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HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY [REDACTED]

University. He again recalled his earlier suspicions that [REDACTED] may have recruited [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and advised [REDACTED] has admitted he recruited [REDACTED] but denied that [REDACTED] was recruited. [REDACTED] mentioned in this connection that [REDACTED] had never admitted to him that Guy Burgess was involved with Soviet Intelligence. [REDACTED]

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the FBI. It is the property of
the FBI and is loaned to your agency;
it and its contents are not to be
distributed outside your agency.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI [REDACTED]

DATE: 6/17/66

FROM : SAC, NEW YORK [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESP-R
(OO: NY)

ReBulet 5/11/66 and NYlet 6/14/66.

The NYO has completed its review of indices concerning the list of Americans who attended Trinity College or Trinity Hall at Cambridge University, 1930-1934, and has determined that NYO files contain information similar to that set forth in reBulet. The information available to the NYO is, however, not as complete in detail as that set forth in reBulet.

In accordance with the Bureau's instructions, the NYO will proceed to compile a list of Americans, other than Rhodes Scholars, who attended Oxford University during the period 1930 to 1940.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (██████████)

FROM : *jam/kan* SAC, NEW YORK (██████████)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESP-R

DATE: 11/8/66

As the Bureau is aware, the NYO is currently attempting to compile a list of Americans other than Rhodes Scholars, who attended Oxford University during the period 1930-1940, by reviewing back issues of "The American Oxonian." It is noted that "The American Oxonian" is a publication of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars and contains the names and addresses of not only Rhodes Scholars, but also other Americans who studied at Oxford.

The NYO has experienced considerable difficulty in compiling this list since it determined many individuals who attended Oxford during the pertinent period were not listed in the 1940 directories but rather are listed in more recent directories. It was also discovered that the reverse was true, that is, individuals listed in the earlier directories are not listed in later ones. This made it necessary for the NYO to review directories for several years in order to compile a reasonably complete list.

It was also discovered that in the early directories the individuals were listed alphabetically by state whereas in subsequent directories there was no breakdown by state and the names were simply listed alphabetically. It was also discovered that in some cases the year the individual attended Oxford was not shown in some directories but was set forth in others. Thus, what at first appeared to be a rather simple compilation of names, turned into a rather complicated project. It is noted, however, that all the major obstacles have now been surmounted and the list is rapidly being completed. The list will show, with few exceptions, not only the individual's full and complete name, but also the college and year attended, his occupation and residence in the 1940's, as well as his current residence and employment. Upon completion of same, the list will be promptly submitted to the Bureau.

2 - Bureau (RM)
1 - New York

REC-71

NOV 9 1966

CONFIDENTIAL

12/29

6/20

Handwritten initials



Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (██████████)

FROM : *mj/gjs* SAC, NEW YORK (██████████)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESP-R

DATE: 12/23/66

ST.

66
48
20

ReNYlet, 11/8/66, captioned matter.

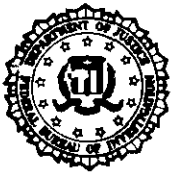
Enclosed for the Bureau are 10 copies of an LHM captioned, "Oxford University," setting forth a list of Americans other than Rhodes Scholars, who attended Oxford University during the period 1930 - 1940. This list was compiled by reviewing back issues of the "American Oxonian", a publication of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars. The LHM is not being classified since it was compiled from public source information.

While the attached list is probably not all inclusive, it does represent the most comprehensive list of Americans who studied at Oxford that it was possible for the NYO to compile without access to official university records.

A copy of the enclosed LHM is being submitted to WFO for information in view of their interest in this matter.

272-4-10

8



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

*In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.*

New York, New York

DEC 23 1966

Oxford University

The following is a list of American students other than Rhodes Scholars who attended Oxford University, Oxford, England during the period 1930-1940. The list was compiled from a review of current and back issues of "The American Oxonian", a publication of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars. A section of this publication contains the names and addresses of not only Rhodes Scholars but also of other individuals, mostly Americans, who studied at Oxford.

125

London (██████████)

1/10/67

Director, FBI (██████████) REC-74

1 - ██████████
1 - ██████████

EX-108

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESP - R

Reurlet 12/29/66.

There are attached two copies of a letterhead memorandum dated December 23, 1966, at New York entitled "Oxford University." There is also attached a copy of New York letter dated 12/23/66 in the instant case. The memorandum sets out a list of Americans other than Rhodes scholars who attended Oxford University during the years 1930 through 1940. You should furnish a copy of this memorandum to your source and determine if any information is available to your source to indicate that any of the persons on the list were recruited or if any attempts were made to recruit any of these individuals during their residence in England. The 248 names contained in the memorandum have not been searched through Bureau files since no reason exists at this time to undertake such a project without additional information indicating the possibility of recruitment attempts having been directed against any of these persons.

MAILED 9
JAN 11 1967
COMM-FBI

Enclosures - 3

120

July 24, 1967

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY

[redacted], advised on June 27, 1967, that he had no knowledge of Harold Philby's connections with the Soviet Union, and always considered that Philby was a British agent.

[redacted] noted that his association with Philby in Madrid was very brief, covering the period from April to July or August, 1939. Philby was covering the war in Spain for the "London Times," [redacted]

In July or August, 1939, Philby returned to London on leave and did not return to Madrid because of the outbreak of World War II. [redacted] saw Philby again on one occasion in about September, 1939, in Paris, at which time Philby indicated that he was to be employed as a war correspondent with the British Armed Forces. In 1946 [redacted] briefly met Philby again in Athens, Greece, at which time Philby claimed that he was working for the British Foreign Office, although [redacted] felt that he was actually employed by British Intelligence. At that time [redacted] and Philby to Vienna, Austria.

[redacted] again met Philby in Beirut, Lebanon, in the Spring of 1956 where they were socially acquainted for over a year. Philby had experienced difficulty in securing employment in England, and he had gone to Beirut as an observer or correspondent for the "Observer" and the "Economist," both very conservative British publications. At that time, Philby's second wife was in an English sanitarium, probably for alcoholism and the use of narcotics. [redacted] believed that this woman committed suicide about Christmas of 1957. It was during this period that Philby became enamored of [redacted]

Always copy to SF
by [redacted] 10-4-68
JPL 1/24

R

REC 3

[redacted] stated that he had never met the first wife of Philby, and his knowledge of her existence came from conversations with Philby. [redacted] was of the opinion that this woman was originally Hungarian although he recalled having heard someone say that she was Austrian.

JUL 26 1967

65-68043
1 - Foreign Liaison Unit (Route through for review)
JPL:slc (5)

[Handwritten signatures and initials]

NOTE: [redacted]

67 AUG 2 - 1967

TELETYPE UNIT

127

7/25/67

DECODED COPY

AIRGRAM CABLEGRAM RADIO TELETYPE

SFATE 02

URGENT 10-2-67

TO DIRECTOR

FROM LEGAT LONDON NO. 120

ESPIONAGE - RUSSIA
HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY. ESP-R.

OCTOBER ONE LAST, "SUNDAY TIMES," LONDON, REPORTED SUBJECT INTERVIEWED TWO WEEKS AGO IN MOSCOW BY SON, JOHN, JOURNALIST. ARTICLE REPORTED SUBJECT ADMITTED RECRUITMENT BY R. I. S. FEW MONTHS AFTER LEAVING CAMBRIDGE IN 1933 WHILE WORKING AS COURIER IN GERMANY. RIS ASSIGNED HIM TASK OF PENETRATING BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. STATED HE ALMOST DEFECTED TO RUSSIA IN 1955 WHEN ATTACKS OVER TIPOFF TO MAC LEAN BECAME SO SEVERE FELT HE COULD NOT BE OF FURTHER USE TO RIS. ALSO TOLD SON HE WAS STILL ON BRITISH SECRET PAYROLL WHEN SENT TO BEIRUT AS CORRESPONDENT IN 1956. ADMITTED TO SON HIS REAL ALLEGIANCE HAS BEEN TO RUSSIA MOST OF ADULT LIFE. SUNDAY TIMES CONFERS KNOWLEDGE HE WAS ON ACTIVE SERVICE FOR MI-6 WHILE IN BEIRUT.

EX-103
REC 27
SUBJECT FILE

4 OCT 10 1967

MR. DELOACH FOR THE DIRECTOR

OCT 4 1967
OCT 5 3 35 PM

If the intelligence contained in the above message is to be disseminated outside the Bureau, it is suggested that it be suitably paraphrased in order to protect the Bureau's cryptographic systems.

[REDACTED]

C⁵⁷

espionage begun in Cambridge in the 1930's in a moment of youthful idealism and rashness, and on another, an exploration of the motives for treason—the story of a man whose whole life was a series of marriages and affairs, conducted in a haze of alcohol—and of how he came to betray his country.

D. E. [Signature]

KIM PHILBY was a complex and tormented man who worked for the Russian government as an "inside man" at the heart of British Intelligence. He was uncovered in January, 1963, confessed, but made a dramatic escape to Moscow from Beirut, narrowly avoiding arrest. An account of his life will be written by his wife, who joined him in Moscow and then returned to the West, and by Patrick Scale, Middle East correspondent of the *Observer* and the *Economist*, for publication by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in February, 1969. On one level this will be the story of a remarkable career in

- The Washington Post _____
- Times Herald _____
- The Washington Daily News _____
- The Evening Star (Washington) _____
- The Sunday Star (Washington) _____
- Daily News (New York) _____
- Sunday News (New York) _____
- New York Post _____
- The New York Times _____
- The Sun (Baltimore) _____
- The Worker _____
- The New Leader _____
- The Wall Street Journal _____
- The National Observer _____
- People's World _____

NOT RECORDED
167 OCT 9 1967

Several copies sent to NY Legat London
for copy. 10-6-67, gpl/mv

386
68 OCT 14 1967

File
[Signature]

Date _____
Publishers Weekly
page 41

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It is interesting to note that several of the above people apparently attended college with subject, BURGESS, or MACLEAN, and also were in intelligence during the same period of time.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : The Director

DATE: 11/20/67

FROM : N. P. Callahan

SUBJECT: The Congressional Record

Harold Philby

Pages H15797-H15803. Congressman Ashbrook, (R) Ohio, spoke concerning security practices in the State Department. He stated "Because some of the outrageous abuses that have been perpetrated at State over the last few years have not received adequate attention or publicity, I think it is advisable to comment on the situation and offer possible recommendations. The unparalleled successes of Soviet espionage over the years should have resulted in a highly refined security system at State, but recent experiences indicate that coverups of security violations and purges of qualified security personnel have provided a possible fertile field for Communist penetration." He set forth information on the Philby-Burgess-Maclean case as an example and during these comments stated "With recent disclosures in the British press there can remain little doubt as to who was responsible for the intelligence leak in Washington which so benefited the Chinese Reds. Philby arrived in Washington as British liaison to the FBI and CIA and in November 1950, Maclean came to Washington as head of the Foreign Office's American department." Mr. Ashbrook referred to hearings held by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee regarding security at the State Department and stated "Had it not been for the persistent efforts of this body, and Otepka's refusal to make a 'deal' with State, much of the information now made public would have gone uncovered. - - - A number of months before the subcommittee had completed its hearings, Senator James Eastland introduced S. 3388 which was designed to correct a number of security problems at the State Department which were revealed during the hearings. - - - Here are the nine provisions of the legislation: - - - Fourth. Require that a copy of any document transmitted to the State Department by the FBI or CIA and marked for the attention of the Secretary, must be transmitted immediately and directly to the Secretary's office, flagged for his personal attention."

NOT RECORDED

141 DEC 11 1967

In the original of a memorandum captioned and dated as above, the Congressional Record for 11/20/67 was reviewed and pertinent items were marked for the Director's attention. This form has been prepared in order that portions of a copy of the original memorandum may be clipped, mounted, and placed in appropriate Bureau case or subject matter files.

DEC 13 1967

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

PHILBY—AND THE BOOK THAT NEVER WAS

PUBLISHER Andre Deutsch opened his ledgers yesterday to provide Inside Page with yet another intriguing sidelight on the double-bluff career of traitor Kim Philby.

It comes under the heading of *The Book That Never Was*.

Back in 1954 Philby made contact with Deutsch after being dismissed from the Foreign Office following the defection of Burgess and Maclean.

He offered to write a book which would have been, in effect, a self-exoneration of his complicity in the lurid B. and M. affair.

At this stage, he had not been named as the *Third Man* in the drama. Deutsch, satisfied there was a good book in him, was prepared to be generous. Very generous.

On April 1 (when else?) the firm handed him £40 in advance royalties. From then on, at monthly intervals, they dug even deeper into their funds to finance what might have been Philby's greatest piece of double-think.

By May 1, 1955 (as the extract from the Deutsch account ledger, below, shows), he had been paid a total of £600.

But even with this kind of inducement, the mind-bending exercise in double-cross was too much for Philby.

"He confessed to me that he hadn't realised how difficult it was to write a book and that the going was hard," said Deutsch yesterday.

The advance royalties were later repaid by a friend of Philby's.

After that first abortive attempt, Deutsch tried to get a book writ-

ten by Philby's wife, Eleanor.

Only on the third attempt, however, has he been lucky with the *Third Man*.

Deutsch plans to publish a study of Philby by Bruce Page, David Leitch and Philip Knightley early in the New Year. The book will, of

course, be based on their recent Philby series in the *Sunday Times*.

Even in publishing, a certain brisk confusion appears to be inseparable from the activities of the dissembling H. A. R. Philby.

Odds

For yet another Philby dossier (by Eleanor Philby and Patrick Sear of the *Observer*) is to be published by Hamish Hamilton, who happens to be part of the Thomson Organisation, which owns the *Sunday Times*.

Deutsch is certain he will beat Hamish Hamilton to the bookstalls.

Philby, no doubt, would be delighted to take odds.

Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

"Daily Mirror",
London, England

Date: 11/29/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: Harold Adrian
Russell, Philby
Character: Esp - R
or Bureau File
Classification:
Submitting Office: London
 Being Investigated

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R209 IP 28. 1970

ENCLOSURE

135

U.S. GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

1 - [redacted]
1 - [redacted]

CS
C. Sullivan

DATE: December 1, 1967

KCP
W. A. Branigan

1 - [redacted]
1 - [redacted]
1 - [redacted]

O
CAROL ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESPIONAGE - RUSSIA

Philby is the former MI-6 (British Intelligence Service) officer who defected to the Soviets in 1963. He is receiving considerable publicity as a result of research conducted by British newspapermen and the publication of the details of a meeting between Philby and his son who is now living in England. Philby, during the period 1949-51, was posted to the United States as a liaison representative of his service and was accredited as a liaison representative to the FBI, although actually he was mainly in contact with the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). *(u)*

*My
etc.*

Handwritten notes and signatures in the top right corner, including a large vertical signature.

ROUTE IN ENVELOPE

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Bishop	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. Felt	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

TO : Mr. W. C. Sullivan

DATE: November 29, 1967

FROM : W. A. Branigan

- 1 - [REDACTED]
- 1 - [REDACTED]
- 1 - [REDACTED]
- 1 - [REDACTED]
- 1 - [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY,
Also Known As Kim Philby
ESPIONAGE - RUSSIA.

W.A. Branigan

W.A. Branigan

Philby is the former MI-6 (British Secret Intelligence Service) officer and admitted Soviet agent who fled to Russia in 1963 and is still there. More recently the British press has been highlighting the past activities of Philby and the "Sunday Times" of London has published a series of articles on him with particular reference to his work as a Soviet State Security (KGB) agent while connected with MI-6 from 1940 to 1962.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

By BRIAN McCONNELL

MASTER-SPY Harold ("Kim") Philby may plan to leave Russia and settle in South America, it was reported yesterday.

Philby, 55-year-old "Third Man" in the case of runaway British diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, might leave Moscow if he can get a good price for his memoirs, certain Russian sources indicated.

Three literary agents who deal in publishing rights kept an airport appointment yesterday at Zurich, Switzerland.

They met a Czech airliner from Prague. Philby was not on board. But an Iron Curtain official handed each agent a copy of what were described as "Philby's first accurate memoirs."

Waiting

One of the agents, American John Sakar, 33, explained later: "For months I have been waiting for the Russians to release Philby's own story."

Mr. Sakar went on: "We believe there was an arrangement, made officially, that Philby—given sufficient guarantee—would give up his life in the Russian capital, and live in the style to which he was accustomed."

Last night, the three agents waited at Zurich airport again—to see off a plane bound for Brazil.

One seat on the plane, booked in the name of H. Rudolph, stayed empty.

Nurse shot dead in hospital garden

A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD student nurse and her former boy friend were found dead in the grounds of a hospital last night. A shotgun was lying nearby. The bodies were found by nurses at Glasgow's Southern General Hospital.

They ran out into the fog after hearing a shot. The girl who died was Gillian Alexander, a second-year student of Lochgilphead, Argyllshire. The name of the man was not revealed.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Daily Mirror
London, England

Date: 11/2/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: Harold Adrian
Russell Philby
Character: Esp - R
Classification:
Submitting Office: Lond
 Being Investigated

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ENCLOSURE

The KGB: "Undoubtedly ours is the best intelligence service there has ever been. Some really tremendous triumphs. We have of course many advantages. . . . We have a tradition of foresight and patience laid down by that brilliant man Feliks Dzerzinsky (who founded the Cheka, forerunner of the KGB). When I first started to work for the Soviet Union, for example, I used to meet my contact once a week for two whole years when absolutely nothing happened at all. We were patiently waiting for an opportunity."

Africa. "One of the happiest days of my life was the fall of Kwame Nkrumah—not that I have anything against the poor chap personally, but I think we made some serious mistakes there."

"I was asked to write a paper on the African situation generally soon after I arrived in Moscow—one of my first jobs for the KGB here, as a matter of fact. I took a generally cautious line. By all means give these new African states a reasonable amount of financial aid on real projects. But I warned, don't get deeply involved. . . . Well, we did. Millions of roubles down the drain. I was sorry to see Nkrumah followed by the people who are in there now, but at any rate I was proved right. Our policy in Africa now is watch, help but no deep involvements. Incidentally, the Chinese seem to have done even worse than we did."

'I'll swap my book for the Krogers'

DURING the past few weeks, there have been persistent rumours that the "memoirs" of the Soviet spy Kim Philby are about to be published in the West. Philby appears to have made a number of contacts with Western publishing organisations, and there is also evidence that the MS has been pushed by official Russian sources.

Recently, the Sunday Times was offered the chance to publish an 80,000-word manuscript by Philby. After consideration, we decided that we could not justify such a step to ourselves. The question of financial reward was not the decisive one—Philby made it clear that he was not interested in money for himself. It was rather a matter that memoirs from this admitted KGB officer, could only be a deliberate attempt to damage Western interests, including Western intelligence organisations.

However, we did take steps to ascertain what sort of manuscript Philby was offering. It turns out to be not simply his memoirs—but rather an indictment of Western secret operations against the Soviet Union, 1945-55.

Two weeks ago, Murray Sayle was in Moscow on a scientific feature assignment for the Sunday Times Colour Magazine. Philby met Sayle several times; during these meetings, Philby made the remarkable suggestion that he might withdraw his book if the Soviet spies Peter and Helen Kroger were exchanged for Gerald Brooke. (The Krogers were sentenced in March 1961 to twenty years for espionage. Brooke was sentenced in July 1965 to a year's imprisonment and four years in a labour camp.) Suggestions of an exchange have been steadfastly refused by the British Government. This is Murray Sayle's account of his meetings with Philby.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'I am a KGB officer'

MY FIRST direct contact with Philby was a telephone call to my room at the Leningradskaya Hotel in Moscow, one of those marvellously ugly wedding-cake buildings in the Stalin Gothic style of the 'fifties.

I picked up the telephone and heard a strange choking sound, as if someone at the other end was trying to say something. Then the unknown caller hung up. The same thing happened five minutes later—a ring, the same sound, a click and silence. The third time, I picked up the telephone and said, on the off-chance, "Mr Philby?" "Speaking!" said Philby, quite distinctly this time, and after a few seconds' preliminaries, we arranged to meet in Room 436 at the Minsk Hotel on Gorky Boulevard (the "Broadway of Moscow"), at 8 o'clock the same night.

I knocked, the door opened, and there was Philby, smiling with hand outstretched. I went in and took off my snow-powdered hat, and coat. The room was completely bare except for two chairs and a table on which stood a briefcase, a bottle of vodka and two glasses. The table stood by a window with a breath-taking view over Moscow, red stars shining on the ghostly white walls and spires of the Kremlin in the distance.

"This is a tough dynamic city," said Philby. "This society is going somewhere. Care for a drink?"

I accepted his offer and we sat down. Philby was dressed in sports coat and grey flannels; he is a courteous man, smiles a great deal, and his well-cut grey hair and ruddy complexion suggest vitality and enjoyment of life. He speaks exactly as a senior British civil servant would about his present employers—"my superiors" he says, "my colleagues," and very early in our conversation he explained "I am a serving officer of the KGB, as you probably know." He made no secret of his KGB employment and

Continued on page 2

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

"The Sunday Times"
London, England

Date: 12/17/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: Harold Russell
Adrian Philby
Character: Esp-R
or Bo file
Classification:
Submitting Office: London
 Being Investigated

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1208 SEP 1970

Continued from page 1

told me at one stage he had been on the telephone with his employers).

After Philby said that he worked for the KGB I took the opportunity to make my position clear: I did not propose to conduct a formal interview in the sense of asking him a set of questions, but that I held myself free to write an account of our meeting at some subsequent time; and that I did not think there was any point in our debating the merits or otherwise of Communism, or in my offering him any comments on the career he had chosen. He said in reply that he would assume that it was possible that I worked for some Western Intelligence service. (He subsequently said: "I naturally took precautions against any rough stuff—you would not have gotten yards down the street.") But he seemed, at the time, quite relaxed.

We met subsequently at a number of restaurants nominated by Philby. During these long Russian meals vodka, wine and brandy flowed freely, and Philby talked lengthily, even compulsively. He is clearly a sociable type of drinker and he seems to have an iron head; I could detect no change in his alertness or joviality as the waiters arrived with relays of 300 grammes of vodka or 600 grammes of Armenian brandy.

The conversations which follow took place in no particular order, and I present them without further comment of my own.

Gerald Brooke and the Krogers. Philby raised this subject himself, spontaneously. "There was an interesting suggestion in *The Economist*," he said. "The idea was that I would be prepared to withdraw my manuscript if the Krogers were exchanged for Brooke. If that were in fact a condition of the Krogers being released, of course I would withdraw my book."

I asked, "Is that a message for someone? Do you want that passed on?" Philby replied, "No, it was just an idea I had." I asked, "Why are you so anxious to make this exchange with the Krogers?"

Philby: "Our position is that the Krogers are innocent of the charges on which they were convicted. They were personal, not political friends of Gordon Lonsdale. We don't dispute that people like Gordon and Colonel Abel were our agents, highly skilled professionals, but we cannot agree that the Krogers were the top-level agents they are being represented as, or indeed our agents at all except in the sense of being friends of Lonsdale's."

I asked, "Did you write Lonsdale's memoirs?"

Philby: "Gordon is a very talented fellow but he is no literary man. I looked over his manuscript." Continuing on the Krogers, he said: "We hear that they are deteriorating in prison. Kroger, we are informed, is covered in eczema. The conditions they are being held under are inhumanly severe."

I said, "I suppose a very close eye is being kept on them after Blake's escape."

Philby: "Perhaps. In any event, we consider this exchange could well take place. Now, look at the other side. It's a pity about Brooke, he really was a silly fellow. He got involved with the NTS (The

"People's Labour Front", a venerable Russian refugee organisation) and they gave him a list of people to contact who were supposed to be working inside the Soviet Union. We have penetrated what is left of the NTS so thoroughly that the very first person he contacted was a KGB man. All this came out at Brooke's trial and is well known in the West."

I said, "There seems to be a feeling in the West that Brooke was more or less innocently handing out anti-Communist literature and was grabbed by your people in order to exchange him off for the Krogers."

Philby: "Well, check it out with any of your Russian-speaking colleagues here in Moscow." (I did: Philby's version of Brooke's activities seemed to square with the reports of people who attended his trial.)

Philby continued: "Now, the NTS really belongs to the CIA. It used to be financed by the SIS but it was handed over to the CIA some time in 1950. I ought to know—it was me who handed it over. This certainly makes Brooke some sort of Western agent, doesn't it? It's up to you and the Americans to decide who wants him back."

I said: "Are you helping things along by ill-treating Brooke, as you are reported to be doing in the West?" Philby: "In the first place Brooke is our prisoner and we are treating him in accordance with Soviet laws, not your laws. He is being treated like any other prisoner would be in his position. After all, he is in prison. You don't expect to get all this (indicating a table spread with vodka, caviare and wine) in prison. Prisons tend to be unpleasant places. That's why I always took good care to keep out."

I asked, "Does this suggestion that you would withdraw your book if the Krogers were exchanged come from your superiors?"

Philby: "No, it is my own idea. I feel I would like to do whatever I can personally to get these people out. Perhaps two for one seems a bad bargain in the West, but we will just have to face the fact that the Western side always comes out worst in this type of exchange, for the simple reason that we have more, and better agents than you have. We get Colonel Abel, a first-class man, for Garry Powers, who was only a pilot, for the simple reason that you have no one as good over here for us to catch."

Himself: "I love life, women and children, food and drink, I love all that and I want other people to be able to enjoy it all to the full, too" said Philby. I asked him how he felt about leaving his own family. "I suppose I am really two people," he said. "I am a private person and a political person. Of course, if there is a conflict, the political person comes first." I said this sounded one of the bleakest, saddest things I had heard anyone say for a long time. He shrugged his shoulders. I asked how he reacted to the charge that he was a traitor. "To betray, you must first belong," he said. "I never belonged. I have followed exactly the same line the whole of my adult life. The fight against fascism and the fight against imperialism were, fundamentally, the same fight."

Daniel and Sinyavsky, the imprisoned writers: "I was

completely against it, I thought the whole thing was a regrettable reversion to the old spirit. Of course, they were guilty as charged, smuggling their criticism of the Soviet Union abroad to be published. They should have got a week in jail, or perhaps a public censure from their colleagues in the Writers' Union. What's the point of sending them to a labour camp? But you have to make some allowances for what these Russians have been through at the hands of foreign invaders—they're sensitive on the area of their own people getting involved with foreigners. You can understand even if you don't agree. The old spirit survives here and there, but you'll have to admit these sentences were against the whole direction things have been taking here."

His book. "My book is about 80,000 words long. No more than eight pages are political, in the sense of discussing the merits of Communism. Of course, many young people became Communists in the early 'thirties; the question, in my case is why I remained one, and saw it through to the end, through the Stalin period and everything else. I make my position clear on these matters. The main part of my book is an account of my work with the SIS, CIA and FBI in my years in the West. I name the colleagues I was involved with, but not in an unkindly way, I hope: just setting down the facts. I think the truth should come out."

I said, "Your superiors must think this publication will help the Soviet side." Philby: "Of course: I am a serving officer of the KGB. Naturally, I say nothing about my work for the KGB in my book, and my history becomes rather general after about 1955—I have to think about protecting our own operations after that date."

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

K
TO : Mr. W. C. Sullivan *[Signature]*

DATE: December 27, 1967

1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]

[Redacted list of names]

FROM : W. A. Branigan *[Signature]*

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY,
Also Known As Kim Philby
ESPIONAGE - RUSSIA

[Signature]

Philby is the former MI-6 (British Intelligence Service) officer and admitted Soviet agent who fled to Russia in 1963 and is still there. He was in the U.S. from October, 1949 until June, 1951, as the MI-6 liaison representative accredited to the FBI although actually he was mainly in contact with the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), the American counterpart of MI-6.

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Memorandum W. A. Branigan to W. C. Sullivan
RE: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY

ACTION:

Bureau cases identified in the attached list have been reviewed to determine how Philby's status as a Soviet agent may have affected Bureau operations at that time and how it might affect Bureau operations today. There are attached individual memoranda on these Bureau cases with our observations on these points.

AW

MACLEAN -- BURGESS CASE

Kim Philby's knowledge of this matter during his assignment in the United States had no adverse effect on Bureau operations at the time since this was primarily a British matter. By the same token, his knowledge of this case would not have any effect whatever on present Bureau operations.

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ELIZABETH TERRILL BENTLEY

A. Background

The late Elizabeth Bentley joined the Communist Party in 1935 and in the Summer of 1941 was used by Soviet agent [redacted] as an espionage courier between New York and Washington, D. C. From 1941 through 1944 she was in contact with the Silvermaster and Perlo Espionage Groups as well as others working for Soviet intelligence on an individual basis. The information obtained by Bentley concerned many Government agencies. In 1945 Bentley furnished voluminous information regarding the above operations to this Bureau.

B. [redacted] Requests For Information Regarding Bentley And Bureau Response

A review of Bureau files in this regard notes two main cases concerning Elizabeth Bentley. One, Bureau file [redacted], is the [redacted] Case consisting of 161 sections. Sections 148-151 cover the period June 1, 1949, through October 27, 1951, were reviewed and no [redacted] requests for information were noted.

Bureau file [redacted], the informant file regarding Bentley, was reviewed for the period September 8, 1948, through January, 1952, and no evidence of a [redacted] request was noted.

It should be noted, however, that Bentley had initially furnished information to this Bureau in 1945 and had testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948. Additionally, at the time Philby was in the United States, she had begun her magazine serialization entitled "My Life As A Spy" and preparations had been made for publication of her subversive experiences in book form.

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ELIZABETH TERRILL BENTLEY

**C. Effect on FBI of Philby's Knowledge of This Information
During 1949 and 1951**

Inasmuch as the initial Bentley disclosures were made available ~~in 1945~~ in 1945, it would appear that by late 1949 this information would not have had too great a significance to Philby, particularly in view of Bentley's testimony, appearance as a witness on numerous occasions, and publicity afforded to her. It would have been interesting but would appear to have been of limited operational significance.

D. Present Effect on FBI of Philby's Knowledge

The fact that Philby became aware of some of Bentley's information could be embarrassing but of no operational significance at present.

5 148

Memorandum W. A. Branigan to W. C. Sullivan
RE: BOOK REVIEW; "THE THIRD MAN" [REDACTED]

conclusions such as his statement on page 136 that the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) investigation showed Donald Maclean was handled by Arthur Adams during part of his stay in the U.S. In order to make this sound reasonable, the author refers to Adams as a KGB (Committee of State Security) agent when in truth Adams was a GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence) agent. Again on page 162 he states during the investigation of Colonel Rudolph Abel by the FBI, two witnesses identified a photograph of Philby as a person they had seen at Abel's studio in 1951. This, of course, is pure fiction.

There are several other instances in the book where the author exercises his imagination in order to make all the pieces of this case fit into his own preconceived notion of exactly how this case developed. The balance of the book tells the story of the flight of all three of these individuals behind the Iron Curtain, the death of Burgess, and marriage of Philby to Mrs. Maclean. It adds nothing new to the case.

THE AUTHOR:

Bureau files show that E. H. Cookridge, whose true name is [REDACTED], has written several books on espionage. [REDACTED] have previously told us that he prepares his books from overt sources such as newspaper articles and other publications. His most recent book was entitled "Shadow of a Spy" which purported to tell the story of George Blake, British intelligence officer who was a Soviet agent.

THE PUBLISHER:

The publisher of this book is Arthur Barker, Limited, of London, England. Bureau files contain no identifiable information relating to this company.

MENTION OF THE FBI:

On page 163 the author quotes from the "FBI Story" the order attributed to the Director after the secrets of the atomic bomb had been stolen "to find the thieves." He says this order put every FBI Agent on alert and over 80 Agents were kept busy for months on ". . . the rather paltry case against Judith Coplon -- a case which was finally thrown out by the U.S. Supreme Court." In furtherance of the Director's order he states that ". . . forgotten suspects were run in and put through third degree interrogations." In this paragraph the author is running down the importance of the Coplon case and shows the Bureau in a bad light when he refers to third degree interrogations.

ACTION: For information. It is recommended that this book be placed in the Bureau Library.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : The Director

DATE: 2/23/68

FROM : N. P. Callahan

SUBJECT: The Congressional Record

Pages H1265-H1273. Congressman Ashbrook, (R) Ohio, spoke concerning the Otepka case. He stated "His case gives a penetrating insight into questionable State Department policies which have found lax security, favoritism, subversion, immorality, and dishonesty tolerated if not fostered, while at the same time honest public servants are given the kangaroo court or official cold-shoulder treatment. - - - The vital need for unbreachable security procedures has been pointed up during the past two decades by many cases of defections, disappearances, suicides, arrests, scandals, and the like, but nowhere, not even in the phenomenal Richard Sorge case, have there been situations to rival those of Harold 'Kim' Philby, Guy Burgess, and Don Maclean. Mr. Ashbrook set forth information concerning activities of Philby, Burgess and Maclean. He pointed out that "With recent disclosures in the British press there can remain little doubt as to who was responsible for the intelligence leak in Washington which so benefited the Chinese Reds. Philby arrived in Washington as British liaison to the FBI and CIA and in November 1950, Maclean came to Washington as head of the Foreign Office's American department. The Washington Post of October 16, 1967, excerpted material from the London Sunday Times relating to Maclean's role in the Korean affair." Mr. Ashbrook also comments on other cases of lax security by the State Department and the treatment accorded certain personnel by the State Department for their efforts in trying to enforce strict security regulations. Mr. Ashbrook concluded "Otto Otepka illustrates the torturous ordeal that good government employees must go through when they challenge the officialdom in Washington, particularly in the State Department. His case stands as an indictment of the State Department and its policies."

Adjournment: Until Thursday, February 22, 1968, at 12 noon.

NOT RECORDED

141 MAR 18 1968

In the original of a memorandum captioned and dated as above, the Congressional Record for 2/11/68 was reviewed and pertinent items were marked for the Director's attention. This form has been prepared in order that portions of a copy of the original memorandum may be clipped, mounted, and placed in appropriate Bureau case or subject matter files.

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March 15, 1968

Airtel

EX-114

1 - [REDACTED]

BP

To: Legat, Paris ([REDACTED])

From: REC 6 Director, FBI [REDACTED]

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESP - R

Reurlet 2/2/68.

There is attached one copy of a blind memorandum which answers certain questions concerning the above captioned case. This memorandum should be delivered to

[REDACTED]

he posed certain questions concerning Philby which along with the answers thereto are set out in the attached memorandum.

[REDACTED] None of the information contained therein is classified.

152

1 - [REDACTED]
1 - [REDACTED]
1 - [REDACTED]
1 - [REDACTED]
1 - [REDACTED]
1 - [REDACTED]

1. Did Burgess engineer his own recall to England?

The only persons who could answer this question are Burgess or Kim Philby. If Philby did use Burgess as a courier, it was the most unprofessional way to alert Maclean that he was under investigation. In a normal Soviet espionage operation, Soviet agents have both means of regular access to their Soviet handlers as well as emergency methods of contact. In normal operations, it would have been sufficient for Philby to alert his Soviet handler who could have taken over and relayed the information to appropriate officials. By using Burgess, Philby unnecessarily compromised all three of these valuable agents. In addition, he knew that Burgess was a drunkard and a homosexual and would not be considered a reliable courier since he could well have revealed his operation while in a drunken stupor on his way back to England. Such a procedure leads to the question, "Was Philby actually in contact with the Soviets during this period?"

2. Did Burgess purposely commit his offenses--drunkenness, et cetera,--to make his recall necessary?

It would not be out of character for Burgess, a known homosexual and alcoholic, to do exactly what he did in the United States.

3. Was there anything on him politically--any connection with the Soviets, et cetera?

Both Burgess and Maclean were posted to the United States as accredited British diplomats and enjoyed all the privileges and immunity granted to representatives of foreign governments in the United States. Any doubts of their Soviet connections were dispelled by later investigations conducted in England as well as the Petrov revelations made in 1955.

4. Can we tell anything about Maclean's access to secret information while he was here?

As head of the Chancery of the British Embassy, Maclean would have had access to incoming and outgoing communications regarding political matters. Also, he was the representative of the United Kingdom on a joint American, United Kingdom, and Canadian committee concerning atomic energy matters. As noted in the book, "The Third Man," by E. N. Cookridge, Maclean regularly visited atomic energy installations and was one of the few high-ranking officials cleared by United States security and given special passes.

JPL:slc (8) *slc*

MAIL ROOM TELETYPE UNIT

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ENCLOSURE SEE NOTE PAGE THREE.

[REDACTED]

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JP

In addition, on pages 131-133 of this same book, there is reference to information which Maclean and Burgess might have had access to. Also, the September 30, 1955, issue of "U.S. News and World Report" contains an article on how information from Burgess and Maclean could have influenced the Chinese entrance into the Korean conflict. The article is entitled "How Two Spies Lost the U.S. a War."

5. Can we tell anything about the damages done by Burgess and Maclean, that is, the damage assessment?

Inasmuch as these individuals had no contact with our organization, the extent of any such damages would have to come from those agencies with whom they did maintain contact.

6. What grounds were there for believing that Philby was "the third man" in 1951?

The main ground was the fact that Burgess, who lived with and was on intimate terms with Philby, had fled with Maclean to the Soviet Union. Philby, as the British intelligence representative in Washington, D. C., would have been expected to be aware of the investigation leading to the identification of Maclean as a Soviet agent. In the light of the Volkov case and the Albanian fiasco, Philby became a strong candidate for "the third man."

7. Any assessment concerning Philby's life in Washington--his political views, relationship with Burgess, social and personal life?

Philby enjoyed the normal social life of any British diplomat in Washington and no secret was made of the fact that Burgess lived in his home.

8. Can we furnish a damage assessment on Philby--how much did he really hurt us?

No such assessment can be made. It is extremely interesting to note, however, that Philby as the MI-6 representative on the scene in Washington was aware of the results of the Anglo-United States investigation leading to the identification of Klaus Fuchs. He also knew of the interrogation of Fuchs as well as the full cooperation given by him. Yet, no action was taken by the Soviets to save any American members of the espionage ring which ultimately was uncovered as a result of the Fuchs's revelations. This leads one inevitably to

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI [REDACTED]

DATE: 3/19/68

FROM : LEGAT, PARIS [REDACTED] (P)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
ESP - R.

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Luce
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Luce

Remylet to Bureau 2/2/68.

Enclosed is the first of a series of extractions from PHILBY's memoirs which appeared in "Le Figaro," a Paris morning daily newspaper on 3/16/68. Subsequent articles are not appearing daily and not at fixed intervals. The article indicates that the next article will be "PHILBY Explains the Volkov Affair."

We will remain alert for subsequent articles and they will be furnished to the Bureau for translation.

A forward to the enclosed article on the first page indicates that the book entitled "Ma Guerre Invisible" will appear in Paris soon in French. "Le Figaro" has exclusive rights for the publication in French. We will be alert for the appearance of the book and this will be immediately reviewed when it is available for information of interest to the Bureau.

(MY INVISIBLE WAR)

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L'AFFAIRE PHILBY

par Philby

KIM PHILBY, citoyen britannique et membre important de l'Intelligence Service, a été pendant près de trente ans l'un des plus efficaces agents des services d'espionnage soviétiques.

Le personnage ressemble étrangement à ces agents doubles dont les romans d'espionnage racontent les aventures. Mais il ne s'agit point ici de fiction. Kim Philby, agissant pour le compte des services soviétiques au sein même des services de renseignements britanniques, est un homme, en chair et en os, qui a été mêlé à de nombreuses affaires d'espionnage et notamment aux activités et à la fuite survenues en 1951 de deux de ses compatriotes, Burgess et McLean, comme lui agents de Moscou.

On peut se demander comment Kim Philby, dont les sympathies communistes étaient bien connues, parvint à s'introduire aussi aisément dans les services secrets britanniques. L'explication doit être trouvée sans doute dans la vulnérabilité de ces services au moment où Philby y pénétra, de leur mode de recrutement, dans les rivalités qui opposaient entre elles les diverses sections du S.I.S. (Secret Intelligence Service).

On peut se demander aussi comment Philby parvint à jouer impunément pendant tant d'années le rôle difficile et dangereux qu'il avait assumé. Ce n'est qu'en 1963, en effet, qu'il comprit, après plusieurs alertes, que le moment était venu pour lui de s'éloigner et de se réfugier en U.R.S.S., où il vit aujourd'hui. L'explication réside cette fois dans les capacités hors série de ce maître de l'espionnage, dans son intelligence vertueuse, mais aussi dans son instinct, dans son aptitude exceptionnelle

à dissimuler, à tricher toujours et dans une sang-froid aisé.

Le Sunday Times de Londres avait publié l'année dernière un récit de cette extraordinaire carrière reconstituée après une enquête menée par quelques journalistes appartenant à la rédaction de notre confrère qui avait utilisé les révélations que Philby avait faites à son fils lorsque ce dernier était allé lui rendre visite à Moscou.

Cette fois, c'est Kim Philby lui-même qui parle et Le Figaro s'est assuré l'exclusivité pour la France d'une série d'articles extraits de ses « Mémoires », qui paraîtront prochainement en librairie chez Robert Laffont sous le titre « Ma guerre invisible ».

Ce n'est pas sans hésitation que nous avons décidé de publier ces textes. Philby, qu'il se justifie comme il le veut, et si ne manque pas de le faire, est un traître à son pays. Qui plus est, son action néfaste n'a pas été occasionnelle, mais bien systématique, pendant plus de trente années. Le fait qu'il n'ait pas agi, semble-t-il, par intérêt personnel, mais en fonction d'un idéal politique ne change rien à l'affaire.

Mais, quelle que soit la répugnance que l'on puisse avoir pour ce genre de personnage, la réalité de son action demeure. Devant l'incertitude des résultats obtenus par Philby une question vient immédiatement à l'esprit. Comment tout cela a-t-il été possible ? Philby y répond, précisément, et comme il est évidemment la seul à pouvoir le faire, c'est là une information digne à nos yeux d'être rendue publique.

Bien entendu, nous lui laissons l'entière responsabilité de ses déclarations.

R. M.

17 MARS, 1968

CINQ



Chape et col de fourrure, un Soviétique en apparence comme les autres : c'est Kim Philby, photographié il y a quelques semaines.
à Moscou.

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Ce livre assez court a été rédigé depuis mon arrivée à Moscou, il y a près de cinq ans.

Quand j'atteignis la conclusion provisoire de mon ouvrage, Pété dernier, en 1967, je réfléchis longtemps à l'opportunité de le publier et consultai quelques amis à cet égard. De l'avis général, auquel je me ralliais à l'époque, la publication devait en être retardée jusqu'à nouvel ordre. La raison principale de cette décision tenait à ce que cette publication semblait devoir causer une effervescence particulière, avec des complications internationales dont il était difficile de prévoir la nature. Je décidais donc de mettre de côté provisoirement mes manuscrits.

Cette situation a été complètement transformée par les articles qui ont paru dans le Sunday Times et l'Observer, au mois d'octobre. Ces articles, en dépit d'un certain nombre d'inexactitudes sur les faits et d'erreurs d'interprétation (et, je le crains, d'élégances un peu excessives de mes propres talents) offrent un portrait assez véridique de ma carrière. Il fut aussitôt inconnu, bien entendu, par des journaux rivaux, que le Sunday Times et l'Observer avaient été victimes d'un gigantesque complot. L'absurdité de cette prise de position a déjà été exposée dans le Sunday Times. Pour ma part, je peux simplement ajouter qu'une occasion m'a été offerte de revoir le manuscrit des articles du Sunday Times avant la publication, et, qu'après réflexion, j'ai décliné cette proposition. Il m'a semblé que la direction du journal devait être prête à soutenir le point de vue auquel s'était arrêté sa propre rédaction, et que l'objectivité

des articles serait trop aisément mise en cause et moi, à la fois juge et partie, trop intéressé à l'affaire, j'intervenais. Comme je n'ai pas modifié la situation. Les conséquences entraînées par la mise au jour de la vérité, nous devons maintenant les assumer irrévocablement pour le meilleur ou pour le pire. Je peux donc présenter mon livre au public sans encourir l'accusation de vouloir remuer le bous. Mon but est simplement de corriger certaines contre-vérités et interprétations fautive, et de présenter une version plus exacte et plus authentique des faits.

La première crise sérieuse de ma carrière s'est étalée sur une longue période allant,

approximativement du début de 1951 à la fin de 1955. Tout au long de cette période, j'ai été soutenu par la pensée que personne ne pour- rait soupçonner d'avoir le même lien avec des organisations communistes pour la simple raison que je n'avais jamais appartenu à aucune. Les trente premières années de mon travail au service de la cause à laquelle je croyais ont été passées depuis le début dans la clandestinité. Cette longue phase a commencé en Europe centrale au mois de juin 1933; elle s'est achevée au Liban en janvier 1963. Alors seulement fus-je en mesure d'apparaître sous mes vraies couleurs, celles d'un officier des services secrets soviétiques.

et de me tenir prêt à rejoindre mon poste auprès de tout corps expéditionnaire britannique qui pourrait être envoyé sur le front de l'Ouest. Je ne pouvais guère espérer mieux dans les circonstances. Tout correspondant de guerre doué d'un esprit curieux pouvait y amasser une quantité considérable de renseignements que la censure ne lui permettrait pas de divulguer, et mon expérience en Espagne n'avait appris quel était le genre de questions à poser. Sur ces entrefaites, le Quartier général britannique fut installé à Arras. Je passais la plupart de mes week-ends dans l'anonyme agitation de la capitale française et non dans le seul but de m'y retrouver en galante compagnie. Mais si intéressant fut-il, mon poste à Arras n'était pas encore satisfaisant. Mes amis soviétiques m'avaient dit et répété en termes pressants que je devais accorder la priorité absolue à ma pénétration dans les services secrets britanniques.

C'était alors la période où les services secrets en question jouissaient encore d'une très bonne réputation. Avant le départ des correspondants de guerre pour la France au début d'octobre, je posais çà et là quelques jalons. Puis il ne me resta plus qu'à attendre. Ce livre relate de façon incomplète bien que détaillée comment cette nouvelle entreprise fut couronnée de succès.

Au cas où la doute subsisterait encore dans certains esprits soupçonneux, un certain exposé des faits s'impose peut-être. Dès le sortir de mon adolescence, je suis devenu un membre à part entière des ser-

De Ribbentrop au général Franco

Après environ un an d'activité clandestine en Europe centrale, je retournais en Angleterre. J'eus les plus grandes difficultés à trouver un moyen de subsister. C'est alors qu'un événement se produisit. En l'espace de quelques semaines, j'abandonnais tous mes amis politiques, et commençais à fréquenter les réceptions à l'Ambassade d'Allemagne. Je fis partie du Comité d'Alliance France-Allemagne, et entrepris une série de démarches s'inscrivant dans une tentative, d'ailleurs avortée, pour lancer avec des fonds nazis un journal destiné à favoriser les bonnes relations entre la Grande-Bretagne et l'Allemagne. En dépit de tous mes efforts, cette étrange aventure se solda par un échec, car un autre groupe nous

avait pris de vitesse. Mais tandis que les négociations étaient en cours, je fis plusieurs voyages à Berlin, pour prendre contact avec le ministre de la propagande et le Dienststelle Ribbentrop. Personne jusqu'ici n'a suggéré que j'étais passé du communisme au nazisme. L'explication plus simple, et d'ailleurs véridique, est que les liens cachés ou non existant entre la Grande-Bretagne et l'Allemagne à l'époque causaient de sérieux soucis au gouvernement soviétique.

La guerre d'Espagne éclata pendant l'une de mes visites à Berlin. Les Nazis poussaient des cris de triomphe, et ce ne fut qu'une fois rentré en Angleterre que j'appris que le général Franco n'avait pas envahi tout le pays, mais qu'il fallait s'attendre à une longue guerre civile. Je fus alors envoyé en territoire espagnol occupé par les fascistes en vue de m'y installer et, à long terme, de m'assurer une position aussi proche que possible des sphères d'action officielles. Cette mission fut menée à bien puisque dans l'espace de quelques semaines, je devins le correspondant accrédité du « Times » auprès des forces franquistes, et les suivis comme tel pendant tout le temps que dura cette guerre désastreuse. Encore une fois, personne n'a suggéré que ce travail fit de moi un phalangiste. La même explication, banale, reste valable: je me trouvais là en service commandé par le gouvernement soviétique.

Au mois d'août 1939, comme les menaces de guerre s'amassaient rapidement au-dessus de Danzig, le « Times » me demanda de laisser tomber l'Espagne,

Je quitte Car un diplôme et

Comment tout cela a-t-il pu commencer ? Ma décision de jouer un rôle actif dans la lutte contre la réaction ne fut pas le résultat d'une conversion subite. Dès que je m'intéressai aux problèmes politiques, je me tournai aussitôt vers le mouvement travailliste; et l'un de mes premiers gestes, en arrivant à Cambridge en 1929, fut de me joindre à la société socialiste de l'Université de Cambridge. Durant les deux premières années, j'assistai avec régularité à toutes ses réunions. Mais je ne pris jamais grand part à ses activités. Au fur et mesure de mes lectures, je pris peu à peu conscience du fait que le Labour Party, en Grande-Bretagne, avait une position très

REG

aux arts ménagers

sur le stand TAPISIERE

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... de renseignements sovié-
tiques. Je peux donc préten-
dre que je suis resté un offi-
cier de renseignements sovié-
tiques pendant environ trente
ans, et que je le resterai sans
doute jusqu'à la mort ou, du
moins jusqu'à ce que l'âge et
le déclin m'obligent à prendre
ma retraite. Mais l'essentiel de
mes activités s'est toujours
déroulé dans des domaines
normalement réservés, du
moins chez les Anglais et les
Américains, aux agents. Je me
déclarai donc moi-même à par-
tir de maintenant comme un agent.

On a récemment parlé de moi
comme d'un agent double ou mé-
me triple. Si l'on veut dire par là
que je travaillais avec un zèle
égal pour deux ou plusieurs côtés
à la fois, c'est une erreur consi-
dérable. Tout au long de ma car-
rière, je suis demeuré un agent
de pénétration directe travaillant
dans l'intérêt du gouvernement
britannique. Le fait que je sois en-
tré dans les services secrets bri-
tanniques ne change rien à l'af-
faire : j'ai toujours considéré mes
missions dans le S.I.S. (Service
de renseignement britannique)
comme une activité de couver-
ture que je devais assumer avec
un sens de compétence pour assu-
rer les positions dans lesquelles
je rendrais à l'Union Soviétique
les services les plus efficaces.
Mon rôle dans le S.I.S. doit être
envisagé à la lumière de mon dé-
vouement total à la cause de
l'Union Soviétique que je con-
sidérais alors comme je le fais en-
core maintenant comme la forte-
resse intérieure du mouvement
mondial révolutionnaire.

Cambridge avec une conviction

... marge des grands courants de la
gauche considérée comme une
force mondiale. Mais c'est avec la
déconfiture et la déroute du La-
bour Party en 1931 que se déter-
mina mon orientation politique.

Ce livre n'est pas un ouvrage
d'histoire ou de polémique,
ni un traité. C'est une rela-
tion personnelle, et j'ai l'in-
tention de m'écarter aussi peu
que possible de mon thème
principal. Il suffit, par consé-
quent, de dire ici que ce fut
l'écroulement du Labour Party
de 1931 qui me décida pour
le premier fois à songer sé-
rieusement à une alternative
possible à cette conception
politique. Je commençai à

participer de plus près aux
activités du C.U.S.S. (1), et je
devins son trésorier en 1932-
1933. Ceci me mit en contact
avec les fractions de l'aile gau-
che du Labour Party connues
des communistes. La lecture
assidue et l'analyse des classi-
ques du socialisme européen
alternaient avec des dis-
cussions animées et parfois
même brûlantes au sein de la
société. Ce fut un processus

Une impossibilité : renoncer à la politique

J'ai depuis longtemps perdu
mon diplôme (en fait, je crois
qu'il est en possession du MI 5)
(2) mais j'ai gardé mes convic-
tions. C'est ici, peut-être, qu'un
doute peut assaillir le lecteur. Il
ne peut être vraiment surprenant
que j'aie adopté un point de vue
communiste au cours des années
30 ; nombre de mes contempo-
rains ont opéré le même choix.
Mais ils sont également nombreux
ceux qui, ayant fait à l'époque
ce choix, ont changé de côté lors-
que les pires aspects du stali-
nisme se sont mis en évidence.
Je n'ai pas dévié de ma ligne ;
il est logique de demander pour-
quoi.

Pour un être humain moyen
dépouillé du don de la mémoire
totale, il est extrêmement diffi-
cile de décrire avec exactitude
comment il a abouti à telle ou
telle décision. Il y a plus de trente
ans. Dans mon propre cas, une
tentative de ce genre serait d'une
lecture particulièrement aride.
Mais comme la question sera po-
sée il faut y répondre, même si
cette réponse est particulièrement
simplifiée.

Lorsqu'il devint clair que les
choses allaient vraiment mal
en Union soviétique, il m'apparut
que trois possibilités d'ac-
tion s'offraient à moi. Tout
d'abord, je pouvais renoncer
complètement à la politique.
Cela, je le savais, était impos-
sible. Il est vrai que j'ai des
intérêts et des enthousiasmes
en dehors de la politique ;
mais c'est la politique seule
qui donne un sens et une
cohérence à ma vie. Deuxièmement,
je pouvais continuer
à avoir une activité politique
sur une base totalement diffé-
rente. Mais dans quelle direc-
tion m'orienterai-je ? La poli-
tique de l'ère Baldwin-Cham-
berlain me frappa alors ; com-
me elle me frappa encore
maintenant, comme une poli-
tique aberrante. Je voyais la

route qui me conduisait à la
position politique des déracinés
sigris de la variété
Kostler-Crankshaw-Muggerid-
ge, injuriant le mouvement
qui m'avait laissé tomber, le
Dieu qui m'avait abandonné.
Si lucratif qu'il pût être, ce
destin me semblait sinistre.

La troisième solution qui s'of-
frait à moi était de tenir bon et
de garder toute ma confiance
dans les principes de la Révolution
en étant persuadé qu'ils sur-
vivraient aux erreurs des indi-
vidus, si énormes fussent-elles
être. Tel fut le choix auquel je
me ralliai, aidé en partie par la
raison, en partie par l'instinct.

Cela jette quelque lumière sur
mon attitude par rapport aux ou-
trances du culte de Staline. Mais
je n'ai maintenant plus de doute
sur le verdict de l'Histoire. Ma
foi persistante dans le commu-
nisme ne signifie pas que mes
points de vue et mes attitudes
soient demeurés fossilisés du-
rant une trentaine d'années. Elles
ont été, au contraire, influencées
et modifiées parfois rudement
par les événements terribles qui
se sont succédé durant ma vie.
Je me suis querellé avec mes amis
politiques sur les sujets les plus
importants et je le fais encore.
Il reste encore une somme consi-
dérable de travail à faire ; il y
aura des hauts et des bas. Cer-
tains progrès que j'espérais voir
de mon vivant il y a trente ans
attendront peut-être une généra-
tion ou deux. Mais quand je re-

garde Moscou de la fenêtre de
mon bureau, je peux contempler
les solides fondations de l'avenir
que j'entrevois à Cambridge...

Kim Philby.

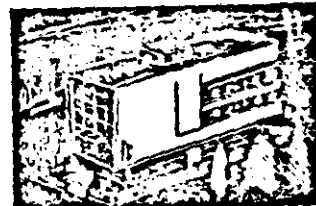
(1) Cambridge University Socialist
Society.

(2) Service responsable du contre-
espionnage et de la sécurité en
Grande-Bretagne et dans tous les
territoires en dépendant.

© 1968, Grove Press Inc.

Prochain article :
**PHILBY EXPLIQUE
L'AFFAIRE VOLKOV**

faites étape
à mâcon



...et
**frantel
mâcon!**

Découvrez un nouveau confort.
Découvrez un nouveau service.
Découvrez un nouvel accueil dans un
hôtel "3 étoiles" moderne.

- Vous trouverez à frantel mâcon :
 - le calme des bords de Saône
 - le grand confort d'un hôtel neuf
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 - des prix forts :
 - chambre 1 pers. 40 50 F
 - chambre 2 pers. 50 65 F
 - petits déjeuners, taxes et service compris
 - bar, restaurant-grill (menu rapide à 15 F).
 - salons de réceptions et séminaires.
 - Terrasse, PARKING

Si vous passez par Mâcon,
arrêtez-vous à frantel mâcon

frantel
Nouvelles chaînes
Bâtiments Français

Colle Tik
à tampon-étaleur éponge
BUREAU COLES

Vente par correspondance
des magasins, drogueries,
ou votre fournisseur habituel est conseillé
RUE DE SPARKETT - BOULAN

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum



X
REC-71
[Handwritten notes and signatures on the right margin]

TO : Mr. W. C. Sullivan

DATE: 3/18/68

FROM : D. J. Brennan, Jr. *DJB*

SUBJECT: HAROLD KIM PHILBY
ESPIONAGE - RUSSIA

Reference is made to the enclosed article, which appeared in "The Washington Post" on 3/15/68, wherein it is stated that Philby's memoirs under the title of "My Silent War" were being released on 3/15/68 by Grove Press in New York City. We previously obtained a transcript of these memoirs which were reviewed with appropriate comments and observations (memorandum Branigan to Sullivan, "Harold Kim Philby," 2/19/68). With regard to the release of the memoirs, "The Washington Post" was referring to the first part of Philby's memoirs which appeared in the April, 1968, issue of the magazine "Evergreen"; this hit the newsstands on 3/15/68.

WASH. Post 3-15-68

Philby Tells of His Spy Role Here in Book Released Today



Associated Press

HAROLD PHILBY
writes of spy role

While serving as a Soviet spy, Harold (Kim) Philby sat on a Special Policy Committee in Washington which planned and executed joint British-American clandestine intelligence missions in Albania and the Ukraine.

Philby represented British Intelligence on the Committee. The other members he identifies as Robert Joyce, representing the State Department; Frank Lindsay of the Central Intelligence Agency, and Earl Jellicoe, from the British Embassy. Joyce is now retired and lives in Greece.

Philby reveals this in his memoirs "My Silent War," released today by Grove Press in New York.

The clandestine operation in Albania, he contends, took place in 1949, and involved the landing "of a small party" in Albania "to detach it . . . from the socialist bloc." He describes the operation as "futile from the beginning."

CIA Is Silent

The operations in the Ukraine took place from 1949 to 1951, Philby writes, and involved six British parachute drops and "some" CIA couriers.

"I do not know what happened to the parties concerned," Philby writes, "but I can make an informed guess."

The CIA yesterday had no comment.

"My Silent War" will be "must" reading in both the CIA and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, not only for its description of clandestine operations but also for its intimate personal descriptions of the men he dealt with in both agencies. During his two years

in Washington he served as British Intelligence liaison officer with both the CIA and the FBI.

He identifies his chief contacts in the CIA as James Angleton and William J. Howard. Of Angleton, he says, "We formed the habit of lunching once a week at Harvey's . . . He was one of the thinnest men I have ever met, and one of the biggest eaters. Lucky Jim!"

A Gentle Snore

He describes meeting Angleton "for a pleasant hour in a bar," just after he had been ordered home to London as a suspected spy. The CIA official "did not seem to appreciate the gravity of my personal position," Philby says.

Philby describes Howard as falling asleep at dinner at his house one night and "snoring gently until midnight when his wife took him away." He adds that Howard "cooperated well . . . in the construction of the famous Berlin tunnel."

Philby says he once asked FBI director J. Edgar Hoover what he "really thought" of Senate Joseph R. McCarthy. He quotes Hoover as replying: "Well, I often meet Joe at the race track, but he has never given me a winner yet."

Philby says that the expulsion of British diplomat-spy Guy Burgess from Washington in 1951—ostensibly for abusing his diplomatic status—was all part of a Communist conspiracy.

The Communists needed Burgess back in London quickly to warn fellow diplomat-spy Donald Maclean of

his imminent arrest and to take charge of Maclean's "rescue," Philby writes.

Ingenious and Simple

The scheme was ingenious and simple, although it required the unwitting cooperation of Virginia Gov. John S. Battle, British Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks and Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Burgess was simply told to go out and get arrested three times in one day for drunk and reckless driving in Virginia, Philby says.

Burgess did. Battle obliged by protesting vehemently to the State Department. The State Department obliged by protesting to the British Embassy, and Ambassador Franks obliged by sending Burgess back to London pronto, Philby says.

Once in London, Burgess tipped off Maclean that British intelligence was aware of his spying for the Soviets, and both shortly flew the coop to Moscow, Philby writes.

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ENCLOSURE

Memorandum W. A. Branigan to W. C. Sullivan
RE: BOOK REVIEW
"KIM PHILBY
THE SPY I LOVED"
by Eleanor Philby

THE PUBLISHER:

The publisher is Hamish Hamilton of London, England. Bureau files contain references to this firm which appear to relate to legitimate book publishing activities.

MENTION OF THE FBI:

On page 122, Mrs. Philby tells of being interviewed by Bureau Agents following her arrival in the United States in 1964 and comments that she was struck by how decent they were. She describes the Agents as ". . . two young men in Brooks Brothers suits, very polite and discreet." There are no other references to the Bureau in the book.

ACTION:

It is recommended that this book be placed in the Bureau Library.

JH *APW* *wcs/sonu*

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (██████████)

DATE: 3/22/68

FROM: *WEP* LEGAT, PARIS (██████████) (P)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
ESP - R

Remylet to Bureau, 3/19/68.

Enclosed is the third of a series of articles from PHILBY's memoirs which appeared in the "Le Figaro," a Paris morning daily newspaper, on 3/22/68.

In the enclosed article, PHILBY discusses his position as the MI6 representative in Washington, D.C., in liaison with the CIA and the FBI. He states that liaison with the FBI, if it was correctly handled, could be a full-time job. He points out that it was during the darkest days of the McCARTHY era, and was during the time of the cases involving HISS, COPLON, FUCHS, GREENGLASS and the courageous ROSENBERGs, not to mention many others who remain anonymous. He states that the liaison with CIA covered a domain much more vast. He then states, "Where should one commence?". He states that since the end of his memoirs concerns mainly the FBI, he has decided to first treat his relations with CIA. He goes on to describe his dealings with CIA headquarters. G

Suggest the enclosed be translated by the Bureau and copies of translation be furnished to this office.

We will continue to follow and advise.

100

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (██████████)

DATE: 3/27/68

FROM : LEGAT, PARIS (██████████) (P)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
ESP - R

[Handwritten initials]

Remylet to Bureau 3/22/68.

Enclosed is the fourth of a series of articles from PHILBY's memoirs which appeared on 3/26/68 in "Le Figaro," a Paris morning daily newspaper.

The enclosed article covers the period of the disappearance of BURGESS and MacLEAN from Washington. It states that following this, GEOFFREY PATERSON, MI-5 representative in Washington, received a long telegram from his headquarters, which PHILBY helped him to decipher. PHILBY states that he was in touch with his Soviet contacts in Washington and that they advised him that the disappearance of BURGESS and MacLEAN might mean trouble for PHILBY. He states that they agreed on an escape plan for him in the event of an extreme emergency.

PHILBY states that the disappearance of BURGESS and MacLEAN presented for him two immediate problems. One was disposing of certain equipment which he had hidden in his residence and the other was to sound out the FBI as to their reaction to the disappearance. The results of the latter could influence his own plans to escape.

PHILBY considered the question of disposing of the material at his residence more urgent but decided to do that later. The telegram which PATERSON had received furnished a good excuse for him to sound out the FBI without delay. The telegram ended with instructions that Mr. LADD of the FBI be advised of its contents. PHILBY stated that PATERSON asked him if he wished to accompany PATERSON to contact LADD.

*Phil to Ladd, + AR
JPL: [unclear] 4/10/68*

ls

3 - Bureau (Enc 1) (1 - Liaison Section)
1 - Paris
NWP:eim
(4)

ENCLOSURE

REL-2

10 APR 1 1968



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Lee

PAR [REDACTED]

PATERSON pointed out that LADD might be embarrassed and that it would be better to have two red faces than one, inferring that PHILBY would be embarrassed too. PHILBY stated that LADD accepted the news with a remarkable calmness. He pointed out that LADD had met BURGESS at his house and had later invited him to his own house.

PHILBY states that after contacting LADD, he and PATERSON returned to the embassy and that he excused himself by stating that he wished to return to his own residence for a drink. He then took a trowel from his garage and placed it in his briefcase and descended into his cellar. There he wrapped photographic equipment, tripod and accessories in waterproof sacks and put them with the trowel. He said he had often thought of such an emergency and had previously formulated plans in his own mind. During the course of frequent trips in his car to Great Falls he had stopped for a half hour between contacts with the FBI and the CIA. He went to this same spot, where he parked his car on the edge of the road in a deserted area, with the Potomac on the left and the woods on the right, and went about 200 meters into the woods where he could not be observed. He then performed his work with the trowel and a few minutes later he returned to his car and went back to his residence, where he worked in the garden with the trowel before eating lunch.

It is suggested that the Bureau may wish to translate the enclosed article in its entirety for record purposes.

Legat, Paris (222222)

4/10/68

Director, FBI [REDACTED]

1 [REDACTED]
1 [REDACTED]

LA-115 REC-125

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
Kim Philby
RSP - R

[REDACTED]

Reurlets 3/27-28/68 forwarding installments four, five and six of Philby's memoirs which appeared in "Le Figaro," a Paris morning daily newspaper. These articles are returned herewith untranslated inasmuch as the same articles are appearing in an English language version.

With regard to the memoirs which will be published in book form in France, the Bureau does not feel it is necessary to obtain a copy of that book when it is published since an English language version is scheduled to be published in the U.S. in May, 1968.

Enclosures - 3

1 - Foreign Liaison Unit (route thru for review)

RL

JPL:wmk
(6)

NOTE: Philby is the former MI-6 agent who defected to Russia and claimed he operated as a Soviet agent for 30 years while working for the British. He has prepared his memoirs which will be published in book form in France and in the U.S. [REDACTED]. The serials running in the French newspapers have not been translated since the same serials have been running in English newspapers.

Handwritten signature

MAILED 24
APR 10 1968
COMM-FBI

APR 10 1968
REC'D
[Handwritten initials]

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Handwritten signatures: ADW, JPR

MAIL ROOM TELETYPE UNIT

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI [REDACTED]

DATE: 3/22/68

FROM : *cap* LEGAT, PARIS ([REDACTED]) (P)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
ESP - R

Remylet to Bureau 3/19/68.

Enclosed for translation by the Bureau is the second extraction from PHILBY's memoirs which appeared in "Le Figaro," a Paris morning daily newspaper, on 3/21/68.

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (██████████)

DATE: 3/28/68

FROM : LEGAT, PARIS (██████████) (P)

SUBJECT: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
ESP - R

Remylet to Bureau 3/27/68.

Enclosed are installments five and six (this is the final installment) of the series of articles appearing in the newspaper "Le Figaro" from PHILBY's memoirs. These articles appeared on 3/27/68 and 3/28/68. They are being submitted to the Bureau for translation.

A review of these articles reveals nothing of particular interest to the Bureau. Article five relates his recall to England and his resignation from MI-6. Article six relates his eventual assignment to Beirut and finally his defection to Moscow.

██
██████████ advised on 3/27/68 that the proofs of PHILBY's memoirs are in the hands of the Grove Press in the United States, which is publishing the book, and are probably already available to the Bureau. He states that he is fairly certain that they are already in the hands of the British intelligence security services.

Efforts will be made to obtain and review the book as soon as it appears in French, unless the Bureau advises that it already has this material available.

ls

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Legat, Paris [REDACTED]

March 23, 1968

Director, FBI [REDACTED]

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
ESP - R

Reurlet 3/22/68, which enclosed second extraction of
Philby's memoirs in French.

Article being returned untranslated as identical
articles being carried in English press.

ADDENDUM FOR YELLOW:

This matter coordinated with Supv. [REDACTED],
Domestic Intelligence Division.



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20535

REGISTERED

C
Date: April 3, 1968
To: Director, FBI (██████████)
From: Legat, Ottawa (██████████) (RUC)
Subject: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY
ESP. - R

Remylet 2-21-68.

Enclosed is one copy of excerpts from subject's book, "My Silent War," which appeared in the April, 1968, issue of "Maclean's" magazine.

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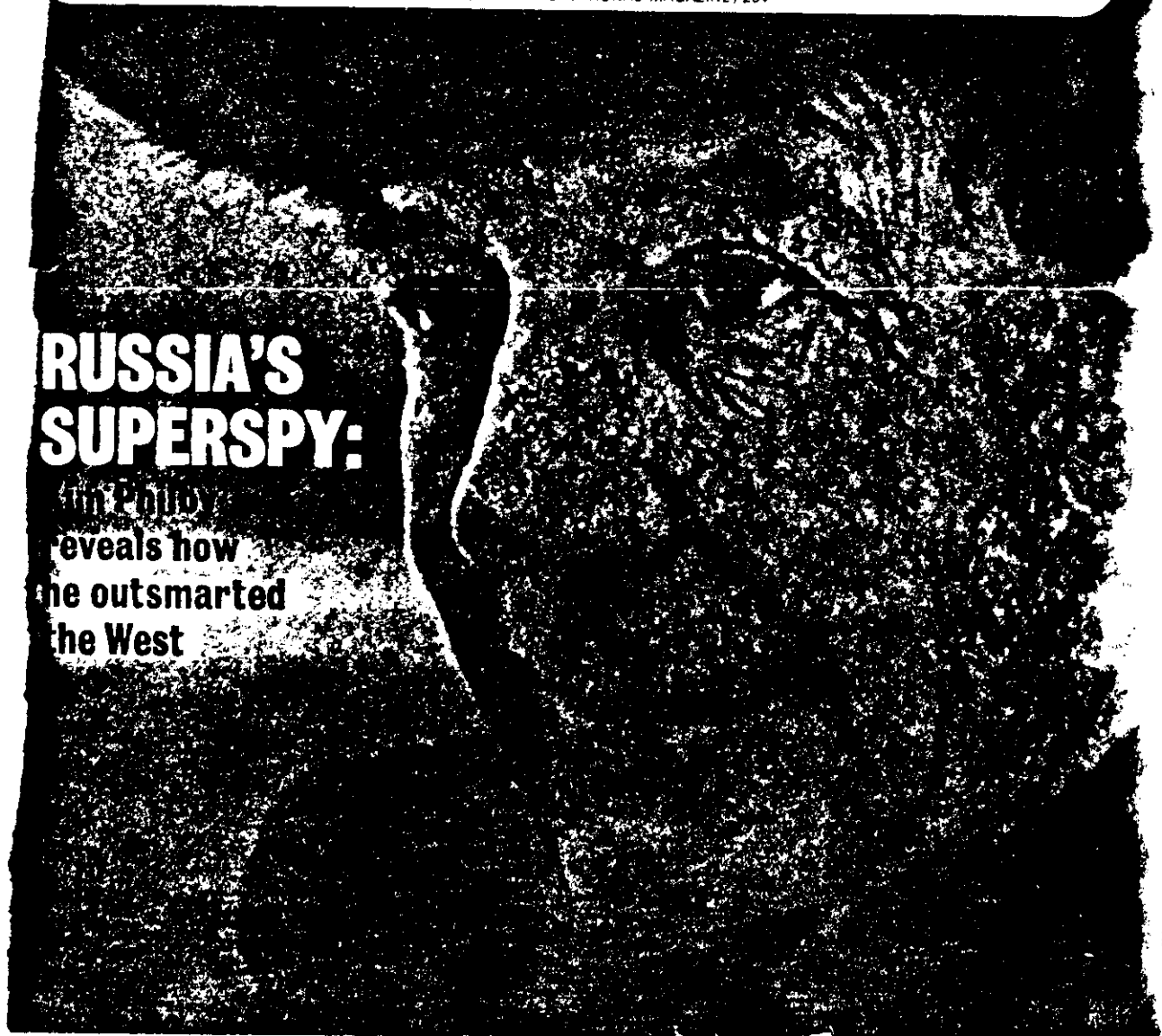
THE TRUDEAU BOOM / THE FILM CRAZE

MACLEAN'S

APRIL 1968 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢

RUSSIA'S SUPERSPY:

(in Philby)
reveals how
he outsmarted
the West



KIM PHILBY'S SILENT WAR WITH THE WEST



You can still see him, if you're lucky, strolling with his fourth wife in Moscow's Red Square: Kim Philby, the Cambridge-bred insider who, as an unpaid Russian spy, spent 11 years penetrating the heart of the British and U.S. intelligence establishments, and thus became one of history's most outrageously successful spies. Since he fled to Moscow in 1963, Philby has been the subject of an avalanche of journalistic speculation. But this month, in a book called *My Silent War*, Philby reveals for the first time how he became a Communist spy, how he rose to become head of the Soviet section of the British secret service and later its contact man with the FBI and CIA in Washington. Finally, in the extract that begins overleaf, he tells how—in one of the Cold War's greatest espionage coups—he helped fellow spies Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean escape to Moscow.

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"The FBI's J. Edgar Hoover didn't catch Maclean, Burgess, Fuchs, Lonsdale—or me. If ever there was a bubble reputation, it's Hoover's"

MY SILENT WAR is a remarkable book for at least three reasons.

First, for who wrote it: not what he says. Perhaps we'll never know for sure, but Harold Adrian Philby may have been the Russian instrument which finally shattered the post-war honeymoon of togetherness between Britain and the U.S. It could hardly survive the revelation that a Communist spy could ever become a diplomat as highly placed as Donald Maclean, then head of the American section of the British Foreign Office; that yet another diplomat-spy, Guy Burgess, was at the British Embassy in Washington — and that the escape of both Burgess and Maclean meant there had to be yet another Russian spy involved, and this time one in the upper echelons of the British secret service. About then, Britain ceased to be almost automatically privy to information on the developments in U.S. weaponry, tactics, policies, thinking, and it can be argued that this alone helped reduce Britain to its current status as a second-class power.

Second, the book is remarkable for what can be read

between the lines, not in them. "I helped plan the landing of Western-backed subversives in the Ukraine," says Philby. He doesn't say how, as a dedicated and resourceful Russian spy, he was involved in the subsequent disappearance or death of these men. He says he had access to a list of British agents in Russia. He doesn't say what their fate was once he'd passed on the names. There are many such omissions.

Third, My Silent War confirms and amplifies what had until now been known only in part or by guess — and then mostly through articles published last fall in Lord Thomson's London Sunday Times, whose reporters dug out the full extent of Philby's involvement in the British secret service and the Burgess-Maclean affair.

But perhaps My Silent War will be read mostly by those to whom the enigma of Kim Philby's personality is the most fascinating of all the unanswered questions. By now, everyone knows he was a magnificent spy. What else is a man, who, while an enemy agent, was chosen to help reorganize Britain's secret service! But how was he able to sustain his double

role for 30 years? Was his pronounced stammer a result of the constant grinding, stomach-turning strain of those years? What unsuspected fanaticism sustained his Communist fervor through the Stalin years of disillusionment? What inner strengths, or weaknesses, enabled Philby to deceive friends and colleagues, and to live with himself as he set about destroying a society that had been kind to him as only the British Upper-Class Establishment can be kind to its own?

For those who seek answers to these questions, Philby's book offers scant material beyond the comment that "as I look over Moscow from my study window I can see the solid foundations of the future I glimpsed at Cambridge." It was then, in the early 1930s, that he and many of his contemporaries espoused either socialism or Communism.

Throughout, the book displays an astonishing dichotomy: on the one hand Philby describes with pride his achievements for the British SIS, while on the other he was a spy dedicated to betraying it. He sneers at the British Establishment on one page, and on the next identifies and categorizes his colleagues by the schools and universities they attended.

But if Philby reveals little of himself, he does dangle three fascinating threads for students of what has come to be known as the Third Man Affair. There is, of course, the repeated hint that there is yet a fourth man — and a fifth, and more.

He seems to believe that he successfully hoodwinked the SIS into regarding him as an innocent victim of circumstances in the Burgess-Maclean affair, and that for this reason the SIS continued to use him as a free-lance agent after he had been forced by the scandal to leave the service. In fact, it seems likely the SIS by then knew he was a Soviet spy, and used him as a pipeline to send false information to Moscow.

Then there's his revelation that he did not know Maclean personally, and that Burgess, the alcoholic homosexual, should not have skipped to Russia at the same time as Maclean — indeed, in doing so he may have queered Philby's chances of ultimately pulling off the most stupendous espionage coup in history. Since they didn't know one another, there was nothing to connect Philby to Maclean's escape a jump ahead of his arrest in 1951. Nothing, that is, except Burgess, the friend they both had in common. If Burgess had not disobeyed orders and gone with Maclean, it's likely no one would ever have suspected Philby. And since Philby was a young man on the way up, Britain's secret service might today have had a different chief: Kim Philby, Russian superspy.

As it is, Burgess is now dead; Philby is living with Melinda Maclean after enticing her away from her husband, and they have little or nothing to do with fellow Westerners in Moscow, other than the occasional dinner with another defector. Apparently, they don't have much to do with the Russians either. In her book *The Spy I Loved*, Kim's third wife, Eleanor, tells of a dreary existence in a Moscow suburb in which Philby often drinks himself insensible, and wallows in a "sea of sadness." She says, "In spite of his discipline, I sense in him a profound gloom." Perhaps it was better to be a fellow traveler than to arrive.

THE FIRST SERIOUS CRISIS of my career was long drawn out, lasting roughly from the middle of 1951 to the end of 1955. Throughout it, I was sustained by the thought that nobody could pin on me any link with Communist organizations, for the simple reason that I had never been a member of any. The first 30 years of my work for the cause in which I believed were, from the beginning, spent underground. This long phase started in Central Europe in June 1933; it ended in Lebanon in January 1963. Only then was I able to emerge in my true colors, the colors of a Soviet intelligence officer.

In case doubt should still lurk in devious minds, a plain statement of the facts is perhaps called for. In early manhood, I became an accredited member of the Soviet intelligence service. I can therefore claim to have been a Soviet intelligence officer for some 30-odd years, and will no doubt remain one until death or senile decay forces my retirement.

In the summer of 1949 [having set up and directed the British Secret Intelligence Service's¹ Soviet Section and been in charge of the SIS station in Turkey] I was offered the SIS representation in the United States, where I would be working in liaison with both Central Intelligence Agency and Federal Bureau of Investigation. The intention was to upgrade the job for a significant reason. The collaboration between CIA and SIS at headquarters level (though not yet in the field) had become so close that any officer earmarked for high position in the SIS would need intimate knowledge of the American scene.

The lure of the American post was irresistible for two reasons. At one stroke, it would take me right back into the middle of intelligence policy-making and it would give me a close-up view of the American intelligence organizations. These, I was beginning to suspect, were of greater importance from my point of view than their British opposite numbers. I did not even think it worth waiting for confirmation from my Soviet colleagues. The event justified my action. No doubt was expressed anywhere of the unlimited potentialities of my new assignment. It was arranged that I should go for a London briefing, then sail to America at the end of October.

In London, I found that Air Commodore Jack Easton [assistant chief of SIS] had the general supervision of relations between SIS and the American services, and it was from him that I received most of my instruction.

My briefing on the counter-espionage side aroused grave anxiety in my mind. Joint Anglo-American investigation of Soviet intelligence activity in the U.S. had yielded strong suggestions that there had been a leakage from the British Embassy in Washington during the years 1944-45, and another from the atomic-energy establishment at Los Alamos. I had no ideas about Los Alamos, but a swift check of the

¹ The SIS (otherwise M16) is the one British Intelligence group authorized by the government to gather secret information abroad by illegal means. After an apprenticeship in SIS counter-intelligence, Portuguese and Spanish divisions, Philby became head of the key Soviet Section set up toward the end of the war to keep track of Russian and Communist spies and subversives throughout the world. Two years later he was posted to Turkey.



**"But for the power of Communism,
the Old World would now be enslaved.
It is a matter of great pride
to me that I was invited
to play my infinitesimal part
in building up that power"**

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KIM PHILBY'S SILENT WAR

continued

relevant Foreign Office list left me in little doubt about the identity of the source in the British Embassy.

A careful study of the files did something to allay my immediate fears [for the source's safety]. As SIS was not supposed to operate inside the U.S., investigation of the leakages was in the hands of the FBI. Characteristically, they had put in an immense amount of work resulting in an immense amount of waste paper. It had so far occurred neither to them nor to the British that a diplomat was involved, let alone a fairly senior diplomat. Instead, the investigation had concentrated on non-diplomatic employees of the embassy, and particularly on those locally recruited: the sweepers, cleaners, bottle-washers and the rest. A charlady with a Latvian grandmother, for instance, would rate a 15-page report crowded with insignificant detail of herself, her family and friends, her private life and holiday habits. It was testimony to the enormous resources of the FBI, and to the pitiful extent to which those resources were squandered. It was enough to convince me that urgent action would not be necessary, but that the case would require minute watching.

I MADE MY FIRST SLIP almost immediately after entering American territorial waters. An FBI representative had come out in the pilot's launch to greet me. I gave him a glass of Tio Pepe which he sipped unhappily while we made polite conversation. I was later to learn that the men of the FBI, with hardly an exception, were proud of their insularity, of having sprung from the grass roots. One of the first senior G-men I met in Washington claimed to have had a grandpappy who kept a general store at Horse Creek, Missouri. They were, therefore, whisky-drinkers, with beer for light refreshment. By contrast, CIA men flaunted cosmopolitan postures. They would discuss absinthe and serve Burgundy above room temperature. This is not just flippancy. It points to a deep social cleavage between the two organizations, which accounts for at least some of the rift between them.

In Washington, my predecessor, Peter Dwyer², met me and explained, over our first Bourbon, that his resignation had nothing to do with my appointment to succeed him. For personal reasons, he had long wanted to settle in Canada, where a congenial government post was awaiting him. The news of my posting to Washington had simply determined the timing of his northward move to Ottawa. So we started on a pleasant footing. Nothing could exceed the care and astuteness with which he inducted me into Washington politics.

It is not easy to make a coherent picture of my tour of duty in the United States. It was too varied, and often too

amorphous, to be reduced to simple terms. Liaison with the FBI alone, if it had been conducted thoroughly, would have been a full-time job. It was the era of McCarthy in full, evil blast. It was also the era of Hiss, Coplon, Fuchs, Gold, Greenglass and the brave Rosenbergs — not to mention others who are still nameless. Liaison with CIA covered an even wider field, ranging from a serious attempt to subvert an East European regime to such questions as the proper exploitation of German secret documents. In every question that arose, the first question was to please one party without offending the other. In addition, I had to work with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and with individuals in the Department of External Affairs who were dickering with the idea of setting up an independent Canadian secret service³.

Where to begin? As the end of my story chiefly concerns the FBI, I should perhaps concede to CIA the beginning. The head of the organization when I arrived was Admiral Hillenkoetter, an amiable sailor who was soon to give way to General Bedell Smith without leaving much of a mark on American intelligence history. The two divisions with which I had most to do were the Office of Strategic Operations (OSO) and the Office of Policy Co-ordination (OPC). In plain English, OSO was the intelligence-gathering division and OPC was charged with subversion.

The driving force of OSO at the time was Jim Angleton, who had formerly served in London and had earned my respect by openly rejecting the Anglomania that disfigured the young face of OSO.

Although our discussions ranged over the whole world, they usually ended, if they did not begin, with France and Germany. The Americans had an obsessive fear of Communism in France, and I was astonished by the way in which Angleton devoured reams of French newspaper material daily. That this was not a private phobia of Angleton's became clear at a later date when a British proposal for giving French intelligence services limited secret information was firmly squashed by Bedell Smith in person. He told me flatly that he was not prepared to trust a single French official with such information.

ANGLETON HAD FEWER fears about Germany. That country concerned him chiefly as a base of operations against the Soviet Union and the socialist states of Eastern Europe. CIA had lost no time in taking over the anti-Soviet section of the German Abwehr [part of Hitler's secret service], under Von Gehlen, and Angleton often defended, with chapter and verse, the past record and current activities of the Von Gehlen organizations. Secret activity of all kinds, including operations directed against the German authorities themselves, were financed by the Germans, as part of the payment for the expenses of occupation.

Apart from Angleton, my / *continued on page 74*

² Now associate director of the Canada Council in Ottawa.

³ The Canadian government apparently never did set up a secret service as such. Internal security and counter-espionage are handled by the RCMP.

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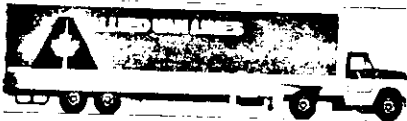


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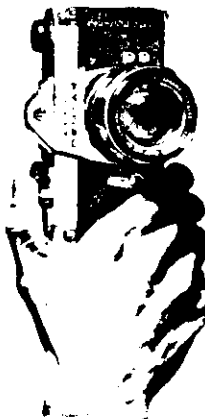
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KIM PHILBY

continued from page 17.

chief OSO contact was Bill Harvey, head of the counter-espionage section. He was a former FBI man whom Hoover had sacked for drunkenness on duty. The first time he dined at my house, he showed that his habits had remained unchanged. He fell asleep over the coffee and sat snoring gently until midnight when his wife took him away, saying, "Come now, Daddy, it's time you were in bed."

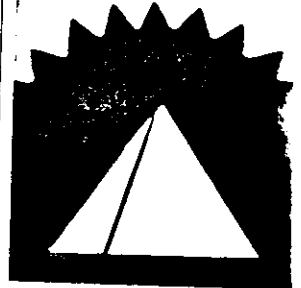
As I have already said, the Office of Policy Co-ordination (OPC) was also concerned with subversion on a worldwide basis. Its head was Frank Wisner, a youngish man for so responsible a job, balding and running self-importantly to fat. He favored an orotund style of conversation which was disconcerting. I accompanied a mission which he led to London to discuss with SIS matters of common interest. When the discussions touched on issues of international concern, the Foreign Office sent representatives to watch the proceedings. At one such meeting attended on behalf of the Foreign Office by Tony Rumbold, Wisner expatiated on one of his favorite themes, the need for camouflage the source of secret funds supplied to apparently respectable bodies in which we were interested. "It is essential," said Wisner in his usual informal style, "to secure the overt co-operation of people with conspicuous access to wealth in their own right." Rumbold started scribbling. I looked over his shoulder and saw what he had written: "People with conspicuous access to wealth in their own right = rich people."

Target: Albania

My relations with OPC were more active than those with OSO, which were confined mostly to finding out what they were up to. Shortly before my arrival in Washington, the American and British governments had sanctioned in principle a clandestine operation to detach an East European country from the socialist bloc. The choice fell on Albania for several reasons. It was the smallest and weakest of the socialist states. It was bounded on the south by Greece, with which Britain and the United States were allied and which was still technically at war with Albania. Its northern and eastern frontiers marched with Yugoslavia. Our experts considered — quite wrongly, in my opinion — that Marshal Tito, after his break with the socialist bloc, would adopt a hands-off policy toward any changes in Tirana.

We did finally succeed in landing a small party on the Albanian coast with instructions to work their way inland, spy out the land, and then move southward into Greece. It was hoped that the information they gathered on the way would help us in launching more ambitious schemes at a later date. The operation, of course, was futile from the beginning. Our infiltrators could achieve something only by penetrating the towns, which were firmly under Communist control. For bare survival, they had to hide in the mountains, where their presence would have been useful only if the country was seething with revolt.

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That, perhaps, was the unspoken assumption behind the whole venture, just as it was assumed more recently (when people should have known better) that a landing in the Bay of Pigs would set Cuba on fire. In the end, a few members of the party did succeed in straggling through to Greece, where they were extricated, with immense difficulty, from the clutches of the Greek security authorities who would have shot them for ruppence. The information they brought was almost wholly negative. It was clear, at least, that they had nowhere found arms open to welcome them. In due course, the operation was quietly dropped without having made any noticeable dent on the regime in Tirana.

Political cross-purposes also bedeviled Anglo-American plans of greater potential importance than the Albania venture, for instance, projects for the penetration and subversion of the Soviet Union itself. Both SIS and CIA had their Baltic puppets, whose rival ambitions were usually quite irreconcilable. It was with some relish that I watched the struggling factions repeatedly fight themselves to a standstill. On one occasion, the position got so dangerous that Harry Carr, the North European expert in SIS London headquarters, was sent to Washington in a desperate bid to stop the rot. His visit ended disastrously, with both Carr and his opposite numbers in CIA accusing each other, quite justifiably, of wholesale lying at the conference table. Disagreements over the Ukraine were even longer drawn out and just as stultifying.

From the years before the war, SIS had maintained contact with Stepan Bandera, a Ukrainian nationalist of marked fascist views, and the collaboration had developed since the war. The trouble was that, although Bandera was quite a noise among exiles, his claims to a substantial following inside the Soviet Union were never seriously tested, except in the negative sense that nothing much ever came of them. A first party, equipped by the British with radio transmitters and other clandestine means of communication, was sent into the Ukraine in 1949, and disappeared. Two more parties were sent the following year, and remained equally silent. Meanwhile, the Americans were beginning to nurse serious doubts about Bandera's usefulness to the West which the failure of the British-sponsored parties to surface did nothing to allay.

In order to resolve Anglo-American differences on the Ukrainian issue.

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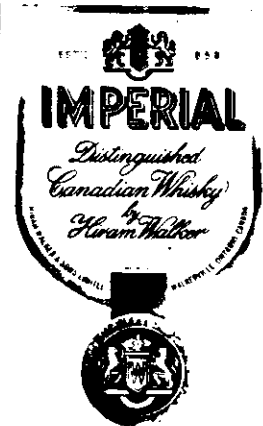
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KIM PHILBY *continued*

FBI files, says Philby, have their uses: to silence critics

CIA pressed for a full-scale conference with SIS, which was duly held in London in April 1951. Rather to my surprise, the British stood firm, and flatly refused to jettison Bandera. The best that could be agreed, with unconcealed ill temper on the American side, was that the situation would be re-examined at the end of the 1951 parachute-dropping season, by which time, it was hoped, more facts would be available. Within a month, the British had dropped three six-man parties, the aircraft taking off from Cyprus. One party was dropped midway between Lwów and Tarnopol, another near the headwaters of the Pruth, not far from Kolomyia, and a third just inside the borders of Poland, near the source of the San. In order to avoid the dangers of overlapping and duplication, the British and Americans exchanged precise information about the timing and geographical coordinates of their operations. I do not know what happened to the parties concerned. But I can make an informed guess.

Some eight years later, I read of the mysterious murder of Bandera in Munich in the American zone of Germany. It may be that despite the brave stand of the British in his defense, CIA had the last word.

The FBI was in sorry shape when I reached Washington. It had caught a Tartar in the small person of Judith Coplon, a brilliant young woman employed in the Department of Justice, against whom they were trying to bring home espionage charges. When the evidence against her, obtained largely by illegal telephone-tapping, had hardened sufficiently to justify her arrest, Hoover sanctioned the necessary action and Coplon was pulled in. She was caught passing documents to a contact, and the case against her seemed open and shut. But in their haste the FBI had neglected to take out a warrant for her arrest, which was therefore in itself illegal.

The illegality of the arrest was duly lambasted in court, but worse was to follow. Coplon, though caught red-handed, was resolved to fight to the end. She went over to the counter-attack and began harrying the FBI witnesses. She tied them in such knots that they admitted to tapping not only her telephone, but telephones in the headquarters of the United Nations. The court proceedings began to damage the public image of the FBI so severely that Hoover incontinently dropped the charges. It was characteristic of him that he reacted to the fiasco by finding a scapegoat. Howard Fletcher, the principal FBI witness at the trial, was fired. But Coplon went free. It was the triumph of a brave woman.

The failure of the FBI in the Coplon case was by no means unique, or even unusual. I cannot speak of the record of the FBI in checking crime in the United States. With that side of its activities I had nothing to do. But I had a great deal to do with its counter-espionage work, and its record in that field was more conspicuous for failure than for success. Hoover did

not catch Maclean or Burgess; he did not catch Fuchs, and he would not have caught the rest if the British had not caught Fuchs and worked brilliantly on his tangled emotions. He did not catch Lonsdale; he did not catch Abel for years, and then only because he was delivered up to him on a platter; he did not even catch

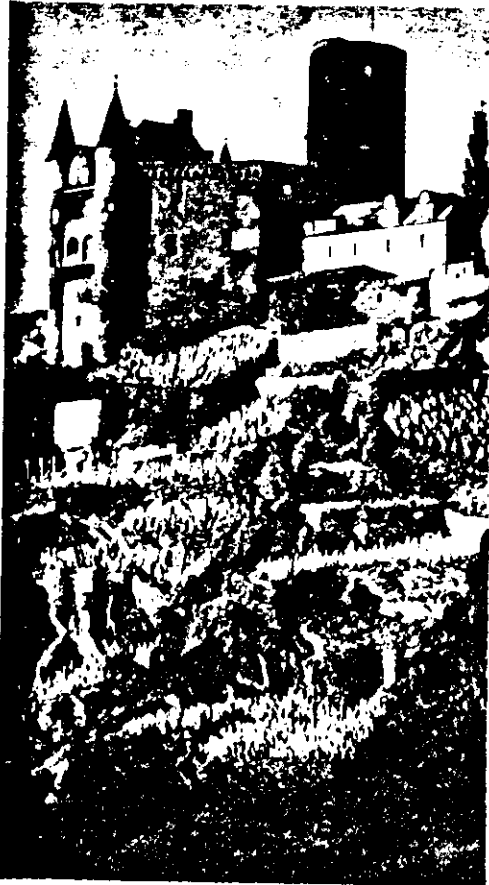
me. If ever there was a bubble reputation, it is Hoover's.

But Hoover is a great politician. His blanket methods and ruthless authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence. But they have other uses. They enable Hoover to collect and file away a vast amount of information about the per-

sonal lives of millions of his fellow-countrymen. This has long been common knowledge, and it has brought Hoover rich dividends from the purse of the American taxpayer. There are few people in the world without skeletons in their cupboards which they would prefer to remain decently forgotten. The overt record shows that a distressing number of American congressmen have pasts that do not bear minute scrutiny. And what about the covert record held by Hoover?

Europe's much better

as a



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The mere existence of the huge FBI filing system has deterred many from attacking Hoover's totalitarian empire.

A sluggish trickle of information about the British Embassy leakage continued to reach us. Apart from Dwyer, who was soon to leave, three members of the British Embassy staff had access to the material: Geoffrey Paterson, the MIS representative in Washington, myself and Bobby MacLenzie, the embassy Security Officer, an old colleague of mine. In the FBI,

the officials concerned were Ladd, Lishman, who was then head of the anti-Communist section and Bob Lampier, a nice, puddingy native of Ohio who was responsible for the detailed analysis of the case on the American side. We were still far from identifying the source in the embassy, but during the winter of 1949-50 the net began to close round the Los Alamos source. The choice seemed to be between two scientists of great distinction, Dr. Peierls and Dr. Fuchs.

It was Dwyer's last direct service to SIS that, by a brilliant piece of analysis of the known movements of the two men, he conclusively eliminated Peierls. Thereafter, the finger pointed unwaveringly at Fuchs.

Shortly after Dwyer had identified him as the Los Alamos source, Fuchs set sail for England on a routine visit. He was arrested on arrival and passed to John Skardon, of MIS, for interrogation. Skardon succeeded in winning his confidence to such an extent that

Fuchs not only confessed his own part in the business, but also identified from photographs, his contact in the United States, Harry Gold. From Gold, who was also in talkative mood, the chain led inexorably to the Rosenbergs who were duly electrocuted. It is worth mentioning that Eisenhower explained his refusal to reprieve Ethel Rosenberg on the grounds that, if he did, the Russians in future would use only women as spies. It was an attitude worthy of the most pedestrian of United States presidents.

In the summer of 1950 I received a letter from Guy Burgess. "I have a shock for you," he began. "I have just been posted to Washington." He suggested that I should put him up for a few days until he found a flat for himself. This posed a problem. In normal circumstances, it would have been quite wrong for two secret operatives to occupy the same premises. But the circumstances were not normal. From the earliest days, our careers had intertwined. He had collected money for me at Cambridge after the revolt of the Austrian Schuetzbund in February 1934. I had put forward his name as a possible recruit for the Soviet service, a debt which he later repaid by smoothing my entry into the British secret service. In between, he had acted as courier for me in Spain. In 1940 we had worked closely together in SIS and he had paid me a professional visit in Turkey in 1948. Our association was therefore well known, and it was already certain that any serious investigation of either of us would reveal these past links. It seemed that there could be no real professional objection to him staying with me.

The search for "Homer"

Burgess's arrival raised an issue that I could not decide by myself. Should he or should he not be let into the secret of the British Embassy source which was still under investigation? The decision to initiate him was taken after I had made two lone motor trips to points outside Washington. I was told (by Soviet agents) that the balance of opinion was that Guy's special knowledge of the problem might be helpful. I therefore took Guy fully into our confidence, briefing him in the greatest detail, and the subject remained under constant discussion between us. My difficulty was that I had only seen Donald Maclean (the "leak") twice, and briefly, in 14 years. I had no idea where he lived, how he lived, or indeed anything at all about his circumstances. But it is now time to turn to the case, to explain how it stood, and the problems it involved.

The development of the affair was giving me deep anxiety. It was beset by imponderables, the assessment of which could be little better than guesswork. We had received some dozen reports referring to the source, who appeared in the documents under the code name Homer, but little progress had been made toward identifying him. The FBI was still sending us reams about the embassy charlatans, and the inquiry into our mental personnel was spinning itself out endlessly. To me, this remains the most inexplicable feature of the whole.

continued on page 89

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KIM PHILBY *continued*

How'd they get Burgess out? Three traffic tickets did it

affair. There was already evidence that the Foreign Office had been penetrated. Both Krivitsky and Volkov⁴ (Soviet defectors) had said so. There was, of course, nothing to suggest that the three sources referred to the same man. There is still no basis for that supposition. But if the assumption had been made, if in particular the Krivitsky material had been studied in relation to the Washington leak, a search among the diplomats would have started without loss of time — perhaps even before I appeared on the scene.

But another feature of the case was even more puzzling. I must confess to have enjoyed a great advantage in that I was pretty certain from the beginning who was involved. But even discounting that advantage, it seemed to me quite obvious, from the nature of the reports that we were not dealing with the petty agent emptying waste-paper baskets and snatching the odd carbon. Some of the reports dealt with political problems of some complexity. There could be no real doubt that we were dealing with a man of stature. The reluctance to initiate inquiries along these lines can only be attributed to a genuine mental block which stubbornly resisted the belief that respected members of the Establishment could do such things. The existence of such a block was amply borne out by the commentaries that followed the disappearance of Maclean and Burgess — and, for that matter, my own. Explanations of extraordinary silliness were offered in preference to the obvious simple truth.

Yet I knew quite well that this bizarre situation could not go on for ever. Once investigation of the diplomats started, it would certainly yield the right answer, sooner or later. The great question was: How soon? How late?

From discussion with my friends at meetings outside Washington, two main points emerged. First, it was essential to rescue Maclean before the net closed on him. That was accepted as an axiom. No question was raised about his future potential to the Soviet Union in the event of his escape. It was quite enough that he was an

⁴ General Krivitsky, a Red Army intelligence officer, defected to the West in 1937, wrote a book called *I Chose Freedom* and later, when living in the U.S., committed suicide. Volkov was a Russian agent who tried to defect to the West. Philby handled the case. Volkov never made it.

old comrade. Some readers, prisoners of prejudice, may find this hard to swallow. I do not ask them to do so. But they cannot blame me if they suffer unpleasant shocks in future cases. Second, it was desirable that Maclean should stay in his post as long as possible. After his departure, it was said blandly that he was "only" head of the American Department of

But there were two further complications. I had been sent to the United States for a two-year tour of duty, and I could therefore expect to be replaced in the autumn of 1951. I had no idea what my next posting would be; it could easily have been Cairo or Singapore, far out of touch with the Maclean case. Groping in partial darkness as we were, it seemed safest to get

was anxious to get back to England. In somebody's mind — I do not know whose — the two ideas merged: Burgess's return to London and the rescue of Maclean. If Burgess returned to London from the British Embassy in Washington, it seemed natural that he should call on the head of the American Department. He would be well placed to set the ball rolling for the rescue operation. It would have been possible for him to have resigned in Washington, and returned to London without fuss. But

it might have looked a bit odd if he had gone back voluntarily shortly before the disappearance of Maclean. Matters had to be so arranged that he was sent back, willy-nilly. It was the sort of project in which Burgess delighted, and he brought it off in the simplest possible way. Three times in one day he was booked for speeding in the State of Virginia, and the governor reacted just as we had hoped. He sent a furious protest to the State Department against this flagrant abuse of diplomatic privilege, which was then brought to the attention of the ambassador. Within a few days, Burgess was regretfully informed that he would have to leave.

As soon as the possibility of Burgess helping in the rescue operation emerged from our discussion, great attention was paid to my own position. Despite all precautions, Burgess might be seen with Maclean, and inquiry into his activity might lead to doubts about me. There seemed very little that could be done about it, but it occurred to me that I could help to divert suspicion by making a positive contribution to the solution of the British Embassy case. Hitherto, I had lain low, letting the FBI and MI5 do what they could. Now that the rescue plan was taking shape, there was no reason why I should not give the investigation a nudge in the right direction.

To that end, I wrote a memorandum to Head Office, suggesting that we might be wasting our time in exhaustive investigations of the embassy memos. I recalled the statements of Krivitsky to the best of my ability from memory. He had said that the Soviet intelligence for Western Europe had recruited in the middle thirties a young man who had gone into the Foreign Office. He was of good family, and had been educated at Eton and Oxford. He was an idealist, working without payment. I suggested that these data, such as they were, should be matched against the records of diplomats stationed in Washington between the relevant dates in 1944-45



the Foreign Office, and thus had little access to high-grade information. But it is nonsense to suppose that a resolute and experienced operator occupying a senior post in the Foreign Office can have access only to the papers that are placed on his desk in the ordinary course of duty. I have already shown that I gained access to the files of British agents in the Soviet Union when I was supposed to be chivvying Germans in Spain. In short, our duty was to get Maclean to safety, but not before it was necessary.

Maclean away by the middle of 1951 at the latest. The second complication arose from Burgess's position. He was emphatically not at home in the Foreign Office, for which he had neither the right temperament nor the right personality. He had been thinking for some time of getting out, and had one or two irons in the fire in Fleet Street. As a result, his work for the Foreign Office had suffered, so much so that it looked like a close thing between resignation and dismissal from his post. In any case, he

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of the known leakages. I received a reply from London, assuring me that that aspect had been very much "in their minds." But there was no evidence on file that anything had been done about it, and the speed, the disconcerting speed, of later developments suggested that the idea must have been relatively new.

Burgess packed up and left. We dined together, on his last evening, in a Chinese restaurant where each booth had "personalized music" which helped drown our voices. We went over the plan step by step. He was to meet a Soviet contact on arrival in London, and give him a full briefing. He was then to call on Maclean at his office armed with a sheet of paper giving the time and place of rendezvous which he would slip across the desk. He would then meet Maclean and put him fully in the picture. From then on the matter was out of my hands. Burgess did not look too happy, and I must have had an inkling of what was on his mind. When I drove him to the station next morning, my last words, spoken only half-jocularly, were, "Don't you go, too."

Odd man out

MIS were looking for the odd man out, the man who conformed least to pattern. It was intelligent procedure, and it led them to put Maclean at the top of the list. He had never enjoyed the social round of the diplomatic corps. He had preferred the society of independent minds. By contrast, the others on the list were depressingly conformist. In communicating to us their conclusions, MIS informed us that Maclean would probably be approached when the case against him was complete. Meanwhile, certain categories of Foreign Office paper would be withheld from him, and his movements would be put under surveillance. These last two decisions, taken presumably to soothe the Americans, were foolish, but I saw no reason to challenge them. I judged they might serve me in good stead if anything went wrong. I was right.

One morning, at a horribly early hour, Geoffrey Paterson [the MIS man in Washington] called me by telephone. He explained that he had just received an enormously long Most Immediate telegram from London. It would take him all day to decipher it without help, and he had just sent his secretary on a week's leave. Could he borrow mine? I made the necessary arrangements and sat back to compose myself. This was almost certainly it.



Melinda once married to Donald Maclean, is now Kim Philby's fourth wife. One died, two divorced him. The third, Eleanor, wrote a book about their life together: *The Spy I Loved*

Was Maclean in the bag? Had Maclean got away? I was itching to rush around to the embassy and lend a third hand to the telegram. But it was clearly wiser to stick to my usual routine as if nothing had happened. When I reached the embassy, I went straight to Paterson's office. He looked grey. "Kim," he said in a half-whisper, "the bird has flown." I registered dawning horror (I hope). "What bird? Not Maclean?" "Yes," he answered. "But there's worse than that. . . . Guy Bur-

gers has gone with him." At that, my consternation was no pretense.

BURGESS'S DEPARTURE with Maclean faced me with a fateful decision. From the earliest discussions of Maclean's escape, my Soviet colleagues had been mindful that something might go wrong and put me in danger. To meet such a possibility, we had elaborated an escape plan for myself, to be put into effect at my discretion in case of extreme emergency. It was

clear that the departure of Burgess gave rise to an emergency. But was it an extreme emergency? I had to put aside the decision for a few hours, in order to deal with two immediate problems. One was to get rid of certain compromising equipment hidden in my house. The other was to get the feeling of the FBI, since that might affect the details of my escape.

When Paterson and I got back to the embassy (from FBI headquarters), it was already past noon, and I could



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KIM PHILBY *continued*

A bundle was buried in the woods. "Now I'd have to lie low"

plausibly tell him that I was going home for a stiff drink. In my garage-cum-potting-shed, I slipped a trowel into my briefcase, and then went down to the basement. I wrapped camera, tripod and accessories into waterproof containers, and bundled them in after the trowel. I had often rehearsed the necessary action in the mind's eye,

and had lain the basis for it. It had become my frequent habit to drive out to Great Falls to spend a peaceful half hour between bouts of CIA-FBI liaison, and on the way I had marked down a spot suitable for the action that had now become necessary. I parked the car on a deserted stretch of road with the Potomac on the left

and a wood on the right where the undergrowth was high and dense enough for concealment. I doubled back a couple of hundred yards through the bushes and got to work with the trowel. A few minutes later I re-emerged from the wood doing up my fly buttons and drove back home, where I fiddled around in the garden

with the trowel before going in to lunch. As far as inanimate objects were concerned, I was clean as a whistle.

My decision was to stay put. I was guided by the consideration that, unless my chances of survival were minimal, my clear duty was to fight it out. There was little doubt that I would have to lie low for a time, and that the time might be prolonged and would surely be trying. But at the end of it there might well be opportunity of further service. The event was to prove me right.

The problem resolved itself into assessment of my chances of survival, and I judged them to be considerably better than even. It must be borne in mind that I enjoyed an enormous advantage over people like Fuchs who had little or no knowledge of intelligence work. For my part, I had worked for 11 years in the secret service. For seven of them I had been in fairly senior position and for eight I had worked in closest collaboration with M15. For nearly two years I had been intimately linked to the American services, and had been in desultory relationship with them for another eight. I felt that I knew the enemy well enough to foresee in general terms the moves he was likely to make. I knew his files — his basic armament — and, above all, the limitations imposed on his procedures by law and convention. It was also evident that there must be many people in high position in London who would wish very much to see my innocence established. They would be inclined to give me the benefit of any doubt going, and it was my business to see that the room for doubt was spacious.

What evidence, to my knowledge, could be brought against me?

There were the early left-wing associations in Cambridge. They were widely known, so there was no point in concealing them. But I had never joined the Communist Party in England, and it would surely be difficult to prove 18 years after the event that I had worked illegally in Austria, especially in view of the sickening fact that most of my Vienna friends were undoubtedly dead. There was the nasty little sentence in (Soviet Defector) Krivitsky's evidence that the Soviet secret service had sent a young English journalist to Spain during the civil war. But there were no further identifying particulars, and many young men from Fleet Street had gone to Spain. There was the awkward fact that Burgess had got me into the secret service in the first place. I had already decided to cir-

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Philby in Moscow, where he sees the foundations "of the future I glimpsed when I became a Communist"; and where subway stations are like palaces — and there's a housing shortage.

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document that one by giving the name of a well-known lady who might have been responsible for my recruitment.

It would have been desperately difficult, of course, if the Security Service had been able to check the files I had drawn during my service at headquarters, since that would have proved that my interests had roamed far and wide beyond my legitimate duties. My only possible defense, that I was passionately interested in the service for its own sake, would have carried little conviction. But I knew that the tallies were periodically destroyed, and thought it very unlikely that they would have survived the holocaust of unwanted paper that took place after the war. There were also the number of cases which I had handled, such as the Volkov case, which had gone wrong for reasons which had never been established with certainty. But every one was susceptible to explanation without reference to myself, and there were two important cases, those of May and Fuchs, which, despite my best efforts, had gone right and resulted in success for the British and American intelligence services.

The really difficult problem was to explain away my relations with Burgess. I shared very few of his tastes, very few of his friends, and few of his intellectual interests. The essential bond between us was, of course, political, and that was a point that had to be blurred to the best of my ability.

Chain of suspicion

Another difficulty was the actual course of my career. The more I considered it, the less I liked it. There were the known left-wing associations at Cambridge and suspected Communist activity in Vienna, then the complete break with my Communist friends in England, followed all too closely by cultivation of Nazis in London and Berlin, then the choice (of all places) of Franco Spain in which to carve out a journalistic career, then the entry into the secret service with Burgess's help and my emergence in the service as an expert on anti-Soviet and anti-Communist work, and finally my foreknowledge of the action to be taken against Maclean and the latter's escape. It was an ugly picture. I was faced with the inescapable conclusion that I could not hope to prove my innocence.

That conclusion did not depress me unduly. A strong presumption of my guilt might be good enough for an intelligence officer. But it was not enough for a lawyer. What he needed was evidence. The chain of circumstantial evidence that might be brought against me was uncomfortably long. But, as I examined each single link of the chain, I thought I could break it; and if every link was broken singly, what remained of the chain? Despite

^a His Soviet superiors sent Philby to Spain to spy on General Franco's forces during the civil war. While there, *The Times* engaged him as its correspondent; his Old Boy network qualifications were impeccable. When he returned to England his Russian bosses gave him another assignment: penetrate the pro-Nazi groups in Britain. This he did with conspicuous success; in later years he was more likely to be accused of being a fascist than a Communist.

all appearances, I thought, my chances were good.

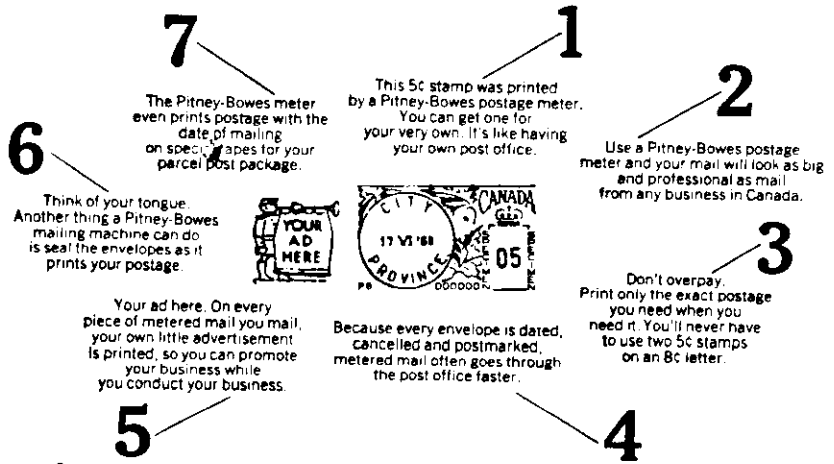
It was an FBI case, and I could not discuss its intricacies with CIA without running the risk of irritating Hoover and his assistant director, both of whom I was anxious to soothe. So I confined my talks with CIA officials to the overt details of the case which became known through the press, somewhat late and more than somewhat inaccurate. I had no fear of the bumbling Allen Dulles; years later I

was to be puzzled by President Kennedy's mistake in taking him seriously over the Bay of Pigs.

The next few days dragged. I experienced some mild social embarrassment when the news [of defection by Burgess and Maclean] broke with all the carefree embellishment of the popular press. One of the snootier of the embassy wives gave me a glacial stare at one of the ambassador's garden parties. But London remained ominously silent. One telegram arrived

from London saying that "it was understood" that I knew Burgess personally, could I throw any light on his behavior? But the one I was expecting was a most immediate, personal, decipher-yourself telegram from the Chief summoning me home. At last the summons came, but it took a most curious, thought-provoking form. An intelligence official specializing in the fabrication of deception material flew into Washington on routine business. He paid me a courtesy

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call during which he handed me a letter from Jack Easton. The letter was in Easton's own handwriting, and informed me that I would shortly be receiving a telegram recalling me to London in connection with the Burgess-Maclean cases. It was very important that I should obey the call promptly. While the sense of the communication was clear enough, its form baffled me. Why should Easton warn me of the impending summons and why in his own handwriting if the order was to reach me through the normal telegraphic channels anyway? There is often a good reason for eccentric behavior in the secret service, and there may have been one in this case. My reflection at the time was that if I had not already rejected the idea of escape, Easton's letter would have given me the signal to get moving with all deliberate speed.

[In the event, Philby didn't escape. He returned to Britain to brazen his way through a judicial inquiry, his forced resignation from the SIS and a full-dress parliamentary debate, in which the then Foreign Secretary, Harold Macmillan said Philby had done his work conscientiously and ably (which so far as it went, was probably true) and that there was no evidence he had betrayed the country; no proof anyway. Fleet Street displayed intermittent interest in Philby but Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express, which first proved that Burgess and Maclean had defected, clung to his trail. Express reporters — notably Donald Seaman whose painstaking inquiries led to the missing-diplomat scandal — never relinquished belief in the Third Man theory. Another newspaper, the London Observer, a monument of the Establishment which Philby professes to hate, succumbed to pressure from the Old-Boy Network and sent Philby to Beirut as its Middle East correspondent. In January, 1963 he skipped Beirut and fled to Moscow, just one jump ahead of SIS agents who, armed with final proof of his spying for Russia, were about to haul him back to Britain and a treason trial.]

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PARADE

If a pedestrian may offer a brief comment, sir ...

One of those sublimely thoughtless motorists, plowing along a street in Hamilton Ont., that was deep in slush drenched a young woman on the sidewalk without even noticing the ruin he'd caused. First he knew about it was when he stopped for a red light, just down the block, and an angry female came banging on his window. Still baffled, he rolled down the window and was quickly told the enormity of his crime. He was just opening his mouth to apologize when his victim bobbed out of sight for a moment, then let him have it with two fistfuls of scooped-up slush.

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (██████████)
ATTENTION: RESEARCH-SATELLITE SECTION
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE DIVISION

FROM : SAC, NEW YORK (██████████)

SUBJECT: PURCHASE OF BOOKS
BOOK REVIEWS

DATE: 4/25/68

ReBulet, 3/28/68.

Submitted herewith is a copy of "Soul On Ice" by
ELDRIDGE CLEAVER and a copy of "My Silent War" by KIM PHILBY.

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My last words to Burgess were: 'Don't you go too'



General Krivitsky. He gave the West vital clues

Some time of getting out, and had one last word in the first three. As a result, he had suffered, so much so that it looked like a close thing between the two men, and it was not clear who would be the victor. It was the sort of project in which the two men were involved. It was the sort of project in which the two men were involved. It was the sort of project in which the two men were involved.

As soon as the possibility of Burgess helping in the rescue operation emerged from discussion, great attention was paid to all preparations. The British ambassador in Moscow, Sir Kenneth Robinson, was the one who was most active in the operation. He had had a very good idea of what could be done about it, but it occurred to him that it could be done.

ANALYSIS: by CHAPMAN PINCHER

In a statement delivered to the American public, the author has had to stop, and has had to stop, and has had to stop. He has had to stop, and has had to stop. He has had to stop, and has had to stop.



BY HAND AND BRAIN
UNITE
AGAINST WAR

Cambridge 1933: Maclean (arrowed) in the second rank of a peace march. The man in the second rank, Maclean, is the subject of the article. He was a peace marcher, and was in the second rank. He was a peace marcher, and was in the second rank.

Next week: I come under suspicion. The author discusses the author's own involvement in the peace march. He discusses the author's own involvement in the peace march. He discusses the author's own involvement in the peace march.

ANALYSIS: by CHAPMAN PINCHER

Britain's leading commentator on security affairs

IN THIS instalment Philby's main purpose is to discredit the American Intelligence and Security Services by making senior operatives look stupid.

This image is hardly in keeping with their complete round-up of the major Soviet spy-ring which Philby mentions—Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Harry Gold, and others.

In this connection Philby's disclosures raise an intriguing question. When he knew that the vital atomic leakages, which saved Russia's scientists at least 18 months of work, had been narrowed down to Fuchs, why wasn't Fuchs "rescued" as Maclean was? If it was enough that Maclean was "an old comrade," why wasn't Fuchs, who had been infinitely more valuable, given the same affectionate treatment?

There are strong reasons for believing that Fuchs was

deliberately sacrificed. First, he had stopped spying for Russia. Second, the Russians knew that since he was a British subject, his exposure would greatly damage Anglo-American relations—a prime Soviet target.

The damage caused by Fuchs' confession was in fact immense. Britain spent hundreds of millions discovering nuclear know-how which the Americans might otherwise have given us.

The Russians may have been confident that Fuchs, who left the U.S. to work at Harwell, could not identify any of the other Soviet agents who contacted him in America. The British and U.S. security men who questioned him were more astute than they expected.

Fuchs remembered that one of the couriers who picked up his information from the Los Alamos bomb laboratory had once mentioned he was a biochemist. U.S. G-men made inquiries about every biochemist who could have been in the places Fuchs named.

They reduced a list of 1,500 possible suspects to Harry Gold,

whom Fuchs then identified from films shown to his jail in London. Gold's confession led to Julius Rosenberg, who organised spies and passed secret drawings and equipment to Russia, and his wife Ethel who induced her own brother to steal atomic secrets. Only the Russian diplomat who controlled them all, Anatol Yakovlev, escaped.

Incidentally, the Americans were more justified in executing the Rosenbergs than the Russians were in shooting Oleg Penkovsky, the Red Army Intelligence colonel, who spied for Britain.

The Rosenbergs committed their treachery during wartime.

THE MOST significant emerging from Philby's disclosures—and those of other spies—is that they are hardly ever caught because they are detected in the act of spying.

Surveillance may provide the evidence that finally brings them into court, but the first information that leads to their being watched almost always comes from Russia.

It comes in two ways—either a Soviet defector to the West reveals the information of a certain nature has been flowing to Moscow. Or Russian officials say or do something which makes this obvious.

As Philby indicates, the suspicion that there was a spy—Maclean—in the British Embassy in Washington came from information trickling back from the Soviet Union.

The Russians are by no means always as clever in covering up their sources as Philby would have us believe. First indications that there had been a serious atomic leak in the U.S.—from Fuchs as it turned out—arose from remarks by Russian delegates at a post-war UNO conference. The Russians used code names they could not possibly have known without the help of a spy.

This is the Soviet agent's greatest danger. However careful he may be "in the field" he can be caught through a blunder in Moscow or the deliberate use of secret information for political purposes by Communist officials.

THE attitude of the Foreign Office in posting Burgess to Washington is highly revealing. As it was known that Burgess was a rabid homosexual, a habitual drunk, and grossly unstable in other ways, why was he allowed to remain in the Foreign Office at all?

I have always suspected that his homosexual activities provided him with information about the private lives of senior colleagues which ensured his protection.

I AM NOT convinced that Philby is telling the truth about the way Burgess contacted Maclean in London. He talks about great precautions so that the two men would not be seen together. Yet it was arranged that Burgess would call on Maclean at his office, and later they lunched together at the R.A.C. Club in Pall Mall!

Philby's consternation on hearing the news that Burgess had fled with Maclean is understandable.

If Burgess had remained, there would have been nothing to connect Maclean's disappearance with Philby—no overt suspicion that he was the Third Man who had organised the escape.

PHILBY, who repeatedly accuses Western Intelligence of slipshod work, has failed himself to consult the Soviet Intelligence files to check the name of the M.I.5 interrogator he calls John Skardon. The man who so ably induced Fuchs to confess was William James Skardon.

objected that Maclean was not at either Eton or Oxford. He was not. But M.I.5 did not attach much weight to that detail. The ground that foreign-born young Englishmen must go to Eton and Oxford. The list provided Bobby Maclean (the Embassy security officer) with one of his finest hours. He offered me short odds on Core-Booth. Why? He had been educated at Eton and Oxford; he had entered the Foreign Office in the middle thirties; he was a

conclusion, M.I.5 informed us that Maclean would probably be approached when the case against him was complete. Meanwhile, certain categories of Foreign Office papers would be withheld from him, and his movements would be put under surveillance. These last two decisions taken presumably to soothe the Americans, were foolish. But I saw no reason to challenge them. I judged that they might serve me in good stead if anything went wrong. I was quite right. I was nevertheless alarmed by

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MY SECRET WORLD, PART TWO

Just how was Donald Maclean, the Foreign Office traitor, tipped off about his impending arrest? For years, debate has raged about Kim Philby's role as the "Third Man"

in this sensational affair. Now at last comes Philby's own story of what happened in those tense hours—and of the dramatic and unexpected last-minute development.

HOW I ORGANISED MACLEAN'S ESCAPE

IN THE summer of 1949 [while serving in Istanbul] I received a telegram offering me the Secret Intelligence Service representation in the United States, where I would be working in liaison with both the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It took me all of half-an-hour to decide to accept the offer.

The lure of the American post was irresistible for two reasons. At one stroke, it would take me right back into the middle of Intelligence policy-making and it would give me a close-up view of the American intelligence organisations.

by **KIM PHILBY**

These, I was beginning to suspect, were already of greater importance from my point of view than their British opposite numbers.

I did not even think it worth waiting for confirmation from my Soviet colleagues. The event justified my action. No doubt was expressed anywhere of the unlimited potentialities of my new assignment. It was arranged that I should leave for London at the end of September and, after a month's briefing at headquarters, sail

for America at the end of October.

My briefing aroused grave anxiety in my mind. It was given me by the formidable Maurice Oldfield, and included a communication of the first importance.

Joint Anglo-American investigation of Soviet Intelligence activity in the United States had yielded a strong suggestion that there had been a leakage

from the British Embassy in Washington during the years 1944-45 and another from the atomic-energy establishment to Los Alamos.

I had no idea about Los Alamos. But a *mail check of the relevant Foreign Office list left me in little doubt about the identity of the source in the British Embassy.*

My anxiety was tempered by relief, since I had been teased

for some months by a question put to me by my Soviet contact in Istanbul. He had asked me if I had any means of discovering what the British were doing in a case under investigation by the F.B.I.; a case involving the British Embassy in Washington.

At the time of asking, there was nothing that I could have done. But it seemed, after my talk with Oldfield, that I had stumbled into the heart of the problem. Within a few days, this was confirmed by my Russian friend in London. After checking with headquarters he



was left in no doubt that information from the F.B.I. and my own referred to one and the same case.

A careful study of the files did something to allay my immediate fears. As G.I.S. was not supposed to operate inside the United States, investigation of the leads provided by the source was in the hands of the F.B.I.

Characteristically, they had put in an immense amount of work resulting in an immense amount of waste paper. It had so far occurred neither to them nor to the British that a diplomat was involved, let alone a fairly senior diplomat.

Instead, the investigation had concentrated on non-diplomatic employees of the Embassy, and particularly on those locally recruited—the sweepers, cleaners, bottle-washers, and the rest.

A chatlady with a Latvian grandmother, for instance, would rate a 15-page report crowded with insignificant details of herself, her family, and friends, her private life and holiday habits.

It was testimony to the enormous resources of the F.B.I. and to the pitiful extent to which those resources were squandered that urgent action would not be necessary, but that the case would require minute watching. Something drastic



Moscow diversions: Philby and Melinda Maclean play

would certainly have to be done before I left Washington. Heaven knew where my next appointment would lie; I might well lose all control of the case.

It is not easy to make a coherent picture of my tour of duty in the United States. Liaison with the F.B.I. alone, if I had been conducted thoroughly, would have been a full-time job. It was the era of McCarthy in full evil blast. It was also the era of Hiss Coolidge, Fuchs, Gold, Greenglass, and the brave Rosenbergs—not to mention others who are still nameless. Liaison with C.I.A. covered an even wider field.

Mickey Ladd, the Assistant Director of the F.B.I. in charge of security, was my principal contact with the F.B.I., and I saw him several times a week, either in his office or at home. He was one of Hoover's original

real professional objection to him staying with me.

There was another consideration which inclined me towards agreeing with Burgess's suggestion. I knew from the files that his record was quite clean, in the sense that there was nothing recorded against him politically. But he was very apt to get into personal scrapes of a spectacular nature.

It occurred to me that he was much less likely to make himself conspicuous in my household than in a bachelor flat where every evening would find him footloose.

I had scarcely replied to signify my agreement when Mackenzie showed me a letter he had received from Carey-Poster, then head of the Foreign Office security branch, warning him about Burgess's arrival. Carey-Poster explained that his eccentricities would be

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either in his office or at home.
He was one of Hoover's original
summen in Chicago—the guy
who always went in first
when there was shooting to be
done—and he looked the part.
He was short and immensely
stocky, and must have been
hard as nails before he
developed a paunch, jowls and
the complexion that suggests a
stroke in the office.

Ladd lost no time in letting
me know that he disapproved
of my close contact with C.I.A.
He seemed at times disgusted
with his cosmopolitan airs.
"What do they teach them in
C.I.A. son?" he said to me
one evening. "Why, how to use
knives and forks, how to marry
rich wives."

A SLOGGISH trickle of
information about the Embassy
leakage continued to reach us.
Apart from Dwyer (Philly's
predecessor in the Washington
post), who was soon to leave,
three members of the British
Embassy staff had access to
the material: Paterson, myself,
and Bobby Mackenzie, the
Embassy Security Officer, who
was an old colleague of mine
from Section V days.
In the F.B.I. the officials con-
cerned were Ladd, Lisbman,
who was then head of the anti-
Communist section, and Bob
Lampiere, a nice pudding
native of Ohio who was respon-
sible for the detailed analysis
of the case on the American
side.

We were still far from
identifying the source in the
British Embassy, but during
the winter of 1949-50 the net
began to close round the Los
Alamos source. The choice
seemed to be between two
scientists of great distinction,
Dr. Peter and Dr. Fuchs.
It was Dwyer's last direct ser-
vice to S.I.S. that by a brilliant
piece of analysis of the known
movements of the two men, he
conclusively eliminated Peter.
Thereafter, the finger pointed
unwaveringly at Fuchs.

The usual trouble arose over
the nature of the evidence,
which was not valid in law.
But Fuchs provided the
evidence against himself.
After his arrest, he was
passed to John Skardon, of
M.I.5, for interrogation. Skardon
succeeded in winning his con-
fidence to such an extent that
Fuchs not only confessed his
own part in the business but
also identified from photo-
graphs his contact in the
United States, Harry Gold.
From Gold, who was also in
talkative mood, the chain led
inevitably to the Rosenbergs
who were duly electrocuted.

It is worth mentioning that
Eisenhower explained his
refusal to remove Ethel Rosen-
berg on the grounds that, if he
did, the Russians in future
would use only women as spies.
It was an attitude worthy of
the most pedestrian of United
States Presidents.

In the summer of 1950 I
received a letter from Guy
Burgese. "I have a shock for
you," he began. "I have just
been posted to Washington." He
suggested that I should put him
up for a few days until he had
found a flat for himself. This
posed a problem.

In normal circumstances it
would have been quite wrong
for two secret operatives to
occupy the same premises. But
the circumstances were not
normal.

From the earliest days our
careers had intertwined. He had
collected money for me at
Cambridge after the revolt of
the Austrian Schuetzbund in
February, 1934.

I had put forward his name
as a possible recruit for the
Soviet Service, a debt which he
later repaid by smoothing my
entry into the British Secret
Service.

In between, he had acted as
courier for me in Spain. In
1940 we had worked closely to-
gether in S.I.S. and he had
paid me a professional visit in
Turkey in 1943.

Our association was therefore
well known, and it was already
certain that any serious investi-
gation of either of us would
reveal these past links. It
seemed that there could be no

self conspicuous in my house-
hold than in a bachelor flat
where every evening would find
him footloose.

I had scarcely re-
signed my agreement when
Mackenzie showed me. After
he had received from C.A. 87-
Foster, then head of the Foreign
Office security branch, warning
him about Burgess's arrival.

Carey-Foster explained that
his eccentricities would be
more easily overlooked in a
large embassy than in a small
one. He gave a summary of
his past peccadilloes, and said
that worse might be in store.
"What does he mean, 'worse'?"
muttered Mackenzie. "Goats?"
I told him that I knew Guy
well, that he would be staying
with me, and that I would keep
an eye on him. He seemed
happy that there was someone
else who was ready to share
the responsibility.

In the light of what was to
come, my decision to fall in
with Burgess's suggestion looks
like a bad mistake. I have
indeed given it much thought
in the past 15 years.
It will not do to plead that
the worst events were to take a
few months later were utterly
unforeseeable: security pre-
cautions are designed to give
protection from the un-
foreseeable. But on reflection I
think that my decision to
accommodate Burgess speeded
by a few weeks at most the
focusing of the spotlight on
me.

It also lent vigour to the
letter which Bedell-Smith (Head
of the C.I.A.) sent the chief
insisting on my removal from
the scene. It may even have
been lucky that suspicion fell
on me prematurely, in the
sense that it crystallised before
the evidence was strong enough
to bring me to court.

Burgess's arrival raised an
issue that I could not decide
by myself. Should he or should

subject remained under con-
stant discussion between us. My
difficulty was that I had only
seen Maclean twice, and briefly,
in 14 years (Maclean had left
Washington in 1948 for service
in Cairo and later in London).
I had no idea where he lived,
how he lived, or indeed any-
thing at all about his circum-
stances. But it is now time to
turn to the case to explain how
it stood and the problems it
involved.

The development of the affair
was giving me deep anxiety. It
was beset by imponderables, the
assessment of which could be
little better than guesswork.

We had received some dozen
reports referring to "the
source" who appeared in the
documents under the code name
Homer, but little progress had
been made towards identifying
him.

The F.B.I. were still sending
us teams about the Embassy
charades, and the inquiry into
our mental personnel was spin-
ning itself out endlessly.

To me this remains the most
inexplicable feature of the
whole affair. There was already
evidence that the Foreign Office
had been penetrated. Both
Krivitsky and Volkov had said
so.

(General Krivitsky, a Red
Army intelligence officer,
defected to the West in 1937,
and had given information to
the effect that the Russians had
infiltrated a young British
traitor into the Foreign Office.
Volkov had tried to defect in
1945, offering to name two
British traitors in the Foreign
Office and one who was head of
a British security organisation.
Volkov's defection was thwarted
by Philby. Volkov mysteriously
disappeared before he could be
given asylum.)

There was, of course, nothing

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kim Philby

"If ever there was a bubble reputation, it is J. Edgar Hoover's. He did not catch Maclean, he did not catch Fuchs, he did not even catch me..."

Part Two of Soviet master spy Philby's own story



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Part III of My Silent War by Kim Philby

The Soviet master spy continues his explosive story of a career unmatched in the annals of espionage—how he fooled Hoover and Dulles in Washington as Britain's top agent working with the FBI and the CIA and whisked Burgess and Maclean to safety.

In the last issue of Evergreen, Kim Philby began the incredible chronicle of his thirty-year masquerade as Soviet secret agent with the story of his early career as Russian spy in Franco Spain and his meteoric rise in Britain's Secret Service during World War II. In 1945, he became chief of Britain's spy network against the Soviets and other Communist countries. Shortly after he had brought off this extraordinary coup he barely escaped exposure by Konstantin Volkov, a Soviet NKVD officer anxious to change sides to the West, but whose defection Philby managed to abort in time. In 1947, Philby received a new assignment. He was posted to Istanbul as head of the SIS (Secret Intelligence Service) station in Turkey, with an official Foreign Service cover

as First Secretary of the British Embassy. Two years later Philby received the appointment that was to crown his career as Soviet agent. He was sent to Washington as Britain's top Secret Service officer detailed to work with the CIA and the FBI. During the next three years, recounted in the following episodes, Philby gained free access to the top secret operations of these organizations. His top security clearance also brought him in close personal touch with J. Edgar Hoover, Allen Dulles, General Walter Bedell-Smith and the other chiefs of the U.S. intelligence services. These and the preceding episodes published in Evergreen are from the book My Silent War which Philby recently completed in Moscow and which Grove Press will publish this month. —Eds.

I

IN THE SUMMER of 1949, I received a telegram from headquarters which diverted my attention to quite different matters. The telegram offered me the SIS representation in the United States, where I would be working in liaison with both the CIA and the FBI. The intention was to upgrade the job for a significant reason. The collaboration between the CIA and SIS at headquarters level (though not yet in the field) had become so close that any officer earmarked for high posts in SIS would need intimate knowledge of the American scene.

It took me all of half an hour to decide to accept the offer.

It would be a wrench to leave Istanbul, both because of its beauty and because it would mean leaving a job considerably less than half accomplished. But the lure of the American post was irresistible for two reasons. At one stroke, it would take me right back into the middle of intelligence policy-making and it would give me a close-up view of the American intelligence organizations. These, I was beginning to suspect, were already of greater importance from my point of view than their British opposite numbers. I did not even think it worth waiting for confirmation from my

Soviet colleagues. The event justified my action. No doubt was expressed anywhere of the unlimited potentialities of my new assignment. It was arranged that I should leave for London at the end of September and, after a month's briefing at headquarters, sail for America at the end of October.

In London, I found that Jack Easton had the general supervision of relations between SIS and the American services, and it was from him that I received most of my instruction. I appreciated, not without misgiving, his command of the elusive patterns of Anglo-American cooperation. But the range of collaboration was so wide that there

a scarcely a senior officer in the whole organisation who had not got some axe to grind with me. I was lunched at many clubs on business pretexts. The discussions over the coffee and port covered many subjects, but all my hosts had one thing in common—the desire for a free trip to America. I did not discourage them. The more visitors I had in Washington, the more pies I got my finger into. That, after all, was my aim in life.

Apart from these diverting interludes, my briefing caused me serious preoccupation in more than one respect. It became clear from Easton's succinct expositions of the situation that my path in Washington was likely to be thorny. I was to take over from Peter Dwyer, who had spent several years in the United States. I knew him for a brilliant wit, and was to learn that he had a great deal more to him than just wit. During the war, he had succeeded in the prickly task of establishing close personal relations with many leading figures in the FBI. These relations, maintained after the war, had given the SIS representation in Washington a bias towards the FBI at the expense (so some thought) of the CIA. The FBI, taking its cue from the prima donna Hoover, was extremely sensitive on the subject of the CIA, it was extremely difficult for Dwyer to keep a balance without exposing himself to snarling charges of double-crossing his old friends.

One of my new jobs was to tilt the balance in the opposite direction. The CIA and SIS had agreed to close collaboration over a wide range of issues which inevitably meant more day-to-day contact than SIS would have with the FBI. Noting out this change of policy could be acknowledged, of course. My assignment was therefore to keep links with the CIA and those with the FBI without the FBI noticing. It did not take much reflection to convince me that such a task was impossible and absurd. The only sensible course was to get in with the CIA on subjects of common interest and take

on the chin the unavoidable resentment of Hoover's men. A corollary of this was that it would be dangerous to be too clever since the cards would be stacked too heavily against me. It would be better to play it silly and be ready to apologise freely for the bricks which my position would force me to drop from time to time.

My briefing on the counter-espionage side also aroused grave anxiety in my mind. This was given me by the formidable Maurice Oldfield, and included a communication of the first importance. Joint Anglo-American investigation of Soviet intelligence activity in the United States had yielded a strong suggestion that there had been a leakage from the British Embassy in Washington during the years 1944-45, and another from the atomic energy establishment in Los Alamos. I had no ideas about Los Alamos. But a swift check of the relevant Foreign Office List left me in little doubt about the identity of the source in the British Embassy. My anxiety was tempered by relief, since I had been nagged for some months by a question put to me by my Soviet contact in Istanbul. He had asked me if I had any means of discovering what the British were doing in a case under investigation by the FBI, a case involving the British Embassy in Washington. At the time of asking, there was nothing that I could have done. But it seemed, after my talk with Oldfield, that I had stumbled into the heart of the problem. Within a few days, this was confirmed by my Russian friend in London. After checking with headquarters, he was left in no doubt that information from the FBI and my own referred to one and the same case.

A careful study of the files did something to allay my immediate fears. As SIS was not supposed to operate inside the United States, investigation of the leads provided by the source was in the hands of the FBI.

Characteristically, they had put in an immense amount of work resulting in an immense amount of waste paper. It had so far occurred

neither to them nor to the British that a diplomat was involved, let alone a fairly senior diplomat. Instead, the investigation had concentrated on non-diplomatic employees of the Embassy, and particularly on those locally recruited: the sweepers, cleaners, bottle-washers and the rest. A charlady with a Latvian grandmother, for instance, would rate a fifteen-page report crowded with insignificant detail of herself, her family and friends, her private life and holiday habits. It was testimony to the enormous resources of the FBI, and to the pitiful extent to which those resources were squandered. It was enough to convince me that urgent action would not be necessary, but that the case would require minute watching. Something drastic would certainly have to be done before I left Washington. Heaven knew where my next appointment would lie; I might well lose all control of the case.

My last call in London was at the Chief's office. He was in the best of form, and amused me with malicious accounts of the stickier passages in Anglo-American intelligence relations during the war. This turned out to be more than just pointless reminiscence. He told me that the news of my appointment to the United States appeared to have upset Hoover. I was then rated a fairly senior officer in the service, which Dwyer (most undeservedly) was not. Hoover suspected that my appointment might herald unwanted SIS activity in the United States. To allay his fears, the Chief had sent him a personal telegram, assuring him that there was no intention of a change of policy; my duties would be purely liaison duties. The Chief showed me the telegram, then gave me a hard stare. "That," he said, "is an official communication from myself to Hoover." There was a pause, then he continued: "Unofficially . . . let's discuss it over lunch at White's."

With my briefing as complete as could reasonably be expected, I sailed on the S.S. "Caronia" towards the end of September. I had a memorable send-off. The first thing I saw on the foggy platform at

1. Joseph McCarthy
2. Judy Coplon
3. Julius Rosenberg
4. Ethel Rosenberg
5. David Greenglass
6. Klaus Fuchs
7. Harry Gold



Philby on the McCarthy Era

It was the era of McCarthy in full evil blast. It was also the era of Hiss, Coplon, Fuchs, Gold, Greenglass and the brave Rosenbergs—not to mention others who are still nameless....

I am speaking of the McCarthy period. It might have been thought that Hoover would have resented the infringement of his monopoly by a Senator who claimed to have effected single-handed deep penetration of the Communist conspiracy in the State Department and other branches of the United States Government. Not so.

Hoover knew that by merely opening his mouth he could have blasted McCarthy's pretensions forever. But why should he have done so? By raising a nation-wide spy-fever, McCarthy was creating conditions in which no congressman would dare to oppose increased appropriations for the FBI. What Hoover really thought of McCarthy became evident at my first meeting with him when I put the question point-blank. "Well," said Hoover in reply, "I often meet Joe at the racetrack, but he has never given me a winner yet."

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Waterloo was an enormous mustache and behind them the great head of Osbert Lancaster, an apparition which assured me of good company on the voyage. Before we sailed, I was called to the ship's telephone. Jack Easton was on the line to tell me that Dwyer had just telegraphed his resignation. It was not clear why, but I had been warned. Finally, a case of champagne was delivered to my cabin with the card of a disgustingly rich friend. I began to feel that I would enjoy my first transatlantic crossing.

I made my first slip almost immediately after entering American territorial waters. An FBI representative had come out in the pilot's launch to greet me. I gave him a glass of Tio Pepe which he sipped unappetizingly while we made polite conversation. I was later to learn that the men of the FBI, with hardly an exception, were proud of their inheritance of having sprung from the grass roots. One of the first senior Generals I met in Washington claimed to have had a grandpappy who kept a general store at Horse Creek, Missouri. They were therefore whisky-drinkers, with beer for light refreshment. By contrast, CIA men flaunted cosmopolitan postures. They would discuss absinthe and serve Burgundy above room temperature. This is not just flippancy. It points to a deep social cleavage between the two organisations, which accounts for at least some of the asperity marking their exchanges.

My FBI friend saw me through the landing formalities and bedded me down in a hotel with a view of Central Park. Next day at Pennsylvania Station, I boarded the train for Washington. The sumac was still in flower and gave me a foretaste of the famous fall, one of the few glories of America which Americans have never exaggerated, because exaggeration is impossible. Peter Dwyer met me and explained, over our first bourbon, that his resignation had nothing to do with my appointment to succeed him. For personal reasons, he had long wanted to settle in Canada, where

a congenial government post was awaiting him. The news of my posting to Washington had simply determined the timing of his northward move to Ottawa. So we started on a pleasant footing. Nothing could exceed the care and astuteness with which he inducted me into Washington politics.

It is not easy to make a coherent picture of my tour of duty in the United States. Indeed, such a picture would give a wrong impression of the type of work I was engaged in. It was too varied, and often too amorphous, to be reduced to simple terms. Liaison with the FBI alone, if it had been conducted thoroughly, would have been a full-time job. It was the era of McCarthy in full evil blast. It was also the era of Hiss, Coplon, Fuchs, Gold, Greenglass and the brave Rosenbergs—not to mention others who are still nameless. Liaison with the CIA covered an even wider field, ranging from a serious attempt to subvert an East European regime to such questions as the proper exploitation of German documents relating to General Vlasov. In every question that arose, the first question was to please one party without offending the other. In addition, I had to work in with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and with individuals in the Department of External Affairs who were dickered with the idea of setting up an independent Canadian secret service.

Where to begin? As the end of my story chiefly concerns the FBI, I should perhaps concede to the CIA the beginning. The head of the organisation when I arrived was Admiral Hillenkoetter, an amiable sailor who was soon to give way to General Bedell-Smith without leaving much of a mark on American intelligence history. The two divisions with which I had most to do were the Office of Strategic Operations (OSO) and the Office of Policy Coordination (OPC). In plain English, OSO was the intelligence-gathering division and OPC was charged with subversion. There was also a little work with the planning division, associated with the name of Dick Helms, who re-

cently succeeded Admiral Rabone as head of the whole organisation and promptly fell foul of the Senate.

The driving force of OSO at the time was Jim Angleton, who had formerly served in London and had earned my respect by openly rejecting the Anglomania that disfigured the young face of OSO. We formed the habit of lunching once a week at Harvey's where he demonstrated regularly that overwork was not his only vice. He was one of the thinnest men I have ever met, and one of the biggest eaters. Lucky Jim! After a year of keeping up with Angleton, I took the advice of an elderly lady friend and went on a diet, dropping from thirteen stone to about eleven in three months.

Our close association was, I am sure, inspired by genuine friendliness on both sides. But we both had ulterior motives. Angleton wanted to place the burden of exchanges between the CIA and SIS on the CIA office in London—which was about ten times as big as mine. By doing so, he could exert the maximum pressure on SIS's headquarters while minimising SIS intrusions into his own. As an exercise in nationalism, that was fair enough. By cultivating me to the full, he could better keep me under wraps. For my part, I was more than content to string him along. The greater the trust between us overtly, the less he would suspect covert action. Who gains most from this complex game I cannot say. But I had one big advantage. I knew what he was doing for the CIA and he knew what I was doing for SIS. But the real nature of my interest was something he did not know.

Although our discussions ranged over the whole world, they usually ended, if they did not begin, with France and Germany. The Americans had an obsessive fear of Communism in France, and I was astonished by the way in which Angleton devoured reams of French newspaper material daily. That this was not a private phobia of Angleton became clear at a later date when a British proposal for giving Alexandre Parodi, head of the D'Orléans

anted secret information was only squashed by Bedell-Smith in person. He told me flatly that he was not prepared to trust a single French official with such informations.

Angleton had fewer fears about Germany. That country concerned him chiefly as a base of operations against the Soviet Union and the socialist states of Eastern Europe. The CIA had lost no time in taking over the anti-Soviet section of the German *Abwehr*, under von Gehlen, and many of Harvey's lobsters went to provoke Angleton into defending, with chapter and verse, the past record and current activities of the von Gehlen organisation.

We also had many skirmishes over the various Russian emigré organisations. There was the People's Labour Alliance (NTS), which recently achieved notoriety in the case of poor Gerald Brooke. There were the Ukrainian Fascists of Stepan Bandera, the darlings of the British. Both the CIA and SIS were up to their ears in emigré politics, hoping to use the more promising groups for purposes analogous to those for which we had used Jordanian. Although the British put up a stubborn rearguard action in favour of the groups with which they had been long associated, the story was one of general American encroachment in the emigré field. The dollar was just too strong. For instance, although the British had an important stake in the NTS, SIS was compelled by financial reasons to transfer responsibility for its operations to the CIA. The transfer was effected by formal agreement between the two organisations, though the case of Brooke, an Englishman, suggests that SIS is not above playing around with the Alliance under the counter. Such an action would be quite in keeping with the ethics of secret service.

We had much else to discuss about Germany, since both SIS and the CIA could afford to spread themselves on occupied territory. Secret activity of all kinds, including operations directed against the German authorities themselves, were financed by the Germans, as

part of the payment for the expenses of occupation.

Apart from Angleton, my chief OSO contact was a man I shall refer to here as William J. Howard of the counter-espionage section. He was a former FBI man whom Hoover had sacked for drunkenness on duty. The first time he dined at my house, he showed that his habits had remained unchanged. He fell asleep over the coffee and sat snoring gently until midnight when his wife took him away, saying: "Come now, Daddy, it's time you were in bed." I may be accused here of introducing a cheap note. Admitted. But, as will be seen later, Howard was to play a very cheap trick on me, and I do not like letting provocation go unpunished. Having admitted the charge of strong anti-Howard prejudice, it is only fair that I should add that he cooperated well with SIS in the construction of the famous Berlin tunnel.

III

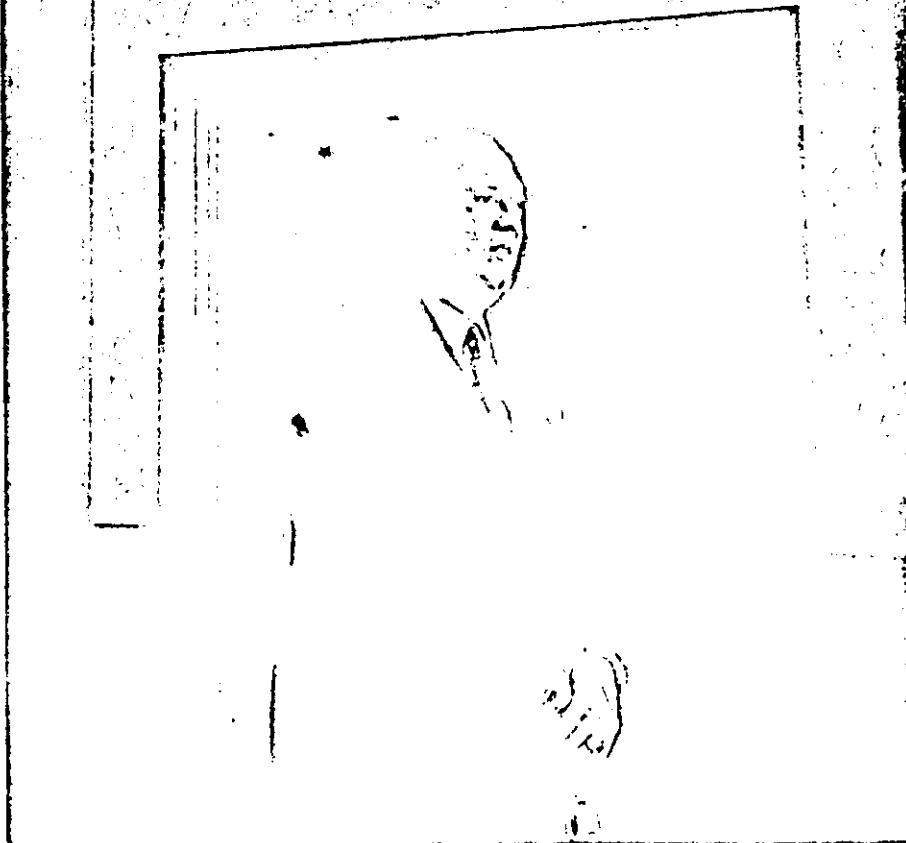
THE FBI WAS in sorry shape when I reached Washington. It had caught a tartar in the small person of Judith Coplon, a brilliant young woman employed in the Department of Justice, against whom they were trying to bring home espionage charges. When the evidence against her, obtained largely by illegal telephone-tapping, had hardened sufficiently to justify her arrest, Hoover sanctioned the necessary action, and Coplon was pulled in. She was caught in the act of passing documents to a contact, and the case against her seemed open and shut. But in their haste the FBI had neglected to take out a warrant for her arrest, which was therefore in itself illegal. The FBI could only effect arrests without warrant if there was a reasonable presumption that the suspect was contemplating imminent flight. As Coplon was picked up in a New York street, walking away from a station on the Elevated from which she had just emerged, the purpose of imminent flight could not have been imputed to her by any conceivable stretch of imagination.

The illegality of the arrest was duly lambasted in court, but worse was to follow. Coplon, though caught red-handed, was resolved to fight to the end. She dismissed her first counsel on the grounds that he was too conciliatory to the prosecution; he was probably aiming, not at acquittal, which seemed a hopeless prospect, but at a mitigation of sentence. Coplon would have none of it. With a second counsel to assist her, she went over to the counter-attack and began harrying the FBI witnesses. She tied them in such knots that they admitted to tapping not only her telephone, but telephones in the headquarters of the United Nations. The court proceedings began to damage the public image of the FBI so severely that Hoover incontinently dropped the charges. It was characteristic of him that he reacted to the fiasco by finding a scapegoat. Harvey Flemming, the principal FBI witness at the trial, was fired. But Coplon went free. It was the triumph of a brave woman. Whenever her name was mentioned thereafter in the Department of Justice, an abusive adjective was attached.

My first house in Washington was off Connecticut Avenue. The house was a small one, and I was soon arguing the need for moving to larger quarters at a safer distance, eventually settling on a place about half a mile up Nebraska Avenue. Johnny Boyd was my principal contact with the FBI, and I saw him several times a week, either in his office or at home. He was one of Hoover's original gunmen in Detroit—"the guy who always went in first" when there was shooting to be done—and he looked the part. He was short and immensely stocky, and must have been hard as nails before he developed a paunch, jowls and the complexion that suggests a stroke in the offing. He had no intellectual interests whatsoever. His favourite amusement was to play filthy records to women visiting his house for the first time. He had other childish streaks, including the tough, direct ruthlessness of a child. By any objective standard, he was a dreadful man, but I

J. Edgar Hoover

Black Star



Philby on J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI

The failure of the FBI in the Coplon case was by no means unique or even unusual. I cannot speak of the record of the FBI in checking crime in the United States. With that side of its activities I had nothing to do. But I had a great deal to do with its counter-espionage work, and its record in that field was more conspicuous for failure than for success. Hoover did not catch Maclean or Burgess; he did not catch Fuchs, and he would not have caught the rest if the British had not caught Fuchs and worked brilliantly on his tangled emotions; he did not catch Lonsdale; he did not catch Abel for years, and then only because Hayhanen delivered him up on a platter; he did not even catch me. If ever there was a bubble reputation, it is Hoover's.

But Hoover is a great politician. His blanket methods

and ruthless authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence. But they have other uses. They enable Hoover to collect and file away a vast amount of information about the personal lives of millions of his fellow countrymen. This has long been common knowledge, and it has brought Hoover rich dividends from the purse of the American taxpayer. There are few people in the world without skeletons in their cupboards which they would prefer to remain decently forgotten. The overt record shows that a distressing number of American congressmen have pasts that do not bear minute scrutiny. And what about the covert record held by Hoover? The mere existence of the huge FBI filing system has deterred many from attacking Hoover's totalitarian empire.

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could not help growing very fond of him.

Boyd lost no time in letting me know that he disapproved of my close contact with the CIA. He seemed genuinely disgusted with its cosmopolitan airs. "What do they teach them in CIA, son?" he said to me one evening. "Why, how to use knives and forks, how to marry rich wives." He also had a deep suspicion of the social graces of the United States Navy. But, as I had thought in London, I got on with him provided that I did not try to be clever, and endured his heavy taunts about my CIA friends. The first time I felt the rough edge of his tongue was (very fortunately) just before Peter Dwyer left for Ottawa. It so happened that the MI-5 representative in Washington, Geoffrey Paterson, and we received parallel instructions from London to take up a certain matter with the FBI. Paterson got in first and received a brush-off; he was told it was none of London's business. When Dwyer and I arrived soon afterwards to raise the same question, Boyd gave us a wicked look. "So that's the game," he said, laying down his cigar and purpling. "Geoffrey comes in and I give him a flea in the ear. Then what happens? You two come along and try it on..." There followed a ten minutes' tongue-lashing against which all protests were useless. His fury was quite sincere, although out of all proportion to the nature of the issue which we had been told to discuss with him. What enraged him was a simple matter of office politics. It was his job to play MI-5 and SIS off against one another so as to exploit any differences between us. And here we were, clearly ranging up against him. Yet that same evening he telephoned to ask me over to drink bourbon deep into the night. Not a word was said about the unpleasantness of the morning.

A sluggish trickle of information about the Embassy leakage continued to reach us. Apart from Dwyer, who was soon to leave, three members of the British Embassy staff had access to the material:

Paterson, myself and Bobby Mackenzie, the Embassy Security Officer, who was an old colleague of mine from Section V days. In the FBI, the officials concerned were Boyd; Lishman, who was then head of the anti-Communist section; and Bob Lamphere, a nice puddingy native of Ohio who was responsible for the detailed analysis of the case on the American side. We were still far from identifying the source in the British Embassy, but during the winter of 1949-50 the net began to close around the Los Alamos source. The choice seemed to lie between two scientists of great distinction, Dr. Peierls and Dr. Fuchs. It was Dwyer's last direct service to SIS that, by a brilliant piece of analysis of the known movements of the two men, he conclusively eliminated Peierls. Thereafter, the finger pointed unwaveringly at Fuchs.

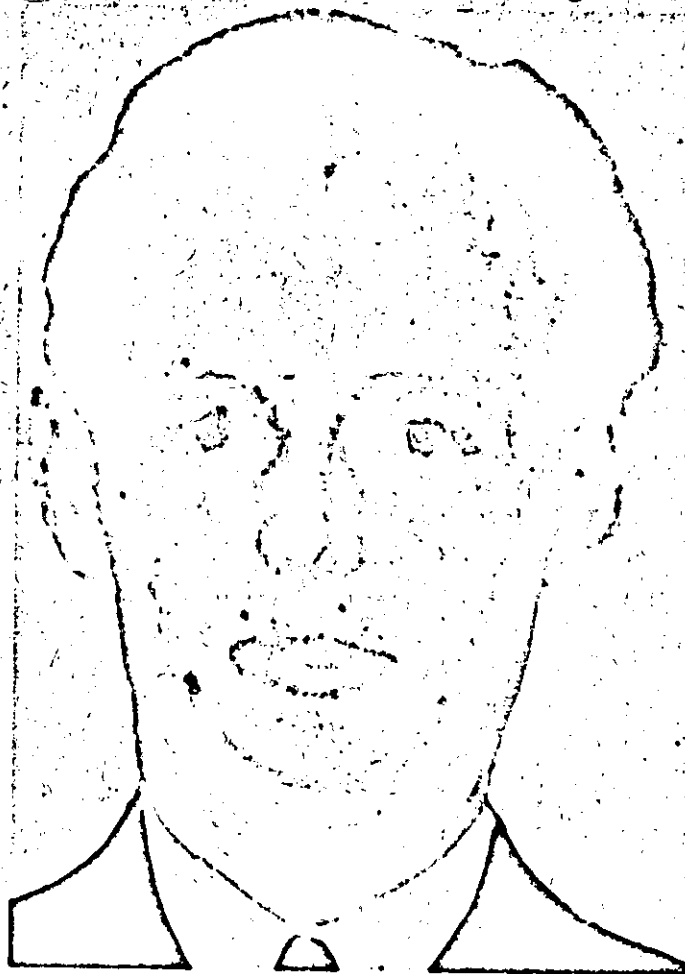
The usual trouble arose over the nature of the evidence, which was not valid in law. But Fuchs, emphatically unlike Judith Coplon, provided the evidence against himself. Shortly after Dwyer had identified him as the Los Alamos source, he set sail for England on a routine visit. He was arrested on arrival and passed to John Skardon, of MI-5, for interrogation. Skardon succeeded in winning his confidence to such an extent that Fuchs not only confessed his own part in the business, but also identified from photographs his contact in the United States, Harry Gold. From Gold, who was also in a talkative mood, the chain led inexorably to the Rosenbergs who were duly electrocuted. It is worth mentioning that Eisenhower explained his refusal to reprieve Ethel Rosenberg on the grounds that, if he did, the Russians in future would use only women as spies. It was an attitude worthy of the most pedestrian of United States presidents.

There was another remarkable casualty of the Fuchs case. Hoover, who had contributed nothing to his capture, was determined to extract maximum political capital from the affair for himself. To that end, he needed to show that he had mate-

rial of his own, and such material could only be obtained through the interrogation of the prisoner by one of his own men. He announced his intention of sending Lishman to London to question Fuchs in his cell. Paterson and I both received instructions to tell him that such a course was quite out of the question. Fuchs was in custody awaiting trial, and it was just impossible to arrange for his interrogation by anyone, let alone by the agent of a foreign power. I found Hoover in a state of high excitement, and in no mood to be impressed by the majesty of British law. He refused to budge. Lishman was sent to London, with peremptory instructions to see Fuchs, or else. The answer was "or else." When I heard that Lishman was back, I called at his office, a fairly grand, carpeted affair. Someone else was in his chair. Lishman himself I found a few doors further down the corridor, writing on the corner of a desk in a small room tenanted by four junior agents. The poor devil was bloody and very bowed. He looked at me as if it had been my fault. Such was life under Hoover.

In the summer of 1950, I received a letter from Guy Burgess. "I have a shock for you," he began. "I have just been posted to Washington." He suggested that I should put him up for a few days until he had found a flat for himself. This posed a problem. In normal circumstances, it would have been quite wrong for two secret operatives to occupy the same premises. But the circumstances were not normal. I had scarcely replied to signify my agreement when Mackenzie showed me a letter he had received from Carey-Foster, then head of the Foreign Office security branch, warning him about Burgess' arrival. Carey-Foster explained that his eccentricities would be more easily overlooked in a large embassy than in a small one. He gave a summary of his past peccadilloes, and said that worse might be in store. "What does he mean, 'worse'?" muttered Mackenzie. "Goats?" I told him that I knew Guy well, that he would be staying with me, and that I would

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Guy Burgess

Philby on Guy Burgess

From the earliest days, our careers had intertwined. He had collected money for me at Cambridge after the revolt of the Austrian Schutzbund in February, 1934. I had put forward his name as a possible recruit for the Soviet service, a debt which he later repaid by smoothing my entry into the British Secret Service. In between, he had acted as courier for me in Spain. In 1940, we had worked closely together in SIS, and he had paid me a professional visit in Turkey in 1948. Our association was therefore well-known, and it was already certain that any serious investigation of either of us would reveal these past links. It seemed that there could be no real professional objection to his staying with me.

There was another consideration which inclined me towards agreeing with Burgess' suggestion (to put him up at my place). I knew from the files that his record was quite clean, in the sense that there was nothing recorded against him politically. But he was very apt to get into personal scrapes of a spectacular nature. A colleague in the Foreign Office, now an Ambassador, had pushed him down the steps of the Gargoyle Club, injuring his skull. There had been trouble in Dublin and in Tangier. It occurred to me that he was much less likely to make himself conspicuous in my household than in a bachelor flat where every evening would find him footloose.

keep an eye on him. He seemed [○]py that there was someone else who was ready to share the responsibility.

In the light of what was to come, my decision to fall in with Burgess' suggestion looks like a bad mistake. I have indeed given it much thought in the past fifteen years. It will not do to plead that the twist events were to take a few months later were utterly unforeseeable; security precautions are designed to give protection from the unforeseeable. But, on reflection, I think that my decision to accommodate Burgess speeded by a few weeks at most the focussing of the spotlight on me. It also lent vigour to the letter which Bedell-Smith sent the Chief insisting on my removal from the scene. It may even have been lucky that suspicion fell on me prematurely, in the sense that it crystallised before the evidence was strong enough to bring me to court.

Burgess' arrival raised an issue that I could not decide by myself. Should he or should he not be let into the secret of the British Embassy source which was still under investigation? The decision to initiate him was taken after I had made two lone motor trips to points outside Washington. I was told that the balance of opinion was that Guy's special knowledge of the problem might be helpful. I therefore took Guy fully into our confidence, briefing him in the greatest detail, and the subject remained under constant discussion between us. My difficulty was that I had only seen Maclean twice, and briefly, in fourteen years. I had no idea where he lived, how he lived, or indeed anything at all about his circumstances. But it is now time to turn to the case, to explain how it stood, and the problems it involved.

The development of the affair was giving me deep anxiety. It was beset by imponderables, the assessment of which could be little better than guesswork. We had received some dozen reports referring to the source, who appeared in the documents under the code-name Homer, but little progress had been made towards identifying him. The FBI

was still sending us reams about the Embassy charladies, and the enquiry into our menial personnel was spinning itself out endlessly. To me, this remains the most inexplicable feature of the whole affair. There was already evidence that the Foreign Office had been penetrated. Both Krivitsky¹ and Volkov had said so. There was, of course, nothing to suggest that the three sources referred to the same man. There is still no basis for that supposition. But if the assumption had been made, if in particular the Krivitsky material had been studied in relation to the Washington leak, a search among the diplomats would have started without loss of time—perhaps even before I appeared on the scene.

But another feature of the case was even more puzzling. I must confess to having enjoyed a great advantage in that I was pretty certain from the beginning who was involved. But, even discounting that advantage, it seemed to me quite obvious, from the nature of the reports, that we were not dealing with the petty agent emptying wastepaper baskets and snatching the odd carbon. Some of the reports dealt with political problems of some complexity, and on more than one occasion Homer was spoken of with respect. There could be no real doubt that we were dealing with a man of stature. The reluctance to initiate enquiries along these lines can only be attributed to a genuine mental block which stubbornly resisted the belief that respected members of the Establishment could do such things. The existence of such a block was amply borne out by the commentaries that followed the disappearance of Maclean and Burgess—and for that matter, my own. Explanations of extraordinary silliness were offered in preference to the obvious simple truth.

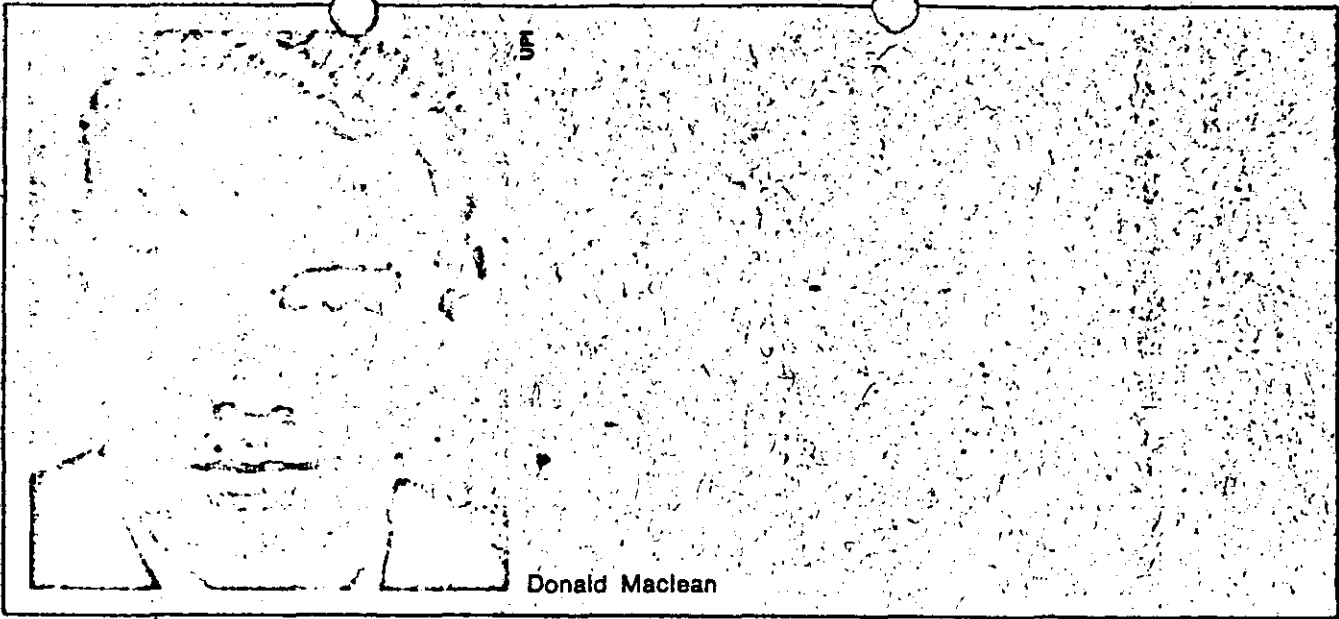
Yet I knew quite well that this bizarre situation could not go on forever. One day, any day, somebody in London or Washington

¹ Soviet intelligence officer Walter Krivitsky defected to the West in 1940, bringing with him secret information about an unidentified Soviet agent in Britain's Foreign Office.—Eds.

[○]ld look into his shaving-mirror and find inspiration there. Once investigation of the diplomats started, it would certainly yield the right answer sooner or later. The great question was: how soon? how late?

From discussion with my friends at meetings outside Washington, two main points emerged. First, it was essential to rescue Maclean before the net closed in on him. That was accepted as an axiom. No question was raised about his future potential to the Soviet Union in the event of his escape. It was quite enough that he was an old comrade. Some readers, prisoners of prejudice, may find this hard to swallow. I do not ask them to do so. But they cannot blame me if they suffer unpleasant shocks in future cases. Second, it was desirable that Maclean should stay in his post as long as possible. After his departure, it was said blandly that he was "only" head of the American Department of the Foreign Office, and thus had little access to high-grade information. But it is nonsense to suppose that a resolute and experienced operator occupying a senior post in the Foreign Office can have access only to the papers that are placed on his desk in the ordinary course of duty. I have already shown that I gained access to the files of British agents in the Soviet Union when I was supposed to be chivvying Germans in Spain. In short, our duty was to get Maclean to safety, but not before it was necessary.

But there were two further complications. I had been sent to the United States for a two-year tour of duty, and I could therefore expect to be replaced in the autumn of 1951. I had no idea what my next posting would be; it could easily have been Cairo or Singapore, far out of touch with the Maclean case. Groping in partial darkness as we were, it seemed safest to get Maclean away by the middle of 1951 at the latest. The second complication arose from Burgess' position. He was emphatically not at home in the Foreign Office, for which he had neither the right temperament nor the right personality. He had been thinking for some time of get-



Donald Maclean

ting out, and had one or two irons in the fire in Fleet Street. As a result, his work for the Foreign Office had suffered, so much so that it looked like a close thing between resignation and dismissal. In any case, he was anxious to get back to England.

In somebody's mind—I do not know whose—the two ideas merged: Burgess' return to London and the rescue of Maclean. If Burgess returned to London from the British Embassy in Washington, it seemed natural that he should call on the head of the American Department. He would be well placed to set the ball rolling for the rescue operation. It would have been possible for him to have resigned in Washington, and returned to London without fuss. But it might have looked a bit odd if he had gone back voluntarily shortly before the disappearance of Maclean. Matters had to be so arranged that he was sent back, willy-nilly. It was the sort of project in which Burgess delighted, and he brought it off in the simplest possible way. Three times in one day he was booked for speeding in the state of Virginia, and the Governor reacted just as we had hoped. He sent a furious protest to the State Department against this flagrant abuse of diplomatic privilege, which was then brought to the attention of the Ambassador. Within a few

days, Burgess was regretfully informed that he would have to leave.

As soon as the possibility of Burgess helping in the rescue operation emerged from our discussions, great attention was paid to my own position. Despite all precautions, Burgess might be seen with Maclean, and enquiry into his activity might lead to doubts about me. There seemed very little that could be done about it, but it occurred to me that I could help to divert suspicion by making a positive contribution to the solution of the British Embassy case. Hitherto, I had lain low, letting the FBI and MI-5 do what they could. Now that the rescue plan was taking shape, there was no reason why I should not give the investigation a nudge in the right direction.

To that end, I wrote a memorandum to Head Office, suggesting that we might be wasting our time in exhaustive investigations of the Embassy menials. I recalled the statements of Krivitsky to the best of my ability from memory. He had said that the head of the Soviet Intelligence for Western Europe had recruited in the middle thirties a young man who had gone into the Foreign Office. He was of good family, and had been educated at Eton and Oxford. He was an idealist, working without payment. I suggested that these data, such as

they were, should be matched against the records of diplomats stationed in Washington between the relevant dates in 1944-45 of the known leakages. I received a reply from Vivian,² assuring me that that aspect of the case had been very much "in their minds." But there was no evidence on file that anything had been done about it, and the speed, the disconcerting speed, of later developments suggested that the idea must have been relatively new.

A match of the Krivitsky material with the reports of the Embassy leakage yielded a short list of perhaps six names which was sent to us by London, with the comment that intensive enquiries were in progress. The list included the names of Roger Makins, Paul Gore-Booth, Michael Wright and Donald Maclean. (It may be objected that Maclean was not at either Eton or Oxford. He was not. But MI-5 did not attach too much weight to that detail, on the ground that foreigners often assume that all well-born young Englishmen must go to Eton and Oxford.) The list provided Bobby Mackenzie with one of his finest hours. He offered me short odds on Gore-Booth. Why? He had been educated at Eton and Oxford; he had entered the Foreign Office

² Lieutenant Colonel Valentine Vivian, Deputy Chief of the Secret Service.—Eds.

in the middle thirties; he was a classical scholar of distinction to whom the code-name Homer would be appropriate; Homer, in its Russian form of Gomer, was a near-anagram of Gore; as for ideals, Gore-Booth was a Christian Scientist and a teetotaler. What more could I want? It was a neat bit of work, good enough, I hoped, to give London pause for a few days.

Burgess packed up and left. We dined together his last evening in a Chinese restaurant where each booth had "personalised music" which helped to drown our voices. We went over the plan step by step. He was to meet a Soviet contact on arrival in London, and give him a full briefing. He was then to call on Maclean at his office armed with a sheet of paper giving the time and place of rendezvous which he would slip across the desk. He would then meet Maclean and put him fully in the picture. From then on, the matter was out of my hands. Burgess did not look too happy, and I must have had an inkling of what was on his mind. When I drove him to the station next morning, my last words, spoken only half-jocularly, were: "Don't you go too."

MI-5 were not particularly impressed by Mackenzie's brainwave about Gore-Booth. Confronted by their short list, they were looking for the odd man out, the man who did not least to pattern. It was intelligent procedure, and it led them to put Maclean at the top of the list. He had never enjoyed the social round of the diplomatic corps. He had preferred the society of independent minds. By contrast, the others on the list were depressingly conformist. In communicating to us their conclusions, MI-5 informed us that Maclean would probably be approached when the case against him was complete. Meanwhile, certain categories of Foreign Office papers would be withheld from him, and his movements would be put under surveillance. These last two decisions, taken presumably to soothe the Americans, were foolish, but I saw no reason to challenge them. I judged that they might serve me in good stead if anything

went wrong. I was quite right.

I was nevertheless alarmed by the speed with which the affair was developing, and at the next meeting with my Soviet contact told him of the pressing need for haste. I was also given a pretext for writing to Burgess direct. The Embassy transport officer had twice asked me what was to be done about the Lincoln Continental which he had left in the car park. So I wrote to Burgess in pressing terms, telling him that if he did not act at once, it would be too late—because I would send his car to the scrap-heap. There was nothing more that I could do.

One morning, at a horribly early hour, Geoffrey Paterson called me by telephone. He explained that he had just received an enormously long Most Immediate telegram from London. It would take him all day to decipher without help, and he had just sent his secretary on a week's leave. Could he borrow mine? I made the necessary arrangements and sat back to compose myself. This was almost certainly it. Was Maclean in the bag? Had Maclean got away? I was itching to rush round to the Embassy and lend a third hand to the telegram. But it was clearly wiser to stick to my usual routine as if nothing had happened. When I reached the Embassy, I went straight to Paterson's office. He looked grey. "Kim," he said in a half-whisper, "the bird has flown." I registered dawning horror (I hope). "What bird? Not Maclean?" "Yes," he answered. "But there's worse than that . . . *Guy Burgess has gone with him.*" At that, my consternation was no pretence.

III

BURGESS' DEPARTURE with Maclean faced me with a fateful decision. From the earliest discussions of Maclean's escape, my Soviet colleagues had been mindful that something might go wrong and put me in danger. To meet such a possibility, we had elaborated an escape plan for myself, to be put into effect at my discretion in case of

extreme emergency. It was clear that the departure of Burgess gave rise to an emergency. But was it an extreme emergency? I had to put aside the decision for a few hours, in order to deal with two immediate problems. One was to get rid of certain compromising equipment hidden in my house. The other was to get the feeling of the FBI, since that might affect the details of my escape. Getting rid of the equipment was perhaps the most urgent task of the two, but I decided to let it wait. It would have looked very odd if I had left the Embassy immediately after hearing the news; and Paterson's telegram gave me a good excuse for testing the FBI without delay. It concluded with instructions that he should inform Boyd of its contents. Paterson, doubtless thinking that his face would be pretty red by the end of the interview, asked me if I would accompany him on the grounds that two red faces might be better than one. The fact that my face was probably more grey than red did not alter the principle of the thing.

Boyd took the news with remarkable calm. A few flashes of mischief suggested that he might almost be pleased that the bloody British had made a mess of it. But I guessed that his calm masked a personal worry. Boyd had often met Burgess at my house, and had invited him back to his own. Against all the odds, they had got on well together. Both were aggressive, provocative characters; they exchanged insults with mutual appreciation. At their first meeting, Burgess had attacked the corruption and graft which, he alleged, made nonsense of the Indianapolis motor trials, and in doing so took several hefty sideswipes at the American way of life in general. Boyd positively liked it. He had probably never heard a prissy Englishman talk that way before. In the present crisis, he would not have been Boyd if he had not wondered how much "the boss," Hoover, knew about his own acquaintance with Burgess. I concluded that Boyd's personal interest would work in my favour. From him, we went to see Lamphere, whose manner was quite

normal. We discussed the ^{pe} with him, and he ventured a few theories in his solid earnest way which suggested that he was still far from the truth. I left the building much relieved. It was possible that both Boyd and Lamphere were consummate actors who had fooled me. But it was no good jumping at shadows. I had to act as if the FBI were still in the dark.

It was possible that at any moment MI-5 might ask the FBI to put me under surveillance. They could easily have done so without my knowledge by using the FBI representative in London as a direct link with Washington. But here again I felt that I had a few days' grace. It was most unlikely that MI-5 would put a foreign security service on to me without the agreement of MI-6, and I thought that the latter would hesitate before compounding an implied slur on one of their senior officers. I should emphasise that this was pure guesswork on my part, and remains guesswork to this day. It is supported, however, by the fact that for several days I was left in peace.

When Paterson and I got back to the Embassy, it was already past noon, and I could plausibly tell him that I was going home for a stiff drink. In my garage-cum-potting-shed, I slipped a trowel into my brief-case, and then went down to the basement. I wrapped camera, tripod and accessories into waterproof containers, and bundled them in after the trowel. I had often rehearsed the necessary action in the mind's eye, and had lain the basis for it. It had become my frequent habit to drive out to Great Falls to spend a peaceful half-hour between bouts of CIA-FBI liaison, and on the way I had marked down a spot suitable for the action that had now become necessary. I parked the car on a deserted stretch of road with the Potomac on the left and a wood on the right where the undergrowth was high and dense enough for concealment. I doubled back a couple of hundred yards through the bushes and got to work with the trowel. A few minutes later I re-emerged from the wood doing up my fly-

buttons and drove back home, where I fiddled around in the garden with the trowel before going in to lunch. As far as inanimate objects were concerned, I was clean as a whistle.

I was now in a position to give attention to the escape problem. As it had never been far from my mind in the previous weeks, I was able to make up my mind before the end of the day. My decision was to stay put. I was guided by the consideration that, unless my chances of survival were minimal, my clear duty was to fight it out. There was little doubt that I would have to lie low for a time, and that the time might be prolonged and would surely be trying. But, at the end of it there might well be opportunity of further service. The event was to prove me right.

The problem resolved itself into assessment of my chances of survival, and I judged them to be considerably better than even. It must be borne in mind that I enjoyed an enormous advantage over people like Fuchs who had little or no knowledge of intelligence work. For my part, I had worked for eleven years in the Secret Service. For seven of them I had been in fairly senior position, and for eight I had worked in closest collaboration with MI-5. For nearly two years I had been intimately linked to the American services, and had been in desultory relationship with them for another eight. I felt that I knew the enemy well enough to foresee in general terms the moves he was likely to make. I knew his files—his basic armament—and, above all, the limitations imposed on his procedures by law and convention. It was also evident that there must be many people in high positions in London who would wish very much to see my innocence established. They would be inclined to give me the benefit of any doubt going, and it was my business to see that the room for doubt was spacious.

What evidence, to my knowledge, could be brought against me? There were the early left-wing associations in Cambridge. They were widely known, so there was no point in concealing them. But I had never

joined the Communist Party in England, and it would surely be difficult to prove, eighteen years after the event, that I had worked illegally in Austria, especially in view of the sickening fact that most of my Vienna friends were undoubtedly dead. There was the nasty little sentence in Krivitsky's evidence that the Soviet secret service had sent a young English journalist to Spain during the civil war. But there were no further identifying particulars, and many young men from Fleet Street had gone to Spain. There was the awkward fact that Burgess had got me into the Secret Service in the first place. I had already decided to circumvent that one by giving the name of a well-known lady who *might* have been responsible for my recruitment. If she admitted responsibility, all would be well. If she denied it, I could argue that I would scarcely have named her if I had not really believed that she was responsible.

It would have been desperately difficult, of course, if the Security Service had been able to check the files I had drawn during my service at headquarters, since that would have proved that my interests had roamed far and wide beyond my legitimate duties. My only possible defence, that I was passionately interested in the Service for its own sake, would have carried little conviction. But I knew that the tallies were periodically destroyed, and thought it very unlikely that they would have survived the holocaust of unwanted paper that took place after the war. There were also the number of cases which I had handled, such as the Volkov case, which had gone wrong for reasons which had never been established with certainty. But everyone was susceptible to explanation without reference to myself; and there were two important cases, those of May and Fuchs, which, despite my best efforts, had gone right. The cases which went right would not clear me, but they would help me to throw the essential doubt on my responsibility for the others.

The really difficult problem was to explain away my relations with

Philby in Moscow

Philby on his Escape to Russia

So, after seven years, I left Beirut and turned up in the Soviet Union. Why? Maybe I was tipped off by a Fourth Man. Maybe someone had blundered. It is even possible that I was just tired. Thirty years in the underground is a long stretch, and I cannot pretend that they left no mark. The question, as far as I am concerned, can be left to history; or rather, since history is unlikely to be interested, it can be buried right now.

Fantasies pursued me, of course, into the Soviet Union. Reports of my whereabouts have been bewilderingly various. I am living in Prague; I am living on the Black Sea riviera; I am in a sanatorium suffering from a ner-

vous breakdown; I am living in a *dacha* outside Moscow; I am in a big government house outside Moscow; I am hidden away in a provincial town; I accompanied the Soviet delegation to the abortive Afro-Asian conference in 1955; I am working in a Soviet cultural institute at Bloudane, not far from Damascus. It is obvious that none of those who published such nonsense could really have believed it. But, if they were guessing, why such stupid guesses? The overwhelming balance of probability was always that I was living in Moscow and, like all the other millions of Muscovites, in a flat. Anyone who had hazarded such a trite guess would have guessed quite right.

Burgess. I shared very few tastes, very few of his friends, and few of his intellectual interests. The essential bond between us was, of course, political, and that was a point that had to be blurred to the test of my ability. To a certain extent, geography helped. While I was in Austria he was at Cambridge; while I was in Spain he was in London; much of the war period he was in London, but I was in France, Hampshire and Hertfordshire; then I went to Turkey, and he only caught up with me in Washington after a year. I could therefore show that real intimacy never had a chance to grow; he was simply a stimulating but occasional companion. Even the fact that he had stayed with me in Washington could be turned to advantage. Would I be such a complete fool as to advertise my connection with him if we shared a deep secret?

Another difficulty was the actual course of my career. The more I considered it, the less I liked it. There were the known left-wing associations at Cambridge, and suspected Communist activity in Vienna; the complete break with my Communist friends in England, followed all too closely by cultivation of Nazis in London and Berlin; the choice (of all places) of Berlin as a base in which to carve out a journalistic career; then the entry into the Secret Service with Burgess, and my emergence in the Service as an expert on anti-Soviet and anti-Communist work; and finally my foreknowledge of the action to be taken against Maclean and the latter's escape. It was an ugly picture. I was faced with the inescapable conclusion that I could not hope to prove my innocence.

That conclusion did not depress me unduly. A strong presumption of my guilt might be good enough for an intelligence officer. But it was not enough for a lawyer. What was needed was evidence. The chain of circumstantial evidence that might be brought against me was uncomfortably long. But, as I examined each single link of the chain, I thought I could break it; and if every link was broken singly, what

remained of the chain? Despite all appearances, I thought, my chances were good. My next task was to get out into the open and start scattering the seeds of doubt as far and wide as I possibly could.

The next few days gave me plenty of opportunity. In the office, Paterson and I talked of little else, and Mackenzie joined our deliberations from time to time. I do not think that Paterson had an inkling of the truth at the time, but I am less sure of Mackenzie. He was idle but far from stupid, and on occasion I thought I caught a shrewd glint in his eye. My part in the discussions was to formulate a theory which covered the known facts, and hammer it home until it stuck. The opening was given me by the decision of MI-5, which I have already described as foolish, to withhold certain papers from Maclean and to put his movements under surveillance. Taking that as a starting point, I made a reconstruction of the case which was at least impossible to disprove. It ran thus.

The evidence of Krivitsky showed that Maclean had been working for at least sixteen years. He was therefore an experienced and competent operator. Such a man, ever on guard, would be quick to notice that certain categories of paper were being withheld from him and to draw disquieting conclusions. His next step would be to check whether he was being followed. As he was being followed, he would not take long to discover the fact. But, while these discoveries would alert Maclean to his danger, they also put him in a quandary. The object of surveillance was to trap him in company with a Soviet contact; yet without a Soviet contact, his chances of escape would be greatly diminished. While he was still meditating this problem, the act of God occurred. Burgess walked into his room—his old comrade. (I could produce no evidence that there had been an old association between Burgess and Maclean, but the fact that they had gone together made it a wholly reasonable assumption.) The arrival of Burgess, of course, would solve Maclean's problem, since Burgess, through *his* contact,

and make all necessary arrangements. This was strongly supported by the fact that it was Burgess who looked after the details such as hiring the car. And why did Burgess go too? Well, it was clear to Paterson and Mackenzie that Burgess was washed up in the Foreign Office, and pretty near the end of his tether in general. Doubtless, his Soviet friends thought it would be best to remove him from a scene in which his presence might constitute a danger to others.

Such was my story and I stuck to it. It had the advantage of being based on known facts and almost unchallengeable assumptions. The only people who could disprove it were the two who had vanished and myself. I was also happy to see that the theory was wholly acceptable to the FBI. Boyd and Lamphere both liked it, and, in a short interview I had with Hoover at the time, he jumped at it. In his eyes, it had the superlative merit of pinning all the blame on MI-5. I have no doubt that he made a great deal of political capital out of it, both on Capitol Hill and in subsequent dealings with MI-5. Hoover may have got few winners on his own account; but he was not the man to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

The position with regard to the CIA was more indefinite. It was an FBI case, and I could not discuss its intricacies with the CIA without running the risk of irritating Hoover and Boyd, both of whom I was anxious to soothe. So I confined my talks with CIA officials to the overt details of the case which became known through the press, somewhat late and more than somewhat inaccurate. I had no fear of the bumbling Dulles; years later, I was to be puzzled by President Kennedy's mistake in taking him seriously over the Bay of Pigs. But Bedell-Smith was a different matter. He had a cold fishy eye and a precision-tool brain. At my first meeting with him, I had taken a document of twenty-odd paragraphs on Anglo-American war plans for his scrutiny and comment. He had flipped over the pages casually and tossed it aside, then engaged me in close dis-

... of the subjects in referring from memory to the numbered paragraphs. I kept pace only because I had spent a whole morning learning the document by heart. Bedell-Smith, I had an uneasy feeling, would be apt to think that two and two made four rather than five.

The next few days dragged. I experienced some mild social embarrassment when the news broke with all the carefree embellishment of the popular press. One of the snottier of the Embassy wives gave me a glacial stare at one of the Ambassador's garden parties. But London remained ominously silent. One telegram arrived from London saying that "it was understood" that I knew Burgess personally; could I throw any light on his behaviour? But the one I was expecting was a Most Immediate, personal, decypher yourself telegram from the Chief summoning me home. At last the summons came, but it took a most curious, thought-provoking form. An intelligence official specialising in the fabrication of deception material flew into Washington on routine business. He paid me a courtesy call during which he handed me a letter from Jack Easton. The letter was in Easton's own handwriting, and informed me that I would shortly be receiving a telegram recalling me to London in connection with the

Burgess-Maclean case. It was very important that I should obey the call promptly. While the sense of the communication was clear enough, its form baffled me. Why should Easton warn me of the impending summons and why in his own handwriting if the order was to reach me through the normal telegraphic channels anyway? There is often a good reason for eccentric behaviour in the Secret Service, and there may have been one in this case. My reflection at the time was that, if I had not already rejected the idea of escape, Easton's letter would have given me the signal to get moving with all deliberate speed.

After a few days the telegram came. I booked my passage for the following day and prepared to say goodbye to Washington forever. I met Angleton for a pleasant hour in a bar. He did not seem to appreciate the gravity of my personal position, and asked me to take up certain matters of mutual concern when I got to London. I did not even take the trouble to memorise them. Then I called on Dulles who bade me farewell and wished me the best of luck. Boyd was next on my list and we spent some of the evening together. He seemed to be genuinely preoccupied with my predicament and kindly offered some words of advice

how to keep out of trouble in London. Part of his concern may have been due to his sense of personal involvement in the Burgess affair; but I also detected some genuine feeling for which I was grateful. Ruthless as he was, Boyd was a human being.

I arrived in London about noon, and was immediately involved in a bizarre episode. I had boarded the airport bus and taken a seat immediately next to the door. When the bus was full, an agitated figure appeared on the running-board and frantically scrutinised the passengers. He looked over my left shoulder, over my right shoulder, tried to look over my head and then looked straight at me. Dismay settled on his face and he vanished. It was Bill Bremner, a fairly senior officer on the administrative side of SIS. I knew very well whom he was looking for. If I had been two yards away from him instead of two feet, he would certainly have spotted me. I had never been met officially before. What with Jack Easton's letter and the designation of an officer of Bremner's seniority to act as reception committee, I could not complain that I had not been warned. As the bus drove into London, the red lights were flickering brightly. □

This is the final installment of a two-part series.

Philby on his Double Life

One writer who knew me in Beirut has stated that the liberal opinions I expressed in the Middle East were "certainly" my true ones. Another comment from a personal friend was that I could not have maintained such a consistently liberal intellectual framework unless I had really believed in it. Both remarks are very flattering. The first duty of an underground worker is to perfect not only his cover story but also his cover-personality. There

is, of course, some excuse for the misconceptions about my views which I have just mentioned. By the time I reached the Middle East, I had more than twenty years experience behind me, including some testing years. Furthermore, I was baptised the hard way, in Nazi Germany and Fascist Spain, where a slip might have had consequences only describable as dire.



A few of the characters in this installment appear under pseudonyms.

MY LAST YEARS AS A SPY

'Deep regret' for words about Philby and the Third Man

Colonel Marcus Lipton (Sec. Britton) in the Commons this afternoon "unreservedly withdrew" allegations he made about the "dubious Third Man activities" of Mr. Harold Philby, a former Foreign Office diplomat, when the Commons were discussing the Burgess-Maclean affair on October 25.

ROCK HUDSON MARRIES AT HOTEL IN SECRET

Days in careful preparation by my inevitable statement to the Press. An awful lot would depend on getting the tone just right. Unless I could force Lipton to retract, I would have no chance but escape.

By passing round a typewritten statement to the effect that in certain respects, reference was imposed on me by the Official Secrets Act. With that reservation, I was prepared to answer questions.

By the first half-dozen asked at me on it was "An Lipton and I said: "That brings us to the heart of the matter." It was not only the Press which knew Graham Greene's lies. I then invited Lipton to re-

ANALYSIS: by CHAPMAN PINCHER PHILBY AND THE PRESS

When the Government (officially) admitted that Philby had been a Russian spy, it was a relief to many of us who were among the first to believe that he was. Harold Philby is a man who has been at home in the world since he was a boy.

Cleared—and I worked for Russia again!

A victory for the spy.

So, after seven years, I left the Soviet Union. I was tipped off by a Party Member. Maybe I was tipped off by a Party Member. Maybe I was tipped off by a Party Member. Maybe I was tipped off by a Party Member.

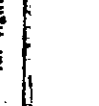
My experiences in the Middle East from 1956 and 1963 do not lend themselves easily to narrative form. But there has been much speculation about what I was doing there in addition to my work as a newspaper correspondent.



Russian officials try to hustle Mr. Petrov in Australia. Her husband's revelation the Government to re-open the Burgess-Ma

was the liberal smokescreen behind which I concealed my real opinions. One writer who knew me in the Middle East was "certainly" my true one. Another comment from a personal friend maintained that I could not have maintained such a consistent liberal intellectual framework unless I had really believed in it.

Both remarks are very interesting. The first duty of an unskilled worker is to perfect his cover-personality but also to cover-personality. There is, of course, some



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arrest, remain
Nor are there any
decline of the damage
that intelligence and security
departments must always be
immune to public censure.
Foreign Office chiefs still squirm
when anyone suggests that they
run the Secret Intelligence
Service of spies operating
abroad, though this was reluc-
tantly admitted in Parliament
eight years ago and every for-
eign Government has known it
for much longer.

If the Foreign Office feels so
ashamed of being involved in
the first line of defence in the
H-bomb missile age when Intel-
ligence is vital to survival, the
task should be transferred to
some other less sensitive agency.

PHILBY is wildly inaccurate
in his account of
Fleet Street's suspicions about
him. Inquiries by the Daily
Express had produced his name
as the chief suspect in tipping
off Maclean soon after the latter
fled with Burgess in 1951. I re-
member discussing Philby then
as the likeliest "Third Man"
with Mr. Cyril Connolly of the
Sunday Times.

I have a memorandum from
Daily Express investigator
Donald Beaman which he sub-
mitted in 1955 stating that a
former member of M.I.5 had
told him that Philby had
"alerted the Soviet Embassy in
Washington, who passed the
warning to Maclean via their
embassy in London." He also
stated that Philby was "a Com-
munist agent from youth."

The Daily Express could not
use this information because of
the libel laws. The security
authorities refused to comment
on it, and though one of Philby's
S.I.S. colleagues privately ridi-
culed it, other leads suggested
that it could well be true.

This—not any—lead with the
Foreign Office—explains why
the Beaverbrook newspapers
continued to investigate the
backgrounds of Philby, Burgess,
Maclean and Mrs. Maclean who
also fled to Moscow and has
since left her husband to live
with Philby.

Further circumstantial evi-
dence against Philby was col-
lected during 1954 and 1955 and
some of this was passed by me
to M.I.5 via the late Admiral
Sir George Thomson. But the
security authorities continued
to be unhelpful to the news-
papers or to act themselves.

Throughout these memoirs
Philby has jibed at the security
services for their lack of action;
now he jibes at the newspapers
for being tenacious.

His venomous remarks about
the Beaverbrook newspapers in
particular accord with his
spiteful attitude to those
American intelligence men who
thwarted his treacherous pur-
pose by refusing to have him
back in Washington. After he
resigned from the Secret
Service in 1951 the newspaper
inquiries were far more
dangerous to him than any
investigations by the security
authorities, who had a big
vested interest in preserving
the facade not only that he
was innocent but was being
victimised.

Official inquiries into Philby's
activities were dropped in 1952
and were resumed three years
later only when disclosures by
Petrov, the Russian who
defected to Australia, forced a
reopening of the case. Then,
after Philby's name had been
cleared in Parliament, he was
re-employed by the Secret
Intelligence Service as a Middle
East agent with the cover job
of foreign correspondent for
The Observer.

As Philby reveals, the Beaver-
brook newspapers remained on
his track for several more years
so he had good reason for
hating them. His remarks about
them also further the Russian
propaganda purpose of deni-
grating the "wicked capitalist
Press."

ON a point of accuracy I can
find no evidence that
Philby ever operated illegally in
Nazi Germany as he vainly
claims, though he was in touch
with Communists in Vienna
the early thirties.
And there is no Tube station
at Vauxhall!

2-14

THE THIRD MAN'S OWN STORY



'IS THERE A FOURTH MAN? MAYBE'

In 1955, Kim Philby was under acute suspicion of being the "Third Man" who had enabled Burgess and Maclean to escape. He had survived rigorous and prolonged cross-examination. But his interrogators still hoped they could trap him into some unwary and damning admission...

by KIM PHILBY



Philby faces the Press... with a confident smile

could only plead lapse of memory. The probing of my finances gave me a chance of showing that I was not involved in the matter. I could not remember my financial transactions expected to remember all the details of my social and professional life.

After several such interrogations, Skardon came to me and said he would like to see me. He did not tell me what he was looking for, but he said he was convinced that I was concealing something from him. I thought that I had given a lot to have Skardon almost, and I would have his summation.

There was no doubt that the evidence against me was not yet conclusive. But it was not so

repeatedly referred from yet another summons to Broadway, this time to be interrogated by Sir Gerald and Skardon (of the Secret Intelligence Service). It was disastrous to me in my hope to now re-examine the King to him, standing as I did not on principle as he ever did. But I enjoyed my duel with Skardon. After my experience with White Minton, and Skardon felt of whom I had spoken in my family, I could succeed where I did not they had failed. He did not.

For more than two years I was left in prison - of per-sonal nature - but I had no doubt that I could be released. I had no doubt that I could be released.

I referred that a British denunciation would strengthen the hands of those who still doubted my guilt. He would not be returned to Skardon asking for my return of my passport. I had no doubt that I could be released.

It was the fact that I watched the next generation of performers with this and some not made the same mistake as I had made. I had no doubt that I could be released.

I WAS strap-hanging in the underground when I read the news that I had been named as the Third Man. I saw my name in the headlines of the Evening Standard. I was

65-18043

the next storm gather. It began with the defection of Petrov in Australia and some not very revealing revelations he made about Burgess and Maclean.

It is quite astonishing in view of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which the popular Press must have spent in ferreting out trivial misinformation about the missing diplomats, that it took them four years to get on to me - and then only because of an indiscretion.

One of my S.I.S. friends told me that the leak came from a retired senior officer of the Metropolitan Police, a gentleman we both knew, a loose tongue.

In connection with the Third Man, the Daily Express mentioned a security officer of the British Embassy in Washington who had been asked to resign from the service. It was a characteristic inaccuracy; I was never a security officer. But it was near enough to prepare me to slap a libel suit on the first newspaper to mention my name.

I soon had my first visitor from Fleet Street. He telephoned from London, asking for an interview. I suggested that he should put his questions in writing. Two hours later he called again from the station, and I decided to show him the form.

I told him that I would say nothing whatever unless he gave me a written guarantee that not a word would be printed without my consent. I explained that I was open to a charge under the Official Secrets Act if I discussed it. After telephoning his editor, he went away empty handed. But then the Press closed in.

I should explain that I had moved from Herefordshire to Sussex, and was living in Crowborough and Erdiske. By a lucky coincidence, I was not only an attraction in the neighbourhood for Princess Margaret was staying at Erdiske. The Peter Townsend and Towns reporters would cover the process in the morning and Towns in the afternoon - or vice versa.

Either way, they swarmed round me at lunchtime.

I WAS strap-hanging in the Underground when I read the news. Looking over my neighbour's shoulder, I saw my name in the headlines of the Evening Standard.

Colonel Marcus Lipton, M.P.

mother in her flat in Drayton Gardens and telephoned my S.I.S. friends to tell them that I could not keep silence. They agreed I would have to say some time, but again urged me to postpone action until the debate in the Commons.

There were 12 days to go. I disconnected the doorbell and buried the telephone under a mountain of cushions. I spent

As soon as the furore began, I got into touch with my friends in S.I.S. They urged me to make no statement that might prejudice the case. The Government had promised a debate on the subject, and it was imperative that no spatter should be thrown in the works.

They made two requests. First, that I should submit one final interrogation, not by M.I.5 this time, but by two colleagues in S.I.S. Second, that I should again surrender my passport.

I agreed to both. My passport changed hands once more, and I paid two visits to London to answer questions. The interviews followed a familiar pattern which suggested that no new evidence had been turned up.

Meanwhile, the fact that I had made no attempt to escape over a long period was beginning to weigh heavily in my favour. With the passage of time, the trail had become staid and muddy. With the spotlight focused on me, I had cut two appointments with my Soviet friends. But when the date for a third came round, I decided that they probably needed information and that I certainly needed encouragement.

It had to be an all day job. I left Crowborough early and drove to Tonbridge where I parked the car and took a train to London. I was last to board from a deserted platform.

At Vauxhall I descended and after a good look round took the Underground to Tottenham

crime for which they were executed. Philby, who knew all about the Fuchs-Rosenberg espionage ring, also knew before hand that the FBI through Harry Gold had identified the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell as spies. Philby and his Russian spy chiefs in Moscow even knew that the FBI planned to arrest the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell, yet they chose to sacrifice them, most probably to keep Philby's identity a secret. The Rosenbergs, therefore, were embarrassed to death and Morton Sobell received an embarrassing 30-year jail sentence. The Soviets evidently later felt sorry about that 30-year sentence for Sobell, as revealed in the trial of master spy Rudolph Abel. The Soviet spy chiefs directed Reino Kahaynen, an undercover Soviet agent in the United States, to deliver to Sobell's wife the sum of \$5,000 as compensation for her husband's devoted work as a member of the Rosenberg ring. Mrs. Sobell never received the money as Kahaynen spent it himself. There was not very much they could do to compensate the Rosenbergs.

Philby must have felt some remorse about the Rosenbergs and Sobell for he later made sure to arrange escape to Russia for his gay spy colleagues Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. He seems quite proud of this feat and one wonders about possible further startling revelations to come after "My Silent War."

NOTE: See memorandum R.D. Cotter to Mr. W.C. Sullivan dated 4/25/68 prepared by HDC:scr, captioned "Counterintelligence and Special Operations, (Nationalities Intelligence), Harold Adrian Russell Philby, aka Kim Philby."

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Mr. W. C. Sullivan

FROM : R. D. Cotter *[Signature]*

SUBJECT: COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SPECIAL OPERATIONS
(NATIONALITIES INTELLIGENCE)
HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY, aka
Kim Philby

1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]

DATE: 4/26/68

1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]
1 - [Redacted]

[Redacted list of names and initials]

[Handwritten notes: "R.D. Cotter" and "Philby"]

[Handwritten initials: "CC"]

BACKGROUND:

Philby, an admitted Soviet agent, served as British intelligence (MI-6) liaison with CIA and FBI in the U.S., October, 1949-June, 1951. His memoirs published in book form "My Silent War," 3/15/68, Grove Press, New York, are KGB-designed and highly critical of the Director, the FBI, CIA, and British intelligence.

OBSERVATIONS:

In "My Silent War," Philby verifies the guilt of the Rosenbergs as Soviet agents. Soviets through Philby were aware of the Anglo-American investigation of the Fuchs-Rosenberg espionage ring and the impending FBI arrest of the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell. Despite this knowledge, Soviet intelligence sacrificed the Rosenbergs (later executed) and Sobell (currently serving a 30-year sentence). All information in attached memorandum is public source material.

[Handwritten note: "3- [Redacted]"]

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1 - [REDACTED]

April 29, 1968

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"My Silent War"
by Kim Philby
Grove Press
262 Pages
\$5.95

Q

Kim Philby, the author of "My Silent War," operated as a high-level British diplomat and super-secret Soviet spy for some 30 years before fleeing to Soviet Russia. The book, published by Grove Press, could hardly be expected to contain any startling revelations about the work of Russian cloak and dagger operations-- but it does.

The author describes the book in his preface as an introductory sketch of his experiences in intelligence work and adds that more will follow. Significantly, he offers his apologies for any embarrassment he may cause former colleagues in the U.S. and Britain. He adds that he "...tried, therefore, to confine the naming of names to former officers whom I know to be dead or retired."

Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Philby's Soviet spy colleagues, are dead, executed for giving U.S. atomic secrets to Soviet Russia. Certainly Philby was not referring to the Rosenbergs in offering his apologies for embarrassment to former colleagues, however, "My Silent War" reveals that he, and his Russian spy chiefs in Moscow, had already embarrassed the Rosenbergs to death.

Harold Adrian Russell Philby served as a top-ranking British Secret Service official working in liaison with the CIA and FBI in Washington, D. C., from 1949 to 1951. In this capacity he knew all about the cooperative American and British investigation of Soviet spy Klaus Fuchs in Britain and he states that the confession of Fuchs led to Harry Gold and "...the chain led inexorably to the Rosenbergs." This is, in effect, a startling first admission by Philby and the Russians that the Rosenbergs were Soviet agents and indeed guilty of the

LLC:scr (10)

SEE NOTE PAGE TWO

NOT RECORDED

167 MAY 15 1968

66 MAY 17 1968

MAIL ROOM

TELETYPE UNIT

4 MAY 15 1968

Handwritten notes and signatures: "John of", "JCS", "JAC", "216", and various initials.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

Handwritten scribbles and a vertical column of redacted text.

TO : Mr. W. C. Sullivan

DATE: June 28, 1968

FROM : W. A. Branigan

SUBJECT: BOOK REVIEW
"THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY"
by Bruce Page, David Leitch,
and Phillip Knightley

M.A. Jones

Harold Adrian Russell Philby

This memorandum is a review of the above captioned book.

BACKGROUND:

Philby is the former MI-6 (British Intelligence Service) agent who defected to Russia in 1963 and is still there. He has written a book in which he states that he was recruited as a Soviet agent in 1933 and operated as such for 30 years.

THE BOOK:

The authors have written a comprehensive review of the entire life of Philby and have obviously contacted any person who had dealings with Philby. The weakest portion of the book deals with Philby's stay in the U.S. from 1949 to 1951 and from this it can be assumed that their sources in the U.S. were not as cooperative as their British sources. The writers also trace the development of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean as well as Philby from their youth, through college, and their careers in the British Government up until their defection to Russia. In analyzing the actions of these men, the writers feel that they were moved by a "quasi-religious faith" and believed that Russia was better than England because it had adopted communism. They feel that these men were successful because the British society could not comprehend that an Englishman might be "in bond to an alien and all-justifying ideology." They also introduce the theory that British intelligence decided to break Philby when they interviewed him in Beirut, Lebanon, in late 1962 and early 1963 and then frightened him into defecting rather than return him to England to face a trial with all its embarrassing revelations.

EX-103

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CONTINUED - OVER

Memorandum W. A. Branigan to W. C. Sullivan
RE: BOOK REVIEW, "THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY"

THE AUTHORS:

Page, Leitch, and Knightley are all employees of the "Sunday Times" of London, England. They are part of a group referred to by that newspaper as their "Insight Team" consisting of ten people who spent many months interviewing everyone they could locate who knew Philby.

THE PUBLISHER:

This book is published by Doubleday and Company, Incorporated, and Bureau files show we have had cordial relations with this company.

MENTION OF THE FBI:

There are several places where the FBI is mentioned. For example, on page 159 the authors state that some Agents of the FBI were sent to England in 1943-44 and one of these Agents was "Melvin Purvis, the man who killed John Dillinger." This is, of course, not correct since Purvis was not in the Bureau in 1943-44.

Again on page 244 the authors discuss the angry reaction of the Americans to the defection of Burgess and Maclean and Philby's connection with it. They state that FBI men were enraged since their pursuit of Burgess was thwarted and "there was a picturesque moment when a muscular, pistol-toting Agent strode into the British Embassy and demanded to question Philby about the whereabouts of Burgess." This, of course, is completely fictional.

ACTION:

It is recommended that this book be placed in the Bureau Library.

OK Am *W. A. Branigan* *B* *P* *✓* *mm*

[Handwritten scribbles and marks at the top right of the page]

Soviet Spy System in This One

THE THIRD MAN. By E. H. Cookridge. Putnam's. 281 pages. \$5.95.

On New Year's Day 1938, near the village of Teruel, Spain, a shell fired by Spanish Republican artillery struck an automobile containing four newspaper correspondents. Three writers died, including Edward J. Neil Jr., of the Associated Press. The lone survivor was Harold Adrian Russell Philby, then reporting the civil war for the London Times.

"In retrospect the incident appears fantastic," writes E. H. Cookridge. "A Soviet spy, who for over a year had done his best to betray Franco's secrets, had escaped death from a shell possibly fired by British compatriots in the International Brigade, and had been decorated by the leader of the Spanish Nationalists. But it was not the first and certainly not the last piece of good luck in Kim Philby's life."

Philby connived his way to an influential position in the British Secret Intelligence Service, and persistently for some 30 years funneled military and diplomatic secrets to the Kremlin. Even though he was publicly denounced as a spy, Philby could not be trapped. He is now presumed to be living in comfort in Moscow.

Intertwined with Philby's career were those of two other spies for Russia, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. Philby was the "third man" who

tipped off his accomplices their arrest was imminent. They fled behind the iron curtain.

Cookridge was a "wartime secret agent for the British and a newspaperman who has written extensively on espionage. He knew Philby for 33 years, and in "The Third Man" he attempts to retrace the British diplomat-spy's devious movements and assess his character.

Philby is described as a good conversationalist, despite a stammer. He drank hard but could hold his liquor and never enjoyed rowdiness. In general, his relations with others tended to be impersonal.

Burgess, on the other hand, was witty, gregarious, a heavy drinker, a host at disorderly parties and an unabashed homosexual. Cookridge detects indications that Burgess blackmailed Maclean into joining the Soviet spy apparatus.

"Old Boys' Network"

All three fitted nicely into the "old boys' network." Each came from an upper-class family, attended the right schools and had influential friends. Philby impressed his superiors by unmasking six dangerous German agents during World War II. This was achieved through information fed to him by his Russian bosses.

But it was here in Washington that the trio scored its most dramatic successes against the West. During the 1950s, the spy scare stirred up

by Sen. Joe McCarthy reached its height, and the cases of Klaus Fuchs, Alger Hiss, Judith Coplon and others burst into the headlines.

But, nevertheless, Philby supplied an abundance of information to the Russians concerning U.S. moves in the Korean war. He also helped the Reds smash a rebel invasion of Albania, a plot laid by Western agents. Apparently one of his cloak-and-dagger contacts was Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, the Soviet master spy.

Washington Scenes

As first secretary of the British Embassy, in charge of liaison with the CIA and the FBI, Philby brought Burgess here as second secretary. Maclean was secretary of the Combined Policy Committee on Atomic Energy and accomplished a devastating job in betraying U.S. atomic secrets. Although he was the least motivated of the three in spying, Cookridge calls the enormity of his crime difficult to grasp.

The breakup came as the CIA, probing a leakage of NATO information, picked up Maclean's trail. Warned by Philby, Burgess and Maclean dodged behind the iron curtain. Philby lost his position here, was accused, questioned, investigated and shadowed, but continued to work for the British intelligence service in Beirut for several years. All the while, he still spied for the Kremlin, until the time came for him, also, to vanish from the Western world.

—JOSEPH G. O'KEEFE.

[Handwritten signatures: "Burgess", "L...", "W..."]

- The Washington Post _____
- Times Herald _____
- The Washington Daily News _____
- The Evening Star (Washington) _____
- The Sunday Star (Washington) **F-3**
- Daily News (New York) _____
- Sunday News (New York) _____
- New York Post _____
- The New York Times _____
- The Sun (Baltimore) _____
- The Daily World _____
- The New Leader _____
- The Wall Street Journal _____
- The National Observer _____
- People's World _____
- Examiner (Washington) _____

*Book review in memo
WA Branigan to W.C. Sullivan
3-4-68.*

REC 37

EX-103

NOT RECORDED
170 AUG 21 1968

Date AUG 11 1968

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57 AUG 28 1968

219

THE DAILY

THE GRAPHIC

MAGAZINE



THE DEFACTORS A snapshot of Ken Philby in Russia—how does he, and the others, live today?

Number 35 July 23 1971

The three favourite refuges for defectors are Moscow, Prague and East Berlin in that order - the three scratching existence. Yet those who have gone over will not admit disillusionment. Is their commitment

WHERE THE GRASS IS



Smiling, assured, master spy Kim Philby (right) denied implication in the Burgess-Maclean defection of 1955 to Moscow. He himself followed - from Beirut - in 1962, and in 1967 married Maclean's wife, Melinda, with whom he is seen (left). They were photographed by John Philby (below left), his 26-year-old son by his second wife, Alleen Amanda Farze, who died in 1957. John visited him in Moscow in 1969 and joined him on holiday in northern Siberia where he photographed him (below right) sitting alone on the bank of the river Vilyuy. In 1965 the Russians awarded Philby the Order of the Red Banner (far left) for 30 years of spying. The inscription reads "Workers of the World, Unite!"



I was having lunch in the Press Club of East Berlin recently with John Peet. In 1950, Peet, while Reuter's correspondent in West Berlin, suddenly defected to the East. A humorous, attractive, untidy man in his early 40s he now runs an efficient and often witty Communist propaganda sheet called *Democratic German Report* from a cluttered office in Krausenstrasse, just on the wrong side of Checkpoint Charlie. My question to him was not so much "Why?" as "Why then?", to defect when the Berlin blockade and the Communist coup d'état in Czechoslovakia in 1948 were still hot news, revealing the real hand of Stalin.

His reply was, "It was not the Germany I was defecting to. It was the Germany I was defecting from." His

reply could be argued as legitimate in the context of the time, the American rearming of West Germany, the fears of re-emerging Nazism, the Gestapoish undertones of the Adenauer Secret Service under the sinister Reinhard Gehlen. But it is not legitimate now. West Germany under Willy Brandt has perhaps the most sanely liberal regime in the western world. Defection has certainly not made Peet rich. His suit was nondescript, his East German Wartburg car battered....

But at least Peet *replied*, which is rare among the defectors. Archibald Johnstone replied, too. He was Moscow editor of *British Ally*, an English magazine on sale in the Soviet Union after the war, and he defected in 1949, followed less than a year later by his assistant Robert Dagleish. In his thick

Scottish accent he said, "Ah dinna lake the boss classes", within whose ranks he evidently did not include Joseph Stalin. Usually, when one tracks down a defector, not an easy task in itself, the response is a shy, sly smile which infers, "Ah! If I told you the truth, God, how surprised you would be!" And silence.

And usually one finds that there are two answers, sometimes more. A friend who knows Peet better than I suggested that his decision to defect was not unconnected with alimony arrears. And Johnstone knew that the Soviet authorities were about to close down *British Ally* and was terrified of returning to the rat race of private enterprise, and possible unemployment. He preferred security on a pittance, translating poetry *by the line*

for the Foreign Languages Publishing House, complaining that Mayakovsky was out of fashion, Mayakovsky writing staccato poetry, with sometimes only two words to a line. Johnstone died secure and poor, an active member of the Moscow Robert Burns Society.

And even when the answer is simple, a second one has to be invented. The reason for the defection of Burgess, Maclean, Philby and Bruno Pontecorvo, the atom scientist, could not have been simpler. They got out by the back door as the Fuzz was coming in by the front. But they have rewritten their histories. Now it all has something to do with American war-mongering, Joe McCarthy, imperialism, peace.

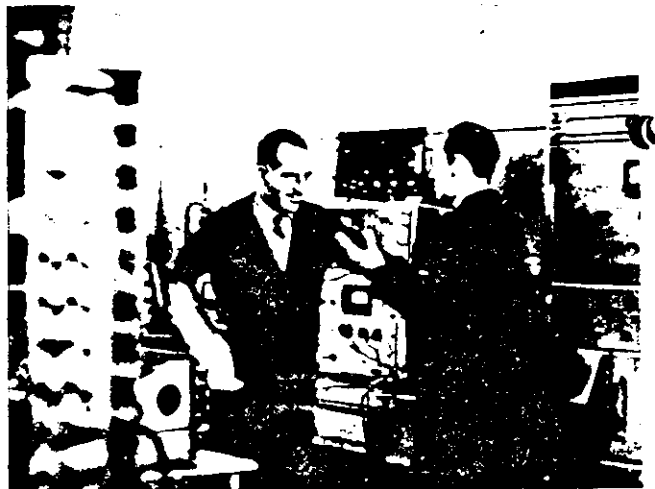
Indeed, in his book, *British Foreign*

most intractably hard-line capitals behind the Iron Curtain. To most they offer no more than a bare rather a fear of returning to the Western rat race than a realised ideology? By GEOFFREY BOCCA

NOT ALWAYS GREENER



Professor Bruno Pontecorvo, the Italian-born, British atomic scientist, defected to Moscow in 1950, aged 37, after mysteriously disappearing on holiday in Italy. Just before he vanished he was photographed (left, in mac) with Prof. Enrico Fermi, the Italo-American scientist, when they visited the Ultracosmic Ray Centre of Cervinia. Pontecorvo is one of the few who has been able to continue a brilliant career in Russia, working in the laboratory at the Nuclear Research Centre at Dubna, near Moscow (right). In 1967 he was appointed head of a new Soviet School of Space Physics on Lake Baykal in Siberia, earning at the same time £6,000 yearly in roubles in Dubna, and enjoying the rare privilege for a defector of acting host to visiting delegations of foreign scientists



Home for Pontecorvo and his wife (left), and their sons, has been for the last 20 odd years the scientific village of Dubna, in the silver birch forests north of Moscow. There he leads the life of a distinguished scientist, well paid, entitled to Black Sea holidays, a car and all the other privileges of the Soviet Union's technocracy. Walking down Gorky Street, Moscow (right) he looks today much like the other inhabitants of the Russian capital. Recently Pontecorvo has been working on a high-energy physics synchrocyclotron which accelerates minute particles of matter toward the speed of light. His brother, Guido, formerly Professor of Genetics at Glasgow University, works in London for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund



Policy Since Suez (Hodder), Donald Maclean explains his pellmell flight from England like this: "When, after having spent the first 16 years of my working life in the Diplomatic Service, I found myself faced with the necessity of finding a new profession, I decided after much casting about, that what I was best qualified to do was to contribute to this much wider problem by making a continuous study . . . of the process of development of contemporary British foreign policy."

As a compulsive expatriate, having lived all my adult life in almost any country but my own, I have always been fascinated by defection. There is a little of the defector in us all, restrained because we suspect that somewhere over the rainbow we will find something not better but worse, the restraint

which holds one to a first marriage despite the temptation to try a second. The henpecked little man in Noel Coward's *Fumed Oak* defected to Latin America to escape a monstrous life with a shrewish wife and daughter, and there the play ended. But if one takes the scene beyond the final curtain, it is safe to presume that the little man would never master Spanish, never acquire a taste for garbanzos, enjoy a good cup of tea or fill in another pools coupon; in other words, disillusion and bitterness. For the defectors to the East it is equally safe to assume that not all the hard-currency goods in the Berioska stores, or privileged holidays in Sochi, or tickets to endless performances of *Swan Lake* or even oceans of vodka compensate for what they have abandoned.

We know it. They know we know it. Kim Philby's casual admission to Roy Blackman of the *Daily Express* that he missed an occasional pint of bitter or a sunny afternoon at Lords, is profounder than it sounds. This is not small stuff. It is the essence of life and happiness.

Which makes Philby's defection in many ways the most intriguing of all. More vividly than anyone else he knew what he was letting himself in for because Guy Burgess was his best friend and told him endlessly of his misery. If Philby, in the comfort of Beirut in 1962, closed his eyes and thought of Burgess he would see a wretched man wearing a soup-stained Eton tie, permanently drunk, in a cramped, overheated two-room flat, his teeth having been knocked out by

hooligans, without even a car to help him escape from the stifling claustrophobia (the authorities decided he wasn't worth one and took it away, and friends believe the shock hastened his breakdown and death). Philby forced to defect because he had been found out, but he actually went further than Burgess and Maclean and became a Soviet citizen, which the other two never did.

Taking the curious process of psychological self-immolation further, one notices that many of the most ostentatious defections took place during the harshest days of Stalin's Cold War; Burgess and Maclean; Bruno Pontecorvo; Noel Field, Ralph Parker; Archibald Johnstone and Robert Dagleish; John Peet; Alan Winnington and Wilfred Burchett who

covered the Korean war from the north for *The Worker and Humanist* respectively.

There is a further sub-division to their motivation. The three favourite refuges for defectors are Moscow, Prague and East Berlin in that order - not the 1968 Prague of Dubcek, but the suffocatingly oppressive Prague of Novotny and Gottwald. In other words they overwhelmingly chose the three most intractably hard-line capitals. The reason for this is quickly apparent. In the freer air of Warsaw or Budapest they would have been considered raving lunatics to abandon the West and settle in the East, and would have been treated as such. In the tough capitals they had Big Brother's protection.

I have a theory of my own for their almost manic secrecy, and I believe it has nothing to do with political fear. Most of them were in, or on the fringes of journalism. They know that we know they lead miserable lives in shoddy apartments on coolie wages, scratching for the odd bits and pieces that make life less uncomfortable (Peet accepted my invitation to lunch, paid for it himself in Eastmarks, and took my Westmarks for himself. Nothing wrong with that of course: it has been done in every country which has had currency trouble, including Britain). They can hear the laughter of their colleagues in El Vino's and Poppins' Fleet Street, and the thought galls.

Sometime ago, George Gale then of *The Sunday Times* was touring East Berlin with a guide who said, "Alan Winnington lives there," pointing to an apartment block near the Karl Marx Allee.

"Winnington," said Gale. "Haven't seen him since China 13 years ago. Let's call on him."

They did so. Winnington peered out of the door and exclaimed, "George Gale! Haven't seen you since China!"

He was cordial, but, said Gale, the strange thing was "He did not invite me into his flat!"

Gale reported as much in *The Sunday Times*. Shortly after that Colin Lawson of the *Daily Express* saw Winnington in East Berlin and commented on it. Winnington said, "Oh yes. But I was really in a predicament. I had just half an hour to finish a book I was writing. And I had to get the manuscript to the publisher there and then. I was really under pressure. I had just 30 minutes. I could not ask George in. It was terribly important to meet the deadline."

LAWSON is one of the toughest characters in Fleet Street. He cross-examined Winnington remorselessly about such a desperate deadline, found the answers unconvincing and his conclusion was that the sight of Gale was too painful for Winnington to face; a successful correspondent free to travel at will, while he, Winnington of the *Morning Star*, had 20 years of wasted ideology behind him, without even the consolation of the passionate ideals of the Thirties.

One can see why the big names dare



The British Embassy, Paris, 1939: Donald Maclean (ringed) was third secretary, and to all appearances very much one of the "chères collègues"

not redefect. Sing Sing and Parkhurst offer prospects even less pleasing than the Kutuzovsky Prospect of Moscow, but one would think it would be comparatively easy and painless for the small fry, of whom there are many. But they stay put, too, and rarely come back. One reason was suggested in an excellent book, *A Room in Moscow*, written by Sally Belfrage, who was one of them herself in the Fifties.

According to Miss Belfrage many of the expatriates had been ill-used and tortured before achieving limited acceptance. She asked them why they stayed. They explained that the Soviet Union did not wish to give exit visas to British, French, Italian or other nationals who would then go home and complain of brutality. So it offered exit visas on condition they first became Soviet citizens (wonderful bureaucratic Soviet thinking!). But fearing that they would then be even more at the mercy of the regime than before - and not believing a word the Russians tell them - they preferred to keep their passports and stay.

Statistics on the subject are, of course, impossible to obtain. There may be ten or 15 families living in East Berlin, not counting the floating wash of military deserters who are usually persuaded to wash back, a score in Prague, at least one (the Noel Field family) in Budapest, about eight in Peking, and an incalculable number of all nationalities in Moscow.

Some are famous, even eminent, like Pontecorvo, Ivy Low Litvinov, widow of the Soviet Foreign Affairs Commissar, and Dolores Ibarruri, "La Pasionaria" of the Spanish Civil War, though the latter two can scarcely be described as "defectors". But most are obscure, working anonymously in the Foreign Languages Publishing

House. Some of the brighter ones are employed by Novosti, the go-go press agency on Pushkin Square, or by Moscow Radio.

The British colony pines for Britain, but, like Archie Johnstone, is terrified of the thought of the initiative which would have to be applied to survive in a free society. The free medicine and free education are constantly stressed when its members talk to Westerners. But the tea-time ritual is observed as faithfully as it ever was in the outer stations of the British Empire. The late René MacColl of the *Daily Express* recalls how one defector recognised him, rushed up to him, and, struck almost dumb by the tumult of questions he was longing to ask, could only stammer out "And tell me . . . h-h-how . . . are things in Golders Green?" - a question which MacColl found truly sad.

I was given limited access to the set because one of its members was longing for up-to-date gossip about cricket the way Ben Gunn pined for cheese (or, for that matter, the three sisters for Moscow). He asked me to call him "just Jimmie" and insisted "I am very grateful to the Soviet Union for allowing me to stay." Happily I was able to supply him with the cricketing tibbits he wanted, and one of the indirect upshots was a brief session with Donald Maclean. The backbiting and community hatred that goes on among the expatriates can be imagined, and I do believe that Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin was less of a sensation to the colony than Melinda's decision to leave her husband and marry Kim Philby. Maclean had always been resented and envied. He held a responsible position in the Soviet Foreign Office, and when Gromyko had something to say in English, it was to Maclean's office that



Maclean, still handsome, "the man who plays second fiddle to the Third Man"

he looked for style. In comparison, Burgess, Johnstone, Dagleish and the others were shucked off to menial tasks of translation.

HUMILIATION seems an essential part of the Moscow defection scene and it is hard to avoid concluding that the Soviet Foreign Office authorities enjoy watching these hapless foreigners squirm. Donald Maclean humiliated Guy Burgess by his superior position in the Soviet hierarchy. Maclean also humiliated Ralph Parker by coming to Moscow at all. Parker was one of the odder birds of the Moscow crowd. He made the curious switch from one Moscow bureau of the *London Times* to the Moscow bureau of *The Daily Worker*. He married a Russian girl and threw in his lot with the Russians and is believed to be the person who thought up the idea of accusing the United States of using germ warfare in Korea. James Cameron shared a room with him at the Bandung conference and recalls him as "seemingly ill and in a sort of physical despair".

Next Philby humiliated Maclean by taking away his wife. And now Philby himself has been humiliated. When George Blake, the spy, escaped dramatically from prison in England and turned up in Moscow, Philby took him rather patronisingly under his wing, introduced him to his wife, and to Melinda. But earlier this year Blake was awarded the prestigious Order of Lenin, an award so far denied to Philby himself. The anger and social embarrassment of Philby, who considered himself, and was considered, the number-one glamour-boy defector can be imagined.

The Western authorities are also not beyond joining in the game of humiliating the defectors. Robert

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Guy Burgess died in Moscow on August 30, 1963, of a heart disease. A cremation service was held on September 4. It was attended by his brother Nigel Burgess (left), colleague Georgy Stetsenko and Melinda and Donald Maclean (right)

Dagleish, unlike his former boss, Johnstone, retained his British passport and when he decided to marry Ina Gregorievna Nogtich, formerly a switchboard operator at the British Embassy, he had the *chutzpah* to exert his right as a British citizen and get married at the Embassy. Traditionally the Ambassador himself performs such pleasant little ceremonies. On this occasion the Ambassador of the time, Sir William Hayter, decided he had other duties, and delegated the task to a lesser official. There was no reception afterwards.

Maclean was repeatedly described to me by my cricketing friend as "the man who plays second fiddle to the Third Man". He lives in a sixth-floor apartment on the Shevchenko Boulevard which stands on the Moskva River and the living room has a fine view of the Foreign Office skyscraper. He is still exceptionally handsome, though greying, but he has run somewhat thick and his posture is stooped, as is often the case with very tall men. He was wearing an old flannel dressing gown and tattered Soviet pyjamas, and he rebuked me mildly when I knocked for interrupting the BBC news. He was so anxious not to admit me into his apartment that he succeeded in locking us both out, so we had to wait in an unheated corridor in a Moscow January until his *babushka* returned from walking his terrier, Scamp, one of the few dogs in Moscow. Despite these annoyances he was very courteous, and wholly uncommunicative. He said he was working at the Academy of Science, "not exactly digging with a spade" he added. He touched his forehead. "Still using the old grey matter." Travel? "There are still a lot of places in the Soviet Union I haven't seen."

I tried without success to see Philby

and Melinda. In fact I set eyes only once on Philby, but in circumstances which perhaps add a microscopic footnote to history. In 1962, several months before the Philby defection sensation broke, I was having drinks with various Western journalists in the bar of the Hotel Intercontinental in Beirut. Philby came in with another group and sat at another table. One of the men from my group called across, "How's the espionage biz, Kim?" Philby laughed heartily.

Back briefly to Ralph Parker and my own experience with him. I was in Moscow to do a piece about Soviet film stars for the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was an innocuous story but in those days, before the Novosti Press Agency made life so much easier for foreign correspondents (at a price), it needed contacts with all sorts of snail-like bureaucratic channels. To seek a short cut I telephoned Wilfred Burchett with whom I had once worked on the *Daily Express* but he was out of town (Burchett, at the moment of writing, is trying to have his Australian passport restored. It was taken away at the time of the Korean war. He wants his children to grow up Australian). So I made contact with Ralph Parker and we met in the restaurant of the Hotel Metropole. He was a big, suspicious man, wearing a stained, old-fashioned double-breasted suit and a shirt from GUM. The eggplant colour of his nose indicated tastes which I satisfied by repeatedly refilling his vodka glass. Parker had not much longer to live. He had long since ceased to be a big shot in the hierarchy of defectors and correspondents, and, serving the Soviet Union no more useful purpose, he had been tossed on to the scavenger-belt of translation. I offered him \$100 if he could get me into Mosfilm Studios. It was a not

ungenerous offer for a task that required only a couple of telephone calls to the right people.

Parker, however, was visibly uneasy, looking over his shoulder, although at 4 p.m. the restaurant was almost empty. He drew heavily on a Russian cigarette and said, "There is only one man in Moscow who can help you, Victor Louis." He was referring to the rather mysterious Soviet citizen who acts as an unofficial link between the western press and the Soviet authorities. Officially, Louis is Moscow correspondent for the *London Evening News*, and he has an English wife, the former Jennifer Statham. Parker gave me the number without consulting his book, and lumbered off. I went straight to my hotel room to dial. But evidently Parker had got to the telephone first and said something like "there's an Englishman with an Italian name working for the Americans, ready to give you \$100 to get into Mosfilm Studios."

I MADE a date with Louis to meet him at his apartment. He opened the door and held out his hand, which I shook. This was not, however, what he had in mind. "Where," he asked, "is the \$100?" Jennifer Louis hovered in the background. "Cash in advance," he said. As this did not seem particularly reasonable, the deal did not go through, but I got my story anyway, and Louis subsequently described me to other Western correspondents as "that liney Wop". The story is worth telling if only because it demonstrates the *totality* of suspicion among this group which the Western correspondents call "the little grey men", the Western defectors who lurk in Moscow.

To Moscow defectors, the most baffling defector of all was Lee Harvey

Oswald (the man who was himself murdered after the assassination of John Kennedy), a loner who made no sense even by the topsy-turvy logic of defection. As my cricket fan said, "This fellow was a weirdo. The Soviet Union can recognise a weirdo as quickly as anyone else. Not only do they allow him in, which is ridiculous, they allow him to marry, which is insane. Not only do they allow him to marry, they allow him to marry a girl of major education, in which the Soviet Union has invested important years and capital, which is inconceivable. And then they allow them both out, which is impossible. Meanwhile many honest, sober, upright, would-be defectors can't even get in in the first place."

Two other Americans who upset the general pattern of defection were the naval code clerks, Bernon F. Mitchell and William Martin who defected in 1960, when they were 31 and 29 respectively. They had worked three years for the super-secret National Security Agency in Washington, and their defection forced a deeply mortified Pentagon to change all its codes. The two men gave a press conference at the House of Journalists in Moscow, and said everything that Washington hoped would be left unsaid by Americans. They defected, they said, because they discovered American agents spied on friendly as well as unfriendly countries, that the CIA manipulated money and military hardware to try and overthrow unfriendly governments, that U.S. spy planes invaded other countries' air space, that U.S. policy was a build-up for a preventive war which would leave them "emperors over the graveyard of civilisation". The two men then disappeared into the obscurity which the Soviet Union reserves for turncoats with no further purpose.

To move from the Moscow colony to the Prague colony is to move if not to a different world at least to a different continent. The Moscow colony is predominantly British. The Praguers are mostly American, and even like to call themselves "the American group", to the deep indignation of the United States Embassy. Even before the "Czech spring" of 1968, the Praguers were fairly relaxed and in some cases quite communicable. Their telephone numbers were, and are, frequently listed in the Prague directory, and provided they were assured they would not be embarrassed by what was published they were occasionally mildly frank. They were secure in enjoying the full protection of the Novotny regime, and merely had to pick up the telephone to have any nosy journalist kicked out of the country.

The most distinguished are Alfred Stern and his wife, Martha Dodd. In pre-war Berlin, Martha Dodd, then young and attractive, was an important figure. She acted as her father's hostess, met Hitler and most of the other leading Nazis, and her views were considered extreme Left even in a period when, to many, the Left

seemed to offer the sole hope of salvation from Fascism. Stern, now in his early seventies, inherited a large fortune from his banking family in North Dakota. His first wife was the wealthy Marion Rosenwald who later married Max Ascoli and helped him publish the *Reporter* magazine. Stern and Dodd were named by the Hollywood counter-spy, Boris Morros, as part of an American Communist network and in 1957 fled to Mexico, picked up Paraguayan passports, removed their wealth from the United States and settled in Prague.

Stern, thanks to his business acumen, was of considerable value to the Communists, and, at least until a few years ago, was handling several numbered bank accounts for the KGB and others, and he flew frequently between Zurich and Prague under various names.

The Sterns own a grey Mercedes. They live in an elegant mansion, formerly owned by a single family, now split up to house three families, at number 2 u Okrouhliku in the formerly luxurious Smichov quarter of Prague. Their ground-floor apartment includes a large living room, two bedrooms, servants' quarters, and an office for Stern's business affairs. The walls are covered in contemporary paintings, all originals, but none by any painter familiar to me by name. There is a large unsigned photograph of Fidel Castro among others. The astonishing sight when I was there was a large bowl of oranges, at a time when oranges in Prague were almost as rare as moonsoil. One rumour, which circulated two or three years ago, and which I discounted as soon as I read it, was that either they had moved to Cuba, or were planning to. I had just come back from Havana which, as ghost towns go, today rivals Dawson City, Yukon. The Sterns, like the rest of their class, love the sunshine, but, again like the rest of their class, if they have to choose between sunshine and creature comfort, they will settle for the latter.

Alfred Stern was extremely polite. His servant had left me in the living room to announce me, and Stern entered wearing a neat double-breasted grey suit and an unmistakably Western shirt. He accepted my proffered hand and, smiling, said, "Goodbye."

"I was wondering if..."

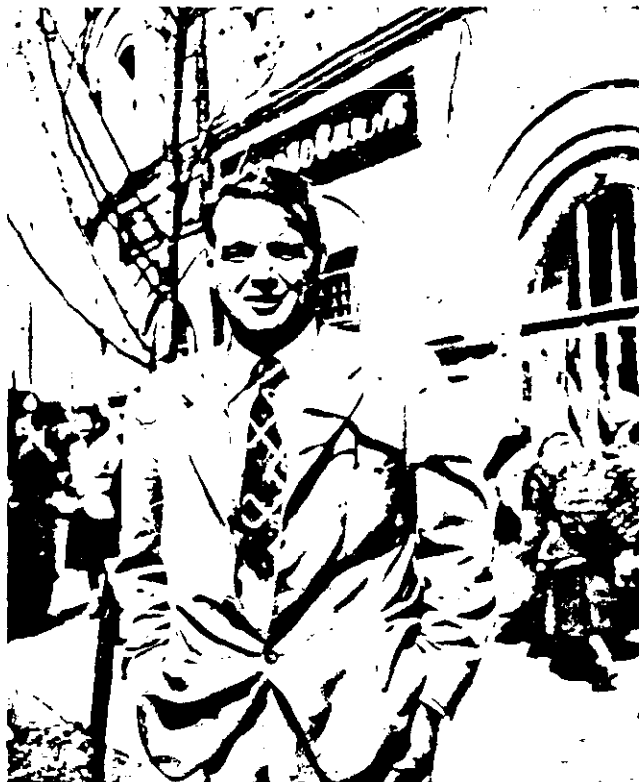
"Goodbye."

"I won't take much of your time..."

"Goodbye."

And that is how I found myself out in the cold on u Okrouhliku.

The unofficial leader of the American group in Prague - that is to say the one who makes the most noise - is ex-Colonel George S. Wheeler of the U.S. Army, who defected during the Berlin blockade. There is no doubt about Wheeler's reason for flight. An economist from North Virginia, he sat in the four-power economic committee in Berlin, and under the pretext of denazification, was quietly appointing Communist agents as labour leaders. He escaped to the East just in time to



Guy Burgess in Moscow, 1956, one year after he defected. His suit is spotted with stains, the first sign of the personal decline that ended in his death

escape arrest on charges of conspiracy with the Russians.

He lives in a shabby house, again a former one-family mansion, which he shares with six other families at Srobova 28, in the middle-class district of Vinohrady. His quarters are comparatively roomy, as his two daughters, now grown and thoroughly Czechified, teach English at the university. The last time I was in Prague, a few months ago, neither his telephone nor doorbell was answered.

On an earlier visit I had asked him if he had been a Communist while in the Army, or was he converted after he had fled to Prague. His reply was, "Wouldn't the Americans like to know?" revealing a way-out and rather pathetic egotism in a man few Americans have ever heard of, and most of those who have, have long forgotten. It was not the first time I had encountered this same delusion in the minds of the defectors, a dream-imagination in which they are still the central figures in the eye of the hurricane of world events, changing the course of a history in which they have made their own niche, believing that should they suddenly materialise by enchantment in Regent Street or on Pennsylvania Avenue, there would be gasps, crowds, and all heads would turn.

Colin Lawson saw Wheeler after I did, and described him as "a pathetic old man doing something or other at

the Academy of Science and going to work by tram". Until two or three years ago, at any rate, he was delivering anti-American economic lectures to Cuba and African students.

It is an eerie twilight world, wavering uneasily on either side of the borderline of treason. A few of them have secrets that we would love to hear and which they dare not tell. I suggested to John Peet that after his 20 years at the heart of the sensational events of East Berlin, from the blockade to the Wall to the Brandt-Stoph confrontations, he could make a great deal of money from his memoirs, if he told all he knew.

"Yes," he replied. "If!" And that was that. But his reply, redolent of mystery, the knowledge of dark secrets, and similar ambiguous givings out, may in fact cover the real reason. The defectors fear a return to the rat race. The rat race has become a personal nightmare. It is equally true that the rat race would not have them. John Peet can return to England any time he wants, and often does. His brother, Stephen, works for BBC TV. But where would he make a living? Fleet Street may or may not be open to him, but he would have to compete with hundreds of redundant and newly unemployed journalists. He would be acceptable, presumably, to the *Morning Star*, but then one hits another snag. Peet, I suspect, is about as much a Communist as I am, and after the excitements of Berlin, he

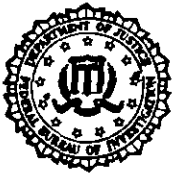
would probably not want to work among a band of ideologists in Farringdon Road. What began as a desperate romantic decision, a venture into the great unknown, ends up as a job and a pay cheque.

And yet perhaps there is a clear ideological explanation of defection on record. Late last year a remarkable book was published by Jonathan Cape called *Message From Moscow* by "an Observer", the result of articles serialised in *The Sunday Times*. The author's name was concealed, yet the clues to his identity abound, helped by - it seems to me after several readings - rather than obscured by red herrings. He refers to living in student hostels, although this is an author who is clearly long graduated. It is a brilliant work which reveals great love of the Russians, no lack of sympathy for the Communist system, but a detestation of the *apparatchik*, both Soviet and Tsarist, which from fear, cynicism, self-serving, hypocrisy, inefficiency and what Solzhenitsyn calls the "hate-veillance" of the Party hacks, blights everything that is finest in the Russian people. The invasion of Czechoslovakia appalled him.

Who is he? No correspondent or diplomat could have made such a deep and fierce penetration of Russian life. The author, described as a Russian-speaking westerner, clearly still lives in the Soviet Union. He is a professional writer with a trained journalist's eye for incident and detail. All this cuts his identity to no more than two or three - Ralph Parker told me, "We in Moscow are a village." One passage on page 240 defines, perhaps subconsciously, what may be the overpowering reason why well-educated cultured and even sybaritic westerners choose to turn their backs on their comforts and defect to Moscow.

"Russia," he says "has a unique ability to stimulate foreign interest, even love. Perhaps because of the universality of its great literature and art, perhaps because of its size, strength and a kind of purity, Russia represents the human condition and struggle of the human spirit more vividly than our own countries. We are fascinated by what is here: we want to be part of the struggle. We personally and often involuntarily (my italics) identify with this people's difficulties and fate."

If I had inside information on the author's identity, I would be ethically obliged to respect his anonymity. As I do not, I am entitled to a guess. Maughan could not have written it. Dagleish lacks the talent. Parker and Johnstone are dead, and could not have written it alive. Burchett would have no reason to conceal his identity; he would have written the book for money and been aware that his name on the cover would be more valuable than mere "Observer". The old Moscow wire-service hands, Henry Shapiro and Ed Stevens, have been there too long to see the scene so vividly. I suggest that somewhere in the pie is discernible the finger of Kim Philby.



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Seattle, Washington

April 25, 1972

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

RE: HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY,
ALSO KNOWN AS "KIM" PHILBY

The Wednesday, October 13, 1971, edition of "Kodumaa," Number 41, (677), contained on page 3 an interview with KIM PHILBY.

"Kodumaa" (Homeland) is published in Estonian by the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations With Compatriots Abroad. "Kodumaa" is published in Tallinn, Estonia.

The Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations With Compatriots Abroad is a Soviet propaganda organization founded in East Berlin, Germany, in 1955; and since that time has been edited by various Soviet officials. The Committee publishes a magazine entitled "Homeland" and a newspaper entitled "Voice of the Homeland" in Russian, Latvian, Estonian, Ukrainian, Georgian and other related languages. Such publications, which are mailed to numerous persons having a family origin in countries now under Soviet domination, attempt

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ENCLOSURE

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY

to entice such individuals to return to their homeland, to praise accomplishments of the current Government of their individual countries of origin, and to attack and vilify generally the activities, leaders and mores of countries in the Free World, according to a source who has furnished reliable information in the past.

The above-mentioned article in "Kodumaa" read as follows:•

INTERVIEW WITH KIM PHILBY

The reader is certainly familiar with the name KIM PHILBY. During the post-war period, he held several leading positions in the British Intelligence Service (BIS) including being the leader of one of the more important departments of the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) which works against the Soviet Union and against international labor and communist movements.

Later KIM PHILBY was a British espionage resident in Istanbul, Turkey. After that he spent several years as the SIS Inner Missions Leader in Washington, D. C. There, his main task was to consult with the leaders of the United States Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), as well as working at mutual plans of operations with them.

During that time his name was mentioned as one of the three leading men in the BIS and he was considered the future leader of that agency. Later, PHILBY worked in the Near East (Lebanon) for a few years and in some other countries.

HAROLD ADRIAN RUSSELL PHILBY

The editors of the Soviet newspaper "Isvestia" recently asked KIM PHILBY to comment on the new wave of anti-Soviet propaganda which is spread by the British news media. This is reflected by the libelous stories concerning Soviet personnel residing in England.

The editors of "Isvestia" stated, "We know that you are one of the greatest specialists concerning matters connected with British espionage and undermining activities and so-called psychological warfare. What can you tell our readers concerning the anti-Soviet campaign in England?"

PHILBY answered, "in the 1940's I had the opportunity to become well acquainted with the most protected and, therefore, the most dangerous operations of the BIS. I have to say that the mania to fabricate libelous statements against the Soviet Union is nothing new in leading circles of the British Government. Such propaganda campaigns always serve to hide current political purposes. So, at this particular time, the anti-Soviet provocations by the ruling conservative powers, and especially the false mass of accusations concerning Soviet officials residing in London, as well as the choice of time to expand this propaganda, exposes the pre-planned characteristics of this campaign.

"These steps have been planned for the purpose of sabotaging the process of a loosening of tension in Europe. It was not by chance that an open dissatisfaction, I would even say fear, appears in the foremost circles among English leaders. This found corresponding echoes in British publications concerning the foreign political activities of the Soviet Union which are, in reality, aimed at healing the breaches in international relations.

"Fearing political isolation, the conservative government would like to expand their

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anti-Soviet propoganda and espionage campaign into other European countries. A direct invitation to that is being issued by BIS Agents through publications and by the radio corporation BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation).

"My attention in this case was caught by an article published in the London newspaper "Financial Times" where on one hand conclusions are drawn concerning the activities of the English conservatives, but on the other hand some of their political aims are exposed. May I quote an excerpt from this article: 'England's action may undermine the prospects of a European Security Conference and may deter talks concerning balanced armament limitations.' Could that be the basis of long-range plans of English - American leaders concerning the NATO aggressive bloc?"

The editors then queried, "We ask that you present some facts about the BIS's undermining activities during the past few years and if possible, evaluate them."

PHILBY answered, "In my opinion, the BIS can be considered the basic force behind this psychological warfare. It is well known the British conservative leader WINSTON CHURCHILL announced his views concerning the cold war in a speech given in Fulton, Missouri, in 1946, but the British SIS did not end its subversive activities with the Soviet Union even during the war with Hitler's Germany. After the destruction of Facist Germany Great Britain's espionage was aimed at undermining the Socialist states.

"At the end of the 1940's and in the beginning of the 1950's, England Powers-To-Be established special departments to plan and coordinate this activity. So, in 1953 an addition was made to the British Minister's cabinet - The Committee to Fight Against Communism. This committee included the higher echelons of the united staff

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leaders of the Intelligence Service, Ministry of Defense, and Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

"The first Director of this committee was the notorious GLASWIN JABB, whose name was also adopted for the committee.. 'JABBS Committee' was later replaced by the Psychological Warfare Consultations Committee, or the 'DODDS-PARKER Committee,' which was given the name of one of my long time acquaintances from the Spanish Civil War.

"These organizations carried on their psychological operations against any peace movements, even though on the Government level. They planned Intelligence Service operations against progressive organizations in England, as well as against democratic and other organizations in England and other countries. Special hatred was generated to damage and prevent the unity of friendly Socialist states.

"I know that the BIS did much to prevent the preparation and completion of the Austrian Governmental Agreement. But at that time this was one of the basic problems standing in the way of reducing tensions in Europe. When, after the visit of the Austrian Delegation to Moscow, led by the then Austrian Chancellor JULIUS RAABE, the prerequisites for the Governmental Agreement were made public, BIS did everything possible to discredit RAABE.

"During the 1950's the BIS created a very secret department which was named Special Political Actions (SPA). The range of problems presented to the SPA was very broad. I'd like to give an excerpt from an Intelligence Service Directive. It concerns Higher Directive Number C (102)56. In this the contents of the actions pertaining to foreign policies were explained as follows: '...political undertakings are not an especially successful combination of words because it is very difficult to find a proper name for these many faceted and broad tasks... In order to determine the nature of these kind of activities such as the

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organization of overthrow of Government, organization of clandestine radio stations, sabotage and espionage activities, publication of newspapers and magazines, the leading of or causing of failure of international conferences, election influence and many others...'"

The editors then asked, "Could you, in connection with these documents, give some concrete facts concerning the activities of the BIS?"

PHILBY answered, "In my opinion, the most disquieting fact, as far as the world and the British commonwealth are concerned, is that the BIS has penetrated the means of English mass news media on a wide scale. Unimpeachable documents concerning the alliance of British Intelligence and the BBC indicate that the respectable BBC is capable at any time of broadcasting the basest disinformation prepared by the Propaganda Section of the SPA. The SPA Propaganda Section maintains constant touch with BBC concerning any materials prepared by the Special Operations and Materials Service which have any propaganda value at all and which the leaders of BIS deem necessary to turn over to the BBC for broadcasting purposes. This is how the tasks of this section are explained in one of the documents concerned.

"Paid British Agents work in scores with editorial staffs of provincial and London newspapers. These papers include such widely known publications as The Daily Telegraph, The Sunday Times, Daily Mirror, Financial Times, The Observer, and many others.

"Scores of names of Agents whom the BIS has co-opted from among journalists and writers are mentioned only in connection with journalism. On each of them the Intelligence Service maintains a file which lists their 'debts and credits,' their faults and human weaknesses, as well as recommendations when and in what capacity they can be used. It is exactly this category of

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young journalists, ready to go into action at the demand of the BIS, who now fan the campaign of the cold war started by the conservative government. I am quite certain that in the final analysis the activities of the British Conservatives and of the Intelligence Services do much harm for the young people.

"I would like to mention that in parallel with the SPA, the leaders of BIS also use terror, diversion and sabotage in 'psychological warfare.'

"This question was of special concern to BIS in the 1950's and 1960's and is still one of their activities today.

"Directive Number N/99639 of BIS demanded the establishment of a net of Agents among their residents in Europe. These groups, whose purpose was to have been conspiracy only, were prepared for carrying out activities of sabotage, diversion and terror in cases of 'special circumstances' all in case of worsening relations in those states.

"Among others, this directive was sent to BIS residents in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, West Germany, Finland, France, Netherlands, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Greece and Switzerland. Characteristically, this directive includes a special notice which authorized its distribution to the Allied Intelligence Services of Great Britain, including the United States CIA."

The editors then asked, "Could you tell us some of the BIS actions aimed at the Soviet Union?"

PHILBY replied, "I could illustrate your question in conjunction with the tourist problem. In conjunction with the massive tourist movement into the Soviet Union, the Chief of BIS signed a Special Directive in the 1960's authorizing the use of tourists to collect espionage information and to activate political and ideological diversions against the

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Soviet Union. The Directive emphasized collecting information concerning installations closed to diplomatic circles, especially in the forbidden areas of the Baltic States, Western Ukraine, and in the Urals. BIS was especially interested in the Siberian cities close to Siberian railway systems and in the connecting railroad stations of the northern district Leningrad and Odessa. The operation to use tourists was coded by BIS under the name 'Polygon.' The most valued espionage activities were incorporated into the tasks of the tourists. Very special attention was paid by BIS to the handling of Soviet citizens with whom the tourists could develop good relations.

"A special Directive concerning these objectives was sent to many English residents in various countries where the Soviet Intourist representatives then became the objects of SIS activities."

Intourist is the official Soviet Government travel agency with headquarters in Moscow, U.S.S.R. and with branch offices in major cities around the world.

The editors commented, "It is known that several circles in England are very concerned about the 'New Eastern Politics' of West Germany. Any comments on that? What part do BIS Special Services play in connection with this?"

PHILBY replied, "During the post war period England had a fairly good agency in the Bonn Government. Not only did BIS Agents provide information to London concerning the Gehlen Espionage (BND), West German Foreign Ministry, and other Departments of State, it also influenced some of the Bonn leading representatives among the Christian Democrats to a certain extent. The victory of the Social Democratic Regime curtailed these operations. One can see that the BIS still maintains connections with

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ultra-right elements of the Christian Democratic leaders and carry out secret operations to weaken the position of the current government and to compromise some of its leaders.

"The work of BIS is aimed in the direction of depicting policies of WILLY BRANDT in the eyes of the Western States, especially the United States, England and France, as pro-Soviet Union, which is supposed to be against the best interests of the Western Nations and of the German people. Therefore, it is in no way remarkable to find a parallel between the memoirs of the former West German BND Chief GEHLEN and the current actions of the English Intelligence Service and government. I recall now that my good friend PETER LANN, English espionage resident in Beirut from 1962 - 1968, told of a whole row of Agents and English espionage operators and contacts in BND and other of West Germany's State Departments. LANN, who rose to a leading position in the BIS in the fifties, worked as a BIS resident in Bonn during the years of 1957 - 1961. LANN told me that the anti BRANDT material published in West German magazines during the fifties and sixties was inspired by BIS."

The editors then said, "We know that you worked for some time in the Near East, including Lebanon. We would like to hear about the British espionage undermining activities in that area, which through the fault of the imperialistic states has become the cause of tension during a number of years."

PHILBY answered, "Yes, I did work for quite a while in the Near East states. Even now I am interested in this area. The British Espionage and Intelligence Center located in Beirut is active practically against all Arabian states. After PETER LANN, the leader of the English espionage there was WOMERTHLY, and currently it is DERBYSHIRE who works in the disguise of a secretary in the British Embassy. In the Embassy and in other English representative organizations the following have worked as Agents:

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"McKNOT, RODERIK CLUB (He was recently expelled from Bagdad because of expionage activities), RANDEL, CLIFFORD, VITOL, HOWARD, NEWMAN, TEMPLE, ROWLY, NOEL-CLARK, STEEL, CHALMERS, and others.

"Presently such BIS representatives as WITBREAD, GOLTY, SPEADDING, are working there; people who have hidden themselves behind various diplomatic positions. LEBANON's British Embassy's First Secretaries SINDAL and JOY are also currently active in behalf of the British espionage system.

"Reliable sources report that it was in Beirut that the SPA service group for the BIS was organized, that is the service who deals with falsifications and provocations and if necessary with terror. The activity of the BIS residents in Arabia is first aimed at undermining Arabian unity, compromising the leaders of the Arabian states who declare themselves in support of national unity and against imperialistic monopoly in the Near East. BIS Agents, LIIBANONIS SOBHE BAKKARIT, MARUN ARABI, VAADIE MAALUFIT, were used during the late sixties to work against the Egyptian Embassy and to organize provocations against the Egyptian diplomats. For example, the English espionage organized the escape of JEHJA TAVIL, Arabian Delegation's First Secretary in Lebanon, to the West.

"Beginning in 1959, BIS in Lebanon organized, through its Agents, several armed groups for acts of terror against unwanted activists in Lebanon. BIS established direct contact with the ultra rightist party leaders and in the early sixties prepared the overthrow of the lawful government of Lebanon and helped strengthen the military dictatorship.

"Scores of names of Lebanon's citizens whom the BIS has engaged in espionage activities speak of the widespread activities of the English espionage system in Lebanon. Among these are Lebanon's Counterespionage (Suerte General) Representative A. R. BAYON, Lebanon's Parlimentary

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delegate ASPER ABMED, publisher and owner of a Beirut newspaper RABEELA, Lebanon's Armed Services General Staff Worker MILAD KAREH. The British espionage system is also carrying out undermining activities in other Arabian states. Special activities by the Great Britain espionage system are present in Amman where the BIS resident is British Embassy First Secretary SPEIRCE, and in Aden where the BIS resident is the British Embassy First Secretary BREKHONY who exchanged the known English spy K. HARDEN."

The editors then asked, "Could you say a few words concerning the so-called psychological operations of BIS in the Near East?"

PHILBY replied, "Such operations have poisoned the atmosphere of the Near East for decades and are organized by the BIS in practically all states. For example, the BIS residents prepared and distributed two anti-Government brochures in Iraq in 1966. The BIS residency in Bagdad received much help from the BIS in Beirut where the skilled master of such operations, PETER LANN, with the help of BIS Agent D. KUJAMDZAN, gave the final touch to the brochures and printed them on Arabian presses, procured through third parties, in the BIS headquarters.

"BIS also used one of its other Agents, former Iraq's oil chief ABDULLA ISMAL, for undermining activities. Presently, BIS is activating a whole series of undermining activities in Egypt and Syria.

"Using its position in Syrian emigration circles and the closeness of the former Syrian politician SALEHH DZEDDI, the BIS has during recent months alone published over fifteen "Al-Samar." The editorial staff of all of these contains BIS paid Agents who are active in the English espionage Near East 'psychological warfare' operations.

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"Finally, I would like to add that the main purpose of this work in this area, headed by the BIS, is the organization and carrying through of psychological operations under the banner of anti-Sovietism. As far as the British espionage activities as a whole are concerned, I would like to emphasize that in many states the major part of an embassy personnel consists of special service workers. In some states, the British delegates are professional employees of the BIS.

"And one more peculiar remark. In my youth and during my later years, I invariably saw the inner pretence and cleverness of the British conservatives who in their blind rage against the Soviet Union are, and not for the first time, working against the best interests of the English people. That is why I am now in Moscow."

An article in the Seattle Post Intelligencer Daily Newspaper dated November 14, 1967, concerning HAROLD (KIM) PHILBY is set forth as follows:

'Would Do It Again' Says Double Agent

11/19/67
Seattle
Post
Intelligence

MOSCOW — (UPI) — Harold (Kim) Philby, the British double-agent who served as a Soviet spy for 30 years before he defected to Russia, broke long months of silence last night and said he would do it again.

Philby, 55, said the Depression and the split in British socialism in the 1930s led him to devote his life to "a fight for communism."

"THAT'S WHY I did it," Philby said. "I would do it again tomorrow."

Philby arrived in the Soviet Union in 1963, touching off a security scandal that rocked British intelligence. He had been a respected member of MI6 — the British Secret Intelligence Service — and had penetrated every level of the British and American intelligence networks over the years as an undercover espionage agent for the Kremlin.

The Cambridge-educated Briton now holds an important post in the Soviet Intelligence Service in Moscow.

HE TOLD HIS story in the first interview he has granted to Western correspondents since January, 1963, when he disappeared from Beirut, Lebanon, where he was working as a newspaper correspondent and turned up in Moscow.

Philby said he was "never happier, certainly never healthier" and added: "I do miss the casual access to my children, although in fact I think I see as much of them as I would have had I remained a foreign correspondent." His 24-year old son recently visited him in Moscow.

Philby was a correspondent in Beirut for the London Observer in 1963 when he learned the British government had concrete evidence identifying him as the "third man" in the 1951 defection to Russia by Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess — two other British intelligence agents.

PHILBY SAID he is living well in Moscow in a large and comfortable apartment supplied by a grateful Kremlin. He appeared well, and was dressed neatly in a Russian-made suit.

"I was a perfectly genuine socialist up to 1931," Philby said. "But after that I became disaffected with British politics and set out on another fateful course."

"I can't say that my conversion (to communism) happened at any fixed point



—AP Photo.

HAROLD (KIM) PHILBY

Broke a long silence

in time," he said. "I had two pretty hard years, from 1931 to 1933."

"BUT I DO KNOW that after those two years of painful thought, I had made up my mind by June, 1933. I was already a communist.

"The background of my thinking was the economic crisis (the Depression) and massive unemployment in the capitalist world, and the apparent helplessness of existing forces to deal with it.

"It was a dismal picture and it was the working man who was the sufferer.

"The dilemma of the working class people was frightful.

"I myself took part in demonstrations of workers, but it became clear to me that more drastic remedies were needed—remedies outside the framework of conventional bourgeois thinking."

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Articles in the Seattle Post Intelligencer beginning September 26, 1971, and continuing on September 27, 28, and 30, 1971, and on October 3, 1971, disclosed one OLEG LYALIN, formerly a member of the Soviet Trade Delegation in London, defected in approximately August of 1971 and had disclosed the identities of 105 Soviets with diplomatic passports who had been engaging in espionage and intelligence activities in Great Britain.

The above articles indicated the British Government had protested to the Soviet Government concerning this espionage, and the protests went unanswered with the result that the British Government as of September 25, 1971, ordered the 105 Soviets to leave Great Britain. It was indicated they could not return and could not be replaced.

It is noted the above action occurred approximately one week before the interview in the U.S.S.R. with KIM PHILBY.

The article in the Seattle Post Intelligencer dated Sunday, December 12, 1971, contained a photograph of OLEG LYALIN and an article captioned, "WHAT PRICE DEFECTION?" which is partially set forth and attached to this memorandum.



Oleg Lyalin, former member of Soviet Trade Delegation, defected in London and fingered 105 Soviet spies. What lies in store for him?—a life in hiding from KGB.

What Price Defection?

by Carol Dunlap

LONDON.

Several weeks ago, Oleg Lyalin, 34, supposedly a member of the Soviet Trade Delegation here, but in reality a captain in the KGB, the Soviet security and espionage apparatus, defected to the West.

Lyalin fingered 105 Soviet officials as spies. He also revealed to Belgian authorities those Soviet officials in Brussels who, under a variety of covers, were also spies.

As a result Britain expelled 105 Soviets for espionage, and Belgium followed suit without revealing the number of expulsions. (30 expelled)

What will happen to Oleg Lyalin? What in fact happens to any Soviet defector who betrays his country for asylum?

At this writing, Lyalin is being debriefed by British intelligence under maximum security conditions. When the British are finished with him, our own Central Intelligence Agency will take a turn at interrogation.