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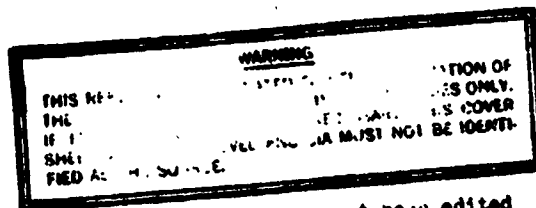
The Truth About Raoul Wallenberg

Rudolph Philipp

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THE TRUTH ABOUT RAOUL WALLENBERG

Vecko Journalen [Weekly Journal],  
No 29, 21-28 July 1953, Stockholm,  
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Rudolph Philipp

NEW PROOF CONCERNING WALLENBERG; IN A NEW SERIES  
OF ARTICLES RUDOLPH PHILIPP PRESENTS UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL  
FROM HIS SECRET DOSSIER

[No 29]

The Soviet prisoners, who under military guard had been taken to the processing camp "Friedland" in West Germany, left the train. They were free.

Among the returning prisoners was a long awaited witness, a former German Attache who knew about Raoul Wallenberg. A German Red Cross worker, and a representative from the Swedish Department of Foreign Affairs asked him, "have you met any Swedes in prison?"

He answered, "How did you know? As soon as I get the opportunity I am to telegraph the foreign Office in Stockholm and report that I have regards from Raoul Wallenberg, Legation Secretary, to his mother and to his entire family and relatives. Raoul is the

finest and best comrade I have met during my internment. I was his first cell mate when he was brought to the Lubyanka prison in Moscow on 31 January 1945. We promised each other that whoever was freed first would immediately send regards to the closest relatives and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

The released prisoner recorded his testimony as well as Raoul's regards on a tape recorder. Again a link in the chain of evidence. But how much evidence does one need before the Russians finally let Raoul Wallenberg return home? It will never do to dismiss the quantity of binding testimony by reasoning and explanations. They carry such force that the Swedish Government ought to be able to put more pressure into its demands. One ought to demand the immediate release of Raoul.

The Swedish people are also entitled to know about our proof, otherwise it runs the risk that the government once more goes back on its promises, and remains satisfied with the same type of vague explanations as heretofore. The cards must be placed on the table.

As the first step I shall report about Eberhard Muller, one of our most important witnesses.

Eberhard Muller and his wife recently returned from the Soviet Union. The name Muller is fictitious but the man pictured is really the witness. His real name cannot yet be disclosed because the Department of Foreign Affairs long refused to use the testimony gathered by the group interested in the Wallenberg activities. The reason was this: if we force the Russians against the wall we will provoke a death certificate. There was one important case: the Soviet had kidnapped a Western diplomat. In the face of all demarches, Moscow answered: "We don't know anything." When the

West Government finally submitted all its material evidence and admitted that they, after a certain period, had no further information, Moscow answered with a German death certificate. The diplomat had died of natural causes in the Soviet Union after the period indicated by his government. When Foreign Minister, Uden, at the request of the Russians, delivered "compromising material," it was done despite agreements in connection with the case, without obtaining approval from Philipp. It was not until several days after 12 May that the author found out that, among other things, Muller's testimony had gone to Moscow. Philipp then wrote to Muller and asked, retroactively, for permission first, to deliver his testimony to the Russians, and second, to use it in the government's heralded Vi tbok (White Paper), and thereby accomplish Wallenberg's release. Muller gave his permission but, for security reasons, his real name has been withheld. For the same reason Philipp is asking, "Stop asking me and Raoul's family and relatives on what day we received the most recent proof that Raoul is still alive. It could mean that the Russians would put an end to the withholding tactics with a death certificate on the "prisoner Raoul Wallenberg."

For several years one task belonged among my routine work -- to listen at night to foreign radio broadcasts for information about returned Soviet prisoners.

My interest centered on all prisoners whom the Russians might have considered especially important. Prisoners of the same category as Raoul Wallenberg and his Hungarian chauffeur, Vilmos Langfelder. They belong among the "Privileged" who regardless of rank are usually treated better than generals.

Among the privileged prisoners I considered vice corporal Eberhard Muller. Independently several highly trustworthy "Heimkehrer" (returnees) -- returning prisoners of war and civilian internees -- reported that they had heard speak of Wallenberg and Langfelder.

In 1954 we learned through a prominent "Heimkehrer" that Muller had returned with their transport. The returning prisoners are always permitted to choose for themselves whether they want to be repatriated to east- or west-Germany. Muller had chosen east-Germany. We presumed he had done so because he had close relatives in the German Democratic Republic.

The Department of Foreign Affairs and the government experts on criminology tried unsuccessfully to contact Eberhard Muller. They looked for him in west Berlin and also in west Germany in the hope that he had moved there illegally. But without result.

When Department of Foreign Affairs and the government's experts on criminology asked me to try, both Raoul's family and the chairman of the Royal Wallenberg Activities, Mrs. Margitta de Vylder-Bellander, were against such a dangerous experiment. They had long been convinced that it was senseless to try to find new witnesses. The government did not even use the extensive material evidence already on hand for the energetic diplomatic steps, which the leaders of the Foreign Ministry had so long promised.

However, on 9 April 1954 I was called to the Cabinet Secretary, Arne S. Lundberg. As usual my closest "man," Mrs. de Vylder-Bellander accompanied me. Lundberg said among other things:

"Something extraordinary must be done so that the Russians may understand the seriousness of the matter. We are debating sending Unden to the Soviet Union to speak with the Supreme Command. If it should prove necessary, I will have to go to Moscow myself to clarify the matter in the minutest detail."

I answered: "When do you think Unden will be able to go?"

"Not until after the Geneva Meeting."

"Would the result of the meeting in Geneva have any significance in connection with this case?"

"Naturally not. But Molotov, who now is believed to have considerable power, ought to be back. When Unden himself goes, it will show that we consider this case extremely important and that we intend to get to the bottom of it."

#### The Hunt for Muller Begins

This was the first time I had heard that Unden was contemplating a trip to Moscow. Considering this fact I, in spite of my co-worker's objections, decided that I ought to attempt to interrogate Eberhard Muller. Consequently, I looked up Karl Iwert Sandblad one of the best voluntary workers for Masoul's case. I knew that Sandblad, from his previous years in Germany, was a good friend of Eberhard Muller. I asked him to write his name on a few sheets of blank writing paper. If he were to receive letters from East Germany, he was then to leave them, unopened, for me. He agreed to my request without questions.

My plan was to try to contact Eberhard Muller through letters. Unfortunately, we only had Mrs. Muller's address. Her hometown was in a "Uran-Sperrgebiet" (Uranian Closed Zone or district), a territory where almost 300,000 workers mine metal containing uranium for the Soviet Russian Monopoly Enterprise "Wismut AG". Muller's comrades, returning to West Germany, reported that he was travelling with a new girlfriend he had met in prison. It was not very likely, therefore, that Muller had returned to his wife. But I figured that the East-German and Soviet Russian Censors might help me in forwarding my letter to him.

Therefore, I wrote to Eberhard Muller using his wife's address. And I wrote as Karl Evert Sundblad. I expressed my joy that I through old friends had heard that Eberhard had returned. I reported that I had married, was getting along well, had 3 fine children, and had a good income. I wrote that I hoped Eberhard likewise was going well, that he had met his family and found them in good health. I expressed my complete understanding of his decision not to go to West Germany like most of the other "Heimkehrer," without trying to help build up that part of Germany where he had his roots. I myself was very interested in visiting the East zone of Germany some time, because I was convinced that a real spirit of progress prevailed there.

On the other hand I could understand that there were many difficulties in a country which was being re-built from the ruins of the Third Reich. I asked him, therefore, not to misinterpret my intentions when I, as an old friend, from a "war-spared" country, wanted to send a few clothes and shoes, above all for his children. Could he please write and tell me their approximate sizes, both his own and those of his children. If the duty would be too high, I would then provide currency for it if not in the same denomination, then at least in usable currency.

A few weeks later I received an answer from Eberhard Muller via Sundblad. As I had expected, the censor had opened my letter and had done everything possible to get it to the addressee. After all, the letter indicated such a sympathetic attitude toward the German Democratic Republic. Eberhard thanked me warmly because I had not forgotten him and reported that he had a nice position in the Kommunistiska Kulturförbundet [Communist Cultural Alliance], that his first wife had died and that his new wife worked as a translator of Russian books. He was so happy that I did not believe all the lies about East Germany. There was much that could also be learned in his country, and he hoped that I would be able to visit there, perhaps during the Leipzig Fair. He also thanked me for the picture of my family. In my letter I had enclosed a picture of the Sundblad family. I had received the picture as a Christmas greeting from Karl Svart. Eberhard was touched by the offering of the clothes. In the hope that he would sometime be able to repay the kindness, he concluded the letter with many hearty greetings from Eberhard and his new wife.

#### I Begin My Trip

On 16 June 1954 Osten Unden returned from his 10-day "private visit" to Moscow. On 20 June the Cabinet Secretary had a conference with Mrs. Ballander and myself. As a result of this meeting I wrote down the following, which was intended as a "last will and testament" to my co-workers if I did not return from the far from safe expedition: "If the motive and objective of Unden's Moscow trip was really -- as Lundberg solemnly explained to Mrs. Ballander and myself -- to solve this extraordinary problem with extraordinary methods, a testimony from Eberhard Muller could be vital for Haoul. According to Lundberg, the Soviet members of



the government told Unden, "We are ready to reopen the case of Raoul Wallenberg if Sweden can give us material evidence to the effect that K. W. is now or has been, in the custody of the Soviet Union." According to Lundberg the Soviet negotiators had added, "What the Swedish newspapers have published to date is of no value to us." Before I, Raoul's family, and my coworkers take up a new open battle, I feel it is my responsibility to comply with the latest request from the Russians to produce unpublished evidence to prove that Raoul has been imprisoned within the Soviet-Russian territory.

On 29 June the Cabinet Secretary called on the telephone, "The Swedish Consul General to Berlin, Thom, is here. We will confer with you."

On the way to the Department of Foreign Affairs, I stopped and bought a roundtrip plane ticket to Berlin. I expected advice and directions for my work from Sweden's Consul General in Berlin, but after the introduction the Cabinet Secretary began summing up all the difficulties and risks. A few days prior to this, Lundberg had completely agreed with the Political Department Chief, Gunnar Jarring, and with the government's experts on criminology that I ought to go. In the first place, Lundberg thought it would be very difficult to contact Muller. If this task could be accomplished, the contact man would surely lose his life. Muller's letter proved that he was either a Communist or that he feared the authorities. If that were so it might easily be assumed that he would betray the contact man. As far as I, myself, was concerned I would be shadowed from the very first moment by hard German spies. They were all over West Germany. Consul General Thom was also pessimistic. He did not believe I would obtain Muller's testimony even if I succeeded in contacting him.

"I am flying tomorrow morning at 08:00 o'clock and will reach Berlin at 13:20. Will the Consul General be kind enough to send a trustworthy person to meet me at the airport and drive me to the residence of a friend?"

"If you have decided to go, then you shall go," answered the Cabinet Secretary and continued to Thom: "I take it that you can arrange by code-telegram for someone to call for Philipp?"

"Yes, surely."

"What is the name of the fellow who is to meet me?"

"Benkt."

Lundberg and Thom wished me good luck.

I bought a travelling bag of pressed cardboard for the clothes and shoes for Muller. I was to travel as a "Mr. Berg" from Stockholm, a good friend of Karl Avert Sundblad, on a through-trip in Berlin.

I landed in Berlin-Tempelhof on 30 June 13:20 o'clock. At the delivery window of the baggage room a gentleman came over to me. He had recognised the Swedish flag on one of my bags, according to directions in the code-telegram. I asked: "Are you Benkt?" He answered "Yes! My name is Knudolph."

In the car I reported that I was Raoul Wallenberg's contact man. Benkt, who appeared trustworthy, intelligent, and honest was acquainted with Raoul's history as a whole. Benkt had worked at the Consulate General for the past 5 years. His name was Ljunglin and he was de facto the Vice Consul. He knew Eberhard Muller by name. At the request of his superior he had tried to find him, so far without success. I explained to him that I had to contact Muller and interrogate him, if possible, in the presence of 2 civil servants of the consulate.

The Meeting with the Witness Muller

At 9 o'clock on 5 July Eberhard Muller, his new wife, and Benkt and I were sitting in the home of a non-political "typical German," just outside the town. I was Mr. Berg from Stockholm, a friend of Karl Evert Sundblad. Benkt was a Swedish Charge d'Affairs, active for the past few years in Berlin. I had deposited all my presents with the Germans (the presents I had from my friend Sundblad).

Muller was about 170 cm tall, built squarely, with a round face and bright, brown eyes. I estimated his age at around 40 years. He was extremely grateful to me, who had brought so much; he did not have enough words of praise for his good friend Karl Evert Sundblad. Mrs. Muller was a small blond woman, at most 160 cm tall; she would have been beautiful had she had the opportunity to care for her hair and complexion. Some of her upper front teeth were missing. Mrs. Muller's personal wishes were mostly to obtain a nail file, a little powder and a lipstick, and, for the first time in many years, a pair of nylons instead of the heavily darned cotton hose she wore. She appeared to be deeply religious. She reported at great length on her hard years in a slave camp near the Arctic Ocean, where undernourished women work in the coal mines in an average temperature of 40 below zero and where the summer lasts only a few weeks. Mrs. Muller had been arrested in Berlin in 1948. She had been employed in the Office of the Allies then.

Eberhard Muller described with great intensity his experiences as a Soviet prisoner. He had stayed in many different prisons and for some time in a POW camp. He had become asthenic while he was at the front and had been taken prisoner by the Russians

in the spring of 1945. For 2 months he was transferred around among the various staffs in the front territory. He was then transferred to the Moscow prisons Lefortovskaya and Butyrka and to the prisoner of war camp at Krasnogorak.

When Muller arrived at this camp the investigating judge said: "You have been tried and there are no indictments or evidence against you. Therefore we are going to place you in a POW camp." However in 1948 Muller was again returned to Lefortovskaya and again treated as a suspect prisoner. In the end he was given a 25 year sentence and placed in solitary confinement. In 1953 without knowing why he was given amnesty together with other Germans. But he was returned home only much later.

Don't You Know Anything About Wallenberg?

When Eberhard Muller and his wife told of their needs, I suggested that Benkt should drive us to a department store where we could buy a few cosmetics, a pair of stockings and shoes for Mrs. Muller and Mr. Muller. With tears in their eyes Muller and his wife protested: "this is going too far, we cannot take advantage of you to that extent."

"This here I have brought from Karl Evert. When we have made the purchases we can stop for a bite before we depart."

Benkt and I got up. Slowly Eberhard Muller also got up, turned to Benkt, and said:

"Mr. Attache, is Wallenberg back?"

Benkt did not know what he should answer and could not comprehend how Muller had figured out that he was from the Department of Foreign Affairs.

"Which Wallenberg?" stuttered Benkt, "Do you mean Wallenstein or Wallenstein?"

"No, after all you are Swedes," Muller answered, "You must have heard about Legation Secretary Wallenberg, the man who was employed at the Swedish Legation in Budapest."

"What interest do you have in that matter," I asked?

"It is very important to me," Muller answered. "If the Russians did not send Wallenberg back, then I cannot understand why the Russians released me! When I have told you all I know about the case you will understand how important a role Wallenberg and his chauffeur have played for me and my unfortunate comrades. Anyone who had had the least contact with Wallenberg and Langfelder were brought back sooner or later to the prisons from the POW camp, yes, even from the repatriation camp, often a few weeks before returning home!"

"Therefore, when I unexpectedly was given permission to go along in a home-transport, I was sure that Wallenberg and Langfelder had been sent home and that we, consequently, were no longer important to the Russians."

"Well, this is very interesting," I commented. "Now we will have to sit down again and hear all you know. When you first asked my friend, here, we thought you were a provocator who was trying to trip us into something. The fact that we hid in a CD-auto does not alter the fact that Benkt is a Charge d'Affairs and I am an author. You are Karl Ivert's friend. I do believe you are frank with us. And, as you yourself said, as Swedes we are interested in where every imprisoned countryman of ours is."

Muller and his wife were beaming with happiness because they were able to help us, so that it was not just they who were getting help. Without showing the least inhibition, Bernhard Muller began to report. He did not hold anything back. Both he and his wife asked us not to release their names and thereby expose them and Muller's children still living in East Germany to further difficulties. I wrote on and on, page after page was filled. Muller reported, brought up episodes and people, prisons, doctors, prisoners, life, death, hopelessness and monotony, stubborn courage. The hours passed. The names of Wallenberg and Langfelder occurred over and over again in Muller's story which is repeated here in summary:

I was born 1913. As vice corporal I was taken prisoner by the Russians in January 1945. At the end of February I was turned over to the NKVD by the Red Army (NKVD, the mightiest of the political police). On 4 March I was transported by railway to Moscow. On 6 March I arrived at the Lubyanka prison (NKVD's headquarters). The same night I was moved to cell 105 in Lefortovskaya prison. On 12 and 13 March I was interrogated by a NKVD major about my life and how I had come to be taken prisoner.

On 20 March a man named Vilmos Langfelder was placed in the same cell with me, cell 105. He spoke German fluently and I asked him, "Are you German?"

Langfelder answered, "No, I am Hungarian with a Swedish passport. I was together with a Swedish diplomat, we were both arrested in Budapest."

As far as I can remember after a period of 10 years, Langfelder reported the following about himself and his friend, Wallenberg's

arrest," I am a civil engineer. My native language is Hungarian, but I learned German at an early age; in 1932 I went to Germany. In Budapest my family owned a big machine manufacturing plant which in 1944 was "taken over" by the Goering Concern or by Messerschmitt. I have never worked in our manufacturing plant. I was consulting engineer and inventor. When the Jews were prohibited to work independently, I became a secretary in an export firm.

In the summer of 1944 I was saved through Wallenberg's interference. He was Legation secretary with a special assignment, to protect the Jews. Sweden likewise had been assigned by the Soviet Union to afford power of protection in Hungary.

Budapest was completely surrounded by the Red Army. The section that suffered most under the German bombardment was the section where the Legation was located. There were air raid shelters there. Wallenberg decided to get in touch with the Russian Supreme Command, above all to try to stop the Red Army from shooting at the Section where the Legation was located. He carried approximately 1.5 million pengos with him. On the way we passed a Branch office of the Swedish Legation. Wallenberg informed them there that he was taking a trip to Russian Headquarters in an attempt to intervene.

The first Russian staff we encountered received us very nicely but explained that Wallenberg's request would have to be placed before Marshall Malinowski personally. Another staff, likewise, explained that they had no authority.

We were placed under guard and had to spend 2 nights with the staff. But we did have a certain amount of freedom to move around. One morning we asked to have a bath. We got it.

From this staff we were brought to the periphery of Budapest. We had a long wait there. Finally a major came and said, "Be good enough to give me all your papers."

Wallenberg answered: "I am a diplomat, I can only let you have such papers as I consider it right to let you have."

The major: "I said all papers!"

Wallenberg: "That means you arrest us."

The Major: "You may consider it that way."

Wallenberg turned over all his papers. For some time we waited under guard in a building. While inside we were allowed to walk around quite freely."

What Langfelcer reported must have taken place in the middle of January 1945. To the best of my knowledge I cannot give any definite time period. From the continuation of Langfelcer's report I recall that he and Wallenberg were transported by train via Rumania, Odessa and Kiev to Moscow. They were escorted by an officer.

At a railway station in Rumania Wallenberg slipped a note to a Rumanian worker or peasant and asked him to forward it to Sweden. In the note he had written a few words saying that he and Langfelcer had been arrested and were on the way to Russia.

In Kiev they left the train and the officer took them for a walk in the town. The officer bought a newspaper and read the latest news from the front for Langfelcer and Wallenberg.

In Moscow the officer went with Wallenberg and Langfelcer to a large department store. There they had to buy many things for



their money. Later the officer brought them to the Ministry of Domestic Affairs. (The Department of Domestic Affairs has an imposing facade toward Lubyanka Street, with beautiful portals, elegant offices, a large banquet room and club facilities for the NKVD Club Dzerzhinski, named after Trejkan's pioneers. But the rear of the Ministry building is much wider than the front. It faces a long, grey, narrow, over-all well-guarded caserne street, Little Lubyanka Street. No civilian goes there of his own will.

During the thirties, when I was in Moscow as a foreign specialist on rationalization, I was invited to the Foreign Specialists' Club, also named for Dzerzhinski. The taxi driver drove me, by mistake, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I believe that I am one of the few who came in and out of NKVD's headquarters alive.

Most interrogations occur at night. Through long, subterranean corridors prisoners are brought up to an almost luxurious interrogation room. All the way the guard hits the buckle of his belt. That is the signal to other guards to prevent another transport of prisoners from crossing the corridor and to make sure that no other prisoner sees the course being brought in or out from the interrogation. (R. Philipp's note).

Here Muller's report continued:

On 6 February 1945 Langfelder was separated from Wallenberg. Langfelder was placed in cell No 140.

"It is strange that I am always brought to a cell, the number of which can be divided by 35," he said to me, "140, 105 and 35."

When Langfelder was placed in cell 147, 11 prisoners were already there, the Russian Kozel and a Czech.

Langfelder reported often and much about Kozel, with whom he came to be on very friendly terms. He showed me an empty cigarette box on which Kozel had written his name in large letters so Langfelder would never forget him. When he showed me the box he said "It was unnecessary for him to write his name, I could never forget Kozel." Langfelder, on the other hand, never spoke voluntarily about the other cell mate, the Czech. Once I asked him frankly about the Czech. He answered "No, I never knew him well. He was a Czech who became a German citizen. Later he was drafted for the Wehrmacht. In 1943 he deserted to the Russians and was arrested. Since that he has been sitting in Lublyanka. Now he is reading Russian books all day long. I think his father was a Communist.

Langfelder himself was called for interrogation only twice. The interrogator was a major, tall, slender, and dark. The major let him report all that had happened up to his arrest and recorded protocol. Langfelder had the impression that he and Eisenberg were regarded or considered as spies. An accusation of that type had once been read to Langfelder by the major.

On 17 March 1945 Langfelder was moved to Lefortovskaya, where he sat all alone in cell 45. Later he was moved to cell 105, where he met me, and for 11 days had been sitting alone in that cell.

While we were together I asked Langfelder whether Eisenberg had informed the Legation that he intended to start action with the Russians.

Langfeloer answered, "He could not do that. There was no time, and the Swedish Government would not understand such a step because Wallenberg had risked arrest."

(It is uncanny that Langfeloer, when Udden was not yet Minister of Foreign Affairs, was able to foresee how the Swedish government, 10 months later, were to judge Raoul's move.

In November 1946 the Department of Foreign Affairs explained in a communique that if Raoul Wallenberg had acted as I described in the book Raoul Wallenberg -- diplomat, KGBer, Samaritan (Raoul Wallenberg -- Diplomat, Fighter, Samaritan) he had then overstepped his authority.

Didn't the Department of Foreign Affairs know that it was technically impossible for Wallenberg to seek council with either the Chief, who had had to seek refuge in a cellar on the other side of the front, or with the Administrator on foreign policies in Stockholm? (K. Philipp's note).

Berhard Muller continues here:

On 6 April 1945 I was brought from cell 105 to Butyrka prison. Langfeloer, on the other hand, remained in Lubyanka. In May 1945 the Czech was also transferred from Lubyanka to my cell in Butyrka. He did not tell me, however, that he was a Czech, so I did not know that he was the "Czech."

For a whole year I was transferred around among various prisons and it was not until November 1946 that I for the first time talked to the Czech about Wallenberg and Langfeloer.

I asked him then if he had ever met Langfelder; the Czech answered, "Yes." He continued, "The same day that Langfelder was transferred from our cell in Lubyanka (Kuzoloph Philipp's notes: it should, according to Langfelder, be cell 140), 18 March 1945) another prisoner was placed in the cell with Kozuel and me. That was Langfelder's Swedish boss, Wallenberg. He asked us about Langfelder. Wallenberg was a good comrade and sent his cigarettes and his tobacco rations to Langfelder through the guard.

Wallenberg was brought up for interrogation several times. To us, his cell mates, he said, that the Russians did not have the slightest reason to arrest him. In Budapest his Legation had worked for the Russians. But the leaders of the interrogations did not believe Wallenberg and said: "You are a rich Swedish capitalist, what can anybody like that do for the Russians?"

The Czech likewise reported that the same day he was transferred to cell 92 in Butyrka, Wallenberg and Koedel were transported in the same prison car from Lubyanka.

Wallenberg and Koedel sat in one of the closed stalls in the prison car and the Czech sat in another.

The prison car drove up first to the Lefortovskaya prison. Through a slit in the wall the Czech had seen how Langfelder and Wallenberg had been let out of the car. The Czech, himself, was transferred to Butyrka prison.

FIGURE CAPTIONS

[page 8, original]

Rudolph Philipp, the man, who has for 17 years led the Wallenberg action and who has been the driving force in all the investigations.

[pages 8 and 9, original]

This is the last picture of Raoul Wallenberg. It was taken of Wallenberg and his "General Staff" in the cellar of a large Hungarian Bank on 26 November 1944. Wallenberg, as Swedish charge d'affaires, voluntarily contacted the Russians on 13 January 1945. On 16 January Moscow's Department of Foreign Affairs reported that Wallenberg had been taken into custody. He returned on 17 January under German escort to pick up his baggage. His departing remark was: "I am going to High Headquarters, as guest or prisoner, I don't know." On 21 January he was placed in NKVD's infamous prison, Lubyanka, in Moscow. On 18 August 1947, the Russians answered for the first time through the Department of Foreign Affairs and denied any and all knowledge of Wallenberg.

[page 10, upper left, original]

Vilmos Langfelder, above, fellow prisoner of Raoul. Vilmos Langfelder is a civil engineer. He acted as Raoul's chauffeur and bodyguard and accompanied him into imprisonment. He has not returned either.

(No 30)

CONTACT WITH MAUL WALLENBERG IN MOSCOW SEVERAL MONTHS;  
NEW DOCUMENTS FROM RUDOLPH PHILIPP'S SECRET WALLENBERG DOSSIER

Rudolph Nilsson

From 1946 until December 1951 Philipp fought a battle on 2 fronts. The first was with Moscow, which refused to answer any and all of the demarches from the Swedish Department of Foreign Affairs. The second front constituted our own Administration of Foreign Affairs, which could not be dissuaded from their defeatist and frightened attitude, which signified their "actions" in the Wallenberg case.

However, on 11 December 1951, a "gentlemen's agreement" was concluded between Cabinet Secretary, Arne S. Lundberg, as representative of the Department of Foreign Affairs and Rudolph Philipp, as Maul Wallenberg's representative, and Wallenberg's family. In it it was -- among other things -- agreed that they would cooperate to attempt to save Maul. The investigations of witnesses who returned home from imprisonment in Russia could then be carried out rationally. Among the witnesses interrogated was "Eberhard Muller," whose testimony was in part printed in the previous issue.

There were 4 persons in the parlor of the nonpolitical "typical German" ("appeltysk") who placed his business at my disposal. It was 5 July 1954; 5 days earlier I had started from dreams on what I was convinced was a dangerous adventure. It involved getting an important witness in the Maul Wallenberg case through the Iron Curtain.

But the most dangerous part of the adventure was now behind me. The witness, "Berthold Muller," was sitting in peace and quiet before us. He reported, without reservations and without fear, all he had experienced during 7 long years in Russian imprisonment -- about his fellow prisoners and, most important, what he directly and indirectly knew about Naouf Wallenberg and his chauffeur, Vilmos Langfelder. Besides Muller sat his wife; she was small and alone and had a few upper front teeth missing -- evidence of the years she spent as a Russian slave worker near the Antarctic Ocean. The third person in the party was Benkt Ljunglin, civil servant of the Department of Foreign Affairs, who was stationed in Berlin, and who, for safety's sake, was to act as a Swedish official living in the town. I was the fourth person; my assignment was to ask and record questions. I looked through the protocol of Muller's testimony. In one place it read, "On 20 March 1945 a man named Vilmos Langfelder was placed in cell number 105, the same cell I occupied in the Lefortovskaya prison in Moscow. He reported that he was a Hungarian with a Swedish passport; that he had been together with a Swedish diplomat, and that they had both been arrested by Russians in Budapest."

A few pages further on was a report about another one of Muller's cell mates, a Czech whom he had met in the concentration camp in Krasnogorsk. Muller had asked the Czech if he had met Wallenberg and Langfelder. He had received the answer "yes." He had been sitting in the same cell with both of them, cell 140, in the Lubyanka Prison in Moscow. He had been together, first with Langfelder, and later, when Langfelder was removed, with Wallenberg. "Wallenberg was a very nice comrade, who sent his cigarettes and tobacco rations to Langfelder via the guard," the Czech had told Muller. The Czech had also seen how Wallenberg was taken away in a prison vehicle.

The Jew Rescuer Wallenberg Shared A Cell With A German Jew Executioner

Bernard Muller had had to change prisons constantly during his years in Russia. He had also had to change cell mates constantly. The Soviet imprisonment principle is to isolate prisoners who know something which must not seep out. But in a larger circle is involved, individual prisoners are not isolated but are all kept separate from those prisoners with no knowledge or information about it. It is not from a sadistic standpoint alone, but from a rational point of view that isolated prisoners are occasionally kept in solitary confinement. This usually happens when the prisoner is suspected of not having reported the names of all the prisoners to whom he had given his secrets.

In the so-called Schweige-Lager (isolated camps) and in Schweige-Gefängnissen (isolated prisons) the prisoners have greater internal freedom than in Moscow's prisons for interrogations. On the other hand they have absolutely no contact with the outer world, and no normal chance, after the prison term is over, to leave the deportation center. But no partitions are needed in the exercise grounds of the "quiet" camps and prisons. The prisoners live in a "hermetically" sealed world.

Like much other testimony by witnesses, Muller's report showed how Wallenberg's and Langfelder's cell mates were constantly meeting each other and being exchanged with each other.

In the Soviet's inhuman prison and concentration camp world these changes signified rays of hope which did not exist in the prison hells of the Third Reich. Year after year to be forced to share the cell with the same cell mate is frustrating. Witnesses



have reported that prison officials offered them with which cell mate they preferred to share their cell. The system facilitates a let-up, not only for the prisoners but also for the personnel, who thereby prevent many cases of neurosis.

Muller Continues his Testimony

Muller had been sitting quietly for quite a while. Now he continued his report, "The Czech was far from being my only fellow prisoner who knew about Hallenberg and Langfelder," he said. "There were many, among them a Finn, whom I met in cell 92 in the prison Lefortovskaya, where I was brought on 1 February 1946. The Finn talked as little Russian as I, but with the help of my broken Russian and sign language I succeeded in making it clear to him that I had been in cell 105 in Lefortovskaya since 1945. The Finn then pointed out that he had also been in cell 105. His cell mate was then a man named Langfelder.

Later I learned that the Finn had come to that cell at the end of April 1945; that he, besides having Langfelder for a cell mate, had also had for a cell mate a German vice-admiral named Kraft, who had been in command of the harbor Udingen. The Finn had been in cell 105 only 14 days; then he was moved to various prisons. But one year later he again landed in his old cell, 105. The vice-admiral was still there, but Langfelder had been exchanged for German Lt. Gen. Stachel, who had been an instructor in the so-called Jagerostaljon (Pursuit Battalion) which had been in Finland after 1918. He spoke Finnish fluently.

With Stachel as an interpreter, Admiral Kraft and the Finn could talk with one another. Kraft told him, among other things,

that Langfelder had been in the cell until December 1945. During that time the chief investigator had tried to prove that he was an Allied spy. According to the leader of the investigation Maoul Wallenberg, his chief, was supposed to be not a diplomat but a messenger for a Jewish organization. They were supposed to have tried to escape the Russians in Budapest.

One date the Finn seemed to remember particularly well was 27 July 1947. That day Admiral Kraft had been called in for an interrogation; a quarter of an hour later he himself had been called in for an interrogation. At this time the Finn was interrogated by 2 very high officials. They asked him what he knew of Langfelder and what he had learned about the Swedish diplomat through Langfelder. The Finn was also asked whether he knew the name of the "Swede." He had answered then that he did not know it, which was true. Not until February 1948 did the Finn hear the name Wallenberg through me. After the interrogation the Finn was placed in solitary confinement in the basement of the prison to "recollect." In August he tried to commit suicide by throwing himself head first from the window sill in the cell down to the stone floor. He contracted skull injuries and had to be transferred to the "sick-department."

In February 1948 when I again shared a cell with the Finn -- cell 92 in Lefortovskaya -- he had been there a long time, isolated. For 3 whole years this unfortunate peasant boy, who had become half crazy during the imprisonment, was my only companion; at times it seemed that our fate had been linked. For example, we were separated on 24 April 1951, but we became cell mates again on 20 March 1952, this time in the Penal Institute Vladimir. It was not until there,

that the Finn finally began to tell about himself, how he, as a child, had had a very severe accident, which still pained and ached him, how he had been taken prisoner on the Karelska Front in July 1944 and how the NKVD, the Russian secret police, had forced him to participate in a film designed to show how the Finns mistreated Russian prisoners of war.

When I asked him about the "Swede," that is Wallenberg, he beat his chest and screamed, "what would it help? I know that I will never be free. The Russians will come and kill me. I have heard something and still I know nothing!"

"It was really too bad about the Finn" Muller continued. "He was continuously terrified and I more than anyone understood his terror. For some years I myself had been considered as an ordinary prisoner of war, but suddenly I was elevated to the rank of spy in a prison for interrogation. Why? Yes, I was among the prisoners who had had something to do with Lan, feluer. And I had often talked with my fellow prisoners about Moul Wallenberg. Therefore I told myself: one day the Swedish Government will have the means to free Wallenberg. When that day comes, the Russians will come to check with which prisoners Langfelder and Wallenberg have shared cells. Then these prisoners will be isolated mercilessly so that nothing will be known about the fate of Langfelder and Wallenberg," Eberhard Muller concluded.

#### Russians Investigated Moul's Past

Muller and the Finn were right about one thing -- their anxiety about being more severely treated because they "knew something" about Wallenberg and Langfelder. There is much evidence to show how important the Soviets considered the prisoner, Wallenberg but I shall give only one example -- even that is taken from Muller's testimony:

In the concentration camp in Krasnogorsk, Muller met German Captain Quade -- a nephew of Goebel's radio commentator, Quade, a General in the Air Force. Captain Quade told Muller that during the war he was assigned to the German Legation in Stockholm. This supposedly provoked his arrest and his being brought to Moscow. Muller asked him if he had ever heard the name Wallenberg. "Yes," he said, "I know Wallenberg, I lived one floor below Wallenberg's apartment over there. In Moscow I was often interrogated about what I knew about Wallenberg. But, after all, I knew nothing."

Muller had the impression that Quade was afraid to talk about the matter.

The word "dröben" -- "over there" -- I first interpreted as "in Moscow," "in Lubyanka." But investigations yielded the following results:

Captain Ferdinand Bodo Herst Quade, born 1898, was assigned to German's Stockholm Legation from January 1942 until October 1944. He posed as a "transport officer" from Sweden to Finland, but he was really a Gestapo man.

Quade stayed several times for a few days at Grano-Pensionat Dehn, Strandvägen 7A. The US Legation was in the same building, but so was the office for Mallaneuropeiska handels AB (Central European Commerce Corporation) of which Raoul Wallenberg was the Foreign Director until June 1944.

Without a doubt Quade lived in this pensionat [better class boardinghouse] to watch the Americans.

The intensive interrogation Quade had undergone in Moscow shows how far reaching were the checkings the Russians made of Raoul's past.

Muller and his fellow prisoners were constantly interrogated about Wallenberg. These interrogations culminated, according to Muller, on 25 July 1947. The background material is this:

When the Soviet Union left all official Swedish notes and demarches unanswered, more than a million Swedish men and women united through their organizations in a rescue action for Knut Wallenberg. They dispatched an address to Stalin. Then our government sent a still clearer note to Moscow.

How did the rulers of the Kremlin react?

Prisoners who had been in contact with Wallenberg or Langfelder were again brought to Moscow. "Atalsfris" prisoners (prisoners, who were to be freed according to certain agreements) who had begun to serve relatively light sentences (8 to 15 years) and even prisoners who were being trained as communist agitators for their homelands and were waiting for the return trip to repatriation camps were accused of trumped up well-studied crimes and sentenced to a maximum penalty of 25 years. This was the sudden activity that the Finn and his comrade observed on 25 July.

Muller and his Finnish comrade were not alone in suspecting a connection between their miserable situation and their knowledge about Langfelder and Wallenberg. Many of the witnesses who returned with the large transports in 1945 and 1946 and who were questioned immediately after they crossed the border explained to the authorities of their own countries and to representatives of the Swedish Government; "We suspect a connection between our contact with Langfelder and Wallenberg and our more severe punishment." One witness declared under oath that the Russian prosecutor himself had openly stated that this was the case.

Vyshinskiy's Notes: Lies

Moscow believed that we had thus been robbed of every chance to obtain proof of Raoul Wallenberg's imprisonment on Soviet Russian soil. Therefore after 32 months of silence Molotov recovered his voice and ordered the vice minister of Foreign Affairs, Vyshinskiy, to deliver a note to our Moscow minister. That was 18 August 1947, still not quite a month after the "memorable" day in Moscow's prisons.

The note explained that Raoul Wallenberg had never been found in the Soviet Union and that he must certainly be dead, probably as a result of an auto accident, a bomb or something else. All searches in camps for prisoners of war and civilian internees had been without result.

That the first statement was a lie was proved by Molotov's own note on 16 January 1945, in which Moscow's Department of Foreign Affairs explained that the Soviet power had taken Raoul Wallenberg and his personal belongings into custody.

That Raoul reached Moscow alive, was testified to by Russia's Ambassador in Stockholm, Mrs. Alexandra Kollontay, who in February 1945 stated that Raoul Wallenberg was in good health, on Russian soil, and that he was not directly arrested, merely in "custody."

Vyshinskiy's Notes: Nonsense

Moscow's other part in the searches may best be characterized as "Geddag yxskift" ("how do you do, exehandle.") Neither in my book, nor in my articles and communiques do I state that Raoul was in a labor camp. On the contrary, at that particular time I

explained that "he is alive, staying in Russian custody in various prisons." Mat'evskaya nor Lefortovskaya belong to the Soviet labor camp system.

The cabinet secretary, Arne S. Lundberg, characterizes this, the only real note we have so far received from Moscow about Knut Wallenberg, as a conglomeration of nonsense and absurdities.

Our Moscow ambassador Wolf Sohlman explained during one of his various trips to Stockholm, when I had asked him to be sure to show the Russians that Vyshinskiy's note is a lie, that as long as Stalin and Beria are alive, "We cannot do that, it would look as if we are trying to put Vyshinskiy's back to the wall."

Stalin is dead. Beria liquidated. The late Vyshinskiy has officially joined the "army of spies and scoundrels;" and Molotov has Shepilov as a successor.

But Unden has not yet found the time ripe to state openly, "Stop this nonsense."

Don't say that this note is the snow of yesteryear. When Unden had visited Moscow in June 1954, he received the same promises as Eriander received in April 1956. On 29 September 1954 Sohlman delivered a detailed, complete memorandum to Moscow's Department of Foreign Affairs. In it our Department of Foreign Affairs explained the strict demands which the Swedish Government placed upon the interrogations of witnesses in connection with Knut Wallenberg's time in prison in the USSR, and that only completely trustworthy testimonies were accepted.

On 21 December 1954 Sohlman was received by Semenov, then as now deputy minister of Foreign Affairs, department chief for

the People's Democracies and Scandinavia, at one time became Kailontay's closest associate and Charge d'Affaires in Stockholm. Semenov explained: "Nothing new has happened. We refer to Vyshinskiy's note."

How long shall we stand for such treatment?

The government and the foreign affairs administration must, finally, speak clearly to the Russians.

In March 1951 I was sitting together with the Finn in cell 287 in Butyrka prison. On the 18th we got a new cell mate, who even had information about Langfelder and Wallenberg. He was an Austrian. He had been in the same cell with Langfelder and he had given him an explicit description of his past. Langfelder was an engineer, the Austrian reported, and engaged mainly in research and experimental work. His relatives owned the well-known Langfelder machine manufacturing plant in Budapest; but after the Nazi coup the family had to relinquish the manufacturing plant to the Goeritz concern. During his conversations with the cell mate Langfelder, the "Austrian" found out that he knew the sister and cousin of Langfelder's mother in Hungary.

Langfelder had also reported that he, together with a Swedish Legation Secretary, had been arrested by the Russians in Budapest.

The "Austrian" told me that the "Swede" surely was no diplomat but a representative for a more or less private Jewish Mission who were to protect the legal interests of Jews in Budapest.

The "Austrian" also reported that the "Swede" -- he had not heard his name -- had had large sums of money with him.



Like other fellow prisoners of Wallenberg's he had been called in for new interrogations on 27 July 1947. At that time the Russians asked him about Lanefelder and what the latter had reported about the "Swede." When the "Austrian" related this interrogation it seemed to me that I recognized the interrogator again as General Karhulo, whom I had seen several times in Krasnogorsk. It was he who had signed the order for my arrest and the sentence.

The Austrian, the Finn, and I were cell mates in cell 287 in Butyrka until 24 April 1951.

That day the Finn and I were sentenced to 25 years in prison.

When the sentence was pronounced, I was sitting in one of the so-called waiting cells in the subterranean floor of the prison. The guards called out our names. The walls were not thick so I could hear the names of some of my closest cell-neighbors. That is where I heard that the Czech was placed in the cell next to me.

The Czech yelled; "Muller, how much did you get." I answered "25 years."

The Czech; "No too, Muller, where are you from?"

I spoke about my hometown and he about his. When the guards observed that we were talking with each other they warned us.

#### Swiss Witnesses Knew "The Swede"

On 27 March I came to cell No 13, where I, as mentioned before, again became cell mate with the Finn. On 15 April we were transferred to cell 51 or 52 in Vladimir prison's main building. There we met a Swiss prisoner H, who, a few months before had been sentenced to 25 years just as we had.

The Swiss knew also about the Langfelder story. That was why he was always placed in solitary confinement or together with some "like us."

The Swiss had landed in a Russian prison because he had voluntarily served in Himmler's Waffen SS, first at the Finnish front and later with the Reichssicherheitshauptamt (German Supreme headquarters) outside Berlin. He had, however, "played for high stakes," and at the same time worked for the Allied Information Service, with which he kept in contact through cipher-letters via Switzerland. Toward the end of the war he was ordered to Rumania, where he was arrested by the Russians, after NKVD agents kidnapped him from Schweizerhaus (Swiss house) in Bucharest, where he sought protection.

The Swiss also reported on a German named Koedel, who had been a cell mate of both Langfelder and Wallenberg. Langfelder had previously given me information about this German and had stated that he had become very good friends with him. Koedel had stated that he was Legation Consul first class and deputy minister in Bucharest. He was often called in for interrogations in the prison but was well treated by the Russians; Langfelder supposed that this was because he had given them valuable information.

The Swiss now gave me different information: Koedel had been Chief of the Sicherheitsdienst (SD), Himmler's and Heydrich's hated police organization. The Swiss knew this, because Koedel had been his chief. As Himmler's ranking representative in Rumania he was responsible for the extermination of Jews in that country.

When Langfelder was transferred, Wallenberg replaced him as cell mate to this SD man.

(The Jew murderer Koedel and the Jew rescuer Wallenberg shared a cell. Moscow's motive for this was surely to utilize the war prisoner, who had been sentenced to death, as cell spy. He was lured with promises that he could prolong his life by spying on his fellow prisoners. Neither Langfelder nor Wallenberg knew anything about his past, but Langfelder observed that he was so subservient to the Russians that Langfelder said to him that that was beneath his dignity as a legation consul.

Many of the witnesses in Muller's report have been released from imprisonment, among them the Swiss, the Austrian, and the Finn. Immediately after returning home they were questioned by the State Police or Red Cross representatives in their respective countries. They spontaneously reported that they met a Swedish diplomat or his chauffeur. When they were later questioned by representatives of the Department of Foreign Affairs, it appeared that their testimony coincided in all major points with that of Muller's.

Some of Muller's fellow-prisoners and co-witnesses have disappeared or died in prison. As for the "Czech" (mentioned earlier in this series of articles), we do not know if he has returned. If not, he is still behind the Iron Curtain. Those who died in prison were either very old or war criminals. Among these was Koedel.

When he had nothing more to report to the interrogators, and did not succeed in obtaining proof against Wallenberg and Langfelder, he became of no value to Moscow.

"He was treated well by the Russians," Langfelder maintained.

He died in a slave labor camp in 1945. H. Philipp).

Continuation of Muller's Narrative

During the fall of 1953 I was transferred back and forth between various prisons. The long journey home had started. In a transient camp I met a female fellow-prisoner -- she is now my wife.

When Eberhard Muller concluded his report, several hours had passed. My fingers, not used to writing with a pen, were numb and tired.

I read the protocol. Muller affirmed that it was faithful to his dictation by signing it. Vice consul Benkt Ljunglin was a co-witness.

Neither Benkt nor I wanted Mr. and Mrs. Muller to hurry to a department store and later to the station to take the long, and possibly dangerous, return trip.

I proposed instead that the Mullers take a room in my hotel, rest in peace and quiet, take a bath, change from old clothes to new ones, have a beautiful evening with a visit to the movies, and travel home well rested the next day.

I waved the objections that it would cost too much. Karl Svart Sandblad had given me a blank check to do everything for his old friend, Eberhard. Surely some day the Mullers could reciprocate.

First we all drove to my hotel, obtained a room and a couple keys. The registration was accomplished.

We took care of the marketing and returned to the hotel. Benkt and I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Muller to their door.

The next morning Benkt arrived very early. We went to the Mullers' room and helped them pack. I read the protocol aloud once more. Muller testified again that everything agreed with what he had reported. He wrote a receipt for all the presents I had left for him in the name of Karl Evert. During the night he had written a letter to his old friend.

Muller would not throw away his old clothes. There were many packages to keep track of; therefore I got the cardboard suitcase which I had bought at Tempo in Stockholm before leaving. Then we said good-bye.

Two hours later I was sitting with Benkt in a locked room at the General Consulate dictating the report to the cabinet secretary. The Mullers had now been on the other side of the border for an hour. There was a knock on the door. Benkt went out.

A few minutes later he came back.

Somebody telephoned the consulate and asked excitedly if there was an attache there with a green CD (Diplomatic Corps) automobile. The deputy answered that there were hundreds of such autos in Berlin and put the receiver down. It must have been Muller.

Something had gone amiss.

"If it is Muller he is trying to contact you or me, I answered. Either he is coming to the hotel or he is going to the home of the German, where he wrote the protocol. Muller knows that scores. He has a good memory.

Bankt drove me to the hotel and continued to the home of the German.

The room clerk informed me that our 2 friends had returned and placed their baggage there, which they would call for later. I went up to the room and waited. After a while there was a knock at my door. In came Muller. His face revealed fear and hate. He went after me with his fists.

I forced him down in a chair and held his arms.

"What has happened, have you gone crazy?"

"You are a Russian spy," Muller yelled. "You have lured us here to get us arrested when we come home."

"How did you get such a wild idea?"

"When we came to the station my wife wanted to lock the suitcase, which you gave us this morning. The keys were tied to the handle with a piece of paperstring. Such are not to be found in West-Berlin, much less in rich Sweden. You took the suitcase along from the East Zone, but we are not stupid enough to be lured by you."

I asked him to take it easy and went to my suitcase to get a copy of the Swiss Sie und Er. It contained an article about an interview I had had about my work for Seoul's freedom. The article was illustrated with a picture of Seoul and myself. I gave the newspaper to Muller.

He first looked at the newspaper photos and then at me. Then he began to read. After a few seconds he had tears in his eyes.

He took my hand and asked my forgiveness. After that he hurried to get his wife, who evidently had been waiting at the door. He showed her the newspaper.

Mrs. Muller started to cry terribly, hysterically. Then she slumped down on the couch and buried her head in the corner.

When she had become more quiet, she said:

"This is God's will. We should not return to the east Zone. We stayed there because we lacked courage and because we were comfortable there. There we have a room, a typewriter, and a little bread. We can start all over in West Germany, even if we may have to live in barracks for a few years, separated from each other."

Muller asked:

"Can you help us stay here? Can you really help us?"

I promised to do what I could to have Eberhard Muller and his wife recognized as political refugees and to get them "homestead rights" and working permits in one of the states in the Federal Republic.

Two years have passed. Eberhard Muller and his wife are living in modest circumstances in West Germany. They believe in the future. A few weeks ago they got one room where mama and papa and their one-year old child can be together.

Muller does not dare to write to the children of his first marriage. They are living on the other side of the border, growing up as "pioneers." In their father they would see only a class enemy and capitalist lackey.

Roerhard Muller is grateful that "Mr. Berg from Stockholm" alias Rudolph Philipp came his way. I, who played "Mr. Berg," am very grateful that a couple of paperstrings on a suitcase from Tempo saved Mr. Muller, gave him freedom and enabled him to recollect from his phenomenal mind so many facts from his prison years. Even the data Muller had obtained "second hand" have proved surprisingly accurate when later compared with data provided by returning eyewitnesses.

In a few cases Muller's data have been inaccurate as far as the exact time is concerned, sometimes a few days or weeks. But who could account for every single day without the assistance of calendars, notebooks, pens (or pencils) over a period of 10 years? According to Muller's recollection of Langfelder's report, Maoul Wallenberg and Langfelder were supposed to have arrived at the Lubyanka Prison on 6 February 1945. Maoul's first cell mate, a German attache, whose regards from Maoul constituted the data that instigated my series of articles, testified that it was 31 January. (In the next issue: Agents, Provocators, and Prostitutes.)

#### FIGURE CAPTIONS

[pages 14 and 15, original]

They hope and fight. The mother of the imprisoned Maoul Wallenberg, Mrs. Maj von Larder, and his stepfather, and the present guardian of Maoul's estate, Overdirektor (General Director) Frederick von Darnel, confer with the author, Rudolph Philipp. A constant stream of new testimony arrives in connection with Wallenberg's imprisonment. All of it confirms that Maoul is in a Russian prison.

The family is now excitedly waiting to find out if the Russians' detailed investigation will result in the positive solution of Maoul's case.



[page 16, original]

Vincent Langfelder, Raoul's chauffeur. even he is still in a Russian prison according to the testimony of witnesses.

[page 17 left, original]

Raoul Wallenberg, "A good comrade" said witnesses -- (fellow prisoners of Wallenberg's home-land from Russian prisons) -- about Wallenberg.

[page 17 middle, original]

witness "Muller": contact with Langfelder or Wallenberg, brought about sharper punishment in Russia.

[page 17 right, original]

Bankt Ljunglin, Swedish official of the Department of Foreign Affairs, helped Philipp obtain Muller's sensational testimony.