

ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

SUBJECT: (Optional)

TRANSLATIONS ON AECOB SURFACINGS BY LATVIAN KGB

FROM:

SR/2/JHR
LAT

NO.

DATE

4 FEB 1958

TO: (Officer designation, room number, and building)

DATE

OFFICER'S INITIALS

COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)

REC'D

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1. SR/COP/FI

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NOTE: THESE ARE THE TRANSLATIONS FROM "KOMSOHOLSKAYA PRAUDA" 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12 AND 14 DECEMBER 1957 SR/2/LAT-JHR

retention or destruction

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THE FALLEN STAR
(A Documentary Story)

Not long ago an announcement was published in the newspapers by the Committee of State Security, of the Council of Ministers USSR, regarding the arrest of the American spies, L. N. Zaria'sh and L. P. Bronberg, who had entered the USSR illegally.

After the publication of this announcement, many letters were received by the editor of this newspaper. Our readers, construction worker Yu. Vlasov (Moscow, students V. Goryayev, L. Mikhina, and A. Pan'shin (Leningrad), and G. Spurre, A. Krumin'sh (Riga), and others, have requested the editor to publish more details about the manner in which the American spies were exposed and caught. In publishing this documentary story, written on the basis of reports of State Security employees who took part in the operation "The Fallen Star", the editor is answering the questions of our readers.

* * * *

Uncle Martin'sh and Yantsis See a Stranger

The kolkhoz herd was moving lazily along the edge of the forest. The hooves of the cows were stirring up puddles of rain water. Here and there a birch-tree, surrounded by pines, was scattering its golden leaves. Under the pale autumn sun the grass had already turned yellow, and the kolkhoz coachman, Martin'sh Liepa, was thinking that it would soon be time to leave the cows in the new cow-shed, while he, an old man, would nurse his aching, rheumatic joints. Many times the kolkhoz chairman had offered to arrange a trip for him to Kamari, on the Riga seashore, to take sunbaths; however, Martin'sh had always laughed it off: "No, it is not yet time for capital repairs. I shall work a little longer, then we'll see."

Now the old cowherd felt that the time had come for him to rest and take care of his health. It really was high time. It had rained all last night, and his joints had been aching all night. Well, after all he was 72 years old - that was something... "It's no fun to be old" he muttered to himself.

"What did you say, Uncle Martin'sh?" asked the young boy, Yantsis. He was striding along with the old man, wearing his father's rubber boots and an oversize, shaggy cap.

"You wouldn't understand it now, my boy". The old man gently pulled the large cap over the boy's eyes, teasing him. Yantsis, of course, did not mind. There was not a single boy in the neighboring farms, who would not have been happy to help Uncle Martin'sh to tend the kolkhoz herd. Only at first the old man seemed so serious and uncommunicative. But actually Uncle Martin'sh was not that way at all. No one was better able than he to point out the places where mushrooms grew in the woods, no one knew better how to trap birds or make whistles out of damp switches. And when he began to tell them about Perezyahl', where he sat in the trenches back in the old days of the imperialistic war, one did not get tired of listening. Yes, old Uncle Martin'sh had seen many interesting things in his life!

The edge of the forest was behind them. The cows were moving along a narrow opening in the forest which led to the top of a hill and disappeared behind it. The short autumn day was drawing to an end.

Suddenly a man appeared in the opening out of the thicket. He looked around and, seeing the herd and the herdsmen, quickly disappeared among the trees. Then, in the distance, another human shadow appeared for a moment between the trees. And although

all this happened in just one instant, the old man noticed that the man who had appeared in the opening was wearing a short leather jacket, Yantsis also noticed the stranger and wondered why he had seemed so frightened.

From this part of the forest to the border it was not more than 20 kilometers. Liepa had been born in this neighborhood and lived here all his life; he knew all the residents of neighboring villages, not only by sight, but by name, since he had known them for many years. However, he had seen the man in the leather jacket for the first time.

When the old man and the boy got to the place where the stranger had stepped out into the open, they discovered a cigarette butt, still smoking, partly hidden among the leaves on the ground. Liepa looked at it carefully and read the inscription in blue letters: "Camel". He carefully wrapped the cigarette butt in his handkerchief. He had been smoking for 50 years, but had never heard of such a cigarette.

After spending a restless night, thinking about the stranger he had seen in the woods, Liepa decided next morning to go to Aizpute, taking the boy with him. In Aizpute, he went to the rayon office of the KGB and had a talk with Major Sturis. He told the Major how they had come upon the stranger in the woods. Yantsis added that he was sure he could recognize the stranger if he saw him again. He had been wearing a leather jacket like a pilot, only without a fur collar, he had shoes on his feet, and a cap of checkered cloth. He had been about medium height, a little shorter than old Liepa.

Major Sturis told them the cigarette was American, one could not buy any of those in their rayon store. He thanked Liepa and the boy for coming to see him.

After Martin'ah Liepa and Yantsis had left, the major made a telephone call to the frontier post:

"This is Sturis speaking. Tell me, have there been any border violations in the last few days? A stranger has been seen around here."

"It is quite possible that there was a violation," answered the chief of the frontier post. "Two days ago we found a faint trace on the road, which looked like a footprint. We are studying the footprint now. Let us keep in touch with each other."

So Far Nothing Is Clear

It was just on this day that Major Sturis was to have left on his vacation. He already had the tickets to Sochi, and his wife was packing their suitcases. He could picture the far-away, rocky coast, the silhouettes of cypresses on the background of the lofty structures of sanatoria, the winding road up the Akhun mountain, and the clear, blue mirror-like surface of Lake Ritsa.

Actually, the major had only stopped in at the office to give last instructions to Lieutenant Lidums. Ordinarily, he could have depended completely on the lieutenant and could have gone off to take a rest. In spite of his youth, Lidums had proved himself as a good worker; he was thoughtful, courageous, and coolheaded. However, the morning visit of the cowherd Liepa and the conversation with the chief of the frontier post had given the major something to think about. The matter could take an unexpected turn and his presence might be needed. So the major decided to stay for a while. It is true that he would have to give some explanation to his wife, which was not very pleasant. However, during the 15 years of their life together

she had become accustomed to things happening unexpectedly and had learned not to complain about her restless, semi-military, nomadic life. Yes, many things had happened in the last 15 years: the front, the work in the rear of the Germans, right in the den of the Fascist beast....

Sturis wrote a note to his wife asking her to go to the railroad station and turn in their tickets. "I have some urgent business", he explained.

Around noon, the major received another report: About 6 km from the forest where Liepa and Yantais had seen the stranger, some kolkhoz women, who were going out to dig potatoes, noticed two men in the bushes, on the shore of a small lake. One of them was dressed in a leather jacket, the other one was wearing a short coat, and the latter looked very much like the kolkhoz brigade leader Evert. The women were quite a distance from the lake and they could not definitely say that it really was Evert. "But he looked very much like him", they said.

Now Major Sturis and Lieutenant Lidums were comparing the two reports. However, what did all this have to do with Evert, who was a field crop specialist known throughout the republic?

Sturis began to think. "You know something," he said to the lieutenant after a short silence, "we will have to talk to Evert. Go out to the kolkhoz. Only be very tactful in your conversation. Don't offend him by acting suspicious."

Lidums brightened. "It just happens that I have to give a lecture there today on communist education."

At the appointed hour, not only the young people were assembled in the kolkhoz club, but old people too. The lieutenant noticed Evert in the audience. Like everybody else, he was waiting for the beginning of the lecture with a great deal of interest. Lidums was considered one of the best lecturers in

the rayon.

This time again Lidums felt that he was able to hold the attention of his audience. He spoke easily, and appeared at ease. The detailed notes he had written the night before did not bind him. They only served as an outline, and prevented him from being diverted to secondary matters.

The lengthy applause of the kolkhoz workers and the number of questions they asked proved that they liked the lecture.

On the way out, Lidums met the brigade leader.

"You spoke very well about the remnants of capitalism," said Evert. "When you come to think of it, it's really amazing how some young rascal, who has never seen a live capitalist, would suddenly have so many of these "remnants". There is a young fellow in my brigade. He just finished school, and he is strong and healthy, it seems he should be a good worker. But as soon as he is supposed to go out in the field, he has a thousand excuses. Either he has a stomach ache, or he has to go to town. It's quite a problem."

Evert checked himself. "But why am I holding you up? You are probably tired after the lecture. You have been speaking for a whole hour without resting. Come over to my place. I shall treat you to some fried mushrooms, which I gathered myself."

The mushrooms really turned out to be delicious. They were juicy and fresh, and melted in your mouth. Lidums ate to his heart's content. Finally, when the frying-pan was half empty, the lieutenant thanked his host for his hospitality and asked: "Tell me, where do you find such mushrooms? I usually

find nothing but chanterelles, but I see you have some white mushrooms (boletus). Won't you let me in on your secret?"

"They grow in the same forest where old man Lidpa pastures his cows. I filled a whole basket yesterday."

"And do you go out for mushrooms all by yourself?"

"Yes, I go alone," said the brigade leader, smiling.

"The mushrooms are afraid of crowds."

The lieutenant reached into his pocket for cigarettes.

The brigade leader ~~immediately~~ anticipated his wish. "Would you like to smoke? Wait, I can offer you some foreign cigarettes."

Evert got a package of "Camel" cigarettes out of a closet.

Lidupa took a cigarette and asked with some surprise:

"Where did you get those?"

"My nephew sent them to me. He works as a mechanic with the Baltic Steamship Company. He sails to foreign countries. Somewhere he bought this treat and gave it to his uncle as a present. Just about that time I had quit smoking. For three months I resisted, but then I could stand it no longer."

The lieutenant remembered that a seaman had actually been there in the summer, who had given a talk in the rayon center at the request of the rayon committee and had told them about the foreign countries where he had been.

Lidupa returned to Aispute late in the evening. The major was still in his office. The lieutenant told Sturis about his conversation with the brigade leader and concluded: "Evert has nothing to do with this. Apparently there was only one stranger in the woods."

"Let us not make any assumptions at this time. The first almost assumptions are ~~always~~ wrong," said the major. "Time will tell."

While Lidans was at the kolkhoz, the major received a report from the border post. The border guards had definitely established that there had been a border violation two days ago.

Sturis had been to see the secretary of the rayon party committee, the rayon executive committee, the rayon committee of the Komsomol, and the militia. All of the rayon officials had been informed that a border trespassers had been seen in the woods. Telephone messages were sent to neighboring rayons.

However, a search produced no results. The man in the leather jacket and the other one in the short coat, who looked so much like brigade leader Evert, were not seen in the woods, or on the roads, or on the farms. The matter became more complicated. The trespassers had apparently left Aispitskiy Rayon.

The two following days passed quietly. And the third day brought big news.

8

Something is Cleared Up

At dawn, Captain Polyakov's rifle company went out on a tactical problem to the woods surrounding the small Druvas farm. The captain had purposely selected this area for training. The terrain, wooded hills, marshy gullies, and winding paths, presented to the young warriors, soldiers in their first year of service, the possibility of receiving serious conditioning while acting under complex conditions with the maximum approximation to combat.

The captain called together the platoon leaders, placed before them a map case, and said, "The 'opposing' force of two platoons of infantry are taking up positions on a hill ninety three meters high. 'Now here', Polyakov indicated this hill on a topographic map, 'the 'opponent' has dug in and formed circular defenses. He has four machine-gun nests and a mortar battery. This order has been received: to advance unobserved and, with a sudden assault, dislodge the 'opponent' from the hill. Two platoons will advance through the woods and one through the marsh. Mission understood? Then, to your places!"

Fifteen minutes later, the company started the attack. Polyakov, together with his runner, were at the command post concealed in a thicket, observing the activities of his troops. The second platoon (This was the best platoon in the company), attacking through the marsh, was the first to reach the crest of the hill. Here, the platoon unexpectedly bunched up, the soldiers excitedly ran around, and Lieutenant Klokov, an excellent, disciplined officer, suddenly waved his hand and began to shout, "Comrade Captain, come here".

Polyakov could do nothing but leave the command post.

"What's wrong?" he thought with displeasure.

When the company commander had climbed the hill he saw a raised military tent.

"Please examine the inside" said Lieutenant Klokov.

Polyakov peered inside and saw a map case with topographic maps and several loaded cartridge clips for a "Browning" pistol. Beyond the tent was a campfire, still burning, over which a pot still cooked soup made from concentrates. Bundles of Soviet hundred-ruble notes, Finnish marks, and Swedish crowns were lying around the campfire, spread on paper to dry.

"Disturb nothing. Search the hill", ordered the company commander, "and you, lieutenant, immediately get in touch with the agents of the KGB". Klokov answered a curt "Yes, sir", darted to the road, stopped a passing car, and hurried to the city.

The remaining two platoons reached the hill and joined in the search. Under an old spreading oak tree in a thicket, the soldiers found a battery-operated radio set, the antenna of which was placed in the branches of the tree.

Polyakov looked at the transmitter and clearly saw the English writing on it.

"Type", he read and added "American transmitter". This was all becoming interesting.

Two hours later a GAZ-69 vehicle made its way to the top of the hill. Out of it jumped Major Sturis, Lt Lifums, and a service dog handler, Master Sergeant Pruver.

The Chekists carefully inspected and photographed all of the discovered articles.

"It looks like your soldiers happened to scare away the people whom ~~xxxx~~ we are seeking", said Major Sturis to Polyakov. "look, here they decided to dry out after the rain, to get warm, to eat a snack, to take a rest, and at the same time to send out a radio dispatch. Well, they can't have gotten far. Sergeant Pruver, send out the dog".

The handler brought the sheep dog to the tent, gave ~~to~~ it the case

with maps and the packs of money to smell and released it from the leash. The dog barked loudly and the hair on its back stood on end. But the dog took two steps and stopped, helplessly whining. "Just as I supposed", said the major with chagrin. "The track is not to be wondered. It has rained and in addition to that the whole company has trampled the area. Well, they haven't gone far", repeated Major Sturis.

one or several ?

All day long the men of the rifle company and the operator (KGB) group combed the woods around the Druvas farm, trying to discover the tracks of the unknown. Observations were conducted on the roads, farms, and railroad stations. The operations were directed by Major Sturis.

A group of experts was also occupied with this matter. Only they were looking for tracks not in the woods and marshes but in the laboratory. The articles themselves would tell about the things hidden in the woods and marshes by the intruders on the hill.

All this spy equipment was sent by order of Major Sturis to Riga by special messenger. The chief of one of the operating sections of the republic committee, Lt. Col. Alksnis, reported the happenings to Moscow, and the things were sent for examination.

And now they were neatly spread out in the laboratory. Topographic maps, printed on thin staple linen, covered the whole floor. In the corner stood an aluminum pot and on a table in front of the experts was a portable receiver, transmitter, rectifier and converter, battery supply, and antenna. To the experienced specialists they would be able to tell more than ~~any~~ ^{any} other, talkative, persons. ^{So far.} The "Made in USA" labels told only that they were made in the United States.

The ^{articles} stopped speaking. They must be forced to talk. The experts ended the detailed inspection of the radio equipment and turned to the topographic maps. The legends on them were in English.

There were no marks on the maps.

But if they have been used there should be at least some traces remaining, reasoned the experts.

This was painstaking, fatiguing work. Each centimeter of the many maps was carefully examined at length by the specialists with large magnifying glasses. Suddenly their faces lighted up.

The map of Kandavskiy Region was quite clean and only near the point designating the Dreymann farm were faintly seen barely noticeable marks from the touch of a finger nail.

"Take a look, Comrade Colonel", said the leader of the group, handing to the chief of the operator group the map of Kandavskiy Region and the magnifying glass. "He pointed there with his finger". This means that the trespassers were interested in the Dreymann farm. Obviously they were headed there."

"True", agreed the colonel and ordered, "Continue the examination. Send the more important results to Kandava. I'm going there."

Before getting into the car the colonel got in touch with Sturis.

"Do you know personally the kolkhoz brigadier Evert?" he asked.

"I have been acquainted with Evert personally for five years", answered the major.

"Then leave for Kandava?"

The colonel's car arrived in Kandava early in the morning. The city had not yet awakened and the narrow twisting streets of Kandava were dark and deserted. Only through the window of the office of the local agent of the KGB, Captain Yanson, poured the orange light of a table lamp. Sturis was already there. The major, his head lying on the table, slept soundly, having had two sleepless nights. Sturis was awakened by the slamming of a door.

"Resting?", the colonel asked in greeting. "Yes, we can now only sleep in snatches. I called you here because you know Evert, ^{who} is so similar to one of the border crossers."

Lt. Col. Alksnis was an old, experienced Chekist, who began working in the security organisation ^{at the time of} even before Feliks Edmundovich Dzerzhinskiy. The colonel had passed fifty but didn't look over forty. Neither his body nor his mind had aged.

The Kandava agent, Capt. Yanson, already knew of the operation in progress and even had additional important information. This he had already reported to Sturis and now he reported it to the colonel.

During the night, on the road from Kabils to Sabils, an unknown person had stopped a truck from the local grain procurement point and had asked the driver to take him to Sabils. Before they had gone fifteen kilometers he left the truck and went into the woods. He gave the driver fifty rubles. The driver was astonished. Fifty rubles for such a small service would be given only by those absolutely unfamiliar with the prices prevailing in these parts. The passenger wore a short leather jacket.

"So", exclaimed the colonel, pleased with the confirmation of the information from the expert examination.

"The intruder is going to the Dreyman farm. And who lives at this farm?"

"The former kulak, Fritsis Lagudin'sh", answered the captain. "Soviet prisoners of war worked at his place during the war years. My predecessor spoke to him about this in '45. Now Lagudin'sh is working on the kolхоз, digging wells. He is married to a peasant woman from a poor family. She is a milkmaid. They have a fourteen year old son. There is another house on the farm and in it lives Fritsis' sister, Ayna.

"Does this Fritsis have other relatives?"

"We are endeavoring to find out", said the captain.

Toward the middle of the day it became known that Lagudin'sh had two first cousins and four nephews.

"It is necessary to find out who they are and where they live", ordered the colonel.

At night Alksnis read the supplementary material. Yes, four nephews and two of Fritsis' first cousins were living and working honestly in various cities in Latvia and had not recently been away and had never been out of the country. But it was shown that Fritsis had still another first cousin. He was a driver for the Riga taxi fleet. Albert, this relative of Fritsis, said that his uncle, Al'fred Riekstin'sh, served in the Hitler army and after the war he disappeared.

"If this Riekstin'sh served with the Germans, then there should be something about him in the archives", said Alksnis.

They asked Riga. An answer was received promptly. In the packet, in addition to the letter, was ^a photograph of a young man with a drawn face, narrow forehead, and small round eyes.

In the letter it said: "Traitor Riekstin'sh served as a "Non-commissioned" officer in the Hitler army and was awarded the "Knight's Cross". After the war he fled to Sweden with a motor boat. He participated in anti-Soviet activities in a camp for displaced persons. Recruited by American intelligence, he was used as an agent-recruiter and then vanished from Sweden."

"I am confident that this SS man, Riekstin'sh, and the man in the short jacket, illegally entering the country, are one and the same man", said the colonel, setting the report aside. "I am almost certain that he was not sent here alone. We will let him get to the farm. It is quite possible that other birds will follow him there. If we take Riekstin'sh on the way then we may scare away the others. A close watch will have to ^{be} kept over the farm. Who has any suggestions regarding this matter?"

On the Dreymann Farm

The chairman of the Kholkos cheerily greeted the six youths, students from Riga.

"Now then, you are going to help us dig potatoes? Very glad. Well, rest today, and tomorrow — to the fields."

"Well, boys, let us get settled," said the tall young man by the name of Karlis, the leader of the group.

The well travelled road lead the students to the Dreymann farm. The farm was located on a hill. Between the two stone dwellings sparkled a smooth, small, almost toy-like pond, around which were planted young trees.

Karlis went to the massive door, knocked, but received no answer.

"No one is here. They're all in the fields. Let's go look on the other farms."

.....But before morning, the Dreymann farm greeted still another guest. He did not go along the much travelled road, but cut across the field and cautiously knocked on Fritsis Lagzdin'sh's window.

"Is that you, Alfred?", on the threshold there appeared a sleepy farmer. "What a meeting! I admit, I thought I'd never see you alive again. Where are you from?"

He, who was called Alfred, did not answer the question.

"Well, greetings, Fritsis," he said, entering the room.

"I'll be here only a short while. How are the wife and sons?"

The farmer stirred himself, "I'll call them now."

"Don't bother them, it's so late. Yes, I confess, I'd like to sleep," protested Alfred. He looked piercingly at Fritsis and smiled, "And you're not afraid for me to stay the night? You don't even know where I'm from."

"Well, enough of that," reproached the farmer, "After all, I am your brother."

"No offense, Fritsis! I was joking," said Alfred. "I was released from imprisonment and I'm on my way to Riga. Only don't tell any one ~~what I came~~ ^{that I came}. Not even the wife, You aren't a communist?"

Fritsis began cursing. Alfred burst out laughing.

"Good boy, little brother, I thought so. We'll talk about this tomorrow. Incidentally I'd like to sleep in the barn."

All night long Fritsis was tormented by doubts, but in the morning he took milk and bread and hurried to the hayloft. Alfred was already awake and Fritsis sat beside him.

"You know, Alfred," he began distrustfully, "it's hard to believe that you were legally released from imprisonment. Why didn't you spend the night in a room? Is it possible you don't trust me?"

"I have returned from abroad."

"Why?"

"In order to return to you and those like you the land and all the rest that the communists took from you."

"What's the news in the West?"

"Good news," Alfred came to life, "the Americans want to free Latvia from the communists."

"The Americans," drawled Fritsis, "and are they going to return the land to us? Or take it themselves? Have you heard what kind of ^{they will impose} taxes?"

"It's not a matter of taxes," flared Alfred. "You're a real ^{aren't you?} Latvian, In short, I myself, have heard about this by hearsay. I just pass it on the way I heard it. You, very likely, must get to work. Come back this evening, we'll talk then."

In the evening, Fritsis continued to elicit information from his brother. "What all are the Americans promising?"

"The Americans want Latvia to be free," answered Alfred. "America is helping us. Before the war starts they will send many people here. They will blow up bridges and paralyze transportation and industry. We must create the organization which will carry out the preparatory work. And then when the war begins....."

"But if it doesn't begin?" cautiously interrupted Fritsis. "What then? Then they'll catch the whole organization."

"There will be war," Alfred replied categorically. "Many people are talking of this in America. To us they give money, much money." Alfred unfastened his belt. "Well, how much do you need, a thousand, two, five, tell me." Alfred took out a thick pack of hundred-ruble notes. It took Fritsis' breath. Alfred shook the pack and put it in his pocket.

^{Naturally}
"Naturally, no one gives money for nothing. Now who can we get into this organization?"

Fritsis recalled that a former legionnaire, who lost an eye in the war, was living about 50 kilometers away.

"He's doing poorly," explained Fritsis, "he has a hostile attitude."

"Can you get him?"

Fritsis hesitated. He was afraid of such missions.

"I have a sore foot," lied Fritsis unsuccessfully.

"Well, all right, you don't want to and don't have to," said Alfred. "Then go to the store tomorrow and buy me a top coat and cap."

Fritsis took the money and left. At noon, he brought all that Alfred had requested, but was very upset. In the store he had met a militiaman. The militiaman, seeing that Fritsis was buying a coat much larger than the size he wore, asked him for whom he was getting a gift.

"That could be bad," worried Fritsis.

They drank a half-liter of vodka that Fritsis had brought from the store, but the farmer's intoxication did not dispel his misgivings.

"Go," he counselled Alfred, "spend the night and go."

"I must stay a couple of days," said Alfred, "and then I'll go. Don't be afraid, the militiaman was only curious."

But these words did not calm Fritsis. True, he hated the communists. They took his land and his cattle. Fritsis was ready to serve any power which would get rid of the communists. But would they return his land? And then where was this power? Alfred, who was hiding in his barn?

"I think you should go," repeated Fritsis. "Danger is not far away. I can't save you, I'll get caught myself."

"Then are you hiding behind a stranger's back?," growled Alfred.

"Go to the barn with the rye in it, there you can hide better," advised Fritsis, "Then if anything happens, you haven't seen me and I haven't seen you. When it gets dark, ^{move over there.} ~~make your change.~~"

"All right," agreed Alfred, taking leave of Fritsis. "Only think how to get in touch with your legionnaire."

But Fritsis was no longer concerned about the legionnaire.

The Thread is Broken

The Riga students had been working very diligently at the kolkhoz and Karlis was outstanding. The chairman had noted more than once the diligence and efficiency of the youth. For that season he was somewhat surprised when Karlis suddenly requested ^{permission} ~~to leave~~ ^{to leave earlier in the day.} ~~release.~~

The student put his basket down on a mound, scraped the mud from his boots with a stick, and waved to his friends.

At the bend in the road, the vehicle caught up with him. The student raised his hand. The "Gazik" stopped and the student quickly jumped in the car. Karlis saw Lt. Col. Alksnis.

"Greetings, Lidums, what's new?"

"Greetings, Comrade Colonel, our boy is hiding in the barn, I think he's going to leave soon."

"I think the same thing," said the colonel. "Apparently no one else is coming to the farm. We'll take him today."

The car had already entered the ^{small town} ~~city~~, and was rumbling over a cobble-stone ^{street} ~~bridge~~. Lidums leaped out of the car.

"Get some rest, lieutenant. You've done your share, Comrade Student Karlis!", smiled Alksnis.

"Towards evening the car sped to the Dreymann farm. Out of it jumped Lt. Col. Alksnis, Major Sturis, and Captain Yanson.

"Good evening, farmer," said Alksnis. "Have any strangers shown up here on the farm lately?"

Fritsis shrugged his shoulders, "No, I haven't seen anyone."

"Well, thanks," said the colonel, "but we must be sure about this. Here is a search warrant, approved by the public prosecutor."

The officers went to the barn. The colonel opened the door slightly and called out, "Anybody here? Come on out."

He received no answer. The colonel took a shovel, turned it handle down, and began to poke it into the rye. The shovel encountered ^{something} hard and the sound of breaking glass was heard.

"Dishes," he thought.

From the rye a shot rang out. The shot wasn't aimed by sight, just by the sound of the voice. The bullet went right by Alksnis' cheek. "Come out, resistance is foolish," ordered the colonel and fired a shot into the air from his automatic.

The sheaves moved. First, two raised hands appeared, grasping a pistol, then a man's head raised up.

"I surrender," croaked Alfred.

"Drop your gun," ordered the colonel.

Alfred, turning like a cat, pointed his pistol straight at Alksnis' chest and shouted, "Now you die!"

Almost simultaneously three shots thundered. Alfred stumbled, sank down, the gun fell from his hands, and his head buried itself in the stack. When Alksnis bent down to Riekstin'sh, he was already dead. Teeth showing, he stared with fixed, unseeing eyes at the floor, where, from his breast, there flowed a pool of blood.

The major and the captain searched the stack. In the sheaves they discovered 40,000 rubles, codes, poisons, an automatic, and a fountain-pen pistol. In the dead man's pocket they found an unsealed letter. The colonel unfolded the sheet of paper and read :

"Dear Sofia, Things are well and we have plenty at home and in the stores. The people are returning to the homeland and no one is being persecuted. To the contrary, they are given quarters and work, but in Munich you will find no refuge or shelter. Return to us, my dear."

Alksnis put the letter away. "Probably ^{S/H} ~~codes~~," he said, "we must check? ~~Then they left.~~ And now let's go."

At the car Fritsis was still standing in a frozen position.

"Well, then, you say no one came?" said the colonel.

Fritsis wanted to say something but his lips flapped in the breeze and he couldn't utter a sound.

A week later, Lt. Col. Alksnis held a meeting in Riga.

"The letter which we found on the deceased Riekstin'sh actually contained ^{S/H text} ~~codes~~," said Alksnis, "and is as follows: 'Am continuing my way. Conditions are far from what was thought. The people have changed. Acting with caution since running into soldiers. It is possible they have come upon my tracks. Have in mind to put plan "H" into realization in the near future.' That's the letter," said .

...line thread was broken with the death of Riekstin'sh,
but our operation, which we henceforth will call "Fallen Star", does
not end with this. The American intelligence ^{would hardly} ~~has not~~ organized
games with just one Riekstin'sh. They will attempt to realize
plan "H", the purpose of which, is, for the time being, unclear to us.
Think, comrades, where we can find the ends of the threads."

A month, half a year, a year went by. Some of the younger
workers were already beginning to think that the spy, Riekstin'sh,
had no co-workers. But Alksnis adhered to his opinion. With
redoubled persistence and energy, the colonel worked for the solution
of plan "H". The search was continued.

21.

The brush of the artist, Peteris Frieditis, was creating sad and somber landscapes. The artist was feeling depressed, and the paints expressed his sadness on the canvas. The walls of his room were hung with autumn landscapes. The same theme was repeated over and over again: a rainy day, a dull, melancholy sky, lonely marshes, and yellow leaves.

Yes, Frieditis was depressed: he was always sad and pensive.

"What is the matter with you, brother?" Milda kept asking him.

"Well, you know that the exhibition of my paintings is going to be soon."

"Don't worry, everything will be all right," Milda assured him.

But Peteris lied to his sister. He was not working anywhere. He had to take money from a woman and tell Milda that it was his salary. It had been a year now, ever since he came to Riga, that Frieditis was living off Vera Kriksons, a dressmaker working at home. But what was he to do? To whom should he go? In this big city, where people do not walk but run down the streets, preoccupied with their own affairs, and always in a hurry, who would remember about him, the unknown tramp and hermit? He would be remembered only by the woman who had loved him as a young girl. Fifteen years ago, the slender little seamstress from the workshop on Ulitsa Brivibas had been getting ready to marry him. She had even made her wedding gown. But he had deceived Vera, and had disappeared, ruining her life. And now he suddenly had to cross her path again and lie to her, saying that he had loved her during the 15 years of separation and had remembered her.

Milda was very much opposed to these meetings. She believed that her brother needed a different kind of wife: everyone knew that Vera was thoughtless and foolish.

Dear, trusting Milda! How she had cried out when he suddenly appeared on her threshold. He told her that he had been pardoned by the Soviet government and was repatriated from West Germany. Only in the West he had to change his first and last name. And she believed him. What a good thing that Milda had moved shortly before his arrival; they told the new neighbors that he had come from Leningrad.

Frieditis threw down his brush and shoved the easel away with his foot. How disgusting it all was - lying to his sister, pretending to be in love with Vera ...

A heavy foreboding filled Frieditis as soon as he and "Imant" had crossed the border. That had been a year ago. From the very first steps they had taken on Soviet soil they understood that they were walking on the brink of disaster.

Frieditis would always remember that walk. In the forest close to the border "Imant" stepped out into an opening to look around and immediately jumped back, shouting that a herd was approaching. They ran through the thicket for a long time and finally hid among some bushes. "Imant" was worrying whether the herdsmen had seen them or not. But everything was quiet in the woods. Only the heavy raindrops were hammering against the yellow leaves of the trees. The two men got under the canvas tent and remained there all day.

At night they decided to empty part of their sacks. Frieditis buried his radio set; "Imant" buried the automatic,

the ammunition, and the "homing device for guiding airplanes". It became easier to walk. At dawn they came out to a forest lake. While they were trying to orient themselves according to their map and compass, three women appeared on the opposite shore of the lake. And again the men ran into the woods and continued hiding all day. The miserable, cold rain kept pouring down and a gusty wind was blowing, which penetrated them to the bones. "Boris" had been so right when he insisted that it was impossible to begin the work in the fall! However, Colonel Kull had already dragged out the training period too long, and his career was at stake. Kull insisted, and they left.

Prieditis remembered well that they talked about "Boris" all the time. He was to have crossed the border in another place, join them in the forest, and guide them as far as the Venta River. There, in the forest, they gave the prearranged whistle signals for a long time, but no one answered. They waited for "Boris" for two days, as agreed, and then continued on their way.

On a small hill, which had been chosen as a reserve place for a meeting, they finally decided that it was no use to wait for "Boris". Here, in the thicket, "Imant" suggested that they raise their tent, build a fire, get dry, and spread out by the fire their money and maps which got soaked in the rain.

"I am tired of eating dry food," said "Imant", - "we should cook something hot." Prieditis protested, he was afraid that a fire would be noticed. They even quarrelled about it. However, "Imant" finally did build a fire and started cooking some meat bouillon in the pot, while Prieditis ate some salty concentrate cubes and stretched out to sleep. When he awoke, he saw that "Imant" was lying on his raincoat, busy encoding a radio message:

this was the last scheduled radio broadcast time for transmitting a message to the intelligence center. He did not know what "Imant" was writing. They had been given various ciphers. Then "Imant" set out to look for a suitable place to hang up the antenna. "Imant" disappeared in the bushes, but returned immediately and announced in a frightened tone that the hill was surrounded by soldiers. They did not have time to take down the tent, hide the money and the maps.

Frieditis was stronger than "Imant". He could run very fast, taking long strides, and jumping over stumps and ditches. At first he could feel the hot, uneven breath of his companion behind his back, then he could only hear the pounding of "Imant's" heavy military boots on the ground, and finally he did not hear anything.

He continued running until he dropped to the ground, when he realized that he had no strength left. He crawled into a ditch. He now had neither a tent, nor maps, nor food. All he had was sewn inside his belt. That is where he kept the most essential items: addresses, ciphers, transmission schedules, poison, S/W materials, 1,500 rubles, and documents in the name of Peteris Yanovich Frieditis, prepared at the American intelligence center.

Yes, he had money, but he was afraid to go to any of the farms, they might have an ambush there. During a whole week, while he was making his way to Riga, he ate nothing but carrots and turnips, which he stole from the fields at night. He forded the Venta River near the mill at night. The three of them were supposed to have gone as far as the Venta together. He got there alone.

.... Was it really just one year since that time? Just one year, but it seems like an eternity.

Frieditis put the unfinished painting in a closet and put away his paints. He took his coat from a hanger. He had definitely decided to bring the receiver home. Naturally, it was dangerous. But wasn't it more dangerous to go out into the woods twice a month, to dig out the radio set and to listen to broadcasts from the intelligence center?

Frieditis slammed the door and walked out into the street.

The Clouds are Gathering

He sat by the window of the railroad car and watched the glowing sunset ahead, behind black clouds of smoke from the locomotive. There were hardly any passengers in the car. No one tried to talk to him, or bothered him by being sociable, as it happens so often on a train, and Frieditis could give himself up to his thoughts. His thoughts were heavy and troubled, and they kept worrying him. They arose from the realization that a catastrophe was inevitable, from the anticipation of impending disaster.

But Frieditis understood that he must not give up. He had to work. He had arranged a reliable cache in the basement of his home, in a corner behind a broken-down couch which had been thrown out by some tenants years ago. There it would be more convenient and safer to keep the radio set. Even Hilda might some day begin to notice that he never spent the night at home on the seventh and seventeenth day of each month.

The decision was undoubtedly correct, and he had already informed Kull that he wanted the broadcast schedules changed to

daytime hours. But would there be any point to it ? Here he had been writing to the intelligence center for a whole year and listening to their radio transmissions, but it was all just conversations, and no use to anybody.

A year ago he had sent his first message to Washington:

"Arrived in Riga safely, have aroused no suspicion. Have lost contact with "Imant" and "Boris." Send money, cannot begin work otherwise."

"Congratulations on your successful arrival", was the answer from the intelligence center, "start working on your assignment. The fatherland will not forget your efforts."

There was not a word about money or about the addresses of "Imant" and "Boris".

At first Peteris tried to get in touch with "Imant" and "Boris". Several times he went to the intersection of Ulitsa Brivibas and Ulitsa Elizabetes, and stopped at the advertising column, but was afraid to take out his pencil. Finally, making use of a moment when no one was around, he wrote four digits on the column: "2818". "Imant" and "Boris" were sure to come to this place, if they were in Riga. That is the way it had been agreed upon. They were to underscore the numbers with three short lines. In this way they would confirm that they would come here on the 27th at 1700 hours. One digit/^{each} had to be subtracted from the numbers denoting the date and time of day.

Peteris came back two days later, however no one had underlined his writing. After the 27th he set a new date for a meeting, but this date went by too, and so did the following one...

Peteris kept on sending letters to the intelligence center, asking for money and for new documents and addresses.

Sometimes he would indulge in rebukes in his letters: "Why don't you inform me of the addresses of "Imant" and "Boris" ? Are you still investigating ? I don't intend to be your guinea pig."

This was a cry of despair. But the intelligence center answered his question by another question:

"Why don't you send agency information ? When are you finally getting down to work ?"

Prieditis knew that the Americans would not give him any money as long as he had not fulfilled some serious mission. But he continued to beg and entreat them. He complained that he was living off a loose woman, whose son was ill with consumption, that he had no decent clothes, and that he could not drink a bottle of wine on a holiday... "Work on operation "H", they answered him.

Work on Operation "H" ? That means he had to recruit at least one or two persons among local residents and with their help obtain exact information on the location of military airfields, the size of take-off strips, and determine the capacity of railroads and bridges, photograph port installations, find out what kind of orders were being placed with Riga plants...

No, Peteris was not a coward. If he had had anyone next to him, at least that puny "Imant", he would have gone ahead without fear, even to the point of death. But he was alone. He did not dare talk to strangers, walk along the streets, go to the movies, and strike up acquaintances. At times he was seized by a persecution complex. It seemed to him that he was being watched, that someone was going through his belongings when he was not at home. He even began to spy on Milda, to see if she was going to the militia, or the KGB.

Sometimes Frieditis tried to reject all doubts and forced himself to think logically. If he had been exposed, then why had he not been arrested? No, they could not have traced him. The S/W letters he wrote were mailed in different parts of Riga. He did not go on the air, but only listened to broadcasts, and that could not be detected. Nobody had checked his documents ...

His temporary composure was again replaced by spells of doubts, and he tried to analyze each one of his steps again and again.

... The train was approaching Aizpute. Peteris got off, spent a little while in the station restaurant, and then went into the woods, unnoticed by anyone.

However, the clouds were already gathering over the head of the spy. Frieditis had not taken any false step. But sometimes irreparable accidents happen. On this day he should on no account have left the house.

Sema-Schastlivchik (the lucky one) Has Bad Luck

Sema Zil'berman got this enviable nickname because fate had been especially kind to his otherwise not very remarkable person. For seven years now he had been doing a lot of things which should have been stopped by a number of articles of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR, and not once did he get caught. Sema-Schastlivchik and the Code operated parallel to each other, and neither one got in contact with the other.

Sema "operated" only at railroad stations and on trains: he was too lazy to pick pockets which contained less than 100 rubles. But the pockets of coats and pants of people at railroad stations contained hundreds, and sometimes even thousands of rubles.

Sema-Schastlivchik was registered as a permanent resident at Podol, in Kiev, but as soon as the acacias began to bloom he

started out on his travels. The muse of distant travels attracted him to the small seashore stations, where at this time of the year there was plenty of money from the big cities.

That is why, on one of the first summer evenings in 1956, Sema-Schastlivchik turned up at the Riga Seashore. The express train stops only three minutes at a small railroad station. Sema popped out of the restaurant and, chewing his sandwich on the way, jumped on the step of the railroad car.

On the platform of the car he saw a pleasant-looking young man, who was smoking and restlessly looking out of the window.

"Would you treat me to a smoke, colleague?" said Sema. The passenger, who had not expected the question, started and reached hurriedly into his pocket. He pulled out a wallet, placed it in his raincoat, and then pulled out a package of cigarettes.

"You are nervous," said Sema sympathetically. "Are you going to see her?"

The young man turned away to the window, giving him to understand that he did not wish to continue the conversation.

Sema did not like impolite people. He said goodbye in a cool manner and locked himself in the men's room. "I wonder," said Sema to himself, "how much money this intelligent young man is carrying with him? - At this point he waved his arm as though he was going to start a dance. A wallet popped out of his sleeve. "Aha!" he exclaimed, counting the wad of money. "Eight hundred rubles!"

He opened the other compartment of the wallet and pulled out a "Voyenny biliet". The thief hid the money and the Voyenny biliet in his pocket, and threw the empty wallet out of the window.

Whistling the "Kiev Waltz", Sema came out of the men's room. The robbed young man was already in the car. He was sitting near the door and was still smoking. His whole appearance was such that he gave no indication of having noticed his loss. Sema found an empty seat by the window.

The conductor entered the car. The young man showed his ticket first. The conductor punched it and proceeded on his way. Finally, he reached Sema.

"Your ticket, please."

"Were you talking to me?" asked Sema, yawning indifferently.

"Show your ticket," said the conductor quietly.

Sema pulled a 100-ruble note out of his pocket and rolled it up. "Please do me a favor. Buy me a ticket yourself. Send it to me by mail, and have fun with the change."

The conductor did not accept the bribe. He asked a militiaman into the car. Sema realized that the matter could end badly. He suddenly jumped up and pushed the militiaman. But the militiaman was able to seize his arm. Sema kicked him with his foot, tore himself away, and ran to the door. The militiaman ran after him...

At the same moment, the robbed young man dashed out onto the platform and, without stopping to think, jumped off the train.

Everybody gasped. An elderly man even ran off to look for the emergency brake. But he was unable to get out into the passage. One of the passengers had tripped Sema, and the latter crashed down to the floor. The militiaman and the conductor ran up to him. A crowd gathered.

At the next station, Sema, who had finally come in contact with the authorities, was taken to the militia office. Here Sema was relieved of eight hundred rubles and a Vozennyi билет in the name

of Yuriy Nikolayevich Vanags. The militiaman looked at the photograph and recognized the young man, who had acted in such a foolhardy manner on the train.

"He robbed this man", the militiaman told the duty officer. "And I was wondering, why should that one jump off the train? He ~~was~~ probably decided that he had left his wallet somewhere at the last station. Oh, what a brain ! "

The militia department chief placed Sema in the cell pending his identification, and forwarded the Voyenny Bilet, without further thought, to the rayon military commissariat in Riga, where according to the entry, Yuriy Nikolayevich Vanags was registered as being eligible for military service.

The chief of the fourth unit, Capt Belkin, opened the package with the Voyenny Bilet. "What a scatterbrain !" he commented, shaking his head.

Belkin called Anna Stepanovna Kozel'kina: "Anna Stepanovna, find out from the registration form the home address and place of work of Yuriy Nikolayevich Vanags. He lost his Voyenny Bilet. We have to send him a notice, ask him to come in."

Kozel'kina returned after quite a while. "We have no registration card for Vanags."

"Wait a minute," said the captain, "did you look carefully?"

"I went through everything twice. When (he is) supposed to have been registered according to the "Bilet" ? "

"Quite recently. On April 27th. "

"On the 27th ? That was after I had returned from my vacation. Somehow I don't remember this citizen. What day was that ? "

Anna Stepanovna went up to the desk and looked at the desk calendar. "But the 27th was on a Friday !" she exclaimed. "On Fridays we have commanding officers' training. We are not open to the public on that day."

The captain looked at the calendar page, then again at the Voyenny Bilet, and scratched his head.

"Hm, that's very strange."

Belkin took off the receiver and called the address bureau. "Tell me, what is the address of the citizen Yuriy Nikolayevich Vanags, born in 1929?"

The captain was asked to wait, and soon a girl's voice answered: "Hello, are you listening? There is no such citizen in Riga, he is not registered."

The captain became very thoughtful: everything was so strange and improbable.

Finally, the Voyenny Bilet which belonged to Yuriy Nikolayevich Vanags was sent to the Committee of State Security by special delivery and got into the hands of Lt Col Alkanis.

Alkanis inspected the document carefully and sent it to the laboratory for an expert analysis.

The results of the analysis were so unexpected that Alkanis immediately called a meeting of his division:

"I asked you to come and see me so I could tell you a very interesting story. The Voyenny Bilet, as established by experts, is forged. But that is not all. The most interesting part is that it was made in the same place as the Voyenny Bilet found on the spy Riekstin'sh, who was killed, i.e. in the American intelligence center.

The colonel waited for the slight commotion to die down, and went on: "I think this bird has come over to us together with Riekstin'sh. You remember, we assumed that Riekstin'sh had not come alone."

"The spy was traveling to Riga," concluded Lt Col Alkanis.

"The person who is hiding under the name of Vanags will, of course, not give up his plans. He will arrive in Riga, if he has not already arrived. By the end of the day, ^{enlarged copies of} Vanags' photograph will be distributed all over the city."

On the Trail

Vanags fell on his side, rolled over several times, and landed in the wet mud of a rain-water ditch. "I am alive," he thought. "Once I can think, that means I am alive." Ignoring the pain in his leg and shoulder, he raised himself on one elbow and saw the green light of the last car of the train disappear behind a bend. "Thank God, they did not stop," he thought.

Vanags crawled along the plowed field in the direction where the dark forest trees were visible on the background of the dark-blue, starry sky. Finally he reached the dense forest. Here he discovered that he had neither a Voyenny Bilet nor money. This frightened him even more. "I had a strange premonition", he thought, "that this whole comedy in the train had been started only for the purpose of arresting me. But how were they able to get my documents ? "

Heavy, gloomy thoughts filled his head, until finally everything was mixed up, and he dozed off.

In the morning Vanags felt that his injuries were not as serious as they had seemed the day before. He got up and, stepping carefully on his injured foot, walked away. He had to get away as far/possible from this place. He decided to go to the city of Bauska, where his aunt Cecilia was living. He had not seen her twelve years.

He arrived in Bauska after four days and nights. In the evening Vanags stopped in front of a familiar little house and

knocked on the door. An old woman came out.

"I bring you greetings from your nephew Leonid. I studied with him in West Germany, and when I left to come here he gave me your address and asked me to be sure and visit you."

"Well, I am very glad, please come in," Aunt Cecilia said, bustling about.

She began to shower him with questions.

"Leonid is now an electrical engineer", said Vanags, eating the pie which his hostess had placed on the table.

Vanags noticed that the woman was looking him over attentively. "You are so much like Leonid. The same nose, mouth, shape of the eyes."

"Many people told us that we looked very much alike," Vanags agreed.

He remained overnight with Aunt Cecilia. Waking up in the morning, he saw the old woman sitting by his bedside and stroking his hair. Seeing that Vanags opened his eyes, Aunt Cecilia said in a trembling voice: "Leonid! Why do you conceal your name from me? I know that you are my nephew."

Vanags understood that it was getting time to leave.

"Why, what are you saying... I am a different person altogether."

Saying goodbye, Aunt Cecilia hugged him and kissed him.

"Please give the kiss to my Leonid."

"Unfortunately, I will not be able to do that. I shall never see Leonid any more."

Vanags went out into the street and remembered that this was the 10th of June. Today at 6 p.m. he was supposed to meet a man holding a small ^{still-life} picture in his hand, at the entrance to the Botanical Garden, in the "Zadvin'ye" (across the Daugava River) part of Riga. No, he will not go to the meeting, it is dangerous. They are probably looking for him.

Vanags went to Yelgava. A day later he was in Riga again, took a walk around the Freedom Monument, and in the evening he went to the large village of Bene. For ten days he traveled from town to town, trying to cover up his traces. Finally, it was time to think about business. He had missed the prearranged meeting dates several times, and now he had to contact the intelligence center in order to find the man he was supposed to meet. A week later he arrived at the station Autse. Vanags got off the train and entered the wooden station building, drank some water from the tin container, looked into the ~~writing~~ recreation room, stood around for a while, watched two railroad men playing billiard, and even gave the players some advice.

At midnight Vanags went into the woods. Here, in the thicket, under an old pine tree, he dug a hole in the ground and pulled out his radio set.

That was all Vanags was able to do. The spy was caught red-handed beside the cache by Lt Col Alksnis and his men.

"Tell us your name (First name, father's name and last name)", said the [KGB] inspector.

The spy did not try to dodge: the game was lost.

"Leonid Nikolayevich Zarin'sh", he answered.

"What was your mission for American Intelligence ? "

"I was going to see a man,^{to} whom I was to give 10,000 rubles and with whom I was to work for 6 months as a radio operator. After that I was^{to} carry out an independent assignment: recruit two or three persons among local residents and enlist their services for American Intelligence."

"When and where were you supposed to meet the man ?"

"On June 10th, near the Botanical Garden. "

"Describe the man with whom you had a meeting."

"I did not see him and I do not know who he is. I did not go

to the meeting, because after the incident on the train I was afraid I was being followed and that I not only would get caught myself, but would compromise the other agent."

"Tell us how you became an American spy."

Harry Truman's Reply

It all began when the student of the electrical engineering faculty of the Louisiana University, Leonid Zarin'sh, had a very original idea. It is hard to say when he first got this idea, maybe it was in the summer of 1944 when he and his father, a Latvian fascist, fled to Germany, or 6 years later, when he crossed the ocean and arrived in the small American town of Baton Rouge.

In the university Zarin'sh aroused a great deal of interest, as he was considered a refugee from the Soviet Union. But what kind of a refugee was he actually? When Latvia became part of the Soviet Union, he was barely 13 years old. He remembered that period only vaguely. He knew about Communism and the Soviet Union only from the words of his father. His father, a confirmed Fascist, hated everything connected with the Soviets and transferred his fanatical hatred for the Communists to his son.

At the Louisiana University, naturally no one tried to convince Zarin'sh of the opposite. On the contrary, the priests in church gave sermons full of slander directed against the Soviet Union and its people. Noisy discussions on political subjects were held in the evenings in the university bar. Various projects were planned here for the destruction of the Soviet Union and the restoration of capitalist systems in the people's democracies. The students were visited by various suspicious persons, former ministers of former bourgeois republics and monarchies, who had been kicked out of their countries by the liberated people.

with these persons the students held all-night discussions on articles appearing in American newspapers, which proclaimed to the whole world the inevitability of a new war. At one of these gatherings Zarin'sh expressed his views.

"It would be best," he said, "to break up the Soviet order from within, by espionage, diversion, and political assassinations. For this purpose it is necessary to organize an extensive anti-Communist activity inside the Soviet Union."

of the Horthy Government.
The exiled Hungarian minister/who spoke after Zarin'sh, called this idea very original and clever. The praise of a former minister inspired Zarin'sh, and he spent some more time studying the matter.

For a long time Zarin'sh considered himself the originator of a new, logical theory for the destruction of Communism. However, one day he read one of the official speeches of the President of the United States, Harry Truman. He read it and found that Truman was actually saying the same thing as he, Zarin'sh, had said.

Zarin'sh wrote a detailed letter to this high-ranking, like-minded individual. About six months later he received a reply from Truman's secretary. The reply stated that the President had read his letter with pleasure, had found it worthy of attention, and had turned it over to specialists for a detailed, comprehensive study.

One year later Zarin'sh finished the university. Fortune smiled on him. He soon found work in the laboratory of the "Bell" Telephone Company and settled down to live at 357 26th Street, Brooklyn, New York.

The young engineer was beginning to forget about the

letter he had sent to Truman, but it appeared that the author of the letter was well remembered. One day Zarin'sh was called away from his drawing board to the telephone. He was asked to an urgent meeting in a very important and secret matter at the end of "Times Street" [probably should be Times Square] in the center of New York. At the appointed hour Zarin'sh was at the intersection they had agreed upon and recognized the man he was supposed to meet by the identifying features he had been told over the telephone. The man was wearing a checked coat and carrying a leather briefcase.

It was the end of a workday. Thousands of clerks were pouring out into the streets from the banks and offices. The sun had set behind the huge skyscrapers and, as though to replace it, thousands of neon lights illuminated the city.

The stranger invited Zarin'sh to a restaurant and ordered beer. Zarin'sh did not touch his glass and waited impatiently for his companion to talk. The stranger started the conversation in a round-about way. But from the very first words Zarin'sh understood that the man with the briefcase was very well informed on many events in his (Zarin's) life. Zarin'sh could not understand for a long time what his companion was driving at, until the latter asked him point-blank:

"You wrote to Mr. Truman, didn't you?" and he continued, without waiting for an answer:

"We have your letter. And we believe that you might be able to help us a little in carrying out your own ideas."

The man with the briefcase further explained that he was talking about fulfilling an assignment for American Intelligence.

Zarin'sh was taken aback. He had never dreamed of being a

soldier, or a diversionist, or a spy. He had simply expressed his ideas and beliefs. And besides, several years had gone by since then. No, he did not intend to change his specialty. He was an engineer, had a good position, and was earning a pretty good salary.

The stranger hinted that without the help of certain persons, who did not wish to be named for the time being, he, Zarin'sh, would not have received a profitable job so soon in the ^{"Bell"}Telephone Company. However, his patrons were not benefactors, they could turn their backs on Zarin'sh. After all, would it be hard to fire an immigrant and to hire a real American in his place?

The man with the briefcase expressed this threat in a mild voice, without emphasis. No, he was not thinking particularly of Zarin'sh, he was just describing a realistic state of affairs, so that the young engineer would be in a better position to appreciate the assistance he had received.

"We are convinced that you, Mr. Zarin'sh, are a real Latvian. After you have fulfilled the assignment, you will return to the States and will work again as an engineer. By the way, you may not even have to work at all. You will be well paid for your services. Think it over, Mr. Zarin'sh."

The young engineer promised to think about it. In parting, the stranger asked Zarin'sh to write his biography and send it in to Washington. "This will not obligate you in any way," said the man with the briefcase.

Several months later Zarin'sh was invited to come to Washington. At the station he was met by the same man with the briefcase, who took him to a hotel and introduced him to Col Kull, of the American Intelligence. Then the stranger said goodbye to

Zarin'sh and left. The man with the briefcase disappeared for ever.

Now Zarin'sh had to deal with Col Kull, a tall, heavy-set man. They spoke a lot about Latvia.

"I am not a Latvian, I am an American", said Kull, "but when I think of these unfortunate people, my heart bleeds. You wrote quite correctly to Mr. Truman: If the communist order could be broken up from within..."

Zarin'sh became animated: "That should not be hard to do!"

But Kull interrupted Zarin'sh:

"You are badly informed on the true state of affairs, young man. Your father's information was too one-sided. You should know that the Latvian riflemen were faithful supporters of Lenin during the October revolution and the civil war. And how about the Red partisans during the years of German occupation, and the hundreds of thousands of Latvian Communists, who will defend the Soviet order!"

"We are faced with a struggle," continued Col Kull, "a hard struggle. But people like you, Mr. Zarin'sh, will help to bring us victory..."

So Zarin'sh agreed to work for American Intelligence. For several months no one bothered him. He understood why: the intelligence ^{service} was carefully investigating his candidacy.

Not Far from the White House

On the wide Washington-Laural highway the proximity of the capital can be felt day and night. There is a never-ending stream of cars and trucks. Sounding their horns., the fast-moving Studebakers, Chevrolets, Fords, and Dodges race each other. However, as soon as one turns off the main highway

on to a country road indicated by a road sign, another picture presents itself: cultivated fields are seen on both sides of the road, and herds of cows appear.

Anyone driving along this road may not immediately notice a solitary farm, partly hidden by trees. According to the sign on the mail box by the road side, the name of the farm is "Tainton."

One two-story building stands out among the low buildings; its windows are usually covered with flowery curtains. The farm has a large enclosure for cattle, but it is empty, there are no cows or sheep in it.

Here, at the Tainton farm, situated not very far from the White House, the residency of the American government, is one of the safehouses of the American intelligence service where spies are trained for subversive activities in the Soviet Union. Thus they exist in close proximity to each other: the White House, which is willing to issue proclamations of its peace-loving intentions, democracy, prosperity, and many other good things, and, as though in confirmation of these principles, the spy school, which produces diversionists and assassins.

One night in ~~the~~ winter the American instructor "Dale" escorted Zarin'sh from Washington to the Tainton farm. Mike, the head of the intelligence school, explained the daily routine to the novice and showed him his room. The room contained a closet, a table, several chairs, and two beds.

"It is possible that we may have another student," explained Mike. However, the other one never showed up before the end of the training course.

Zarin'sh became acquainted with the senior instructor, Andy.

He was the most important person in the school, next to Kull. Among the 14 American officers - instructors of the intelligence school - Andy was the only Latvian, and Zarin'sh involuntarily felt drawn to his fellow-countryman.

The regular studies began on the following morning. At 6:30 Andy aroused Zarin'sh and took him to his morning calisthenics. After that a gentleman with a felt hat appeared; he was an instructor in a subject which the school called "opening of locks." He pulled a selection of master keys out of his voluminous pockets and showed Zarin'sh how to do "clean work". Thus the electrical engineer made up for the first gap in his university education.

Day after day, from early morning to late at night, the instructors coached Zarin'sh. In the morning there was work with the key, receiving radio signals. Michael taught this to Zarin'sh. A tall, lean Air Force captain showed him "Sambo" holds. Another officer, John, taught him to photograph documents. Andy taught pistol shooting and topography. In addition he conducted courses in the structure of the Soviet security and militia organizations, rules for registering, and how to behave when arrested.

The winter went by. The snow melted and on the trees the buds were forming. March found Zarin'sh in the Greg Barracks military camp in the state of Carolina. Here, Zarin'sh, under the direction of Andy and George continued practical studies. American units were quartered in the barracks, in the paved garages tanks and armored vehicles were stored, in the hangars stood covered airplanes, and on the ranges paratroopers were in training. In order not to arouse anyone's suspicion, Andy, George, and Zarin'sh were dressed as American servicemen.

In the neighboring woods Zarin'sh was taught to follow an azimuth, to make an unnoticeable campfire, to pitch a tent, and shooting practice. At a broad, swift stream Andy showed how to open up the poncho into a boat and get across the water.

And finally six months later his training was finished. Andy took away all of Zarin'sh's notes and burned them personally.

"Now you will have to rely only upon your memory," said Andy.

At that time Colonel Kull was ~~in~~ in Washington. He composed a fictitious biography for Zarin'sh, which in the spy world is called a "legend." Zarin'sh had to commit to memory this biography with all the tiniest details. He had to precisely memorize date of birth, place of work, and his imaginary brothers and sisters.

The instructors George and Dale brought Zarin'sh to Washington

to a safe house.

In the morning Zarin'sh was awakened by a doctor in an army officer's uniform. He took out of his bag poison and medicines and explained their uses. Following the doctor were other people, who brought a radio ~~station~~^{set}, weapons, topographical maps, and forged documents.

The final preparations for the trip were made. Yes, Zarin'sh would arrive knew that the moment ~~had come~~ for which he had carefully and for a long time prepared. Suddenly he was terrified. Why were all of these unfamiliar people speaking in half-whispers as if someone were dead in the room? He remembered that no one had spoken to him of how to come back over. It was all clear, he was doomed. He had to do as much as he could. Zarin'sh remembered his father and little sister to whom he was not allowed to send a few parting lines. ~~He had written a letter to Harry Truman, which started all of this.~~ If only he hadn't written that letter to Harry Truman, which started all of this. What he wouldn't give now to ^{return to} 26th Street in Brooklyn and take his place at the drawing board in the Bell Telephone Company laboratory. There is no way back.....

At ~~evening~~^{night}, from the Westover Airfield, ^{near} below Washington, an American military plane took to the air. It was flying toward Europe. Only three passengers were flying in the plane: Kull, Dale, and Zarin'sh.

The plane landed at the Munich airport. They got into an army jeep, which took them to the center of the town, to a house, the address of which he didn't know. They climbed to the third floor and ~~walked~~^{walked} into an empty apartment. "We'll spend the night here and tomorrow go to the border."

In the morning Zarin'sh had a tooth_ache and he insisted on seeing a doctor. Nothing remained for Kull but to take him to an American military hospital.

"Here are five dollars for you, take out two of his teeth," Kull whispered to the doctor. "The boy is malingering."

From the hospital they again went to the airport. All day airplanes took them around, flying from city to city, the names of which Zarin'sh didn't know. ^{In the} evening they came ~~up~~ by train and then they changed to an automobile at an unknown stop. Further, he had to go alone.

At one of the interrogations, Zarin'sh related that the overseas intelligence center might send the spy school instructor Andy to the USSR. But who was he and what was his name? Zarin'sh didn't know. He only remembered that, according to Andy, he ^{studied} taught at the university, played football well, and at one time had served with the police.

The information was meager but it was enough for them to try to find out who this Andy was. The archivists pulled out of old filing cabinets the yellowed personal files of all former Riga policemen, beginning with the lowly policeman and ending with the high official at the prefecture.

Day after day the archivists read the documents. And here, finally, they ran across the file of divisional inspector L.P. Bromberg, ~~was~~ born on the Urles farm, Kandavakaya Volost', the son of a prominent kulak. ~~Surprisingly~~ This was the only file out of the heap of files in which was found information corroborating the meager facts concerning the American spy, Andy, as told by Zarin'sh.

During the first days of the occupation, Bromberg volunteered for service with the Hitlerites and took part in the arrests and persecution of Soviet citizens. As an SS lieutenant he fought at the front, and after the defeat of fascism he fled to Sweden. There was an old photograph in Bromberg's file. It was shown to Zarin'sh. He identified it as Andy's.

Thus, it became known to the security organization that the ~~hitlerite~~ war criminal, Bromberg, and the American spy school instructor

were one and the same person.

A Few Lines from Colonel Kull

In the morning, Frieditis returned from Aisputakiy Rayon to Riga. In his small bag was a receiver. Noticed by no one, he descended to the basement, and there in a corner, behind the broken-down couch, he hid his things. Frieditis changed his clothes and began climbing the earthen steps.

He had just entered the hall when his neighbor darted out of her room. She gave him a welcoming smile:

"Peteris Yanovich, dance! A letter for you. From Moscow, from Citizen Anderson."

Frieditis, startled, looked at the woman. "Is this some kind of a trap?" flashed through his head. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know any such person."

His neighbor began to feel uncomfortable.

"Well, here you are, take it," she said.

Frieditis carefully, as if this was the blade of a dangerous razor, took the letter in his hand, went to his room and turned the key. From whom is the letter? He opened the envelope. Money? Frieditis counted the notes. Four hundred and twenty rubles. Sure, this was from Colonel Kull.

At first he did not notice that the envelope contained a note, which read: "Dear Frieditis, I sold your watch. I've sent you the money. Am awaiting news from you. I shake your hand. Anderson."

The feeling of happiness, which had enveloped Frieditis, changed to alarm as soon as he thought about his neighbor. It can't be otherwise, this nosy witch opened the envelope.

Frieditis anxiously began to walk around the room. His nervousness wouldn't pass. He went to the store, brought back a bottle of vodka, and drank some.

Well, what if she did look at it? I think I'll have to find her and tell her what was in the letter. Or she'll think I'm hiding something.

His neighbor was ironing.

"Well, did you read the letter? Was it for you?"

"She's interested, then she ~~must~~ did look inside," thought Frieditis.

"Yes, I read it, but it was nothing. It was just a note that my friend wrote. He sold my watch and now he decided to send me the money."

"An honest man," said his neighbor. "He didn't cheat. Well, now will get you ~~more~~ the money."

Frieditis did not take his eyes off the old lady. "See, she's feigning," thought he.

"But he sent the money. In the letter."

"In an ordinary letter? Wasn't he afraid it would get lost?" wondered the neighbor.

"He's an honest man and thinks everyone else is honest. Do you perhaps have any old watches? He can sell them."

Frieditis suddenly thought, "What's this I'm jabbering?" Must be drunk. Have to sleep."

In the morning, Frieditis had a headache. He finished up the rest of the vodka. It began to ease. Right away, Frieditis, began to think about the ill-fated letter, "Did the old witch believe, that I am hiding nothing from her?"

He went to the kitchen, where his neighbor was busy cooking, and carefully began a conversation about yesterday's letter.

The neighbor couldn't stand it. She grabbed her basket as though she were going to market but went straight to the militia.

"In our house there is living a ~~spurious~~ profiteer. He sits at home all day, selling things in Moscow, ~~drinks~~ drinks vodka, and tries to

draw me into his profiteering activities. His partner in Moscow is named Anderson. He lives on Gor'kiy ulitsa, house number twenty-three. I read his address on the envelope. And ^{the} money was in the envelope."

The senior lieutenant asked the old lady if she ~~had~~ ^{would} put her complaint in writing, which she willingly did. The militia sent a request to Moscow requesting information concerning the identity of Citizen Anderson, living on ulitsa Gor'kiy, house 23. At the same time they were interested in Citizen Frieditis. The house management reported that he worked nowhere, did drawing at home. From his questionnaire it was noted that he formerly worked at the ~~factory~~ ^{plywood} factory in Leningrad. It was strange that a presser in a ~~factory~~ ^{plywood} factory in Leningrad would be suddenly requalified as a free artist. An inquiry also was sent to Leningrad.

The answers ^{to} to both inquiries arrived almost at the same time. Leningrad reported the Peteris Yanovich Frieditis never worked at the ~~factory~~ ^{plywood} factory. From Moscow it was reported that Citizen Anderson never lived ~~nowhere~~ in Moscow and that house 23 on ulitsa Gor'kiy was the location of the Dramatic Theater imeni Stanislavskiy.

A Man in a New Suit

A young man came into the men's clothing shop.

"I would like to have a suit made out of my own material," he said to the clerk.

"All of the orders have been taken for today. Come back tomorrow."

The young man answered, "I can't come tomorrow. Can't it be done somehow today? I would like to talk to the manager."

But the young man had no luck. The manager was not there.

In the office there was only one typist, an attractive, plump girl of thirty-five, still preserving the freshness of youth. The young man hesitated and then turned to her,

"I have to have a suit made. But, tomorrow I'm busy. Can't you

put in a good word for me with someone?"

The young man asked so earnestly that the typist agreed to intercede for him.

"Katyusha," she said to the clerk, "take the order anyhow."

"Won't we get into trouble with the manager, Milda?"

"I think it will be all right with him," said Milda.

Katyusha took the order. The young man opened the bundle and placed on the table a length of blue herring-bone material.

"Oh, you have pure English wool. How much does it cost per meter?"

"I don't know exactly," flustered the customer, "the material was bought abroad."

Katyusha picked up the material and felt it, "Such wool costs approximately 450 rubles per meter. That's the way we'll put it down, if you don't mind."

Twenty four days later the suit was ready. It was well sewn and in the latest fashion. As though it couldn't be any other way, the young man appeared in the shop with a large bouquet of flowers. He went to the counter and handed the bouquet to Milda. Milda, with difficulty, recognized the young man as the persistent customer. She had already put the cover on the typewriter. It was five minutes until six.

"For you," the young man said warmly. "You were so kind."

They went into the street together. The young man was very talkative. After five minutes, Milda knew that he was called Fredis, that in Riga he had a three-room apartment, and that he worked as a purchasing agent.

At the end of ulitsa Lenina, Milda stopped, "Thank you, Fredis. Here's where I get the street car."

"Then I'll accompany you."

"Oh, no, that's not necessary."

Fredis made a face of genuine distress and clasped his hands.

"And I thought, that in the new suit I'd be irresistible."

Milda thought, "This young man is really likeable. The new blue suit really fits his slender athletic figure. He has a pleasant face, blue eyes, and a fine head of hair;"

The streetcar approached the stop. Milda ~~got on in a hurry.~~ ^{got on in a hurry.}

"I'll wait for you tomorrow ^{at 6:30.} under the large clock," he called after her.

Now Milda and Fredis were meeting frequently. They went together to the football games, to the theater, and to the concerts. Fredis was exceptionally affectionate and attentive. He always had money. He spent it generously for Milda.

Milda often caught herself thinking that she was awaiting with some impatience and emotion the meeting with Fredis. "Is it possible that I'm falling in love?" she wondered. "But Fredis is so young."

The 27th of August arrived, Milda's birthday. Somehow she told Fredis about this date. And Fredis, it seems, did not forget. He even hinted to her that he had gotten a present.

^{In the} evening, Milda looked for an opportunity to have a conversation with her brother. Just before going to sleep she shyly told her brother that she was meeting this man. ^{Contrary to her expectations} ~~In spite of her expectations~~ Frieditis received the news calmly.

"Why, you're still young," said Frieditis, "and who is he?"

"You'll see tomorrow. I've invited him here for my birthday."

"What?", started Frieditis. "You know we agreed not to have guests."

"You know, that's very awkward for me," Milda said guiltily.

"He bought me a present."

"I think I'll take a walk tomorrow," said her brother.

"I beg you, stay home," Milda said, frightened, "otherwise he will imagine something."

A conference was taking place in the office of the chairman of the Committee of State Security Latvian SSR in connection with the operation "Fallen Star". Suddenly the general was informed that a visitor had appeared in the waiting room of the committee, who stated that he was the American spy "Boris".

The conference was interrupted. The general authorized Lt.Col. Alksnis to talk to "Boris".

"Boris" stated that he had been trained for a lengthy period together with two other agents, "Imant" and "Herbert", at the American intelligence school, which was located first in Kampten, and then transferred to Starnberg (West Germany). He and his friends had been recruited for the spy school by the official associate of American Intelligence, "Andy". "Andy" was one of the supervisors of the spy school, he was an experienced instructor and theoretician on espionage. Shortly before the completion of their training, "Andy" was replaced by Col. Kull, who arrived specially from the United States in order to be personally in charge of the dispatch of the three trained spies into the USSR.

In conclusion, "Boris" said that he did not fulfill one single assignment of American Intelligence, because he had firmly decided to give himself up...

* * * * *

Prieditis Is Watching Fredis

Prieditis had completely neglected his paint brush and sat down before his canvas only at the time when Milda was expecting a visit from Fredis.

Now Prieditis was thinking only about one thing, and that was how to escape from this city.

...he only needed some reliable documents, with the help of which he could safely travel abroad. And then... Frieditis remembered well what Kull had told him in parting. He should go to an American Embassy in any country and bring the ambassador greetings from Paul Dexter...

Frieditis' letters to the intelligence center contained only pleas: "Send me documents, do not let me perish in this country." Finally his insistent requests touched the callous hearts of Kull and "Andy". The intelligence center agreed to his return to West Germany, but only on one condition, that is, if he would train a replacement for himself.

This was not an easy matter, but Frieditis ~~grasped~~^{grasped} the suggestion of the intelligence center, like a drowning person seizes a straw. Now he started watching Fredis more and more closely. Frieditis remembered all of his words, all of his actions, from the very moment that he first met Fredis. On that first evening, Fredis had appeared in a new, smart suit, made of excellent English wool, and brought Milda a present of a crystal vase, which cost at least 600 rubles. Milda did not want to accept such an expensive gift. Fredis became boastful and said that for him that was just a trifle. Frieditis asked him where he had obtained such a fine piece of material. Fredis mentioned that an uncle had brought it to him from Denmark.

On Sunday all three of them took a trip to the seashore. Fredis again squandered his money and would not let Frieditis and his sister buy even their streetcar tickets. Frieditis returned to Riga earlier, leaving his sister and Fredis together. But Milda arrived home very soon after her brother. She said she could not understand where Fredis got all that money.

Fredis's wife came to see them, but he continued to be
unhappy. But she did not like him as much as she had
before.

Thairredis disappeared for a whole month and reappeared one
day, wearing an old suit.

"I had to sell the English suit," Fredis told them sadly.
"I lost my job."

"I knew it was going to end this way," said Milda.

However, Fredis did not lose courage. He became engaged
in an "exchange of rooms", and planned to make a profitable
trade with his surplus quarters.

Fredis tried to keep up his spirits, but one could see
that he felt miserable without money, as he was not used to
living frugally. Milda cooled off considerably towards Fredis,
and he now appeared at their house not so much to see the sister,
as her brother.

When Frieditis received the assignment from intelligence
headquarters to train a replacement, he immediately thought of
Fredis. This candidate seemed suitable to him, and besides
he had no other choice. Frieditis gradually began to sound
Fredis out. He did this unburdened and carefully. On one
occasion Frieditis admitted that he had lived in West Germany
for a long time. Fredis listened to Frieditis attentively,
and the latter gave him ^{to} understand by unfinished sentences
and hints that living conditions were better in the West.
Then one day Frieditis openly admitted that he was sorry he
had returned to his homeland.

"There I would not be sitting without money, as I do here,"
he said.

Fredis replied that he would very much like to go to the west.

"That would not be difficult."

"But would they give me permission?"

"One can do it without permission. There are people who can help you."

For the time being, Prieditis did not go any further. However, in one of his regular messages to headquarters he informed them that he had selected an agent. Was he lying? Only partly. Prieditis was convinced that Fredis was slowly and surely getting caught in his net.

In Riga and Washington

The general now devoted all his attention to the case of the "Fallen Star". The vigilance of an ordinary woman and the steps taken by the militia as a result of her report, had helped to focus attention on a man who was posing as the Leningrad worker, Prieditis. The information given by the penitent "Boris" did not leave any doubt about the fact that the pseudo-Prieditis was none other than the American spy "Herbert". A remarkable coincidence had occurred: this "Herbert" was extremely similar to brigade leader Evert, and the Soviet security organs had almost started out on the wrong track. However, the misunderstanding had been cleared up very quickly.

"Herbert" was being carefully watched. It became known that he was meeting a certain Fredis, a former employee in charge of purchases at one of the Riga plants, who had been discharged from his job because of swindling machinations. It was expected that "Herbert" would soon begin to win him over for work with the American Intelligence.

The matter was simplified by the fact that Riga was receiving,

through parallel channels, the instructions from American spy headquarters, addressed to "Herbert": the Committee was in possession of his code.

However, a regular listening-in to radio transmissions from Washington shed very little light on the true plans and intentions of American Intelligence. The spy headquarters had a cautious attitude towards "Herbert" and scolded him for his inactivity. For what type of assignments would Fredis be recruited, who would be sent to Latvia after Zarin'sh, what would follow Operation "H",-- all this had to be guessed in order to stop the evil plans of the enemy before they had time to develop.

Yes, this resembled a game of chess, in which it is necessary to guess the intentions of the adversary for many moves in advance, upset his plans, and at the same time, conceal one's own intentions from him, confuse him, and by an unexpected maneuver force him to surrender. The general and Lt.Col. Alksnis were both working on this case. They were actively aided by experienced operators from Moscow.

And on the other side of the ocean, at the other side of the invisible chess board, the American intelligence officers Kull, "Andy," "Tom", John", and "Dale" were planning their moves.

On the same autumn day, when the general on Ulitsa Lenina in Riga was planning new steps in the case of the "Fallen Star", one of the higher bosses of American Intelligence in Washington was listening to a report on the progress of Operation "H". This was a bald, stooped old man, who looked back on 30 years of spy work. The chief invited only Kull and "Andy" to see him. He did not hide the fact that he was dissatisfied.

The chief once more re-read the messages from "Herbert."

"This Herbert might be capable of running to the KGB and confessing everything", said the chief.

"I think for the time being he is not going to do that," replied Kull. "We are keeping up his hopes that we are going to help him come out, if he will train another agent in his place. He believes this and is trying very hard. "Herbert" has told us that he has selected an agent."

"What kind of a man is that?"

"A commercial employee called Fredis," said Kull. "Something has gone wrong at his place of work. He was fired recently."

"What else is known about this Fredis?" the chief inquired.

"According to Herbert's reports, the uncle of Fredis was recently repatriated from Denmark to Latvia."

The chief made a face. "Well, now this uncle will tell his nephew God knows what."

"No, this uncle seems to regret that he ever went to Riga," said "Andy", and besides Fredis is quite in love with "Herbert's" sister."

"All this is of no great importance," said the old man. "As a matter of fact, I asked you to come here for the following reason. The management believes that after so many failures it is necessary to send somebody to Latvia, who would be most likely to succeed."

"We have decided to send the most experienced man", the chief went on. "Considering your experience, we have decided to entrust this matter to you, Mr. Bromberg."

The chief went up to "Andy" and placed his hand on Andy's shoulder. "You know, Mr. Bromberg, how highly the intelligence center values you and how much you are needed here. However,

for
will come back and will work for us again. We have a lot of work
to do. But right now we have no other way out. There is a special
kind of work to do. You have many strong ties with Latvian
nationalists. You are entrusted with the task of establishing
an illegal residency on the territory of Latvia. We shall equip
you with the latest technical devices", the chief continued, "and
we shall give you all the money you need. What do you say
to that, Mr. Bromberg?"

"I am ready and willing to go."

Before the Journey

"Andy" began to live in Washington, at 1914 "I" Street,
in the apartment of the singer, Miss Mimi.

In the evenings Bromberg sat down to work. He wrote with
unusual facility. The things he wrote were the product of many
years of thought, observations, and experience. "Andy" remembered
his whole life, leading up to the American Intelligence service.
The progress up a steep, slippery ladder from a mediocre agent,
spying on his friends in the camp, to the position of an influential
employee of the intelligence center.

For several months, "Andy" wrote his theoretical work, which
he called "Organization of Spy Service in Enemy Territory".

Kull read it through without stopping, appeared very pleased,
and praised "Andy."

The colonel was not happy because of the success of his
subordinate. He placed his signature next to the signature of
"Andy". This was to bolster his authority, which had suffered
so many setbacks, in the eyes of his superiors.

"Andy" was already thinking of something else. Coming home
from work one night, Miss Mimi discovered that Bromberg was not at

He waited for him in vain the following day. "Andy" had
never returned for ever from 12th Street.

While year "Andy" was getting ready for dispatch to the
Soviet Union. It might have seemed that he knew everything
required for this kind of work. "Andy" himself had trained a
greenhorn to become a spy during a period of a year. However,
neither the intelligence headquarters nor "Andy" himself wanted
to hurry. One had to consider everything, even seemingly un-
important details, weigh all unforeseeable circumstances carefully
and unhurriedly, and prepare a plan of action in detail. The
headquarters laboratories were preparing the most modern equipment
for him and were fabricating reliable documents.

"Andy" worked steadily and persistently; he had never been
too self-confident and he understood very well that there is
always room for improvement.

When the theoretical training was completed, Col. Kull took
him to a small farm in the State of Carolina. The American
officers "John" and "Fred" assisted "Andy."

The farm was located among wooded hills, on the shore of
a large lake. Here "Andy" ran, practised shooting, swimming,
and was trained in orienting himself by the map and compass.
In the evening he read Soviet newspapers, periodicals, books,
and listened to Radio Moscow. "Andy" took on a new identity.
Like an exacting and conscientious actor, "Andy" absorbed the
role of an ordinary Soviet citizen with all his knowledge, beliefs,
habits, and norms of behavior. Who knows, how many years he
would have to play this role.

After Thirteen Years

At the approach of night, Bromberg found himself in a pine forest. He threw down his sack, which had been rubbing his back. He hid it in a hole in the ground, and sat down to rest on the edge of an old trench. Bromberg took a deep breath of the invigorating night air, which was filled with the aromatic scent of pine needles. He stretched out on the ground and the rough, creeping heather stung his cheek. But it seemed to Bromberg that his face felt a tender mother's kiss: he felt the warmth of his motherland. Yes, the long-awaited hour had arrived. What would it bring him?

Bromberg took off his heavy, clumsy boot and began to massage his swollen foot. And why did he have to stumble and sprain his foot at a time like this! But this would not put him out of commission. Many years of training had taught him to overcome pain, and if necessary, he could have jumped to his feet and run any distance in order to escape pursuit.

Bromberg reached into his pocket for matches to relight his cigarette. Instead of a match-box he pulled out a plastic tube with a small label reading "Poison". For many years he had taught others that, if there is no other way out, you place this tablet in your mouth and press it lightly with your teeth.

Bromberg laughed derisively. This method was all right for others, but not for him. He would always find a way out. How many times had he shown his students how to light a campfire, so that no smoke ~~was visible~~ or reflection of the fire could be seen, how to build stilts and walk on them so as to leave no

... on the snow, how to fool the ...
... Bromberg raised his
... the poison into the swamp. No, he didn't need
any poison. Soon he would return to this old trench, he would
dig out the transmitter and send a message, consisting of only
two letters "OV", to the American intelligence center. This would
signify that he had crossed the border successfully and was safe.
Actually, they would not expect any other message from him over
there, across the ocean ...

The short summer night was coming to an end. The tops of
the pines were already touched by the orange light of dawn.
Bromberg boiled a cup of water and shaved.

It was already light when Bromberg reached the station
Kasari. The first local train had not yet left, but there were
many people in the waiting room and under the glass roof of the
platform. A large group of vacationers were leaving the local
and bath sanatorium. They were joking and laughing. Some had
come to say goodbye with bouquets of flowers, some were shaking
hands and wishing the travelers a good trip.

Bromberg bought a ticket to Kiga. He went out onto the
platform, found a vacant seat on a bench and sat down. Only now
he knew how tired he was after the sleepless, restless nights.
He rested his head on the back of the bench, and his eyelids
grew heavier and heavier.

"Citizen, are you sleeping?"

Bromberg woke up from a doze and understood that the question
was addressed to him. He had not yet opened his eyes, trying
to save a few moments in order to think. Could this really be
the end, would they really arrest him now? He regretted that

... he was so confident back there in the woods. Somebody touched his shoulder. A young railroad worker stood before him.

"You will miss your train this way," said the railroad man, sailing and pointing at the track, where the electric train was already standing, ready to depart.

Bromberg felt a wave of relief. "Yes, yes, thank you, comrade!" he said and ran to the tracks.

The electric train went along the Riga seashore. On the right, the blue ribbon of the river Lielupe was seen, sparkling in the sun; on the left, rows of wooden dachas (summer houses) were visible. Here and there they were completely hidden up to the painted roof tops in the green woodlands and gardens, then again they were out in the open.

Bromberg could have sworn that no one in American Intelligence knew Latvia as well as he did. Yes, in Washington it had seemed that way to him. But now? Bromberg looked around at his fellow-passengers, then he took another look at his clumsy boots, heavy trousers, and shabby white raincoat. Bromberg realized that, compared with the people surrounding him, he looked almost like a bum. And he had assumed that the average Riga resident would be wearing just the type of clothes which he was wearing.

"They might even take me for a tramp," he thought.

By the way, he was carrying some of the most reliable documents that could be obtained in his pocket, such as a passport, voyennyi билет, certificates of employment. There were also all kinds of other papers, which served as an indirect confirmation of his identity: an expired medical certificate and prescriptions issued by the Riga Polyclinic, which he had in his pocket as if by accident, and even a receipt from the ~~city~~ city pawnshop.

every precaution never hurt anyone. Beyond the railroad tracks and low storage buildings, a red, two-story building was visible. That was the station Zaslauka. Bromberg jumped off the train and walked down the platform.

This is where Riga began. Bromberg went around the station building and came to the streetcar terminal of Line No 2. He jumped on a moving blue streetcar and remained standing on the open car platform.

Bromberg got off in the center of the city. He wandered along Prospekt Rainisa, along the streets Lenina, Suvorova, and Mr. Barona, went into some shops, idled in front of newspaper displays, and looked at the pedestrians. Someone else may not have profited anything by such a short walk, but Bromberg's sharp eyes did not miss any details. He heard the happy laughter of people walking in the "Arkadiya" Park and on the Daugava River embankment; he noticed that the girls now dressed a lot better than they used to. He looked at the bright store windows, and stopped in front of the new apartment buildings. And all this was ten times more convincing than the spy reports he had read back there, in the intelligence center, in showing the changes that had taken place in Riga. Bromberg realized that his work would be much more complicated than he had expected.

"So much the worse for them," he muttered barely audibly.

A blind rage filled his heart and choked him. He hated all the people he had met today, including the young railroad man who had given him such a bad scare on the Ksmeri station platform, and the happy students sitting at the table next to him in the "Daugava" cafe, and the dreamy pair of lovers standing

of the bridge over the canal... All of them, who believed in other ideals than he did.

Night was beginning to fall. It was time to think of a shelter for the night. He had quite a few old acquaintances in Wiga. With some of them he had hunted the Communists, with others he had served in the fascist army. He knew their secrets and could trap them in such a way that they would not even try to escape from his net.. Bromberg could force them to do anything he wanted.

In the department store Bromberg bought some decent-looking shoes and a coat, and after waiting for dark, he got on a street-car going to Shmerli.

Andy Continues to Look Around.

The Bikernieki forest, where Bromberg was headed, was very familiar to him. In this forest, behind the buildings of the TB sanatorium, he had shot communists and Soviet workers, Red Army prisoners, and Jews, by order of the Hitlerite commandant.

Yes, those times when he could get even with the people he hated were gone, but they would return. That was the reason he was sitting here, in Bikernieki forest, today. Bromberg spread out his raincoat-tent and lay down. But he could not sleep. He thought and smoked, hiding the light of the cigarette in his sleeve; he smoked and thought about his life.

When he awoke, the sun was already up in the sky. He had no set plan ^{for} the day. It was necessary, perhaps, to wander around the city some more, to feel the rhythm of its life, to watch the crowds, and to look up old friends, where he might be able to stay.

Bromberg came out of the woods without being noticed, mixed with the crowd, and took a ride to the center of the city. At

breakfast in a cheap cafe, he remembered an attractive salesgirl, who had been madly in love with an SS lieutenant. Yes, anyone else might forget him, but not this girl. Bromberg believed in feminine constancy.

He walked around for a while and then took a ride on streetcar number 10 to the end of the line. Bromberg remembered well the little grocery shop where she used to work. But in this case Bromberg was out of luck. He got off the streetcar and did not recognize the place he had once known. This was formerly the city limit; however now he was surrounded by multistoried new apartment buildings. And that store no longer existed, it had been removed. In its place, there were many new stores in this area. He went into all of them. A large number of salesgirls were working in them, but the girl he was looking for was not among them. Bromberg was not too much put out, he had not particularly counted on finding her; after all, so much water had flown under the bridge since their last meeting.

Bromberg again started to wander around town.

"Bromberg, is that really you?" He suddenly heard a glad voice behind his back. A heavy-set man caught up with him and he recognized his former school friend and fellow university student. The stout man grasped his arm and took him along to a bar.

"Come on, let's go, we must drink to our meeting!"

They ordered a bottle of beer apiece. Flaying for time, Bromberg began to throw questions at his companion.

His companion poured beer into their glasses.

"So many years have gone by, I don't know where to start.

... as an engineer. I am building a new TETs (heat and electric power station). You probably heard that it will operate mainly on local fuel. Right now we are trying hard to cut the cost of construction. What would you say if we succeeded in saving about one and a half million rubles?" The engineer laughed and poked Bromberg in the ribs.

"Fine", he said, without too much enthusiasm.

"Well, we are already old-timers," continued the engineer. The children have grown up. My daughter is studying at the conservatory, maybe you heard her on the radio? Yes, I am really proud of her. My son finished the 10-year school and is now working as a mechanic at the VEF plant. Well, I need not say that I am happy about the children. My daughter is a Komsomol member, and my son a candidate member of the party.

"Why is he so happy?" thought Bromberg, feeling puzzled. No, he had absolutely nothing to talk about with this man.

He called the waitress and paid the check.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked the engineer. "Come on, let's sit another half hour and talk."

"No, I am really in a hurry," said Bromberg, getting up. "I have to go to the City Soviet today on some official business."

"Well, then you work for the Soviet?" the engineer asked.

"Yes, more or less," said Bromberg and departed.

Bromberg thought about this meeting for a long time. How quickly people change. After all, this engineer had received his education in the old times. He used to attend the Catholic Church, read fascist, anti-Soviet leaflets. Why was he talking this way now, how had the Communists attracted him to their side? And

Maybe he was even a Communist himself? What had happened to this country, from which he had escaped 13 years ago as a Fascist lieutenant, and to which he had returned as an American spy?

Brosberg could not understand the essence of all these changes.

"Herbert" Finds a Way Out

The case of Fredis had reached a dead end. "Herbert" had carefully assessed Fredis from all directions and had come to the conclusion that the former "purchase agent" would be prepared to do anything, provided he was promised an easy, carefree life.

"With your business talent, you should be living in the West," "Herbert" once mentioned to Fredis.

"I would certainly make a fortune there," said Fredis.

Yes, "Herbert" had led Fredis up to the very brink of disaster, and he only needed a little effort to push him over. However, in order to do this he had to lay his cards on the table. Of course, Fredis was not going to disappear anywhere, he was not going to run and report it. Dear Fredis had become too far involved. But he still hesitated to take the last step and kept putting it off from day to day.

However, there was no more time for delay. Several times the American intelligence headquarters questioned him whether he would be able to hide a man in a safe place. This could only mean that somebody was getting ready to come over, and that person was going to bring him documents so that he could escape across the border, in exchange for Fredis. Let Fredis take his place and receive the blow which was meant for him. And he himself would escape...

"Herbert" wrote to intelligence headquarters that he had a safehouse. He believed that it would be possible to hide a spy in the apartment of Fredis, which he had not yet been able to exchange for a new one.

At this moment, they were sitting together in the dining-room

in the basement of the civil air fleet building. Fredis complained that he had lost all hope of receiving money for his apartment.

"Now or never", thought Herbert.

"You know, Fredis", he began, "there might be a possibility for both of us to travel to the West. We only have to do something for a person who would help us to cross the border. I have already been of some help to him. Now it is your turn."

"Tell me, couldn't I get caught for this?" said Fredis, looking at Herbert with an innocent look in his eyes, like a calf being led to slaughter.

"Naturally, there is some risk involved," said Herbert. "But for a small service you would receive as much as 50,000 rubles."

Fredis' eyes sparkled. "Fifty thousand rubles!"

"Yes. So you would like to get the money? Then I will introduce you to him."

"Herbert" accompanied Fredis to the streetcar stop. Then he returned home, entered the yard, and went down into the basement. He carefully moved the old couch to the side, took the receiver out of the cache, and brought it up to his room. In a few minutes the regular radio transmission was to begin. "Herbert" plugged in the receiver and put on his earphones. Soon the intermittent ticking of the Morse key could be heard. The message was an unusual one. The person who had been discussed for such a long time had finally arrived.

For ten nights "Herbert" could not sleep at all. His heart was beating so hard that he was even afraid it might wake Milda. A great change had come into "Herbert's" life. But what would the change bring him? What would the person tell him, who had come from the other side?

... about Milda. She would remain alone again for many years. Would she be sad? Probably not. His sister was afraid of him and did not trust him. Of course, she did not know everything that had been worrying him for the last two years. But her heart felt the approach of some misfortune. A barrier of estrangement stood between them all the time. No, he supposed Milda would be better off and happier without him.

On the appointed day, "Herbert" began to wander around the city early in the morning. Time seemed to be dragging on that day. "Herbert" held his watch to his ear, but it was ticking quietly and showing the right time.

The meeting was to take place at noon, at the Forest Cemetery. He arrived there at 11:15. The flowers at the cemetery were fragrant, and a light breeze was barely moving the branches of trees growing along the paths.

"Herbert" walked along a wide path to a remote corner of the cemetery and stopped beside the monument of President Janis Chakste. It was now 11:45. Exactly at noon, a man carrying a portfolio was supposed to come here. "Herbert" walked around the monument and hid in the thick shrubbery. Here he was concealed from human eyes and at the same time was able to watch everything going on at the monument.

At this time an excursion^{group} arrived at the monument. A slender girl wearing a university badge on the lapel of her jacket began to give an explanatory talk. "Herbert" could clearly hear every word she was saying. He looked at the faces of the people in the group with the utmost attention. Suddenly he noticed a man with a portfolio in the crowd. "Herbert" suppressed an exclamation of surprise. It was "Andy", his instructor. "Andy" was standing next to the excursion guide and listening attentively to her talk.

The excursion group moved on. "Andy" detached himself from the others, bent over and pretended to be tying his shoelaces.

"Andy" was waiting for "Herbert". In his thoughts, "Herbert" had already stepped out of his hiding-place forty times and had called out to "Andy". But in reality he could not move one step, his nerves had deserted him.

"Andy" stayed another ten minutes near the monument, then he looked at his watch and walked away unhurriedly.

They did not meet until the next day, on the way to Smaerli. Here the intelligence headquarters had designated an alternative meeting-place.

"I was at the monument yesterday," said Herbert. "Only I did not dare to come out in the open, there were so many people around."

"Well, you acted sensibly," said "Andy". - "Well, how are you getting along?"

"Herbert" began to unburden all his troubles to his chief. He talked about the restless nights, about the fear which followed him everywhere, and about the terrible poverty in which he had lived for the past few years.

But "Andy" would not listen to him..

"That is the kind of work we do, after all we are not living in Nice. We do not have much time, let's talk about business."

"Andy" reached in his pocket and pulled out a black package.

"Here you have ten thousand. Take it. But this is not a reward - so far you have worked badly; this is an advance payment on your future work."

All of "Herbert's" hopes collapsed like a mud hut at the first shock of an earthquake. He grew dizzy and his knees started trembling.

What do you mean, do we have to continue to stay here ?

"Did not bring me any documents ?"

"We shall leave together. In about a year or 18 months, not sooner. We cannot go back with empty hands. Nobody will feed you in the West for nothing."

Herbert understood that there was no point in arguing.

"All right, I shall listen to your instructions."

Andy smiled. "That's better. But we shall continue our conversation another time. I shall let you know about the next meeting. You will read about it in three days on the billboard of the Russian Drama Theater. Send Fredis to me tomorrow."

Andy designated a meeting-place and password.

They shook hands and left in different directions. Herbert went to see Fredis, told him that a man from "over there" wanted to see him, and said goodbye.

On the way home he went into a store and bought a half liter of vodka. Herbert entered his room and locked the door. He threw the money he had received from Andy on the table. How long he had begged Headquarters to send him money ! And here it was. But what good was it to him, if everything had to be started from the beginning. Everything: the sleepless nights, and the fear, and the agonizing anticipation of a catastrophe...

All his life passed before his eyes like scenes of a movie film. Service in the fascist army, escape to Sweden, the fatal meeting with Andy. And then.... Training in the American spy schools in West Germany. Practical training on American military firing grounds. The overseas instructors "Paul", "Erik", "Bob", "John", "Tom". And finally, the appearance of the ~~scintillating~~ scintillating person of Col. Kull, for whom his own career meant more than anything in the world. The long, bitter struggle for a leading

position in the intelligence organization between Kull and "Andy". Kull was a real American, and the victory was his. He won, despite the fact that he was insolent, cruel, and dishonest. Who didn't know that Kull stole money from intelligence headquarters and was using it to build himself a luxurious home in the States? Finally, the dispatch. Before that there was a lengthy pleasure trip, together with Kull and "Andy", visiting the haunts of Hamburg, Munich, and other West German cities. Drunkenness and debauchery, filth and depravity.... What did he expect from life, was there anything in life that he had not yet seen, or felt, or experienced?..

"Herbert" got a piece of paper and pen, drank a glass of vodka in one gulp, and sat down to write a note to Milda. He wrote her name with a flourish, added an exclamation point, and then stopped. He crumpled the paper, threw it under the table, and got another sheet. He wrote several words, crossed them out, wrote something again, started to think, and tore up what he had written.

"Herbert" got up and walked up and down the room. Then he bent down, tore open a square of the parquet floor, picked up an ampoule and put it in his mouth, crushing it with his teeth. Suddenly he staggered and fell, hitting his head on the table; the package of money dropped to the ground and the 100-ruble notes were scattered all over the room. Death set in immediately, before the mask of terror had covered his face.

Now "Herbert" was at peace and out of trouble.

The Last Meeting

73.

At the appointed hour Fredis was standing under ^{the} large clock.

As it had been arranged, he was holding a newspaper in one hand and an unlit cigarette between the fingers of the other hand. Fredis was looking attentively around him, but did not notice a man approaching until he was right beside him. He was broad-shouldered and not young.

"Excuse me," he asked Fredis, "where is the barber shop?"

"There is one around the corner, but they shave badly",

"Hello, Fredis," said Andy, "I am the one you are waiting for."

"Andy" and Fredis walked along the streets. They walked a long time, until they finally got to a deserted side street.

"Well, here we can sit for a while. Do you smoke?" said Andy, offering a pack of cigarettes. They both smoked.

"Andy" was watching Fredis. Fredis had an honest face, strong muscles, and he looked at ease. "Andy" understood that the young man sitting next to him had a strong will and healthy nerves.

"Andy" had enough experience to ~~immediately~~ make him wonder if this was actually the same man "Herbert" had been talking about, or possibly someone sent as a substitute? Well, even if he had been sent by someone, this would be all the worse for them. He would make a fool of the Cheka and have a good laugh at them.

"Fredis, I want to ask you a favor," said Andy, meaning to test Fredis.

"I am at your service."

"I have to speak to the chairman of the City Soviet. Would you be able to find out his telephone number and his room number?"

"That would not be difficult," said Fredis, "I shall go
74. to the City Soviet."

"That's good", said Andy, getting up. "I shall get in touch with you, we shall meet again, and you can tell me about it."

Fredis got up too.

"Well, and when am I going abroad?" he asked.

"I will tell you about that at the next meeting."

"All right," said Fredis. "So, you want to find out the telephone and room number of the chairman of the City Soviet?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Wouldn't you first like to know where my office is, Mr. Bromberg?"

Andy thought for a moment that he hadn't heard right. Then the spy realized that something terrible had happened. He took a step back.

"Don't move," said Fredis. A pistol appeared in his hand.

Andy looked around. He saw two "Pobeda's" entering the side street from two different directions.

"Keep calm, Mr. Bromberg," said Fredis. "The cars are waiting. Let us continue our conversation in another place."

In Lieu of Conclusion

"Before being dispatched to the USSR, I signed a statement for the American Intelligence Center. The statement mentioned that I would not reveal any information known to me regarding the work of American Intelligence until the end of the next war." (Excerpt from the testimony of the American spy L. P. Bromberg.)

Thus ended the operation "The Fallen Star", and thus ended Operation "H" with a complete failure. This is actually the whole story of how American Intelligence trained and dispatched to Soviet Latvia five spies, with great hopes for the future, and how the whole thing ended up in a fiasco.

...by accident that we called the last chapter "In lieu of Conclusion". There is no conclusion and perhaps the end is not yet in sight.

...Fredis questioned Bromberg in detail. His testimony filled several fat volumes. "Andy" knew much about the work of American Intelligence, several times more than an ordinary spy. Now he was telling about it. He was telling about the methods and plans, the ciphers which are being used by spies, their equipment which is prepared on order of American intelligence headquarters and which is used for spying activities.

"Andy" concealed nothing. During one of the interrogations, "Andy" told how he had talked to the leading officials of the American Intelligence Center before being dispatched to the USSR. "I was told", wrote Bromberg, "that I would be anxiously awaited in America, because American Intelligence is organizing a number of other spy schools in USA."

However, even without this testimony of Bromberg it is quite clear to everyone that the American Intelligence will not stop its foul play and will not give up its evil intentions against our government, which have been maturing for the last 40 years.

It was not unintentional that we appended an epigraph to this chapter, using an excerpt from the testimony of the spy Bromberg in which he stated that he had given American Intelligence the pledge not to reveal any secrets regarding the Secret Service of the United States until the end of the next war, the same aggressive atomic war which is being prepared by American imperialism against the freedom-loving nations.

And we shall not be surprised, if new "visitors" from overseas should come to our country. At that time we shall have the continuation of this documentary story.