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Thank You, Mr. Philby

AFTER an adult lifetime of treachery as a citizen of the West, British turncoat Harold Philby, now living in Moscow, at last has done us Westerners a service.

In a political age when black and white often merge into an uncertain gray, Mr. Philby provides us with a pure study in sullen, selfish, spineless black.

The once trusted British agent who even had the run of our own CIA, says he would spy again for the Kremlin if he had the chance and misses only the beer, oysters and soccer matches that once brightened his life as an Englishman.

He told Western newsmen in Moscow this week he got disillusioned in the 1930s when he perceived "massive unemployment thruout the capitalist world and the apparent helplessness of existing forces to deal with it."

So he went commie. It figures. A fellow whose highest loyalties to the West are commanded by beer, oysters and soccer hardly was the type to address himself to the hard problems of making a free society work better.

He preferred communism's "easy answer" of making men wards of the all-powerful state. So now he's stuck in just that kind of society, where today the "new Soviet man" enjoys a standard of living hardly better than the one Philby gave up on several decades ago.

Mr. Philby, now baggy of eye and thin of leg, has run a hard and crooked course that has left him somewhere behind his own starting line.

Mr. Philby, we are delighted to record, is a loser.

The Washington Post
Times Herald
The Washington Daily News 26
The Evening Star (Washington)
The Sunday Star (Washington)
Daily News (New York)
Sunday News (New York)
New York Post
The New York Times
The Sun (Baltimore)
The Worker
The New Leader
The Wall Street Journal
The National Observer
People's World

Date 11-17-67

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Would Do It Again, Says Spy Philby in Moscow

MOSCOW, Nov. 15 (UPI)—The stammering Kremlin spy who penetrated the American and British espionage establishments smiled today and said he really wouldn't mind doing it all over again.

Harold (Kim) Philby, the upper-class Englishman who served Moscow while heading Britain's anti-Soviet spy network, emerged for the first time since he defected in 1963 and talked with Western newsmen in a Moscow hotel.

Philby seemed pleased with himself.

Faced with British charges that he stole enough secret sot that he stole enough secrets to earn the title as the 20th Century's greatest spy, Philby wagged a finger only once with a correction.

He said it was not true that he began spying in 1934, as reported in London. It was in 1933.

Philby, stammering at times, said he became a Communist agent during the Depression.

"The dilemma of the working class people was frightful," he said. "That's why I did it. I would do it again tomorros."

No regrets?

"I do miss the casual access to my children. Although in fact I think I see as much of them as I would have had I remained a foreign correspondent (one of his spy "cover" jobs)," Philby said.

He said he was "never happier, certainly never healthier" than during the past four years in Moscow since he vanished from Beirut.

Brandon

The Washington Post
Times Herald A-12
The Washington Daily News
The Evening Star (Washington)
The Sunday Star (Washington)
Daily News (New York)
Sunday News (New York)
New York Post
The New York Times
The Sun (Baltimore)
The Worker
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54 NOV 17 1967

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Philby, in Interview, Says He Would Spy For Russians Again

By ALVIN SHUSTER
Special to The New York Times

LONDON, Wednesday, Nov. 15—Harold Philby said in an interview published here today that he had no regrets over his 30-year career of spying for the Soviet Union and would do it all over "if I were young again in Britain today."

Philby, a ranking British intelligence agent who defected to the Soviet Union in 1963, said that he led his life as a double agent because he wanted to "fight for Communism" and was "prepared to subjugate everything in pursuit of that purpose."

"I would do it again tomorrow," he said.

'Mentality of a Traitor'

He was interviewed by Roy Blackman, Daily Express reporter in Moscow, in a restaurant there. Officials of the newspaper here said that they had not paid for the interview and that it had resulted from "hounding" Philby.

The Sunday Times, which published a series of articles on the career of Philby in recent weeks, indicated in one of its pieces that Philby had asked for money for his personal story.

In an editorial note, The Express said that the interview could not have been obtained without the approval of the Soviet authorities, "whose motives for discrediting the British and Western intelligence services are obvious." But it said that it was publishing the interview because it provided an insight "into the mentality of a traitor."

Philby had remained inaccessible to Western correspondents in Moscow since he arrived from Beirut, Lebanon, four years ago. He was seen Sunday night at the concert of the Moscow State Philharmonic, but said only that he had nothing to say.

The Daily Express, which included pictures of Philby and Mr. Blackman in the restaurant, said that the interview took place between "drams of vodka and glasses of white Georgian wine."

"I cannot say my conversion happened at any fixed point of time," Philby is quoted as saying, "but I do know that after two years of painful thought I had made up my mind in June, 1933."

Calls Job Easy

He said that it had not been difficult to reach a high position in British intelligence, "I just arranged things so that I was invited," he added.

Philby, regarded as the most important Soviet agent to penetrate the Western intelligence community, at one point headed the British anti-Soviet intelligence operation. In the late nineteen-forties he was sent to Washington to work with the Central Intelligence Agency, which was then getting organized.

He left the British intelligence service in 1955 and continued his spying as a journalist until his defection.

Philby said in the interview that, since his arrival in Moscow, "I have been treated with high honor and great consideration" and that "I cannot really regard my life as being one of hardship."

On British intelligence, Philby said that the British Government had great difficulties in finding the right men to run their intelligence services. Military me "have never really shone" in this field, he said.

Discusses Motives

"I am surprised that the Americans were not better led," he added.

In discussing his motivation for turning Communist, Philby recounted his feelings in the 'thirties.

"The background of my thinking was the economic crisis and massive unemployment throughout the capitalist world and the apparent helplessness of existing forces to deal with it. What a dismal picture it was."

Asked by Mr. Blackman what h missed of English life, Philby said that he missed beer and oysters, an occasional afternoon at the soccer matches and some friends.

But he added that there were some things he did not mind being without, listing "the expense-account lunch, British railways, the Beaverbrook press, all the humbug about police, bank holiday, The English Channel, the rising cost of living, the Order of the British Empire."

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The Washington Post
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New York Post
The New York Times 41
The Sun (Baltimore)
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People's World

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Philby Says He's Happy Over Red Spy Charge

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Philby seemed pleased with himself.

Faced with British charges that he stole enough secrets to earn the title as the twentieth century's greatest spy, Philby waggled a finger only once with a correction.

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He said it most certainly was not true that he began spying in 1943, as reported in London. It was in 1933, he said happily. And why?

Philby, stammering still at times, said he became a Communist agent during the great depression. "The dilemma of the working class people was frightful," he said.

"That's why I did it—I would do it again tomorrow," he said.

Any regrets?

"I do miss the casual access to my children, although in fact I think I see as much of them as I would have had I remained a foreign correspondent (one of his spy "cover" jobs)," Philby said.

Record in Top Spots

He waid he was "never happier, certainly never healthier" than during the last four years in Moscow since he skipped away from Beirut.

Behind him, according to British official and press reports, lay:

Spying for the Soviet Union while serving as wartime British spy chief for Spain, Portugal and Africa.

Spying for the Soviet Union while serving as organizer and chief of Britain's anti-Soviet espionage network at the end of World War II.

Spying for the Soviet Union while a liaison man in Washington for Britain's M. I. 6 espionage organization, London's equivalent of Washington's CIA.

Being asked for and advising U. S. security officials in those years on organizing the CIA.

Being the "third man" who tipped off British diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean in time for the pair to make their famed 1951 flight to Moscow, steps ahead of British counterspies.

That Was Undoing

According to British reports, it was Philby's known friendship with both Burgess and Maclean that led to his undoing. Eased out of sensitive fields, he returned to being a foreign correspondent, fleeing at last to Moscow in 1963.

Some things Philby refused to talk about. This included his reported marriage to Maclean's ex-wife, Melinda. She and Philby were spotted at a Moscow concert only last week.

He indicated he enjoys very much life in a comfortable apartment supplied by a grateful Kremlin. He refused to show it to newsmen.

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The Evening Star (Washington) A-3
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(SPY)
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WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

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The National Observer
People's World

Date 11-17-67

65-68043-A
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BY HENRY SHAPIRO

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"THAT'S WHY I DID IT--I WOULD DO IT AGAIN TOMORROW," HE SAID. NO REGRETS?

"I DO MISS THE CASUAL ACCESS TO MY CHILDREN. ALTHOUGH IN FACT I THINK I SEE AS MUCH OF THEM AS I WOULD HAVE HAD I REMAINED A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (ONE OF HIS SPY "COVER" JOBS)," PHILBY SAID.

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--SPYING FOR THE SOVIET UNION WHILE SERVING AS WARTIME BRITISH SPY CHIEF FOR SPAIN, PORTUGAL AND AFRICA.

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145 NOV 17 1967

WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

339

--SPYING FOR THE SOVIET UNION WHILE SERVING AS ORGANIZER AND CHIEF OF BRITAIN'S ANTI-SOVIET ESPIONAGE NETWORK AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II.
--SPYING FOR THE SOVIET UNION WHILE A LIAISON MAN IN WASHINGTON FOR BRITAIN'S M.I. 6 ESPIONAGE ORGANIZATION, LONDON'S EQUIVALENT OF WASHINGTON'S CIA.
--BEING ASKED FOR AND ADVISING U.S. SECURITY OFFICIALS IN THOSE YEARS ON ORGANIZING THE CIA.
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HE INDICATED HE ENJOYS VERY MUCH LIFE IN A COMFORTABLE APARTMENT SUPPLIED BY A GRATEFUL KREMLIN. BUT HE REFUSED TO SHOW IT TO NEWSMEN.

THE SPY STILL HAD HIS SECRETS.

GH419AES

outstanding international animated films. Many of these would enormously enhance the average supporting programme, the standard of which is quite abysmally low.

THEATRE
RONALD BRYDEN

The best of Worth

THERE are two reasons why you should not miss John Clements's production of Heartbreak House at the Lyric. One, as I suggested when it opened at Chichester last July, is that it gives an almost adequate account of the greatest, most difficult English play of this century. The other is its Mrs Hushabye, the performance of Irene Worth's life.

Miss Worth has always been something of a problem actress. There's never been much question that she's our finest, most formidably equipped, in the underpopulated generation

and contain it. Possibly this has to do with [illegible] first encountering her in a Guthrie [illegible] Midsummer Night's Dream' at the Vic, as the loveliest, most poignantly funny Helena I ever hope to see. But it was borne out, I thought, by the superbly balanced pathos and irony of her German wife in 'A Song at Twilight' last year, and certainly she surpasses herself in Shaw's great cartoon Madonna of the chaise-longue.

The part's a sketch for Lilith in 'Back to Methuselah': Great Mother and serpent, coiled lazily round the roots of the Tree of Life, guarding with beguiling tongue Man's path to the knowledge of good and evil, the golden apples of art. Miss Worth starts from a curved *art nouveau* line of the body, drooping her neck like a swan, rearing in her blue-green Morris gown like a cobra. She lolls,

PAUL FERRIS

History in small type

RATHER underplaying its hand, a Radio 4 series about Russia called **50 Years of Soviet Man** consists of an historical narrative punctuated with recordings made recently in Moscow and Leningrad. It is sober and informative: radio in its fatally quiet mood.

For most of us, the voices of old

Radio Leicester suggest they What matters is that people feel the material genuinely the local community, and polite references to council women's institutes.

Local newspapers sometim difficult to be honest and i about the shortcomings of the citizens, since they have to with in the same town, yea year out. If local radio co come this inhibition, it might a new vein of journalism. Bu Leicester, the local authority for the station, it won't be

The next two local stations are Radio Sheffield—on We and Radio Merseyside on 22 ber. Nottingham, Brighton, Trent, Leeds and Durham fo tween January and May n

RPO ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
TODAY, SUNDAY 7.30 p.m.
ODEON—SWISS COTTAGE
MUSIC FOR ALL TASTES
Glinka: Overture: Russlan & Ludmila
Delius: On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring.
Paganini: Violin Concerto in D major.
BRITISH CONCERT DEBUT
VACLAV HUDECEK
15-year-old Czech Prodigy
Borodin: Symphony No. 2 in B minor
Tchaikovsky: '1812' Overture.
STANLEY BLACK
5/-, 7/6, 10/-, 14/-. Box Office (722 3424)
Good parking facilities.
12 minutes by Tube from Piccadilly Circus.

Monday, 13th November at 7.30 p.m.
STUDENT HOMAGE TO KODALY
London Student Chorale
London Student Symphony Orchestra
Camden Town Hall (Box Office BRU 2060).

St. Clement Danes Church, W.C.2.
TUESDAY NEXT, 14 NOV., at 7.30.
S P N M
New Music Concert
MALCOLM WILLIAMSON solo organ
AEOLIAN SINGERS
Sebastian Forbes conductor
Organ works by Nicholas Maw, Hugh Wood & Malcolm Williamson. First performance of works by Richard Orton, Tim Souster, Martin Dalby. Carols by Sebastian Forbes. Admission by programme 5/- at Church on concert night.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, S.W.7.
NEXT SUNDAY, 19 NOVEMBER, 7.30
Soho Music Society presents
An Evening of Baroque Music
SOHO BAROQUE ENSEMBLE
Shirley Minty, mezzo; Christopher Hyde-Smith, flute; Neil Black, oboe; Martin Gatt, bassoon; Alan Loveday, violin; Jane Ryan, viola da Gamba; David Munrow, recorder; Nicholas Jackson, harpsichord.
Works by TELEMANN: BOISMORTIER: COUPERIN: VIVALDI.
Tickets 15/- 10/- 5/- from Chappell's (MAY 7600) or at door on Concert Night from 6.15 p.m.
Management: Helen Jennings Concert Agency

CITY OF LONDON CHOIR
Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct.
SATURDAY, 18 NOVEMBER AT 7.30
Messa da Capella (1640) Monteverdi
Magnificat for Double Choir Stanford
Missa Brevis (1966) Walton
Mass for Double Choir (1964) Leighton
Jane Manning, Carole Rosen, John Duxbury,

GENERAL BOOKING FOR 4th BOOKING PERIOD OPENS TOMORROW

ALDWYCH THEATRE
ROYAL STRATFORD-UPON-AVON COMPANY LONDON
RSC's 1967/68 LONDON SEASON

ONLY 17 PERFORMANCES
THE RELAPSE
BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH
Donald Sinden . . . the comic performance of the year SUN
Sparkling, sumptuous, a smash hit . . . must be seen DAILY EXPRESS
Dec 1, 2 (m & e), 4, 5, 11, 12, 16 (m & e), 18, 19, 23 (m & e), 26 (m & e), 27 (m & e)

RETURNING FOR 9 PERFORMANCES
THE HOLLOW CROWN
DEVISED BY JOHN BARTON
with PEGGY ASHCROFT, MARTIN BEST, DEREK GODFREY, MICHAEL JAYSTON, and DONALD SINDEN
Nov 21, 22, 28, Dec 6, 7, 28, 29, 30 (m & e)

ONLY 7 PERFORMANCES
GHOSTS
BY HENRIK IBSEN
Peggy Ashcroft . . . a great [illegible] SUNDAY TIMES
Tremendous DAILY TELEGRAPH
Nov 20, 24, 25 (m), 28, Dec 8, 9 (m), 14

LAST FEW PERFORMANCES

The STRATFORD production of SHAKESPEARE'S
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
The best production of The Shrew I have seen SUNDAY TIMES
A brilliant production TIMES
3 MORE PERFS ONLY:
Dec 13, 20, 21 ENDS

JULES FEIFFER'S first full-length play
LITTLE MURDERS
Hilarious EVENING STANDARD
The most fascinating play for a very long time EVENING NEWS
3 MORE PERFS ONLY:
Nov 23, 27, Dec 9 ENDS

British premiere of JOSE TRIANA'S
THE CRIMINALS
Demands to be seen OBSERVER
Superb performances EVENING STANDARD
2 MORE PERFS ONLY:
Nov 25, 30 ENDS

The STRATFORD production of SHAKESPEARE'S
AS YOU LIKE IT
Dorothy Tutin's Rosalind ranks with her Viola DAILY
You cannot afford to miss EVENING
2 MORE PERFS ONLY
Dec 15, 22 ENDS

BOOKING BY POST: *it is advisable if possible to give alternative dates and prices; please enclose stamped addressed envelope a cheque with upper limit of maximum value of ticket.* BOOKING PERSONALLY AT THE BOX OFFICE: *tomorrow and Tuesday o tickets will be issued if necessary to save waiting.* BOOKING BY TELEPHONE (TEM 6404): *when possible from Wednesday*

Seat prices for evening performances: Stalls and Dress Circle 27/6 22/6 17/6 12/6 Upper Circle 12/6 7/6 Box at 90/-, 6 seats at 12/6 each
Seat prices for matinee performances: Stalls and Dress Circle 17/6 12/6 7/6 Upper Circle 7/6 5/- Box at 50/-, box seats at 7/6 each

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, the RSC's current Shakespeare season is tended to December 9. A NEW REPERTOIRE will be given during the last 3 we
See this paper's theatre advertisement column for details.

341

Tues. 12 Dec. 8 p.m.

LONDON SYMPHONY

Sir John Barbirolli
Jacqueline du Pré
London Symphony Orchestra Ltd

Haydn ..... Symphony No. 104 in D (London)
Cello Concerto in D
Elgar ..... Symphony No. 2 in E flat

42/-, 35/-, 27/6, 21/-, 15/-, 10/-
NOW AVAILABLE

Thurs. 14 Dec. 8 p.m.

NEW PHILHARMONIA

Rafael Kubelik
Yasuko Shiokawa (London debut)
New Philharmonia Orchestra Ltd.

Martinu .... Concerto for Double String Orchestra, Piano & Timpani
Dvorak .... Violin Concerto in A minor
Beethoven .. Symphony No. 5 in C minor

25/-, 21/-, 15/-, 10/-, 7/6
AVAILABLE FROM NOV. 14

Sun. 17 Dec. 7.30 p.m.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC

Charles Dutoit
Cleo Laine (narrator)
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra Ltd.

Bizet ..... Symphony in C
Poulenc .... The Story of Babar, the Little Elephant
Chabrier .... Rhapsody Espana
Ravel ..... Daphnis and Chloé (Suites I & II)

7/6, 10/-, 15/-, 21/-, 25/-
AVAILABLE FROM NOV. 17

Tues. 19 Dec. 8 p.m.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC

Carl Melles
John Ogdon
London Philharmonic Orchestra Ltd.

Schubert .... Symphony No. 5 in B flat
Rachmaninov . Piano Concerto No. 4 in G minor
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EUGENE ORMANDY
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QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

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342

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Polovtsian Dances ..... Borodin
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QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

find this a little heavy-handed and of lesser sign[illegible]e than the state of personal se[illegible]nfusion which, with such indelicate precision, it portrays.

Pierre and Severine (Jean Sorel and Catherine Deneuve) have spent the first year of their marriage in twin beds. Pierre is a thoroughly nice young man who wouldn't hurt a fly; why Severine, consumed with masochistic fancies as she is, ever married him is not explained. We discover quite early in the film that some rough fellow assaulted her when she was a child, and it is the repetition of this incident that she is longing for. She is told that one of her respectable girl-friends has taken to working by day in a brothel. Before long Severine has followed her example and becomes the star of the establishment; the grosser and more repellent her customers the better.

One day a young, toothless thug arrives and becomes obsessed with her. He follows her home, and shoots Pierre. Severine finds herself with a paralysed, speechless husband. This would seem the perfect irony, but the point has yet to be made—a friend comes and tells Pierre the whole story of his wife's secret life. Released from guilt, Pierre apparently recovers immediately. Severine sees the carriage again, but this time it is empty. Problems solved, life renewed, happy ending.

This is patently a pretty silly story,

Director Luis

ligence. Admirably splendidly photograph film would be little wi an actor he is, as voluntarily heroic. C at any rate, was not.

The writers of the easy about this probl possible to whitewash massacred tens of Indians and was respo extinction of a race. fully introduce the responsibility—is a carrying out orders to inhumanity and cyni orders? But they d to answer it. Shaw into his own hands by as the archetypal sol whom victory on the weighs all moral scr results, once the delic ject is forgotten, is roaring, swashbucklin every trick of the Ci runaway trucks, r trains hurtling t thundering horses battles. It is, of co long, and perhaps fault of the screenwr interest only flags at

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e audience talks back

TELE/ISION

GEORGE MELLY discusses TV law and order.

As it happens (a potent phrase from the TV critic's article-shaping armoury, by the way) Mrs Whitehouse's council recently placed **Dixon of Dock Green** among the choices for its yearly accolade. 'It follows that of all the TV police series this has the least to do with reality and presents a rosy paternal authoritarian day-dream in which even the 'villains' tend to shake the hand which arrests them, while the law is miraculously free of any human failings.'

Reassuring as this may be for those to whom 'law and order' are words to savour whatever the law or at whatever cost the order, I should have thought that the grubber image presented by the early **Z Cars** (BBC-1) and the current **Softly, Softly** series had done more to make the police acceptable, if not exactly lovable, to the average viewer. Admittedly the same can hardly be claimed for **The Informer** (Rediffusion), where everyone is equally corrupt, but Barlow has become a sacred monster, and every policeman on the beat is now the object of not entirely antagonistic speculation to us vicarious crime-fanciers.

It was fascinating, therefore, to have the opportunity of measuring these fictional coppers against the real thing, and Don Haworth's documentary, **Police** (BBC-1), played comparatively fair in what it showed us. Possibly by taking one force, that of the West Riding, it concealed the fact that ethics and standards may vary a great deal throughout the country but, within its limitations, and while naturally friendly rather than hostile, it didn't try to hide the less sympathetic aspects of what makes a man or woman decide to become a policeman.

True, an older officer explained that he had signed on in 1937 when there were 'nine jobs to 10 men' and the salary—'not the wage, mind you,' he explained, ironically—seemed 'a fortune.' But his younger colleagues fell back on such statements as 'You feel as if you're somebody' or 'You really feel important.' The tendency to isolation from the public was made painfully clear and the slow eroding of pity brought home. 'I used to cry in the pictures,' said one young policewoman who recognised, reluctantly, that she was becoming harder, 'but that doesn't happen at all now.'

While all regretted the growing dislike of the police, most put it down to motoring offences; one man, with a sense of regional memory, to the 1926 strike, when 'people had to be handled rather roughly'; no one tried to impose the ''Evening all' myth. In particular, the CID man explained that 'a very narrow line divides a detective from a thief' and owned up to disappointment on a job 'where there's nothing been pinched.' The general impression was then that the law and their quarry have a special relationship which excludes the public.

'You know Fred Wilson? Well, if he's smoking pull him in. He always smokes like a chimney when he's done a job.' Fact or fiction? Actually fact; it was a quote from the documentary. But it's a proof of the apparent authenticity of **Softly, Softly** that it might easily have been said by Watt or Barlow. As it happens, last week's episode was not one of the better ones; the central theme, Watt's kidnapping by a paranoiac Hungarian, seemed unlikely. But the side issues, the interlocking relationships the hierarchy, were as convi ever.

Z Cars has gone soft. Despite a bravura performa Rachel Thomas as a fiercely Welsh playground-minder, two-part episode did little m hint at the series' former Difficult to say what exactly wrong, but I suspect it has to an increasing bias towards built, and that this has destr moments of unexplained motivation which suggested characters had lives of th which were interrupted, rat brought into being, by the e of the story-lines.

Of the two Russian docur I personally found that th **The World Turned Upside D** the edge on Granada's T **That Shook the World.** B grammes used many of t newsreel clips and, while covered a little more ground, subject matter was identical. that where Granada fell dow over-dramatising. There wa fusion between documentary and reconstructed reality w the effect of diminishing bo the apocalyptic boom of Welles's commentary added t pression of romanticised bo

The BBC played it cool. W did reconstruct it was don open, and where they fell Eisenstein's film it was u that this was myth-making factual truth. Not that Gran was bad—it was just that t was better.

---

the most fascinating point—where Custer the soldier tangles with the Washington politicians.

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round (Carlton—and heaven knows what the title means) is an extraordinarily complicated thriller about a charming con man (James Coburn) who cheats his way out of prison and into a bank robbery by seducing a succession of girls, one of whom (Camilla Sparv) he marries. This is one of those pictures which are reasonably engrossing while one is watching them, but which immediately evaporate in one's memory. There is a very nice performance by Severn Darden as a crooked electronics wizard, and Coburn has seldom used his natural attributes so effectively. But what it is all for, I have no idea.

Lenin in Poland is showing at the Paris-Pullman in a double-bill with Heifitz's brilliant **Lady with the Little Dog.** It is a salutary programme for those who are still amazed by the fact that the Russians can be tender, sensitive and often deeply sentimental. Coming after a glut of Revolution reminiscences, often drearily repetitive and grandiloquent, 'Lenin' did not sound promising. It is, however, a very intimate little film of Lenin's thoughts and memories while he was in jail, absurdly accused of spying for the Tsar. We see him at home with 'Nadia, his wife, and with the [illegible] treated like a

Irene Worth as Mrs Hushabye in 'Heartbreak House.'

between Peggy Ashcroft and Dorothy Tutin. Rather, the doubt has been about some of the directions her talent's taken. When all that larger-than-life power and intelligence go she twines, she insinuates in innocent ears, smiling with a fatalistic, pitying tenderness which is never far from twisting into a jeer. Amusement flickers into pain, pain into amusement, until all sport seems cruelty and cruelty a sport.

That's the keynote of the play, and she sustains it for the rest of the cast all evening, weaving around the action in which she's not herself involved, a gleaming net of watchful mirth and despair. It could be excessive. In fact, it's as perfectly calculated as the light, teasing stress with which she calls her philandering husband 'Dear child.' She has not taken over the play: she knows her place in its structure exactly.

At the close, with the zeppelins thundering overhead, John Clements's Shotover stands dominating the ship-shaped stage like a pilot at the wheel. She advances on to the stage's apron, jutting into the orchestra, eyes upward, breast forward, a living composite of all the mermaids, witches and noble dames the clipper-builders chose for figureheads. No one has expressed Shaw's image of the Eternal Feminine more exactly.

The latest product of Caryl Jenner's tenancy of the Arts is a play called **The Laundry.** This ponderous adaptation from the French is a translation of the minotaur myth to Anouilh territory, with a number of deprived French ladies in rusty black

clerks and officials, rem what it was like in Petrogra are a novelty and perhaps more. It's tangible history even when they are talkin and have to be translated. fact the producer, Robert was able to record a surpri ber of people who spok sometimes in splendidly t accents.

But instead of pursui man in the flesh, John script consistently releg recordings to second place, of slabs of text-book nar always seemed to be at o from the society that Fri Cradock had been looking third and last programme today, 'Fathers and Sons,' more voices and everyda But so far there has bee joke or a flash of colo journalism has been a favour of history in sma

It's all the more a pity programme budgets in Ra stretch to many trips to Ru where else. Radio is ch apologists are always sayi be saying louder than ev next two years, while the experiment (which began Leicester four days ago) g

A local station is supp able to manage on £50,0 the trouble is that a su sounds a mere nothing i

Music on the South Bank

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ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

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QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

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Monday 13 Nov. 7.45 p.m.	EDMUND KURTZ (cello) ERNEST LUSH (piano). Beethoven: Seven Variations in E flat on Bei Mannern welche Liebe fühlen Brahms: Sonata in F Op. 99 Stravinsky: Suite Italienne Britten: Suite for Unaccompanied Cello Op. 72 21/- 15/- 10/- 7/6 *Wilfrid Van Wyck Ltd.*
Wednesday 15 Nov. 7.45 p.m.	NORTHERN SINFONIA ORCHESTRA JOHN DANKWORTH ORCHESTRA Conds: John Dankworth and David Haslam Dankworth: Escapade: Fools these Mortals—First London performances. 25/- 20/- 15/- 10/- 7/6 *Northern Sinfonia Concert Soc.*
Thursday 16 Nov. 7.45 p.m.	MICHAEL ROLL 1st prize winner 1963 Leeds International Piano competition Beethoven: Six Bagatelles, Op. 126; Sonata in C minor Op. 111 Bartók: Suite Op. 14 Mussorgsky: Pictures from an Exhibition 21/- 15/- 12/6 7/6 *Harold Holt Ltd.*
Friday 17 Nov. 7.45 p.m.	ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA Raymond Leppard (cond.) Janet Baker (mezzo) Haydn: *Symphony No. 48* E. Seasley: Variations for Strings (1st concert perf.) Handel: Ah! crudel nel pianto mio; Armida abbandonata Haydn: Symphony No. 88. 25/- 20/- 15/- 7/6 *English Chamber Orch. Ltd.*
Saturday 18 Nov. 7.45 p.m.	SUK TRIO Brahms: Trios: in C minor, Op. 101; in B, Op. 8, in C, Op. 87 15/- 10/- 5/- *British Broadcasting Corporation*

PURCELL ROOM

Today 12 Nov. 7 p.m.	"THE ARMADA 1588" devised by Peter Orr Tony Church, Ina Holm, Prunella Scales, Martin Best (singer with lute and guitar) 15/- 10/- (all others sold) *Apollo Society*
Tuesday 14 Nov. 7.30 p.m.	ROSE INLANDER-GOVER (piano) GERALD GOVER (piano) GERALD GOVER OPERATIC ENSEMBLE Malvina Major (soprano) Beryl Cook (mezzo) Maurice Arthur (tenor) Gordon Honey (baritone) David Forrest (clarinet) Works by Mozart and Brahms 12/6 10/- 7/6 5/- *Centre for Musical Interpretation*
Wednesday 15 Nov. 7.30 p.m.	ANDREW McGEE (violin) MICHAEL FREYHAN (piano) Bach: Sonata in E minor Beethoven: Sonata in C minor, Op. 30 No. 2 Prokofiev: Sonata No. 2 in D Op. 94a Schubert: Rondeau brillant in B minor D.895 15/- 10/6 7/6 5/- *Christopher Hunt Ltd.*
Thursday 16 Nov. 7.30 p.m.	£100 Composition Prize Concert PORTIA WIND ENSEMBLE Danzi: Quintet Op. 56 No. 1 Mozart: Adagio K. 411 Michael Clement Gibbs: Five Pieces (Prizewinner, conducted by Ronald Gillham) Patrick Harrex: Antiphonies Geoffrey Grey: Serenade 15/- 10/- 7/6 5/- *Portia Wind Ensemble*
Friday 17 Nov. 7.30 p.m.	WINIFRED ROBERTS (violin) HELEN WATTS (contralto) GERAINT JONES (harpsichord) Bach: Sonatas in A and E for violin and harpsichord Purcell: Group of songs Mozart: Sonata in C K.296 Haydn: Cantata: Ariana a Naxos 15/- 10/6 5/- *Kirckman Concert Society Ltd.*
Saturday 18 Nov. 7.30 p.m.	ARTO NORAS (cello) GEOFFREY PARSONS (piano) Brahms: Sonata No. 2 in F Op. 99 Debussy: Sonata in D minor Boccherini: Sonata in A Schubert: Sonata in A minor D. 821 (Arpeggione) Paganini: Variazioni di bravura 12/6 10/- 7/6 5/- *Harold Holt Ltd.*

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

LSO NPO RPO

When

THE TV critic's choice of viewing is, of necessity, artificial. The new has to take precedence over the familiar, the documentary over the old movie, the play over the series. What is more, from fear of turning into an armchair Baedeker, there is a tendency to impose a thematic grid over the week's output.

This obsessive pattern-making has to be watched, but in the last week or two they've made it easy for us. The bi-centenary of the Russian Revolution produced two important documentaries, while a factual account of a real police force suggested a fresh look at the telly-fuzz. Yet, as is often the case, the most startling moments have resulted from turning on a few minutes before a marked programme or not switching off after it.

Last week, for instance, I happened to catch the second half of **Talkback** (BBC-1), and saw Stuart Hood in the hot-seat, defending his view that most people who write in about TV shows are usually cranks, while among those viewers who wished to refute this argument was the liberals' bogy-woman herself—Mrs Mary Whitehouse. I have always felt slightly worried about this lady in the past because I found it difficult to dismiss the nagging idea that, where she stood for seemed sive, it was possible th represent the views of public and, by ignorin and applauding the BB it put out a program suspected might drive wall, I was deliberat teasing with a moral ' Talkback ' set my mi

The audience is, as tion is at pains t ' statistically selecte Hood's inquisitors h shares in the fashio sive; *but once* Mrs out her hobby-horse by one, publicly ' associate ' themselv views, and attacked ' viewers' council ' t of the whip the BI form. What is mo audience broke into ter at the most veh assertions and vote in favour of the m ought to question and had the right to shock us, without f

This is not to imagine she has no does seem, if thi genuinely represent ever well organised mains a minority and *not* a cyn majority.

FILMS
PENELOPE MORTIMER

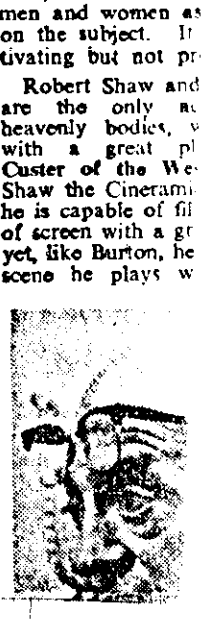
Joking with Buñuel

THE fantasy which opens Luis Buñuel's **Belle de Jour** (Curzon) is —and I believe it was intended to be—highly comic. A jingling carriage and pair clops through an autumn forest; on the box, two impassive coachmen in full livery; in the carriage, the most pleasant young married couple imaginable, handsome, rich, in love, not a feeling out of place. Suddenly the husband orders the carriage to stop. He tells the coachmen to drag his wife, screaming, into the undergrowth. She is tied to a branch, stripped and whipped. 'She's all yours,' the husband says laconically. Unbuttoning, the coachmen fall to like wolves. The poor little fluttering creature closes her eyes and gives in. . . .

The fantasy is, of course, the wife's, and the most interesting aspect of the [illegible] in which—as in 'Exter-

and there are consi it — the character instance, goes no fu handsome and d appearance. Nor do In spite of her lurid appear more than shell. All this can, plained by the fact simply not meant t ously. It is a brillia joke which tells on little, about the sex men and women a on the subject. I tivating but not pr

Robert Shaw and are the only a heavenly bodies, with a great pl Custer of the We Shaw the Cinerami he is capable of fil of screen with a gr yet, like Burton, he scene he plays w



James Mason—'being a character actor is more fun.'

against barriers 'between classical, reactionary ballet that old term "Modern L e." There's only good and bad dancing.' And he's proved it for himself by moving easily between musical comedy and the 'serious' world of American Dance Theatre, Ballet Theatre, and Martha Graham.

His own work is closely allied to contemporary musical sounds. In the first of the two new Rambert ballets, 'Freefall' (which he describes as 'like falling through space the moment before the parachute catches'), the music is a dialogue for five instruments, written by Max Schubel and struc-

long-term objective is a *resident* national orchestra. The Sinfonia plans to giv concerts a year in Wales—and travel abroad, too.

Mr Randall—a free-lance horn-player and conductor—says he has spent his own money on tonight's concert—about £2,000.

'The sound will be quite unique,' he says. 'I've never heard an all-Welsh orchestra playing together. I think there's going to be what the Welsh call *hwyl* at this concert.'

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

BRIEFING by EDWARD MACE, HELEN DAWSON and OLIVER PRITCHETT.

had he simply fallen fo

As I wrestled alone questions, the days dra was submerged in ho pity: I felt I had n chance and that the rea damage to our relatio been done in my absenc and her friends had t Kim into one of themse petty, whispering in corn tive, and smug about the views; above all jealo independence.

In late April Kim tol Melinda had kindly con let me have him alone for a whole week. Almo words were: 'You ha dollars, haven't you?

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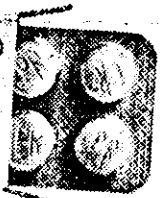

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ACADEMY ONE. Ger 2981. James Joyce's ULYSSES (X) (London). Wkdys 2.30, 5.30, 8.30. Suns. 5.0, 8.30. All seats bookable.

ACADEMY TWO. Ger 5129. Ingmar Bergman's PERSONA (X) 4.10, 6.20, 8.40.

ACADEMY THREE. Ger 8819. Till Nov 22. BARRIER (A) 3.45, 6.15, 8.45.

ASTORIA, Char. X Rd. Ger 5385. Hayley Mills Trevor Howard in PRETTY POLLY (A). Tech Progs. today at 4.05, 6.10, 8.15.

BERKELEY, Tott Crt Rd MUS 8150. UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME (X) Varda's LE BONHEUR (X). Progs. 4.20, 7.25.

CAMBRIDGE, Tem 6056 Fritz Lang's "M" (A) The Hands (X). 5.0, 6.40.

CAMEO MOULIN. Ger 1653. Gt. Windmill St. ONIBABA (X) (London) NUDIST PARADISE (A). Progs 2.15, 5, 7.45.

CAMEO POLY. 636 0785/1039. Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor in DOCTOR FAUSTUS (X). Technicolor. Sep. perfs. 2.30, 6 & 8.30. All seats bkble.

CAMEO ROYAL C X Rd. Whi 6915 Jean-Luc Godard & others direct Raquel Welch & Jeanne Moreau in THE OLDEST PROFESSION (X) (Colour) Progs. 2.45, 5.15, 7.50.

CAMEO VICTORIA (Vic 6588) Raquel Welch in THE OLDEST PROFESSION (X) (Colour) & YOUNG GIRLS BEWARE (X) Progs. 3.45, 7.20.

CASINO CINERAMA. (Ger 6915) [illegible]

CARLTON Whi 3711 James Coburn in DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND (A). Col. Progs: 3.10, 5.40, 8.15.

CLASSIC Baker St. 935 8836 OCTOBER REVOLUTION (U) Today Pgs 4.30 6.35 8.45 Wkdys Pgs 1, 2.45, 4.45 6.50 8.55.

CLASSIC CINEMAS—WEL 0081/8836 CHELSEA. Laurence Olivier, THE ENTERTAINER (X) Progs: 4.30 6.35 8.40.
CROYDON. THE RAPE (X—Greater London Council) 5.50 9.5 Bette Davis, The Nanny (X) 4.0 7.15.
DALSTON. Troy Donahue, A DISTANT TRUMPET (A) A Quinn, Blood Money (A).
HAMPSTEAD. James Garner, GRAND PRIX (A) Progs: 4.5 7.20.
KILBURN. Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar, THE COLLECTOR (X) 5.10, 8.50 Van Heflin, Patterns of Power (U) 3.40 7.20.
NOTTING Hill Gt. Peter Finch, James Mason, THE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE (X) Progs: 3.40 5.55 8.30.
PICCADILLY CIRCUS. Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney, TWO FOR THE ROAD (A) Progs: 1.50 4.0 6.15, 8.30.
PRAED ST. Burt Lancaster, FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (A) 5.30 9.0 Peter Sellers, The Mouse That Roared (U) 4.0 7.30.
STOCKWELL. Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, CAT BALLOU (A) 5.15 8.55 All Quiet on the Western Front (A) 3.20 7.0.
TOOTING BEC. Cliff Robertson, THE NAKED AND THE DEAD (A) 4.30 8.30 Kirk Douglas, Paths of Glory (A) 6.50.
WATERLOO Sta. Henry Fonda, 12 ANGRY MEN (U) 1.15 5.10 9.5 Frank Sinatra, Marriage on the Rocks (A) 3.15 7.0.

COLISEUM CINERAMA. Tem 3161. GRAND PRIX (A). Today at 3.30 & 7.30. Wkdys. 2.30, 7.45. Sats. 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, and 12 Midnight. All Seats Bookable.

COLUMBIA. (Reg 5414.) Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton The Taming of the Shrew (U). Tech Sep. perfs bkble 2.0, 5.0, 8.30.

CURZON. GRO 3737. Luis Bunuel's 1967 Venice Prize Film BELLE DE JOUR (X). Progs: 3.05, 5.30, 8.0.

DOMINION. Tott Ct. Rd. (Mus 2176, 2709.) Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer in Rodgers & Hammerstein's THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U) in Todd-AO & Col. Sep. Perfs. 4.0, 8.0. Weekdays 2.30, 8.0. All bookable.

EMPIRE. Ger 1234. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A) Today at 3.0, 7.30. Wkdys 2.30 & 7.30. ALL SEATS BOOKABLE. Licensed Bar.

EVERYMAN. Hampstead 1525. Off the Beaten Track. Today: Resnais' LA GUERRE EST FINIE (X). Monday: Guilietta Masina in Fellini's JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X).

GALA ROYAL. Amb 2345. The Whisperers (A) Sailor from Gibraltar (X) 4.00, 7.25.

GOLDERS GREEN IONIC. Spe 1724 Tony Curtis DROP DEAD DARLING (X) Sun. 4.35, 8.10. Wk. 1.45, 5.10, 8.45. Sophia Loren MARRIAGE ITALIAN STYLE (X).

INT. FILM TH. Bay 2345. DANCING THE SIRTAKI (U) Stella (X) 4.25, 7.30.

JACEY. Piccadilly Circus. REG 1449. Imamura's THE PORNOGRAPHER (X) (London) at 5.45, 9-10 plus Claude Lelouch's UNE FILLE ET DES FUSILS (X) (The decadent Influence) at 4.0, 7.20.

JACEY—TATLER. Charing X Rd. Ger 4815. THE SERPENT (X) Sweden's Sensual Prize Winner HOW I LIVED AS EVE (A). Progs. 2.35, 5.15, 7.55.

LEIC. SQ. TH. ROUGH NIGHT IN JERICHO (A) Tech. Progs. 3.25, 5.50, 8.20.

LONDON PAVILION. (01-437 2982). Michael Crawford and John Lennon in HOW I WON THE WAR (X). Colour. Programmes Today at 2.55, 5.30 and 8.10. Last 4 Days!

METROPOLE. [illegible]

NEW CINEMA CLUB. 122 Wardour Late-night provos challenge all-ni ground. Only members can judge tion one guinea.

ODEON. Haymarket (Whi 27 Scofield in A Man For All Sea 6 'Oscars'—including Best Film performances bookable 2.30, 5.45, 4.30, 8.15. Late night show Satur

ODEON. Marble Arch. (Pad 201 FROM THE MADDING CRO Tech. Sep. perfs. 3.45, 7.45. We 2.30, 7.45. Late night Show Satur All Bookable. Licensed bars.

ODEON. St Martin's Lane. (836 0 Julie Andrews THOROUGHLY M MILLIE (U). Tech. Sep. perfs. Weekdays 2.30, 8.0. Fri & Sat 2.30, Bookable in advance at Theatre &

PARIS-PULLMAN. Drayton Gdns FRE 5898. LENIN IN POLAND (A WITH THE LITTLE DOG (A). Pr 7.30. 2 wks only.

PRINCE CHARLES. For A Few Doll (X). Tech. Progs. 4.05, 6.20, 8.40.

RIALTO. 437-3488. Tom Courtenay DAY THE FISH CAME OUT Prog. Today 3.15, 5.35, 7.55.

RITZ. Lee Marvin THE DIRTY DOZ Metrocolor. Progs. 2.15, 5.0, 8.0.

ROYALTY. Hol 8004. SEVENTEEN Three Fables of Love (A). Separa Bkble 11.30, 1.45, 4.50, 8.5. Sun

STUDIO ONE. Oxf Circus. Must en day. Sean Connery in YOU ONL TWICE (A) at 3.30, 6.05, 8.40. Pro 5.35, 8.10. Fri next: Walt Disne Jungle Book (U).

WARNER. 437 3423. Warren Bea Dunaway BONNIE AND CLYDE Prog. Today 1.30, 5.20, 8.50.

and that was that.

I went to see him in the hospital every day. They stopped him drinking, and pumped him full of vitamins. They tried to stop him smoking, but he said: 'I'll do anything in the world for you, but not that.' The Russians very much wanted to keep him alive. He was presumably still valuable to them, or it may have been their way of paying tribute to the long services he had rendered them. They kept him there for over a month, taking no chances.

On the morning after May Day, when Kim was waiting to go to the clinic, Sergei and two other Soviet officials came to his bedside to inform him that he had been awarded a high Soviet decoration—the Order of the Red Banner. As usual, I was not allowed in the room, but after they had left I found Kim in a high state of excitement. I would have loved to see the decoration, but they decided to delay the formal ceremony until he came out of hospital. He said to me with deep pride that it was worth a good deal more to him than his OBE or his medal from Franco, which he was not particularly proud to have.

One afternoon, with Kim by this time out of danger, I went to see all the best and every possible lucky break.

Au revoir, darling,

Your *sincerely* devoted

Kim.

• • •

Kim and I still exchange letters, but these days usually through my lawyer.

He has no doubt done some wicked things in his life, but I am not very concerned with questions of patriotism or treason. I do not see that it is up to me, his wife, to praise or blame him for his politics.

I remember him as a tender, intelligent and sentimental husband. I am sure that he must still have some of these qualities, even though I am no longer there to enjoy them.

He betrayed many people, me among them. But men are not always masters of their fate. Kim had the guts, or the weakness, to stand by a decision made 30 years ago, whatever the cost to those who loved him most, and to whom he, too, was deeply attached.

He does not like pop music, but a while ago I sent him a Beatles record—'Help!' I thought it was appropriate; but I am not sure whether it best describes his situation—or mine.

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technolo

Marconi alone accounts for **1%** of the United Kingdom's gro national investment i Research & Developm This represents **20%** o the total R & D expenditure by the Br electronics industry.

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THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY
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REAK WITH KIM

round to the Foreign Gastronom and buy some Bourbon.'

Much against my wish we bought two bottles, returning home immediately instead of lunching out as he had promised. Kim broke open a bottle and was soon incoherent. I hid the second bottle, but he knew all my hiding places and found it later that night. I tried to match him drink for drink but could not keep it up. To his fury I poured the remains down the sink. Next morning he had just about the most colossal hangover the world has ever seen.

He woke up saying, 'I feel ghastly.' He stayed in bed all day. The next day he felt even worse. It was May Day and, as we were expected at the great parade, the telephone rang constantly, but Kim would not let me answer it. On the third day he complained of severe pains in his chest. He was scared. Sergei came to see us and Kim said: 'You'd better get a doctor.'

A woman doctor came round immediately and gave Kim a thorough examination; later that day we took him to the special KGB clinic for X-rays. There I waited alone in a small room for three hours until Sergei finally returned and solemnly announced that Kim had pneumonia and tuberculosis, and was on the verge of a collapse. He had to go into hospital at once.

We got into an ambulance. Kim, his eyes closed, looked serene, a faint smile on his lips. His troubles for the moment were over. Sergei had arranged for him to have a private room with his own toilet—a great privilege in the Soviet Union.

'Incidentally, the minute I leave his bedside he will have lots of company,' I said to Sergei.

'Oh no,' he assured me, 'you are his wife and no one else is permitted to see him.'

The next time I saw Sergei I said, 'Of course you realise he's telephoning her every day.'

This seemed to horrify him. 'We'll try and stop that,' he said. 'I can't tell you how sorry I am about all this. It shouldn't have happened to such a nice person.' Sergei was compassionate; but he was obviously already beginning to accept that if Kim were going to be happier without me, I would have to go.

Hospital care

I was sorry too. I knew it had happened because I had stayed away too long. Kim later told me that one day in September he and Melinda had had a long and sumptuous lunch, with lots of drinks, him in hospital for the last time. We talked listlessly about what I should do next. I told him I had always wanted to go to Ireland. And he said, 'Ireland is lovely. I think that's an excellent idea. There is no extradition treaty between Britain and Ireland, so perhaps I could come and see you.' (But they passed a Bill the following summer, so that was just a dream.) Why, I wondered, did he suppose I should want to see him again when he would obviously be living with Melinda? It was a very strange thing to say.

After a while I had to go, but he kept saying, 'Do stay a little longer.' He handed me a letter and said, 'Don't read it until you get home.' Then we both started to cry. We gave each other a long embrace, and then I walked out of the hospital, down the long path to the gate, waving to him as he stood at the window of his room. As a parting present he gave me his old Westminster School scarf which he had worn constantly and which I knew he loved.

On 30 May, 1965, I left Moscow for the last time. The Russians could not have been nicer. 'If you ever want any help,' Sergei said, 'go to the Russian Embassy wherever you may be and tell them who you are. They will do everything they can for you.'

Last attempt

His assistant, Victor, was at the airport with two dozen tulips. But they would have died on the flight, so I handed them back, keeping only three, and asked that they should be sent to Kim in hospital. I also had ready a letter for him which I had spent most of the night writing. It was my last attempt to try to win him back. I wanted him to see how cunning Melinda and her friends had been, and how easily he had been taken in. I told him that if ever he had second thoughts I would be ready to return, but that I could not live in the same city as her. I do not know if he ever got my letter.

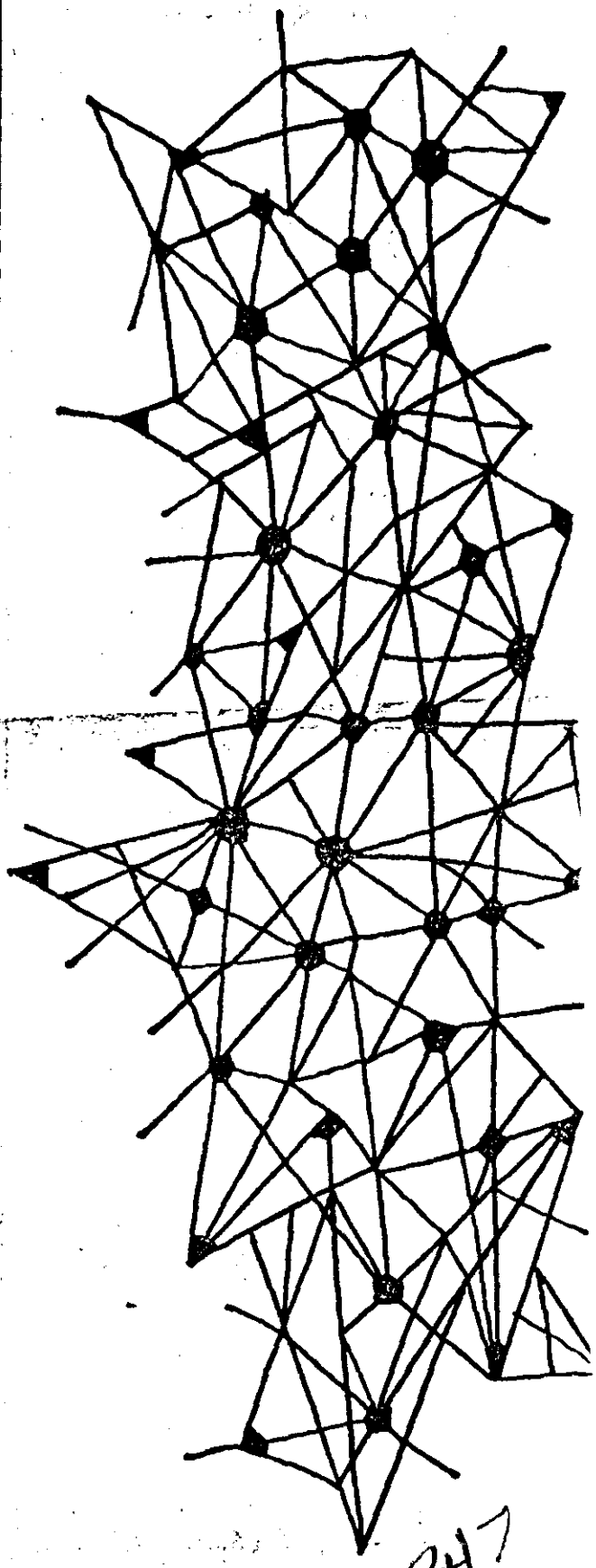
On the plane, I reread his last note for perhaps the fiftieth time:

Hospital

My darling beloved,

I wanted to write you a proper "au revoir" letter, but the conditions are not very favourable! So I will content myself with a brief preface, to be followed by a long letter when I get back to the typewriter.

From now on, darling, I shall be thinking hard of our happy days together, of your sweetness and goodness. I can never, never forget them. Please try also to



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Marconi i

to come, must have seemed wi[illegible]y inappropriate at that mo[illegible], coming from the wife of a senior officer in the Russian Intelligence Service. I had made a gaffe and Kim froze in a way which was quite out of character.

We returned to the flat by a roundabout route, and I was certain that we were followed by another car. The Russians were worried that the British or the CIA might tail us home. To cheer Kim up I told him I had bought two bottles of whisky in Copenhagen. Sergei wanted to know exactly where I had bought the bottles. Could they have

Monday, had worked as a Russian spy in Britain. He had penetrated the Portland Underwater Detection Establishment, with the help of Harry Houghton and Ethel Gee, British employees at this secret naval centre. In January 1961 he was arrested with his accomplices and sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment. But on 22 April 1964 he was exchanged for Greville Wynne.

Kim greatly admired Lonsdale, who had posed in Britain as a boisterous, fun-loving, free-spending Canadian. But from what I heard of him, he seemed an adventurer of limited intelligence and without subtlety. I asked Kim if there was

Russian friends still coming to the flat to talk to him behind the closed doors of the study. He also wrote occasional political pieces for various magazines. Once he showed me an article he had just finished. I remember him saying, 'Can you see how different the slant is from my old OBSERVER pieces?'

Kim was paid a basic salary of 500 roubles a month—about £200—but, in addition, he received large sums for any special work he did. The Russians also provided, in foreign exchange, some £4,000 a year for Kim's children in England. Our rent was cheap, under 35 roubles, or £20, a month, and our only real luxury was the maid. Unlike me, Kim did not feel that a car or a dacha in the country was necessary.

One of the first questions I asked Kim on my return to Russia was, 'How are the Macleans?' They were our only close friends and I had brought them and their children many presents.

'Oh,' said Kim, rather abruptly, 'Melinda is in Leningrad seeing an old friend.'

I then said I would like to ring Donald. Kim's face clouded. 'No, please. We're not speaking to each other any more. We had a filthy row at the dacha some days ago.'

Later, when I asked Kim again about the cause of the breach between them, he answered, 'Donald said I was still a double agent.'

Arendezvous

About a week later Melinda returned from Leningrad and Kim urged me to telephone her. I was eager to do so because I wanted to tell her about the gifts I had brought them. We arranged to meet for lunch at the Aragvi on Gorky Street, one of the best restaurants in Moscow.

On our way Kim and I in a moment of distraction got off at the wrong Metro station. Kim set off at the double through the snow, with me panting asthmatically after him.

'Hurry up,' he cried over his shoulder, 'we'll be late. We mustn't keep her waiting.'

But Melinda *was* waiting. She seemed more than usually tense and on edge, and I remembered that she had been most reluctant to come to lunch at all. It had required a good deal of coaxing on the telephone, with Kim at my elbow prompting me to persevere. She was rather secretive about the mysterious friend with whom she had been staying in Leningrad, and I began to suspect that this may have been a fabrication to cover some upset in her private life. I assumed that her relationship with Donald had reached a more than

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1964. I

I should wrap all the Macleans' presents and that we should take them to them on the day before Christmas. Our gifts were barely noticed. Melinda, distraught and jittery, could hardly hold a glass.

Kim spent the whole Christmas Day in bed, partially insensible. There were no presents for me. I drifted around the flat like a lost soul.

Kim's drunken binge lasted into the New Year. He would surface every few days and, for an hour or so, would be his old self again, but then something in his consciousness would trigger off a new bout of depression and drinking. I probed in vain for the cause of his behaviour: I reviewed in my mind the whole course of our relationship and of his career, as I knew it. I could not pinpoint what had gone wrong. His relations with Sergei seemed unaffected; his work on the Lonsdale memoirs seemed to be making steady progress; the Russians were as solicitous and deferential as ever. He could not therefore be worried about his work.

Was I the cause of his unhappiness?

One day early in January Melinda rang up on the verge of tears. 'I'm in an awful state,' she said, 'Donald has become quite impossible and I can't live with him any more. I'm moving the flat about so that I can have a room to myself. I'm taking over Ticky's room [her son] and he's moving in with his father.'

She seemed so helpless, weepy and broken-up, that I agreed to go round and give her a hand. Together we moved furniture and rearranged one of their two bedrooms. She had her own telephone extension in there and a record player; one or two nice pieces of furniture and a few reproductions of the better-known Impressionists. It was quite a cosy little den.

In the New Year, Kim fell into the habit of going out more and more frequently. He also started making long and mumbled telephone calls from our flat. Occasionally I would overhear a word in Russian. He never explained what furtive business he was up to, or who his stealthy interlocutor was. At first I supposed these calls had to do with his work, but then, from the look in his eye behind his cupped hand, I was sure he was talking to a woman. He must, I thought, be having an affair with a Russian woman, a casual passion ignited in my absence in the US and which would, no doubt, soon burn itself out.

I had no one to turn to except Melinda. 'Look,' I said to her one day, 'I'm worried about Kim. He's drinking too much; he's so nervous and depressed that I sometimes think

settled down to dinner and a game of Scrabble.

After dinner, in the cosiness of the dacha, Kim asked me to read aloud to them from 'Burgess and Maclean' by Anthony Purdy and Douglas Sutherland, a book which he had recently received from England. They particularly wanted me to read the chapter entitled 'And Now, Melinda,' which describes her escape with her children from Switzerland to the Soviet Union. Stupidly, I agreed.

I remember there was a paragraph, reeking of Hollywood cliché, which described Melinda as a woman of tremendous courage, acting with the

I did not.

I finally got him back to Mosc
put him to bed and summoned
doctor. A bone was broken in
wrist.

Kim was rarely at home after th
It appeared that his work with Lo
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Melinda much of the time.'

One day Kim told me he wo
be very late. When he left the ho
I rang Melinda to learn from
maid that she too was gone for
day. She usually managed to get h
pretty drunk by the time he got hon
so that he was not much help to n

TURN TO PAGE 23

ALONE! In a squalid room with only fear for company

Home is often a tiny basement room that lacks adequate heating, lighting, plumbing, cooking facilities. No relatives are around to care. No friends visit. Thousands and thousands of old people in Britain today are condemned to similar conditions. **1¼ million of them live completely alone. More than 300,000 lack suitable housing.** Many live in great distress. Even a Welfare State cannot keep pace with the growing need, but YOU can help through Help the Aged.

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VER REVIEW
MBER 1967

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Always
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radiotele

K WITH KIM

y concludes the Moscow life with Kim Philby and e left her for n's wife, Melinda

y, Kim Philby and Melinda Maclean

Melinda's not well; she's on the verge of down? We must do her.'

was witnessing, in effect, the collapse of my relationship with Kim. He was lost to me in a haze of alcohol. Indeed, the whole of

'He did,' she said, 'until a while ago.'

I had a sudden awareness of hostility. But at this stage I was far from formulating my suspicions in words. I experienced only a tiny nagging doubt.

In the early spring, with all of us feeling depressed and on edge, Melinda suggested that we might spend a weekend unwinding at her dacha in the country. We had new skis that year which we were keen to try out on the forest paths. The country round Moscow is very flat but we enjoyed the mild exercise of pushing ourselves along on skis over the powdery snow through the towering birch trees.

It was a St Patrick's Day weekend and, to celebrate the occasion, I had made a bottle of vodka *citronnée*: I had put the coiled peel of a lemon into a full bottle of vodka and allowed it to chill overnight. This is an old Turkish speciality, especially good with a raw-type vodka. I also took with us a casserole of my special jellied soup.

The three of us arrived in the early afternoon and, after Kim had waxed our skis, ventured unsteadily into the garden. We made bets as to who would fall first. The path we were heading for had been cleared of snow, which was banked steeply at the bottom of the garden. Lurching away from us, Kim went first over the top and I followed to find him picking himself up from the snowdrift. He was rubbing his wrist. 'It's nothing at all,' he said casually, and he pushed on down the road, with Melinda and myself following.

Cosy reading

I had my sketch-pad with me and seeing an old-style, gabled dacha, said I would like to sketch it, and

'cunning and spirit of fending her young.' A Melinda began to look tearful and helpless. Sh on her brave little wom could see that Kim heavily for it. We went

There was one doub two single bedrooms i Melinda had settled in room, so Kim and I t room each. It was the fi our marriage that Kim slept under the same ro rooms. When I woke in to Kim's usual greeting ing,' I discovered tha Melinda had been up hours, drinking tea in th apparently discussing h problems. At least t account of how they pa

Kim's wrist was now swollen, and it was c would be no more skiing instead for a brief wall a couple of bottles of C from the local store. Melinda retired to her r reading 'Burgess an which Kim did not wan home knowing that Do and might become exc pleasant.

Kim's pro

Feeling restless, Kim out again, but it was I soon turned back. into the village, return the same time the ca drive us home to Mosc have had a few drinks and again it was clear had done it deliberately suspicion that his injure not have been an acci have been self-inflicted of nihilism and self-pi against the situation

SCOTCH WHISKY
"Afore ye go"
THE CELEBRATION SCOTCH

THE OBSI

THE BREA

Eleanor Pl
story of he
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From left to right: Eleanc

Eleanor Philby left Moscow in May 1964 to spend the summer in California with her daughter (by her first marriage). She stayed in the United States longer than she intended—five months—because her passport was taken away by the State Department. It was returned after the Presidential elections in November, and she was then free to go back to Moscow. Throughout this period she had received a steady stream of affectionate domestic letters from Kim Philby. ('One theme runs right through his correspondence: the life and death saga of our budgerigars.') Sergei was Philby's chief contact and collaborator in Russian Intelligence —'one of the few Russians I was to know well.'

WHEN I flew back to Russia in November 1964 the first person up the stairs into the aircraft was my old friend, Sergei, who gave me a warm hug.

'Where's Kim?' I immediately asked.

'He is waiting in the car.'

This seemed strange. The car was drawn up beside the field, but Kim stayed inside. He did not get out to welcome me. I got in next to him and all he said, after a brief embrace, was: 'So you've really come back.'

There was so much to say to him. I told him about my parting scene with my daughter, who was very upset when I explained to her that I would not be able to come over again the following summer, since I had been away from Russia for so long. We would have to wait another year before seeing each other.

My gaffe

A rather odd thing then happened. Kim gestured to me to keep quiet as if he did not want Sergei who

been tampered with? Evidently the Russians were still concerned that someone might try to murder Kim. I had not come all that way just to poison my husband.

Kim, too, examined the bottles with interest, questioning me closely about the shop where I had bought them at the airport. But the idea of someone slipping a poisoned pill into a bottle of whisky in Denmark seemed so ridiculous that I laughed at him. The minute we got home he broke open one of the bottles and got just about as drunk as he possibly could. I had a feeling it was deliberate.

Kim's whole behaviour and the less than enthusiastic welcome I received at the airport dampened my spirits. Once again I was painfully reminded of how little I knew about what was really going on. I was back with a jolt in a world of shadowy outlines, unexplained depressions and mysterious anxieties. I found it hard to interest Kim in the many problems I had encountered in America, or, indeed, in all the gifts I had brought with me.

Ghosting job

After this unpromising beginning, I attempted to take up the threads of my life in Russia where I had laid them down five months earlier. I concentrated on doing up my studio —the former dining-room—where shelves were put up. The kitchen was rearranged on more functional lines. I made some curtains for the drawing-room and some cushions out of a lovely length of golden Persian silk. My Jerusalem embroideries transformed the ugly green sofa.

In the whole of my first stay in Moscow, Kim had worked at home and so I had seen him constantly. But now he told me he had been given an office and a secretary in town.

He had an unexpected and exci

any chance of my meeting him, but he said it was extremely unlikely. Almost every day now Kim spent several hours away from the flat, allegedly in his office at work on the Lonsdale book. He would often return home quite drunk.

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Aden told: Ready or not, we leave by Nov. 30

DIALLING THE V

By MAURICE TROWBRIDGE

BRITAIN will complete the withdrawal from Aden by November 30 with or without the existence of a Government to whom responsibility can be handed over, Mr. George Brown told the Commons yesterday.

Labour M.P.s loudly cheered the Foreign Secretary's announcement.

But many Tories were highly critical.

RESPONSIBLE

Mr. Brown took personal responsibility for the decision to withdraw British Forces and grant independence by the 30th even though negotiations with Aden's National Liberation Front in Geneva are not expected to start until next week.

Lord Shackleton, Minister without Portfolio, will lead the British delegation.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Shadow Foreign Secretary, ran into Labour protests when he told Mr. Brown that if the road to Aden's independence had been rough, it was the Government's responsibility. But he pledged the Opposition's co-operation over a quick and successful evacuation.

"I take it," said Sir Alec, "that the naming of the date, which I am bound to say I would not have done myself, was on the High Commissioner's recommendation?"

Mr. Brown answered: "Responsibility for naming the date is mine, but you can be quite sure I did not take that responsibility until I had taken fully into account the advice I got."

He said earlier: "There are important matters to be settled and preferably before independence, but if negotiations cannot be completed before independence there is nothing to stop them continuing as between independent countries."

He told a questioner: "I see a considerable chance of a stable Government taking over when we leave."

Mr. Peter Tapsell (Tory, Horncastle) said it had been the declared policy of successive Governments to give to British territories not merely independence, but independence under a rule of law and a democratically elected Government.

'BLACK'

"Don't you realise that particularly for those of us who believe in the modern Commonwealth that the handling of this situation by the Government is a very black day in our British history?" he declared.

Mr. Brown: "I believe when the dust has died down that not only the country here, not only Arabia and the Middle East, but also Tory M.P.s will realise that, given the situation we started from, we have done a tremendous job in getting it sorted out this way."

Rhodesia: N... there could ... tighter sanctio...

By WILFRID SENDALL

THE Government now faces the probability ... grinding war of economic attrition as ... stage of the Rhodesian dispute. This is ... conclusion from Commonwealth Secretary ... Thomson's report yesterday on his Salisbury ...

Mr. Thomson made no attempt to disguise the fact that prospects of a settlement had gone backwards rather than forwards.

In the Commons he described his report as "sombre" and said: "The differences between our position and Mr. Smith's proved even greater than earlier discussions had indicated."

Mr. Thomson was sorry to report that the kind of changes Mr. Smith now wished to make in the Tiger constitutional plan "were of a kind that would fundamentally affect their nature."

CHANGES

At a Press conference later Mr. Thomson said that he had told Mr. Smith that the constitutional changes proposed could not be reconciled with the British Government's principles.

The alternative, he said, was "a period of intensification of sanctions" to dispel the view in Rhodesia that sanctions were a three-year wonder of which Britain and the world would get weary."

"I do not believ... tions have failed," ... son told his Press ... "I do not believ... Smith thinks they ...

He added: "R... scrabble an exister... is a vast way from ... which Rhodesia ... U.D.I."

In the Commons ... Paget (Lab., N... tried unsuccessfully ... emergency debate ... failure of the Gov... open negotiations ... obstruction of t... Rhodesia."

Sir Gerald Nab... South Worcestershi... in just over two y... has lost about £... worth of trade ... Africa.

Pay up, co...

MOSCOW, Tuesda... today raised to 20 ... "economic penalties ... from factories whos... performance is poor ... January their paym... to *clients*—not to th...

352

Now EXIT

France has put up £14 million of the £90 million. So once again, when the Six discuss Britain's Common Market application, we, as "an interested party," will be able to make a righteous assessment of the British economy.

TRADE GAP figures were the worst on record. **EXPORTS** dropped £66 million to £356 million — the lowest since Labour came to power. **IMPORTS** were down only £10 million at £518 million, the figure being boosted by the arrival of higher-priced oil supplies.

Reaction at home :—

Mr. Derek Pritchard, chairman of the National Exports Council : "A conservative estimate is that the dock troubles cost us £100 million in sales in October.

"This is a knife wound to Britain's economy which may well turn septic with loss of future business. Customers are fed up with not getting the goods they have ordered."

U.S. banker Rudolph Peterson, president of the Bank of America, said in London that the U.S. would continue to support Britain. But he added : "We may reach a point where prudence would not indicate continued support, but this is a stage which we would approach reluctantly."

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"If Harold Wilson's got any sense of personal gratitude, Jack Dash should be getting his life peerage any minute now!"

Abroad :

FRENCH bankers said the trade figures were worse than expected and predicted another rise in the British Bank rate.

GENEVA officials of the European Free Trade Association, of which Britain is a member, were privately predicting that Britain would raise import barriers.

More cheerful note yesterday came in the Treasury's monthly assessment of the economy. It reported that reflation continued slowly, with capital investment by industry, consumer spending, and house-building all rising. Unemployment too was being checked.

REVOLT against Government economic policies built up last night as Labour M.P.s reeled under the news of the trade gap and the coal industry run-down, *writes Arthur Butler.*

Thirty-six M.P.s of Right, Left, and Centre told party officers they wanted a debate on unemployment at next week's meeting of the parliamentary Party. They fear reflation will now be slowed.

COMMENT last night on the Labour M.P.s' revolt from Tory Party chairman Anthony Barber : "When it comes to the crunch they will never sacrifice their seats for their principles."

Opinion : Page 10

Kim Philby—pictured during

From ROY BLACKMAN :

IN a secluded Moscow restaurant with double agent Harold "Kim time he answered some of the puzzling the world since his defec

Philby, quipping, joking, and snapping his fingers, told me in nervous stammers :—

"My purpose became the fight for Communism. I was prepared to subjugate everything in pursuit of that purpose.

"That is why I did it. I would still do it if I were young again in Britain today. And I am sure there are such men."

Philby, looking well for his 55 years, wore a red tie and not-too-well-fitting Russian suit when we met by appointment.

"It is time you talked," I said. He replied : "Maybe it is —everybody seems to have been doing it."

Origin

And talk he did. Between drams of vodka and glasses of Georgian white wine Philby traced the origins of his beliefs, the central driving force in a remarkable career of 30 years' spying for Russia.

"It was the 1931 elections that finally did it," he explained. "When the Socialists split I became intensely angry at the whole futile business.

"I cannot say that my conversion happened at any fixed point of time, but I do know that after two years of painful thought I had made up my mind by June 1933."

Lighting a cigarette—Russia's cheapest, 20 for 10d.—Philby explained how, after being a war correspondent in Spain in the 'thirties, he returned to Britain even more determined to achieve the task already set for him by Soviet Intelligence—

● Philby t traitor yeste day gave t first newspap interview sin he defected the Sovi Union.

● The intervi could not ha been give without t approval of t Russia authoritie whose motiv for discreditin the British an Western Intell gence servic are obvious.

● The Dail Express pub lishes this inte view, howeve because Philby own word reveal a valu able insight int the mentality o a traitor an his reasons fo betraying hi country.

infiltration of British gence.

One of the more episodes in his assiduo tion to that task was i ciation with the Anglo- Society in the immedi war years. "Ugh — people!" he exclaimed. were dreadful—still are

Philby said that a lo sense had been writte how he wheedled his v British Intelligence, bec was not so difficult . .

Power Minister ready to figh

Express Industrial Reporter

THE coal industry is in danger of "being almost frightened to death," Minister of Power Mr. Richard Marsh warned last night.

Who by?

He mentioned no names, but there was no doubt that he was rebuking Coal Board chairman Lord Robens for forecasting last week that today's 387,000 miners will be cut to 65,000 by 1980.

The Minister, faced with a revolt over the running down of the industry, was speaking a of his White Paper on fuel policy. [See Page 12.]

Mr. Marsh, whose predictions stop five years short of Lord Robens's, stresses that it's not possible to estimate beyond 1975. He claimed that "natural wastage from death and retirement will account for 20,000 miners a year out of the annual drop of 35,000 in the number of men needed.

Mr. Marsh pointed out that £130 million worth of special aid is to be pumped into areas hard-hit by colliery closures.

He claimed that the advance of nuclear power and natural gas held out bright prospects.

The implications for coal could not be dodged any longer, but talk of the Government making "slashing cuts" in demand could not be sustained.

Mr. Marsh sent out a personal message to the miners assuring them that "despite the present difficulties we shall need a lot of coal for a long time to come."

The ticked-off Lord Robens, usually quick to react, for once discreetly declined to comment in advance of the Commons debate on the issue.

Meanwhile his relations with Mr. Marsh are near rock bottom.

But the Minister who believes

of manpower cuts. kn needs to keep him in t to help him see the i through the difficult time

Mr. Marsh announced is ready to fight for his at miners' meetings.

He seems assured of a time.

Sir Sidney Ford, presi the National Union of workers, protested last "This White Paper, rathe encouraging the developm an efficient coalmining in could completely underm future."

The miners' general sec

ay's interview

ow, Tuesday

I cam face to face by, an for the first ons that have been early five years ago.

arranged things so that I was invited." That was August 1940.

"I have never had any regrets, except the obvious one that with better and more intelligent work I might have rendered greater successes."

Even that was really not a regret, said Philby. "My Soviet colleagues are generous in their recognition that human will-power and endurance has its limitations."

Errors

Did he, I asked, make any mistakes? "Clearly I can identify many of my mistakes. I wonder how many of them the United States and British Services can identify? I don't propose to help them."

When Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, the Foreign Office men, defected to Russia in 1951 Philby was suspected of tipping them off that they were under suspicion.

"Many things suggested I was the third man," he said today. "But there was no evidence. Just so long as I stuck to my story and did not drop my guard I knew I had a good chance. I had been very careful."

That guard was described by Philby as "rigorous self-discipline."

He said: "I sustained it by the conviction that I was on the right side, and also by a determination to enjoy life to the full whenever duty permitted, which happily it often did."

Price

I asked: "Has it been worth it?"

Philby stroked his chin and broke into one of his more nervous smiles, though his eyes were piercing and shrewd.

"You ask me to assess the value of results set against the strain," he said. "I think it is not possible.

"In the first place I cannot assess objectively the result of my own work. For that you must go to my Soviet colleagues in the Intelligence service."

"So you are still working for the K.G.B.," I said, rather unnecessarily.

"You are working for M.I.5," he retorted.

Then: "I can only say that since my arrival in the Soviet Union I have been treated with high honour and great consideration.

"I cannot really regard my life as being one of hardship. There were difficulties, some

PAGE SEVEN, COL. ONE

Beaverbrook

Train wreck inquiry hears of 7 faults in track

Express Staff Reporter

SEVEN track failures were found on the Hither Green railway line in the fortnight immediately before the November 5 disaster, a Transport Ministry inquiry was told yesterday.

A permanent way inspector, Mr. Albert Wright, said he had "never ever seen so many before."

All the faults were of the same pattern as that found in a broken rail near the disaster spot.

The inquiry was told by a signalman who saw the disaster that as the train was derailed, all the wheels "appeared to be red-hot and then they became white-hot.

"There was a big flash. I saw one of the coaches go straight up on its end."

Forty-nine people died and 78 were injured. Sixteen are still in hospital.

Fuller report: Page 6

Another crack

Main line passenger trains between Swansea and London were delayed for up to 15 minutes yesterday when a crack was discovered in a rail. The up line was closed for 12 hours.

Jersey says No

Jersey's Parliament voted yesterday to stay out of the Common Market. If Britain joins the Market, the island will seek to return its "ancient right" to export goods to the U.K. duty free.

Help, police!

Three men being questioned by police in Junction Road, Holloway, last night snatched a £300 portable radio one of the officers had in his hand. The men escaped in a car.

In on a prayer

An R.A.F. V-bomber with a crew of five made an emergency one-wheel landing on a bed of foam at Manston, Kent, last night.

Wall Street falls

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

a huge name for herself in Hollywood, Mr. [illegible] was working in live t[illegible]e in New York and London.

A statement is[illegible] by Julie [illegible]day said: "The varying demands of our careers have kept Tony and me apart for long periods of time, thus placing obvious strains upon our marriage."

Extend blockade, says Thorpe

Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the Liberal leader, called on the Government last night to blockade the Mozambique port of Lourenco Marques as well as Beira to show that it is still in earnest over Rhodesia.

Earlier about 200 anti-Smith demonstrators protested outside Rhodesia House in the Strand. Four were arrested.

Sanctions struggle: Page 2

POLICE BOMBARDED WITH PAINT

Anti-Vietnam war demonstrators hurled plastic bags of paint at police in clashes outside a New York hotel where Secretary of State Dean Rusk was due to speak.

TRAIN BLAZE

Two people died in fire in dining car of express train in central Japan.

TV, RADIO Page 16

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353 8000

Pour yourself a Babycham party

Weather: Sunny spells; showers

Price 4d

meets Britain's biggest traitor

BY TALKS

do it if I were young

tain today . . . and

ere are such men?

Julie Andrews asks for divorce

From RICHARD KILIAN

NEW YORK, Tuesday

JULIE ANDREWS today began a divorce suit against her British stage designer husband Tony Walton. The charge: mental cruelty.

The couple — childhood sweethearts — married eight years ago. Their daughter Emma Kate will be five on Monday week.

Julie, star of the stage version of "My Fair Lady" and of the films "Mary Poppins" and "The Sound of Music" (which won her an Oscar), filed her petition in Santa Monica, California.

Julie, who is 32, and her husband, 33, parted in October 1966.

IN THE KNOW with the Express

Naps up again

THREE more winners for The Scout at Wincanton yesterday, including his nap, and two out of three for Peter O'Sullevan, including his nap.

The Scout napped Loup Cervier (2—1) and also gave Implicate (7—4) and Court Witness (4—6). O'Sullevan napped Court Witness and gave Loup Cervier as his each-way.

Racing: Page 18

IN 20 PAGES

It's Nov. 30 for Aden: Page 2
Paul Getty richer by £250 million: Hickey, Page 3
Divorce judge and the opera singer: Serial, Page 4
Boycott children go hungry: Page 5
Americans woo atom men: Page 6
Babies rescued: Pictures, Page 9
Strange story of a 'survivor': Page 10
Banks strike called: Page 1
Three hours of Camelot: Page 10
Property shake-up in store: City, Page 1
Pools service: Page 1

LATEST

355

DAILY E

No. 20,979 WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 15 1967

World aids £ with loan of 90 million

By MICHAEL GILLARD

EUROPE and America last night rallied round with a £90 million loan to help the £ out of trouble.

This "first aid" will considerably brighten the £'s chances of growing stronger. And it could not have come at a more crucial time.

For October's trade figures, released yesterday, showed a disastrous gap of £107 million—the dock strikes crippled exports, but had little effect on limiting imports.

This giant slide into the red increased devaluation nervousness of foreign exchange dealers and the £ closed on its official "floor" of 2.781 dollars, down 1/16 cent, against the official rate of 2.80 dollars.

The Bank of England had to step in as a buyer of £s to keep the rate up.

THE LOAN was put up by France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and America. It must be repaid between seven and eighteen months from

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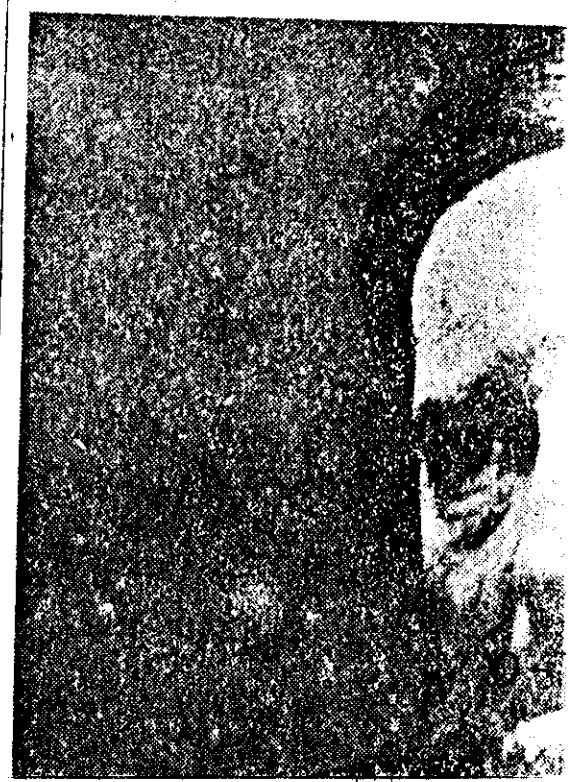
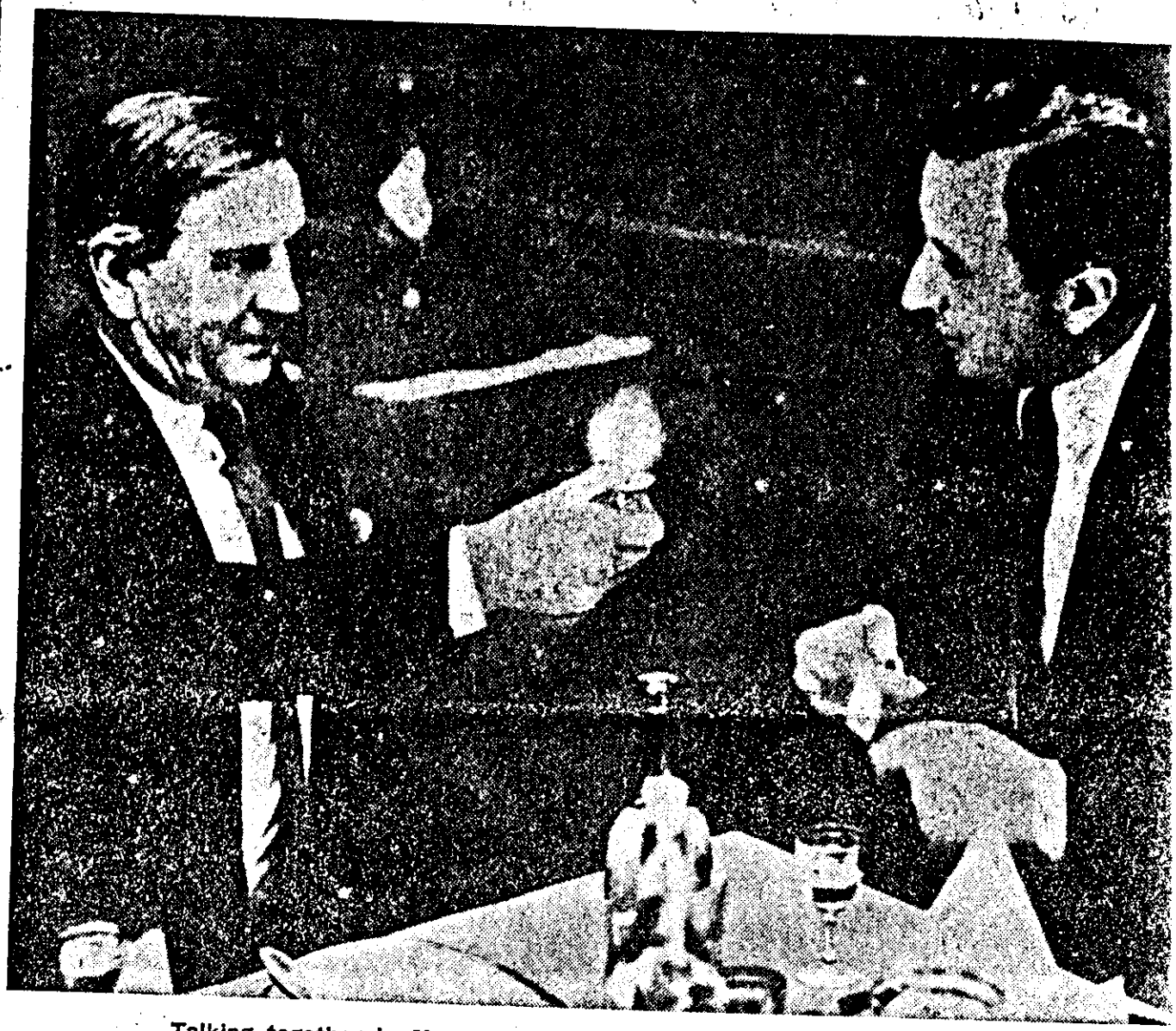


INTERVIEW OF CONTROVERSIAL IMPORTANCE



Talking together in Moscow—Kim Philby and Expressman Roy Blackman

tough and invigorating. For him the country is being built up to the revolution's ideals.

"I have no doubt whatever that we are on the right path," he said, "and that I, now 55, will live to see a society as man has never dreamed of." And gesturing with a wineglass he added gaily: "Naturally I propose to live quite a long time."

Contacts

He said he missed casual contacts with his children of several marriages. He also missed a glass of bitter, oysters ("I am rather tired of caviar"), and an occasional fine afternoon at Lord's or the Oval. And "it goes without saying that there are friends in England I would like to see."

Philby reflected on those far-off days and faraway places, then said: "Mind you, there is plenty I am pleased to be without too.

holidays. The English Channel. The rising cost of living. The Order of the British Empire. Mr. Wilson. Mr. Heath."

He paused, but there was no mistaking an inexhaustible supply for his distaste. "You see the sort of thing I mean," he said.

Then: "Yet I regard myself as wholly and irreversibly English, and England as having been perhaps the most fertile patch of earth in the whole history of human ideas.

"It is not England that fills me with humane contempt, but the other temporary phenomena, only a fraction of which I have mentioned."

Exit

Standing up and patting his respectable paunch, he said: "I shall continue my chosen path until, maybe, early in the third millenium, a swift death overtakes me."

And with that Kim Philby

ROY BLACKMAN

The Express staff reporter in

357

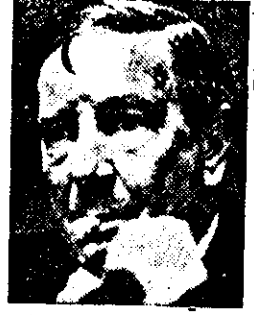
ROY BLACKMAN is and has been in journali since he was 17, ap from two years' Natio Service with the Ar qualifying as a Russi translator.

In August, he becar Moscow Correspondent the Daily Express.

He has reported even in 26 countries, coveri the Vietnam war, the Ind Pakistan war, the Ind nesian confrontation wa and five coups in the F East and Africa. He w jailed in Ghana, Ugand and Indonesia while o reporting assignments.

Blackman is marrie with a family in Englan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE



PHILBY

PHILBY

BEING VERY FRANK ABOUT—

Macmillan:

'Forced to clear

The Express:

'Edgiest quest

Third Man:

'I was grilled tv

narrow squeaks, and fairly constant pressure of one kind or another.

"But surrender to circumstances would have been a much greater strain than resistance to them."

Philby ate with a hearty appetite — smoked salmon, sturgeon, chicken Kiev.

We talked about changes in British Intelligence since his departure. He ventured that I should discuss this with George Blake.

Leaders

Blake is also here in Moscow after his sensational escape from Wormwood Scrubs where he was serving a 40-year sentence for espionage.

"If you want to know about the changes initiated after Blake's disappearance," said Philby, "he will perhaps put you on to a suitable informant."

He went on: "George witnessed those changes from close quarters." Then, with a chuckle: "I wonder how he escaped from prison?"

On the leadership of British Intelligence Philby said: "Certainly the British Government have great difficulties in finding the right men to run their Intelligence services.

"Military men have never really shone in this field.

"I am surprised that the Americans were not better led. Allen Dulles of the Central Intelligence Agency was too easily won round. He wanted to be persuaded.

"You would discuss something with him and just when you thought the answer was due he would say, 'Well, gentlemen, I think we will adjourn now and reconvene later at my convenience.'"

'Trials'

Philby revealed that he faced two secret "trials" in July 1952 over the Burgess-Maclean affair.

The first was conducted by Helenus Milmo, Q.C.—now a High Court judge—after M.I.5 had spent nearly a year preparing a case. Philby survived.

The second, and hitherto unreported, grilling took place the next day at Philby's London home and was conducted by William Skardon, an ex-policeman high up in M.I.5.

"Skardon was unquestionably the trickiest cross-examiner I have met," said Philby, "and I remember sitting there waiting to parry his trick questions."

According to Philby it was Marcus Lipton, M.P., who eventually saved him.

In October 1955 Mr. Lipton stood up in the Commons and named Philby as the third man behind the defection of Burgess and Maclean.

"By naming me he virtually forced Harold Macmillan to clear me, because it was obvious they did not have any concrete evidence — plenty of circumstantial stuff but nothing hard." He added: "Of course, to be cleared by the Prime Minister was a gift."

Philby recalled that the Daily Express had been "buzzing like an angry bee" for months. "Even at my Press conference after the Prime Minister's statement," he said, "I remember it was the Express's Donald Seaman who gave me the hardest time with the edgiest questions."

Mr. Lipton's intervention, said Philby, gave him a seven-year bonus in the spy business.

Showdown

He left London then to begin his spell in Beirut, Lebanon—which, he said, was one of the least pleasant of his life.

He was still working—apart from the Russians—for British Intelligence, which had persuaded the Foreign Office to ask The Observer newspaper to employ Philby as its Middle East correspondent.

It was not until 1961, when British Intelligence sent an officer to ask Philby if he was working for the Russians, that he decided to call it a day. He defected to Russia because he "felt real danger was closer than ever before."

Over coffee and more wine Philby said philosophically: "It

'thirties. The rulers of most of the capitalist countries are more sophisticated today.

"But would they have conceded so much if they had not been compelled to look over their shoulders at a workers' State grown in 50 years from ruinous chaos to the undisputed status of a super-Power?"

Then Philby talked about current events.

"Must Americans run amok indefinitely in Asia, South America and elsewhere, seriously endangering us all?" he asked.

"Must a Labour Government in Britain support them indefinitely to ensure American props for the battered £ sterling?"

"Are Harold Wilson-Brown-Callaghan more astute, or indeed Socialist, than the appalling trio of MacDonald-Snowden-Thomas?"

He mused on this question of his, staring into an empty coffee cup. "The question answers itself," he said finally.

The 30's

Philby's political mentality was, in his own words, irrevocably fixed in the 1930s. Thirty-five years and 1,500 miles' distance have not changed his mind.

"I was a perfectly genuine Socialist in 1931," he said, "but that split me effectively from British politics and set me on another fateful course.

"The background of my thinking

world and the lessness of ex deal with it.

"What a di was," he said. s and smoothin still resplende "The Britain Baldwin. Chamb ruled by sin Central Europe by oligarchies by the rise of

"And there half-reluctant war, preferabl Soviet Union best solution fo "The hunger which I too de the workers. The frightful.

"It became cl drastic remedies outside the fra ventional bourge Of the Spanis which he was spondent, he Communist agen for me to see t the young patrio was all setback Stalingrad." Chu which the Ru defeated the Ger

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I asked Phi thought of Russ in which to live "I am having love affair with said, suddenly mu "We have

Philby, in Interview, Says He Would Spy For Russians Again

By ALVIN SHUSTER
Special to The New York Times

LONDON, Wednesday, Nov. 15—Harold Philby said in an interview published here today that he had no regrets over his 30-year career of spying for the Soviet Union and would do it all over "if I were young again in Britain today."

Philby, a ranking British intelligence agent who defected to the Soviet Union in 1963, said that he led his life as a double agent because he wanted to "fight for Communism" and was "prepared to subjugate everything in pursuit of that purpose."

"I would do it again tomorrow," he said.

'Mentality of a Traitor'

He was interviewed by Roy Blackman, Daily Express reporter in Moscow, in a restaurant there. Officials of the newspaper here said that they had not paid for the interview and that it had resulted from "hounding" Philby.

The Sunday Times, which published a series of articles on the career of Philby in recent weeks, indicated in one of its pieces that Philby had asked for money for his personal story.

In an editorial note, The Express said that the interview could not have been obtained without the approval of the Soviet authorities, "whose motives for discrediting the British and Western intelligence services are obvious." But it said that it was publishing the interview because it provided an insight "into the mentality of a traitor."

Philby had remained inaccessible to Western correspondents in Moscow since he arrived from Beirut, Lebanon, four years ago. He was seen Sunday night at the concert of the Moscow State Philharmonic, but said only that he had nothing to say.

The Daily Express, which included pictures of Philby and Mr. Blackman in the restaurant, said that the interview took place between "drams of vodka and glasses of white Georgian wine."

"I cannot say my conversion happened at any fixed point of time," Philby is quoted as saying, "but I do know that after two years of painful thought I had made up my mind in June, 1933."

Calls Job Easy

He said that it had not been difficult to reach a high position in British intelligence, "I just arranged things so that I was invited," he added.

Philby, regarded as the most important Soviet agent to penetrate the Western intelligence community, at one point headed the British anti-Soviet intelligence operation. In the late nineteen-forties he was sent to Washington to work with the Central Intelligence Agency, which was then getting organized.

He left the British intelligence service in 1955 and continued his spying as a journalist until his defection.

Philby said in the interview that, since his arrival in Moscow, "I have been treated with high honor and great consideration" and that "I cannot really regard my life as being one of hardship."

On British intelligence, Philby said that the British Government had great difficulties in finding the right men to run their intelligence services. Military me "have never really shone" in this field, he said.

Discusses Motives

"I am surprised that the Americans were not better led," he added.

In discussing his motivation for turning Communist, Philby recounted his feelings in the 'thirties.

"The background of my thinking was the economic crisis and massive unemployment throughout the capitalist world and the apparent helplessness of existing forces to deal with it. What a dismal picture it was."

Asked by Mr. Blackman what h missed of English life, Philby said that he missed beer and oysters, an occasional afternoon at the soccer matches and some friends.

But he added that there were some things he did not mind being without, listing "the expense-account lunch, British railways, the Beaverbrook press, all the humbug about police, bank holiday, The English Channel, the rising cost of living, the Order of the British Empire."

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

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

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UPI-195
(SPY)

MOSCOW--HAROLD (KIM) PHILBY, THE BRITISH DOUBLE-AGENT WHO SERVED AS A SOVIET SPY FOR 30 YEARS BEFORE HE DEFECTED TO RUSSIA, BROKE LONG MONTHS OF SILENCE TONIGHT AND SAID HE WOULD DO IT AGAIN.

PHILBY, 55, SAID THE DEPRESSION AND THE SPLIT IN BRITISH SOCIALISM IN THE 1930S LED HIM TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO "A FIGHT FOR COMMUNISM."

"THAT'S WHY I DID IT," PHILBY SAID. "I WOULD DO IT AGAIN TOMORROW."

PHILBY ARRIVED IN THE SOVIET UNION IN 1963, TOUCHING OFF A SECURIYT SCANDAL THAT ROCKED BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. HE HAD BEEN A RESPECTED MEMBER OF M16--THE BRITISH SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE--AND HAD PTENETRATED EVERY LEVEL OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE NETWORKS OVER THE YEARS AS AN UNDERCOVER ESPIONAGE AGENT FOR THE KREMLIN.

THE CAMBRIDGE-EDUCATED BRITON NOW HOLDS AN IMPORTANT POST IN THE SOVIET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE IN MOSCOW.

HE TOLD HIS STORY MONDAY NIGHT IN THE FIRST INTERVIEW HE HAS GRANTED TO WESTERN CORRESPONDENTS SINCE JANUARY, 1963, WHEN HE DISAPPEARED FROM BEIRUT, LEBANON, WHERE HE WAS WORKING AS A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT AND TURNED UP IN MOSCOW.

11/14--EG816PES

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WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

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0-20 (Rev. 7-27-67)

Tolson
DeLoach
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UPI-198
CORRECTION:

IN SPY (UPI-195) LAST PGH, FIRST LINE SHOULD READ XXX TUESDAY NIGHT INSTEAD MONDAY.

WCNS
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WHEN I arrived at London Airport from Beirut in 1963, British Intelligence had sent an official car for me. At my request, I was driven to Kim's sister's flat. Patricia had very kindly asked me to stay with her with the hope of my being undiscovered by the Press. The children were immediately taken to stay with relatives in the country.

I woke late next morning, 1 June, and on getting out of bed found I could not stand on my right foot without great pain. My big toe was inflamed and swollen, and extremely painful. I rang Y (Kim's former Intelligence boss, now in London) to ask if he could recommend a doctor. Y's choice was a Dr X who, in due course, arrived and diagnosed gout, but it was really bursitis. He prescribed sedatives and advised me to keep off my feet for several days.

As soon as I could walk again I lunched with the Ys, who once more took up the now familiar theme that Kim was an active Communist agent and that I should on no account contemplate going to Moscow. I still was not convinced that he was there. Y suggested that I should meet his chief, who might be able to persuade me of Kim's long years of work for the Russians. I agreed and he telephoned his colleague immediately.

The chief joined us after lunch and I was left alone with him in the drawing-room with coffee and a bottle of brandy. I argued my case as persuasively as I could. I said I did not see how Kim could have been so involved without my being aware of it. I believed that Kim had been kidnapped. But he was very insistent. 'We have definitely known for the last seven years,' he said, 'that Kim has been working for the Russians without pay.'

Under siege

By the end of the afternoon I was in tears. Much against my will, I had to begin to think along the same lines.

Much of the agonising suspense which I had known in Beirut now returned to plague me. It had taken the Press only 10 days to discover my whereabouts and a new siege began. There were constant knockings on the door and notes slipped through the letter-box offering me large sums of money for my story. One popular Sunday newspaper proposed £10,000 for an exclusive picture story.

Dr X, whom I saw weekly, recommended librium, an anti-[illegible] [illegible] doctors who a[illegible]ded Greville Wynne on his return to England.

While all this was going on I was waiting hopefully for a message from Kim, but none came. This was the most depressing thing of all. Y, whom I continued to see at least once a week, seemed to have two obsessions: he wanted to discover whether I had had any contact with Kim or the Russians; he also kept insisting that I must never, on any account, go to Russia. If I did, he said, I would never be permitted to return.

In early September, when I was in New York, the miracle happened—by special delivery. Kim's letter had been sent to his sister's address in London and forwarded from there. At last I had conclusive proof that Kim was in Russia and in good health. Better still, I now had what I'd longed for for months: an address where I could write to him. It was Box 509, Central Post Office, Moscow. From then on I wrote to him almost daily.

Free to leave

Kim's letter was long and tender. He urged me to come to Moscow as soon as I could, to come and see for myself what it was like. He assured me that if I did not like it there I would be free to leave at any time. He made this point very clear, because he knew I must be worried about it.

After further correspondence—in which he wrote 'you can safely ignore anything you hear from anyone but myself. There are an awful lot of people with an axe to grind by distorting my position.... My friends here have proved true friends indeed'—Mrs Philby decided to join her husband. Her letter giving the news was acknowledged by him in a cable from London, sent 'presumably through the Russian Embassy.' It was signed 'Archie,' one of Kim Philby's favourite nicknames—taken from the philosophical cockroach of the American humorist Don Marquis.

On 25 September I made a bet with Kim's sister Patricia that I would go that morning to the Russian Consulate. I took a Tube from St John's Wood to Central London. Then, in the best spy tradition, I took a taxi. I had been trained during the war, when I was with the Office of War Information, how to throw off a tail—I had even been trained to kill a man in 30 seconds, a trick I have since forgotten. So after a short taxi ride I got out and took another, this [illegible] the Bayswater

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had given the taxi-driver only the street number without specifying the Russian Consulate to him. My courage was beginning to fail, and I was almost ready to give up. But I hailed a third taxi, got in, and boldly asked for the Russian Consulate. He drove perhaps 50 yards down the street, turned about, and drew up outside a building exactly opposite the one I had investigated. I went in.

On a calling-card I wrote: 'To his Excellency the Russian Ambassador.' And on the back: 'If you have a minute to spare, I would like to see you.' A few minutes later a tall, blue-eyed Russian ushered me into a room where another man was seated behind a desk. He rose courteously and said that he was very pleased to see me. He said he knew all about me: 'We have heard that you want to go to Russia.' I said yes. 'When would you like to go?' he then asked. I told him in three or four days as I had some shopping to do and one or two other things to attend to. He said: 'We should like you to be ready the day after tomorrow.' I was rather taken aback and asked whether such speed was necessary. He said it was.

I was told that I should be at London Airport on 27 September, at exactly 11 o'clock. There would be somebody there to meet me who would take care of everything. I should worry about nothing. Then he opened a drawer of his desk, took out an envelope and handed it to me. 'Go and buy yourself some very warm clothes,' he said. In the envelope I found £500 in notes. I went immediately to Harrods and enjoyed myself. I bought sweaters and tights, boots and a turban, fur-lined gloves and some goodies for Kim. But I made one mistake: instead of the heavy fur-lined coat I should have bought, I chose a rather lightweight camel-hair. I often regretted it in Moscow.

I had arranged to see Dr X in his consulting room in Knightsbridge later that morning. 'You look so well today, Mrs Philby,' he said in his usual unctuous manner. 'Have you had some good news?' I said, 'No, nothing in particular,' and told him I would see him the following week. I left at ten the following day and arrived at the airport at twenty minutes to eleven. I sat inside the taxi in the parking lot as the minutes slowly ticked by. At two minutes to eleven the driver pulled up in front of the terminal, and I got out with my numerous bags. Getting increasingly jumpy, I waited in the main hall about five minutes. I was very worried about being recognised by the Press.

Then I noticed a tall, stocky, thick-necked man striding up and down in the middle of the lobby, glancing anxiously around. I felt sure he was Russian. Finally I got up my nerve, and went up to him. I tapped him on the shoulder and asked: 'Are you looking for me?' 'Are you Mrs Philby? Where's your baggage and passport?' I handed both over. I asked if I could do some last-minute shopping at the duty-free store. I had in mind some Scotch and cigarettes. But he vetoed this politely, saying I might be spotted by the Press.

Eventually it was time to go. We just walked directly to the huge

'We have definitely known for the last seven years,' said the British Intelligence chief, 'that Kim has been working for the Russians without pay.'

Aeroflot jet. There was no security check or passport control. He placed me in an empty first-class compartment, shook hands, wished me good luck and said goodbye. I was under the impression that that was the end of him, but when the engines were running, my friend emerged from the pilots' cabin. He obviously wanted to make sure I didn't get cold feet. He left the plane and we took off.

Four hours later — wearing a turban, dark glasses and my camel-hair coat from Harrods—I landed in Russia. I had not the faintest idea where I was in that vast country or what would happen to me. Kim seemed thinner, rather worn, and I had almost failed to recognise him. I had never seen him in a hat before. The dark-blue felt he was wearing belonged to Guy Burgess, who had suddenly died the previous month. Kim had a collection of his clothes: the winter overcoats were especially ...l and expensive to replace. He w... e the hat out of sentiment.

In the front of the car, next to the driver, sat a youngish-looking man, who was to be one of the few Russians I was to know well. He is probably the only person in the world who has a complete knowledge of Kim's work (on the Russian side). I knew him merely as Sergei, but I soon learned that he was Kim's chief contact and collaborator in the complex machine of Russian Intelligence. Apparently he had spent many years handling the Moscow end of Kim's activities.

Sergei often came to see us to help with all our problems, trying to assist us in adjusting to the unfamiliar Russian world in which we found ourselves. He was very charming, fortyish, with kind, twinkling brown eyes and an excellent sense of humour. His English was fluent, with only a slight trace of accent. I grew to like him very much indeed. He would always treat me with a rather grave, old-fashioned courtesy. He sometimes brought me flowers, which cost the earth in winter.

On that first evening we drove swiftly to Kim's flat. Sergei came in with us for a glass of champagne which Kim had ready on ice. But after a few moments he bade us discreetly farewell, leaving us alone. I was wildly happy.

Kim lived under an assumed name in an enormous grey building in a grey residential suburb of Moscow. It was some 15 minutes by metro from the centre of the town. I have promised never to reveal his address or the name he goes by. From the rear our huge, grim block reminded me of the Lubianka Prison. But the front view was relieved by a small, tree-lined square where, on warm days, old men played chess and babies sat in prams, watched by their babushkas.

But inside he had done a marvellous job and, by Russian standards, it was amazingly spacious and comfortable. There were four rooms; a living-room, a study for Kim, a dining-room and a large bedroom for Kim and me—but no double bed: the Russians don't believe in them. Later I made inquiries but there were none for sale.

I had no idea then how difficult it was to furnish a flat in Moscow. When you move into an apartment in Russia, you start from scratch, with nothing in the bathroom except a tap. Furnishing means providing everything from wood on the floor

explained reason, a stove is always thrown in. For Kim it was a formidable [illegible], not realising how he had sl[illegible]ed over it, I must have hurt his feelings those first few days by some of my remarks.

For example, I said I thought we should get rid of a blue wicker settee which he had placed in a corner of the living-room, along with some plants. Only later I discovered that it was a rare find, which Kim was very proud of. On the other side of the living-room was a bright-green sofa with matching armchairs, a glass coffee table and a large and hideous silver-plated electric samovar, sitting in solitary splendour on a small table.

Kim explained that, for prestige reasons, our Russian friends insisted that we had to have a television set, which sat in his study—there was a huge waiting-list for them—but we switched it on only once that winter, to see the American Globetrotters play the Russians, as Kim had never seen a basketball game before. He knew I adored birds and had already bought me three: a gold-coloured canary in a small cage by itself on a side table and, in one of the windows, a pair of blue and green budgerigars in a charming, hand-made cage.

Home comforts

The kitchen was modern and well equipped. There was a washing-machine from Czechoslovakia, a vacuum-cleaner from Romania, a floor-waxer (unworkable) from Yugoslavia; only the refrigerator was Russian. But the washing-machine, which gave out a fierce high-pitched hum and terrified the maid, we converted into a table in the kitchen. The vacuum-cleaner—something we could never afford in Beirut—was a godsend, cleaning our many Oriental rugs.

It had taken Kim months, and several thousands of roubles, to furnish the flat. Sergei had driven him all round the city, showing him dozens of apartments, but he had eventually settled on this older, pre-Stalin building, as it seemed more solid and reassuring than the rather flimsy, prefabricated blocks which were springing up everywhere in the suburbs. Knowing my musical background, our friends had even offered us a grand piano, but Kim had turned it down for the simple reason of space.

As I walked round the flat on that first night—with Kim pointing everything out to me like an excited child—I noticed piles of books stacked high against the walls in every room. There were more than 4,000 volumes, which Burgess had [illegible] as many as possible. We scoured every [illegible]ssible furniture shop in town. [illegible]y bookcases with sliding gl[illegible]ors appeared in many shops. In one day we bought nine, and arranged them in all four rooms.

Waking in my narrow bed, on my first morning in Moscow, I was immediately aware that there was a third person in the flat. I could hear a firm, authoritative tread, and the scrape of furniture in the living-room. Whoever it was clearly did not care whether we slept or woke. 'Who on earth is it?' I whispered to Kim. 'It's Zena, the housekeeper,' he said. She was to become my first headache in Russia.

The boss

Zena was a tough, small, henna-haired woman in her early thirties, attractive in a rather coarse way. She was to be an intimate part of our life from around eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. She had been looking after Kim for several weeks and had already taken over the household in her own fashion. She obviously resented me. She made it only too clear that she did not welcome any alteration in her domestic routine. She was the boss. If I decided the rugs and floors should be cleaned and polished and she disagreed, she would sometimes spend an hour or so sulking in our living-room in true Slavic fashion, chain-smoking our cigarettes and doing nothing.

I did not speak a word of Russian and Kim, at that stage, still knew very little, but could manage extremely well by writing out what he wanted in his small, exquisite script. But quite apart from the language barrier, she and I just did not get along. What irritated me from the first day was that she ate her midday meal with us. It wasn't that I had any snobbish reasons for not wanting her there, but rather that I found her presence at the table inhibiting. Why should that head of hennaed hair sit between Kim and me? 'Does she have to eat with us every day?' I asked. In Kim's silent reproof I saw that I had unintentionally given offence to his open-armed tolerance of every tovarich.

At a first glance Kim looked spry enough in his new Russian clothes, but physically he was not in very good shape. The almost unbearable strain of his last months in Beirut had been followed by the ordeal of his mysterious escape to Russia—from the little he told me of this episode I believe he walked a good deal of the way, at least at the start of his journey. Although he left Beirut in January 1963 he arrived in Moscow only some months later, or so he [illegible]

lost months, but it must have been then, probably in Moscow, that he was 'debriefed'—a no doubt meticulous, laborious and wide-ranging interrogation.

On arriving in Moscow he had been put in a small flat overlooking the river, in the care of a fat old housekeeper whose main object, he told me, was to see how much food she could make him eat. She was constantly scolding him and cooking enough food for four people. He spent a good deal of time in conferences with Russian Intelligence officers, but when he was free he roamed the city on foot, getting to know it, exploring the layout of its pattern of streets in the way he loved to do with a new city. He was, I used to reflect, like a fictional secret agent, walking everywhere and remembering everything he saw. He had a phenomenal memory and a remarkable sense of direction.

For reasons of their own, which I could not quite understand, the Russians kept us under very strict control. Guy Burgess, the man who had from early manhood shared most closely Kim's great clandestine love-affair with Russia, had died in a Moscow hospital that August—some six weeks before I arrived. Donald Maclean attended the funeral and delivered a brief oration. A brass band played the *Internationale*. Kim told me that he was not permitted to go, but I later found out that he saw Burgess very briefly, as he lay dying in hospital.

Kim never complained of this rigid discipline, but I suspect there were few things in life he would have liked more than a long, intimate, allusive dialogue with Burgess—like old times. It might even have kept Burgess alive a little longer.

Burgess legacy

Burgess left his books and clothes to Kim but the rest of his possessions were to be divided between ourselves and the Macleans. Kim had already taken a charming little dressing-table that had belonged to Burgess's mother, and a portative organ, a medieval instrument with a narrow, limited keyboard, used in processions, on which Guy used to bang out his favourite Cambridge rowing songs. It now stood in a corner of our Moscow flat, but I could barely get a moan out of it. It was broken and I could never find anyone to mend it.

on all the events that had happened during those eight long months apart. He wanted to know in great detail about all his children and the difficulties I had encountered. But he said very little about himself, except for his first impressions of Moscow, his difficulties and experiences in finding and furnishing one flat, which he described in his usual, very amusing way. Looking back on those early days I now realise that he told me very little of his own far more dramatic experiences since leaving Beirut.

Meeting him then in Moscow, after so many months of separation, I found to my great relief that it was not so very different from meeting him in Beirut after one of our long separations. He was the same lovable, completely charming, sentimental man I adored. There was no question or doubt at all that this feeling was completely mutual. However, a tiny strip of no-man's-land had already appeared between us which had not been there before.

Almost the first serious thing we did in my early days in Moscow was to sit down together and put on paper a detailed account of my experiences with the British and American security authorities in the months that I was alone. I guessed this was information Kim's Russian friends wanted. I went over every detail I could think of in several long sessions.

Biggest mistake

These interrogations began to take the form of a grilling, with Kim getting me to repeat the same things over and over again. This went on for several days, and I was becoming extremely bored with the whole thing. Kim was patient, but unusually stubborn and insistent. It was only then that I confessed that I had had to take the British fully into my confidence and how, from photographs provided by Y's chief, I had identified his mysterious Russian friend who had called on me that early May morning in Beirut.

That was perhaps the biggest mistake I made. But, as far as I was concerned, I had never kept anything from Kim, and therefore saw no reason to do so now. My error was human, but I felt that Kim was angry. Thanks to me, his wife, the Russians had lost a valuable agent. 'What a pity!' he said. 'He was one of my greatest friends and our best man in the area. His career is finished.' The barrier between us widened.

I also reported to him what the British Intelligence chief had said to me in London at our meeting in Y's apartment—that he had definitely known for seven years that Kim was working without pay for the Russians. This seemed to interest Kim intensely. He made me

serious and reflective. Somehow this disclosure seemed to distu[rb] him deeply, perhaps because it [cast] an entirely new light on his rel[a]tions with the British.

If the British—or some of them—had known about his Russian connections all along, he was the one who had been fooled. He thought he was spying on them, but they were keeping an eye on him—trying to use him against the Russians without his knowing it. If this were true, much of what he passed on to Soviet Intelligence would be valueless. Finally he said quietly, but with more than a touch of pride: 'I've been working for the Russians for *thirty* years, not just for seven years.'

Several days later, after all our long talks together, I asked him a straight leading question: 'What is more important in your life, me and the children or the Communist Party?' He answered firmly and without a moment's hesitation: 'The party, of course.'

Dedicated

This made me feel rather foolish. I was sorry I had asked the question. I had never met a truly dedicated Communist before. Kim very rarely mentioned his political convictions and I had always thought we shared the same views. Our conversation from day to day was much as it had been in Beirut, concerned with the diverting trivia of daily life. On ideological questions he gave nothing away.

Much later I said to him: 'You should have married a Communist, a dedicated Communist, nobody else.'

'You are absolutely right,' he replied.

These conversations could not fail to steer our personal relations into entirely new channels. I had always felt that one of the most precious things which bound us together was that we had no secrets from each other, but I could no longer cherish this illusion. I had to adjust myself to the new situation because I sensed it would never be different. I quickly realised that I would never know the complete truth about Kim's secret life. The exact nature of his work, the circumstances of his departure from Beirut, much of the last 30 years of his life—these would for ever remain a mystery.

I had never been a member of the Communist Party, nor did I have any desire to become one. I don't suppose they would have accepted me, even if I had begged them.

Gradually, but surely, I was

and had trusted implicitly, a man from whom I had withheld nothing, was in fact a master of deception.

It is hard for me to put into words just how painful and bewildering this discovery was. But at that early stage I refused to be defeated by it; somehow I felt the problem could be licked. The wall which was growing up between us could yet be scaled.

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Next week: Life with the Macleans.

Mrs. Harold Adrian Russell M...

5

6

James Bond Could Have Learned From Philby

By GEOFFREY McDERMOTT

For 30 years before he skipped to Russia in 1963, Britain's upper-crust agent H. A. Philby lived one of the most successful—and treacherous—lies in al spydom, and London hasn't recovered yet

GEOFFREY McDERMOTT spent 27 years in the British Diplomatic Service. He now writes on foreign affairs.

LONDON.

In January, 1963, Harold Adrian Philby, known to all as "Kim," disappeared from Beirut, where he was working as a correspondent of two British weeklies, The Observer and The Economist. Soon afterward, *Edward Heath, then the Government* spokesman, announced in answer to a question in the House of Commons that Kim had skipped to the Soviet Union. He added that, contrary to what his fellow spokesman Harold Macmillan had said in 1955, Kim was indeed the "third man" who had tipped off his fellow traitors Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess in 1951, enabling them, too, to defect to Russia.

It was only about a year ago that bits and pieces of evidence began to add up. The clean escape of still another traitor, George Blake, from Wormwood Scrubs Prison in London in 1966 had been a pointer. Eleanor Philby, Kim's last wife in the West, was now separated from him and *ready to talk. It looked as if we* had underrated his importance as a double agent. The Sunday Times of London started a worldwide investigation and hired me as consultant. Our report has appeared over the last month and has startled many people in the United States as well as Britain.

To judge from Foreign Secretary George Brown's antics at the Savoy Hotel on Nov. 1, it has startled him. So it's worth saying—contrary to Mr. Brown's assertion then to The Sunday Times' publisher and other diners that the report "helped the Russians"—that it contained nothing which the Communists did not know already, though it probably had the salutary effect of showing them that we knew more about their subversion than they suspected. On the other hand, it told the public in the West, who are not babies, some serious facts of life which they have every right to know and to judge themselves. Of course, the authorities would have preferred to continue to *live a quiet life with those facts under* the carpet, where they had lain for so long.

My Foreign Office duties in the nineteen-fifties and early sixties had placed me fairly and squarely in the middle of the Anglo-American intelligence community. For some years I chaired the Joint Intelligence Committee, which included representatives of our intelligence departments. Sir Patrick Dean, now British Ambassador in Washington, was my immediate boss. Representatives of the C.I.A. sat in on our meetings, and in return the representative of the British Secret Intelligence Service, otherwise called MI6, was right in on the American intelligence setup in Washington. Philby had been that man *from 1949 to 1951. In 1956, I became* Foreign Office adviser to the chief of the S.I.S., Sir Dick White. This, as we shall see, was another crucial year for Philby.

As a result of my position I was less bewildered than some by these chilling developments. I knew from experience that deception was one of

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The Washington Post
Times Herald
The Washington Daily News
The Evening Star (Washington)
The Sunday Star (Washington)
Daily News (New York)
Sunday News (New York)
New York Post
The New York Times 36
The Sun (Baltimore)
The Worker
The New Leader
The Wall Street Journal
The National Observer
People's World

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the cardinal principles of espionage. Many of my best friends were spies —but spies in their own countries' interest.

While the public at large was stunned by the news, the authorities were clamming up. But portentous questions remained. Could this highly respected member of MI6 really have been a Communist agent at the same time? If so, for how long? What about security? How did he get away with it in 1951, when the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. as well as his own service were hot on his trail? Finally, what inspired a cultivated member of the British upper classes to do this brutally disruptive thing? It all made James Bond look like a milksop and his exploits like small beer.

As with all of us, Kim's parents and upbringing provide some clues. His father, St. John Philby, a scholar of a top British school, Westminster, and of Cambridge University, as Kim was also, began life as a conventional member of the Indian Civil Service. Kim was born in India in 1912. But St. John became decidedly eccentric as time went on. When I first met him in Cairo in 1946 he had become the personal adviser of King Ibn Saud and a Moslem. He had been briefly interned in Britain during the war on grounds of doubtful loyalty, and lived by preference in Saudi Arabia. His normal-looking English wife told me that she was quite happy to put on the veil ~~and live~~ in the harem. I heard old St. John tell his son that he must always carry through to the bitter end whatever he thought right. Kim has certainly done that, and surpassed his father in outrageousness into the bargain.

I WAS at Cambridge in the early thirties with Philby, Maclean and Burgess—what a mob!—though I met them only when I was a diplomat in later years and then only casually. Looking back, I can see, with an effort, how the atmosphere at the university could lead to pro-Communism among some intellectuals. British society then was stuffy and conservative. The ruling Tory party was both pompous and ineffectual, the Labor party just plain ineffectual. Hitler had appeared and no one was doing anything about him. War was on the way and only the Communists seemed really interested in averting it. Consequently, a good few intellectuals turned to the extreme left, without, of course, troubling to see how far real conditions in the Soviet Union justified their idealistic hopes. Few turned toward the United States because, again out of ignorance, they tended to consider it remote from European affairs, brash and over-rich.

Most of these men, having "gone Communist" in greater or lesser degree, had the good sense to turn away again, but not Philby. He became not merely a Communist but a carefully controlled Communist intelligence agent in 1933, while still at Cambridge. Thus, from the age of 21, his life was wholly dedicated to two things: passing on to his Moscow masters as much valuable information as possible about Britain and the United States, and deceiving his friends and colleagues in doing so. It is difficult to say which gave him more pleasure.

In other words, for 30 long years, Philby lived a lie every moment of the day and night. He married four wives; he produced five children; he had plenty of mistresses; he drank like a fish. He was handsome, socially easy. The only outward sign of strain was a stammer, which varied in intensity and which some girls found attractive. In all this career of duplicity, he slipped only three times, and in different ways he got away with it each time.

PHILBY'S first assignment after Cambridge was, typically, to appear to be a pro-Nazi. He went into journalism and, like many British enthusiasts, rushed off to cover the Civil War in Spain, but with a difference from most of his

DONALD MACLEAN—He, Burgess and Philby were all together at Cambridge in the early thirties before going to work for Moscow—in the British Government.

208

friends—for he went to the Franco side for The London Times and earned a Fascist decoration for his devotion to duty. This was no mean beginning for a young double agent.

Like Maclean and Burgess, Philby found no difficulty in avoiding the call-up. A lot could be done through influential friends in those days. He had a spell with the British Expeditionary Force in France as The Times war correspondent, and returned to Britain in 1940 with the remnants of that force. Now the big stuff really began.

The Soviet Secret Service already had their agent in the British Diplomatic Service in the shape of Maclean. He was coming along well. Burgess was buzzing about around the edges of the B.B.C. (where he was able to influence the content of a series of news commentaries) and the F.O. (Foreign Office). What better than to plant their ablest man of all, Philby, at the very center—in the British Secret Intelligence Service itself.

That service had existed for some time, but in a highly amateurish way. Its heads were by tradition retired members of the fighting forces, of less than the highest caliber. (This tradition has, thank God, been discontinued over the last 10 years.) Its members were recruited in the "old boy net." The head of the service at the time was a retired major general who was a member of White's, one of the most Old-World clubs in London's Old-World St. James's. He and one or two other close cronies would discuss possible recruits over the claret, port and cigars. They all agreed that, provided a man came from a good family, school and university like themselves, he was to be trusted. Not so the lesser breeds. And you couldn't be quite sure of the clever ones.

Consequently, not all the recruits in those days were as bright as they might have been. Philby was of the right social background, presentable, highly intelligent but not a long-haired chap. He liked his drink and knew how to hold it. He admitted to the youthful follies of having been both a Nazi and a Communist sympathizer. Of course, he said, those days were over. So the youthful excesses were laughed off and it was reckoned to his credit that he had come clean about them. Security was considered a bit of a bind anyway while there were urgent clandestine matters to be done. Kim was welcomed with open arms.

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By October, 1949, Philby, though still only 37, was ready for the top job in the field—by both Western and Communist estimation—the Washington station. Here he was in the most intimate daily contact with the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. The Volkov case was forgotten. He was regarded by the Americans as just about the ablest British operator, and relations between the clandestine organizations were perhaps closer than they had ever been.

EVEN the abject failure of a joint C.I.A.-S.I.S. operation in Albania did not shake his position. In the spring of 1950, after what was considered due preparation, we infiltrated well-armed bands into Albania which, according to our intelligence, was about ready to throw off the Soviet yoke. Success there might have had far-reaching consequences in stimulating unrest throughout Eastern Europe. But there was no question of success. It was a fiasco. The infiltrators were methodically met and slaughtered. About 50 per cent of the force of 300 struggled back into Greece. The C.I.A. man who organized the operation with Philby has no doubt now that treachery was at work, and that the treachery was Philby's. But once again it could not be pinned on him.

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The C.I.A. and F.B.I. had no doubts about it. MI5 was practically certain. But his own service, MI6, reacted differently. Dammit, the feller's a gentleman, one of us, was the attitude (it overlooked the fact that Maclean and Burgess came into the same category). Then there was no love lost between 5 and 6, rather as is the case sometimes between the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. More, there was strong anti-American feeling in MI6, based mainly on envy of the tremendously increasing power of the C.I.A. Some MI6 men pointed out irrelevantly that the United States was not blameless in the matter of spawning traitors. Finally, Philby's defenders asserted that he was a victim of McCarthyism.

Philby was recalled from Washington and interrogated by his service and MI5. His tactics were to sit tight and keep mum. A friend of mine who knew him well said that he almost drove his interrogators up the wall by his obstinate silence. This same friend, who kept in touch with him right up to his defection, said that until Philby's own confession at the end of 1962 he could not believe what proved to be the truth. He commented that, while he liked Philby and admired his professional skill, he was never sure what made him tick. My friend was not alone in this.

From my few meetings with him in the Middle East in the forties and fifties I remember an apparently normal member of the British upper class—amusing, intelligent, good-looking. He always drank

170

more than he should; so did a good many other people in diplomatic circles. I never found his stammer obtrusive. Perhaps he was in a relaxed mood on these particular occasions. Like many others who knew him far better than I did, I noticed absolutely nothing suspicious about him.

PHILBY had to be removed from the S.I.S., but no more stringent measures were taken against him, because the case was "not proved." This point was made in statements in the House of Commons. I was able to see for myself that, happily, close collaboration in the intelligence sphere between Americans and the British was resumed.

In the twilight years that followed 1951, Philby lived, poorly, on odd bits of journalism or anything else that came his way. Most of his British friends remained faithful to him and helped him, as and when they could. He continued to drink and wench as much as he could afford to. The charm remained. MI5 watched him, and he watched them watching him. Clearly his Moscow masters were in touch with him and instructed him to play it quietly. He has since said that, chafing at the inaction after the days of splendor, he longed to finish it and go to Moscow. But his orders were to stay.

In 1955 he got another lucky break. These happened so often in his life that we may well suppose there was some Communist-inspired manipulation behind the scenes. A Labor M.P., Marcus Lipton, stated in the House of Commons that he had firm evidence that Philby had indeed been the "third man" and he asked then Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan: What about it? Macmillan, after consulting his F.O. and S.I.S. advisers, replied that it was nonsense. Lipton claimed that he had his information from "a security source," which suggests MI5. The question here would seem to be: Who was fooling whom?

The F.O. evidently thought that the poor fellow had been hardly done by. So they now gave him semiofficial backing in getting the Middle East correspondent's job on The Observer and The Economist. Centered in Beirut, he could travel widely and make useful, to him, Communist contacts all over that part of the world. Shortly after this, Sir Dick White became head of S.I.S. As head of MI5 he had had grave suspicions of Philby's loyalty. He decided to make the most of a bad job and gave him some small assignments in the hope that he would betray himself through his conduct of these operations. I became Foreign Office adviser to White later in 1956. I can confirm that Philby never tripped up.

In his spare time he seduced and married the American wife of an American journalist who was a close friend. His father, St. John, robust as ever in his 70's, visited Beirut and father and son had some lively parties together. However, the nightclubs finally proved too much for the old chap, and he died, uttering the memorable words: "I'm bored." His son was shattered by his death.

YET another traitor enters the Philby story at this point. George Blake, who had doubtless been under Philby's control in the good old days when he was riding high, had done his diabolical work as S.I.S. man and double agent in Berlin from 1954 till 1959, and he felt he deserved a rest. So did his grateful but unwitting head office in London and they sent him to M.E.C.A.S. (the Middle East Center for Arab Studies) just outside Beirut. Naturally, his equally grateful but by no means unwitting other head office, in Moscow, had no objection at all to his getting together with his fellow traitor once more.

It was not for long. That same year, a contact of Blake's came clean to our side and incriminated him. He was brought to London, where he confessed his guilt. He was sent to prison for 42 years, a record sentence.

Inside prison, he was treated very well, and further interrogated in a gentlemanly way. At last—it was by now 1962—he slipped up and revealed a piece of information (concerning one of the complex operations in which they were both involved) that pointed indubitably at the truth about Philby.

A personal friend of Philby's was sent to Beirut in December, 1962, to have it out. Now Philby saw the game was up; perhaps even he felt he had played it long enough. Besides, he was sure he could go where he most wanted to be.

Philby confessed to his still incredulous friend. Among a long list of treacherous acts he confessed to being the "third man" in 1951. Allen Dulles had no doubt of this when he wrote about the matter in 1963. And this is generally accepted. If a lurking doubt still remains it is because Philby's whole life was devoted to deception and parts of his confession could well have been bogus too. He might have been protecting the real "third man" so that he could continue his activities among us.

HAD I been in his interrogator's place I would have felt strongly inclined to slip Philby a Mickey Finn and whip him off to London. But the letter of the law was strictly observed. Philby was still innocent until proved guilty by due judicial process. And it was thought that the Lebanese authorities might have resented firm action of this kind—which I very much doubt. It would, of course, have been useless for his newspapers to summon him back: he would not have obeyed.

Is it possible that Philby is now a triple agent?

371

And so, taking his time to the last, and deceiving his new wife just as he had deceived the rest of them, Philby made his arrangements to depart. A few weeks later, in January, 1963, he did so, by night on a Soviet ship.

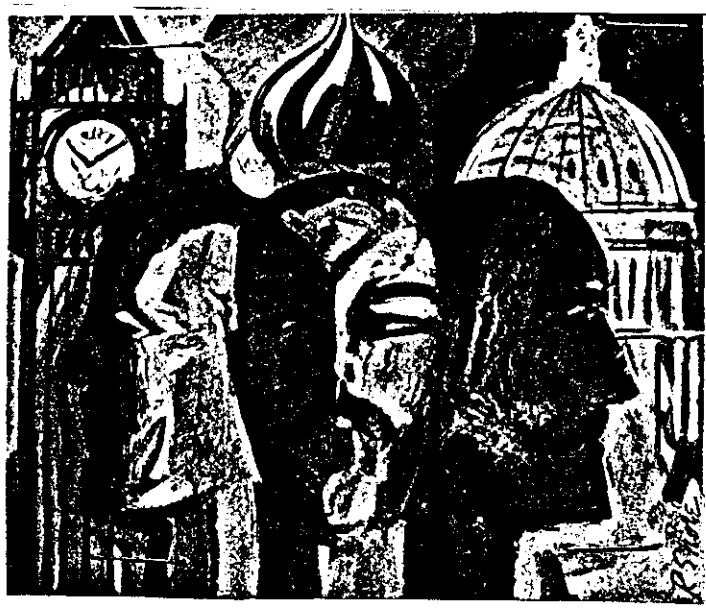
His son John Philby visited him in Moscow last September. He reported that Kim was looking younger and more relaxed. His stammer has gone. True to form, he has removed Maclean's American wife, Melinda, from him, without bothering to inform his legal wife, Eleanor. This spy has come in from the cold. Or, in Kim's own words, "I have come home."

He has been joined by his colleague in treachery, George Blake, who was easily removed from his London prison by his Communist friends. Kim holds an important position in the K.G.B., the Soviet Security and Intelligence Department. Between them, they should have many more years of activity in the cause to which they have devoted their lives.

One theory is that Philby is now a treble agent, busily penetrating the K.G.B. in the Western cause. It is true that with Philby almost anything is possible. But this, I fear, is wishful thinking. Had it ever been a remote possibility, it would by now have been blown to pieces as a result of speculation about it in the West. I believe what Kim said straight to Eleanor when she went to see him in Moscow in October, 1963: That he had dedicated himself wholly to the Communist cause since his student days and would stick to it rather than to his family. I believe the judgment of a close friend of his who told me Philby did it from "idealism," however grotesque that may seem.

There are all too many signs of disagreement and disruption in the non-Communist world today. Men like Philby and their agents everywhere will be quick to recognize any weakness — human, political, economic — and to exploit it to the full.

The supply of traitors unhappily always seems ample to meet the demand. Since the very future of humanity is involved, it is up to us all to ponder the lessons of the macabre Philby story. ■



GUY BURGESS—Right, as a career British diplomat; far right, in Russia after his and co-conspirator Maclean's flight from England in 1951. Philby first came under suspicion as the "third man" in that widely publicized episode.

HAROLD ADRIAN PHILBY—Right, the man who once headed the counterespionage section of British Intelligence, in London in the early fifties; far right, a photo of Philby made by his son John this September in Moscow, where he now holds an important post in Soviet Intelligence.

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

James Bond Could Have Learned From Philby

By GEOFFREY McDERMOTT

LONDON.

For 30 years before he skipped to Russia in 1963, Britain's upper-crust agent H. A. Philby lived one of the mos successful—and treacherous—lies in a spydom, and London hasn't recovered yc

GEOFFREY McDERMOTT spent 27 years in the British Diplomatic Service. He now writes on foreign affairs.

IN January, 1963, Harold Adrian Philby, known to all as "Kim," disappeared from Beirut, where he was working as a correspondent of two British weeklies, The Observer and The Economist. Soon afterward, Edward Heath, then the Government spokesman, announced in answer to a question in the House of Commons that Kim had skipped to the Soviet Union. He added that, contrary to what his fellow spokesman Harold Macmillan had said in 1955, Kim was indeed the "third man" who had tipped off his fellow traitors Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess in 1951, enabling them, too, to defect to Russia.

It was only about a year ago that bits and pieces of evidence began to add up. The clean escape of still another traitor, George Blake, from Wormwood Scrubs Prison in London in 1966 had been a pointer. Eleanor Philby, Kim's last wife in the West, was now separated from him and ready to talk. It looked as if we had underrated his importance as a double agent. The Sunday Times of London started a worldwide investigation and hired me as consultant. Our report has appeared over the last month and has startled many people in the United States as well as Britain.

To judge from Foreign Secretary George Brown's antics at the Savoy Hotel on Nov. 1, it has startled him. So it's worth saying—contrary to Mr. Brown's assertion then to The Sunday Times' publisher and other diners that the report "helped the Russians"—that it contained nothing which the Communists did not know already, though it probably had the salutary effect of showing them that we knew more about their subversion than they suspected. On the other hand, it told the public in the West, who are not babies, some serious facts of life which they have every right to know and to judge themselves. Of course, the authorities would have preferred to continue to live a quiet life with those facts under the carpet, where they had lain for so long.

My Foreign Office duties in the nineteen-fifties and early sixties had placed me fairly and squarely in the middle of the Anglo-American intelligence community. For some years I chaired the Joint Intelligence Committee, which included representatives of our intelligence departments. Sir Patrick Dean, now British Ambassador in Washington, was my immediate boss. Representatives of the C.I.A. sat in on our meetings, and in return the representative of the British Secret Intelligence Service, otherwise called MI6, was right in on the American intelligence setup in Washington. Philby had been that man from 1949 to 1951. In 1956, I became Foreign Office adviser to the chief of the S.I.S., Sir Dick White. This, as we shall see, was another crucial year for Philby.

As a result of my position I was less bewildered than some by these chilling developments. I knew from experience that deception was one of

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

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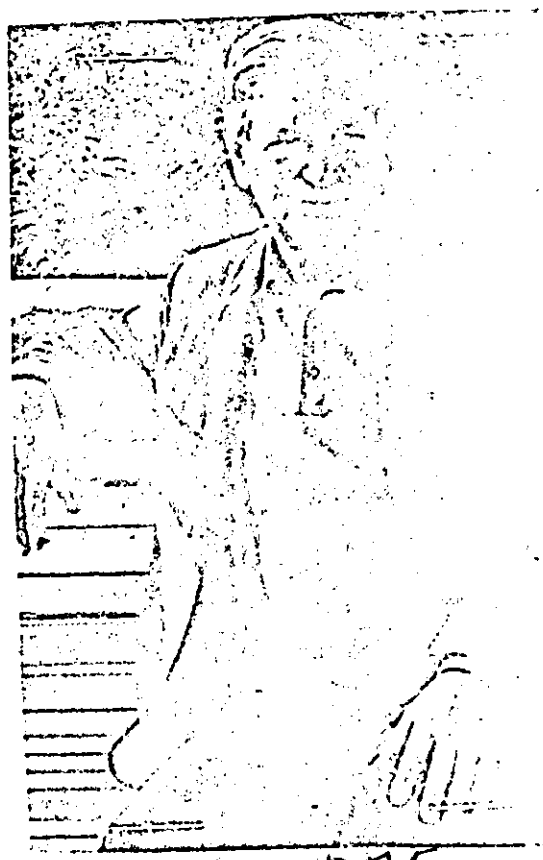

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375

the cardinal principles of espionage. Many of my best friends were spies—but spies in their own countries' interest.

While the public at large was stunned by the news, the authorities were clamming up. But portentous questions remained. Could this highly respected member of MI6 really have been a Communist agent at the same time? If so, for how long? What about security? How did he get away with it in 1951, when the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. as well as his own service were hot on his trail? Finally, what inspired a cultivated member of the British upper classes to do this brutally disruptive thing? It all made James Bond look like a milksop and his exploits like small beer.

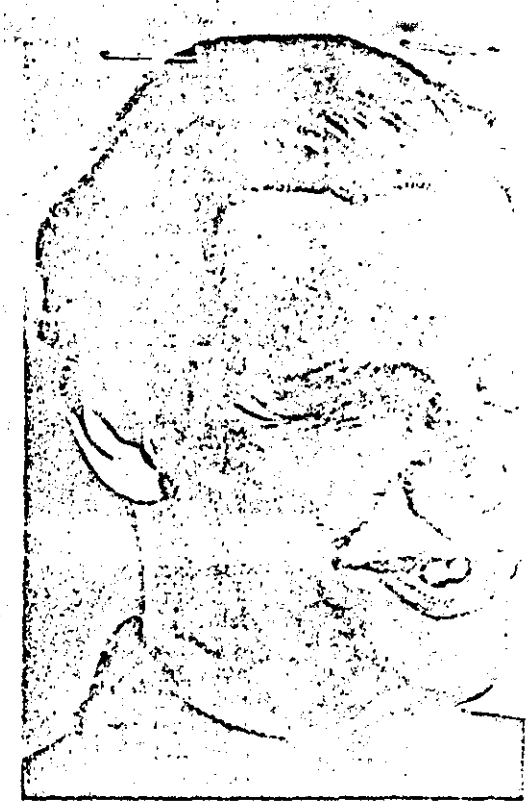
As with all of us, Kim's parents and upbringing provide some clues. His father, St. John Philby, a scholar of a top British school, Westminster, and of Cambridge University, as Kim was also, began life as a conventional member of the Indian Civil Service. Kim was born in India in 1912. But St. John became decidedly eccentric as time went on. When I first met him in Cairo in 1946 he had become the personal adviser of King Ibn Saud and a Moslem. He had been briefly interned in Britain during the war on grounds of doubtful loyalty, and lived by preference in Saudi Arabia. His normal-looking English wife told me that she was quite happy to put on the veil and live in the harem. I heard old St. John tell his son that he must always carry through to the bitter end whatever he thought right. Kim has certainly done that, and surpassed his father in outrageousness into the bargain.

I WAS at Cambridge in the early thirties with Philby, Maclean and Burgess—what a mob!—though I met them only when I was a diplomat in later years and then only casually. Looking back, I can see, with an effort, how the atmosphere at the university could lead to pro-Communism among some intellectuals. British society then was stuffy and conservative. The ruling Tory party was both pompous and ineffectual; the Labor party just plain ineffectual. Hitler had appeared and no one was doing anything about him. War was on the way and only the Communists seemed really interested in averting it. Consequently, a good few intellectuals turned to the extreme left, without, of course, troubling to see how far real conditions in the Soviet Union justified their idealistic hopes. Few turned toward the United States because, again out of ignorance, they tended to consider it remote from European affairs, brash and over-rich.

Most of these men, having "gone Communist" in greater or lesser degree, had the good sense to turn away again, but not Philby. He became not merely a Communist but a carefully controlled Communist intelligence agent in 1933, while still at Cambridge. Thus, from the age of 21, his life was wholly dedicated to two things: passing on to his Moscow masters as much valuable information as possible about Britain and the United States, and deceiving his friends and colleagues in doing so. It is difficult to say which gave him more pleasure.

In other words, for 30 long years, Philby lived a lie every moment of the day and night. He married four wives; he produced five children; he had plenty of mistresses; he drank like a fish. He was handsome, socially easy. The only outward sign of strain was a stammer, which varied in intensity and which some girls found attractive. In all this career of duplicity, he slipped only three times, and in different ways he got away with it each time.

PHILBY'S first assignment after Cambridge was, typically, to appear to be a pro-Nazi. He went into journalism and, like many British enthusiasts, rushed off to cover the Civil War in Spain, but with a difference from most of his



DONALD MACLEAN—He, Burgess and Philby were all together at Cambridge in the early thirties before going to work for Moscow—in the British Government.

friends—for he went to the Franco side for The London Times and earned a Fascist decoration for his devotion to duty. This was no mean beginning for a young double agent.

Like Maclean and Burgess, Philby found no difficulty in avoiding the call-up. A lot could be done through influential friends in those days. He had a spell with the British Expeditionary Force in France as The Times war correspondent, and returned to Britain in 1940 with the remnants of that force. Now the big stuff really began.

The Soviet Secret Service already had their agent in the British Diplomatic Service in the shape of Maclean. He was coming along well. Burgess was buzzing about around the edges of the B.B.C. (where he was able to influence the content of a series of news commentaries) and the F.O. (Foreign Office). What better than to plant their ablest man of all, Philby, at the very center—in the British Secret Intelligence Service itself.

That service had existed for some time, but in a highly amateurish way. Its heads were by tradition retired members of the fighting forces, of less than the highest caliber. (This tradition has, thank God, been discontinued over the last 10 years.) Its members were recruited in the "old boy net." The head of the service at the time was a retired major general who was a member of White's, one of the most Old-World clubs in London's Old-World St. James's. He and one or two other close cronies would discuss possible recruits over the claret, port and cigars. They all agreed that, provided a man came from a good family, school and university like themselves, he was to be trusted. Not so the lesser breeds. And you couldn't be quite sure of the clever ones.

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Maclean was another kettle of fish. He had procured invaluable atomic information for his Moscow masters, but he cracked under the strain of his double life. In Cairo and later in London his days and nights were a whirl of drunkenness, violence, homosexuality, and so on. MI5 began to keep an eye on him though, astonishingly, he had been given an important post in the F.O.

The time came, in May, 1951, when these two realized that Britain was no longer a healthy place for them. They were tipped off by the "third man" and left at a moment's notice for the Soviet Union. That third man was Philby. Or was he?

The C.I.A. and F.B.I. had no doubts about it. MI5 was practically certain. But his own service, MI6, reacted differently. Dammit, the feller's a gentleman, one of us, was the attitude (it overlooked the fact that Maclean and Burgess came into the same category). Then there was no love lost between 5 and 6, rather as is the case sometimes between the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. More, there was strong anti-American feeling in MI6, based mainly on envy of the tremendously increasing power of the C.I.A. Some MI6 men pointed out irrelevantly that the United States was not blameless in the matter of spawning traitors. Finally, Philby's defenders asserted that he was a victim of McCarthyism.

Philby was recalled from Washington and interrogated by his service and MI5. His tactics were to sit tight and keep mum. A friend of mine who knew him well said that he almost drove his interrogators up the wall by his obstinate silence. This same friend, who kept in touch with him right up to his defection, said that until Philby's own confession at the end of 1962 he could not believe what proved to be the truth. He commented that while he liked Philby and admired his professional skill, he was never sure what made him tick. My friend was not alone in this.

From my few meetings with him in the Middle East in the forties and fifties I remember an apparently normal member of the British upper class—amusing, intelligent, good-looking. He always drank

more than he should; so did a good many other people in diplomatic circles. I never found his stammer obtrusive. Perhaps he was in a relaxed mood on these particular occasions. Like many others who knew him far better than I did, I noticed absolutely nothing suspicious about him.

PHILBY had to be removed from the S.I.S., but no more stringent measures were taken against him, because the case was "not proved." This point was made in statements in the House of Commons. I was able to see for myself that, happily, close collaboration in the intelligence sphere between Americans and the British was resumed.

In the twilight years that followed 1951, Philby lived, poorly, on odd bits of journalism or anything else that came his way. Most of his British friends remained faithful to him and helped him as and when they could. He continued to drink and wench as much as he could afford to. The charm remained. MI5 watched him, and he watched them watching him. Clearly his Moscow masters were in touch with him and instructed him to play it quietly. He has since said that, chafing at the inaction after the days of splendor, he longed to finish it and go to Moscow. But his orders were to stay.

In 1955 he got another lucky break. These happened so often in his life that we may well suppose there was some Communist-inspired manipulation behind the scenes. A Labor M.P., Marcus Lipton, stated in the House of Commons that he had firm evidence that Philby had indeed been the "third man" and he asked then Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan: What about it? Macmillan, after consulting his F.O. and S.I.S. advisers, replied that it was nonsense. Lipton claimed that he had his information from "a security source," which suggests MI5. The question here would seem to be: Who was fooling whom?

The F.O. evidently thought that the poor fellow had been hardly done by. So they now gave him semiofficial backing in getting the Middle East correspondent's job on The Observer and The Economist. Centered in Beirut, he could travel widely and make useful, to him, Communist contacts all over that part of the world. Shortly after this, Sir Dick White became head of S.I.S. As head of MI5 he had had grave suspicions of Philby's loyalty. He decided to make the most of a bad job and gave him some small assignments in the hope that he would betray himself through his conduct of these operations. I became Foreign Office adviser to White later in 1956. I can confirm that Philby never tripped up.

In his spare time he seduced and married the American wife of an American journalist who was a close friend. His father, St. John, robust as ever in his 70's, visited Beirut and father and son had some lively parties together. However, the nightclubs finally proved too much for the old chap, and he died, uttering the memorable words: "I'm bored." His son was shattered by his death.

YET another traitor enters the Philby story at this point. George Blake, who had doubtless been under Philby's control in the good old days when he was riding high, had done his diabolical work as S.I.S. man and double agent in Berlin from 1954 till 1959, and he felt he deserved a rest. So did his grateful but unwitting head office in London and they sent him to M.E.C.A.S. (the Middle East Center for Arab Studies) just outside Beirut. Naturally, his equally grateful but by no means unwitting other head office, in Moscow, had no objection at all to his getting together with his fellow traitor once more.

It was not for long. That same year, a contact of Blake's came clean to our side and incriminated him. He was brought to London, where he confessed his guilt. He was sent to prison for 42 years, a record sentence.

Inside prison he was treated very well, and further interrogated in a gentlemanly way. At last—it was by now 1962—he slipped up and revealed a piece of information (concerning one of the complex operations in which they were both involved) that pointed indubitably at the truth about Philby.

A personal friend of Philby's was sent to Beirut in December, 1962, to have it out. Now Philby saw the game was up; perhaps even he felt he had played it long enough. Besides, he was sure he could go where he most wanted to be.

Philby confessed to his still incredulous friend. Among a long list of treacherous acts he confessed to being the "third man" in 1951. Allen Dulles had no doubt of this when he wrote about the matter in 1963. And this is generally accepted. If a lurking doubt still remains it is because Philby's whole life was devoted to deception and parts of his confession could well have been bogus too. He might have been protecting the real "third man" so that he could continue his activities among us.

HAD I been in his interrogator's place I would have felt strongly inclined to slip Philby a Mickey Finn and whip him off to London. But the letter of the law was strictly observed. Philby was still innocent until proved guilty by due judicial process. And it was thought that the Lebanese authorities might have resented firm action of this kind—which I very much doubt. It would, of course, have been useless for his newspapers to summon him back; he would not have obeyed.

Is it possible that Philby is now a triple agent?

259

And so, taking his time to the last, and deceiving his new wife just as he had deceived the rest of them, Philby made his arrangements to depart. A few weeks later, in January, 1963, he did so, by night on a Soviet ship.

His son John Philby visited him in Moscow last September. He reported that Kim was looking younger and more relaxed. His stammer has gone. True to form, he has removed Maclean's American wife, Melinda, from him, without bothering to inform his legal wife, Eleanor. This spy has come in from the cold. Or, in Kim's own words, "I have come home."

He has been joined by his colleague in treachery, George Blake, who was easily removed from his London prison by his Communist friends. Kim holds an important position in the K.G.B., the Soviet Security and Intelligence Department. Between them, they should have many more years of activity in the cause to which they have devoted their lives.

One theory is that Philby is now a treble agent, busily penetrating the K.G.B. in the Western cause. It is true that with Philby almost anything is possible. But this, I fear, is wishful thinking. Had it ever been a remote possibility, it would by now have been blown to pieces as a result of speculation about it in the West. I believe what Kim said straight to Eleanor when she went to see him in Moscow in October, 1962: That he had dedicated himself wholly to the Communist cause since his student days and would stick to it rather than to his family. I believe the judgment of a close friend of his who told me Philby did it from "idealism," however grotesque that may seem.

There are all too many signs of disagreement and disruption in the non-Communist world today. Men like Philby and their agents everywhere will be quick to recognize any weakness — human, political, economic — and to exploit it to the full.

The supply of traitors unhappily always seems ample to meet the demand. Since the very future of humanity is involved, it is up to us all to ponder the lessons of the macabre Philby story.

380

FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Philby and Mr Brown

IT IS WITH RELUCTANCE that we comment on Mr George Brown's remarks on Tuesday night. We have no wish to prolong a feud we did not know existed. But readers of the Sunday Times who have seen their newspaper accused of "doing a very great disservice to the country" are entitled to some comment from those responsible for its conduct. We believe that this particular reference was to the Philby affair.

The Sunday Times has been entirely open about this, both with its readers and with the Foreign Office. At the end of our inquiries into the Philby conspiracy in September, we made indirect contact with Philby in Moscow; we published a picture. Philby also indicated then that he might provide unspecified autobiographic material. We have not seen this to judge whether it should be accepted or rejected, whether it might be a valid contribution to history, unpublishable propaganda, or other material prejudicial to British interests. Last weekend Philby made his offer firm. We kept the Foreign Office informed. Our attitude is that we have no intention of rewarding treason; but that no newspaper should refuse to look at information from whatever source. The Sunday Times's own narrative on Philby, it must be stressed, was quite independent of Philby, Moscow, or any Communist source. It has now been concluded and we would not reopen it without full regard for the national interest.

Our two essential guidelines were and remain that the Philby story was legitimate news to the British people about the conduct of their affairs, and that our own series told the Russians nothing they had not learned years ago from Philby himself. The "very great disservice to the country" was by Philby, and by those who protected him.

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

"The Sunday Times"
London, England

Date: 11/5/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: Harold Adrian Russell Philby, et al

Character: Esp - R
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381

TWO IN EXILE

body talks like Archdeacons. It's surely already old hat for a secretary to call his Minister 'my master.' Fascinating read, though. (Pan 5s).

The Science of Life—a pictorial history of biology by G. Rattray Taylor: Launches a series called 'Panther

Travel
Trotter
Tele. Room
Holmes

Eleanor Philby continues her personal story with a report on the lives of Kim Philby and Donald Maclean in Moscow

Harold Philby

BRYN CAMPBELL

Eleanor Philby—'I became an object of concern to the secret police.'

2

Macleans are very keen to meet you and have invited us to dinner.' I looked forward to the [illegible] with enormous curiosity, as I had already begun to grasp how restricted our life was going to be: in 10 days I had spoken to no one other than Kim, Sergei and—with a few *nyets* and sign language—to Zena the housekeeper. At last I was to meet the couple whose situation most closely resembled our own.

The Macleans—another Anglo-American couple—had defected to Russia in dramatic circumstances, but they had a 10-years start. Naturally, I was extremely curious to know how they lived and how they had adjusted to the complexities of Russian society. They surely knew the ropes and I was eager to learn all I could from them.

Kim had been kept under such strict control that he had met the Macleans only a couple of weeks before my arrival. He had known Donald as a young man but had seen little of him during his later Foreign Office career. There was no comradeship between them, such as had bound Kim to Burgess: and little human sympathy or attraction. What they had in common was their dedicated work for the Russians. Kim had not met Melinda before arriving in Moscow.

That evening they gave me a warm welcome. Apart from occasional visits from relatives, I was the first person from the Western world they had met in a long while with whom they could speak freely. I faced a barrage of questions: they wanted to know what was happening in London and New York, where I had so recently been, which of our mutual friends I had seen, what everyone was doing and thinking out there in the West.

Touch of envy

Undoubtedly, they would have greatly liked to take a look for themselves. Unlike myself, Melinda had allowed her American passport to expire many years before and she could go no farther west than Prague without taking a risk. Already, on our first meeting, I detected a touch of the envy with which these expatriates regarded me: I could come and go as I chose; my passport was still valid. Most of all, I was still an American.

After dinner we settled down to a hand of bridge, and this was the pattern of many future meetings. Twice or three times a week, we would dine, play bridge and gossip. If the building in which we lived was plain and sombre, dating from before the Revolution, the Macleans' apartment was high up in one of the massive, heavily-ornamented piles, characteristic of Stalin's reign. They had a fine view over the Moscow river from their drawing-room [illegible] western [illegible], had an unmistakable flavour of London SW1. But the chintzes were rather [illegible] and foreign furnishings were difficult to replace.

Apart from the drawing-room, which was larger and more ambitious than ours, the family was crammed into two small bedrooms: one for their daughter who was then 12; another for the two boys Fergie and Donald, 18 and 20; while Donald and Melinda slept on sofas in the drawing-room.

The girl, Mimsey, was born after her father defected, and went to Russia as an infant; she spoke Russian like a native and struck Kim and me as being unusually spoiled and terribly rude to her mother. The older boy attended Moscow University, and his brother a technical institute. None of the children looked Russian, perhaps because they dressed themselves from parcels of clothes which Melinda's mother and sister constantly sent from America and England.

So conceited

Altogether it was not a very happy household, and I sometimes wondered why Melinda, who had clearly been close to divorcing Donald a number of times, had chosen to join him in Moscow. She may have shared his convictions and been an accomplice of his espionage, but she seemed to yearn for the luxuries of Western capitalism—from which she was not wholly cut off, thanks to her mother's packages.

Donald was an enormous man, almost six foot six, in his middle fifties, undoubtedly intelligent, but with an unappealing conceit. From our first meeting, I did not feel we would ever become close friends. His wife was a short, plumpish brunette, not unattractive, extremely nervous and highly strung, with an annoying habit of repeating herself. On that first evening it was quite obvious that no love was lost between them. She was amusing in her way and someone new to talk to.

We left their house late that evening feeling quite sorry for her, but they seemed to know a good many people, were both working, and their social life seemed relatively glamorous to me. I wondered when we, too, would be allowed the freedom to make friends.

In a sense the Macleans had long ago served their period of exile. I learned that before being allowed to come to Moscow, they had been kept on ice for two years at Kuybyshev, a fast-growing industrial city on the Volga. Burgess and Maclean arrived in the Soviet Union in 1951, when Stalin was preparing his final purge. They were lucky to survive, and the fact that they were a considerable distance from Moscow may have had something to do with it.

Like Burgess, Donald h[illegible]

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

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

Date 11-5-67

The Observer
Review
page 21
(London)

(2)

38

cure in a Soviet rest home, with twice daily temperature takings and monastic diet. Now the Macleans were no longer news. They had been seen by the Western Press and their movements were necessarily freer than ours could be.

Although Donald was never very articulate he would occasionally loosen up over a bottle of wine and reminisce with Kim over the 'good old days.' They would sit around, swapping stale anecdotes about their past and laughing at how they had fooled everyone. 'If they hadn't caught up with Kim, you'd be Lady Philby by now,' Donald once said to me. I think he must have realised from my expression how distasteful I found that sort of talk. Other evenings, in moments of nostalgia, Donald and Melinda would talk of the good times they would have in Italy and Paris 'when the Revolution comes.' I found this world of fantasy pathetic and slightly unnerving.

During this period Kim never went out to work except for a rare meeting with Sergei, and the boys, presumably at their office. Most of the work was done at home. He did quite a lot of typing in the study and talked at length with his Russian visitors. After years in British Intelligence, Kim knew a great deal about its methods, operations and men. I realised that rival Intelligence agencies spend much of their time attacking each other, seeking to penetrate each other's organisations and 'turn' each other's agents. It may be assumed that Kim is advising the Russians along these lines. He must be enormously useful, with his prodigious memory. For the Russians he must be like a reference-book, as valuable, say, as a Baedeker to a traveller in Europe.

I once heard Sergei say to him with deep affection and emotion: 'We can never repay you for the work you've done for us.' The way Kim was treated in Moscow made clear to me that he was one of them. There were no longer any doubts or questions on that point. Loyalty means a great deal to the Russians, and Kim had been a dedicated servant. He was given VIP treatment. Ordinary Russian citizens queued for hours for tickets to the Bolshoi and the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, but we could see whatever opera, ballet or concert we chose. In those early months we frequently went with the Macleans, which was a pleasant change from the bridge table. All the arrangements for tickets were made through Sergei, or his young assistant, Victor.

The November parade in 1963—with May Day, one of the two great annual pageants — was another occasion when I noticed the great deference with which Kim was treated. A car and chauffeur came to fetch us, equipped with special stickers, and Sergei, with passes, escorted us through a maze of security guards to splendidly placed

chev. Kim was a guest that year—and the other high-ranking Soviet leaders. Throughout the display we were served with hot wine and doughnuts. The Macleans did not bother to come: they had seen it all before and preferred to watch on television.

At meals the conversation was of the familiar pattern: 'Remember old so-and-so?', Donald might say, and they would laugh heartily over the tricks they had played on him.

* * *

In November, Mrs Philby entered hospital for an operation which she had postponed for months.

On the morning of 23 November I was lying in hospital trying to figure out what my neighbours were saying. All I could understand was the name John Fitzgerald, and the fact that they were all upset. It was not until Kim arrived at noon that I learned the terrible news that President Kennedy had been assassinated

'In moments of nostalgia, Donald and Melinda would talk of the good times they would have in Italy and Paris when the Revolution comes.'

in Dallas on the previous day. The effect on the hospital was shattering. Doctors, nurses and patients wept openly. As most of them knew I was an American, I was offered the most tender condolences.

Whatever the political cynicism of the Russian leaders, the Russian people are profoundly attached to peace. To them Kennedy was a man of peace, and they mourned his death. Kim, who talked a great deal about American politics, was also profoundly moved and depressed by the tragedy.

* * *

After Mrs Philby left hospital, she went with her husband to Baku, on the Caspian Sea, to recuperate. It was Christmas—'not a very gay one.'

I had been in Russia barely three months but in those few days in Baku I had my first glimpse of Kim's real feelings—the sea of sadness which lay beneath the surface of his life. He never complained, nor uttered a word of criticism of Soviet life. He never said to me: 'I've landed you in a situation you perhaps did not anticipate when you married me.' He never seemed to think that any justification was necessary why he had not told me the truth.

In spite of his discipline, I found him a profound gloom. Was this lonely hotel room in Baku what he had spent a lifetime working for? It was perhaps to escape that intolerable conclusion that he drank himself into insensibility. In Beirut I had become used to his occasional mysterious depressions; coming to Russia had apparently not cured him of them.

'They're the happiest couple in Moscow,' Melinda Maclean would say of us. Innocently I saw no more in this often repeated phrase than a wry comment on her own married life and a barbed attack on Donald. But however one looked at it, it was hardly an exact description of us that winter. We loved each other even more deeply, but a great change in our lives had taken place, and all the recent tensions would take time and patience to iron out.

The extreme cold—outside of Siberia, I could not believe such cold was possible—was a great shock to me. Kim adored it, like his Russian friends, but his body could not take it. He came down with his old complaint, pneumonia, which he had had twice in Beirut, and Sergei, extremely worried, sent a nurse and doctor to give Kim daily vitamin injections.

As soon as he recovered from pneumonia, he developed scaly eruptions on his hands—a reaction, I felt, to the nervous tension he was under. The eczema was not contagious, but it obviously lowered his morale. He could not hold a razor in his bandaged hands, and I used to have to help him shave. At the bridge table, it was difficult for him to hold the cards. He could no longer type and, unlike the old days, I was not able to help him as the work was secret.

Sergei brought him a Dictaphone, but he did not use it. Two or three times a week we took him to the clinic to have the skin specialist examine his hands and put on fresh bandages, but the complaint did not clear up for several weeks.

Barrier grows

Kim talked a good deal that winter about peace. He continued to stress that the Russians were far more interested in peace than in making bombs, and that if only the Western world could be convinced of this our children would have peaceful lives. Neither he nor his friends ever attempted to lecture or brainwash me, nor did he ram his ideology down my throat.

Apart from this new theme of peace, our conversations were as much fun as in Beirut, but as the weeks went by the barrier between us grew and I began to feel that we could not recover the complete confidence we once had in each other.

In the harsh climate and unfamiliar atmosphere of Russia, we had less time for our old intimate chats. Our minds were focused on the complexi-

... of everyday living; on searching ... food, bringing it hom... baskets and then cooking i... ing the increasing cold; going to the central post office three or four times a week by Metro, and discovering where the best markets were. Perhaps we took refuge in these daily chores to avoid too deep and lengthy discussions.

Both of us realised that our relationship faced certain fundamental problems, but I at least did not have the courage to tackle them. It was nonsense to suppose that moving from Beirut to Moscow was like moving from London to New York, or that we could go on as before without some thorough-going explanation. He had crossed an ideological frontier, dropping the mask of a lifetime, and expecting me to accept it as casually as if he had shaved off a moustache.

His faith

As I have already said, I knew and cared absolutely nothing about communism, whereas Kim had spent his life in the faith. He had a vast start on me. He took it all for granted. If he had any problems of conscience, he had resolved them years before. Daily I half expected him to take me aside, throw an arm round my shoulder and say: 'My dear, it's like this. I did so-and-so all these years, because I believed in such-and-such. . . . These beliefs are my philosophy, my reasons for living. They explain my glad acceptance of what we are here and now experiencing—the piercing cold, the stale cabbage smells and the solitary life we lead.' But he said no such thing. For him, life in Moscow needed no justification. He just lived it. In fact he adored it—weather and all.

I came to realise that his problems were of a quite different sort from mine. I wanted to explore Moscow and understand Russia, but I saw this would be a formidable task, far more difficult in every way than anything I had yet attempted. I have lived most of my adult life abroad—in Istanbul, Madrid, Rio, Lima, Berlin, Beirut and many other cities. In each case, I found it took at least two years to get a feel of the country and the people. But Russia was not the West, and I already knew it was going to take me much longer.

First of all, I tried to make our flat beautiful and comfortable; to find good things to eat and drink, longing for the day when we could lead a normal social life with a variety of friends. I understood the need for the restrictions which bound our life, but I looked forward to when we could throw them off. Perhaps my Western standards and values were an obstacle, but I was doing my best to adjust as quickly as possible.

To Kim all this was secondary. Of course he liked good food, drink, comfort and friends, but his real preoccupation was what his Russian colleagues thought of him and ... work with them. His whole life w... geared to the Russian Intelligence Service. In the cause of Russia he had broken with men he liked and lost their respect, taken up with men he disliked, deserted his family, embarked on a lifetime of lies and shabbiness. Now, what was important was that these tremendous services should be recognised.

I noticed that he seemed pathetically pleased by the approbation of the Russians. Every pat on the back was like a medal or a bouquet of flowers. The Russians understood his psychological need for reassurance. Far from throwing him on the scrap-heap now that his main work was over, they treated him with great deference. To them he must have been an extraordinary phenomenon, a model of ideological dedication. But he never seemed to be quite at ease. For 30 years he had served them devotedly but now he was in their hands. He wanted recognition, and got it, but would never dream of asking for it.

One day Kim told me he was expecting an important visitor. He asked me not to open the door, to please keep away from the living-room windows and above all not on any account to disturb him in the study. He was clearly terribly excited. He never told me who his visitor was, only explaining it was one of the big chiefs and a man he greatly admired. From later hints I think it may have been Alexander Shelepin (Chairman of the KGB from December 1958 to 1962. He took over from the cold-blooded Ivan Serov and was replaced by Vladimir Semichastny).

Another puzzle

Kim's excitement at any word of praise seemed disproportionate. To me it seemed out of character, and he went down in my estimation. But this was one more puzzle for me to solve. At that time I was concentrating all my energies on learning enough Russian to get about on the Metro and make out a shopping list.

It was a month or two before we found a replacement for our housekeeper, Zena. We had always done most of our own cooking, but shopping was immensely complicated and could take many hours. You went to a special shop for bread, another for milk and cheese, and the market for vegetables. For anything other than staple foods we kept a close watch on other shops specialising in regional products.

The biggest headache was to figure out the quantities you wanted, in grams or kilos. You then queued up at the cash desk, explained in Russian what you wanted, and paid for it. Armed with a chit you joined another queue and waited to be served.

I rarely went out alone. I could

TURN TO PAGE 28

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The Observer Review page 21 London 3

feared I could not fathom, until Kim hinted that they thought the British, perhaps even the CIA, might try to assassinate Kim if they could find him.

Tiny circle

Hence the extremely limited circle in which we were allowed to move. We were barred from the diplomats, we were barred from the Press. Even the tiny group of Western expatriates we were permitted to meet were little more to me than shadowy and sometimes pathetic figures. We saw them only occasionally, but hoped to know them better one day. Even Sergei, our closest Russian contact, still retained his cautious, but always courteous manner. We were never invited to his house. We never met his wife, but we did once meet his young daughter, who came with us to our first November parade.

Life for me was becoming extremely lonely. I was driven to seek the company of Melinda Maclean, for whom I had no particular sympathy. I had failed to make the grade with the language (although I could at least read the alphabet); my projects for keeping myself busy had been officially vetoed; and I had no friends. I lived a very restricted life, cooped up in the flat and beginning to wish that Kim had not turned down an offer of a car and a dacha in the country. Above all, my relationship with Kim was no longer the trusting and innocent one it had been in Beirut.

told me from the start that I could come and go as I pleased. I had followed him to Russia on that understanding; but did I really believe it? He could offer no guarantees except his word, and I had accepted it because I loved him. Now I resolved to put him to the test.

There were two persons in the whole world whom I dearly loved: Kim and my own daughter. Mine was a very small family: I had no brothers or sisters, no parents alive, no close relatives. Of course, I was also very fond of Kim's children, particularly the two youngest who had lived with us in Beirut.

As Kim grew less approachable, so my anxiety for my daughter increased. She was at school in the United States and I had promised her that we would meet in New York on 30 June. As the weeks passed, I came to believe that nothing was more important than that I should keep that promise. I knew that she was absolutely counting on my visit.

I also sensed that if I were ever to put to the test my freedom to travel, this was the moment to do so. If I allowed my American passport to expire, if the Russians were to think that I had settled in for good, and the Americans to believe that I was gone for ever it would be infinitely more difficult, perhaps impossible, for me to obtain a new one.

Kim did not like the idea of my leaving but his feelings—in so far as he expressed them—were subtle.

[illegible] weekend about that time the Macleans invited us out to their dacha in a birch forest outside Moscow. We had been there once or twice in late autumn, and then again in the spring: the Macleans could not cope with the problem of unfreezing the pipes in winter. The dacha was one of several cabins set in a compound for VIPs. We recognised Molotov strolling one day in the woods. It was wonderful, unspoiled country of great beauty; I thought the meadow with a rambling stream near by would make a fine golf course, but when I mentioned it, I was told golf was a stupid capitalist game—not for the tovarich!

Inflated ego

Shortly after we arrived that weekend, Kim took me aside and told me that Donald wanted to have a word with me and that he was waiting in the bedroom. It emerged that his overriding concern was that, on my return to the West, I should let out nothing discreditable about him, his work, or his family.

'Don't go,' Donald said, 'but if you must, don't say anything about what I'm doing.' I pointed out that I had not the faintest idea of what his work was, but I did not think (to myself) it was anything very important. Maclean had a vision of himself as a statesman and diplomat whose life had been dictated by his convictions. He possessed a highly inflated ego. He had been deeply wounded by his treatment in the Western Press and by his

centred on my own countrymen rather than on the Russians. I had nothing against the Russians. They had not attempted to brainwash or indoctrinate me. If anything, they had treated me with a rather awkward courtesy, as if uncertain how to handle the sort of human phenomenon I was. I so patently was not part of Kim's Intelligence background nor was I a naive, starry-eyed Western Communist of the sort they were familiar with.

In many ways I was a pretty good envoy. The very fact of my unfettered return to the US—unique for the wife of a known Soviet agent—was a tribute to the tolerance of the Soviet system. As the forests of Russia slid away beneath me, I felt defensive and protective about the people and the society I was leaving. In nine months Russia had begun to feel like home. Life may not have been easy, but I felt a pang of nostalgia for the champagne bar at GUM and the long walks with Kim in our favourite birchwoods and through the charming streets of old Moscow.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that I would return to Russia, but I left Moscow Airport with foreboding: Kim, flanked by the faithful Sergei, looked pathetically thin and tired. I was enough of an ass to say to Melinda: 'Look after my husband.' Instead I should have said to Sergei: 'For heaven's sake, keep him b[illegible]

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Next week: The break with Kim.

TWO TRAITORS IN EXIL

(Continued from page 21)

not read the alphabet: I had difficulty with street names and the stops on the Metro. Kim was always there to act as guide.

In spite of the difficulties I have described, we were highly privileged, enjoying all the many facilities for foreigners, while living completely apart from the small foreign community of diplomats and Western pressmen in Moscow. Most of this group, whom I never met, lived in six or seven so-called 'diplomatic blocks' dispersed throughout the city, with the usual militiaman standing guard outside each entrance. A Soviet organisation called the UPDK supplies the necessary chauffeurs, maids and translators, a method by which the authorities keep an eye on foreigners. It is a small inbred community, its members well known to one another, but always eager to meet a new face.

We lived a long way from this enclave, under a different sort of control, but we, too, enjoyed perhaps the most valuable of all privileges: a foreign account at GUM, usually available only for embassies. With the help once more of our Russian friends and my American passport, we were able to open an account at this vast emporium, larger than Harrods, just across Red Square from the Kremlin.

Watching me battle with the language, the cold and the inevitable restrictions of our life, the Russians guessed that I was not entirely happy. Kim, of course, came first on their list of priorities. But if I were to become restless and complaining, they knew this would surely affect his work and possibly his state of health. And so I became an object of concern to the KGB, the secret police.

As my first Russian winter drew to a close I took stock of what was in store for me. Several months

The Maclean family at home, in early days.

I still had a feeling of being more a visitor than a resident. Kim, as well as the other expatriates and the Russians themselves, still considered me an American national. There had been no question of my assuming Soviet citizenship as Kim had done.

It was against this background that I debated two important problems. I had promised my daughter that I would visit her in America the coming summer. My other problem was that my passport would expire in October, and I did not know what my chances were of getting a new one at the American Embassy in Moscow. What was I to do?

The test

All the familiar props of my previous life had been knocked from under me. I was adrift. In this mood of anxious uncertainty, I was eager to explore the limits of

He adopted a position of neutrality, insisting that the decision was mine alone. He hinted that his doubts had more to do with the problems I might encounter in the US, than with opposition from the Russians. This detachment of his was unnerving: it was as if he disclaimed responsibility for me, as if the action I contemplated was an embarrassment to him, which he could best handle by being aloof.

The Russians had so far said nothing against my plans, but in early June Kim had a long conference with Sergei. The upshot was, Kim said, that they strongly advised me to postpone my trip because I might find myself in difficulties. Finally Kim told them I was determined to go, and said: 'If you don't let her leave, she will go straight to the American Embassy; I know her well enough. She is going to leave whether you like it or not.' Sergei replied, somewhat sardonically: 'In Russia we have

portrayal as a homose
Anthony Purdy and Douglas
erland's book, 'Burgess and
lean,' he would not allow i
house. I found his comm
boring and quite irrelevant.

When the Russians realised
I was determined to go, pre
tions for my departure bega
earnest. Sergei busied himself
visas and tickets, bu re
cate problem was what defi
give me to prepare me for
almost inevitable interrogation
the FBI. After long discuss
between Kim and his Rus
friends, they decided that the
course of all was not to im
any prohibitions on me! I
say what I liked, good or bad
there was one exception: 'Th
thing we really don't want k
is my address, my phone nu
and my Russian name.' Kim
to me. 'If you give them aw
will just complicate life. It
mean having to move.'

Cables in cod

Kim and his friends did n
me exactly what thei ars
but they obviously at ted
I would get into troub wit
immigration officials or the F
both. Kim gave me a she
paper on which he had typed
specimen cables. Apparentl
nocuous, they were code
describe what might happen t

'ARRIVED SAFELY
LOVE' meant that I encoun
on arrival no difficulty of any
'ARRIVED SMOOTHLY
LOVE' indicated difficulties
the FBI; 'LANDED SA
ALL LOVE' referred to pa
difficulties; while 'G C
FLIGHT ALL LOVE' mean
I was wrestling with both th
and the passport officials. I
to send Kim one of the cabl
soon as I arrived.

Once more I was to hear

PHILBY CASE FAILS TO DISTURB U.S.

Intelligence Aides Retain Faith in the British

By ALVIN SHUSTER

Special to The New York Times

LONDON, Nov. 4—The American intelligence community retains confidence in its British counterpart despite the recent flurry of spy reports here. That is the judgment expressed by sources here and in Washington.

The articles in the British press have covered old ground—namely the case of Harold A. R. "Kim" Philby, who spied for the Russians or 30 years. He worked for British Intelligence until 1955, continued his spying as a journalist, then four years ago defected to the Soviet Union, where he now lives.

Some new details in the case have turned up, but United States officials say they have long known about Philby, worked with British officials in the nineteen-fifties to expose him, and see no reason to feel that the articles jeopardize British-American intelligence relations.

U.S. Spending More

The United States, of course, has become the "big boy" in the intelligence field now and spends many times more than the $30-million or so the British allocate for such activities each year.

The United States for example, is far ahead on the technological side with its complicated and sensitive electronics equipment and its Samos reconnaissance satellites. The British have kept such expenses down.

Despite the huge United States operation, sources in Washington, when asked about the present state of the relationship, said the "British pull their weight" and have an "undoubted genius" for intelligence work.

As one put it: "What binds us is common language, common interests, common law and neither of us is a police state. In a democracy, you're going to have Philbys inevitably. Mi-6 and MI-5 have both done a hell of a good job." MI-6 is the service that deals with counterespionage, while MI-5 deals with external intelligence activities.

Such praise by Americans of the British network was not heard in the nineteen-fifties, perhaps the low point in the relationship. This was because of the Philby case and the defection to the Soviet Union by former British diplomats who had worked in Washington—Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean.

In those years, the American and British intelligence communities were said to have had drifted far apart. There was an increasing reluctance by United States officials to share information with the British and a clear unwillingness to accept British security clearances automatically.

The personality of the then head of MI-6 was also a factor in the declining relationship. Sir John Sinclair, a major general who headed military intelligence toward the end of World War II, was said to be a man for whom American agents had less than the highest regard.

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The Washington Post
Times Herald
The Washington Daily News
The Evening Star (Washington)
The Sunday Star (Washington)
Daily News (New York)
Sunday News (New York)
New York Post
The New York Times 4/14
The Sun (Baltimore)
The Worker
The New Leader
The Wall Street Journal
The National Observer
People's World

Date 11/5/67

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George Brown accuses Lord Thomson

MR. GEORGE BROWN told newspaper owner Lord Thomson last night that his Sunday Times was doing "a very great disservice to the country.' ENG

The Foreign Secretary was apparently referring to a series in the Sunday Times on the spying activities of Kim Philby.

He told Lord Thomson sharply: "It is about time we stopped giving the Russians half a start on what we are doing . . It is about time you shut up."

Mr. Brown was speaking at a dinner given by Lord Thomson for leading British and American industrialists at the Savoy Hotel.

In a preamble to his prepared speech, Mr. Brown said: "As I understand it, you own the Sunday Times. I understand that the Sunday Times is somehow in your keeping, and so are some other papers.

A lot of us, my dear Roy, will be much happier if you exercise a little control.

'DEGRADING'

"May I say to you and to Denis Hamilton [editor-in-chief and chief executive of The Times and the Sunday Times] it may seem rather clever to score that sort of point which in earlier days the Express and the Mirror scored.

"But in these days to see the Sunday Times conduct the same kind of row with the Observer and the Telegraph seems to some of us to be degrading the papers, my dear Roy, which you reckon you are running.

"I don't really mind, or any of us in the Government really mind.

"But I tell you, you are doing —or your papers are doing under your control—what I think is a very great disservice to this country and a very great disservice to the affairs which we ought to control.

"I am your guest, but I must make this quite clear. I think it is time you stopped. Your business is to fight the other papers off.

'STOP'

"Some of us are concerned about the country. Some of us think it is about time we stopped giving the Russians half a start on what we are doing and, my dear Roy, I ask you and the Sunday Times to take this into account and for God's sake stop."

There was a ripple of applause and Mr. Brown continued: "Around this room there are more than those who clapped. It is about time you stopped. It is about time you shut up."

Mr. Brown went on: "This has nothing to do with D-notices or anything else. It is about time you stopped, and if you are not entitled to control the paper — you and Denis Hamilton—somebody ought to be.

"You are ruining a lot of things. If you don't want to be a Cyrus Eaton. . ." [Cyrus Eaton, an American industrialist, has kept up a personal relationship with Soviet leaders.]

When Mr. Brown's speech was over Lord Thomson told the guests: "We don't always take George very seriously, and now you have a very good picture of the man who is Foreign Secretary of this great country, the Right Honourable George Brown."

After the dinner Lord Thomson said he was not willing to add anything ~~to that~~ statement.

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BY LETTER 9/15/70
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The Washington Post
Times Herald
The Washington Daily News
The Evening Star (Washington)
The Sunday Star (Washington)
Daily News (New York)
Sunday News (New York)
New York Post
The New York Times
The Sun (Baltimore)
The Worker
The New Leader
The Wall Street Journal
The National Observer
People's World

Date 11-1-67

Sun
page 1
(London)

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55 NOV 21 1967

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Ebullient Mr Brown hits out

Mr Brown, the Foreign Secre-ry, said last night that *The Sun-ay Times* was doing a "great dis-rvice to the country and a very eat disservice to the affairs which e Government ought to ontrol".

He was speaking at a dinner in ondon given by Lord Thomson f Fleet for senior American usinessmen who are in England or a seminar on world affairs.

In what was taken as a reference o *The Sunday Times* series on the hilby affair, he said: "It is about me we stopped giving the Rus-ians half a start on what we are oing."

The Foreign Secretary had been ebullient form from the ment he arrived at the dinner, one minutes late, to greet Lord homson in a relaxed and riendly manner.

In his speech he told Lord Thomson: "It is about time you shut up.

"May I say to you and to Denis Hamilton [Editor-in-Chief and Chief Executive of *The Times* and *The Sunday Times*] it may seem rather clever to score the sort of point which in days earlier the *Express* and the *Mirror* scored.

"But in these days to see *The Sunday Times* conduct the same kind of row with *The Observer* and the *Telegraph* seems to some of us to be degrading the papers, my dear Roy, which you reckon you are running.

"I don't really mind. I don't think Gore-Booth [Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, who was also a guest at the dinner] or any of us in Government really mind.

"I am your guest but I must make this quite clear: I think it is time you stopped. Your business is to fight the other papers off.

"Some of us are concerned about the country, some of us think it is about time we stopped giving the Russians half a start on what we are doing and, my dear Roy, I ask you and *The Sunday Times* to take this into account and for God's sake stop."

There was a ripple of applause. and Mr. Brown continued: "Around this room there are more than those who clapped. It is about time you stopped.

"This has nothing to do with D Notices or anything else. It is about time you stopped.... You are ruining a lot of things."

Mr. Brown then turned to Britain's application to join the Common Market.

While he agreed that France continued to see difficulties, he did not accept that there had been any setback in the progress of c application as a result. "So as we know there was nothing n or surprising in the stance wh France adopted."

Britain was not changing cou one bit. "We want negotiati to start, and start soon. And this we have the support of great majority of our fellow Eu peans. There is thus no cause all for dismay or hesitation. the contrary, we are confident the outcome."

After Mr. Brown had ended speech, Lord Thomson told guests: "We don't always t George very seriously and n you have a very good picture the man who is Foreign Secret of this great country, the Rt. H George Brown."

After the dinner, Lord Thom said he was not willing to anything to that statement.

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

Date 11-1-67

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TTER 9/5/76
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The Times
page 1
(London)

59 NOV 1967 68043

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MR. GEORGE BROWN made an astonishing outburst last night in a speech at the Savoy Hotel.

No. 1 target for attack was Lord Thomson—his host at a dinner for leading American and British business men.

The Foreign Secretary accused him and his papers of "degrading" the British Press and doing "a very great disservice" to the country.

The distinguished audience was shocked and baffled by the off-the-cuff remarks.

General opinion was that he was referring to the Kim Philby spy disclosures in the Sunday Times, for Mr. Brown hinted: "Some of us think it is about time we stopped giving the Russians a head start on what we are doing."

He went on: "My dear Roy, I ask you and the Sunday Times to take this into account, and for God's sake stop."

A joke

Mr. Brown seemed to have been nettled by Lord Thomson's light-hearted after-dinner introduction to Mr. Brown's speech on "Britain in a changing world."

The Foreign Secretary rose to speak to an audience still chortling over a joke Lord Thomson had told about a George Brown who had been advised by his doctor to give up smoking, drinking, and women if he wanted to live to be 100. The point of the story was that Mr. Brown might not live to be 100, but in these circumstances it would seem like 100 years.

Mr. Brown was not amused. "I think you made the most of your opportunity," he told Lord Thomson.

"The only thing I will say in response to that is that you are the only man I have ever known who actually cheated me."

Lord Thomson interjected: "If I got away with that . . ."

But Mr. Brown pressed on: "I am not telling a joke. I am being absolutely serious.

"You actually once gave me your bond and broke it. My dear Roy, I think everybody here who has heard the jokes you have presumed to tell about me should know you broke your word."

When Lord Thomson tried to speak again the Foreign Secretary silenced him with: "I didn't interrupt you."

He went on: "As I understand it, you own the Sunday Times."

Lord Thomson: "I am given credit for it."

Attack

Then Mr. Brown launched into his attack: "I understand the Sunday Times is somehow in your control. If I may say so, my dear Roy, we would be much happier if you would exercise a little control.

"May I say to you and to Denis Hamilton [*Lord Thomson's editor-in-chief who was sitting directly in front of the top table*] it may seem rather clever to score the sort of points which in days earlier the Express and the Mirror scored.

"But in these days to see the Sunday Times making the same kind of row with the [redacted] and the Telegraph *also sitting at the top table* and whatever he gets is a jolly sight much too much."

Then Mr. Brown's four and a half minute preamble ended, and he took up his prepared speech on Britain's place in a changing world. This was heard in selence, with loud applause at the end.

The dinner was given for American marketing executives who have been attending a five-day seminar in London. Oilman Mr. Paul Getty was a guest. Leading British figures included Mr Angus Ogilvy, Viscount Amory, Sir Solly Zuckerman, Lord Franks, Sir Donald Stokes, and Sir Paul Gore-Booth, permanent head of the Foreign Office.

Lord Thomson told them, at the end of the Foreign Secretary's speech: "We don't always take George very seriously, and now you have a very good picture of the man who is Foreign Secretary of this great country, the Right Hon. George Brown."

After the dinner reporters went to the top table to ask Mr. Brown if he had been referring to the Philby disclosures. The American guests then watched a 10-minute scene in which the Foreign Secretary called us "the most prostituted Press in the world"—quoting Aneurin Bevan—and walked out of the room declaring that he had broken

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Daily Express page 1 London

54 NOV 21 1967

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George Brown's outburst

FROM PAGE ONE

off relations with the British Press.

At first he referred the reporters to the printed Foreign Office version of his formal speech.

When they pressed him, he rounded: "Will you just shut up for a second? I am answering a bloody question. Can I just answer one question before I get another? My speech runs to 64 pages—if you just print that."

Speculating

And pouring himself a glass of white wine, Mr. Brown declared: "You can't do a Chalfont on me—*full stop*. You just go on speculating. Why the bloody hell shouldn't you speculate every now and again?"

When a reporter tried to return to the Philby question, he shouted: "Will you shut up? I broke no bloody rules at all. If you break them, I will know where I am—*d'accord?*

"You are free to break any rules. If you break them, I am perfectly free to break them too, and you can tell Cudlipp and Cecil King" [*a reference to the Daily Mirror chiefs*].

As the argument dragged on a Foreign Office official tried to pull Mr. Brown away by the left arm. Mr. Brown shook free.

He told reporters: "Write this down. No one will write it down—no one will risk sending it back."

The reporters — crowded round by American broadcasting and big-business executives —asked if the Foreign Secretary would give clear guidance on what his remarks had been referring to. "So far as you heard it you are entitled to report it," was all he would say. "Just that alone."

Then Mr. Brown asked the reporters to put down their pencils. They did so and he addressed them on the background to the Lord Chalfont incident.

My notepaper was in my pocket, but my pencil was in my hand. Mr. Brown snatched it from me and threw it on the table.

Explaining

During this discussion—while waiters were clearing the tables in the Abraham Lincoln Room and overcoated Americans returned to make a crowd of at least 50 round the Foreign Secretary—Mr. Brown said he was prepared to stop speaking to the Press on an attributable or non-attributable basis and to rely solely on official Foreign Office releases.

I suggested that the only loser would be himself. Mr. Brown seized on the point and demanded an explanation. I told him: "If you do not speak to the Press you do not speak to the country."

He grabbed my hand and turned to the audience. "*Quiet,*" he ordered. "Let's hear this." He turned to me: "You said it—the man from the Express has said it. Now let them all hear it. If I do not talk to the Press—*what?*"

I repeated my remark.

Mr. Brown nodded: "That is it. The man from the Express has said it—so be it." And he walked out, accompanied by a worried-looking Foreign Office aide.

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

Date 11-1-67

Daily Express
Page 2
London

2

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'Shut up' says George Brown to Lord Thomson

MR. George Brown, the Foreign Secretary, last night publicly criticised his host at dinner, Lord Thomson of Fleet.

The dinner was given at the Savoy Hotel, London, for Mr. Brown and American businessmen.

Mr. Brown said the *Sunday Times*, owned by Lord Thomson, was doing a great disservice to the country and a very great disservice "to the affairs which we ought to control."

In what was taken as a reference to the *Sunday Times* series on the Philby affair, he told Lord Thomson: "It is about time you shut up."

During his criticism Mr. Brown said: "I am your guest but I must make this quite clear. I think it is time you stopped. Your business is to fight the other papers off.

Applause

"Some of us are concerned about the country, some of us think it is about time we stopped giving the Russians half a start on what we are doing and, my dear Roy, I ask you and the *Sunday Times* to take this into account and for God's sake stop."

There was a ripple of applause and Mr. Brown continued: "Around this room there are more than those who clapped. It is about time you stopped. It is about time you shut up.

"This has nothing to do with D notices or anything else. It is about time you stopped."

Mr. Brown then went on with his prepared speech.

After Mr. Brown had ended his speech, Lord Thomson told the guests, leading British and American industrialists: "We don't always take George very seriously and now you have a very good picture of the man who is Foreign Secretary of this great country, the Rt. Hon. George Brown."

After the dinner Lord Thomson said he was not willing to add anything to that statement.

The Washington Post
Times Herald
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The Evening Star (Washington)
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Date 11-1-67

REC- 32 65- 68043-A

EX-102

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BY LETTER 9/1-/70
FOIA REQUEST

Daily Mail
page 1
(London)

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55 NOV 6 1967

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FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Credible security

OUR PHILBY INVESTIGATION should yield several benefits. It has set a distorted record straighter. It has made good some of the grosser half-truths told to Parliament about Philby himself, and also the downright official lies, as unnecessary as they were irresponsible, about the career of Donald Maclean. Official outrage at such sacrilege does not persuade us that we have imperilled national security. On the contrary, such a vital concept surely requires a maturer public awareness of its difficulties than has hitherto existed. To remind the public of the K G B's labyrinthine efforts can hardly be described as comforting the enemy.

A secret service's work must be secret. The question is to what realms of public deception that maxim should extend. Certainly, it should no longer embrace the diplomatic fiction that the secret service does not exist. As a provider of political and military intelligence, sometimes of great value, S I S's function should be candidly acknowledged. But that is not enough. The well-tried administrative precept that efficiency improves with accountability is not irrelevant even to the secret service.

This would probably be best achieved by reviving a proposal much discussed by officials after the Profumo and Vassall fiascos of 1963. Mr Geoffrey McDermott, who gave advice to the Sunday Times Philby inquiry, makes his own suggestion in the next column. We would still favour the 1963 suggestion for a Minister answerable for both S I S and M I 5, not only in Parliament but, perhaps more important, to the Press. He would, naturally, be limited in what he could say—but not in what he could know. As a spokesman, he would avoid many of the transparent confusions perpetrated by half-briefed Ministers in the past, which have failed in their object of maintaining public confidence. As a visible, political chief, he would, in the case of S I S, replace the uncertain hand of several Foreign Secretaries. He would incidentally eliminate the tricky problems created by public identification—fully defensible under present circumstances—of the operational head of S I S. This degree of overt accountability would not infringe on secrecy. It would merely make it more credible and coherent.

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

The Sunday Times
London, England

Date: 10/29/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: Harold Adrian Russell Philby
Character: Esp - R
or
Classification: 65-68043
Submitting Office: London

☐ Being Investigated

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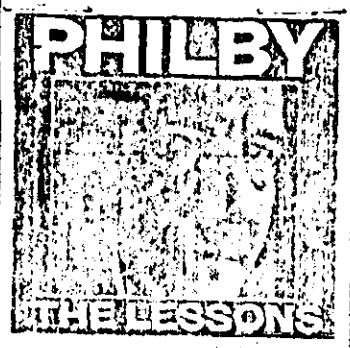
PHILBY



THE LESSONS

by Geoffrey McDermott

Former Foreign Office Adviser to the Secret Intelligence Service

IS PHILBY really all that important? Do his activities, past, present and future, justify a long newspaper probe and ravaged soul-searching by the authorities? Or is the Bond and Dolly Dolly syndrome warping the judgment of serious people?

For a start, it is worth recording the opinion of those inside the intelligence world. I have been able to do this. There is no doubt in the minds of the Secret Intelligence Service. Up to 1951, Philby had solid hopes of becoming head of that organisation: and, as they later discovered, he was doing maximum damage in those same years. Equally the KGB (the Russian intelligence service) risked keeping him in the West for a dozen years after he came under suspicion as the Third Man, because of his continued usefulness to them.

His use was not merely in the provision of disconnected detail. By luck and judgment, this master spy and arch traitor was able to supply Moscow not only with SIS's deployment in the field, but with information on the state of their intelligence on Communist affairs. Unlike George Blake, he was able, in fact, to influence *policy*, both British and Soviet.

The picture of Philby's survival given in Insight's report is a shocking one. On four separate occasions he got away with the benefit of the doubt: on the last he simply got away. The reasons are twofold. One was that he had proved himself, to the Americans as well as the British, a very high-class operator who was also a charming fellow, "one of us." The other was even more serious: the politicians' reluctance to deal with a very unsavoury question on its merits.

Any assessment of possible reforms must begin with what has already been done. While Philby and his friends were double-crossing us, we were pulling in good numbers of high-grade defectors from the other side. One could name at least fifteen in the past two decades who have entered with equal zest into the double game and given us critically valuable information. Great credit for this goes to Sir Dick White, by far the best head of SIS we have had. As a former head of MI5, he has defused the pernicious rivalry between these two services and, equally important, got relations with the CIA back on a good footing.

He has also improved SIS practice in security and recruitment. Socially the service is now considerably more heterogeneous than the Foreign Office. They also treat security against enemy penetration very seriously.

My own main reservation about the top SIS echelons is that they are too gentlemanly in a deadly game where that is a definite disadvantage. Nevertheless, I think that the great value of Insight's report is the question it raises about SIS's political and public accountability. I believe that the present dispersal of power between the Foreign Office and the Prime Minister exposes SIS to a dangerous degree of autonomy. To my mind there is a strong case for a new body, quite outside Whitehall and Westminster, to subject the service to a regular inspection and, if necessary, overhaul.

An inbred little Commission exists at the moment, but no one seems to pay any attention to its reports. True outsiders are already coming more and more into use in the Government machine, and in the United States they are co-opted into the White House itself to advise on secret matters of global policy. A group here consisting of, for instance, a suitably high-powered businessman, scientist, journalist, don, judge, and woman might well produce a valuable increase in public confidence.

The Philby phantasmagoria, which seems incredible even though it is true, shows that we need them. We can dismiss the tired joke that we have no secrets worth the keeping. The KGB do not seem to think so. The day we can relax will be the day the last KGB agent gets the train for Moscow. There is no sign of a slackening of KGB activity in Britain; quite the contrary. We can be certain that hidden in the recesses of the Western body politic there are other potential Philbys. And in his KGB office Kim is hard at work right now on the best method to recruit and exploit them.

FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Credible security

OUR PHILBY INVESTIGATION should yield several benefits. It has set a distorted record straighter. It has made good some of the grosser half-truths told to Parliament about Philby himself, and also the downright official lies, as unnecessary as they were irresponsible, about the career of Donald Maclean. Official outrage at such sacrilege does not persuade us that we have imperilled national security. On the contrary, such a vital concept surely requires a maturer public awareness of its difficulties than has hitherto existed. To remind the public of the K G B's labyrinthine efforts can hardly be described as comforting the enemy.

A secret service's work must be secret. The question is to what realms of public deception that maxim should extend. Certainly, it should no longer embrace the diplomatic fiction that the secret service does not exist. As a provider of political and military intelligence, sometimes of great value, S I S's function should be candidly acknowledged. But that is not enough. The well-tried administrative precept that efficiency improves with accountability is not irrelevant even to the secret service.

This would probably be best achieved by reviving a proposal much discussed by officials after the Profumo and Vassall fiascos of 1963. Mr Geoffrey McDermott, who gave advice to the Sunday Times Philby inquiry, makes his own suggestion in the next column. We would still favour the 1963 suggestion for a Minister answerable for both S I S and M I 5, not only in Parliament but, perhaps more important, to the Press. He would, naturally, be limited in what he could say—but not in what he could know. As a spokesman, he would avoid many of the transparent confusions perpetrated by half-briefed Ministers in the past, which have failed in their object of maintaining public confidence. As a visible, political chief, he would, in the case of S I S, replace the uncertain hand of several Foreign Secretaries. He would incidentally eliminate the tricky problems created by public identification—fully defensible under present circumstances—of the operational head of S I S. This degree of overt accountability would not infringe on secrecy. It would merely make it more credible and coherent.

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

"The Sunday Times", London, England

Date: 10/29/67
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title: Harold Adrian Russell Philby
Character: Esp - R
or
Classification: 65-68043
Submitting Office: London

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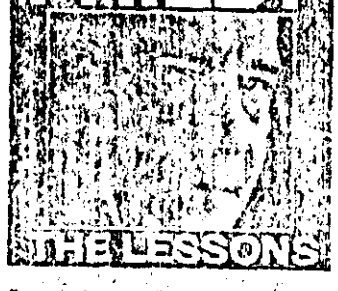
296

PHILBY



THE LESSONS

by Geoffrey McDermott

Former Foreign Office Adviser to the Secret Intelligence Service

IS PHILBY really all that important? Do his activities, past, present and future, justify a long newspaper probe and ravaged soul-searching by the authorities? Or is the Bond and Dolly Dolly syndrome warping the judgment of serious people?

For a start, it is worth recording the opinion of those inside the intelligence world. I have been able to do this. There is no doubt in the minds of the Secret Intelligence Service. Up to 1951, Philby had solid hopes of becoming head of that organisation: and, as they later discovered, he was doing maximum damage in those same years. Equally the K G B (the Russian intelligence service) risked keeping him in the West for a dozen years after he came under suspicion as the Third Man, because of his continued usefulness to them.

His use was not merely in the provision of disconnected detail. By luck and judgment, this master spy and arch traitor was able to supply Moscow not only with S I S's deployment in the field, but with information on the state of their intelligence on Communist affairs. Unlike George Blake, he was able, in fact, to influence policy, both British and Soviet.

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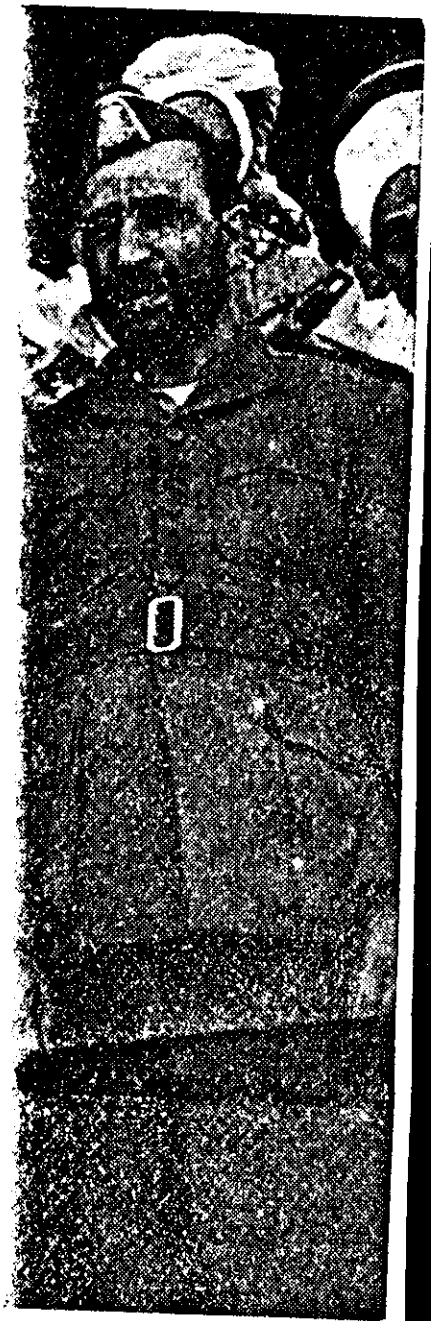

President of Yemen

hile you are pondering over ese questions, why not turn t the holiday snaps and see by some fortuitous chance, u have in your possession hitherto unknown picture Philby, or someone who ks like Philby, or even meone who looks as if he ght be called Philby?

395

PHILBY IN ACTIO

The last picture before he vanished

Philby with Yemeni revolutionaries in 1962. Man in white suit is Colonel Sallal, now Pre

THE MAN at the top left of the picture is, of course, Kim Philby. It is not a new picture: it was taken in September 1962 in the Yemen while Philby was a reporter for the Observer, and just before he physically defected to Russia. It was discovered yesterday by the Associated Press agency and is worth publishing because it sums up the extraordinary episode of Philby-mania that Britain is passing through now. At present any snap of Philby, however irrelevant, however valueless as a picture, has an interest. Anyone who knew him, or knew someone who knew him, however casually, in his pre-notorious days is assured of an audience. Can this chap with the kind-uncle face really have sneaked on the entire British Secret Service and gone over to the Reds? Surely it is a plot to discredit the upper classes?

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CLAYTON FRITCHEY A11

Must a Spy Agency Be a 'Gentleman's Club'?

Must, or should, a nation's secret intelligence agency be a "gentleman's club"—a kind of closed circle of upper class "old boys" who hang together and maintain a snobbish clique?

In Washington, the headquarters of the CIA, this is an old but rather private question. In London, however, it is the question of the day. The papers are full of it, and full of demands for an overhaul of the British Secret Service.

All this has occurred in the wake of new revelations about Britain's super spy, Harold "Kim" Philby, who defected to Moscow in 1963 after being a double agent for both England and Russia much of his life.

Philby, now 55, went to Cambridge University, where he had a brilliant record and made friends among the elite who later rose to prominence in the government, including the British Secret Service. He was secretly recruited by the Russian secret service (KGB) shortly after graduation, and has remained loyal to the Russians for 30 years while working as a journalist and a British spy.

Philby is famous in America as the "third man" who made it possible for the late Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, then serving as British diplomats in Washington, to escape to Russia in 1951 just before they were to be arrested as Soviet spies. Years later, it was discovered that they were alerted by Philby, at that time head of the Soviet section of MI-6, which was supposed to counter Russian espionage.

When Philby defected in 1963 the British government pooh-poohed its importance on the grounds Philby was inconsequential, but it now appears the MI-6 section chief had access to all British secret data on Russia, as well as similar access to the equivalent U.S. intelligence. It is also contended that he came close to being the head of MI-6 itself.

The clamor for a housecleaning has been heightened by disclosures that Philby had marked leanings to the left, even in college, and that his first wife was a full-fledged foreign Communist. It is also being asked why he was kept at MI-6 despite strong suspicions that he was the "third man" who saved Maclean and Burgess.

American intelligence has had a vivid interest in the case for years, for it was U.S. agents who discovered the duplicity of the Britishers and tipped off MI-6 about them in 1951. Moreover, as far back as 1950, the United States had tagged Maclean as a homosexual drunk while he was serving in the British Embassy at Cairo. He was sent back to London, but instead of being dismissed he was made the head of the American desk at the Foreign Office.

This has provoked what the London Telegraph calls a "wave of anti-gentleman, down-with-the-old-boy-ring, let's expose-the-Establishment fervor." In defense of the system, the Telegraph says:

"A secret body must be a co-opted one; it cannot be chosen by competitive examination. Its members must be highly educated, loyal, intelligent, ruthless, secretive and ready to be lonely. The field is

The Washington Post
Times Herald
The Washington Daily News
The Evening Star (Washington) A11
The Sunday Star (Washington)
Daily News (New York)
Sunday News (New York)
New York Post
The New York Times
The Sun (Baltimore)
The Worker
The New Leader
The Wall Street Journal
The National Observer
People's World

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167 OCT 19 1967

392
70 OCT 26 1967

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at once greatly restricted, it must, in fact, be an old-boy net, like its Soviet, French and American counterparts. If it has shown a partiality for gentlemen, that is on a par with the Soviet preference for good party members.

"It should also be pointed out that the American record of defections, traitors and long-undetected spies is no less disturbing than our own."

As in England, the U.S. spy system expanded from small beginnings to a vast operation during World War II, and grew even larger during the cold war. The American old-school-tie group virtually took over the OSS, predecessor to the CIA, and has held many of the key jobs ever since.

It would be hard to prove however, that this has been against the best interests of the country. The CIA has made its mistakes, and often been in hot water, but there is no reason to believe it would have done better without the Ivy League contingent. It would not be easy to find a more conscientious and dedicated group in the entire government.

401