NEW YORK TIMES
30 DEC 1976
Approved For Release 2005/12/14 : CIA-RDP91-00901R000600300003-9

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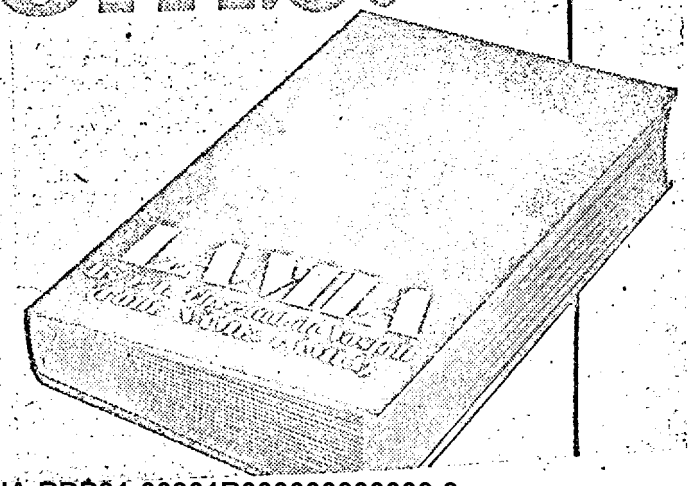
"A chronicle of modern espionage that carries a live bomb."*



Approved For Release 2005/12/14 : CIA-RDP91-00901R000600300003-9

continued

BOSTON, MASS.
HERALD TRAVELER

M - 216,305
S - 298,557
OCT 26 1970

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STAT

P. Albert Duhamel

Strange Kind Of History

If "Lamia" turned out to be another alias for Spy-Who-Came-in-out-of-the-Cold author John la Carre, it would be a lot easier to accept than as advertised, the code name for De Gaulle's chief of intelligence in Washington. If half of what "Lamia" has written in a book published earlier this month with that title (344 pp. Little, Brown $6.95) is true, then Henry Ford was right — "History is bunk."

The other half of "Lamia" can be dismissed as the vaporings of an intelligence-for-hire who was outsmarted by his employes and who is trying to get his own back.

"Lamia" became involved in intelligence work way back in 1943 when his knowledge of the country round and about the small town of Romorantin in the center of France enabled him to smuggle many people — especially Jews — across the Cher River from German-administered France into so-called free, Vichy-administered France. Caught up by the police on a trip to Paris when he was acting as a courier for British intelligence, he was forced to flee to North Africa by way of Spain and Portugal.

UP TO THIS point the history of "Lamia" is understated, a believable account of how the French underground developed under German occupation. A man here with special knowledge, another there irritated by the "Boche," got together and began taking concerted action cutting wires, blowing bridges and derailing trains. To this point history is intelligible as the sacrifice of determined men to keep their liberties.

Once "Lamia" was in North Africa and assigned to work for the Free French, he began handling secret documents which convinced him that De Gaulle was less interested in assuring those liberties for all Frenchmen than in out-maneuvering his competitor, General Giraud. At this point "Lamia's" view of history becomes a view of history as conspiracy. From now on the book reads like a clinical study in the psychic abnormalities of generals — mad, all mad. When Gen. De Lattre de Tassigny visited Washington in 1951 he was more preoccupied with getting five stars on his license plate than anything else. When, after 24 hours of bickering and the General could think of nothing else, he got his five stars. He was tearfully grateful. Vanity of vanity, all is vanity.

As I read "Lamia," the author was in on all the great decisions in the history of the world — not the East or the West, but the world — from 1943 until 1963. These involved Indochina when the United States was supporting the Vietminh led by Ho Chi Minh and was misled into ch[illegible] ing sides; Cuba, when he supplied reports to the CIA; Washington during the 1950's when he supplied Allen Dulles and Gen. Walter Bedell Smith with proof of how the Soviets had infiltrated the French government at the highest level.

TAKE ANY significant event in recent history from the trials in Warsaw of the French consul Robineau to the doings of the Red Hand who supported nationalists in Algiers and "Lamia" has the story behind the story. History for him has no continuity. History is the result of conspiracies.

The trouble with this view of history is that it is irrefutable, insidious. Who can attack this mountain of allegations and cut it down to a molehill. There are more insinuations — let alone outright accusations — here than a historian could review in a lifetime.

"Lamia" blew his cover on Oct. 18, 1963, when he walked out of the French embassy in Washington and headed for Mexico where he asked for political asylum under his real name P.L. Thyraud de Vosjoli. He stayed there for a year until he could apply for a visa to return to the United States as a visitor where he now lives as a political refugee.

If he were writing as a thriller writer, as an alias le Carre, there would be no problem. Writing as a serious, reliable witness to events of the last 20 years, he challenges the integrity of all the great participants, De Gaulle preeminently, and the view most of us have of history. For most of us history is the record of heroism; for him it is the blotter of vanities.

(P. Albert Duhamel is Herald Traveler literary editor.)

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CINCINNATI, OHIO
ENQUIRER

M - 190,169
S - 302,042
APR 1 01969

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Intelligence officer reflects

INTELLIGENCE AT THE TOP, by Major General Sir Kenneth Strong, Doubleday, $6.95.

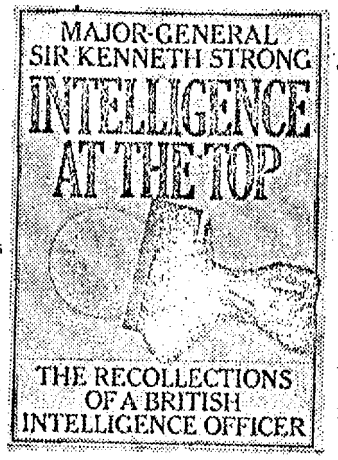
Perhaps the worst time for a man to embark on a career in the military is during a time when there are no wars. This is exactly when the author of this book began his career.

Sir Kenneth Strong first used his abilities as an intelligence officer in Ireland during the "troubles." He didn't think his work there was very distinguished because it consisted of doing nothing more than giving a few bob to an informer now and then. His superiors must have thought differently because he was later sent to Berlin where he was to acquire invaluable information for use by the Allies during the coming war.

Sir Kenneth was attached to General Eisenhower's staff in North Africa and followed the General to Europe as intelligence head of SHAEF. Working closely with Bedell Smith, later head of the CIA, Strong helped arrange the Italian surrender. Later he held key positions in setting up the dual surrenders of the German military.

On of the marks of a career officer is tact, and this is one of the most tactful books I have ever read. Although there is ample precedent for doing so, Strong carefully refrains from criticising any of the generals who operated under Eisenhower's command.

What the author does point out is that a war fought by an alliance of powers is entirely different from one fought by a single state. The amount of bickering and political maneuvering among the Western Allies is almost unbelievable. The German leaders were aware of this infighting and made eleventh hour attempts to intensify political differences among the allies in order to secure better peace terms. Their attempts were unsuccessful because Eisenhower felt his latitude of negotiation to be sharply



delineated by the Potsdam and Yalta agreements.

A number of interesting bits of information have come to light in this book. One of them is that Admiral Canaris, chief of the Abwehr, was opposed to Hitler's plan for conquest. As a result he was the most important source of information for England during the early days of the war. Another is that there was apparently a split between Eisenhower and the quick tempered Bedell Smith, after the former was elected President.

Smith seemed to hold Strong in high esteem and at one time offered him a position in the CIA. Smith refused because he did not wish to give up his British citizenship, although he might have felt that Anglo-American relations were not yet good enough to allow an Englishman to work in an American intelligence position.

The book is extremely well written, well illustrated, and possesses an extremely well constructed index. Sir Kenneth has gone to much effort to substantiate everything he has written about in order to forestall any charges of irresponsible writing. The book is like the man — cautious. Nonetheless, it's worth reading.

Mark Schulzinger

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NEWSWEEK
FEB 10 1969

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ESPIONAGE:

A Spy Goes to Heaven

He was the spy who came in from the Establishment—a witty, tweedy, donnish sort who fairly doted on James Bond but would have looked silly in a trench coat. Allen Welsh Dulles was a middle-aged international lawyer, well-heeled and well-wired, when he and the espionage business discovered in 1942 that they were made for each other. Walter Mitty couldn't have dreamed it better. Dulles ran a brilliantly successful spy network under Hitler's nose during World War II, later—as a planner and then director of the CIA—built a vast peacetime espionage apparatus for a nation that had hitherto shown neither the taste nor the gift for this kind of enterprise. "Your successes are unheralded, your failures trumpeted," John F. Kennedy once told him. But, when he died of the flu complicated by pneumonia last week in Washington, Allen Dulles left behind a reputation as probably the best American intelligence chief of his generation.

He was born 75 years ago into one of those families that seem marked for public service, if not precisely for spying. His father was a Presbyterian minister, an influence that showed less on Allen than on his austere big brother John Foster, and there were two Secretaries of State and an ambassador to the Court of St. James's in the family. Allen, bright and implacably jolly, followed Foster through Princeton and the Foreign Service (including a tour in Woodrow Wilson's peacemaking mission to Versailles), then into law practice in New York. He took occasional government errands, but not till his pal the late William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, head of the World War II Office of Strategic Services, offered him a job after Pearl Harbor did Dulles discover his thing.

Craft: His thing, of course, was what he later called the craft of intelligence, and he plied it masterfully well. Operating out of a fifteenth-century house overlooking the Aar in Bern, Switzerland, Dulles mobilized a network of operatives, maquisards and miscellaneous contacts reaching into the German Command. One informant, a well-placed anti-Nazi, filtered 2,000 top-secret Foreign Office documents on microfilm from Berlin to Bern. Another contact, high in Hitler's *Abwehr*, tipped him on the 1944 assassination plot against the Führer. Dulles's sources put him onto the German V-2 rocket experiments at Peenemünde as early as 1943, and subsequent Allied air raids set back the program by at least six precious months. His biggest coup of all came when, after months of painstaking negotiations with high-level Gestapo and German Army contacts, Dulles brought off the surrender of 1 million German troops in northern Italy almost a week before the Third Reich itself collapsed in 1945.

Dulles returned briefly to private practice but soon found himself helping Harry Truman organize the CIA out of the remnants of the OSS in 1947, later returning to Washington to consult with the then director, Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, for six weeks on a project. Six weeks turned into eleven years. Dulles was named deputy director in 1950, director with the advent of the Eisenhower Administration in 1953—an appointment that put him in tandem with brother Foster, Ike's Secretary of State, and gave them extraordinary power over U.S. policy during the frigid worst of the cold war.

"Keep out of politics," Dulles always said, but the fine line between an intelligence estimate and a policy paper was not always easy to draw. Dulles's CIA pulled off some spectacularly successful operations, among them the fall of Iran's anti-American Mossadegh government in 1953, the 1954 anti-Communist coup in Guatemala and a world scoop on Nikita Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech to the Twentieth Soviet Communist Party Congress in 1956. A possibly apocryphal tale has it that Dulles sold Eisenhower on the U-2 spy plane by showing him photos of the Augusta National Golf Course shot from 70,000 feet up—yet so detailed that Ike could spot a golf ball on a green. The U-2, in any event, was Dulles's baby, and, until Francis Gary Powers's spy plane was brought down in 1960 by a Soviet missile heard around the world, the operation was one of the most lavishly profitable in all espionage history.

Torpedo: Yet Americans have always been squeamish about clandestine operations—a fact of life that doubled the protestations and pain when the CIA's operations were caught out. The U-2 adventure is recalled less for its successes than for the fact that it gave Khrushchev a chance to torpedo an impending summit conference. John Kennedy, who reappointed Dulles and J. Edgar Hoover in his first official act, ultimately soured on the CIA chief for touting the disastrous Bay of Pigs assault on Cuba. "Dulles is a legendary figure, and it's hard to operate with legendary figures," JFK said at the time, and soon he told Dulles himself, "Under the British system I would have to go—but under our system, I'm afraid it's got to be you." It was.

Even in retirement, Dulles continued the family tradition of service: he sat on the Warren commission and he made a reconnaissance tour of racially tense Mississippi for Lyndon Johnson in 1964. But mostly he worked on his memoirs, anthologized spy tales and savored his memories. Ilya Ehrenburg, Stalin's favorite propagandist, once wrote of Dulles that, if he should somehow get to heaven "through somebody's absent-mindedness, he would begin to blow up the clouds, mine the stars and slaughter the angels." Dulles presumably was flattered—and, though none of his colleagues believed that he would raise hell in heaven, none doubted that he would at least have a good line on the other side.

Dulles: A Mitty dream come true

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PHOENIX, ARIZ.
REPUBLIC

M - 155,995
S - 231,269
FEB 8 1959

STAT

Security Risk

When ex-State Department official John Paton Davies Jr. recently had his security clearance restored, after it had been lifted for 15 years, the reflexive Left immediately sprang into action.

The New York Times said that before Davies's security clearance was withdrawn, he "went through nine security hearings, none of which turned up any information that he was disloyal or had any Communist sympathies." And of course it blamed the entire flap on "McCarthyism."

Newsweek did also, and it, too, talked about the nine investigations and the failure to prove disloyalty. But it refrained from adding the part about failure to turn up Communist sympathies on Davies's part.

Small wonder. For Davies did exhibit Communist sympathies. If he was not in fact a Communist, as Ambassador Patrick Hurley charged, he was unquestionably sympathetic to Mao Tse-tung and the entire Chinese Communist movement. As China expert Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer said about Davies, John Stewart Service, Raymond Ludden, and John Emmerson (the Red China lobbyists in the U.S. State Department), "Their sympathy for the Chinese Communists is obvious in their reports and in their recommendations that we back the Communists instead of the National government."

GRANTED, THIS DOES NOT prove that Davies was a Communist. Nor can it be proved that he was a Communist merely because of the six people he most highly recommended for employment and use in guiding U.S. policy toward China, four had close Communist connections and one had been exposed by November 1949 (the time of Davies's recommendations) as a Communist agent. (One of the six was Anna Louise Strong, the longtime Communist who today resides in Red China and is an apologist for Mao's fanatical regime.)

But it is disingenuous for the Times and Newsweek to say that no one ever proved that Davies was not disloyal. His loyalty was never in question, and therefore had nothing to do with the removal of his security clearance.

DAVIES'S CLEARANCE was lifted by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, not because he was a loyalty case, but because he was a security risk — a distinction very clearly made by Gen. Bedell Smith, former head of the CIA, who testified before the State Department's Loyalty Review Board in the Davies case.

Dulles was aware that four Democratic and three Republican senators on the Internal Security subcommittee charged that Davies "testified falsely before the subcommittee in denying that he recommended that the CIA employ, utilize, and rely upon certain individuals having Communist associations and connections."

The subcommittee recommended that Davies's false testimony be turned over to a grand jury. Instead, partly because Dulles knew how loudly the Times and the liberal media would scream "witchhunt," he decided to lift Davies's security clearance — a prudent enough step, in light of Davies's frequent tergiversations while testifying under oath.

"THE MEMBERS of the security hearing board unanimously found that Mr. Davies's lack of judgment, discretion, and reliability raises a reasonable doubt that his continued employment in the Foreign Service of the U.S. is clearly consistent with the interests of national security," Dulles said. "This is a conclusion which I am also compelled to reach as a result of my review of the case. . . .

"One of the facts of the record is the unanimous conclusion of the members of the security hearing board that the personal demeanor of Mr. Davies as a witness before them, when he testified on his own behalf and was subject to examination, did not inspire confidence in his reliability and he was frequently less than forthright in his response to questions."

It well may be that it was proper finally to restore Mr. Davies's security clearance. But that cannot be regarded as vindication (as Newsweek claimed) for his judgment. Nor does it mean that Secretary Dulles was mistaken 15 years ago.

Indeed, under the circumstances, the Eisenhower administration treated Davies far better than he and his cohorts treated the nation they supposedly were serving all the while they were beating the propaganda drums for Red China.

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TIME
FEB 7 1969

ESPIONAGE

The Hearty Professional

To Allen Welsh Dulles, who died at 75 of pneumonia in a Washington hospital last week, the gathering and interpretation of intelligence was vital to American survival in a threatening world. He modestly described his risky, arcane calling as a "craft" but pursued it with an unrelenting enthusiasm and expertise that helped make the Central Intelligence Agency—for all its adverse publicity and serious misjudgments—the world's most efficient espionage organization. British Major-General Sir Kenneth Strong, former head of intelligence for the Supreme Allied Com-

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE

ALLEN DULLES & J.F.K.
Six weeks v. eleven years.

mand in Europe, says of Dulles: "No more acute intellect has served in the profession before or since."

His courtly yet convivial manner evoked the style of an old-fashioned prep-school headmaster, but Dulles was above all the man who professionalized the intelligence service of the U.S. Before him, American espionage had been at best the work of skillful amateurs whom their countrymen sometimes disdained as unsporting. Dulles was fascinated by the romance and daring of his trade. In later years he hugely enjoyed Ian Fleming's James Bond stories, and was delighted when his laboratory—at his prompting—found that one of Bond's fictional weapons, a spring-loaded knife embedded in the heel of a shoe, actually worked.

He was absorbed by the personal element of intelligence gathering. He often told his juniors of the time that "an insignificant little man" approached him, one in authority at the U.S. consulate in Bern, where Dulles was a minor official toward the end of World War I. "I was dressed for tennis," Dulles recalled, "and I had no time for him." The man, it turned out, was Lenin, and the interview that did not take place might have changed history.

Early Surrender. Dulles did change history when he returned to Bern in 1942 as OSS chief in Switzerland. A contact known pseudonymously as George Wood, in the German Foreign Office, sent him more than 2,000 documents from Berlin. Dulles kept in touch with the ring of German officers who tried to assassinate Hitler on July 20, 1944. He learned of the V-1 and V-2 secret-weapons development at the Peenemünde research center in time for Allied bombing raids to set the program back for crucial months.

Dulles' greatest achievement in World War II was the negotiation of an early surrender of German troops in Italy, which he arranged through a secret meeting with the SS commanding general in a Swiss villa. That act doubtless saved thousands of American lives. It also infuriated Stalin, who did not relish the prospect of a unilateral U.S. settlement with the Germans.

Dulles had a major role in writing the 1947 law that set up the CIA, and in 1950, its director, Walter Bedell Smith, asked him to come to Washington to talk over revisions in the agency's structure. "I went to Washington intending to stay six weeks," Dulles remembered. "I remained with the CIA for eleven years." He became a deputy director in 1951, CIA boss two years later.

Differing Brothers. During most of the Eisenhower years, Allen and John Foster, his elder brother and the Secretary of State, played a predominant role in national security affairs. Presbyterians both, the two were very different in temperament and style. Foster, who died in 1959, was a stiff, ascetic intellectual. Pipe-puffing Allen was a charming extrovert whose laugh would rock a room. To Foster, the more ideological of the two, Communism was a morally repugnant philosophy; to Allen, more practical, the Soviet Union was a powerful political and military enemy.

When it seemed that political advantage could be gained, Dulles sometimes risked operations that he supervised with cheerful confidence. In 1953, the CIA helped to depose Iran's leftist Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, making way for the return of pro-Western Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi from exile in Rome. The next year, when the regime of Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán seemed increasingly pro-Communist, the CIA stage-managed a civil war that ended in Arbenz's overthrow. CIA agents dug a tunnel from West to East Berlin that succeeded in intercepting Communist communications until it was discovered.

Dulles survived two major disasters during his tenure as director. One was the Russian capture of U-2 Pilot Francis Powers, which enabled Ni-

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victory over the U.S. (since then, a system of spy satellites initiated under Dulles has much surpassed the U-2s). The other was the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion, which led at least indirectly to Dulles' retirement seven months later. Dulles took it all calmly. CIA directors, he said, were "expendable." He wrote: "Obviously you cannot tell of operations that go along well. Those that go badly generally speak for themselves."

The CIA became involved with causes aimed directly at countering Communist propaganda, like Radio Free Europe. There were more intellectual ventures, among them an open $300,000 grant to the M.I.T. Center for International Studies. The agency also helped finance the National Student Association for just over 15 years, until militant N.S.A. leaders denounced the deal in 1967. Dulles said dryly: "We obtained what we wanted." Of the Communists, he said: "We stopped them in certain areas, and the student area was one of them."

At the austere CIA headquarters, a bas-relief plaque with Allen Dulles' likeness bears the inscription: "His Monument Is Around Us." It has been 40 years since Secretary of State Henry Stimson disbanded the only U.S. code-breaking operation then in existence with the scornful remark. "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail." Allen Dulles was a gentleman, but he also had a bent for reading other people's mail that was ingenious and invaluable.

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MONTGOMERY, ALA.
ADVERTISER
FEB 1 1969
M - 62,074
S - 80.611

STAT

Allen Dulles, An Honorable Spy

ALLEN W. DULLES, who died recently at age 75, looked like a happy college professer. He had all of the affectations of the absent-minded campus intellectual—high forehead, baggy tweeds, rimless glasses and the everpresent pipe.

This facade hid the real Allen Dulles, who was a master spy and eager intriguer. He followed his grandfather and uncle, both of whom had been Secretary of State, as his brother, John Foster, was later to become, into the diplomatic service. But his first assignment was in intelligence, setting his life's pattern.

Dulles resigned from the diplomatic corps in the 1930s over a salary dispute — he was paid an amount equal to his boss' salary. He spent several years with a prestigious New York law firm, working primarily with the firm's German clients, the Thyssen steel trust and the Farben chemical trust. When the U.S. entered World War II, Dulles set up the Office of Strategic Services undercover operation in Switzerland, tapping his German connections for secret information.

In Switzerland, Dulles perfected the habit of silence and the art of drawing others out:

"I have always tried to have important meetings around a fireplace. There is some subtle influence in a wood fire that makes people feel at ease and less inhibited in their conversation; and if you are asked a question which you are in no hurry to answer, you can stir up the fire and study the patterns the flames make until you have shaped your answer. If I needed more time to answer, I always had my pipe handy to fill and light."

Perhaps it was during a fireplace session that Dulles negotiated his major accomplishment of World War II, the early surrender of the German armies in Northern Italy.

In 1950, Dulles helped draft the legislation setting up the Central Intelligence Agency. After a short term as deputy director under Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Dulles became head of the CIA and directed it for 10 years. The CIA post gave him full vent for his love of intrigue.

He figured there was a 20 per cent chance of overthrowing the communist government of Arbenz Guzman in Guatemala. In 1954, he sold the idea to President Eisenhower. It took 12 days to seize control of the country from Guzman.

Dulles engineered the coup that sent Iranian Premier Mossadegh packing and restored Shah Pahlevi to the peacock throne. He did not always win his battles, however. Two of his losses were colossal.

The Bay of Pigs fiasco brought ridicule to U.S. intelligence and sowed the seeds of doubt about its efficiency, a condition which lingers almost 10 years later. Dulles didn't like to talk about the Bay of Pigs.

One of Dulles' greatest intelligence achievements backfired, setting off an international political furor. He had the U-2 reconnaissance plane designed and built. U-2 flights at 70,000 feet over the Soviet Union provided the U.S. with vital information about the Soviet missile program. When a U-2 was shot down by the Russians, Premier Khrushchev called off a Paris summit talk with Eisenhower and chilled relations between East and West.

Dulles' accomplishments in the service of his nation far outweighed his relatively few boners. In times when the U.S. has to employ a vast espionage and intelligence apparatus, there are not many men who can do the job as cleanly and honestly as Dulles. He was a gentleman spy.

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WASHINGTON
VIRGINIA SUN
30 NOV 1968

9

INSIDE WASHINGTON

Democrats Back Chief of CIA

By ROBERT S. ALLEN and JOHN A. GOLDSMITH

WASHINGTON — President-elect Richard M. Nixon is being strongly urged to retain career-man Richard Helms in his present job as head of the ever-controversial Central Intelligence Agency.

Helms, appointed by President Johnson in 1966, has been with CIA since the big spy agency was established in 1947. His retention would go far towards nailing down a precedent for non-political, career directors of Central Intelligence.

Some of the keep Helms sentiment is being relayed to Nixon by Democratic lawmakers. They are stressing the desirability of career continuity in CIA. They contend that the top CIA job has never been treated as a patronage plum.

They are right that, by accident or by design, no President has ever made a purely partisan appointment of a CIA director. Three of the six CIA heads to date have, in fact, been military men, insulated by their profession from partisan politics.

An all but forgotten Naval officer, Rear Adm. Roscoe Hillenkoetter, was the first director of Central Intelligence. He had been the head of a predecessor intelligence agency and was appointed by President Truman in 1947, when Congress established the new CIA.

President Eisenhower appointed his World War chief of staff, Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, to succeed Hillenkoetter in 1950. In 1953 Eisenhower appointed Allen W. Dulles as the first civilian director of Central Intelligence, succeeding Smith.

At that time Dulles had an extensive intelligence background. He had been active in the study process which led to the creation of a civilian agency to coordinate all the government's intelligence activities. President Kennedy, as one of his first appointments announced that he was retaining Dulles.

In 1961, after the ill-fated Bay of Pigs adventure, Democrat Kennedy named a Republican, John A. McCone, to succeed Dulles. McCone had been under secretary of the Air Force and a member of the Atomic Energy Commission in the Eisenhower Administration.

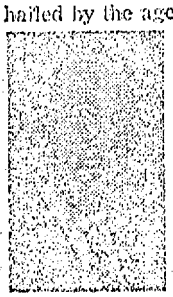
President Johnson named another military man, Adm. William F. Raborn, as McCone's successor in 1965. Helms was named as Raborn's deputy at that time. He was elevated to the top job when Raborn left it a year later.

No mention was made of Helms' politics when he appeared before the Senate Armed Service Committee at the time of his appointment in 1965 and, again, in 1966. His career summary made it clear that he had never held a political job.

A reporter in Europe before World War II, Helms became an intelligence officer during the war. He has been in military and civilian intelligence jobs ever since.

He had been serving as CIA's deputy director for plans under McCone when he was selected for the number two spot with Raborn, who had been the expediter of the highly successful Polaris submarine program and let it be known, at the outset, that he would stay in CIA for only a short period.

The transition from the hard-driving, spade-calling McCone to short-timer Raborn was a difficult one for CIA, and the elevation of one of their own was hailed by the agencys' careerists.



Allen

Goldsmith

The law which created CIA bars appointment of military men requirement has been interpreted as requiring a civilian deputy for an officer director, and vice versa. If President Nixon sets a career precedent by retaining Helms, the intelligence community, as presently constituted, would seem to have no lack of career talent.

Even the CIA critics agree that it has assembled an able group of employes at its nearby Langley, Va. headquarters and in overseas posts around the world. On the military side, there is the billion-dollar Defense Intelligence Agency, which coordinates separate Army, Navy and Air Force intelligence services. In addition, there is the super secret National Security Agency which specializes in codes, cryptography and other electronic intelligence.

Helms' performance as CIA chief and the performance of the agency under his direction is difficult to assess. No government operation in the world is under as steady a drumfire of criticism as CIA, but the agency gets generally high marks from the insiders who are familiar with the intelligence estimates which it produces.

Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford testified earlier this fall that U. S. intelligence operations have improved "substantially" in recent years. He said he accepts and believes the intelligence community's appraisals of Soviet nuclear strength and thinks there is "a higher degree of agreement" in the intelligence community about such national estimates.

Except for an early misunderstanding with Sen. J. William Fulbright, D-Ark., chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Helms has had excellent relations with Congress and the House and Senate committees which ride herd on CIA activities. Generally, Helms has, as he promised in 1966, kept CIA out of foreign policy making.

CIA operations came under fire most recently after the recent invasion of Czechoslovakia by troops from Russia and other nations of the Warsaw pact. Critics contended that CIAs' warnings of such a move were deficient.

Congressional military experts, who looked carefully into those complaints, say CIA correctly charted the pre-invasion moves of the Warsaw pact armies and reported the possibility of a move into Czechoslovakia. Missing was the definite word that the Kremlin had decided to invade, and some knowledgeable authorities doubt whether CIA could be expected to get that tightly-held informa-

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PORTLAND, MAINE
EXPRESS

E - 29,798
OCT 3 1968

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The Conspirator

Philby's Biggest Coup Was CIA Affiliation

By Bruce Page, David Leitch and Philip Knightley

Excerpttd from the book The Philby Conspiracy. Copyright (c) 1968 by Times Newspaper Ltd. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Express Special Report

Early in the summer of 1946 Kim Philby relinquished his London department to take an important new post "in the field." He went to Turkey under diplomatic cover, ostensibly as temporary First Secretary with the British Embassy, stationed in Istanbul and in charge of passport control. His real work, of course, was still spying for the Secret Intelligence Service. The Diplomatic Service, who appeared to be his employers, were in fact only his hosts.

Philby clearly did not lose any rank by going out to Turkey. His subsequent appointment to Washington, if nothing else, proves that. But the nature of his work did change sharply once he went out "into the field." He was then bound to come into working contact with the Soviet espionage networks—and thus be projected into a position where his real work as a Soviet spy was not in any external way distinguishable from his pretense of being a British spy. Whether Philby took the lead in persuading his British superiors to send him to Turkey we do not know. But if he did not do so, he should have, because once he was in the field he was almost impregnable.

IN THIS CONTEXT, the British Government's terse admission, 17 years later, that they knew the truth about Philby's loyalty makes interesting reading. In 1963 Edward Heath said that the British were "now aware" that Philby had "worked for the Soviet authorities before 1946." (Authors' italics.) In other words, the knowledge that Philby had worked for the Soviets after 1946 was not new—he was working for them to the extent that any field agent must do so in order to survive. What was new was that he had been working for them all along.

Istanbul had been an important neutral center in the war against Germany. Now, the East-West confrontation gavt it an even greater importance. It was at the center of a cold war which seemed likely to go hot at the drop of an ultimatum. Turkey has a long border with Soviet Union and another border with Communist Bulgaria. In the 1940s Stalin was loudly claiming a slice of Eastern Turkey plus the right to put Russian bases on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. The Turks, in reply, were clamoring for Western military aid. A civil war was raging in nearby Greece which looked as though it could easily go Communist. Much Communist shipping passes through the Bosphorus, and Istanbul has flourishing communities of Armenians, Georgians, Bulgarians, and Albanians, with direct links to the homeland communities behind the Iron Curtain. A better place to make contact with spies would be hard to find.

The Turks, of course, knew fairly soon that Philby was an SIS man. Indeed, a man on the Istanbul newspaper Cumhuriyet once asked Philby if he would be interviewed for a feature-aritcle on "The Spies of Istanbul." Kim discreetly refused. All that the Turkish security men noted was that Philby used to have meetings with "students" from Communist Balkan states—but as that was his job, who cared?

In Turkey Philby spent a good deal of time traveling around the Lake Van district close to the Soviet border. He kept an odd souvenir of the period which in later years he displayed in his apartment in Beirut: a large photograph of Mount Ararat which stands on the Turkish-Soviet border. Most people who recognized the double-humped shape of the mountain would puzzle over the picture, much to Philby's amusement. Some of the more technically-minded would believe that they had solved the puzzle: the print had been made with the negative reversed; the little hump was on the left instead of on the right. This would amuse Philby even more and he would point out that the little hump was only on the left when the mountain was viewed from the Turkish side. The view from the Russian side was, like the photograph, the other way around.

THE PICTURE seems to have been an apt symbol of Philby's enigmatic status. Clearly, throughout his Turkish period, he was closely in touch with the Soviet intelligence network and equally clearly his superiors in London knew this. The vital question is how far the superiors had given him permission to venture into this moral twilight. The authors have had confirmation that Philby had been given permission to play the full double game with the Russians—to pretend to them that he was a British agent willing to work for them: which, unknown to London, was exactly what he was. This is the only way to explain the passionate defense of Philby by his colleagues of the SIS when the security officers of MI 5 were convinced that he was a traitor. It was to be some time yet before things did go wrong for Philby but when the day came the SIS stood by him with an extraordinary, apparently inexplicable determination.

In the meantime his star was still high and his biggest coup was still to come: in 1949 he was sent to Washington, with the rank of First Secretary, to be the SIS liaison man with the fledgling Central Intelligence Agency. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this posting. The Central Intelligence Agency had been set up in 1947 and although beginning to feel its strength still tended to regard the SIS with some awe. Between the two existed what CIA officers describe as "a very special relationship," and with it, "an amazingly free exchange of information" took place. Philby was right in the heart of this. His contacts ranged from the director, a tough ex-Army man, General Bedell Smith, down through the ranks. He was privy to CIA planning; he told the CIA what the SIS was doing; he was often briefed by Bedell Smith himself on top policy and, above all, he knew what the CIA knew about Soviet operations.

This, by itself, would have more than satisfied Philby's Russian controller, but he was able to improve on it. Like most agencies of its type the CIA is compartmentalized as a protection against penetration—no one department knows the whole story. But an agent is prey to a normal man's need to talk to someone about his job and the only person he can talk safely to is another agent. In the CIA that other agent was often Philby. Because he was cleared to speak with Bedell Smith, Philby was cleared right through every department and merely by drinking around he could have learned more about the agency and its operations than any man except the director and perhaps one or two of his assistants. A high-ranking CIA officer, now retired, told us; "How much did Philby know? The sky was the limit. He would have known as much as he wanted to find out."

This explains the reason for the silence that has surrounded Philby's period with the CIA. If an intelligence agency has one or two men whose careers are going well, and these men—through no fault of their own—are "blown," the agency immediately retires them. This may appear ruthless but is obviously essential. What happens—as it did with the CIA and Philby—when the entire agency is "blown?" There is no choice but to cover up, reorganize, and keep going. When the extent of Philby's treachery was finally realized the CIA had no choice (short of disbanding the whole organization) but to smile bravely and carry on.

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SAN DIEGO, CAL.
UNION
SEP 8 1968
M - 131,091
S - 237,289

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Three Served Their Country Badly

STAT

THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY, By Bruce Page, David Leitch and Philip Knightley, with an introduction by John le Carre (Doubleday and Co.: 300 pages, $5.95).

This frightening book, the work of three British journalists, is an account of two comparatively minor traitors, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, and that major spy, Soviet agent, and master of treachery, Kim Philby.

Recruited while students at Cambridge (Trinity College for Philby and Burgess, King's for Maclean) these three devoted their lives, while ostensibly serving their country, to betraying its most vital secrets to their Russian masters.

And, due to the close relationship existing at the time between the British and ourselves, particularly that between the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) and our fledgling Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), they also made off with our most important secrets.

For at least 30 years prior to 1963, when Philby finally "went home" to Moscow, neither flagrant homosexuality nor spectacular drunkenness nor a known Communist background was any bar to employment in the most sensitive positions in the British government. Such people also enjoyed social acceptance in diplomatic circles and access to the most secret information to be found in Washington, D.C.

Even when the simultaneous defections to Russia of Burgess and Maclean pointed the finger of suspicion inescapably at Philby, his SIS colleagues hotly declared it inconceivable that he could be guilty of anything, and effectively blocked any real investigation of his activities.

A year after the defections which first placed him under suspicion, he was given a secret "trial" of which John le Carre says in his introduction: "(He) was incompetently tried in private and incompetently exonerated in public. (He) held out, with astonishing gall, against what seemed to be a foregone conclusion. (He) knew the great weakness of the Establishment: 'This Club does not elect traitors; therefore Kim is not a traitor.' "

Philby continued, it appears, on the SIS payroll for 12 more years before the decision was taken to frighten him into defecting to Moscow; a public trial would have been "politically undesirable."

Burgess was a minor-league operator and a psychological misfit. Maclean was a successful spy of the nuts-and-bolts variety, able to pass huge quantities of valuable and hard-to-get facts across to the Soviets.

But Philby was the really big operator. The authors tell us: "In 1949 he was sent to Washington, with the rank of first secretary, to be the SIS liaison man with the fledgling Central Intelligence Agency. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this posting . . .

"His contacts ranged from the director . . . , Gen. Bedell Smith, down through the ranks. He was privy to CIA planning. He told the CIA what the SIS was doing. He was often briefed by Bedell Smith himself on top policy, and above all, he knew what the CIA knew about Soviet operations."

The scope of Philby's betrayal can be only guessed at; the damage he caused will things about the interwoven scandal of the Philby-Burgess-Maclean affair is that it illustrates, in almost parable form, so many of the curable weaknesses of our society . . . (It) tells us a good deal about the role of privilege in our society, and the degree to which irrelevant insignia of social and economic status can be fatally mistaken for evidence of political acceptability.

"It also gives us an idea of how much our bureaucracy is prepared to hide: The White Paper on Burgess and Maclean, and the tightly circumscribed official accounts of the role Kim Philby played in British affairs, are classic warnings to those who are tempted to believe the official

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Saturday Review
24 August 1968

Real-Life James Bond

My Silent War, by Kim Philby (Grove. 262 pp. $5.95), Kim Philby: The Spy I Married, by Eleanor Philby (Ballantine. 174 pp. Paperback, 75¢), The Third Man, by E. H. Cookridge (Putnam. 281 pp. $5.95), and The Philby Conspiracy, by Bruce Page, David Leitch, and Phillip Knightley (Doubleday. 300 pp. $5.95), concern three British diplomats who fled to Russia—double-agent Kim Philby and his co-defectors, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. K. S. Giniger, a New York book publisher, served as a United States Intelligence officer during World War II and the Korean War.

By K. S. GINIGER

TODAY IN 1968 IT MAY BE somewhat difficult to recall that back in 1951 the war Americans—and Britons, too—were fighting was taking place in Korea, and that the name Senator McCarthy referred to Joseph R. McCarthy (1908-57). In the spirit of those times the disappearance of two British diplomats who had intimate knowledge of American secrets (and a rumored homosexual relationship as well) created quite a stir. A not-so-innocent victim of this stir was another British diplomat, who had been at Cambridge with Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, and whose career in the British intelligence services had already marked him for possibly its top post. This third man was named Kim Philby.

As a result of the Maclean-Burgess defection, United States Central Intelligence Director General Walter Bedell Smith threatened to break off relations with the British intelligence services unless Philby, then occupying the key British intelligence post in Washington, was recalled. Recalled he was, but handled with great care in Whitehall; even questions in Parliament, asking that the British government name the "third man" suspected of warning Burgess and Maclean that they were under suspicion, remained unanswered. Philby was given what the British call "the golden handshake"—generous separation pay—and helped to find another job as a journalist in Beirut.

What is known about his activities in Lebanon is mostly confined to his seduction of the wife of another journalist and their eventual marriage. In January 1963 he disappeared, and rumors about his work as a Soviet agent began to be published. The USSR announced in July of that year that Kim Philby had been granted political asylum.

The best and most readable account of Philby's activities—by Edward R. F. Sheehan—was published in *The Saturday Evening Post* in February 1964. The present crop of books about Philby derives from the deliberate Soviet effort in recent years to glamorize the work of secret agents, an endeavor that began with the issuing of a postage stamp carrying the image of Richard Sorge, the successful World War II Soviet agent in Japan. Philby was made available in Moscow, and the outside world learned, among other things, that he had shed the American wife he had acquired in Lebanon for the American wife of his great and good friend Maclean, and that he was writing a book to correct all the articles and other books which had been written about him.

That book is one of the four considered here. An apologia dedicated "to the comrades who showed me the way to service," *My Silent War* adds scant real information to the story and is distinguished principally by technical discussion of intelligence techniques of primary interest to those with more than an amateur's knowledge of such matters.

So much for "his" book. "Her" book, although the story of a woman betrayed, tells scarcely more than is indicated by such chapter titles as "The Other Woman" and "I Lose Kim," in that order. Published as a paperback and featured in a leading women's magazine, *The Spy I Married* does not quite manage to be either an espionage story or a tearjerker.

As a publishing operation, at least, *The Third Man* is more interesting. Issued here originally as a paperback, the furor in the English newspapers last fall about the Philby case apparently merited transformation of the book into this hardbound format. The author, E. H. Cookridge, is a professional journalist who, according to the jacket blurb, has known Philby over a period of thirty-three years. But, leaning heavily on the Sheehan article, he adds little to the record.

Of the four books, *The Philby Conspiracy* is the only one that can be recommended. A product of group journalism for *The Sunday Times* of London, the work by Page, Leitch, and Knightley (what a name for a Wall Street law firm!) is consistently exciting and reports as much of the story as is publicly known at this time. Even more to the point, the introduction by espionage novelist John Le Carré lends real meaningfulness to the entire exercise by raising two important questions.

The first is whether the "old boy" network in England makes it quite easy for men who have been to the "right" schools to betray their country, if they wish to do so, and enjoy the protection of otherwise honest colleagues who cannot believe that men of their own kind can be traitors. This is not solely a British problem. Not long ago, the son-in-law of a distinguished American governor serving as New York City's Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, pleaded guilty to a serious crime. No one had really bothered to check his credentials.

The second question concerns a mysterious fourth man. At Cambridge University in the 1930s someone unkown recruited three promising young men, Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, and Donald Maclean, as Soviet agents. Their activities, carried on for more than twenty years, have cost their country—and ours—much. Who was this man? Whom else did he recruit? And is he still at work?

Neither Philby's own book nor the other three give us any answers.

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NEW YORK TIMES
May 31, 1968

Anatomy of a traitor

STAT

Two views of Kim Philby, the century's most audacious spy

By JOHN QUINN

HAROLD (KIM) PHILBY very nearly bungled his first assignment as a spy for the Soviet Union, and very nearly lost his life in consequence.

It was in Spain during the Civil War, and Franco's police were not as thorough as they should have been, perhaps, with the young English journalist. In any event, Philby lucked through and went on to become an audacious and highly successful Soviet agent and one of history's more remorseless traitors.

Philby recounts the episode in his book, "My Silent War," which he has sent out from his refuge in Moscow and which has been published here by Grove Press.

Not a spark of regret animates his memoirs, which constitute a rather deliberately blurred summary of his 30-year career as the Kemlin's window on British and American intelligence operations. As a devoted—indeed, fanatical—Communist, he tells nothing that would compromise the work of nameless colleagues still on the snoop.

We must look elsewhere to learn about the staggering extent of Philby's treachery, the flaccid self-assurance that permitted it to flourish and the bitter consequences that it produced.

A good place to start would be in another book, "The Philby Conspiracy" (Doubleday), a meticulously detailed account by three British newspapermen—Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley—of the reason why.

It is not a pretty story, but it is a salutary and necessary one.

It is good to see that it is the work of English hands, for a society that can indict itself can still reclaim itself. And make no mistake about it, English society is indicted, thoroughly and soberly, for criminal folly and indolent corruption that smoothed the way for Philby and his comrades in treason, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean.

In sum, it did not matter that Burgess was a raging homosexual and violent drunkard. Or that Maclean had gaping character defects. Or that Philby's early Communist connections were a matter of record easily obtained by anyone capable of picking up a telephone.

No, they were of good families and had gone to the right schools and university (all were at Cambridge). Hence they simply could not be traitors.

Maclean, therefore, entered the diplomatic corps and became the principal conduit through which so much dearly earned atomic data was funneled freely to the Soviet Union from sources such as Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

Philby, therefore, could become head of England's counterintelligence effort against the Soviet Union without even undergoing a routine check on his reliability. As a result, from 1944 until the flight of Burgess and Maclean behind the Iron Curtain in 1951, every single Western attempt to gather anti-Communist intelligence or subvert Communist aims was known to the Russians well in advance. There is much blood on Philby's hands.

His duplicity—first asserted in this newspaper, by our London correspondent, Henry Maule—became virtually certain in 1963, when the truly unforgivable folly was committed. Philby was allowed to get away.

WHY? Page, Leitch and Knightley cannot say. Philby, smugly showing a glimpse of the colossal vanity that doubtless led him into the world of betrayal, suggests that he might have been tipped off, even as he had tipped off Maclean when Maclean's perfidy came to light.

It is not hard to believe. For, as spy-story writer John Le Carre suggests in his introduction to "The Philby Conspiracy," someone recruited Philby for Soviet service. Nobody knows who that someone is, or what he does. But it is quite conceivable that this someone is still active, and that his activity could have been compromised if Philby had been caught and had cracked.

Perhaps we shall never know. For what it's worth, however, we do know now what Philby thinks of the responsible figures in Whitehall and Washington with whom he came in contact.

And some of this makes rather good reading, for Philby is a witty and facile writer. He had nothing but respect and fear for Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, who was chief of the CIA when Philby was first secretary at the British Embassy in Washington and head of the English intelligence apparatus here.

Smith had "a cold fishy eye and a precision-tool brain," Philby writes about the investigation that followed the defection of Burgess and Maclean, and "I had an uneasy feeling that he would be apt to think that two and two made four rather than five."

Allen Dulles, a subsequent boss of the CIA, he considered "bumbling" and "easy to get around." He wonders why President Kennedy took Dulles' advice on the Bay of Pigs invasion. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, he writes, has "a bubble reputation." "Hoover did not catch Burgess or Maclean; he did not catch (another Russian spy Rudolph) Abel for years; he did not even catch me."

Philby rates the CIA as superior to the FBI—in social graces at any rate. The G-men he dismisses as stolid, country-bumpkin types, gruff of speech and insensitive to the nuances of wine selection. The CIA boys, on the other hand, at least knew that Burgundy is served at room temperature.

Philby says he once asked Hoover what he thought of the spy-catching ability of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy, and that Hoover replied, elliptically: "I often meet Joe at the race track, but he has never given me a winner yet."

So much for the drollery. The fact remains that Philby gave his Soviet masters just about every winner we had in the stable, all safe bets. It is tempting to do *anything* to prevent this happening again.

Perhaps it would be better to say "anything the law allows," for as Le Carre notes, "Philby is the price we pay for being moderately free."

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THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOO
May 9, 1968

The Ideal Husband

The Philby Conspiracy
by Bruce Page, David Leitch, and Philip Knightley.
Doubleday, 312 pp., $5.95

The Third Man
by E. H. Cookridge.
Putnam's, 320 pp., $5.95

Kim Philby, The Spy I Married
by Eleanor Philby.
Ballantine, 192 pp., (paperback) $.75

My Silent War
by Kim Philby.
Grove, 262 pp., $5.95

H. R. Trevor-Roper

We have recently had a spate, if not a surfeit, of Kim Philby, the Englishman who, for thirty years—eleven of them inside the British Secret Service—spied for Russia and has now gone "home." What he did in those years is now generally known. What he is still something of a mystery. Here are three books about him and one by him. All reveal something about the psychology of this celebrated double-agent. Inevitably the last of them, his own book, is the most revealing. I shall therefore deal cursorily with the others and devote most of this review to it, which I find the most interesting of all.

Of the first three books, the most ambitious and complete is undoubtedly that of Messrs. Page, Leitch and Knightley, the "Insight" team of the English *Sunday Times*. It can be described indifferently as instant history or as high-class journalism, and it has both the virtues and the faults of this, to me, unattractive *genre*. That is, it has behind it all the resources of high-powered modern journalism; it is enlivened by the products of interviews with living persons; and it is presented in an efficient, readable, if impersonal style. On the other hand it lacks dimension: it has no corrective context, no general background, no reflective depth. The authors have certainly established the details of Philby's career with substantial accuracy—he himself has admitted that—although they persist in some questionable assertions, such as that he remained a "field agent" of SIS after his dismissal in 1951. They have also given full and racy biographical accounts of the two other Russian spies—also, like him, Cambridge men—with whom Philby was involved: his close friend, the fascinating, brilliant, but drunken and dirty Guy Burgess, and the distant, enigmatic, unfathomable schizophrene whose wife he has now detached in Moscow, Donald Maclean. All this gives human interest to the "Insight" book. Unfortunately its authors have ignored the duller but more important subject of Philby's solid work against the Germans in 1941-5, which was the real basis of his rise inside the Secret Service; and they make no attempt to reconstruct the general context within which he operated, either as a British or as a Russian agent. This inevitably makes their book seem superficial. Nor is it helped by the vapid and vulgar Preface of John le Carré—an exercise in pretentious, rhetorical class-hatred which nowhere touches any point of fact and serves only to emphasize and inflate, instead of to correct, the weaker generalization of the authors.

Mr. Cookridge's book (which also deals with the other two members of the "unholy trinity," Burgess and Maclean) is different in every way from that of the "Insight" team. In many ways it is much worse. It is far less accurate in detail, and some of its confident assertions are hopelessly wrong. Nor is it so professional, or so lively, in presentation. On the other hand the author, who has studied the world of espionage a good deal longer than his rivals, does provide some background to his story. He has held fewer interviews, but he has done more homework among the documents. More humane as a biographer, he also sees that mere personal biography is not enough. And in one area at least he gives valuable personal evidence. As a Social Democrat in Austria, he was personally involved in the *Putsch* of 1934 by which Dollfuss destroyed the Social Democratic party and established his own "bourgeois" dictatorship. On that occasion he met Philby, who was then acting with the communists. Since Philby contrived afterwards to bury his communist past, this glimpse of the only period in which he openly revealed his loyalty is of great importance, and Mr. Cookridge's otherwise shaky book seems to me worth reading for this episode alone.

If Mr. Cookridge casts a narrow beam of light on the dark beginning of Philby's career as a spy, Mrs. Philby sheds a dim, diffracted glow over the end of it. She was his third wife and they first met in the Middle East, after his fall from power in SIS. Politically naïve, personally incurious, she never learned or guessed anything about his true character till he suddenly and secretly disappeared, leaving her stranded and bewildered in Beirut. Hers is a simple personal narrative, which nevertheless has merit as well as charm. She describes Philby's state on the eve of his flight, her own predicament thereafter, her journey to Moscow to join him, and their life there until she returned, disillusioned, to America, leaving him in the arms of Mrs. Maclean. This book solves no factual mysteries, but it is valuable for its incidental psychological evidence, to which, in due course, I shall return.

Finally we have Philby's own book. This is less complete than the "Insight" work, and it avoids the sensitive areas illuminated by Mr. Cookridge and Mrs. Philby. Philby skims very lightly over the years before 1940, when he joined the British Secret Service. He hardly mentions the Austrian episode. He says very little about his activity in Franco's Spain, although he reveals that he had been sent there secretly by the Russians (who paid him through Guy Burgess) before his open mission as correspondent of the London *Times*. Equally, except for a brief epilogue on his official clearance in 1956, he says almost nothing on the period after 1951, when he was dismissed from the British Secret Service. The time-span of the book is, in fact, Philby's eleven years in that service: the rest is frills.

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

Part Two of Soviet master spy Philby's own story

STAT

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THE WASHINGTON POST
April 28, 1968

STAT

STAT

2 Paris Aides Seen As Spy Suspects

Special to The Washington Post

LONDON, April 27—The London Sunday Times concludes that American officials believe there are two men of ministerial rank in France "who fall under suspicion of having supplied information to Russian intelligence."

The newspaper also said it concluded that President de Gaulle "has decided to treat these American suspicions as part of a CIA plot motivated in part by resentment at his policy of independence from America."

These are the major findings of the paper's own investigation into charges made in its pages last week that France failed to act on evidence that Soviet spies were active in the French government and that one was a member of de Gaulle's Cabinet.

The charges were made by Phillipe de Vosjoli, a former French intelligence official in Washington who resigned in 1962 and now lives in the United States.

"De Vosjoli's story is true," the Sunday Times says, "insofar as he is who he says is and the events he describes did take place."

But the paper says it is not possible for it "to be catarogical" that de Vosjoli is not acting partly out of a desire for "vengeance" and to "please new friends," although it claims no evidence of CIA protection or subsidy.

"There was a defector," the paper adds, referring to "Martel," the high-ranking defector from the Soviet Secret Police and the central figure in de Vosjoli's story. "All the Western intelligence services decided that he was not a double agent . . . and he did 'blow' the KGB (Soviet secret police) networks in Western Europe or large stretches of them."

But on such points as the existence of Soviet spies in de Gaulle's entourage and French reluctance to ferret them out, the Sunday Times finds a situation less black and white than it hinted last week.

In fact, the spy may be George Paques, the deputy information officer of NATO, who was arrested by the French in 1963 and jailed as a Soviet agent.

"In many respects," the newspaper says, "Paques fitted Martel's specifications for the high-ranking political spy . . . (he) was actually . . . on the personal staff of French ministers . . . and he confessed he had spied for the KGB since working close to de Gaulle in 1944."

Although other names were mentioned as possible spies, none seemed to fill the bill. "Recollections are confused," the Sunday Times reports,", care so in most cases."

The issue was complicated further by mutual distrust between the CIA and the French Secret Service, the paper says. "We could never be sure whether it was Martel talking talking or the CIA," a senior French intelligence official told the Sunday Times. "We accepted that there was a French spy in NATO. We decided to track him down. But none of our men got more than vague hints that there was anyone beyond this man . . . All the talk of someone in high places came to us via the CIA . . ."

The CIA, for its part, nurtured a long-standing contempt for the French intelligence apparatus. In the late 1940s, when Walter Bedell Smith was serving as head of CIA, he was reported as saying, "If France knows, so does Russia in which case I don't want to."

Judging from the newspaper's account of relations between the intelligence agencies of the two countries, Smith's remark was only a slightly exaggerated statement of he American view in the ensuing years.

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WASHINGTON STAR
23 APR 1968

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A BOOK FOR TODAY

A Soviet Spy Lifts His Mask a Bit

By JOSEPH G. O'KEEFE

MY SILENT WAR. By Kim Philby. Grove Press. 262 pages. $5.95.

In one of the final incidents of his career in espionage in Washington, Kim Philby drove to Great Falls, slipped into the woods and buried a camera, tripod and related accessories.

All this, the British diplomat accomplished in haste and secrecy, since the threat of exposure appeared to be edging up on him. But in ensuing events, neither American nor British intelligence investigators could complete the chain of evidence that would assure his conviction. In the interval, Philby fled to asylum in Soviet Russia.

Now Philby has begun his memoirs in "My Silent War" to add to the pool of books and newspaper articles written about him and his two accomplices in spying for the Soviet Union, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. To expect Philby's work to be the final definitive volume in the revelations of the diplomat-spies is to be overly-optimistic. Instead, "My Silent War" is rather narrow in scope.

Introductory Sketch

The author announces in a preface that the book is an introductory sketch of his experiences in intelligence work, and that more will follow. He apologizes for any embarrassment he may cause former colleagues in both the U.S. and Britain and adds:

"I have tried therefore to confine the naming of names to former officers whom I knew to be dead or retired."

But apart from the incident of the buried camera, Philby offers almost no details of his operations for the Russians. Presumably he wants to keep the channels open for current and future espionage.

There is much information, however, on American and British spying and counter-spying against the Germans in World War II. The author maintains that British agents committed more sabotage against the Germans in this country in the early stages of the war than the entire German-born colony in the states.

Harold Adrian Russell Philby came to Washington in 1949 as top British Secret Service officer working in liaison with the CIA and the FBI. For years he had funneled secret information to Russian agents, and with Burgess and Maclean, continued to do so. All three were well-born Britons in sensitive positions with full access to strategic data. When exposure threatened, Philby was the mysterious "third man" who warned the others. Burgess and Maclean dodged behind the Iron Curtain.

Attacks U.S. Officials

But it is difficult to accept at face value a so-called factual account by an author who built a 30-year career on treason and deceit. Philby warily reveals what he wants revealed and not a syllable more. A reader could well assume the author is simply paying off old grudges by the degree of vindictiveness with which he attacks American officials.

Dwight D. Eisenhower is described as "The most pedestrian of United States presidents." Philby says of Allen Dulles: "I had no fear of the bumbling Dulles; years later I was to be puzzled over President Kennedy's mistake in taking him seriously over the Bay of Pigs."

Of J. Edgar Hoover: "His methods and authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence. But they have other uses. They enable Hoover to collect and file away information about the personal lives of millions of his fellow countrymen."

But to the Rosenbergs who were executed for passing atomic secrets to Russia and to Judith Coplon who was similarly accused but never convicted, Philby applies the word "brave."

One American to win a grudging word of admiration from the British spy is Gen. Walter Bedell Smith. "He had a cold and fishy eye and precision tool brain. Bedell Smith, I had an uneasy feeling, would be apt to think that two and two make four rather than five."

But Philby fails to find fault with the gullibility of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan who told the Parliament that no evidence existed that Philby had betrayed his country. Presumably, this whitewashed the espionage agent.

Nevertheless, the author manages to inject a fictional note of suspense to his story as he relates how he pitted his wit and audacity against British intelligence agents who tried earnestly to bring down this slippery operator.

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NEWS
DEC 2 2 1967

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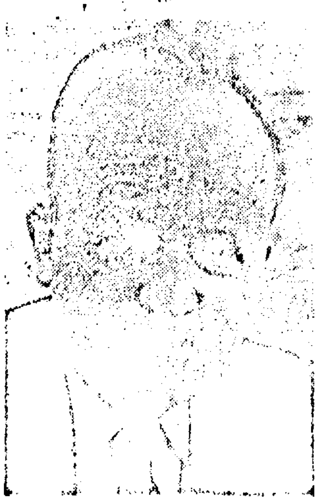
Reds try to ...opu ariz... ...ying; leading talent ...out s moved up

BY GEORGE WELLER
ATHENS (CDN)

The 50th anniversary of the Soviet external and internal network KGB known unaffectionately in the West as the Cagey Bee, centers on the rising name of its newest deputy chairman, Semyon Tsvigun.

The organization, now numbering around 1,000,000 employes with 250,000 troops at its disposal, thereby acquired a leader in the special art of enrolling spies or turning Western spies into spies for the Soviet Union.

Tsvigun has been promoted above several more experienced men and takes the No. 2 post directly under Yuri



WELLER

Andropov, a regular party official who was appointed chairman this year to keep the sprawling agency under civilian control.

FOUNDED BY Russo-Pole Felix Dzherzhinski, the vast apparatus changed its name with a change in dictators. The organization lost heavy weapons like tanks and aircraft when, after Stalin's death, the portly Georgian former architect who headed NKUD, Lavrenti Beria, made an abortive attempt to confront the Red army by surrounding the Kremlin. Outmaneuvered, he lost and was executed.

Publicity from Moscow centering on Kim Philby, the British spy, is part of the directed effort to make spying as popular a vocation as skydiving. Nothing is said in Moscow of some 30 Soviet spies who have been spotted working with the United Nations as a front and have been eased out.

Philby has boasted of deals ...ich Brita... ...he ... States hav... ...ily ... back prize... ...ies ... turn for nob...

...MONG THE... ...est ...B triumphs in ... ...vas ... drugging of a... ...an ...sswoman in 19... ...ing filthy pictures of her as a drunkard in Izvestia, and then cocercing the American press corps into suppressing a story already printed throughout the Soviet Union.

So far unrivaled in this anniversary year is the marvelous little bug which NKUD invented and placed in an American embassy to listen to conversations of at least four generations of ambassadors. Averell Harriman was the unwitting fall guy who accepted a golden eagle with this gadget embedded in it.

The gift was supposed to symbolize Russia's gratitude for American help during the Second World War. The Russians cleverly calculated that the eagle would be permanently mounted in a prominent place in the ambassador's office, to serve as a reminder when bargaining with Soviet officials.

THE BIRD transmitted not only Harriman's private conversations and dictation, but those of several successors, including, ironically, the future director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Lt. Gen. Bedell Smith.

After about eight years of work the bug was discovered accidentally in the mid-1950s by Ambassador George F. Kennan. His words of muffled outrage when he reached Berlin were so sulfurous that they caused his removal from his post.

Anybody who has ever been honored with the specially bugged rooms in Moscow or Warsaw hotels knows what it is like to hear after midnight the low clicking chuckles coming from the numberless lamps and pictures as the listening circuits are checked against each other. It was no surprise when, at the height of the American aid program to Nasser, an electric Soviet bug was found in the Cairo home of an American press attache.

But that self-powered bug that ran nearly a decade without renewal inside Stalin's eagle is still honored and unmatched.

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NEW YORK TIMES

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19 DEC 1967

Text of Izvestia Article Based on Interview With Philby, Who Spied for Soviet

MOSCOW, Dec. 18 (Reuters)—*Following, in unofficial translation, is the text of an article in Izvestia based on an interview with Harold A. R. Philby, a writer who spied for Moscow and now is a Soviet citizen:*

A frosty December morning. The night's gloom has not yet left the snow-covered streets. The trees on Gogol Boulevard are covered with a lazy 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 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.

Man is obviously dressed by the morning and the frost and the rushing stream of pedestrians. Occasionally people bump into him. "Excuse me," they hasten to 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, at a cheerful good-natured face, after a fashionable young girl in a minicoat, who is being borne along to the side by the warmth of a subway entrance. He looks with interest at boys with schoolbags under their shoulders throwing snowballs at each other on the boulevard. He always likes this man with a good open face.

Who is he, what is he smiling at, what unusual things can be found on the boulevard in the coated trees, on the ordinary Moscow morning? The young boys on the boulevard, the passers-by on the sidewalk—who of them can imagine the surprising story of the man who looks at them this morning? He has been called a mystery man. His life a riddle. Long years, whole decades, 30 long years—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 supersecret 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 Dalkan 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 emigrés 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 counterrevolutionary 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 the Red Military Cross on his chest. Dulles also knew about the extensive ties between the English spy and the ruling circels 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

Continued

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Washington Post AND TIMES HERALD
19 DEC 1967
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Philby Tells Russians How He Spied on West

Washington Post Foreign Service

MOSCOW, Dec. 18—The Soviet security police, celebrating its 50th anniversary this week, introduced British defector Harold Adrian (Kim) Philby to Russian readers tonight.

In a five-column interview produced for the government newspaper Izvestia, Philby described proudly how he had outwitted Western intelligence agencies during the 1940s and 1950s and publicized his recently completed book of memoirs—which his associates have been attempting, thus far unsuccessfully, to place in British and American newspapers.

The Philby interview followed an article in Pravda earlier today accusing two former American military attachés here of espionage in the Ukraine in June, 1966,—accusations which the U.S. Embassy called "fabrications . . . without foundation."

The organization, known since 1954 as the Committee on State Security (KGB), is currently headed by Yuri P. Andropov. It was founded six weeks after the Communist seizure of power as the Cheka, or Extraordinary Commission Against Sabotage and Speculation. Its leaders over the years have included Henryk Yagoda, Nikolai Yezhov and Lavrenti Beria—all of whom died violent deaths here—and Alexander Shelepin, a member of the present Politburo.

The Philby interview added little to what had been disclosed in British publications about the double agent's activities and was curiously reticent on several points. For example, Philby described a talk he had in 1951 in Washington with Allen Dulles, Frank Wisner and Frank Lindsay of the CIA about organizing an anti-Communist revolt "in one of the Socialist countries in the Balkans." This operation, which Philby betrayed to his superiors in the KGB who thereupon foiled it, was revealed earlier this year to have been directed at Albania. Why the KGB preferred to avoid mentioning its role in saving the Albanian regime of Enver Hoxha was not known.

Philby appeared to rate the late Gen. Walter Bedell Smith highest of the various intelligence officials he met in Washington between 1949 and 1951. He said Allen Dulles "was attentive to people but in fact treated them condescendingly. He never considered matters deeply and I would say that, with all his aggressiveness, he was nevertheless a dilettante. The best proof of that was the adventure of the Cuban invasion, which resulted in such a shameful failure. It is believed he occupied this post only thanks to his brother, John Foster Dulles . . .", Philby said he had tried hard to have good relations with Richard Helms, the present director of the CIA. "He was an easy person to work with, though he was very reserved. He could never have invented gunpowder—he's certainly no Walter Bedell Smith . . . He is more of a politician than an expert at his trade. As I was once told by an FBI officer, Helms was connected with a certain influential political group which was always pushing him forward."

Philby said his conversations with J. Edgar Hoover were "sometimes of a very curious character," and dealt mostly with the methods of Soviet intelligence agencies. Philby claimed that Hoover's deputy, identified only as Ledd or Ladd, once tried to persuade him "in utmost seriousness that President Franklin Roosevelt was an agent of the Communist International."

[In Washington, an FBI spokesman said a man named D. Milton Ladd had been a deputy of Hoover, but had retired in 1954. The spokesman declined to comment on the Izvestia article.]

The Pravda charges this morning referred to an incident in Orsha, the Ukraine, 18 months ago involving Lt. Col. Robert E. Lilchow, the assistant U.S. Army attache, and Lt. Comdr. Robert B. Bathurst, assistant Naval attache. Both men were subjected to what U.S. officials said was "improper detention" but stayed on in Russia to complete their normal tours of duty last summer. Pravda gave the impression that the incident had just occurred.

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REVIEW

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The C.I.A. - Part IV

An absolute requisite to any organization such as the CIA is that thing called esprit de corps: pride, enthusiasm, devotion and jealous regard for the honor of the group. The Marines have it. The FBI has it. In the CIA it is almost totally lacking.

Two men are primarily responsible for this situation. Both were Presidents of the United States.

The first was Harry S. Truman. He appointed the man who is considered by most observers (and CIA employees) to have been the best man ever to head the agency, Vice Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter—and then refused to back him up. Most readers of these lines will think immediately of Truman's dismissal of General MacArthur at the height of the Korean War. But it may be that his replacement of Hillenkoetter was more disastrous, historically. Admiral Hillenkoetter was appointed Director of the CIA in May, 1947. He was a professional intelligence officer, ran a tight shop, and a good one. President Truman left guidance of the CIA to the Policy Planning Staff at the Department of State. In practice that meant that George Kennan, John Paton Davies, Jr., and Harlan Cleveland gave the orders. There came the inevitable showdown, and Truman sided with the State Department. In 1950, Hillenkoetter was replaced by General Walter Bedell Smith, who bent to the State Department's will. A number of top CIA career officers departed when Hillenkoetter did. Agency moral never recovered.

The second blow was administered by John F. Kennedy. It is the record that one of the CIA's most brilliant achievements was the overthrow of the Communist government of Guatemala. The man who engineered it was Whiting Willauer, one of America's authentic heroes — and CIA's: Princeton, B. S., cum laude, 1928; top ten percent, Harvard Law School, 1931; varsity football and lacrosse; multi-engine aircraft pilot; fluent in Spanish, French, German, Chinese; coordinator of Admiral Byrd's second Antarctic expedition; special assistant Attorney General of the U. S.; assistant to Gen. Chennault in formation of the Flying Tigers; special representative of the US in the Philippines; Ambassador to Honduras and to Costa Rica. In the final months of his administration, President Eisenhower chose Whiting Willauer to plan and organize the invasion of Cuba, a salute to his earlier success in Guatemala.

John F. Kennedy relieved him, without explanation, discussion or common courtesy.

The Bay of Pigs tragedy followed. But CIA morale had died months earlier.

Hillenkoetter and Willauer were the two most - respected professionals in CIA's 20-year history. Each was shabbily dismissed.

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