud of our job. The fibers were crisp kudsu and mitsumata, the inks had identical fluorescence under ultraviolet light and all secret marks were exactly duplicated. We knew that by any test a suspicious Japanese might give them, these bills would be passed as genuine. They did pass everywhere. General MacArthur wrote General Donovan that the work our experts had accomplished made the reoccupation of the Philippines a reality. The Japanese never realized that the O.S.S. had utterly destroyed their population currency control.

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General Donovan showed me the MacArthur letter of commendation and said, "Well done, Professor Moriarty."

By this time I had established many contacts with various groups, all of whom became invaluable liaisons as the war continued. Of greatest value to me and the O.S.S. was the constant interchange of ideas and field tests with the equivalent British organization. It had begun in England as a sort of "Scarlet Pimpernel" society of gentlemen adventurers who smuggled key people out of Hitler's Germany after the Nazis invaded Poland but before their Norwegian conquest.

Operating with the greatest secrecy, it took the name of S.O.,E. The comma in the name seemed to us Americans to be typically British. It meant "Subversive Operations (comma) Executive." A certain parallel existed with the O.S.S., since S.O.,E. was staffed right out of Burke's Peerage or from its industrial equivalent.

S.O.,E. and the British Secret Intelligence Service (called "Broadway," usually) became so welded and intertwined as the war went on that it was often difficult to know which organization was involved in what we were doing.

As soon as our documentation shop was well under way, I concentrated on weapons for spies and saboteurs. You will realize that a spy (or more delicately put, an intelligence agent) must actually never have a weapon at all. His job is to collect and transmit information. He does require invisible inks, minute cameras camouflaged as match boxes, or other small objects logical for him to possess and, if possible, a clandestine radio transmitter and receiver.

The transmission of information was a whole study in itself. The oldest known mechanism was the use of a

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“cut-out,” that is, some third person who delivers the message from the spy to the headquarters. But, there had to be less dangerous and more dependable methods than that.

One I thought up, because I was familiar with footwear construction, was the “welt shoe technique.” In the making of a “welt shoe,” where the wearer treads inside the stitches, holding the upper part of the shoe and sole together, there is a broad, flat space. This has to be filled to make the shoe bottom flat. It is therefore loaded with “bottom filler”—a combination of ground cork and wax tailings, or some similar sticky binding compound. In messages to Allen Dulles, who was in Berne, Switzerland, I insisted he make contact with the ditch and underbrush beside the highway.



*Liberator pistol*

The Germans, now alerted, got out of their cars and sprayed the hillside with machine gun fire. Major Fairless and most of his cadre were killed.

“Why can’t we make a hand grenade that will explode on impact?” I asked. Every American boy knows how to handle a baseball, so why not have it the size and shape of one rather than the awkward “pineapple” that was the British Mills “hand grenade.”

In country fairs a poor lad used to get on a sling over a tub of water and for a quarter the visitors could pitch a few baseballs at a target over his head. If it was a hit, down went the unlucky man for a ducking and the crowd roared “Beano”!

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The Office of Scientific Research and Development eagerly undertook our assignment. They made a "Beano" so that it became armed or active during its flight through the air, requiring about 25 feet before it became dangerous, thereby discharging when it hit anything. We laid hopes on the final tests at Aberdeen Proving Grounds of the United States Army Ordnance, with many top commanding officers present.

One of the Army's civilian engineers who had, we assumed, been thoroughly instructed in this new grenade, gave a most enthusiastic lecture on it and then proceeded to demonstrate. To the horror of us all, he said it would be handled like any baseball and tossed it high in the air over his head. Of course the throw automatically armed the grenade. When he stepped under the missile and caught it, he was killed instantly.

We were all shocked beyond belief. Somehow death should occur properly on a battlefield. This fatality caused the Army to stop all further "Beano" tests and abandon the grenade as unsafe—a most illogical decision, as a Mills grenade under identical armed conditions would have been also lethal.

One special device for saboteurs was perhaps the perfect weapon for the underground, because it involved virtually no risk for the resistance groups which used it, and it was infallible as a tactical device. Its name was "Casey Jones." It consisted of a very strong permanent magnet of alnico on one side of a small box. This magnet was to stick the box firmly to steel or iron plates on the underside of railway cars. On the downward side of the little box was a special electric eye, designed for us by the Bell Laboratories. This eye looked down on the railroad track and right of way.

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The function of Casey Jones was to derail trains—not trains in France or Germany—but those in Italy, those which sooner or later would traverse tunnels in daylight. Our electric eye was not at all affected by a slow, gradual diminution of light, such as nightfall; but only by a sudden sharp cutting off of light, as when a train entered a tunnel. This activated it instantly, and the explosive charge would blow a wheel off the car.

Italy depended on Germany for munitions, coal and a host of supplies, and the rails were replete with unloaded cars returning to Germany for more materiel. From the start we insisted that the San Mateo Resistance Groups put out no Casey Jones devices, until they were first installed on the wrecking trains in each rail-division headquarters. After that, men, women and children placed them on any rolling stock at all, generally at night, and regardless of whether the cars were empty or not.

A long line of empty cars would wind its way north. Sooner or later, an explosion and derailment in a pitch-black tunnel followed. A call for the wrecking train with its derricks and cranes would follow. When it crawled in to repair the wreck, it, too, was derailed in the cramped tunnel. Now both wrecks had to be worked on by hand, and the through line was blockaded for a long time.

Even Casey Jones had on it a decalomania in German type which read, "This is a Car Movement Control Device. Removal or tampering is strictly forbidden under heaviest penalties by the Third Reich Railroad Consortium. Heil Hitler."

In September 1943, the silent, flashless pistol and submachine gun, the concept of which caused my selection to the O.S.S. staff, finally passed all tests and went in production.

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General Donovan was pleased as punch when I presented him with one of the first silent, flashless pistols. It was a Colt action Hi-Standard with clips of a special .22 bullet I prefer not to describe. He sent for a small duffle bag which was filled with sand and he fired several shots into it.

“Get me another, Stan,” he said in high glee. “I want to present one to President Roosevelt.”

I did so at once, realizing that Director Donovan was eager to impress the President with any achievement that would strengthen the O.S.S. in the eyes of the White House.

A day or so later General Donovan phoned me to come to his office. When I arrived there, he was still chuckling over what had taken place at his interview with the President in Roosevelt’s private office.

“I went in,” he told me, “with the pistol in a shoulder holster and I carried a bag full of sand in my hand. I set the sandbag over in one corner of the room on the floor. The President was dictating a letter, but he looked up and motioned me to come in. While he was talking, I fired the entire clip of bullets into the bag of sand. The secretary left and I then presented the gun to President Roosevelt with my handkerchief wrapped around the still-hot barrel.

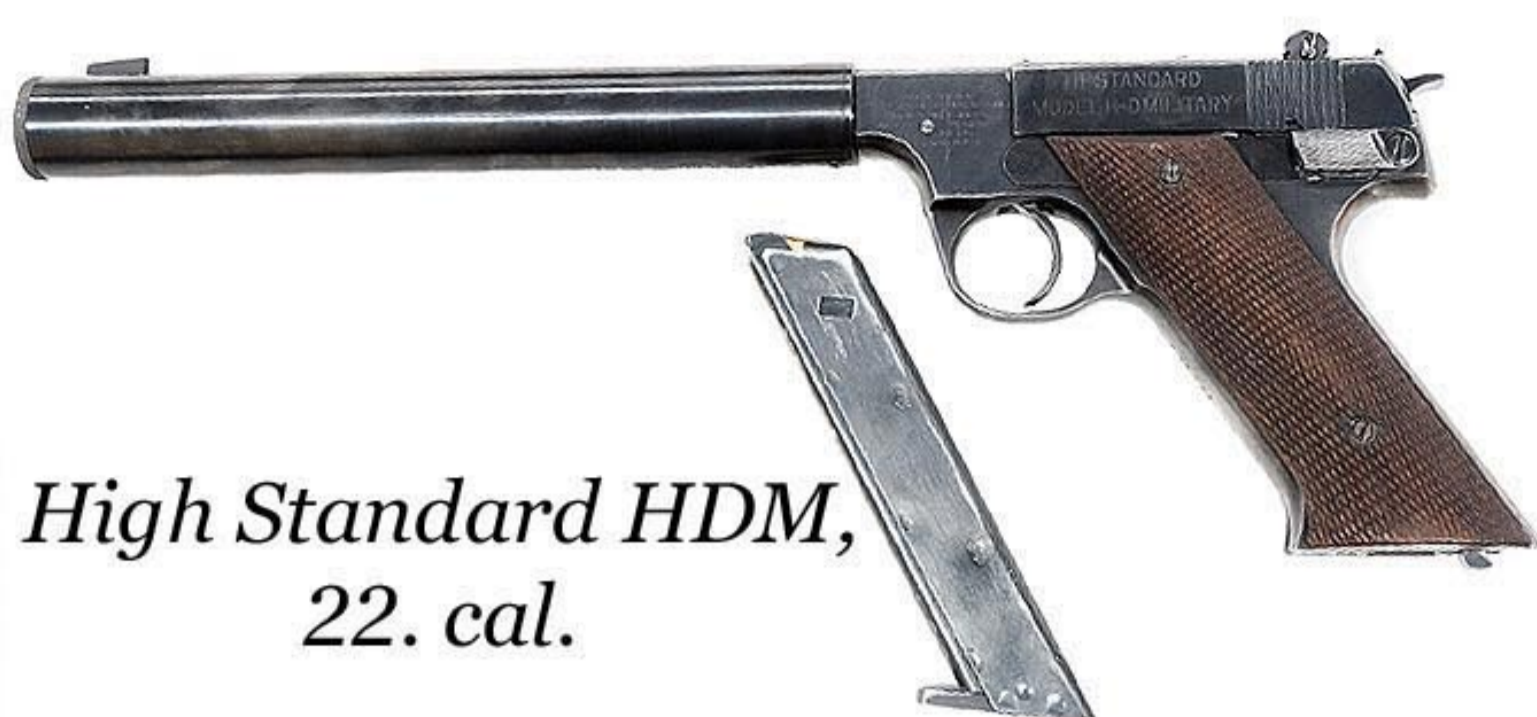
“I said, ‘Mr. President, I’ve just fired 10 live bullets from this new O.S.S. silent and flashless pistol into that sandbag over there in the corner. Take the gun by the grip and look out for the muzzle; it’s still hot.’

“His eyes opened as wide as saucers. He was obviously shocked. In a second he got hold of himself and said how pleased he was to have the wonderful new gun, and he sent his congratulations to all who had contributed to its development. He looked the gun over carefully, laid it gently on his desk and said, ‘Bill,

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you're the only black Republican I'll ever allow in my office with a weapon like this!" "



*High Standard HDM,  
22. cal.*

Security is often a one-way street. Who makes the rules may break them with impunity. Our silent flashless gun was classified Top Secret. President Roosevelt, after showing it to Admiral Leahy, General Marshall and others, sent it straightaway to the Roosevelt Museum at Hyde Park, New York, where it was put on public display.

Then there was another weapon I always liked—probably because I invented it. Reports of fighting the Japanese in the days of jungle warfare repeatedly emphasized that a cadre of our boys, infiltrating down a jungle path and hacking their way through to make a pathway, would be followed by camouflaged Japanese patrols. The advance jungle fighters of the Japanese would expect a rear guard G.I. to be watching down the path. They would encircle him, kill him and then come upon our soldiers without warning. How to stop it?

Our answer was the Bushmaster. It was not an Amazon snake, but an innocent tube, 8 inches long with a wire spring attached to it. If marked with a white band, it would fire in about an hour; green was 3 hours but red meant 20 minutes. All it was, was a steel tube containing a 30-calibre rifle cartridge which, when the time delay mechanism was activated, fired at the selected time.

Now as we see the American soldiers threading their way through the tropical growth, they leave no rear



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guard to be assassinated by the Japanese who may be pursuing them. Instead, one agile soldier climbs the trees as they go along and clamps his Bushmasters to branches, so they will point down the trail. When the zooming 30-calibre cartridge comes screaming at whomever is following, the recoil of the little device waves the branches or fronds so realistically, you'd be sure a sharpshooter was in that tree. Simple, but it worked.

Equally simple was the explosive candle. Pretend you know a French girl who has access to a German officer's study or bedroom. Give her your candle to replace the half-consumed one already there. It will burn perfectly until the flame touches the high explosive composing the lower two-thirds of the candle. Since the wick extends into a detonator and the latter is embedded in the explosive, the burst is as effective as any hand grenade.

Often the most simple weapons were the best. The simplest weapon we ever made was a piece of steel so shaped that however it fell, there were three prongs or legs pointing downward and one erect. It was three inches high and weighed only an ounce. Thrown out on a highway, three prongs down, one prong up, it would always cause a tire blowout. Too small for the driver to see as he bowled down the road, it really destroyed any tire that ran over it. No patching was possible.

You will at once think of its use on airfield runways, and that's exactly where the spike did its best job. An enemy fighter plane, either on take-off or on landing, would go into an uncontrolled ground loop when one of our little spikes blew a tire.

One weapon was simple enough and was founded on an American peculiarity of costume.

I learned that only the United

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States uniforms had a small slit pocket over the right hip—the “fob pocket.” Could a weapon be made to fit this small pocket, the existence of which might not be known to enemies searching our men?

I posed the problem to my associates. After repeated bull sessions we evolved “The Stinger”—a 3-inch by ½-inch little tube as innocent-looking as a golfer’s stub pencil, but men are alive today because of it.

When captured, no enemy searching our people inspected the area below the belt and almost exactly over the appendix. The Stinger was a one-shot miniature gun which could not be reloaded, but a man’s life may hang on one shot as against no shot at all. The tube held a .22 overloaded cartridge. It was cocked by lifting up an outer integument of the tube with the fingernail, holding the Lilliputian gun in the palm of the hand, close to one’s target. It fired by squeezing the lever down into place again.

An O.S.S. agent was picked up by the Gestapo inside the German lines. The German security officer was in doubt about him—something in his story or manner didn’t quite fit his ostensible calling. They frisked him and found no weapon, but the officer put him in a staff car. Being unarmed, our man rode on the back seat with the security officer. They were en route to German headquarters for further interrogation. In a small village the officer got out to telephone ahead and assure himself that a certain interrogator would be called in.

Our O.S.S. agent, left alone with the military chauffeur in the front seat, took out the overlooked Stinger, cocked it, held it near the back of the driver’s head and fired. He pushed the body to one side, took over the wheel and drove at breakneck speed to the American line.

The Stinger not only saved the

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man's life but allowed our planes to destroy the German Headquarters where he was to be taken. By telling the driver what route to take, the security officer had unwittingly given the O.S.S. man priceless information.

The O.S.R.D. developed a perfect answer to one of our problems. We asked for a high explosive that would act and look like ordinary wheat flour, thus arousing no suspicion if found in the possession of saboteurs in enemy territory. Dr. George Kistiakowsky, then head of the Bruceton, Pennsylvania, Explosives Laboratory, presented us with just what we needed. His white powder, used just as it was, had almost the *brisanse* of TNT. It could be wet with water or milk, kneaded into a dough, raised with yeast or baking powder and actually baked into biscuits or bread. In any form it was a terrific explosive. I called it "Aunt Jemima."

We made exact duplicates of Chinese flour bags and sent them, properly stencilled, to Adm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles, the head of Sino-American Co-operative Organization in Chungking. Inserting a time-delay detonator into this trick explosive was all the Chinese operator had to do. I was told that bags of this cleverly camouflaged explosive were laid against the steel compression members of a great bridge over the Yangtze River, destroying it completely.

My personal troubles with Aunt Jemima began when I found I had about 100 pounds in my Washington office. I telephoned an expert to come and take it away. He said, "No need for that, Lovell; simply flush it down the toilet."

It took some time for Dr. Allen Abrams, my assistant, and myself to do that. When I returned to my desk the expert's boss was on the phone. "Don't flush that explosive down the toilet," he warned. "The organic matter in the sewer will react with it and

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blow the whole Washington sewer system sky-high, including every building over it.”

I thanked him as calmly as I could. There was no point in his worrying, too. The sewer ran diagonally from our offices across to 16th Street near the White House.

I could imagine Professor Moriarty retiring rapidly from real life back to fiction. It would be the end of us; indeed, the end of O.S.S., as Gen. George V. Strong of G-2 needed only one such episode to have Donovan's Amateur Playboys liquidated. The hours dragged by as Dr. Abrams and I debated whether to tell Weston Howland, our Security Chief, the District of Columbia Engineer, Donovan or no one at all. Every truck that backfired, every door that slammed, raised the hackles on our necks, but we set our teeth and kept mum.

We dined at the Cosmos Club that night. Just as we were beginning to breathe easier, what with a bit of drink for courage, a waiter dropped a loaded tray of dishes right beside our table. Seconds later we found ourselves out in the garden with no recollection of how we had got there.

In the morning we decided that the War College or some remote building might blow up, but that the White House was safe. We knew it because we stood at its gates at sunrise. Happily, the Potomac River has long since laid its burden of Aunt Jemima softly in the sea.

A device we called our anerometer was a barometric fuse so set that an increase of 5,000 feet in altitude would make it work. About the diameter of a garden hose, it was attached to an actual length of hose which was filled with explosives. All military planes had inspection ports in their tail sections, so our anerometer would neatly slide into the rear of the fuselage and fall down be-

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tween the ribs and struts out of sight. Whatever the airport's altitude, as soon as the plane carrying this device had risen 5,000 feet above it, the tail section would blow off. Our biggest user was the Chinese force at Chungking, which got them into many Japanese planes. General Montgomery told me in London that similar British devices greatly influenced the victory at El Alamein.

A most urgent research job was done to find "T.D." a rather transparent cover-symbol for "truth drug." Everyone wanted it, and quite properly so. Our schools and recruiting people needed it to help screen out of our groups any German spies or sympathizers. Despite the Geneva Conventions with their limitations on questioning captives, the prisoner-of-war officers wanted to try it.

Dr. Roger Adams, the world's expert on mescaline and *cannabis indica*, was delighted to help. I saw Harry Anslinger, Commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics. He was most cooperative, and assigned to my staff one of the finest agents, Maj. George White. There never was any officer in American uniform like Major White. He was roly-poly, his shirt progressing in wide loops from neck to trousers, with tension on the buttons that seemed more than bearable. Behind his innocent, round face with the disarming smile was the most deadly and dedicated public servant I've ever met.

Did we have a new hypnotic or narcotic to try? Major White would take it and report, "I tried it myself—here are my notes on it."

One "medication" that looked very promising took me to a prisoner-of-war camp. There a U-boat commander was interrogated by a German-speaking American officer—a captain in the Army. The T.D. was put in the German's beer, and the

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camp commander and I eavesdropped over a microphone pickup.

The German was stolid, stodgy, stuck by his rights and even after two doctored beers merely recited his name, military number and German naval unit.

The American interrogator, on the contrary, became more and more voluble. During the second beer he blurted out, "I'm going to tell you something, Heinie. My Boss, Major Quinn, is making passes at my wife. I'm going to shoot him sure as hell if he doesn't stop it."

The C.O. whispered to me, "The beers got switched—our boy has your truth drug. This ought to be real good!" The American captain went right up the line of command. His criticisms regarding the colonel listening beside me were virile, forthright, vulgar and no doubt so slanderous a court-martial was indicated.

"He's doped—doesn't know what he's saying," the colonel said and he turned off the microphone receiver.

When I came to my office the next morning, my assistant said, "Hate to tell you, but that bottle you took to the prisoner-of-war camp was just half an ounce of ethyl alcohol. Here's the T.D.!"

## Camouflage

**A**S THE number of secret agents sent into enemy lands by the O.S.S. increased, the invention and production of camouflaged items became an important activity. Disguised articles and concealed receptacles to keep messages secure from enemy inspectors, self-defense weapons such as stiletos and one-shot miniature guns were our first products. I must add that a secret place to keep the "K" tablets, which were so fatal that a moment in the mouth would save, by instant death, the agony of torture

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and the shame of disclosure, was our first grim problem.

Buttons on clothing were a favorite camouflage container. The top and base of the button were separated and a surprisingly commodious space was hollowed out. At first the top of the button was made to unscrew by turning counter-clockwise. But the Germans soon found out about it, and all buttons on a suspected person's clothing were stoutly tested by turning them that way. If any one opened up, the Gestapo needed no further evidence to convict the spy.

We were about to abandon the item when one of my group suggested reversing the thread, so that twisting or turning to the left only served to tighten the assembly. Right up to Germany's surrender we never learned of one instance of this simplest of deceptions being discovered by enemy inspectors or police. Often such utterly uninvolved stratagems as that were more valuable than highly complicated ones.

The camouflage of a human being is the most challenging of all. In England I was told that a prominent Dutchman desperately wanted to be parachuted into Holland to help direct the underground movement there. He was so well-known and so outstanding in his appearance that discovery would have resulted in certain death. At a conference in London, one of the group suggested that his great crop of black hair be shaved off and he be given a special chemical which would maintain baldness. His striking blue-black eyes had to be changed somehow, so I suggested contact lenses into which were made a pale, washed-out, gray iris. Knowing something about shoemaking, I ventured the thought that if one of his shoes was built up internally, he would have to walk with a slight limp. At least his gait and posture would

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be altered beyond recognition. I heard that, so camouflaged and provided with counterfeit papers, ration coupons, identification cards and all other necessary documentation, he was smuggled into Holland.

Camouflage is but one form of deception, and just as the O.S.S. sought for all possible information concerning our enemies, it also fed them many sorts of plausible falsehoods. We felt sure that the Japanese respected our inventiveness and our technical capability, so we wove many a tangled web on that subject. Hawaii was known to have clandestine Japanese radio transmitters on the islands, so it was at Honolulu, especially, that we planted our stories. Loud-mouthed drinkers blurted out exciting but untrue intelligence information in the bar at the Officer's Mess, with confederates hushing them up ineffectually. The bartender, known to be a rabid Japanese sympathizer, was allowed to overhear and transmit his findings.

A most important field of deception and concealment concerned the landing of spies and saboteurs on



*OSS camouflaged "striptease"  
jumpsuit*



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enemy-occupied coastlines, and at the exact spot where he or she would be met by friendly personnel from the underground organizations. This proved to be a most difficult problem for us to solve. Such landings had to be made on nights with no moon. Early in the war fixed lights and blinkers were used on the shore to mark the rendezvous, but enemy airplanes and surface vessels often spotted them. Many an agent and his reception committee of resistance fighters were picked up and shot.

The ideal shore signal to guide the O.S.S. agent to the selected place was an ultraviolet beacon. A small U.V. bulb, powered by a single dry-cell battery, would flash intermittently for almost a year. The difficulty arose when we found that even a person with superior eyesight could pick out the ultraviolet signal in the blackness of night only from a distressingly short range. I could not detect it at all beyond 100 feet. I was about to abandon the U.V. system of landing signal as worthless, when a surgeon specializing in cataract removals told me by chance that patients who had undergone that operation had extraordinary sensitivity to ultraviolet light. We asked for volunteers and tested several people whose cataracts had been removed. To our astonishment we found that they could see and pinpoint the little, flashing ultraviolet light from over a mile away, whereas the rest of us could see nothing but inky blackness.

Brave, elderly people, so selected, guided our operators infallibly to these normally invisible rendezvous. I am certain the Germans and the Japanese never had the faintest idea of how it was done.

### **Schemes That Failed to Work**

**I**T WAS my policy to consider any method whatever that might aid

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the war, however unorthodox or untried. In the very nature of such thinking it became obvious that we would have failures. It also was obvious that the orthodox military mind might be opposed to any idea not taught at West Point or Annapolis.

The basic philosophy behind the O.S.S. attitude was that one subtle, deceptive plan, if successful, was worth a hundred routine military decisions. American wits and inventiveness were applied to both implementing the resistance groups in all occupied countries and, hopefully, to make a decisive stroke beyond the technique of standard warfare.

Some problems of great importance, where the solution would have had inestimable value, could not be answered. Such a problem was named "Simultaneous Events." Every underground organization from Norway to Italy asked for it. The idea was to produce a switch or other means of activating a charge of high explosives, which would be unaffected by any outside source except an air raid.

With such a device the operator in a German city could secretly plant his charge of explosives at any worthwhile site, such as a German-controlled communication center, a power plant, a dam or an ammunition dump. The operator's safety would be insured; nothing would happen until an Allied air raid took place. At that time the target would blow up and the blast would be blamed on the airplane bombings. This would furnish an ideal alibi for the underground operator; he never could be associated in any way with enemy raids. Also, he could pinpoint the damage to the installations where it would hurt most.

I put the finest brains of the O.S.R.D. on this project. We approached it from two angles, one was

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the ground shock of a raid, the other a chorded radio signal to be sent from one of the bombers.

Nothing we invented ever passed our user tests and trials. The ground shock devices would detonate prematurely from a falling wall or a passing heavy truck. The radio signal depended on dry cell batteries for reception, as well as an objectionable antenna. When Germany surrendered we were still working on "Simultaneous Events."

Another plan that never worked was our idea to furnish some poison or toxin to Chinese prostitutes, which these gals could employ against the high-ranking Japanese officers with whom they consorted in Peiping, Shanghai and many other occupied Chinese cities. It was delicately explained to me that the poison had to be in a very clever form, almost invisible, as these Chinese girls, in the nature of their work, had little chance to conceal anything whatsoever.

We decided on botulinus toxin, that is, the inert poison developed by the botulinus bacterium. This was selected because it is a natural toxin, often found in vegetables, sausages and other foodstuffs which are inadequately cooked. It is so deadly that housewives tasting string beans put up by the cold pack methods have been instantly killed.

Our bacteriological consultants suggested the virulent toxin be encased in a gelatine capsule. The lethal dose was so infinitesimally small that gelatine coating and all, it was less than the size of the head of a pin.

Instructions were to wet the minute speck and stick it back of the ear or in the hair of the head. When needed, it was to be detached and dropped into a drink or a serving of soft food, leaving no evidence of unnatural additives or tampering.

We supplied these deadly specks

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to our agents, and arranged that, if the operations were successful, I would be advised by radio that the "tea gardens were in bloom." If it failed, then the tea gardens were not flowering.

Some time later the radio message was received by me and, "no flowers at all." I assumed that the botulinus toxin had somehow lost its potency, so I abandoned the project forthwith. Only much later did I get the true story. The Navy detail at Chungking took nothing for granted, so they administered the little gelatine pills to donkeys. Nothing happened, consequently they reasoned that the toxin was harmless. They didn't know that donkeys are one of the few living creatures immune to botulism.

### "C-12"

**I** HAVE wanted very much to identify and to validate the story that circulated in O.S.S. after the Tehran conference, where Roosevelt and Churchill were at their ministries at one end of the city and the meetings with Stalin were held at the other end of town.

The agent whom I knew only as C-12 made an admirable showing during his training period, but on his final examination in January 1943, he tore Baltimore apart. C-12 was left outside the city with no identification whatever, only a \$10 bill. The problem was to bring back evidence that he had secured employment in a factory engaged in war work of a highly classified nature. To make the assignment doubly impossible the local police, the F.B.I. and Army Intelligence were all told by anonymous phone calls that a German spy fitting his description would be at the Emerson Hotel at 9:30 A.M.

He lost the inevitable "tail" by ducking across the street into the

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Equitable Building but, instead of the sure-to-be-caught technique of riding the elevators, C-12 ran down a stairway into the basement, through the boiler-room and out into an alley. He whipped through a basement and up into what proved to be the Western Union office on St. Paul Street. There he was given directions to the addresses he had checked off in the Baltimore Sun classified section.

At the American Radiator Standard Sanitary plant, he filled out the forms; he was given a job on amphibious jeeps, to begin the next day. He promised to have his birth certificate mailed to the company in a few days.

It had been so easy for a potential saboteur to walk in off the street and with a glib tongue and an honest face, stroll out with credentials of employment, that C-12 took on the Lever Brothers factory. The guard at the gate told him they made nitroglycerin. When C-12 said to the personnel manager that he had worked for years for Proctor and Gamble in California, the latter agreed to put him on the payroll as a roving operator in production. Left alone in the office (it was Saturday afternoon), C-12 went on a tour of the entire plant. He stole an employment card to help pass his exam at the O.S.S. training camp.

By 3 P.M. he had two jobs and seven hours to kill until he was to be picked up at the Emerson Hotel. He decided to manufacture some impressive credentials for himself. He had a passport photograph taken, he telephoned the public relations office of Army Intelligence in Washington and an obliging girl gave him the address of the Baltimore branch with the name of the commanding officer.

At the Third Service Command he hung up his coat and hat and told a junior officer he was the G-2 Inspector from Fort Banks. Explaining

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he had to type a most confidential letter, he was given some letterhead stationery and the use of a typewriter by a corporal. He went out to a store, bought a cheap identification card case, returned to the office and typed out and stapled his own identification card. He countersigned it and took a taxi to Holabird Arsenal.

The fake paper was never questioned and he had a fine dinner at the Officer's Club. As he left, he picked up an impressive looking briefcase and made his 10 P.M. appointment just in time. C-12 passed his examination all too brilliantly. The papers in the briefcase he had lifted were classified "Secret." The two employment cards caused the unemployment of some personnel managers. The F.B.I., the Baltimore police and Washington's Army Intelligence were seething.

With sound reason they held that they had been grossly misused by this bunch of amateur spies, and that it was particularly galling to receive bogus tips on spies in training.

The story of what he did in the Middle East must be written by me with the reservation that I will make at the end. He was sent to Baghdad as an intelligence agent, I was told. Orders came for him to be parachuted into Dohuk. Speaking Kurdish was a great asset to C-12, but so were penicillin, streptomycin, and such simple anto-febriles as aspirin and codine. His life with the Kurdish tribesmen in the Zagros mountains is lost in obscurity.

One day—and I follow the only story I was told—word came that a small group of men had fallen from the sky into a valley a kilometer or so away. At the head of a Kurdish group, C-12 and the group rode over on ponies to meet them. Their German was an open book to him, but he used only a few French words and

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became their interpreter.

It was evident they planned to go to Tehran to assassinate Roosevelt and Churchill. They knew that these two men would have to drive the length of the town daily to meet at the Russian Ministry with Joseph Stalin. A heavy load they were carrying was identified as trinitrotoluol.

When they said, in halting French, that they wanted a guide to take them to Sulaimaniya and Tehran, C-12 volunteered, but only for a fat fee. It was the late autumn of 1943, and the mountainous trip was an ordeal. At last they came into the city. C-12 spoke Farsi and had no trouble renting a single-story house on Ferdousi Avenue, the road Roosevelt and Churchill had to travel each day.

In the cellar they dug a tunnel under the street. In the center they placed their whole lot of TNT—enough to blow up the entire area and Roosevelt and Churchill with it. Now everything was exactly as the German saboteurs had planned it, but where were the detonators with which the high explosive had to be set off? C-12 knew where they were; he had hidden them. A frantic search was made while C-12 slipped away and reported at the U.S. Ministry. A cadre of U.S. troops quietly surrounded the house with its tunnel under the street and removed the TNT. Roosevelt and Churchill were summarily moved across Tehran to the Russian headquarters. The Germans were shot. In a borrowed uniform, C-12 was given an appointment with the President, whose life he had surely saved.

Instead of thanks or praise for a daring and successful rescue of two invaluable lives, he was verbally castigated. Why had he risked the life of his Commander-in-Chief, when the German assassins might have been arrested and executed the instant they

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**American Spies** crossed the Iranian frontier? "But on what grounds?" C-12 asked. "I had to wait until evidence was clearly established. Germany is not at war with Iran and I couldn't expose anything until the tunnel was dug and the explosives placed in it."

A furious, unreasoned tirade followed. C-12 was abruptly ordered to return to Baghdad and to stay there. This was the tale as C-12 told it after the war was over.

Recently I located C-12 under his present name, some thousands of miles away from my Boston home. I asked for permission to use his amazing and brave experience with or without the use of his real or "cover" name—anyway, so long as this O.S.S. performance could be saved from the oblivion which often overtakes so many noble deeds.

He wrote me, "I was never in Kurdistan in my life. I was in Tehran months after the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin Conference. A German plot to assassinate someone? Never heard of it! You knew so many of our O.S.S. saboteurs and agents, Lovell. Think hard—it was someone else, not I."

I have "thought hard" but I cannot deny what my ears have heard or reports my eyes have scanned. But why? What possible pressure from what conceivable source would induce a man, 20 years after the event, to deny a great act of courage? Did he report a fabrication, which he now dares not have resurrected? Has he had a physical malaise that might explain his denying it? Yes, he has had a "shock" and perhaps the part of the brain in which memory is stored was badly affected.

Whatever the reason, my tale has no more confirmation than Horatius at the Bridge or Theseus and the Minotaur, but I choose to regard it as one of the outstanding exploits in



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the history of O.S.S.

### Characters

**YOU WOULD** expect an agency such as the Office of Strategic Services to attract many unorthodox and rugged individuals—and you would be absolutely right.

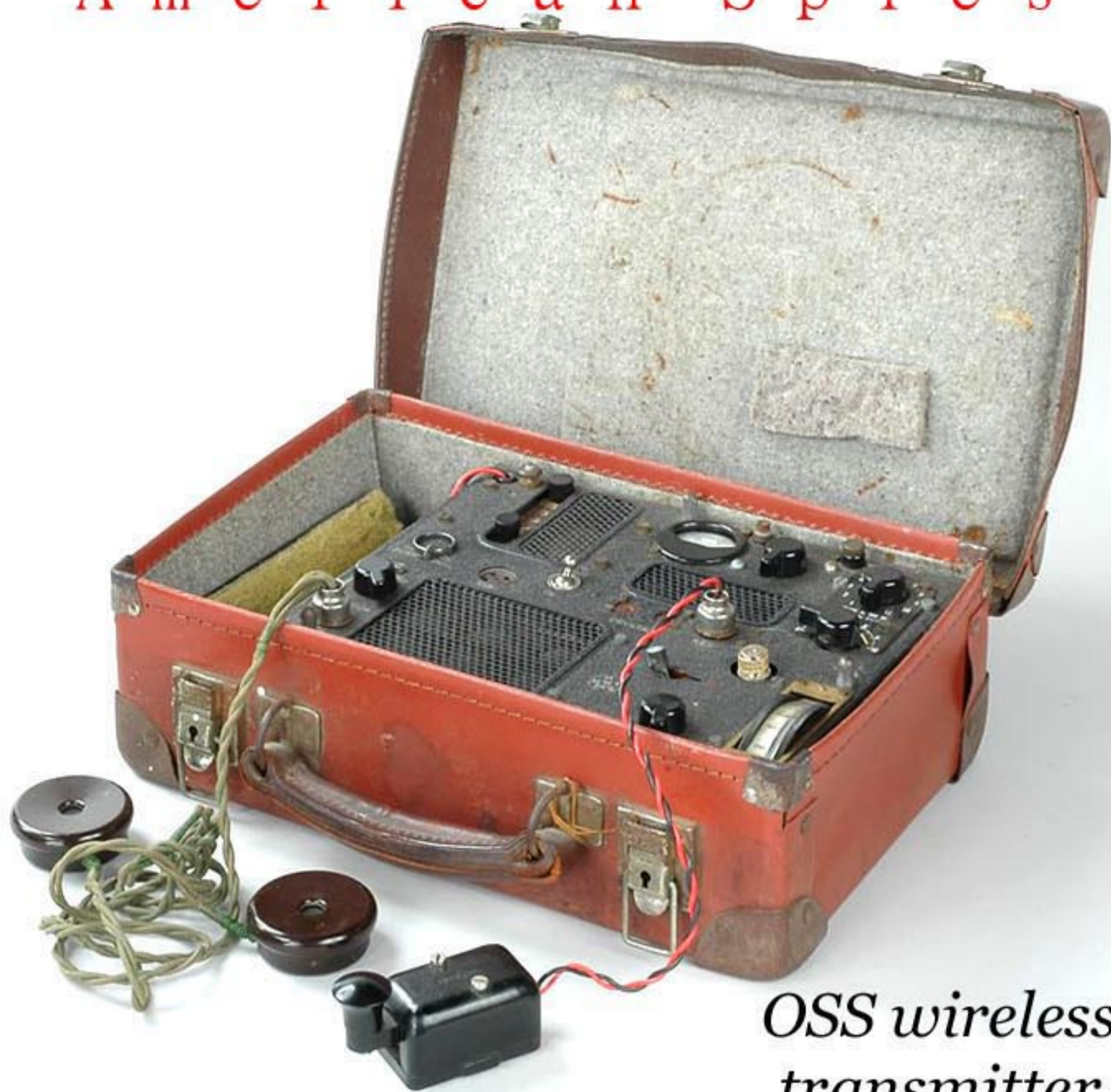
I never discovered a common denominator that distinguished O.S.S. personnel. Love of high adventure would perhaps approach it, yet, on the other hand, many a timid man or woman, motivated by a deep patriotism or an equally deep hatred of the enemy, outperformed the boys of derringdo.

Our operators were picked to be either spies, gathering and transmitting intelligence, or they were selected as saboteurs, trained to weaken the enemy by deeds of violence. No person could do both. The spy or intelligence agent had to have a “cover” story, a fictional life, so intimately a part of him by long practice and indoctrination that it became more true to him than the reality of his existence before he joined the O.S.S.

You will realize that a spy, infiltrated into an enemy country with a clandestine radio, adequate papers, ration cards, business letters, clothing, money and all other accessories needed to make him authentically the person he purported to be—such a valuable agent could never risk or endanger his established status by any act of violence. His whole objective was information and no sabotage, however tempting or apparently safe, could be hazarded.

Quite different was the role played by the Subversive Operations people. Their training was in weapons, from simple incendiaries to what steel members of a bridge would best cause

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*OSS wireless transmitter*

its collapse if blown out. It was they who worked with the secret underground in Europe and Asia. It was their aim to bring to the subjugated peoples both leadership and our best technology. Perhaps of equal importance, it was these men who proved to all resistance groups that Uncle Sam, a continent away, had not abandoned them.

In both groups were hundreds of people, each of whom would supply the material for a story or a character study. Even though it now is two decades ago, I will limit myself to a few I knew. To publicize others might be a great disservice to them and to our country, as their value may not be at an end.

The two mentioned here are no longer sensitive.

As the Office of Strategic Services expanded its activities in its unrehearsed and often unplanned way, it took into its ranks the zealots and the con men Col. Ned Buxton had warned me about, but these were not difficult to identify and, where possible, to isolate.

Impossible to classify by any standards whatever were men, some in uniform, some civilians, who conformed to no pattern and each of whom made his own rules as he went along.

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A big strapping Irishman named Sean O'Feeney was outstandingly original, daring and utterly undisciplined. You would recognize him more readily under his Hollywood name of John Ford, the great motion picture director. He was just under 50 years old, a lieutenant commander in the Navy. General Donovan recruited him to make moving pictures of O.S.S. projects—and, knowing our director, Ford probably was told to do whatever his great talent in pictorial presentation indicated as needing to be done. He certainly carried out that broad instruction in the true Hollywood manner.

The first thing I knew, Ford had installed a complete, continuous motion picture film developing, printing and duplicating machine in the Department of Agriculture building. I believe it cost about a half-million dollars.

Proud of his Maine heritage, he made much of my Cape Cod origins as causing us to be almost neighbors. Independent as a hog on ice, he would disappear for periods of time and our 9 A.M. morning staff meetings would see him no more. After one long absence he was welcomed back as a hero.

General Donovan told us, "Commander Ford has a story to tell and some film to prove it." Ford took us to his projection room.

"I was flying to the China-Burma-India theater," he said, "and the plane put down at Midway to fuel. Midway is a mere dot on the goddam Pacific Ocean, and we had a hell of a time finding it, what with our gas running low. I was bushed and took my cameras to some quarters assigned me for a nap. I barely made it when all hell broke loose—a major Jap air raid on the island.

"All I thought of was getting some

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films, so I took everything in sight from the Jap planes peeling off from formation to the big gasoline reserve tanks going up in a burst of fire. I kept the camera running until the raid was over. Here's what I got"—and an unbelievable film of a murderous assault from the air came on the screen, leaving us breathless.

The only way anyone could concentrate on picture-taking in that inferno was if he imagined it to be a Hollywood set instead of the real thing. Superb personal courage—sublime disregard of self—one of the greatest films ever recorded, where life surpassed art.

I saw Ford again in the summer of 1944. There he was, beaming on one and all with another hero's introduction from General Donovan. Here is his story, and I'm sure every word is true.

"I was ordered to photograph the Normandy landings and had my cameras in the bow of the ship I was assigned to. The morning I set them up there was just mist and fog ahead—nothing to put on film. Then I looked behind us and there was the whole goddam invasion fleet. The bastards at Admiral Ramsay's office had put me in the lead ship—the one that would bump every mine and beach obstacle the Nazis had planted.

"We got through by luck and here are the films." They were magnificent, an historical document of Operation Overlord, from the first soldier who landed to a secured beachhead.

He went on, "I got to London pretty well pooped and remembered that my friend Alexander Korda had told me to bunk in with him any time in his London flat. Korda was out somewhere in the country, but his houseman put me up in the apartment. Along one whole side against the windows were hung the most

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magnificent stained glass windows—priceless early primitives Korda had bought in Spain before their Civil War could destroy them.

“Wham! The first of the V-1’s exploded a block away. I got the houseman to help and by working all night we managed to get those invaluable windows off their hangings and flat on the floor with all of Korda’s oriental rugs and blankets wrapped around them.

“The next morning I was in the toilet at the far end of the apartment when a buzz-bomb hit in the mews outside the bathroom window. I went sailing the length of the flat and my face was cut in a dozen places. I slapped toilet paper on the injuries to stop the bleeding and went to an O.S.S. address to get it dressed.

“‘You can’t fool us,’ the receptionist said, ‘that’s no disguise. You’re John Ford.’ Toilet paper!

“I went down country to Korda’s estate and with great pride told him, ‘Your flat’s a mess, a V-bomb hit the back alley, but you can thank me that I got those priceless stained glass windows all packed flat on the floor and they’re safe and uninjured.’

“‘You damned fool, Ford! I had them insured against bomb damage for four times what I paid for them. Why did you think I left them hanging by the windows?’ ”

The pleasantest, nicest man in the whole group of experts forming the Documentation Branch was a quiet little fellow whose last name I never knew. His first name was Jim, short for “Jim the Penman.”

Jim was a superb craftsman in his highly specialized field. His one mistake had been to forge the name of certain Treasury officials on engraved papers having a reasonable resemblance to U.S. Government bonds.

I will not deny that Jim was on leave from a Federal penitentiary,

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but I will say without equivocation that he was the foremost signature duplicator who ever has lived. On a ruled pad of paper he would dare you to write your name, "just the way you would on a check," he'd say. He would study it a few minutes. In front of him were perhaps 20 pens in their holders: stub pens, coarse pens, even a quill. Next to the instruments was an imposing array of ink bottles, from a squat India ink to every color and shade. At last he would dip the selected pen in the ink of his choice and dash off a signature—one each on all the ruled lines above and below the one you had written.

"How about \$5? No, too much, well \$1 then that you can't pick out your own handwriting."

No one ever could do so and Jim would pocket the bill with a big infectious grin. "There's a fortune in just writing people's names," he would say.

The names Jim wrote were famous, in Germany and France, that is, but his nerve had to equal his art.

With a copy of the proper signature before him, Jim would write in the correct names with gusto. Any hesitation or retracing of the work would be fatal. Goebbels, Himmler, Hitler, Mussolini, Petain, Laval, Heydrich and Canaris were familiar jobs for Jim the Penman. I never recall one of his works of art that was questioned.

The more illegible the signature to be duplicated, the more accurately he seemed to forge it. "No two times exactly alike," he explained to me as he was writing Heinrich Himmler's name on 30 or 40 S.S. identification papers. "Anybody making a photographic duplication is foolish," he said. "I have to feel I'm the person I'm impersonating, so to speak," and he chuckled as he dashed off the sig-

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natures, one after another.

I wish I knew what happened to Jim when the O.S.S. was suddenly disbanded. I had tried to induce the proper officials to have his patriotic illegality recognized in some way, but I never had a response. I was away when he left, but there was a note of farewell—I swear it was in my own handwriting—with “thanks to an understanding boss.”

### **The Night Churchill Almost Gave Up the War**

**O**NE OF General Donovan’s most delightful customs was to use me as a substitute for him if he had to break an engagement. I will never forget March 18, 1943 when he asked me, in his stead, to keep a date at the Washington Hotel.

It proved to be an intimate birthday luncheon for Sir John G. Dill, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of the British Imperial General Staff. There were six of us present, as I recall it. He was a graying, quiet man, modest and a bit embarrassed at the birthday toasts.

After liqueurs, someone said, “Sir John, I think you owe us a story. What has been the most unforgettable day of your distinguished career?”

“That is easy to select,” he said. “I’m an Ulsterman and that means an army life for us. The Boer War, Indian and African service, but my career appeared ended when I publicly opposed the remilitarization of the Rhineland and Chamberlain’s appeasement at Munich. Then, in May 1940, Winston Churchill came to power and picked me to head up our armed forces.

“Barely three weeks later he phoned me to fly to France with him and General Ismay. We knew things were in poor shape over there. In Paris we met with Marshall Petain, General Weygand and Premier Paul Reynaud.

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“Churchill asked, ‘Aren’t you going to resist in the South of France?’

“‘No. It’s impossible.’

“‘But you’ll keep the African colonies and fight from there, won’t you?’

“‘No. We surrender them.’

“‘But the fleet. Darlan will put to sea and deliver it to us—that will be saved?’

“‘No. It’s complete surrender to Hitler. After the way you British abandoned us by running home at Dunkirk, you left us no other choice.’

“‘So France is deserting us completely!’ Churchill exclaimed.

“‘Just as you did to us,’ answered Petain.

“The Prime Minister rose. We were driven to our Flamingo and flown back to London. Not a single word was spoken on the return flight, and I was too deeply upset to care much if our escort of Hurricanes showed up or not.

“‘I’m all alone tonight, Sir John,’ he said. ‘Come keep me company at 10 Downing Street.’ It was late and we washed a sandwich down with some brandy and soda.

“‘Sir John,’ he said as he walked about the room, ‘I have no choice but to address Parliament in the morning. I’ll have to tell them and the nation that France has gone over to Hitler lock, stock and barrel. You and I know it’s impossible to defend this island against the full force of that Austrian bastard. It’s Napoleon all over again, but Napoleon never had the German air force, and we have few guns and less ammunition. This may be the last night of the British Empire—it may be.’

“I could have wept for him and for Britain. At last he said, ‘There are two things we can do, Sir John. Write the speech that will actually ask Hitler for terms of surrender—or go



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to bed and sleep on it. I propose to sleep. Goodnight, Sir John. My man will show you to your bedroom. See you at breakfast.'

"He may have slept—he took a part bottle of brandy with him—but I know I didn't. The end of the British Empire was coming tomorrow!

"At breakfast—perhaps our last as a free people—I was sober and glum. Winston Churchill ate everything set before him. Finally, he pushed his chair away at an angle and said, 'Sir John, I have to tell Parliament the bad news—I can't avoid that, but I do not have to suggest negotiating with those Nazi madmen. Yes, France has fallen, the United States is pacifist and won't help us, but, all alone, by God, we'll fight 'em on the beaches, we'll fight 'em at the hedge rows, we'll fight 'em on our village greens!' He paused. 'By heaven, that's damned good, Sir John.'

"He pulled a pad of paper out of his breakfast jacket pocket and started writing down the greatest speech since your Gettysburg address. That, gentlemen, was the most unforgettable day of my career."

An unforgettable day for myself was this 62nd birthday party for Sir John Dill. He had told us about a day when the freedom of mankind had balanced on one man's courage.

### An Interview with Oswald Spengler

**J**OHAN P. Marquand was a master of "flash back" writing, the technique by which he would take the reader back in time to some incident or setting, which rationalized or explained the present.

In that spirit, let me revert to why I so eagerly acted on Dr. Karl T. Compton's invitation to abandon a hard-earned position in the chemical industry and throw my future into

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the wartime lottery.

I had read Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* when it was published in America in the late 1920's. I wrote the author about an apparent contradiction—the glorification of war in one volume, the vituperation of war in the next volume. He answered by inviting me to visit him in Munich, and I did on June 30, 1934.

Oddly, that was the day of Hitler's great purge, when military motorcycles screeched through the streets, calling families to their doorways and killing them in cold blood. More than 600 were so assassinated, and all the time I was in Dr. Spengler's enormous apartment on the bank of the Green Isar river. I asked a thousand questions and made furious notes of his answers. He invited me to stay through the day and evening until almost midnight. It was no charm of mine, I'm sure, but more likely the possible protection an American guest might afford if the wailing motorcycle murderers came to his door.

My notes were published September 18, 1934 in Walter Lippmann's column in all of his syndicated newspapers. They constitute an amazing historical prophecy. Note that, seven years before the event, there is the foreshadowing of Pearl Harbor. Forgive him his acceptance of Hitler. I have never believed that he died of a heart attack in May of 1936. More likely he was assassinated by Nazi ruffians when he disagreed with Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the Hitler historian and stooge.

### SPENGLER WARNS U.S.

By Stanley P. Lovell

(North American Newspaper Alliance)

*(Dr. Oswald Spengler, celebrated German philosopher, whose Decline of the West has been the subject of world dis-*

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*cussion, warns Americans of a day of reckoning and presents his views in a talk with Stanley P. Lovell, a Boston manufacturer, chemist and patent lawyer, who has returned recently from Germany.)*

All of one day a few weeks ago I talked with that great German savant, Dr. Oswald Spengler, at his home in Munich. For me it was as if I had turned back the pages of history and were spending a day with Voltaire.

Dr. Spengler, a short, stocky man, with a great bullet-shaped head, wearing a rather loud brown golf suit, and in appearance anything but a great pontiff of historical analysis, was vastly inquisitive about America.

Dr. Spengler feels America is done with democracy as such. It may, he says, keep the empty forms of government perhaps for 100 years and an outworn Congress lacking in significance, but the German philosopher believes that democracy, whether the American people like it or not, is done.

"Indications," he said, "are the great concentration of power converging in a President-dominated bureaucracy in Washington; the steady growth of lawlessness, bringing a clamor for a national military police unhindered by state boundaries; the persistence of the strike as the preferred weapon of labor and disappearance of the lockout as a weapon of management."

I asked Dr. Spengler if he thought Franklin Roosevelt was the first American dictator.

"Either he is your first Caesar," was the reply, "or quite unconsciously he is a sort of St. John the Baptist who comes to make ready the way for the ruler.

"Previous Presidents, from Washington to Hoover, generally have represented wealth and the wealthy classes, which are the American aristocracy," the German went on. "Always, in history, the only aristocracy that a democracy can have is the aristocracy of money. Now the United States has in power a President who does not rep-

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resent this element, but the great masses.

“Once this change has come the course must never be retraced, and in the future always the President must represent the great American masses and in policy oppose wealth and capital, even seizing and confiscating it when necessary.

“America will have anarchy if a movement arises which puts in the White House a President who represents the wealthy classes as McKinley or Coolidge did.

“This is the historical course of a dictator rising out of a democracy, and it is significant that Julius Caesar in ancient Rome was hated by the wealthy Senate because he first appealed to the Roman masses.”

Dr. Spengler sees in the United States a dangerous dogma, injected into political thought by the present Administration; namely, that the average American now is led to believe the government not only owes him an orderly nation in which he may or may not make his living, but owes him also adequate food, shelter and clothing.

This, Spengler says, is the complete breakdown of the spirit of the early settlers, who never looked to their government for maintenance, but only for order within and respect from without.

“An early American,” Dr. Spengler said, “would have scoffed at the idea the government owed him maintenance. That was distinctly up to him as an individual and in no way a function of his government.

“Now the education of the American people to the easily accepted theory that, by some magic, the government is to support its citizens, leads inevitably to the extension of government credit beyond the normal things a government has been called upon for, and, as long as this philosophy endures, there will be an unbalanced budget. America will live on its credit not its income.

“Inexhaustible as this credit may seem now, it exists solely as an in-

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tangible something in the minds of the American people. Just as, during the dark closing days of the Hoover Administration, the American people lost confidence in their banks, so there will come a day when they will lose confidence in the credit of America as an inexhaustible treasure house. Then will occur the flight from the dollar, and people will want things instead of money."

Dr. Spengler believes the position of the United States as regards Japan is vital and significant.

I asked this author of *Decline of the West* about the Philippines.

"The United States must not become weary," he observed. "The only respect Japan will have is toward a nation virile and strong like herself.

"I believe Hawaii is America's Heligoland and, from that point, to avoid war in Asia, America must maintain an attitude of calm and assured force, almost aggressive but never actually being aggressive.

I stated that most Americans, I thought, were now isolationists, relying on tremendous ocean frontiers to separate them from European or Asiatic conflict.

"That is not possible; Americans cannot be isolationists any longer," said Dr. Spengler. "Once having entered the arena of world politics, they can never return to their comfortable seat in the audience.

"It is not a matter of what America thinks, but rather what America has done, that dictates without option her future course. As a nation, she has remade the map of Europe. Having assumed so much (and the devil himself could not have traced out a map more certain to provide future wars than did President Wilson), it is impossible historically for America to withdraw from that world, and it is silly and childish reasoning if her people think they live in another world.

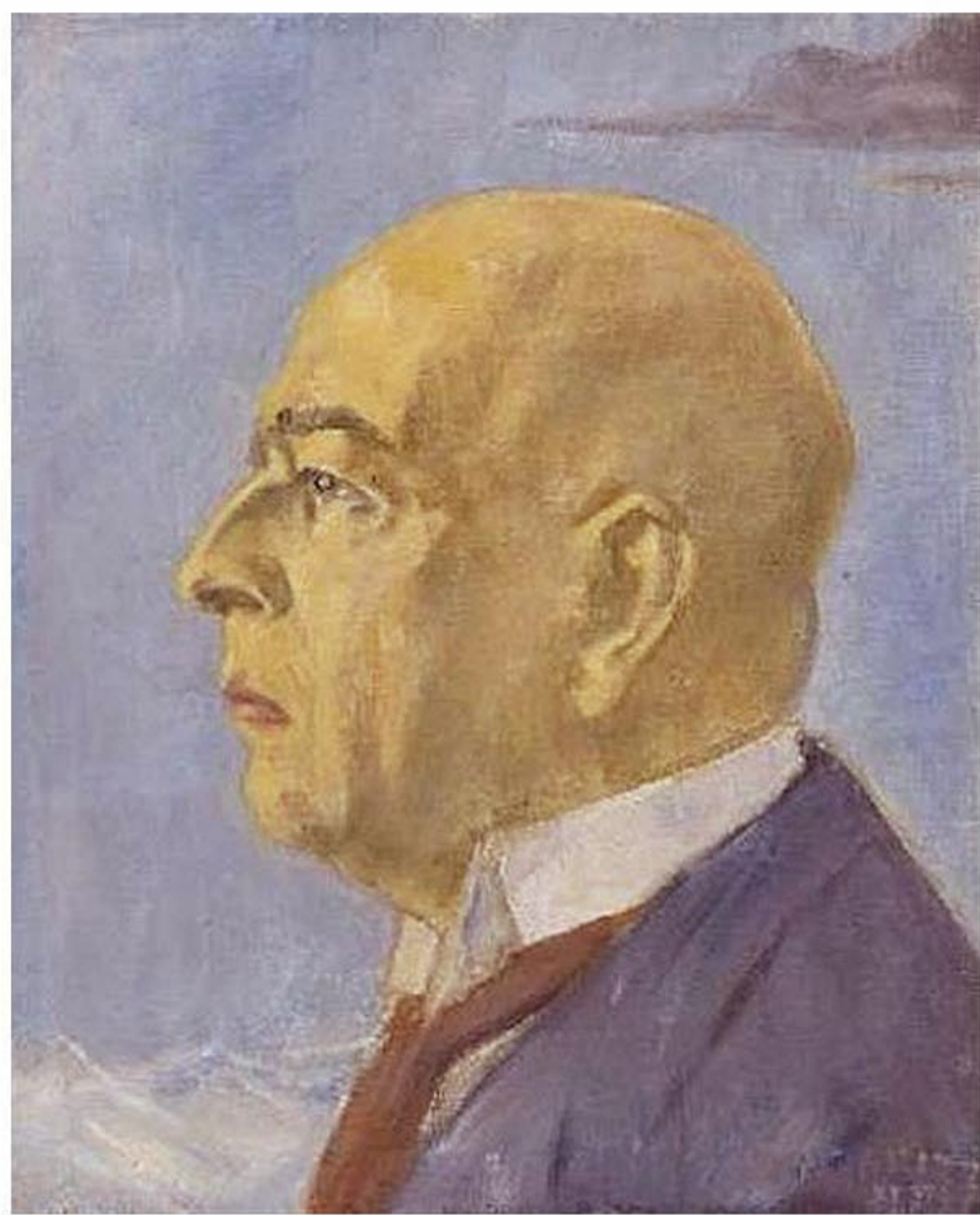
"Everything of major importance that happens in the world profoundly affects America now. It is one of America's

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mistakes that, while other nations devote their best brains to world politics, America is intent only on inner problems, domestic difficulties of elections and drought and unemployment."

Germany, Dr. Spengler feels, is far better off under Hitler than under a president. Not only the German people, but the whole world, exclusive of England, he says, has reached a point where it is natural to look to a leader more or less on a pedestal, and this feeling is concentrated in Germany.



*Oswald Spengler by Fritz Behn*

What I did not dare to include in the above account was Spengler's timetable. He was, at one and the same time, the head of the Department of Mathematics and of History at the University of Munich. His theory was that it required so many years for a culture to harden into a civilization and then to progress to its decline and extinction. Toward its later years there were always, he said, three world wars. In the Egyptian culture, that of the Upper and the Lower Nile; in China, that of the Five Contending States; in the Classical Age, the three Punic wars between Rome and Carthage. In our day, he said, we will have the three wars also. The first two would settle no issues.

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“What are the issues, Dr. Spengler?” I asked.

Only one—always the same. Will government be based on the mass of the people, or, alternatively, will it be imposed from above. Democracy versus Dictatorship.

This, please, was in 1934.

“And how can one arrive at a timetable in so delicate, and yet a world-wide matter?” I asked.

“That is easy to answer, Herr Lovell. No one generation of men can successfully fight two wars. It is only when men who have never seen war firsthand are available that another world conflict can start. Here we are in 1934. World War I was in 1914. A generation is 25 years, so World War II will begin in 1939. It will settle nothing, of course, as it historically awaits the third war and only in that one will the issues be resolved.”

“And this Third World War will be in 1964?”

“Precisely. Always they will say conditions have changed; new weapons are available; it will never take place, but it will. Government from below or imposed on mankind from dictators, above, will only be settled after 1964.”

Now when Dr. Compton suggested I become active in World War II, I laid awake at night recalling Dr. Spengler's Hawaiian prophecy, now the stark reality of Pearl Harbor. In Europe it had begun in 1939, just as he had said. It was the ghost of this great German savant telling me our beloved country must not lose this war or there would be no World War III, but rather a dictator-dominated world in which we could not survive to win the ultimate, the final victory, whenever that last war might come.

## American Spies The Great Feud

NONE OF the classic feuds of history or fiction exceeded the clan warfare between William J. Donovan and George Veazey Strong—that is, between the Office of Strategic Services and the U.S. Army Intelligence (G-2). The Montagues and the Capulets, the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, and the Hatfields and McCoys had their counterpart in this brawl between two fine war agencies.

It started with the violent upset of orderly law enforcement in Baltimore, where the O.S.S. trainees made a shambles of that city's military security.

There was Operator C-12. There was John Toulmin, who posed as a Marine Corps colonel on sick leave and walked out of a most critical defense plant with the entire set of blueprints for a revolutionary new gun about to be manufactured.

Both Generals, Donovan and Strong, were far beyond military age when World War II started, and each was 60 or thereabouts when the rivalry and antagonism began. It is easy to appreciate the point of view of both men, unfortunately, as it would be more satisfying if blame could be squarely placed on one man or the other.

George Veazey Strong graduated from West Point in 1904, then from Northwestern University in 1916. There followed the War College and the General Staff School in 1924. He rose through the military commissions in the Cavalry Division to become a Brigadier General in 1938. In 1941, the year of Pearl Harbor, he was made a Major General and the following year—our first of the war—he was appointed the Chief of Military Intelligence.

A great student of languages, he wrote the invaluable Japanese-English

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Military Dictionary and a masterful syllabus of Chinese-Japanese characters and symbols.

A professional soldier to his fingertips, ambitious to make his Military Intelligence an outstanding contributor to an American victory, he at once set out to build a fine collection and appraisal system of all information to be had on our enemies, east and west. It was his duty to advise the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff of his evaluation of these facts and his forecasts of the enemies' actions throughout the world.

And now into this ambitious, orthodox machine, President Roosevelt threw the monkey wrench of a newborn amateur agency, the O.S.S. To make matters more irritating, its director was no West Point graduate who had won his way up from a lieutenancy, but a World War I hero who could boast no military training whatever. A brilliant war record, surpassing almost any West Pointer, but no school tie, no ring and an alma mater (Columbia) that was on the wrong bank of the Hudson River.

Both men had one thing in common, the ear of President Roosevelt—General Strong because of his official status in the American war apparatus, General Donovan because he had proven to be a true prophet in his appraisal of Great Britain's ability to withstand the Nazi blitz.

I think Roosevelt considered Donovan to be more knowledgeable in the sensitive field of world politics, with Strong better posted on the facts and implications of battle and troop intelligence. Therefore, the President might reason that no duplication or overlap of activity would take place, but that each could smoothly function to the advantage of all.

It was probably some minor and insignificant indiscretion—at a cocktail party, perhaps—which irritated

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General Strong. Instead of facing General Donovan with it so that disciplinary action might be taken against the "flannel-mouth," he went to one of the top men of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with the evidence. The latter, in turn, went to the President with, by now, a vividly painted version of the verbal slip.

Inevitably, these actions were relayed back to General Donovan, losing nothing, you can be sure, in the retelling, and the feud was on. It permeated both fine organizations and hit at random, viciously, impartially, quite irrationally. For example, in August of 1943, a captain in General Strong's office preferred charges against me, stating I had "broken security in a flagrant manner." I was flabbergasted and profoundly disturbed. My value to General Donovan and to the O.S.S. would be zero if such a charge were to be validated. How do you face your accusers?

Colonel Buxton was deeply upset over this accusation of my infidelity. "Search your memory, Stanley," he said, "and tell me of any possible indiscretion." I did, and so help me, I hadn't! Two weeks or so after the blanket accusation from Strong's office did I, somewhat by force and somewhat less by persuasion, catch the captain alone and literally force from him the nature of my awful sin. It seemed that a colonel close to General Strong originated the insecurity charge, and the captain, God help him, was merely "carrying out orders."

By the time I met the colonel I had a big enough dossier on the gentleman to satisfy a most vengeful person. We met and his letter, which I brought out with me, had such adjectives as "unsupported," and "apologetic," but I couldn't get "vindictive" into it. Almost, but not quite!

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At any rate, the charges evaporated in a single-paged letter, and I was re-established on Donovan's staff and completely exonerated of an utterly false charge I should never have been forced to defend.

As I told the colonel, we had enough of a problem fighting the Germans and the Japanese at one and the same time without trumping up mendacious charges against each other.

Another colonel on Gen. George Strong's staff happened to be a pre-war friend of my wife and mine. He was George Lusk who, before the war, had been a textbook publisher in Boston. It was Colonel Lusk who convinced me that General Strong was not a jealous monster, but a sincere patriot. Colonel Lusk thus became a channel of common sense and sanity in a situation that was rapidly becoming, to all of us in O.S.S., a war in itself.

The antagonism that Army Intelligence held toward O.S.S. was at such a point that Maj. Gen. George Veazey Strong and William J. Donovan were no longer speaking.

Colonel Ned Buxton asked me to see if I could soften or in any way help the distressing situation. I had an appointment with General Strong, and found him bristling with resentment before I was barely introduced as one of Donovan's staff.

He let go with real anger at the silly upsets to his men that our training stunts were causing. He said, "Lovell, go back to Wildman Donovan and tell him that his amateur gang is going to be thrown out of the war effort entirely. I'm seeing the President on it and J. Edgar Hoover is going with me. Good-by."

I said, "General Strong, I believe you are a consecrated man. I think you would give your life for our country. I know Bill Donovan would



*General Geo. Veasy Strong*

—he has proved it many times in World War I. God help America if two great soldiers put their personal egos ahead of their country.”

“Get out.” I did. Just as I closed the door of his office he shouted, “Come back here.” I did so, without a word.

“If you were in uniform, Lovell, I’d prefer charges against you for talking to me like that. Being a civilian I can’t do it.” Then in a calmer tone, “So you think that two overgrown egos are at fault?”

“Egotism, jealousy and the usual superior attitude a professional assumes toward an amateur. All I ask is that you give the O.S.S. a chance to prove its mettle.”

“I’ll think about it,” he said, but in a normal tone and almost absent-mindedly he extended his hand for a farewell shake.

General Donovan and General Strong softened to the point of nodding and smiling at one another at various functions, but both used me as liaison rather than risk a personal visit with its probable explosive result.

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### Epilogue

**I**T MAY disturb some readers to depart abruptly from the narrative I have related and for me to lay before them the conclusions and course of action which these experiences indicate to me.

However, I must say that I feel that our whole concept of war is obsolete and outmoded, and thus irrational. Always, after the death and misery of a war, a peace treaty is the orthodox climax. About this time a strange thing begins to happen. We discover that the enemy we fought is actually our friend, and some of the allies we had are real or potential enemies. For example, Germany, Italy and Japan become trustworthy compatriots and Russia is an implacable enemy.

Our concept, which is to avoid war as long as possible, leads but to an unworkable peace. What other alternatives are there? There is neutrality, or noninvolvement in the outside world; in short, isolation. Many Americans still wistfully hold to this as an ideal state and quote George Washington's Farewell Address. But Pearl Harbor proved the impossibility of a rich nation being safe from attack by the hungry and the ambitious. With nations like Russia bent on world domination, insulation would become our prison.

Another concept is "to play it by ear," which implies a skill at opportunism which we have seldom shown. The Marshall Plan and NATO come under this sort of a concept. They buy valuable time, to be sure, but time for what? As we arm beyond the point of total world destruction, is there any step left but to use the armaments, be the results what they may? This idea really concludes that Armageddon is ultimately preferable to continued, intolerable suspense and tension.

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The different point of view which I propose is based on the fact that all wars start in ignorance—ignorance of the other country's intentions and its power to resist or to strike. "Had we only known," is the wail of all world political leaders. Had England known the depth of feeling for independence among her 13 colonies. Had Hitler known the truth about England after Dunkirk. Had we known Japanese intentions and potential.

We can know. Iron curtains and Bamboo curtains are only impenetrable to those who will not open their eyes. We have the Central Intelligence Agency whose business it is to know but whose record is not as good as it should be. Part of its inadequate performance is due to the belief of many Americans that it is somehow un-American to know the plans and the power of another nation. Spying is a dirty word. The extroverted, good-fellow approach is natural to us and snooping or penetrating secrets is held to be a tawdry, ignoble business.

Despite this national distaste, my plea is for an American intelligence service so effective that we may know and assess the plans of all other nations and correctly evaluate their ability and their timing. This means a far more expert organization than we now have. It means diverting perhaps a quarter of our military budget to this end alone. It means that our intelligence people hold important positions in every critical government abroad and that knowing the facts of world politics becomes a prime business of our Government.

The concept of war was really changed in 1946, when it became vital to the U.S.S.R. to know how to make the nuclear fission bomb, if she were to achieve world equality with us. With this massive demon-

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stration of what secret intelligence can accomplish for a nation, it should be apparent that the Cold War is actually this new concept of conflict. The use of accurate information, however acquired, and at whatever expense, has won more victories for Russia than their armies won in World War II. At the very time Russia made intelligence her prime concern, our own O.S.S. was being dissolved by Executive Order.

We cannot bring back the fabulous team of Donovan and Buxton, yet, though their great organization was dissolved, an even superior one can be built.

Ignorance may have been an affluent bliss in the past, but it is national suicide not to be wise.



*Stanley P. Lovell*