

Murder
in
Georgetown Lodge

“Prelude to Armageddon”

By:
Christopher Allan Knowles



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Christopher Allan Knowles
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Dedication

To my fellow comrades in arms who fought this nation's wars. Upon our return home we sought the same type of camaraderie among men born of a shared experience. In Freemasonry we found, through its tenets of Friendship, Morality, and Brotherly Love, the cement which would unite us into one sacred band, or society of Friends and Brothers.

Chapter One

Throughout the year long run-up to the 1960 New Hampshire presidential primaries John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the junior U.S. Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, would frequently leave the gathered supporters at his rallies with a quote from Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening":

*The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

Little did he realize that the relationship between two Brothers of Georgetown Lodge in Washington, DC, would play a pivotal role in the outcome of the central crisis of his presidency and, indeed, could have terminated his administration after only twenty-one months rather than its ultimately foreshortened thirty-four months duration. Their motivations could well have been characterized by another of Frost's poems, written seven years earlier, entitled "The Road Not Taken":

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

Thomas Moore was a thirty-eight year old photogrammetric cartographic analyst with the National Photographic Interpretation Center, or NPIC. Sited on the grounds of the

historic Washington Navy Yard, whose location on the banks of the Potomac River was set aside by George Washington in 1799 and surveyed in 1800, NPIC was the primary photo interpretation resource for the nation's intelligence community. At any time one or more government offices, including the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), United States Information Agency and the Department of State, were using the products and resources of NPIC.

Moore was a 1949 graduate of Syracuse University's Department of Geography and its Cartography Program. Having enrolled at Syracuse in the Fall of 1941, his college education was interrupted by a three-plus year tour of duty in the United States Navy during World War II. Upon his separation from the Navy in 1946, following the cessation of hostilities in the Pacific, he returned to Syracuse and resumed his studies. He completed his degree on the GI Bill and, upon graduation, returned to active duty in the Navy where he attended Officer Candidate School at Newport, Rhode Island. By the Fall of 1962 he was in the seventeenth year of his naval career and high on the Captain's selection list.

Because of his undergraduate degree in cartography from Syracuse and his attendance at the Defense Department's mapmaking school at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and photointerpretation school at Lowry Air Force Base in Colorado, he was now one of the Navy's most highly trained, most skilled and, more important still, most respected air photointerpretation officers. He held the title of Deputy Director of NPIC, second in command to an old Army Air Corps pilot, Adam Barstow, who was now a Major General in the U.S. Air Force.

Commander Moore lived with his wife, Jane, and his son, Andrew, in McLean Gardens, a postwar apartment complex in Northwest Washington. Jane was a volunteer in the Gift Shop at the National Cathedral a half dozen blocks down Wisconsin Avenue from their apartment and Andrew was a fourth grader at The Sidwell Friends School just across the street from McLean Gardens. The housing complex consisted of dozens of three-story six-apartment red brick units on several rolling well-landscaped acres adjacent to Washington's Glover Archibald Park.

Each weekday morning Commander Moore would take one of the "30" series buses from McLean Gardens down Wisconsin Avenue through the Georgetown section of Washington to where it turned left on to "M" Street which, just a few blocks later, branched right into what was Pennsylvania Avenue. After the bus passed in front of the White House it made the two-block right-left jog down 15th Street and then back on to Pennsylvania Avenue. He would get off the bus just Southwest of the U.S. Capitol building and walk the dozen short blocks to the Washington Navy Yard and NPIC. In the evening he would reverse his steps. Only in the event of an emergency or rush job would General Barstow send a staff car out to McLean Gardens to pick up Commander Moore. Over the next 90 days there would be so many round-trips by staff car that the general permanently assigned a staff car from the Navy Yard's motor pool to be at Commander Moore's disposal.

John Anderson was a forty-five year old English language translator on the staff of the Soviet Embassy in Washington. While the majority of those employed by the Soviet Union to work in their premier embassy, located on 16th Street, Northwest, only two blocks from the White House, were

native Russians, there were very good reasons, both political and intelligence-wise, for employing some Washingtonians.

First, most nations have a number of local residents on the payroll of their embassies around the world. They fill service and low-level clerical positions and show the host country the guest nation's sensitivity for their residents and local economy. The second reason is that no foreign national, regardless of their training or experience, can ever come to know all the nuances, idiomatic turns of phrase, or subtexts of the host nation's language when using the diplomatic doublespeak with which two nations formally communicate.

So it was that John Anderson was hired in 1957 to work as a translator. When the Soviet Embassy was preparing a communiqué to the United States government, or passing on one drafted back home in the Kremlin, they would have Anderson read it to ensure that the graduates of Moscow State University's English Department had not too literally translated the native Russian text into English in such a way as to communicate an incorrect or imprecise message to the host American government.

Anderson was single and, with the exception of his membership in the Georgetown Lodge which met monthly in the Georgetown Masonic Hall just a few doors up Wisconsin Avenue from its intersection with "M" Street at the hub of Georgetown's business and cultural life, he was a classic "loner". He lived in a modest one-bedroom basement apartment on Prospect Street, an eclectic byway of only several blocks which ran from Wisconsin Avenue due West to the corner of the stone wall which marked the

Southeast terminus of the main campus of Georgetown University, the oldest Roman Catholic institution of higher learning in the United States. Founded by Father John Carroll on Maryland's Eastern Shore in 1789, the Jesuit university relocated to the Georgetown section of Washington after Pierre L'Enfant's seminal drawings of the layout of the new nation's seat of government were revealed. In a little-known bit of irony, the site upon which the U.S. Capitol building now sits was once proposed to Father Carroll by the land's owner as an ideal site for the school.

Moore and Anderson had become good friends. Anderson, seven years Moore's senior, had mentored Moore when he joined Georgetown Lodge in 1957. He had encouraged Thomas to pursue becoming a Lodge officer, but his military and personal commitments were prohibitive. Moore and Anderson would frequently walk down Prospect Street after a Lodge meeting to grab a drink at The Tombs, a Georgetown student hangout located beneath the upscale 1789 Restaurant just three blocks from the school's main gate. It opened weekdays in time for the student and faculty lunch crowd and remained open until the locally-mandated 2:00AM closing time the next morning.

The background noise level at The Tombs, though sometimes annoying, provided adequate cover for Anderson and Moore's conversations. Each knew the other's profession. Anderson knew that Moore handled some of the nation's most sensitive photographic intelligence data; Moore knew that Anderson's role at the Soviet Embassy was to ensure that no linguistic error on the part of the Soviet government would precipitate any needless concern on the part of the Americans. When they spoke of their

work they did so confidentially or, in Masonic terms, “on the square”; but they never spoke in specifics, only in generalities. Each understood the sensitivity of the other’s work and they respected one another’s integrity implicitly.

Chapter Two

Alexei Andropov was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1892. St. Petersburg, the home of the world-renowned Hermitage Museum, was a city steeped in arts and letters. Always an exemplary student, after high school Alexei attended Moscow University where he studied French and English. There he met Marina, whom he married in 1912. Upon his graduation in 1913 with the Russian equivalent of a Baccalaureate degree, he and Marina traveled to the Sorbonne in Paris where he studied toward a Master’s degree in French while she worked as a waitress in a Left Bank bistro to support them both. While in Moscow and Paris, Alexei’s expertise in languages had come to the attention of the Russian government. In the Spring of 1915 the Russian Ambassador to France called Alexei to the embassy and told him that the government wanted to groom him to be a member of his country’s diplomatic corps and, to that end, hoped that he would accept their offer to send him to Fordham, the Jesuit university of New York City, to get his Ph.D. in English. After consulting Marina that night, he returned to the embassy the following day to accept the ambassador’s invitation. In the Spring of 1915 Alexei received his Master’s degree from the Sorbonne; that Summer he and Marina made their way to New York City where they set up housekeeping in a small Russian enclave near the intersection of Fordham Road and the Grand Concourse, just down the street from the Edgar Allan Poe House and just blocks from Fordham University’s campus.

Andropov had always considered himself to be a “philologist”. The term derives from two Greek words:

“philo”, meaning “love”, and “logos”, meaning “word”. He, then, literally considered himself a “lover of words”. Just as he considered the study of languages an “art”, he also considered the acquisition of a dialect-free fluency in a foreign language to be a “science”.

Paul Schach was also a philologist. Born in the coal mining district of Southwestern Pennsylvania at the beginning of the twentieth century, he worked his way through college, earning a Bachelor’s, Master’s, and Ph.D., acquiring a mastery of such esoteric languages as Icelandic. For most of the second half of the century he was a professor in the Department of Modern Languages at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln. During his years of study and teaching he had picked up quite an ear for dialects. Indeed, it was said that he could, with few exceptions, narrow down the place where his students had grown up to within a few hundred miles or less by simply listening to them speak. He had also determined that the speakers of the most dialect-free American English were the native residents of Eastern Nebraska. It was this same dialect-free mastery of a language for which Alexei strove. In his study of English it was the King’s English, and not Cockney or Liverpudlian, which he sought to achieve. And in the case of American English it was this Eastern Nebraskan sound, rather than a Southern drawl or the broad “a”’s of New England, which he desired.

In the late Winter of 1917 Marina gave birth to their first child at Montefiore Hospital in The Bronx. In the Spring Alexei earned his Doctorate in English from Fordham, and, that Summer, Alexei, Marina and newborn Dmitri returned to Russia. But, by the end of the year, the government which had become his patron had been turned out in the

violent overthrow of the Czar by the Communists in the October Revolution. The names at the top, like Lenin, were all new. But, somehow, low-level civil servants always seemed to survive. Whether in Russia or in the United States, it was they who kept the wheels of government turning, albeit slowly. And it was they to whom Alexei Andropov and his considerable talents were known.

What the new Soviet government most desired, after political and economic stability, was legitimacy. And key to any new regime’s legitimacy is diplomatic recognition. So when the new government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, or U.S.S.R., sent their diplomatic delegation to Washington to seek to establish a Soviet Embassy, Alexei Andropov accompanied them as the most fluent English-speaking bureaucrat available.

When diplomatic relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. were established, Alexei Andropov was posted to Washington. He, Marina and Dmitri lived in a basement garden apartment just a block off Pennsylvania Avenue in that Southeast corner of the city located just across the Anacostia River. He would take the trolley car to the Lafayette Park stop across the street from the White House and walk the two blocks North to the embassy.

One night in the Winter of 1922 Alexei and Marina attended an evening reception at the embassy. They had left Dmitri at home with a babysitter. Shortly before midnight they left the party and walked to the trolley stop in front of the White House. During the reception it had begun to snow, and by the time the trolley reached Alexei and Marina’s stop Pennsylvania Avenue had iced over. The trolleys in Washington ran down the middle of the streets, leaving the

passengers to negotiate their way across one or two lanes of traffic after stepping down from the car.

It was nearly one in the morning. There was no moon to illuminate the night or reflect off the snow. And the driver of the new Model A with Maryland license plates had been drinking all evening at The Old Ebbitt Grill, a Washington institution located on the North side of Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the White House. Alexei and Marina departed this world holding hands, as every man and woman in love certainly should, trying to steady one another on the icy surface of the thoroughfare. The driver, for his part, never saw them before he pulled abreast of the trolley car, and had no chance of stopping before he hit the two of them, skidding down Pennsylvania Avenue with his brakes locked.

Panicked, and drunk, the driver of the car sped off into the night. But the trolley car conductor had gotten the license plate number of the black Model A and, using the phone in one of the houses overlooking the scene, had called the District of Columbia police. As the car had been outbound on Pennsylvania Avenue when Alexei and Marina were struck and killed, the D.C. police notified both the Prince Georges County, Maryland, Sheriff's Office and the Maryland Highway Patrol. A Prince Georges County Deputy Sheriff was waiting for him when one David Goldman, a Democratic Party Capitol Hill operative, arrived home. After being placed under arrest by the Deputy Sheriff, Goldman spent the night in the Prince Georges County Jail.

In the morning David Goldman was transferred to the D.C. Jail and, later that day, arraigned in federal District Court in

and for the federal District of Columbia on two counts of Vehicular Homicide. Standing by him, his attorney, Abraham Singer, entered a plea of "Not Guilty" for his client. Citing that his client was a pillar of the community and posed no flight risk, Singer asked for, and got, bail to be set at \$1,000. A mere inconvenience for the influential Goldman, he posted bail that afternoon and was sleeping in his own bed by 9:00PM that night. The next day he resumed his life as if nothing had happened.

Several months later in a D.C. courtroom, Abraham Singer pleaded the charges against David Goldman down from Vehicular Homicide to Involuntary Manslaughter. In the end, with the aid of a bench trial presided over by a judge friendly to the historically corrupt, Democratic-run District government, David Goldman was found guilty of the lesser charges and fined \$5,000. The Andropov's were, after all, foreign nationals. Indeed, they may have been Bolshevik terrorists or, at a minimum, Bolshevik sympathizers. The Soviet Embassy protested the minimal punishment to no avail.

But what of Dmitri Andropov? Here was a now six-year old boy who had been raised in a home where was spoken, and a fluent command learned, of Russian and dialect-free English. The embassy staff took him in just long enough to arrange for his transportation to, and placement in, a State-run orphanage on the outskirts of his father's hometown of St. Petersburg (now known as Petrograd). He could have become, like so many other millions of orphans of soldiers from World War I and the Russian Revolution, destined for poverty, alcoholism, and an early and undignified death. He could simply have been lost in the administrative and bureaucratic chaos which was post-revolutionary Russia. He was, however, "saved" by his unique fluency in English.

Chapter Three

While the defining moments of any international conflict may be bracketed into a short span of days, the preludes are invariably longer. Just as the October Revolution and the storming of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg were preceded by the Bolshevik uprising earlier in 1917, the appearance on Cuban soil of surface-to-air missiles (SAM's) and Russian military advisors in July of 1962 preceded the conflict precipitated by the introduction of Russian medium-range ballistic missiles (MRBM's) and intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's) in October of 1962. And just as John Reed's book, Ten Days that Shook the World, captures the drama and denouement of the Russian Revolution, so Robert F. Kennedy's Thirteen Days recounts the events of those tense days in October leading to the climactic resolution of the Cuban Missile Crisis. But neither book examines the long crescendo of events leading up to the crises or the innumerable personal stories which affected their outcomes.

The United States Air Force routinely conducted overflights of suspicious troop movements or offensive weapons buildups during the 1960's. Whether overflying the Soviet Union from an air force base at Incirlik, Turkey, or Cuba from an air force base on the U.S. Gulf Coast, during the height of the Cold War U.S. Air Force U-2 reconnaissance aircraft offered visual confirmation of enemy activity. This constituted one leg of the three-legged intelligence network. The second leg, electronic intelligence, or ELINT, was provided by the National Security Agency (NSA), the nation's codebreakers and eavesdroppers. Be it telephone

or telegraph, “ham” radio or broadcast TV, the NSA literally “sucked” signals out of the air using a network of listening posts, later to evolve into the “Echelon” system, and either decoded or translated them for review by intelligence analysts. The third leg on the stool of the United States’ intelligence platform was human intelligence, or HUMINT. In reality, HUMINT is the heart of all intelligence collecting activities. Unlike camera lenses or radio antennas, only human beings on the ground “behind enemy lines” can offer subjective insights rather than objective facts. This reality would only become apparent in the last quarter of the twentieth century when, following the fall of the Berlin Wall and the collapse of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact powers, the U.S. intelligence community allowed its human assets to atrophy in favor of high tech surveillance methods. Only after September 11, 2001, would the United States reassess this miscalculation in the realm of intelligence collection.

In the Summer and Fall of 1962 the United States had adequate aerial reconnaissance imagery and “on the ground” human intelligence to know that the nature of the Soviet presence, in both personnel and materiel, was shifting in nature from a defense capable of securing national sovereignty to an arsenal of men and machines with an offensive “first strike” capability. Principal among all the evidence was the U-2 reconnaissance photography. When the Air Force U-2’s, powered by their twin Pratt & Whitney jet engines and capable of flying at altitudes in excess of 70,000 feet, returned to Barksdale Air Force Base in Bossier City, Louisiana, the film canisters from their belly-mounted rotating-prism cameras would be whisked off by secure jet courier to the National Photographic Interpretation Center where the nation’s top photo interpretation analysts would

document the changes in the size of cadre, number of launchers, and “hardening” of ammunition dumps since the previous overflight.

By the early Fall of 1962 Commander Moore and his staff of prima donna photointerpreters had concluded that three of the encampments which had initially been dismissed as SAM sites and barracks for Russian civilian advisors were, in fact, nothing more than an infrastructure being developed to support facilities with the offensive first strike capability of MRBM’s and ICBM’s. Because NPIC was a “joint venture” of the Central Intelligence Agency and the Defense Intelligence Agency, their analyses went first to their “parent” agencies. It should be noted, with some candor, that their two parent agencies viewed themselves, if they were not viewed by others from without, as “competitors”. This did little to foster collaboration, cooperation, or the ideal unified chain of command. Nonetheless, the information ultimately found its way to the offices of Robert MacNamara and John McCone, the Secretary of Defense and Director of Central Intelligence respectively. With the help of their own staff, each came to the independent and inescapable conclusion that the information had to be shared with the rest of the intelligence community and the White House itself.

In a press background briefing conducted by Roger Hilsman, director of the State Department’s Intelligence and Research Office, on August 24th, he confirmed that between July 26th and August 8th eight shiploads of Soviet military materiel had arrived in Cuba. It “appeared” that the equipment was for the creation of a strictly defensive capability. He also confirmed the presence of three- to five-thousand Soviet technicians.

On September 2nd the Soviet Union, through the Soviet Embassy in Washington, responded to the subsequent stories of the Soviet military buildup in Cuba, attributed to “official sources” and United States “officials”, which appeared in the American press. Drafted in Moscow to be ideologically correct, and screened one last time by John Anderson at the Soviet Embassy in Washington to ensure that it was linguistically correct and imparted the exact message which the Kremlin intended, the communiqué indicated that the Cuban government had requested equipment and specialists to provide protection from “aggressive imperialist quarters . . .” This transmittal was followed, two days later, by a visit to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy from Soviet Ambassador Anatoliy Dobrynin. Dobrynin assured Kennedy that the Soviet Union had no intention of introducing a threat to United States security in the hands of a third party in the Western Hemisphere. The Attorney General then relayed Dobrynin’s assurance to the President.

Later that same day Robert Kennedy and his deputy, Nicholas Katzenbach, drafted a response from the President that the introduction of “offensive capability” by the Soviet Union onto Cuban soil would require a military reaction by the United States. To determine whether or not the American response had been heeded, seven U-2 sorties over the island nation were made between August 29th and October 7th. But, because the Russian and Cuban governments had now been publicly and officially alerted to the United States’ apprehension, and because there was such a concern that another incident like the Soviet shootdown of U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers on a Russian overflight flying out of Incirlik Air Force Base in Turkey be avoided,

the previously broad flight plans were significantly reduced in scope.

It wasn’t until October 14th that overflights of portions of Cuba which had not been surveilled for nearly a month and a half revealed the unmistakable “signature” of a typical Soviet ICBM site within a trapezoidal perimeter bearing SAM sites at each of the corners with missile erectors, launchers and transporters in the interior. As always, the film canisters were transported securely, and at maximum speed, to NPIC. Commander Moore and his staff, many of whom had been stationed at the several Air Force reconnaissance and technical groups throughout the world, had seen these configurations before. And, while not a “smoking gun” proving offensive capability, the images started the alarm bells ringing.

When, in the early evening of October 15th, the Chief of the Defense Intelligence Agency received the alert from NPIC, he dispatched Moore and another PI to the apartment of Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric to share their analysis with him. By 7:30 the next morning the same pair were presenting their findings to Secretary of Defense MacNamara, and shortly after 8:00AM presidential assistant for national security affairs McGeorge Bundy entered the Kennedy living quarters to brief the President.

Phone calls went out throughout Washington and elsewhere to bring the best minds to bear in the development of an appropriate course of action. At 11:45AM the first meeting of what was to later be known as the Executive Committee of the National Security Council, or simply EXCOMM, was convened in the White House. Thus started the storied “thirteen days”, and no one residing in Washington, neither

man nor child, who lived and breathed the heady air of politics and international affairs in that city would experience anything like it again in their lifetime.

Chapter Four

Dmitri Andropov was educated in the State-run orphanage in St. Petersburg (known as Petrograd from 1917 until Lenin's death, and as Leningrad thereafter) in which he was raised. His grades were good; better than most. But it was his fluency in English, and not the thickly Russian-accented English of his classmates, which made him stand out. He was able to write prose and poetry in idiomatic English and read it in front of the class sounding to all the world like a professor at the University of Iowa's Writers' Workshop.

While many of his classmates had their education ended after the sixth grade so that they could be put to work to earn money to supplement the State's subsidy of the orphanage, Andropov was allowed to continue his studies until he had earned the Russian equivalent of a high school diploma. By this time Dmitri was eighteen years old, and the year was 1935. During the last year of his schooling the orphanage's headmistress had contacted the local State education authorities and informed them of his extraordinary abilities. The government deemed that Dmitri was a promising candidate for an advanced education and in the Fall of 1935 he enrolled as a liberal arts major at Moscow State University.

Much like the variety of funding streams which pay for many government programs in the United States, Andropov knew that the cost of his college education was being paid for by the State. But what young Dmitri did not know was that each month an accountant in a windowless office at

Two Dzerzhinskiy Square signed a check made out to Moscow State University from the Director's Discretionary Fund of the GUGB, the forerunner of the KGB, or Committee of State Security, and the Soviet counterpart to the United States' CIA.

During his senior year at Moscow State University Andropov was summoned to the office of the Director of the GUGB. As with any good citizen, when your country calls you, you answer their call. And so it was to be with Dmitri. The Director told him that his college education had been paid for, in total, by the GUGB, and that they had plans for him upon graduation. The GUGB wanted him to take up residence in the United States. He would work in an ordinary job until such time as the GUGB might have need for his services. He could be "activated" at any time, but when the GUGB called, he would come. His lifestyle would be one most of his countrymen could not even dream of, and should he ever need for anything he had but to ask.

The first hurdle Dmitri and his "handler" would have to overcome was physically getting him into the United States. As fate would have it, history intervened. In Germany, the National Socialist Party, or Nazi's, had taken control of the government with Adolf Hitler as their leader. A fanatic believer in the superiority of the Aryan race, and equally fanatic believer in the inferiority of the Jewish race, Hitler and his senior advisors had undertaken the Final Solution; the "extermination" of the Jews. In the Jewish ghettos the uprisings against Nazi persecution were put down by brute force as typified by Kristallnacht, or "Night of Broken Glass", when, on the night of November 9, 1938, Nazi's killed more than 90 Jews at random and looted Jewish stores.

In the wake of such atrocities, the flood of Jewish refugees from Germany, Poland, and parts of the Soviet Union threatened by occupation by the Nazi's created a mass of humanity in flux which simply overwhelmed many nations' ability to keep track of every single person entering, leaving, or simply passing through their borders. In the Summer of 1939, following his graduation from Moscow State, the GUGB arranged for Dmitri Andropov's transport to the French side of the border between Germany and France where he became just another refugee.

But, unlike many refugees, Andropov had been provided with adequate resources to get to Calais, buy passage to Dover, and, having made his way to Southampton, bribe his way into steerage class on a ship bound for America. Upon docking at Ellis Island, he used the last of his funds to bribe an immigration official and make his way to New York City.

Once in Manhattan, Dmitri Andropov contacted the Cultural Attaché at the Soviet Consulate who was, in fact, the GUGB station chief for the Northeastern United States. He provided Dmitri with a passport and Social Security card bearing his newly-created identity, or "legend", an apartment on the Lower East Side, and enough money for food and incidentals until he got his first paycheck on American soil. But where could the GUGB make the best use of a "sleeper" agent who spoke both English and Russian with an American accent? The answer was a settlement house on the Lower East Side operated by the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services to help Russian refugees in making the transition to life in the United States and finding housing and employment. To the employees and refugees alike, he was just another freshly-

minted American college graduate who spoke enough Russian, albeit with an American accent, who wanted to do his small part to save the world by helping these escapees from Nazi-occupied Europe make a life for themselves in the New World.

He worked at the settlement house for just over six years. He became a respectable member of the community, attending the “right” church and joining the “right” organizations, all the while maintaining contact with his GUGB, now NKGB, handler.

Then, in 1945, came the opportunity to begin to work in a more politically sensitive environment. The call had gone out throughout New York City for translators into and from the languages of every member country in a newly-created international forum; the United Nations. With the influence of the Soviet Consul and more than a little arm-twisting of a United Nations official to extend a little professional courtesy to a friend, Dmitri Andropov was offered, and accepted, a job as a translator.

So there he stood on October 24th, 1945, in line with all the rest of the staff of translators wearing their blue blazers and gray slacks as the first session of the General Assembly was about to convene. And, like all the other translators, he proudly wore on the chest of his blazer the brass nametag bearing the United Nations’ logo and the name of the new identity which the GUGB station chief in New York City had created for him six years earlier; “John Anderson”.

Chapter Five

For nearly ten years John Anderson took the “4”, “5” or “6” subway each weekday from his Lower East Side apartment uptown to his job at the United Nations. Each Sunday morning he attended Trinity Church, home to the oldest Episcopal congregation in New York City. And on the fourth Thursday of each month he would attend the monthly meeting of the Masonic Lodge located just half a block North of Union Square. The membership of the Lodge was, as were the residents of the neighborhood, an eclectic mixture of tradesmen, artists, and academics, mostly engineering and mathematics professors from Cooper Union.

In the Spring of 1955 John was posted to Washington, DC. The state security station chief at the Soviet Embassy in the nation’s capital had become aware that the Brookings Institute was recruiting for a Russian language translator and had encouraged Anderson to apply. His command of both English and Russian was remarkable, and his “credentials” were impeccable. He was given the job and started in May of 1955.

The Brookings Institute, housed in a nondescript building at 1776 Massachusetts Avenue, just a block and a half from Dupont Circle, was a “think tank” funded both by government grants and contracts with private industry. The staff of resident scholars studied, and wrote on, social and economic phenomena, both domestic and international. John Anderson served as the resident Russian language translator turning Soviet government publications into

usable source documents for the hundreds of monographs and several books which the Brookings' staff published each year. He worked there for only two years but, by all accounts, his translations were flawless and the publications which were based upon them were considered to be some of Brookings' best work.

When John arrived in Washington he had made certain to maintain a lifestyle in every way consistent with his sixteen years in New York City. He rented his modest basement apartment on Prospect Street in Georgetown. He demitted, or rescinded his membership, from his Masonic Lodge in New York City so that he could become a full member in Georgetown Lodge. And he joined the congregation of Saint Alban's Church which was located at the intersection of Wisconsin and Massachusetts Avenues on the grounds of the National Cathedral. St. Alban's was, as it were, the "parish church" where one went each Sunday and where children attended Sunday School. The National Cathedral was just that; a national house of worship which had seen the funerals of many men of national note and in which the remains of some had been interred.

And so it was that, in the Spring of 1957, John Anderson, who had worked in a Russian settlement house, the United Nations and the Brookings Institute, came to apply for, and receive, a position as an English language translator in the Soviet Embassy. The NKGB was now simply the KGB, and the Washington KGB station chief was glad to have John on the staff. His true identity was known only to the station chief and head of Soviet intelligence operations in the United States, Alexander S. Fomin. The clerical staff, the accounting department, even the Ambassador himself, thought of John Anderson as nothing more than a graduate

of some nameless Midwestern university with an advanced degree in Russian who had moved first to New York City, and then to Washington, to put his linguistic skills to good use.

For those who do not, or cannot, remember the period from 1957 to 1962, it was a time when the "Cold War" was raging. The world had seen the partitioning of Germany following World War II, with the divided city of Berlin surrounded by East Germany. In Asia, Mao Tse Tung and the Chinese Communists had driven the Nationalist Chinese into the sea and beyond, to the island of Taiwan. There were Communist governments throughout Eastern Europe, nearly all of which had pledged their loyalty to the Soviet Union and the government in the Kremlin. And Communist dictators were popping up throughout South America.

Against the rising tide of Communism stood the "Free World", read Western Europe and North America. And the leader was the United States. The President was Dwight David Eisenhower, a graduate of West Point, who had been the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, or SACEUR, at the conclusion of World War II. The democracies and monarchies of North America and Western Europe, with the United States at the forefront, had formed the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, or NATO, with headquarters in Brussels, Belgium. NATO was a mutual aid society wherein each country pledged that an attack on any member country would be treated as an attack on all member nations, and all were committed to a retaliatory response against the aggressor.

In perfect symmetry, the Soviet Union and the Communist governments of the Eastern European countries had entered

into the Warsaw Pact wherein the Communist bloc countries would act as one, with the Soviet Union in the lead, in the event of military action. Chairman of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union, and that country's Premier, Nikita Khrushchev was President Eisenhower's opposite number. Since the end of World War II there had been the occasional "flashpoints" such as the blockade of Berlin and the Korean conflict where the competing ideologies of the Free World and global Communist domination had clashed. There had even been the almost comical dispute over the territorial status of the two small island groups of Quemoy and Matsu off the coast of mainland China. But none of these had brought with it the imminent threat of global thermonuclear war as did the Cuban Missile Crisis.

In the Fall of 1960, following Eisenhower's two four-year terms in office, a presidential election was held pitting the junior U.S. Senator from Massachusetts against Eisenhower's Vice President, Richard Milhous Nixon. John Kennedy had been the commander of a PT boat which had been shot out from beneath him during the battle for the Solomon Islands in the Pacific during World War II. Richard Nixon had been a Naval supply officer with a markedly undistinguished record on a ship well away from the action during the war. John Kennedy was handsome and charismatic; Richard Nixon seemed to have "5 o'clock shadow" twenty-four hours a day and was prone to perspire above the lip when nervous. None of this would have made a difference one-hundred, fifty, or even five years earlier. But 1960 brought with it the advent of nationally-televised presidential debates and, with them, the first downfall of Richard Nixon.

The election of John F. Kennedy in November of 1960 by the narrowest of margins brought to Washington the first Cold War President and administration untested in the international arena. There was much testing to be done, both domestically and internationally, of this new President in his early forties but, as with any high stakes poker game, he with iron will and nerves of steel usually prevailed. Unfortunately, Kennedy stumbled coming out of the gate when he withheld, at the last moment, U.S. air support for the ill-fated, CIA-planned Bay of Pigs invasion by Cuban refugees seeking to depose Communist dictator Fidel Castro from their homeland. Kennedy's apparent lack of resolve, at least as it applied to the fate of this island nation only 90 miles off the Florida coast, would come back to haunt him less than two years later.

Chapter Six

Before being tested by Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Union, and Communist ideology, President Kennedy would have to stand up to a challenge from within his own government in Washington by those who had preceded him there. Chief among his challengers was the military; not the appointed civilian officials who he had hand-picked but the senior military officers, combat-tested in Europe, the Pacific, and Korea, and possessed of long memories.

The first several meetings of the EXCOMM that third week in October of 1962 were a time of posturing and staking out positions on the alternatives available to the United States government. There were precious few options. At one extreme was immediate and direct military action. This would run the risk of a retaliatory Soviet military response. At the other extreme was a purely diplomatic initiative. But this would be agonizingly slow and held out no guarantee for a satisfactory resolution. Moreover, Khrushchev would not have forgotten Kennedy's apparent ambivalence toward the fate of Cuba during the Bay of Pigs fiasco. The option occupying the middle ground was the public threat of military action while exhausting all the potential for back-channel diplomacy. Crucial to the success of any of these options was the continual reassessment of the military intent and capability of the several Soviet encampments in Cuba. And this was only possible with a stepped-up and intensified campaign of aerial reconnaissance.

At that first EXCOMM meeting on the morning of October 16th it was decided that two principles would guide the

actions of the U.S. government in the coming days. First, that our intelligence-gathering efforts be enhanced. To this end, the frequency of U-2 overflights of Cuba would be increased from the previous two flights per week to twenty over the course of the next six days. This would ensure that General Barstow, Commander Moore, and their staff of PI's would be provided with enough raw data to enable them to keep the EXCOMM apprised, in a comprehensive and timely manner, of the day by day progress in the achieving of MRBM and ICBM capability and the likelihood that the capacity to deliver nuclear warheads to the U.S. mainland had been reached. The second variable was a function of both the completion of the construction and assembly of launchers and vehicles and the presence of nuclear warheads at the three missile encampments.

The second principle was that no public acknowledgment be made regarding the Soviet missile capability in Cuba until the EXCOMM had developed a definitive response. This meant that everything regarding the missiles, potential military scenarios and any diplomatic initiatives be handled on a "need to know" basis. Teams were established; one to work on intelligence evaluation and analysis and the other to formulate policy and diplomatic alternatives. The intelligence team was code-named PSALM; the policy and diplomacy team ELITE. The ELITE team, appropriately enough, met in the State Department or White House. The PSALMists were given a more interesting home.

If you were to walk North up the hill from the State Department to the intersection of 23rd and "E" Streets today you could see, behind locked gates guarding the perimeter, a complex of tan-brick buildings, one even housing an observatory dome on its roof. The modest sign on the gate

reads "Bureau of Medicine and Surgery". The domed building served as the first U.S. Naval Observatory from 1844 to 1893. The building then became the Naval Medical School. Adjacent to it was built the Naval Medical Hospital. In 1942 all medical functions were transferred to the Bethesda Naval Medical Center in nearby Maryland.

Coincidental with that move, the campus was taken over by, and became the headquarters of, the Office of Strategic Services, or OSS, this nation's first avowed agency for foreign espionage, overseen by "Wild Bill" Donovan and his secretary, Eloise Randolph Page. Indeed, upon the passage of the National Security Act of 1947, the campus became the interim home of the Central Intelligence Agency until its Langley, Virginia, facility could be completed. Surely the ghosts of "spooks" past must have reveled, in the Fall of 1962, at the return of their first home to the mission of intelligence analysis.

For both teams the objective was the same: the removal of Soviet missiles from Cuban soil without provoking the Soviet Union into war. During meetings on Wednesday the 17th of October six scenarios emerged from ELITE and PSALM for consideration by EXCOMM. The first three were exclusively diplomatic. The second three included an embargo of all military shipments from the Soviet Union to Cuba, a direct military attack on the missile installations by U.S. bombers, or an invasion of Cuba.

Dean Acheson, the nation's preeminent old Cold Warrior, former Secretary of State, and current Secretary of State Dean Rusk's former boss, had firmly established himself in the camp which held that the Soviet's actions in Cuba constituted a breach of the Monroe Doctrine and could not

be permitted to stand, even if the response required military action. The Joint Chiefs saw this as their opportunity to flex their Cold War “muscle” in a not so “cold” way. The President, Attorney General, and Secretary of State, along with others from the Executive Branch, were more interested in finding solutions than making statements. Adlai Stevenson, the Democrats’ perennial presidential candidate during the Eisenhower years and before, was convinced that a diplomatic solution was the only moral and ethical route to be taken by an American administration. In perfect symmetry representatives of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were convinced that only a definitive and decisive preemptive military response would teach the Russians and the Cubans of America’s resolve relative to the presence of a Soviet offensive nuclear capability in the Western hemisphere. Interestingly, Acheson and Stevenson, who loathed one another and their respective ideologies, were never to be found together in the same room during the two weeks of EXCOMM meetings.

Rhetoric, the stock in trade of a diplomat, was proving to be ineffective. A direct military response, while possibly the most efficient and effective, was proving to be equally unacceptable to the Kennedy administration. An overtly military response with the potential for continued diplomatic dialogue was what the administration sought and what a naval blockade of Soviet offensive military weapons offered. As long as it was viewed by the Joint Chiefs as confrontational, it fulfilled the military imperative ingrained in them at West Point and Annapolis. And, as long as it offered the opportunity for continued diplomatic negotiation, it satisfied the Executive Branch’s need to explore and exhaust diplomatic options. Ultimately, the naval blockade, retitled “embargo”, coupled with ongoing

back-channel diplomatic dialogue, satisfied ELITE, PSALM, and, most importantly, the Kennedy brothers and their inner circle.

At 7:00PM on the evening of Monday, October 22nd, President John F. Kennedy addressed the country in a nationally-televised speech. “Good evening, my fellow citizens,” he began. “. . . [U]nmistakable evidence has established the fact that a series of offensive missile sites is now in preparation on . . . [the imprisoned island of Cuba].” Kennedy went on to enumerate, first, the incontrovertible evidence which had lead the government to this conclusion, and, second, the steps he and his administration would take to remove this threat to the security of the United States.

The essence of the President’s speech, nestled discreetly in the middle thereof, could be captured in two sentences. “All ships of any kind bound for Cuba from whatever nation or port will, if found to contain cargoes of offensive weapons, be turned back . . . We are not at this time, however, denying the necessities of life as the Soviets attempted to do in their Berlin blockade of 1948.” This second sentence was designed to give the impression that the United States was, in contrast to past actions by the Soviet Union, taking the high ground while, at the same time, leaving no doubt that it would take all necessary actions to restore its own, as well as hemispheric, security. Commander Thomas Moore watched the President’s address with his wife and son in the living room of their McLean Gardens’ apartment; John Anderson watched it in the dining alcove of his Prospect Street apartment in Georgetown. Commander Moore’s reaction was one of pride, though filled with trepidation; Anderson’s was one of contempt fueled by a sense of betrayal and a longing for revenge born of a four-decade old miscarriage of justice.

Chapter Seven

Brother Junior Warden.
“Brother Senior Warden,” the Junior Warden of Georgetown Lodge had responded at 9:27 on the evening of Tuesday, October 9th.

“It is the order of the Worshipful Master that Georgetown Lodge be now closed and stand closed until our next Regular Communication unless sooner called together upon some special emergency of which due notice will be given. This, his will and pleasure, you will proclaim to the Brethren present for their government.” What the nation now faced was not merely an emergency for the members of Georgetown Lodge but for all mankind.

Normally the next Regular Communication of Georgetown Lodge would have taken place on November 13th, the second Tuesday of the month. But things were anything but “normal” in Washington following the President’s speech on the evening of October 22nd. By 9:00AM the Worshipful Master of Georgetown Lodge, John Charles, had placed phone calls to both his Senior and Junior Wardens. A telephone “tree” of sorts was activated wherein the senior officers of the Lodge called the subordinate officers to inform them that a Special Communication would take place the following day, October 23rd, at 7:00PM in the Georgetown Masonic Hall. The subordinate officers were to call their assigned list of Brethren until, by midnight Monday evening, virtually every member of Georgetown Lodge knew of the next evening’s meeting.

President Kennedy had announced that the naval embargo, renamed a second time to “quarantine”, would go into effect at 10:00AM on the morning of Wednesday, October 24th. The period between the end of Kennedy’s speech on Monday evening and 10:00AM Wednesday morning was surreal. Nothing was as it ever had been, nor would it ever be again.

There is a ten block stretch of Wisconsin Avenue which, if not typical of the city as a whole, was certainly a microcosm thereof. On the Northeast corner of the intersection of Wisconsin and Massachusetts Avenues was Saint Alban’s School, technically The National Cathedral School for Boys, located along the Southern boundary of the grounds of the National Cathedral. It was the top boys college preparatory school in the city, and the sons of senators, congressmen, cabinet secretaries and undersecretaries heavily populated the ranks of its students. One such young St. Alban’s “Bulldog”, Albert Gore, Jr., son of Tennessee’s junior senator, Albert Gore, would one day serve as Vice President and run for President in his own right.

Along the Northern boundary of the National Cathedral’s grounds was located The National Cathedral School for Girls, the city’s finest girls college prep school. It counted among its students Lucy Bird and Linda Baines Johnson, Vice President Johnson’s two daughters.

And several blocks further out Wisconsin Avenue toward the District Line where it entered Montgomery County, Maryland, was The Sidwell Friends School, one of the few coeducational prep schools in the city, and the finest. It was attended by the sons of some of the actors at the center of the Cuban Missile Crisis including Craig MacNamara, son

of Secretary of Defense Robert MacNamara, and Chris and John Katzenbach, the sons of Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach.

But what had changed was that these students, as well as others who were sons and daughters of high level American officials, were nowhere to be found on the playgrounds or in the classrooms of their respective schools. They, along with their preschool-age siblings and mothers, had all left town. It was the sons and daughters of the city’s working class that had been left behind to go out for recess, attend classes, stretch out a little more as they draped their arms over some of the now-vacant chairs at the dining tables in the lunchrooms, and do homework. It was also they, and their families, who would populate “ground zero” if the quarantine option failed.

The United States government had a number of complexes throughout the nation which could survive a nuclear attack. The Air Force’s North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) headquarters was the best known in 1962. The Strategic Air Command’s (SAC) silos housing nuclear-tipped missiles were another. And then there was the “Federal Relocation Arc”. Underground complexes such as Mount Weather, near Bluemont, Virginia, and the subterranean facility beneath the grounds of The Greenbrier resort in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, were less well, if at all, known to the general public. But it was to these facilities that the inhabitants of the upper echelons of the United States government and their families had been dispersed.

The “left behind” could do little but watch and wait. And the members of Georgetown Lodge were, almost

exclusively, drawn from among those left behind. So it was that Georgetown Lodge was called together at 7:00PM Tuesday evening by the Worshipful Master to discuss and ponder what awaited the Brethren and their families, those who had families, come 10:00AM Wednesday morning. At the end of the meeting the Chaplain knelt at the altar and lead a prayer invoking the intercession of the Supreme Architect of the Universe and asking him to deliver the assembled Brethren, Freemasons everywhere, and mankind, from the impending Armageddon. At the end of the prayer Brother Thomas Moore and Brother John Anderson, standing side by side, heads bowed, hands folded in front of them, responded to the Chaplain's "Amen" with the obligatory "So mote it be." But while Brother Moore's response had seemed heartfelt, if not somewhat plaintive, Brother Anderson's was somehow perfunctory, almost tinged with a touch of irony.

Chapter Eight

The fourth Tuesday of each month during the school year was "Chimes" Night at The Tombs. As a resident of the neighborhood, John Anderson was well aware of this and asked Thomas Moore if he wanted to join him for a couple of drinks. Having agreed, Brothers Anderson and Moore made their way down Prospect Street, past the DC Transit Building and the staircase which would be memorialized in "The Exorcist", to the doorway at 36th and Prospect Streets which opened onto the stairs leading down to The Tombs.

They were fortunate enough to find a vacant booth in the corner near the jukebox. Because it was "Chimes" Night, it had been unplugged for the evening. The Chimes were an eight-man a cappella group, the members of which were affectionately known as Georgetown University's "goodwill ambassadors of song". There were never more than eight active Chimes at one time, an upperclassman and an underclassman in each voice range of their well-known four-part harmony. In addition to singing monthly at The Tombs, seated at a long wooden table with a plaque dedicated to The Chimes attached to the center thereof, they traveled around the country to various regional alumni functions and social events.

Their name had been taken from a quote from Shakespeare's King Henry IV, Part II, "We have heard the chimes at midnight." Because, in the early 1960's, Georgetown was still a predominantly Irish Catholic institution, the Chimes' stock in trade were Irish ballads and Irish Republican Army (IRA) fighting songs, from "Danny Boy" to "The Minstrel

Boy”, as well as old barbershop quartet favorites like “Curbstone Cutie” and “Coney Island Washboard”, and Chimes arrangements of such songs as The Kingston Trio’s “Tom Dooley”, the Chad Mitchell Trio’s “Marvelous Toy” and The Tokens’ “The Lion Sleeps Tonight”. They opened and closed each evening’s entertainment with their signature song, “We Meet Again”.

When The Chimes were singing there was no talking. But between sets the crowd more than made up for it with the volume of the cacophony. Thomas and John each had their first drink in front of them. “Thomas,” started John, “as you might well imagine, the volume of FLASH traffic coming into the Soviet Union’s embassy by both radio and telex from Moscow has increased exponentially over the past ten weeks. The Kremlin,” continued Anderson, “is banking on the fact that the United States will let the ships currently steaming to Cuba pass without enforcing the quarantine. I guess we’ll find out tomorrow morning at ten o’clock.” For the first time in the history of their friendship Anderson had broken their unspoken rule of speaking in generalities. But, then, these were extraordinary times.

Thomas responded in kind. “You know, John, this whole thing can still be defused without anyone getting hurt,” he said. “The party line on this one is that, if the missile batteries become operational with nuclear-tipped warheads, the U.S. Military will have to go in and take them out and that will, regrettably, necessitate the loss of Soviet lives. Once that happens, all bets are off because the Soviet Union will have to retaliate. And, if *that* happens this bar, Georgetown, Washington, will all just be a distant memory.”

“So it’s inevitable, then?” posited Anderson. “Not at all,” retorted Moore to Anderson’s surprise. “The photos I looked at this afternoon, which were taken at sunrise this morning, clearly indicated that the nuclear warheads had not yet arrived in Cuba. They may be en route but currently behind the quarantine line. Adam Barstow and I have a briefing scheduled with the EXCOMM at 7:00AM tomorrow morning, three hours before the quarantine goes into effect. What I’ll be telling them is that, as of now, the nuclear warheads are either still in the Soviet Union or on a ship between there and the quarantine line.”

“So what you’re saying, then,” inquired Anderson, “is that based upon your briefing tomorrow morning the EXCOMM may decide that by simply enforcing the quarantine and keeping the nuclear warheads out of Cuba this crisis could well de-escalate without a single shot being fired and with no strike and counter-strike needed?” “That’s about the size of it,” responded Moore. With that, the Chimes sat down at their table and began their next set with the familiar opening lines of one of the best known IRA ballads, “The Patriot Game”. And, with that, the crowd, including John and Thomas, fell silent.

As “John Anderson” sat and sipped his second drink of the evening, he listened as The Chimes sang of those “quislings”, Northern Irish Catholic traitors who collaborated with the Royal Ulster Constabulary, or RUC, to sell out their countrymen. And all of a sudden he was that five-year old boy, Dmitri Andropov, once again. That little boy who had been taken from the heart of the *Rodina*, the Motherland, following its finest hour, and relocated to the United States. And it was in this very city forty years ago that a drunken American politician, a Democrat no less,

had murdered his mother and father. The Motherland had welcomed him back, fed and clothed him, and provided him with the finest education that nation had to offer. And now this nation, this United States, its President drunk with power, and a Democrat no less, was humiliating his Motherland and defiling the memory of his parents who had served the revolutionary forces following 1917 and, in their own small way, helped to bring the Soviet Union to the brink of its ultimate conquest over the capitalist West. It was all that Anderson could do to keep his thoughts and emotions from being reflected in the expression on his face.

Finally the Chimes' set ended and John suggested that he and Thomas leave. It was getting late and the cab stand at the main gate of the university would be empty. John convinced Thomas that he would stand a better chance of getting a taxi home back on Wisconsin Avenue. As they walked down Prospect Street, John asked Thomas if he'd mind stopping off at the Masonic Hall. John lived closer to the Hall than any other member of Georgetown Lodge and served in a capacity much like that of a sextant in a church. He had a key to the building and had accepted an informal responsibility for its day-to-day condition.

Because he knew that there would be some unwashed coffee mugs still sitting in the kitchen sink, and an urn with old coffee grounds on the counter next to it, both left over from the evening's meeting, he asked Thomas if he wouldn't mind coming into the Hall for a few minutes and helping him clean them up. He was more than happy to oblige. John let them in with his key and they made their way to the kitchen. Once they had finished cleaning up they decided to go into the Lodge Room and sit for a few minutes to

reflect upon the events of the evening and imagine what the morning held for them, and mankind.

Thomas Moore sat in the Junior Warden's chair in the South of the Lodge; John Anderson sat in the Senior Warden's chair in the West of the Lodge, about thirty feet away. They hadn't even bothered to turn on the lights in the Lodge Room itself, there being adequate light from the hallway, so Anderson had no trouble slipping the small marble gavel block sitting next to the Senior Warden's truncheon on his podium into his coat pocket undetected by Moore. The rectangular marble pad was struck by the Senior Warden with his truncheon during portions of the Masonic ritual, but this night it would take on the role of a weapon with which to strike.

"You know, Thomas," started John, more as if he were starting a soliloquy than a dialog, "the Soviet Revolution of 1917 was a noble effort by men, women and children who had nothing left to lose. You didn't know it, but I was born that year to two Russian parents. My father was posted to the Soviet embassy here in Washington shortly after the Revolution, and he brought my mother and me with him."

All of a sudden Thomas Moore realized that this man, this Brother Mason, who he thought he had come to know over the past several years, was totally unknown to him. Was he a Russian posing as an American, or an American now posing as a Soviet? Either way, Moore would get his answer soon enough.

"In the Winter of 1922 a drunken American politician, a Democrat, ran over my parents with his car and killed them both. I went back home where I was educated and then sent

here to help out my country if I could. Well, there are no winners if there are no battles, and this is one battle which will have to be fought if the Soviet Union is to defeat the capitalist West.” “Weren’t you listening to me when we were back at The Tombs?” cried Thomas. “There is not yet any need to fight this war; there are not yet any nuclear warheads in Cuba. The photos indicated that today; that’s what I’ll be telling the EXCOMM in about eight hours.”

And with that Thomas Moore had signed his own death warrant. “You just don’t get it, do you?” John asked Thomas. “This is bigger than you, or me, or The Tombs, or Washington,” continued John Anderson, his ideology clearly overtaking his common sense. “In every war there has to be a winner and a loser. And for the Communist ideology of the Soviet Union to succeed, the capitalist ideology of the United States and the West must be shown to have failed. Whether economically or militarily, the East must defeat the West.” And with that Anderson arose from the Senior Warden’s chair and walked toward Moore.

“Brother Moore,” announced John Anderson in a raised voice as if he were addressing the sidelines on an evening when the Lodge Room was full, “your country has proven a worthy and formidable adversary. And that is as it should be, for to be proven the best one must defeat the best.” As he spoke he continued toward the Junior Warden’s station in the South. As he did so, he extended his right hand as if to offer it in the exchange of a fraternal handshake. But, in the dim illumination of the half-lit Lodge Room, Thomas Moore couldn’t discern the marble block which the hand concealed. As Anderson reached the South, Moore stood to take his hand. Instead, Anderson raised his hand and brought it down, a sharp corner of the marble block

exposed, and pierced Moore’s skull just behind the left ear, knocking him to the floor from the one-step Junior Warden’s platform and rendering him semiconscious. That Moore could no longer understand what Anderson was saying in no way deterred him from speaking.

“In my country,” said Anderson, “we are all equal. In the United States you buy and sell power as if it were a sack of potatoes or a bottle of vodka. This President of yours; this Kennedy,” he said contemptuously. “During Prohibition his father got rich smuggling liquor, the same liquor the man who murdered my parents was drinking. With that money he bought power for himself and decided to buy the presidency for his eldest son, Joseph. But Joseph was killed in World War II, so the right to the presidency passed on to the next eldest son, John. His father bought him a seat in the United States Senate, and a Pulitzer Prize for a second-rate book, Profiles in Courage. And when his son’s ideas and words seemed that they would not win the election for him, he bought the voices of the voiceless, lifeless bodies in the “potter’s fields” of Cook County, Illinois, and, with them, the electoral votes and mandate to make him President. Tomorrow he will awake the President of a decadent capitalist nation; one day he will not awake, and that which he once governed will be a wasteland.” With these final words of his ideological diatribe he once again brought down the sharp corner of the marble block on Thomas Moore’s skull.

His body lying on its back, his head, turned to the left, was already bathed in the bright red blood which had formed a warm, wet cushion in the freshly-laid powder blue carpet of Georgetown Lodge. The second blow had fractured the right temple and severed two of the three right temporal

arteries sending streams of blood coursing halfway to the altar in the center of the Lodge Room, giving much the same effect as if a child were taking target practice on the altar with a squirt gun loaded with fermented cranberry juice.

“You will *not* tell your President there are not yet nuclear warheads in Cuba!” cried Anderson. “My country’s navy will *not* stop at your illegal naval blockade!” And finally, in a line which mirrored the sentiments of ones often stated by Secretary of Defense MacNamara in the opening days of the crisis, “Whether the missiles come from Cuba or the Soviet Union, your President will be just as dead, and your country just as devastated!”

With that, Anderson dropped the marble block and slowly walked out of the Georgetown Masonic Hall onto the sidewalk along Wisconsin Avenue. Though he would have had no way of knowing, Thomas Moore had still been alive when Anderson left the building. But there had been no one to sound an alarm; no one to call for help. Commander Thomas Moore, Brother in Georgetown Lodge, bled to death from his wounds in the half-light of the Lodge Room, his eyes wide open, his gaze seemingly fixed upon the letter “G” suspended above the station of the Worshipful Master in the East.

Chapter Nine

Over the past ten weeks Jane Moore had become accustomed to the irregular hours of her husband’s comings and goings. Whenever a courier carrying film from Barksdale Air Force Base in Louisiana was taxiing to a remote corner of the flight line at Andrews Air Force Base, Commander Moore was in his staff car on the way to NPIC.

Some days he never made it home. He kept a fresh change of uniform and a toiletry kit in his office at all times for just such occasions. Consequently, Jane Moore was not alarmed when her husband hadn’t come home Tuesday night. She knew what her husband did for a living, and she followed the news. Being a bright woman, it hadn’t taken her long to figure out what “need to know” project her husband was working on.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 23rd, Commander Moore had left orders for his staff car to pick him up at his McLean Gardens’ apartment at 6:00AM Wednesday morning. He would meet with Adam Barstow in the “vault” at NPIC to go over the previous day’s intelligence “take” from the overflights of Cuba and prepare for their briefing. The vault was where “raw” intelligence data was stored and analyzed. The source materials in the vault bore an “R” classification; the information disseminated from there throughout NPIC was classified Top Secret. The first sign that something was amiss arose at 6:00AM Wednesday. Commander Moore’s principle driver was Gunnery Sergeant Jesus Morales, a product of the mean streets of

Miami, Florida, and the Parris Island Marine Corps Recruit Depot in South Carolina. Not only could Gunnery Sergeant Morales, known simply as “Gunny”, get Commander Moore around Washington as fast as the best Grand Prix driver, but he could defend him in hand-to-hand combat if need be. He resided at the Marine Barracks but was permanently assigned to NPIC.

When Gunnery Sergeant Morales pulled up in front of Commander Moore’s apartment at 6:00AM “sharp”, the Commander was not waiting outside for him as had been his custom. Morales parked the car and walked to the front door of Moore’s apartment complex. Climbing the steps to the second floor, he knocked on the door to apartment 2C. Andrew Moore was still asleep, but his mother, Jane, threw on a robe and came to the door.

“Mrs. Moore, Ma’am, is Commander Moore ready to leave?” It took a moment for the pieces to come together for Jane Moore. Then she realized that not only had her husband not come home the previous night but the United States Navy had no idea where he was. “He didn’t come home last night, Sergeant Morales. I simply assumed that he’d spent the night in his office again.” “No, Ma’am,” responded Morales curtly. “I have to go. Someone will call you as soon as we know anything.” And then he was gone, bounding down the apartment hall’s steps two at a time and sprinting to the waiting staff car with its encrypted mobile phone.

As he turned on the ignition and sped up the hill to Wisconsin Avenue, he dialed General Barstow’s direct number. “What?” barked Barstow, who was always in his office by 6:00AM but had not yet had his first cup of coffee.

“General, this is Gunnery Sergeant Morales, Commander Moore’s driver,” began Morales. “What is it, Gunny?” asked Barstow. “General, Commander Moore is not at his home, and his wife doesn’t know where he is. She assumed that he’d spent the night in his office, but he didn’t.” “Get back down here on the double, Gunny,” barked Barstow again. Morales could just picture him as a command pilot during World War II. “Aye aye, Sir,” said Morales, and then he hung up so that he could devote his full attention, as well as both hands, to his driving.

Barstow thought for a moment. He’d have to leave for the White House and the EXCOMM meeting in about forty minutes. And he’d have to get briefed in by one of Moore’s subordinates on the latest out of Barksdale. But top on his list of concerns was Moore’s whereabouts. He had a United States Navy Commander with some of the most sensitive military intelligence on the face of the earth in his head lost in, what he hoped, was the Washington metropolitan area, and he couldn’t find him.

This was *way* above the pay grade of anyone staffing the Shore Patrol this, or any other, morning, so he simply bypassed them altogether. His first phone call was to the OD, or “officer of the day”, at NPIC. The day shift hadn’t reported for work yet, and Lieutenant Benjamin Roberts only had two hours left on his shift, but this day he’d earn his pay. “Roberts, this is Barstow!” began the General. “My Deputy’s gone missing.” He told him everything Morales had related to him. “I want you on the phone to NIS now! You tell them to put anyone and everything they’ve got on this. That man may be this country’s last best chance at surviving this crisis, and I need him, and what he knows, ASAP. If anyone gives you any ‘flak’, tell

them the order comes from me personally. If you need to contact me, I'll be at the White House. The President's appointment secretary will know how to find me." With that he disconnected from the first call and placed a second.

While Lieutenant Roberts was dialing the Naval Investigative Service, General Barstow was calling Vice Admiral Burt Kinchlow, commander of the Office of Naval Intelligence. Because of who Thomas Moore was, and what he knew, espionage could not be ruled out. "Burt, Adam Barstow here. My Deputy, Commander Thomas Moore, has gone missing. He's my lead guy on Cuba, and everything we've got he's seen. I think we should handle this as though it's a threat to national security and poses a grave danger to the United States." Both men knew that when Barstow used the words "grave danger" two things had just happened. First, any information regarding Commander Moore would now be classified Top Secret. And, second, the retrieval or safeguarding of Commander Moore and, by extension, his family, would be deemed to warrant the use of deadly force if necessary.

"Burt, I want you to work with NIS on this to the extent you can without compromising security. Get Moore's wife and son to a secure location, and find the Commander!" With that Barstow hung up and made his way to the vault where a "j.g." would brief him in before his trip to the White House. Lieutenant Junior Grade Joan Fredricksen was a real ramrod, another hotshot graduate of Syracuse, and told General Barstow nearly as much as Moore could have himself, had he still been alive.

The headquarters of the Office of Naval Intelligence, or ONI, was located on the East corner of the intersection of

Massachusetts and Nebraska Avenues, directly across Ward Circle from American University. Admiral Kinchlow's residence was on the grounds. He called his OD, filled him in, and told him to get two Marines, with sidearms, ready to pick up Jane and Andrew Moore. Next he told him to call NPIC's OD and get the address.

Now, sometimes luck is with you. In the case of the missing Commander Moore this would be one of the few times when it was. McLean Gardens backed up on Archibald Park from the East; ONI headquarters from the West. Though it was less than a mile as the crow flies from Moore's apartment to Kinchlow's residence, there were two barbed wire fences, a creek, and dense stands of majestic towering white birches in between them. As soon as the Marines were given the address, they realized how close they were.

The two Lance Corporals jumped into a staff car and tore out of ONI headquarters, past the guard shack, and took the left onto Nebraska Avenue on two wheels. It not yet being seven o'clock, there was no traffic. When they hit Ward Circle they ran the red lights and went three-quarters of the way around before heading Southeast on Massachusetts Avenue. At the bottom of the mile-long hill they hung a left onto Macomb Street at the cavernous edifice which was the Washington Hebrew Congregation. Then they took another left onto 39th Street and drove up the hill to the Moore's apartment complex. They made their way to the door of apartment 2C and knocked, firmly.

For the second time in one hour there was a Marine standing at Jane Moore's door. She was still in her robe, while Andrew was sitting at the dining room table in his pajamas

finishing off his second bowl of Trix. “Ma’am,” said one of the two Lance Corporals, “we’ve been ordered to escort you and your son to a secure location.” And as Mrs. Thomas Moore caught sight of the pistols on the Marines’ hips, one last word rang out; “Now.” With that Jane grabbed Andrew’s slippers and robe and tossed them to him saying, as she ran, “Put these on.” Next she grabbed a pillowcase and stuffed a few items into it, knowing someone would be sent for more clothing later. “We have to leave *now*, Ma’am,” said the same Lance Corporal. Then it registered with Jane Moore that the reason only one of the Marines had been speaking was that the other had remained on the stairway landing, sidearm drawn, looking alternately down the stairs to the first floor and up the stairs to the third.

And then they were ready. The Marine who had been speaking drew his sidearm as well, and the four of them made their way, Jane and Andrew between the two Marines, down the steps, along the sidewalk, and into the waiting staff car. They drove up Rodman Street to Wisconsin Avenue and took a right toward Georgetown, the Potomac River, and their final destination.

When the staff car reached “M” Street they took a right and, soon thereafter, a left, putting them on Key Bridge, crossing the Potomac River into Virginia. Speeding past the Iwo Jima Memorial, which must have given both Marines a lump in their throats, they pulled up to Henry Gate at Fort Myer. The armed guard at the gate had been expecting them. “Take a left and follow the directions of the MP’s; they’ll get you to ‘Generals’ Row’”, said the Corporal. “There will be someone there waiting to show you the way.” Fort Myer was the home of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and was familiar territory to any military

man who periodically pulled security detail in the Military District of Washington.

When they reached Generals’ Row they were guided to a large red-brick house with a lovely porch overlooking the parade grounds named Summerall Field. As soon as the car came to a stop, an Army Ranger in camouflage BDU’s and carrying an M-16 rifle ushered all four of them inside. “Mrs. Moore, Andrew, we have orders from the White House to keep you here, under guard, for your own protection until Commander Moore can be located,” said the Sergeant. With that, the search for Thomas Moore was on.

Chapter Ten

Even in times of impending war, the wheels of a bureaucracy turn slowly, if at all. While General Barstow had been being briefed by “j.g.” Fredricksen, he’d received word through his aide that Wednesday’s EXCOMM briefing had been moved back from 7:00 to 8:30AM. Nonetheless, the content of his briefing to them would ultimately be the same. Although the construction work on the Soviet missile bases in Cuba continued at a rapid, if not accelerated, pace, there was, as yet, insufficient evidence to support the conclusion that the requisite nuclear warheads had made their way to Cuba.

When, later that morning, the United States’ naval quarantine went into effect, ships with innocuous cargoes were boarded, inspected, and allowed to pass while others, with what was speculated to have been military cargoes, either stopped dead in the water or turned back to their ports of origin. In the most famous quote to emerge from the Cuban Missile Crisis, Secretary of State Dean Rusk is reported to have nudged presidential assistant McGeorge Bundy at an EXCOMM meeting and said, under his breath, “We’re eyeball to eyeball and I think the other fellow just blinked.” While no shots were fired that day, Secretary Rusk’s optimism would soon prove to have been premature.

Back at NPIC that morning, Naval Investigative Service, or NIS, agents had descended upon the office of Deputy Director Thomas Moore. The task of determining his whereabouts turned out to be far simpler than anyone had dared hope. He’d kept a “Day-at-a-Glance” calendar on the

far right-hand corner of his desk, and the last entry on October 23rd read "Georgetown Lodge, 7:00PM". NIS Agent Steven Barlow (in reality a Chief Petty Officer, though neither enlisted nor commissioned NIS agents ever used their rank to identify themselves) grabbed the DC white pages phone book and looked up the number for the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

"Grand Lodge," answered the voice on the other end of the line. "This is Agent Barlow with the Naval Investigative Service. Put me through to the office of the Grand Secretary," the agent said in the unmistakable tone of the imperative tense. It was clear to his partner, Agent Charles Edward, more accurately Lieutenant, that Steven Barlow knew his way around the hierarchy of Freemasonry. He was right in his conclusion but, because Barlow was the Past Master of a Lodge in Bethesda, Maryland, rather than DC, he'd been unable to ask for the Grand Secretary by name.

A voice came on the line and answered, "Roger Wilson." "Brother Wilson, this is Naval Investigative Service Agent Barlow. Did Georgetown Lodge have a Regular Communication scheduled for 7:00PM last night?" "Give me a minute," responded Wilson. "No, their meetings are on the second Tuesday of each month, but the Master of the Lodge, John Charles, called a special meeting last night at 7:00PM to discuss what has transpired in the international arena over the past several weeks. I can give you John Charles' phone number at work so you can give him a call if you think that will help you." "Thanks, if you would," said Barlow. "It's 555-1915." "Thank you again, Brother Wilson. And let's keep this conversation between us 'on

the level' if you will?" "Consider it done," said Wilson, and, with that, they both hung up.

Barlow called the number the Grand Secretary had given him and the receptionist answered, "Charles Engineering". "John Charles, please." "May I tell him who's calling?" "Agent Steven Barlow of the Naval Investigative Service." "Just one moment, Agent Barlow." He heard the click of the switchboard as she transferred his call. "John Charles here. What can I do for you, Agent Barlow?" "Brother Charles," he began, "Commander Thomas Moore, Deputy Director of the National Photographic Interpretation Center, has gone missing. His calendar made note of a meeting at 7:00PM last night at Georgetown Lodge. We're looking for the last person to see him and we were hoping you could help us."

"I certainly can," said Charles. "He was there last night at our Special Communication along with a couple dozen others. He came directly from the office. Still wearing his uniform, he was." "Anything strike you as unusual about his mood or behavior?" "Nope; nothing other than the fact that he's got a lot on his mind, what with this whole Cuba mess and all." "Do you know where he went when he left the meeting. Or if he left with anyone?" asked Barlow. "Couldn't say. I'd assumed he'd taken the bus home." "Never made it," said Barlow. "Can I go by the Hall and take a look around?" "You got it; I'll be there in fifteen minutes." "I'll see you there, Worshipful," said Barlow before hanging up. "Let's go, Charlie. Ever seen the inside of a Masonic Lodge before?" "Can't say that I have," said Edward, "but there's a first time for everything."

Twelve minutes later they pulled their staff car up in the “No Parking” zone in front of the Georgetown branch of the Rigg’s National Bank at the intersection of Wisconsin and “M”. Parking the car, they walked across Wisconsin Avenue to the entrance to the Georgetown Masonic Hall where John Charles was waiting for them. “Come on in,” said Charles as they entered the Hall. Nothing was amiss in the entryway, the dining room or the kitchen. Their last stop was the Lodge Room itself. Before them lay a scene which answered all their questions regarding the whereabouts of Naval Commander Thomas Moore.

There, attired in his Navy dress blues, his head encrusted in blood, his eyes permanently frozen open by *rigor mortis*, was Brother Moore. Upon further inspection his skull seemed to have been fractured in two places. And not five feet away from him was a square marble gavel block covered in blood. “Charlie,” said Barlow, “call General Barstow and tell him we’ve found his missing Deputy, dead. Then take the staff car and drive across the river to Fort Myer. Show the guard at Henry Gate your identification and tell him you’ve been sent to speak with Mrs. Thomas Moore. I’ll call ahead and clear it so they won’t hesitate to show you the way.”

After Agent Edward called General Barstow to give him the news, he left the Hall and crossed Wisconsin Avenue. When he got to the staff car he found Patrolman Daniel O’Loughlin writing up a “No Parking” ticket. “Officer,” began Edward, “you can forget that ticket. Go into the bank and call your Captain. Tell him there’s a murder scene across the street in the Masonic Hall and tell him I told you to get a detective down here on the double. Then I want you to go back across the street and secure the crime scene.” As

he was talking to O’Loughlin he had shown him his credentials so that his orders would be met with no resistance.

Almost as Agent Edward was pulling away from his parking place in front of the bank and making a U-turn across two lanes of traffic, an unmarked Metropolitan Police Department car pulled up in front of the Masonic Hall, its light flashing and siren blaring. It had taken Detective Brian Murphy less than a minute to drive the four and one-half blocks down Wisconsin Avenue from the 7th Precinct station house at the intersection of Wisconsin Avenue and Volta Place. Before entering the building he retrieved a crime scene kit from the trunk of his car. As he walked into the Hall he called out and was summoned into the Lodge Room by Agent Barlow. “Who are *you*?” asked Barlow as Murphy entered the room. “Your partner found one of our patrolmen writing a parking . . . Jesus, what happened here?” “This Naval officer has been murdered. You were saying?” “Oh, yeah. Your partner told officer O’Loughlin to call the 7th Precinct and have them send a detective to the Masonic Hall; there’d been a murder. I’m Detective Brian Murphy. And *you* are?” “NIS Agent Steven Barlow, and this is John Charles, Master of Georgetown Lodge. The body is that of one Commander Thomas Moore who was last seen last night in this room. He was here for a meeting and never returned home. His wife and son are being held in a secure location until we can figure out what went on here.”

A cursory examination of the body and surrounding area readily revealed the twin causes of death which Barlow and Charles had already surmised, and which the subsequent autopsy would substantiate; blunt force trauma and loss of

blood. As to the time of death, Moore was alive at 8:30PM when Charles had closed the Lodge and, in all probability, not alive at 6:00AM when the Gunny had arrived at his apartment to pick him up. Had he been, he would certainly have called his driver to alert him to a change in plans. The viscosity of the pool of blood surrounding the skull gave a preliminary indication, which the body temperature of the corpse would later confirm, that the time of death was far closer to the earlier 8:30PM than the later 6:00AM.

There was but a single clue, other than the body itself, at the scene of the murder; the blood-encrusted marble gavel block. Donning a pair of white cotton gloves, Detective Murphy picked it up by the points of the opposite corners making as little contact with its flat surfaces as possible. It may have been the only clue, but what a clue it turned out to be.

Customarily, in the investigation of such a crime, the detective on the scene and staff from the crime lab would dust the surface areas around the body and in the general proximity of the crime scene in the hopes of finding latent fingerprints. Then, one by one, the owners of those fingerprints would be ruled in or out as suspects based upon motive, means, opportunity, or alibi. In this case nearly all the work had been done for them by the murderer. He, or she, had left not one, two, three, or even four, but five perfect fingerprints behind. And no forensic scientist would have to dust for them. They'd been left behind permanently imprinted in the encrusted blood on the apparent murder weapon. All that was left to be done was to deliver the marble block to the Fingerprint Lab at FBI headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue a mile and a half away and await the results. When they came up with a match they would notify the authorities who would pick up the murderer.

Chapter Eleven

In the ensuing days the Missile Crisis continued to play itself out. At 1:30PM on the afternoon of Friday, October 26th, John Anderson's boss, Alexander Fomin, picked up the phone and called John Scali, a diplomatic correspondent for the American Broadcasting Company (ABC) network news. Fomin asked Scali to meet him in ten minutes at the Occidental Restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue. Scali agreed.

Fomin's agenda consisted of two items, though history records only one. His first objective was to make a back-channel overture to the United States government through a television reporter. His second was to undo, to the extent possible, the grave damage caused by one of his operatives. After Fomin and Scali placed their luncheon orders, Fomin told Scali there was still great potential for a diplomatic solution to this apparent stalemate. Fomin asked Scali whether, if the missile encampments were dismantled and the missiles shipped back to the Soviet Union under United Nations supervision, and Fidel Castro pledged to never again request, or accept, offensive weapons, the United States would publicly commit itself to not invade Cuba.

Scali made it clear to Fomin that he could not speak for the Kennedy administration, but that he would certainly share the idea with State Department officials. As if to further set the baited hook, Fomin told Scali that if such a line of reasoning were pursued in New York with the Soviet Union's U.N. Ambassador Valerian Zorin, the United States would find the ambassador receptive.

Scali returned to the State Department and shared Fomin's proposal with an incredulous Roger Hilsman. First, the authenticity of Fomin's overture had to be "vetted". The CIA was able to confirm that both Fomin and Khrushchev had been in government service at the same place and same time decades earlier, so there was a distinct possibility that Khrushchev knew Fomin and was using him as his personal emissary.

At 6:00PM that night, the middle of the night Moscow time, a second part of the solution fell into place as the hardwired teletype between the American embassy in Moscow and the State Department came to life. It spat out a long and rambling communication from Premier Khrushchev to President Kennedy. It was more like a personal letter than a diplomatic communiqué. At one point the rhetoric, directed personally to President Kennedy, suggested, "... we and you ought not now to pull on the ends of the rope in which you have tied the knot of war, because the more we pull, the tighter the knot will be tied."

Khrushchev's letter, coupled with Fomin's overture, seemed to offer an honorable way out for all involved. U.S. government officials were cautiously optimistic. The EXCOMM met in extraordinary session at 10:00PM Friday night. The decision was made to view Khrushchev's letter, in light of Fomin's initiative, as a legitimate proposal. The EXCOMM adjourned "with a vast sense of relief."

The next morning, Saturday, October 27th, the EXCOMM reconvened at the White House at 10:00AM to craft a response. But, as they met, Radio Moscow began broadcasting a "second" Khrushchev letter, this one sounding much less conciliatory and using language clearly

framed by Communist bureaucrats and ideologues rather than a distraught head of state. And, if that wasn't enough, at 10:15, while Radio Moscow was still broadcasting the letter, news arrived that a U.S. Air Force U-2 reconnaissance aircraft overflying Cuba had been shot down and its pilot, Major Rudolph Anderson, Jr., killed.

Suddenly that Saturday seemed both intolerable and interminable. The day's second EXCOMM meeting began at State at 2:30PM and moved to the White House at 4:00. It was Robert Kennedy who first suggested that they reply to Khrushchev's first letter while simply ignoring the second. The President was presented with a "DRAFT" response shortly before 7:00PM. It was dispatched to Khrushchev at 8:05. The essence of the letter was a synthesis of Khrushchev's sentiments from his first letter and the Scali - Fomin memorandum prepared for the EXCOMM by State. A third EXCOMM meeting was convened at 9:00PM on Saturday evening to review various contingency plans based upon a number of possible different responses to the diplomatic dispatch of 8:05PM the previous evening. Before adjourning for the night at nearly midnight, it was agreed to reconvene the EXCOMM in the White House at 10:00AM the next day.

A few minutes before 9:00AM on Sunday morning Washington time, Radio Moscow announced it would broadcast an important statement on the hour. The Kennedy administration didn't have to wait long to know which way things were going to go. By the third paragraph of the statement it was apparent that Khrushchev and the Soviet government had accepted the terms of Kennedy's proposal of Saturday night which was, in reality, nothing more than Khrushchev's own overtures made through both his first

letter and his friend, Alexander Fomin. And, with that, the administration, the military, Washington, and the world breathed a sigh of relief.

But what of the second item on Fomin's agenda that Friday afternoon when he met with John Scali at the Occidental Restaurant? That item had created itself on the evening of Tuesday, October 23rd. When John Anderson left the Georgetown Masonic Hall after bludgeoning Thomas Moore to death, he had walked slowly back to his Prospect Street apartment, secure in the belief that, because he had prevented Commander Moore from assuring the EXCOMM that no nuclear threat to the United States' mainland yet existed on the island of Cuba, they would assume the worst and respond accordingly. What was a preemptive strike against Cuba and the death of a few Soviet soldiers when compared to the loss of the lives of his mother and father that snowy Winter's night in 1922? In the end, he had decided, he was willing to sacrifice his own life, as well as a significant portion of that of some 180 million Americans, in order to "redeem" the lives of his parents.

When Anderson arrived home he had broken out the first of several bottles of Stolichnaya vodka which he had been saving for just such an occasion. He drank through the night, alternately crying when thinking of his dead parents and laughing when contemplating that he had, single-handedly, undermined his own country's weak-willed attempts at diplomacy with the West while, inevitably, bringing the United States, the most powerful military force on earth, to the brink of thermonuclear annihilation. If the leaders of the Soviet government had "feet of clay", he had made sure that the United States' military, by attacking Cuba, would give them just the provocation needed to

reclaim for the *Rodina* the military superiority and political will necessary to once again bear and wield the might it so rightly deserved.

Regrettably for Anderson, he had still been drunk when he reported to work at the Soviet embassy on Wednesday morning. He had made his way into the office of his superior, Comrade Fomin, and boasted that one day, posthumously, he would be awarded the Order of Lenin for fomenting the nuclear havoc which the Motherland would have to wreck upon the United States for the loss of Soviet soldiers' lives in their attack on the missile bases in Cuba.

Little did Anderson realize that his boss had been working feverishly over the past week with his old friend Nikita Khrushchev to formulate a strategy whereby the Soviet Union could withdraw its missiles and troops from Cuban soil while neither suffering humiliation nor incurring a strategic disadvantage in the nuclear balance of power. And now one of his operatives had taken matters into their own hands in such a way as to possibly preclude a peaceful resolution to this most terrifying of diplomatic standoffs. It was all Fomin could do to resist removing the 9mm automatic from the top drawer of his desk and putting an end to Anderson's pathetic life on the spot. But then, Fomin remembered, there *are* punishments worse than death. Indeed, his own country, even his own agency, had devised many of them.

And so it was that the 6:00PM Pan Am flight from New York's Idlewild Airport to Frankfurt that evening had three last minute passengers on board. At about 10:00AM that morning John Anderson, with too little sleep for his brain and too much alcohol for his system, had fallen asleep at his

desk. Alexander Fomin, having observed this, called for the staff doctor and ordered him to inject Anderson with a heavy dose of barbiturates and provide two comparable doses in liquid form which could be added to a drink later. Had it come from any other embassy employee, the doctor would have been inclined to question the order. But in the case of an order coming from the KGB head of station, no such question was even contemplated.

An embassy limousine, with a staff driver and two KGB “escorts”, pulled up to the rear entrance of the embassy at around noon. Anderson was loaded into the back seat and the driver pulled out onto 16th Street to begin the five-hour drive from downtown Washington to New York’s port of departure and arrival for international flights.

As they boarded the Boeing 707 for the trip to Frankfurt, Anderson’s escorts explained his grogginess to the stewardess as one of the symptoms of his early season case of the flu. When Anderson stirred in mid-flight and asked for a drink of water, a second dose of barbiturates was added to the glass before he drank it. In Frankfurt they made an early morning connection with an Aeroflot nonstop flight to Sheremetyevo Airport in Moscow. By noon on Thursday John Anderson, now Dmitri Andropov once again, was just waking up in a detention cell in the basement of KGB headquarters at Two Dzerzhinskiy Square.

Back in Washington Alexander Fomin was putting the finishing touches, in collaboration with Premier Khrushchev, on his optimistic approach to John Scali, and Agents Barlow and Edward, as well as Detective Murphy, had just begun their long wait for the results of the

fingerprint check on the marble gavel block by the FBI. Within 72 hours Alexander Fomin’s efforts would bear fruit. Alas, the same was not to be the case for Barlow, Edward and Murphy.

Chapter Twelve

Had “John Anderson”, aged 45, been born and reared in the United States as his KGB-created “legend” proclaimed, he would almost certainly have been fingerprinted somewhere along the line by a federal, state or local agency. And, had this been the case, a copy of his fingerprint card would have been on file with the FBI. But he had simply “appeared” in the United States in the Summer of 1939 at the age of 22. He never drove a car, never served in the military, and was never arrested. The one and only time he had been fingerprinted was in 1945. As a prerequisite of his employment as a translator for the United Nations he had been required to be fingerprinted by the Security Office. But, because of the autonomous nature of this institution, whose offices just happened to be located on the island of Manhattan, their fingerprint records were never shared with American authorities.

Fortunately for all involved, Agents Barlow and Edward and Detective Murphy developed an excellent, and complementary, working relationship. The NIS Agents used their knowledge of federal and state governmental structures, along with their finely-honed investigative skills, to pursue their segment of the investigation. Detective Murphy, for his part, used his intimate knowledge of his jurisdiction, the 7th Precinct, to gather information that the NIS agents could not.

Rather than complacently awaiting the results of the FBI fingerprint check, the three investigators went on the offensive. This was partially dictated by their own nature,

and partially because of the potential national security aspects of the crime. They could not know if Commander Moore had been killed for the classified military intelligence that he possessed, or tortured into revealing that information before he was killed. Had the latter been the case, they had no way of knowing to whom the information had been revealed or to what use it might be put.

Agent Barlow began the investigation that Wednesday morning by sitting down with Worshipful Master John Charles and asking him to recall, to the best of his ability, who had been at the special meeting Tuesday evening. Of the twenty-three Master Masons who had been in the Lodge Room that evening, John Charles had been able to recall eighteen of them. Then Agent Barlow asked John Charles to account for his own actions and whereabouts following the meeting of the 23rd. John Charles obliged. He had gone directly home to his house on Namakagan Road in the Sumner section of Bethesda. His wife and son would be able to vouch for him.

Over the next week Agents Barlow and Edward contacted each of the eighteen Master Masons whose names John Charles had given them. During the course of their interviews, and the subsequent verification of each of their accounts, all of them were ruled out as suspects. Moreover, those interviews yielded the names of the five men who John Charles had been unable to recall. Barlow and Edward interviewed four of the five, all of whose stories checked out. But they had been unsuccessful in their attempts to contact the fifth; John Anderson.

A check of his petition for membership in Georgetown Lodge had shown several things. The first was that his

permanent address was just around the corner and a few blocks up Prospect Street from the Georgetown Masonic Hall. The second was that he was employed, at the time of he petitioned the Lodge for admission in the Summer of 1955, by The Brookings Institute. Third, that, in order to be eligible to petition Georgetown Lodge for admission, he had demitted from, or forfeited his membership in, his previous Lodge in New York City. And, fourth, that he was born in 1917 in Des Moines, Iowa.

Steven Barlow and Charles Edward shared this information with Brian Murphy and, together, they began their search for, and investigation of, John Anderson. Their first stop was the apartment on Prospect Street.

John Anderson's landlord, actually the owner of the row house in whose basement Anderson lived, was more than happy to let the investigators into his apartment. Their search of the premises yielded little in the way of clues as to Anderson's whereabouts or his possible involvement in the death of Commander Moore. Indeed, their only remarkable revelation was that Brother Anderson appeared to have a greater than average predisposition toward the consumption of large quantities of Russian vodka.

Their next stop was the Personnel Department at The Brookings Institute a block Southeast of Dupont Circle on Massachusetts Avenue. They were told that he no longer worked there. In fact, he'd only worked as a Russian language translator for Brookings for just under two years, leaving in the Spring of 1957. Nonetheless, they still had a print of the photograph taken at the time of his hiring for his employee identification badge, and they made several copies for the investigators. As they left, the Personnel

Officer provided them with one additional piece of information. John Anderson left in 1957 to take a position as a translator at the Soviet Embassy located just a block and a half Southeast on Massachusetts Avenue and several blocks South on 16th Street.

They called ahead to make an appointment to speak to someone in Personnel at the embassy but were told that they were welcome to come over directly from Brookings. Because, with the exception of Alexander Fomin, no one at the embassy knew John Anderson to be anything other than an American fluent in Russian, the clerk in Personnel saw no reason to withhold any information from their guests.

Yes, John Anderson was an employee of the embassy, but he hadn't been to work since the 24th of October. His employment application indicated that he had been born in Iowa in 1917, received a Bachelor of Arts degree in foreign languages from the University of Iowa in Iowa City in 1937, and a Master of Arts degree in Russian from Iowa in June of 1939. His employment history showed that he had worked as a Russian translator in a Russian settlement house on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, and also as a translator for the United Nations, before moving to Washington to take a position at The Brookings Institute. From there he'd come to the embassy.

With that, the three investigators divided up their tasks. Detective Murphy, armed with a photo of John Anderson, would canvas the neighborhood looking for people who knew him or had seen him lately. Agent Edward would work the phones from NIS headquarters and, starting with Anderson's birth in 1917, verify his background until he arrived in New York City in 1939. Finally, Agent Barlow

would catch a Northeastern Airlines flight Thursday morning from National Airport to LaGuardia in New York and corroborate the landmarks of Anderson's life between the date of his arrival in New York City in 1939 and his departure in 1955.

The first to hit pay dirt was Agent Edward. His first phone call had been to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in the state office complex in Des Moines, Iowa. An exhaustive search of the state's records had shown there had been no John Anderson born in Des Moines, or the surrounding towns, in the year 1917. There had been a Jean Anderson born in Sioux City in 1916, and a Joan Anderson born in Dubuque in 1918, but there was no record of the birth of a John Anderson in Des Moines or anywhere else in the state in 1917.

One must always be careful when depending upon a state's birth records. In the case of Iowa, a family living in Council Bluffs, for example, might well have taken the bridge across the Missouri River to Omaha on the other side for a problem delivery or to have the baby delivered in a particular church-related hospital. And, at the other end of the state, a family in Davenport or Bettendorf might well have driven to Rock Island or Moline across the Mississippi River in Illinois for similar reasons. In either case the birth would have been recorded in Nebraska or Illinois respectively. But Des Moines was right in the middle of the state, and there were no hospitals outside the city limits within a 25-mile radius. No, John Anderson was either not from where, or when, he claimed to be.

Just for insurance, although his instincts told him the effort was superfluous, Agent Edward's next call was to the

Registrar's Office at The University of Iowa in Iowa City. Had a John Anderson received a Bachelor of Arts degree in foreign languages in 1937? "No." In fact no John Anderson had received an undergraduate degree of any sort in 1937. As if to belabor the point, Agent Edward asked if a John Anderson had received a Master of Arts degree in Russian in 1939. Again, the answer was "No". And, just that simply, John Anderson's very existence from 1917 to 1939 was now brought into question.

Meanwhile, in New York City, Agent Steven Barlow was in the Personnel Office of the Russian settlement house, run by the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services, on the Lower East Side. There was no one left on the staff in 1962 who would have remembered a young man from Iowa who came to work in 1939. But they still had his records on file that confirmed the same birth and educational information provided by the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

Agent Barlow had but one more stop to make. He caught a cab uptown to the headquarters of the United Nations. Making his way to the Personnel Office, he introduced himself and told the receptionist he was involved in a murder investigation for the United States government. He only needed to confirm the employment history of one John Anderson, a Russian-English English-Russian translator from 1945 to 1955. The receptionist passed the request for information on to one of the clerks in the office who immediately disappeared into a large room filled with nothing but file cabinets. In less than 15 minutes she returned with a manilla file folder and handed it to the receptionist. "This is what you're looking for," she said as she handed it to Barlow. As he opened it he was greeted by a photo stapled to the top left-hand corner of the

employment application. Though ten years younger, it was clearly a picture of the same individual whose picture Brookings had provided him with the previous day. "I suppose this is all the paperwork you'd have on him?" Barlow asked the receptionist. "That's right," she'd responded. "All they'd have down in the basement in the Security Office would be his fingerprints."

With that Agent Barlow dropped John Anderson's United Nations personnel file, scattering his ten-year employment record all over the Personnel Office floor. The receptionist jumped up and scurried around from behind her desk. "Sorry, Ma'am," said Barlow. Within three minutes they had it all picked up and put back together as neatly as before.

"Where did you say the Security Office was?" asked Barlow, hardly able to contain himself. "It's in the basement. Take the elevator to the bottom floor and it's your first door on the left." "Thank you, Ma'am," said Barlow as he bolted for the bank of elevators. Reaching the basement, Barlow entered the Security Office. After identifying himself and showing the watch officer his credentials, he said that he was working on a murder investigation for the United States government. He wanted to know if they still had the employees' fingerprint cards on file from 1945. "We have them going back to day one," the watch officer responded. "I need a copy of the fingerprint card for a John Anderson who was a translator from 1945 to 1955." The watch officer picked up the phone and made a five-minute call. Approximately ten minutes later a young Oriental woman wearing a blue blazer and gray skirt emerged from behind a locked door, a photocopy of John Anderson's 1945 fingerprint card in hand. "Thank you,

thank you very much,” exclaimed Barlow as he rushed out of the office and made his way to the cab stand in the driveway on the West side of the building. As he hopped into the taxi at the head of the line all he said was, “LaGuardia, as fast as you can.”

He got to the airport at 4:45PM. The next plane to Washington National was an Eastern Airlines flight at 6:00PM. He found a pay phone and called NIS headquarters, hoping to find Charlie still at his desk. “Agent Edward,” the voice said. “Charlie, it’s Steven. Wait ‘til I tell you what I’ve got.” “You wait; I’m going first. It turns out that no John Anderson was born in Des Moines in 1917, or got a Bachelor’s from Iowa in 1937, or got a Master’s in 1939.” “What?” asked Barlow. “That’s right, Steven. It’s as though John Anderson didn’t exist until 1939.” “Well, that squares with what I got up here,” responded Barlow. “But I’ve got our ace in the hole. The U.N. Security Office had fingerprint cards of all employees on file going all the way back to 1945. I’ve got a copy of Anderson’s in my coat pocket. I’m on the 6:00PM Eastern flight to National. I’ll meet you at the main entrance of FBI headquarters tomorrow at 9:00AM sharp.” “You got it, Steven.”

While all of this had been going on, Detective Brian Murphy had been pounding the pavement in Georgetown looking for people who knew, or had seen, John Anderson. The sales clerk at Dixie Liquors on “M” Street recognized the photo, as did the clerks at the local IGA grocery store, barber shop and dry cleaners. Knowing Anderson as a man who had a taste for strong drink, he stuck his head into the bar at the front of the 1789 Restaurant and showed the bartender the picture. “Doesn’t look familiar,” he’d said.

Then, just on a lark, as he went back outside he strode about ten paces North on the sidewalk on the West side of 38th Street and descended the stairs to The Tombs.

There were at Georgetown in 1962, as there always had been and always would be, students who spent more time at The Tombs than they did in their dorm rooms, or classrooms. Christopher Stone was just such a denizen of The Tombs. Detective Murphy had shown John Anderson’s picture first to the bartender and then to the luncheon patrons around the rectangular bar which encompassed the bartender, his taps, bottles and glasses, and his cash register. And then he showed it to Georgetown student Christopher Stone. “Yes, I’ve seen him in here,” said Stone. “Many times, in fact.” “What do you mean, ‘many times’?” “Well, I’m a student in the International Economic Theory program at The School of Foreign Service across the street. I have a German test the second Tuesday of each month from 7:00 ‘til 9:00PM. Afterward, I’ve been known to come over here for a drink or two. It’s always seemed like he was here when I got here or came in just after I did.” “So you know him?” asked Murphy. “I don’t *know* him,” replied Stone somewhat contentiously, “I’ve just *seen* him.”

“So if the last time you *saw* him was the second Tuesday of the month, that would make it the 9th of October?” “You’d think so, wouldn’t you?” said Stone, his voice now taking on the sarcastic edge of someone who was, no doubt, a nasty drunk. Turning around to look at the Dewar’s Scotch calendar hanging on the wall he said, “No, the last time I saw him was the night of the 23rd.” “How can you be so certain?” asked Murphy. “Because the fourth Tuesday of each month is ‘Chimes’ Night. They sing from about 8:00 until closing time. I always get here early to get a good

seat.” “How could you distinguish that from any other night?” Murphy said to himself, but didn’t say out loud. Brian Murphy knew of the Chimes; he’d even come here himself once or twice to hear them sing the same songs his father sang on the front porch of their duplex in the Morris Park section of The Bronx some thirty years earlier.

“What makes you remember him so clearly that night?” persisted Murphy, becoming, by this time, not just a little impatient. “It wasn’t so much him as the guy with him. He was with a Naval officer in his dress blues, his dress hat tucked underneath his arm.” “Eureka!” thought Murphy, once again to himself. “So, can you recall when they came in, or when they left?” “Sure. They came in at around 8:45, just as The Chimes were finishing their first set, and they left around 10:15, at the end of their second.” “Here’s a pen and one of my business cards. Write your name and phone number on the back.” Christopher Stone, seeing the Metropolitan Police Department insignia on the front of the card, did what he was told.

When Detective Murphy got back to the 7th Precinct station house there was a message for him from Agent Charles Edward. The time on it was 5:15PM. He was to call Edward at home when he got back to the office. “Agent Edward, Detective Murphy here. Wait ‘til you hear what I’ve got. Commander Moore was seen drinking at The Tombs with our missing Mason, John Anderson, from 8:15 until 10:15 on the night of the Commander’s murder. Looks like we know who he left the Lodge with, and where they went.” “Barlow’s got the other piece of the puzzle,” responded Edward. “He’s got a card with Anderson’s fingerprints on it taken in 1945. He’s flying back to DC from New York City tonight. We’re meeting at the FBI’s

main entrance at 9:00AM in the morning. Why don’t you join us for the final act of this passion play?” “I wouldn’t miss it for all the world.”

The sun shone brightly in the cool, crisp November air the next morning. At 9:00AM Barlow, Edward and Murphy all converged on FBI headquarters. They went in, identified themselves at the guard desk, and asked to be shown to the Fingerprint Lab. For the three members of the investigative team the results of the fingerprint comparison between Anderson’s UN fingerprint card and the fingerprints on the square marble gavel block were a foregone conclusion, but they were elated just the same when their conclusions were confirmed. They had the “means” of the crime, and the “opportunity”. Only the murderer would be able to provide them with his motive. But it seemed that John Anderson had simply materialized in New York City out of thin air in 1939, and that he had just as mysteriously disappeared from the face of the earth on October 24th, 1962. To this day no federal, state or local authorities have been able to locate John Anderson.

Of the 85 homicides in Washington, DC, in 1962, the murder of Commander Thomas Moore remains one of only three to be classified as unsolved and “open”. If John Anderson *had* been arrested, tried and convicted of the murder of Commander Thomas Moore in Washington, DC, he would most probably have spent the remainder of his natural life in the federal penitentiary in Lorton, Virginia. But, as Alexander Fomin had correctly recalled that Wednesday morning in October of 1962, there *are* punishments worse than death.

On the morning following his return to Moscow, Dmitri Andropov had undergone an administrative hearing by three senior KGB officers. Without so much as a trial, or even an opportunity to speak on his own behalf, Andropov was sentenced to incarceration for an indeterminate period of time for crimes against the State. During the Soviet Union's Stalinist period a network of camps had been constructed wherein political dissidents and others in need of political reeducation could be "detained". That network stretched from West of Moscow clear to the Pacific Ocean in the East. Soviet writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn had given it a deceptively picturesque name; the Gulag Archipelago.

Dmitri Andropov's last residence in *this* life was a gulag, or prison camp, at the Eastern terminus of the archipelago. There he died in 1985, after 23 years of imprisonment, in ill health, and insane. None of this would ever be known, or of any comfort, to Jane or Andrew Moore. Nor would Barlow, Edward or Murphy ever derive the satisfaction of knowing that the murderer of Commander Thomas Moore had paid the ultimate price for his crime. But there died Dmitri Andropov, and with him "John Anderson", for the murder of his Brother, Thomas Moore.

So mote it be.