FREEDOM OF INFORMATION AND PRIVACY ACTS

Subject: Julius Rosenberg

File Number: New York "See References"

Section: Batch Number 14

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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Julius Rosenberg Et AL.

Newyork "See References"

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File No. & Serial No.	Date	Description (Type of communication, to, from)	No. of Pages Actual	No. of Pages Released	Exemptions used or, to whom referred (Identify statute if (b)(3) cited)
65-14603 4297	8-11-50	NY teletype to HQ (JR)	1	0	See NY file 65-15348
65-14635 A-1-474	5-25-64	HQ R/S and Enclosure (EF)	71	1	Encl. Referred
65-14644 40	9-30-53	NY report to HQ (DM)	18	2	16-OS
65-14671 52	3-19-52	NY report to HQ (AY)	78	0	4 Referred 74-OS
65-14702 J6	1-27-57	news clipping (Herald Tribune) (MS)	2	2	
65-14702 J12	1-26-57	news clipping (NY times) (MS)	4	4	
65-14702 J20	1-26-57	news clipping (NY news) (MS)	6	6	
65-14702 J21	1-26-57	news clipping (NY mirror) (MS)	5	5	
65-14702 1006	4-23-51	newspaper translation (FR)	37	37	
65-14737 175	2-8-52	WFO letter to HQ (AY)	3	1	2-OS
			225	58	92-OS

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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

SECURITY INFORMATION - CONFIDENTIAL

FORM No. 1
THIS CASE ORIGINATED AT NEW YORK

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REPORT MADE AT	DATE WHEN MADE	PERIOD FOR WHICH MADE	REPORT MADE BY
NEW YORK	9/30/53	8/11-13,17,20, 21,24-26;9/9, 11,15,16,18, 21/53	GEORGE M. OWEN

TITLE ALBERT A. FREEMAN, was: Albert Abel Freeman, Al Freeman, Abel Freeman, Abe Freedman, Jacob Friedmann, Abraham Abel Freeman

CHARACTER OF CASE ESPIONAGE - R

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS:

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SECURITY INFORMATION - CONFIDENTIAL

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 16—60637-1

[redacted] OS

Miss ELIZABETH BENTLEY, self-admitted former Soviet intelligence agent, on November 30, 1945 stated that JACOB GOLOS, her Soviet intelligence superior, had supplied funds to JOHN SPIVAK. Miss BENTLEY advised that in 1942, SPIVAK made a trip to Mexico and California in order to investigate Japanese matters and concerning a report of his findings to JACOB GOLOS. She further advised SPIVAK had also made a trip to Texas with JACOB GOLOS in the late 1930's or early 1940's in an attempt to obtain information to discredit the character and reputation of Congressman MARTIN DIES. She advised that GOLOS paid SPIVAK's traveling expenses and also some compensation for the report he rendered.

Miss BENTLEY advised on February 20, 1951 that during the period she knew JACOB GOLOS, the latter hired SPIVAK on a weekly basis for short periods of time, paying him approximately $25.00 a week. She further stated that material accumulated by SPIVAK was furnished by JACOB GOLOS to GOLOS' Russian intelligence superior.

[redacted] OS

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3 Seized As Spies May Face Death

Jury to Get Evidence Tomorrow, Indictment Under '54 Law Sought

By James E. Warner

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Government attorneys here were hopeful tonight that evidence they are prepared to present to a grand jury in New York Monday will result in the indictment of three accused spies for Russia under the new death-penalty peacetime espionage law. At present the three, Jack Soble, fifty-three, his wife, Myra, fifty-two, and Jacob Albam, sixty-five, all of New York City and all born in Russia or Lithuania, are held in $100,000 bail each on charges of conspiracy to collect secret defense information for transmission to the Soviets. This is a much lesser charge, but the heavy bail asked by the government after their arrest and arraignment yesterday indicated the importance placed on the case.

First Since Rosenbergs

It was the first espionage-ring case since that which resulted in the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in 1953 for atomic spying for the Soviet Union.

The three persons held in the present case may be subject, if the grand jury so finds in its indictments, to prosecution under the so called "Rosenberg" law which became effective in September, 1954, making espionage even in peace time a capital offense.

Under the old espionage law, the three are subject to maximum penalties of only ten years imprisonment or $10,000 fines, or both. The Rosenbergs were executed in 1953 under the old law because it was proved their offenses occurred while the United States was at war.

What U. S. Must Prove

Thus, if the Department of Justice seeks, as apparently it intends, to obtain a death indictment against one or more of the three, it must prove (1) the espionage conspiracy with which they are charged occurred during the World War II period of hostilities or (2) that one or more of the defendants violated the espionage law after passage of the "Rosenberg" amendment.

Sec. 793 of Title 18 of the

Continued on page 24, column 3

CLIPPING FROM THE
N. Y. Herald Trib
DATED 1/27/57
FORWARD

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JAN 28 1957
FBI — NEW YORK

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United States Co[illegible] which the three were arres[illegible] makes no distinction between peace-time and war-time espionage offenses. Sec. 794, as amended by the "Rosenberg" clause, provides espionage, without distinction between peace or war, shall be punishable by "death or imprisonment for any term of years or life." The same section provides, specifically for time of war, either death or imprisonment for not more than thirty years. The "Rosenberg" clause also elminates the ten-year statute of limitations on such crimes.

Soble was charged in the complaint upon which he was arrested with having transmitted in New York, Aug. 15, 1956, two reports affecting national security, one of twenty-six and another of five pages, "for delivery to agents of Russia." This obviously was long after passage of the "Rosenberg" law. The department will not say whether it is prepared to prove alleged violations during World War II.

Silent on Red Officials

The State Department was silent today on expulsion of other Russian diplomats here, who, without naming them, the Department of Justice said yesterday, are involved in the new case. The latest in a series of Russian expellees, Maj. Yuri P. Krylov, former assistant military attache of the Soviet Embassy, sailed from New York today after having been declared persona non grata by this government.

There were indications that the expelled attache may be connected with the present arrests, but neither State nor Justice Departments would comment. Meanwhile, it was known that Canadian authorities have joined in investigation of the case, but no arrests were imminent, it was said, on either side of the border.

More Evidence

Hints of the possible ramifications of the case, including a legal demand for the death sentence, came yesterday when the Department of Justice announced the arrests. It said then that "additional evidence" would be presented to the grand jury and also that Russian diplomatic employees were involved.

The complaint and warrants on which the three were arrested were issued only on the lesser charge, however, indicating that the government was holding back more crushing evidence for presentation in secret to the grand jury in its effort to secure indictment on the death-penalty charge.

The special grand jury to hear the case against the three suspects will be impaneled Monday at the United States Court House, in Foley Square, New York, Chief Assistant United States Attorney Thomas B. Gilchrist jr., said there today. The impaneling procedure itself, together with a charge by a Federal judge, will last about twenty minutes.

Then United States Attorney Paul W. Williams and a staff of prosecutors from his own office and the Justice Department will begin presenting evidence against the three.

In the Rosenberg case, a conspiracy trial, Morton Sobell, a radar expert, was sentenced to thirty years, and David Greenglass, Rosenberg's brother-in-law, was given fifteen years.

The first espionage case after World War II involved Judith Coplon, a Justice Department employee, who was arrested with a Russian friend, Valentine A. Gubitchev, in March, 1949.

Is Free on Bond

Miss Coplon was convicted twice on charges of giving secrets to the Soviets and received sentences totaling twenty-five years. However, through appeals and mistrials which have resulted in a legal tangle, she has remained free on bond.

In September, 1950, Alfred Dean Slack was sentenced to fifteen years after being convicted of passing secret defense information to a foreign government.

In December, 1950, Harry Gold of Philadelphia, who confessed he was a major courier for a Soviet spy ring which included British atom spy Klaus Fuchs, received a thirty-year sentence. He has since collaborated with the F. B. I.

Two Austrian-born former G. I.s who pleaded guilty to being members of a Soviet spy ring were convicted in June, 1953. They were Otto Verber and his brother-in-law, Kurt Ponger.

Krylov's Departure

Maj. Yuri P. Krylov, an assistant Soviet military attache ordered out of the country Jan. 15 by the State Department, sailed at 11:30 a. m. yesterday aboard the French liner Liberte with his wife and two young sons. The ship is bound for Plymouth and Le Havre.

The State Department had accused Maj. Krylov of attempting to buy "classified military information" and buying electronic equipment through American "intermediaries."

Maj. Krylov and his family boarded the Liberte at 8:30 a. m. and locked themselves in their cabin-class stateroom. Once he opened the door slightly to talk to a reporter. He was pleasant but he refused to discuss his case. "I am happy to be returning to the motherland," he said.

His response to all questions, even one about his age, was, "I am sure you can get all that from your State Department." He refused to pose for photographs. The only visitor in his stateroom was a man who identified himself as Col. Viktor Fomin and said he was a Soviet military attache in Washington.

3 ARRESTED HERE AS SPIES IN A RING ACTING FOR SOVIET

Ex-Lithuanians Are Seized on West Side by F. B. I.—They Deny Any Guilt

BAIL IS PUT AT $100,000

U.S.S.R. Officials Reportedly Involved—Hunt Lasted More Than 10 Years

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

Three former Lithuanians were arrested at their homes here yesterday by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on charges of spying for the Soviet Union.

They were charged with collecting information relating to the national defense for purposes of transmitting it to the Soviet Union or its agents.

The F. B. I. said that Soviet officials might be involved in the operation of what they described as an "organized group" engaged in espionage over a long period.

Those arrested were Jack Soble, 53 years old, and his wife Myra, 52, of 321 West Seventy-eighth Street, and Jacob Albam, 65, of 210 Riverside Drive. They were arrested at about 7 A. M.

All three were born in Lithuania. The Sobles became naturalized citizens in 1947; Albam filed an application for citizenship in 1951, and it is pending.

Called 'Dominant Figure'

The three appeared before United States Commissioner Earle N. Bishopp in the Federal Building on Foley Square at about 11:15 A. M.

United States Attorney Paul M. Williams requested that they be held in bail of $100,000 each. He said that Soble had "replaced the second secretary of the Soviet Embassy, Vassily M. Zubilin, as a dominant figure in the espionage ring after World War II."

Mr. Williams added that the "upper members" of the espionage group "are not at the present time identifiable" and that the case had been under F. B. I. inquiry for more than ten years. No details were made available by the F. B. I. as to the nature of the espionage activities allegedly carried out by the Sobles and Albam.

Official's Career Traced

However, the mention of Zubilin provided some frame of reference. Zubilin came to the Soviet Embassy in Washington as third secretary in December, 1941. He left for Moscow in the late summer of 1944 after having been advanced to the post of second secretary.

In 1953 he was identified in testimony of J. Edgar Hoover as "the reported head of the N. K. V. D. in North America, one of the primary branches of Soviet intelligence in North America."

The F. B. I. chief's testimony was presented before a Senate investigating committee by Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. Mr. Brownell appeared in connection with an inquiry into charges that the late Harry Dexter White, a Treasury official, had been a major figure in a wartime Soviet espionage ring.

Zubilin's name also turned up in the trial of Judith Coplon on espionage charges. A Justice Department report on him was contained in one of the documents on which she allegedly

Continued on Page 3, Column 2

CLIPPING FROM THE

N. Y. N.Y. TIMES

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FBI — NEW YORK
E McCarthy

had notes in her purse when arrested in 1949.

A possibility that the case might have ramifications in other countries was indicated when a check of Soble's background disclosed that he had extensive connections in Canada and France. These were ostensibly in connection with a bristle and brush business in which he had an interest.

Should any Soviet officials be involved in the case, their expulsion from the United States would follow almost automatically. They would be declared persona non grata, which would require that they leave immediately.

Soviet Funds Feared

The three defendants denied their guilt yesterday.

Bail was fixed by Commissioner Bishopp at $100,000 each when Mr. Williams suggested that since the Soviet Union was "allegedly implicated as a principal conspirator" it was "conceivable that it would be in the interests of that Power to make funds available to these defendants in order that they might flee."

Mrs. Soble, a stocky woman with bleached honey-colored hair, was smiling and sarcastic during the arraignment. She held a copy of the complaint over her face when photographers tried to take her picture.

When Mr. Williams said that her husband had replaced Zubilin as chief of the espionage ring, she said: "Wha-a-a-t?" When he said that they were making preparations to leave the country, she snapped: "Fantastic!"

At a mention of the $100,000 bond she said: "We never saw so much money. How can we raise it?" And as the prisoners were taken to detention she declared resignedly: "There is no choice."

Soble, a bald six-footer, had little to say. He made no attempt to cover his face. Twice he smoothed his wife's hair, as though to comfort her.

Family's Travels Recounted

Soble was born in Vilkaviskis, Lithuania, in 1903. He attended a Russian high school and Leipzig University and the Sorbonne, studying economics and law. He left Lithuania with his wife and 2-year-old son Lawrence in 1941, apparently at the time of the Nazi invasion. The family went to China, then to Japan, entering the United States in 1941 on a visa issued at Kobe.

Soble and his wife traveled to Europe and Canada frequently after arriving in the United States. They went to France in 1950 and stayed until mid-1952, when they returned.

Soble was in the bristle and brush business and traveled widely. He was connected with Canada Brush, Ltd., at St. Martin, Que., a concern owned by Hassel (Chasen) who is married to Soble's sister Anya. At one time Soble had an interest in a bristle factory in France and in 1944-45 he was part owner of a cafeteria in New York.

Mrs. Soble had been born in Nikolaev, in southern Russia on the Black Sea.

Married an American

Albam came from the same Lithuanian town as Soble. He lived in France for a time but returned to Lithuania just before World War II. He was placed in a forced labor battalion by the Nazis and made his way to the United States in 1947. He married an American citizen in 1951.

He was employed as a foreman at the Hudson Tea and Spice Company, 225-35 Twenty-fifth Street, Brooklyn. He was described by Lawrence Soble as an old friend of his father's.

The Sobles lived in a six-room apartment in a well-maintained nine-story building on West Seventy-eighth Street. The rent was $180 a month. Other tenants in the building had nothing unusual to report about them.

On returning from France in 1952 Soble was only briefly in the United States. He went to Montreal and stayed there about a year, then returned to New York. He had been unable to obtain a United States passport since his return in 1952, although he had applied for one.

Recently Soble engaged Seymour Post, a New York attorney, to make inquiries in Washington as to why his passport had been held up. Mr. Post said that he had made an inquiry and added, "I guess this is the answer."

He said he would not defend Soble in the espionage case. Dr. Robert Soblen of 50 West Seventy-second Street, a brother of Soble, said defense counsel had not yet been retained. He spells his name differently from his brother.

Lawrence Soble said that about a week or so ago his father had gotten a telegram from the State Department requesting him to make a new application for a passport. His father was enthused by this because he thought it meant that his passport difficulties were cleared up.

Plan to Flee Denied

Federal authorities contended that the Sobles were making preparations to "flee the country." Mrs. Soble angrily denied this at the arraignment, saying: "It's certainly wrong. We didn't consider any fleeing from the country."

The complaint against the three carried two counts: a charge of conspiring to commit espionage and one of acting as Soviet agents without having registered with the State Department. The first charge carries a maximum sentence of five years in prison and a $10,000 fine upon conviction and the second, ten years and $10,000.

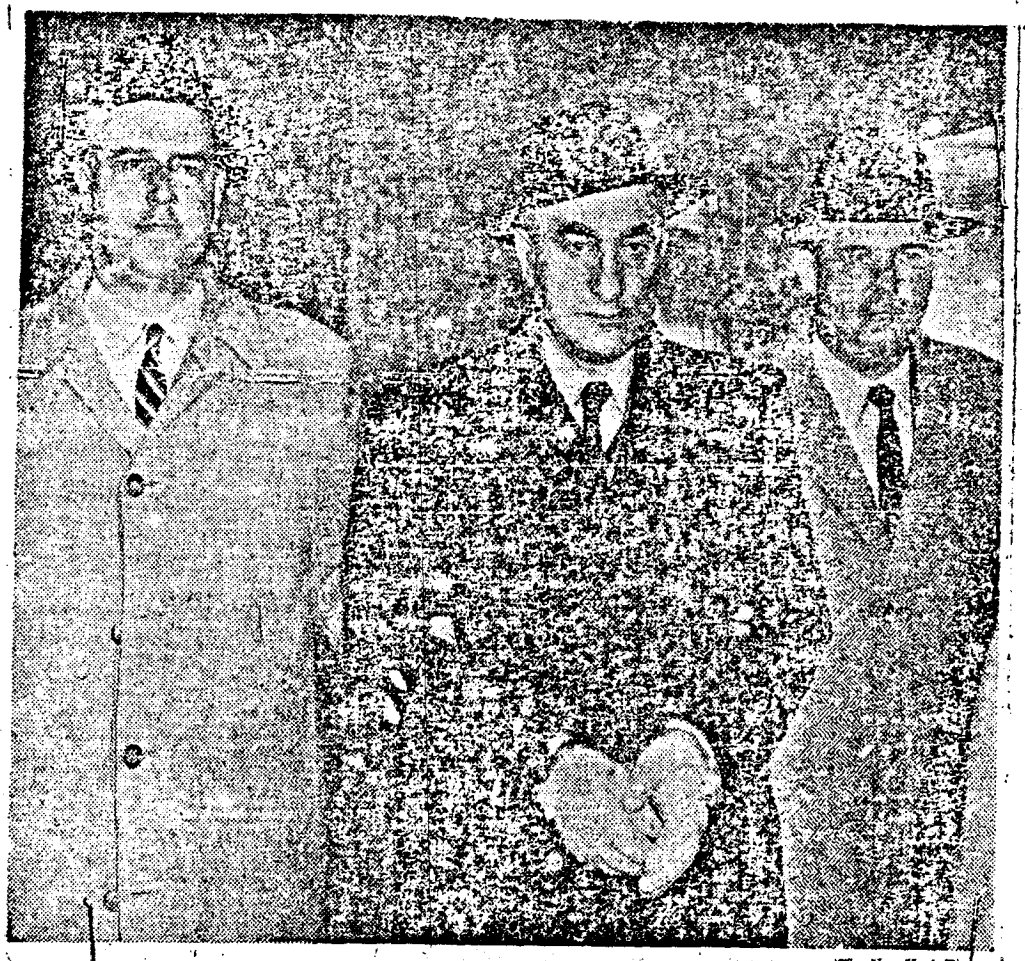
While the death penalty would not be involved in either of these counts, the final complaint will be drafted by a special Federal grand jury that will be empaneled on Monday. The two present complaints date back only to actions since 1947. If wartime espionage should be charged, it carries a possible death penalty, as does espionage committed after Sept. 3, 1954.

The overt act specified in the F. B. I. complaint charged that Soble, in the furtherance of an espionage conspiracy, wrote "a report" on or about May 30, 1956. He also was charged with delivering to "an individual" two letters, one of twenty-six pages, and the other of five pages, on Aug. 15, 1956, for delivery to agents of the Soviet Union.

The Sobles are not related to Morton Sobell, a defendant in the atomic espionage case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The Soble case is the first major espionage arrest in the United States since that of the Rosenbergs in 1950. The Rosenbergs were executed in 1953 on conviction of wartime atomic espionage.

SOBLE



The New York Times

SPY SUSPECT TAKEN TO COURT: Agents of Federal Bureau of Investigation flank Jack Soble, one of three persons arrested here yesterday as secret Soviet agents.

Alleged Soviet Agents in Custody of Federal Men

The New York Times

Jacob Albam, one of three persons arrested here yesterday, sits between agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on the trip from F. B. I. office to U. S. District Court.

Mrs. Myra Soble, also accused. Her husband, Jack, was third member of group.

100G Bail Set for 3 as Spies

CLIPPING FROM THE
N. Y. News
DATED 1/26/57
P3 Fine

65-14702-9-20

SEARCHED ____ INDEXED ____
SERIALIZED ____ FILED ____
JAN 28 1957
FBI — NEW YORK

(Associated Press foto) (United Press foto)

Questioned as spy suspects at FBI headquarters are (left to right) Jacob Albam, Mrs. Myra Sobl

(NEWS foto by Fred Morgan)
Lawrence Soble, son of the accused spies, at his home.

By Norma Abrams and Neal Patterson

Two men—and a woman who laughed and made derisive remarks during her arraignment—were held here yesterday as the FBI cracked down on the first major espionage conspiracy uncovered in the U. S. since Julius and Ethel Rosenberg paid in the electric chair for stealing A-bomb secrets.

Federal officials hinted that action involving still others, "including Soviet officials," may soon follow.

Yesterday's prisoners were charged with plotting to unlawfully obtain secret documents, photographs, negatives and other American defense material for transmission to the Soviet Union.

One of the men was pictured as having replaced Vassili Zubilin, one time second secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and a general in the NKVD secret police, as the "dominant figure" in the spy ring.

Drinks in Peace Now

Zubilin, an efficient spymaster but, like present Communist boss Nikita Khrushchev, a two-fisted drinker, was recalled to Russia in the mid-40s and reportedly fired from the service in 1947 for alcoholism.

A Russian witness before a Senate committee last year described Zubilin as "now retired, drinking peacefully."

Officials said yesterday that their investigation had been under way more than 10 years.

Importer Top Figure

Jailed for lack of $100,000 bail fixed for each by U. S. Commissioner Earle N. Bishopp were:

Jack Soble, 53, a bristle importer and part-time translator, of 321 W. 78th St., named by the FBI as top figure in the group. He was born Abromas Sobolevicius in Lithuania, came here in 1941, was naturalized in 1947, has made many trips out of the country and had pressed for a new passport for further travel.

His Russian-born wife, Myra Perskaja Soble, 52, also a naturalized citizen.

Seeks Citizenship

The Sobles' friend, Jacob Albam, 64, of 210 Riverside Drive, at 93d St., employe of a tea firm. Lithuanian-born, he has an application for citizenship pending.

"Soble has long been in Soviet intelligence activity and at one time had under his supervision other Soviet agents in the U. S.," the FBI said.

Vassili Zubilin—was Soble his successor in the U.S.?

The two men—Soble, tall, balding and wearing a gray double-breasted suit, and Albam, short, bespectacled and wearing a dark suit and overcoat—looked grim and depressed, but the blonde Mrs. Soble's expression varied between incredulity and amusement as the charges were read.

Accused as Russian Agents

Each was accused of collecting information intended for the Soviet Union and of acting as Soviet agents without registering with the State Department as required under the foreign agents act.

Neither offense carries the death penalty; each is punishable by up to 10 years imprisonment, plus a possible fine.

But, as Justice Department officials pointed out, the grand jury which considers their case might, if it finds cause, return indictments on charges providing the death penalty.

Mrs. Soble's first laugh came as U. S. Attorney Paul Williams told the commissioner that Soble had "replaced the second secretary of the Soviet Embassy."

"What?" cried Mrs. Soble, laughing aloud.

Williams said that Soble had replaced Zubilin not at the embassy but "in that spy ring after World War II."

Mrs. Soble subsided with a mocking glance at the federal spokesman.

Say He Sent Letters

The complaint said the three plotted with Soviet agents. It specified that Soble on or about last May 30 prepared a report intended for transmission to the Communists in violation of U. S. law and that last Aug. 15, in New York, he delivered to an unnamed individual "two letters," one of 26 pages and the other of five pages, for delivery to Russian agents.

The espionage ring is a highly-organized group," said Williams. "The USSR is allegedly implicated as a principal conspirator.

"It is highly conceivable that with the interests that this power has, they (the Soviets) would make funds available for the defendants to flee the jurisdiction of this court."

Ready to Flee, Says U. S.

Williams added that when the arrests were made yesterday "it was apparent that they had made preparations to flee the country."

"This is fantastic," Mrs. Soble exclaimed.

Williams' remark apparently was based on the information Soble had sought a passport.

Williams said a special grand jury will be impaneled Monday to receive evidence and he asked bail of $100,000 for each.

Mrs. Soble tossed back her head and laughed.

"It is ridiculous," she protested.

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)

"We never saw so much money. How can we raise it?"

Albam also said he could not raise it, but Commissioner Bishopp said that in view of the charges he felt compelled to put the bail at $100,000 pending hearings next Friday.

"This is certainly wrong," cried Mrs. Soble. "We didn't consider anything like leaving."

She laughed and talked with the men, who still found no cause for amusement, as they were taken to the U. S. marshal's office for fingerprinting.

They were then placed temporarily in the marshal's cell block.

When removed for transfer to the Federal House of Detention, one of their van mates, by ironic chance, proved to be Irving Potash, self-deported U. S. Communist leader who recently returned to the country and was sentenced to two years and fined $1,000 for illegal entry.

Potash had been brought to court for a discussion of payment of his fine.

Soble, incidentally, is no relation of Morton Sobell, a convicted codefendant of the Rosenbergs, who is doing 30 years in Alcatraz.

Son a Schoolboy

The Sobles were arrested about 7 A.M. in the six-room $180 a month apartment they have occupied for a year and a half just east of Riverside Drive.

"It was a great shock to me when the FBI entered and arrested my father and mother," said their son, Lawrence, 17, a tall, blond youth who attends the Rhodes School at 11 W. 54th St.

"I have no idea why such action was taken."

"They took them away in handcuffs, which certainly wasn't necessary. There wasn't time for them to talk with me, but they gave me $45 and said they might be away a while."

Lawrence said that his father, in addition to having a hand in the bristle business, had worked with a friend who is a translator for Lockheed Aircraft.

He also, the son said, obtained some medical translation work through a brother, Dr. Robert Soble, of 50 W. 72d St. The father numbers Russian, German, French and English among his languages.

"The FBI men questioned my father apart for some time and would not let me speak to him," the son said. "They also questioned my mother alone and searched the apartment, taking a lot of papers, probably my father's business papers."

Came Here From China

Lawrence said his family left Lithuania when the Germans came in and reached the U. S. through China in 1941. They lived in Boston and New York and went to France in 1950, remaining two years, he continued.

Around 1953, he said, they went to Canada and stayed there about a year.

Since the return from Canada, Lawrence said, his father had been unable to obtain a U. S. passport. He was told his request was being investigated.

About a week ago, according to Lawrence, Soble was directed

SOBLE

by telegram from Washington to make a new application. He did so and expected that a new passport would be forthcoming, the son said.

Lawrence described his father as a partner in a Canadian paint brush concern which until recently forwarded him $50 a week.

Also shocked by the arrests was Charles Lauffer, superintendent of the building, who described the Sobles as ideal tenants who lived quietly and had few visitors.

Came to U.S. First in 1941

"I was amazed when I saw them leaving the house soon after I started work," Lauffer said. "Soble was handcuffed and in tears."

The FBI said Soble was born May 15, 1903, in Vilkaviskis, Lithuania, and entered the country at San Francisco Oct. 20, 1941, under the name of Abromas Sobolevicius on a visa issued at Kobe, Japan.

Soble became a naturalized citizen in New York in February, 1947.

In 1944-45 he was part owner of a cafeteria here, the FBI said, and in the latter 1940s and early 50s he had an interest in a bristle factory in France.

He made frequent trips out of this country until snagged by denial of a passport.

During World War I Soble lived in Russia and afterward, in the 20s, in Germany, the FBI added.

His wife was born March 18, 1904, at Nikolajeff, Russia, and they were married in 1927.

Wife Is Naturalized

She entered the U. S. at San Francisco about a month before her husband on a Soviet quota immigration visa issued by the American consulate at Kobe.

She was naturalized here May 12, 1947, and has had several part-time jobs with New York firms.

JACOB

Albam made a brief first visit to the U. S. in 1933 and returned on a visitor's visa in September, 1947.

He was married April 30, 1948, in New York, went to France less than a month later and returned that December on an immigration visa as the husband of an American citizen.

He filed for citizenship in January, 1951, and action on his papers is still pending.

Incredible, Says Brother

He and his wife, a social worker, have a three-room apartment on the second floor of the Riverside Drive building for which they pay $100 a month. They have lived there five years and are childless.

Albam worked as a foreman at the Hudson Tea & Spice Co., 225 25th St., Brooklyn, in which his brother, Solomon, of Putnam Valley, Peekskill, is a partner.

ALBAM

"Jacob is a lovely fellow—I can't believe this is true," his brother exclaimed when informed of the arrest.

The brother then broke down and wept.

Failed in Business

Solomon, who came here in 1914, said he financed his brother in a plastics business after Jacob settled in New York.

It failed after a year and Jacob came to the tea plant.

Seize 3 As Spies, Charge They Stole U.S. Secrets for Kremlin

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JAN 28 1957
FBI — NEW YORK

Lithuanian-born Jacob Albam huddles in car as he's taken for arraignment on espionage charges. (AP Photo)

Dour-faced Jack Soble enters FBI Hq., charged with being top Soviet spy in this country. (International Photo)

Entering Federal Court, Mrs. Myra Sable tries to cover up.
(Mirror Photo by Bill Stahl)

By MILTON CHERNIN and ERWIN SAVELSON

The FBI arrested three foreign-born New Yorkers on Friday as members of a "highly organize Soviet spy ring and charged them with delivering U. S. defense secrets to Russian agents.

The accused—Jack Soble, 53, his wife, Myra, 52, both of 321 W. 78th St., and Jacob Albam, 64, 210 Riverside Drive, were taken into custody at their homes early in the morning climaxing a 13-ye investigation of Russian espionage in the U. S.

All were later held in $100,000 bail each by U. S. Commissioner Bishopp for hearing next Friday.

U. S. Attorney Paul Williams charged at their arraignment that Soble had been the chief Soviet spy agent in the U. S. since 1944—replacing NKVD Gen. Vassili Zubilin, who left for Russia that year.

* * *

THE FEDERAL prosecutor hinted the roundup eventually could involve "Soviet officials."

Senate and House committee reports show that Zubilin, a former Russian Embassy official, once was the boss of all Russian espionage in the U.S.

The three prisoners, according to the government, were preparing to flee the country, when the FBI agents swooped down on their Manhattan apartments, clamped handcuffs on the two men and swiftly took them and Mrs. Soble to FBI offices in midtown for questioning.

The FBI—which disclosed its lead on the Sobles and Albam came from its investigation of Zubilin, who left the U. S. after being branded as a spy—said apprehension of the three Friday marked the first major espionage arrests here since Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were seized in 1950. The Rosenbergs ultimately died in the electric chair in 1953 for stealing atomic secrets for Russia.

* * *

THE SOBLES AND ALBAM were accused of conspiring to obtain data for the Soviet Union and failing to register as Kremlin agents. However, a final complaint against them will be drawn by a Federal grand jury which will begin hearing evidence Monday.

If the jury indicts them as spies during World War II, or if convicted of espionage after Sept. 3, 1954, they could be executed, as the Rosenbergs were. The law was changed in 1954 to make peacetime spying a capital offense.

On the conspiracy and failure-to-register charges, they can receive 5 to 10 years and a $10,000 fine on each count.

* * *

THE FBI COMPLAINT charged the Sobles and Albam with plotting to obtain for the Soviets

Continued on Page 25

"documents, writings, photographs, photographic negatives and notes of things connected with the national defense of the U. S."

Federal authorities were silent over details of the operations of the ring, but Williams told Commissioner Bishopp.

"The espionage ring is a highly organized group. The USSR is allegedly implicated as a principal conspirator. It is highly conceivable that with the innterests this power has they (the Soviet Union) would make funds available for the defendants to flee the jurisdiction of this court."

Williams added that Soble replaced Zubilin as "a dominant figure in the ring."

* * *

THE FBI COMPLAINT charged that on Aug. 15, 1956, Soble delivered "to an individual" two letters, one 26 pages long and the other five pages long for delivery to Soviet agents.

It also charged that on May 30, 1956, Soble wrote a report in violation of Section 371, Title 81, N. S. Code—but the overt act involved in this violation was not further described.

The three defendants, guarded by three deputy marshals, were brought to the U. S. Courthouse from FBI headquarters at 201 E. 69th St.

Accompanying the marshals were cars filled with FBI agents. A matron sat near Mrs. Soble in their car.

* * *

SOBLE, A SIX-FOOTER, weighing about 190 pounds, balding with a fringe of gray hair, wore a gray double-breasted suit, a white shirt and blue-and-red-figured tie. His wife, about 5 feet 4, wore her honey-blonde hair in pompadour fashion and was clad in a dark gray felt coat, light gray suit, black knitted blouse and a blue plaid scarf. Albam, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, is about 5 feet 6, weighs 140 and was dressed in a dark suit, plaid scarf, green shirt and dark brown overcoat.

As Williams voiced his charges before Bishopp, Mrs. Soble looked on in surprise, breaking in with such remarks as "what?" and "fantastic!"

She called out "It's ridiculous" when Bishopp fixed the bail at $100,000 each, adding:

"I never saw so much money. How could we raise it? We didn't consider fleeing the country."

"Considering the seriousness of the charges, I have no choice," Bishopp replied.

* * *

THE COMMISSIONER signed a warrant Thursday night for arrest of the defendants.

The FBI men arrived at the Sobles' apartment about 7 a. m. while the family was still in bed. One agent was stationed in each of the apartment's six rooms. The Sobles were handcuffed as their son, Lawrence, 17, looked on in stunned silence.

Then, the agents took all personal papers they could find in the apartment and left, telling Lawrence to stay home. The papers were brought to FBI headquarters in a silver metal box and brown paper boxes.

Williams said a special Federal grand jury would be impaneled Monday to hear evidence in the case.

ONLY LAST WEEK, Maj. Yuri P. Krylov, an assistant military attache at the Soviet Embassy in Washington, was ordered expelled from the U. S. on charges he improperly purchased "quantities of electronic equipment" and tried to buy U. S. defense secrets. Another Russian Embassy aide, Col. Ivan Bubchikov, was expelled last June for picking up material at a secret letter drop.

But there was no hint from the FBI that the three arrested Friday were linked to the expelled Soviet attaches.

Noting the similarity of names in Soble and Morton Sobell, a defendant in the Rosenberg espionage case, reporters asked Lawrence Soble if his father and Sobell were related. The young man said there was no relationship.

Soble E.

COPY

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH

French newspaper L'Aurore April 23, 1951

GUY BAUGE presents the official American documents "All the secrets of atomic espionage organized by the Soviets in the U. S. A."

It was in the inferno of Valencia in August 1937 that STEVE NELSON the dangerous Soviet agent, met for the first time beautiful "Miss X" who thanks to her marriage had access to the laboratory in Berkley.

STEVE NELSON entered the hall of the Hotel Victoria in Valencia. It was August 1937 and the situation was not too good. The water was getting less and less in the City and the Franco storage blockade was being felt. A kind of untidy clamor rose in the restaurant where a picturesque crowd, was being warmed by the attrocious Spanish cognac.

All the faces, strained, sad or impassioned carried the stigma of the days of drama, the mark of despairing tensions of a civil war. The City was taken in a snare. To the north the cannon groaned along with the two aerial attacks on the ravaged port. The heat was stiffling, and through the bays (windows) there entered the sharp dust of Valencia and the air rang with the "Hymno de Riego" sung loudly on the corner of the street in front of the information booth.

The restaurant was a babel of languages, a chaos of people: captains in shirt sleeves of the 14th International Brigade with the Auberville accent, drivers of provision trucks with accents of the Toulouse provinces. Czechs of the D. C. A. who hoked in their own language, two cultured Austrians seated at the table with their colonel, who was blind in one eye, young Spanish political commissaries engrossed in heavy conversation on historical materialism and the machine-gun pistol, unidentifiable civilians who talked about money, black market or gold traffic in unintelligible languages.

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JUL 10 1951
FBI - NEW YORK

NELSON took off his jacket which shone with the insignia of a lieutenant-colonel in the Brigades and his cap with the red star, and sat at a small table where one chair remained. He was tired. The dust of the street stuck to his skin and all at once his eyes burned. He did not see the woman who sat across from him. Finally, he raised his head over the tiny plate of "grabansas" that they had put on the table, he saw that the young woman was very pretty. Tears filled her eyes.

STEVE NELSON, alias JOSEPH FLEISCHINGER, alias LOUIS EVANO-STEVE NELSON, who was beginning to forget that he had been little STEVE MESAROCH trailing his poor garters in the winding streets of the small Yugoslav City of Chaglich—STEVE NELSON the immigrant who entered fraudly into the U. S. A., became a citizen by perjury, a former student of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, a known figure in the Guepeou, the ex-agent of the Komintern in Shanghai, former prisoner of the Brazilian jails in the revolution of 1935 had before him five years later, all this experience which would permit him to become the first—and the chief—of the atomic spies in America.

It was in Valencia in August 1937—long before there was any thought of the A bomb—there was nourished the first ideas of the most important espionage affair of the century: the robbery of the atomic secrets by the Russian agents.

The young woman in tears, that STEVE NELSON was watching with surprise—because, after a few seconds he learned that she was American—was the wife of an officer in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. She had come to join her husband and scarcely had she left the airplane in Toulouse, that she learned that her husband had been killed the week before.

For forty-eight hours she feverishly roamed about the City, sent from office to office in vain attempt to leave the City.

Panic was beginning to reign in Valencia and no one cared to help a woman, alone and lost, to find passage on a boat which without doubt could not leave the port, or in any "official" airplanes which catered to influential passengers.

Change of front: Three days later STEVE NELSON and the unknown beauty (written in pencil "now J. Rd M (?) OPPENHEIMER's wife?")— unknown she will remain, because never have the American services divulged her name—took passage aboard the miniature submarine which assured postal liason with Barcelona.

Republican Spain which the U. S. S. R. abandonned to its fate began to break down. Moscow did not need STEVE MESTROCH, alias STEVE NELSON on this front. Another war, threatened to embrace the world. The twisted politics of the Kremlin saw far: the new front for NELSON was to be the United States.

The couple crossed France. At the end of August 1937, they arrived in New York. Miss X.. never forgot the man who had rescued her from the inferno in Valencia. NELSON and she saw each other often. They saw each other again when a few years later, this unknown woman married a professor of the University of Berkeley (California), specialist in the study of atomic fission. NELSON became a close family friend.

In the shadows, patiently, the Soviet agent worked...

Came 1942: ROOSEVELT, influenced by the report of physicist VANNEVAR BUSH, took the historic decision to begin the study of the atomic bomb. And it was in the radiation laboratory in Berkeley that the first studies were confined. NELSON was there at the beginning of the work. He had just been named secretary of the Party in Alameda, with a high hand in atomic information; Russia was right there, already there were many friends.

To Oakland, the home of VASSILI ZUKILINE

August 8, 1943. VASSILI ZUKILINE lit one of the lond cigarettes at the end of a cardboard and turned in his seat. These cigarettes were the only way anybody could recognize him: the former third secretary of the U. S. S. R. Embassy in Washington. His clothes were American, his tie was American. He had even spent long days learning how to walk like an American to lost his rigidity, to hold his head high which would make him more noticeable. His English was almost perfect with a very faint accent. On the hotel register he had signed COOPER. Now he was looking without seeing the neon signs which opened and closed in front of his windows, in this small street in Oakland, he smoked peacefully. He waited.

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door. The cigarette at the end of the cardboard disappeared as if by magic, ZUKILINE opened a pack of Camels while he said: Come in

STEVE NELSON entered. ZUKILINE smiled: "You're on time"....

NELSON smiled back and sat down.

"Look", said the Russian, "I am in a hurry. JOE has a packet to give you. When you have it, contact IVANOV at the Frisco consulate. I'll take the merchandise."

NELSON shook his head. "He will give it to you."

"That's all" said VASSILI ZUKILINE.

"That's how it goes," replied STEVE NELSON.

He put on his hat, made a sign with his hand and went out. A few minutes later, ZUKILINE picked up his small valise which he had thrown on the bed and went out after having carefully turned off the light. He descended and made a sign to the porter who was half asleep, paused at the door, turned and slid into the street.

Tomorrow: The agents of American counter-espionage sit at the reunion of all the Soviet spies.

-/-

PART II

L'AURORE, French newspaper, April 24, 1951

All the secrets of atomic espionage organized by the Soviets in the U. S. A.

Part II: Presented by GUY BAUGE, from official American documents.

STEVE NELSON meets with his accomplices... under the watchfulness of the counter-spies of the Manhattan Engineering District.

Resume of Chapter I.: STEVE NELSON, former student of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, Soviet emigrant, naturalized American, had become confidence man of PASSILI ZUBILIN, the head of the atomic espionage in the United States. He gathered all his accomplices for decisive operations.

* * *

August 12, 1943. Three agents of the counter-espionage of the Manhattan Engineering District, the organization studying the atom bomb in Berkeley, JAMES MURRAY, HAROLD RINDLE, and GEORGE RATHRAE gathered in a corner of the doorway at the head of Blake Street in Berkeley. The night was very black and their silhouettes were practically invisible. It was nine in the evening. (The F. B. I. Federal Bureau of Investigation—the great American security agency, was not put in charge of guarding the atomic secrets. It was kept out completely of the operation. Manhattan Engineering had created its own police which supervised the assembly of atomic activities. This fact is inserted to explain the lack of efficiency in surveillance and the fantastic mistakes which resulted).

Soon footsteps were heard at the other end of the street. A man and a woman appeared. They passed in front of the detectives without seeing them. The three men immediately recognized them. The man was STEVE NELSON, the woman, BERNADETTE DOYLE. They knew that BERNADETTE DOYLE was the contact woman between the spies of the Communist cell of Manhattan Engineering.

The two people stopped a few feet in front of the door of a small house. NELSON rang. The door opened almost immediately, and in the bright light the policemen recognized the man who opened the door as professor JOSEPH W. WEINBERG, renowned physicist belonging to Manhattan Engineering, one of the important members of the group, studying the A bomb.

They heard NELSON say:

"Hello JOE!"

"Hello," said WEINBERG.

Listening on the rooftop

They entered; the door closed again. In a few minutes which followed, there arrived GIOVANNI-ROSSI LOMANOVITZ, professor of physics, a leading person in the committee of the Communist Party of California; MAX BERNHARDT FRIEDMAN, known also under the name of KEN MAX MANFRED, student of the University of Berkeley; DAVID BOHNE, professor of nuclear physics, and IRVING DAVID FOX, assistant professor. All entered the home of professor WEINBERG.

"That's it," whispered RATHMANN, "they are all there..."

MURRAY left the wall and crossed the street quickly.

A small steel piece glowed for an instant in his hand at the moment when he stopped in front of the house which he was facing, the one situated immediately next to WEINBERG's house. A very faint click was heard while he started to work on the lock.

Five seconds later, the latch opened noiselessly and the American agent entered discretly into the house. He closed the door and raced quickly to the top floor. The place had been carefully inspected beforehand. He knew he could get on the flat roof by a transom and he climed through this.

The terrace where he found himself jutted out so that he could look into the lighted windows of the WEINBERG appartment, on the second floor. Under this window in the narrow salon, the entire Communist cell of Berkeley University was meeting.

The agent MURRAY guessed that something important was going to happen. He heard very clearly the voices and climbing on top of the cornice, he saw the interior of the place.

NELSON appeared, his silhouette black against the light. The windows completely framed him. MURRAY gestured to ZIMMLE and RATHMANN: A few seconds later all three were taking notes and spying on the people in the room.

Everybody to work.

Six to seven Communists were gathered around the table. Only WILSON was standing. He walked and spoke slowly, stressing his words:

"We all know that the bomb is taking shape. Soon the study will pass to an experimental stage. I have instructions. Strict instructions...JOE ought to give us all the information possible on the work, the calculation, the researches made. We need to know the exact idea of what will be the engine. JOE does not have access to all the sources. We need more information than he has, it is necessary to give us a precise view of all the problems relative to the strange materials and into the sections where they are affected. These informations, all of you will obtain. You will give through the intermediary of DOYLE all that you will be able to find out. He will centralize and analyse the materials. We would like to have the combination of all this in a report which he will bring to me personally at my house as soon as possible, that is to say, in a few days.

BERNADETTE DOYLE polished her nails. The others listened silently. Now MURRAY could see their clenched faces. WILSON continued.

"That's not all. There are other orders. It is necessary that you understand that from today on, the game will be dangerous. We are allies of the Americans, that's all the more reason for us not to expose ourselves. From now on you are no longer Communists... Nobody ought to know that you belong to the Communist Party. When you go home, immediately, destroy your cards. Try from now on not to express your opinions, even indirectly. Another detail...do not drink. That is all. Now arrange among yourselves the division of the work, and fix with BERNADETTE DOYLE the details of the mailbox service.

MURRAY had a backache. For more than an hour he had lain on the stone terrace from where he spied on the men who were on the verge of stealing a machine which no one had yet talked about, but which he knew would change the course of the world. Soon he saw the spies getting up. He only had time to slide silently as far as the steps, and to close the door behind him. It was 10:15.

MURRAY noticed that NELSON and BERNADETTE DOYLE went out and walked slowly in front of him, getting back to Blake Street, towards the east. NELSON returned home.

The mysterious envelope

Eight days later at 1:30 in the morning, JOE, alias professor JOSEPH WEINBERG visited NELSON at his home. He gave him a thick envelope. NELSON waited a few days more, no doubt as a precaution.

One evening as if by chance, he slipped a dime into the pay-phone at the corner drugstore and dialed a number, that of the Soviet Consulate's in San Francisco.

"Tomorrow at the usual place," he murmured into the receiver.

IVANOV and he met the next day on the grass in the gardens of the St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco. Without a word, NELSON gave a thick envelope to the Russian.

Three days later ZUBILIN passed by the consulate then departed for a trip. He carried an enormous envelope...

How did it happen? How did the security agents of Manhattan Engineering, hurled on the track of this sensational affair, allow the enormous envelope which contained such a prodigious secret escape? Badly informed by their spies which were scattered in the Communist cell, they did not understand quickly enough what had passed, they were not sure enough at the time FUCHS had carried to NELSON the definitive documents. Perhaps they waited to see what BERNADETTE DOYLE was going to do. They waited too long. When they understood their mistake it was too late: the first plans of the bomb were already in Russia. August 1945 had not yet ended.

ZUBILIN returned to Berkeley after a few days absence. He went to visit STEVE NELSON at his home: He gave him ten big bank notes.

Tomorrow: The candid Dr. FUCHS sends the plans of the bomb to HARRY GOLD, spy without an imagination.

PART III

L'AURORE, April 25, 1951

All the Secrets of Atomic Espionage Organized by the Soviets in the U. S. A., Presented by GUY BAOUR From Official American Documents.

Where one becomes acquainted with the "honest spy", the gentle dreamy and fanciful Dr. FUCHS one of the possessors of the great secret.

Resume of the preceding chapters: SERVE WILSON, former student of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, Soviet immigrant, naturalized American, has become confidence man for VASSILI ZUBILIN, the head of atomic espionage in the United States. He gathers all his accomplices for the decisive operations. A heavy envelope—the first plans of the bomb—leaves for Moscow.

* * *

So "GEORGE" was fired!" HARRY GOLD, in leaving from his interview with YAKOVLEV, could not get his thoughts together. "GEORGE" was fired and it was he, HARRY GOLD, the obscure biochemist, a modest employee of the sugar refining company in Pennsylvania, who had been useful to the Soviets since 1935 who was going to replace him! Replace the most important "mail drop" in all the Russian information system on atomic research was not a small promotion nor a small affair...

It was ANATOLI ANTONOVITCH YAKOVLEV (ANATOLI ANTONOVITCH YAKOVLEV born in Borisoglebik, in the province of Veronese in 1911, was "officially" employed in a modest position in the New York U. S. S. R. Consulate, but with ZARUBIN, he was actually one of the heads of the Intelligence Service.) It was ANATOLI ANTONOVITCH YAKOVLEV that he had to call "JOHN"—from now on he had not even known him yesterday. The man gave the impression of never recoiling before anything or anyone and of having to prove himself before occupying such a position at so young an age. He too, HARRY GOLD, had to prove himself.

The beginning of a great adventure: He walked for a few moments. It was March 1944; the streets of New York were still cold and windy. GOLD shivered. The events since spring of 1943 had gone very fast. The first studies at Berkeley, then their examination, the Manhattan District, had advanced like giant steps and now at the desert in New Mexico had been built the atomic center of Los Alamos where it was already known that the A bomb was being constructed.

The brief interview that he had just had with "JOHN" at the bar of "Child's Restaurant" had been enough to make him understand the urgency of the work he had to do.

Thus HARRY GOLD, son of a small cabinet-maker in Berne, naturalised in 1922, began the adventure which made him a man in possession of the most important atomic secret, a man who from one end of the U. S. A. to the other was the contact-man of the Russians; he was to be next to those who for him would literally steal the atomic bomb. He could not foresee that in July 1950, before the Court of Philadelphia, he would pay with thirty years imprisonment for his astonishing success as commissaire of secrets.

During the months which followed, GOLD worked without interruption, contacting, contacting ceaselessly. But all those whom he had to approach were not only the confederates that did not slacken in giving vital information, people like JULIUS and ETHEL ROSENBERG, who the Court of New York condemned to death on March 1951, but also those who were minor agents like DEAN BLACK.

Excluding FUCHS.

But FUCHS had not yet given all he knew. The Soviets were weakened. The work went faster and faster at Los Alamos. The Russians knew that an experimental explosion was going to take place, soon, but they had not been warned yet to "cover" all the technical information valuable on the gathering of atomic researches.

An honest spy.

KLAUS FUCHS, the gentle and wise dreamer, the son of a Lutheran pastor of Frankfort, the sad student, bullied by the Nazis, the immigrant who could not be understood by his companions in his English classes; FUCHS, the member of the Communist Party since his early youth, had let it be known that he was in the midst of explaining the complete system of the production of uranium concentrate 235, in order to furnish the formula of the bomb. GOLD, who had already met him at various meetings and to whom he had already given numerous reports, became the "contactor". During the course of the mission, he had the opportunity to report almost all the elements necessary in undertaking, without fumbling, the laying out of a Russian A bomb. It was May 1945.

(Dr. FUCHS was a member of the British mission which had come to the United States by agreement with Quebec in 1943 in order to pool the atomic work of all three countries: American, English, and Canadian. The British vouched for him. First he worked at Columbia University on the process of gaseous diffusion of uranium—a process which he had worked on in England—and at Oakridge. He was sent to Los Alamos in 1944 and there he worked until 1946. He took part in the manufacture of the first bombs. He was a naturalised Englishman, German by nationality and a member of the Communist Party for a long time.) Dr. FUCHS doubted the legitimacy of possession by a single group of nations a weapon such as the A bomb, and a source of energy like atomic energy.

He knew that in the brilliant circle of young savants at Los Alamos they gently made fun of him. Seated in an armchair he looked absently through a journal published in the inner secret atmosphere of Los Alamos and his eyes fell on a few lines where he saw his name cited. It was four verses, the work of one of his facetious colleagues, a series of comic portraits of the savants of the atomic station. He read them with a certain amount of irritation and he repeated them while he passed the guards to enter the restricted section:

FUCHS
Looks
An ascetic
Theoretic

These men did not understand anything—especially some whom he knew, said the following things about him—"That little bald and timid man looks like a bat" and some with a certain amount of scorn agreed that he was "a very gentle type". It was too bad not to be able to tell them that this little man had all the secrets of the manufacture of the bomb and had decided that he would not let it be the sole possession of the so-called democracies.

The whole world would profit by it, he, FUCHS the type "most gentle" believed that this was just. Had he not been attache for a time at the Theoretic Revision S. A. M. and at the Kellex Corp-Aoces (S. A. M. and Kellex were the two organizations studying the process of diffusing necessary gases for the A bomb. The one was part of the Manhattan District. Both esminated at Columbia University.) Had he not studied all the details of the plan for the production of K25 for the concentration of Uranium 235? Did he not know all about the work relating to this problem which he had from the beginning operated directly under Dr. PEIERL, who had begun in 1942 an English project identical with Tuballoy (Tuballoy Ste

of alloys for tubes) was the camouflage name of the first British group formed for the study of the atomic bomb in general and for that of the concentration of Uranium 235 in particular—University of Birmingham.)

It was a shame not to be able to tell these jokers that since 1942—before he was even a naturalized Englishman, although he had later taken this ridiculous oath to the King, he had transmitted to the Soviets all the information that he was able to get in his hands.

It was a shame not to be able to tell them that scarcely had he embarked for the U. S. A. in 1943 that he had been contacted by the Russian services through an intermediary. It was a shame not to be able to tell them all this now.

He left the station and rapidly went to his home in Santa Fe.

A few minutes later, he went out again, carrying under his arms a heavy envelope. He had in his hand a package of books.

(See L'Aurore for the 23rd and the 24th)

Tomorrow: The dreamer before the man of money: FUCHS gives a plan for the bomb to HARRY GOLD.

Part IV

L'AURORE - April 26, 1951

All the Secrets of Atomic Espionage Organized by the Soviets in the U. S. A. Presented by GUY BAUER According to Official American Documents.

The dreamer before the man of money. FUCHS gives a plan of the bomb to HARRY GOLD.

Resume of the preceeding chapters: STEVE NELSON, former pupil of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, Soviet immigrant, naturalized American, becomes confidence man of VASSILI ZUBILIN, the chief of atomic espionage in the United States. He gathers all his confederates for decisive operations. A heavy envelope—the first plans of the bomb—leaves for Moscow.

* * *

On his part a second agent, HARRY GOLD, is in charge of transmitting to the former consulate agent, YAKOVLEV, information furnished by FUCHS, an idealist who believes he is acting for the good of humanity.

It was GOLD, who on the last Saturday in May, 1945 entered Volk's restaurant, at the corner of 42nd Street and 3rd Avenue in New York. YAKOVLEV was at the bar: he waited. GOLD sat next to the Russian they drank whisky in silence:

"Come this way," the consulate employee finally said.

They went to the back of the establishment. It was four in the afternoon and there were few people about. "Volk's" has a narrow room which is the bar. Beyond that, there is a round section with tables grouped about. This rotunda was deserted. The two men went there. The waiter brought more whisky and left them.

"You will go to Santa Fe. FUCHS is waiting. He will give us what we want. Take care, it seems that the counter-espionage agents have been warned about a few things. Take all possible precautions. To avoid suspicion, go first to Phoenix Arizona, then to El Paso and from there to Santa Fe. The signal of recognition is five books. These are the instructions to bring me the documents."

The Encounter in Santa Fe

June 2, 1945, Dr. FUCHS walked quickly on the road that led out of the City. In a while he saw the church in front of which he had a rendez-vous with the contact-man. He slowed his steps and started to prepare himself. The five books that he carried were tied with a cord. He thrust two fingers of his right hand in the knot of the cord. He took out of his pocket two other books and held them in his right hand. Then he started to walk again, and while passing the church, he saw GOLD who was walking toward him. He had under his arm a copy of the Bennett Cerf book "Stop Me If You've Heard This One".

FUCHS made a faint sign. He stopped for a moment in front of GOLD; they exchanged a light (for their cigarettes). When they had separated, the envelope was under GOLD's arm and they had made plans to meet at FUCHS' house.

An hour later GOLD arrived at FUCHS' house; he no longer had the envelope. FUCHS was nervous; He paced up and down the room. GOLD had the impression that he had aged since the last time he had seen him. At 34, he was already beginning to stoop, he was grey, and dull. He seemed to be getting more and more drab, gnawed by an inner conflict.

"There it is," he said. "The first experiment with the bomb will take place in the desert next month, in New Mexico. Everything is ready. The bomb is mounted at this moment."

GOLD took out a notebook and began to take notes.

"You have all that in papers that I gave you," FUCHS said sharply.

"I have to make a complete report," retorted GOLD.

In a flat voice the doctor told all that he knew. He told of the results reached at the Oaks Bridge (Ridge.) station, the production of uranium, in Los Alamos, the placing of weapons, of Chalks River,* of the reactors in heavy water. He described the arrival of the bomb—in detached pieces at Alamogardo where it had been partitioned a month later, projecting sinister gleams on the future of humanity. He spoke of the minor difficulties encountered each day in assemblying the pieces of this deadly machine.

*Translator's note: As in original.

"The last thing that they have put," he concluded, "is a lens (?) which will make the bomb explode... They are working in the offices and in the laboratories at Los Alamos. In fact, this (lens) ought to be definitely calculated by now if not already worked out.

GOLD smiled. He already knew this last detail and he knew that by tomorrow he would be in possession of all the facts about it.

The belated hesitation of Dr. FUCHS:

He closed his notebook and rose.

"We'll see each other after the explosion in September," he said.

"I ought to help there," said FUCHS, "I should bring you a description. From there I should doubtlessly be able to get the latest details that anyone would need to construct the bomb." He paused.

"But I hesitate. After all, do I know what Russia's plans are? I have never asked myself that question. Now, I am not so sure of myself. All scientist of the world ought to have this secret. Not only the United States, or England or Russia, exclusively.... I know well that the U. S. S. R. is the natural country of all humanity but why all this interest exclusively on a weapon of war when atomic power should be used to serve life and not death?"

"The party knows what it is doing," murmured GOLD, watching the speaker intently. We are working for the ultimate good of mankind... WAI..."

FUCHS bowed his head.

"I know," he said. "But there is nothing more painful for a scientist than to hear the voice of a demanding conscience."

GOLD replied very softly:

"But now, it's too late to go back."

FUCHS turned aside without a word. While he sat thinking, he noticed that GOLD had left, noiselessly.

From Albuquerque to New York

In the car that took him toward the small City of Albuquerque a distance of scarcely a few miles from Los Alamos, GOLD took out the papers from his valise and looked through them discretly. The vehicle was almost empty. He saw pages and pages of figures, equations, diagrams: the whole A bomb, then—already—indications pointing to the disintergration of hydrogen.

His mathematical knowledge was not sufficient to allow him to enter into the exact meaning of the subject. He let his finger slide with indifference through the pages of what represented the most fantastic and the most harrowing espionage affair of all time. He was not even moved. He simply felt that he had worked well. Perhaps GOLD lacked a bit of imagination...

He slipped the documents in a large linen cloth envelope, and with a red pencil he wrote in big letters on it: "Doctor."

By the 5th of June, he had returned to New York. YAKOVLEV, at 10 in the evening, as he had told him, was waiting for him on Metropolitan Avenue, at the place where the avenue passess from Brooklyn into Queens. They exchanged signals.

"Have you the documents?" whispered the Russian.

GOLD took out the envelope and a typed report. YAKOVLEV took them and disappeared into the night.

The interview did not take longer than ten seconds. GOLD did not see the Soviet agent until two weeks later at the Flushing subway station. YAKOVLEV seemed to be very satisfied. He had something important to announce: he told him that the papers were in Russia.

At that moment, Russia possessed the atomic bomb. The only thing that remained was to construct it.

The Western world, engaged in a war against totalitarianism, could not possibly know that another totalitarian state and stolen what in a few months, was going to be the surest instrument of their power and their victory.

Tomorrow: DAVID GREENGLAN, the Los Alamos mechanic, pastes together again, two halves of a macaroni box.

Part V

L'AURORE - April 27, 1951

All the secrets of Atomic Espionage Organized by the Soviets in the United States Presented by GUY BAUGE, From Official American Documents

DAVID GRENNGLAN,* the mechanic of Los Alamos pastes together two halves of a macaroni box.

Resume of the preceeding chapters: STEVE NELSON, former student of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, Soviet emigrant, naturalized American, becomes confidence man of PASSILI RUBILINE, the head of atomic espionage in the United States. Thanks to him, long before the end of the war, a heavy envelope—the first plans of the bomb—leaves for Moscow.

A second agent, HARRY GOLD, is asked to give to a former consular agent YAKOVLEV, the information furnished by Dr. FUCHS, an idealist who believes that he is acting for the good of humanity. FUCHS gives to GOLD the most recent and the most accurate plans.

* * *

The two of them were walking slowly on route 66, which goes out of Albuquerque (New Mexico). Its hedges of cactus and the ridges of red sand, lead toward the Rio Grande. It was late, this evening (November 1944) but the sun was still hot. In the distance, on the bank of the river, there glittered the blue walls of a long enclosure behind which were buildings with strange shapes: this was the atomic center of Los Alamos.

She was a very young woman, walking heavily and wearing clothes that accompany pregancy. He was a tall awkward boy of 22, his hands in the pockets of his civilian suit: DAVID GRENNGLAN and his wife RUTH.

GRENNGLAN, pointed out to his wife the different buildings within the wall, which he called "Tech Area", the technical area. Workshop "V", with its misshapen, silver colored pipes and tubes which flanked the walls and stood erect up to the flat roof; this was the workshop where they tested metals. Further down, workshop "C", the section for chemical experiments. Finally at an angle, a high pyramid-like construction, building "Theta" which contained workshop "E", the thermodynamics workshop, the secret sanctuary of explosive works.

*Translator's note:- i. e. GRENNGLASS.

In this Tech' Area, a few hundred men, daily and ceaselessly worked carefully and patiently. They studied. They studied ways and techniques of the atom bomb. Their colleagues in the other atomic stations, had resolved the theoretic problems of nuclear physics.

It was here in this place which in a few months had become one of the most important centers in the world, where the fate of the civilized world would be decided, that DAVID GREENGLASS worked. He was foreman in workshop "B" in building "Theta".

RUTH, the Temptress

He showed RUTH the floor (on which he worked) but he was surprised at the strange look on her face. It was a look mixed with astonishment, fear, intense curiosity, and a perplexed hesitation. She stopped and sat on the slope:

"DAVE! Do you know what Los Alamos really is?"

No. During the three months that he had been here, DAVID GREENGLASS had not noticed all the work being done in the different compartments,--that Los Alamos was one of the "bomb laboratories." He thought that the mysterious experiments, the detached bizarre forms that were completed, were destined for some sort of war machine, more or less secret, but strangely enough, the idea of the bomb, never crossed his mind.

"Oh," he answered vaguely, "some army weapons."

ETHEL and JULIUS appear

RUTH did not say anything at first. Then after a hesitant silence:

"Before coming here for my five day vacation, I had dinner in New York with ETHEL and JULIUS (ETHEL and JULIUS ROSENBERG. ETHEL was the older sister of RUTH GREENGLASS. She had married JULIUS ROSENBERG who was a childhood friend of DAVID GREENGLASS. Both ETHEL and JULIUS were sentenced to death for espionage in March 1951.) ETHEL asked me if I had noticed that she and JULIUS were busy with Party (Communist) activities."

DAVE GREENOLAF listened with astonishment as his wife continued her recitation in a flat voice. And without knowing yet where she was heading, he began to feel uneasy. She paused for a long time. He watched her; he noticed that her eyelids fluttered as if she was going to say something that was very hard to put into words. When she spoke again her voice was blank, strained but quivering with an unhealthy emotion, she looked at him squarely in the eyes:

"JUSTUS told me that he knew you worked at Los Alamos where they are making the bomb."

"What! The atom bomb? Here?"

Then DAVID scarcely felt surprised. Suddenly it all became very clear to him. When he thought of all the precautions, all the mysterious engines, he realized that what she said was true.

Then RUTH said very quickly:

"They want you to get some information for the Russians. I told them that I did not want you to. But ETHEL told me you must be informed, that you certainly should help, and that the least I could do would be to talk to you."

DAVE TREMBLAY looked at the huge factory which suddenly appeared above the cactus hedge. He felt irritated and frightened.

"I won't do it," he said.

But already he wasn't quite sure. He had spoken mechanically.

"Russia is our ally," RUTH said softly.

"I'll go along with you"

Slowly they went back to their hotel in Albuquerque. He could feel that she was heavy in his arms, and weary. This pregnancy was going to be very expensive and the child would be quite a burden on their tiny budget.

When he awoke the next morning, DAVE said to RUTH:

"All right, I'll go along with them, tell them."

He put on his work clothes and took the special bus for the "Station." Everybody in the bus was in work clothes and each one were on their shoulders a metal "badge". Some were white: these belonged to the mysterious persons, the engineers, physicists or chemists who could enter all the workshops, all the laboratories, and could see everything that was enclosed in the walls of Los Alamos. Some were red,—those of the specialists who had access to wherever their work took them, but not beyond. The last were blue and they were those who were forbidden to enter any workshop or laboratory except their own. By turning his head, he could see on his own shoulder his red badge. He knew that as a head mechanic he could circulate almost everywhere in the mysterious factory. Before this, he had not had the curiosity but now he watched his neighbors with disdain and a strange feeling of anxiety pierced him.

The New Spy

DAVID GEORGIAN was going to do wonders. This skillful mechanic with the glib tongue, had a way of making himself noticed, of evoking interest and confidence. It was not long before he was foreman. Daily in workshop "X" of "Theta" building he saw Dr. KISTIAKOWSKY who was head of the lenticular charges of the explosives which made them project one against the other, the masses of uranium of the A bomb.

He even talked to Dr. OPPENHEIMER, the head of all atomic research. He came and went everywhere, useful, accomodating, eager, spying, taking figures and notes.

It seemed to him that they had particular difficulty with the lenticular charges. Then he arranged it so he could be especially attached to this work. KISTIAKOWSKY, and then an other scientist, Dr. KORKI, gave him all their moulds to manufacture. He copied the marks and the curves.....He took down everything.

January 1945 came. GREENGLASS had a leave of 15 days, and went to New York. RUTH and he were to dine at the home of the ROSENBERGS. RUTH was ready to go to the hospital. JULIUS still did not have enough information. DAVID was at his best telling about what went on at Los Alamos. But it was not enough. He lacked quite a few graphs, drawings and necessary texts, which were very necessary!

"Some one will come to you in Albuquerque looking for documents", he (JULIUS) said when dinner was over.

A Box of Macaroni Cut in Two

Then he went to the kitchen and came back with an empty cardboard box. He tore one of the sides, cut it in two with the scissors, following a wavy line and he gave GREENGLASS one of the halves. He kept the other.

"The one who will come to see you will have the second half," he explained to DAVE. If the two pieces agree, you will give him all the information that you have. You understand, you will give him everything that he asks for."

"I think that in a little while they will have definitely determined the forms of the lenticular charges," said GREENGLASS. "I will give him everything."

Two days later, JULIUS made him come by car one evening to a place between 42nd and 59th streets.

"I want you to meet a Russian," he had said.

Thus he had a rendevous with a man who appeared abruptly in front of the two men, jumped in the foreman's car, and asked him in a strange English accent, all sorts of questions, especially about the famous lenticular explosives.

On many points, DAVID could answer him haltingly. The Russian told him dryly that it would be necessary to give more precise information and then he disappeared as swiftly as he had appeared.

These people seemed to go in and out of shadows; they appeared and disappeared like furtive beasts.

On January 23, DAVID and RUTH were on their way back to Albuquerque, and the spy took up his work again. RUTH had a miscarriage. She was weak, sick and there was less and less money in the house. They had to buy a home a small house located at 209 North High Street, Albuquerque.

DAVE tried to be precise in his notations and the figures he took down. And he waited for the man who would bring him the other end of the macaroni box. He had hidden his half in RUTH's purse. But nobody came. The months passed. Soon it was the first days of June, 1945.

YAKOVLEV, the obscure employee of the Consulat general of the U. S. S. R. in New York and HARRY GOLD, the courier of atomic espionage, had met on the last Saturday in May in the peaceful rotunda of Dolly's Cafe (sic) 42nd Street. YAKOVLEV had not only told him to go to see FUCHS in Santa Fe, he had also given him another assignment.

"You will also go to Albuquerque..."

"Two missions on the same trip, that's dangerous," objected GOLD.

The Russian became impatient. GOLD knew that he was not to contradict YAKOVLEV. He kept quiet.

"It's an order," the Russian commanded.

He took out of his portfolio a piece of onion-skin paper, half of a cardboard and a puffed up envelope, explaining briefly about each.

GOLD looked at the paper. A name and an address: "GREENGLASS, 209 North High Street, Albuquerque."

GOLD looked at the paper again, the cardboard, the envelope, then put everything in his pocket, shaking his head, he arose, and left. The Russian followed him with his eyes, smiling. HARRY GOLD arrived in Albuquerque on the 3rd of June, in the morning.

A few minutes later, he knocked on the door of 209 North High Street. A young man with black hair opened it.

"Mr. GLEENGLAN (sic)?"

The young man smiled.

"I come from JULIUS," GOLD said slowly.

He showed the other half of the cardboard that he was holding.

"Come in," said GLEENGLAN (sic).

GOLD came in. GLEENGLAS went to look in his wife's purse. He took out the piece of cardboard. On the table, he put the two together. They fitted perfectly.

"As I promised, I'll have everything at 3 o'clock," GLEENGLAN said, "I have to finish one more report and make one more sketch."

GOLD handed him an envelope. He opened it. In it were $500."

"Is that enough?" GOLD asked.

Two Envelopes: "Doctor" and "The Other"

"We are financially embarrassed because RUTH had a miscarriage...She is sick," the foreman of Los Alamos replied indirectly.

GOLD demurred evasively:

"We'll see if we can do any better."...

And he went out. In four hours he was back. GLEENGLAS gave him a carefully tied document. GOLD was afraid. Had he been fooled? He carefully untied the string, just as carefully unwrapped the package, looked through the notebook. To tell the truth, he couldn't make out too much of it, but he saw enough. Yes, he hadn't been tricked.

In effect, the dossier contained notably the plan of the last mould of the lenticular explosive, the one with which they were going to experiment a month later at the Alamogrdo explosion. The American had not had it mounted on the bomb during its manufacture. GREENGLAS had taken it and copied it a few days before. There were also the schemes of assemblage of most of the pieces of the bomb itself.

GREENGLAS had worked well. (He was sentenced to 30 years imprisonment by the Court in New York in March, 1951). GOLD took out of his brief case a linen-cloth envelope; he slipped the documents into it, and closed it. He already had one envelope marked "Doctor" in red crayon. On this one he put "Other", arranged both of them, and got ready to leave. The GREENGLAS's walked with him a little way to the station. They said goodbye a bit further, as if they were casual walkers. The Anglo-Saxons were not the only ones in possession of the bomb. The plan of the mould of the lenticular explosive were the only thing that the Russian need to construct a replica of the engine by themselves.

The GREENGLASs returned to their home. DAVE gave his wife the money. She needed it for the household finance.. DAVE was glad he had had a chance to make more money.

Tomorrow: ALEX "the good of humanity".

L'AURORE, May 2, 1951

Part VI

The Secrets of Atomic Espionage Organised by the Soviets in the United States, Presented by GUY BAUCE, From Official American Documents.

AIEX and "the good of humanity"; Dr. ALLAN NANN MAY has scruples, but a little belatedly, after he gives to the Russians two samples of uranium.

Resume of the Proceeding Chapters: STEVE NELSON, former student of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, Soviet emigrant, naturalised American, became confidence man of VASSILI ZUBILINE, the head of atomic espionage in the United States. Thanks to him long before the end of the war, a heavy envelope—the first plans of the bomb—leaves for Moscow.

A second agent, HARRY GOLD, is asked to give to a former consular agent YAKOVLEV, the information furnished by Dr. FUCHS, an idealist who believes that he is acting for the good of humanity. FUCHS gives to GOLD the most recent and precise plans, and the specialized mechanic, DAVIS GREENGLASS (sic) who had access to the most secret laboratories at Los Alamos, completed the information furnished by FUCHS.

* * *

LUNAN entered a bar of a suburb of Montreal. Mechanically he looked around. The place was clean, deserted. He asked for a fruit juice and sat at a low table in a dark corner. When the waiter left, he took out of his pocket a tiny pencil and a notebook of thin, onion skin paper. Then, he began to carefully fill one of the pages.

"March 28, 1945: "BADEAU" (BADEAU was the pen-name of the Canadian scientist SMITH. He was a member of the National Council of Research of Ottawa and belonged to the Communist cell which was created there. It formed part of the "BLACK" group, organised by the Soviet Embassy of Ottawa for the practice of atomic espionage.) informed me that the most secret works are at present those which concern nuclear physics (bombardment of radioactive substances in order to produce energy). This work is more closely guarded than radar..."

For a moment he poised the pencil in the air, and made a face. Decidedly the BLACK group was doing badly. (The BLACK GROUP—was a group for atomic espionage placed under the orders of Colonel ZABOTINE, Russian military attache in Ottawa. It was made up chiefly of the following Canadian scientists: HALPERIN, BURNFORD, SMITH, DRAMEVALL, professor BOYER. LUMAN was one of the agents in the group.)

ROGOV would be furious, and he had reasons. (ROGOV: Russian contractman (contact man?) who transmitted information of the BLACK GROUP to ZABOTINE). Everybody knew that there was a bombardment of radioactive substances: it was no longer necessary to be a great spy to find that out. ZABOUTINE was becoming more and more stern and one did not know where all this might lead a man. After all, it wasn't his fault; he was only a "mail-drop", and that's all, ROSE had organized the whole affair. (FRED ROSE was the organizer of the Labor-Progressive-Party—Communist—in Quebec. He was important in establishing the net of atomic espionage). LUMAN picked up his pencil and his paper:

"This work, which is even more secret than radar, is being conducted at the University of Montreal and at the University of MacMaster in Hamilton, BADEAU thinks that the government purchase of the production factories of radium is in liason with the research."

Two Cigarettes Change Mouths:

They certainly were going to be well informed with that message. The truth of the matter was that BURNFORD SMITH (BADEAU) was holding back. The scruples of these scientists were most disconcerting! They said they would furnish the information. Most of them even thought that it was part of their duty as men of science. But when it came to essentials, when it came to giving something concrete, they began to beat around the bush.

LUMAN took out his tobacco pouch, and quickly began to roll a cigarette. In the cigarette, he slipped the message. Then he went out.

A man approached him and asked him for a light. When the man left, he had LUMAN's cigarette between his lips. That same evening the message would be on Colonel ZABOTINE's table, in his small office in the attic of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa. LUMAN plunged into the streets of the city.

Things were not getting done. LUMAN had a vague idea of what was going on. The people in Moscow by now ought to have, thanks to the espionage net which covered the U. S. A., a very exact idea of what the A bomb was, but doubtlessly they lacked some specific information. They knew how it worked, how to make it, how to charge it, how to bring about the explosion, but they did not know exactly how to produce this mysterious material by disintergrating the more or less enriched uranium--plutonium.

Making the Toy Work

Doubtlessly they do not know how to manage this terrifying material. In other words, they had the toy but they did not know how to make it work...

Fifteen days later, LUMAN saw his impressions confirmed. Naturally it was on him that the dirty work fell. It was always like that with them.

He entered the same bar. But this time he ordered a double "Bourbon" scorning all their instructions and this made him feel better. A contact man had just given him a message. He unrolled it. It was entitled "Directives of the organisation" and it was two pages long. All of paragraph 5 was exactly what he feared:

"5. Ask BADEAU" if he can get a sample of U.235. Tell him to be careful. And if he can, to write in detail what he knows of the radium production factory."

The Other Side of the Picture

Colonel ZABOTINE, Russian military attache in Ottawa, decided finally to stop sucking his cigar and to put his hand on the telephone. He looked like a combination of the Yankee businessman--he believed this might reconcile him to the Americans--with the frigidity of the Soviet superior officer. This paradox gave a disconcerting impression of his being a hybrid. The man was impressive enough. He picked up the piece of thin paper that he had put on the desk and read it again, pursing his lips. Then he took down the telephone hook:

"ANGELOF!"

While waiting he consulted one by one the copies of the secret telegrams related to the bomb:

"To the director,

"Professor (This was professor BOYER. He was president of the Canadian association of scientific workers, of which ALLAN NANN MAY was a member.) has the report that the director of "The National Committee of Chemical Research" STACEO, talked to him about the new factory under construction: Pilot factory at Grand Mere (By mistake the Soviets at first located the factory there. It was no doubt a translation mistake. The place meant was Chalk River.) in the province of Quebec. This factory will produce uranium. The personnel director comes from MacGill University and is at present on his way to this section of the new factory. According to the result of recent experiments, they have discovered that uranium can be used in charging the bombs, and that is what they are trying to do practicably.

"The Americans have begun an immense organisation of research, investing 600 million in the operation." "GRANT"

He looked through a few pages and came up to LUNAN's June 5 report: "BACON (BACON was the name of the Russian services which were attributed to the Canadian scientist, HALPERIN, of the BLACK Group.) is himself interested in the factory at Chalk River and in the manufacture of uranium. He affirms that they talk much on this question but that they know nothing outside of the small and select group which is carefully guarded. He insists that he personally is as far away as I am, to have access to this type of information.

ZABOTINE clenched his fingers impatiently. The words which followed were scarcely more encouraging:

"It is becoming more and more difficult to work with him. Especially since I have asked for U 235. He said that as far as he knows, it is impossible to get it...He refuses to make any written report...I believe that at present he realizes exactly the bearing of my demands, and that he has imagined this might be going a little too far.

Moscow is Impatient

Lieutenant ANGELOF appeared a few seconds later. ZABOTINS, with his cigar, beckoned to him to sit down. The secret office of the colonel was a miniature room, situated under the attic of the embassy. Aside from the sealed (chest) on the wall, the small work table with the telephone, and the three chairs, it was practically bare. The inevitable portrait of STALIN hung on the wall.

"They are getting irritated", said the Col.

ANGELOF took the sheet that his chief handed to him. It was a telegram in code which had just arrived from Moscow. The lieutenant's eyes jumped to the signature and read: "the director"; a signature always disagreeable to read. Immediately he visualized the man, under cover in Moscow in his bureau in the N. K. V. D. like the classic spider, and pushing from afar, the pawns in a gigantic game. He himself was one of the pawns. As for the "director", he was the chief, the big chief, who received orders only from BERIA himself.

Slowly he read the text. "The director" wanted them to work "ALEK" immediately. Orders: to get from him what they hadn't gotten from the "others", that is to say, the exact information on the activities of the National Council of Atomic Research, the results of the laboratory work in Montreal, the production of uranium, etc. They also wanted something which was completely crazy—samples of uranium.

"ALEK" murmured ANGELOF, "ALAN NANN MAY?"

"ALLAN NANN MAY. He must give the samples."

He got up, and in a very calm voice:

"ROSE is an imbecile. MOTINOV gets from him only the crumbs. The Black group is extremely timid. It will not do. Dr. ALLAN NANN MAY is your man. You contacted him, ANGELOF, you must make him play."

The lieutenant smiled and left the place. With a man like ALLAN NANN MAY, he was almost sure to win.

For the Good of Humanity!

Mid-August 1945. —(Dr. ALLAN NANN MAY had worked in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, from May 1942 to January 1943. In 1943, he was sent to Canada to take part in joint American-British Committee on atomic research. He belonged to both committees which gave him access to the most secret documents on the work related to uranium. He had access to the laboratories in Chicago, Argonne, the factory at Chalk River and knew what was going on at Hanford). Dr. MAY was standing in the parlor of his apartment on Swail Ave. looking at a young man. BAXTER was at him again. (It was under this name that Lieutenant ANGELOF, secretary of ZABOTINE, was known to the Canadians whom he contacted). For a while now, it was becoming more and more difficult to answer him. The exactness of his questions was most irritating. And why was he always referring to the bomb, always asking about the bomb. Did these people figure that all interest on atomic research was reduced to this absurd and terrifying machine?

In 1943, during the first appearances of this BAXTER at Swail Avenue, it had not been a question of that. They knew that he was a Communist and it was natural that the Russians wanted to contact him. At least he found this normal, and BAXTER then, had not asked him anything that was contrary to what he thought to be his duty toward his fellow-creatures.

"For the good of humanity," he always said.

$500 or 30 pennies?

Now MAY felt more and more tormented with hesitations, and perhaps if "they" were not put in possession of these samples, it would be as if someone would leave them at zero.

Mechanically he took from the table the bottle of whisky that BAXTER had brought him and he contemplated it, thinking of other things. It was light, very light... It was empty.

No, it was not empty, it contained a roll of bank notes. He took them out. There was $500. Were they now taking bets on him?

The Regrets (perhaps the remorse) of ALLAN NANN MAY

ALLAN NANN MAY, a few days later, returned to England; he had been appointed professor at King's College. He had thrown away the paper which carried the instructions of contact, which he had to follow in arriving there.

"One Saturday, October 1945, twenty hours, (?) in front of the British Museum, ALEK will have under his arms a copy of the Times. The contact man will be carrying a copy of the Picture Post. The contact man will say:

"'Which is the closest way to the Strand?'
"ALEK will reply:

"'Come, I am going that way.'
"ALEK will say before beginning the conversation:
"'Best regards from MIKHAIL.'"

ALLAN NANN MAY had decided not to go to meet him. Scotland Yard police and the man who carried the "Picture Post" under his arm waited in vain. MAY was tired of the shadows and of the secret. He had regretted. But too late!

He was arrested in February 1946 and was sentenced to ten years imprisonment on March 20, 1946 in London.

Tomorrow: The "mort" ("death-note"): Counter attack of American intelligence services; twenty-three important spies arrested; JULIEN and ETHEL ROSENBERG sentenced to die.

PART VII

L'AURORE, May 3, 1951

The Secrets of Atomic Espionage Organized by the Soviets in the United States, Presented by GUY BAUGE, from Official American Documents

The arrest of FUCHS in February 1950 sounds the death-note for all the spies. JULIUS ROSENBERG tries vainly to persuade GREENGLARS (sic) to go to Mexico.

Resume of the proceeding chapters: STEVE NELSON, former student of the Lenin Institute in Moscow, Soviet emigrant, naturalized American, became confidence man of VASSILI ZUBILINE, the head of atomic espionage in the United States. Thanks to him, long before the end of the war, a heavy envelope--the first plans of the bomb--leaves for Moscow.

A second agent, HARRY GOLD, is asked to give to a former consular agent YAKOVLEV, the information furnished by Dr. FUCHS, an idealist who believes that he is acting for the good of humanity. FUCHS gives to GOLD the most recent plans which are very precise; the specialist mechanic, DAVIS GREENGLAN (sic) who had access to the most secret laboratories at Los Alamos, and the atomic scientist ALLAN NAN RAY (sic), complete the information furnished by FUCHS. But the federal police counter-attack.

* * *

JULIUS ROSENBERG left ETHEL sleeping, and went out of his house. Rushed just like all Americans, he rapidly walked down Monroe Street to take the Knickerbocker City's elevated, which would take him to his office in the Pitt Machines Corp.

As he was leaving his house he had taken from his porch the New York Times which had been next to the bottle of milk, and mechanically while walking, he unfolded it. The headlines on the front page were like a slap in the face for him. Shaken, he stopped to read:

"FUCHS, THE ATOMIC SCIENTIST, ARRESTED IN ENGLAND"
"The Secret of the A Bomb Betrayed"

It was a February 1950 newspaper.

JULIUS stood still, mute, paralyzed by a sudden panic. It was the end, this time it really was the end. He waited for this for a long time now, but never really believed it would happen.

Nevertheless, since 1946 everything had threatened to come to grief, he was not going to have any illusions. Everything had been too easy up till now! Since the day in 1942 when ROOSEVELT had decided to begin the study of the "A" bomb, up to the tragic explosions of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the work had been almost infantile, right before a counter-espionage which had almost been unarmed. They had very peacefully stolen the bomb! But now the web was closing by a methodically organised police, possessed with great powers. The unbelievable confidence of the "enemy" had been changed to a stronger and stronger mistrust. Gone were the times when they pillaged at their ease secrets which appeared to be most inaccessible at Los Alamos, Oak Ridge, Hanford, Chalk Rives (sic). The time was gone when the spies, carried in their pockets without any anxiety the complete plans of the A bomb, of the Alamogordo model, or when bribed researchers or those lost in their partisan passion without any difficulty stole from the laboratories samples of uranium 234.

ALLAN NUNN MAY Arrested

The British were awaked first from their absurd torpor. In March 1946, the arrest of Dr. ALLAN NUNN MAY in London fell like a bolt of lightning.

JULIUS remembered still the agonizing sensation which he had felt the day he had heard the news. Perhaps MAY was not directly connected with his net. But from this moment on the bitter certainty of the catastrophe had begun to haunt him. (The "Royal Canadian commission of investigation on the atomic questions" had been created in Ottawa on the 5th of February 1946, the Canadians having for some time serious reasons to think that information leakage was taking place in the different organizations devoted to atomic research. Dr. ALLAN NUNN MAY was the first "victim" of this commission which had an imposing police force. In September 1945 after having, as we have said, sent to Lieutenant ANGELOV the samples of U. 235 and U. 233, MAY went back to England where according to his instruction was to meet a Russian contact-man in October, in front of the British Museum. Dr. ALLAN NUNN MAY (sic) who had just returned, had taken the position assigned to him in King's College. Lieutenant-Colonel BURT, Commander of the Special Branch of C. I. D. of Scotland Yard, on the informations received

from Canada, went personally to question him on February 15 at the Shell-Mex Building where he worked. He asked him if he knew the information leakage which was taking place in Canada concerning atomic work. He answered that he did not know. He denied having been contacted by any one on the other side of the Atlantic and added that he refused to answer any questions relating to counter-espionage. On February 20, Lieutenant-Colonel BURT, having received from Canada a new directive, returned to MAY's house. He told him that he had been informed of the meeting that MAY had accepted to have in London and that he knew that the scientist had not gone. MAY immediately answered:

"I didn't go to this rendevous," he said, "because I had decided to wash my hands of the whole affair."

He followed this with a confession written in a fairly reserved tone in which he confessed having taken the samples of uranium. On May 2, 1946, he had been condemned to 10 years penal servitude by the Central criminal court of London and was put in prison at Wetrefield (sic) (Yorkshire) where he is at present serving his term).

But FUCHS! FUCHS--that was the end! Because of FUCHS they would be led to GOLD, his contact man, and from GOLD to ROSENBERG himself.

Seized by panic, he dashed into the nearest drug store. The words of the article in the paper danced before his eyes. He gulped down a tall glass of Alka-Seltzer to calm himself.

The worst of it was that this article did not say anything. Nothing except that the scientist had confessed. Confessed what? ROSENBERG let his imagination wander. Had he spoken about GOLD? Did he know his name? Would he recognize him if anybody presented him with pictures?

What Had FUCHS Confessed?

Avidly he reread some lines which told how in the autumn of 1949, by a warning received from America, the English were advised that information leakage was going on within the British Mission which had been sent to the U. S. A. to participate in the work of the English-American-Canadian atomic Pool, and how the inquiry of the security services had led right to FUCHS. (Since 1947, it was the F. B. I., the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the large federal

police organization of the U. S. A. which had been put in charge of the missions of atomic counter-espionage in replacing the semi-private police established by Manhattan Engineering, the center of atomic activities in America, who had been notoriously ineffective. It was following the creation of the parliamentary commission of Atomic Energy that this important change had taken place. It marked a decisive turn and led to the capture of Soviet agents.)

Three months before his arrest, and to lull his eventual suspicions, FUCHS had been promoted to a higher position in the hierarchy of the laboratory of Harwell. Finally, when interrogated by the Wing Commander ARNOLD, chief of the Security of the Atomic Services of Harwell, he had suddenly decided to confess: yes, he had been a spy for Russia from June 1942 to 1949.

That was all. Nothing more. JULIUS' state of ignorance was unbearable. ROSENBERG wondered if they wouldn't arrest him while he was going out of the drugstore...or upon arriving at his office.. or on returning to his home. He jumped down from high high stool and hesitated; he had never thought that one day his knees would feel so weak. He made a great effort to pull himself together, and he went out. This, in short, was the death-knell.

He tried to take hold of himself, since there was no mention in this article either of GOLD, or of GREENGLASS (sic), or of himself. But it was coming. He didn't doubt it. Now that the machine had started nothing would stop it.

ROSENBERG looked behind him. Apparently he was not being followed. He did not go to his office this morning. He ran to GREENGLASS', his brother-in-law and former companion in treason.

A Peaceful Spy:

The other was still in bed. He worked late at night at the Arma Engineering Corporation and slept all morning. The man who had sold to the Russians in 1945 the plan of the mould of the highly explosive lens, who had surrendered inestimable documents on the ultra-modern bomb at Los Alamos, had returned to his occupation as head foreman. He barely remembered having been a spy.

It had never bothered him very much, to be truthful. He had been happy to earn a few hundred dollars and that was all. Five

years had passed since, and it was an old story. A finished story.

It all came back suddenly on the trail of this agitated JULIUS, who shook him on his bed and tore him from his peaceful comfort.

"Come, I have to talk to you. Let us go out immediately."

RUTH GREENGLASS looked at the scene without daring to understand. They said nothing to her. But she saw the frightened face of ROSENBERG, and terror gripped her also. The past came back to her in a sickening fear. She had never wanted her husband to do these strange things...but the thirst for money had gotten hold of her, it was she who had led her husband on, and she had taken the money!

GREENGLASS put on his pants, hastily threw on a jacket and an overcoat on his shoulders. The two men went out. ROSENBERG couldn't stop walking fast, as if he were being followed. They took Sheriff Street, towards Hamilton Fish Park, and without saying anything, DAVE GREENGLASS (sic), haggard, unshaven, unwashed, his face confused, pale, also followed him. They waited until they were in the park before speaking. ROSENBERG passed the paper to GREENGLASS. DAVE did not even know who this FUCHS was, or else he had forgotten him!

"Do you remember the man who came to see you in Albuquerque, the one who had half of the macaroni box, the one who said to you 'I come from JULIUS' and to whom you gave the plans?"

"Yes," GREENGLASS said, "Well?"

"That's GOLD. His name is GOLD. FUCHS was also one of his 'contacts', FUCHS was arrested. GOLD will probably be arrested immediately. After that it will be you. Through GOLD they will unmistakably come to you...

GREENGLASS did not seem to be understanding.

"You must leave the country. Think about it. We will make plans."

"I'll need money..."

Money, money!

With GREENGLASS, one always got to this point. That was all he saw clearly in all this, that he had a chance to make money. The rest left him cold. He was not really afraid. He scarcely remembered Los Alamos, JULIUS ROSENBERG had given him a description of what the atom bomb "ought to be" so that he could easily recognize the parts if he saw them in one of the secret workshops of the Tech'area. It did not occur that it was for JULIUS' and his wife's sake that he had reported to them about Albuquerque during his leaves, he did not remember JULIUS later bragging of the informers that he had in all the countries, JULIUS who in 1947 had received ultra-secret information on a project for an atomic airplane, JULIUS again talking to him of a plan for a celestial platform—an immense air landing ground (?) placed beyond gravity between the earth and the moon—JULIUS who had admitted to him the theft of the proximity detonator of the Emerson Company, no, nothing of this occurred to him.

Or perhaps, he no longer remembered all this except as far-reaching, insignificant incidents, driven into a past that would never return.

And above all, he felt a stranger to all this. Surely this only affected JULIUS; the fate of his brother-in-law barely interested him.

"Don't worry about the money," ROSENBERG said.

"If I have to leave, I will need it," he replied.

"That's good," JULIUS finally agreed, "the Russians will give it to you...I'll bring it to you."

"And this guy GOLD, why doesn't he get away?"

"That", said ROSENBERG, "is another story!"

They walked round and round the park while they talked ROSENBERG, distracted like a caged beast, didn't like the thought of leaving his brother-in-law. But finally left.

See L'AURORE of 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 of April and May 2.

TOMORROW: The last act of the sinister adventure.

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