control. Malenkov, Khrushchev, and Molotov would have to shelve their own differences and actually exercise "collective leadership" in order to hold their ground jointly vis-à-vis the army. If they fail to do so, and if they try to preserve the party's corporate predominance vis-à-vis the army and at the same time give free rein to their competition for autocratic party leadership, then the outcome of this double contest cannot be seriously in doubt. A deep cleavage in a leadership not based on a democratic rank and file is a standing invitation to the army to step in and "safeguard law and order."

Thus Beria's trial has offered a glimpse of the rivalries among his victorious enemies. Hence the caution, the speed, and the secrecy with which the trial was conducted. The public was given to understand that once this purge was over, no repetition of the insanities of the Stalin era was intended. In the 1930's each trial foreshadowed its sequel. Each batch of defendants forged in the dock a heavy chain of confession and accusation to drag in the next batch. The conduct of the Beria trial was calculated on the contrary to reassure the people that this was a one-night stand, not the opening of a long run. When Beria and his associates faced the firing squad there was not a hint that other accomplices were still to be rounded up.

YET it would be very surprising if this were indeed the end of the story. The post-Stalin era is only at its beginning. After a brief quasi-liberal spell Stalin's successors have already tried to conjure up the spirit of the Stalin era, but they have already half-demonstrated the impossibility of this task.

Let me recapitulate the main points about the Beria trial:

¶ The army dominated the scene.

¶ Only members of the secret police sat in the dock.

¶ The language of the accusations and the "popular anger" were only feeble echoes of the great purge trials of the 1930's.

¶ The doors to the courtroom were sealed.

¶ The world has heard no confessions.

Who can maintain that this was "only the same old show?"

International Private Eye: Adventures of Colonel Amoss

SPENCER KLAW

THE PRINCIPLE of free enterprise has few stancher exponents than Ulius Louis Amoss, a fifty-eight-year-old retired Air Force colonel who has been described by an impressionable reporter as "one of the greatest spies in history." Unlike most spies, who have to settle for government jobs, Amoss is in business for himself. As director of what he calls "a private, world wide intelligence service," he considers himself in direct competition with all the intelligence services of the United States government, and notably with the Central Intelligence Agency.

Like the CIA, Amoss has, or claims to have, at his disposal a far-flung network of secret agents, some of them in the Soviet Union itself, who flash him reports on what is going on everywhere in the world. He is not impressed by the argument that collecting secret foreign intelligence, like delivering the mail, is properly a government function. Amoss's position is that Americans are entitled to more inside dope on world affairs than they are getting from their government, and that the CIA is either incompetent or is selfishly holding out on the taxpayers. "On January 2, 1953, I stated in writing that Stalin was through and that the Red Army

had taken control," Amoss recently told a reporter from the Washington *Post*. "The people of the United States didn't hear that from the CIA. They had to wait until March when Moscow itself announced it and said that Amoss was right."

Amoss's loyal clients include a thousand or so subscribers who pay $25 a year for the newsletters and printed reports that are published under the auspices of an outfit called the International Services of Information Foundation Incorporated, or I.S.I. They also include—or did two or three years ago—a group of generals who wrote glowing testimonials about his work, one of them noting that he had made Amoss's intelligence reports required reading for his senior staff officers. Lately, moreover, Amoss has been getting some gratifying publicity, most of it featuring his personal adventures as a sort of one-man co-belligerent of the United States in the cold war with the Soviet Union.

Sonny Boy, Where Are You?

Last summer Amoss announced his determination to rescue General Vassily Stalin, son of the late Soviet dictator, from the clutches of the MVD and deliver him into western

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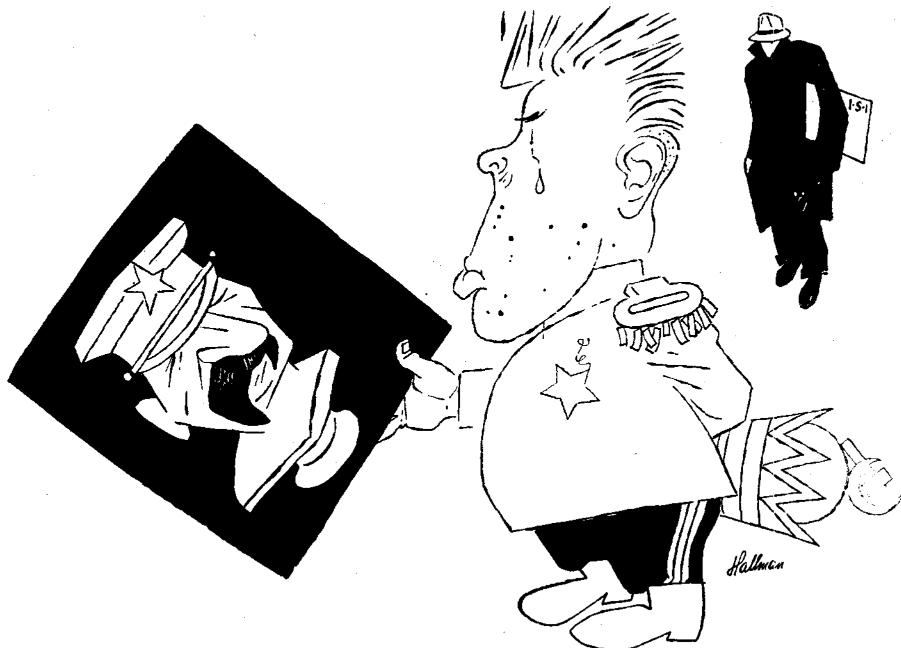
hands. A few months earlier he had claimed credit for the kidnaping of a Soviet-built Mig fighter from Poland, a project in which he had persuaded a group of Maryland businessmen, including former Governor Preston Lane, to invest $7,500 as a contribution to national security. A Mig did indeed land in Denmark last March, but the pilot obstinately refused to corroborate Amoss's claim. He denied that he had ever spoken with or even heard of Amoss or any of his agents.

Colonel Amoss has since hinted that while the pilot may not have known he was being helped to escape, he was being helped all the same. Apparently this explanation was good enough for Clendenin J. Ryan, an enterprising millionaire before whom Amoss laid his scheme for kidnaping young Stalin. Ryan, whose other political interests have included running for both Mayor of New York and Governor of New Jersey, gave Amoss his blessing and $50,000.



'I Thought I Heard a Shot'

In a recent issue of the *American Weekly*, the Hearst chain's Sunday supplement, Amoss has described what happened next. His account, though a bit sketchy, is dramatic. According to Amoss, he went to Munich and opened negotiations with a crew of sinister individuals who said they could deliver Sonny Boy, the code name that was used for young Stalin. One member of the gang, a glamorous redhead named Lilli, urged Amoss to go to a certain point on the Czech-German border for a rendezvous with a dissident Soviet colonel who was actually running the show. Amoss was on the point of complying when, by the greatest good fortune, one of his own agents warned him off.

"What I suspect now," Amoss quotes the agent as saying, "is that the supposed renegade officers were really Russian secret police. They planned to shoot Vassily at the border and grab you. Then they'd brain-wash you and make you confess to God knows what kind of a conspiracy to get Vassily out of the country. I don't think it's even safe to go back to the hotel.

"Either he was right or somebody was trying to scare us," Amoss's narrative continues. "Five minutes after we took a cab for the airport, I thought I heard a shot behind us. Then a car raced abreast of us and there was another shot. The driver slammed on his brakes. We jumped out and ran. A block away we took a cab to the railway station. We walked through the station and taxied to the airport. In half an hour we were in the air."

THIS INCIDENT is a favorite of Amoss's, although usually when he tells it—as he did recently to a reporter from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—he places it in Düsseldorf rather than Munich. This confusion may stem from the fact that Amoss had a very full schedule last summer. Besides trying to kidnap Sonny Boy, he was also carrying on negotiations with a man who said he represented Lavrenti P. Beria.

Beria or his intermediaries seem to have had negotiations with lots of people last summer and fall, some of whom have even more dramatic stories to tell than Amoss.

In late September, for instance, a San Diego newspaperman named Gene Fuson, carrying documents signed by Senator McCarthy, flew to Spain on a tip that Beria was there and wanted to surrender to the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Fuson never caught up with Beria, but a Nicaraguan coffee planter named Fabio Gallo swore that *he* had seen Beria in Gibraltar, sitting in the back seat of a black Austin. Gallo reported that Beria was fat and very sunburned.

While Fuson was hunting for Beria in Spain, a former Soviet diplomat named Gregori Bessedovsky, who had been vacationing on the French Riviera, was offered a chance to meet Beria face to face. On instructions from an intermediary, Bessedovsky has related, he rented a motorboat and put out to sea for a rendezvous with Beria approximately three miles off the French coast at a point near the Italian border. As he approached the appointed spot, he saw a lifeboat being lowered from a handsome yacht that had just anchored a mile or two away. In the boat, when it reached him, Bessedovsky found a man who looked like Beria, claimed to be Beria, and wanted Bessedovsky to certify in writing that he was indeed Beria. Bessedovsky refused; he thought the man's accent didn't ring true. "Between us, as man to man, I do not believe you are Beria," Bessedovsky says he told the alleged Beria. They parted coldly.

AMOSS'S NEGOTIATIONS were conducted on dry land, in Germany, and he never met anyone who looked at all like Beria. He was approached, he says, by a man who represented himself as a major in the Soviet security police, and who produced credentials apparently signed by Beria.

The major said that Beria was in hiding and asked Amoss if he could

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guarantee Beria asylum in the West. As evidence of his good faith, he turned over certain documents that Amoss at first described as "critically important original papers." A couple of months later, though, he said there was "considerable doubt" that the documents were genuine Soviet espionage and sabotage plans. Possibly, he said, they were just old training manuals from a Soviet sabotage school.

Despite this disappointment, and despite the official announcement on December 23 that Beria had been tried and executed for his crimes, Amoss still thinks Beria is probably in hiding somewhere on this side of the Iron Curtain. Amoss recently told a reporter that he has continued to receive messages urging him to travel to an undisclosed destination for a meeting with another set of go-betweens for Beria, and possibly with Beria himself. "This might be a ruse, or it might be the real McCoy," he said with the air of a man determined not to be bitten in the same place twice. "I've got a bunch of people checking up, and until I get some confirmation I'm just sitting tight."

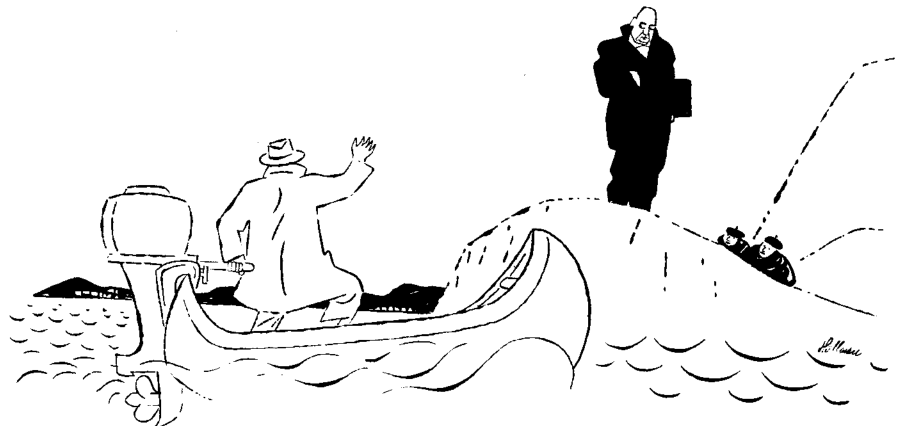
Third Men and Fifth Wheels

Between trips abroad, Amoss runs his spy ring from Maryland. His headquarters is an eleven-room house on Gibson Island, a privately owned resort in Chesapeake Bay about midway between Annapolis and Baltimore. The walls of his study, where he receives visitors, are hung with autographed pictures of high-ranking American military men and with framed citations from foreign governments. The governments include Greece, France, Belgium, Great Britain, Poland, Luxembourg, representatives of Czarist Russia, and Ethiopia, which has honored him with the Grand Plaque of the Order of the Queen of Sheba. Amoss himself, a well set-up, husky man with thinning hair who dresses conservatively and generally impresses people with his air of authority and sincerity, is modest about this imposing collection. "You live long enough and you accumulate these things," he told a recent visitor.

According to *The International Who's Who,* to which he customarily refers interviewers who want biographical data, Amoss was born in 1895, attended the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts, and, during the First World War, signed up for a hitch with the Y.M.C.A. He served with the 79th Division and later went to Greece, where he doubled as a special adviser to the Greek general staff during the Greco-Turkish war. After returning to the United States he went into the export business. In 1941 he joined the Office of Strategic Services, serving as chief of the Eastern European Division and on special duty in the Middle East until 1943, when he was shifted to the 9th Air Force in England as deputy chief of staff.

IN 1946 Amoss was placed on the inactive list of the Air Force Reserve as a colonel, a title he still uses. Having just married a former British intelligence agent named Veronica Grogan, Amoss decided to make the fullest use of his own and his wife's wartime experience by going into the intelligence game. He lined up some part-time secret agents and, with the help of his wife, began publishing the letters and reports he has been turning out ever since.

Three years ago Amoss reorganized his affairs and set up International Services of Information as a



nonprofit foundation (cable address: INFORM, Baltimore). Its trustees include Henry C. Evans, a prominent Baltimore investment banker, and Thomas B. Catron II, a retired general who once edited the *Infantry Journal.* The foundation's publications, according to Amoss, are based on information supplied by hundreds of subagents whose reports are collected and analyzed by a dozen or so "top-flight intelligence executives overseas, each world famous in his own right."

Amoss himself is editor in chief and director of I.S.I. field operations, which include special projects like the attempt to kidnap Vassily Stalin that cost Ryan $50,000. ("You've got to understand about Clendenin Ryan," a former employee of his has said. "He can afford this kind of thing for entertainment. It was worth fifty thousand bucks to Clen to go over to Europe last summer and play Harry Lime while Amoss and his boys whistled the Third Man Theme.") Amoss himself, who is, of course, vouched for by the trustees of his foundation, invariably points out to interviewers that he doesn't make a cent out of I.S.I.'s operations, field or otherwise.

'I Am a Virtual Prisoner'

Although newspaper stories about Amoss have generally featured his field operations, Amoss sometimes plays down their significance. "Dramatic as these operations are," he recently wrote a prospective financial backer to whom earlier in his letter he had hinted of plans to "bring out a Soviet tank still on the Russian secret list," "the day to day plodding collection of information on the Soviet intent and its capabilities is of more far-reaching importance."

If Amoss was referring to his work as I.S.I.'s editor in chief, he was being excessively modest. There is nothing plodding about either his methods of gathering intelligence or his prose style, which combines the breathless pace of Willard Monroe Kiplinger, the Washington newsletter man, and the ominous undercurrents of E. Phillips Oppenheim. This

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heady blend permits Amoss to satisfy the reader's craving for inside dope and at the same time to provide vicarious excitement for people who have been conditioned to think of international relations almost exclusively in terms of stolen documents and high-level desertions.

Amoss's mimeographed newsletters, which are mailed out at irregular intervals in envelopes stamped "Confidential," are often enlivened by first-person accounts of the exciting life of a secret agent. Last summer's shooting affray, for example, was reported to subscribers in a letter beginning: "I left Dusseldorf amid blazing guns . . . bringing with me critically important original papers . . ." A month earlier, in a "Special Personal Letter" dated 5 July 1953 (Amoss favors the military style of dating letters) and bearing the notation "By courier from Munich," Amoss wrote: *"I am a virtual prisoner in a Munich hotel.* I am not sure that the care 'they' take of me is due to consideration for my safety —or theirs . . . 'They' won't permit me to go out without protection— and never at night . . ." Amoss neglected to explain to his readers who "they" were or why he didn't telephone the nearest U.S. Army installation and ask to be sprung from his hotel prison, but went on to report a friendly warning he had been given in Paris: "You have become the subject of much interest from the Soviet counter-intelligence organization. They may not want to kill you just now, but it is a certainty that they will try to 'plant' information on you."

DURING the relatively quiet months that he spends at Gibson Island, Amoss often quotes directly from reports sent him by his foreign agents, most of whom happen to write a good deal like their editor in chief. This practice lends a note of drama and urgency to I.S.I.'s publications that might otherwise be lacking. "Queen Elizabeth II faces labor disorders; possibly treason," Amoss informed his subscribers in a March, 1952, bulletin headed "Urgent Letter for Your Personal Attention Only." "A red aura hangs over the Mountbattens . . . Outer fringes of Royalty are red-tinged . . . BRITISH CRYPTO-COMMUNISTS HAVE RECEIVED MOSCOW ORDERS TO STAGE A GENERAL STRIKE BEFORE THE END OF SUMMER, 1952 . . . These excerpts from I.S.I.'s confidential reports are worrying, but I.S.I. editors believe Britain will work her way out of this dangerous situation."

This last sentence is typical of the cold water which Amoss, a consummate hedger, usually throws on his most sensational disclosures. The qualifications are sometimes printed in rather small type, though, and may have been overlooked by a CIA spokesman who said recently: "I can't think of a single time when Amoss was right." The CIA official apparently also overlooked the fact that a man who makes as many startling revelations as Amoss does can't possibly be wrong all the time.

Thus Amoss's announcement dated 21 January 1953 that "STALIN—as has been falsely claimed for so long— IS COMING APART" turned out to be true, though many of his other dope stories on the Soviet hierarchy did not. In March, 1952, for instance, Amoss wrote: "Joseph Stalin is to retire . . . in favor of V. Molotov." And a year later, on March 4, the day Moscow announced that Stalin had suffered a stroke, he predicted, among other things, that "the Jewish purge-cum-pogrom will flare into yet uglier phases" and gave it as his opinion that Malenkov, Molotov, and Beria were all out of the running in the race for Stalin's job. (Amoss was betting on a military man.) "Meanwhile," he added, "don't believe anything you read about Soviet Russia as sure."

OCCASIONALLY Amoss is swept right off his feet by his agents' reports and forgets to hedge. Last summer, for example, just after his return to the United States, he put out a special bulletin quoting in full, without qualification, a cable from Aachen, Germany, It was signed "Janisi," presumably one of I.S.I.'s top-flight intelligence executives, and ended: "MALENKOV HYDROGEN-BOMB CLAIM IS WITLESS HYSTERICAL PROPAGANDA. AMERICA EXPLODES, THEN TALKS. MALENKOV TALKS, DOESN'T EXPLODE." The cable was dated 11 August, three days after Malenkov's announcement that the United States no longer had a monopoly on the hydrogen bomb, and just one day before the Russians are known to have set off their first nuclear fusion explosion, as was confirmed on August 19 by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

One Buddy to Another

Although their entertainment value is indisputable, I.S.I.'s bulletins

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would not seem to be absolutely vital to men whose jobs require that they keep well informed on world affairs. Amoss prizes such readers, however, and in approaching likely financial contributors to his foundation he is able to produce a number of impressive testimonials from high-ranking generals.

Most of them were written in April and May, 1951. They include letters from Lieutenant General E. E. Partridge, then commanding the Fifth Air Force ("I read your publication and find it basically sound, broad in scope and prepared in such a concise manner that its salient points stick in my mind"); Lieutenant General O. P. Weyland, then deputy commanding general of the Tactical Air Command at Langley Field ("I have found your reports and analyses of world conditions most valuable"); and Major General Ralph F. Stearley, then commanding the Twentieth Air Force ("I require my senior staff officers to read the reports and then they are sent to the A-2 section"). Major General L. L. Lemnitzer, commanding the 11th Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, while pointing out that his budget didn't allow for a subscription to I.S.I.'s publications, warmly praised their "constructive and authoritative overtones." The most enthusiastic endorsement came from Major General Earl S. Hoag, then on duty in the Pentagon with the Air Force as special assistant to the Chief of Staff for Reserve Forces. "Believe me," he wrote, "a publication such as yours is truly a godsend."

Possibly the most charitable interpretation of these extraordinary letters is that their authors hadn't been reading I.S.I.'s reports carefully. Another explanation may be that the writers were carried away by an understandable desire to put in a good word for a former service buddy now trying to make good in civilian life. If any of them are actually reading Amoss's stuff, however, they would do well to heed a gentle warning contained in an I.S.I. report issued in January, 1951. "In this digest of I.S.I. field reports," Amoss noted, "it should be borne in mind that the conclusions we draw are not necessarily conclusive . . ."

Presidential Papers And How They Grew

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

From Washington's time to the present, most of our outgoing Presidents have bundled up their files and taken them home. For those Presidents who have died in office, executors or families have performed the same service. There is a democratic simplicity about this practice that has much to recommend it. A man's papers are his own property and responsibility, whether he is an ordinary citizen or the Chief Executive.

But while this responsibility was a fairly easy one for our earlier Presidents to bear, it has become increasingly difficult in recent years. Washington's papers, for the period of his whole life, filled some two hundred folio volumes. Lincoln's, when they were opened on July 26, 1947, were found to consist of about the same number.

But with the invention of the typewriter a flood of paper attended the growth and spread of the functions of the President. Franklin D. Roosevelt left behind the greatest collection ever amassed. His papers in the Hyde Park Library fill 4,400 cubic feet, or about 550 four-drawer filing cases. The papers of his successor accumulated at an even more rapid rate. For a little less than eight years, as against Roosevelt's twelve, they total four hundred four-drawer filing cases. One day in December, 1952, President Truman confessed to his staff that he had been unable to sleep the night before because of worry about how to store his papers pending the construction of a permanent library. In all my experience with him, few official problems, grave as they were, had given him as much concern.

The proper disposition of Presidential papers is a justifiable cause for worry. In the first place, these papers constitute the one and only definite record of a Presidential career, and ought to be preserved in their entirety. In the second place, they include many letters written in confidence to the President, which may contain material injurious to the reputation of innocent third persons if they are left behind to fall into the hands of unscrupulous gossip mongers. This was Robert Todd Lincoln's principal reason for keeping his father's papers so long under seal. In the third place, they are worth a lot of money. Papers or letters in the President's hand—any President's—have a regular market value. Impecunious heirs, therefore, are tempted to sell Presidential collections piecemeal. If they don't they may find the inheritance tax on the assessed value of the collection eating up the rest of the estate.

Except for the "housekeeping" files of the White House and the White House Office, which are always left behind when the Administration changes, the papers of a President are not essential records of government. Everything the President does as an official act is recorded in some department or agency outside the White House. What is left that is unique, and not filed in duplicate elsewhere, is the business of the President, but not the continuing business of the government.

William Howard Taft wrote: "The office of the President is not a recording office. The vast amount of correspondence that goes through it, signed either by the President or his secretaries, does not become the property or a record of the government unless it goes on to official files of the Department to which it may

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