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With every passing day the brouhaha over U.S. intelligence services intensifies. Ironically, the loudest cries are coming from those who over the years anguished most over what they saw as too much security and too much dedication by the CIA, the FBI, and others.

There is irony, too, in the way they have shifted focus from the massive Soviet infiltration of our security forces and now wake up screaming over the case of Jonathan Pollard and his activities for Israel.

The Pollard case is a real weirdo — and it brings back memories of the 1950s. At that time, I belonged to the same club in New York as the head of British intelligence. When I was asked, "What's his cover?" I always answered, "That he's head of British intelligence."

Perhaps that was what Mr. Pollard had in mind when he told everyone who would listen to him that he was a colonel in Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service. But that aspect of the Pollard case aside, the question should be asked: "What's all the shouting about?"

At one time there were so many CIA agents in Israel that they were bumping into each other. They were reporting on the Israeli military, on government figures, and on defense plans — and much of the information they gathered filtered back to the KGB. The Israeli government protested repeatedly, so that today there are only a few CIA agents in Israel, trying to find out whether the country has a working nuclear device.

(Note to CIA Director William Casey: they do.)

If some of the media and associated friends in Congress were not trying to poke Israel in the eye with a sharp stick, the Pollard case would be forgotten by now.

The fact is that those screaming about Mr. Pollard have a very selective view of things. I have written three books detailing Soviet espionage activities in the United States. And the very people now so outraged were the ones who objected because I noted that this or that individual, caught with a wad of top-secret material in his pocket, was working for the Kremlin.

Let us recall the unwanted attention given to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover because, it was said, he de-

A weirdo case that shifts our attention

voted too much time to the zealous search for Soviet agents. President Truman tried to kill the investigation and prosecution of Alger Hiss by denouncing it as a "red herring." And others fought with a passion to cover up for the platoons of spies that stole our nuclear secrets for the Soviets.

Even today, *The Wall Street Journal* describes as "enigmatic" the Soviet agent who rose to be assistant secretary of the Treasury, the late Harry Dexter White.

When Gen. Walter G. Krivitsky, the defecting head of Red army intelligence in Western Europe, spoke out, a New York newspaper resorted

to anti-Semitism, in block type, with the question, "Who is Schelke Ginsburg?"

Whittaker Chambers was subjected to systematic and unremitting attack, and when the courts had vindicated him, *Time* magazine refused to give him back his old job as one of its top editors.

Alexander Barmine, a brilliant young Red army general who broke with Stalin, was hounded to the edge of insanity and over.

The Amerasia case is another one to consider. Six people, the tip of the iceberg, were caught red-handed in wartime, along with some 1,700 top secret documents. Four of the culprits, including an important middle-echelon State Department official, were set free. The ring-leader was exculpated by a Justice Department attorney who told the court that it was merely a case of journalistic overzealousness. His punishment was a \$2,500 fine. The sixth man was fined \$500 — and off they went.

In the 1950s, Robert Morris, counsel to the Senate Internal Security subcommittee (with an enviable record in the Office of Naval Intelligence), brought before the country, in a series of meticulously documented hearings, the existence of several large espionage rings preying on our government. Bob Morris was given the water torture, but the spies, dupes, and diplomats were untouched.

Isaac Don Levine, who had spent a lifetime exposing Soviet spies, publicly stated that he had evidence of six other spy rings in the country — but no one would listen to him. To expose Soviet espionage was considered bad taste and bad manners, like belching at the dinner table.

So forgive me if I have no sympathy for the hand-wringers. I suspect that once public attention has been diverted from the present spate of disclosures, the old apathy will return. Then people like myself will once more be accused of seeing Communists under the bed. Take a look under your bed tonight and see what you find.