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Potomac Patter—

If You Want to Find Out Who the Russians Are Wooing in Washington, Watch Parties

By ANDREW TULLY
Scrivens-Howard Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, May 8—Sen. Joe McCarthy, who poses as the leading crusader against the Communist menace, seems to have been a little late in discovering it.

In July, 1947, when Joe was serving the first year of his first term in the Senate, Cosmopolitan Magazine asked a bunch of lawmakers, "What is the most urgent problem facing America today?"

Joe's reply was "Balancing the present inconsistency between our war scales and the cost of living."

Not a syllable about all those Communists hiding under the desks in government departments.

WASHINGTON parties are a good vantage line for finding out who the Russians are trying to romance.

For instance, Polish Ambassador Joseph Winiewicz, who rarely attends a diplomatic drinking, was all over the place at the Iraq Embassy birthday party for King Faisal II. Every time a reporter looked up from his notebook, Joe was in a corner whispering to some Arab diplomat.

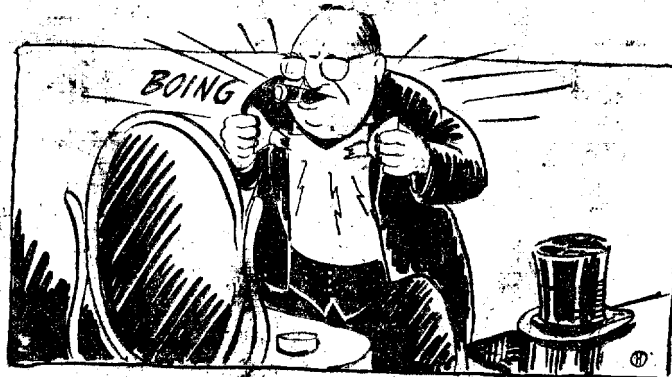
Note: The Iraqi finally came up with a method for handling those free-loaders who make for the bar the moment they come in, without even greeting their host and hostess.

Guests who dashed for the marquee in the garden where the booze was being dispensed were politely ushered back into the house and into the drawing room where Iraq Ambassador and Mme. Mousa Al-Shabandar were giving with the handshakes.

REP. ALVIN M. BENTLEY of Michigan, who was the most seriously wounded during the Puerto Rican target practice in the House, figured he was playing a return engagement at the Statler Hotel the other night.

Rep. Bentley was attending a party given by the Michigan Chamber of Commerce when suddenly six pistol shots rang out. Mr. Bentley jumped a foot and started looking for the exit.

But it was only the movie star, Cisco Kid, who'd decided to make a



WITH OUR diplomacy currently showing wear and tear, maybe President Eisenhower should shift Rep. Charles Halleck of Indiana to the State Department.

The other day a spy reported to Mr. Halleck, who is House Republican leader, that a Congressman felt he had received a slight from the White House. Charlie got the President on the telephone.

Next day the Congressman received an autographed picture and a warm note from Mr. Big.

ADD TO the legend of Pvt. G. David Schine, that when he was at Harvard he somehow arranged with the cops to assign him a private parking space on Flimpton Street in Cambridge.

THE CENTRAL Intelligence Agency, which has a few thousand lists only two names in the Congressional Directory. One is Allen W. Dulles, the director, the other is Deputy Director Lt. Gen. C. P. Cabell of the Air Force.

SEN. HOWARD Capehard (R. Ind.) was the only member of Congress who attended the Congressional reception at the White House in black tie. His excuse was twofold, that he could not find the studs for his dress shirt and that when he tried to tie on a white tie he tore it in half.

Shops which rent full dress outfits were caught in such a Congressional rush that they ran out of their best wing-collared shirts. Those law-aged variety which waited until they got to the White

House and then split down the middle of the front.

Notable absentee at the shindig was Sen. Joe McCarthy. And the lawmakers got around the no-smoking rule by sneaking out onto the front portico to grab a few breaths of fresh nicotine.

REP. JIM FULTON of Pennsylvania didn't quite catch the name of the Englishwoman who was guest of honor at a party tossed by British Ambassador and Lady Makins. But that didn't stop him from making pleasant small talk with her.

"And where do you live, Mrs. Lester?" asked Jim. "I live outside London in Norfolk," she replied, and added that it was quite an ordeal to go up to London every morning and return every night.

"Oh, what kind of a job do you have?" asked Jim. "I'm the Countess of Leicester," replied the lady with a smile.

Jim, of course, was dancing with the Queen's lady-in-waiting.

MARINE Maj. Gen. Melvin Maas, who is chairman of the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped, is blind. He also has a sharp sense of humor.

Introduced at a meeting as "the only blind general at the Pentagon," Gen. Maas replied, "I'm really not the only blind general at the Pentagon—I'm just the only one who admits it."

THE ARMY-McCARTHY hearings went on as scheduled last Tuesday only because of the

The Senate Ladies had luncheon with Mamie Eisenhower as guest of honor—for the

first Tuesday of May, and had engaged the Caucus Room in the Senate Office Building for the occasion.

By the rules, the ladies had every right to toss out the McCarthys, Stevens et al and take over the place. But rather than toss another snag in the path of the dragging hearings, they canceled the luncheon.

THE INDONESIAN Ambassador showed thoughtfulness above the call of duty at a party at his Embassy the other day. Over two silver sauce boats filled with curry sauce, Ambassador Notowidigdo had placed a small flag labeled "Very Hot." Now if he'd only change his name to Smith.

THIS WEEK'S grub sweepstakes was won by the Japanese Embassy for the vittles it turned out for the party celebrating the birthday of Emperor Hirohito. With a driftwood tree as a centerpiece, the buffet was loaded with huge glazed turkeys, 500 shrimps, six-foot high roasts of beef, artichoke hearts, and a hollowed watermelon filled with brandied peaches, grapes, glazed strawberries, cantaloupe and watermelon balls. Eyes were glazed, too, when the last plate was licked clean.

ARTHUR MIDDLETON Hill, chairman of the board of Gray Lines, looks like Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens. This brought him special attention at a party the other day given by Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, wife of our former ambassador to Russia.

To forestall gate-crashers, Mr. Davies had asked her guests to present their invitations at the door. When the Hills arrived, Mr. Hill explained rather wryly that he'd forgotten his bid.

"Oh, that's all right," put in a lady who was assisting Mrs. Davies. "We know who you are, Mr. Secretary. You poor brave man. Walk right in."

THE INTERIOR Department seems to have mislaid the Olympic Peninsula covering about one-sixth of the State of Washington.

At the request of a constituent, Sen. Warren G. Magnuson of Washington wrote Interior asking if there was any government land on the peninsula open for settlement.

CPYRGHT

Treason Is My Business

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By KURT SINGER.

This is the story of scientific espionage in the atomic age. The author has been in the intelligence service of the United States and is wanted on a charge of "high treason" in Russia. He gives a sane perspective on the whole business of spying. Born in 1911 of Czech parents, Dr. Singer, 43, is a naturalized American citizen. He has written 21 books, numerous magazine articles and has lectured at leading universities in this country. This article is taken from Dr. Singer's latest book, "The Men in the Trojan Horse," published by Beacon Press, Boston, and distributed by United Feature Syndicate.

I HAVE dealt with treason for 20 years—long years, dangerous years. I have been wanted for high treason by both Nazis and the Communists. I have seen revolutions, betrayals, deceptions, sedition.

I knew the grim game of subversion where vicious or naive men and women sold out their native country for the dream of power.

I have lost 60 members of my family in the terror of two dictators—Hitler and Stalin. It would have been easy to admit defeat and to continue my life in a normal, routine way. But something has happened in my life in addition to the extermination of my family that forces me to re-examine it.

It is important for Americans to understand that what seems so new, strange and perfidious in espionage has been almost the daily routine in the spy-ridden countries of Europe and Asia.

The twentieth century spy is no longer a man with secret inks and photographic equipment, an agent who secretly opens desk drawers.

The modern spy is an emissary from one world to destroy another. He is not a man from Mars, and yet he comes from a world that is as strange to the West.

The modern Communist spy is out to destroy the world of free enterprise, the world of democracy. His ultimate object is dictatorship. The West calls its own agents "intelligence officers" while it terms the Communist agents "spies." But actually there is a real difference between the two, both in purpose and methods.

West Agent Shuns Brutality.

The Western agent has been trained to make his own decisions. The Communist spy is disciplined to follow orders in the most minute detail, often fails when he has to rely upon his own brain. The Western agent shuns brutality. To the Communists, this appears as weakness. Actually it is a sign of strength.

I believe that as of today our American intelligence services are most competent, if not more effective than the Soviet spy system.

The Mata Hari type of spy has disappeared. The organized worker is seldom to be found inside a spy ring. The spies who personify the sickness of our times and seek strange fulfillments which lead them into a bargain with the devil—these strange men, selling their own souls and their own countries—are often the pseudo-intellectuals.

A number of scientists have teamed up with foreign powers and enemies of their country. Such were Dr. Klaus Fuchs and Dr. Alan Nunn May, the physicists, and Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo, the cosmic ray specialist who vanished from Britain and went to Russia.

The four most powerful men in the world of espionage in our generation have been Russia's Lavrenti Beria, Germany's Adm. Canaris, Britain's Sir Percy Sillitoe and the USA's Allen W. Dulles.

Such men are men of almost limitless power, men who write the secret history of our age.

Beria and his spies had been successful in obtaining blueprints of the B-29 bombers and the critical structure of the Nagasaki atom bomb.

Britain's Sir Percy.

Klaus Fuchs had supplied the atomic information from the British side, the two Rosenbergs from the American side. Dr. Pontecorvo had betrayed the West's cosmic ray research, and two British diplomats had escaped into Russia with secret information on British-American defense plans.

The main British code had also fallen into Russian hands. No wonder Lavrenti Beria and his office were confident their apparatus could not be matched.

One challenge to Soviet espionage supremacy and the tightening of Western intelligence policies was due to Sir Percy Sillitoe, the 6-foot 2-inch chief of Britain's famous MI 5 Service. He is a remarkable but little known man. He has achieved his success by a fanatical will to supervise almost every detail of his intricate job. He will go anywhere anytime if he feels he is needed.

When Britain's first atom bomb was exploded in Australia during the fall of 1952, Sir Percy was even more proud than the scientists who had actually developed the new weapon. One year before the explosion he had visited Australia and had personally supervised and set up intricate precautions against any possible enemy agent infiltration.

Thanks to Sir Percy, every laboratory, every testing ground, every guided missile station or airfield received his personal check and supervision against Russian espionage. And Sir Percy knows all the tricks used by the Russian secret service.

It's a Big Job.

The tall espionage chief of Britain is now 64-years-old and looks more like a simple farmer than a military expert and spy master. He began as a constable and police official—an austere man noted for his competence and sense of justice.

"It's a big job," said Britain's ace spy catcher when he took the office in 1946. "I think I can tackle it."

Since then the man himself and his work have been wrapped in secrecy. Not even the Russians knew when Sir Percy and Gen. Bedell Smith met to map a new strategy against the grave digger of Western democracy.

Gen. Bedell Smith was America's first

WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN SATURDAY MAGAZINE



Julius and Ethel Rosenberg committed treason against their country by giving atomic secrets to the Communists. They were trapped after Dr. Klaus Fuchs' confession set off a chain of arrests which ended with the Rosenbergs dying in the electric chair.



SIR PERCY SILLITO
Known as the Red



ALLEN W. DULLES
A man of contacts



Svea Gruenfeld, nicknamed "Five Fingers" by her fellow agents in the Berlin underground during World War II, was a messenger for anti-Nazi forces at the age of 14.

cold war intelligence chief. He has been a confidant of three Presidents—Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower—thanks to him, also, the Russians began to learn that they too would lose the battles.

The general is one of the most colorful gentlemen America's military forces have produced during the past three decades.

A Straightforward Planner

Insiders knew him as the hardest working man at the Pentagon. They respected him; they loved him. They wondered how one man could achieve as much as he did. His manner, as news analysts know, is always straight. His voice is harsh, but his words would he is always composed and understanding, with time for everyone who needs him.

Winston Churchill called him the bulldog. President Eisenhower, who had once appointed him chief of staff for the invasion of Northwest Europe, said he was "one of the great chiefs of staff of all time."

When Mr. Eisenhower was elected president he requested "Beetle" Smith to leave the intelligence office and become his under secretary of state.

A new intelligence chief was to be found and the appointment went to a most brilliant and capable officer in the counter-espionage field, Allen Welsh Dulles.

Mr. Dulles was the man who had organized America's best listening posts in Europe during the war. He had also been in close touch with the anti-Hitler militant group in Germany who had planned to kill the Fuehrer.

Mr. Dulles, younger brother of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, looks more like the dean of a conservative American college than a cloak-and-dagger diplomat.

He has a high forehead, gray hair, and a gray mustache. He is the first civilian ever to head America's intelligence office. At 60 he is a man of cultured tastes and cosmopolitan interests.

The organization which Mr. Dulles heads is, perhaps, the world's largest machine- or reporters, researchers, agents and informers.

An Important Contact.

He began to win attention in the field of intelligence when, as a 23-year-old Princeton graduate, he was sent to the U.S. Embassy in Vienna. His first job was to work with the opposition forces in Austria and engineer a break with the German Alliance.

Though that mission was not successful, the experience and contacts Mr. Dulles acquired stood him in good stead when, 30 years later, in World War II, he was given a somewhat similar assignment that helped to bring about the surrender of Italy.

Between the two wars he was just a plain lawyer who enjoyed his work. When World War II began, Mr. Dulles teamed up with the Office for Strategic Services under Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan. He went to North Africa and established a beachhead for American intelligence long before the landings of American and British troops.

Mr. Dulles traveled all over Europe as a special assistant to the U.S. minister at Bern—a perfect cover for the work he was doing. It has been said that his equipment was inside one briefcase. A special code book to contact Washington and an enormous amount of United States currency in small denominations with which to buy information were in it.

In one spectacular case he kept secret until recently, however, Mr. Dulles did not pay for information. Through his skill in planting a spy in the Ribbentrop foreign office in Berlin, American intelligence headquarters received thousands of documents.

This spy was known as "George," and he successfully posed as a fanatic Nazi and racist, a superman in uniform from the day the war started. It was through this man that the special assistant in Bern received copies of many important Nazi papers and confessions.

Thanks to "George," the Allies also learned of secret German radio stations in Dublin, Iceland, and elsewhere for submarine attacks on transatlantic ships. It was through this same spy that the Allies were able to crack the famous spy case of Cicero—of "Five Fingers" fame.

Psychology of Espionage.

Cicero was the butler in the British Ankara Embassy who stole the safe key from his master, copied it, and microfilmed many secret documents, including the Yalta and Teheran agreements.

At a time when the free world was all out anti-Nazi and anti-German, it became Mr. Dulles' great task to approach the opposition in the German Wehrmacht. He worked through a contact with the Swiss vice consul of the city man Zurich consulate, Hans Fuchs, who was in the employ of Adm. Canaris and had become a ringleader in the plot to assassinate Hitler.

Mr. Dulles was helpful in providing his German underground with assistance of great importance. But it was not easy for Mr. Dulles to convince his superiors that with the death of Hitler the opposition group would be willing to sue for peace.

This man of many skills and many more contacts is now heading the military intelligence departments for 160,000,000 Americans.

What do we know of the psychology of espionage? Why have so many intellectuals been tempted successfully by foreign powers?

Why is the simple peasant never the man who talks and confesses under the terror of the dictators? Why is it the intellectual who is frequently the first to confess, collaborate, and betray?

J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the FBI, gave a good description of why some intellectuals fall for Communist espionage when he said of Harry Gold, the Soviets' atomic spy courier:

"How did this man get started as a traitor? He considered himself an idealist, which made him feel above the law, justifying means by ends. . . . He became a Soviet agent through association with Red friends, through misguided idealism for the underdog."

This analysis also fits Dr. Klaus Fuchs, or Bruno Pontecorvo, or any of our scientific spies of the last decade.

Klaus Fuchs' youth can tell us why he revolted against present society—why he, the frustrated pastor's son, wanted to do something "really big." When it is considered that he was the son of a father who always had tried to make him different—a father he had often revered and often hated—Klaus Fuchs' conduct becomes understandable.

Klaus Fuchs' father was a minister and pacifist in the early Hitler era in Germany. The other Klaus went marching to conquest.

They were Prussians; Klaus hated Prussia. They were Nazis; he became a refugee. Perhaps there were always two Klaus—inside him.

Unstable, persecuted, unhappy and shaky, he needed a violent outward allegiance, the love of a real country. In these years he was often close to a breakdown.

It is here that the secret Soviet machine moved in. Fuchs listened to the agent sent by Lavrenti Beria, then the incredible head of all Soviet espionage. Though underpaid, Fuchs was not interested in the five hundred dollars thrust upon him by the agent. It was a twisted "humanitarianism" that won him.

Was Fuchs a typical Soviet spy? He was weak, lonely, and lost in this world of chaos. But he did not fit the requirements of a Soviet spy as defined in Soviet intelligence Order 185,796: "Agents must be of the intelligentsia; they must not shrink from the last sacrifices at the crucial moment."

Fuchs was not capable of this last sacrifice. He betrayed his co-workers, many of whom were new Soviet spies, caught during the last few years.

Alfred Dean Slack, the Eastman-Kodak spy, testified against courier Harry Gold. Gold admitted that David Greenglass had stolen the blueprints of the Nagasaki atom bomb for him. Greenglass in turn betrayed his own sister and brother-in-law, the Rosenbergs, by confessing. So the chain reaction went.

But there are more Soviet agents who remain loyal, who will never capitulate: These are the men and women who would rather die than betray their own

spy ring and Soviet superiors.

The professional spy service will recruit all types of spies, from the homosexual or other abnormal personalities to the dollar-a-year man.

There is the spy who will team up with the secret services because "people are apt to overlook me. I must show that I'm somebody."

Spies have believed there is both money and glamour in espionage. There is not. Communist and Nazi spies have often worked without fee, under party orders. Still the Nazis once paid \$250,000 to the Albanian agent Cicero, who copied secret documents of the Yalta and Teheran conferences. It is said, however, that the money was counterfeit. I know many agents who have never received more than 50 dollars a week, plus expenses.

Perverted Character.

Gerhart Eisler, who was called Soviet spy No. 1 in America, lived in poverty in New York. Magda Fontages, who was Mussolini's mistress and later a Gestapo spy, worked for only \$42.50 a month during the war.

Von Rinteln, Germany's master spy of World War I, was a patriot who organized the wildest espionage acts—from blowing up factories to fomenting strikes. He never returned to Germany. He died in England. He did his duty and hated the Prussians at the same time.

Dr. Edward Glover, an eminent British psychiatrist, who attended the trial of Fuchs, analyzes the character and the mind of a traitor as follows: "His character is perverted, often incalculable and frequently antisocial. Above all he tends to be devoid of guilt, indeed, may take a certain pride in his more bizarre achievements."

Dr. Glover continues his analysis of spies and traitors: "The wartime quisling was, in fact, more than half gossamer: a weak, immature, and childish character. The quisling and the traitor have much in common with the schoolboy who sneaks to the teacher whom he secretly hates, but whose attention he nevertheless covets."

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