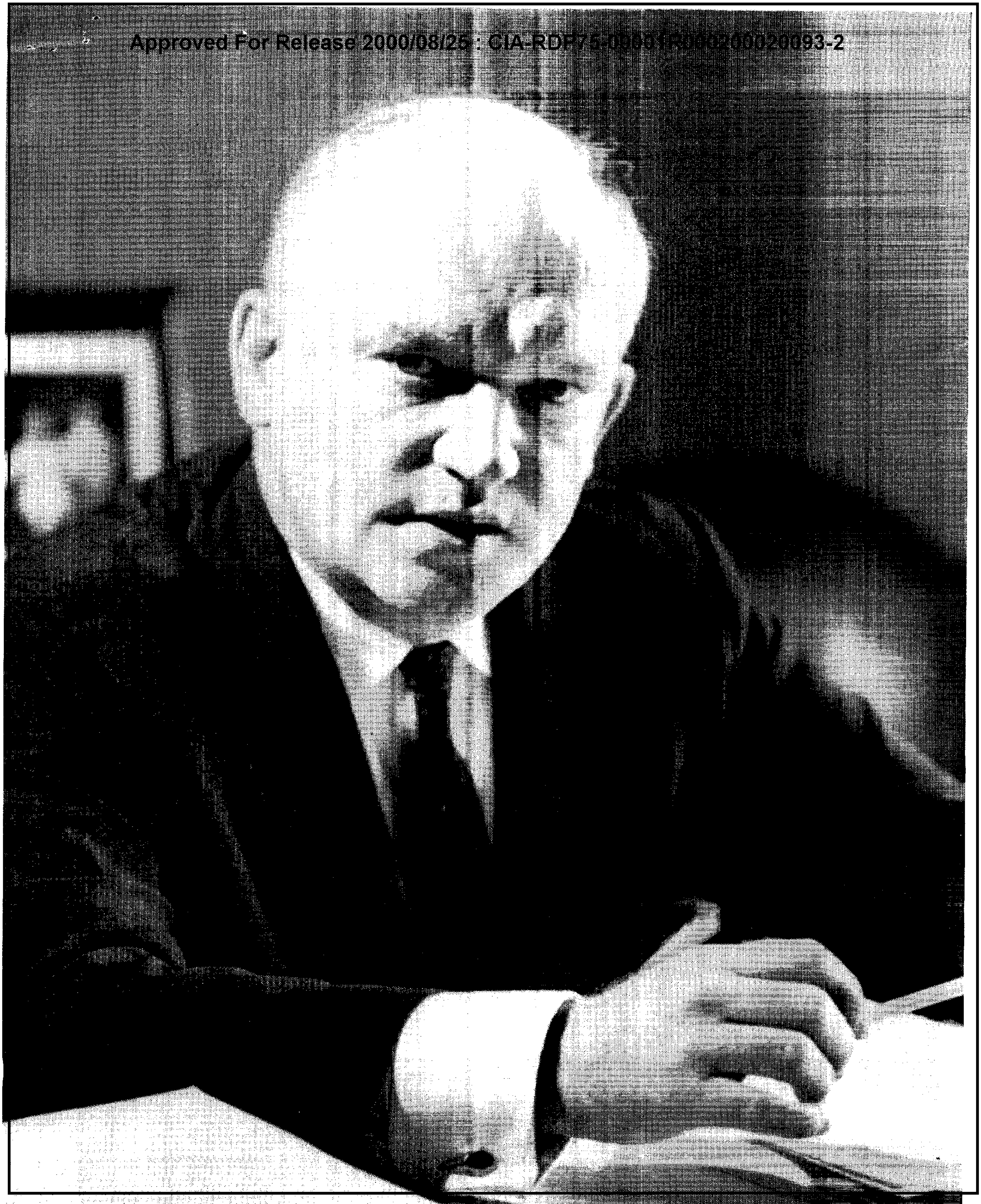

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Pers 2 J B DONOVAN

x Dec 1 Abel
x Ag 2 U-2

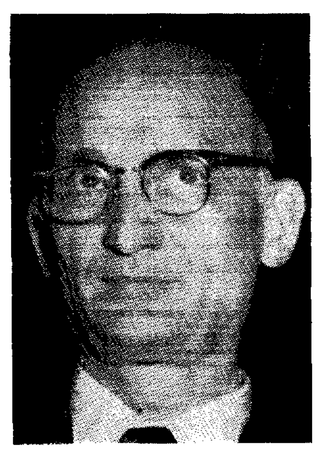
THE LAWYER WHO HORSE-TRADED THE RUSSIANS

Attempts to negotiate the Powers-Abel swap had ground to a halt when this gun-toting lawyer took over. Working in strict secrecy, he not only talked the Russians out of Powers, but got another American as well. He could teach our State Department some lessons

By JIMMY BRESLIN

The 2 for 1 Swap:

When Donovan took over, the Reds would not even agree to swap U-2 Pilot Powers (top) for Soviet spy Abel (below). Amid State Department protests, Donovan black-jacked Russians into throwing in Frederic L. Pryor (center) as well.



NEW YORK, N. Y.

■ James B. Donovan is only 46, and he has already lived a couple of lives. You would not think it is this way if you see him around William Street in New York City, which is where he works at law. William Street is in the financial district and nothing happens there except business. The people who conduct this business all seem to be the same, too. They wear suits with vests and they eat lunch at places like Whyte's or some private club and their interests are the Stock Market and the country club and the prep schools their kids go to. Donovan is a big success on William Street; he could be the highest paid legal mind in the country. And when he steps out of his building at night, the chauffeur is at the curb and he has the car door open. But all of this is only a part of it with Jim Donovan. He is a man who comes different. Lawyers and business people don't do the things he does. Go back to last February 10th and you can see that.

It was a little after 3 o'clock in the morning in New York City and nothing was happening. The morning papers had gone in with their final editions an hour earlier. The television stations were off the air. In the main offices of the two wire services, the United Press International and the Associated Press, a man would be sitting here and there amidst empty, paper-cluttered desks, fussing with copy that was going to go out over the wire slugged "For Sunday AM's." Small lobster shifts in the three afternoon papers were quietly putting out thin Saturday editions.

It was pretty much like this all over the country. The best story around

Donovan also negotiated for return of third American, Marvin Makinen.

THE LAWYER WHO HORSE-TRADED THE RUSSIANS

was about George Romney, an auto executive, who had announced he was going to run for governor of Michigan. A couple of the cat-house gossip columns carried a note about some singer who seemed to be having trouble with his wife in Rome. Otherwise, there was nothing. It was the start of a cold, dead winter Saturday. Then at 3:15, Jim Donovan turned the night upside down.

Bells on the wire service machines started to ring and the copy began to move as fast as it could be put together. The White House was announcing that the Russians had just returned Americans Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot, and Frederic L. Pryor, a student they had been holding, in exchange for Col. Rudolf Abel, the Soviet spy who had been serving a 30-year sentence in the Atlanta Penitentiary. The exchange had been engineered by James B. Donovan, the New York lawyer who had defended Colonel Abel as a public service in his espionage trial in 1957. Donovan, operating under strict secrecy, had been bargaining with the Russians in East Berlin for the past eight days. He now was boarding a plane with U-2 Pilot Powers and would bring him back home to the United States.

It was, if you were sitting in an office that had been quiet and now was alive with this copy, almost unbelievable. It was the damnedest story of foreign intrigue and espionage ever put together. You couldn't get the Russians to agree on what to have for lunch, but here they had entered into a deal which produced one of the biggest moments in the 16-year history of the cold war. It was implausible.

Just as implausible as the man who brought it off. For at 8:15 a.m. Berlin time, James B. Donovan, the corporation adviser from William Street, had walked onto a bridge with a .32 under his overcoat and pressed the Russians, as he had been pressing them for over a week, and when he was finished he had what he wanted. The bridge was called the Glienecke Bridge and it is between West Berlin and Potsdam and you do not find lawyers from William Street doing business there. But when you get to know Jim Donovan, you find it was a very natural thing for him to do.

You are going to hear of Donovan again in the business of negotiating for spies. In his maneuvering with the Powers-Abel swap, he left the way open for the return of Marvin L. Makinen, another American agent held in Russia, and a man in Washington tells you that someday soon you probably will read a story out of Berlin saying how last night Donovan got this Makinen released, too. Which makes sense. Donovan knows his way around this type of thing. During the war he was on the personal staff of Gen. William Donovan of the OSS. They were not related, but the general kept saying that Jim was "my bastard son." He also was an assistant counsel at the Nuremburg Trials.

But Donovan's business is anything but espionage and wars and cold wars. He is a tremendously successful attorney. At the end of a major proxy battle between the Murchisons of Texas and Allan Kirby of New Jersey for control of the huge Alleghany Corporation, for example, the law firm headed by Donovan was named counsel for all parties involved. His other clients are such as the Hilton hotels and a raft of major insurance companies. He is basically in business. Big, cold business. Yet in 1957 he casually risked it all to make an unpopular and classic defense of Colonel Abel, the Russian spy everybody wanted to see killed. He took the case, donating his fee to three schools, because he thought it was a great chance for American justice to show its maturity. And last May, when the newspapers in New York were saying that the Democrats wanted him to run for United States Senator, nobody seemed surprised. He is, everybody tells you, one of those people who just might do anything.

But with all these things, Donovan is a lawyer first. So, late one afternoon, when you go to see him for the first time and you expect to come onto somebody big and flashy, you are hit instead with a quiet man sitting in a big gray-carpeted office. He has on an inconspicuous brown suit, with the vest. The tie is maroon. He is short and stocky but not fat. The silver hair is brushed straight back. He sits in a studded leather chair behind a brown desk with no papers on it. He speaks softly and has good command of the language. His face never changes expression and his words carefully go around a subject. He seems distant, and he tells you of the responsibilities of the legal profession when you want to hear about trading spies. He is, as he sits behind his desk, another one of those big, totally conservative legal advisers to corporations who commits himself to nothing.

As he talks, you can't connect Donovan to any cold war. You connect him downstairs, to William and Wall and Broad and Pine and the other streets of the financial section. It is, you think, going to be a thoroughly formal, and awfully long, evening with James B. Donovan. So you look out the windows of his big office and watch an old, stained freighter, its running lights on in the early dusk, move slowly up the East River.

Then Donovan gets up and takes off his jacket and vest and hangs them in a closet. He clears his throat.

"Ah . . . would you care for a drink?"

Then he leads you out of the office and down a narrow circular stairway which brings you into a brightly-lit conference room. One wall of the room has been rolled back and all you can see is bottles of Scotch and ice trays and glasses. And sitting around a huge leather-topped circular table is a fellow named Eddie Gross, who makes cracks, and one named Bill McCarthy, who likes to laugh, and a younger one named Dick O'Keefe, who is starting out as a lawyer but can sing like a thrush and is Jim Donovan's personal Morton Downey. Donovan fixes the drinks and then he sits down and begins to talk and now it is all different.

His blue eyes flash and probe and then they soften into a smile. Or they flash again when he picks you up on something you are saying. He has a letter from the President of the United States in his hand, but he prefers to laugh with McCarthy about a slight accident he had during a vacation at Palm Beach. There is a restaurant there with an outdoor pool that has flamingo birds in it and one night Donovan happened to step into the fountain and nearly rupture a flamingo.

"I finished the evening by engaging the bartender in another place in a serious argument about Chinese mythology," Donovan says. "For breakfast, my wife saw to it that I received the usual dish of cold tongue."

Then he talks of the Russian mind and Allen Dulles. And about rare books and some litigation his firm is handling. The blue eyes keep working all the time. He rambles and he changes directions and you never never know quite what he is thinking. It is his nature and his business to be this way. The day Jim Donovan's mind gets to be an open map for somebody has not come yet.

But piece by piece, as he goes along, he shows you what he is like. To see it, you have to ramble right along with him. And lose sleep. He puts an awful hole into the clock over a day, and a lot of times he finds 3 in the morning a very good hour to get things done. But if you stay with him, and watch the pieces appear and start to lock together, you can see that there is no question about what this Donovan is. He is a big man, and anybody who wants to take him on is welcome to it.

The last one who went against him was a 6-3, 210-pound Russian named Ivan Shishkin, who is the European head of the KGB, Russia's secret police. Shishkin spent eight days working on Donovan. At the end he was standing on the bridge in Berlin and he was a little weary of it all. He was trading away Powers and Pryor, plus the promise of a third prisoner, Marvin Makinen, for Donovan's client, Abel. All Shishkin had been prepared to give up, and all our State Department seemed willing to press for, was a one-for-one deal. Only it was Donovan's show, this swap, and he ran it his own way. And his way is to challenge a man or a proposition and go right into the thing and keep at it until everybody else has a stomach full of it and then Donovan goes home with what he wants.

As Shishkin waited to leave the Glienecke Bridge, he said, grudgingly, to Donovan: "You should study Russian. You would be very useful in the service of your country in these matters."

Jim Donovan, the .32 under his overcoat feeling very good, came right back. "In my country," he said, "only the optimists are learning Russian. The pessimists study Chinese." It is a crack everybody uses now.

Now, as you sit with him at this conference table in his office, Donovan passes around the letter from President Kennedy:

"I want you to know that I consider the return of Mr. Powers and the results of the review of the case valuable contributions to the national interest. As far as I am aware, the type of negotiations you undertook, where diplomatic channels had been unavailing, is unique, and you conducted it with the greatest skill and courage. The additional release of Frederic L. Pryor and the openings left for negotiations concerning Marvin L. Makinen could only have been accomplished by negotiations of the highest order. I want to thank you for the service you have rendered."

You look at Donovan's face closely, and it tells you how he could get a job like this done. There is a scar which cuts through his right eyebrow and it comes from a place they called the Good Shepherd Gym, which was in the Bronx. He was boxing a guy at a smoker and the guy missed a right hand, then swung it backhand and Donovan's eyebrow busted up. It must have been a good cut when it first opened.

And when he picks up his glass, you see that something is wrong with the first knuckle on his right hand.

"It was worn down from punching," he explains.

"Somebody should have taped your hands right."

"It wasn't that important. Just a little amateur boxing. Smokers and that sort of thing."

"A lot of them?"

"No, nothing we can talk about. I was not built properly to box at forty-seven."

The "forty-seven" catches you. It is the way boxing people talk when they want to say 147 pounds. When you hear a man say "forty-seven" it means he has been around the business. Donovan is a Harvard Law School graduate and people who went to this school do not say "forty-seven." With Jim Donovan, it all seemed normal. Everything does.

Later, for example, after this conference table conversation is over and he has had dinner, Donovan sits across from you in the living room of his 15-room duplex apartment in Brooklyn and he has a thin, vellum book in his hands.

"This is Robert Louis Stevenson's open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde about Father Damien," he says. "It is one of the most cutting rebuttals I ever have read. This book was privately printed. Only four copies of it were run off. I bargained with a place on the West Coast for a couple of years before I got it."

He begins to read aloud from the book. It is late, and you come to see him about spies and intrigue, but instead he gives you Robert Louis Stevenson in a private edition. It is typical of Donovan. He has tremendous drive in anything he does. A college professor could have a full life if he pursued and read rare books the way Donovan does. Right now, the most important thing in the world to him was to see how Stevenson picked apart this Rev. Dr. Hyde. The spies are going to come later.

And they do. An hour later, Donovan is walking up and down in his den with an umbrella in his hand.

"See? Fine umbrella, isn't it? It offers plenty of protection from the elements."

He slips the varnished handle out of the umbrella. It is a serviceable .32.

Then he produces a walking stick. He presses a button on its handle and you find the stick is a scabbard which holds a thin, dark-bladed sword long enough to run through a horse.

"Weapons can be rather helpful," he says. "In Berlin, they made quite a thing about everybody arriving at the bridge unarmed. After it, I told one of our people that I had felt very good out there with the .32 on me. 'Oh,' he said. 'Nobody was supposed to be armed. I thought you were informed of that in London.'

"'Well, I didn't get the gun in London,' I told him.

"'Where could you possibly have gotten it then?' he said.

"'I got it in Brooklyn,' I told him. 'And I intend to keep it on me until I get back.'"

Then he sits down at the desk in his den and begins to shuffle work he brought home with him from the office. The last television movie is over now, and his wife Mary comes in and sits down on the couch in the den. She has a housecoat on and she is yawning.

"We are having a discussion of espionage," Donovan says to her. "Would you care to join?"

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"Men," she says. She looks at the umbrella gun. "All you men can think about is guns and killing. I wish somebody would come in here and take these things home with him some night. I don't like them around the house."

"These are magnificent examples of espionage paraphernalia," he says.

"Spying," she says. "You get so wrapped up in spying, I think you're starting to spy on yourself."

"You know," Donovan says, "right after the Powers and Abel exchange Glenn went into orbit. The next morning, I am sitting with my charming wife at the breakfast table and she reads the story thoroughly in the morning paper. Then she puts it down and looks across at me and taps the paper.

" 'Look at this Glenn,' she says. 'Why don't you do something like that? You don't do a damn thing.' "

Her maiden name was McKenna. She is from Brooklyn and has that wonderful, straight-faced Irish humor. She is also a little bit tough herself. She has had to be.

On that morning of February 10, the telephone on the night table next to her bed started ringing. When she picked it up, the voice on the other end didn't make any sense to her at all. He said his name was Tom Poster and he was calling from the main office of the Associated Press at Rockefeller Plaza in New York. Poster had a carbon of a Washington 95 that had just moved. A 95, if you work in a newspaper office, means you can start dummying in a new front page. Poster said that the Powers and Abel exchange had just taken place in Berlin and that among those on the bridge was her husband.

"My husband?" Mary Donovan said. "He's in Scotland on a vacation. He went to London on business, but then he cabled me he was going to Scotland for a rest. I don't know anything about Berlin."

"Well, we have him in Berlin for the exchange. What do you think about it?" Poster said.

"I don't know what to think," Mary Donovan said.

This is in the past for her now. She has a husband who keeps doing things, so now she sits on the couch in the den and talks about the New York City Board of Education. Donovan is the vice-president.

"He throws himself into things too much," she tells you. "I wish he wouldn't. He does too much. We ought to bring some people home and have a big party. We don't have any of that anymore."

"We don't have parties because most of the people you know are lease-breakers," Donovan says. "Besides, if you would read some of Marcus Aurelius upon arising each morning you would have a better perspective."

"I read all that in high school," Mary Donovan says. "Come on. I want to go to bed."

It was almost 2 o'clock. The chauffeur was to pick him up the next morning at 8:25. He had an early appointment with a vice-president of the Alleghany Corporation. In the afternoon he was scheduled to fly to Chicago for a speech before a conference of insurance lawyers. He got up and put away his umbrella gun and went to bed.

The next morning, at a little after 8:25, he was sitting in the back of his car while the chauffeur drove him across the Brooklyn Bridge to his office. He had a copy of a morning paper in his hand, but he already had looked at the front page over breakfast and now he was talking. As a lawyer, this time.

"You know," he was saying, "I took an appeal on the Abel case right to the Supreme Court and I lost, 5-4. I still feel I was right. The thing had nothing to do with Abel. He was a spy and he was guilty. My appeal was based solely on a point of law. He was illegally held as an immigrant. This was against our laws. I wanted to make a test of it. Justice Frankfurter is an immigrant. I felt certain he would see the validity of my argument. I'm still surprised he dissented."

"What's the difference? It doesn't matter now."

"Doesn't matter? Of course it matters. The appeal had nothing to do with Abel.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Book Bonus

A game conservation man has to teach two lion cubs to hunt before he can turn them loose in

RETURN TO THE WILD

He was unimportant. It concerned the working of American laws. And that's important."

He got out of the car on William Street and walked off, looking like all the other big men in business who were on William Street at this time.

You never would have heard of Jim Donovan if it were not for the Powers-Abel exchange. But at the same time, there probably never would have been a story from the Glienecke Bridge in Berlin if Donovan had not been the man who dealt with the Russians. For while this was a great story of intrigue and diplomacy, it all hinged, at its start and its end, on the things that make up Jim Donovan.

One night last spring, a man named Lucius D. Clay stepped off a plane from Berlin and stood in the yellow-walled press room at Idlewild Airport in New York and talked about this.

"It did not appear possible that an exchange could be worked out," General Clay was saying. "Then Mr. Donovan came to Berlin and the situation changed. He not only did not give in, but he pressed for more than was originally considered. And he got more. Only an unusual man could have accomplished this. Let me remind you, he did it as a service to his country. I don't think I have to say much more. Mr. Donovan knows what I think of him. I admire him."

To begin with, Jim Donovan came from money. His father, John J. Donovan, was a highly-regarded surgeon in New York for 49 years. He was awarded a medal for [illegible] when a packed excursion boat called the *General Slocum* caught fire and went down in the East River. The elder Donovan taught Latin and Greek in City College of New York for five years to put himself through medical school. This was the kind of drive Jim Donovan inherited. Until he was old enough to own a car of his own, he was taken to a private school each day in a Cadillac by the family chauffeur, but he never settled back and let this kind of a life take him over. He was living in a then comfortable section of the Bronx known as Mott Haven. But Mott Haven also had row houses and walk-up flats and "L" tracks and people like Frankie Jerome, the fighter who was named after a church, St. Jerome's, and wound up dying in Old Madison Square Garden after a fight with Bud Taylor. Lew Brix, the manager, came out of the neighborhood, and so did a wild Jewish kid named Morris (Whitey) Bimstein, who now is a great trainer of fighters. Donovan knew them, and he also knew of the Good Shepherd Gym and a fight place called the Bronx Opera House. "We called it the 'Bums Only Home,' " he says.

He went to Fordham and fooled around with boxing in smokers and also with the idea of being a newspaperman.

"Newspapers?" his father said. "Newspapermen drink too much. I'm not going to let any son of mine take his liver into the newspaper business. You go to law school and make something out of yourself."

When he came out of Harvard Law, Donovan went with the firm of Townley, Updyke and Carter, whose main client was the New York *Daily News*. He was working on libel cases until the war began and he went to Washington as assistant general counsel of the United States Office of Scientific Research and Development, an agency which was headed by Vannevar Bush and was busy with a thing called the Manhattan Project. With this background, he was commissioned in the Navy in 1943, was assigned to the OSS and began to learn about spies.

"My job was to establish dummy corporative fronts in places like Sweden and Switzerland, out of which our men could operate," he says. "They were mostly import and export concerns. I also was in charge of paying off some of these professional spies we were hiring. They are always the worst kind. I remember General Donovan always would say, 'We just don't have enough people willing to die for our country.'

"We had one man who was a textile spy in peacetime. Pay him and he'd steal a pattern or a method from any company or mill you name. He was about the worst. His only business was money. Nothing he did was being done out of patriotism. I was informed from the ETO that he was doing something fishy. When he returned here we had customs grab his trunk. It had a false bottom and was loaded with uncut diamonds. While the trunk was being grabbed, he was in Q Building in Washington demanding

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$3,500 more from me. He claimed we owed it [illegible]. I told him he had just grabbed his trunk, he pulled a gun. I was alone in this office with him at night and he has this gun. You could say I had to bluff him. Perhaps there was a little roughness involved, too. The use of a chair and that sort of thing. But that isn't important. The major thing was the type of spy. A mercenary simply does not make a good spy. For espionage you need a patriot. A man willing to die."

Near the end of the war, Donovan began being involved with the idea of how war criminals would be handled. Just what will happen, legally, if we capture a Hitler or Goering, he began to ask. He came up with the idea of assigning a Signal Corps unit to take movies of each German concentration camp the allied troops reached. Wild Bill Donovan thought the idea was fine. Jim Donovan, a commander now, and with such people as Budd Schulberg working under him, had ready for the Nuremburg Trials as effective a piece of visual evidence as had been seen. Jim was assistant counsel to Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, who was in charge of the war crimes trials. And he came up against the Russian mind for the first time.

"When the trials were agreed upon at San Francisco, I remember Malenkov saying, 'Good. We will try all the *guilty* ones.' This was that great semi-Oriental mind at its best."

In 1946, Donovan was back in private practice in New York. One afternoon, he was asked to address a group of lawyers in Brooklyn about the legal aspects of the Nuremburg Trials. There were a lot of old Germans in the place and they bristled. They were Americans, but second papers do not wipe out a heritage and they were bitter about the trials. These were people Donovan was going to have to see and do business with in the future, but he didn't think about that. He started to ram his views on Nuremburg down their throats and he didn't let up until he was through. In the audience was a quiet man named Lynn Goodnough. He was amazed at the way Donovan went after the audience. It was a day Goodnough was not to forget.

Then on June 21, 1957, at 7 o'clock in the morning, everything started to fall into place and you were about to hear of Jim Donovan. Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation broke into a third-rate New York hotel room occupied by Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, who was the resident Soviet agent in charge of all espionage in the United States, and had been since 1948. The FBI did not arrest Abel. They questioned him all day and then turned him over to Department of Immigration authorities who detained Abel on suspicion of being an illegal alien. They flew him to Texas, held him for three days while the CIA tried to get him to become a double agent, then returned him to Brooklyn, where the FBI arrested him and had him indicted for being a spy. The mechanics of the Abel arrest are important here. There was hell to pay over them later on.

Abel had been brought to Brooklyn because he operated out of a $35-a-month artist's studio at 252 Fulton Street, a shabby part of the borough. He had been toying with such little items as our hydrogen bomb plans and missile developments. The government, a little perturbed at all this, was asking the death penalty. The precedent for executing a spy in peacetime had been set in the case of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. The government now wanted Abel's life.

Rudolf, as sly in a prison cell as he was on the street, thought things out after his arrest. He knew he would get legal representation at the trial. It would be an attorney appointed by the court. This would mean he would be given some criminal lawyer summarily told by a judge to go and defend this Russian spy who wants us all killed. The lawyer wouldn't exactly dump the case. Americans do not do things that way. But you could be damn sure, Abel figured, that the lawyer's final summation was not exactly going to leave the jury in tears.

So the Russian came up with an idea. He would ask the Brooklyn Bar Association to name a lawyer for him. Out of pride, Abel figured, they would make it their business to come up with a good man. And maybe the good man could somehow keep Abel's gaunt rear end out of the electric chair.

Lynn Goodnough was given the job of finding the man. But as Goodnough went around Brooklyn and talked to the top names in the profession, he found he did not have an easy job on his hands.

"Oh yes," one of those approached said. "My clients would understand completely if I defended a Russian spy. They would understand that I am a Russian spy, too, and I could take up new living quarters in a cold-water flat."

Then one night in August, Goodnough was in bed in the middle of the night when he remembered the luncheon in Bay Ridge. "I've got the man," he told his wife.

The next day, at a cottage in the exclusive Lake Placid Club in upstate New York, Donovan and his family were unpacking their luggage for the start of a vacation. Jim was changing in a hurry, because he had an appointment with the golf pro. Mary Donovan had started to put his shirts into the dresser when the phone rang. It was Goodnough.

Donovan listened, said he'd think it over, and went out to take his golf lesson. By midafternoon he was in lawyer Dave Soden's office in the town of Lake Placid looking up legal cases concerning espionage. The next night he was in the club car of a New York Central train heading for New York City and a client named Abel.

Now this sounds very simple. But you have to go back and think about the country in the summer of 1957. It still had a bad hangover from the unbelievable run of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Attorney James B. Donovan was a Roman Catholic. A strict, old-line Irish Roman Catholic, too. He also was an active member of the American Legion's Clavin Post in Brooklyn. And his income and his success as a lawyer all came with corporate clients who did not want to know a thing like controversy even existed.

"Yes, I was concerned," Donovan says. "I was concerned about the number of lawyers who had turned down this case before Goodnough came to me. I'm *still* concerned about them, too. Apparently, there is a misunderstanding about this country. We're free. So we're going to have Communists. And we'll have spies, too. And we defend them in court. We have to. This is the strongest weapon we have in the cold war. We can hold out our freedom and it is something for which the entire world must hunger. Defend Abel? Lord, yes. Defend every Abel you can find.

"And as for the rest of it, you're talking about how it might affect my income. Oh, I might have thought about it, but that's about all. It didn't deserve much thought."

The morning after he arrived in New York he went to see his client, who was in a maximum security cell in the Federal House of Detention on West Street in New York.

"My problem was very simple," Donovan says. "Before I even met the man I am assigned to defend, he has been indicted in a capital crime. This man when he thought he would be deported by immigration authorities gave his name as Col. Rudolf Abel, said that he was a Russian and that he had been living here illegally for nine years. He was seized with short-wave radio, hollowed-out coins containing Russian microfilm and maps of major United States defense areas, and various other evidences of espionage. My first legal conclusion was that I probably did not have a case for false arrest."

Abel already had been told about Donovan. The spy, in white shirt and baggy pants, got up to greet the lawyer when he walked into the cell that morning.

"From the beginning," Donovan says, "he called me Mr. Donovan and I called him Rudolf. He treated me as a retired spy, who would understand everything he had done."

And from the beginning, Rudolf Abel was a man Jim Donovan had to admire.

"This wasn't some tramp mercenary," he says. "This was a man who was doing it for his country. This was no Communist, no party-line fanatic. This was a patriot, a man who wanted to destroy us because he liked his country. He was a damn good spy. We always have trouble keeping a man undercover for six months in a neutral country. This man was here for nine years. And he still might be here if it weren't for a drunken associate of his, this Hayhanen. Knowing these things, I had to have great admiration for the man. This certainly does not mean I was soft about him. Why if it was in the line of duty I could take a gun

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and shoot him in the back of the head and thin[illegible] mean I still can't admire him as an opponent."

Rudolf Abel was a bony, balding, toothless genius who spoke six languages, posed as Emil Goldfus, a painter, strummed the guitar and operated from a place directly across a wide street from the Brooklyn offices of the FBI, and the courtroom where he was tried.

A lot of his ideas on how to live and survive in America came out of a book. "Ah, yes," Abel told Donovan in the cell one day. "I read American books." He held up a bony index finger. "I read *I, Willie Sutton*." Abel shook his head. "Sutton, he knew what you had to do."

The book was, of course, about the master robber who knocked over enough banks to cause a depression. When imprisoned, Sutton broke out of maximum security almost casually (he is in New York's Dannemorra right now, supposedly for life, although it seems to be about time for that place to come up one light in the head count some night soon).

But it was Sutton's gift for obscurity while living outside of prison that interested Abel. This was a man who could hide himself in a telephone booth. He had a family in Russia and was cultured, yet for nine years he lived like a floater in this country and didn't mind it at all. His life was places with cracked plaster ceilings and bare bulbs with drawstrings on them in hotel rooms that had grime on the windows and cracked, faded shades. He was almost always alone, and always in a place with a musty smell to it. And everything had to be done in a precise manner.

Abel's painstaking mind for detail kept showing itself to Donovan. The subscription to the New York *Times* he wanted, for example. While Abel was in the Federal House of Detention awaiting trial, he wrote a letter to the circulation department of the newspaper, requesting a copy be delivered to him every morning. He signed the letter, R. L. Abel.

The gentleman in the *Times* circulation department who received the letter checked his list and found he had no delivery franchise in the area of West Street, which is a jumble of docks, meat-packing houses and towering industrial buildings. The name and address of the man who wanted the subscription did not register with the circulation man. He wrote a regretful letter to Mr. Abel.

"We are sorry," the letter said, "but we have no delivery route in your area at this time. We are, however, endeavoring to establish one. At such a time, we will be most happy to fulfill your request. In the meantime, we certainly hope you continue to go out each morning to your nearest stationery store and buy a copy of the *Times* so you may have the pleasure of reading it at your breakfast table."

Abel received the letter in his cell. Now the possibilities for prison humor were limitless here. The fellow who censored the letter in the detention house office thought it was a classic. But Abel, with that Sears Roebuck catalogue kind of thinking, was bothered by it all.

"Mr. Donovan, they just don't understand," he said. "Doesn't this man know I can't leave here to buy a newspaper? I'm going to write this man back and explain it to him. If he does not understand that I am in jail, then I'll never get a newspaper."

Donovan said he didn't think it was necessary to write the paper again. He would arrange to have the *Times* delivered to Mr. Abel so he could enjoy it over oatmeal in his cell each morning.

This then was the man Jim Donovan was to keep out of the electric chair and, five years later, use for chips in dealing with the Russians. But before he could get Abel from a cell on West Street to a bridge in Berlin he was going to have to take abuse from others and stretch himself into a physical collapse.

The abuse came, of course, from our own right-thinking people. Prospect Park West, the street on which Donovan lives, is residential and faces a park, but two blocks down you come onto a street called Seventh Avenue. It is crowded and there are plenty of saloons and they all have phone booths and telephone books which carry the listing, "Donovan, James B., 35 Prospect Park West, NEvins 8-4949."

The calls all came at night, and the letters in the mail were unsigned. They all had the same message: "You're a communist." The phone calls began to wear on Donovan, but the police could not trace them, so he had to have the phone shut off.

Nor was the stupidity limited to people in saloon phone booths. One afternoon, at a place called the Lawyers' Club in Manhattan, a lawyer announced, as Donovan walked in: "Here comes the million-dollar Commie lawyer."

"Counselor," Donovan said, "that remark is as valid as most of your legal opinions."

The story was the same when it came to obtaining assistants for the case. Some of New York's greatest legal firms who fearlessly will take on judge and jury in quest of their great 30 or 40 percent, or who indignantly protect the rights of some poor downtrodden firm such as du Pont, told Donovan that they believed strongly in American justice, but they were a little short on lawyers just now.

Finally, the law firm headed by former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey decided to show a little class. They allowed Arnold G. Fraiman, a member of the firm who once was a federal prosecutor, a paid leave of absence to assist with the defense. One of the first things in life Fraiman must have learned was how to be a stand-up guy. Today, for example, he will not say a word about Abel. "It would be a violation of counsel-client ethics," he says.

"But he was a spy. You can talk about a spy."

"You're assuming he was a spy," Fraiman said.

Fraiman, after coming with Donovan, brought in Thomas Debevoise II, who was practicing in Vermont and now is with the Federal Power Commission. The three sat down and went to work on a 15-hour-a-day schedule preparing a defense. And as he examined the case, Donovan began to forget about being saddened by the public display of ignorance around him. He began to get angry at the government.

"They found a loophole in the law to hold him," he pointed out to me one night. "He was not arrested by the FBI. He was detained on a writ from the immigration bureau. He was placed on a plane and flown to McAllen, Texas. He had not been given representation. Yet the immigration people could hold him incommunicado for three days in Texas before any announcement was made that he had been arrested.

"In other words, they have in this country a way in which anybody can be grabbed and dropped out of sight for three days without being charged with anything. If they could do it to Abel, then they could do it to anybody. They can come and take you and say, 'We think you are in this country illegally.' Then they can take you out without a phone call and have a shot at you for three days. This infuriated me. I didn't care if it was Abel or anybody else. This is the method of a totalitarian state, not American democracy. It was frightening."

We were sitting on two big couches which face each other in his living room. It was, you figured, another one of those late night conversations which are wonderful and deep but do not get you very far when the sun comes up in a few hours and the world starts doing practical business again.

"It was only Abel and he was here to ruin us," we said.

"Only Abel," he smiled. "That's today. Tomorrow it will be only Donovan. Or only Breslin."

This was Donovan's major point when the trial opened on February 14, 1957. With a jammed courtroom and big-league press section, Jim Donovan got up and started banging on the desk about a thing called freedom. His client sat beside him and thoroughly agreed. The only problem after this was the slight fact that Donovan did not have any case to make for his client. There was no way Abel could take the stand and come out alive. Nor could he produce any character witnesses. Oh, he could get character witnesses for Emil Goldfus. The television and radio store man, Frank Gambruzza, who was right across the street, could talk about Goldfus. So could Margie, the barmaid, and a couple of painters who had studios in the building with him. But this was Colonel Abel, the spy, who was being tried. And the only friends Abel had were in Moscow.

The trial lasted nine days and Abel became just a pawn to Donovan. The big

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strangling sort of sound—and collapsed on the floor at my feet.

He was a big boy, and there was no immediate help available. I put my hands beneath his armpits and dragged him out into the hangar—almost into the midst of an inspection party that was showing a visiting admiral around our squadron. We stared at each other for several seconds. I could think of no appropriate comment and the inspecting brass apparently felt it was not their place to make small talk with a junior officer dragging a body.

The visiting admiral broke the silence, finally. Turning to our squadron commander, he said matter-of-factly: "Treat 'em rough in this squadron, hey?" And the inspection party moved on, leaving me with Dibler's limp body. While the medics were reviving him, I discovered that Dibler had already flown eight hours that day—and the pressure and the heat had finally gotten to him. That's all that was wrong with him—check-fever with heat complications. Dibler, too, survived to fly another day—and our squadron picked up an unmerited reputation as the toughest in the training command.

Cadet mental lapses weren't always so fleeting. Two of my lads wound up in the psycho ward before being passed gently along to the surface Navy where they probably spent the rest of the war telling their bunkmates what a bum deal they'd had from the Navy air arm. One of these boys let checkitis turn him into a momentary gibbering idiot. He had flown a very bad check for me and he knew it. When our final landing at home base was the worst of a bad lot, he flipped. I told him to taxi in to the hangar, and instead he pointed the plane down the runway and gave it take-off throttle. I fought him on the throttle all the way down the runway and finally nosed the plane up in grass off the edge of the runway to keep from ploughing through a wire fence. It took a half-dozen strong men to pry him out of the front cockpit.

The other temporary mental patient succumbed to an urge most of us had felt but managed to control. This lad completely demolished a Link Trainer. His nerves had been worn thin by the syrupy female Link instructor who kept calling him [illegible] admonishing him with such endearments as, "Oh, come on, you can do better than that, now." After stalling and spinning the Link three consecutive times—a difficult feat—he burst out of the Link in a majestic explosion. Pointing a finger at the startled instructor, he said: "Godammit lady, I think I'm going to kill you." He then wrenched the stick from the cockpit of the Link and literally beat it to pieces. Presumably he had the same fate in mind for the cowering lady instructor, but we got to him before he reached that part of his program. He was led away happily, and if he remembers the occasion at all, today, he undoubtedly recalls it with satisfaction.

You may conclude from the foregoing that events similar to those I've described were everyday occurrences in the cadet training program. Not at all. Frequently two or three days would pass without any such incident. I'm reasonably sure most of these chattels of mine meant well. I don't think any of them were deliberately trying to sabotage the American war effort or drive flight instructors insane. These results were just by-products of the strongest human drive any of them had yet known—the desire to get their Navy wings.

I discovered—when I was finally sent to a combat area myself—an almost miraculous metamorphosis in these knuckleheaded aviation cadets. Out from under the pressures of eternal check rides and the quest for wings, most of them became men of courage and judgment. They grew up. They fought with valor and skill. It took a long time for me to accept this fact, but there it was.

There were even some sane and stalwart young men intermixed with the procession of oddballs who came my way in the training command. One such—an alert lad named Bigelow—I'm sure must have gone out of our squadron with the highest grades ever given a cadet. Bigelow was flying the plane immediately behind me one day early in our association. I had broken up a formation and we were entering the traffic circle preparatory to landing. It had been a long, [illegible] day and I was bushed. I relaxed. I went to sleep.

My plane dropped to 500 feet over a thousand-foot check point leading into the traffic circle. At the 500-foot check point, I was below 200 feet and going down in a gentle glide. Bigelow sensed that something was wrong, and tried to call me on the radio. I didn't hear him. So at 200 feet, he pulled alongside me, saw I was sleeping, and put his engine in full low pitch and gunned it. The shattering noise awakened me, and I was in a gentle enough glide that I was able to grasp the situation and recover just in time.

If anyone else saw the incident, I never heard about it. I thanked Bigelow warmly when we got back to the hangar, and he accepted my gratitude impassively. The subject never again came up between us. But whenever I brood about some of my bubble-headed cadets, I remember Bigelow with a warm glow of satisfaction.

We had a few other profound thinkers, too. There was the unknown cadet who cut in on the squadron radio frequency one day when I was serving as tower duty officer.

"Hey, Charley," came this unmistakable squeaking cadet voice through the radio monitor in the squadron tower, "where in the hell are we? I'm all fouled up." ("Fouled" was not the word he used.)

"Damned if I know," came the reply, presumably from Charley. "I'm all fouled up too."

Almost automatically, the tower radio operator cut in his transmitter and said, "Fourteen Baker plane using profane language on the air, identify yourself immediately."

There was a long trenchant pause, then the first cadet voice came back.

"Oh, no, buddy," it chortled triumphantly, "I'm not *that* fouled up!"

I never found out for sure that this was one of my cadets. But it *must* have been. It's precisely what most of them would have said. They were bright kids. And, after all, they *did* win the war.

—Joseph N. Bell

The Lawyer Who Horse-Traded the Russians

[*Continued from page* 29]

thing was to test our laws. Bang on the immigration detention. Try and wreck the witness, Hayhanen.

He also saw a little more than that. He was starting to think ahead, and he kept remembering the fact there were a lot of Americans in Red prisons around the world. Someday, he figured, Abel was going to come in handy.

The trial lasted nine days and the jury was out for three hours and 20 minutes. Mr. Donovan, of course, blew the case. Abel was found guilty. But before sentencing, Donovan showed his hand to Judge Mortimer Byers.

"The death penalty would end all possibilities of Abel helping us," he said. "Some day in the future an American of similar rank may be held by the Russians and an exchange can be worked out."

Byers agreed. He gave Abel a 30-year sentence. They sent him to Atlanta. Donovan wrote to a woman known as Hellen Abel in Leipzig, East Germany, for his fee of $10,000. The colonel said she was his wife. Hellen Abel sent back $10,000 to the lawyer. He then gave $5,000 to Fordham College and $2,500 each to Harvard and Columbia. Then he started on the appeal.

In February of 1959 Jim walked into the Supreme Court in Washington and demanded that his client be released because he was illegally detained by the government. And he did not just walk in empty-handed. He had a brief prepared that was going to take a lot of knocking down before any decision could be handed down. The man, the Supreme Court justices found out, meant it. So much so that Earl Warren was moved to say:

"In my time on this court, no man has undertaken a more arduous, more self-sacrificing task. It gives the court great comfort to know that members of our bar association are willing to undertake this sort of public service in this type of case, which normally would be offensive to them."

A few months later, Jim was standing in the Lawyers' Club in Manhattan, watching the teletype which announces Supreme Court decisions which are handed down on Mondays.

"What happens to me if I win?" he said to somebody with him.

"I don't know. What do you think?" the fellow said.

"I think Abel would be the one in trouble," Jim said. "His people wouldn't be able to understand. They'd think he had made a deal."

Abel, however, understood American justice by now. He loved it. Writing on blue-lined tablet paper from Atlanta, he began to call his lawyer "Dear Jim" and his notes dealt with legal questions. And they also showed that somehow, Abel was getting information in Atlanta. He knew about too many things too quickly.

Then on May 1, 1960, Francis Gary Powers pushed his glider-winged U-2 out of Peshawar, Pakistan, toward Sverdlovsk, Russia, and its new missile emplacements. Outside of Sverdlovsk something unfortunate happened to his plane; he bailed out and became a full-page ad for Russia's sales campaign against America.

Oliver Powers, the pilot's father, wrote to Abel suggesting a swap. Abel wrote a letter saying the matter should be taken up with his family. They lived in Leipzig, Abel said. He supplied the address, "Fr. Hellen Abel, Leipzig, No. 22 Eisenacher Strasse, 24, Germany." Abel then sent Oliver Powers' letter and his own reply along to Donovan for any action. He also suggested that Donovan could meet with his family's lawyer, one Wolfgang Vogel, who operated out of East Berlin. The meeting could take place in Zurich, Abel suggested.

Donovan contacted the CIA in Washington. From then on he was working for that organization on an unofficial basis. He had business in London during the summer. After its conclusion he purposely scheduled a vacation trip to Zurich. His wife came along. The CIA sent nobody with him. He was instructed to let "Vogel," the East Berlin lawyer, make all the contacts. If Vogel wanted to find him in Zurich, he would have little trouble doing it.

The trip was a waste. Vogel never showed and Donovan had nothing more than a vacation. There was, it became clear, a good reason for this. Russia never had acknowledged the fact an Abel even existed. It would be too much of a diplomatic turn-around to suddenly swap a red-hot item like Powers for this supposed nonentity, Abel.

In the spring of 1961, this little intelligence network Abel apparently had going for him out of Atlanta came alive with a fact which apparently disturbed somebody. When you talk about it, the most you are doing is conjecturing, but the fact remains Rudolf Abel sat down in jail and did a painting of John F. Kennedy. It was not an ordinary painting, either. It was a painting of Kennedy as Abel saw him, and what Abel saw in Kennedy was a man to be admired. The lines in the painting told the whole story. There was warmth in it.

Whoever saw that painting knew something about art and how emotion can show in art. It might have meant nothing at all. It might have been just another painting. Or it might have been something that indicated to somebody that Atlanta was getting to Rudolf Abel. He was getting soft.

Whatever it was, on May 8, 1961, Donovan walked into his office to begin a day's business and he found on his desk a letter from Hellen Abel, who said, as she always did in letters, that she was the colonel's wife. It was typed, signed by pen, and was in good English. Donovan read the letter and now he became excited.

"Would an exchange be possible?" Hellen Abel said in the letter.

Donovan sent the letter to Lawrence R. Houston of the CIA, who had been in the OSS with Donovan. Houston took charge of framing the reply and having it cleared in Washington. Donovan then mailed it. Next came a letter from Vogel, the attorney in East Berlin. Yes, it said, there was a chance for an exchange—if Donovan would handle it.

For the next nine months, more letters came and were sent to Washington and then the replies were mailed to Vogel and Hellen Abel. And now Donovan was advising his client that there was a chance of getting out of jail and going home.

ATTENTION CONTEST ENTRANTS!

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It came down to a matter of coded cables by Christmas. If Hellen Abel wanted to have her husband back, and the way was open on her end, she should send Jim Donovan a cable saying "Happy New Year." He sat and waited and the answer never came. Donovan was under a security situation which prohibited him sending any more cables. But he preferred running this deal his own way, and when he tired of waiting he sent another cable to Hellen Abel. "Must have answer immediately. If everything is all right, send me cable saying, 'Agreed.'"

That night he received two cables from Leipzig. "Happy New Year" one said. "Agreed" the other said.

Five days later, Jim Donovan told his wife he had important business in London. With bags packed, and the .32 in his pocket, he flew to London. He checked into Claridge's and promptly wrote her a letter on the hotel stationery. When a CIA man contacted him and said he had an Air Force plane ready to take him to Berlin, Donovan had a cable sent to his wife saying he was going to Scotland on a vacation.

He arrived in Berlin the night of February 1, and from then on, he was on his own. He was a private American citizen, with no official capacity of any sort. The State Department and CIA made that plain. If anything was to happen to him, he was on his own.

"This is awfully risky," a State Department man told Donovan when he arrived in Berlin. "We would like to have a mission officer assigned to you for this, but unfortunately we cannot take the risk."

"What happens if something goes wrong and I get in trouble?" Jim asked the man.

"Oh, you may be sure our government will protest vehemently."

"I see," Donovan said. It was the answer he wanted to hear.

Now he had everything he wanted. If the State Department and the CIA wanted to be nothing more than interested bystanders, this was fine with him. It meant he wasn't going to be just a front man for anybody. He was going to be able to make this a James B. Donovan special and everybody else could get the hell out of the way. This was going to be just like litigation on a business deal. It always is left to him, and if there is going to be any mistake made, he'll make it; and if there is success, he'll have it. If you have anything inside you, this is all you ever want out of life. A chance to do your best with no interference. And here, they were giving Jim Donovan that kind of chance to do business with the Russians.

He walked up to the Golden City bar of the Hilton Hotel that night and the Scotch tasted very good. The whole thing was going to be beautiful. He was to go into East Berlin the next morning and ask for this lawyer named Vogel at the Russian Embassy. But he knew he would be doing business with more than a lawyer. There would have to be a big Russian around to handle this case. A top man. You could bet on that. Donovan couldn't wait to get at a top Russian.

Donovan was given a house to live in that was heated on the ground floor, but was ice cold in the bedrooms. In the morning, a woman walked into the place, said nothing, cooked his breakfast, then promptly disappeared. This was the real foreign intrigue touch.

But Jim Donovan preferred going with something out of the old Good Shepherd Gym. On the morning of February 2, with no papers on him, he stepped on the S-Bahn and rode it to the stop in East Berlin. He knew a couple of German words. He knew how to say "Get out of the way" to the police. And he knew how to look at the packs of sullen teen-agers who hang around the streets of East Berlin and make them move away.

Shishkin was waiting for him at the Soviet Embassy. And Shishkin was going to give this guy hell and pull off the kind of deals the Russians liked to make with Americans.

"He gave me that typical semi-Oriental thinking," Donovan said. "Its basic premise is that nobody trusts anybody. So in order to go from Point A to Point B in a deal, you first must go to X and then to Z and then into the next problem. Somehow, sooner or later, you get to Point B. I was perfectly willing to play this game with him. He was a big, astute man who played volleyball for relaxation and he produced some woman who said she was Abel's 'cousin.'"

Abel's "cousin" had that wonderful stride that a woman only acquires from being on the house staff at the Women's House of Detention or whatever the Russian equivalent is thereof. There was also some big, ugly fellow who said he also was a relative of Abel's. He was actually a gorilla who tailed Donovan wherever he went in East Berlin.

For eight mornings, Donovan got on the S-Bahn and headed for the Russian Embassy. And each evening, after his tug of war with Shishkin, he would walk into the Golden City bar, pick up a phone and dial the CIA and say, "Jim D. is back." Then he would sit down, write out a report of the day's work, and hand it to a courier. The courier would disappear. The report would reach the State Department and be relayed to Washington.

It was fine, except what Donovan was writing in the reports was giving our people a severe case of the shakes.

"I wanted all three of these people," he says. "And it seemed to upset our people. I don't know what it is. We always seem to be leading from weakness when we deal with the Russians. They wanted me to deal from weakness. Go over there with my hat in my hand and try and break even. That isn't my style. I told them I wasn't going to do it. I led from strength. They began to complain about the way I wanted things.

"You know, it's funny. I have nothing against a fine prep school and a good college. I attended Harvard Law School. But there comes a time in everything when you put aside this striped-tie business and you go back to the streets. I wanted to put a little Mott Haven into this deal. The people we had over there spent their lives walking on nice grass. I got the idea none of them ever had been around a block. Yes, a block. A street in a city where you could get yourself into a little trouble now and then. That's what was needed right here. I think we can always use it in dealing with these people."

There was one night, when a man from the State Department said solemnly to Donovan, "We're getting awfully afraid that they might hold you as a hostage."

Donovan informed him that the proper medication for that worry was 12-year-old Scotch.

And in the mornings, he was informing Shishkin that he could not release a great spy such as Abel, merely for some insignificant pilot like Powers.

"I must have Pryor and Makinen, too," he said.

"They are spies," Shishkin said. "You have some man you claim is a spy or something. We do not know of him at all. We are attempting to get him back merely because his family asked us to. Powers? He is important to your people. You get him. Nobody else."

"If you don't know about Abel, Mr. Shishkin, then let me fill you in on him."

"Forget him."

"No, you listen," Jim said. He then made the Russian listen to a point-by-point summary of Abel's career.

One day, in the middle of it all, Shishkin shook his head. "There can be no deal. You want too much."

And that night, when Donovan reported this, some of our people started to nag him into going back and giving in. Take Powers and forget the rest, they said.

Jim Donovan shook his head. He went to General Clay about it.

"He's drinking to forget."

"General Clay gave me all the help," Donovan says. "He felt I was handling this thing the right way. You weren't going to get him worried. And you weren't going to get me worried. So we got along beautifully. I went back to Shishkin after that and did it my own way. And let this faint-heart of ours do the worrying."

It worked out. At 5 o'clock on the afternoon of February 9, Shishkin sat in the Russian Embassy, shuffled papers around which he had been sent from Moscow, and then said it was a deal. Pryor and Powers for Abel. And there was room left open for negotiation for Makinen.

The next morning, Jim Donovan sat in a prison cell for the last time with Rudolf Abel, who had been flown to Berlin.

"Those rare books you like, Jim, I am going to look for one for you. You will hear from me," Abel said.

At a little after 8 o'clock, Donovan stepped out of a car and began walking toward a white line in the middle of the Glienicke Bridge, an old, rusting, suspension bridge which goes over the Havel River into Potsdam and is one of those out-of-the-way places where important things always seem to happen. With him was Allan Lightner, a State Department man, and a U-2 pilot who would identify Powers. A few steps behind them came Abel. He was manacled to a man from the Justice Department who was big enough to be listed in *Jane's Fighting Ships*.

Shishkin and two other Russians started out from the other side. Behind them, in a fur cap and overcoat, came Powers. A uniformed Russian carried Powers' suitcases for him.

It was 8:20 when Donovan reached the white line and the U-2 pilot with him looked over at Powers and then told Donovan that, yes, this is our man. One of the Russians with Shishkin looked at Abel, then nodded. Shishkin said everything was fine and he wanted to complete the deal.

"We have heard nothing of Pryor," Donovan said. "When we hear from Pryor, we'll finish this."

Frederic L. Pryor was to be released at the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint which was 12 miles away. The moment he stepped into West Berlin, Donovan's party was to be informed by car radio. Donovan looked back at the cars. The man who was to take the call still was waiting.

"We'll just have to wait," Donovan said.

"He has been released," Shishkin said.

"I don't know anything about it," Donovan said.

For 20 minutes the two groups stood awkwardly in the middle of the bridge. Finally, at 8:50, a guy came out from one of the cars and told Donovan Pryor was all right. Donovan said fine. The big guy holding Abel took out a key and unlocked the handcuffs. The spy walked past Donovan. He passed Powers as he walked. Powers came across the line. "I'm glad to see you," he said to Donovan. The uniformed Russian soldier reached across the white line and dropped Powers' bags. It was 8:52 a.m. now, and Donovan watched his client move into a group of Soviet officials in street clothes who were on the Potsdam end of the bridge. The deal was now complete.

Donovan and Powers got into a car and were rushed to Tempelhof, and put on a plane which flew to West Germany and freedom. And the big story of the spy exchange broke out all over the world.

When Jim Donovan reached New York, he could spend only one night at home. The regular business of the law firm of Watters and Donovan had been piling up, and headlines and foreign intrigue do not mean litigation work for corporations stop. Abel probably was in Moscow. The CIA had Powers. Pryor was with his parents. The thing was all over for now.

Donovan flew to Chicago the next morning on business.—**Jimmy Breslin**

American Trapshooting Is for the Birds

[*Continued from page* 57]

was comical to watch him try to stop that swing to the right and get onto this bird the locals call "the worm." He didn't get off a shot and the squad broke up temporarily with laughter.

Few effective second shots were made, I noticed—the missed bird was usually well beyond 50 yards after the first barrel and damned difficult to tag with the second. I'd guess you just about have to *plan* to shoot twice in order to have your reflexes ticking properly. One hot-shot at international makes a practice of shooting his second barrel when he has scored with his first if there is a big enough chunk of bird to shoot at. He says it keeps his rhythm honed sharp.

International looks stimulating. The squad is always moving after each bird. The birds themselves seem to sizzle in all directions including up—there's one that's quite a climber. I could readily understand why a seasoned veteran of slow American trap like Joe Hiestand would come apart in a game like this.

For here was a test of shotgun skill the like of which I never saw before.

Happy Felton was sweating after he'd completed a 100-bird race with the squad, which had shot ammunition and targets donated by the ammunition division of Canadian Industries Limited.

"My God," said Happy. "I feel like I've just run through 36 holes of golf."

Even so, he was proud to have shot a 74. Harry Barr scored 79 and Henderson, the Canadian champion, broke 93.

Now what are we going to do about international trap?

Winchester-Western has recently designed a trap that will throw international targets. The minimum distance, at the lowest angle of elevation, is 70 meters or 77 yards. Winchester-Western has also ordered a substantial number of clay targets designed to stand being thrown that far—in other words, that fast. The Air Force is planning an international setup in Texas. The Marine Corps is planning one at San Diego and another at Quantico.

So far, no U.S. trapshooting club has done anything more than make inquiries.

What about the ATA? I talked to Lon Hammock, president of ATA in 1961, about this. I asked him why the ATA couldn't put in a couple of international trap setups at Vandalia.

"We could," he said. "But we represent from 25,000 to 30,000 trapshooters of whom perhaps a hundred are interested in international trapshooting."

I didn't doubt that he was right about that. My guess is that no more than 100 members of the ATA have ever seen an international trap field and maybe 50 of these are in Canada. I doubt if many members of the ATA know that trapshooting under international rules is different and tougher than our way.

I asked Mr. Hammock about our national prestige which is so important to the Army. The Advanced Marksmanship Unit at Fort Benning was established to improve our shooting in international competition with rifle, pistol and shotgun for propaganda reasons—cold-war reasons.

"We're hoping for some kind of compromise between our ways and theirs," Hammock said.

I do not share his optimism. The International Shooting Union rules international shooting from Buenos Aires to Tokyo. In effect it decides what kind of matches shall be shot in the Olympics as well as in the Union's international matches. It represents 50 or more countries of which we are only one. It is not going to adopt our ways or even compromise.

"Did you notice how their eyes lit up when I mentioned a bwana with a long red beard?"

But whether we shoot well or badly in international competition is not the only point. What struck me at the Hamilton Gun Club was the enthusiasm for a kind of trapshooting that was new to all but three of the men shooting. Some trapshooters might have been annoyed because their scores under international were so much lower than they were used to. The men I saw did not take it that way. They welcomed the challenge of international trap.

Harry Barr, whose 25-yard handicap means that he is a good trap shot under our rules, has often broken 100 straight and once broke 300 straight at the Grand American on 16-yard targets. He was obviously having a beautiful time though his score was lower than he had averaged in the tryouts for Oslo.

"It's a wonderful game," he said. "It's tough but that makes it wonderful."

Happy Felton, whose handicap under our rules is 21 yards, was ever so enthusiastic. "This is it," he said afterward. "How I wish we had a layout like this within easy reach of New York. I don't believe any trapshooter who saw this could resist it."

I do not know just how to compare the scores shot under our system and those shot under international conditions. No one seems to know what the long-run international record is. Robert Lowe of the *American Rifleman* magazine, formerly an officer of the AMU at Fort Benning, told me he thought it was between 150 and 175. Compare that with our long-run record of 1,424.

It seems to me that the big difficulty in introducing international trap in the U.S.—not as a substitute for what we have but as a challenging extra—is the cost. Few clubs can afford to spend the $10,000 a 15-trap layout apparently demands.

The whole situation has changed rapidly in the months since I talked to Lon Hammock. The new president of the ATA, Philip Shields, tells me that there are now several thousand members who want to shoot international trap. Moreover, it is now possible to simulate the international layout of 15 traps with a single trap that costs $350. It is the product of the Continental Trap Corporation of Long Beach, California. The trap fits on the base of a western self-angling trap and I'm told throws targets the full distance of 77 yards at all the angles thrown by the 15-trap layout.

"We are putting in four of these traps at Vandalia, Ohio, for the Grand American this August," Shields said. "We will have a 100-target event using these traps."

Just how good a substitute for the 15-trap layout the new trap is will be determined at the Grand, when men like Francis Eisenlauer and Harry Barr—who have shot international trap elsewhere—have had a chance to try it.

I hope it does work well. For once American shooters are well exposed to this great "new" test at the traps, I believe they'll want to excel at it . . . and then one day we may truly be world champions.—Lucian Cary