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On the RAF's fiftieth birthday

WERE WE WRONG ABOUT THE BOMB?

● TOMORROW the Royal Air Force is 50 years old. As it reaches this anniversary the air force that was once the mightiest in the world finds its conventional strength reduced to the level of countries like Turkey and North Korea, Sweden and India.

● At present the hitting power of the R.A.F. is concentrated in its ageing V-bomber force. In every other department the run down has been drastic.

● But does this matter? For in the H-bomb era, do conventional forces count? Would not any war quickly become an H-bomb war?

● Today the Sunday Express publishes an article with an important bearing on these questions. It puts forward a revolutionary view of strategy in the years immediately ahead and exposes the blunders of official military planners in writing-off the risks of conventional war.

WHEN Robert McNamara took his departure from the Johnson Administration earlier this year he left a time bomb behind in the Pentagon.

It is now setting off a series of explosions which, before they are finished, will have reduced the official military thinking of the West for the last 20 years to rubble.

The bomb was his valedictory Report to Congress. The fuse was a single sentence therein: "The threat of an incredible action is not an effective deterrent."

ALTERNATIVES

Just that. But after all, that was everything; for the "incredible action" is resort by the United States

by THE RT. HON.

ENOCH POWELL, M.P.

Shadow Defence Minister

slung between two alternatives: either a war which endangered their safety and existence would not break out at all, or, if it did, it would go nuclear in a matter of a few days at most. We have now been cut down and pitched on to the hard floor of a very different reality.

The Pentagon has left no doubt that it means just what it says when it talks about the threat of an incredible action not being an effective deterrent.

The Defence Secretary's message to Congress firmly envisages that the U.S. might have to fight "an all-out war at sea"—McNamara's own words—which would last many

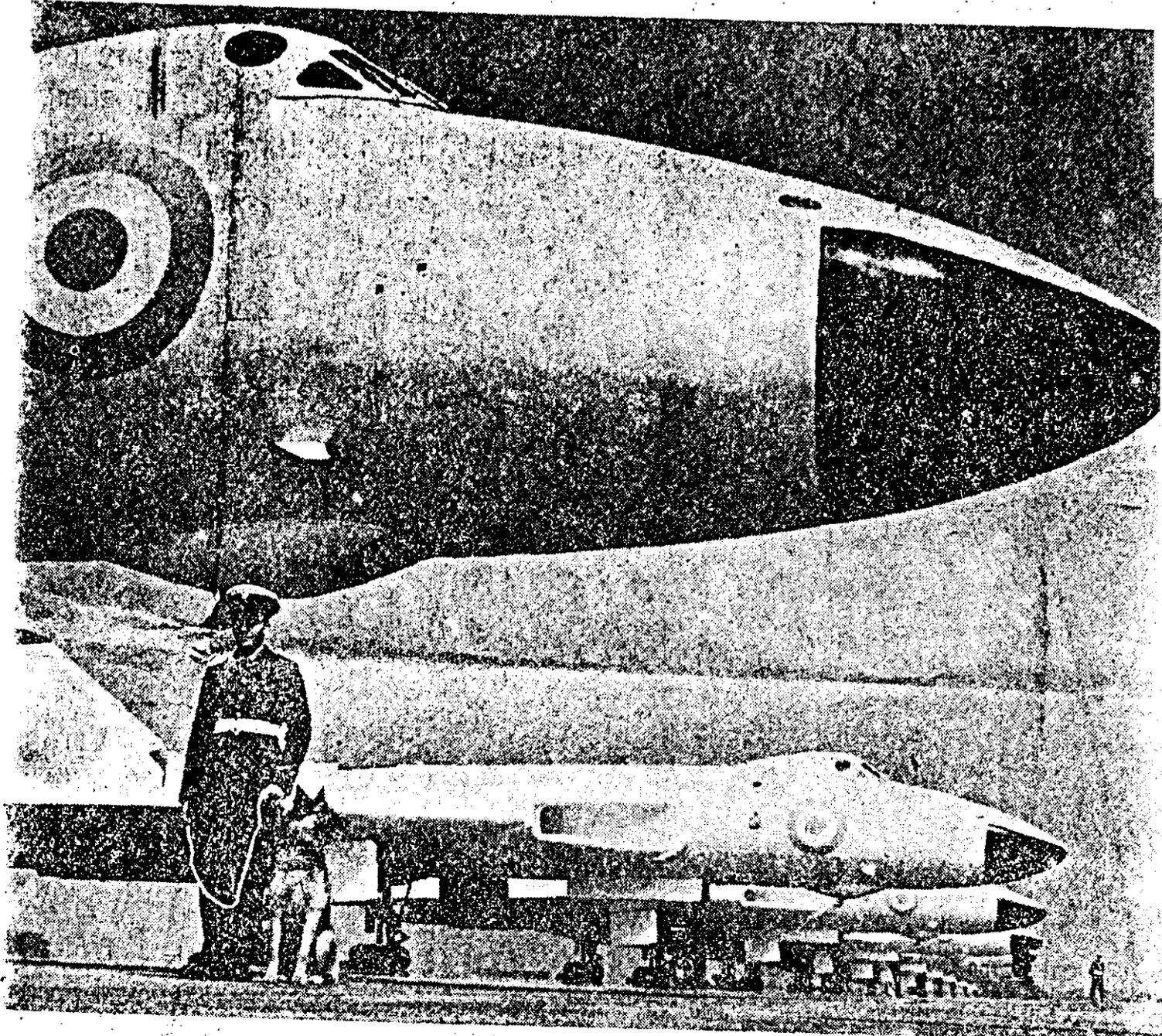
The Royal Navy fought—and lost—the "battle of the carriers" in 1965-6 without any reference to an Atlantic war or an "all-out war at sea."

Controversy, true, there has been about a "broken-backed war" at sea, after the nuclear salvos had been exchanged; but a war at sea before the nuclear exchange or without any nuclear exchange has not even been discussed. And now the Americans have made it the centre-piece of their naval thinking.

NATO CREED

The change-over on land has been every bit as dramatic. For almost the whole of Nato's existence it

... a startling view on Britain's defence



On guard: a line-up of Vulcans, Britain's nuclear b

attacked at all, alternative to our hands to almost immediately up the world. invincibility has dispensable article to creed; for was essential to the bomb, and the bomb was the of Nato strategy budgeting. Now, of the wrist, has pulled the under it all. aw Pact, he told as only a rough strength with

is to revolutionise the strategic situation. The case for preparing to go nuclear, and thus for assuming that the enemy expects one to go nuclear, disappears: the way to resist an equally matched opponent is to fight him, not to commit suicide. It is no longer impossible, financially or militarily, to contemplate conventional war in Europe. **THE TOTALS** On the contrary, now that the clouds of

extend beyond purely strategic consequences. It alters the whole aspect of the balance of power in Europe, and puts into a new perspective the movements which are gathering force in Eastern Europe.

own forces? Denis Healey, in the very first debate in which we clashed in 1965—it was on the Territorial Army—poured scorn on my contention that if a war had to be fought in Europe, our Army would need to be able

that the argument about the difference one day and five of a European war go. I can sympathise if, after executing somersaults in his reviews, he is re

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camera, tripod, and accessories into waterproof containers, and bundled them in the trowel.

I had often reflected the necessary action in the mind's eye, and had laid the basis for it. It had become my frequent habit to drive out to Great Falls to spend a peaceful half-hour, and on the way I had marked down a spot suitable for the action that had now become necessary.

I parked the car on a deserted stretch of road with the Potomac on the left and a wood on the right where the undergrowth was high and dense enough for concealment. I doubled back a couple of hundred yards through the bushes and got to work with the trowel.

A few minutes later I re-emerged from the wood doing up my fly-buttons and drove back home, where I fiddled around in the garden with the trowel before going in to lunch. As far as inanimate objects were concerned, I was clean as a whistle.

I was now in a position to give attention to the escape problem. As it had never been far from my mind in the previous weeks, I was able to make up my mind before the end of the day.

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

The problem resolved itself into assessment of my chances of survival, and I judged them to be considerably better than even.

It must be borne in mind that I enjoyed an enormous advantage over people like Fuchs, who had little or no knowledge of Intelligence work. For my part, I had worked for 11 years in the Secret Service. For seven of them I had been in fairly senior position, and for eight I had worked in closest collaboration with M.I.5.

For nearly two years I had been intimately linked to the American Services and had been in desultory relationship with them for another eight. I felt that I knew the enemy well enough to foresee in general terms the moves he was likely to make.

It was also evident that there must be many people in high positions in London who would wish very much to see my innocence established. They would be inclined to give me the benefit of any doubt going, and it was my business to see that the room for doubt was spacious.

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

There were the early Left-wing associations in Cambridge. They were widely known, so there was no point in concealing them. But I had never joined the Communist Party in England, and it would surely be difficult to prove 18 years after the event that I had worked illegally in Austria, especially in view of the sickening fact that most of my Vienna friends were undoubtedly dead.

There was the nasty little sentence in Krivitzky's evidence that the Soviet Secret Service had sent a young English

Communist activity in Vienna; then the complete break with my Communist friends in England, followed all too closely by cultivation of Nazis in London and Berlin.

Then the choice (of all places) of Franco Spain in which to carve out a journalistic career; then the entry into the Secret Service with Burgess's help and my emergence in the Service as an expert on anti-Soviet and anti-Communist work; and finally my fore-knowledge of the action to be taken against Maclean and the latter's escape. It was an ugly picture. I was faced with the inescapable conclusion that I could not hope to prove my innocence.

That conclusion did not depress me unduly. A strong presumption of my guilt might be good enough for an Intelligence officer. But it was not enough for a lawyer. What he needed was evidence.

The chain of circumstantial evidence that might be brought against me was uncomfortably long. But, as I examined each single link of the chain, I thought I could break it; and if every link was broken singly, what remained of the chain?

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

The next few days gave me plenty of opportunity. In the office, Paterson, and I talked of little else, and Mackenzie (the embassy security officer) joined our deliberations from time to time. I do not think that Paterson had an inkling of the truth at the time, but I am less sure of Mackenzie. On occasion I thought I caught a shrewd glint in his eye.

My part in the discussions was to formulate a theory which covered the known facts, and hammer it home until it stuck.

The opening was given me by the decision of M.I.5, which I have already described as foolish, to withhold certain papers from Maclean and to put his movements under surveillance. Taking that as a starting-point, I made a reconstruction of the case which was at least impossible to disprove. It ran thus:—

The evidence of Krivitzky showed that Maclean had been working for at least 18 years. He was therefore an experienced and competent operator. Such a man, ever on guard, would be quick to notice that certain categories of paper were being withheld from him and to draw disquieting conclusions.

His next step would be to check whether he was being followed. As he was being followed, he would not take long to discover the fact. But, while these discoveries would alert Maclean to his danger, they also put him in a quandary.

The object of surveillance was to trap him in company with a Soviet contact; yet without a Soviet contact his chances of escape would be greatly diminished.

While he was still meditating this problem, the act of God occurred. Burgess walked into his room—his old comrade. I could produce no evidence that there had been an old association between Burgess and Maclean, but the fact that they had gone together made it a wholly reasonable assumption.)



Have you ever wondered how the Security Services reacted to the defection of Burgess and Maclean? Suspicion centred

on one man: Kim Philby. The version of events he faced

I bluff my way out and bluff my secret

by **KIM PHILBY**

BURGESS'S departure with Maclean faced me with a fateful decision. From the earliest discussions of Maclean's escape, my Soviet colleagues had been mindful that something might go wrong and put me in danger.

To meet such a possibility, we had elaborated an escape plan for myself to be put into effect at my discretion in case of extreme emergency. It was clear that the departure of Burgess gave rise to an emergency [because Burgess, unlike Maclean, had been a known associate of Philby's]. But was it an extreme emergency?

I had to put aside the decision for a few hours, in order to deal with two immediate problems. One was to get rid of certain compromising equipment hidden in my house.

The other was to keep the feeling of the Federal Bureau of Investigation since that might affect the details of my escape.

Getting rid of the equipment was perhaps the more urgent task of the two, but I decided to let it wait.

It would have looked very odd if I had left the embassy immediately after hearing the news; and Paterson's telegram gave me a good excuse of test-

ing the F.B.I. without delay. It concluded with instructions that he should inform Ladd of its contents.

[Geoffrey Paterson was a member of the British Embassy staff in Washington. It was he who had received the telegram from London announcing the defection of Burgess and Maclean. Mickey Ladd was assistant director of F.B.I. and was Philby's chief contact with that organisation.]

Paterson, doubtless thinking that his face would be pretty red by the end of the interview, asked me if I would accompany him on the grounds that two red faces might be better than one. The fact that my face was probably more grey than red did not alter the principle of the thing.

Ladd took the news with

remarkable calm. A few flashes of mischief suggested that he might almost be pleased that the bloody British had made a mess of it. But I guessed that his calm masked a personal worry.

Ladd had often met Burgess at my house, and had invited him back to his own. Against all the odds, they had got on well together. Both were aggressive, provocative characters; they exchanged insults with mutual appreciation.

At their first meeting, Burgess had attacked the corruption and craft which, he alleged, made nonsense of the Indianapolis motor trials and in doing so took several hefty side-swipes at the American way of life in general.

Ladd positively liked it. He had probably never heard a

prissy Englishman talk before.

In the present crisis not have been Ladd not wondered how "boss," Hoover, knew his own acquaintance with I concluded that Ladd's interest would work in my favour.

From him we saw Lamphere (also of a manner was quite different from him, and he vented theories in his so-called way which suggested was still far from the left, the building in

It was possible Ladd and Lamphere's summate actors fooled me. But it was lumping at shadows, act as if the F.B.I. in the dark.

It was possible that moment M.I.5 might F.B.I. to put me under surveillance. They could have done so without ledge by using the representative in London link with Washington.

But here again I had a few days was most unlikely would put a foreign service on to me agreement of M.I. thought that the Ladd before coming on o-

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Philby—presents his own
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BY

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officers.

civil war. [Krivtitzky was a Red
Army Intelligence officer who
defected in 1937.] But there
were no further identifying
particulars and many young
men from Fleet Street had gone
to Spain.

There was the awkward fact
that Burgess had got me into
the Secret Service in the first
place. I had already decided to
circumvent that one by giving
the name of a well-known lady
who might have been responsi-
ble for my recruitment. If she
admitted responsibility, all
would be well. If she denied it
I could argue that I would
scarcely have named her if I
had not really believed that she
was responsible.

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

To a certain extent geography
helped. While I was in Austria,
he was at Cambridge; while
I was in Spain, he was in
London, much of the war
period he was in London, but
I was in France, Hampshire,
and Hertfordshire; then I
went to Turkey, and he only
caught up with me in Washing-
ton after a year.

I could therefore show that
real intimacy never had a
chance to grow; he was simply
a stimulating but occasional
companion. Even the fact that
he had stayed with me in
Washington could be turned to
my advantage. Would I be such
a complete fool as to advertise
my connection with him if we



Kim Philby: Journalism provided a cover for his real ac

course, would solve Maclean's
problem, since Burgess, through
his contact, could make all
necessary arrangements.

This was strongly supported
by the fact that it was Burgess
who looked after the details
such as hiring the car. And
why did Burgess go too? Well,
it was clear to Paterson and
Mackenzie that Burgess was
washed up in the Foreign
Office, and pretty near the end
of his tether in general.

Doubtless, his Soviet friends
thought it would be best to
remove him from a scene in
which his presence might con-
stitute a danger to others.

Such was my story and I
stuck to it. It had the advan-
tage of being based on known
facts and almost unchallenge-
able assumptions. The only
people who could disprove it
were the two who had
vanished and myself.

I was also happy to see that
the theory was wholly accept-
able to the F.B.I. Ladd and
Lamphere both liked it and, in
a short interview, I had with
Hoover, at the time, he jumped
up it. In his eyes, it had the
superlative merit of blinding
all the names of M.I.5

experienced some mild social
embarrassment when the news
broke, with all the carefree em-
bellishment of the popular Press.

One of the snottier of the
embassy wives gave me a glacial
stare at one of the ambassador's
garden parties. But London
remained ominously silent.

One telegram arrived from
London saying that "it was
understood" that I knew Bur-
gess personally; could I throw
any light on his behaviour?

But the one I was expecting
was a most immediate, personal,
decipher-yourself telegram from
the chief summoning me home.
At last the summons came. I
booked my passage for the
following day.

I arrived in London about
noon, and was immediately
involved in a bizarre episode.
I had boarded the airport bus
and taken a seat immediately
next to the door.

When the bus was full, an
agitated figure appeared on the
running-board and frantically
scrutinised the passengers. He
looked over my left shoulder,
over my right shoulder,
Dismay settled on his face
and he vanished. It was Bull
Brammer, a fairly senior officer

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Book by Philby Says He Foiled

By HENRY RAYMONT

The forthcoming memoirs of the spy Harold A. R. (Kim) Philby assert that a Soviet intelligence officer in Istanbul who was preparing to defect to the West tried to alert the British Government in 1945 to the existence of three Soviet undercover agents in its intelligence service.

But Mr. Philby writes that he was instrumental in preventing more specific information from reaching London. The agents were Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess and Mr. Philby himself—all high British secret service officials. Mr. Maclean and Mr. Burgess defected to the Soviet Union in 1951, and Mr. Philby defected in 1963.

In an 85,000-word manuscript he completed last summer in Moscow, Mr. Philby writes that the Soviet official's defection was foiled, presumably after Mr. Philby notified the Soviet authorities.

Mr. Philby contends that he and his two associates were not detected mainly because of the British Government's reluctance to investigate anyone with their upper-class and university background.

First Part Published

The first installment of Mr. Philby's account of his 30 years as a double agent is being published for the first time in the West in the current issue of Evergreen Review, a monthly magazine of literature and politics published in New York. A second installment is to appear in the magazine's May issue and the memoirs will be published by Wave Press next month as a book titled "My Silent War."

In the manuscript of the book, a copy of which became available to The New York Times, Mr. Philby traces his career in the British intelligence service, from 1940 until he became First Secretary of the British Embassy in Washington in 1949, in charge of liaison with the United States Government in security matters.

The main themes are laxity and rivalries in the British and American intelligence agencies, the failure of alleged plans to foment anti-Communist sentiment in Eastern Europe and the cold, convoluted thinking required in the improbable world of espionage.



Camera Press-Pix
Harold A. R. Philby

Detection in 1945

REC

Mr. Philby, believed to be the most important Soviet agent to have penetrated Western intelligence, has lived in Moscow since he fled to the Soviet Union from Beirut, Lebanon, where he was Middle Eastern correspondent of The Observer of London. Last December, he was acclaimed a hero of the K.G.B., the Soviet intelligence service, in connection with the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

Two-Fold Purpose Seen

The sudden attention given Mr. Philby and Moscow's authorization of the publication of his memoirs in the West were viewed by experts in Soviet policies as serving a two-fold purpose to discredit Western intelligence organizations and to improve the image of the Soviet Union's security services for its citizens.

The manuscript is written as "a personal record" of what Mr. Philby calls "the hazards of the long journey from Cambridge to Moscow." Mr. Philby asserts that he became a Soviet agent in 1933 out of Communist conviction gained at Cambridge and that he was recruited into the British secret service by Mr. Burgess in 1940. But he offers no details how he first

met Mr. Burgess and Mr. Maclean at the university, nor does he identify any of his Soviet contacts.

"During my period of service there was no single case of a consciously conceived operation against Soviet intelligence bearing fruit," he writes.

- Del. each
- Mohr
- Bishop
- Casper
- Callahan
- Conrad
- Felt
- Gale
- Rosen
- Sullivan
- Tavel
- Trotter
- Tele. Room
- Holmes
- Gandy

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- The Washington Post _____
- Times Herald _____
- The Washington Daily News _____
- The Evening Star (Washington) _____
- The Sunday Star (Washington) _____
- Daily News (New York) _____
- Sunday News (New York) _____
- New York Post _____
- The New York Times 12
- The Sun (Baltimore) _____
- The Worker _____
- The New Leader _____
- The Wall Street Journal _____
- The National Observer _____
- People's World _____

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The tip to the British Government that could have led to the exposure of his spy ring, he says, came from a Soviet intelligence agent identified as Konstantin Volkov.

Assigned to Case

Mr. Philby says he prevented more specific information from reaching London by getting himself assigned to the case "because it nearly put an end to a promising career." By the time he arrived in Istanbul, three weeks after Mr. Volkov first made contact with the British, inquiries at the Soviet Embassy were greeted with a terse "Volkov's in Moscow."

In a report to his superiors, Mr. Philby writes, he speculated that the Russians could have learned of Mr. Volkov's intentions to defect by bugging his room. Or Mr. Volkov might have betrayed himself through nervousness or excessive drinking, Mr. Philby added.

"Another theory—that the Russians had been tipped off about Volkov's approach to the British—had no solid evidence to support it," Mr. Philby writes. "It was not worth including in my report."

Another crisis that jeopardized his career came during Mr. Philby's service in Washington. Shortly after his arrival in 1949, he was informed that a British-American investigation of Soviet intelligence activity had yielded "a strong suggestion" that information had leaked from the British Embassy during 1944 and 1945, the years Mr. Maclean had been there.

Mr. Philby writes that his initial anxiety "was tempered by relief" after he found that neither the British nor the Federal Bureau of Investigation suspected that a high diplomat was involved.

"Instead," he adds, "the investigation had concentrated on nondiplomatic employees at the embassy, and particularly on those locally recruited, the sweepers, cleaners, bottle washers and the rest. A charlady with a Latvian grandmother, for instance, would rate a 15-page report crowded with insignificant detail of herself, her family and friends, her private life and holiday habits. It was testimony to the enormous resources of the F.B.I. and to the pitiful extent to which those resources were squandered. It was enough to convince me that urgent action would not be necessary, but that the case would require minute watching."

However, during later meetings with Soviet contacts outside Washington he was told that "it was essential to rescue Maclean before the net closed on him." Mr. Maclean was at the time head of the American Department of the Foreign Office in London.

Mr. Philby tells how he assigned Mr. Burgess, who was also working at the British Embassy and living with the Philbys, to warn Mr. Maclean in London. Mr. Burgess was to get himself arrested three times in one day for drunken driving in Virginia, forcing Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador, to send him home because "it might have looked a bit odd" had Mr. Burgess returned voluntarily just before Mr. Maclean disappeared.

Confident that Mr. Maclean would soon be safe, Mr. Philby forestalled any possibility that he would be suspected by giving the investigation "a nudge in the right direction." To that end, he writes, "I wrote a memorandum to Head Office suggesting that we might be wasting our time in exhaustive investigations of the embassy menials."

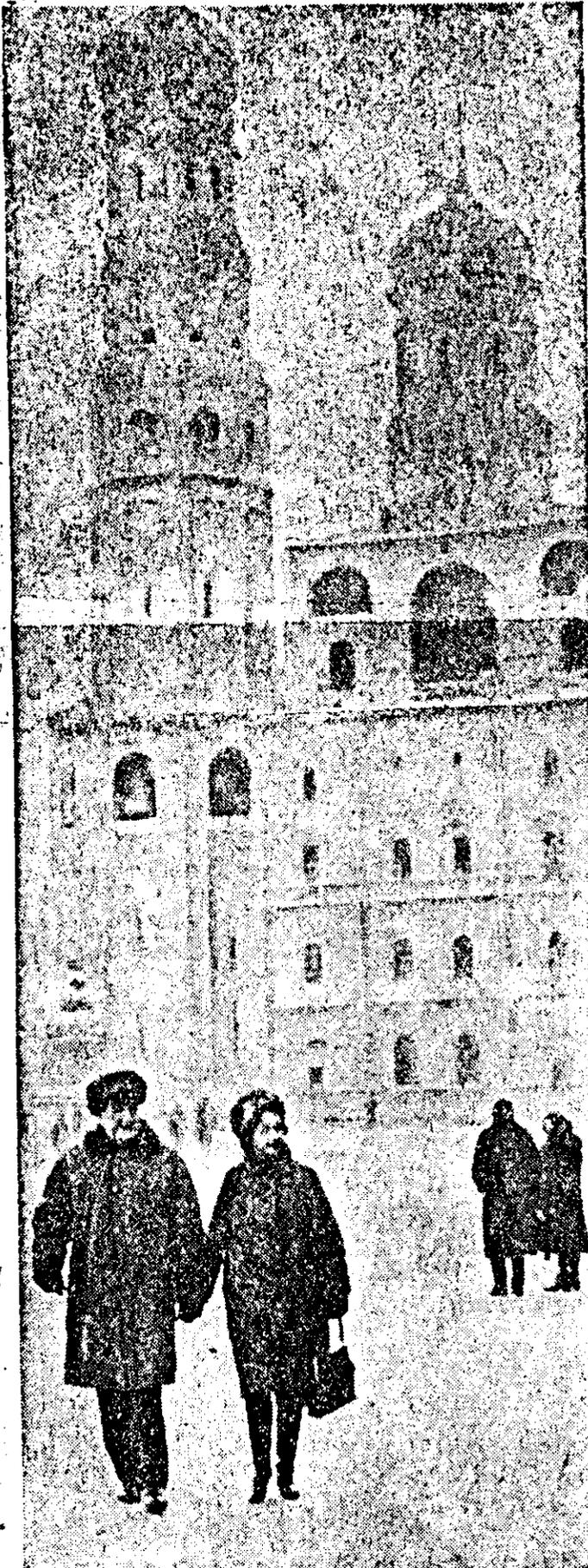
But after reaching London, Mr. Burgess apparently panicked and joined Mr. Maclean in his flight to the Soviet Union, on May 25, 1951.

Describing how he learned about their escape from a colleague at the embassy "at a horribly early hour" the next morning, Mr. Philby writes:

"He looked grey. 'Kim,' he said in a half-whisper, 'the bird has flown.' I registered dawning horror (I hope). 'What bird? Not Maclean?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'but there's worse than that. Guy Burgess has gone with him.' At that, my consternation was no pretense."

In the wake of the Burgess-Maclean case, which caused a major outcry in Parliament, Mr. Philby was recalled from Washington and was asked to resign. The Government denied at the time that he had been involved in the case and, according to the memoirs, five years later he resumed his role as a double agent while working for The Observer.

My Story



MILLIONS of words have been written about Kim Philby, who for 20 years spied for Russia from within the British Secret Service. Much has been second-hand, speculative stuff. Only one man really knows how and why Philby assumed his double role, and what precise service he gave his Russian masters.

That man is Philby. Now he tells his story—the spy story of the century, perhaps of all time.

IN CASE I doubt should lurk in devious minds, a plain statement of the facts is perhaps called for.

In early manhood I became an accredited member of the Soviet Intelligence Service. I can therefore claim to have been a Soviet Intelligence officer for some thirty-odd years, and will no doubt remain one until death or senile decay forces my retirement.

But most of my work has lain in fields normally covered, in British and American practice, by agents. I will therefore describe myself henceforth as an agent. Some writers have recently spoken of me as a double agent, or even as a triple agent. If this is taken to mean that I was working with equal zeal for two or more sides at once, it is seriously misleading. All through my career, I have been a straight penetration agent, work-

I regarded my S.I.S. appointment purely in the light of cover to be carried out so well to ensure my attainments in which my work for the Soviet Union would be effective. My connection with S.I.S. must be seen as prior total commitment to the Soviet Union which I then, as I do now, the stress of the world move-

In the first year I penetrated very little that period I was intelligence probationer. I look back with wonder. Infinite patience showed seniors in the service, I matched only by the agent's understanding.

Week after week, I meet in one or other remoter open spaces in week after week I was the rendezvous empty and leave with a load of taking advice, admonition and encouragement. I was despondent at my failure to achieve anything worthwhile but the lessons were sunk deep. When the time for serious work, I found myself endowed with much required mental equipment.

My reward came when I

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secret world

by KIM PHILBY



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week, we wouo r other of the paces in London- k I would reach us empty-handed h a load of paine- admonition, and t I was offen t my failure? ing worth while. us went on and hen the time came- k. I found myself much of the al equipment. I came during the

fledged officer of the Soviet service.

How did it all begin? My decision to play an active part in the struggle against reaction was not the result of sudden conversion. My earliest thoughts on politics turned me towards the Labour movement; and one of my first acts on going up to Cambridge in 1929 was to join the Cambridge University Socialist Society. For the first two years, I attended its meetings with regularity, but otherwise took little part in its proceedings.

Through general reading, I became gradually aware that the Labour Party in Britain stood well apart from the mainstream of the Left as a world-wide force. But the real turning-point in my thinking came with the demoralisation and rout of the Labour Party in 1931. It seemed incredible that the party should be so helpless against the reserve strength which Reaction could mobilise in time of crisis. More important still, the fact that a supposedly sophisticated electorate had been stampeded by the cynical propaganda of the day threw serious doubt on the validity of the assumptions underlying parliamentary democracy as a whole.

It was the Labour disaster of 1931 which first set me seriously thinking about possible alternatives to the Labour Party. I began to take a more active part in the proceedings of the Cambridge University Socialist Society, and was its treasurer in 1932-3. This brought me into contact with streams of Left-wing opinion critical of the Labour Party, notably with the Communists. Extensive reading and growing appreciation of the classics of European Socialism alternated with vigorous and sometimes heated discussions within the society.

It was a slow and brain-

at Cambridge, in the summer of 1933 that I threw off my last doubts. I left the university with a degree and with the conviction that my life must be devoted to Communism.

How, where and when I became a member of the Soviet Intelligence Service is a matter for myself and my comrades. I will only say that when the proposition was made to me I did not hesitate. One does not look twice at an offer of enrolment in an elite force.

The first serious crisis of my career was long drawn out, lasting roughly from the middle of 1951 to the end of 1955. Throughout it I was sustained by the thought that nobody could pin on me any link with Communist organisations, for the simple reason that I had never been a member of any.

The first 30 years of my work for the cause in which I believed were from the beginning spent underground. This long phase started in Central Europe in June 1933, it ended in the Lebanon in January 1963. Only then was I able to emerge in my true colours, the colours of a Soviet Intelligence officer.

After nearly a year of illegal activity in Central Europe [Philby is referring here to the 1930's, when he had just left Cambridge] I returned to England. It was time for me to start earning my own living.

Then something evidently happened. Within a few weeks I had dropped all my political friends and had begun to frequent functions at the German Embassy. I joined the Anglo-German Fellowship, and did much of the leg-work involved in an abortive attempt to start, with Nazi funds, a trade journal designed to foster good relations between Britain and Germany.

were in progress. I paid several visits to Berlin for talks with the Propaganda Ministry and the Dienststelle Ribbentrop.

No one has so far suggested that I had switched from Communism to Nazism. The simpler, and true explanation is that overt and covert links between Britain and Germany at that time were of serious concern to the Soviet Government.

The Spanish war broke out during one of my visits to Berlin. The Nazis were cock-a-hoop and it was not until I returned to England that I learned that General Franco had not taken over the whole country but that a long civil war was in prospect.

My next assignment was to Fascist-occupied territory in Spain with the aim of bedding down there as close to the centre of things as possible, on a long-term basis. That mission was successful for within a few weeks I became the accredited correspondent of The Times with Franco's forces, and served as such throughout the whole heart-breaking war.

Again, no one has suggested that this made me a Falangista. The simpler explanation still holds the field: I was there on Soviet service.

In August 1939, when the war clouds were piling up fast over Danzig, The Times told me to forget Spain and hold myself in readiness for attachment to any British force that might be sent to the Western Front.

It was as good as I could have expected in the circumstances. Any war correspondent with an inquiring mind could amass a huge amount of information which censorship would not allow him to publish, and my experience in Spain had taught me the right sort of question to ask.

As it turned out, British headquarters were established

of the capital, not only obvious purpose of Philby. But, good as it was, the post was not good enough.

I had been told in terms by my Soviet that my first priority, the British Secret Service, the Press corps left for in early October. I drew few hints here and there that I could then do back and wait.

It was in the summer to the best of my knowledge that I first made contact with the British Secret Service. The subject interested me for some time. In Nazi Germany and Spain, I had half expected to approach.

I was confident that he made his first soundings. He would and bronzed, of course, clipped moustache, accents and, most peculiarly, clipped mind. He would stick my neck out for country and frown at I mentioned pay.

But no, nothing new. [The approach had in the form of a photograph. The Times inquiring was available for "war

Soon afterwards, myself in the forecourt, St. Ermin's Hotel, James's Park station, Miss Marjorie Maxwell, an intensely likeable lady (then almost as am now). I had no idea now, as I have no idea now, precise position in Germany was.

But she spoke with and was evidently in at least to recommend "interesting" employment. I passed this first examination. As we parted, Miss Maxwell told me to meet her again a few days.



man who really cares about
 which shows clothes that
 not way out. For what to
 our age... for art, design,
 lavish production, superb
 a passport to a big, new,

edited by Ailsa Garland

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Another train of thought soon claimed my attention. The case was of such delicacy that the Chief had insisted on my handling it myself. But once the decisions had been taken in London all action would devolve on our people in Istanbul. It would be impossible for me, with slow bag communications, to direct their day-to-day, hour-to-hour actions. The case would escape my control with unpredictable results.

The more I thought, the more convinced I became that I should go to Istanbul myself, to implement the course of action that I was to recommend to the Chief. The action itself required little thought.

That evening I worked late. The situation seemed to call for urgent action of an extra-curricular nature.

Next morning, at my meeting with the Chief, I reported that although we had several Volkovs on file, none of them matched our man in Istanbul. I repeated my view that the case was of great potential importance. Dwelling on the delays involved in communications by bag, I recommended, rather diffidently, that somebody fully briefed should be sent off from London to take charge of the case on the spot. "Just what I was thinking myself," replied the Chief.

But, having raised my hopes, he promptly dashed them. The previous evening, he said, he had met Brigadier Douglas Roberts in clubland. Roberts was then head of Security Intelligence (Middle East), M.I.5's regional organisation based on Cairo. He was enjoying the tail-end of a spell of home leave. The Chief had been well impressed by him, and his intention, so he told me, was to ask Sir David Petrie, the head of M.I.5, to send Roberts straight out to Istanbul to take charge of the Volkov case.

I could find nothing to say against the proposal. He had all the paper qualifications for the task on hand. He was a senior officer; his brigadier's uniform would doubtless impress Volkov. Above all, he spoke fluent Russian—an unassailably strong point in his favour.

During the lunch interval, I railed against the wretched luck that had brought the Chief and Roberts together the previous evening. There seemed nothing that I could do. Suspenseful as it would be, I just had to sit back and let events take their course; hoping that my work the night before would bear fruit before Roberts got his teeth into the case.

But on return to my office I found a summons from the Chief awaiting me. He looked thoroughly disconcerted and I found luck had veered in my favour again.

Roberts, it appeared, though doubtless as lion-hearted as the next man, had an unconquerable distaste for flying and was planning to go by boat. Nothing that the Chief could say would induce him to change his plans.

I had originally hoped that I could so manoeuvre the discussion with the Chief that he himself would suggest my flying to Istanbul. But the Roberts interlude spurred me to direct action.

So I said that, in view of the brigadier's defection, I could

Telegraphic correspondence on every other subject under the sun, being many that must have been Top Secret, went on gaily as before.

If we believed Volkov's warning, we should have concluded that all telegraphy was dangerous. If we disbelieved it, we should have instructed our station in Istanbul to take the necessary action without delay.

As it was, the only result of Volkov's tip was to delay by two or three weeks action on his own behalf.

The answer obviously lay deep in the psychology of wishful thinking. Not being an expert on codes and ciphers, I concluded that it was no business of mine to draw attention to the gross inconsistency of our conduct. Anyway, there were more immediate problems to be considered.

It had been agreed at the

was safe on Istanbul instructions were to all costs any deviation interview into such a...
 I was in Istanbul s Volkov away to saf he could be inter those qualified for t thought that I co Reed along further that we were by satisfied that Volkov provocateur.

It would be most u therefore, if his infor given currency befor assess its authentic that I could do no expert, of course, driven a coach-and-f my fabrications. Bu not an expert, and prove phable.

Towards evening, spirits were give boozed. The pilot an the intercom that.

THE AMOROUS SPY OF LUTO

Philby's book throws an interesting sidelight on how, during the war, the Axis powers sent spies into Britain. He was at that time directing the work of counter-espionage agents in Spain and Portugal. He writes:

Precious few Spaniards or Portuguese showed willingness to stick out their necks for Fascism. Many of those who accepted missions did so simply to get out of Europe or into Britain, or both. Besides, we held the master-key to German intentions in regular perusal of their signals.

The case of Ernesto Simoes may be taken as a representative example. We learnt from the German signals that they had recruited Simoes in Lisbon for service in England. His instructions were given to him in the form of microdots scattered about his clothing; his communications were to be by mail.

After consultation with M.I.5, it was decided to allow him to run loose in England for a bit, in the hope that he might lead us to other German agents. He was therefore unmolested on his arrival, and was even given discreet assistance in finding employment in a Luton factory making parts for aircraft.

The information he might have obtained there was just interesting enough to tempt a spy, without entailing much danger if anything had slipped back to the Germans by mistake. He was lodged with a married couple; the husband worked in the same factory. Arrangements were made for his movements to be watched and his mail checked.

Within a few days Simoes settled down to a pattern of behaviour which he never subsequently varied. He would follow his landlord out of the factory when the whistle blew, and see him safely into the nearest pub.

He would then hurry home as fast as his legs would carry him. He never emerged until the following morning, when he

there emerged a w factory explanation.

Every evening on r lodging he prompt landlady under (so destine watchers maintained) the ki He would then eat meal and go to bed.

After a few wee decided that the co be stopped. Simoes in. So as to leave chance, he was ta "tough" interroga on Ham Comm Tommy Harris (of let loose on him.

It was beyond H really tough with he did his best. He that he was in a Br Service prison; he the reach of the lav sulate knew nothi whereabouts and a find out; he might for life, if he was live; he could n beaten, killed, and n ever know.

His only hope was confession of his es the Germans. And same sort, with Har imagination running gamut. Indeed, H fessed to me later t painted such a bi picture that he ha frighten himself.

To all of this, Sim with mounting merely saying testily that he was hungry something to eat. At or so, however, he decision.

Calling for paper scratched out a t account of his conta Germans in Lisbon his instructions, m all. He explained t not the slightest u doing anything t endanger himself; h had been to earn go wartime England could not have react

Harris saw tha account squared in with our previous



Guy Burgess... Philby's first boss in the Secret Service.

Burgess, Maclean and I were in danger of exposure

our second meeting, she turned up accompanied by Guy Burgess, whom I knew well. I was put through my paces again.

Encouraged by Guy's presence, I began to show off, name-dropping shamelessly, as one does at interviews. From time to time, my interlocutors exchanged glances; Guy would nod gravely and approvingly. It turned out that I was wasting my time, since a decision had already been taken.

Before we parted, Miss Maxse informed me that, if I agreed I should sever my connection with The Times and report for duty to Guy Burgess at an address in Caxton Street, in the same block as the St. Ermin's Hotel.

So I left Printing House Square without fanfare, in a manner wholly appropriate to the new, secret and important career for which I imagined myself heading. I decided that it was my duty to profit from the experiences of the only Secret Service man of my acquaintance. So I spent the weekend drinking with Guy Burgess. On the following Monday, I reported to him formally. We both had slight headaches.

The organisation to which I

became attached called itself the Secret Intelligence Service (S.I.S.). It was also widely known as M.I.6, while to the innocent public at large it was simply the Secret Service. The ease of my entry surprised me.

It appeared later that the only inquiry made into my past was a routine reference to M.I.5, who passed my name through their records and came back with the laconic statement: Nothing Recorded Against.

Today, every new spy scandal in Britain produces a flurry of judicial statements on the subject of "positive vetting." But in that happier Eden positive vetting had never been heard of.

Sometimes, in the early weeks, I felt that perhaps I had not made the grade after all. It seemed that somewhere, lurking in deep shadow, there must be another service, really secret and really powerful, capable of backstairs machination on such a scale as to justify the perennial suspicions of, say, the French. But it soon became clear that such was not the case. It was the death of an illusion. Its passing caused me no pain.

So Philby entered S.I.S. (the Secret Intelligence Service). His first jobs—at training schools for agents to be sent into German-occupied Europe—were frustratingly far from the hub of affairs. But that was only the start of his career.

In September 1941, he was

given a post in Section V of S.I.S. directing counter-espionage activity in Spain and Portugal.

But his big breakthrough was when S.I.S. decided to set up a new department, Section IX, to study and combat Russian espionage activity.

Philby records that his Russian contacts were insistent that he should try to get himself transferred to Section IX, ideally as its head.

This he achieved by sustained string-pulling and character assassination of his potential rival (a man who had been his head in Section V).

The job of Section IX was counter-espionage against Russians—and the Russians had their own man heading it.

What a coup for Philby. But—as he now relates—it was at this point that he faced the greatest crisis of his career.

For into the British Embassy in Istanbul walked an officer of the Russian Intelligence Service who wanted to defect to the West.

He told an astonished official there that he could identify two traitors in the British Foreign Office, and one in a counter-espionage unit in Britain.

In other words, Burgess, Maclean, and Philby were all on the brink of being named.

Had this man's information been urgently acted upon, the Burgess-Maclean affair would have been resolved long before it assumed its final bizarre proportions. And Philby himself would have met a traitor's death.

But who was the spy-catcher assigned to probe this defector's

information Turkey to The job Philby.

T squeak scarcely desk one [as head dealing espionage when I r from th Stewart M. across a papers an them thr The top letter to th Knox Hel the British It drew at ments and tions. The number of passed bet British Em General fr ing story e A certain a vice-con Soviet Co Istanbul, h Page, his the British and asked for himself He claim nominally in fact an c He said th deplorably Page rem himself w steady In suppo

ion FASHION INTERNATIONAL - the things that count
 FASHION INVESTMENT dresses with mileage
 YOUR COUNTRY LOOK the new team spirit
 RED WHITE and BLUE special

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CRISIS OF MY CAREER

lean in posure



Philby (upper left) as a war correspondent... in the Yemen, 1962

... sent for
... to Knox
... Volkov case
... to be a
... narrow
... in the
... morning
... on 12
... ussian
... in 1945
... summons
... (Colonel)
... he pushed
... hear
... to look
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... Office from
... Minister
... a Turkey
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... that had
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... d to the
... general in
... ed a Mr.
... mber in
... General
... in Britain
... he was
... NKVD
... was in a
... ste. And
... Volkov
... on rock
... quest for

asylum. Volkov promised to reveal details of the headquarters of the N.K.V.D., in which apparently he had worked for many years. He also offered details of Soviet networks and agents operating abroad.

Inter alia, he claimed to know the real names of three Soviet agents working in Britain. Two of them were in the Foreign Office; one was head of a counter-espionage organisation in London. Having delivered himself of his shopping list, he stipulated with the greatest vehemence that no mention of his approach should be relayed to London by telegram, on the ground that the Russians had broken a variety of British cyphers.

The embassy had respected Volkov's stipulation and had sent the papers home securely, but slowly, by bag. Thus it was well over a week after Volkov's approach to Page that the material was examined by anyone competent to assess its importance.

That "anyone" was myself; and the reader will not reproach me with boasting when I claim that I was indeed competent to assess the importance of the material.

Two Soviet agents in the Foreign Office, one head of a counter-espionage organisation in London! I stared at the papers rather longer than necessary to compose my thoughts.

I rejected the idea of suggesting caution in case Volkov's approach should prove to be a provocation. It would be useless in the short run, and might possibly compromise me at a later date.

The only course was to put a

bold face on it. I told the Chief that I thought we were on to something of the greatest importance.

I would like a little time to dig into the background and, in the light of any further information on the subject, to make appropriate recommendations. The Chief acquiesced, instructing me to report first thing next morning and, in the meanwhile, to keep the papers strictly to myself.

I took the papers back to my office, telling my secretary that I was not to be disturbed, unless the Chief himself called. I very much wanted to be alone.

My request for a little time "to dig into the background" had been eyewash. I was pretty certain that we had never heard of Volkov; and he, presumably to enhance his value to us, had framed his shopping list in such vague terms that they offered no leads for immediate investigation.

Still, I had much food for thought. From the first, it seemed to me that the time factor was vital.

Owing to Volkov's veto on telegraphic communications the case had taken 10 days to reach me. Personally, I thought that his fears were exaggerated. Our ciphers were based on the one-time pad system, which is supposed to be foolproof if properly used; and our cipher discipline was strict. Yet, if Volkov so wished, I had no objection to...

necessary clearances had been obtained.

With obvious relief, the Chief agreed. Together we went to the Foreign Office, where I was given a letter to present to Knox Helm, asking him to give me all reasonable facilities for the fulfilment of my mission.

My only other call was on General Hill, the head of our Coding Section. He supplied me with my own personal one-time cipher pads, and lent me one of his girls to refresh me in their use.

This caused a little extra delay — not altogether unwelcome, since it gave me more time to adjust my thoughts to action in Istanbul. Three full days elapsed between the arrival of the Istanbul papers in Broadway and the take-off of my aeroplane bound for Cairo en route for Istanbul.

My neighbour on the airplane was taciturn. Few aircraft companions bother me long, however talkative they may be by nature. For me, flying is conducive to reflection, and I had plenty to occupy my mind.

For some time I tossed around in my mind a problem which baffled me then and baffles me to this day: namely, the oddness of the reaction shared by the embassy in Turkey, the Foreign Office, the Chief, and Sir David Petrie to Volkov's terror...

Foreign Office that I should use Page for the purpose of re-establishing contact with Volkov and arranging a rendezvous.

To the latter I would be accompanied by John Reed, a First Secretary of the Embassy, who had earlier served in Moscow and passed one of the Foreign Office exams in Russian. These arrangements were made subject to the approval of the ambassador, Sir Maurice Peterson, whom I knew from Spanish days; but the Foreign Office warned me in pressing terms to approach Helm, the Minister, first.

Helm, it appeared, had begun life in the Consular Service, and was still touchy about matters of status and protocol. I did not anticipate much difficulty from Helm, in which I was not altogether right. The crux of my problem, it seemed to me, was the interview between Volkov and myself, with Reed in attendance.

If it ever took place, Reed would get the shock of his life if Volkov started reeling off names of Soviet agents in British Government service.

It would be charitable, I thought, to spare him such surprises. How to make sure?

There was obviously no means of making sure. But I thought that I had a slender chance if I played it right. I decided that my first objective was to get hold of Reed and convince him that my mission was of a severely restricted scope. I was

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electrical storms over Makka, we being diverted to Tunis. Subject to improved weather conditions, we would fly on to Cairo via Makka next day. Another 24 hours! My luck was holding.

On the afternoon of the following day, we arrived at last in Cairo, too late to catch the onward plane for Istanbul. So it was not until the day after that, a Friday, that I reached my destination.

I was met at the airport by Cyril Machray, the head of our Istanbul station, whom I had to brief on the nature of my mission. Such were the relations between the Foreign Service and S.I.S. in those days that nobody on the embassy or the consulate-general had thought of consulting him about Volkov.

We called together that afternoon on Knox Helm, to whom I presented the letter from the Foreign Office. But if I expected enthusiastic support for our plans, I was soon disabused.

Some years later, after Helm had got his embassy, in Budapest, a colleague told me that he was the most helpful and understanding of ambassadors. But when I saw him, he was still only a Minister, and as prickly as a thorn-bush. He demurred stubbornly. Our suggestions might well cause embarrassment to the embassy; he would surely have to consult the ambassador before I went any further. He asked me to call on him next morning (another day wasted).

When I called on Helm next morning he looked at me accusingly: "You never told me that you knew the ambassador!" After that our conversation scarcely got off the ground, but I gathered from Helm's manner that there were also reservations in Peterson's mind.

Rather grudgingly he told me that the ambassador wanted me to spend the following day, Sunday, with him on the yacht Makouk. It would put off from the Kabatash landing stage at 11 a.m. Meanwhile, I was to do nothing. So the whole weekend was shot.

Most visitors to Istanbul know the Makouk, the ambassadorial yacht, originally built for Abbas Hilmi of Egypt. It was a large, flat-bottomed vessel, well suited to the smooth waters of the Nile, but it rolled somewhat in the swell of Marmara.

There were several other guests on board, and it was not until after lunch that I could talk to Peterson in conditions of reasonable privacy.

As he did not break the ice, I did so myself, remarking that I had heard that he had some objections to the plans I had brought with me from London. What plans? he asked—a question that gave me another sidelight on Helm. He listened attentively to my exposition, and then asked one question: Had we consulted the Foreign Office? But yes, I answered.

Strangely the vital informant vanished

The Foreign Office had approved everything, and I had brought Helm a letter asking him to offer all reasonable facilities. "Then there's no more to be said," he replied. "Go ahead." The last excuse for delay had gone.

That evening, Machray and I discussed the plan of campaign in detail. We exchanged several ideas for spiriting Volkov away, some involving Turkish co-operation, some not.

It seemed clear that we could not decide definitely which was the best plan until we had spoken to Volkov himself. Much might depend on his own position and his particular circumstances—his hours of work, the degree of freedom of movement he enjoyed, etc.

The first step was to establish contact with him, and clearly our best instrument was Page, of the consulate-general, whom Volkov had approached in the first place.

Next morning, accordingly, Machray invited Page to come over to his office, and I explained to him as much as he needed to know, namely, that I would like him to make an appointment for me to see Volkov some time that afternoon in conditions of greatest secrecy. (I did not want a morning appointment, because I needed time to brief John Reed on the lines already described.)

We discussed several possible places for the meeting, but opted finally for the simplest. Page said that he frequently had routine consular business with Volkov. It would be perfectly normal practice for him to invite Volkov over to his office for a talk. At long last, as Page reached for the receiver, zero hour had arrived.

Page got on to the Soviet Consulate-General and asked for Volkov. A man's voice came faintly on the line. Page's half of the conversation meant

The spy who
came in from the
cold: Philby and
Melinda Maclean
in Moscow.

nothing to me. But Page's face was a study in puzzlement, telling me that a hitch had developed.

When he put the receiver down he shook his head at me. "He can't come?" I asked. "That's funny." "It's a great deal funnier than you think," Page answered. "I asked for Volkov and a man came on saying he was Volkov. But it wasn't Volkov. I know Volkov's voice perfectly well. I've spoken to him dozens of times."

Page tried again, but this time got no further than the telephone operator. "She said he was out," said Page indignantly. "A minute ago she put me on to him!"

We looked at each other, but none of us could find a constructive idea. I finally suggested that there might be some flap on at the Soviet Consulate-General, and that we had better try again the following day in hopes of better luck. I began to feel strongly that, somewhere along the line, something decisive had happened. I whiled away the afternoon enciphering a brief report to the Chief.

Next morning, we met again. Machray, Page and myself, and Page telephoned the Soviet Consulate-General. I heard the faint echo of a woman's voice, then a sharp click.

Page looked at the silent receiver in his hand. "What do you make of that? I asked for Volkov, and the girl said



Sunday Express Kf + mm in Moscow

ANALYSIS: by CHAPMAN PINCHER

Britain's leading commentator on security affairs

Moscow. Then of scuffle and one went dead. This, I was pretty sure, I knew what had happened. The case was dead. I was only to make my report look better.

I roughed out a report which I would present to the Chief, describing in detail the failure of my mission. Necessarily, it contained my theory of Volkov's disappearance. The essence of the theory was that Volkov's own insistence on bag communications had brought about his downfall.

I asked Page to make a desperate effort, calling at the house and asking for the person?

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since his first approach to Page before we first tried to contact him. During that time the Russians had ample chances of getting on to him.

He was determined to get to the bottom of the matter and readily agreed to my plans. Within an hour he was back, still puzzled.

Doubtless both his office and his living quarters were bugged. Both he and his wife were reported to be nervous. Perhaps his manner had given him away; perhaps he had got drunk and talked too much; perhaps even he had changed his mind and confessed to his colleagues.

Nobody good, he said. I can't get any sense out of that madhouse. I heard of Volkov's death and I sat down to write another telegram.

Of course, I admitted, this was all speculation; the truth might never be known.

After confessing to his permission to return on my homeward journey.

Another theory—that the Russians had been tipped off about Volkov's approach to the British—had no solid evidence to support it. It was not worth including in my report.

No part of the Volkov incident as described by Philby has been officially denied, though the Foreign Office and M.I.5 obtained copies of the memoirs weeks ago. So it seems to qualify as the worst-known example of bungling ineptitude over security, particularly by both branches of the Foreign Office—the diplomatic staff and the Secret Intelligence Service.

There are two features of the case which suggest that Philby has not been allowed by his Russian masters to tell the whole story:—

If Volkov knew there was a Russian spy in a senior counter-espionage post in London he must have realised that he risked his own exposure by that spy when he offered to defect to the British. Why didn't he go to the Americans in Istanbul instead?

Secondly, Philby makes it clear that on the first night the news of Volkov reached London he contacted his Soviet spy-master, who must have immediately alerted the Intelligence Centre in Moscow. With such information, the centre would quickly contact the Soviet Embassy in Istanbul and...

...spinning out the time before his attempt to see Volkov?

The reaction of the British diplomats to Philby's arrival is typical of the friction between the diplomatic and espionage branches of the Foreign Office. But dealing with a defector from what was then an ally—the incident happened in 1945—was a touchy business.

I do not believe Philby's claim that he became "an accredited member of the Soviet Intelligence Service" in his early twenties. Nor do any of the security officials with whom I have discussed Philby's career.

The Russian Intelligence Service does not operate that way. It is much more likely that Philby was recruited by a British Communist talent-scout as a potential agent when he was at Cambridge University or soon afterwards. But his...

...was then called, is unlikely to have happened until he had joined the British Secret Intelligence Service—also known as M.I.6.

Philby confirms the long-held official belief that he did not penetrate the Secret Intelligence Service as the result of a deliberate long-term plan. It was pure chance that he was invited to join M.I.6, his being a foreign newspaper correspondent—a common mode of entry during the war.

The most revealing revelation is Philby's statement that he met his Russian spy-master in the "remoter open spaces of London." These were undoubtedly men posing as Soviet Embassy diplomats.

Case after case has shown that if every Russian "diplomat" were shadowed by their British counterparts in Moscow—they would eventually lead to almost every spy in the country. But M.I.5—the counter-espionage service—cannot do this because the Soviet Embassy staff is so big. There are 70 in the current London Diplomatic List.

M.I.5 has repeatedly urged the Government to limit the number of Russian diplomats in Britain but Foreign Office...

week: The truth

DO YOU KNOW ISRAEL HAS BEEN AT WAR?

Isolation, solitude,

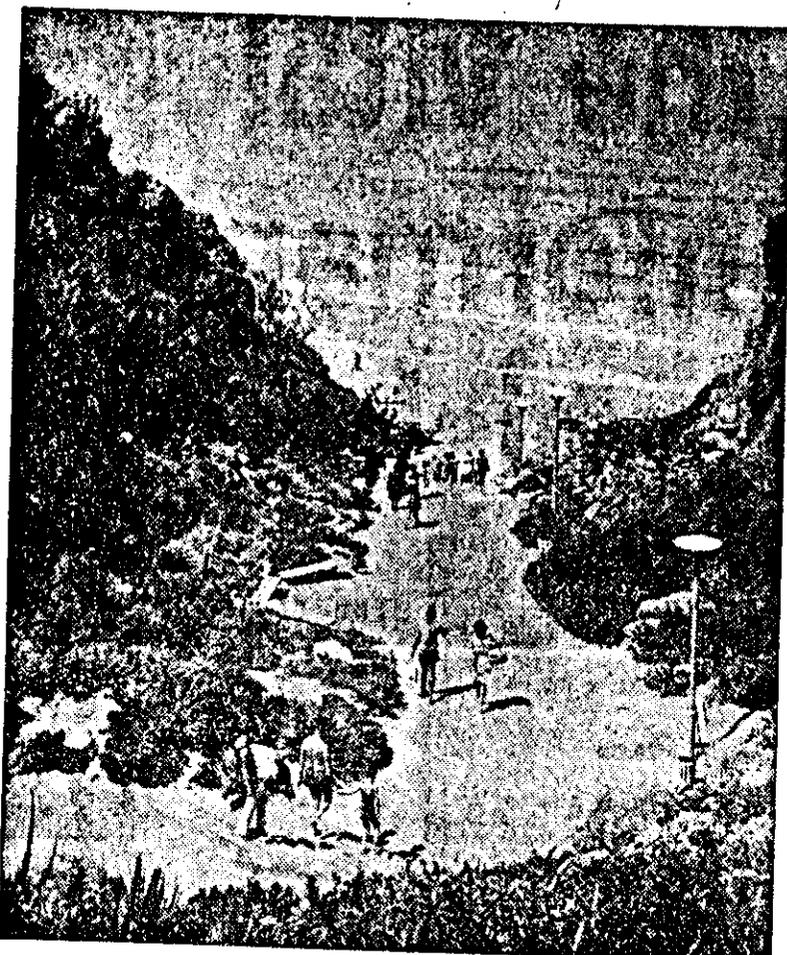
and

the March
from where
skin-divers
bottomed boat
red fish swim

FRIES

smaller places where
you can dance all
night.
Imported spirits are
expensive—a Scotch or
Irish costs about 10s. a
bottle, but in a restaurant
you can buy a bottle of
any excellent local
whisky for about 11s.
The city is also the
starting place for ex-
cursions if you stay at
nearby modern coast
resorts like Herzlia and
Nathanya — only a
6d. bus-ride away.

From Tel Aviv you can take
a bus journey along the coast
to the magnificently sited
city of Haifa—a beautiful place
seen at night from the
heights of Mount Carmel.
You can take the train to Jeru-
salem, 45 miles away, for 8s.
Or make a coach trip to
Nazareth and Galilee, a guided
tour which costs just over £3.
But whether you travel on
organised excursions, use low-
cost bus and train services or
hire a self-drive car for just
£2 10s. a day plus 7d. a
mile (petrol is 5s. 10d. a gallon)
you will find the countryside on
all routes to the Holy Land
very delightful.



There are colourful old forts
and temples, lush green valleys,
orange and lemon groves and
great pine forests, vast rolling
plains and majestic mountains
and by the sea stretches of sand
where even in the height of the
season you can find solitude.

SINGING

You can fish from the
Mediterranean shore and from
rowing boats on the Alexander
river near Nathanya where you
will be charged a rental of about
30s. for a half-day.
In the Holy Land itself I
found the Israelis determined to
ensure that the shrines of

Christian and Moslem alike
retain their old atmosphere and
are not harmed. The air in
Jerusalem was filled with sing-
ing and chanting from the
Wailing Wall. The bells of the
church in the Garden of
Gethsemane rang out amid
the trees and the sun glowed on
the magnificent Moslem Dome
of the Rock.

I visited the Holy Sepulchre
and passed from its softly lit
interior into three miles of
garish, noisy bazaar streets
where you can buy all the sweet-
meats and jewellery of the East.

I climbed Mount Scopus, for
a splendid view of the city and
saw domes and palaces rising



The golden sands of
Nathanya, where the Medi-
terranean sweeps gently in.

from amid cypress groves and,
beyond the graceful, castellated
walls of the old city, the fine
modern buildings of new
Jerusalem standing out in sharp
contrast. And looking away
over the rolling hills I could see
the waters of the Dead Sea and
in the far distance the great
mountains of Moab.

In the grotto at Bethlehem
Franciscan monks were holding
a service by the light of flicker-
ing candles, and the Shepherds'
Fields were peaceful under the
sun. From high on the green
hillside overlooking Nazareth I
heard bells ring out for evening
service.

CASTING NETS

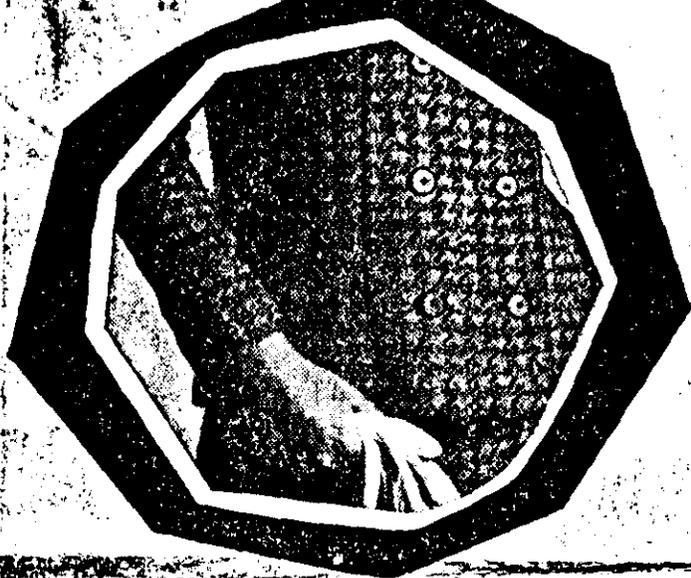
But nothing I saw in the
Holy Land made a deeper
impression on me than the Sea
of Galilee, surely one of the
loveliest places on earth. From
the pretty little resort of
Tiberias set amid palm trees
I took a 12s. 6d. motor-boat trip
across the calm waters to the
mouth of the River Jordan.

Fishermen were casting their
nets as they did in St. Peter's
day, and after the sun had slid
behind the green hills they lit
tiny paraffin flares, making the
waters alive with flickering
lights. It was an enchanting
sight.

For further information apply
to: Israel Tourist Office, 59,
St. James Street, London, W.1.

Handmade

embraces the
swinging young
look in pure new
wool tweed!



Donegal Handwoven Tweed

Young in heart? You'll love Donegal Handwoven Tweed. You'll thrill to the glorious colours inspired by the beautiful Irish countryside where this softest and loveliest of tweeds is skilfully handwoven, from pure new wool, in cottages deep in the heart of romantic Donegal.

It fashions superbly and hangs correctly. Every piece bears the exclusive Donegal 'd' Mark. Look for the Mark on the reverse side of the cloth or on the joint label with the Woolmark in the garment. Then you'll know you're swinging into genuine Donegal Handwoven—the tweed that's woven from pure new wool.

FREE For 'The Story of Donegal Handwoven Tweed' write to Miss N. Gallagher, The Donegal Handwoven Tweed Association Ltd., Stone Park, Ardara, Co. Donegal, Ireland.



Sun, sophi the Holy has it a

BRILLIANT dragonflies darted overhead temperature headed into the 80's. A few y I lazed on the warm rocks fringing the Red were breaking surface. Children in a gla laughed in delight as they watched multi-c around a coral reef.

All around me tanned families were soaking up the sun. The scene could not have been more relaxing, peaceful, and normal. Yet the sunbathers I had joined at Eilat were Israelis — and the Jordanian town of Aqaba lay shimmering in the haze across the bay, beyond a border only a few minutes' walk along the beach.

It was hard to believe that one could lie so peacefully on the beach at Eilat — the Israeli Red Sea port at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba, the target of the Egyptian blockade which had sparked off the bitter Six Days War only last June.

But for me it symbolised Israel today—a country which has put the war behind it to become once again a fascinating place for tourists to visit.

And for those who yearn for little more than really hot sunshine—with the temperature zooming well over 100 by July—Eilat itself is once again an ideal holiday spot. It has a small amount of night life and a beach chalet with full board at an adjoining restaurant costs no more than £2 10s. a day.

But to millions all over the world the chief fascination of an Israel holiday lies in the Holy Land. And the centre of the Holy Land is the city of Jerusalem which, if the Israelis have their way, will never again be a city divided by the Mandelbaum Gate between themselves and Jordan.

STERLING AREA

Today all Jerusalem is in Israeli hands and if you choose to stay in East Jerusalem, the

by LEWIS

for anything further unt dinner.

Only in London and the most sophisticated continental cities have I found a greater variety of cuisine.

With immigrants from 70 countries in the catering trade the possibilities are endless—I you want a special meal out you can eat anything from Hungarian goulash and Yemeni kebabs to chop-suey. A good three-course meal with coffee or beer costs as little as 12s. 6d.

The meal I most enjoyed was superb value for 19s. 6d. including service and coffee. In a little family restaurant in the Street of Ben Yehuda in Tel Aviv I was served with creplach—a kind of ravioli in consomme; gefilte fish, chopped carp mixed with eggs and meal and boiled in an onion sauce; spicy meatballs served with sweet and sour cabbage; and fruit compote.

With the meal I ate tiny pickled cucumbers and mazzot—unleavened bread.

Tel Aviv, a city of skyscrapers, sophisticated shops and a wide choice of night life, is the ideal centre for entertainment. Leading night clubs charge as much as 30s. for your first drink, but prices are cut by two-thirds in



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Philby book tops the list

The Sunday Times book on Philby is now the clear Number One on the main best-seller lists. According to the Evening Standard, it is the top seller in London for the second week running, and it has risen to first place in the national lists published this week-end by Smith's Trade News and by the Sunday Times (page 52).

The book, "Philby, The Spy who betrayed a Generation," by Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley, is published by André Deutsch at 30s. It grew out of the revelations in a Sunday Times series last autumn, but contains much new material. It avoided use of information from Communist sources and from Philby himself, as this was regarded as suspect.

Kim Philby

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BY LETTER 9/13/71
PER FOIA REQUEST

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- Times Herald _____
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Date 3-17-68

Sunday Times
p. 4
London, England

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Philby Tells of His Spy Role Here in Book Released Today



Associated Press
HAROLD PHILBY
writes of spy role

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

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

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

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

CIA Is Silent

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

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

The CIA yesterday had no comment.

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

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

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

A Gentle Snore

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ingenious and Simple

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

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

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

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BY LETTER 9/12/70

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517A REF

PHILEY 3/14 NA
 ARR FOR 6:30 P.M. EST MARCH 17
 NEW YORK (JED) -- PHILEY, THE BRITISH SPY WHO WAS
 REVEALED AS A DOUBLE AGENT IN 1963, RECALLED SUNDAY HE HAD NEVER
 BEEN A DOUBLE AGENT AND HAD WORKED FOR THE BRITISH
 INFORMATION AGENT WORKING IN THE SOVIET UNION.
 IN A SHORT BIOGRAPHY, "MY SILENT WAR," SOON TO BE PUBLISHED
 BY GROVE PRESS, PHILEY GIVES EVIDENCE OF BEING INITIATED BY BRITISH
 WHO HAVE DESCRIBED HIM AS BOTH A DOUBLE AND TRIPLE AGENT. UNITING
 SPION ROSSCOY, HE SAID HIS LONG CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH SECRET
 INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (SIS) MUST BE SEEN "AGAINST MY SLIGHT BUT
 COMMITMENT TO THE SOVIET UNION WHICH I REGARDED AS A
 MY, AS THE INNER FOLLOWS OF THE WORLD MOVEMENT."
 PHILEY, THE BRITISH MAN IN THE SEMI-FORMAL BUSINESS - COLLECTOR
 OF 1952, SERVED AS THE SIS OFFICER IN WASHINGTON FROM 1952 TO 1957
 AND HAD IN LIAISON WITH THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (CIA)
 AND FBI. HE DESCRIBED FORMER CIA CHIEF WILEY PHILEY, THE MAN
 CALLED PHILEY "THE BEST SPY THE SOVIETS EVER HAD." AS SO
 "REVEALING" THAT HE WAS LATE PUZZLED BY PHILEY'S
 MISTAKE IN TAKING PHILEY'S ADVICE ON THE DAY OF THE INVASION OF
 CUBA. AS FOR HIS ALMOST DAILY CONTACT WITH THE U.S. SECRET
 SERVICE, PHILEY SAID:

"IF THERE WAS ANY A WHOLE REPUTATION, IT IS KNOWN THAT
 PHILEY NOTES THAT HOOVER WAS UNABLE TO CATCH WAGLER, AN
 COL. WAGLER HAD BEEN AND OTHER SOVIET AGENTS HAD BEEN IN THE
 UNITED STATES. WAGLER IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN IN THE
 WHILE THE LATE SEN. JOSEPH MCCARTHY SAID HE HAD KNOWN WAGLER
 HAD BEEN BECAUSE UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS WHO CONGRESSMEN COULD
 TO OPPOSE INCREASED APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE F.B.I. HE SAID.
 HE WASTED STY SAID HOOVER SUFFERED THE DEBARMENT OF
 HAVING BRITISH SECRET AGENTS OPERATING ON U.S. SOIL IN 1951
 WITH THE IMPLICATION THAT THE FBI WAS NOT CAPABLE OF DEALING
 WITH SABOTAGE ON AMERICAN SOIL. UNDER BRITISH SECURITY
 COOPERATION ACT (SCCA) WILLIAM STEPHENSON, PHILEY SAID, BRITISH
 AGENTS RECOMMENDED MORE AGENTS OF SABOTAGE THAN THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
 THE GERMAN-SPY COLONY IN THE UNITED STATES."
 STEPHENSON "I FURNISHED" WITH SUPPLIES DESTINED FOR THE
 ARMY NATIONS AND HIS STRONG BOYS "WENT UP ON INTERLOCKING THE
 CROWN OF SHIPS LOADING THESE SUPPLIES, PHILEY SAID. STEPHENSON
 LATER PLAYED "LIEUTENANT AND NURSE" TO THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC
 SERVICES (OSS), AN OFFICE WHICH COOPERATED WITH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
 FILES AND DESTROYED HOOVER'S MONOLOGY IN THE 65-68043-A

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Pratt

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 BY LETTER 1/5/68
 PER FOIA REQUEST

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PHILBY 3/14 NX

ADV FOR 6:30 P.M. EST SUN MARCH 17

NEW YORK (UPI)--KIM PHILBY, THE BRITISH SOVIET SPY WHO WAS GIVEN POLITICAL ASYLUM IN MOSCOW IN 1963, DECLARED SUNDAY HE HAD NEVER BEEN A DOUBLE AGENT BUT HAD WORKED FOR 30 YEARS AS "A STRAIGHT PENETRATION AGENT WORKING IN THE SOVIET INTEREST."

IN A SHORT BIOGRAPHY, "MY SILENT WAR," SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY GROVE PRESS, PHILBY GIVES EVIDENCE OF BEING IRRITATED BY WRITERS WHO HAVE DESCRIBED HIM AS BOTH A DOUBLE AND TRIPLE AGENT. WRITING FROM MOSCOW, HE SAID HIS LONG CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (SIS) MUST BE SEEN "AGAINST MY PRIOR TOTAL COMMITMENT TO THE SOVIET UNION WHICH I REGARDED THEN, AS I DO NOW, AS THE INNER FORTRESS OF THE WORLD MOVEMENT."

PHILBY, THE THIRD MAN IN THE SENSATIONAL BURGESS-MACLEAN SPY CASE OF 1951, SERVED AS TOP SIS OFFICER IN WASHINGTON FROM 1949 TO 1951 AND WORKED IN LIAISON WITH THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (CIA) AND FBI. HE DESCRIBED FORMER CIA CHIEF ALLEN DULLES, WHO HAS BEEN CALLED PHILBY "THE BEST SPY THE SOVIETS EVER HAD," AS SO "BUMBLING" THAT HE WAS LATER PUZZLED BY PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S MISTAKE IN TAKING DULLES' ADVICE ON THE BAY OF PIGS INVASION OF CUBA. AS FOR HIS ALMOST DAILY CONTACTS WITH THE FBI'S J. EDGAR HOOVER, PHILBY SAID:

"IF THERE WAS EVER A BUBBLE REPUTATION, IT IS HOOVER'S."

PHILBY NOTES THAT HOOVER WAS UNABLE TO CATCH MACLEAN, BURGESS, COL. RUDOLF IVANOVICH ABEL AND OTHER SOVIET SPIES WORKING IN THE UNITED STATES. BECAUSE HE IS "A GREAT POLITICIAN," HOOVER STOOD BY WHILE THE LATE SEN. JOSEPH MCCARTHY STIRRED UP A NATIONWIDE SPY FEVER BECAUSE UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS "NO CONGRESSMAN WOULD DARE TO OPPOSE INCREASED APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE FBI," HE SAID.

THE MASTER SPY SAID HOOVER SUFFERED THE DEGRADATION OF HAVING BRITISH SECRET AGENTS OPERATING ON U.S. SOIL IN 1940 WITH THE IMPLICATION THAT THE FBI WAS NOT CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH SABOTAGE ON AMERICAN SOIL. UNDER BRITISH SECURITY COORDINATION'S (BSC) WILLIAM STEPHENSON, PHILBY SAID, BRITISH AGENTS "COMMITTED MORE ACTS OF SABOTAGE THAN THE WHOLE OF THE GERMAN-BORN COLONY IN THE UNITED STATES."

STEPHENSON "INTERFERED" WITH SUPPLIES DESTINED FOR THE AXIS NATIONS AND HIS STRONG BOYS "BEAT UP OR INTOXICATED" THE CREW OF SHIPS LOADING THESE SUPPLIES, PHILBY SAID. STEPHENSON LATER PLAYED "MIDWIFE AND NURSE" TO THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICE (OSS), AN OFFICE WHICH COMPETED WITH THE FBI FOR FEDERAL FUNDS AND DESTROYED HOOVER'S MONOPOLY IN THE INVESTIGATIVE FIELD, HE SAID.

NOT RECORDED

51 MAR 20 1968

WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

255

"THE CREATION AND SURVIVAL OF THE NEW ORGANIZATION WAS THE ONLY SERIOUS DEFEAT SUFFERED BY HOOVER IN HIS POLITICAL CAREER," PHILBY WROTE.

PHILBY WAS PRIVY TO ANGLO-AMERICAN PLANS TO INFILTRATE ANTI-COMMUNIST AGENTS INTO ALBANIA IN 1950 AND 1952 BECAUSE OF HIS MEMBERSHIP ON A SPECIAL POLICY COMMITTEE SET UP TO DETACH ALBANIA FROM THE SOVIET SPHERE.

THE SPY SAID THE ALBANIAN PLOT WAS "FUTILE FROM THE BEGINNING" AND THE SMALL INVASION PARTY WHICH WAS LANDED, STRAGGLED TO GREECE WITH INFORMATION THAT WAS ALMOST "WHOLLY NEGATIVE." THE INFILTRATORS HAD NOT FOUND THEMSELVES WELCOMED ANYWHERE AND THE ENVER HOXHA REGIME IN TIRANA WAS NOT AFFECTED.

ADV FOR 6:30 P.M. EST SUN MARCH 17

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story—by Kim Philby himself

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THE SUNDAY EXPRESS has taken a decision which will arouse fierce controversy throughout Britain.

It is to serialise the book written by Kim Philby, the Russian agent who penetrated Britain's Secret Service, rose to high rank in it while passing its secrets on to Russia, and was eventually responsible for the escape of the Foreign Office defectors Burgess and Maclean.



Millions of words have been written about Philby. But it has all been second-hand, speculative stuff. *This is the first-hand account written by the only man who really knows.*

Of course, one question will be asked: Should Philby's own story be published in Britain?

The answer, except from those who fear personal embarrassment as a result of his disclosures, must be YES.

No responsible person would wish to do anything which would damage the work of the security departments; but the people are entitled to have information which enables them to assess the efficiency of this sector of the public service.

And the Philby story is of fantastic interest. It is the spy story of the century, perhaps of all time. Philby not only has a unique tale to tell. He is a vivid narrator, with a wry sense of humour.

THE RUSSIANS KNOW...

There would be only one valid reason for suppressing Philby's story: if it were to give potential enemies new information.

No such factor exists. The Russians already know everything in the Philby book. In any case, it is being published extensively in Europe and America—so why should Britain alone not know what Philby has to say?

It will be said that any document from Philby must be propaganda to help Russia and injure Britain. Of course there is propaganda in this book. But there is much with the stamp of truth on it too.

With each Sunday Express instalment, there will be rigorous sifting of propaganda from fact by Chapman Pincher, Britain's most brilliant and authoritative commentator on security affairs.

The publication of Philby's story in Britain, unwelcome as it will be to many in high and secret places, cannot affect the future operations of Britain's Secret Service in any way:—

To spur those named and unnamed to see there is never a "Philby Affair" again.

DELETED COPY SENT A C. Brown

BY LETTER 9/15/70

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Date 3-10-68

*Sunday Express
London, England*

Page 1 65-60043
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167 MAR 19 1968

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BLUNT QUESTIONS

What sort of a man is Kim Philby?

How does he justify his treachery to Britain and to his personal friends in Britain's security services?

A series of blunt questions were put to Philby. Here are his answers to some of them:—

Q. Did you feel any sense of shame that you were betraying the men to whom you posed as friend during your S.L.S. period?

A. No culpability whatever. I was working for my beliefs; they, in so far as they were not pure careerists, were working for theirs. Do they feel culpability towards me or towards my colleagues?

Q. When you gave information to the Russians which you knew would inevitably result in the loss of freedom or life to one or more of your British or American colleagues, or to any other agent of the West, did you suffer from this realisation, and in what way did you justify and rationalise such results of your actions to yourself?

A. I am not aware of having caused the loss of life or liberty to any of my British or American colleagues, all of whom worked under the cover of diplomatic immunity.

Q. Is it a fact that you always put your work for the Russians before any of your personal considerations?

A. It is true that my commitment to the Soviet Union has been total, not even excepting my family. That is not so odd as it sounds. Any soldier who goes to war by definition puts his country above his immediate interests, especially if he knows what he is fighting for. It is in that sense that I have always done so.

Q. You have been criticised for your heavy-drinking habits. Could these be the result of any guilt feeling or inner conflict of loyalties, or how do you explain them?

A. I understand that it is becoming the custom in England to haul public figures before the television cameras to explain away their drinking habits. I deplore this custom, but offer you a piece of ancient English wisdom written in the days of the first Queen Elizabeth:—

*If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons why I drink.
Good wine, a friend, or feeling dry,
Or least I should be by and by,
or any other reason why.*

Q. Could you give any figure which would indicate roughly your total reward, in expenses and recompense, received from the Russians over your 30 years of service?

A. There has never been a financial basis to my work for the Soviet Union. My wholly satisfactory reward has been the recognition of my colleagues. All the same, they have seen to it that I lack nothing. My bank balance is not of the order of Rockefeller's; but in other respects I feel myself richer.

Q. In Western terms, what is your rank in the KGB?

A. You may take it that my position in the KGB is one of honour—perhaps beyond my deserts. In my last post with S.I.S., in Washington, I was granted the allowances of a Brigadier. I am considerably better off now.

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Date 3-10-68

*Sunday Express
London, England
Page 1*

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Kim Philby reads a newspaper as he travels on Moscow's Underground

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Date 3-16-68
Sunday Express
London, Engls
Page 1

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**LETTERS
to the
EDITOR**

PHILBY

The recruiter

Mr Flavell's interesting letter last Sunday—suggesting that the spies Philby, Burgess and Maclean might have been recruited by some Trinity Don through the machinery of the Apostles—fails on several grounds. Apart from the fact that Donald Maclean was up at Trinity Hall, there is plenty of published information about this Cambridge society.

Your own reporters' book, "Philby—the Spy Who Betrayed A Generation," makes clear that neither Philby nor Maclean were members of it (information based, they claim, on interviews with contemporary members), although Burgess was.

Several other references (Harrod's Life of Keynes, Russell's Autobiography, Holroyd's Lytton Strachey) make it equally clear that this society was not only not confined to Trinity men, but that a cardinal principle of its recruitment and its transactions was that members should both resist the received ideas of the material world in their arguments, and that they should maintain a strict mutual loyalty in not using or referring to the society in their professional lives.

Again, Insight's Philby book repeats the evidence of Harrod's "Keynes" that prior commitment to Communism ruled out of consideration many bright young men who would otherwise have been considered. Your reporters concur with both Cyril Connolly ("The Missing Diplomats") and Tom Driberg ("Burgess—a Portrait with Background") in emphasising that Burgess felt a lasting affection for the Apostles, and many of his fellow members returned this.

It seems unlikely, in one so indiscreet and impulsive as Burgess, that he would have held the friendship of non-Communist Apostles for so long if in fact he had been a party to the society's exploitation by KGB recruiters.

In any case, it is undisputed that all three of the spies were involved with Communists and Left-wing groups in Cambridge wholly unrelated to the Apostles. Whoever recruited them, it would seem far more likely that the contact was made in the context of avowedly political discussion and organisation than that it took place within a tiny, private group neither devoted to politics nor, indeed, open to Philby or Maclean.

Ian Angell

Gibraltar

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Date 3-10-68

Sunday Times
page 14
London, England

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BY LETTER 9/15/70
PER FOIA REQUEST

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

From Mr Anthony Nutting

As one of the Tory Ministers whose evidence is quoted in the Sunday Times Insight team's book "Philby, the Spy Who Betrayed A Generation," may I be permitted to correct an error of some importance. On page 240 of the book a statement is attributed to me, albeit anonymously, that "Philby appeared to be still a member of SIS" after 1951, despite the assertions to the contrary by Mr Macmillan and Mr Heath.

What I in fact told the Insight team was that the Foreign Office suspected all along that Philby was the Third Man who tipped off Maclean that he was about to be interrogated, but that SIS out of loyalty to their own employe protested his innocence. As to whether Philby had been dismissed or asked to resign, or kept on ice, I simply could not remember.

Indeed, as my interlocutors will recall, I emphasised that, while I knew quite a lot about the Burgess and Maclean story, I knew little about Philby, who had not been in circulation during my time as a Minister in the Foreign Office.

I have now checked the record and I am completely satisfied that Philby was asked to resign from SIS and did so in 1951, as was subsequently stated in Parliament by Mr Macmillan and Mr Heath.

I think it is important to get these facts straight, partly because this misunderstanding has wrongly cast doubt on the statements of responsible ministers, and partly because, in an otherwise brilliant book, the authors have been led—or misled—into trying to prove too much, and in particular to prove that Philby was an active traitor for thirty years.

That he had treasonable desires for this length of time is undeniable. But to suggest that he was in SIS, and therefore in a position to betray his country, for all of 30 years is untrue, does not help the reader to form a balanced judgment and is liable to inflict unnecessary damage on the national interest.

In seeking to prove their 30 years charge, the authors claim that there is "little doubt" that Philby became a member of SIS as early as 1937 when he was covering the Spanish

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 BY LETTER 9/5/77
 PER FOIA REQUEST

Civil War as a Times correspondent. The evidence adduced for this is the belief of an American newspaperman and a report that Philby was once seen talking to two men who a German agent told a Spanish Press officer were, in his opinion, British agents!

Even if the German was right about the two men, are we to assume that they only ever spoke to their fellow agents? In fact, Philby did not join SIS until 1940, resigned in 1951 and was reinstated in 1955 as a part-time field agent after he had been "cleared" by a statement wrung from Mr Macmillan in a Parliamentary debate for lack of concrete evidence of his treachery. Scarcely 30 years of service to the Russian KGB.

Nobody can deny that the Philby story is a thoroughly bad story: but there is neither sense nor benefit to this country in making it out to be worse than it is. Besides, there can be few who would disagree with the remark in John Le Carre's admirable introduction, "We shall never, I hope, create a society that is proof against his kind... Philby is the price we pay for being moderately free."

Indeed, it can be argued that to sacrifice our moderate freedom would not render us proof against another Philby and that the more rigorous and repressive the police state the more likely are its servants to defect. Certainly this is suggested by the large number of senior Russian intelligence and subversion agents who have defected or passed vital infor-

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

"The Sunday Times",
 London, England

Date: 3/3/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title: Harold R. ... 11

Adrian Philby

Character: Esp

or

Classification: 65-61043-1

Submitting Office: L.A. ...

Being Investigated

65-61043-1
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167 MAR 13 1968

52 MAR 13 1968

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

that he used very firm language more than once to two of the reporters concerned with the Philby inquiry. On the final occasion he described a briefing he had received on coming to the Foreign Office after the election in October, 1951. This consisted of an account of the FO position as regards Philby, over whom there had been fierce inter-departmental disputes during the summer. The reporters pressed Mr Nutting several times on the question of whether his understanding was that Philby was still employed in the SIS in October, 1951. He registered surprise that the question should be in doubt, and concluded: "I would almost go to the stake on the fact."

This suggestion cross-checked with another authoritative source, an official connected with SIS during the relevant years of the fifties, that is, prior to 1955. It also checked with a further source, a political one, familiar with the circumstances of Mr Macmillan's actions in 1955. It should also be noted that in this period Philby made no serious attempts to make another career but made several curious trips outside Britain.

Mr Nutting writes, "I have now checked the record and am completely satisfied that Philby was asked to resign from SIS and did so in 1951 as was subsequently stated in Parliament by Macmillan and Heath." This is a strange thing to write because one of the most important points about the controversy is that neither Macmillan nor Heath said any such thing. Heath, in 1963, elaborately avoided mentioning anything about Philby's SIS work.

Mr Nutting mentions "the records," but in this kind of situation it is difficult to know which records he means, and who wrote them. During our inquiry into the Philby affair we were given numerous conflicting assurances of what "the record" said, only to find time and time again that peeling another skin from the onion changed the picture entirely. Despite our high regard for Mr Nutting we do not feel shaken in our essential belief that Philby maintained some kind of SIS links during the 1950s—a version we have had from several sources.

mation to the West. Names such as Oleg Penkovsky, Vladimir Petrov, Nikolai Khokhlov (licensed to kill with bullets fired from the hinge on opening cigarette-case), Evgeny Runge, and Irog Gouzenko are but a few of the Soviet agents who have betrayed their country to the West.

This catalogue is many times longer, especially if Russian diplomats, scientists and writers are added, than that sordid little collection of British traitors and defectors — Philby, Maclean, Burgess, Blake, Nunn May and Fuchs.

If we are to learn the lessons of the Philby case we must keep a sense of proportion. To exaggerate our mistakes could be almost as dangerous as to cover them up.

Anthony Nutting

The authors reply: To deal with Mr Nutting's lesser point first: It appears that Mr Nutting has misread the reference of Philby and SIS during the Spanish Civil War. We did not write that there is "little doubt" that Philby became a member of SIS as early as 1937. We wrote (p. 92): "So there seems little doubt that it was in Spain that Philby made his first careful, tentative contacts with the intelligence service he was later to dominate." Hardly the same thing. And on p. 109 we say when Philby did join SIS.—"In August, 1940, Philby became a member of Section D of the British SIS."

Mr Nutting's more serious point comes as a surprise in

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

Date:
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Author:
Editor:
Title:

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Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

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THE SUNDAY TIMES, 3 MARCH 1968

Did an Apostle recruit at Cambridge for KGB?

Mr le Carre asks (Magazine February 11) who seduced and recruited Burgess, Maclean and Philby, all at Trinity in the early thirties.

It was clearly someone, a senior Marxist, sufficiently impressive to allow undergraduates to dominate them intellectually, and with easy and intimate access to all three. Feed these facts into a computer, and the answer would probably be a Trinity don.

But in the first volume of his "Lytton Strachey," Mr Holroyd describes in detail a society tailor-made for the job: During the twenties the "Apostles" smelt out and fastidiously elected to their ranks pretty and sometimes intelligent boys. Senior Apostles remained members after they had gone down, and returned to Cambridge from the corridors of power for philosophical discussions, behind locked doors.

Mr Holroyd also tells us that in the early thirties the Apostles' preoccupation had, naturally, declined to Left-wing politics. Were Burgess, Maclean and Philby flatteringly selected as "Embryos," and did one or more of them become Apostles? The roll and minutes of the Society at the period might provide some clue to Mr le Carre's question.

London W1

Geoffrey Havel

DeLoach _____
 Mohr _____
 Bishop BAC
 Casper _____
 Callahan _____
 Conrad _____
 Felt _____
 Gale _____
 Rosen _____
 Sullivan S
 Tavel _____
 Trotter _____
 Tele. Room _____
 Holmes _____
 Gandy _____

The Spy Trade ⁴

BY LLOYD SHEARER

LONDON.
 Harold "Kim" Philby, 56, master double agent who spied for the Soviets while he worked as an intelligence chief for the British, has penned in Moscow, between his seductions and tinders, an untitled, 80,000-word manuscript of memoirs.

If published, these espionage revelations might well prove damaging to the FBI and the CIA, because Philby worked closely with both organizations for years. In 1949 he was temporary first secretary at the British Embassy in Washington, assigned the vital job of security liaison with the Americans. Consistently he duped the best minds in our intelligence agencies.

He helped Guy Burgess, an old Cambridge classmate and a raging homosexual who worked as a second secretary in the British Embassy and who lived with him, pass top secret information to the Reds. He also joined with another Cambridge chum and bisexual, Donald MacLean, head of the American Department of the British Foreign Office, in tipping off the Soviets about Anglo-American counter-espionage plans.

Philby was not only "The Third Man" who warned Burgess and MacLean that the jig was up and that they had best escape to Moscow, but in his trusted post at the embassy, he caused untold harm to our agents.

He admits, for example, that he was responsible for one of America's worst defeats in the cold war against Russia. In 1951, he claims, he sabotaged the CIA plan to start a revolt in Albania, which Allen Dulles hoped would start a chain reaction of rebellions in other Communist countries.

Philby says Dulles called him in as "an expert on operations against the Soviet Union," explained that he planned to drop several hundred guerrillas into Albania... "to stir up trouble in various places which would have spread and led to an explosion and overthrow of the Socialist order."

Philby helped plan the operation, then promptly tipped off the Communists who, he says, captured 150 of our men as soon as they landed.

Philby also claims that he handed over to the CIA, control of NTS (Union of Russian Solidarists), a Russian emigre movement whose members smuggle anti-Communist propaganda into the Soviet Union.

Philby first began to work for the Soviets in 1934 when he was graduated from Cambridge. But it was not until July 1962, when a Russian agent named Anatoli Dolnytsin defected to the CIA, that we finally learned the truth about him. The CIA notified the British, but they moved too slowly, and Philby escaped to Moscow where his co-conspirator, Burgess, died, and left him \$5600.

Philby, four times married—his latest is Chicago-born Melinda MacLean, whom he stole from her ex-husband Donald MacLean in Moscow last year—is prepared to withdraw his manuscript from imminent publication. He is willing to save British and U.S. intelligence services further embarrassment if only the British will release two Soviet spies, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kroger who are really Morris and Lona Cohen of the Bronx, New York.

The Cohens, alias Helen and Peter Kroger, are top-echelon Russian agents now imprisoned in England. They were involved in the atomic bomb spy case with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and they were important cogs in the spy apparatus run by Rudolph Abel, the brilliant Russian agent who operated out of New York. The U.S. exchanged Colonel Abel for U-2 pilot Gary Powers in 1962.

In 1950, however, when the FBI began solving the atom spy case and moving in on the Rosenbergs, Abel ordered the Cohens to flee the country. They settled in Vienna and from there wrote the New Zealand Embassy in Paris for passports, claiming that they were Peter and Helen Kroger, citizens of New Zealand.

c o Gorb...
Joseph
Bridgman
Wm

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 BY LETTER 9/15/76
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 PARADE

- The Washington Post _____ 4
- Times Herald _____
- The Washington Daily News _____
- The Evening Star (Washington) _____
- The Sunday Star (Washington) _____
- Daily News (New York) _____
- Sunday News (New York) _____
- New York Post _____
- The New York Times _____
- The Sun (Baltimore) _____
- The Worker _____
- The New Leader _____
- The Wall Street Journal _____
- The National Observer _____
- People's World _____

JAN 28 1968

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167 FEB 1 1968

60 FEB 5 1968

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land. They offered as evidence forged birth certificates provided by the Russian spy apparatus.

The passports were issued, and Morris Cohen, recruited by the Communists while he was a student at Mississippi State University in the early 1930's, arrived in London with his wife in 1953. Under the Kroger alias, they set up a book business near Trafalgar Square as a cover, but in reality transmitted via radio from their home top secret information gathered by Konon Molody, alias Gordon Lonsdale, another Soviet agent.

The British arrested Lonsdale and the Krogers in 1961. Lonsdale was sentenced to 25 years and the Krogers to 20. But Lonsdale was released on April 22, 1965, in exchange for Grenville Wynne, a British agent the Soviets had apprehended.

Why do the Soviets want so desperately to get the Cohen-Krogers back to Moscow? Philby says the American couple are innocent, which, of course, is ridiculous.

Exchanging Spies

There are several possible reasons. Colonel Rudolph Abel, now chief of the Anglo-American section of the KGB, is extremely fond of the Cohens. They worked under him in New York, and a warm friendship developed. Abel got himself exchanged for Gary Powers. He got Lonsdale, who also worked for him in New York for a short time, exchanged for Grenville Wynne. He now wants to exchange the Krogers for Gerald Brooke, an English schoolmaster recruited by the NTS to distribute anti-Soviet tracts in Russia. The KGB, reportedly tipped off by Philby, picked Brooke up at once, sentenced him to five years in jail.

The British are not willing, and that's why Philby is offering to sweeten the pot by renouncing publication of his memoirs.

The Russians know that if they cannot engineer the exchange of the Krogers for someone or something, there is a very good chance the U.S. will ask for the extradition of the Krogers after they have been released in Britain. The couple could then be tried in the U.S. on a number of charges and undoubtedly sentenced to further imprisonment, an action not considered too healthy for the morale of Soviet spies in the field.

There is always the danger that after 20 years in jail, one of the Krogers will break down, confess or defect. Colonel

Abel wants to play it safe. He wants his old friends, members of his ~~old spy~~ apparatus secure and sound in Moscow where they can help him teach a new batch of spies.

The British, however, are not willing to trade two major Soviet agents for 80,000 words by Harold Philby. So unless the CIA and the FBI move in on the deal and pressure the British, Philby's memoirs will shortly see the light of print.

When that happens, red faces will surely rise in Washington, for "Casanova" Philby names the men with whom he was involved, men he blithely and easily deceived, men he politely refers to in his memoirs as "colleagues."

Surely for those in our intelligence fraternity, that will constitute the final insult.



The "Krogers" now imprisoned in Britain as Red spies, are shown in happier days.

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Englishman "Kim" Philby, master spy for Russia and double agent, at recent press conference in Moscow.

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

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Subsigan
Left

FO guidance on Philby book

British ambassadors received from the Foreign Office last week a guidance telegram advising them how to deal with inquiries and comments they and their staffs might receive on the Sunday Times Insight team's book on Kim Philby, the British spy who worked for the Russians, writes our diplomatic correspondent. It was felt that missions abroad should be prepared for questions about the present state of the British security services.

"Philby, The Spy Who Betrayed A Generation" (Andre Deutsch, 30s.), which is a Book Society and Book of the Month Club choice, is expected to have an unusually wide circulation all round the world especially among foreign affairs specialists. Already 20,000 pre-publication copies have been sold and a reprint of 10,000 has been ordered.

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

p. 3
The Sunday Time
London, England

Date: 2/25/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: HAROLD A.R. PHILE
ESP-R
Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: London

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FOR CIA REQUEST

File

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65-68443-7

65-62043

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167 MAR 21 1968

66 MAR 25 1968

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Brooklyn Express
Sept

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

A spy's mother

As one who for more than a year (1934-36) shared the white-washed simplicities of the Green Palace—the St. John Philbys' home outside the walls of Jidda—I can assure Mr John le Carré that his surmise that Mrs Philby, Kim's mother, could not be "a woman of any force" is far wide of the mark ("The Enemy Within," Magazine, last week).

Dora Philby, as I found her then, was a big, red-haired, lively, thrusting woman, with a personality every bit as marked as that of "Uncle Abdullah," as his Arab employees called Abdullah (St. John) Philby.

Mr le Carré, in his impressively intuitive introduction to Philby: *The Spy Who Betrayed a Generation*, might have made a further mental leap and deduced that Kim's striking physical resemblance to his mother indicated that he was made more in her stereotype than in his father's, and that the mother of the man who stole all the headlines all the time could hardly be a negligible person.

Perhaps the most striking signals of Dora Philby's individuality were her robust lack of interest in the aping of Arab manners and dress, and her refusal of repeated requests by the all-powerful King Abd al-Aziz Al Sa'ud that she follow her husband into becoming a Muslim. She certainly declined to "come in out of the cold," into the warmth of the Islamic nest into which her husband had scrambled!

G L-W Mackenzie

London NW 1

Unambitious

John le Carré writes: "There is little to be learnt of Philby's mother." The following is an extract from my journal of October, 1920:

A very hot Sunday in the middle of the Red Sea with a



Mrs. Dora Philby

following wind. Yesterday evening I strolled up to the bows to get as cool as possible.

Leaning over the rail in front were Mrs Philby, Major Dodd and Toovey. Mrs Philby is a very handsome woman of about twenty-five with a lot of glorious red hair.

"We are having a most interesting discussion" said Mrs Philby. "On what subject?" "Ambition." "We all know what Dodd's ambition is" I said, "it is to breed pigs in England."

Mrs Philby turned to Dodd. "You, a soldier?" "Yes, what better ambition can a man have than to farm in England? It is all very well for you. Your husband is a comparatively young man who has cut out a line for himself and has had luck as well as ability."

"It is strange for me to talk like this about ambition," said Mrs Philby "for I always tell my husband that all I want is a good comfortable life, and he is always saying he wishes I had more ambition as one might as well be a turnip as be without it. But I think ambition is a very different thing in a man and a woman. I don't like an ambitious woman."

W L Halles
Folkstone

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

P. 15
The Sunday Times
London, England

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PER FOIA REQUEST

Date: 2/25/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: HAROLD A. R. PHILBY

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MAR 11 1968
Character: ESP-R
Classification:
Submitting Office: London
 Being Investigated

file
571
65-62047

MAR 12 1968

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

WHEN Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, the Foreign Office traitors, staged their first public appearance in Moscow in 1956 I was hurriedly summoned to see a senior official of M.I.5, the counter-espionage organisation.

He told me the security authorities were extremely perturbed because they feared that the two former diplomats were about to name other Foreign Office men who, though they might be innocent, would be branded as Communists and homosexuals.

Would I, the M.I.5 man asked, point out this danger in the Daily Express and so reduce the credibility of anything Burgess and Maclean might say before they said it?

I agreed to help and asked the official if he had any hard evidence that either of them had been successful spies. He told me there was no doubt about Maclean, but after the most searching inquiries there was no evidence whatever to incriminate Burgess.

SCARE

Six years later when it was rumoured that Burgess and Maclean might touch down at Prestwick Airport en route to Communist Cuba, the police applied for warrants for their arrest on Official Secrets charges.

Again I was called in by the M.I.5 man, who admitted that the purpose of the move was to scare the traitors off because any arrest and trial would be most embarrassing.

He confirmed that he still had no evidence that Burgess had been any sort of Russian agent. All he could have been charged with was aiding

Maclean to escape, and it was doubtful whether this would succeed in court.

I disclose these facts now, when Burgess is dead, because of the publication today of a book* which presents Burgess, Maclean, and Harold "Kim" Philby—the "Third Man"—as Three Musketeers of Soviet Intelligence.

The authors assume that all three agreed to dedicate their lives to Soviet espionage when they were students and laid deliberate plans to penetrate the British Secret Intelligence Service.

These assumptions, on which the book is built, are not credible and are in conflict with the way the Soviet espionage works.

AGENTS

No doubt the three youths, who were sold on Communism, were marked down as potential agents by Soviet talent scouts who operate in every university. These talent scouts would be British Communists—possibly even dons—reporting to party H.Q. in London which passes on the reports to the Soviet Embassy where they are carefully docketed.

But at that early stage the Russians would be careful to keep out of the picture, leaving the task of supervision, which may last years, to British Communists. The Soviet spymaster, who is

* "Philby," Deutsch, 30s.

PAGE TWO, COL. THREE

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

"Daily Express",
London, England

Date: 2/19/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title: Harold Russell

Adrian Philby

Character: Esp-R

or

Classification: 65-

Submitting Office: London

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BY LETTER 9/15/74
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51 MAR 6 1968

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Postscript on a traitor

FROM PAGE ONE

almost always posing as an accredited diplomat or trade delegate, rarely makes his personal contact until his quarry is in a position to be useful.

He delays making his "pass" as long as possible because it can be a dangerous moment, as it was when a Soviet diplomat in London tried to recruit me. When he offered me money to reveal my sources of defence information I reported him to the security authorities and he was soon recalled to Moscow.

Philby could not really be useful until he joined the Secret Intelligence Service in 1940. He was invited to join after being a foreign correspondent on a newspaper—a not uncommon route of entry.

There is no evidence that Philby knew Maclean was a spy until he heard of the Secret Service suspicions about him. It is also unlikely that Maclean knew anything about Philby's activities.

Like all Soviet spymasters Philby would have been under

the firm control of the "Centre" in Moscow. This would be arranged through contact with Russian diplomats in London, Washington, and other cities where Philby worked.

It is assumed in this new book that Philby told Burgess to warn Maclean that he was under suspicion. When Philby received this secret information in Washington, Burgess was staying with him and was about to leave for London.

His cover

M.I.5 officials told me that it was extremely unlikely that Philby would tell anyone about Maclean's danger without first taking Moscow's advice through the Soviet Embassy in Washington. To tell Burgess would break Philby's "cover," which he had guarded so carefully.

The Centre in Moscow would almost certainly hand the problem over to the Soviet Embassy in London. I believe Burgess was approached by the Russians in London after he returned. They could not approach Maclean directly because they knew he was under surveillance. Burgess could do so as a friend.

This would account for the fact that Burgess did not hurry back to London from America, did not contact Maclean when he first arrived, and moved to help Maclean escape only at the last minute after getting some new and startling information.

Philby's "confession" that he tipped Burgess off about Maclean was a lie, I believe, to cover the real route. This is more than supposition.

I have a memorandum written by a Daily Express investigator in 1953 stating "an informant claiming to be an ex-member of M.I.5 and directly concerned with the Burgess and Maclean inquiry said Philby was a double-agent—a British spy and a Communist agent from youth.

"When he was in Washington, Philby learned of the investigations which might lead to Maclean being exposed. He immediately alerted the Soviet Embassy in Washington, who passed the warning to Maclean via their embassy in London."

The Daily Express could not print this at the time. Philby was protected not only by his Establishment friends but by the British laws of libel.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

HERE was a time when millions read John Buchan and thought how wonderful the British Secret Service must be. Soon millions will be reading Page-Leitch-Knightley and saying how lousy it must have been.

Both authors need hardly say, are wrong; the truth lies somewhere between The Thirty-Nine Steps and Philby. If there is more hard fact and less romance in the latter there is less spite and more understanding in the former.

Buchan knew the men and the time he was writing about; the three Sunday Times authors add up to 99 years of age between them and have curious second-hand prejudices about the '30's and the British ruling class. Buchan was writing romance for his own amusement; the students of Philby were writing exposure under orders. In common, I suppose, they had the desire to make money.

In this I have no doubt the team of three will succeed. For the yarn they tell is as engrossing as anything Buchan ever wrote—and controversial to boot. It is based on no documentation to speak of, and the sources are in most cases interviews with people harking back 30 years, some of them with scores to settle.

It cannot be called history, because access to official records has been refused. It isn't mere journalism, because great trouble and expense have gone into producing what will last and make a book. It isn't police work, because the culprit—the man who "recognised, courted and consciously seduced into a lifetime of deceit" Philby, Maclean and Burgess—has not been identified and charged.

DANGER

This is instant history, the danger of which is that one never goes on quite long enough to dig out all the truth that might be dug.

I have no doubt at all that Whitehall, if it really got down to the job regardless of reputations, could find that culprit. One way of doing so may have occurred to the present Foreign Secretary who, it will be remembered, got very angry with Lord Thomson because the Philby story was written for his newspapers.

It is to offer to return to Russia the Kroeger pair of spies in exchange for Philby (who is

PHILBY: THE SPY WHO BETRAYED A GENERATION, by Bruce Page, David Leitch, Philip Knightley. (Andre Deutsch, 30s.)

a self-confessed spy) and Brooke (who is not a spy). No doubt the Kroegers would tell their masters much that would be available to them, but nothing to compare with the value to "the Establishment" of making sure who it was in high position who could protect Philby, the rascally Burgess and the outrageous Maclean; threaten them when they faltered; provide the post office for their secrets.

Philby, having betrayed so many so often, would surely not flinch from this final treachery.

Be that as it may, we as a nation cannot sit and do nothing as this dreadful story is published all over the world. Some defence has to be made; some corrective found; some way devised of making our intelligence services accountable.

There were great merits—let it be admitted—in the old system of staffing intelligence with gentlemen from the Services and the public schools. So long as upper-class society was not split by the Fascist-Communist choice of the period between wars, loyalty was assured. It was cheap to run, because a small permanent staff could trawl good information from any walk of life, and almost any part of the world, from the old-boy net.

POMPOUS

It was secretive in the way that all effective groups are secretive: newspaper proprietors, the T.U.C., college common rooms, the executive committee of the Communist Party. (This is not, as John le Carré seems to argue in his curiously-pom-pous introduction, a quality peculiar to ex-officers of the Indian Army.) Above all, the S.I.S. did not interfere in politics—and I wonder of how many comparable organisations in the world this can be confidently said. Compare the short history of S.I.S. with that of the French, German, Russian, Italian equivalents (all well documented) and the British come out with a political record that is clean.

As le Carré admits, rather grudgingly at the end of his oration: "Philby is the price we pay for being moderately free. . . . Stupid, cretulous, snug as the Establishment may have been, it erred on the side of trust." They were, in a word—amateurs. As such, they feared insecurity but never suspected treachery; their Nazi opposite numbers always feared treachery and seldom believed themselves capable of inefficiency.

Page-Leitch-Knightley would have us believe that the Secret Service did little more in the war than sponsor successful code-breaking. This is unfair, and no doubt the result of haste. Had they gone to Norway, for example, they would have learned of the brilliant work done by agents trained in this

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

EVENING STANDARD

London, England

P. 7

DELETED COPY SENT AC BROWN

BY LETTER 9/15/75

PER FOIA REQUEST

Date: 2/19/68

Edition:

Author: DONALD McLACHLAN

Editor:

Title: NOW WE KNOW THAT PHILBY WAS THE THIRD MAN—BUR WHO WAS THE

FOURTH?

Character:

or

Classification: ESP - R

Submitting Office: London

NOT RECORDED

46 MAR 4 1968

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61 MAR 6 - 1968

country. Had they questioned former Combined Operations planners, they would have found that a local agent produced on a score of occasions the extra detail of intelligence which saved British lives.

Some excellent work was done in places as far apart as Sweden and Africa — *pace* Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, the account of whose activities in the German archives might have been examined

The Bismarck was intercepted thanks to a tip from the head of the Norwegian Secret Service in Stockholm; her signals were not deciphered by our experts.

I am glad to see that le Carré attaches little importance to Philby's political convictions.

Politically, he did not outgrow the anger and disgust with which he had watched in 1934 Fascist brutality in Vienna. Deceit was in his nature, and the root of his attitude was to be found in the character and career of his Arabist father. He enjoyed the act, much I

Soviet networks in Eastern Europe? I cannot see that it was. Where, however, I do agree with the authors is in their amazement at the secret trial to which Philby was subjected in 1951 by his Whitehall colleagues.

How the Foreign Secretaries of the day—Herbert Morrison and Anthony Eden—came to allow such nonsense is a question which might usefully be studied under Harold Wilson's plan for special official histories of episodes which still influence our lives. There are at least three eminent historians, who were actually employed in the Secret Service, by whom the job could be done with authority and with security.

Incomplete though it is, inaccurate though it is in detail,

suppose as Socialists have enjoyed working for Tory newspaper proprietors. That being so, he was a very hard man to detect or catch. The positive vetting of our own day would certainly have aroused suspicions about him—but probably the wrong ones. For, just before the war, he was associating with pro-Germans and anti-Russians. If he had been rejected then, he would have been welcomed back in 1945, when the cold war began.

ENEMY

Once he had been taken on, there was nothing in his behaviour—unlike that of Burgess and Maclean—to raise doubts about his reliability.

When yesterday's ally turns into tomorrow's enemy—as seems liable to happen to us with either a Gaullist or a Communist France—loyalties are embarrassing. Was it then so odd that Philby should be charged in 1944 with penetrating

this book gives, brilliantly, the essence of the Philby story. Its enduring effect must be to convince politicians and Press that intelligence is a departmental activity—like running an armed service—of which only the core need be Top Secret.

After all, we have a Navy with a budget which is publicly discussed; it has a nuclear submarine force whose commanding officer is known and can be interviewed; yet the performance and training of the new Resolution remains closely guarded secrets.

There is no reason why intelligence should not be organised in the same way, so that we shed once for all the discredited titles of ~~MI5~~ and MI6—and make a fresh start.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

WHEN Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, the Foreign Office traitors, staged their first public appearance in Moscow in 1956 I was hurriedly summoned to see a senior official of M.I.5, the counter-espionage organisation.

He told me the security authorities were extremely perturbed because they feared that the two former diplomats were about to name other Foreign Office men who, though they might be innocent, would be branded as Communists and homosexuals.

Would I, the M.I.5 man asked, point out this danger in the Daily Express and so reduce the credibility of anything Burgess and Maclean might say before they said it?

I agreed to help and asked the official if he had any hard evidence that either of them had been successful spies. He told me there was no doubt about Maclean, but after the most searching inquiries there was no evidence whatever to incriminate Burgess.

SCARE

Six years later when it was rumoured that Burgess and Maclean might touch down at Prestwick Airport en route to Communist Cuba, the police applied for warrants for their arrest on Official Secrets charges.

Again I was called in by the M.I.5 man, who admitted that the purpose of the move was to scare the traitors off because any arrest and trial would be most embarrassing.

He confirmed that he still had no evidence that Burgess had been any sort of Russian agent. All he could have been charged with was aiding

Maclean to escape, and it was doubtful whether this would succeed in court.

I disclose these facts now, when Burgess is dead, because of the publication today of a book* which presents Burgess, Maclean, and Harold "Kim" Philby—the "Third Man"—as Three Musketeers of Soviet Intelligence.

The authors assume that all three agreed to dedicate their lives to Soviet espionage when they were students and laid deliberate plans to penetrate the British Secret Intelligence Service.

These assumptions, on which the book is built, are not credible and are in conflict with the way the Soviet espionage works.

AGENTS

No doubt the three youths, who were sold on Communism, were marked down as potential agents by Soviet talent scouts who operate in every university. These talent scouts would be British Communists—possibly even dons—reporting to party H.Q. in London which passes on the reports to the Soviet Embassy where they are carefully docketed.

But at that early stage the Russians would be careful to keep out of the picture, leaving the task of supervision, which may last years, to British Communists. The Soviet spymaster, who is

* "Philby," Deutsch, 30s.

PAGE TWO, COL. THREE

[Handwritten signature]

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

"Daily Express",
London, England

Date: 2/19/64

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title: Harold Russell

Adrian Philby

Character: Exp-R

or

Classification: 65-

Submitting Office: London

Being Investigated

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BY LETTER 9/15/76

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Postscript on a traitor

FROM PHILBY

almost always posing as an accredited diplomat or trade delegate, rarely makes his personal contact until his quarry is in a position to be useful.

He delays making his "pass" as long as possible because it can be a dangerous moment, as it was when a Soviet diplomat in London tried to recruit me. When he offered me money to reveal my sources of defence information I reported him to the security authorities and he was soon recalled to Moscow.

Philby could not really be useful until he joined the Secret Intelligence Service in 1940. He was invited to join after being a foreign correspondent on a newspaper—a not uncommon route of entry.

There is no evidence that Philby knew Maclean was a spy until he heard of the Secret Service suspicions about him. It is also unlikely that Maclean knew anything about Philby's activities.

Like all Soviet spymasters Philby would have been under

the firm control of the "Centre" in Moscow. This would be arranged through contact with Russian diplomats in London, Washington, and other cities where Philby worked.

It is assumed in this new book that Philby told Burgess to warn Maclean that he was under suspicion. When Philby received this secret information in Washington, Burgess was staying with him and was about to leave for London.

His cover

M.I.5 officials told me that it was extremely unlikely that Philby would tell anyone about Maclean's danger without first taking Moscow's advice through the Soviet Embassy in Washington. To tell Burgess would break Philby's "cover," which he had guarded so carefully.

The Centre in Moscow would almost certainly hand the problem over to the Soviet Embassy in London. I believe Burgess was approached by the Russians in London after he returned. They could not approach Maclean directly because they knew he was under surveillance. Burgess could do so as a friend.

This would account for the fact that Burgess did not hurry back to London from America, did not contact Maclean when he first arrived, and moved to help Maclean escape only at the last minute after getting some new and startling information.

Philby's "confession" that he tipped Burgess off about Maclean was a lie, I believe, to cover the real route. This is more than supposition.

I have a memorandum written by a Daily Express investigator in 1953 stating "an informant claiming to be an ex-member of M.I.5 and directly concerned with the Burgess and Maclean inquiry said Philby was a double-agent—a British spy and a Communist agent from youth."

"When he was in Washington, Philby learned of the investigations which might lead to Maclean being exposed. He immediately alerted the Soviet Embassy in Washington, who passed the warning to Maclean via their embassy in London."

The Daily Express could not print this at the time. Philby was protected not only by his Establishment friends but by the British laws of libel.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

books

Edited by
L. F. LAMPITT

"A good deal has already been heard and written about Kim Philby," begins the blurb of **The Third Man**, by E. H. Cookridge (Barker 30s.), thereby earning my nomination for the understatement of 1968.

And a good deal more can still be expected—as one looks at the publishers' lists, scans the serialised extracts and hears in the wind the thunder of typewriters—about the time when spies became our biggest export and: "I'm Bugging Britain" was the slogan.



Kim Philby

Saved by
Establishment friends

THEY



Guy Burgess

Union Jack
curtains and cushions

BUGGED



Donald Maclean

Hysterical
brawling in public

BRITAIN

BY **KENNETH ALLSOP** "EVENING NEWS"

BOOK CRITIC

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

5-1

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

P. 8
The Evening News
:London, England

W.B. Lee

Date: 2/1/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: HAROLD A. R. PHILBY

Character: ESP-R
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: London

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Debatable

But it is now becoming debatable which is the fruitier melodrama: the James Bondish career of Philby, the infamous traitor himself, or the recent plotting, counter-espionage and CIA strategies throughout Fleet Street and the back rooms of British publishers.

The contestants in the race to reveal "the truth about Kim Philby, double agent" (see the cover of Mr. Cookridge's book) must be dealt with as they come—not in from the cold, but hot from the presses.

Just in case anyone is a little out of touch, the bald facts are: that Harold "Kim" Philby (Westminster and Cambridge, now residing in Moscow) on behalf of the Soviet Union, insinuated himself into our Secret Service.

He almost became chief—and for 34 years kept the Russians generously informed of our vital statistics.

Matted

Perhaps Mr. Cookridge's dossier would more accurately be entitled "The Three Men," for it is as much about Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean as about their old chum and mentor Philby.

But of course the "Unholy Trinity," as he calls them, were so matted together in deceit and dereliction that the story could not faithfully be told with any other emphasis.

It is by now all fairly familiar terrain, but this is not

a hasty hotch-potch compiled from newspaper cuttings.

Mr. Cookridge began drafting his book 12 years ago when Philby was exonerated by the highest authority from complicity in the scandal of the other two.

Without claiming any explosive intimate knowledge ("I Was Philby's Fag" or "The Spy I Played Squash With"), he has, from his vantage point as a political and lobby correspondent, constructed an unsensational and clarifying narrative of this sensational and muddy episode.

What continues to amaze is that two committed Communists (Philby and Burgess) and one feeble fellow traveller (Maclean) were able to penetrate so effortlessly, and so deeply, into our theoretically invulnerable security enclaves.

The explanation of this bizarre feat—which most thriller writers would hitherto have rejected as too preposterously unconvincing—is, one fears, that stale, but resilient power in the land, the old-boy network.

Within the bastions of the mutual aid and self-protection, preserved by the distorted loyalty of school and class solidarity, the conspirators survived and flourished.

The flagrant homosexuality,

alcoholism, instability and seedy dubiousness which should have got them all the boot, were discreetly ignored.

Have there ever been three such wildly suspect characters? Burgess, in his flat with its camp interior decoration of Union Jack curtains and cushions littered with the debris of his nightly queer orgies.

Maclean, the Foreign Office official, demonically drunk, hysterically brawling in public and breaking up furniture.

Defended

Philby, denounced by the U.S. Intelligence and FBI, yet still saved by Establishment friends.

It is healthy to be reminded here how Philby triumphantly rode the accusation that he had tipped-off his pair of underlings to fly the coop.

Even after being named by Colonel Marcus Lipton in the House, he was, innocently but stupidly, defended by champions on both sides.

"Altogether," writes Mr. Cookridge, "Philby came out of this debate extremely well." A man who had given eminent service to his country had had the misfortune of being mixed

up with a rascal like Burgess. Thus he won his second trial, even more conclusively than the secret trial staged by MI5.

"Mr. Harold Macmillan told the world that Mr. Harold Philby was a good man and true, had carried out his duties conscientiously and never betrayed his country."

All got away with it, after a fashion. To Russia with love they went.

Burgess, a decrepit dipsomaniac in his Old Etonian tie, is dead. Maclean, divorced, is on the bottle and in a drab translator's job.

Philby, compounding the unsavoury tangle, has married Maclean's ex-wife and is reported depressed and sodden.

It would be too easy to draw a moral out of this, for how can the personal squalid unhappiness of this trio be equated with the immeasurable consequences of their decades of treachery?

When interviewed two months ago about his undercover life as a Soviet spy, Philby said: "I would do it again tomorrow."

The only useful hope is that the lesson has been learned and that the gentlemanly days have gone when Philby and his kind could do it again.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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Supplagan

P. 6
Evening Standard
London, England

PHILBY BOUGHT

THE FOREIGN OFFICE wants it suppressed... most publishers over here are against its appearance... everyone agrees it will be a work of propaganda.

Nevertheless the Grove Press in America has just announced that they have bought the American magazine and book rights to the memoirs of Kim Philby. They will be published under the title My Secret War.

Grove have bought the rights for more than £20,000 from Paris Match the French magazine which acquired the world rights from Philby in Moscow.

Whether British publishers will be able to resist the pressure now remains to be seen.

Date: 1/30/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: H. A. R. PHILBY

Character: ESP-R
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Classification:
Submitting Office: London
 Being Investigated

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^{ALG}
The spy I married.

Eleanor Philby lived the impossible as the wife of "the most remarkable double agent in the history of espionage." Unknown to her, Kim Philby not only headed the Soviet section of the British Secret Intelligence Service, but also served as a Russian spy, informing the Communists of Britain's most vital and secret moves. Read the sensational story of an American woman's life with "the" top Soviet agent.

5 FEB. LADIES HOME
JOURNAL
 A CLIPPING PUBLICATION - NOW ON SALE

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 The Washington Daily News _____
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 New York Post _____
 The New York Times _____
 The Sun (Baltimore) _____
 The Worker _____
 The New Leader _____
 The Wall Street Journal _____
 The National Observer _____
 People's World _____
 Date JAN 30 1968

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Philby: book of the month

A WORLD-WIDE success is now certain for "Philby, the spy who betrayed a generation," to be published on February 19 by Andre Deutsch. It will be published in the United States by Doubleday who have just announced that it is the selection of the Book of the Month Club; and this ensures a guaranteed sale of more than 100,000 copies in America alone.

In Britain it is the Book Society's Choice for March. In addition the book is now being translated for publication into ten foreign languages.

The three authors — Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley—are members of the Sunday Times staff and their book had its origins in the series of Insight articles. Much new information has however come to light since then and this gave the authors an opportunity greatly to expand the narrative and re-shape it entirely.

The result, in the opinion of experts who have read the manuscript, is a book unique in the literature of espionage. John le Carré has written a long introduction.

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

P. 4
The Sunday Times
London, England

Date: 1/28/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: H. A. R. PHILBY

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Sullivan

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PHILBY 1/21 NX
 ADV FOR AMS TUES JAN 23
 NEW YORK (UPI)--BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HAD KNOWN FOR SEVEN YEARS

BEFORE HAROLD "KIM" PHILBY DEFECTED THAT HE WAS A DOUBLE AGENT WORKING FOR THE SOVIET UNION, HIS ESTRANGED AMERICAN WIFE DISCLOSED MONDAY. BUT IT WAS ONLY WHEN A HIGH-LEVEL SOVIET INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WHO SWITCHED HIS ALLEGIANCE TO THE WEST PRESENTED "EVIDENCE CONCLUSIVELY INCRIMINATING HIM AS A RUSSIAN AGENT" THAT THE BRITISH DECIDED TO ACT AND PRECIPITATED PHILBY'S DEFECTION, ACCORDING TO ELEANOR PHILBY. IN AN EXCERPT FROM HER NEW BOOK, "THE SPY I MARRIED," PUBLISHED IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL, MRS. PHILBY DESCRIBES HOW SHE REPORTED THIS TO HER HUSBAND WHEN SHE JOINED HIM IN MOSCOW.

"THIS SEEMED TO INTEREST HIM INTENSELY," SHE WRITES. "IF THE BRITISH HAD KNOWN ABOUT HIS RUSSIAN CONNECTIONS ALL ALONG, THEN HE WAS THE ONE WHO HAD BEEN FOOLED. HE THOUGHT HE WAS SPYING ON THEM, BUT THEY WERE KEEPING AN EYE ON HIM--TRYING TO USE HIM AGAINST THE RUSSIANS WITHOUT HIS KNOWING IT. IF THIS WERE TRUE, MOST OF WHAT HE PASSED ON TO SOVIET INTELLIGENCE WOULD BE VALUELESS."

BUT, SHE SAYS, HE RECOVERED FROM HIS DISMAY AND TOLD HER "QUIETLY, BUT WITH MORE THAN A TOUCH OF PRIDE: 'I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR THE RUSSIANS FOR 30 YEARS, NOT JUST FOR SEVEN.'" MRS. PHILBY, WHO MET HER HUSBAND WHILE MARRIED TO AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT STATIONED IN THE MIDDLE EAST, SAID SHE HAD NO IDEA PHILBY WAS A RUSSIAN SPY. SHE KNEW HIM ONLY AS A BRITISH JOURNALIST "CONNECTED WITH M16, BRITISH INTELLIGENCE."

SHE LEFT PHILBY IN MAY OF 1965 AFTER HE BECAME INVOLVED WITH MELINDA MACLEAN, WIFE OF FELLOW BRITISH DEFECTOR DONALD MACLEAN. MRS. PHILBY DESCRIBES HER HUSBAND AS A CHARMING, ATTENTIVE AND SENTIMENTAL HUSBAND BUT SAID HE FREQUENTLY "DRANK HIMSELF INTO INSENSIBILITY," BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER HIS DEFECTION.

WHEN SHE ASKED HIM WHETHER HE CONSIDERED HER AND HIS CHILDREN OR THE COMMUNIST PARTY MORE IMPORTANT IN HIS LIFE, "HE ANSWERED WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION: 'THE PARTY, OF COURSE,'" SHE RECOUNTS.

BUT MRS. PHILBY RECALLS ALSO HOW HE TAUGHT HER DAUGHTER TO RECITE THE NAMES OF ALL THE BRITISH MONARCHS AND HOW AT THEIR FINAL PARTING HE GAVE HER HIS OLD WESTMINSTER SCHOOL SCARF, "WHICH HE HAD WORN CONSTANTLY AND WHICH I KNEW HE LOVED."

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WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

File 5 Jan 31

A traitor in close-up

WE ALL know about Kim Philby now. His career was certainly remarkable. For thirty years, behind the mask of a faultless English official, he was in fact a Russian spy; and for several years he mounted steadily towards the top of the British Secret Service. Now that the story is out, the commentators are busy. There has been much virtuous denunciation, much psychological and sociological speculation. But the enigma of personality remains. What inner strength, or weakness, of character enabled Philby to persevere so long in such elaborate and difficult duplicity?

To answer such a question, mere speculation is not enough, and some of the speculators, like some of the denouncers, seem to me hopelessly adrift. What we need is factual evidence of character. What was Philby like, not merely to friends and colleagues whom he set out to deceive, but to those few intimates who, if anyone, should have known his heart?

Eleanor Philby, an American, was Philby's third wife. She was deeply in love with him. Their marriage covered the whole period of his exposure, defection and settlement in Russia. It was, she says, "perfect in every way"; Kim was "a divine husband," and they seemed to have no secrets from each other. So she followed him through thick and thin. When he was exposed, she did not reject him: "he has no doubt done some wicked things in his life," she writes philosophically, "but I am not very concerned with questions of patriotism or treason." When he bolted to Russia, she followed him. Even now, when he has swapped her for Mrs Maclean, she has no hard word for him. She writes without bitterness. She does not protest or explain, she narrates—simply, clearly, intelligently, remembering always an unforgettable affection.

PRECISELY because she does not seek to explain, she convinces. And yet, in the end, even this narrative leaves us perplexed. It may convince, but it does not solve the riddle. Mrs Philby's devotion seemed to open her husband's heart; her intelligence might then have penetrated it; but in the end, we see, as she saw, that it was closed. "Slowly but surely I was driven to the conclusion that the man, whom I had loved so deeply and had trusted so implicitly, a man from whom I had withheld

KIM PHILBY, THE SPY I LOVED by Eleanor Philby/Pan Books 66s
Hamish Hamilton 30s
Hugh Trevor-Roper

nothing, was in fact a master of deception." He had deceived even her.

As a mere narrative of events this book is fascinating. It describes the Philbys' life at Beirut; the effect on Kim first of the suspicion, then of the knowledge, that his secret was out; his silent disappearance; and her adventures until she finally left him, in Moscow, in the arms of Mrs Maclean. There are some interesting new details for the case-historian. For instance, Philby evidently never realised that his career as a spy was known until he was confronted with it in 1962. Other details remain uncertain—in particular Philby's route from Beirut to Moscow. It seems to have involved a long walk: at least he afterwards claimed to have worn out a pair of shoes and to have very sore feet.

MOST interesting of all is the account of the Philbys' life in Russia; the deadening struggle for existence in a squalid little island within a drab, wintry world. Friends were few or none. Burgess was dead, "bored to death." Maclean had never been a friend. Other Westerners could not be met. Russian contacts were with one official only, to whose home they were never invited. Mrs Philby could anyway speak no Russian. The conversation of the Macleans was inexpressibly dreary. They talked of the good times they would have in Italy and Paris, "when the Revolution comes," or dwelt for five minutes on the phenomenon of two grapefruit in the market. Philby and Maclean would recall old times and how they diddled everyone in England; but this, to a non-Communist like Mrs Philby, was of little interest. By now, of course, such jolly dialogues are over. Philby and Maclean are now, naturally enough, non-speakers. However, there is now Blake.

All this, we must remember, was the life not of a persecuted but of a highly privileged group. "We can never repay you for the work you have done for us," the KGB man said to Philby. But to Mrs Philby it seemed a privileged nightmare. She did her best. As she had gone to Moscow for him, so she tried to adjust herself to it for him. But

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)
P. 52
THE SUNDAY TIMES
London, England

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she was not very successful. Philby did better. He learned Russian (as Burgess had never done), loved the intense cold, and—provided he was praised by the K G B—seemed to think that life in Moscow needed no justification.

What is most striking in all this is Philby's extraordinary egotism. By his secret treachery, concealed from her and never even afterwards justified to her, he had dragged his wife to this dreadful world. "He never once said to me, 'I've landed you in a situation you perhaps did not anticipate when you married me.' He never seemed to think any justification was necessary." He himself had made sacrifices for the sake of the K G B. For that "he had broken with men he liked and lost their respect, taken up with men he disliked, deserted his family, embarked on a lifetime of lies and shabbiness. Now what was important was that these tremendous sacrifices should be recognised."

He evidently never thought of others' sacrifices. When the wife who had sacrificed her life, and to whom he wrote love-letters expressing absolute devotion, asked him direct, "What is more important in your life, me and the children or the Communist Party?" he answered firmly and without a moment's hesitation, "The Party of course." This absolute egotism, once he had chosen his course, is perhaps the real key to his character.

AND HOW will it end? In his public interviews, which are an exercise in Russian propaganda, he insists that he is happy, complacent about the past, confident of the future. Perhaps his egotism, if sufficiently flattered, will sustain him in a world of privileged illusion. Perhaps not. Already in 1964, below the surface, Mrs Philby detected "a sea of sadness": "In spite of his discipline, I sensed in him a profound gloom." Like Burgess, like Maclean, he escaped "by drinking himself into insensibility." In Moscow this seems to be a standard response. As his usefulness to the Russians declines—and by now, for all their public flattery, he must be almost useless—this may be for him, as for Burgess, the way out.

BY LLOYD SHEARER

- Mohr _____
- Bishop _____
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LONDON.
 "The Third Man" Philby, 56, master double agent who spied for the Soviets while he worked as an intelligence chief for the British, has penned in Moscow, between his seductions and bends, an untitled, 80,000-word manuscript of memoirs.

If published, these espionage revelations might well prove damaging to the FBI and the CIA, because Philby worked closely with both organizations for years. In 1949 he was temporary first secretary at the British Embassy in Washington, assigned the vital job of security liaison with the Americans. Consistently he duped the best minds in our intelligence agencies.

He helped Guy Burgess, an old Cambridge classmate and a raging homosexual who worked as a second secretary in the British Embassy and who lived with him, pass top secret information to the Reds. He also joined with another Cambridge chum and bisexual, Donald MacLean, head of the American Department of the British Foreign Office, in tipping off the Soviets about Anglo-American counter-espionage plans.

Philby was not only "The Third Man" who warned Burgess and MacLean that the jig was up and that they had best escape to Moscow, but in his trusted post at the embassy, he caused untold harm to our agents.

He admits, for example, that he was responsible for one of America's worst defeats in the cold war against Russia. In 1951, he claims, he sabotaged the CIA plan to send a mission in Albania, which Allen Dulles hoped would start a chain reaction of revolutions in other Communist countries.

Philby says Dulles called him in as "an expert on operations against the Soviet Union," explained that he planned to drop several hundred guerrillas into Albania, and that he would lead a mission to Albania and led to an explosion and overthrow of the Socialist order.

Philby helped plan the operation, then promptly tipped off the Communists who, he says, captured 150 of our men as soon as they landed.

Philby also claims that he handed over to the CIA control of NTS (Union of Russian Solidarity), a Russian emigre movement whose members smuggle anti-Communist propaganda into the Soviet Union.

Philby first began to work for the Soviets in 1934 when he was graduated from Cambridge. But it was not until July 1962, when a Russian agent named Anatoli Dolynitsin defected to the CIA, that we finally learned the truth about him. The CIA notified the British, but they moved too slowly, and Philby escaped to Moscow where his co-conspirator, Burgess, died, and left him \$5600.

Philby, four times married—his latest is Chicago-born Melinda MacLean, whom he stole from her ex-husband Donald MacLean in Moscow last year—is prepared to withdraw his manuscript from imminent publication. He is willing to save British and U.S. intelligence services further embarrassment if only the British will release two Soviet spies, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kroger who are really Morris and Lona Cohen of the Bronx, New York.

The Cohens, alias Helen and Peter Kroger, are top-echelon Russian agents now imprisoned in England. They were involved in the atomic bomb spy case with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and they were important cogs in the spy apparatus run by Rudolph Abel, the brilliant Russian agent who operated out of New York. The U.S. exchanged Colonel Abel for U-2 pilot Gary Powers in 1962.

In 1950, however, when the FBI began solving the atom spy case and moving in on the Rosenbergs, Abel ordered the Cohens to flee the country. They settled in Vienna and from there wrote the New Zealand Embassy in Paris for passports, claiming that they were Peter and Helen Kroger, citizens of New Zealand.

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land. They collected as evidence forged birth certificates provided by the Russian spy apparatus.

The prospects were dismal, and Morris Cohen, recruited by the Communists while he was a student at Mississippi State University in the early 1930's, arrived in London with his wife in 1952. Under the Kroger alias, they set up a book business near Trafalgar Square as a cover, but in reality transmitted via radio from their home top secret information gathered by Konon Molody, alias Gordon Lonsdale, another Soviet agent.

The British arrested Lonsdale and the Krogers in 1961. Lonsdale was sentenced to 25 years and the Krogers to 20. But Lonsdale was released on April 22, 1965, in exchange for Grenville Wynne, a British agent the Soviets had apprehended.

Why do the Soviets want so desperately to get the Cohen-Krogers back to Moscow? Philby says the American couple are innocent, which, of course, is ridiculous.

Exchange Spies

There are several possible reasons. Colonel Vladimir Abel, now chief of the Anglo-American section of the KGB, is extremely fond of the Cohens. They worked under him in New York, and a warm friendship developed. Abel got himself exchanged for Gary Powers. He got Lonsdale, who also worked for him in New York for a short time, exchanged for Grenville Wynne. He now wants to exchange the Krogers for Gerald Brooke, an English schoolmaster recruited by the NTS to distribute anti-Soviet tracts in Russia. The KGB, reportedly tipped off by Philby, picked Brooke up at once, sentenced him to five years in jail.

The British are not willing, and that's why Philby is offering to sweeten the pot by renouncing publication of his memoirs.

The Russians know that if they cannot engineer the exchange of the Krogers for someone or something, there is a very good chance the U.S. will ask for the extradition of the Krogers after they have been returned to Britain. The couple could then be tried in the U.S. on a number of charges and undoubtedly sentenced to further imprisonment, an action not considered too healthy for the morale of Soviet spies in the field.

There is always the danger that after 20 years in jail, one of the Krogers will break down, confess or defect. Colonel

Abel wants to play it safe. He wants his old friends, members of his old spy apparatus secure and sound in Moscow where they can help him teach a new batch of spies.

The British, however, are not willing to trade two major Soviet agents for 80,000 words by Harold Philby. So unless the CIA and the FBI move in on the deal and pressure the British, Philby's memoirs will shortly see the light of print.

When that happens, red faces will surely rise in Washington, for "Casanova" Philby names the men with whom he was involved, men he blithely and easily deceived, men he politely refers to in his memoirs as "colleagues."

Surely for those in our intelligence fraternity, that will constitute the final insult.



The "Krogers" now imprisoned in Britain as Red spies, are shown in happier days.

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Englishman "Kim" Philby, master spy for Russia and double agent, at recent press conference in Moscow.

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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

Philby offers his memoirs in US

FROM HENRY RAYMONT

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—The memoirs of H. A. R. (Kim) Philby have been offered to a dozen major book publishers in the United States.

Last month, Mr. Philby's 80,000-word manuscript about his espionage activities for the Soviet Union over a period of 30 years, were made available to *The Sunday Times* of London. But the newspaper turned it down because it said Philby's work "could only be a deliberate attempt to damage western interests, including western intelligence organizations".

Representatives of a number of American publishing houses acknowledged today that they had been offered the English-language publication rights of the Philby manuscript by Perry H. Knowlton, a prominent literary agent.

Mr. Philby is reported to have made his memoirs available to the west with the approval of the Soviet Government.

Mr. Knowlton said tonight he had been asked to handle the negotiations here by *Paris-Match*, the French magazine. He said that *Paris-Match* had recently obtained world rights for the book from Philby himself in Moscow.

Publishing sources, who declined to be identified, contended that Mr. Philby had asked for \$200,000 for the American rights. The money is to be deposited in a French bank, presumably for transfer to Philby in Moscow, the sources said. —*New York Times News Service*

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Page 1

The Times
London, England

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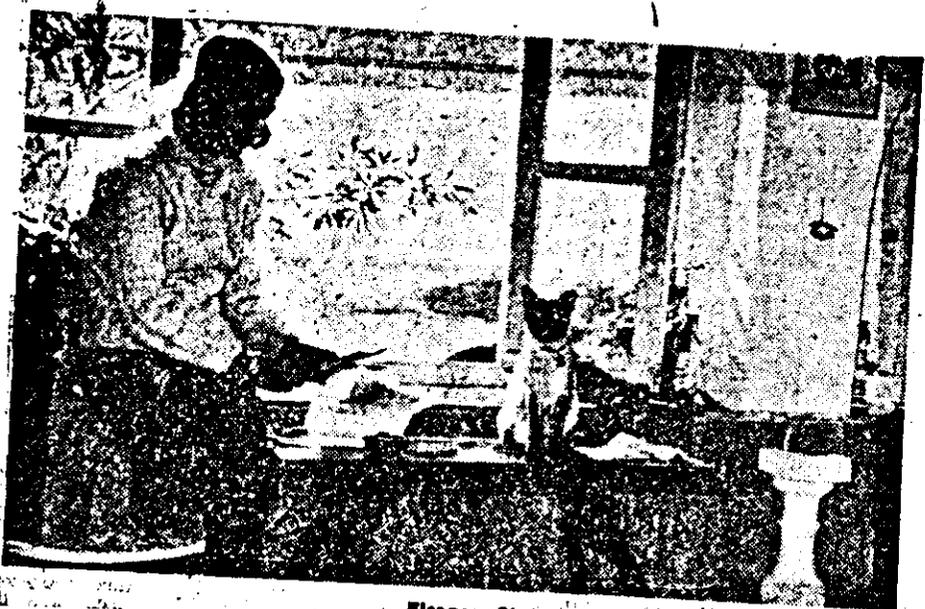
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- Mr. Felt
- Mr. Gale
- Mr. Rosen
- Mr. Sullivan
- Mr. Tavel
- Mr. Trotter
- Tele. Room
- Miss Holmes
- Miss Gandy

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Eleanor Sinjer and the boy: end of an idyll.

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HOW ELEANOR PHILBY IS LIVING TODAY

The woman in this picture is the wife (or is it the ex-wife) of Kim Philby, Britain's most publicised spy of recent times. In a few days she is publishing a book about their life together.

by
ANNE SHARPLEY

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...to carry them back to the hilltop Arab village where she is living under her name.

"A nutty old dame picking up stones," she says, straightening into a tall, slender, self-amused Californian, whose graceful movements and well-brushed silky hair are younger than her fifty-five years, but whose face has a look that recalls Dido's desertion by Aeneas from this very spot. "The boy's looking nice now," she says, showing a pleasant concern lest its sudden transfiguration with sunlight should go unnoticed. The date crop hangs heavy and sweet-smelling in the famous Tunisian palms, and every orange and lemon tree is blocked with fruit.

Sidi Bou Said, the one-time wholly Arab village now something of a Polperro for Harvard and the Peace Corps, is so beautiful that it creates an immediate fear one will never want to leave. She lives down a narrow cat-mok alley in a tiny house that effloresces into a view of the Bay of Carthage with a tiny harbour that the Peace Corps built for fishermen, but which has turned into a smart yacht marina instead.

Eleanor Philby is putting down her roots as she has a score of times before. All the marks of a smart, ingenious expatriate living are about her. The table where she sits is a mosaic she is creating from her beachcombing by embedding the Paul Klee on the wall, and the Siamese cat, wittily called 'St. John' after her awe-inspiring father-in-law, the Arabian explorer St. John Philby, are her evidence that she is still herself. "A certain Bohemian elegance," as Donald Maclean, her husband's fellow fugitive-spy described her.

Eleanor Philby lost her husband twice. Once, to Moscow. And second, to importantly, to Maclean's wife, as American as she is, Melinda. "I don't see how he can stand her, frankly, because she's such a bore," is Mrs. Philby's devastating comment. The Maclean marriage was far from happy.

"She was putting on a pretty hysterical act. I think Kim liked the challenge; he likes to help people out. It was an interesting problem for him." It was during Mrs. Philby's trip to the States to see her daughter when her return was delayed by the State Department withholding her passport that she lost her husband.

"When I was gone she just stepped in. I under-estimated her. All the time I was in Moscow she was running round saying we were the most happily married couple, which we were, and then as soon as I left she started her work. "I don't know whether he's married her or not. I cabled him and got a cable back saying absolutely not. I don't know where that puts me. "Nobody's spending any money any more. I don't know how I am going to manage. I have a tiny little trust my uncle left me, £150 a month was the best.

Her book, 'The Spy' comes out this week faces competition as of other books shortly published about Philby. "For a long time I said I would never write a book, and wanted him to write one instead. But he said that was impossible, then he wrote saying he was sure I would be fair. There are lots of things I could say, that I won't."

"Sinjee," as she calls her, Siamese alerts to the howls of the common cats outside, the large refrigerator in her kitchen whirrs, and small boats cross the bay, like flies across her window-pane.

But she feels there is no substance to her life here. "I would like to live in London, but I can't afford it. I came here in April because I wanted a Mediterranean climate to help my asthma, but it was so cold we couldn't bathe until May. Then the June War broke out.

"My bank balance was down and there was a ban on Americans coming to Tunisia, so it looked as though my daughter couldn't join me from the States, although luckily she could in the end. I am really going to move if I can see a glimmer of any money coming up."

She smiles as she speculates. "They said before I left nothing I was to go to the nearest embassy. I wonder what they would do if I went to the Russian embassy in London and said 'Look who I am, I want £50,000 to buy a house.'"

"No, I wouldn't do it. I think I can still manage to earn my own living. I know he could have had anything, but he won't ask for it. I was a fool to leave Moscow without settling everything, but I would have cracked up if I hadn't gone. I hadn't anyone to talk to at all. When someone you are so close to suddenly changes so completely his manners disappeared."

She gazes at the ruin of their second life together; so painfully remade after the idyllic Beirut. They had fallen in love because they were kindred spirits.

Audrey Brain who tested him out on his pitch and he said you will never make it. That was another change I noticed in him when I returned to Moscow.

"We had such similar tastes in music and we regarded Italian opera as pretty damned corny. When I got back it was La Traviata and La Boheme. I said what's the kick on Italian opera, and he said your taste is too highbrow."

The idyll was, thoroughly cracked, the last fragments are now destroyed.

"In my last letter I said I felt much sorrier for him than I did for myself. After that I heard no more." She still sends him Wedelhouse books, and Irish dried peas "and things like that he's fond of."

Will she marry again?

Loved, now fault pub-

SPY STUFF

Even her wartime work in the U.S. Office of War Information had not been dissimilar to his in some ways. She had even been given a sort of swift, sub-Bond course—how to kill people, spy stuff and radio stuff, and things like that, before being sent to Turkey—the place was full of spies.

Ankara, Paris, Prague, they even discovered they had friends in common when they finally met in 1956 when Eleanor was married to a newspaper correspondent stationed in Beirut. As a newspaperman's wife she had already set up homes in Brazil, Lima, Peru and Spain.

But it was their mutual love of music: "You have only to play him a fragment, particularly of Beethoven, and he knows at once what it is."

Eleanor had studied to be a concert pianist, but discovered she hadn't the nerve. "I don't like crowds of people. It still gives me nightmares to remember the monthly concerts I had to play in."

Kim had this great passion for music. He tried desperately to learn the French horn at Cambridge and went to see

"I don't think so. I hit the jackpot once, and I don't want to try again. It would be very hard to match the old Philby. If he was putting on an act he was putting on a good one."

Would she take him back? "I would rather not say." His old Westminster scarf, which he gave her as some kind of gesture, or pledge, before she left Moscow, is round her neck as she gazes out from her hill a modern Dido.

"I still love the man I knew, not the man who has been changed. For my own peace of mind I believe that that man died the night he disappeared from Beirut. "The registrar in London who married us, was a woman, and she said 'You will never regret marrying an Englishman, you know, I don't regret it.'"

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...xt of Izves... Based on Interview With Philby, Who Spied for Soviet

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MOSCOW, Dec. 18 (Reut) —Following, in unofficial translation, is the text of an article in Izvestia based on an interview with Harold A. Philby, a Briton who spied for Moscos and now is a Soviet citizen.

A frosty December morning. The night's gloom had not yet left the snow-covered streets. The trees on Goga Boulevard are covered with a fuzzy hoarfrost. At the trolleybus stop stands a chain of people, wiping their cheeks and stamping their feet. People are hurrying. A new day, with its cares and concerns, is beginning. Automobiles are also hurrying, passing one another.

A no longer young but still young strong man of middle height walks unhurriedly along the sidewalk, breathing the frosty air with pleasure. He is wearing a warm sheepskin-lined coat and a fur hat. The man is obviously delighted by the morning and the frost and the rushing stream of pedestrians. Occasionally people bump into him. "Excuse me," they hastily say to him. "Don't mention it," he answers pleasantly, speaking with a slight accent.

He glances at the people, at the trolleybus stop and, with cheerful good-nature gazes, after a fashionable young girl in a minicoat, who is being borne along to the saving warmth of a subway station. He looks with interest at boys with schoolbags on their shoulders throwing snowballs at each other on the boulevard. He always smiles, this man with a good and open face.

Who is he, what is he smiling at, what unusual things has he found on the boulevard, in the coated trees, on this ordinary Moscow morning? The young boys on the boulevard, the passer-by on

the sidewalk—who of them could imagine the surprising life story of the man who smiled at them this morning? He has been called a mystery man—his life a riddle. Long years, whole decades, 30 long years of eternal riddles. A life as complex as a labyrinth.

A Meeting at the C.I.A.

In the spring of 1951, an important meeting was called in the office of one of the leaders of the Central Intelligence Agency, the sanctum sanctorum of the American secret service. In addition to Allen Dulles, around the long table sat Frank Wisner, the head of the service for super-secret subversive political operations. His post was a secret even to trusted workers, he was listed as an assistant to the director of the department for policy coordination. Alongside him was his assistant, Frank Lindsay.

The participants in the meeting were waiting for an important guest. Kim Philby, the head of a special liaison mission between the British secret service and the C.I.A. in Washington, was supposed to take part in working out an operation of extreme importance. The C.I.A. had pinned high hopes on the British guest, a prominent member of the British secret service who was considered an outstanding expert on operations against the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries. Philby had stood at the cradle of the C.I.A.—the American espionage system was created under the guidance of the highly experienced British secret service.

The Englishman was as precise as ever. He arrived on the minute. Very elegant, thoughtful, he was the model of a British gentleman. A slight stammer did not spoil his speech, and legends of

the power of his charm circulated in both the C.I.A. and the British secret service. After cordially greeting those assembled, he took his seat at the table.

The C.I.A. had been ordered to work out an operation on organizing a counterrevolutionary uprising in one of the Balkan Socialist countries. The first stage in this action was supposed to be the dropping of a group of several hundred saboteurs on the territory of this country. Almost all of them were emigres from the country. The group was supposed to stir up trouble in various places, which, when merged together, would lead to an explosion and the toppling of the existing system.

A big stake had been placed on the operation. According to the thinking of its originators. It was, in the first place, a "test stone" and, in the second, was supposed to become the starting point for broad counter-revolutionary actions against all the Socialist countries. The teams of saboteurs were waiting for the signal for the drop. Lindsay, Wisner's assistant, had been designated the immediate executor of the operation.

Philby approved the plan; certain details seemed to have been inadequately worked out and he made a number of corrections. The participants in the meeting caught his every word; Philby's opinion was worth a good deal. Dulles, puffing on his pipe, listened to the English guest with emphasized respect. He had vast information about him. He knew that Philby had gathered experience as long before as the Spanish Civil War, that Franco had personally pinned

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the Red Military Cross on his chest. Dunes also knew about the extensive ties between the English spy and the ruling circles of Hitler's Germany, the fact that Philby regularly visited Berlin before the war, where he quite simply met with von Ribbentrop. He was an outstanding specialist and the C.I.A. knew it.

"It Was a Catastrophe"

One of the most significant operations of the C.I.A., carefully concealed throughout the subsequent 17 years of the cold war, ended in an unexpected failure. The team of dropped men was greeted in a proper way. It was a catastrophe, and mourning was observed in C.I.A. headquarters.

All the services were turned upside down. All the possible hypotheses linked with the failure of the operation that had been so painstakingly prepared were painstakingly analyzed. All but one, Dulles, a man with imagination, could imagine everything that suited him. But even in a nightmare he could not conceive that a staff worker of the Soviet intelligence had sat opposite him at the table in his office that August morning.

Soviet spy Kim Philby had fulfilled his latest assignment from the center.

And now it became our turn to sit at the same table with Kim Philby. The table was a small one, the polish does not shine. An English table, covered with old work papers. The rest of the furniture, which seemed to have arrived in this Moscow apartment straight form the novels of Dickens, also suited him—the darkened wood of the bookshelves, the armchair that seems almost pretentious to our modern taste and the fireplace, an electric one though. The apartment is filled with books, of all kinds for the most part English.

The host of the apartment fits harmoniously in this environment. He is very calm, unhurried, his big gray head with a straight part is seated on strong shoulders and his weathered, masculine face is softened by bright eyes with a slight squint. When he smiles, wrinkles run from the corners of his eyes to his temples and his face becomes

even warmer. Kim Philby, a man of great destiny, is receiving us, two Soviet journalists, for the first time.

There are millions of questions in our heads, but where should we begin? Comrade Philby quite obviously catches the confusion on our faces.

"Let us start with the beginning," he proposed softly, from the stove, as the Russians say."

His English reveals him as a man of high culture.

He was born in the Indian town of Ambala and spent the first four years of his life in India.

"On Jan. 1 I will be 56," Comrade Philby says. "My father served as an officer

of the English colonial administration in India. He was a man of great erudition and varied knowledge; he distinguished himself by his conservative views and was desperately fascinated by Arabic studies. This certainly explains that his second wife was of Arabic origin. The Hindi and Arabic languages entered my life very early, and then later—German, French, Spanish, Turkish and then Russian."

"But what kind of a strange name, Kim, did they give you?"

"Strictly speaking my full name sounds more pompous—Harold Adrian Russell Philby. But my father named me Kim after one of Kipling's characters. And so the name stuck all my life."

"What happened then?"

"Then my family moved to London, and in 1929 I entered Cambridge, Trinity, one of the biggest and most aristocratic colleges. I studied well, and read a lot. This is where my story begins. England, like the other capitalist countries, was living through a devastating economic crisis in those years. The country was scourged by unemployment, the labor market was broken by lines of hungry, desperate people. But the funereal cold of Fascism was already blowing through the world. Repercussions of all this reached even our very proper college.

"We argued a good deal, sought out the answers to our problems in books and strove to understand what

could give people some kind of salvation from the woes that were overcoming them.

"Trips that my friends and I made on summer vacations to certain Western European countries—primarily Germany and Austria—became decisive for my subsequent life. All this helped me to broaden my idea of the world. Meetings with new people, from whom I had been cut off at Cambridge, opened the truth of life.

Austria was covered with the blood of the workers, it was going through a particularly difficult time. I understood on which side of the barricades my place was. I felt every minute that my ideals and convictions, my sympathies and desires, were on the side of those who fight for a better future for mankind. In my native England, in my own homeland, I also saw people seeking the truth and fighting for it.

"I painfully sought out the means of being useful to the great movement of modern times, the name of which is Communism. The personification of these ideas is the Soviet Union and its heroic people, who have laid the foundation for the construction of a new world. And I found the form for this struggle in my work in Soviet espionage. I felt, and I still feel, that by doing this work I also served my English people."

"Can you still recall, Comrade Kim, what your first assignment from Soviet intelligence was?"

"Oh, I was so disenchanted that first time," he laughs.

"I imagined it all much more romantically. But the assignments during that period were, as it seemed to me, insignificant, although they were a real school for the big work. I had much more enthusiasts at that time than experience, and of course they could not entrust serious operations to me."

Comrade Philby takes out a package of Pamir cigarettes, and we all start to smoke.

"I am used to the strong kind," he explains to us, and then, after a moment of silence, continues:

"I did what I could at the time and I was happy to learn one day that I had been enrolled on the staff of Soviet intelligence."

"A Rather Long Story"

"How, comrade Kim, did you happen to get into the English intelligent service?"

"That's a rather long story," he says. "After finishing Cambridge, I worked for a while as an editor and then set out as a war correspondent to Spain for The Times. It was February, 1937. That battle against Fascism that was developing on the fields of Spain was in the heart of every honest person. For me, as as py, it was a university of practical experience. I learned the knack of hiding my thoughts, of passing myself off as something other than what I was. In public statements I passed myself off as as supporter of Franco. This naturally found reflection in my correspondence. They were very pleased with me in the press department of Franco's staff."

Kim Philby thoughtfully looks out the window—he is continually frowning slightly—and then takes from a box on the table a cross on an ornamental ribbon, holds it out to us and continues his narrative.

"I lived at the time in Bilbao. One day an officer on Franco's staff came to me, sat, me in a car and drove me off to the Fascist headquarters in Burgos. They led me into a hall where a group of ridiculously pompous generals was standing.

"In the center was the "Generalissimo" himself. I noticed that all of them, including Franco, were very sohr. I was introduced. After a few minutes the Caudillo with extreme ceremony handed be this very cross. He then showed great pleasure in my work—of all the Western journalists I was one of the few to be given this exotic award. The cross also played its role in my entry into the intelligence service.

"I returned to England, and after some time I went out again as Times correspondent who had been scorched by the winds of war to illuminate the military actions of the British expeditionary corps in France.

After ~~Dunquerque~~ in the summer of 1940, I was again in London. Here all of a sudden I entered the British secret service on assignment from Soviet intelligence. Before that, from 1935 to 1937, I repeated went, also on assignment from the center, to Berlin, where I had met with many prominent Nazi chiefs and most of all with Ribbentrop."

Talks With Nazi Leader

"Won't you tell us, comrade Kim, about this in more detail, and particularly about your meeting with Ribbentrop?"

"As I have already told you, I had the reputation of a pro-Fascist, which was a great advantage for my work. I was an active member of the Anglo-German Friendship Society, and while Ribbentrop was Ambassador to London, I made close contact with him. Then he became Foreign Minister under Hitler, but our meetings did not cease. Every time I came to Berlin Ribbentrop gave me a warm welcome at Unter Den Linden. The information I got from him was interesting. I must say, by the way, that Ribbentrop was himself a very dull and mediocre personality."

"So, Comrade Kim, you are now in the British intelligence service."

"Yes, now a new period of my life has started. Soon afterwards Fascist Germany treacherously attacked the Soviet Union; I did all I could to aid the peoples of Britain, the Soviet Union, France and the other countries of the anti-Hitler coalition to defeat Fascist Germany. At that period, all Soviet agents had no other thought, no aim in life, other than to contribute to the swiftest defeat of Nazism."

Comrade Philby is obviously modest. For example, he did not say anything about his own direct contribution to the cause of struggle against the Fascist enslavers. But his colleagues told us that Kim Philby's work helped to neutralize many German agents who had been sent to Britain as well as the Soviet Union. He was also the first to send information on the Fascists' intention to use new kinds of

military techniques on the Soviet front. Philby's work helped to save the lives of thousands of Soviet people.

"And how did you work in the British intelligence service?"

MI-5 and MI-6

"I went up the service staircase. A year later I became deputy chief one of the MI-6 departments."

"MI-6—what does that mean?"

"There are two secret services in Britain: MI-5 is the code name of the counter-intelligence service. MI-6 is the secret intelligence service itself."

"The western press noted that your rapid progress was explained by extraordinary, rare qualities—you were the best marksman, you had iron nerves and, apparently, what is also important, you attracted people by your charm. Is this true?"

"Well, it is hard for me to judge, but things went well, though life was not all that simple. I was up against the razor blade; each meeting with a liaison man was a big risk for me."

"I specialized in the subversive activities against 'Communist' countries, became an expert and when, in -94, I was appointed chief of the secret service department working against the U.S.S.R. and the international Communist movement, nobody was surprised. The department was shortly renamed 'Anti-Communist Service.' You can imagine what kind of information I was able to send to Moscow."

"Comrade Kim, the Western press says that you were the third man of importance in the British secret service and that you could have someday headed the entire British intelligence service because of your ability and rapid rise. Is that true?"

"I did my job, they were satisfied with me. In 1946 I was awarded the Order of the British Empire."

Then Kim Philby turns his memory back to the Turkish period. Early in the summer of 1947 he was sent as British secret service resident in Istanbul, using diplomatic cover. It was the most important area of operation

then. The intelligence services of Western countries had concentrated their best forces there, close to the borders of the Soviet Union, Bulgaria and other Socialist countries. Istanbul became the center for the intelligence operations of the cold war.

Kim Philby worked tirelessly, often on London's orders, to organize any kind of "action," and visited the Soviet border in the Ararat region. Ships passing through the Bosphorus were the object of his people's observations. In this giant "town of 500 mosques" was spun a complicated web of political intrigues and conspiracies. From Kim Philby came a huge flow of the most valuable information about the work of the Anglo-American services from the territory of the country against the Soviet Union. Everything that is of interest to Soviet intelligence, that is important for the strengthening of the Socialist camp, was quickly transmitted to Moscow. Kim Philby had to work 24 hours a day.

"It was easier for James Bond," he quips. "How good things were in the novels of my old friend, Ian Fleming. Bond's only worries were gay holidays and amorous intrigues."

"What, did you also know Fleming?"

"Of course. He also worked in the secret service. He was aide to the Director of Naval Intelligence, Graham Greene—also a colleague of mine from those days—worked in intelligence. Today he is actually a great and respected writer."

Kim Philby points to one of his bookshelves. It is filled with various editions of novels by Greene.

"Now that the conversation has turned to authors, perhaps, Comrade Kim, you would tell us the secret of your literary tastes?"

"That Is a Big Question"

"That is a big question," he says. "I would have to say too many names. There would be Dickens and Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Balzac, Turgenev and Chekhov. Of modern authors, apart from Greene I used to like Steinbeck. However, I can't under-

stand why he wrote about Vietnam. I am glad that I was able to bring the majority of books that I have been collecting all my life to Moscow and that they are with me now."

"If you don't mind, let us return to intelligence," we say.

"From 1949 to 1951, I headed the English intelligence liaison mission in Washington. Tasks connected with links between the two intelligence services were only the external part of my activity. London entrusted me, on the one hand, with the task of consulting the C.I.A., as far as possible with guiding the institution, which was still young at this time. On the other hand, I was faced with the extremely difficult task of defending the British secret service against the C.I.A., which was showing clear intentions of swallowing its ally. I turned up in the lair of American intelligence. In fact, at this time I formed close ties with both Allen Dulles and with the present Director of the C.I.A., Richard Helms, as well as with J. Edgar Hoover, the F.B.I. chief."

"Would it be possible for you, Comrade Kim, to give some kind of brief character sketch of these elite figures in American intelligence?"

"It is hard to do it briefly, but I will try." He smiles as he thinks to himself. "Dulles, as you know, was the first civilian to head the CIA. He was cautious in his relations with people, but in fact had a haughty attitude toward them. He did not thoroughly investigate matters and, I would say, for all his aggressiveness, he was a dilettante. The best example of this was the adventure over the invasion of Cuba, which was such a shameful failure. It is considered that he got the job thanks to his brother, John Foster Dulles, then the Secretary of State."

"Exceptionally Discreet"

"The next—Helms. I did my best to develop the most cordial relationship with him. It is easy to work with this man, though his is exceptionally discreet. Helms did not invent gunpowder. He, of course, is not Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, a one-time C.I.A. chief. He is more of an intriguer than a specialist in his trade. As a C.I.A. man once said to me, Helms is connected with a certain influential political group,

which has always urged him on.

"As for Hoover, he is a notorious counterintelligence man, who controls an apparatus of repression that is monstrous in scale. At times my conversations with Hoover were extremely curious. They got on to discussions of the working methods of Soviet intelligence. They were most enthralling chats."

Comrade Kim finds it hard to keep back a smile.

"But the person who really made an indelible impression on me, he adds, "was Hoover's deputy, Mr. Ladd. This astonishingly dense personage tried to convince me in all seriousness that Franklin Roosevelt was a Comintern agent."

"Apart from those you have mentioned, have you managed to visit many other countries over these long years?"

"I haven't specially counted them, but I should think about 20. I had my specific work, my tasks in each country. One had adapt oneself to them. As a spy with a known length of service, I presented excellent opportunities for traps. They lay in wait for me at every step.

"Because of the nature of my activities I had to organize all sorts of operations against the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries and then torpedo them myself. I always found support in thinking about the solidarity, the reliability of the rear. I regularly met in various countries with representatives of the center. Such meetings were great events for me, they filled me with new strength. Still more important were trips to Moscow. I knew that control highly valued my work, and trusted me. But all the same, despite all my self-control, I was excited when I heard that I had been awarded the Order of the Red Banner.

'Sincere Friends' of Soviet

"I was also very much helped in my work by the fact that, even in Western countries, I continually came across sincere friends of the Soviet people, people whose entire hearts were devoted to Socialism. I saw that these people were prepared to involve themselves in the struggle for the security of the world's finest Socialist state. Moreover, among the members of Western countries' intelligence services I know more than a few peo-

ple like myself who have devoted themselves to the struggle against Fascism, to the international solidarity of the workers. And the number of such people is continually growing."

"Comrade Kim, would you not tell us something about your present life?"

'And Here I Am'

"My work in the British intelligence service took place in very difficult circumstances toward the end. Control decided to summon me to the Soviet Union with the aim of guaranteeing my safety. And here I am. I have just finished work on a book. Within the framework of the possible and reasonable I, from the position of a spy, illuminate in it various moments of my life. Many pages of the book have the most direct connection with certain circles in a string of West European countries.

"I travel a lot through the boundless Soviet land, which has become my second home. Immediately after this book I am thinking of strating another, and then I will write another. I have many plans. I am a journalist. In my free time I do all sorts of things—from music to skiing and fretwork. I go to the theater and regularly attend concerts. A day or two ago I saw with pleasure the play 'All's Well That Ends Well,' performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. In a word, I live a full-blooded life. I cannot complain about my health."

"Comrade Kim, a last, perhaps rather straightforward question: Are you happy?"

"The major part of my life is behind me. Looking back over the past years, I don't think that I lived them in vain. Yes, I am happy. I would like on my own accord to repeat the words of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the knight of the Revolution, the great humanist: 'If I had to begin my life again, I would begin it just as I did.'"

We say Farewell. The four-hour conversation is over. Of course, the 30 unusual years of this astonishing man have not all fitted into these four hours. We arrange new meetings. Comrade Philby promises to visit our editorial offices. We congratulate him from the bottom of our hearts on the coming jubilee—the 50th anniversary of the Cheka-K.G.B.—the festival of the Soviet Chekists. It is indeed also his holiday.



Harold A. R. Philby, former British agent who also assisted Soviet Union. He has written 80,000-word book.

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Philby: How I fought CIA

MOSCOW, Monday

KIM PHILBY claimed today that America's Central Intelligence Agency had tried to "swallow" the British Secret Service.

The 56-year-old master-spy said that while he was heading a British liaison mission in Washington from 1949 to 1951 he was given the "extremely delicate task" of defending Britain's Secret Service against the CIA.

All the time he was, of course, working in fact for the Soviet Union.

Philby's latest revelations are made in Izvestia, the Russian Government newspaper.

It is the first time that the Russian people have been told about Philby's exploits as a Soviet agent, although he has been living in Moscow for the past four years.

SABOTAGE PLOT

The article, headlined "Greetings, Comrade Philby," is part of a series commemorating the 50th anniversary of the KGB, Russia's Secret Service.

Philby boasted of how he tricked Allen Dulles, then head of the CIA.

He said that Dulles was a dilettante who got his job through the influence of his brother, John Foster Dulles, former U.S. Secretary of State.

The CIA had planned a "counter-revolutionary rebellion" in 1951 in a Communist country in the Balkans [believed to be Albania] by infiltrating hundreds of saboteurs to stir up trouble.

Philby was told full details of the plan, which proved catastrophic when put into operation.

Atmosphere failed to find out what was wrong.

"One thing that Mr. Dulles could not imagine, even in a nightmare," said Philby, "was that the man sitting opposite him in his study was a regular member of the Soviet Intelligence Service."

OLD FRIEND

One of the results of the Albanian success was that the spy was awarded the Soviet Order of the Red Banner.

Philby claimed that he had been an "old friend" of the late Ian Fleming, writer of the James Bond spy novels and also a former member of British Intelligence.

His own work in espionage was more difficult than 007's, Philby said. Sometimes he had to keep going 24 hours a day.

"The possibility of failure awaited me at every step," said Philby. "I was on a razor's edge. Every meeting with a contact man represented a big risk."

He added: "Graham Greene was also a colleague of mine and worked in Intelligence. Today he is a great and respected writer."

Asked if he was happy, Philby replied: "Most of my life is behind me. Looking back at the past years, I think I did not waste them. Yes, I am happy."

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HOW I FOILED A U.S. SPY PLOT, BY KIM PHILBY

By MIRROR REPORTER

Russian spy Kim Philby claimed yesterday that he was responsible for one of the West's worst setbacks in the cold war against the Communist world.

The year was 1951. Philby at that time was head of the British intelligence service in Washington and Britain's top liaison man with the US spy network, the Central Intelligence Agency.

The plan which Philby "sabotaged" was to send guerillas into a Communist country in the Balkans. It was hoped that it would set up a chain-reaction of rebellions through other Communist nations.

This extraordinary story—as told by Philby—was published in yesterday's Izvestia, the Soviet Government newspaper, in an article with the headline "Greetings, Comrade Philby."

For the Russian public it was their introduction to the man who, as a British diplomat, was giving the secrets of the West to the Communists.

None of Philby's activities has, until now, been mentioned in the Soviet Press.

Philby—the man who tipped off British diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean that the British security net was closing in on them—fled to Moscow in 1963.

He was at that time working as a journalist in Beirut after leaving the Foreign Office.

His interview by two Izvestia correspondents is part of a series of articles to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Russian Secret Service, called the KGB.

Before he fled, Russia gave him an Order of the Red Banner

Philby confirmed that he had been a Soviet spy since the 1930's, soon after leaving Cambridge University.

He disclosed that he was awarded the Russian Order of the Red Banner—even before his flight to Moscow.

This was how Philby said he "torpedoed" Western operations for "various operations against the Soviet Union and other Communist countries".

The CIA—with the personal approval of its then chief, Allen Dulles—intended to send several hundred saboteurs into the Balkan country.



Kim Philby

Soviet Union" and the Russian agent approved the plan.

But, said Izvestia, the operation turned out to be "a catastrophe."

Analysed

Dulles analysed every possible reason for the failure but he "could not imagine, even in a nightmare, that the man sitting opposite him had been a member of Soviet intelligence," according to Philby's story.

[The Izvestia article did not name the country concerned in the plan, but a recent British Press report said that it was Albania and that 150 men were involved in the debacle.]

In the interview, Philby said he sometimes worked twenty-four hours a day as a double agent.

In a reference to his "old friend" author Ian Fleming, he said: "It was easier for James Bond."

Smear

FREDERICK WILLS writes: This is just one more stage in a campaign to discredit the British and US security services.

The KGB is using Philby to undermine confidence in Western intelligence network.

In this way, it hopes to cause distrust between America and Britain, distrust inside the security services and distrust of them by their governments.

At the same time Philby tries to show the Soviet security and espionage services as being cleverer than its rivals.

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RUSSIA HAILS PHILBY AS SOVIET HERO

ORDER OF RED BANNER

By JOHN MILLER

MOSCOW, Monday.

RUSSIA publicly elevated Harold "Kim" Philby, 55, the British traitor, to the status of a "real Soviet hero and comrade." The Government newspaper *Izvestia* said today he had been awarded the Order of the Red Banner, the country's second highest honour.

A 2,500-word article broke the Kremlin's silence on his 30 years of treachery to Britain and his services to the K G B, Russia's Security police. The decision was clearly prompted by the flood of information on Philby's espionage.

The article recalls that Wednesday is the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Soviet Secret Police. Some effort is apparent by the authorities to replace memories of terror with accounts of great triumphs.

The article briefly traces Philby's career and stresses he had been appointed head of British Intelligence directed against Russia and the Communist bloc.

'Bond had it easy'

Philby boasted of how he had fooled British Intelligence and said he sometimes worked at it "24 hours a day." He said that compared to his activities "James Bond had it easy."

He is praised for betraying details of a CIA operation against Albania in 1951, for which he received the high honour.

He spent his "free time" listening to music, visiting the theatre, ski-ing and carving wood. *Izvestia* several times refers to his "high culture," and Philby mentions the late Ian Fleming and Graham Greene, the authors having been friends and colleagues. He had brought a "shelf-full" of Mr. Greene's novels to Russia.

Despite this article, the official Press agency, Tass, refused tonight to transmit an official picture of Philby to London for a Western news agency because the caption described Philby as a "spy."

A Tass spokesman said "the West has spies but we don't charge the caption."

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The Daily Telegraph
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Philby talks of other double agents

From KYRIL TIDMARSH

Moscow, Dec. 18

Comrade Kim Philby, as *Izvestia* described him tonight, claimed in an interview with the Soviet Government newspaper that he knows of a growing number of people in the western intelligence services who have "devoted themselves to the cause of international solidarity of workers" in the same way as he has.

Introducing him to the Soviet people, *Izvestia* confirmed that Mr. Philby had been responsible for performing "the Centre", as he called his Moscow security service controller, about an Anglo-American attempt to overthrow communism in Albania by means of guerrilla-fomented uprisings. The escapade was a disaster, believed to have cost 150 lives, because, as *Izvestia* put it, there was a staff member of Soviet intelligence in the person of Mr. Philby facing Mr. Alan Dulles, the Central Intelligence Agency director during the meeting where it was planned.

Mr. Philby's autobiography, outlined to his Russian interviewer, follows closely the life history

ЗДРАВСТВУЙТЕ, ТОВАРИЩ ФИЛБИ

Филипп ДЗЕРЖИНСКИЙ

"Hello, Comrade Philby", says the headline under which an *Izvestia* interview appeared.

assembled by the western press. He said that while at Cambridge during the depression he made trips to Germany and Austria for summer holidays, and these proved to be decisive in his career.

When Austria was flooded with the blood of workers, he said, "I understood on what side of the barricade my place was. I felt ceaselessly that my ideals and convictions, my sympathies and will, were on the side of those struggling for a better future for mankind. The heroic Russian people, building a new world, were the personification of these ideas."

After searching "agonisingly" for ways of being useful to communism, "the great movement of our time", Mr. Philby said he found the way by joining the Soviet intelligence service. "I thought at that time, and still

think, that in this work I served my own British people."

Asked if he were happy, Mr. Philby answered: "The greater part of my life is behind me and, looking back over the years, I believed I have not lived them in vain. Yes, I am happy."

"I want to repeat for myself the words of Felix Dzerzhinsky, that knight of the revolution and great humanist: 'If I could live my life again I would begin it the way I did.'" [Dzerzhinsky was the founder of the Cheka, the Soviet security service, today known as the K.G.B.]

Mr. Philby said that he had just completed his memoirs. "Within the framework of what is possible and reasonable", he said, he had cast light on certain moments of his life from the point of view of an intelligence officer. It is not

entirely clear what he was hinting at when he added that "the pages of the book have a direct relevance to certain circles in a number of western countries."

His meaning is probably that they will discredit western security organizations, or sow discord between them. This appears to be his purpose in saying of his Washington job as liaison officer between the British security service and the C.I.A. that "I was faced with the very delicate task of defending the British security service from the C.I.A., which was constantly displaying the clear intention of swallowing up its ally."

In the course of his narrative Mr. Philby states that Graham Greene, the novelist, and Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond, had worked for British intelligence in the post-war period.

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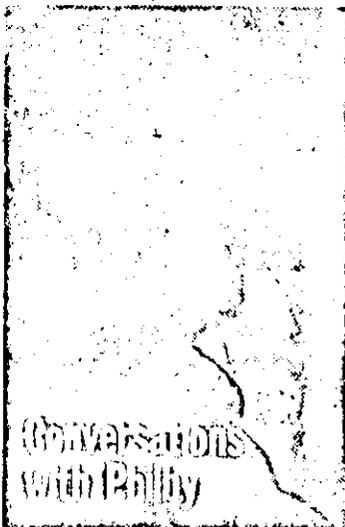
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THE SUN

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CONVERSATIONS with Philby

'I'll swap my book for the Krogers'

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

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

Danger over Wilson as arms clash sharpens

By James Macgibbon, London Correspondent

THE IRON CURTAIN is facing a crisis of confidence over his leadership, following his handling of the explosive issue of arms for South Africa, both within the Cabinet and in the Leader ranks of Labour MPs, which threatens the unity and stability of his Government.

Mr Wilson is clearly in his most vulnerable and dangerous position since he became Prime Minister. For the first time his personal policies and leadership have been obstructed by his Cabinet.

Instead of getting a quick and unequivocal rejection of the South African Government's overtures to buy naval arms and equipment—as Labour MPs had been led to expect from his statement in the House last Thursday, and his private remarks at a party meeting the night before—Mr Wilson has had to accept his colleagues' pressure to delay a decision another month or six weeks.

This means the question will be looked at as part of the overall decision in cuts in the Government's defence, public and social spending. It also means that Mr Wilson's room for manoeuvre in reconstructing his Cabinet is suddenly severely limited. Because Mr George Brown

has had no previous record that the Foreign Office was the only one to take a last-ditch stand in favour of an arms deal.

Mr Brown regarded an attempt by Mr Wilson to put him in the stocks as a serious threat. He seemed that the Minister's rush to a Cabinet decision on the arms deal was really an attempt to force him to leave the country and to force the resignation of the Left-wing members of the Cabinet.

This version of the position puzzles the United Nations and the Apartheid groups, who interviewed Mr Wilson earlier. They had expected that he could not have imposed an arms embargo without provoking a major crisis in the Commonwealth. While he preserved his composure, his cabinet was under pressure to support arms embargo subject to international law, and it could never be used to support apartheid.

It is a mistake to assume, to the majority of Cabinet members, that they are in favour of an arms embargo.

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The secret passion of Kim Philby: making mustard pickles

IF YOU really want to know what Kim Philby is doing in Moscow, I can tell you: he's making jam and pickles.

Until now, the full story of Philby's gastronomic successes while he was spying for Russia have eluded Britain's counter-espionage agents.

But I can now reveal all about Philby the master cook. For thirty years he was so busy in the kitchen it was a wonder he ever found the time to do any spying.

Some of Philby's most secret and most successful formulae— or recipes as they are known—will be published in the forthcoming Hamish Hamilton book on Philby by his ex-wife, Eleanor, and Patrick Seale.

Philby did nearly all the cooking at home and he rarely wrote to Eleanor without enclosing a recipe of his own.

Dish

The letters are being published along with the personal details of his life.

Like most husbands who do the cooking, Philby had no modest illusions about his Cordon Bleu rating.

In one letter that he wrote to Eleanor from

Moscow, he said: "I cooked a really splendid dinner for the Macleans last night and came in for a lot of compliments."

The dish he cooked them was one he invented himself—Crab au Gratin. As you can see, spies don't go hungry in Moscow.

"Flour two finely-chopped onions and ditto green peppers, and cook them in a ablespoonful of olive oil. When thoroughly cooked, add the crabmeat from three cans and mix thoroughly.

"Add a jigger or two of brandy, and cover with grated cheese. Put skillet on the top layer of a hot oven and cook for another fifteen minutes. By then the cheese should be nicely browned and the dish finished."

Ha. ha. I hear you say

An elaborate code for a secret rocket fuel.

Well, let me tell you now that the other night I had a girl friend run it up for me while I watched telly and, rocket fuel or not, it was delicious.

well, now spends much of his time in Russia making jams and pickles.

Good

Philby wasn't much good at omelettes, though.

Before Eleanor flew from New York to join him in Moscow, Philby wrote to her: "I have promised myself to learn how to make a decent omelette before you come back—something I've never been able to do yet."

"It can't be all that difficult..."

Philby, says author Seale who knew him

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