

Three

FIRST OF ~~TWO~~ ARTICLES ON LIPPERT, N.T.S. CASE

[Article by Aleksey Golub and Boris Daneliya: 'Matilda's Signet-Ring';
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Two jaguars in one trap

One night, a telephone rang at midnight in a certain Moscow apartment.

"Jaguar-101?" a man's voice asked after the telephone was picked up. "This is Jaguar-102. Reminder: The comet takes off promptly at nine. Cobra has prepared everything. . . The Amazon can depart unimpeded. . ."

"Roger!" Jaguar-101 answered. "Take-off promptly at nine!"

We would not know anything about this nighttime conversation if it were not for one circumstance. The fact is that one of us was using the code name Jaguar-101, and the other was using the code name Jaguar-102.

We began resorting to secret language and code names immediately after one of the foreign intelligence services entered our names in its card file. We do not yet know precisely which intelligence service it was -- the British Intelligence Service, the West German Security Service, or the American CIA. But inasmuch as that fact itself did not cause any doubt, we hurried to use secret methods.

We were brought into this adventurous odyssey by a young trainee on our magazine, Zhenya Lipatov. Zhenya was a fanatical stamp collector. He possessed very rare issues from the Communications Department of exotic Guadeloupe and a complete set of postal miniatures from sovereign Botswana. He knew by heart the pedigree of the chairman of the international association, Lucien Berthelot, and engaged in personal correspondence with a French philatelist, Monsieur Levin [Levigne?].

Letters from Monsier Levin arrived every week. Sometimes, as a sign of consideration, the Parisian would enclose in the envelope a small present -- two or three pieces of chewing gum.

"It's very beneficial stuff!" Zhenya, flaunting his international contacts, would say as he popped the chewing gum into his mouth. "It makes the oral cavity aromatic. . . It develops the facial muscles, and prevents premature wrinkles!"

The collaboration between the two collectors was fruitful and, with the passage of time, could have enriched world philately. But once Zhenya discovered in his mail box a letter not from Paris, but from Frankfurt-am-Main. The address on the envelope was written in an unfamiliar handwriting.

The letter read as follows:

[From] Aleksandr Lippert
West Deutschland
Frankfurt a/M.-1
Postlagerkarte 2c/

Dear Colleague,

I received your address from Levin in France. He has received many offers concerning the exchanging of stamps and therefore gave me your address.

I am not a philatelist (which fact probably grieves you), but I can send you several new items that are produced in our country.

My personal interests are modern Russian literature and poetry.

If you are interested in anything other than stamps, I would be very eager to help you.

We will probably find common interests on which we could conduct correspondence. I like to correspond in Russian because I learned that language from my mother and am interested in life in Russia.

I hope to receive a reply from you soon.

Best regards, and sincerely,

A. Lippert

The possessor of the full set of postal miniatures of sovereign Botswana was seized by a deep indignation: correspondence between representatives of two countries had been unceremoniously expanded to include a third power.

"Colleague! What does he mean, calling me 'colleague'?" the trainee asked, flying into a rage. "He himself says that he doesn't have any interest in philately! I don't want to know any Lipperts, and they can all go to hell!"

"You don't have to get mad," we said. "You've looked at this incident from one point of view. Now look at it from another. The man is offering his hand to you and waiting for you to shake it. And what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I'm leaving! I have to take some exams," the trainee snapped. "His hobby is literature, and mine is stamps! Well, if you're so anxious to teach Russian literature to this Lippert, write to him yourselves!"

The melancholy cry of the amateur of Russian literature that carried all the way from the banks of the Main touched our sensitive souls. We wanted to help a fellow human being in whom the voice of blood had started to speak. But we also were taking the risk of finding ourselves in the same position as Herr Lippert himself, who had intruded into other people's correspondence.

It was the same Zhenya who easily resolved all these doubts.

"You can write to him in my name," he said. "Just make believe you're my secretaries. Here's my signature stamp!"

Seized by a gush of nobility, we began to compose the first letter to the West German city of Frankfurt-am-Main.

Insomnia cure

Herr Lippert introduced himself as a traveling salesman for a West German trade firm. He was 46 years old, married, and a loving father of a two-year-old blonde girl.

The salesman's style was unsophisticated and had a winning simplicity.

"Dear Yevgeniy," he wrote, "If you don't mind, I should like to address you by your first name. And you can call me simply Alex. . ."

"Well, he sure is straight-forward!" one of us said, touched to the heart.

"Yes, indeed! That Frankfurter really has a true Russian soul!" the other exclaimed.

The letters from Frankfurt came in a steady stream. The traveling salesman was tying together friendly contacts with a strong seaman's knot. The correspondence began to develop into approximately the following dialogue.

"Why don't we exchange our ideas frankly?" Herr Lippert suggested. "I've read Isakovskiy's poetry. I like it. As for Anna Karenina, frankly speaking, it's not worth the effort expended on it."

"Really, now!" we protested warmly. "After all, that's Tolstoy you're talking about!"

"Well, you might be right," Lippert eagerly agreed. "But man is a creature that thinks. And it's very bad when he tries to think the way that official criticism wants him to think, rather than the way that his conscience suggests. In my opinion, it wasn't worthwhile to write such a thick book just about suicide! And, generally speaking, please send me only what I ask for, rather than everything lying around on the shelves in the bookstores!"

We could have argued with the traveling salesman. But we decided not to do so, so that Herr Lippert would not think that we were forcing him to think the way that suited official criticism. Perhaps Herr Lippert had his own program for becoming acquainted with our country. And that is the way it turned out.

"I wouldn't be averse to reading a few of your newspapers," the traveling salesman wrote.

But in this instance also, Herr Lippert did not wish to travel the well-trodden path. He preferred to begin his acquaintance with our country not with solid Moscow publications, but with small-format rayon newspapers. "Especially," he wrote in justifying his request, "since I know a German from Russia and he is very interested in knowing what is occurring in the places that he knows."

Then Herr Lippert refined his request: the newspaper could be not only from the indicated rayon, but also from any other. Or even from several at one time. The more, the better.

Can't you just imagine the scene? A respectable German burgher seated at home, surrounded by the members of his household. He puts his horn-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose and reads aloud to all of them. They all sit with bated breath. A report concerning the labor success of animal husbandrymen in some village in Ryazanskaya Oblast or woodcutters in a distant timber farm in Udmurt ASSR touches them all to the heart. The burgher's wife, emotionally moved, wipes away a tear. The

oldest son, Willy, aged 12, solemnly tells his parents that he's made up his mind: he's going to be a tractor operator!

Incidentally, Herr Lippert by no means refused any of the more solid publications either. To his letter he appended a list of books that he would like to have in his home library. For the most part, they dealt with the establishment of the economic regions in the USSR, linear programming, and electronics.

At the same time he asked to receive telephone books -- both city ones, and intradepartmental ones.

"Telephone books -- that's to cure insomnia!" one of us guessed immediately. "When impressionable people are having a tough time falling to sleep, it is recommended that they also read a few pages of price lists and even accounting reports. . ."

Herr Lippert confirmed that guess. According to him, the intense rat-race of the twentieth century and the great loads placed upon the nervous system had a very detrimental effect. Therefore he always tossed and turned before being able to fall asleep.

It was not difficult to send a telephone book to Frankfurt. But our correspondent didn't want just one telephone book -- he kept mentioning them in the plural! We estimated by eye how a package like that would look.

Telephone books from ministries, main administrations, and departments? From public-service enterprises and taxi-cab pools! The telephone book for the General Staff, the Rocket Forces Headquarters, and the Soviet Strategic Air Command!

That wouldn't have been a package, but a whole shipment container! A container full of insomnia medicine!

The problem of an equivalent replacement arose by itself. Suddenly it dawned on one of us, and, striking himself on the forehead, he said, "I got it! Tablets! Let's send him ordinary insomnia tablets! Like, NY-Tol!"

Inasmuch as that recommendation did not bring about any objections, we immediately sent Tanya out to the drugstore to get the sleeping pills.

But despite our expectations, the medically approved sleeping pills acted as a stimulant on Herr Lippert.

"In the future I shall probably have to give you more inoffensive and ideologically restrained instructions," Herr Lippert reprimanded us, in his reply to our friendly gesture with the sleeping pills. "Let us hope that by our stubbornness and our striving for better mutual understanding we shall overcome obstacles and stagnation. . ."

It was obvious that the rat-race and excessive loads upon the nervous system had had a detrimental effect upon Herr Lippert's mind. He ended his somewhat confused message with a request that he be immediately furnished the technical data pertaining to our radio receiver.

Although that request was a strange one, it was completely feasible.

Soon another letter came from Frankfurt-am-Main. It consisted of just a single sheet of paper -- a schedule showing the broadcasts of foreign radio stations transmitting in Russian.

At the established hour we tuned our receiver to the assigned frequency.

"This is the voice of Free Radio speaking!" were the words that came out of the speaker, words spoken by a distant foreigner. "Today's broadcast includes. . . The visit of the U. S. Secretary of State to the countries of the Near East. . . Sugar riot in Voronezh. . . A few intimate details in the life of Brigitte Bardot. . ."

After rushing through the "latest news" as though they were a tongue-twister, the announcer introduced to the radio listeners the political commentator Roman Redlich.

". . . Man is a being that thinks," the commentator said, slurring all his sibilants, "and it is very frightening when an attempt is made to force him to think in a manner that is desirable for official criticism. This is attested to once again by the tragedy that broke out recently in Voronezh. When a truck carrying sugar approached the central grocery store, a crowd of a thousand people. . ."

Our mouths dropped open in astonishment. The commentator was offering to his audience the very same sage aphorisms that were expounded in letters written by the Frankfurt traveling salesman who, incidentally, spiced them up with absurd fables.

Who is he, anyway? Alex Lippert or Roman Redlich? Or could it simply be that Alex Lippert has more than one name? And more than one face?

That's a real straight-forward person for you!

Tea-drinking with a sequel

We began to try to figure out who Alex Lippert was serving anyway. But it turned out that we were trying to figure out something that was already known. Because the traveling salesman himself had not made any secret of this. We were convinced of that by events that happened soon thereafter.

One day soon, the mail brought us a mysterious letter from an unknown Andrey Lipitskiy.

"Hi, Yevgeniy!" the stranger wrote. "How are you getting along? It's been so long since I got any letters from you that I can't remember the date that I got your last letter. But that's not why I'm writing. The most important thing is that you're healthy. . . My daughter is growing up, and I have to devote a lot of time to her, both taking her for walks and helping her with her school work. It's necessary to prepare her gradually for starting school. I'm beginning to teach her English. Already she understands this sentence: 'The letter heat with an iron!' You're studying English too, aren't you? So you'll be able to understand this and to evaluate her success in studying a foreign language."

"As for the phonograph records, there's nothing new yet. I hope that you haven't lost your desire to become a 'knight of the pen.'"

"Fondest regards,
Andrey."

"It's gibberish!" one of us said.

"Utter nonsense!" the other objected.

Turning the letter this way and that, we stared at one another and then began to repeat, with various inflections, the mysterious English sentence that had been included in the letter: "The letter heat with an iron!"

Then we decided to freshen our brains by drinking a glass of strong tea. After filling up the glasses with boiling water, one of us hurriedly placed the hot tea kettle right on top of the mysterious letter. Suddenly the action of the hot tea kettle caused dirty-yellow letters to appear on the letter between the lines that were written in violet ink.

The letter had a second, concealed text, that had been written in secret ink. At the bottom of the letter was the distinct signature, "Your friend Alex Lippert."

"Heat the letter with an iron!" one of us said [in English], when the answer to the riddle dawned on him.

"An iron!" the other one yelled. "It means we're supposed to iron the letter!"

We had everything in our office -- teletype machines, tape recorders, and typewriters. We had a television set, fans, and an electric sun lamp. The only thing we didn't have was an iron.

"An iron? What kind of an iron?" the manager of the editorial office asked in surprise.

"An ordinary electric one!"

"Really, now, this is too much!" she said sternly.

The one who saved us was senior messenger Mariya Kirillovna.

"Hey, Tanya," the senior messenger told the junior one in a peremptory tone, "run over to my place and get my iron! It might be old, but it sure heats up good!"

Armed with Mariya Kirillovna's iron, we placed the letter on the window sill and began to iron it. A noxious puff of smoke came out of the letter.

"Hey, fellows, watch what you're doing!" Mariya Kirillovna said in alarm. "You'll ruin my window sill! Give me that iron!"

The senior messenger sprinkled the letter with water and spat on the iron. Then she self-confidently ran it over the letter a few times, and the secret inner thoughts of Herr Lippert came into view like freckles when they are struck by the first rays of the spring sun.

This is what Alex wanted to communicate in secrecy:

"Dear Yevgeniy,

The person writing this letter is your pen pal Aleksandr.

I am resorting to this means in our correspondence to be able, in the most secure manner, to share my ideas frankly with you, to answer the questions that interest you, and at the same time to provide you with the opportunity and means for the expression of your own frank ideas, judgments, and wishes, which you would not be able to do in normal correspondence.

I must inform you that I am a member of the Russian Revolutionary Organization, the NTS, which has as its primary task the annihilation of communist dictatorship in the Motherland by means of a national-liberation revolution. That task is very important and very difficult. You, with your familiarity with intellectual circles, could render a great service to our cause.

In order for our correspondence to continue successfully, I recommend that you use secret writing. Write the open text of your letter with some innocent content and sign it with a fictitious name. My replies to your letters will also use secret writing. In order to read my letters, it will be necessary to heat them with a hot iron. I'll sign my letters in open text with the name 'Andrey.'

I hope that you'll answer my letter using secret writing and will tell me your opinion about the questions touched upon. Do you listen to the radio?

Best regards,

Aleksandr."

How about that? It turns out that our correspondent was a revolutionary, and practically a participant of the fights on the barricades.

True, it was a bit difficult to imagine him in that role, since the true face of the organization of which he was a member is rather well known. The so-called National Labor Alliance (NTS) in whose name Alex Lippert was acting is a handful of decrepit White Russian emigres and all types of war criminals who fled to the West and turned up in the service of foreign intelligence services.

At the present time it is an ordinary branch of American intelligence, stationed in Frankfurt-am-Main. Its code name is "Shuba" [Fur Coat]. The leaders of that branch have corresponding code names: "Shuba-1," "Shuba-2," "Shuba-3," . . .

Generally speaking, though, it is very easy to see, protruding from under the NTS's sheepskin coat, the bared fangs of the American wolf.

At one time, at the dawn of hazy youth, that -- if you'll pardon the expression! -- organization learned a few sentences in Polish and started a flirtation with intelligence officers in bourgeois Poland. Then they succeeded in tempting a certain titled Japanese. Then they really began to branch out. . . The organization hobnobbed with the Italians, had dealings with the Germans, and even received support payments from the British. . .

In a word, they had to suffer a lot before they met up with their rich American uncle from the CIA.

The frequent change of bosses, obviously, could not fail to leave its imprint. Therefore now, when the members of that "labor alliance" gather, the conversation among them sounds something like this:

"Anata sigareta kundasa!" [sic], one begins.

"You're always mooching cigarettes, you son of a bitch! [translation of Polish expression]," another one answers.

"Dona una sigareta!" [sic], a third one whines.

"You can all go to hell!" the one with the cigarettes shouts.

"Okay!" they all exclaim in chorus and take their seats.

And it is this polyglot group that is trying to establish an agent network in our country. Most often, one can rest assured, nothing develops from that venture. However, the "uncle from America" has no intention of engaging in philanthropy. He wants to know what he is paying out money for.

In order to give a report to him, it is necessary to be a little tricky. To concoct sensational stories out of critical comments in rayon newspapers, to extract addresses and names from telephone books, to establish correspondence under the guise of being collectors of postal miniatures and avid numismatists. . .

It is necessary to operate while trusting to one's luck that suddenly someone will snap at the bait.

In this instance we were the ones who became the object of that "processing."

"Ah, so-o-o-o!" one of us said in surprise. "Okay!"

"Ah, so that's it!" the other exclaimed. "Sehr gut!"

Herr Lippert had poked his nose into all the holes, without even thinking that someone might squeeze it. The reckless handling of his own nose was worthy of surprise. The fleshy appendage that decorated the physiognomy of Agent 375-240 -- or is he Agent 240-375? -- rose like a lighthouse before us, tempting us. It would be so easy to grab onto it. We could not fail to take advantage of that opportunity.

. . . The very same day, messenger Tanya mailed the reply addressed to Frankfurt-am-Main.

Big day in Sossenheim

We had assumed that all our correspondence with Frankfurt-am-Main had been of a nature that did not oblige us in any way. However, as it became known subsequently, when all our letters arrived there they were the object of fixed attention and careful study.

During the first stage they were thoroughly analyzed by a specialist who attempted to find in the text, or reading between the lines, any hope-giving hints. Then the letters were given to a certain Greek, who claimed to be a Hindu astrologer and graphologist. With the aid of astrological secrets, the Greek carried out a graphological analysis, determining the future prospects of working with the addressee.

It is not known who it was that gave the favorable finding -- the specialist looking for hints, or the Greek astrologer -- but one way or another the agent who hid behind the code name of Alex Lippert decided that it was time to stop the game of hide and seek.

After sending us the letter with the secret text, he now was impatiently awaiting the results of the act that was undertaken. Every day his man would check the post box at the Central Post Office in Frankfurt where the secret mail intended for "Shuba" was sent.

Finally the day came when the "Shuba" mail man discovered the long-awaited letter in the post box. After hurriedly putting the envelope into a flat metal portfolio-safe, he started walking swiftly toward the bus stop.

The route traveled by the mail man led to a suburb of Frankfurt, called Sossenheim. There, in a secluded spot, behind a high fence, stood several unpretentious buildings. Inside the solid gate there was a sentry box with a German shepherd dog walking back and forth in front of it.

This was the headquarters of "Shuba."

At the moment when the messenger with the portable safe had passed the control point and was approaching the guarded territory, practically a revolutionary uprising was taking place there. The signal for this event had been a telephone call from a certain Natal'ya Ivanovna Kungurtseva (Trubitsina) from the Frankfurt center of American intelligence, which officially called itself the "Association of American Friends of Russian Freedom."

"A few things arrived here for you," Kungurtseva had reported. "Send some people and a truck. . ."

And now that truck was standing in the middle of the courtyard. Standing to his full height on top of it was one of the active "revolutionaries," whose name is Matyukov and whose nickname is Kurkul' [colloquial term for rich Ukrainian farmer]. The others, crowding closely on all sides of the truck, were listening to him eagerly.

"Fellow revolutionaries!" Kurkul' proclaimed from his elevated position. "Our organizations has just received from America a shipment of canned meat, cheese, lard, and a few articles of clothing! . ."

In the life of the inhabitants of Sossenheim, a shipment from across the ocean is not such a frequent event. Therefore, when they were being divided there would, as a rule, arise undesirable incidents that threatened to split the revolutionary forces into several irreconcilable camps. As a result, the ideologist of the organization, White Russian emigre Poremskiy developed a special "molecular theory." According to that theory, all the inhabitants of the headquarters were divided into groups consisting of three or four persons -- "molecules." Each "molecule" was headed by a senior man, who, in the German style, was christened "Fuehrer."

The cheese, canned food, and jackets were divided among the "molecules" in equal portions, according to the principle of solidarity, as a result of which the inhabitants of Sossenheim began to call themselves Solidarists.

Inspired by his success, the ideologist decided to carry it farther. He decided to transfer the experience of Sossenheim to entire countries and peoples and now cherished the idea of creating a Solidarist state with "molecules" and "fuehrers."

"All fuehrers, form a column of ones!" Kurkul' announced. "All others, dismissed!"

After receiving their allotted share, the "fuehrers" took their "molecules" off to the side and began to divide the products. One can of meat for every two persons, one container of cheese for every three. Overcoats, jackets, and trousers were tried on for size and then issued on an individual basis. They were not new overcoats, and were far from fresh jackets and trousers, but they were still completely serviceable. True, a few of the articles of clothing had small holes here and there, but they could be darned easily, so that the articles remained almost respectable.

The transatlantic presents melted before one's eyes. The perturbed messenger, who had temporarily forgotten his duties, dashed up to the truck and, pushing the "fuehrers" aside, tried to work his way forward.

"What do you think you're doing, trying to buck the line!" Kurkul' roared. "Where's your revolutionary awareness? You're still a Solidarist! The fuehrers are standing here calmly, and you're pushing and shoving!"

With an aggrieved look, the mail man waved the portfolio and ducked into the barracks where the office was located. The "open sector" was located on the left of the corridor, and the "secret sector" on the right. Straight ahead along the corridor was the "operations sector."

According to the procedure that had been established, all the secret mail was immediately handed over to one of the heads of the organization -- "Shuba-1." The person with that code name was a certain Romanov -- a fat, flabby, balding man with round feminine hips that would have enhanced any dignified "grande dame." He had the high-sounding title of the head of the "secret sector," and unlike the others, occupied a separate room with barred windows.

After opening the letter, "Shuba-1" sent it to the laboratory to be developed. The laboratory had all the latest equipment. In addition to a fancy new iron, it also had a multipurpose ironing board on which it was possible to iron not only letters, but also the hand-me-down trousers from across the ocean.

The secret writing that appeared was a pleasant surprise.

Two other people rushed into Romanov's office: an elderly fop with a gloomy expression and a flabby face -- this was Poremkiy, "Shuba-2" -- and a skinny person with a flattened face with high cheekbones -- this was Okolovich, "Shuba-3."

All three "fur coats" deserved one another. Their service record was just as twisting and slippery as the path of the organization itself.

A regular agent of the Intelligence Service, Okolovich, who subsequently deserted to the Hitlerites, during the Second World War headed a group of provocateurs and saboteurs in Smolensk and Orsha.

Poremkiy, who had begun his career as a clerk in the Paris criminal police department, collaborated with the French fascists and helped the Hitlerites immensely in his role as Gestapo informer.

And now both of them, like Romanov, were working for Uncle Sam and were part of the Solidarist upper crust.

The secret-writing message that had come from Moscow itself was, for all three, a no less joyous occasion than the truck with the American rations had been for the rest of the personnel at "Shuba." Until now, all the attempts undertaken in this direction had not lead anywhere. And now, suddenly, this lucky break!

"I got to tell our American friends the good news!" Romanov said, fussing around.

In order for the report to look substantial, it was necessary to get a report also from the associate who had assured the success of the operation.

"Would you please ask Madame Ara to come to my office?" Romanov said, poking his head out of the door.

The lady who answered the summons had a figure the luxuriance of which could not be concealed even by a tightly drawn corset. The lady, who made an obvious effort to look younger, was considered to be an unsurpassed specialist in the handling of young people's minds, in which endeavor she was greatly aided by the experience of her own stormy youth.

This was Ariadna Shirinkina. It was she who was philatelist Levin, traveling salesman Alex Lippert, and the Andrey Lipinskiy who did not mention his occupation.

Shirinkina's report was rather scanty and insipid, but Romanov hurriedly reached for the telephone. After dialing a number known only to him -- the number of a small business firm engaged in the sale of second-hand furniture -- he asked to speak to Herr Kraft.

"Kraft speaking!" a displeased bass voice growled into the receiver.

"Shuba-1" asked to have a meeting set up.

After it was arranged, he said, "Okay, Herr Kraft!" and, smiling servilely, said, "Senk you, senk you! [thank you]."

After ending the conversation, Romanov told those present that there would be a meeting with Mister Smith that evening in the Rex Hotel.

"With Smith?" Okolovich asked in surprise. "But you were talking to Kraft!"

"Yes, yes," Romanov said, with an exasperated wave of his hand. "I was talking to Kraft! But he's Smith! He's also. . . In general, though, the real name of our American friend Burke isn't known to anyone. I don't think he knows it himself. . ."

Desiring to convince their American friends that the life of the heads of "Shuba" was constantly in danger, they decided to take bodyguards with them to the hotel. Romanov, Poremskiy, and Okolovich set off to the rendezvous in a black Mercedes. They were followed by an old rattling Volkswagen carrying three characters wearing variously colored jackets that had been obtained from the transoceanic shipment that had just been unpacked.

The only ones who were allowed to enter the hotel unhindered were the passengers in the Mercedes. The doorman disdainfully slammed the door in the face of the bodyguards who, in this overseas get-ups, appeared to be completely elegant. But the doorman had to maintain the hotel's irreproachable reputation.

The leaders of "Shuba" stayed until about midnight at the secret rendezvous with Mister Smith, who was staying in an expensive three-room suite in the hotel. As they left, wide-hipped Romanov was in front, mincingly, looking the American obsequiously in the eyes and showing him something as they walked. Slightly in back were "Shuba-2" and "Shuba-3."

The American, who wanted to speak face to face with Romanov, got into the black Mercedes. Poremskiy and Okolovich, who were given to understand that their presence at this discussion was not desired, wore disappointed expressions as they squeezed into the Volkswagen.

"Well, you'll see," Okolovich said, with his eyes flashing greedily. "He'll pump out a big wad of money from that American. You can rest assured that that behind won't give up what he thinks is his! Remember Operation Seminarist!"

All these leaders had, in addition to their agent code names, nicknames. Romanov's nickname was "the behind."

Putting out a cloud of smoke, the overloaded Volkswagen rattled down Bruder-Grimmstrasse.

And that was the end of a big day at Sossenheim.

(To be concluded)

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