

Agency 3-1
Plan 2-1

President's 'by Gollys' Show He Likes Photographers' Work

"They are some darn fine pictures, aren't they?"

This was President Eisenhower's comment as he completed inspection of some 550 pictures in the White House News Photographers' Association's 11th Annual News Photo Exhibit at the Library of Congress yesterday afternoon.

The President spent 45 minutes looking at the pictures and discussing some other exhibits in the library with Acting Librarian Verner W. Clapp.

When he came to the library's exhibit of manuscripts and other items associated with Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Eisenhower turned to reporters accompanying him and remarked, "The turmoils and troubles in his life were terrific."

Mr. Clapp took the President to a balcony overlooking the library's main reading room and there told him something of the library's construction. He remarked that the building was built by the Army engineers and

part of the appropriation for it turned back to the Treasury.

"By golly, I'd like to have those engineers now," the President remarked.

As he looked over the photo exhibit, the President had something to say about many of the individual pictures.

He paused for a moment before a picture made by John R. Horan, of The Star, showing Chief Justice Warren and his wife and daughters attending the inaugural concert last year.

"By golly," the President exclaimed, "Justice Warren's home ought to be popular with the young bucks. Aren't they good looking girls?"

When it came to getting photographs of him looking at the exhibit, Gen. Eisenhower said, "Let's be sure to get this one—it's my favorite," and walked over to stand beside a picture showing his six-year-old grandson (David) bowing as he shook hands with him.

He signed the library's register

THE EVENING STAR, Washington, D. C.
THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1954

A-27

"Dwight David Eisenhower—March 31, 1954," and added this postscript on the line below: "My grandson's sixth birthday."

Another picture of David caught the President's attention. It showed the youngster looking through his fingers at the camera. "Talk about hamming," the President laughed, "that's terrific."

He also showed an interest in pictures reflecting his favorite sports—golf and fishing. One picture showed him netting a large fish on the last day of his vacation in Colorado last year. Gen. Eisenhower said: "That's in Colorado, I think—I can tell by the fish."

He looked at a picture of Sam Snead blasting out of rough at the National Celebrities Golf Tournament and remarked: "That shows how he's really whipped that club through."

The President paused in front of a picture showing Secretary of Defense Wilson during a hearing before the Senate Armed Services Committee. A cigarette drooped from Mr. Wilson's lips

and smoke curled upwards. "He looks like a dissolute character there," said Gen. Eisenhower.

CPYRGHT

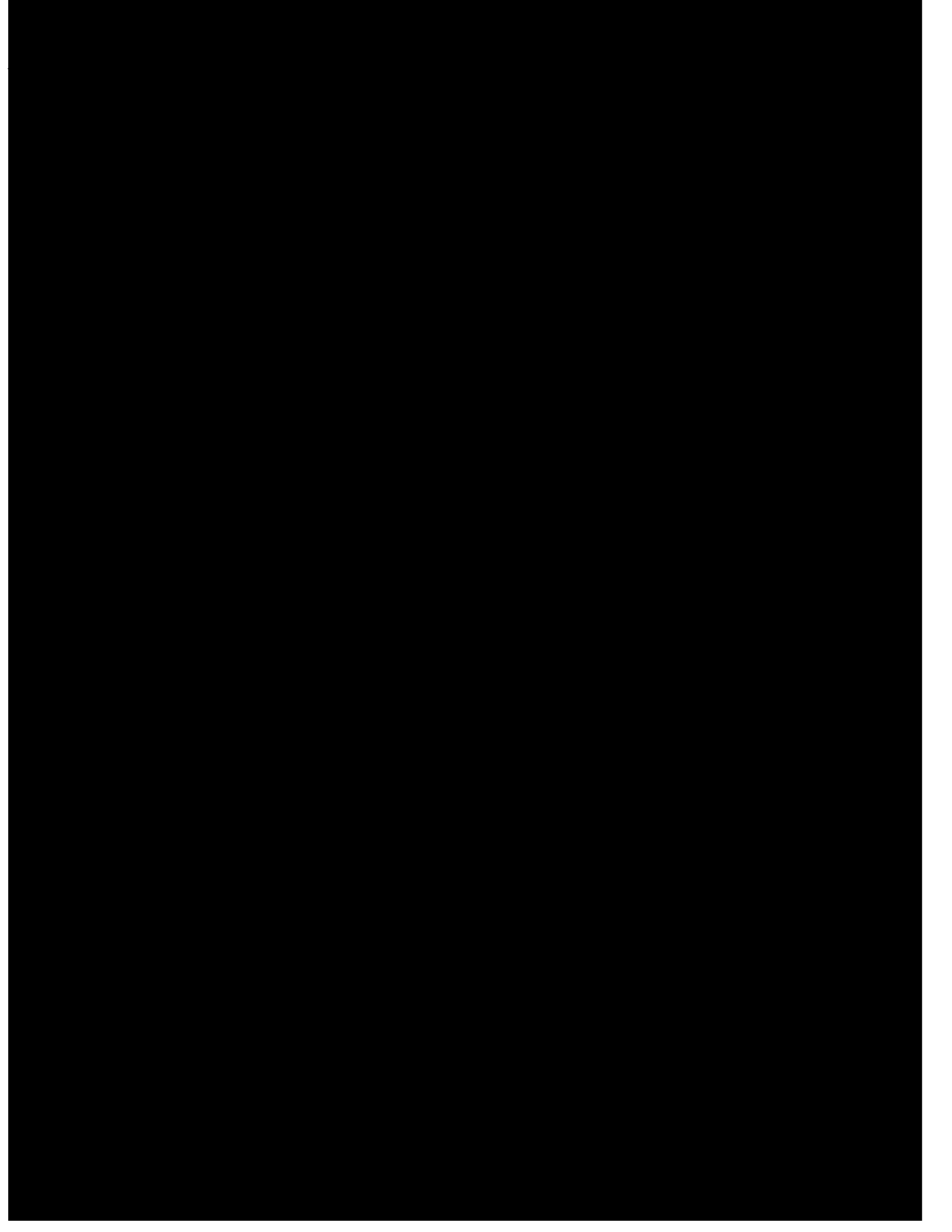
MEMORANDUM FOR: DCI

The President has apparently plagiarized your "by golly" from the U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT interview.

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Noted by DCI
4/3/54 at

2 April 1954
(DATE)





Allen Dulles - America's Master Spy

We've learned, we no longer regard spying "dirty business."

Today, our CIA is beating the Russians at their own game

CPYRGHT

It was March 5th, 1953. In Washington, D. C., top government officials had just received the startling news. Joseph V. Stalin was dead. The White House and the Pentagon were paralyzed. Excited officials asked each other: What does it mean? Would it set off a new Russian revolution? Or would pudgy Malenkov's bombers soon be leveling New York and Detroit?

All eyes turned to Allen Dulles, head of our super-secret Central Intelligence Agency—the man responsible for knowing what is going on behind the Iron Curtain. No one could act without his intelligence report.

It wasn't long in coming. Soon after the first newspaper extras hit the stands, one of our agents left Allen Dulles' private office at CIA headquarters. He clutched a sealed envelope under his arm. A few minutes later he strode past White House guards and was hurriedly ushered into the inner confines of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. He placed the envelope on President Eisenhower's desk.

It was the CIA's top-secret "crash report" on Stalin's death. Included in the portfolio were last minute espionage reports from our undercover agents in Moscow, Prague, Warsaw and East Berlin. Copies of stolen Russian documents, notes on Red Army troop movements, political reports from men close to the Kremlin. It was everything the President had to know.

The vital report was the result of the fantastic CIA coordination. Seconds after the news of Stalin's death flashed on the teletype at CIA headquarters at 2430 E. Street, Allen Dulles sprang into action. Word was sent to hundreds of regular CIA agents and anti-communist spies on our payroll throughout the world. Dulles' orders were blunt and simple: bring in every scrap of information on the strength of the new Communist regime and its war plans.

His orders were immediately transformed into action. In West Berlin, a newly-arrived East German "businessman" cast a nervous glance over his shoulder. He stepped into a phone booth and dialed the number of his American CIA contact—another supposed businessman.

"The machinery is still in the same warehouse," the German said into the phone. The CIA agent understood. It meant that the Russian tank division in the East Berlin suburbs had not been moved since Stalin's death.

In Prague, an important Communist official out for an evening's stroll brushed past one of Dulles' agents. Their hands met for a split second. Safely stowed away in our CIA man's pocket was the latest Kremlin directive to satellite

by Martin L. Gross

leaders. These scenes were repeated across the length and breadth of the Iron Curtain.

In Washington, the lights of the CIA's 34 buildings burned late into the night. Incoming cables from overseas offices were quickly decoded. They told the full story of Soviet armament shipments, purges, morale behind the Iron Curtain, the state of Russian fifth columns, and Red Army troop movements. Usually jovial CIA chief Allen Dulles grimly called a hurried conference with his top aides, including Lieutenant General Harold R. Bull and Professor Sherman Kent of Yale. The last-minute reports from the field were evaluated. They were then compared with background material on Malenkov and the new Soviet leaders.

The result, the CIA emergency "crash report," was finally in the President's hands for action. Allen Dulles—backed up by a fabulous staff and 15 hard-won years of intelligence experience—had assured President Eisenhower that Russia was not ripe for either revolution or an atomic war. Washington breathed easier.

The cloak and dagger CIA is something new in American life. For a long time, "spy" was considered a dirty word in our vocabulary. In fact, back in the 30's, Secretary of State Henry Stimson cut out the super-secret "Black Chamber" division because "gentlemen don't read each other's mail." But the heroic adventures of our undercover OSS agents during World War II taught Washington a lesson.

Today, somewhere between 3,000 and 10,000 American CIA agents, spread out from Germany to Singapore, cajole, buy, and steal information of all kinds for Uncle Sam.

The CIA is a secret agency. It is so secret that less than a dozen men know its budget or how many employees it has. Estimates of its budget (a good clue to CIA strength) vary from \$10,000,000 to \$500,000,000. But only a few carefully chosen Congressmen know the exact figures. CIA funds are cleverly hidden away in the budgets of other government agencies.

Dulles' agents are spotted in some 30 foreign nations, where they pose as "insurance salesmen" or "importers." They operate under dozens of different covers and their true identity is kept secret, even from trusted American officials in the same country.

CIA men never carry important documents. These are sent to Washington by a special top-secret courier service.



Communists claim CIA conspired with Laszlo Rajk (left), Hungary's Foreign Minister, and Rudolf Slansky (right), CPYRGHT

Party head in Czechoslovakia. Both men were executed for treason. Center, trial scene of Rajk and accomplices.

When a CIA agent is hurt in an accident out of town, Allen Dulles quickly whisks him out of local hands. Those who crack under the strain of espionage work are cared for by the CIA's own doctor-agents. In a coma, or under the influence of drugs these men might reveal secret information.

CIA office trash—from Dulles' office down to the lowliest clerks—is shredded and burned daily. The charwomen who clean up are thoroughly screened. Even typewriter ribbons used on secret documents are taken out of the machines and locked up for the night.

Employees of the CIA go through Washington's most severe security check. Out of every 1,000 job applicants, 800 are quickly weeded out. Of the remaining 200, only 90 lucky ones come through after being screened to see if they talk too much, can't carry their liquor, or have relatives behind the Iron Curtain.

Secrecy has been the motto of the CIA ever since it was first organized by President Truman in September, 1947. A CIA official once said: "An intelligence officer who talks about his work ceases to be an intelligence officer." Officially, all the Agency will say about its work is: "The main function of the CIA is to coordinate intelligence activities. . . . CIA's security responsibilities are limited to the area outside the United States and no one connected with the CIA will discuss them in any manner. . . . Employees of the CIA will never tell what their duties are, how they work, with whom they work. They will say they are employed by the CIA, period."

The man who runs this close-mouthed secret agency for America is lanky Allen Welsh Dulles, Washington's official master spy. Not too long ago, Dulles was engineering minor revolutions, outwitting the highly-praised *Gestapo*, and stealing Nazi secrets from under Hitler's nose.

To find out what makes a 20th century master spy click, CAVALIER arranged an interview for me with Mr. Dulles. I met him at CIA Headquarters in Washington, D. C.

The nerve center of the CIA is housed in a cluster of about 10 old buildings on a small hill on the outskirts of Washington. During World War II, it served as OSS headquarters. The entrance to the property is plainly marked "Central Intelligence Agency." The driveway bears uphill then bends right and left up to the Administration Building where Dulles works. I got no further than the lobby. A uniformed guard stopped me. Then a ruddy faced military-looking man suddenly appeared from a little ante room off the lobby and introduced himself, "I'm Colonel Stanley Grogan," he said, "one of Mr. Dulles' assistants."

I was given a preliminary briefing by the Colonel. He warned me not to ask certain questions, and told me to avoid certain topics because of security.

About an hour later, Mr. Dulles arrived back at CIA Headquarters after a mid-day plane trip to New England. I interviewed him in his inner office where he was seated

behind a large desk flanked by flags of the United States and the CIA. He rose to say hello, and for a man who is known to operate on a split second schedule, he seemed completely relaxed as he spoke.

Dulles is a tall, well-built man of about 190 pounds. He looks younger than his 60 years and bears only a slight family resemblance to his famous brother, John Foster Dulles, our Secretary of State.

He wore what is considered an Allen Dulles "uniform"—a tweed suit and a pipe that he kept putting in and taking out of his mouth. With his bristly mustache and bouncy youthful manner he reminds a lot of people of the old Roughrider, Teddy Roosevelt, in his slimmer days. Yet Dulles looks more like a prep school headmaster than the wily master spy history has proven him to be.

In reply to my question, "How good is the CIA?" Dulles bit on his pipe and thought a moment.

"Well, that's a tough one. It's hard to say how good the Central Intelligence Agency is; but I can say that we're always improving. I can't say that I'm satisfied. If I were, it would be time to hang up and quit. In this business, you can never be satisfied that you're doing enough. There's always another idea you haven't thought of."

The next question was a touchy one. "The American people," I said, "have always been afraid that we can't hold a candle to the rest of the world in espionage and intelligence work. Is that true?"

"No, it's not," Dulles said firmly. "Our intelligence work is not inferior to other countries—although we have one great fault. We talk too much for our own good. We're improving all the time," he repeated, "but you see it takes years for a man to learn the very complicated intelligence business. We have ten years experience counting the OSS during World War II. In ten more years, our career men will be that much better."

Next, I asked Dulles about training agents. "Does the CIA have a special school for its agents?"

"Yes," Dulles answered, "but I'm afraid I'm not free to say much more about it." The exact location of the CIA school is secret, but we do know that many of Dulles' agents-in-training spend up to two years learning to speak, read, and write a variety of languages.

"Is the CIA as good as the Russian intelligence network?" I next asked.

The CIA chief pondered this a bit. "Well, let's say that we still don't put as much emphasis on intelligence work as the Communists do."

Mr. Dulles was just being modest, at least if what the Russians say about him is true. According to the Kremlin, the insidious spy work of the "imperialist warmonger" Allen Dulles is threatening the entire Communist world. His agents, they claim, have wormed their way behind the Iron Curtain from East Berlin to Shanghai.

There have been a number of reports tying Allen Dulles'

quarters in Berlin, then destroy all means of communication. Approved For Release 2000/08/03 : CIA-RDP70-00058R000100100047-8

As soon as Hitler was dead, Field Marshal Erwin von Witzleben was to assume control of all German land, sea and air forces. The Replacement Army was to restore order throughout the country. General Kurtzfleisch, Nazi Commanding General of the Berlin Area was to be arrested and replaced by General von Thungen. Lieutenant General Paul von Hase, Commander of Berlin itself, was one of the plotters. Count Wolf von Helldorf, Police Chief of Berlin, was to hold his men ready until the Replacement Army arrived to arrest the chief Nazis and disarm the SS troops.

The conspirators' ace-in-the-hole was to be the age-old blind obedience of the Prussian officer. Sealed orders under the code name "Walkure," had already been sent out to every German command in Europe by the conspirators in Army Headquarters. At the signal that Hitler was dead, orders to open them would follow. The "Walkure" envelope contained detailed instructions of the location of secret Gestapo headquarters and orders that martial law was to be enforced and all Nazis arrested. The plotters had guessed correctly in that no one had opened the "Walkure" envelopes in advance to tip their hand.

Those generals who were irrevocably bound to the plot—Field Marshal Rommel; General Count Heinrich von Stulpnagel, Military Governor of France; General von Falkenhausen, Military Governor of Belgium; and Field Marshal von Kluge, Commander in Chief of the Western front—were to arrest all SS and Gestapo leaders and make preparations to surrender to the Allies.

General Beck was to speak over the official radio station, *Deutschland Sender*, and announce that he was Chief of State. There would be a three day state of emergency, during which the Nazis would be eliminated and a new government formed. The new cabinet would immediately enter into armistice negotiations with the Allies.

In Berne, Dulles anxiously waited for news of Hitler's death. Washington had refused to take the plot seriously. But the OSS Chief knew that if Stauffenberg's bomb were well placed, there would be no need to defeat the Germans in battle.

The night of July 20th, the news hit Switzerland. The plot had failed. Hitler had spoken on the radio.

"An extremely small clique of ambitious, unscrupulous and at the same time foolish, criminally stupid officers hatched a plot to remove me and, together with me, virtually to exterminate the staff of the German High Command," Hitler said. "The bomb that was placed by Colonel Gunt von Stauffenberg exploded seven feet away from me on my right side. It wounded very seriously a number of my dear collaborators. One of them died. I, personally, am entirely unharmed, apart from negligible grazes, bruises, and burns."

Hitler was not telling the truth. Stauffenberg had placed the bomb just



The double-duty couch: a divan by day, and at night, a comfortable guest bed.

YOU CAN BUILD THIS CONVERTIBLE COUCH

If you have space problems in your vacation cottage or in your home, here's an easy-to-build couch, both practical and attractive. In the daytime it serves as a divan; and at night it can be opened up and turned into a comfortable bed.

The dimensions given in the drawings are for the original shown in the photograph above. This is an extra-long unit made to utilize all of the space in one corner of the room.

If you have less room, you can, of course, alter the dimensions to suit whatever space you have available. This particular couch has a sponge rubber mattress. If you prefer a box spring or

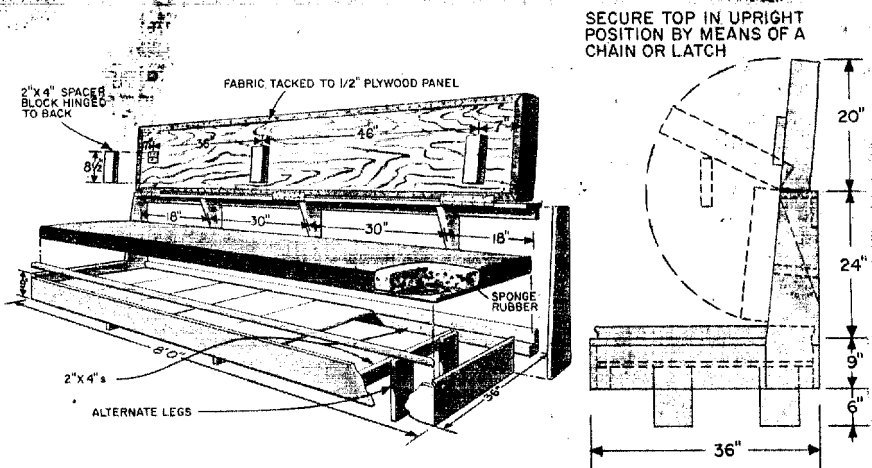
some other arrangement, again, you can alter the dimensions.

The backrest can be padded with either sponge rubber or with cushions, and along with the mattress can be covered with Leatherette or fabric.

You should use 2x4s to make the frame, and standard shelving material for the remainder of the couch.

The 2x4 spacer blocks should be hinged to the back section so they will serve as supports against the wall when the back is lowered into place.

The finished couch can be painted, stained or given a natural finish, depending on the color scheme of the room.—Hi Sibley



a few feet from him, but it had been moved by a crowd of people, striking the briefcase. It ended in front of a thick wooden table leg which acted as a shield. The bomb exploded as planned. Hitler was partially paralyzed on his right side, and four Nazis were killed instantly. But Stauffenberg, who had left the room, thought Hitler was dead. He had one of the plotters call *Wilhelmstrasse*.

Thinking Hitler was dead, the plotters launched the coup. But the Replacement Army was turned back from Berlin by orders countermanning those of the conspirators. Major Remer, head of the battalion sent to arrest Goebbels, was instead put directly on the phone to Hitler in East Prussia. "I'm alive!" Hitler shouted into the phone. He gave the major authority to clean up the revolt. "Shoot as many people as you like," he screamed.

The night of the 20th, the Nazis took their vengeance. Under Scorzeny, the ruthless SS hatchet man, the round-up went on all through the night and into the next morning. Dulles feared for Gisevius, who was in Berlin at the War Ministry during the thick of the ill-fated plan.

Dulles gambled that Gisevius had survived the *Gestapo* terror of the 20th and 21st and was hiding somewhere in Germany. He circulated a rumor that Gisevius had made his way back to Switzerland. The *Gestapo* swallowed it and combed that country up and down. But of course, they never found Gisevius.

In August, Gisevius smuggled out word to Dulles with the address of his hiding place in Berlin. He was one of the few who had escaped capture and execution. Dulles was overjoyed. He was determined to rescue his friend.

His plan was daring, but if it could be pulled off, it would cut the vaunted *Gestapo* down to size. "Himmler's secret police and intelligence service," Dulles maintained, "are reckless and cruel, but they are neither very skilled nor really subtle." Here was a chance to prove it.

What was the best way of eluding the *Gestapo*? Why not, Dulles decided, make Gisevius one of them? Gisevius knew *Gestapo* mannerisms and techniques. With the right set of papers he might make it to Switzerland.

Dulles' plan took shape. Gisevius was to become "Dr. Hoffmann," a high-ranking functionary of the *Gestapo* on a special mission to Switzerland. They would need one of the thick metal badges carried by important *Gestapo* officials, and a special *Gestapo* passport with Gisevius' own picture. As an added touch, Dulles decided they would forge a letter from the main *Gestapo* Headquarters instructing all officials of the Nazi Party to assist "Dr. Hoffmann."

Fortunately, the *Gestapo* had not uncovered every anti-Nazi conspirator. Dulles made contact with one of Gisevius' friends in the German Embassy in Berne who supplied him with copies of various *Gestapo* passports and official documents. But Dulles had no picture of Gisevius. As it turned out, neither did the *Gestapo*. Gisevius had skillfully removed all his photographs from all Nazi files.

After a while though, the *Gestapo* searched for Gisevius, but almost as soon as they found it, it somehow disappeared from their files and ended up in Dulles' office.

The material to be copied had finally been assembled. Immediately it was flown to the London OSS office where skilled printers worked furiously to forge the escape documents and *Gestapo* badge. By October, the papers were ready.

All Dulles needed was a courier to take it through hundreds of miles of Nazi territory into Berlin. Again, Dulles thought, we'll use one of them.

Dulles spread the word through some German contacts. An old anti-Nazi friend of Gisevius, Henry Goverts, a Hamburg publisher and liaison officer for the *Abwehr*, volunteered for the job. He was to meet an OSS messenger at Constance, on the German-Swiss border where he would pick up the forged *Gestapo* papers.

Twice, he came to Constance and missed the OSS messenger. But finally, on the third try, the dangerous papers were transferred to Goverts.

A few days later, the door bell rang in Gisevius' flat. But when he answered, he saw no one. A blacked-out car was just pulling away from the curb. Then he noticed a bulky package had been put in his mailbox. It was Allen Dulles' package from Switzerland—his *Gestapo* badge, passport, and official letter.

On January 23, 1945, at 6 a.m., a disheveled giant of a man wearing a light spring coat, torn and badly in need of a pressing, stood at the customs gate at Kreuzlingen on the German-Swiss border. The guard and the customs official stared at this strange "Dr. Hoffmann" who was on a secret mission for the *Gestapo*. His appearance didn't inspire confidence. Gisevius' body froze with fear as his papers were inspected. He tried to keep the outward calm of a self-assured SS chief. "Ach, these mad *Gestapo* bigshots wear the strangest costumes," the petty official muttered. They opened the gate. "Dr. Hoffmann" gave the Nazi salute and passed into free Switzerland.

Dulles' coup in rescuing Gisevius, who incidentally now lives in America, earned him the applause of intelligence agents throughout Europe. But it was just one of the many brilliant jobs he engineered from Switzerland.

During the summer of 1943, bits of information about "strange structures" the Nazis were building on the Baltic coast near Peenemunde started filtering into his office. Dulles followed up the leads, and when he was sure something important was going on, he asked the Air Force to make a photo reconnaissance flight. The developed pictures showed the "strange structures" to be launching sites for the new V-rocket. Peenemunde was the hidden research center for the program.

Armed with Dulles' intelligence, a heavy air strike was called on Peenemunde. The rocket sites were damaged and the program that almost won the war for Hitler was set back six months.

The OSS usually had to work hard for whatever intelligence it bought or stole.

But one day the best source of information in America had during World War II just walked into Dulles' office.

It was August 23, 1943. Dulles was working in his upstairs office in the American Legation annex in Berne when one of his lieutenants walked in. There was a Dr. O., a tall Prussian-like German with crew-cut grey hair downstairs, and he wanted to see Mr. Dulles. "And here," the lieutenant said as he placed three documents before Dulles. "He brought these with him."

Dulles studied the papers. They were headed "Geheime Reich Sache"—Secret State Document. They were all addressed to Joachim von Ribbentrop, Foreign Minister of Germany. Each of them was from a different German ambassador.

Dr. O. told him the rest of the incredible tale. "These are not the only papers," the Doctor said. "I am merely an intermediary. The man who brought them is here now in Berne as a special courier to the German Embassy. Actually, though, he is a trusted employee at the *Auswaertiges Amt*—the Foreign Ministry. He has much more important information, but he wants to meet Mr. Dulles personally."

This is preposterous, Dulles said to himself. Intelligence work wasn't that easy. Perhaps, Dulles thought, this is a trap—a German plan to break our code by intercepting the message as it is sent to Washington. Or perhaps Dr. O. was a member of the Swiss Police. Espionage was illegal in Switzerland, and this could be a trap. It was a gamble. Dulles thought, but one that had to be taken.

An appointment was made to meet at Dulles' assistant's apartment in the *Kirchenfeld* district at midnight. There was little time lost on formality. The courier took a large brown envelope out of his pocket. The flap was open. On it was a swastika seal in dark red wax.

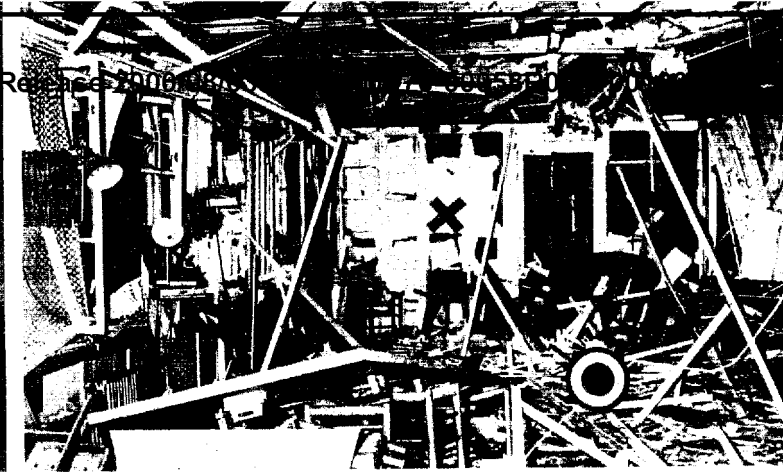
"I think you will find exactly 186 items of important information in the envelope." He spoke in German. "This is the additional material Doctor O. spoke of. It is not all. I am prepared to bring more information whenever possible."

Dulles and his assistant stared at the courier, incredulous.

"I have no doubt you are wondering about my authenticity. I anticipated that. You see, all these papers have come across my desk in the Foreign Ministry where I am the assistant to Herr Ritter. My job is to sift the paper work and bring only the important matters to his attention."

Dulles studied a few of the secret Ribbentrop papers. There was a revealing report on German troop morale on the western front, a detailed inventory of sabotage done by the French underground, a memo of the conversation between Ribbentrop and the Japanese Ambassador. Dulles was sure he had struck a gold mine.

Dr. O. told Dulles how he had first approached the British. The British were interested, but when he told them the courier wanted no money, they laughed. They asked if it was a joke. If so, it was not a very funny one.



As European OSS Chief, Dulles helped plot attempted bomb assassination of Hitler (center). Gen. Ludwig Beck (left),

was to take over German government. Dulles smuggled his chief contact man, Bernd Gisevius (right), out of Germany.

CPYRGHT

CPYRGHT

CIA in with espionage and sabotage behind the Iron Curtain. Our agents have supposedly been thoroughly trained to use such innovations as plastic explosives that are put on a building as easily as chewing gum, and microfilm that will hide a complete four-page document under a postage stamp.

But this is only penny-ante stuff, the Communists say. According to them, Allen Dulles has been using American cash and a tremendous network of "spies, informers, 'kulaks,' reactionaries, fascists, and Wall Street stooges" to foment revolution behind the Iron Curtain.

Using a plan masterminded by Allen Dulles, the Reds say, CIA agents behind the Iron Curtain are cutting communication wires, slowing down factory production, disrupting civilian morale, and worst of all, plotting with disgruntled Communist satellite bosses to overthrow Russia's puppet governments in Eastern Europe.

This is one Communist claim that doesn't sound like a Vishinsky fairy tale. The Reds connect Allen Dulles with every Eastern European leader who has gone to the gallows for "cooperating with the imperialist west." His name has become a curse word in the hallways of the MVD secret police in Moscow.

The Dulles plan against Russia, according to the Communist New York *Daily Worker*, is officially called "Project X." One of Dulles' boldest schemes—a daring plot to overthrow the Hungarian Communist government of Premier Rakosi—was recently described in detail in a series of articles in the *Daily Worker* and called "Espionage, Inc." It was also discussed in detail in a British Communist pamphlet, "Cloak and Dollar War."

Allen Dulles set the fantastic scheme into operation back in 1944, when he was still in the OSS, the Communists claim. Dulles was worried that Eastern Europe would be gobbled up by the Reds. He made contact with six important Hungarian refugees in Switzerland. One of them was Dr. Tibor Szonyi, a prominent pre-war politician.

The refugees returned to Hungary right after the war. Under orders from Dulles, the Kremlin says, Szonyi and his friends, now agents of America, became active members of the Communist Party. Szonyi rose to the strategic position of Personnel Chief of the Communist Party. After a few years, Laszlo Rajk, the powerful secretary of the Hungarian Party, was brought into the conspiracy. He was to become head of the government after Rakosi was kicked out by their revolution.

In time, the CIA reportedly took over activities of the OSS. According to the Communists, our CIA contact man was Lieutenant Colonel Kopscak, the American military attache in Budapest. He was later kicked out of Hungary by the Communists. They claimed he had photographed secret military installations on the Hungarian-Yugoslav border and had worked with 40 anti-Communist collaborators.

[Continued on page 44]



Gen. Karl Wolff, World War II Nazi Chief of SS in Italy, arranged with Dulles the surrender of 600,000 troops.



APPROVED FOR RELEASE 2000/08/03 : CIA-RDP70-00058R000100400047-8 ALLEN DULLES—AMERICA'S MASTER SPY

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Continued from page 25

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By 1949, the plotters were ready to make their move. Dulles supposedly helped plan the details. The plot was bold but simple. Gyorgy Palfy, a pre-war Hungarian officer and one of the conspirators, was named head of the entire Hungarian Army. Rajk helped engineer the appointment. His job was to organize a Hungarian People's Army battalion equipped with all the heavy weapons allowed Hungary by the Allies. At the right time, his battalion was to take over all important government offices.

The date for the coup was set for early June, 1949, but the Hungarian Secret Police got wind of it and swooped down on Rajk and the other conspirators. The plot was killed. At the purge trials, Rajk, Szonyi, and the others gave detailed "confessions" of their collaboration with Allen Dulles.

Dulles, the Communists complain, has also been using every trick of modern psychological warfare in his campaign against the Kremlin. One morning, Hungarians reading their newspaper found a full-page insert that didn't read much like the rest of the official party organ. It was a fervent plea calling on the United Nations to deliver Hungary "from the boot of our Russian overlords."

One CIA plot to breed revolution behind the Iron Curtain is still going strong, the Communists say. We are supposedly right in the midst of a plan to overthrow the Hodza regime in Albania.

According to Albanian reports, dozens of Dulles' agents, armed and equipped with short-wave transmitters, have been smuggled into the country by land, sea, and air. With local anti-communist help, these "agents" are supposedly staging guerilla raids, sabotaging Red military projects and organizing a pro-western underground.

Dulles and the CIA have gotten feature billing at the biggest purge trials behind the Iron Curtain—Kochi Xoxe in Albania, Kostov in Bulgaria, Gomulka in Poland, and Slansky in Czechoslovakia.

At the Slansky trial, the Kremlin claimed that Dulles had plotted with the former Communist leader to overthrow the government. But when the plot looked doomed, the Reds say, our secret CIA headquarters in Frankfurt, West Germany, made arrangements with Slansky to smuggle him out of the country. The CIA had secretly delivered a letter to Slansky, outlining the escape route. Further messages were to be sent to him in code over Radio Free Europe. But Slansky never got out alive. The Secret Police arrested him before the CIA plan could be put into effect.

At Slansky's trial, the Communists also claim that Czech agents on the CIA payroll are recruited from refugee organizations throughout Western Europe and

financed by a secret \$75,000,000 fund for "Project X," controlled by Allen Dulles.

One million dollars of this CIA "revolution fund," the *Daily Worker* claims, was recently handed over to W.I.N., a group of Polish underground fighters ranking with the best behind the Iron Curtain.

Communist complaints like these fill the pages of Pravda and the satellite press. In fact, Allen Dulles' name is probably better known behind the Iron Curtain than here in America.

Dulles came to the CIA with a list of espionage credits that makes the Communist claims about him sound tame.

Born in 1893, he was one of five children of a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Allen Macy Dulles. His grandfather, John Watson Foster, was Secretary of State under Benjamin Harrison and his uncle, Robert Lansing was to become Secretary of State under Wilson.

By the time he was 23, Dulles had an M.A. from Princeton and one year's teaching experience in Allahabad Christian College in India under his belt. Then in 1916 he joined the State Department's Foreign Service and was assigned to Vienna, the seat of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When America entered the war against Austria in 1917, Dulles was quickly whisked out of enemy territory and sent to neutral Switzerland. It was there that he first wet his toes in the queasy business of "intelligence."

Dulles' appetite for secret intelligence work was whetted. But it wasn't until World War II and the OSS, after spending 15 of the 20 intervening years as a Wall Street lawyer, that he developed his masterful talent for espionage.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt formed the OSS, an undercover agency that was to handle jobs we couldn't assign to either Army or Navy G-2. Brigadier General "Wild Bill" Donovan was named to head the new organization. He grabbed Allen Dulles out of law practice and made him one of his top assistants.

Dulles was first sent to Bolivia where he kicked the Nazis out of the airlines business. Then in November 1942, he was dispatched to Switzerland, nominally as the Special Assistant to the U. S. Minister at Berne, but actually as European Chief of the OSS.

Dulles began operations on the *Herengasse*, a street in Berne, with only vague instructions from Washington. But before long he turned his OSS Bureau into a center for all kinds of political refugees from Hitler.

Dulles soon got his first important assignment. He was to contact the anti-Nazi underground in Germany. He made discreet inquiries among German refugees. One of the clues led to the German un-

derground leader in Switzerland—but strangely enough his address was that of the German Consul General's office in Zürich. The contact man was Hans Bernd Gisevius, German Vice-Consul and actually a member of the *Abwehr*, the secret Nazi intelligence organization.

Gisevius, who hated Hitler, had been assigned to Switzerland by General Oster, the deputy leader of the *Abwehr*. Oster was one of the heads of the anti-Nazi conspiracy in Germany. Gisevius was to contact Dulles and through him seek American help in a plot to kill Hitler.

The plot was no idle dream. The underground leaders, Gisevius told Dulles, included Colonel General Ludwig Beck, former Chief of Staff of the *Wehrmacht*, Admiral Canaris and General Oster of the *Abwehr*, General Halder, Count Helldorf, Chief of the Berlin Police, and dozens of high-ranking officers of the *Wehrmacht*.

Gisevius asked Dulles' help. Could he get a promise from Washington that they would welcome a new anti-Nazi government should their Hitler coup succeed?

Dulles sent a number of coded telegrams to Washington stressing the urgency of the plot. Then one day in February, 1943, Gisevius made contact and suggested another meeting.

"We have to stop seeing each other immediately," he told Dulles. "The Nazis have broken your code."

To prove his point, Gisevius reached into his pocket and from a small notebook he read a digest of several messages Dulles had recently sent to Washington. He had seen the decoded telegrams in the Berlin office of the *Abwehr*.

Dulles listened, then assured Gisevius that "Breakers"—as he called the anti-Hitler plot—was still intact. He had used another code to transmit the secret information about the conspiracy.

In April, 1944, in the hope of arousing Washington's enthusiasm for the plot against Hitler, Dulles wired a summary of the conspirators' position. But Washington made no promises to "Breakers." For weeks the Germans broke off relations with Dulles after hearing the discouraging news from Washington. But then on July 12, 1944, Gisevius was ordered to Berlin. The conspiracy was going ahead without Washington. The date of the coup had been set for July 20th. Hitler was to be assassinated in his East Prussian headquarters by one of his trusted aides, Colonel Count Claus von Stauffenberg, the one-armed Chief of Staff of the Germany Replacement Army.

Dulles learned the news from Gisevius. He wired Washington the details. The plot was amazingly simple. Colonel Stauffenberg was to report to Hitler's secret headquarters on July 20th. But instead of staff plans, his briefcase would hold a new British-designed bomb to be detonated by acid eating through a release wire. Stauffenberg was to place the loaded briefcase near Hitler at the conference table, and then leave the room on some pretext. The second the bomb exploded, General Erich Fellgiebel, Chief of the German Army Signal Corps, was to call the plotters at *Wehrmacht* Head-

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The man from the *Auswaertiges Amt* was accepted by Dulles and given the code name "Wood." Wood was born, as General Eisenhower later said, one of the Allies' most valuable informants.

During the next two years, "Wood" made five trips from Berlin to Berne, often at the risk of his life. In all, he delivered to Dulles 2,600 documents.

Through "Wood," Dulles learned of the secret radio in the German Embassy in Dublin that was directing Nazi U-boats; of the Laval plan for the arrest and possible execution of relatives of soldiers who joined General deGaulle. It was "Wood" who discovered the identity of Cicero Diellio, the Nazi spy who was a butler in the home of the British Ambassador to Turkey—and later became the subject of the film *Five Fingers*.

One of "Wood's" most important bits of information was a message from the German Embassy in Buenos Aires. It reported the impending departure of a large American convoy from an Atlantic port. But as soon as Washington received the news from Dulles, the shipping date was changed. A number of U-boats were highly disappointed.

Dulles' cables to Washington became highly-awaited events. The German courier received no money, or medals for his heroic work. All he had was Dulles' assurances that the free world would never forget his contribution.

By February, 1945, the Allies had recaptured most of Western Europe and were pushing their way into Germany. Dulles had done an ingenious job of intelligence, and his work seemed behind him. But one day he received a visit from Major Max Weibel, Intelligence Officer of the Swiss General Staff.

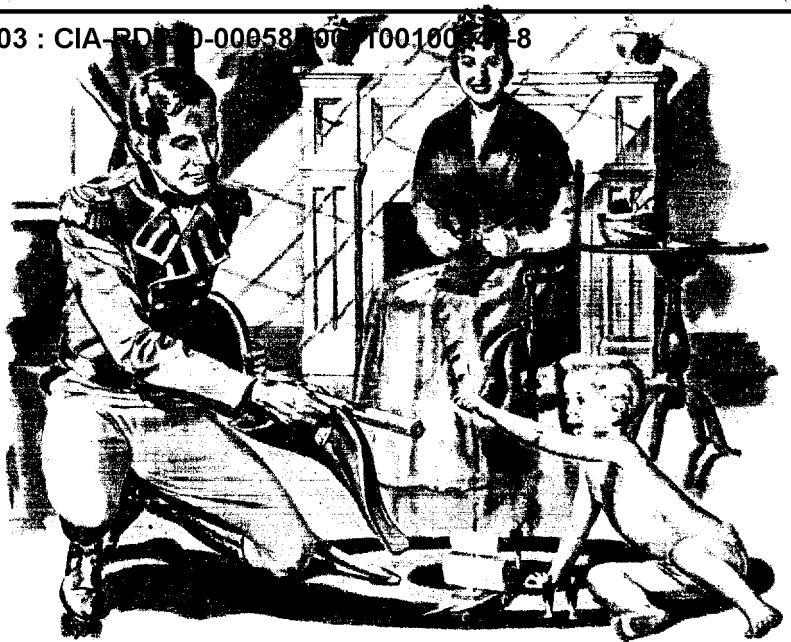
He had come on behalf of SS General Karl Wolff, *Gestapo* Chief of all Italy.

Wolff's proposition, as relayed by Weibel, was startling. Both he and Field Marshal Kesselring, as Commanders of the SS and *IVehrmacht* armies in Italy, were willing to negotiate with the Allies to surrender 600,000 German troops then in Northern Italy. The surrender had nothing to do with Hitler and would be accomplished without his blessings.

Wolff wanted to arrange a meeting with Dulles in Switzerland to discuss the surrender.

Dulles' first reaction to the fantastic offer was one of skepticism. He told Major Weibel he would think about it, but could do nothing at the present time. But as the days went by and the Allies pushed forward, Dulles reconsidered. He had read OSS reports on the increasing defeatist attitude among the German officer ranks. Kesselring's reported agreement to Wolff's plan made it sound more authentic. Dulles decided it was too good an opportunity to pass up. He contacted Weibel and said he would agree to meet with one of General Wolff's personal representatives.

Late in February of 1945 General Wolff sent an SS officer, Dollman, to see Dulles; but Dulles decided to have an assistant handle this stage of the talks.



THE OFFICER WORE DIAPERS

There's a chance that Samuel Barron may have hitched up his diapers and flashed a proud smile as his famous uncle, James Barron, cooed into his ear, "You are now a midshipman."

That is, if he knew what "midshipman" meant. For Samuel Barron was just a frail three-year-four-month-old kid when he was advised of his United States midshipman rank. Ever since that date, April 11, 1812, Samuel Barron has kept his name in the naval record books as the U. S. Navy's youngest officer.

Among the outstanding beginners young Samuel bettered in this age—or lack of it—contest were David G. Farragut, hero of Mobile Bay and "Damn the torpedoes" fame who entered service at 9½ years, Duncan N. Ingraham, who risked war with Austria by rescuing an American citizen from an Austrian brig and who had more courage at the age of nine when he entered the Navy than many men have at 30. The closest competitor to Samuel's title of youngest naval officer in American history was Louis M. Goldsborough, who hooked up with the Navy at the ripe old age of seven years 10 months.

Although he threw considerable weight around his uncle's home, little Samuel Barron had nothing to do with his acquisition of a midshipman rank along with half pay and allowances. It seems that the Barron family was always represented in the U. S. Navy. The procession of naval Barrons got a severe jolt when the famed James Barron was suspended because of his part in the Chesapeake-Leopard affair in which the British frigate *Leopard* made a surprise attack on Uncle James' frigate, the *Chesapeake*.

The strict court-martial suspended the veteran James Barron for five years. Baby Samuel Barron had been born on November 28, 1808, and was only two years old when his father died from "Asiatic fever." He was then adopted by James

With the stigma of suspension hanging over the Barron family head, someone still unknown to history got a brilliant idea and wangled a midshipman's warrant for young Samuel. Some fast maneuvering brought baby Samuel his rank and his first pay check when he was barely able to stand. But even as a midshipman he probably fared worse than many kids today. He was able to receive half of the regular midshipman's pay of \$19 a month plus two rations. No doubt also pleasing to the young Samuel was the fact that a few cents were put away for him in place of the grog that was given to sailors in those days.

At the grizzly age of eight he was ordered to report to the Norfolk Navy Yard. Some strict training followed and then in 1820 the youngster was ordered aboard his first ship, the U.S.S. *Columbus*.

By the time Samuel had reached 14 years of age, he was busily engaged in fighting pirates and knew ship life backwards. He even was aboard a ship which escorted *Lafayette* back to France.

After 15 years' service as a midshipman, Samuel was rewarded with a lieutenant's rank. The now able officer took over the command of several warships.

By 1861 the remarks about "the officer in diapers" had completely disappeared. In that year Samuel was made a captain. Then shortly after that he resigned from the U. S. Navy to take command of the Virginia Navy. He was captured by the Union forces but later was paroled and exchanged on the prisoner list. Back with the Confederate naval forces he closed his career as a flag officer in Europe. When the war ended, he retired to Virginia.

Samuel Barron, the "diaper midshipman," died at the ripe old age of 79 years. It seems very doubtful that his record as the U. S. Navy's youngest officer will ever be duplicated.—Henry E. Unger

The Nazi Storm Trooper and the American OSS agent met in a private room at a hotel in Locarno, Switzerland.

"As a sign of his good faith," Dollman said, "General Wolff is prepared to free two of our most important Italian partisan prisoners, Professor Ferruccio Parri, the partisan chief in Northern Italy and Major Usniani, one of your collaborators."

The two men worked out the details for a meeting between Dulles and General Wolff. The date was set for March 8, 1945.

"Both Kesselring and I wish to quit this useless war so that we can avoid further bloodshed and destruction in Italy," the Nazi General told Dulles. "Hitler has ordered a scorched earth destruction of Northern Italy when we retreat. I wish to avoid this at all cost. I am therefore prepared to discuss surrender of our armies in Italy."

To show his sincerity, Wolff swore that he would deliver several hundred Jewish prisoners as soon as the surrender was signed. He would be personally responsible for the 350 American and British POW's under his control. He also guaranteed that the important ports of Genoa and Trieste would be delivered intact.

Dulles listened carefully to Wolff's proposal. He felt certain that he was telling the truth. At this late date, the Gestapo had nothing to gain by such tactics. It was obviously a legitimate bid to surrender. If it could be worked out, it would save thousands of American lives.

Wolff departed with Dulles' promise to contact Allied HQ at Caserta to arrange another meeting.

On March 13th, things started moving quickly in "Operation Sunrise Crossword," as Dulles had dubbed it. Two "sergeants" from Allied headquarters, Nicholson and McNeely, arrived in Berne that day. They went directly to Dulles on the *Herrengasse*. For six days, the two men lived there behind drawn shades, the reason for the security was obvious. The two "sergeants" were really U. S. Major General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, Assistant Chief of Staff at Caserta, and British Major General Terence S. Airey, the Combined Command's Intelligence Chief. They were to meet with Dulles and Wolff on March 19th to arrange the surrender.

On the 19th, the German and American delegation met near Locarno in two villas borrowed for the occasion. The American villa had a secret radio that kept Dulles in constant touch with our headquarters.

The meeting went off fine so far as details were concerned. But a major hitch had come up since the last meeting. Kesselring had been transferred from Italy and replaced by Colonel General Heinrich von Vietinghoff, who was not yet sold on unconditional surrender. Nothing could be done until Vietinghoff agreed.

Meanwhile our Army's advance was cutting the line of communication be-

tween Dulles and Wolff. Before the meeting broke up, Dulles suggested a compromise: Would you like to have your own radio operators along with Wolff? He could then radio Dulles in a secret American code. Little Wally, a Czech refugee, got the perilous job and he was installed behind the enemy lines in SS Lieutenant Zimmer's Milan apartment overlooking Mussolini's secret hideout.

Dulles and Wolff kept in constant touch, but Vietinghoff had not yet changed his mind. To help persuade him, Nazi General Wolff asked Little Wally to radio Allied Headquarters and ask for a slight "touch-up" bombing raid on Vietinghoff's headquarters. Wally was also kept busy directing Allied aircraft to likely targets in the area.

Nothing much happened for almost a month. Then on April 21, Allied Headquarters abruptly told Dulles to cut off his talks with the Germans. Dulles wasn't told, but Stalin had become distrustful of our OSS chief. Stalin had written both Churchill and Roosevelt spouting fire because he was sure Dulles was negotiating a separate peace with Germany. President Roosevelt assured Stalin that the plan was purely a military surrender. A Soviet representative would be invited, should anything concrete develop.

Finally, on April 24, 1945, Little Wally sent news that Vietinghoff had agreed. Wolff and his aides met Dulles in Switzerland. They waited for news from Allied HQ in Caserta. By April 27, the Russian fears had obviously been soothed for headquarters gave permission for the surrender. Wolff's two representatives were flown to Caserta where the documents were signed on April 29th. A few days later, on May 2, 1945—five days before Germany capitulated—the 600,000 Nazi soldiers in Italy laid down their guns.

Without so much as firing a single shot, Allen Dulles had delivered a German Army.

When the war ended, Dulles moved to Germany as head of our OSS mission there, then went back into private law practice for a few years. But in January, 1951, he answered a call from the CIA. By August of that same year he was named the Agency's Deputy Director. In February, 1953, he was placed in charge of the entire organization.

When President Truman set up the CIA in 1947, it was according to the recommendations of a three man committee, one of whom was Allen Welsh Dulles. The organization was put in charge of all undercover work previously handled by Army, Navy, and Air Force G-2 sections.

Whenever called to, the CIA makes its important "crash reports" to the President and the National Security Council. These National Estimates contain not only information secured by espionage, but a round-up of intelligence obtained by analysis of foreign newspapers, magazines, and radio broadcasts.

Once a week, the day before the National Security Council meeting at the White House, Dulles meets with the Intelligence Chiefs of the FBI, State De-

partment, Atomic Energy Commission, and the Armed Services, to be sure all information available has been properly coordinated for the President. The following day Dulles makes his weekly report at the National Security Council meeting.

Assisting Allen Dulles in running the CIA is Lieutenant General Charles Pearce Cabell, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence and former Director of Intelligence for the Air Force. Robert Amory, Jr., a 38-year-old former Professor of Law at Harvard, is in charge of the vital Intelligence Division.

The CIA has a reputation for employing more super-civil servants (\$12,000-\$14,000) than any other bureau in Washington. The Agency's hush-hush policy keeps the public from learning much about its work. But occasionally something happens that brings the CIA to our attention.

Not long ago, for example, CIA agents in Germany saved America a great deal of embarrassment. A Soviet Guards Officer, Red Army Lieut. Colonel J. D. Tassoyev, crossed the Iron Curtain and approached American agents, saying he wanted to desert the Russian Army. He loved democracy, and had lots of secrets to tell. He was a real find for an intelligence agent, but something smelled wrong to the sensitive nose of the CIA. The orders were "Hands off."

The British, however, were more gullible. They flew Tassoyev to London in Montgomery's personal plane and set him up in a fancy West Kensington flat complete with blond female agent Betty Wiggin. But instead of talking, the Red Army "deserter" asked questions. What was the route other deserters had taken? How did Allied Intelligence learn so much about Russia? The Tommies soon learned that they had been taken. The not-so-clever MVD Colonel was promptly flown back behind the Curtain.

Another time, the CIA showed a curious American general the extent of the Agency's knowledge. A high-ranking Air Force official asked how much help the Agency could give him in determining bomb targets in a certain "Country X," a potential enemy. In five minutes, CIA officials produced complete dossiers of every significant target in the nation, several thousand in all. The general was deeply impressed.

Actually, things haven't changed too much since Dulles' eventful years on the *Herrengasse*. Today, Dulles' office is at 2430 E. Street, Washington, instead of Berne, Switzerland. The aggressor is the Soviet Union instead of Nazi Germany. But the work of masterminding an intricate espionage and intelligence network for the United States is old hat to the master spy with the innocent air.

Should we ever doubt it, we have only to listen to the cackling criticism of Dulles offered by Ilya Ehrenburg, the Kremlin's best propagandist:

"Even if the spy Allen Dulles should arrive in heaven through somebody's absent-mindedness, he would begin to blow up the clouds, mine the stars, and slaughter the angels." •