

Reds Trap Unwary to Serve as Spies

CPYRGHT

WASHINGTON, May 3 (NEWS Bureau) — You are an American student in Moscow on a 10-week summer cultural exchange to study the language. You have found life in Russia strange and exciting, a little rough in accommodations, the food troublesomely different, but always interesting and stimulating. People have been generally friendly, sometimes even gay. You have been thrilled at the beauty of the onion-topped towers of the old churches behind the forbidding walls of the Kremlin.

You have gone to a cafe with three friends for dinner. The cav-



J. Edgar Hoover
Espionage is a nasty game

... is plentiful and inexpensive. The vodka is mild and watery by American standards. You have

signed a small glassful and refilled it from a cut glass carafe. The evening looks good.

That's when the police come, two of them, quiet but firm, even brusque. You must come with them. No, not your companions. You alone. The half-empty carafe is before you. It is obvious. You are drunk in a public place. You are under arrest.

That happened last summer. The big traveling season for Americans is barely a month away, and the odds heavily favor a reenactment of this Moscow scene almost to the letter.

The Spider and the Fly: A Web of Promises

Bewildered, probably frightened and undeniably upset, you are hurried to the police station, protesting your innocence, pleading for a chance to call the U.S. embassy. Your escorts are silent, except to explode in a burst of guttural Russian to the officer at the desk where you are unceremoniously thrust to face the charges.

You are in deep trouble and you know it. You've heard about Russian jails. The least that could happen would be your expulsion from the country. Even worse, it might mean expulsion from your university. A multitude of potential horrors flashes across your mind.

But the man at the desk suddenly smiles, and speaks to you in English. A mistake? The officers were perhaps overzealous? This perhaps can be ar-

... ranged? You are at once weak with relief and gratitude. You would be willing to keep this quiet? This could be most embarrassing, perhaps even become an incident. Your forgiveness—and silence—would not be asking too much? Certainly, anyone can make a mistake. Of course, you'll tell your companions to keep it quiet, for you know how rumors can spread and become distorted.

Splendid, says the man at the desk. He can see you are a bright chap. You ought to get to know the Russians better. Fine people. Why, it so happens he has a nephew about your age, a little older, perhaps, who would be happy to know you, perhaps show you around a bit.

Now You Are a Spy— If You're Not on Guard

You buy the deal. You don't know it but you have swallowed the bait.

You have just stepped through the first shadowy portals of international espionage and have, in the eyes of the KGB, the top-flight Soviet intelligence agency, become a potential Russian spy.

This is fact, not fiction. This is a crude, but effective way of ensnaring an innocent young person in a web of treason.

From the "nephew," a skilled KGB agent, will come careful cultivation, the development of a warm friendship. He will learn, over the remaining weeks, that you are having some financial difficulties in financing your education. And, casually at first, he may suggest that there is a way you might find some help.

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