

# Foreword

Winter  
1959

at luncheon in garden  
House, Cambridge  
As I sat today with my husband  
and two <sup>former</sup> colleagues, one an  
associate of World Wars I & II,  
the other more nearly a colleague  
of mine of World II, reminiscences  
tumbled <sup>out</sup> one after the other.  
As befits a woman in the mo-  
nastic traditions of Cambridge  
I said little, but my own ref-  
lections began to boil up from  
the cauldron of memories. Some  
of them I shared: the German and  
Kendall conspiracy against Great Britain  
in ~~World~~ WWI; the <sup>putting a spoke in the</sup> ~~power~~ wholly told story  
of the Zimmerman Telegram; the ex-  
periences I shared with the guest  
on my left, the world renowned  
astro-physicist who had, ~~with me~~ <sup>as I</sup>  
occupied a by-path of endeavor  
in the battle of wits in WWII; on to the  
years since WWII with the develop-  
ments in <sup>the</sup> decipherment, or lack of  
progress in deciphering lost languages  
such as Linear B ~~and~~ the Maya  
hieroglyphics. We questioned Sir  
the ~~names~~ on my right, in ~~reference~~



of King's College, knighted for his distinctions in government and university circles in an effort to prod his memory into recalling details of long forgotten episodes: footnotes to history left hitherto unwritten.

As ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~goat~~ parted and I said an adieu to the now emeritus professor of astro-physics who ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> pictured in my memory ~~always~~ always in uniform [because of the association of the war years] the bomburg and Chesterfield of today became traceless and I saw the slight figure in uniform again coming to my desk and I remembered that one of the same thoughts I had about V.E. Day was that I would not be seeing his cheery, ruddy face again. Then I remembered how I myself "folded my tent to steal away" after V-J Day. —



## FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY Chapter

V.F. Day had long since come and gone. V-f Day too was now in the past and FINI to World War II had been written. Papers, records, were sorted; reams of "work-sheets" were destroyed in the desire not to bury completely all posterity <sup>under a</sup> ~~paper~~ mausoleum; records deemed worthy of <sup>retaining for historical official</sup> ~~commitment~~ ~~to~~ ~~archives~~ were grouped, labelled, indexed, described and reverently despatched to their sealed tombs in government vaults.

I signed the pledge that was ~~accepted~~ <sup>appellated</sup> of all departing from the sacred precincts of **SECRET**, ~~where~~ the pledge never to reveal [at least without authority from on high], or even to refer to, any of the projects with which I had dealt during ~~the~~ the WWII. I walked down from the second floor



✓ quibbly ramshackle  
of the temporary building with its flat  
roof and thin walls in side which  
the temperatures had risen in those  
three war summers to many degrees  
above 100; ~~the~~ <sup>on</sup> one occasion to 114  
the thermometer registered 114, but there  
~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> a war on, remember, <sup>as is common</sup> so there  
was no early closing of offices; <sup>every hot</sup>  
I walked through the grounds of  
the reservation, past the Marine  
guards who passed me through  
the barbed wire enclosures; and  
finally the last guard and the  
East turnstile was traversed  
I was on the sidewalk. I  
was back in the world-at-  
large once more. I crossed the  
street, the better to take my  
farewell look. It was the end  
of a Period, an Era. I knew  
that, as surely as I stood on two feet,  
I should never <sup>enter that reservation</sup> return to that  
particular form of endeavor  
again.

peace time days in Wash -

What of the future? During  
next few months I was con-

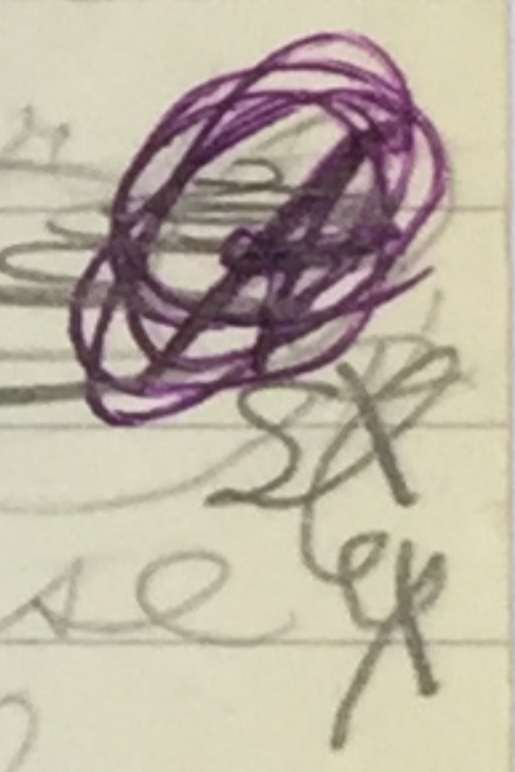


mitted to returning to the Treasury Department where I had been the chief of a small unit which had been picked up in toto and all bodies therein absorbed into the Navy for the last three years of ~~the~~ WWII. The work of my unit <sup>before the war</sup> had been to act as ~~the~~ sleuths <sup>to ascertain</sup> of the secret plans of smugglers and other law-breakers. We served the six law-enforcement agencies of the Treasury Department, all <sup>agencies</sup> under the supervision of one official called a Coordinator who reported to the Secretary of Treasury.

During the ~~pro~~ prohibition Era those prolific smugglers, the "rum-runners", had given us a monumental task - to read their secret communications and beat them to their rendezvous; to trace their vast networks, to analyze their organi-



gations and be able to predict  
 their plans...; the narcotics  
 smugglers, so parsimonious,  
~~so sparing~~ with their <sup>secret</sup> messages,  
 giving us so little "material"  
 to work with; the occasional  
 counterfeit ring or tax-  
 evader who resorted to concealed  
 communication; all ~~these~~ <sup>such</sup> perso-  
 nages of my before-war career  
 passed through my mind. ~~As I~~ ~~stood~~ ~~there~~ ~~opposite~~ ~~the~~ ~~gatehouse~~  
 of the reservation I had just  
 gone out from forever, I was  
 convinced that the end of an  
 Era had come ~~for~~ during the  
 War for the smugglers, even more  
 irrevocably than the war itself  
 ended an Era. These "personages"  
 who had been the <sup>organizers,</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> officials, the  
 operators, the camp-followers, the  
 hangers-on of the Smuggling  
 Era, had all been forced to  
 find other avenues of activity  
 during the war, the physical fact  
 of which was enough in itself





For the simple reason that there would  
be no such communications

5

to stop effectively all smuggling activities <sup>of any real importance.</sup> And now though the war had ended, I felt intuitively that the smugglers had certainly not rested during the war but had undoubtedly developed other and probably even more profitable pursuits. I was convinced that there would be no significant developments which would justify the Treasury Department maintaining a section to read hidden communications of law-breakers. But the Department was insistent on being honorable: - civil service law required that all persons who had left for war service must be permitted to return to their former positions. How was I to convince them that for even our small unit to return in toto would be a waste of the tax-payers' money? Well I was determined to convince them sooner or later, in the



6 Meantime I was returning. We should delve into the ~~dirty~~ files, which had been gathering dust for four years, and again conduct a campaign of sorting, discarding, organizing, indexing and filing records — thrilling records in many respects, detective stories of high interest in many cases. But these did not have to go to the sealed vaults of SECRET. To be sure, there were some ~~wonder~~ chapters best forgotten, some observations which should for courtesy sake never be made. But on the whole it was a pleasant <sup>reliving the</sup> accomplishment ~~in~~ <sup>past</sup>. I should see that everything was prepared for posterity to comprehend of posterity I ever chose to examine the archives, the history of that underworld of smuggling which flourished for 20 years from approximately 1920 to 1940. ~~stowed in dusty files~~

To relive that past, then, I was now to direct my movements.



~~A~~

During the years or thereabouts WWI became, <sup>and more</sup> more <sup>hat</sup> imminent, our small section ~~became~~ <sup>became</sup> the ears and eyes ~~of the~~ against the espionage rings operating in the Western Hemisphere. When nations are <sup>engaged in a</sup> at war wherein the United States is <sup>as a</sup> no combatant, ~~it is the~~ Treasury Department which enforces neutrality, not the Armed Services. ~~This~~ was dictated by the Founding Fathers. The years 1938 to December 1941 had been exciting, round-the-clock adventures, ~~and~~ as we <sup>counter-</sup>spied into the minds and activities of the agents <sup>attempting to</sup> ~~penetrate~~ into those of the United States. With the vast reorganizations following the end of the war, such titillating pursuits would be ~~to~~ denied ~~our~~ our Treasury unit, all such having been allotted to other agencies.

To re-live those two phases of my professional career as a <sup>few</sup> cryptologist, to file <sup>them</sup> down to a manageable bulk for storage for posterity, I must now direct <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ activities, which ~~will~~ be my last stand for the United States.