

If these men prove to be Soviet sympathizers, it would, I assume, be quite a serious matter in foreign relations.

SECRETARY ACHESON: That is correct.

SENATOR BREWSTER: And we did have the earliest case of Dr. Klaus Fuchs in the atomic-energy development.

SECRETARY ACHESON: That is right.

SENATOR BREWSTER: As I understand you had inquired of the British Embassy here but they had no further information about the matter?

SECRETARY ACHESON: I had inquiry made this morning and that was the answer I got.

SENATOR BREWSTER: I have here the latest, apparently, off the ticker, which says:

"News of their disappearance caused a sensation in Paris diplomatic circles. One high western diplomat exclaimed 'Oh, my God! There goes the tripartite files of the Big Four Deputies meeting.'"

If this is true, would that be a matter within the purview of the head of the American desk, or the Far-Eastern desk?

SECRETARY ACHESON: I don't know how the British Foreign Office operates. I imagine that if this man had jurisdiction over relations with the United States, he would have knowledge of what our discussions were in Paris.

INCREDIBLE, but true, nobody questioned this alleged failure of the British Government to notify the United States in the twelve-day interval—May 25 to June 7, 1951—that elapsed between flight and publication, nor did they question the reported ignorance of the British Embassy in Washington where Burgess had been stationed as recently as April of that year. The statements, if true, were shocking. We were at war and England was our ally, but our Secretary of State heard it on the radio. We also, according to his statement, had a Secretary of State who did not know the functions of the American Department of the British Foreign Office! The Congressmen did not ask because they would not know until September, 1955, about the world-wide British security investigation carried on throughout 1950 and 1951 because of a British finding in 1949 that secrets had been leaked for years. Did Mr. Acheson know or was this item—which might have alerted us— withheld by our ally?

So much for Mr. Acheson—and the Joint Committee which did not even remind the Secretary that he himself had testified that checking on Allied reaction to "hot pursuit" had been limited to six nations because "this would be a military operation which you would not wish to inform the enemy about" and "it was probably a view of not spreading the security too widely."

The American Mercury

Feb. 1957

The "hot pursuit" message, stating that the United Nations Commander had "strictest orders about violations in Manchurian territory" was dated November 13, 1950 and was communicated to Great Britain. Burgess was then attached to the British Embassy in Washington; Donald Maclean was head of the American Department of the British Foreign Office. Either or both could have supplied that and other vital messages to the Soviets.

Burgess, moreover, may well have been the source of much classified information which leaked to American newspapers in those critical months. Certain columns appearing in December, 1950, for example, were almost literal recordings of orders and of policy papers. By a remarkable coincidence, these columnists labored to focus attention on Maclean and "swept Burgess under the carpet." Burgess certainly had contacts with some of them as he had a background in news and broadcasting work.

However, none of this was the concern of the American State Department, which did not even question the American brother-in-law of Mr. Donald Maclean until September 1953. This in spite of the fact that he (Jay Sheers, recently a writer for the United Nations) had been a security guard at Mutual Security Headquarters in Paris until April 1951 and had visited Donald and Melinda Maclean in May, shortly before Maclean's flight.

If the State Department is to be believed, it had little in the files and made the first inquiry of its own personnel the summer of 1956 in response to a Senate Subcommittee request. The State Department turned up no information!

THE BRITISH do seem to have believed that part of the story was to be unearthed in Washington. Sir Percy Sillitoe, head of M. I. 5, British Intelligence, flew to the United States and held talks with J. Edgar Hoover on June 12, 1951. Well-established reports also place Sillitoe at the Pentagon conferring with G-2. The results have not been disclosed, but the FBI did take some action. On June 13, 1951, it suddenly withdrew from the International Police Commission, then opening sessions at Lisbon and at least one British paper (Daily Express) assumed a connection. Statements appearing in papers also indicated that the FBI interviewed certain ex-British naturalized Americans who knew the diplomats. Presumably, the results of the investigation remain in FBI files. Certain government employees who normally would have had contact with the diplomats have since been removed, transferred, or have abruptly resigned, but in no instance has a connection with Burgess or Maclean been publicly established.

There is one new fact which has recently emerged quite casually.

The American Mercury Feb. 1957

Truman admits in his *Memoirs* (pp. 374-5) that there was a formal commitment with the British, made prior to November 6, 1950, not to take action which might involve attacks on the Manchurian side of the Yalu without consultation with the British. He also states that this information was first given MacArthur on that date in response to his message of intent to bomb the bridges. Is it jumping at conclusions to presume that this fatal commitment was known to the British Far Eastern expert at the British Embassy in Washington and to the Head of the American Department of the Foreign Office in London—and assuredly to the Russians, the Red Chinese and the North Koreans? When was the commitment made? Truman does not say. Its existence was "pointed out" to him by Assistant Secretary of State, Dean Rusk.

Almost as a fact-note to the government's silence on the case is a paragraph in an address by Secretary of the Army Wilber M. Brucker, February 17, 1956 in which he seems to largely overlook Burgess, but does admit, for the first time in an address cleared by the Executive Branch of government, that Burgess and Maclean damaged American as well as British interests:

"Just last Saturday, the Soviets

finally unveiled Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, two prize pieces of evidence of the deceit and treachery which have so long been principal characteristics of Communist tactics, and have brazenly flaunted them in our faces. It is sobering indeed to reflect that one of them held a high position in the British Embassy in Washington over a period of four critical years, and knew about some of our most closely guarded secrets—secrets of priceless value to the communist conspiracy. It provokes equally serious thought to recall that for almost five years the Soviets have consistently disclaimed any connection with either of these men—have sneeringly denied that they had fed to the Soviet Union. This successful subversive operation, planned and executed with consummate skill, well illustrates not only the vicious nature of the monster with which we must deal, but also the depths of its penetration into the vitals of the Free World. It is a startling reminder of the grim task ahead."

HOW CAN we know unless we are told? Is there any reason on earth why at this late date the full story of Burgess and Maclean during their stays in this country—their functions, their access to American secrets and their American contacts—should not be clarified? Is anyone, including Mr. Brucker, reasonably sure that it could not happen again?

Editor's Note: In the second installment: the men nobody knew—the people who did know and who might have known—questions and recommendations

The American Mercury Feb. 1957

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| Miss Gandy | _____ |

file from [unclear]

MACLEAN ILL AFTER A DRINKING BOUT

By COLIN LAWSON

DONALD MACLEAN, the runaway diplomat, is seriously ill in a private ward of a hospital in the Ukraine. He collapsed after a drinking bout. Doctors ordered him to the hospital for a cure.

Maclean's wife Melinda and their three children are still living on the outskirts of Moscow.

Maclean has done no work for the Foreign Languages Publishing House for three months.

He started to drink heavily again. Because of his behaviour, he was more and more cold-shouldered by the turncoat community of English and Americans who work for the Russians in Moscow.

When I was in Moscow I learned the latest collapse is the most serious of Maclean's alcoholic breakdowns.

TELETYPE UNIT SENT C.B. Mac Donald
 BY LETTER JAN 12 1957
 PER FOR [unclear] *Jung*

5 [unclear]

RE: MacLEAN CASE
 (Bufile 100-374183)

DAILY EXPRESS
 JANUARY 2 1957
 LONDON, ENGLAND

100-374183-A
 191 JAN 14 1957

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
 AMERICAN EMBASSY
 LONDON, ENGLAND.

87 JAN 15 1957 *255*

255

What did Burgess and his friends think of Budapest, Mr Driberg?

MIR. BRANISAR

John
Stafford

GEORGE MURRAY'S VERDICT
on the SCOOP BOOK

100-374183-A -
NOT RECORDED
18 DEC 26 1956

IT was ironical that the final instalments of Mr. Tom Driberg's story of Guy Burgess in the *Daily Mail* recently should have been rather overwhelmed by the news. For that news was of the Polish revolt against Soviet domination and the start of the massacre of Hungary by Russian guns.

rather than live in his native England. That is the "portrait" part of it.

The "background" consists partly of buckets of whitewash to be poured liberally over Burgess (and Maclean) as the story proceeds, and partly of Mr. Driberg's own pro-Soviet bias, no less generously applied.

Ill-timed

THAT is unfortunately timed too. While Mr. Driberg was in Moscow he interviewed Krushchev. Fresh from the ordered, decent life of the Essex countryside in which his home is situated, Driberg said to Krushchev: "It is the Tory Party and nobody else that is the enemy of the working class." This re-

Mr. Driberg's book, published today, is called *Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12s. 6d.). It is about a man who preferred to go to Soviet Russia

RE: MacLEAN CASE;
Bufile 100-374183

DAILY MAIL
NOVEMBER 30, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
LONDON, ENGLAND.

6 JUL 28 1960
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mark, I repeat, was singularly ill-timed. For only a few weeks later, Khrushchev, by means of the piled dead in the streets of Budapest, was demonstrating that perhaps the working class may have worse enemies than the Tory Party of Britain.

I feel these preliminary remarks to be necessary in approaching this work by Mr. Driberg so that we may assess it at its true political value.

Its subject is an unreliable and discredited diplomat who has done his country ill service. Its author is one who does not seem to denigrate a section of

his own countrymen to a foreign tyrant.

Nevertheless, it has a contribution to make to the history and atmosphere of our own times. That is why it was serialised in this newspaper. The opinions expressed, by Burgess and Driberg alike, are an essential part of the book. That is why they appeared in our columns. The *Daily Mail* asks nobody to accept these opinions. It certainly does not do so itself.

Having thus far cleared the way, let us admire the skill with which the author seeks to elevate and ennoble the base characters with whom he is dealing. He tries to make them normal and typical of young Britain. Their story, he says, illustrates "the plight of a whole generation caught in the confusions and contradictions of mid-century Britain."

It does nothing of the sort. If a whole generation had responded in the same way as this precious pair there would have been no mid-century Britain. Only an enslaved and disolute nation.

When Mr. Driberg quotes Burgess as saying that Maclean was "as rigid, austere, and uncompromising as John Knox" the reader can only give a great horse laugh. "The Cairo breakdown" (of Maclean) "was the sort of thing that could have happened to anyone who had been overworking," says Driberg.

It was not. It could not have happened to John Knox. Nor to anyone with an ounce of self-control and self-respect.

Floating

WHAT was Burgess anyway but one of those people who are always floating in and out of ill-defined work—sometimes a little on the shady side? He was at various times a go-between, a contact man, a "liaison officer," "a political adviser" besides being employed on newspapers and at the B.B.C.



'BUCKETS OF WHITEWASH FOR REDS..'

He was a sort of political odd-job man with a toe in the doorway of great events. Eventually he obtained a post in the Foreign Office—and failed to keep it.

Breach

HE was untrustworthy. At one point, in his career he was carrying letters from the French Prime Minister, Daladier, to the British Prime Minister, Chamberlain. This method was employed to ensure secrecy.

Yet he regularly took these letters to a man in a London flat, where photostatic copies were taken before they resumed their journey. He "suppressed" one because he did not agree with its contents.

We are left to assume that Burgess was in contact with the Secret Service in the matter, though this is not stated. Whatever it was, the author records these episodes with no word of disapproval; rather, in fact, as though they were an achievement. But most people will see in such a breach of high trust something despicable and dishonourable.

Yet the Burgess build-up continues. Many of his friends went to fight in Spain. He did not. Mr. Driberg is not content merely to state that fact. He must declaim that "Guy resisted the emotional urge to follow the example of these heroic friends."

Who cares?

THAT is an example of something phoney in the whole thing. It sounds a false, cracked note. In the pottery trade it would be known as "seconds."

After all this we are invited to take seriously Burgess's views on men and events. "Guy thinks this." "Guy finds that." Who cares?

"Guy Burgess considers that it was Bevin, even more than the Americans, who was responsible, by his continuation of Churchill's policy, for starting the Cold War."

The opinion is worthless. But the sentence is loaded with insinuation. It infers that it was a Labour Foreign Minister, a Conservative Prime Minister, and the U.S. who were responsible for the perennial crisis in which we are living today.

Not Russia! Never Russia! And that is the real theme of this book. Upon the slender story of Burgess's life (he eats four eggs for his breakfast and wears an Old Etonian bow-tie!) and the interesting narrative of the flight from Britain is hung the continual suggestion that the West is the sinner and Russia the saint. It is the Driberg theme-song.

It is that of Burgess too. When he was at the B.B.C. he saw to it that a "harmless" series on food was turned into Left-Wing propaganda. A series on Spain gave equal time to both sides. But Burgess "convinced" that the Republican side should be reported by the better speakers.

So that is how it is done! Mr. Driberg should not have

given the game away. At one point he solemnly tells us: "Chamberlain and Wilson were not, of course, conscious and deliberate traitors to Britain." The ingenuousness of that phrase, in the context of this book, is delicious. But Driberg is not being funny—at least not intentionally so.

Some statements will make the reader queasy. One is that Burgess and Maclean went to Russia "for the sake of principle . . . in the earnest hope of doing something, however small, to secure world peace."

Sadness

MACLEAN went because he was in imminent danger of arrest. Burgess went because Maclean asked him to. Even in Prague he half-thought of going to Italy because "After all I'd done my part by Donald—I'd delivered him behind the 'Iron Curtain.'" So much for the "earnest hope of securing world peace."

We proceed to Mr. Driberg's final dissertation on treason, which few will find acceptable, and to Burgess's statement that he hopes to return to England "when the hysteria of the Cold War period has completely died down."

Since Russia has restarted the war by the murder of Hungary it seems that it will be some time yet before his native land will have the privilege and pleasure of seeing him again. Weep, Britannia!

The healthy-minded reader will turn from this book with a feeling of sadness. It concerns men who are rootless and faithless, with little idea of principle, honour, dignity, or truth. Perhaps they deserve our pity rather than our censure.

These Burgess excuses won't do

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

LIKE many other Socialist politicians, Mr. Tom Driberg overestimates the gullibility of the British public.

This is clear from his new book, "Guy Burgess — a Portrait with Background," in which he tries to excuse the behaviour of the renegade diplomat, whom he met recently in Moscow.

The book abounds with improbable explanations. Here are three:—

1 He quotes Burgess as insisting that neither he nor his fellow diplomat Donald Maclean was ever a Soviet agent.

Yet Burgess admits that Maclean was terrified when he found out M.I.5 suspected him. Maclean fled to exile in a panic, deserting his wife who was expecting a baby.

WHY SCARED?

If Maclean had not been giving information to the Russians—as the security authorities now know he had—why was he so scared of being questioned?

2 Burgess's account of the flight stretches credulity too far. We are told:—

It was by chance that Burgess had two tickets to France when he went to Maclean's home on the night they disappeared.

It was by chance that he had hired a car which was available to take them to the boat.

It was by chance that the two diplomats had enough foreign currency to get them to Prague.

3 It seems naive to accept Burgess's story that the Russians kept both men in considerable luxury for six months without making any use of them—unless it was for services already rendered.

Mr. Driberg hopes his Fleet-street colleagues will feel some shame for what they have written about Burgess and Maclean.

In my opinion there has been nothing in post-war journalism so shameful as this whitewashing of two men who are traitors by almost everybody's standards except Mr. Driberg's.

"Guy Burgess—a Portrait with Background," Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12s. 6d.

MR. BRANCAN
78

File

100-374123-A-
NOT RECORDED
183 DEC 26 1956

S. P. H. H.
C.B. Mac Donald

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259

RE: MacLEAN CASE
(Bufile 100-374103)

DAILY EXPRESS
NOVEMBER 30, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE OF THE CONSUL GENERAL
AND CHIEF OF CONSUL
LONDON, ENGLAND
20 DEC 1956

HERE IS THE REAL WORLD OF BURGESS AND MACLEAN

by CLAUD COCKBURN



GUY BURGESS

BECAUSE the Governor of Maryland was anti-British and would make a stink, the British Embassy in Washington took a grave view of the fact that Guy Burgess had been caught speeding in his car three times in the same day, which he did because he still suffered the effects of a delayed concussion which he had because a short while before he was having a discussion at his London Club with a Foreign Office colleague who knocked him down stairs. And the row with the Washington Embassy triggered the final St. Malo-Prague-Moscow move of Burgess and Maclean.

It is the kind of thing which those who know about that kind so seldom tell, and those who think it is the kind of thing that goes on and would like to tell it, so seldom know.

Mr. Driberg knows a lot and tells quite a bit. And one of the engaging qualities of this book *Guy Burgess* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12/6)—which I suppose is one of the major political and journalistic events of the decade—is just that the does let this rough, pathetic texture of reality be felt by the reader.

RE: MacLEAN CASE
(Bufile 100-371183)

TRIBUNE
NOVEMBER 30, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND

241

Mr. Tolson
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Boardman
Mr. Belmont
Mr. Mohr
Mr. Winterrowd
Tele. Room
Mr. Holloman
Miss Gandy

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C.B. Mac Donald

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100-371183-100
NOT RECORDED
117 DEC 18 1956

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This, you can have no doubt, is the real world which produced what may be called the Burgess-Maclean situation.

I do not think that Mr. Driberg has told quite the entire story—not, at least, so far as Maclean is concerned—but the fact is irrelevant to all except those who are shouting about trying to “get the dirt” on everyone.

What he brilliantly does do is to present Guy Burgess against that background of Eng-

lish life which, by a tragic-farical process that is nearly Shakespearian in its blend of the noble and the absurd, is therefore totally convincing as a picture of a background, even when you have made allowance for the fact that some questions are still unanswered.

That is the essential value of what, if we may wheel on a cliché, can truly be called “a document of our times.”

MR. Driberg has the ability to let the times speak for themselves. I myself, for instance, do not agree with his theses and interpretations, but one of the reasons why this book is going to be “must reading” for anyone interested in the politics and people of our age is that the authentic background of the Burgess-Maclean situation is for

the first time depicted for all to view and ponder upon.

It is a remarkable, even a tremendous, achievement. The tremendous I mean—speaking as one newspaperman to another—in that in this brief story Mr. Driberg succeeds not only in evoking the significant flavour of the 'thirties and 'forties and early 'fifties, but also in producing some “news points” about what really happened at the decisive moment when the policies of the British Government were making the German-Soviet Pact inevitable.

He points out, with a studied casualness which underlines the sensational character of his material, that most of it—the material, that is, on the political situation in 1939—has been published before, in the form of official translations of captured German archives, but was scarcely noticed at the time of publication because it did not fit in very well to the overall pattern of the cold war.

I have insisted—perhaps over-insisted—on the background painting which Mr. Driberg does, partly because he does it admirably, partly because he himself makes clear that no one can begin to understand the final, rip-roaring cops-and-robbers climax of the Burgess-Maclean story without studying that background.

But it would be unfair to Mr. Driberg to give the impression—if I have given any such impression—that this is all background, without the “hot news” about the actual escape of Burgess and Maclean which everyone is naturally longing to hear.

Not at all. The round-by-round account of what—as Guy Burgess sees it—really happened is all there. There for the first time.

I THINK myself — and this is just one man's off-the-cuff opinion—that in a natural and highly respectable disgust at the way the British press hounded these two men, Mr. Driberg leans over backwards in the other direction.

I don't, for instance, agree with—although I think he makes a very good and hard-to-argue-with case—his view that homosexuality was an entirely irrelevant factor.

By which I emphatically do not mean—as the press tried to suggest at the time—that it was a decisive factor. The things that Burgess saw as he looked at British life from Eton to Bevin to Eden were in themselves quite enough to produce the situation which finally sent him to Moscow. But I still think that homosexuality played a bigger—and more relevant—role than Mr. Driberg allows it.

But, after all criticism has been made, what we have here is an indispensable contribution to the history of our times. And whatever else you may feel about our times, you cannot unless you are half-palsied, deny that they are interesting.

Mr.
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Miss

BURGESS BURNS HIS BOATS

Donald MacLean

COMMUNISTS THE WORLD OVER QUIT

THEIR FAITH FINALLY

DESTROYED BY HUNGARY'S HOLOCAUST

BUT THIS ONE CAN'T QUIT:

HE IS BETWEEN THE DEVIL & THE DEEP SEA

NOW - AND ONLY

NOW -

THEY'VE GOT HIM

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RE: MacLEAN CASE;
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(Bufile 100-374183)

DAILY EXPRESS
NOVEMBER 23, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
LONDON, ENGLAND.

20
50 DEC 27 1956

100-374183-1
NOT RECORDED
183 DEC 26 1956

DELETED COPY SENT C.B. M
BY LETTER JUN 22, 1976
PER FOIA REQUEST
262 *JMS*

... AND ALL BECAUSE OF A FEW WORDS IN A NEW BOOK OUT NEXT WEEK

FOR the first time since Guy Burgess fled to Russia five years ago the British security authorities have acquired evidence which could convict him, it was disclosed last night.

Burgess has unwittingly supplied evidence that he has committed a felony under the Official Secrets Acts—a crime which carries a maximum penalty of 14 years' imprisonment. Until he made this mistake he could not have been

convicted of any crime if he had returned to Britain.

Burgess has played into the hands of the police by giving his life-story for use in a book to Mr. Tom Driberg, the former Socialist M.P. who visited him in Moscow.

When the security authorities called for the book to vet it for official secrets, they found information about Burgess's war-time work in a branch of the Secret Service called Special Operations Executive.

"Burgess had given the names of other men in the department including some of the chiefs," a representative of Weidenfeld and

Nicolson, the publishers of the book, told me. "These were deleted because they contravened the Official Secrets Acts.

"A reference to his work at the Foreign Office was also deleted, but we had no objection because this was obviously an official secret."

The security authorities were satisfied that Burgess had been betraying official secrets to the Communists for years before he fled. But they had no proof that could be brought into court.

He has now breached the Official Secrets Acts by giving information to Mr. Driberg. The publishers were warned that they would risk prosecution if they printed the censored parts of the book.

These parts have now been deleted in the national interest and will not appear in the book when it is published next week.

But a full copy of the original text of the book with the official secrets in it

is now being held by M.I.5 as evidence against Burgess.

The authorities also have evidence that the official secrets concerned have been revealed to the Russians.

After returning from Moscow Mr. Driberg said that Burgess intended to come back to Britain to prove he is not a traitor.

Security men suspect that Burgess may have supplied the information for the book to pave the way for his return.

Now, if Burgess sets foot in Britain, he faces immediate arrest.

The deletions by the authorities, which are understood to have included M.I.5, the Foreign Office, and the Secret Service, were made purely for reasons of national security.

Statements by Burgess which are highly critical of M.I.5 have been allowed to

stand, though some of them are untrue.

It is ironic that Burgess, who claims that the security men are fools should have been foolish enough himself to play into their hands.

Burgess has reduced his value to the Russians by this folly. The security authorities suspect that the Russians might eventually have sent him back to Britain as a Soviet propagandist.

They think the Russians permitted Burgess to supply the information for the book—which denies that he has been disloyal—for this purpose.

Burgess still retains his British citizenship and there is nothing that can be done to deprive him of it even if he formally becomes a Russian national, the Home Office states.

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| Mr. Holloman | _____ |
| Miss Gandy | _____ |

**Continuing The
Burgess Story**

**In Secret
Service**

**His Communist ties severed, Guy Burgess passed
French Cabinet secrets to British Intelligence**

THOUGH he did not remain in it long, Guy was an active member of the Communist Party. Besides the Trinity waiters' strike and other incidents already described, he and the other members of his "cell" collaborated with the Communists of the town in organising a protest by council-house tenants against high rents.

He used to address the Majlis, a society of nationalist Indians. He felt more and more certain that the Colonial revolution was the British way to Socialism: freeing India was more important than selling the *Daily Worker* on street corners.

MR. SPANIGAN

*file
5 copies*

DELETED COPY SENT C.B. Mac Donald
BY LF JUL 22 1916
PER LIA REQUEST *Jing*

RE: MacLEA CASE
ESPIONAGE - R
(Bufile 100-374183)

100-374183-A
NOT RECORDED
149 NOV 16. 1956

DAILY MAIL
OCTOBER 26, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND
50 NOV 19 1956

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
LONDON, ENGLAND.

264

RESIGNATION

He quits the party

HE put this somewhat naive antithesis to his comrades: his comrades did not all agree with him. He asked himself what point there was in remaining a member of the party. (Many years later he was able to convince the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office of the correctness of the thesis which he failed to commend to the Cambridge Communists.)

He therefore resigned from the Communist Party, little more than a year after joining it; and gave up at the same time his promising academic career.

He wanted a wider field of combat than either party or university could provide. He and Donald Maclean saw this field in the public service.

No two young men could have altered the whole course of history in those pre-war years. But these two lost no chance of exercising influence in the direction which they believed to be right.

To this end it was of the utmost value that their birth and upbringing enabled them to tune in effortlessly to the "old boy network"; and Guy, at least, cynically and consciously, as he himself told me, exploited this advantage to the full — except that, as he also said, he could never bother to keep his finger-nails clean.

EXPLORATION

He uses the 'network'

HE could not enter the public service directly after Cambridge. Because he had gone up to Cambridge late — when he was 19 — and had stayed there two years over the normal time, it was too late for him to take the Civil Service entrance examinations.

The next best thing seemed to him to be "public service" of any kind: he felt that this term covered such great organs of what is now called the "Establishment" as *The Times* and the B.B.C.

While he was exploring possible openings (through "the network"), he went to stay at Tring with his Cambridge friend Victor (now Lord) Rothschild.

At the dinner table there was much talk of world politics; the house of Rothschild had been deeply disturbed by Hitler's accession to power; Victor's mother, Mrs. Charles Rothschild, was by no means satisfied with the political information of those in charge of the British branch of the dynasty.

Mrs. Rothschild told Guy that the prevailing outlook at their headquarters at New Court, in the City, was that of a traditional 19th-century banking house and that they were out of touch with the realities of the modern world.

She was much impressed by Guy's extemporaneous assessments of world affairs.

For instance, the Rothschilds owned the railways in a Latin-American republic, Guy said that these railways were shortly going to be nationalised, and that the Rothschilds ought to liquidate this investment as quickly as possible. They did not do so.

Guy's prediction proved correct: the Rothschilds lost heavily.

Mrs. Rothschild recalled that a year or two earlier, during a vacation from Cambridge, Guy had decided, by academic political analysis, that a rise in the value of armament shares was due, and had specified Rolls-Royce shares as the safest of these; Victor had invested, on his advice, with some success, and out of his gains had given him a cheque for £100.

LIQUIDATION

He tells her: Sell

SHE now, therefore, invited him to become, on a quite informal basis, her personal financial adviser; gave him a list of all her investments, in her own writing; and asked him to write her a monthly report, for which she paid him an allowance of £100 a month.

As Appeasement continued and the international situation got worse, Guy was forced to the conclusion that either war

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on an acute financial crisis was imminent.

He told Mrs Rothschild that whatever his own views might be on the ethics of such a transaction, his objective advice to her must be to liquidate her investments in Europe, and perhaps in Britain, except for armament stock, and to transfer them to America.

Mrs. Rothschild said that she agreed with his forecast but would not accept his advice—unlike some of her French cousins, she regarded it as unpatriotic to take part in these flights of capital.

Guy continued to give her objective advice, and his regard for her and for Victor Rothschild—himself a Socialist—remained unimpaired; but this glimpse behind the scenes of the highest plutocracy did nothing to weaken his own Marxist convictions.

In 1936, with Colonel Manamara, Conservative M.P. for Chelmsford, the Ven. Herbert Sharp, Archdeacon in South

By
**TOM
DRIBERG**

Eastern Europe, and Mr. Tom Wylie, Private Secretary to the Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office, Guy went to Germany to study conditions there.

Naturally, in order that his companions should not be embarrassed or their inquiries unduly restricted, he did not advertise his Left Wing views to friends who said "But why on earth are you going to Nazi Germany?" he replied with some such vague evasion as: "One may as well see if there's anything in it."

This single episode seems to have been the origin of the puzzling allegation that he was at this time expressing Nazi sympathies.

And the further allegation that such sympathies were expressed by order of the Communist Party, and that he went to Germany as a Communist agent, is particularly wide of the mark, since the only organisation interested in any way in this mission was the Foreign Relations Council of the Church of England, of which Archdeacon Sharp was a member.

If any of those who took part in this visit had ever had any tenderness towards Nazism, he must have been decisively cured of it.

Germany was a n... a r m e d camp. Unemployment had been "cured"—but only "by" preparations for war.

The Tory M.P., the arch-deacon, the War Office official, and Guy

all agreed on this assessment, and conveyed it to all whom they met on their return; between them, they may have had some slight effect—not enough—in offsetting the official attitude expressed in the term "appeasement" and the extreme admiration for Hitler sedulously propagated by a few Fascist aristocrats.

At about the same time the representations made on his behalf at *The Times* and the B.B.C. began to bring results. He worked for a month on trial at *The Times* as a sub-editor; the experiment was satisfactory to neither party.

INSTRUCTION

He makes a change

DR. G. M. TREVELYAN who had tried to persuade him and Pembroke that he ought to be a fellow of it said that it would be easy to get him a job on the B.B.C. and rang up Mr. (now Sir) Cecil Graves, a senior B.B.C. executive. Of course, he got the job.

He went first to the staff training school directed by Mr. Gerald Beadle (now head of B.B.C. television) and the late Mr. Archie Harding.

After a course here he joined the Talks Department, which provided some outlet for his interest in social questions; he was put in charge for instance of a series of broadcasts on the then grimly topical question of nutrition.

This had originally been planned as a harmless instructional series on the choice and cooking of food.

Guy who had been reading Boyd-Orr, said: "But they can't buy it"—and had the character of the series radically changed so that as broadcast it dealt with such subjects as the condition of the unemployed and their families and the meagre subsistence level thought adequate by the Ministry of Health.

When Hitler occupied the Rhineland Guy flew to Paris; from his contacts there he

learned that the French Cabinet had decided by a majority of only one not to resist Hitler unilaterally, but that the vote would have been very different if it had been possible to get any assurances of support from the British Government.

He received a detailed and graphic account of the discussions within the Cabinet and the positions taken by its various members.

When he got back to London he described what he had been told to a friend of his, a distinguished novelist, who happened to work for the Secret Service; a few days later he was astonished to receive from the same friend a sum of money sufficient to cover his Paris expenses.

One of the things Guy did at this time was on the occasion of the visit to London of the Czechoslovak quisling, Henlein. Through a friend who was working as a telephone operator at Henlein's hotel, he got a list of all the telephone calls that Henlein made while in London.

INFORMATION

He carries letters

IN London Guy was by now in fairly frequent touch with the friend in the Secret Service through whom his information about the French Cabinet's attitude to the Rhineland crisis had been so unexpectedly rewarded.

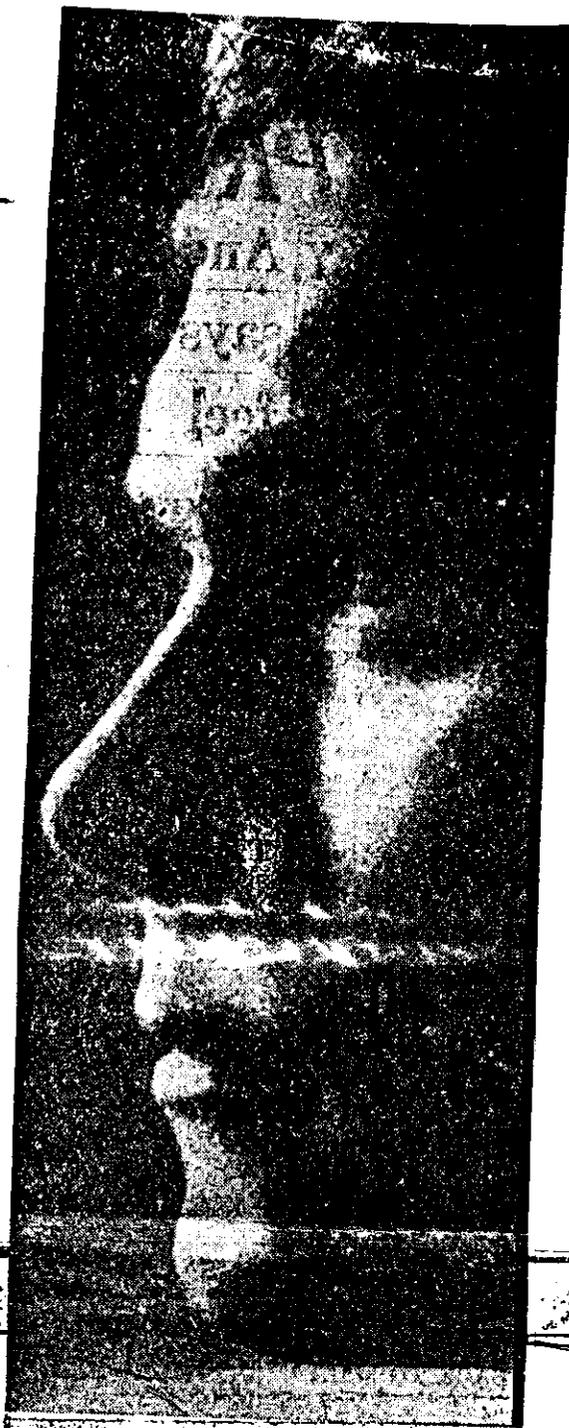
As the crisis drew near he paid a number of visits to Paris, where one of his contacts was M. Edouard Pfeiffer, an associate of Daladier.

On behalf of Pfeiffer he carried letters to an unofficial intelligence organisation which supplied information to Chamberlain himself and to Sir Horace Wilson, head of the Civil Service and Chamberlain's *eminence grise*.

These letters were in effect private communications from Daladier to Chamberlain; neither of them knew that, on the way, Guy would call at a flat in the St. Ermins Hotel, Westminster, meet a man there and wait while the letters were photographed.

"Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background," by Tom Driberg, will be published shortly by Weidenfeld and Nicolson. Price 12s. 6d.

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PROFILE OF A MARXIST
(This was Burgess in his early years at Cambridge. This was the Communist in the making. This was the boy who was later to organize the waiters at Trinity College and help run a rent strike.)

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THE ARTIST AND THE YELLOW BOOK INFLUENCE

The "most brilliant undergraduate of his time" was also a gifted artist. Guy Burgess's sketchbooks, mostly filled during his Eton and Cambridge days, show that he had a wide range of different styles.

The drawing on the left is titled "Drawing of a man with red hair and large forearms."



On the right is a "Cambridge Don." All the drawings of this period show a strong influence of the famous Yellow Book.



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- Mr. Tolson _____
- Mr. Nichols _____
- Mr. Boardman _____
- Mr. Belmont _____
- Mr. Mohr _____
- Mr. Parsons _____
- Mr. Rosen _____
- Mr. Tamm _____
- Mr. Trotter _____
- Mr. Nease _____
- Tele. Room _____
- Mr. Holloman _____
- Miss Gandy _____

After a brief spell with the Secret Service Burgess joins the BBC. On the eve of Munich he meets the 'forgotten' statesman.

I want a job said Churchill

THE week of Munich was a week of anxiety and tension for the whole of Europe. For some Britons it was a week of shame. For Guy Burgess it was also a week made memorable by the visit that he paid, on the Saturday morning, to Winston Churchill.

RE: MacLEAN CASE
(Bufile 100-374183)

DAILY MAIL
OCTOBER 2, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
LONDON, ENGLAND
50 NOV 19 1956

MR. BRAND *BR*
C.B. Mac Donald
JUN 22 1970
Jill
S Bafford

100-374183-A
NOT RECORDED
149 NOV 16 1956

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The meeting had come about in the natural course of business. Guy had been organising for the B.B.C. an important series of half-hour talks on "The Mediterranean": the subject had been chosen to illustrate the chronic danger of Fascist aggression that formed the real background of the wars in Abyssinia and Spain.

Churchill had agreed to speak first in the series—though, ironically enough, Guy had some difficulty in getting his invitation to him to do so approved by the B.B.C. (always inhospitable to those regarded as unorthodox by the party Whips).

Then, when Munich blew up, Churchill said he must withdraw his acceptance.

His withdrawal would seriously damage this ambitious series of broadcasts. Guy had met Churchill socially once or twice. He telephoned him at Chartwell to try to persuade him to cancel his cancellation; and Churchill invited him to come and talk it over.

ASKING

But what answer?

HE was carrying a trowel when Guy arrived: he had been building a wall. ("Like Balbus," said Guy, not very wittily.)

Guy said he was sorry Churchill felt he could not do the broadcast. Churchill said he couldn't think about such things at such a time.

Guy said how strongly he

agreed with all that Churchill had been saying in public. Churchill said: "Well, I'm pleased to find that I have the youth of the country"—with a quizzical glance—"or some of it, with me."

And so they proceeded, inevitably, like millions of other Britons that day to talk of the great affairs that preoccupied them.

Churchill had just received a message from President Benes of Czechoslovakia (whom he called "Herr Beans") asking for his "advice and assistance."

"But," he said, "what answer shall I give—for answer I shall and must. What advice can I

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EDEN

In September 1939



CHURCHILL

In September 1939

By Tom Driberg

return, what assistance can I proffer? Here am I"—Churchill added, rising from his seat and thumping his chest—"here am I, an old man, without power and without party. What advice can I give, what assistance can I proffer?"

He paused, and seemed to expect an answer, Guy, who was not then accustomed to consultations at this level suggested diffidently that Churchill could offer the assistance of his eloquence: he could stump the country with speeches of protest.

SPEAKING

But what else?

CHURCHILL seemed a little pleased. "My eloquence!" he said. "Ah, yes, that... that Herr Beans can rely on in full

and indeed"—he seemed to turn aside and wink at himself—"some would say, in overbounding measure. That I can offer him. But what else, Mr. Burgess, what else can I offer him in my answer?"

Guy cannot be described as in general a tongue-tied person, but on this occasion his loquacity deserted him. He could think of nothing else to suggest.

PUZZLING

But what happened?

THEY went on to discuss wider aspects of the crisis. Guy found that, as he had expected, Churchill took the view that if Hitler had been resisted by Chamberlain, either the Czechs and therefore France, Britain, and Russia would have fought or, quite possibly, there would have been no need to contemplate war at all.

Guy may have told Churchill of the rumour then current in Prague and Paris that the Gestapo were planning to assassinate the German Ambassador in Prague, so that what would be presented to the world as a Czech crime could be used as a *casus belli*.

Guy's analysis of this rumour (which he had submitted to the Secret Service) was that it was a deliberate Nazi propaganda leak designed to give the impression that Germany wanted and was ready to fight; and that, if this was so, it tended to support the view that Hitler was bluffing both the world and his own general staff who were less ready to fight than he.

A point which Churchill developed was one that had puzzled him greatly. "What has happened?" he said. "I am what they call an elder statesman, and on occasions like this such people as I are consulted. I was consulted. Halifax [*then Foreign Secretary*] showed me a communiqué that he was giving his people to put out.

"It was signed with his own hand. It said that if the Czechs fought, France would fight and Britain and Russia, too.

"Now that was all right. But what happened? When the communiqué was published, Bonnet denounced it as a forgery; he said that it had never been issued by the Foreign Office, and meant nothing.

"I have loved France all my life," Churchill went on. "But what has happened to them? Where is their Foch? Where is their Clemenceau?"

Guy said he knew some French politicians, and that they did not seem to him very much like Foch or Clemenceau. Daladier was patriotic enough, he added, but had no real power. "I don't know, I don't know," Churchill muttered, morosely.

REMINDING

But what now?

AFTER some further exchanges he ended the conversation by saying: "Well, Mr. Burgess in this war that you and I—but not apparently his Majesty's Government—know is coming. I think they will give me a job of some kind. I hope to be employed again; and I shall be.

"Now I want to give you a book of mine to celebrate this conversation which has sustained me. It is a volume of my speeches edited by my son Randolph."

He went off to another room

and came back with a copy of the book. It was "Arms and the Covenant." "I must write in it," he said. He wrote: "To Guy Burgess, to confirm his admirable sentiments. Winston S. Churchill, September, 1938."

He added that if he got a job in the coming war, and if Guy brought him the book, he would remember their conversation and would find him something worth doing in the war. Guy did not, in fact, take advantage of the offer.

Guy himself added the word "Munich," in pencil, beneath the word "September." It is always difficult to assess the historic importance of events while they are still happening.

Eighteen years after September 1938 it seems incredible that anybody should then have supposed that he might some day need reminding of the things that had been done in that month.

After so many years, too, and after all that has passed since 1938 in the lives of the two men who talked in Kent on that day, the reader not old enough to remember clearly the political moods and personalities of those times may find a certain incongruity in such a meeting.

Churchill has been exalted to heroic status; Burgess is a pet villain.

This reaction to the episode indicates the extent to which it has been forgotten, how completely down and out, politically, Churchill at that time seemed. Guy's own most vivid recollection of the meeting is of Churchill's strange solitude.

SITTING

But what went on?

THE world was whirling towards catastrophe, and this man—in his guest's estimation, even then, one of the greatest Englishmen of his time—sat alone, wearing a blue boiler-suit in the book-lined study of his country house, with no other callers, no messengers bringing urgent dispatches, no importunate secretaries with papers for him to read or sign; during the hours

that this conversation lasted the telephone did not ring once.

In anybody's life such a conversation would be memorable; but Guy had a

special veneration for Churchill, both as an opponent of appeasement and as a historian (his Left-Wing friends often took him to task for this deviation).

He has a pretty good verbal memory, and he made a full note of the conversation immediately after leaving Chartwell; but I have no doubt that there are a few errors in his verbatim quotations from what Churchill said to him.

I equally have no doubt, however, that his account is substantially correct; it seems to me completely "in character" as a Churchill conversation-piece of the Munich period.

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RECORDING

But what of the FBI?

NATURALLY enough, it became one of Guy's "party pieces": he dined out on it, as they say. Some years later he told the story to Anthony Eden, showed him the book that Churchill had inscribed for him, and asked him to add his signature also.

Eden refused, saying that Churchill's name and inscription, written during Munich week, should stand alone. "He was wiser and stronger than I during that week," Eden added.

In 1951, at a private party in New York, Guy repeated some of the story of his conversation with Churchill into a tape-recorder.

No doubt through some machination of the F.B.I. rumours of this recording reached the long ears of Lord Elton, a Workers' Educational Association lecturer ennobled by Ramsay MacDonald, and he raised a great to-do about it in the House of Lords in October 1952.

Eden, in the Commons, discreetly and truthfully said that he had received the tape in question, and that it merely contained an imitation by Guy of "quite well-known public figures."

Mr. Tolson _____
 Mr. Nichols _____
 Mr. Boardman _____
 Mr. Belmont _____
 Mr. Mohr _____
 Mr. Parsons _____
 Mr. Rosen _____
 Mr. Tamm _____
 Mr. Trotter _____
 Mr. Nease _____
 Tele. Room _____
 Mr. Holloman _____
 Miss Gandy _____

Drinking ... and that Washington crack-up

504-51417

*file
 504-51417*

By Tom Driberg

RE: MacLFA CASE
 (Bufile 100-374183)

100-51417
 NOT RECORDED
 149 NOV 16, 1956

DAILY MAIL
 OCTOBER 30, 1956
 LONDON, ENGLAND
 OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
 AMERICAN EMBASSY
 LONDON, ENGLAND.

50 NOV 19 1956

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The BURGESS STORY

NO intelligent person thought that Chamberlain had "saved peace" at Munich. Each after his fashion began to prepare for the coming war.

In Britain, apart from such obvious tasks as rearmament and Civil Defence — a small skeleton organisation for sabotage and propaganda was set up: it was known as Section Nine of the Secret Service.

This was the organisation that became known later as "Baker-street," or, jocularly, "The Baker-street Gestapo."

Till now Guy Burgess had done secret work on an occasional and free-lance basis only. In December 1938 he was offered a regular job in Section Nine.

He was so convinced that war was coming that he decided to resign from the B.B.C., though he was warned that there was no guarantee of more than six months' employment with Section Nine.

THE SECRET—FROM GERMANY

IN retrospect, it is clear that, in the year after Munich, the only hope of peace still lay in genuine and serious Anglo-Soviet negotiations, and also that Chamberlain and Halifax had no genuine and serious intention to negotiate. From captured German documents published since the war, we know the reason for an attitude that now seems criminally negligent and casual.

During the long and dilatory negotiations with the Russians, Sir Horace Wilson and other British spokesmen were secretly negotiating also with the Nazis.

The British Parliament and people—bemused for a time by Munich but shocked by Hitler's rape of Czechoslovakia—and the Cabinet itself would have been horrified to learn that on July 20 Sir Horace Wilson was seeking, by a non-aggression pact with Hitler, to enable Britain to rid herself of her commitments vis-à-vis Poland.

For these particular discussions were kept secret from the Cabinet, and even from the Foreign Secretary Halifax.

Halifax did indeed learn of them in a humiliating round-about way. A secret organisation found out about them from a German source.

A high official of the organisation took the matter so seriously that he called personally at the Foreign Office with evidence of what was going on behind his chief's back.

VERDICT

What history said

NO doubt it was for reasons of discretion that as few people as possible were told of the talks.

In a minute dated August 3 the German Ambassador in London, Dirksen, reported that Sir Horace Wilson had "expatiated at length on the great risk Chamberlain would incur by starting confidential negotiations with Germany."

"The greatest secrecy was necessary at the present stage"—because, in Dirksen's own words, "everyone who came put in favour of adjustment with

Germany was regarded as a traitor and branded as such."

Chamberlain and Wilson were not, of course, conscious and deliberate traitors to Britain. Like others to whom the name has been applied, they were working for agreement with a foreign Power which happened at the time to be unpopular.

It is, however, important—particularly when one of the negotiators holds the highest office in the State—that the policy thus clandestinely worked for should be, whether popular or not, correct—that is, that it should be in the true interests of the people on whose behalf the negotiators presume to act.

The verdict of history under which Chamberlain and Wilson stand, condemned, is simply that they were wrong.

Even the declaration of war on September 3, 1939, meant no

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immediate break in the continuity of the Munich policy.

Throughout the period of the phoney war it seems almost certain that some of the British leaders, unable to swallow the humiliating fact that Hitler had tricked them, still hankered after their old plan of a "second Munich," this time directed against Soviet Russia, and therefore kept the antennae of negotiation still waving faintly in Hitler's direction—perhaps through Switzerland.

The change came when Churchill became Prime Minister.

Soon after that the gravest crisis of the war occurred. France fell, and Britain fought on alone.

Yet Britain was not entirely alone: besides the free forces in exile, there were millions of working people, innumerable and still largely unorganised,

who formed in the lands occupied by the Nazis an immense potential resistance.

Like many other Britons Burgess saw the best hope of victory—short of entry into the war of Soviet Russia and America—in the organisation of this underground resistance.

He put up a memorandum to this effect and helped to organise on a secluded estate in Hertfordshire what he was told was the first school for civilian saboteurs.

AMBITION

This is his chance

IN 1941 he undertook part-time work with M.I.5; and simultaneously returned to his old job at the B.B.C., where he stayed for nearly three years more.

Soon he made a "discovery" which was to play an important part in his subsequent career.

He found that Hector McNeill, M.P. for Greenock, was a first-rate broadcaster and used him in the "Week in Westminster" programme.

This professional relationship developed into personal friendship; and in 1946, when McNeill became Minister of State at the Foreign Office, he invited Guy to be his personal assistant.

By then he was already working at the Foreign Office. He had stayed at the B.B.C. until the end of 1943. Then he was invited to join the Foreign Office News Department under Mr (now Sir) William Ridsdale.

His original ambition to enter the public service, in the full sense of the term, had never left him. The News Department was a useful back-door to the Foreign Office itself.

CALCULATION

This is his power

AS an historian, he had always been fascinated by the idea and character of the *eminence grise*, the shadowy but influential figure lurking at the elbow of the public man.

I have little doubt that, perhaps half-consciously, he saw himself too, as McNeill's Personal Assistant, in this rôle. As Minister of State McNeill held Cabinet rank. In the absences abroad, or through illness, of his chief, Ernest Bevin, he often had to act as Foreign Secretary.

At last, at the age of 36, Burgess's steady inner purpose and his calculations, assisted by a series of fortunate changes and coincidences, he was indeed near the centre of power.

When he talked to me of those Foreign Office days Guy recalled an incident, still remembered by senior officials with mingled amusement and horror.

Bevin committed himself in principle to a bilateral Anglo-American trading agreement which he feared he would have difficulty in persuading the Cabinet to accept.

He therefore succumbed to a diplomatic illness and went for a cruise on a friend's yacht. He joined the yacht at Poole, but had to stay within the three-

mile limit because he had not obtained the King's permission to leave the country.

In his absence news of the Anglo-American proposal reached his colleagues. Their reaction was as he had expected. Number 10, Downing-street telephoned the Foreign Office. Guy happened to be on duty.

"The Prime Minister wants to see the Foreign Secretary urgently," said Number 10.

"He's away," said Guy.

"Find him," said Number 10.

This was easier to demand than to effect. Bevin had craftily ensured that the yacht should not be in wireless communication with the shore.

McNeill's Private Secretary, Mr. Fred Warner, went down to Poole and tried to semaphore to the yacht.

At last, after many messages had been sent, Warner saw what appeared to be the Foreign Secretary's ample form being rowed landwards.

There was a good deal of spray, and he seemed to be well covered by a waterproof sheet.

Then the boat touched land, the waterproof sheet was cast aside—and two sailors jumped out from under it.

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CIRCULATION

This is his drawing

ONE of them bore a message from Bevin: Warner was to come on board and have a drink. He did so, and was able with some difficulty to persuade Bevin that his return to Whitehall was indeed essential.

Guy, meanwhile, had remained on duty.

While waiting he doodled (he had always had a gift for rather fantastic caricature), and the doodle turned out to be a drawing of Bevin in a boat exclaiming "Ector needs me."

McNeill saw the drawing and—having first tactfully filled in the initial H—showed it to Bevin, who chuckled at it.

Then, knowing that he was in for a sticky half-hour with his colleagues, Bevin asked Guy to let him have the drawing to show them—and created what may have been a precedent by

**TOMORROW
WAS HE A
TRAITOR ?**

circulating it, officially stamped, as a Cabinet document.

His colleagues smiled and forgave Bevin, and he got his policy accepted.

At about this time an administrative complication arose about Guy's promotion, which McNeill had been trying to secure. McNeill wanted Guy to stay with him, but to be transferred from the subordinate branch known in the Foreign Office as Branch B to the higher Branch A.

The Office authorities, however, ruled that the promotion would not be in order until they had had a report on his work for say, six months in one of the political departments.

The choice was, therefore, to

stay with McNeill and forego any prospect of early promotion or to go to a political department and qualify for promotion fairly quickly.

As his later action proved, Guy could not be accused of being a careerist; he liked McNeill and also (despite his lack of success) still liked being his *eminence grise*; but the tug-of-war on policy, especially on German policy, was a constant strain.

PEACE

After the conflict

HE therefore decided to move, and asked to be transferred to a political department, preferably the Far Eastern Department.

He was completely in agreement with British policy on the Far East.

Soon after the start of the Korean war Guy was sent to the British Embassy in Washington.

This mission to Washington was the most agonising episode in the life of Guy Burgess; and it led directly to the strange climax of his journey to Moscow. He was appalled by what seemed to him the ignorance and incompetence of many of his new colleagues, in contrast with those he had been working with in the Far Eastern Department.

Some of the censorious accounts of his personal conduct in Washington at this time, which was indeed disorderly, seem to suggest that it is unheard-of that a man's private life should reflect worry or dissatisfaction in his work: this, of course, is a common phenomenon in America or in Britain.

To explain a bout of irregular behaviour, of heavy drinking, and fast driving is not to excuse it: it would certainly have been better both for Guy Burgess and for the cause in which he believed if he had led a sober life and preached his views quietly and persuasively.

He just did not happen to be that sort of person, and soon he was pulled up for exceeding the speed-limit in his car three times in one day.

DECISION

This is his recall

THERE was no suggestion of his being drunk in charge of the car, nor had he (he claims) been driving dangerously.

Guy was recalled on the ground that his conduct was generally unsatisfactory. So, no doubt, it was.

When he returned to London, therefore, he must have known that he was officially in disgrace, though he may not have expected actual dismissal from the Service.

It is important to an understanding of his personal position, however, to know that he himself had already—several months before these events—decided to leave the Service, and had actually begun to look out for a possible job.

[The White Paper said: In Washington his work and behaviour gave rise to complaint . . . The Ambassador requested that Burgess be removed and he was recalled to London in early May 1951 and was asked to resign from the Foreign Service. . . . It was at this point that he disappeared.]

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AT LAST, AT 36, AFTER THE BBC AND 'SABOTAGE
SCHOOL' . . . A TOP JOB AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE



BEVIN'S RETURN . . . AS BURGESS SAW IT

5 277

A LETTER FROM EDEN

*My dear Burgess,
Thank you so much
for all your kindnes -*

*Truly
Anthony Eden*

Eden visited Washington during the time Burgess was there. After leaving he wrote this letter to Burgess:

My Dear Burgess,—Thank you so much for all your kindness—I was so well looked after that I am still in robust health, after

quite a stormy flight to New York and many engagements since!

Truly I enjoyed every moment of my stay in Washington and you will know how much you helped to make this possible.

Renewed greetings and gratitude, Yours sincerely, Anthony Eden.

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| Mr. Tolson | _____ |
| Mr. Nichols | _____ |
| Mr. Boardman | _____ |
| Mr. Belmont | _____ |
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| Mr. Parsons | _____ |
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| Mr. Tamm | _____ |
| Mr. Trotter | _____ |
| Mr. Nease | _____ |
| Tele. Room | _____ |
| Mr. Holloman | _____ |
| Miss Gandy | _____ |

TOM DRIBERG SUMS UP THE BURGESS STORY

But was he a traitor?



MR. BRADY *Bo*

DURING the years in which Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean have lived in seclusion they have protected themselves against intrusions on privacy partly by false names.

In conversation Guy frequently referred to Donald Maclean as "Mark."

I found that some of Guy's friends in Moscow, both British and Russian, referred to him as "Jim."

A life of solitude is not necessarily, of course, life cut off from knowledge of the outside world.

Guy keeps in touch with developments in the West by reading many English newspapers and periodicals, which normally reach him about four days after publication.

Like many solitary people, Guy seems to take little interest in food. While I was with him I rarely saw him eat.

He would order a dish and immediately light a cigarette, merely playing with the food.

If the meal was served in his flat he would continue to indulge, throughout it, in his obsessive habit of pacing up and down the room.

BURGESS ... HE DOES NOT SEEK DEFENCE FOR HIS ACTIONS... NEVER APOLOGISE, NEVER EXPLAIN

Jim
5 Boyle

DELETED COPY SENT BY LETTER JUN 23 1976 PER YOUR REQUEST *Jim*

C.B. Mac Donald

100-374183-A
NOT RECORDED
149 NOV 6 1956

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RE: MacLEAN CASE (Bufile 100-374183)

DAILY MAIL
NOVEMBER 1, 1956
LONDON ENGLAND
50 NOV 19 1956

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Good supper

HE insisted, however, that he always ate a large breakfast and that when he returned in the evenings to his dacha his old Russian woman housekeeper would cook him a good supper. Several people have asked me if the occupation of a country dacha as well as a Moscow flat doesn't indicate that he is a highly privileged person.

It is, of course, true that writers, translators, scientists, artists, and ballet dancers are about the most highly paid people in the Soviet Union.

But despite the housing shortage a good many industrial workers, too, have these wooden-built country chalets or shanties and use them at week-ends.

Guy took me one day to see a vast block, not yet complete, in which he has been allocated a new flat.

Sentimental

HE would much rather have had rooms in one of Moscow's old, yellowing houses, rather like the houses in a Bloomsbury square.

Such a preference is incomprehensible to most Soviet citizens.

Guy therefore anticipates that once he has got his new flat he will have little difficulty in exchanging by private agreement.

I found that just below the surface there was a strong, emotional, even sentimental, side to Guy.

A spasm almost of anguish

would transfigure his face if something was recalled that had touched him deeply.

He would often sit at the piano in his flat and strum hymns and old songs, the Eton Boating Song among them.

The "Scottish Student's Song Book" is in the library at his dacha.

I remembered now the unusual sensitiveness that had made him, as a boy, turn aside from the sight of a birching.

And I could not help wondering, but could not ask him, how he could have borne the brutal horrors of the regime of Beria.

Against the world background the personal story of two men, or of the one with whom I have chiefly dealt, is very small.

Yet, in a way, they typify the dilemma of a younger generation than their own, as well as that of the inter-war generation.

Calmer mood

THEIR story is part of a process of history.

It happens to have become significant because of the extreme action they took and the violence of the public reaction to it in their own country.

In the calmer mood which should follow the ending of the Cold War it should be possible to reassess the particular cases as well as the general background.

I find it strange that people who leave Britain for private reasons of gain, or simply because they prefer another climate or way of life, should be deemed to have behaved in a natural and even creditable way; whereas those who, for the sake of principle, go to live in another country in the earnest hope of doing something to secure world peace should be abused as traitors.

This does not mean that I personally agree with the decision that Burgess and Maclean took.

Having talked at length with Guy Burgess, and satisfied myself of the passionate sincerity

of his convictions, I respect him for his courage in doing what he thought right.

It is undoubtedly true that, so long as nations attach the highest importance to defence and security, public servants who behave as Burgess and Maclean behaved must expect to incur extreme official displeasure.

It would, however, seem over-punctilious to apply the principle to the case of Guy Burgess.

Although he was still technically in the Foreign Service at the time of his journey to Moscow, he was, as we have already seen, rapidly on his way out, to what would undoubtedly have been the mutual relief of the Service and of himself.

It is in character that the manner of his going should have been less tidy than the Personnel Department would have thought proper.

One night when Guy Burgess and I were walking back to our hotels from dinner at a Moscow restaurant we were talking over problems of conflicting loyalties.

He broke in: "I do hope that what you write won't seem to be defensive."

"I don't want to defend myself. Never apologise, never explain."

Not an apology

I SAID: "That is a slogan I have never agreed with."

"If one has done something wrong, one should apologise."

"If one has done something that is difficult for people to understand, what's wrong with trying to explain it to them?"

What I have written is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, an apology, for Guy Burgess.

But it may be taken as, in a small way, an attempt to outline the 30-year-long process that culminated in his journey.

THE END

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THE REAL STORY OF OUR ESCAPE

THE BURGESS STORY Part Two

Emily Burgess MR. BURNHAM

We arrived in Moscow and were taken to an hotel. Then they lent us a flat. About three days later a man came to see us. He questioned us. Then...

see
5 pages

THEY SENT US TO THE DREARY

RECEIVED BY MAIL
BY LETTER JUN 22 1976
PER YOUR REQUEST
C.B. Mac Donald
yes

100-374183-A
NOT RECORDED
149 NOV 16 1956

RE: MacLEAN CASE
(Bufile 100-374183)

DAILY MAIL
OCTOBER 23, 1956
LONDON, ENGLAND
50 NOV 19 1956

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
#13 AMERICAN EMBASSY
LONDON, ENGLAND.

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PROVINCES

GUY BURGESS IN A FRANK DISCUSSION WITH TOM DRIBERG REVEALS THAT MACLEAN HAD CONFESSED "I AM BEING FOLLOWED." MACLEAN TELLS BURGESS HE IS GOING TO MOSCOW. BURGESS DECIDES TO GO TOO

BURGESS: NOTHING except the boat had been worked out beforehand by anybody, but Donald had suggested that we ought to make for Prague because there was a Trade Fair on, which would make it easy to get visas.

Then he found a French railway timetable on the boat. He spotted Rennes as the junction for Paris.

That taxi-driver

was telling the truth

WELL, we arrived at St. Malo, and walked like Simenon characters across the rainy quay—and found that we'd just missed the train to Rennes by about two minutes. The only thing was to get a taxi and try to beat the slow local train to Rennes.

I see that the taxi-driver has been discredited by the French police, but he told the absolute truth. Two Englishmen just jumped into his taxi and told him to drive to Rennes.

Oh, and that man on the boat who said he saw us, and saw someone meet us—pure imagination, or else three different people.

We just beat the local train. We caught the express to Paris from Rennes. When we got there we bought a Guide Internationale, or whatever you call it, and fumbled through it. I found a train about midnight to Berne.

We bought tickets to Berne in the normal way, got sleepers, had dinner in a café, took the train, and arrived in Berne about six o'clock on Sunday morning.

DRIBERG: Then Petrov's statement that you flew from Paris to Prague is wrong, and the statement that it is "virtually certain" that you went from Orly Airport in a Czech plane is wrong?

BURGESS: Absolute nonsense, like most of the stuff printed about us.

DRIBERG: Why did you go via Berne?

BURGESS: For several reasons. Donald knew Berne—but he wasn't so well known there as he was in Paris. He was rather too well known in Paris: he'd been at the Embassy there.

We counted

on the week-end

ALSO, by this midnight train we arrived in Berne before our absence from the boat would have been spotted.

"... the boat was held up for one hour at St. Malo on the Saturday morning while a search was made for two missing passengers... without whom the boat eventually sailed.

"This assured that the captain would report their failure to rejoin the ship on his arrival back at Southampton on Monday morning and by that time they would be gone beyond recall." (Geoffrey Hoare, "The Missing Macleans.")

We thought that Paris would be the place they'd be most likely to look for us first.

We did, of course, count on the English week-end too: we knew that nobody would start doing anything about it till some time on Monday.

By then we reckoned we'd have caught a plane from Zurich to Prague. Donald thought they went every day.

It was easy

to get visas

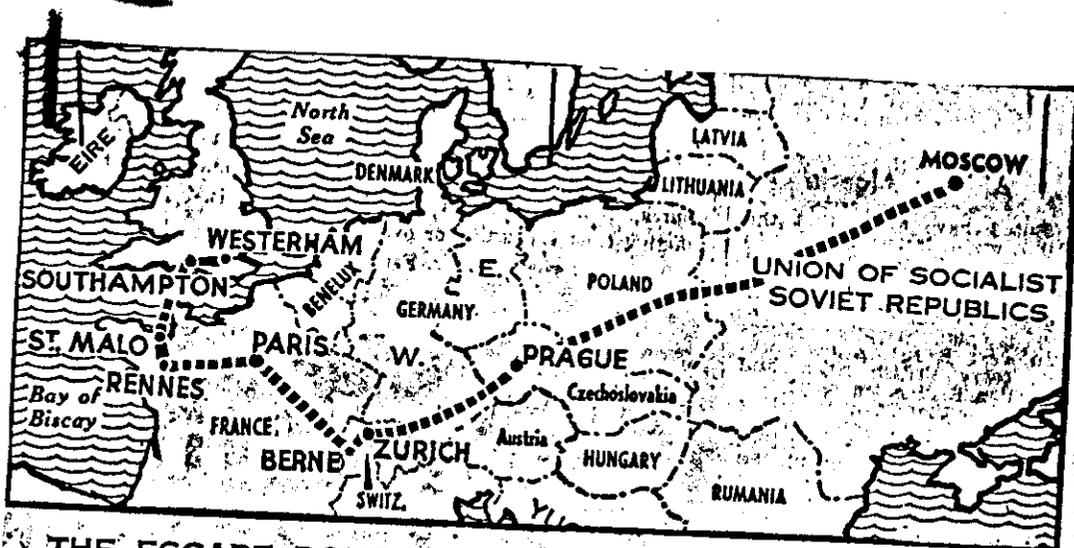
DONALD, being the senior diplomat of the two—he was a Counsellor, I was only a Second Secretary—called at the Czech Embassy in Berne and got our visas.

Perfectly easy: with the Trade Fair on they were giving visas to everybody.

I have an idea he may also have called at the Soviet Embassy, but if he did I can't really remember—he got no charge out of them at all.

We did have one rather nasty

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THE ESCAPE ROUTE FROM WESTERHAM TO MOSCOW

shock, though. There wasn't a plane from Zurich on the Monday. We had to wait till Tuesday. We thought that might be stretching the English week-end rather far.

A. It turned out, we needn't have worried, or hurried; it took them nine days to get moving!

DRIBERG: What did you do while you were waiting in Berne?

BURGESS: Oh, collapsed in an hotel suffering from the opposite of —what's euphoria? On the Monday there was a motor rally in Zurich, so I went and looked at motor-cars.

Donald lay on his bed reading Jane Austen. We were both rather in a Jane Austen mood.

On Tuesday we caught the plane to Prague. We went straight to an hotel —I can't remember the name of it.

DRIBERG: Probably the Alcron?

BURGESS: No. I don't think it was. It was an hotel rather like an English station hotel.

Next day we went to the Soviet Embassy, and simply told them what we'd done and that we wanted to go to Moscow.

DRIBERG: What did they say? Were they surprised... or pleased?

BURGESS: They were deadpan. You know the sort of thing: "Very interest-

ing, but we must get instructions."

They wouldn't commit themselves. You know how Russian—or any—bureaucrats are when they want to be like that.

They kept us waiting more than a week. We listened anxiously to the wireless, thinking that we'd hear some news about ourselves. Nothing!

We looked at various palaces, and read Jane Austen.

Then, one day, the news *did* break. This was about two days before we left Prague and we learned that thousands of policemen were looking for us.

This was really what finally decided me to go with Donald at once.

Up to that moment I'd still got a faint idea that I might first go on to Italy for a holiday. After all I'd done my part for Donald, I'd delivered him safely, as it were, behind the "Iron Curtain."

The last few days before we left London I'd been trying to get hold of Wystan Auden. (*Now Professor of Poetry at Oxford.*)

Spender's (*Stephen Spender, poet, now editor of "Encounter"*) wife forgot to give him a message.

If I'd been able to get him and made a definite date to go, and spend a holiday with him in Ischia, I'd probably have gone straight on there after dropping Donald in Prague. That was why I said that in

my telegram to my mother—you remember. "Embarking on long Mediterranean cruise."

It *might* just possibly still have come true. Also, of course, I wanted to set her mind at rest.

DRIBERG: Those messages from you and Maclean puzzled people a good deal. Why were they sent in that odd way, from different places?

BURGESS: I've no idea. We simply gave them to the Russians in Prague just before we left there, and asked them to send them off.

They lent

us a flat

ANYWAY, the day after the news broke we were told we could go to Moscow. We were told to catch such-and-such a plane, the ordinary regular plane.

When we got to Moscow we were taken to an hotel for a day or two. Then we were lent a flat.

DRIBERG: Who lent it to you?

BURGESS: Well... I suppose authorities you'd say the

DRIBERG: Were you sent for to the Foreign Ministry or anywhere for a talk?

BURGESS: Never. But, about we'd got to Moscow, a man called on us and asked us a lot of questions.

The questions were typewritten on a bit of paper. He read them out to us and asked our opinion.

They were chiefly about whether the British would make peace in Korea. We said yes. But I did say there was a danger in the Far East from America.

BY
**TOM
DRIBERG**

I was very
unhappy there

THEN they sent us out of Moscow, to a dreary provincial town. We were there about six months.

We had beautiful flats looking out over the river, but I was very unhappy there; it was permanently like Glasgow on a Saturday night in the nineteenth century.

Also, they hadn't then offered us the sort of jobs we wanted—jobs in which we thought we could make a real contribution.

Donald took a job in a linguistics institute, but I wouldn't. I did nothing, and fought my way back to Moscow. It took six months.

DRIBERG: What job are you doing now, then?

BURGESS: Most of the time I work for the Foreign Literature Publishing House, making suggestions and trying to get them to translate and publish more good English books of all kinds. They've just done their first Graham Greene "The Quiet American." That was my suggestion.

But I do quite a lot of other things as well. I used to work for the Anti-Fascist Committee, which is now dissolved.

It had various sections—women's, students', academic, and so on—and used to collect information on post-war Fascist trends in various parts of the world.

Then I've worked for the World Peace Movement too.

But the most interesting part

"Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background," by Tom Driberg, will be published shortly by Weidenfeld and Nicolson. Pages 127-64.

of it, really, is that I've got a large circle of friends in all the Moscow departments, including the Foreign Ministry, and at all levels (except the highest), and from time to time I am consulted.

It might be anything from Somerset Maugham to British policy in Trinidad.

You might call me an expert Englishman with a roving commission.

DRIBERG: All this part of your work is quite informal?

BURGESS: Oh, yes, completely. Someone just rings up out of the blue, and asks me to sit in on a discussion.

DRIBERG: The "old boy network" again, in a way?

BURGESS: Yes, but a very different lot of old boys! I get mixed up in all sorts of things.

Recently I've been ringing up everybody I could to talk about that Bolshoi Ballet business.

I was one of the many who said that it would be an absolute catastrophe if they didn't go to London. The British Communists who live here said the

same. I also tried to explain the British attitude about Nina. I told them how difficult it would be for the Government to intervene once a case was before the courts.

Highest influence
was exerted

I QUOTED the case of an official in King George V's Household who was had up for some minor offence: the highest possible influence was used to get the case stopped, but it didn't work.

Then I'm bound to add, I remembered the Campbell case, and didn't speak with quite so much conviction!

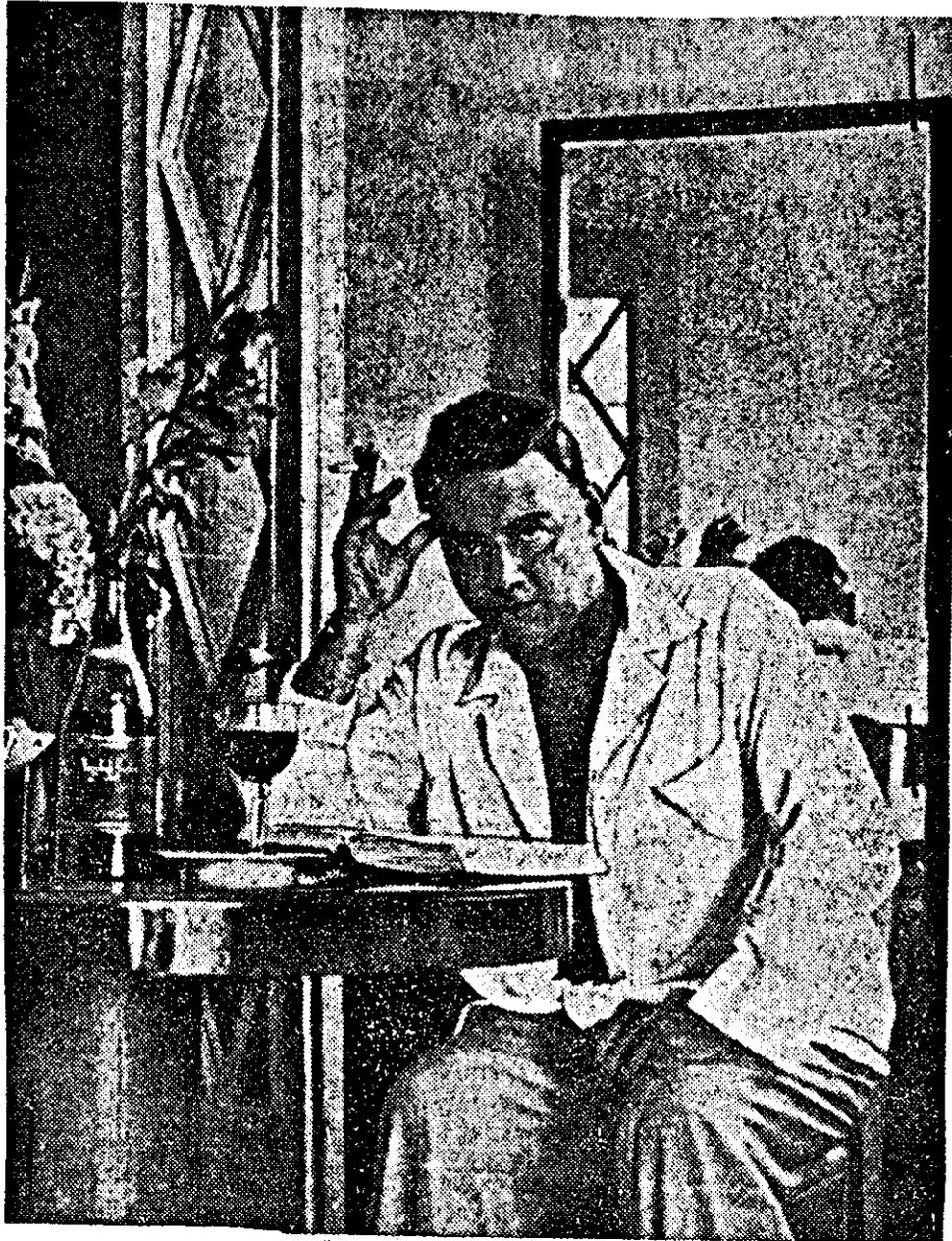
[James Ross Campbell, now editor of the Daily Worker, was editor of the Communist Workers' Weekly in 1924. In that year he was charged with sedition and incitement to mutiny, but the Attorney-General withdrew the prosecution. The political scandal that followed brought down the Socialist Government.]

T O M O R R O W

THE SECRECY... THE MISSING
LETTERS... LIFE IN RUSSIA

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 Miss Gandy.....



A LONELY MAN AT HOME

In the living-room of the Rest House at Sochi, Guy Burgess reads a new book fresh out from England. In his hand is the ever-present cheap Russian cigarette.
 He has two Russian homes. One is a villa in the country 40 minutes' drive from his Moscow office where most of the evenings are spent.

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At last the astonishing facts

about the runaway

diplomats can be told

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MR. BRANTON

GUY

BURGESS

File 5407

TELLS ALL

Donald Maclean said

The dicks are after me

DELIVERED BY AIR C.B. Mac Donald
 BY LETTER JUN 22 1976
 PER FOIA REQUEST

JJS

EX-127

INDEXED - 7

RE: MacLEAN CASE
 ESPIONAGE - R
 (Bufile 100-374183)

NOTE:

The American mentioned herein is BERNARD WARREN MILLER, who has already been interviewed by the Bureau.

100-374183-A

NOT RECORDED
 149 NOV 16 1956

DAILY MAIL
 OCTOBER 22, 1956
 LONDON, ENGLAND

50 NOV 19 1956

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WE WERE HELD UP BY THE RUSSIANS

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GUY BURGESS and Donald Maclean — "The Missing Diplomats" — fled to Russia without help from the Russian spy network or the Soviet Government. The "escape" was planned at the last minute and only in rough detail.

And when the two men got to the Russian border and were safe behind the Iron Curtain the Moscow Government kept them waiting a week before admitting them to Russia.

These disclosures were made by Guy Burgess to Tom Driberg in Moscow — and are revealed for the first time in the full, inside story of *The Missing Diplomats*, which begins in the *Daily Mail* today.

THEY TALKED ABOUT POLITICS AND FOUND THEY AGREED

In two visits and in talks lasting more than a month Guy Burgess poured out to Driberg all the secrets of the mystery that baffled the Western World and fooled 15,000 European police.

The *Daily Mail* begins the story today in **Page SIX**. It is a story that ends five years of mystery.

"Maclean and I," says Burgess, "knew each other only slightly at Cambridge."



They met once again when Burgess was recalled to London in disgrace from the British Embassy in Washington.

He tells how they sat on a sofa outside Maclean's private room at the Foreign Office, talked politics, and found they agreed.

Soon after Maclean revealed he was being followed. As they walked together to lunch at the Royal Automobile Club Maclean said: "I'm in frightful trouble. I'm being followed by the dicks."

He also knew that the watch extended only to London—that his country home near Westerham was not yet being observed—that the two men detailed to follow him "just saw him into the train at Charing Cross each evening, touched their caps and went home."

Maclean appealed to Burgess for help in getting out of the country and Burgess decided to go with him "because I thought he was right."

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN STOPPED

HAD BRITAIN WORKED FASTER

Burgess—whose revelations run to 40,000 words—reveals too that they nearly missed their escape boat . . . but once that anxiety was over there came only one moment of fear.

Could they have been stopped?

The Burgess story makes it clear that they could have been if Britain had worked faster. Burgess claims that it took nine days to get the search going.

The Burgess story—which follows Guy Burgess from his days at Eton—reveals too that Maclean and Burgess are by no means intimate friends. They live different lives—work for different Russian departments.

In addition to his full confession Guy Burgess has made available to Tom Driberg a mass of fascinating documents, drawings, pictures, and letters.

They include Eton sketches, personal photographs, and letters from some of the most eminent men of the day.

NOW TURN TO PAGE SIX

and begin the first chapters of the story . . . how the story began and the "escape" from England.

**BEGINNING... THE FIRST INSIDE ACCOUNT
OF THE BIGGEST MYSTERY OF THE DECADE**

THE BURGESS STORY

**Macleane told me:
I'm going to Russia
Will you help?**

The story is told by TOM DRIBERG

ON Saturday, February 11, 1956, the correspondents of the *Sunday Times*, *Reuter*, the *Tass Agency*, and *Pravda* were summoned at short notice to Room 101 of the National Hotel, Moscow.

In the plushy, faded grandeur of this Edwardian hotel they were astonished to be confronted with the two "missing diplomats," Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, whom the police and Press of many countries had been trying in vain to trace since their departure from England nearly five years before.

The correspondents were handed a statement in which the two men set out their reasons for going to the Soviet Union. This statement ended with the words: "We both of us are convinced that we were right in doing what we did."

After brief verbal exchanges, the two men withdrew. The correspondents were given no opportunity of asking any of the questions that were seething in their minds. These questions, accordingly, remained unanswered, though, in the renewed Press furore that followed this momentary revelation, some wildly speculative answers were offered.

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In common with millions of other British newspaper readers I had found the Burgess-Maclean story one of the most fascinating news stories of the century.

Doubly so, for it was not only a story of pursuit and escape, almost in the classic tradition of the "Western" films: it also had a much deeper significance in that it illustrated vividly, in the personal dilemma of two intelligent and gifted men, the plight of a whole generation caught in the confusion and contradictions of mid-century Britain, with its chronic lack of philosophic purpose and its "mixed" — or muddled — economy.

WRITING:

I was impulsive

ONE phrase lingered in my mind from the millions of words written about Burgess and Maclean. They had been described as "split men." Was this meant to be a term of reproach, or of contempt? If so, why?

In a split world, does not a humanist — a humanist in the broad sense of the word, a man concerned with the well-being of all his fellow men — necessarily feel conflicting impulses and doubts within him?

Does any thoughtful man now believe that an international issue — and particularly the greatest issue of our times, the

relation between East and West — can be discussed adequately in cold-war propaganda terms, as if it were a matter of absolute blacks and whites, a contest between devils and angels?

Some years ago I had met Guy Burgess on several occasions; he was at that time a B.B.C. representative at the House of Commons, responsible for the "Week in Westminster" programme, and I was one of the members of Parliament who broadcast for him.

A few weeks after the Moscow Press conference, noticing that several newspapers had been able to get in touch with him simply by writing to him at the National Hotel, Moscow, I also, on a casual impulse and against, it seemed, rather long odds, wrote to him.

I asked if there were any chance of my being able to interview him, tell the whole story, and answer the still unanswered questions, if I came to Moscow.

SPEAKING:

In favour

WEEKS after I had written I was delighted, and surprised, to receive, in quick succession, a cordial cable and a long letter. The letter read, in part:

"Speaking for myself, I am very much in favour of your idea and should welcome it. There is nothing I have to fear from any questions even if put by such a shrewd person as yourself.

ABOUT DRIBERG

Tom Driberg has been a Journalist and Socialist all his adult years. From 1942 to 1955 he was M.P. for Malden, Essex. He is a member of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party — is now Vice-Chairman.

Now 51, he is author of a controversial biography of Lord Beaverbrook — was formerly William Hickey of the "Daily Express."

His Burgess story is a frankly partisan work. With many of his opinions the "Daily Mail" disagrees . . . but prints it none-the-less uncensored. Differing opinions cannot obscure the fact that it is the major news scoop of the decade.



them all — except Eden and Macmillan (then Foreign Secretary) who, given the embarrassments they were in and the concoction served up to them by their advisers, I thought made fine speeches, however wrong I know them to have been."

One morning I was working in my Bloomsbury flat when the telephone rang, as it does all too often. But this was not an unwelcome interruption.

The operator asked if I could take a personal call from Moscow. At once a voice came through, clearly and audibly: "Hullo, Tom. . . This is Guy."

We talked for, perhaps, ten minutes: I was excited to learn that there seemed to be a good chance that my hope would be fulfilled. Further cables and telephone calls followed; and on the evening of August 10 I arrived in Moscow.

I was not particularly disturbed to find that Guy was not at the airport to meet me, as he had said he would try to be, for I had been unable to let him know exactly which plane I was coming by.

But I took the precaution, after the long slow dinner of caviare and bortsch and all the rest of it at the National Hotel, of posting a letter addressed to him at the poste-restante address which was all that I had.

I ascertained that a stamp for a local letter cost 40 kopeks; I walked to the main post office (open all night): got the right

"So I am supporting your plan. Of course, if what I thought was important was to clear my name as a Red Herring I'd tell you to come tomorrow and try and insist on it. If I did I think it could be arranged at once.

"My reason for not pressing the matter too hard, however, is that as I said in my 'Statement' the only thing I am interested in is (not my personal case but) Anglo-Soviet relations and their possible improvement.

HELPING:

But would it?

"WOULD these causes be helped in any way by renewed controversy about my case?

"I don't mind any amount of controversy about Anglo-American and Soviet policy, but I am (as I am sure you will understand even if you don't agree) absolutely bored stiff and sickened by the personal aspects of this case.

"I wouldn't mind calling the attention of those who were forced to publish the White Paper against their better judgment to what Disraeli once said about people who behaved in such a way: 'I know of no entity more despicable than a patrician in a panic.'

"That seems to me to go for

stamp by sign-language since the lady at the counter had no English and I had no Russian and posted the letter in what I looked the right one of several boxes, all labelled in indecipherable Cyrillic.

Next day I was eating my long, slow luncheon feeling rather depressed about the whole enterprise and wondering if something had gone wrong, when the courteous young *maitre d'hôtel* called me to the telephone.

It was Guy — and he was speaking from another hotel, 50 yards away, where he had a flat (or, as it would be called in England, a suite).

This is the Moskva Hotel — an hotel not used by tourists or Western correspondents, but chiefly by Soviet citizens and official foreign delegations.

WALKING:

And no one saw

BY living here, and at an inaccessible country lodge, or dacha, Guy Burgess had enjoyed immunity from the frenzied inquisitiveness of the Western journalists, one of whom was still bombarding him with telegrams almost daily.

As he walked freely about Moscow, on and off, for five years, it seems extraordinary, none the less, that none of them ever saw or found him.

Within 20 minutes of his call I walked across the corner of the square to the Moskva.

Guy Burgess was standing outside the hotel entrance. He was instantly recognisable despite a slight greying of his dark hair.

His bird-bright, ragamuffin face was tanned by the Caucasian sun; he had just returned from his holiday at Sochi with his mother.

He came forward to meet me and we shook hands. I felt a little like Stanley discovering Livingstone—and our first words were, of course, as banal as Stanley's.

SMOKING:

It isn't allowed

GUY said characteristically: "I'm afraid we've both got rather fatter since we last saw each other." We went up to his flat (the liftwoman rebuking him for smoking in the lift).

In the weeks that followed we met many times and talked.

The conversation in which he answered most of the questions that people in Britain have been asking in vain for the past five years did not take place on any one day.

It was spread over most of the month. Again and again I returned to the subject of the actual journey from London to Moscow the discussions between Burgess and Maclean that led immediately up to it, and the

point that had hitherto remained a complete mystery—how they went, the actual route they took.

In the dialogue that follows, I record the essence of this intermittent questionnaire. I have put it together so that it reads connectedly.

But Guy Burgess did in fact say, at one time or another, every word and phrase that I have here attributed to him, and he assures me that he accepts this as an authoritative record of this part of our discussions.

This episode starts in May 1951, when Guy Burgess had just returned from his job at the British Embassy in Washington.

DRIBERG: Well, this is the point in your life—the return from Washington, the Korean War—which was really the breaking point—and the point at which the general public first heard of you.

BURGESS: Yes. I do beg you to emphasise the date and recall the situation we were in then. There was a serious risk that the Americans would force an extension of the Korean War. Six days before Donald and I left England, the *New York Times* had said: "Sudden peace could work havoc with business."

DRIBERG: Lots of us shared your anxiety. But I think it's only fair to say that MacArthur had in fact been sacked a few weeks earlier, and that Attlee had shown—when he flew to Washington in December 1950—that Britain had an independent policy on the Far East and wasn't afraid to express it.

BURGESS: Yes, and I thought that our Far East policy was absolutely correct. But it wasn't only the immediate situation that made me feel I had to leave the Foreign Office.

LEAVING:

The reason why

IT was much more the appalling experience I'd had at the Embassy in Washington—that terrible and ignorant subservience to the State Department—and the realisation, you see, that this was what my life would be for the next 20 years.

I wouldn't have minded nearly so much if I could have sat in the Foreign Office all the time.

But I knew I couldn't do that: everybody has to serve in the various missions overseas and Washington is supposed to be one of the top Embassies so what on earth could the others be like? A place like Bogota!

That's really why I'd made up my mind to leave the Foreign Office—long before I came home from Washington and long before I thought of coming to Moscow.

I'd even tentatively fixed up another job—with the *Daily Telegraph* as diplomatic adviser.

Michael Berry (*Daily Telegraph*) had talked to me about it when he was in Washington some months before—I'd told him I was thinking of leaving.

He was the first person I sought out when I got back to

It's nonsense to say that Moscow fixed our getaway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX

London, and as a matter of fact was supposed to be having dinner with him a night or two after we went away, to fix up another job.

DRIBERG: When did you see Donald Maclean, then?

BURGESS: A day or two later. He was the next person I got in touch with—not because of any deep-laid plot, but because I had perfectly innocent personal messages for him from people in America.

I also wanted very much to discuss with him a memorandum I'd done on the dangers of the Far Eastern situation.

Remember, he was head of the American Department of the Foreign Office, so he'd already had this memorandum. It went to him through the machine.

The memorandum was a serious piece of work. I'd put into it, in strong terms, all the fear and disgust I felt about the trend of American policy in the Far East; I'm pretty sure I also wrote about the threat that McCarthy represented. That was on my mind a lot at the time.

THINKING:

It was uncanny

WE talked about all this; and I can't tell you what a relief it was—to both of us, I think—to find that our views, the things we were afraid of, the things that made us angry, were identical: not only about the Far East and America, I mean, but on policy in general.

It was almost—well, almost uncanny: I mean, we had both been Communists at Cambridge, but we'd hardly seen each other since.

Yet our differing knowledge and experiences had kept us both Marxists and we had simultaneously, though separately, reached precisely the same conclusions.

It was, as I say, an immense relief and reassurance to find that one wasn't, as it were, a "lonely thinker."

I'd got on all right in the

Far Eastern Department, but by this time, unfortunately, there'd been changes in personnel there.

People I didn't know so well were running it now. So Donald was the natural person for me to pour all this out to.

This talk we had, arising out of my memorandum, was really what led up to everything that followed, I mean, for instance, it made Donald decide to trust me. . . .

We sat talking on a sofa outside his room at the Foreign Office. Looking back, I suppose he was afraid that his room was "miked."

He suggested we should lunch together. We met at the Reform Club; the dining-room was full, so we walked along and lunched at the R.A.C.

TRAILING:

Those two men

AS soon as we met Donald said: "I'm in frightful trouble; I'm being followed by the dicks."

On our way to the R.A.C., on the corner by the Carlton Club—you know the corner I mean—he pointed to two men and said, "Those are the people who are following me. . . . They change them quite often, of course."

Sure enough, there they were, jingling their coins in a policeman-like manner and looking embarrassed at having to follow a member of the upper classes.

"Idiots they are," he went on, with a sort of savage contempt.

"They're so clumsy that their car even bumped into the back of my taxi the other day—it stopped with a jerk because I suddenly remembered I wanted to get something from Chatham House.

"That's when I first saw their faces. After that they put two different chaps on."

[*The White Paper "Concerning the disappearance of two former Foreign Office officials," published on September 23, 1955, stated: "It is now clear that in spite of the precautions taken by the authorities Maclean must have become aware, at some time before his disappearance, that he was under in-*

investigation . . . he may have been warned.

"Searching inquiries involving individual interrogations were made into this last possibility. Insufficient evidence was obtainable to form a definite conclusion or to warrant prosecution."

We lunched together again about a week later. Donald told me more about it.

He said he thought it was because he'd been making indiscreet remarks around the office, saying that Soviet policy was correct and that Western policy was leading to war.

DRIBERG: Do you think that was the only reason they were shadowing him?

You've seen all this stuff about secrets and so on.

There was no question of his having passed on any information that was technically secret?

BURGESS: Donald has convinced me that that is so. I know no more about it than you do.

I simply felt sure that his general attitude was the same as mine, and for the same reasons—and I knew what my own motives were.

[The White Paper stated: "In January 1949 the security authorities received a report that certain Foreign Office information had leaked to the Soviet authorities some years earlier.

"Highly secret but widespread and protracted inquiries were begun by the security authorities, and the field of suspicion had been narrowed by mid-April 1951 to two or three persons. By the beginning of May Maclean had come to be regarded as the principal suspect."]

★ ★ ★

DRIBERG: Was anything said together about going to Moscow?

BURGESS: No. That was the third time we met. Donald suddenly said: "Look here, Guy, I think I'm going to clear out and go to the Soviet Union. Will you help me?"

"The trouble is I can't even buy a ticket. They'd be on to me at once—wouldn't even let me leave the country."

I thought it over as we talked. Then I said: "Well, I'm leaving the Foreign Office anyhow, and I probably couldn't stick the job at the *Daily Telegraph*—and I think you're right. I don't see why I shouldn't come too."

I thought: Why not?

★ ★ ★

SOME of my friends have got it all wrong. They blame Donald for persuading me to leave. They think I did it out of quixotic loyalty to an old friend in trouble.

This is absolutely wrong. We were never very close friends, anyway. I did it because I thought he was right—just as I said just now: during that first talk at the Foreign Office we found that we agreed with each other completely on the appal-

ling situation and the real danger of war.

DRIBERG: How long was this before you actually left?

BURGESS: Oh, only a few days. It all happened very quickly—a terrific scramble—nothing really organised at all.

Petrov* is wrong when he says that the whole thing was elaborately planned and organised by the Russians. That's absolute nonsense.

DRIBERG: Well how did you arrange it?

BURGESS: This is where the story does get a bit complicated. You see, on the Queen Mary, coming from America, I'd made friends with an American, an intelligent, progressive sort of chap.

★ ★ ★

HIS name has been published, but he's been persecuted so appealingly both by M.I.5 and by the F.B.I. that I'd rather not drag him into it more than we need.

Anyway, he and I were thinking of going to France for a jaunt, so I booked tickets for a week-end cruise to St. Malo and the Channel Islands—for the Friday night, that was—and I got one of the tickets in his name.

I'd arranged to go down to Donald's house at Tatsfield, near Westerham—practically within sight of Winston Churchill!—on the Friday evening.

But until I got there I didn't know whether I was going to Moscow with Donald or to France with the American for a jolly jaunt. He didn't, of course, know anything of the Moscow idea.

★ ★ ★

SO I told the American to stay by the telephone at his hotel until 8.30 and packed two lots of things, suitable for both purposes.

That's why I left some stuff on the boat—that was the stuff for the jolly jaunt: a dinner jacket, etc. One needs a dinner jacket in Paris.

DRIBERG: Any books?

BURGESS: Only one—Jane Austen.

DRIBERG: Which?

BURGESS: There's an invaluable collected edition—all the novels in one dark-brown volume. I never travel without it.

* Vladimir Petrov, former Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Canberra, who sought political asylum in April 1954. He said that both Burgess and Maclean were recruited as spies for the Soviet Government while students at Cambridge.

The White Paper said: "Petrov himself was not directly concerned in the case and his information was obtained from conversation with one of his colleagues in Soviet Service in Australia."

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DRIBERG: Anyway, what happened when you go to the Macleans' house?

BURGESS: Oh, well, Donald said at once: "I've decided. I'm going to Moscow." All the same we jolly nearly missed the boat at Southampton. We only caught it by ten minutes.



DONALD couldn't make up his mind to leave his wife, who was pregnant. Naturally, she didn't want him to go out that night. It was his birthday. She'd cooked a special ham for dinner.

DRIBERG: D'you mean that he weakened?

BURGESS: No, he didn't weaken. I don't mean that at all. I put that wrong. It was just that he's got no sense of time—or, rather, he's got a Russian sense of time—he dillyed and dallied over the ham.

I had hired a car—a self-drive car. I hadn't got a car in

England then. Mine was in America—I suppose it still is.

I thought that, even if I didn't go with Donald, the car might come in useful: the American and I might have toured the beauties of England when we got back from the week-end in France.

DRIBERG: One thing—if followed why wasn't the car followed from Westerham to Southampton?

BURGESS: As the White Paper says, because Westerham wasn't being watched! [He laughed uproariously for about half a minute.] They just saw him into the train at Charing Cross each evening, touched their caps and went home!

[The White Paper said: "The

watch on Maclean was made difficult by the need to ensure that he did not become aware that he was under observation.

"This watch was primarily aimed at collecting, if possible, further information and not at preventing an escape. In imposing it a calculated risk had to be taken that he might become aware of it and might take flight.

"It was inadvisable to increase this risk by extending the surveillance to his home in an isolated part of the country, and he was therefore watched in London only."

As I say, we only just caught the boat. Donald and I took it in turns to drive. We wouldn't have made it if I hadn't navigated the last bit—I know Southampton well.

T O M O R R O W

The escape route to Russia. The moment of fear. Arrival... and work in Moscow.

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AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME...



... is the Moskva Hotel.
Guy Burgess has a suite here.

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THE SPLIT MAN

A PICTURE ANALYSIS

He has been called a split man, a man of conflicting impulses. But that is below the surface. The camera sees only what Tom Driberg calls "his bird-bright, ragamuffin face," tweedy tie, good English suit untidily worn. The eyes are heavier, the face fatter —and from his lips hangs the ever-present cigarette.



I like you too a good job
The weather has been nice in Moscow
I want to see you in the Black Sea
Many would be looking forward to seeing
you again in the Black Sea

I WISH I WAS STILL ON THE BLACK SEA . . .

Guy Burgess, back in Moscow this month, wrote from
Rundstedt's cold capital . . . missing the Black Sea sun. He
had spent a month there this summer, some of it with his
mother. But despite her company he reminded a solitary
figure, his other companions . . . the sea and the ever-present
cigarette.

Mr. Tolson _____
 Mr. Nichols _____
 Mr. Boardman _____
 Mr. Belmont _____
 Mr. Mohr _____
 Mr. Parsons _____
 Mr. Rosen _____
 Mr. Tamm _____
 Mr. Trotter _____
 Mr. Nease _____
 Tele. Room _____
 Mr. Holloman _____
 Miss Gandy _____

Continuing
THE BURGESS STORY
 by TOM DRIBERG

MR. BRANIGAN

Guy O. Burgess

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE



file
3 Pappalardo
C.B. Mac Daniel

DELETED COPY SENT
 BY LETTER JUN 23 1970
 PER FOIA REQUEST
J.S.

RE: MacLEA CASE
 (Bufile 100-374183)

DAILY MAIL
 OCTOBER 25, 1956
 LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE OF THE LEGAL ATTACHE
 AMERICAN EMBASSY

LONDON, ENGLAND. 50 NOV 19 1956

100-374183-1
 NOT RECORDED
 149 NOV 16 1956

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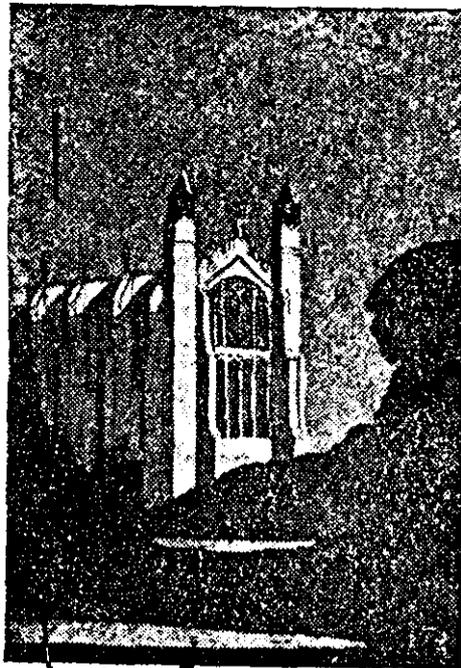
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• Eton meant everything to him . . . in later years he spent week-ends there . . . and in Moscow he wears his Old Etonian ties

GUY BURGESS stayed at Eton for nearly three more years. It is worth emphasising again that he was never an "odd boy out": he was the very pattern of what is called the normal healthy English boy.

He enjoyed life at Eton and did well at both work and games. He was in the Sixth Form and rose to be second among the Oppidans.

His interest in history, first stimulated at Dartmouth, developed under the influence of Robert Birley, a teacher of genius, now headmaster of Eton.



OLD BOY'S VIEW

Burgess made this sketch of the chapel from Luxmoore's Garden by moonlight on one of his week-end visits to Eton.

I quote, by permission, two paragraphs from a letter about Guy written by Mr. Birley to Mr. Dobbs, his housemaster, on December 14, 1928.

"At the moment his ideas are running away with him, and he is finding in verbal quibbles and Chestertonian comparisons a rather unhealthy delight, but he is such a sane person and so modest essentially that I do not feel that this very much matters. The great thing is that he really thinks for himself."

"It is refreshing to find one who is really well-read and who can become enthusiastic or have something to say about most things from Vermeer to Meredith. He is also a lively and amusing person, generous, I think, and very good-natured. He should do very well."

Mr. Dobbs who is now re-

"Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background," by Tom Driberg, will be published shortly by Weidenfeld and Nicolson. Price 12s. 6d.

tired, has retained the high regard for Guy which he then formed.

He told me recently: "I am convinced that he is innocent of any ill-feeling or treachery towards this country, and that whatever he has done has been done for the highest patriotic motives."

Guy's private reading at Eton was of various kinds. Some books helped to start the stirring of a social conscience in him.

THE READER

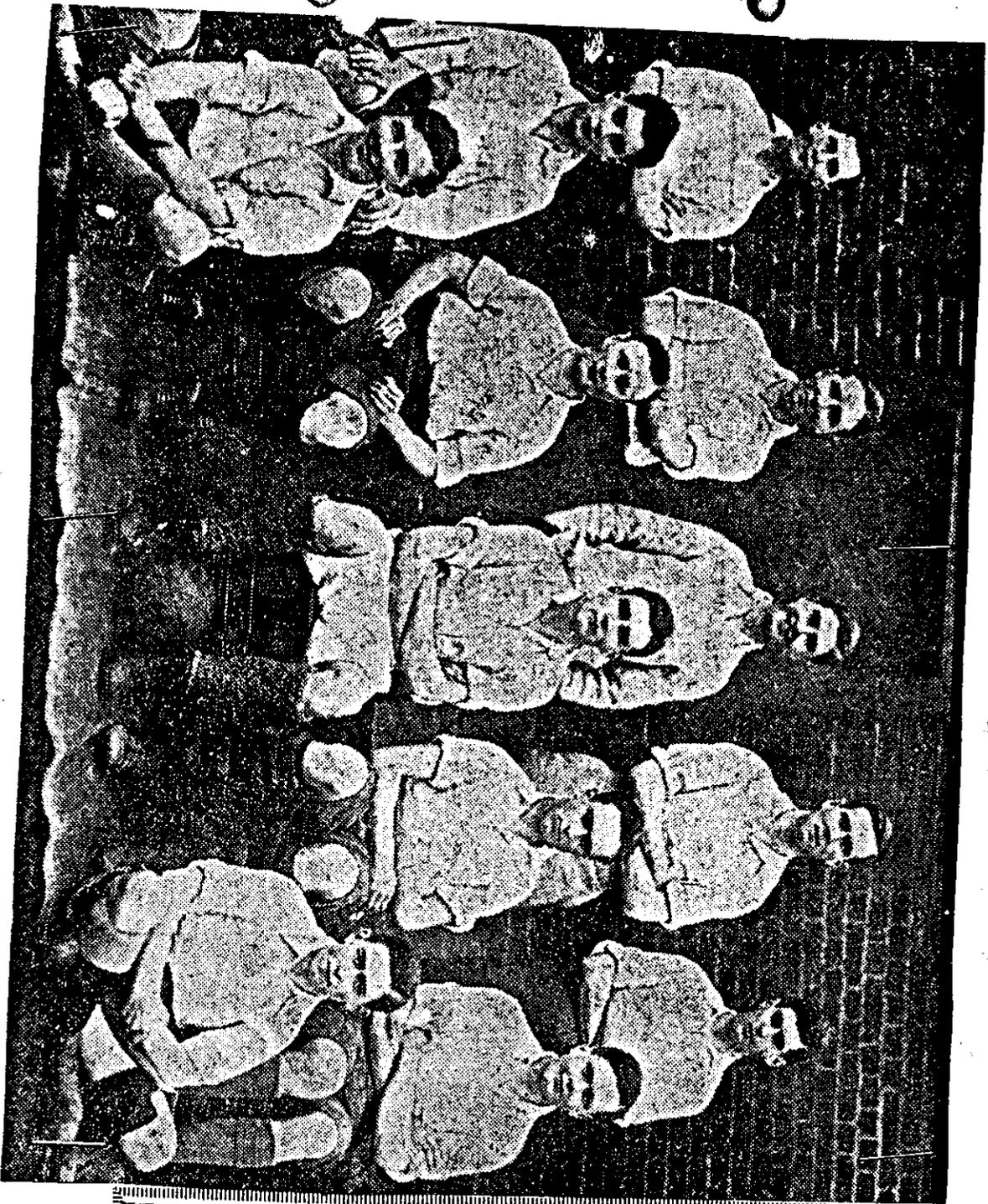
And the exposures

HE read Arthur Morrison's "The Hole in the Wall" and "The Other Half," with their grim exposure of conditions in the East End of London.

Mr. Dobbs read another such exposure to the senior boys in his house—"Across the Bridges," by Alexander Paterson—and this moved Guy deeply; he still remembers the shock of learning that for working-class people of that time, butter was a rare luxury and jam more commonplace; in his life, the opposite had been true.

Similar emotions were aroused by a visiting lecturer—a dockers' leader.

He had, too, one trait—a compassionate sensitiveness to the suffering of others—which did mark him as different in one respect from the average, thoughtlessly cruel schoolboy.



BURGESS THE SPORTSMAN

Burgess (he's on the extreme left of the seated row) was more than average in many branches of sport.

He was proficient at rowing, swimming, running, and in both Soccer and the Eton field game. He won his house colours for the latter.

After leaving Eton he took the advice of his former art master and dropped all forms of sport... except swimming.

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THE REBELLER

And the birchings

WHEN he was at Dartmouth he rebelled against the barbarous ceremonial of corporal punishment known as "official cuts"; he and three of his friends turned ostentatiously away in order to avoid seeing this performance, which the cadets were paraded to witness.

Similarly, when he was a sixth-form preceptor at Eton, and had to attend birchings, he would turn aside to avoid seeing them.

His interest in politics began to grow in his last year at Eton. Perhaps the advent to office of a second minority Labour Government made some impression on him; at any rate, by 1929 he was arguing in favour of Socialism.

One of his tastes at least was, and is, as "hearty" as it could be: he has a consuming interest in motor-cars and has missed hardly one issue of *The Autocar* since he was nine years old. He still has it sent to him in Moscow.

As a Socialist, Guy Burgess disapproves of the educational system of which Eton is a part. As an Old Etonian, he has an enduring love for Eton as a place, and an admiration for its liberal educational methods. In later years he would spend summer week-ends in a pun moored by Luxmoore's Garden.

THE WORRIER

And the omens

HE is one of the few Old Etonians who wear an Old Etonian bow-tie. He often wears it in Moscow but wore an ordinary O.E. tie for the Press conference on February 11; none of the correspondents present seems to have identified it.

He went up to Cambridge, where he was to spend four and a half years. In the autumn of 1930, he won an open history scholarship to Trinity College.

In common with thousands of his contemporaries, the best and most intelligent of their generation, he could not fail to be disturbed by the omens that attended the opening of one of the darkest chapters of twentieth-century history: in 1931 the Japanese invaded Manchuria and the Western Powers betrayed China; the rakes' progress of appeasement had begun.

Before Guy left Cambridge,

the impotence of the League of Nations was becoming more and more obvious, and Hitler had come to power in Germany.

His increasing apprehension of the meaning of these events did not dim the lustre of his academic achievements.

At the end of his first year he got a First in Mays; at the end of his second year he got a First in Part I of the History Tripos.

Then he was elected a senior Scholar of Trinity, and in his third year was given another first in Part II of the Tripos, even though illness prevented him from completing his papers.

This illness was one that afflicted him constantly since the age of 16: insomnia, sometimes aggravated by severe headaches.

THE TEACHER

And the miner

FOR nearly 30 years he has been unable to sleep without taking sedatives — a fact which may be the origin of newspaper allegations that he was a drug-addict, in the sinister sense of the word.

During his last year and a half at Cambridge he held a research studentship and taught, as well as studying, history.

One of his pupils, Lord Talbot de Malahide, has testified that it was only Guy's teaching that enabled him to pass the examinations for the Foreign Office.

He seems to have taken a sudden jump forward in political awareness at about the beginning of his second year at Cambridge. For his first year he led the ordinary life of an Old Etonian undergraduate.

He was elected more or less automatically, for instance, to the expensive and social Pitt Club, where he drank a bottle of Liebfraumilch '21 (at 3s. 6d.) every day at luncheon.

Two deviations may be noted, however. On the advice of his former art master, Eric Powell, he gave up games altogether.

"If you go on taking exercise now," said Powell, "you'll always have to, as I've had to — for he had been a famous oarsman. Since then, Guy has taken no exercise at all, except swimming.

Secondly, unlike the average Old Etonian of that time, he formed one undergraduate friendship outside his own class: this friend, Jimmy Lees (who now teaches at Nottingham University), was some years older than most of the undergraduates, baldish, and spectacled; he had worked as a coal-miner and was a member of the Independent Labour Party.

He was unlike anybody Guy had known before, taught him a lot, and troubled his conscience.



Another Burgess sketch . . . of a Cambridge bedmaker