

AMERICA'S SECRET AGENTS:

The Mysterious Doings of CIA

By RICHARD and GLADYS HARKNESS

A special Post report, answering questions most often asked about the super-secret Central Intelligence Agency: Have communists worked into its ranks? Do we have agents inside Russia? How does CIA get its men—and women—operatives?

PART TWO

AS often as once a month the supersecret Central Intelligence Agency, our first line of defense in today's underground war with Russia, apprehends a communist attempting to penetrate its world-wide network of anticommunist counterespionage. Communist sympathizers, few in number, have been uncovered and rooted out of low-level CIA positions. But before the secret police of the Soviet KGB crow over these revelations, let the men in the Kremlin ponder this: The CIA has clandestine channels leading to high satellite officials who were hand-picked by the Russians as slavishly loyal communist puppets.

Acknowledging only that the Reds are constantly probing CIA for avenues of infiltration, Allen W.

Dulles, the agency's first civilian director, has gone about the business of making America's intelligence service communist-proof. Safeguards include a most stringent security clearance and a general rule against accepting anyone who makes an unsolicited application for a job—thus barring one obvious communist approach. The CIA maintains its own recruiting system. Youthful college students do not even know that they have been quietly marked as possible intelligence officers. To guard against security risks, prospective employees in the more sensitive positions submit to lie-detector tests.

Despite such precautions, charges that communists have wormed their way into CIA have been leveled against the agency by Sen. Joseph R. Mc-

Carthy. Dulles promptly labeled these accusations false. A special task force of the Hoover government reorganization commission under Gen. Mark W. Clark is now examining the CIA organization. It is also weighing the reliability of CIA national estimates prepared for President Eisenhower and the National Security Council, on Russia's military potential and intentions.

These correspondents set out a year ago, on assignment by The Saturday Evening Post, to give the public as complete a report as possible—within the bounds of security—on every phase of CIA operations, both "white" and "black." Our coverage included lengthy interviews with intelligence sources who must remain anonymous, and talks with offi-

UNITED PRESS

April 26, 1954: Mrs. Vladimir Petrov, wife of an MVD agent who spilled spy secrets in Australia, was being returned to Russia by these Soviet strongmen when she was rescued.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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THIS WEEK'S COVER

Let us theorize that Mr. Portleigh abandoned his diet to make other people happy. At breakfast he *thought* he sensed sadness on his son's face as the lad ate all the pancakes and poor daddy ate juice. At luncheon there was no doubting the distress in the waitress' lovely eyes, and the compassion with which his friend packed away spaghetti while he himself nibbled

bunny food. And at dinner, when his wife slipped him an apple, her obvious remorse so tore at his heart that he looked as if he were not grateful for the apple. So he heroically decided, *I will sacrifice my diet, and eat! I can't go on making other people so unhappy!* Has painter Sargent missed the point of this cover? He seems to think Mr. P. just got fed up with starving.



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Published here monthly Column No. 189

The greatest star of the screen!

He was the glass of fashion and the toast of Europe. He was the despair of kings, the envy of men and the rage of women in the Age of Splendor. He was Beau Brummell!

The dashing adventurer who added his name to every language (not omitting love) makes an elegant entrance in M-G-M's "Beau Brummell"—a glittering Color-chronicle that will surely make a bid for a place among M-G-M's all-time greats.



In the title role, Stewart Granger is a reckless romantic rogue. This is the part of his story they don't teach in school!

Opposite him, especially beautiful in color, Elizabeth Taylor adds, as Lady Patricia, a further fire to her ever-glowing dramatic fame.

The virile screenplay was written by Karl Tunberg and based on the play written for Richard Mansfield by Clyde Fitch.

And what a rattling good story we're flung head over heart into! Life was cheap but living expensive. And Beau set the pace—in foppery and audacity.

Who else would dare insult to his face the chubby Prince of Wales (the self-indulgent future George IV, a screen portrait by Peter Ustinov that ranks with his unforgettable Nero).

Who else could woo the incredibly desirable Lady Patricia as if she were a chambermaid?

Ordinary mortals, especially her powerful fiancé, had always put her on a pedestal. Beau was the first to put her there just to get a better look!

No wonder Lord Byron called him the greatest man of his day! Here, in all its power-lusting prodigality, that day tumbles to life, under the meticulous care of producer Sam Zimbalist and director Curtis Bernhardt.

You'll see and remember Robert Morley's rare portrayal of the mad monarch George III; scarlet coats riding to hounds; whole kingdoms going to the dogs; tumultuous canvases of harsh Hogarthian humanity. Regency beaux and Gainsborough belles; russet Turner landscapes spilling into the morning mist.



Imagine all this photographed in Eastman color, print by Technicolor!

Yes, a hundred styles and many kings later, "Beau Brummell" is still setting the pace—in entertainment!

—Leo



WIDE WORLD
Mrs. Donald Maclean and two of her children, before they disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. The CIA still is baffled by the defection of her husband with another British diplomat, Guy Burgess.



WIDE WORLD
Dr. Otto John. The Reds claimed a roundup of Western agents after he defected to East Berlin.

cial and members of Congress. Specifically, we asked questions—and found answers—such as these:

Q.: Can the country be assured, as it has every right to be, that our intelligence system is fully protected against communist spies?

A.: Reds seek day and night to infiltrate CIA and, on rare occasions, communist sympathizers have been detected in minor jobs. Once discovered, these enemy operatives are not always discharged immediately. Instead, CIA counteragents put them under twenty-four-hour surveillance to spot their contacts higher up in the Soviet spy *apparatchik*.

That strategy is not only fruitful but it is safe. The CIA is so compartmentalized that a disloyal employee, limited to one small facet of one particular phase of CIA work, could give scant aid to Moscow. This compartment structure of CIA reaches to the top rung of agency officials. A subordinate in intelli-

gence, for example, will know no more than any outsider about the work of the operations branch. Dulles alone knows everything. On some projects or cases, he shares his knowledge with his deputy director, Air Force Lt. Gen. Charles P. Cabell.

As further protection against spies and leaks, CIA-approved doctors and nurses are in charge when agents become ill or are hurt. Drugs or a coma might cause an otherwise tight-lipped person to babble. CIA-screened psychiatrists are on call to straighten out operatives who succumb to the pressure of leading double lives and suffer nervous breakdowns. An agent who has been in the field must undergo a psychiatric assessment upon returning to this country. Dulles is as certain, then, as any official can be that his organization is communist-proof.

However, currently active communists, as well as former communists, are being used by CIA to serve

the national interest. No known Reds are employed directly, nor do they have contact with CIA. This isolation is maintained by what is known in intelligence jargon as a cut-out—a bit of trickery whereby a go-between, posing perhaps as a fellow traveler or a party-liner, elicits information from a communist who does not suspect that he is being used.

If such business is risky, it also is necessary, since so few Americans are experts on Russia or on China under the communists. Moreover, only native-born Russians can hope to carry out certain types of espionage missions with any chance of success. It also may be revealed, with no elaboration, that CIA has intelligence lines to communist officials in positions of power and knowledge in certain satellite nations. Plainly, these men are of more value to the American cause by remaining in Country A or B and continuing their "covers" as. (Continued on Page 64)



UNITED PRESS
Shah Riza Pahlevi (left) returned to power in Iran last year after a CIA maneuver. Here, Premier Zahedi salutes as the mayor of Teheran welcomes Queen Soraya.



WIDE WORLD
Walter Bedell Smith and Allen Dulles, past and present directors of our "silent service." CIA employees number "around 10,000."

THE MYSTERIOUS DOINGS OF CIA

(Continued from Page 35)

loyal Reds, than if they should openly defect and come to Washington to carry on their work against Moscow at long range.

Q.: If Russian spies work to penetrate our intelligence system, are we not also attempting to infiltrate the communist *apparatchik*?

A.: If CIA must be ever alert against subversion, neither can the MVD be complacently certain that its system of cells and rings has not been pierced by agents operating from our side of the Iron Curtain. Spasmodically, Moscow announces the capture of an "imperialist spy and provocateur," usually timing the charge to try to neutralize a Washington demand that the Kremlin recall Russian diplomats uncovered by the FBI as spies.

How legitimate are these announcements from Radio Moscow? A good guess would be that the Russians have actually apprehended an American operative one time out of three. The CIA will admit for the record only that the life of a man or woman sent behind the Iron Curtain today is ten times as difficult and hazardous as it was behind the rear lines of the Nazis in World War II.

A main source of information from inside Russia and Red satellites these days is the defection of key communist diplomatic-intelligence officers of the KGB and secret-police officials attached to the MVD. The most recent defector was the fat-faced, owlish-looking Jozef Swiatlo, high-ranking internal-security officer in Poland. Swiatlo fled to West Berlin last December, was kept under cover in the United States for nine months while he was secretly pumped of all information, and finally "surfaced" at a Washington news conference in late September.

The turncoat Polish Red revealed, for the first time, the arrest of the three Fields, Noel and his wife, Herta, and Noel's brother, Hermann (Saturday Evening Post, Dec. 15, 1951). Much CIA information, direct from Moscow, comes from Russians who served under the liquidated Beria and defect to our side, pouring out secrets in return for political asylum. Such a man was Yuri Rastvorov, who deserted the Russians in Tokyo. And then, there was the Petrov case, which began with the urge of a lady to throw a piece of pie.

In the Russian Embassy in Canberra, Australia, last New Year's Eve, the vodka was flowing freely. Mrs. Vladimir Petrov, the wife of the Moscow spy who held the cover rank of embassy third secretary, hurled her dessert at Mrs. Nikolai Generalov, the spouse of the ambassador, in a fit of anger.

Ambassador Generalov reported the incident to Moscow, adding the probably fatal hint that Petrov had been a Beria man. Fear beset Petrov that he would be ordered home to face an MVD firing squad. In April he asked for refuge with the Australian Government. Petrov revealed, in exchange for protection, the operation of a Red spy apparatus based in the Russian Embassy in London, and covering Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, with special emphasis on our atomic secrets. Men such as Petrov have been close to Moscow. They have more to disclose than mere communist espionage methods, which the CIA already knows. They have been high enough in the

KGB, the Red spy and sabotage bureaucracy, to give the agency the information it must have if CIA national estimates are to be valid.

The little publicized KGB was established by the Kremlin in April, of this year, to conduct Red espionage against the west outside Russia. The better-known communist MVD of terrorist secret police is charged with responsibility for internal security within the U.S.S.R.

Q.: Yes, but the free world saw, last summer, Dr. Otto John, of West Germany, cross the border into East Berlin. There were the defections of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, of Britain. Hasn't Russian intelligence profited?

A.: Those incidents hurt grievously. As chief of the Office of Internal Security, John was "West Germany's J. Edgar Hoover." He was responsible for anticommunist security in his country. Only hours after John crossed into the Soviet zone, the Reds claimed a roundup of alleged Western agents.

Shortly before his defection, John, a personable, smooth-talking, bibulous, forty-five-year-old German, had visited Washington. He was guest at a dinner given by Dulles. It was a social function only, and no CIA business was discussed, but the point remains—John was accepted as an anti-Russian ally.

As for Burgess and Maclean, the two British diplomats who preceded John behind the Iron Curtain, they have never been heard over any Red radio, have never been quoted in Pravda, and have never been reported by a source considered reliable by the CIA as having been seen.

Q.: How does the CIA obtain its personnel?

A.: The agency is exempt from the red tape and restrictions of Civil Service. It has its own employee recruiting, training and testing program, which is more exacting and more thorough than the Officer Candidate Schools of the Army or the recruiting program of the Atomic Energy Commission. The CIA system was instituted by Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, the immediate past director of CIA and later Under Secretary of State, to develop a career service in intelligence.

Smith, home from World War I as a young lieutenant, wanted to go permanently into G-2, the intelligence branch of the Army. Collection of information was a responsibility at that time largely assigned to military attachés in our embassies abroad, who often did little more than pick up social gossip. Smith was asked, when he applied for G-2, "How much private income do you have?" The lieutenant said that he lived on his salary of \$166.67 a month. He was turned down. His experience led to his determination to form a career intelligence corps.

"My big job," he said while head of CIA, "is to get the best brains in the country, persuade them to leave fame and fortune for a Government job where they'll study secrets they can't even discuss with their wives. And next, we'll have to persuade them to stay on after all the inevitable disappointments and frustrations. Intelligence isn't a gay lark; it's a serious business. A CIA agent cannot hope to be a hero. All he can win is a notation on a secret record: 'Well done.'"

Dulles faces the same difficulty. "My big problem is getting competent personnel. We can pay a top salary of

fourteen thousand eight hundred dollars a year to a few people, but very few; while our need is for those who would get fifty to a hundred thousand a year in private industry." Slowly but surely Dulles is instilling a prime qualification for a top-notch intelligence service—the quality of pride such as the British have developed in the more than 300 years of their "silent service."

At present, CIA recruiting is being held to a minimum. But the agency is always on the lookout for competent individuals who will make intelligence a lifelong job, and qualified key people whose natural covers in the field of letters, science, business, labor, agriculture or the professions fit them for spot assignments.

For its regular operating personnel, CIA recruits many employees from our colleges and universities through a process beginning even before individual students realize that they are being singled out as possible CIA timber. Former G-2 and OSS officers, now members of the faculties of some eighty of our top institutions of higher learning, look over members of their junior-year classes with an eye for prospective CIA material. Not until the youths become seniors and are thinking about postgraduate employment does the CIA conduct interviews. Then students take special aptitude tests devised by the Educational Testing Service at Princeton University, and CIA assessment teams weigh each student's personality and physique.

CIA selected, in a recent spring, only 100 from the top 10 per cent of college graduates. One fifth of the group were young women; all held A.B. or B.S. degrees; 40 of the 100 had M.A.'s or had earned their Ph.D.'s.

Q.: How are CIA recruits trained?

A.: Those 100 college graduates went through a concentrated preliminary course of training and testing in CIA classes at secret locations. Subjects cover more than sixty languages, including such obscure tongues as Azerbaijani. Most beginners must learn Russian as a basic intelligence requirement. Students, sitting in cubicles for hours with their ears glued to tape recordings, become able to read such Soviet publications as Pravda and Izvestia in six to eight weeks. Other courses feature rapid reading and report writing. All the while CIA observers keep a watchful tab on the quickness of each trainee's mental reaction, his initiative, his ability to subordinate himself to team play and discipline. They also check his possible political insecurity.

Once over this make-or-break period, the schooling of the CIA hopeful has only started. Ninety per cent of intelligence work is rarely melodramatic in the tradition of seductive blondes, exotic disguises and secret codes. The pay-off comes, in large measure, through laborious, dull and systematic research. A Czech-American CIA researcher might profitably spend months combing the latest telephone directory slipped out of Prague, searching for names of newly arrived Russians and checking off names of Czechs recently departed from familiar addresses. The appearance of a Russian general known to be an expert in tank warfare would be a sign of new mechanization of the Czechoslovak Army.

So, for the second step in CIA training, selectees slated for research jobs—or "white" positions—may be assigned to special courses in foreign economics, postgraduate studies in international law, training in science in

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The Perfect Squelch

DEAN WALTER WILLIAMS, who founded the University of Missouri's noted school of journalism and later became president of the university, was indulgent with industrious and talented students, but quickly grew impatient with the lazy ne'er-dowells who occasionally infiltrated his classes.

One soft spring day Williams had trouble getting any kind of response from a class. No one

seemed properly prepared, students stared drowsily at the dean's brightest sallies and, to add insult, the campus dog awoke from a nap under a back-row chair and began scratching fleas.

At that, Williams sprang into action and ushered the shambling canine firmly out the door. As he returned, he said pointedly to the class, "After all, you have to draw the line somewhere."

—MONA DIEHL.



Before you go to bed
**SOOTHE
YOUR
TIRED EYES**
WITH A 2-DROP BATH OF MURINE

Among those small, personal attentions that bring the day to a pleasant close—don't forget a 2-drop bath of Murine for your eyes. Just two drops in each eye seems to float away the day's accumulated annoyances in mere seconds—and then sleep can come so much easier. Again, when you arise, Murine helps your eyes begin the new day feeling wide-awake and eager. And later on, if they get a dull, heavy-lidded feeling, they'll feel refreshed quick as a wink from a simple application of Murine. It's gentle as a tear, so you can use it whenever your eyes would like. A 2-drop bath of Murine at regular intervals is such a pleasant daily custom—and helps promote a clean, healthful condition. Murine makes your eyes feel good.

MURINE
for your eyes*



*TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 64)
order to be able to assay Russian technical journals, or to special-area curriculums covering specific geographic sections of the world.

To become an agent in the espionage branch, a man or woman must change, in effect, into another, entirely different person. Operatives being drilled for an assignment in Country X, for instance, are supplied with cover stories. They receive new names, new birthplaces, a set of relatives complete with snapshots, and even an educational background—all in Country X. Trainees must be able to recite their stories down to the last detail, even when routed from a sound sleep. Above all, an agent must be a person of unquestioned integrity, although he is required to lead a two-faced existence.

For the last five years employees in the covert branch have been taking lie-detector tests—not so much to uncover falsehoods as to delve into possible weakness of character.

In training for a life of deceit, there is the simple yet life-or-death matter of dress. It might be signing one's own execution order to pose as a European while wearing a pair of American red galluses. The buttons of an American man's suit are generally sewn on by parallel stitches, while European tailors employ a cross-stitch. Another dead giveaway would be to walk down a street in Bucharest in a pair of leather-soled, rubber-heeled shoes. (Rumanians are wearing only paper-soled shoes.) It would be suicide to be caught behind the Iron Curtain with American cigarettes or English matches in your pocket.

To survive in the grim game of cops and robbers in Red territory, an American must acquire the automatic reactions of a native. The CIA drills agents in such minute but telltale details of everyday life as mailing a letter in Sofia, riding a commuting train in East Berlin or ordering the brew of beer preferred by workmen in the Russian zone of Austria. And since any agent is only as safe from detection as his credentials appear to be genuine, another CIA espionage course is "authentication"—to report it baldly, the art of forging passports, visas, working permits or ration books. Standard equipment for any operative is a special concoction of potent sleeping pills. "The better," an old intelligence hand explains with a shrug, "to withstand torture by the MVD boys, who have their own cute little ways to persuade a man to confess."

But an agent roaming freely behind the Iron Curtain is not enough. An operative's value depends on his ability to communicate his information to the nearest CIA "post office," and ultimately to headquarters. CIA employs all the tricks of the espionage trade, including microfilm, special inks, friendly underground couriers.

Q.: How do women fit into CIA? Are they used as agents?

A.: There are feminine operatives in the undercover branch of CIA—and good ones, too—as well as research workers. One woman, who has a wooden leg, has parachuted into enemy territory at least twice. At a parachute school conducted by OSS during the war, an Army colonel trained 3800 men and 38 women. The officer supervised 20,000 jumps in all and had only 50 refusals—none by women. Dulles feels so strongly that women are making a contribution to current CIA operations that he appointed a special committee of feminine employees to consult with him on means of encour-

aging more women to mark on intelligence careers.

Q.: What is the life of a CIA wife?

A.: If a wife has been an agent—which is not unusual, in view of the number of intermarriages in the agency—she will understand her husband's sudden, unannounced departures from home, and his long absences. The uninitiated wife is likely to mistake secrecy for neglect when she gets no answer to her question, "What did you do at the office today, dear?"

Q.: Does CIA co-operate with anti-communist resistance and freedom movements in the satellite countries, and in nations threatened by Red subversion?

A.: Besides its spy network and the open CIA function of research, the agency operates a superclandestine third force—the top-secret activity of aiding and abetting freedom forces where the patriotism of captive peoples may be fanned from a spark into action.

In one satellite, where factory workers were grouching about Red pay cuts and stepped-up norms, an agent trained in the technique of labor organizations promoted work slowdowns. In another country, where the resistance movement is small but daring, a CIA agent dispatched a band of saboteurs to a trestle on the main Red rail supply line. Under cover of night the underground leader attached a small piece of goey plastic explosive to a main timber as simply as a schoolgirl would stick her chewing gum to the underside of the seat at the moving pictures. The next day the Red-controlled press called for the arrest of "foreign and criminal elements responsible for attacks against the state" in blowing up another "people's bridge." Recently, trains from the Soviet zone of Germany have arrived in East Berlin with their old-fashioned cowcatchers piled high with bags of sand—evidence that key rail lines are being mined to derail locomotives.

In Egypt the communists were making capital of the lascivious regime of King Farouk. Skilled American political operatives were available to advise leaders of a pro-American Egyptian military junta when the time seemed ripe for a palace coup, and they indicated how such devious matters were best arranged. Another CIA-influenced triumph was the successful overthrow, in Iran in the summer of 1953, of old, dictatorial Premier

Mohammed Mossadegh and the return to power of this country's friend, Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi.

On May 28, 1953, President Eisenhower received a letter from Mossadegh amounting to a bare-faced attempt at international blackmail: The United States would fill his bankrupt treasury with American dollars—or else. The "or else," Mossadegh hinted darkly, would be an economic agreement and mutual-defense pact with Russia.

Mossadegh was conspiring with the communist Tudeh Party as it operated from the back alleyways of the ancient Iranian capital of Teheran. He had only one asset to pledge in return for financial assistance from Russia—the resources of the rich Iranian oil fields and the refinery at Abadan, which Mossadegh had seized from Britain's Anglo-Iranian Oil Company under the guise of nationalization. With that economic stroke accomplished, Moscow would be in a position to achieve what has been the prime object of Russian foreign policy since the days of the Czars—access to a warm-water outlet on the Persian Gulf, the free world's life line to the Far East. A Russian score there would mean the crumbling of the democracies' position in the Middle East from Cairo to Baluchistan.

The White House stalled Mossadegh for one month; then turned down the crafty premier with a blunt no. This was a calculated risk at best. It was a daring gamble, in fact, that Mossadegh would not remain in power to carry out his threat. It was, as well, a situation which required a little doing. The doing began in short order through a chain of stranger-than-fiction circumstances involving Dulles, a diplomat, a princess and a policeman.

On August tenth Dulles packed his bags and flew to Europe to join his wife for a vacation in the Swiss Alps. The political situation in Teheran was becoming more conspiratorial by the hour. Mossadegh was consorting with a Russian diplomatic-economic mission. Loy Henderson, United States Ambassador to Iran, felt he could leave his post for a short "holiday" in Switzerland. Princess Ashraf, the attractive and strong-willed brunette twin sister of the shah, chose the same week to fly to a Swiss alpine resort. It was reported that she had had a stormy session with her brother in his

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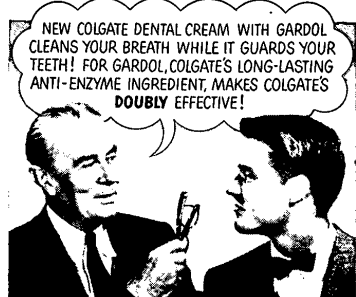
"I see your mother has arrived."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



BREAK DOWN AND TELL ME WHY WE'RE SNARLING, DARLING! NAME IT, AND I'LL TAME IT!

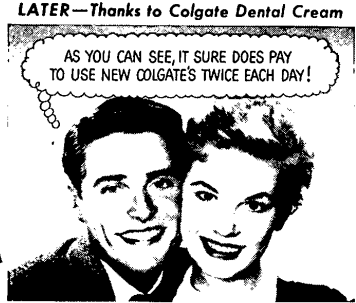
IT'S—IT'S BAD BREATH, PETE! BONE UP ON NEW COLGATE'S, WON'T YOU? PLEASE!



NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH! FOR GARDOL, COLGATE'S LONG-LASTING ANTI-ENZYME INGREDIENT, MAKES COLGATE'S DOUBLY EFFECTIVE!

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AS YOU CAN SEE, IT SURE DOES PAY TO USE NEW COLGATE'S TWICE EACH DAY!

(Continued from Page 66)
pink-marble palace, because of his vacillation in facing up to Mossadegh.

The fourth of the assorted characters in this drama, Brig. Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, at this time took a flying vacation across the Middle East. His itinerary included apparently aimless and leisurely stops in Pakistan, Syria, Lebanon—and Iran.

Schwarzkopf is best known to the public as the man who conducted the Lindbergh kidnaping investigation in 1932, when he was head of the New Jersey state police. But from 1942 through 1948 he was detailed to Iran to reorganize the shah's national police force. Schwarzkopf's job in Iran was more than the tracking down of routine criminals. He protected the government against its enemies—an assignment requiring intelligence on the political cliques plotting against the shah, knowledge of which army elements could be counted on to remain loyal and familiarity with Middle East psychology. Schwarzkopf became friend and adviser to such individuals as Maj. Gen. Faziollah Zahedi, his colleague on the police force, and to the shah himself.

Schwarzkopf returned to Iran in August of 1953, he said, "just to see old friends again." Certainly, the general will deny any connection with the events that followed his renewal of acquaintanceships with the shah and Zahedi. But as Mossadegh and the Russian propaganda press railed nervously at Schwarzkopf's presence in Iran, developments started to unfold in one-two-three order.

On Thursday, August thirteenth, the shah suddenly issued a double-edged ukase: Mossadegh was ousted by royal decree and his successor as premier was to be General Zahedi. The shah ordered the colonel of the Imperial Guards to serve the notice on Mossadegh. Two days later, at midnight of Saturday, August fifteenth, the colonel went to Mossadegh's residence to find himself and his platoon surrounded by tanks and jeeps. The colonel was clapped in jail, and Mossadegh proclaimed that the revolt had been crushed. The shah and his queen, taking events at face value, fled to Rome by way of Iraq.

On Wednesday, August nineteenth, with the army standing close guard around the uneasy capital, a grotesque procession made its way along the street leading to the heart of Teheran. There were tumblers turning hand-springs, weight lifters twirling iron bars and wrestlers flexing their biceps.

As spectators grew in number, the bizarre assortment of performers began shouting pro-shah slogans in unison. The crowd took up the chant and there, after one precarious moment, the balance of public psychology swung against Mossadegh.

Upon signal, it seemed, army forces on the shah's side began an attack. The fighting lasted a bitter nine hours. By nightfall, following American-style military strategy and logistics, loyalist troops drove Mossadegh's elements into a tight cordon around the premier's palace. They surrendered, and Mossadegh was captured as he lay weeping in his bed, clad in striped silk pajamas. In Rome a bewildered young shah prepared to fly home and install Zahedi as premier, and to give Iran a pro-Western regime.

Thus it was that the strategic little nation of Iran was rescued from the closing clutch of Moscow. Equally important, the physical overthrow of Mossadegh was accomplished by the Iranians themselves. It is the guiding premise of CIA's third force that we must develop and nurture indigenous freedom legions among captive or threatened people who stand ready to take personal risks for their own liberty.

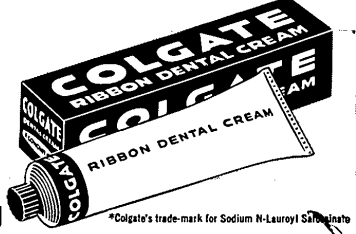
The soundness of this theory has its proof not only in the visible communist setbacks in Iran, Egypt and Guatemala but in the wails of the Reds. The Communists charge, with growing alarm and frustration, that the CIA is supporting such native resistance movements as the National Committee for a Free Albania, and the Polish underground organization known as W.I.N. Grasping at a wisp of evidence, the communist newspaper, the New York Daily Worker, singled out for attack a \$100,000,000 fund voted by Congress in the Mutual Security Act of 1951. The law provided, the Red publication said, that the money was to be used for "financing the activities of 'selected persons' who are residing in, or are escapees from, the Eastern European countries 'either to form such persons into elements of the military force supporting the North Atlantic Treaty, or for other purposes.'"

In all the major purge trials the communists give top billing as "villain" to Dulles and his so-called CIA "dirty-tricks" department—Xoxe in Albania, Gomulka in Poland, Slansky in Czechoslovakia, Kostov in Bulgaria. Plainly, CIA's third force is hitting the Russians where it hurts.

This is the second part of an exclusive three-part Post report on the CIA. Next week, the authors reveal some of Allen W. Dulles' unusual adventures. —The Editors.

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