

Hoover FBI

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was a double agent, but every time the Russian's name came up, Sullivan's lip would curl and he would raise his eyebrows or roll his eyes. Sometimes he would even venture the opinion that "everything we get from Fedora has to be examined very, very carefully"—an attitude I encouraged in dealing with all intelligence sources.

Eventually Sullivan planted doubts in the minds of others, including the head of the Espionage Section, Lish Whitson. All the information Fedora had passed along was suddenly suspect, requiring a complete reevaluation of a significant portion of American intelligence on the Soviet Union. The FBI unofficially turned Fedo-  
ra's picture to the wall.

The CIA, on the other hand, elected to stand by Nosenko, claiming that he was a legitimate defector and that he had become "a well-adjusted American citizen utilized as a consultant by the CIA." They even went public with this opinion.

Since I was Sullivan's superior—and since I couldn't get him to make a final judgment on Fedora or to offer sufficient proof to justify his suspicions, I decided to try to resolve the matter in my own mind. I called for all the information we'd collected on Fedora, and while it was being gathered, I remembered that a retired agent and good friend of mine had worked constantly with Fedora over the years. He lived in New York, so I called him on the phone.

"Jack," I said, "I've got a problem, and I need your help. I'll buy you lunch in New York if I can pick your brain."

"It's a deal," he said.

Two days later, we met in a small, out-of-the-way restaurant where we could talk without worrying about the rumble of the subway or the clatter of dishes. He had changed little, and he still had the Irish gift of gab. He told a few jokes, reminisced about the old days, and then we got down to business.

I told him about Sullivan's suspicions and gave him a little bit of the latest intelligence on Nosenko. Then I asked him if he thought Fedora could be a triple agent.

He shook his head.

"No," he replied. "I really don't think so."

I could see him turning the idea over in his mind, even as he was