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NEW YORK FILE

Bulky Exhibits

SUBJECT HARRY GOLD

FILE NO. 65-15324

VOLUME NO. _____

SERIALS 1B53

Three

1B73

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JULIUS ROSENBERG, et al.

NEW YORK BULKY EXHIBIT FILES

65-153241B

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57	READERS DIGEST MAY, 1951			DESTROYED
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60	STATEMENT	✓		
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73	LETTER	✓		

FD-302
(1-25-50)

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date received 5/15/51

HARRY GOLD, wa.

65-15324-12

(Title of case)

Submitted by Special Agent C. C. Walsh, Jr.

Source from which obtained Harry Gold

Address 10 Pen. Lewisburg, Pa.

Purpose for which acquired Research of Espionage operations

Location of bulky exhibits In cabinet with #12

Ultimate disposition to be made of exhibit Destroy

Estimated date of disposition - To be destroyed

List of contents:

- 50. Two Copies of "THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE WORK AS A SOURCE AGENT'S REPORT".
- 51. One copy of the above with corrections as noted by GOLD; attached thereto are notes prepared by GOLD of the corrections and additions in the aforementioned report.

Copy sent to WFO 7/24/52

JWC
7/26

(35)

65-15324-12

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
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JUN 27 1951	
FBI - NEW YORK	

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THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING MY WORK AS A
SOVIET AGENT - A REPORT

This report is an amplification of what I believe, a very essential one, of the first report, the one written on July 20, 1950. There is discussed here a particular phase of the prior report, that is, the matter of how I became a Soviet agent, with special emphasis on these points:

- (1) My early background material, that is, events that led to my being in a receptive mood to the proposals of TOM LAC and PAUL SMITH that I work for the Soviet Union. The years are 1920 to 1939.
- (2) The circumstances and motives that impelled me to work with TOM LAC and other agents. The years are 1939 to 1941.
- (3) My contacts on Hattelons.
- (4) My early doubts, that is, the period that arose during the period I was working for the Soviet Union. The years are 1941 to 1944.
- (5) My later doubts in the period of my cooperation with the Soviet Union. The years are 1944 to 1947.

(6) My relationship with various Soviet agents including SEMEN M. SEMENOV, THOMAS L. BLACK and KLAUS FUCHS.

(7) Finally, my attitude during three periods:

(a) Just prior to my arrest

(b) During the time of voluntary custody

(c) After the appointment of attorneys .

I deem all of the above material to be extremely vital and not just a rehash of what has been heard before and most emphatically I wish to hammer on the fact that none of this material is contrived, artificial and manufactured and is, above all, a sincere testament of my beliefs. It is being written as if to clear away all of the morass which has existed in my own mind. I am writing this frankly and openly as a conversation to friends, that is, my ideas.

There will be a certain unavoidable amount of overlapping in this narrative with that of the first report. But, this will partially be deliberate because it is desired to make the events related here as an intergrowth and coherent unit.

To repeat, this story deals with two main points;
(a) why I became a Soviet agent, and (b) why once I had become
a Soviet agent, why did I continue to work with them.

Now, to take each of these matters in their
proper chronological order:

1) The Early Background From The
Years 1920 to 1933

It is realized, of course, that as occurred
in mythology on the planting of the dragon's teeth (when the
soldier sprang fully armed from the ground), I did not likewise,
in a matter of a day, a year, or even two years, overnight become
of such a frame of mind as to at once agree to work for Russia.
The fertile soil had to be there, and it was, for so to have
become receptive to BLACK's intrigues, and not only yield, but to
actually earnestly desire to work with PAUL SMIFF, whom I knew
to be a representative of the Soviet Union.

There are four significant points:

(1) The matter of subscription:

When I was about twelve I made regular trips
to the Public Library at Broad and Porter Streets, a distance of

about two miles from my home. On returning from one such trip I was seized by a group about 15 gentile boys at 12th and Shunk Streets and was badly beaten - the other boys with me fled. As a result, my father, with my not too unwilling agreement, began to "convey" me on Saturday nights back and forth from the library; he would patiently wait outside for as long as one-half hour until I had obtained my books. But, glad as I was to have it, I was very much ashamed of this protection and sought to conceal it from the other boys in the street.

After two years of this, LEON SOLTMAN, a neighborhood boy, and I began to go to the library together, and I abandoned Pop's escort. LEON and I would plot a course which took us past any gangs which might be lying in ambush.

From the period of 1913 to 1925, the 2600 block of South Phillip Street (and the surrounding ones) were the objectives of periodic surprise sorties by the "Neckers", who lived in the wasteland of Stonehouse Lane; this area, the "Neck", was a marshy section of South Philadelphia near the city dump, and Stonehouse Lane was a winding continuation (below Oregon Avenue

of Third Street. The inhabitants there, lived under extremely primitive conditions and amid the mosquitoes and dirt raised hogs and did a small amount of desultory produce farming. The general objective of these lightening raids was the comparatively civilized area of paved streets North of Green Avenue, but their special hatred was directed at the Jews (forming some 70 per cent of the inhabitants) in these brick throwing, window smashing, lightning forays.

(2) My Pop's difficulties at the Victor Talking Machine Company (Since 1926 the Radio Corporation of America)

When Pop first began to work for the Victor Company in 1915, the job was one which had the designation of "lifetime". The firm was run on a benevolently, philanthropic basis with a high wage rate, assistance in buying a home and gifts at Thanksgiving and Christmas - such as, cartons, food baskets and watches. The workmen there were a good, solid, substantial type and their exhibition of respect for a yellow worker was his ability at his job.

But, in 1920 things began to change. There was a large influx of immigrant workers needed in the change-over

from the old craftsman type of manufacture to mass production methods. These men were crudely anti-semitic and made Pop, one of the few Jewish workers, the object of their "hater"; they stole his chisels, put glue on his tools and his good clothes and, in general, made life miserable for him. There was no point in protesting to the foreman because he was fully an anti-semitic. When Pop finally did strike one such tormentor, the man, though much larger than Pop, turned out to have a weak heart and Pop almost lost his job in the ensuing commotion. So, he just patiently put up with it all.

Actually, I would never have known any of this, for Pop carefully avoided mentioning any of these occurrences to me, but Men dropped sufficient hints over a period of years and I overheard enough for me to construct an accurately disheartening picture.

Beginning about 1926 my father came under an Irish foreman who hated the Jews far more bitterly than any one Pop had ever encountered. He told my Pop "I am going to make you quit" and he put him on a particularly fast production line

where Pop was the only one handsanding cabinets. So SAM GOLD would come home at night with his fingertips raw and with the skin partially rabbed off. This was no exaggeration. Mom would bathe the fingers and put ointment on them and Pop would go back to work the next morning. But he never quit, not Pop, and he never uttered one word of complaint to us boys.

Many other such incidents could be described, but the pattern was there (such as the snowball fights with the boys at the Mount Carmel School in which I was clipped with one which contained a rock). This was a scheme to which I built up a tremendous resentment throughout the years and the desire to do something active to fight and to combat it. Something on a much wider scale than by combat of an individual anti-semitic.

(3) My Relief in Socialism

I recall clearly in the 1920's my mother's fascination with the character of BENJAMIN LEEB and his advocacy of Socialist principles. "The Jewish Daily Forward", our paper during these years, also espoused the theory of Socialism. So, along with the various numerous stories of "ROVNER", "SHOLEM" "ALACHIN", I also got a steady diet of socialist propaganda.

In my late high school years, and through till 1933, I became a great admirer of NORMAN THOMAS and thought him a very great man indeed. Bolshevism or Communism was just a name for a wild and vaguely defined phenomenon going on in a primitive country thousands of miles away. Many of the boys at high school were also Socialistic in principle - so they taught a dreary subject, "Civics", which seemed to have no relationship to the actualities of War Politics, as practiced in Philadelphia during the days of the Vorse Regime. But Communism, no! I can still clearly recreate the scene of sitting WILLY IZZARD and MILES WAZER in the public park at Fifth and Ritten Streets during an early fall evening in 1928 and hearing that HARVEY ZIEM had become a Communist and was actively engaged in making speeches and in circulating literature. "A Communist" - I was horrified.

"Well, don't be too harsh", said IZZARD. "After all, if he believes in it, that's a great deal!" "And, it's a hard life he's having". But still my feeling of revulsion was there - a Communist!

So, in 1932 after leaving the University of Pennsylvania and returning to work at the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, I still thought that THOMAS was a great man. And, in my enthusiasm I expressed my convictions before a group of my co-workers, including TOMMY FERGUSON, while I was working at the company's Distillery Division. Thereupon, FRANK STUBSON, the superintendent, rebuked me sharply and said that he wanted no further talk of Socialism in the plant, which only, of course, made me the more obdurate. But, I shut up - this was the depression.

One final item in this matter of Socialism. It may be significant that TOM BLACK and AL SLACK were also socialists initially - in fact, SLACK even as I, was never a convinced Communist.

Four: In December, 1932, just one week before Christmas, I was laid off from my job as laboratory worker at the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. But, the reason was not my passion for Socialism. This was a mass lay off of some twenty-five men. However, Mr. STUBSON, an insecure character, was resentful and

suspicious of the fact that I was "Dr. Reich's man" and had been put in the distillery over his objections (when I left the University of Pennsylvania in March, 1932, Dr. Reich, my former employer, was unable to place me in his laboratory, and did the next best thing in finding me a job during those dreary depression years). So, though all of the other names on the firing list were alphabetical, mine, like Abou Ben Adhem's, headed the list.

Then it was that ERIC HALLER, a research chemist in the main laboratory, suggested that I should take my family to the Birobadjan area of Soviet Russia. This was nonsense, of course, because as bad as it was here, I still liked it - here were the sports of baseball, football and basketball; and Norton Downey, Bing Crosby and Stearnagle and Bud! on the radio and here were IZ LIPSON, AL SKLAR, HANNEY GUSICK, FRANK KOSLOFF, LEON COLEMAN, SAMMY LAITEL and all of the familiar and beloved area of South Philadelphia and Phillip Street. But, here also was the disgraceful spectacle and deep ignominy of charity. The first thing that followed my discharge

was the necessity of returning a parlor suite (the first in 14 years) to Lit Brothers - that \$50.00 refund was so necessary and loomed so large.

I should like to digress for a moment on this matter of charity.

Mom was opposed to it - violently so. In the 1920's, on the 2600 block of South Phillip Street, most of the families lived on the wages earned by the head of each family. But, there were a few, who, on account of the death of father or a protracted illness in the family, existed wholly or partially on the subsidy of various charitable organizations, and some found this rather to their liking, and came to consider this a God-given right. My particular friend, and one of the gang of DANNY, IZZY, BOB AND SHARK, was IZZY LIBOFFMAN, one of 11 children. His father was tubercular and his mother worked to help support the family; the rest of the income was made up by a Jewish charity. At this time it was the custom for the various neighborhood "centers" to give baskets of food at Thanksgiving and Christmas to all the needy who applied. And, it was the custom of many

families to go and collect as many of these baskets as they could, whether they needed it or not - After all, it was there so why not take it?

So, Mrs. LIEBERMAN, in all kindness and sincerity said to me one morning: "Why don't you go along with IZZY and LOUIE and the girls and get a basket HARRY" Whereupon, I drew myself up in the full snobbish righteousness of my 12 year old, with the blunt cruelty of which only a child is capable, said, "My mother says that in our family we don't take charity" Mrs. LIEBERMAN was deeply hurt and naturally told Mom about this, and I got soundly walloped so that I would learn not to offend people in the future.

Also, this. I was quite frail and sickly during my grammar and high school days, in particular during the ice period. At this time it was the practice of the public schools to send the most underweight and undernourished children for ten to twenty day stay at a summer camp operated by the Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania, at Greensboro, Pennsylvania (some 50 miles Northwest of Philadelphia). My n

was put on the list, but when I told Mom about it she demurred - it was charity. Finally I talked her into going to the Sharswood Grammar School and speaking with Mrs. DIRMMASTER; and the teacher told a white lie and said that this summer camp was really a part of the public school system, and was in no way a charity affair. I do not believe that Mom ever really swallowed this story, but inevitably her concern for my health triumphed and she permitted me to go to camp for two glorious summers when I was 12 and 13 years old.

I gained five or seven pounds on each occasion, learned to love spinach (and I still do), played soccer, chivered wonderfully on the huge boulders around the camp fire while the counselors (all of them university athletes) told ghost stories, and developed a fabulous appetite, one which has stayed with me yet. As ABE BROTHMAN once said, "A FRY will eat anything which will stand still long enough that won't eat him first".

But, to get back to the main stem of the story, I looked for work frantically for five weeks in December or January of 1932. Then FRED HOLLER came to see me

and said that a friend of his and his former classmate at Pennsylvania State College, a TOM BLACK, was leaving his job at the Holbrook Manufacturing Company in Jersey City and could possibly arrange to put me in his place, and, so, it turned out: One cold night a week later, I was called to the phone at the COLTMAN'S and FRED excitedly told me that he had just received a telegram saying that I must be in Jersey City that night. Men hurriedly and anxiously packed a brown cardboard suitcase and I borrowed \$6.00 from FRANK KESSLER as well as a jacket which closely matched my pants, and I was bundled on a Greyhound bus to Jersey City.

I arrived there at about 1:00 a.m. and finally found my way through the snow to the Corbin Avenue address of BLACK (every event of that night is clear and sharp: the bundled laborer who directed me and then snarled when he learned that I was here for a job "Better go back boy - enough people out of work here"). BLACK was waiting for me downstairs. I can still see that huge, friendly, freckled face, the grin and the feel of the bear-like grip of his hand.

We ate and then stayed up until 6:00 a.m. while TOM briefed me on soap chemistry and, in particular, on the "complicating circumstances" - it appeared that the Holbrook Company was owned by two brothers, FRANKLIN and STANTON SMITH, and was operated by a superintendent named Mac Intosh. MacIntosh, according to BLACK was very anti-semitic and would never consent to hiring a Jew. So, I would have to say that in spite of my name I was really not Jewish, since my grandfather had become a convert when he married a gentile girl. It was this gloriously jumbled story that I must tell, and added to this was one significant item - TOM BLACK told me frankly that he was a Communist Party member, and that HELLER had purposely selected me for the reason that, as a Socialist, I was a likely recruit to that more militant organization.

During a fair portion of the five hours during which we talked that morning, I was subjected to a steady barrage of "facts" to prove that: Capitalism was doomed here in the United States; that the only country of the workingman was the Soviet Union; and that the only sane and reasonable way of life was Communism.

The next day I got the job. It was actually FRANKLIE SMITH who hired me and who steadily defended me against the attacks of MacIntosh. I am certain no one was taken in by the story of my not being Jewish. TOM was right about MacIntosh, for the latter would tell us what a wonderful man Hitler was, and how the Jews in the United States should be put on ships and the vessels sunk in midocean.

That wonderful \$30.00 every Saturday kept our family off relief; I spent \$11.00 every week; \$3.00 for rent; \$4.00 for food; and \$4.00 for the round trip train fare to Philadelphia, and the family and Mom and Pop and Gus lived on the remaining \$19.00. We went into debt to COLLAMAN, the butcher, and to RENICK, the grocer, and to our landlord KARL J. SCHOFFIELD, but we were not on charity - and eventually all of them were repaid. I was grateful to BLACH, very much so.

From the very first, PEE insisted on taking me to Communist Party meetings in Jersey City. I went. There I met such assorted characters as Mackenzie, the seaman, a young man with gaps in his teeth (due to his penchant for slugging it out with Jersey City's giant cops); an earnest old polo who was

an ex-anarchist; and, a volatile Greek who once said in petulance at a meeting which had drearily degenerated into a discussion of Marxian dialectics, "The hell with this stuff - give me five good men and I'll take Journal Square by storm". These were sincere, but there were others, others who frankly were in it for only the purpose of satisfying some ulterior motives. A whole host of Bohemian characters who prattled of free-love; others who frankly were lazy bums who would never work under any economic system, depression or no depression; and, finally, a certain type very adequately described by the Swiss as "pleedersacker" (endless, boring talkers) to whom none but this weird conglomeration would listen, if even they did.

Nothing was ever accomplished at these meetings - they were interminable and never would end before 4:00 a.m. - and, in spite of TOM's unrestrained enthusiasm, the whole dreary crew seemed to be a very futile threat - even to the unstable economy at that time and, 17 years later, I still think so.

TOM wanted me to join the Communist Party, but such to my belief he said, I "must be adequately prepared before" I do so. He suggested that I study the various Communist Party

text books and that I should enroll in some of the evening classes for "workers" given by the Communist Party in New York (in the area of their 12th Street headquarters just off Union Square). I did go there one evening, very timidly I must confess, and I bought two pamphlets and made some inquiries from two very suspicious men - these obviously thought that I was a police spy.

I can still see that room with its walls papered with drawings of brawny and up-right workmen in overalls and with up-raised arms and capitalists with fat cigars and bellies sitting on piles of coin.

Then, in September of 1933 came the KRA, the Blue Eagle, and the opportunity to return to Dr. Reich and the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, this time in Dr. Reich's own laboratory and working on the night shift in the sugar refinery. Though the pay was the same, I accepted, for I would be saved the expense of living in Jersey City, and even more than that, I would be back with my family again and away from the KRA's importunities.

On the night before my departure I met VERA KANE
FRID BEILER had come over from Philadelphia and had picked
up TOM LITCH and FRANK BERNHARDT in Newark. I was just at
the point of packing my bag and leaving for Philadelphia,
first they said I had to go with them to VERA'S, and so we
did, to an all-night party in a residential village at VERA
KANE'S apartment on 9th Street.

She was then a woman of about thirty and was
divorced from her husband; she had an eight year old son
back in Upstate Utica, New York. His KANE (her maiden
name) was an attorney and worked on Wall Street for the
firm of Frazier, Spence, Meyer, and Fiddler.

Apparently TOM and ERNIE and FRID had known her
for a long time. In appearance she was in medium height and
build, very graceful with straight dark hair, and an attractive
smile (almost a grin). A pleasant and direct manner; to ERNIE
and ERNIE in particular, she behaved more as a mother hen
than those bachelor exponents of the random life.

A note on ERNIE: he was a Swiss emigrant, who
as has many Swiss boys (and has my job) found that picture
postcard country an intolerable place in which to earn a
living. He had then been here some ten years, was a graduate

of Cooper Union (the free Evening College in New York) and was taking his Master's work in Chemistry at Columbia University. It was LILIE who had gotten her the job at N.O.C.O. (The National Oil Products Company). LILIE was then about thirty-two had a shambling walk, and an oddly enough graceful hang to his frizzled clothes. He always had a quizzical smile on his somehow careworn face. As far as I know, LILIE, though a Socialist, has never been a Communist.

He came from a careful race, one with an ingrained respect for "Das Gesetz" (the Law) and he was of the onlooker and not the participant type. His principal diversion was belonging to hiking clubs and taking long and arduous jaunts on Sunday mornings; and at hours which horrified the night owl--and the late sleeping--TOM.

I have used the phrase, "all-night" party, but this was no orgy. We just sat around, ate spaghetti and oysters, drank the cheap wine of the neighborhood, and talked. O'boy we talked. VERA read incredibly funny stories from the "New Yorker" by JAMES EARL RAY and some of the good ones from the "Low Masses" (the literary journal of the Communist Party), and we talked. Somehow an argument started on the

subject of how superior was the Soviet way (or rather lack of) family life as contrasted with that of the decadent United States. To me this was the worst sort of heresy and I hotly defended the concept of the happy and closely knit group of parents and children. I was particularly articulate because there was the added incentive of that very day returning to my home in Philadelphia. Even the laconic ENQUIRER admitted, as we made our way through the early Sunday morning quiet of downtown Manhattan to the subway, "You even had me believing you, Harry".

* * * * *

The circumstances and motive that influenced my coming to the decision to work with PAUL SHLEPP; possibly the word "influenced" should be replaced by that of "repelled". for at this point I wish to emphasize that my agreement was by no means passive in nature. So in September of 1933 I returned to Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, and Phillip Street, and beginning that winter I entered the course in Chemical Engineering at the Evening School of Drexel Institute of Technology--I still had hopes of going to college, but I thought that the time spent here would be

well worth it, even though only a diploma, and not a degree was issued.

But I was not through with TOM by any means, or I should say that the latter was not not through with me. He kept coming to Philadelphia on visits to FRED BEFLER and always went down to South Philadelphia to see me: my family was naturally very glad to greet the man, who, in effect, had been our economic savior, and TOM with his bluff and hearty ways quickly endeared himself to them. He did begin to propagandize pop and mom, but then suddenly stopped.

Also TOM stopped urging me to join the Communist Party in Philadelphia. Newark, Jersey City or New York would have been bad enough, but Philadelphia would have meant disgrace to my family and the certain loss of my job. For as TOM'S insistence on my joining the Communist Party increased so did my resistance, and so did the reasons pile up. From TOM'S own account the members were a shabby and shoddy lot, run through with informers and opportunists, and were great characters for putting other people on a spot, the sort of "You go out and get your head cracked, its only the cops" attitude. And in spite of TOM'S urging I can not recall having made any inquiries in Philadelphia about joining the Communist Party.

Also TOM kept inviting me to come to Newark and almost always we went over to VERA'S, and it was there that the steady tidal wave of "facts and information and proof" regarding the splendid future of Communism and glories of the Soviet Union swept over me. TOM and VERA never let up, but they were not as obvious as might be supposed.

There was also the tiny, but effective sound as a small wave of discrimination slapped against the exposed grief of my mind; here are two incidents they related:

TOM told me how his name was originally TASSO LEFFINGWELL BLACK; his father a professor of English Literature and a great admirer of the Renaissance poet TASSO, had named him after that famous man. But when TOM left Pennsylvania State College in 1927 he had considerable difficulty for a while in obtaining job interviews. Eventually he did manage to get into see the Personnel Manager at the American Cyanamid Corporation in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, whereupon that individual gazing in surprise at my friend (with his build and features a two-hundred-year throw back to those of a British peasant) said, "My God, I was certain from your name that you were an Italian" and a great light dawned on this--this was why he

had been unable to get into so many plants.

And VERA described a Christmas Party in the office where she worked; it was a sedate and dignified affair with good, rich food; and near the conclusion one of the parties in the firm rose and proposed a toast: "A happy Christmas to all we Christians here for a job thankful there are no others in this firm". This was where VERA, looking significantly across the table at one of the stenographers, a girl who unknown to anyone but Miss KANE, was Jewish.

And it was there, at VERA'S, late in 1934 or early 1935 that TOM disclosed to me that he had, and I believe through VERA KANE, met a man who worked for Amtorg, the Soviet Trading Company, in New York, and who was desirous of obtaining--the word "stealing" is the accurate word--a variety of specialized information and data on chemical processes that were carried out in the United States. In particular this man was interested in such items as manufactured by BLACK'S employer, the National Oil Products Company of Harrison, New Jersey; such items were:

Paper "sizes" (fillers); Vitamin D Concentrates (from fish oils); and sulphinated oils (synthetic detergent)

for textiles)--It can readily be seen how such materials would be used in education (paper), as food (fish oil concentrates), as soap (fish oil residues), and for clothing (sulphinated oils).

Certainly these products would be a tremendous boon to a country back in the 18th century, industrially speaking (in spite of some localized advances), but TGM and WRA said that so much more was needed--and among those were the various industrial solvents used in the manufacture of lacquers and varnishes (such as Ethyl Acetate, Butyl Acetate, Butyl Alcohol, Amyl Acetate, etc.), such specialized products as Ethyl Chloride (used as a local anesthetic) and in particular, absolute (100%) alcohol (used to blend, i.e., "extend", motor fuels). All of these the Pennsylvania Sugar Company's subsidiaries, the Alcohol Distillery and the Franco-American Chemical Works at Carlstadt, New Jersey, made; and all of these could go toward making the harsh life of those who lived in the Soviet Union a little more bearable.

Would I agree to obtain this information for the Russians? I said that I would think it over, but actually I had already made the decision. Yes, I would, in fact I was even to a certain extent eager to. I have said above that my

agreement was by no means passive. Why? Why was this? Here is really the crux of the whole long story, the story that had its culmination in my deeds during 1944 and 1945; the whole eleven years of lies and falsehoods and deceptions and thievery--practically all of my adult life, Why?

On the surface there were three reasons that appeared to operate at that time. Reasons why I agreed to furnish chemical information to Russia:

1. I already owed a debt of gratitude to TOM BRACK for having saved my family from going on relief--by giving his job at the Holbrook Company.
2. A genuine desire to help the people of the Soviet Union to be able to enjoy some of the better things of life.
3. I got TOM "off my neck" about joining the Communist Party

But these were really surface circumstances, they were there, it was true, but there were also some underlying ones which were far more powerful in making my decision. Even though I did not realize it at this time, they were:

1 - The one point that TOM and VERA had dinned away at was the fact that in only the Soviet Union was anti-Semitism a crime against the State, and look here it got a man elected to the U. S. Senate. Here, too, in the person of the Soviet Union was the one bulwark against the further encroachment of that monstrosity, Fascism. To me Nazism and Fascism and anti-Semitism were identical. This was the ages-old enemy of the Roman Arena, the ghetto, of the inquisition, of Pogroms, and now of concentration camps in Germany. Anything that was against anti-Semitism I was for, and so the chance to help strengthen the Soviet Union seemed like a wonderful opportunity.

It might be asked, why didn't I try to fight anti-Semitism here in the United States? Frankly, this seemed to me like a pretty hopeless business.

It has always appeared to me that the only people who attended plays which preached tolerance were those who were already tolerant, and who needed no proselytizing. Those who needed the message most, never went. It seemed that once a person had become an anti-Semite, he stayed that way. The only possible way to combat it here seemed to be to start with the children, but unfortunately it

was the children's parents who inculcated the seeds of hatred.

And it is a most sardonic turn of events that I who so much wanted to do something to fight the hatred of Jews, have done much more to aid its spread than every FRITZ KOPF or the various "front" or "shirt" organization ever did. I say no more.

2 - A certain lack of discipline seems to run as a thread through all my life. This statement can best be illustrated by two incidents:

The first occurred during the last week of the second semester of my senior year at Souther High in Philadelphia. At that time my English Instructor, and head of the department, was a man called Dr. FARBLISS. He had just that year come to Souther from Frankford, a school with a student body which was definitely a cut above that of our school in intelligence, and from an area which was on a somewhat higher economic plane.

Dr. FARBLISS had the quaint concept that we should at the very least be able to express ourselves well in English. So he proceeded to raise veritable hell with

the students. I recall that he once told ART MORROW, at present a sports-writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer, and who, even then, was reporting school sports for the Public Ledger, that ART had "the literary ability of a chimpanzee."

The whole senior class was flunking and as a final reprieve Dr. FARBISH gave a quiz on Shakespeare's Macbeth. It was a relatively easy examination involving some twenty or twenty-five questions which required only two to three words of a factual answer. But all through the hour low moans of dependency and frustration could be heard through the room. I stood quite high in the class, but even then I was surprised when Dr. FARBISH asked me to remain once I had handed my paper in. Then when the class was over he gave me all of the classes papers and said that I could help him out with a difficult situation by grading them for him that night--as I remember it he had some meeting to attend and a whole mess of other papers to mark.

I agreed, but unfortunately JOE BLOOM saw me take the papers and when I left the room I was overwhelmed by a group of students all pleading, "please make me pass,

"Harry, please".

So I took the examinations home and sat up until five a.m., filling in answers, erasing wrong ones and substituting the right ones and even faking some twenty-five types of handwriting and when I was through everyone had passed, every single boy. I even down-graded my own paper to make the situation look less suspicious.

That morning I handed the papers into Dr. FARBISH; and that afternoon he met me in one of the school halls. He merely said, with a gentle sarcasm that still rankles and burns, "The class did very well, did they not, Harry?", and he turned his back and walked away. Yes, the memory of this is so goading that on several occasions in the past twenty-two years I was on the point of looking up Dr. FARBISH so as to apologize to him and to try to explain why I had acted as I did. But this last point was the stumbling-block--why had I done this for a group of stupid, lazy dolts to whom I had no responsibility and allegiance.

The second event is much more recent in origin and has to do with a series of experiments carried out by the

research group at the Heart Station of the Philadelphia General Hospital. These experiments were called Hepa-
tectomies and involved the extirpation, or removal of
the liver from a dog, and an attempt to follow a variety
of chemical and cardiological changes in the animal
until its death; in particular, we were interested in the
potassium level. The work had been suggested by Dr.
HELMUTH, the Director of the Research Project, and it met
with universal opposition from the medical residents and
the people in the laboratory.

It was not so much the tremendous amount of work
involved (six people were tied up for a day and the
laboratory for three days, and we often started at four
or five a.m., which required my coming in at three a.m.)
but the facts were:

First the removal of such a major organ as the
liver also effected at least, say, four thousand other
variables in addition to the few we were investigating,
and from that point alone the work seemed scientifically
unsound; second, when this work was being done early in
1950 there were a whole host of nearly completed projects,

all of them of solid and substantial basic value, and all needing just a little work, either in the laboratory or merely the manner of writing them up--and all of these were sidetracked while these Hepatectomies went on.

We all objected, but Dr. BELLLET was adamant and so the experiments were continued. I brooded over this and took it much harder than almost anyone else, even to the extent of asking other research men in the hospital to intercede with Dr. BELLLET. But it was not until I spoke to Dr. BILL POLIS and said that if Dr. BELLLET did not discontinue this work, until at least the prior research was completed, then I must leave the Heart Station. I was that discouraged and desperate. It was POLIS who brought me back to sanity by saying, "After all, Harry, granted that all you have said about the fertility of the Hepatectomies is correct (and I do not know that it is for after all these represent a basic experiment in physiological chemistry and such valuable data has been derived by means of them), granted that you are right, still Dr. B is in charge of the research at the Heart Station and is

"responsible for the progress of its work. Even if he is making a mistake, he has the right to do so, for no one is more anxious than he to do an outstanding job. And remember too, that in almost two years, this is the first time that he has ever insisted on anything; until now the residents and the lab. have been given a free hand. So bear with him a little and remember he thinks so very highly of you--don't hurt the man by saying anything that you will later regret."

This brought me back to my sources and, in particular, I recalled that in order to do cardiological research, Dr. BILMEL was working for pittance, and was giving up at least twenty-five thousand dollars in potential income from patients, which, as an outstanding practitioner in internal medicine, he could easily have had. And eventually, Dr. BILMEL discontinued the work and we went to our book-work and more fruitful pursuits.

Thus, I believe, that these incidents, more than anything else, show my almost suicidal impulse to take drastic, and if need be, illegal action, when I believed a situation required it.

Looking back now I can only too easily see the errors in reasoning (a better word would be "emotion") which

led to such a foolish move in one case and from which I was barely saved in another instance. I do not clearly understand the drive that was there, but certainly it was present.

And so, in just such a manner I began to work illegally for the benefit of the Soviet Union, for I never tried to fool myself in this matter. I knew I was committing a crime, but it seemed the greater over-all good of the objective justified this action.

3 - There is involved also the very important fact that there must have been in my make-up a certain basic lack of faith in democratic processes. This is so fundamental to an understanding of what occurred that it must be considered in some detail. For, though, unwaveringly through all these years of work with the Russian agents I thought of myself as an American citizen working, outside the law, and underhandedly it is true, for the Soviet Union, here I was unwittingly fooling myself--for no truly convinced American could have done what I did. This is so apparent, yet I did not see it then because if I had thought that my actions might in any way harm the United States I would never have gone ahead. And this is no

banal or futile attempt to seek an alibi.

To elaborate on the subject of a lack of faith in democratic processes:

In 1933, and the years just following, there were very things badly awry in America. This is an incontrovertible fact of which anyone who lived through that period need not be convinced. But there was actually nothing basically wrong, for all that was needed was for the necessary measures of social cooperation to be instituted, a cooperation between Government and capital, and industry and labor. And that has been done. I shall briefly undertake to explain very briefly by means of five items:

A. Savings bank accounts are no longer the danger they were in 1929-33, they are insured up to ten thousand dollars, and speculators on the stock market are at least fairly effectively controlled by the twin guardians of the Securities Exchange Commission and the self-policing of the various exchanges.

b. Earnings from salaries and wages are expected to top one-hundred and thirty-nine billion dollars for the year 1950. This is an all-time high, and HENRY WALLACE'S 1946 goal of sixty million jobs is now more than an actuality; at the last count it was sixty-three million, and it is expected to go even higher. Corporation earnings are fantastic in the over-all, as of May, 1950, the Commerce Department reported that they were 12% higher than over the same month a year ago. Individual firm profits are even more fabulous: "Combined first-half profits for seventeen United States steel companies total three-hundred and twenty-seven million, six hundred thousand, a gain of 17.6% over the 1949 half. Big Steel alone chalked up a 26% gain for the net of one-hundred nineteen million," (Time, August 7, 1950) and this is a basic industry. etc.

c. To continue, regarding home building, a subject always dear to my heart. July, 1950 was the best home building month in the United States' history. A total of one-hundred fortyfour thousand

new homes were started in this month, and the total for the first seven months of 1950 was an incredible eight-hundred ninety-three thousand.

D. In respect to the matter of discrimination: The Army has begun to train the fourth Infantry division at Fort Ord, California. This is a pioneer project in which negro troops will be trained together with white troops with exactly equal treatment and no attempt whatever at segregation. And then is the fact that the major leagues now have such great negro players as CAMPBELL, ROBINSON, DOBY, SAM JETHRO, LUKE EASTLER, MARK THOMPSON, and MONTE IRVING--who would have thought this as little as five years ago. There is still a long ways to go, but the significant thing is that we are bowling along the high-road.

E. The old bugaboo of insecurity of old age has now been conquered by a combined effort on the part of the Government and industry. Not only has Social Security benefits recently been increased, and the number of eligibles widened, but we have recently had such instances as the liberal,

Wilson-General Motors Plan and that of the Ford Company. And the concept of a guaranteed annual wage is making fine headway.

All of this and much more has been done. But in 1933 and 1935 I lacked faith. I must have, even though I did not realize it then.

* * * * *

4. - The final point regarding the hidden motives which made me so readily accept the offer of TOM BLACK and PAUL SMITH:

This has to do with that part of my nature which when I am confronted with a desperate situation, makes me immediately react by taking a positive action. Thus it has been in chemistry. When I once dropped a desiccator (dryer) containing twenty-two crucibles and a weeks work, I did not sit down and cry, nor did I go out and get drunk--as much as I wanted to. I just worked that night and for most of the following two days until the work was repeated.

And this inborn desire to do something about a bad set of circumstances, a trait which has been especially noticeable in my chemical work, which has accounted for

what success I have had in that field. For I have long known that I am not endowed with a brilliant mind, but accomplish things slowly by the hard (but also enjoyable) way of a steady and persistent attack on a problem. And this methodical attack, the true basis of all good research work, as opposed to the "one shot" genius technique, which has inevitably led me to the right door in the so many which confront an investigator, and which for a time all seem to lead to a dead-end.

Undoubtedly this motivation to participate in aiding the Soviet Union by doing something and not just being an idle bystander, had a great influence.

To summarize then, there were in addition to the previously noted factors, of gratitude to BLACK, a genuine desire to help the Soviet Union, and the fact of getting BLACK "off my neck" about joining the Communist Party. These, just under the surface impulses, as related above: The fact that by helping the Soviet Union I was aiding the one country that consistently fought Nazism (a term so identical with Fascism and anti-Semitism); a basic lack of discipline; a basic lack of faith in democratic processes; and an overwhelming drive to do something drastic about a bad situation.

I did not immediately begin to work with a Soviet agent in 1935, on assenting to BLACK'S proposal early in that year. There was an interlude of about seven months, until November, during which time we fumbled about with the matter of how we could go about copying the data in Dr. Reich's Office. Most of this was in the nature of voluminous plant operating reports, and blueprints of equipment, and we soon found - VERA made all the inquiries - that the photocopy costs would be prohibitive - none of us had such money. We were earnest enough, but we just fumbled around (the one piece of information which I did get for BLACK and the Soviet Union was a process for the manufacture of phosphoric acid from waste bone-black and waste sulphuric acid; this was a relatively simple affair and I made all the necessary sketches and copied the essential data myself).

Then, in the late fall of 1935 TOM came to Philadelphia and excitedly told me that all of this random effort was over - we were now to be provided, by Amtorg itself, with excellent facilities for getting information copies. All I had to do was to bring the material to New York. Best of all,

the man who was providing all of this service, a Russian engineer from Amtorg, was very anxious to meet me, having heard so much about LARRY GOLD. And, added to this, TOM told me that this Russian had very warm words of praise for the information I had given the Soviet Union on the phosphoric acid process.

THIS CONCERNS MY ATTITUDE TOWARD THE ESPIONAGE WORK

In this manner then, I began to work for the Soviet Union. It might be said that this was a relatively innocuous beginning in that no military secrets were involved, only industrial espionage, and that on matters which merely served to better the lot of the people of Russia. But, even here, there was involved the stealing of material from a man whom I respected and who trusted me, Dr. Reich, the Director of Research at Penn Sugar. This did him no harm, true, but it must have hurt me, for it resulted in a letting down of the strong barriers against deceit, trickery and thieving, barriers which had been built up by my mother over so many years.

But, I was immeasurably aided in continuing this work by one factor - this whole existence became a way of life:

The planning for a meeting with the Soviet agent; the careful preparations for obtaining data from Penn Sugar; the writing of reports; the filching of blueprints for copying and then returning them; the meeting with FAN, BLIMP or BEVEL,

FRED or SAM in New York or Cincinnati or Buffalo; or seeing SLACK in Tennessee or KLAUS FUCHS in Cambridge or Santa Fe; the difficulty in raising money for the various trips; the weary hours of waiting on street corners in strange towns where I had no business to be and the killing of time in cheap movies; and the lies I had to tell at home and to my friends to explain my supposed whereabouts (Mom was certain that I was carrying on a series of clandestine love affairs) - all of this became quite ingrained in me. It was drudgery, and I hated it; anyone who had an idea this work was glamorous and exciting was very wrong indeed - nothing could have been more dreary. But, here is one curious fact:

When, beginning in February of 1946, my activity ceased, after a while I actually began to miss it, as ludicrous as it sounds. Even when, after 1948, I fell in love with MARI LARSEN and my mind was constantly occupied with thoughts of marriage and a home and children, even then, I would get an occasional twinge of regret that I was not still carrying on espionage for the Soviet Union.

Once, I discussed this with SLACK and he said that it was really a mistake that he had got me into espionage work,

since I had such strong family ties and exposure would mean so much more to me than to a completely unattached person such as he. "But you know, TOM," I said, "in some funny manner I still long for that life which now seems dead, over with and we hope, buried forever in the past." And, BLACK replied, "It is peculiar, I do too, even though it has caused me so much grief and disaster in the last 14 years". But, make no mistake, once and for all I was through with this work. I had had enough. Far too much in fact, and I only hoped that no one would begin to explore the labyrinth of lies, trickery and concealment which made up practically all of my adult life. All they had to do was to pick one thread and this whole skein would come unravelled. And, this is exactly what occurred in May, 1950.

There is another factor which enters into this business of what went on in my mind while I was engaged in spying. This has to do with my one-track mind, a particularly fortunate circumstance from the viewpoint of the Soviets. Here is how it operated:

plane schedules to places such as Boston and Chicago; and instructions from the Soviet agents. Some of this I knew existed - I was apathetic and made no effort to destroy it - but I had no idea of the extent and volume of this material. The FBI agents have referred to this mass of data as my "Fibber McGee's closet" (which that radio character is always going to clean out by never does). Also, it has not occurred to me until recently that possibly the occasional heavy drinking that I did was a not-quite-realized effort to aid me in forgetting and in helping release the tension. Undoubtedly too, my effort to bear part of the expenses of these trips was not wholly motivated by a desire to save the people of the Soviet Union money, for it may also have been an attitude on my part at mitigating the guilt associated with my crimes.

Also, there was this factor. After I began to work with PAUL and the others - was still always engaged in making a living in chemistry. And, as I have stated before, it was always my practice to make up for my shortcomings, inability for any lack of progress in the work (fancied or real), plus an ever-present desire for perfection and achievement, by working long hours at the job (In addition, a good deal of this

time I was attending night school, either at Brexel or in other courses aimed at increasing my knowledge of chemistry.) And, these long hours had a two-fold effect, results which were (mostly) unintentional;

First, I was perpetually tired and this kept me from brooding and thinking too greatly either of the deeds I had done or their possible consequences, to me should they be disclosed;

Second, I would pile up such a huge amount of over-time that it was very easy for me to take time off for a trip - no questions were asked nor was any suspicion attached to my absences. Thus, the Soviet Union work and my legitimate pursuits all too neatly complemented each other.

It may even be, considering the above factors, that I actually did not spend too much time thinking about the doubts which did occur and which I shall discuss in the two following sections.

There is the matter that for 11 years, until early 1946, I was steadily engaged in espionage work; then when YAKOVLEV deliberately lost contact with me for the next four

years there were only two successful efforts to resume contact (one in December, 1946 and one in the fall of 1949). During this four year period, for the first time, I had the leisure to reflect at length and to evaluate the damage I had done, the full implications involved in this spying, and inevitably, to come to the horrible and sickening realization that it had all been such a tragic and irremediable mistake.

When on a mission, I just completely subordinated myself to the job at hand, whether it was delivering data I had myself obtained, or a report I had written, or whether it concerned getting material from persons such as AL SLAC, KLAUS FUCHS or ARNOLD BRECHMAN. Once I had started out on a trip, I thoroughly forgot home, family, work and friends and became a single-minded automaton set to do a job. This is really so. Probably this attitude was partly unconscious but certainly it was present and, above all, it was most effective. Once the task was completed and I returned home then the same process took place, but in reverse. I would return to work and would become completely absorbed in it. I would cast away and bury all thought of everything that occurred on the mission - so perfect was my effort to forget that it can best be illustrated by the fact that the FBI has found in my home a whole mass of incriminating data relative to this work: blueprints (not submitted because they were later replaced by more recent ones); rough drafts of reports; street maps of cities and purchases of books in such towns as Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Rochester, New York; railroad

DOUBTS

Now concerning these doubts, they may be divided into two categories, early and late; the early ones refer to those that arose while I was actively engaged in working with the Russians from 1935 to 1946; the later ones came as I had the time to reflect in the years from 1946 to the present, as I have just described above.

This section will consider the early doubts and how they were answered and eventually put aside. There are six principal ones:

1. The ruthless persecutions of Catholics and the extermination of their religion in the Soviet Union.

From the time I first met TOM BLACK and ERNEST SEGROGAN and VERA KANE, it was all too obvious that they were not only completely atheistic, but militantly opposed to all religion and to Catholicism in particular. This was readily apparent in their crude jokes at the expense of the Pope and priests and in their jibes at religion as "the opiate of the masses". This literally would make me sick to my stomach, and I would say so, citing the facts of the sincerity

of the beliefs of my life-long friend and co-worker MORRIS DOUBHESTE, and of the good deeds of his mother and father, both prominent Catholic lay people. And, though I was answered that these two were poor deluded fools, still this did not satisfy me. Besides, it was the uncomfortable realization that if one religion, Catholicism, could be persecuted, so could another, the Hebrew, and the thought that Birobidjan was actually nothing but a huge concentration camp for those Soviet Jews who persisted in clinging to their beliefs.

Later, when I began to work with PAUL SMITH and STEVE and FRANK, I mentioned these objections. PAUL and STEVE both said that the severe measures were necessary because of the unrelenting plotting of the Catholic Hierarchy with all of the reactionary elements, and that when these ceased, the Catholics would be permitted to worship in peace. They both added that freedom of all religions and nationalities was an integral part of the Soviet Constitution and quoted me from dissertations by Lenin and Stalin on this subject. And, these two men both emphasized the fact which had so intrigued me at first, that the only country in the world where anti-Semitism

was a crime against the State of Russia. FRED, and later
SHEPARD, pointed out that they were both Jews and that they
both enjoyed the greatest possible opportunity in the Soviet
Union.

Also, after the wonderful manner in which I was
received in Xavier University and the complete lack of bias
that I encountered, my doubts became even more intensified.
It was so inescapable that these people at Xavier were good
heart and utterly sincere (and this last criterion to me was
tremendously important in judging others).

Two incidents: I desired to refresh myself in the calculus
and, so, a special class was arranged by Father BUTLER for
8:00 a.m. a full hour before regular instruction was scheduled
and there were just two students, ROGER WINTERMAN and I.
Just try to get this done at some large university. And, when
I graduated in June of 1940 I was awarded my degree,
summa cum laude, since my overall average merited it. Surely
no discrimination here.

At Proxol. though my grades had warranted
it, I gained no honors, and, in fact, two of the men I had
tutorred got them. But, when I would tell FRED of how well

things were going at Xavier, he would agree that the Jesuits were fine people and much to be admired for the obvious honesty of their convictions; I just got no argument.

And, when Russia was attacked by Germany on June 22, 1941, there came a period in which very many "white" Russians rallied around their native land regardless of prior bitter differences and many Orthodox Russian Churches were again opened in Moscow and elsewhere; and this made me very happy.

2. I have spoken before of our closely knit family and of my dismay at the Soviet concept of a separation of a child from its mother, with the child being raised in a nursery while the mother worked. PAUL and FRED were closed-mouth about their personal lives (and I had been taught not to pry) but ST.VE and SEMENOV and YAKOVLEV spoke with great pride of their wives and their children, and would elaborate on their great plans for the future of the young ones. In fact, one of the items that helped identify "JOHN" as YAKOVLEV was that he had once mentioned having a little boy and a little girl, with the latter called "Vicki", short for Victoria, in honor

of her being born on the day that the Germans surrendered at Stalingrad. Also, the earlier ideas (circa 1933) of free-love and easy-divorce were admitted by the Soviets to be totally unworkable and stringent restrictions were put into effect which made the separation of a man and his wife very difficult.

3. My mother's constant pounding away at the fact that a thief could "not look God in the eye, nor at himself with any respect" troubled me no end. But, I was constantly reassured by the Russians that the data I obtained could be secured no other way. I shall speak of this again in the discussion of my relationships with SEMENOV, FUCHS and BLACK. So, I stifled my doubts in the horribly mistaken idea that "the end justifies the means".

4. This one item bothered me more than any of the others. It had to do with the Soviets seeming lack of initiative in chemical engineering research, and the utter horror of any pioneering efforts in that field.

From the very first, in 1935, PAUL instructed

me that what was wanted were processes already in successful operation in the United States; and PAUL, and the others who followed him, continually said that they not only preferred, but absolutely insisted upon, only having the details of a plant already in successful and proven operation in America as compared to another which, though it might promise to be very superior, still was only in the experimental stage. On several occasions, when I made efforts to submit material which represented work not yet in full-scale production, I would have my knuckles smartly rapped. So, I desisted; but I wondered.

When there is added to this their absolute veneration of American technological skill, I wondered again. To me this lack of adventurous spirit in research was a terrible heresy. For everywhere I had worked, at Penn Sugar and at the Holbrook Company, I was always given a free rein as regards the direction of my efforts in the laboratory. And, so completely was I absorbed in chemistry that I began to be troubled more and more. But, I was told that the Soviet Union was so desperately in need of chemical processes that they could afford to take no chances on one which might not work

and it was far more preferable to have a process which operated at an 80 per cent efficiency and did so day by day, to a problematical one which might work at 95 per cent but might also yield only 15 per cent.

Further, I was assured that this was only a surface condition and that in the Soviet Union basic research was pursued on a far vaster scale than in the United States, where the emphasis was solely on making profits. I was told, "Here in America the so-called pure research (in which the only prospective is to obtain data regardless of its future utility) is only carried out in universities and in obscure laboratories in a few widely scattered Government agencies; but in Russia, the program for building up a backlog of such data (without which no research at all is possible) is part of a vast and unrelenting, overall plan and is looked on as the most highly prized of all scientific effort (which it should be)".

5. I was much upset by two events that occurred in the period from 1939 to 1941. These were, of course, the

matter of the attack on Finland by Russia, and then the signing of the Nazi-Russian Pact. Both were of a pattern, and so were the answers that I received to my objections. The first, the invasion of a small country by one infinitely superior in size and potential, was countered thusly; Baron MANNERHEIM was of the German Junker Military Class and was really a terrible fascist; it was unfortunate that the war had taken place, but the Soviet Union had actually no choice if it wanted to protect itself and its future welfare. But the second item, this embracing of Hitlerism, what the hell! And, SEMENOV laughed uproariously when I told him of my doubts: "Look you fool, don't tell me that you too have been taken in by the frantic blathering in the capitalistic press. See here, what the Soviet Union needs more than anything else in the world is time, time to get ready, time to really build up our military might; and, when the proper hour comes, you'll see, we'll sweep over Germany and Hitler and obliterate the Nazis once and for all." But, in June of 1941 Hitler, having gained for himself, precisely what the Russians had wanted for themselves, struck first.

6. The Soviet pre-occupation with mass calisthenics was particularly repugnant to me. As a frustrated athlete, and as one who lost no opportunity to worship Lefty Grove, Diz Dean and Babe Ruth, or to sit in the stands and cheer for Penn, this Russian Ersatz Method of physical endeavor was a joke. And, I knew that I never could be happy in such a land. I am far too much of an individualist to ever be joyous while engaged in raising my arms in unison in a stadium - I far preferred to sit in the stands and yell myself hoarse while GROVE came in with the bases loaded and struck out the side on nine pitched balls, or when Penn upset Wisconsin 27 to 13 (1930).

The Soviet system might build better bodies, but it seemed that even more so, it would result in more perfect automatons. This was never answered to my satisfaction.

One last incident should be recounted:

Once, in the fall of 1942, I did waver. Things were going very badly. I had lost contact with AL SLACK (he had gone to Chattanooga, to work at the Atlas Powder Company plant - DuPont - in training for his later work at

Kingsport and things were going very poorly with BROTHMAN (a series of promises to produce the long-delayed report on mixing equipment had not been kept), and the whole business seemed very futile. Also, at this time my increased absences from home had depressed my mother very much, and I was greatly concerned. To top it off, on that very evening in New York, the usually ebullient SEMENOV had been very subdued regarding some failures of his own, and so, after I left him and went to Penn Station I came to the determination to be through with this work once and for all; I felt that I had done enough. I had some fifteen minutes for my train to Philadelphia and sat down in the smoking room of the station. Thereupon, I was approached by a swaying drunk who proceeded to vilify me as a "kike", a "sheeny bastard" and a "yellow draft dodger and money grabber" plus a series of far more horrible epithets.

Even though he was so obviously drunk I would have smacked his face but I withheld because I could not afford to be involved in a scrap in New York - where I had absolutely no business to be. So, I just walked away. But, as I did so, so went my resolution to quit espionage work. It seemed all the more necessary to work with the utmost vigor, to fight

any discouragement and to do everything possible to strengthen the Soviet Union, so that such incidents could not occur. To fight anti-Semitism here seemed so hopeless.

* * * * *

NOT TO THE MATTER OF THE DOUBTS THAT AROSE SINCE

1946

I have said before that only in this period, when for the first time I was free of the constant weariness and toil of the espionage work, did I really begin to think of these matters and I wanted to assert that this is in no sense a belated and apocryphal matter, constructed with the intention of gaining sympathy so as to minimize my punishment - the terrible damage caused by the fact of my espionage is sufficient to insure that. These doubts that I shall discuss all arose in the period from 1946, till early this year.

All that I am doing now is to assemble them in a roughly coherent form. After all, while I was busy at the Philadelphia General Hospital and concerned with my love for MARY BARNETT and the possibility of marriage, one could not be expected to take an extended period to reflect on these matters. I sometimes did so, but the inevitable, the frightening

skeleton of the possibility of my exposure and arrest, would intrude itself, and I would then try to obliterate all memory of the terrible news that I had created in more than a decade. But, here in prison, with my mind perfectly calm and at rest, having disclosed every last event and every particle of evidence, I can now think clearly - one thing about prison, it's a great place in which to organize your thoughts and to express them exactly.

To begin then, with these later doubts:

1. Again, concerning Catholicism:

After the war, the much hoped for repose never occurred, and the situation only got worse. The persecution of Catholics was intensified as was the destruction of churches; and this was not only in the Soviet Union, but in all satellite countries such as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

2. And, regarding the above countries, the invasion, political and military, of such lands was a horrifying spectacle. And, such events were always followed by the setting up of a Police State with the attendant concentration camps and tortures and executions for "spying for the reactionary

capitalistic countries". All that had to be done was to change some names and this was the identical pattern of Hitler and Nazism. And, no talk of buffer states could stifle the terribly sickening realization that I had worked for the very cause I had been trying to fight.

3. The farcical trials and abject confessions, particularly in the various countries bordering on the Soviet Union, absolutely terrified me. This had troubled me when it had occurred in the Soviet Union and is really a part of my early doubts, but its re-occurrence in these other lands made all too apparent that it was part of a general technique of terror. I actually would tremble when I would read of eight people being convicted by a "People's Court" in Bulgaria, with six being executed and two sentenced to life at hard labor; and often the victims were so young and had, in the past, performed excellent work for their native lands. Yes, I trembled, for here was I, almost in exactly the same situation - my heart went out to these unfortunates. The quarter column or so on page seven of the newspaper came all too alive for me.

Then, there was the remarkable incidence of cardiac

deaths among Soviet generals, a year or two ago. It was very curious indeed, and I don't jest, for I am in grim earnest.

4. From the first, I was entranced with the idea and the objectives of the United Nations. At the early meeting in 1944 or 1945 in San Francisco which led to the formation of this organization, I can recall the enthusiasm with which YAKOVLEV discussed the affair. We both thought it was such a great thing. Then came the disheartening series of Russian vetoes and the obviously obstructive tactics of MALIK, GROMYKO and VISHINSKY. And, as a technician who deals in facts, this constant mouthing of the blatant lies and reiterated vilification made a mockery of what had once seemed such a wonderful idea. Added to this was the previously mentioned too-black and too-white reporting of the Soviet press. I have mentioned this before in regard to the "Daily Worker". I realize that this was all for home consumption and that the Russians thought they had to put it on strong. But, as CLARENCE SPRATT (the accountant at Penn Sugar) once said, "enough is enough, even of a good thing" - and this was not a good thing. It just went against the facts as I knew them, regarding events in this country.

5. Finally, the hideous shackling of all of the arts to Soviet Ideology is a monstrosity as great as any that was ever perpetrated by Hitler. Thus, the abject groveling of a great artist as PROKOPIEV, with his recent "Children's Opera" and its praise of "Stalin, leader and friend of children all over the world" (the quotation is not accurate, but the sense is there); the criticism in the Russian press of Soviet dramatists and movie makers as being influenced too much by decadent Western ideas, was absolutely an exact parody of JOSEF GOEBBELS'S words; and last, the attempt to foist the bogus Lydenko Theory - regarding the influence of environment on biology - just because it agreed with Marxist ideas, was too much.

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MY RELATIONSHIP WITH VARIOUS SOVIET AGENTS AND AMERICANS
AND KLAUS FUCHS

This brings us to my relationship with the various Soviet agents as well as with the Americans and with KLAUS FUCHS - with all of whom I worked. It might be asked why I deem this important, but it is. If for no reason other than to show that these were completely and utterly sincere people (and I have stressed my veneration for sincerity as a human characteristic); for had they not been, it could not have been concealed from me for eleven years - I could have been fooled, but not for that long.

First, concerning the first three - PAUL SMITH, STEVE, and ERIC.

They were extremely dissimilar types, but they had one thing in common - a determination to do their job well. PAUL was a very sincere, and articulate man and had a definitely cosmopolitan background. He was very likely the original organizer of the industrial espionage set-up in the United States (and possibly in other countries). We got along wonderfully and, to be truthful about it now that I can reveal a bit, he played me like a violin - he was that good a

practical psychologist. STEVE was a huge man, some six feet and three or four inches in height, with a heavyweight boxer's build, but for all that he was gentle and shy and had an in-born liking for flowers and art which, as his English improved, I could discuss with great knowledge - it was he who introduced me to CEZANNE and VAN GOGH and the world of the great masters.

FRED was a small, dark man with a mustache, and was a fanatical Marxist. I hated him - he was, in fact, the only Soviet agent with whom I never got along. But still, as with the other two, I had to respect his zeal to get results (in this dirty work) - albeit grudgingly in his case.

Now, to the man I consider most important of all the Russians, S M M. SEMENOV, whom I only knew as SAM (though on several occasions I heard him use the aliases of GEORGE, SIMON and ROBERT). He was about my height, but had a heavier bone structure and was not fat. He had a swarthy complexion, almost Mexican-like in texture, black dancing eyes, and a really warm and friendly smile. SEMENOV was the only one of the Soviets who could have passed for an American (possibly on account of the length of his stay in this country) both in

the manner in which he spoke, dressed and acted - and especially in the way in which he wore his hat. For some reason foreigners never wear their hats as Americans do, eventhough these hats are purchased here. Somehow or other they do something to them. SAM was erudite and cultured and a mechanical engineer and mathematician by trade. He had read widely in English literature and was thoroughly familiar with the works of CHARLES DICKENS, FENIMORE COOPER, SOMERSET MAUGHAM, THOMAS WOLF, and the poets WADSWORTH, BROWNING, SANDBERG (a mediocrity he said, "and a bit of a faker"), ROBERT FROST and EDGAR LEE MASTERS. Regarding BROWNING, I can even recall our discussion of "My Last Duchess".

On some occasions when he was very weary, he would complain of the nasty job he was doing and, in particular, would be critical of the paid agents with whom he worked - apparently there were many such - for SEMENOV was indeed an active man. Also, it was soon evident (I knew SEMENOV from July of 1940 till March of 1944) that he was a very homesick man, one who longed to be in his native land. At every opportunity he would go to the ice hockey games at

Madison Square Garden and then would remain for the free ice skating afterwards and he would tell me of how much joy he had got out of sliding in Russia and how he regretted that he was too busy to take advantage of the few opportunities here.

It might be that the conclusion I have arrived at concerning SAM, just below, is incorrect, but certainly this should be noted.

It has been made clear that this work was a drudgery for me, but it was even more so for SAM. His whole life was a succession of waiting apprehensively on street corners in New York and in various other cities, and in all sorts of weather. Waits which were often futile and sometimes extremely dangerous. Eating in cheap out-of-the-way restaurants and cajoling, pleading with and threatening various people.

The FBI has agreed with me in this respect, and as I do, they believe that he was an essentially honest and very able man (they have intimated that they have had some other confirmation of this, in addition to my statements).

But, as I have said, for the most part, his was happy and effusive nature and, over the years, we accumulated a store of memories and private jokes concerning our past trials and difficulties with various people - just as two very good and close friends often do.

And, SAM would worry about me; on one occasion I came to New York four times in a single week, in a fruitless effort to obtain a report from ABE BROTHMAN on synthetic rubber, Buna-S (ABE kept assuring me that the data was ready, but actually he had not even begun to work on the report). My last trip was on a Friday night and I met my Soviet superior afterwards and said, "ABE absolutely promised to have the report complete tomorrow; let's make the arrangements to meet." At this SIMENOV flew into the worst rage that I have ever seen: "Look at you", he said. "You not only look like a ghost but you are one - you're absolutely dead on your feet and exhausted. What must your mother think? You goddamn fool. Let me not hear of one more word of coming to New York tomorrow."

or for several weeks to come - go home and spend some time with your family. This is an order. Listen, I'll bet you that son-of-a-bitch BROTHMAN has not even started this report and is just stalling for time. He is heartless and doesn't care how often you take trips to New York. You're good company and you listen to his bragging, so, of course, he is glad to see you. The hell with his Buna-S and everything - even if Moscow will fall tomorrow (which it never will) I am forbidding you to come to New York Saturday."

All this was said in one explosive breath. Then, SAM calmed down. "Come", he said, "we will go to the Ferris Wheel Bar (in the cellar of the Henry Hudson Hotel on 57th Street and Ninth Avenue) and have a few double Canadian Clubs and some sandwiches, and then I shall put you in a cab and personally see that you get on a train for Philadelphia. Better yet, I shall buy you a parlor car seat and some Corona Corona cigars". So it was.

And, SAM was right. It was not till two months later, plus a prodigious amount of prodding and work on my

part that the Duna-S report was finally needed by BROTHMAN.

One more incident: SAM would periodically fret about the fact that I was so often away from my family and, in particular, my mother. And, when my brother YUS left for overseas service, he became especially anxious and tried in every way to cut down on my trips. But, his greatest concern seemed to be over the fact that I had no wife and family of my own. "I realize that it is because of this work", he said. "But it's not natural or good. You are not ascetic and you have normal instincts and desires. We must find some solution to this problem. Obviously you can not take on the responsibilities of marriage and still do this work. (and do not think that our people fail to realize the sacrifice you are making). So, as soon as it is possible, you will once and for all cease dealing in this lousy business and completely forget it all. Put entirely. And, you can then go ahead and run around with girls every night in the week (even as your mother thinks you do now), and then pick out a nice one and get married and have children."

SAM would continue saying that I could not go on in espionage work indefinitely - he said that I had already been in it too long - because not only was it too much of an ordeal, but inevitably a slip would occur, possibly not even one of my own making and the exposure would follow. How right he was.

It is possible too, that this repressed longing for a family is one that caused me to tell both BROTHMAN and Mrs. HEINEMAN, Dr. FUCHS' sister in Cambridge, that I was married to a red-headed woman and was the father of twins. Ironically, this was the first clue that lead the FBI to me. Originally the purpose of this lie was to instill confidence in both AMI and FUCHS' sister - ZEMENOV and YAKOVLEV had both instructed me that I should appear as a married man for the dual purpose of concealment of my true identity and to give the evidence of stability which a single man could not.

And, SAM would continue: "The obtaining of information in this underhanded way will not always be necessary. You'll see. After the war is over there will come a great period of cooperation between all nations and people will be

able to travel freely back and forth through all countries. You will openly come to Moscow and will meet all of your old friends again - They will be so glad to see you - and we'll have a wonderful party and I'll show you all around the town. Oh, we'll have a great time."

I am puzzled, even now, as to whether this was all part of a gigantic confidence scheme and whether SAM was trying to paint a picture that he himself did not believe in. I just don't know. I have stated that he was sincere, and once again I do not think that this estimate of him is a mistake. Yet, I wonder. Was it all part of a deliberate hoax?

Incidentally he would often bring me greetings - I do not think these were fakes - from PAUL and STEVE and FRED and would say that they were well. Even in the matter of the doubtlessly, carefully planned and staged presentation to me of the "Order of The Red Star", I am sure that, in spite of the ulterior motives involved (to set me up for the coming FUCHS affair and to insure that I would take enough money for expenses so as to carry out this work successfully) it was still the element of a genuine reward for work well done - and

at a considerable risk and sacrifice. I have said many times that I would be utterly frank, and possibly I am now carrying this to the point of pathological honesty, but it must be clearly understood that there is no element of braggadocio here. There is only an unrelenting, stabbing pain that I could have done the harm that I did.

The last item regarding SEMENOV: I saw him for the final time in late February or early March of 1944, just after my meeting with YAKOVLEV for the first time earlier that very day. In July of that year I failed to keep an appointment in New York with YAKOVLEV and, when I saw him the next time, he regretfully told me that he and SEMENOV had waited for three hours for me to show up - they had planned that we would all have a last farewell drink together at the Ferris Wheel Bar and on two occasions in 1945, JOHN brought me greetings from SEMENOV, messages worded so that they were undoubtedly from SAM.

It was a real wrench when I had to identify SAM as SEMENOV. Even on a 12 years old photograph, that smile

and these dark eyes and full lips were unmistakable. God knows what has happened to him in the Soviet Union. Yet, it made me think that I should want to rant and rave at those who "got me into this" predicament. But, I cannot bring myself to think of these people without sorrow.

Just a few words on YAKOVLEV:

He was younger man than I, and was taller by some inches; he had a sly, boyish grin and a lock of dark hair that kept falling over his right forehead, and thus he would always brush back with a characteristic motion - I have even been told by a member of the FBI who had trailed YAKOVLEV steadily for a period of one and one-half years that I had succeeded in identifying a very poor photograph where this Government investigator had failed, and that my veritable description of SOLOV had a startlingly life-like quality which had made this identification very easy. While SOLOV was unequivocally the boss, here the relationship was more that of two equals.

Now, regarding those who were not Soviet agents, i.e., AL SLACK, KLAUS FUCHS and TOM BLACK:

AL was an extremely competent chemist and we spent much time talking shop as chemists invariably love to do. He was a graduate of Syracuse University. His technical reports were extremely carefully, clearly and ably written. Even as I, AL was never a convinced Communist. Though at first he took money for his tasks, SIMENOV always told me that AL was not to be looked down upon because of this. He "was an exception" to SAM'S contempt for paid agents. Apparently the thought here was that the huge amount of time and effort involved in obtaining and assembling this data should be compensated for in some fashion. While AL on two occasions showed just slight signs of reluctance in respect to continuing this work, he never openly expressed such a desire to do.

When he introduced the man HOLLOWAY to me in Cincinnati in April 1943, as an FBI man, I did not know, until the somewhat puzzled FBI man told me later, that SLACK had said that this was an effort to scare me off.

It has been stated that SLACK and I had three violent quarrels, in 1943 and 1944, before he would agree to

obtain the data on the explosive NOX. This is a lie. On my first trip to Kingsport, Tennessee, it did appear to me that AL was perhaps trying to avoid me (and I reported this to the FBI back in June of 1950) yet there was never even the semblance of a quarrel. On my last trip to Kingsport in which I saw SLACK, in the fall of 1944, we played chess all afternoon and then AL, and his wife JULIE, as usual, drove me all the way to Bristol, Tennessee, (some 25 miles) to catch the New York bound N & W train. And, on parting, we agreed to meet just before Christmas. I did go to Kingsport in the week before Christmas loaded with gifts, but AL had already been transferred to Oak Ridge and in February or March of 1945 I received a very warm and friendly letter from AL.

When I was arrested I was very much saddened when I learned that since I had last seen him, JULIE had given birth to two sons - when I last saw the SLACKS they had just about given up hope that JULIE, because of an obstruction in her cervix, would ever bear children. Now, these two youngsters will forever be tainted with an ineradicable stigma.

Concerning KLAUS FUCHS:

I have been asked how I would characterize this man. I replied, "There is one word, an adjective, that pretty well sums up my estimate of the man, and that word is, 'noble'". This is not a strange statement.

Here: While KLAUS was a mere boy of 18 he was head of the student chapter of the Communist Party at the University of Kiel in Germany - where his father was, and still is, a professor of theology, and KLAUS, a frail, thin boy, led these boys in deadly street combat against the Nazi storm troopers in the era just preceding Hitler's ascension to Reich Kinsler, and later, when the Nazis had put a price on his head he barely managed to escape with his life to England. And, I say it now, for a man of such convictions who fought this horror of Fascism at the risk of his life, I can not help but express my admiration.

In Britain he resumed his studies at an Institution, and later, when the Manhattan Project was formed it was inevitable that as one of the world's foremost mathematical physicists he would be included in the British Mission to this country. It was while still in England that

FUCHS somehow got in touch with the Soviet agents, and arrangements were made to work with him on his arrival in America. I liked this tall, thin, somewhat austere man, and genius (a word I always use with caution), with the huge horn-rimmed glasses (those photographs of him seem like caricatures), from the very first, and in his stuffy, repressed British manner he reciprocated. In spite of our agreement, at the initial meeting in January, that we meet as briefly as possible in the future, and then only to discuss business (i.e., arrangements for the transfer of information) so as to minimize the chances of being seen together, still on several subsequent occasions we would dine together or have some drinks on parking - even if always in out-of-the-way spots. At our last meeting in the hills between Santa Fe and Los Alamos, KLAUS and I discussed his impending transfer back to England, and KLAUS expressed the hope that some time in the not too distant future (say some five years hence) we would be able to meet in Great Britain, openly as friends, and not for the purpose of obtaining information for the Soviet Union. I spoke of my longing to

see the famous landmarks in Great Britain where WALTER SCOTT, BOBBY BURNS, WORDSWORTH and SHAKESPEARE had worked, and FUCHS agreed that this impending visit was something he would look forward to.

Incidentally, contrary to newspaper reports, KLAUS refused to identify me from still pictures; and only when he was shown motion pictures of me (to which I had voluntarily agreed prior to my arrest) did he say that I was the man whom he had known in the United States - but even here this was after I had finally admitted "Yes, I am the man to whom KLAUS FUCHS gave the information on atomic energy". And, I think that he knew it was me all the time, yet he did not expose me. It may be that I am being unfair to DR. FUCHS here and that he really was unable to identify me from still photographs.

To get to TOM BLACK, the last man, and the one who first introduced me to PAUL SMITH and espionage work.

TOM is a huge, bear-like man, and a veritable

two hundred-year throwback to his British peasant ancestors what with the immense bone structure, broad freckled face, pug nose and a wonderful over-all good nature and honest kindness. It was this last characteristic that doubtlessly led him to become a Communist. BLACK had been a favorite student of the late great chemist FRANK WILLMORE at Penn State (no small accomplishment) and was one of the most remarkable chemists I have even known. Not only was he a superb lab man, with an uncanny dexterity and ability in those huge paws of his, but he had the unique quality of being able, from the very beginning to think a problem through without making any mistakes, or choosing any wrong avenue of attack - in direct contrast to my own technique for first making every possible error, until the correct method was left by the tedious process of elimination.

Tom was not a libertine - he was fully as repelled as was I by the prevalent Bohemianism of the Communist Party members. Just as I did, he deliberately avoided marriage (and being far more attractive to women with somewhat more difficulty) and devoted himself wholeheartedly to the espionage activity. I have told how, in our very first meeting,

PAUL SMITH absolutely forbade me to see TOM again - to avoid the chance of disclosing the link should either of us be exposed, but in spite of this we continued to meet, even as sporadically and with somewhat of a guilty feeling. Once, however, as a bonus after the receipt of news from Russia that a particular piece of work had been deemed very valuable, it was arranged for the three of us to meet briefly on a bench in the 80's on upper Broadway.

There were also two more mundane reasons for me to continue to see TOM:

1. I could always use the excuse of a weekly trip to Newark as a cover for my more extended journeys to obtain information - and I would always phone TOM to insure that he would be able to verify, for my family, that I was with him;

2. TOM served as a last-resort source of funds when I was unable to raise the money - I still owe him a fair amount. And, it was to TOM that I went for comfort when I was at first completely panicked upon reading of FUCHS' arrest early in February, 1950. TOM was dumbfounded and horror-struck.

when he learned that it was I who had worked with FUCHS - it took me a full half hour of walking through the dark side streets of downtown Philadelphia before I got up enough courage to tell him; he had suspected that the nature of my trips to the Southwest (I had written him for money from Albuquerque or Chicago) had to do with this matter, but he had no idea that I was so deeply involved. But, he gave me the very sound advice that I just lie low and "not go near New York".

It should be emphasized that the statement of BALOGH being fully as repelled by the prevalent Bohemianism of Communist Party members as was I, is not a contradictory one. TOM told me that all of this business, of at various times keeping a snake, a crow and white mice as pets, plus a number of other eccentric habits, was all part of a deliberately calculated plan to give the impression to people that he was a bit "off"; By this he hoped to accomplish two purposes; 1. Should his espionage activities ever require any peculiar actions on his part, it would all be taken in the

nature of his "normal" pattern of behavior; 2. At the same time his erratic personal habits would tend to discourage any match-making proclivities on the part of his friends - and this, again, leaving him free to pursue his spying.

I should add that, just as SAM and FUCHS did, BLACK despised our espionage work - He claimed that we were really not by temperament cut out for it, and that we were both happiest when left alone to work in the laboratory.

Incidentally, I often spent time with TOM in the HOPCO labs and we complemented each other perfectly. We could work for hours without talking and we seemed each to anticipate the other man's thoughts and desires before they were actually expressed. I once attempted to get TOM a job at the Philadelphia General Hospital in the Nutrition Research Project of Dr. MICHAEL WERL, and this still may have gone through had it not been for my arrest. I can think of no more glorious prospect than working along with TOM to aid the sick.

It will doubtlessly be commented that I admired

all of the above men very much. This was so and is to a great extent true. I make no bones about it. And, undoubtedly this respect, for sincere and competent men, was a facet of my character which, as its terminal effect, kept me working steadily at obtaining information for the Soviet Union. Surely I thought, all these men, whom I so respect, can not everyone of them be wrong.

* * * * *

7. This last matter has to do with my attitude and reactions during the three divisions of the final and vital period:

- A. Just prior to my arrest.
- B. During the period of voluntary custody.
- C. After the appointment of attorneys by Judge MC GRABERY.

To go back a little:

I fell in love with MARY LANNING when I first met her in Dr. HERBY SCHWARTZ'S laboratory at P.G.H., on Wednesday, September 10, 1948. It really happened so simply: just like that; I knew that here was the girl I had been searching for all my life--as banal as this sounds. And, as we started to go out together and I got to know her well, this feeling only increased--and the wish to make her my wife became an overpowering drive in my life. Her unassuming manner, forthright honesty, and complete lack of artificiality, and her snub nose--completely captivated me. I could go on for hours.

But even in the very beginning a warning bell sounded: Suppose that the Grand Jury investigation in 1947 is really not the end of all inquiry into my life, and the law better than

I on what a precarious house of cards my whole life rested. And from the very first I realized, and MARY often remarked on it, that I never could be completely relaxed and at ease in her presence. But she never suspected the real cause. And later, when we became much more intimate, and after I had proposed for the first time in August of 1917, MARY said that only once, during a walk along Wissahickon did I seem completely natural; at this time she came very close indeed to accepting me.

But on our next meeting several days later, during a trip to the Poconos, I "froze" completely--yes, I froze as badly as a tyro on a high scaffold. And MARY complained she did not believe that I really loved her and cited my "lack of ardor" as proof. But it was not lack of ardor, it was fear of exposure--and not fear for myself, but a horror at the thought that the revelation might come after we had been happily married for, say, three or four years, with children and a home of our own.

It might then be asked, why, perceiving all this and with this Damoclean sword over my head, why I continued to see MARY LANNING? To this I can only feebly reply that I

was hopelessly and genuinely in love.

But this I did know: What MARY fancied was lack of ardor, was also really a knowledge that I could never marry her without telling the whole miserable story of my past. This I knew I had to do; I loved her far too much to be so cruelly unfair as to conceal it. But, strangely enough, I did not fear that she would turn away from me because of what I had done. No, mistaken as deeds had been, I honestly believed that MARY, if truly in love with me, would find it in her to forgive, particularly since these acts had been so well-intentioned.

Also, I have a strong tendency to seek excuses for wrong-deeds, and possibly also a tendency to transfer my own emotions to other people; for I was in love with her and would have overlooked anything she would ever have done.

So, the thought of MARY renouncing me because of my espionage did not enter into the picture; what was terrifying was the thought of exposure coming a few years later. I was desperate and cast around me for a source of advice, but this had to be a special sort of confidante, who could keep so great a secret.

And the only ones I could think of were the Jesuit Priests at Xavier University, and, in particular, Father MAHONEY, who had done so much to open up the wonderful world of English Literature to me. And sometimes I thought of the tall Parish Priest at St. Ambrose's near "D" Street and the Boulevard in Philadelphia--for several years running we would speak every morning as I was on my way to work, and once I met him on the Penn. Campus near P.G.H. and promised to come and see him. But I never saw either man, I just kept putting it off. Beside I had the horrible certainty that their advice could only be one thing: Go and make a clean breast of it to the authorities.

Yet I know this--had MARY ever definitely said she loved me and would marry me, then I would have sought out either man (probably Father MAHONEY, as I did not at that time know he was in India) and then afterwards would have related the whole sorry tale to MARY.

There should be no mistake about this; for just as I had the knowledge (as I shall describe) when talking to Judge JOE HANLEY regarding an attorney, that I would eventually, even if it did take several months, tell the

F.B.I. concerning every last particle of evidence relating to my activities, so did I know that once MARY said, "yes", what my unwavering course must be. And I knew that she, with her solid religious up-bringing, would want it so.

No, suppose I went to the F.B.I., what would happen I thought. At first it seemed to me that I would simply disappear--vanish completely. And Mary and Pop and YUS would go crazy. Then again I kept thinking, suppose I do stand trial, what about the publicity, and leaving out my loved ones, what about Dr. MC MILLAN and Dr. BELLET at P.G.H. Dr. THOMAS MC MILLAN is former editor of the "American Heart Journal" (and now is editor of "Circulation") and Dr. BELLET is assistant editor; both men are world-famous in their field. And I would think how the sturdily built, square-jawed, yet infinitely gentle face of the white-haired chief of the Heart Station, would recoil in horror when the news came out.

This man, with the barest trace of the soft accents of Mobile still picturesquely present in his speech, who would himself wheel patients back to their wards after the

technicians and porters had left, who had such a wonderfully reassuring manner to all patients, no matter what their background or status, and of whom a medical school student in the hospital (an externe) once said, "He can't possibly be the chief of a service--he is too kind and gentlemanly". And Dr. BELLET so absorbed in pursuing cardiac research, that he eagerly gave up at least \$25,000 in annual income to enable him to carry on this necessary work. This man, who so trusted me, who had given me a completely free hand in building up the laboratory, and who would glow with such evident pride as he introduced me to many famous men in the field of medicine, who had given me the opportunity to work in this field where I had finally found a lasting source of happiness, who had accepted me for the job solely because I said that I liked Chemistry, could I ever let him have knowledge of what I had done.

And Dr. BILL STEIGER, the resident in cardiology-- BILL, who had been my first protector against the early doubts of Dr. BELLET (when the work was progressing slowly while the Lab. was being organized) and throughout almost two years had been the recipient of my hopes and aspirations,

what would the almost unceasing realization be to him, BILL, the capable, the clear thinking, and my friend.

And Dr. JOHN URBACH, last year's resident at the Heart Station, JOHN who had come as a boy from Austria and as a refugee from HITLER'S invasion of that country. JOHN who was so anti-Communist, what would he think?

Yes, and the other residents and internes and chemists and technicians; "M.D. PHELPS, MD", just married to IRENE, a nurse; DAN LEWIS, who was so kindly; HAROLD R. WILAND, soon due to return from Kentucky; LOUIE HARVEY; SAMUEL LITTE; BILL POLIS; Dr. CHARL, Director of Laboratories; HENRY SCHWARTZ, principal Biochemist, and DOTY BELL, and ISABELLE Van der WART--Oh, what the hell!

I confess I just could not bring myself to the point of giving up until I was actually brought to it. It was cowardly true, but until forced to by circumstances, I could not bring myself to tell the authorities; such was my mental environment or I should say, "confusion".

This concludes the events leading up to the entry of the T.B.I. upon the scene.

The day is Monday, May 19, 1950. Curiously enough when Special Agents [redacted] and I [redacted] walked into the Heart Station Laboratory that afternoon, even before they showed me their identification, I knew who they were. And when they said they would like to speak to me about ABE BROTHMAN--"and other matters", that last phrase was the one which disturbed me.

So in the Bureau's Office at the Widener Building that night, for five hours I kept stubbornly repeating the story ABE and I had concocted about how we met and how I had allegedly met JACOB GOLOS (a man I actually never knew); and, as I had in 1947, I tried desperately to create the illusion that I was doing all in my power to cooperate. At first it seemed to be going well, but it was an ordeal, and those questions concerning my vacations, and about my trips to New York, Dougherty, on Fern Sugar's business and to Peoria (the Kirk Walker Distillery) all of which had been perfectly legitimate. And questions such as "Were you ever west of the Mississippi?", were, to put it mildly, upsetting. MILER and IREMAN were very polite, and seemed to be a most decent sort, but God, were they persistent! And still trying to be affable and cooperative, I agreed to meet them

again on Friday, when these men would again come down from New York.

I did not even think too much about BOB JENSEN'S offer to ride me home--he said he too lived in the Northeast-- but first we dropped MUMFORD and FRED RAE at the 30th Street Station; and then I made a stop at the Heart Station Laboratory to carry out a brief, but necessary, manipulation on our ultra-filtration apparatus. I can still see BILL SPENCER helping me. But this business took a few minutes more than I had estimated and when I was leaving the hospital there was JENSEN walking to meet me to see what the delay had been. Significant, but not as significant as what followed.

Tuesday I worked till seven, and then attended the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Physiological Society "Across the Wall" at the medical school. I knew all of the people there but the two young men who entered just as the meeting started, and then left after five minutes could only be (and were) P.R.T. men.

Then, at 11 am on Wednesday I was startled to see BOB JENSEN put his head in the door of the Lab., "I just

"happened to be in the neighborhood", he said, "and I thought I'd stop in to see what your place was like". So, for an hour I showed him around, trying to be as cordial as I could, with all the time the cold reality, gripping me that I was under surveillance. Why? What did they know?

And on Friday came further blows that jolted and shook me up--on Wednesday we had had our usual staff conference and this kept me in the Heart Station till about 9 pm; on Thursday I had worked till only 6:30 so I could spend at least this one last night peacefully with my family--and that is just what it was.

To get back to Friday, we spoke for nine hours that night, till 2 am, during which: I executed page after page of my handwriting and printing; calmly agreed to have motion pictures taken--"Sure, go ahead"; and went over and over the BROTHMAN story. Then about half an hour before we broke up, came the sharp stab of this question by Dick BROTHMAN, "Did you ever tell Miriam Moskowitz that you were married to a redheaded woman and had two children?"

"No", I answered.

"But she just yesterday told us you had. Why do you deny it?" I knew why alright, for this was the story I had also sold Mrs. BARKER in Cambridge. So I kept desperately trying to veer the conversation away from this deadly reef, protesting that I had never been married and had no children. Then followed pictures: "Do you know him? Do you know him?...Her?...Him?...Ever see this person before?"; and among this group appeared Mrs. HEINEMAN and ROBERT HEINEMAN, but both pictures had been taken years ago (HEINEMAN as a student, with an abundance of hair--he is now practically bald) and I knew that these people were not yet under arrest; the photograph of ELIZABETH BARKER was the obvious full-faced and profile taken for police files. And then the shock: "Do you know who he is?" The white, staring and somehow expressionless face, with those huge glasses--KLAUS FUCHS!

"This is a very interesting picture--that is the British spy, Dr. ERIC KLAUS FUCHS. It looks almost like a caricature. But I never met him. I've never been in Great Britain". And again the bromiding: "Oh, yes you know him. You met him in Cambridge, Massachusetts".

And again the denials, "I've never been there in my life".

Then MILLER and LINDALL appeared to give up. We were to meet again early Saturday afternoon. And strangely enough I began to feel sorry for them; they had worked so very hard and it now looked as if their efforts would be in vain. Yes, I felt sorry for them, but then I got hold of myself and realized that our separate objectives were mutually exclusive: Their success would mean the end of everything for me.

Strangely enough I had a very similar reaction with Special Agents SHANNON and O'BRIEN back in the late spring of 1947.

And I was still under surveillance. SWENSEN insisted on driving me home, and the next morning the thirtyish young fellow in the powder blue suit and the snap brim straw hat who followed me from my home all the way to the back gate of the hospital and then paused in confusion, was not just out for the pleasant spring air; that he was a little mixed up was not his fault, for I entered at a point where the gate leads to not only the hospital, but the medical school and the university clinic as well.

I worked feverishly all morning, trying to keep this appointment, but I could not get away until 6 pm. Once during the morning while I was in the Medical School's autopsy room and where the smell from a dog's cadaver was very strong, I almost passed out. DR. LEWIS remarked, that I had turned green and this was the first time that he had ever known me to have such a reaction. He wanted to know, was I ill? I replied that he could not help me and came very close to breaking down and telling him the whole story right then. But he had just recently been married and was due home that afternoon--I did not wish to burden him with such a horrible business.

Several times that afternoon I had to call LEBMAN and delay our meeting; none of the technicians had come in that morning and I was just swamped with work. Eventually I asked JENSON and SCOTT HALLER into the lab., and while JOHN BRADY and I finished the necessary work they stood around. This work concerned a patient, A.I., a severely ill man whom the Forest Station was treating.

We only spent a half hour or so in the Widener building (MILLER and BRADMAN were as exhausted as I after

Friday's session) during which I agreed to help "settle the matter" by voluntarily consenting to a search of my home on a busy morning.

I insisted on this time because my father and brother still had no knowledge of what I had done over so many years, nor did they have any idea as to what was going on now.

But talk on Sunday? "Sure"! So I worked Sunday morning and early afternoon at the hospital, and in a spare time went to see "Dr. LEE" (Dr. Lee had an experimental dog, the one on whom a gastroscopy (bleed off of the intestines) had been performed; and I collected my specimens and got up containers for the new ones. Dr. Lee had been sleeping in the Lab., with the animal for the past two days, and would stay with it until its expiration, when would this be? Maybe at 6 tonight, or possibly much later. I would return at 9. And back at 11:30. I helped Dr. Lee, the surgeon, locate some data in our laboratory records, data in which he was particularly interested.

Curiously, for the first time that week, while I was hunting through our records, I calmed down.

Then out again to the fifth floor of the Widener Building, where for four hours until seven pm, I desperately parried each of the probing questions. One more hazard--I could not afford to let the name of TOM BLACK come in; he was too vulnerable. Nor could I mention any of my many loans from friends and from the Corn Exchange Bank. I was literally walking on eggs.

But somehow again, as it seemed that MILLER and BRENNAN began to droop with defeat I started to feel sorry for them all over--they had given it such a good try.

Yes, I was almost in the clear, but, instead of going home and frenziedly cleaning out all of that terrible incriminating evidence, which I knew was there (though even I had no idea as to the extent of the material). I went back to the medical school to see DR. JAMES and the dog--JAMES drove me. But DR. JAMES had left, and I had a terrible time getting in; finally a dr. who was I think called in seeking out the guard. The guard was absent, but the dr. was still alive and after a while I got a message to get a message to Dr. CORBIN at the graduate hospital.

I got home about nine and DIZ called at ten thirty. "Relax", he said, "You won't have to come back now. The dog will last till tomorrow"--and I knew that DAN LEWIS and DOTTY BELL could take care of matters on Monday.

Again, I actually did not begin my search for damaging bits of evidence until five a.m. on Monday-- because I felt that any such undue activity on my part would only alarm Pop and YUS. On top of that, I had a dully fatalistic and apathetic approach toward the impending search; what would be, would happen, and that was all. Possibly it was the sheer and utter exhaustion of that week which produced this reaction in me. But when I started to look, in the depressing grayness of the early morning, I was horrified: Good Lord! Here was a letter from SLACK, dated February, 1945; a stub of a plane ticket from Albuquerque to Kansas City; a rough draft of a report of a visit to Cambridge, Massachusetts; a street map of Dayton, Ohio; a card containing instructions from SAM relating to a procedure for approaching BEN SMITH: All this was here and more--and I tore it all up and flushed it down the toilet. Yes, I had taken care of everything. Then Pop and YUS left for work and I stayed behind, after telling them that I had a report

to complete that morning before I went into the hospital.

Now came the doorbell, and I, still in the pajamas I always wore around the house, welcomed DICK and SCOTT.

He started in my room and the F.B.I. indicated that this was all they were interested in--they could hardly wait to get upstairs. At first all went well, very well; there was a lot of stuff, but it was all school notes and Lab. notes and chemical literature references, and my books were all volumes of mathematics and physics and chemistry; then there were some two hundred "pocket book" editions of mystery stories. Then it began. First a copy of PAUL DE KNIGHT'S "Microbe Hunters" in a pocket book edition turned up; and in the lower right-hand corner of the inside cover was a tiny tag, "Sibley Curr & Lindsay".

"What is this?" said DICK. "Oh I don't know" I replied. "I must have picked it up on a used book counter somewhere. Lord knows where they get them." But I did know; the tag bore the name of a Rochester department store and I had purchased the book during a visit to see AL SLACK.

Then SCOTI found a Pennsylvania Train Schedule: Washington-Philadelphia-New York-Boston-Montreal; and it was dated 1945. "How about this?" "Goodness knows, I probably got it when I went to New York to see Brothman". Once again, actually I had used this on one of my trips to see Mrs. BERMAN in late 1945.

But, I thought about these, but not too bad. Not conclusive. I was in the clear.

Then came the blow. From behind my bulky copy of Walker, Lewis and Mc Adams "Principles of Chemical Engineering", DICK pulled a sickeningly familiar street map of Santa Fe. Oh, God! This I had overlooked. I knew that it existed, but in my hasty scrutiny that morning could not find it and so assumed that at some previous time it had been destroyed.

"How about it, Harry", said DICK. "Give me a minute", I said, as I sank down on the chair in front of my desk which SCOTI had just vacated. I accepted a cigarette from DICK and then, after a few moments, said these words: "Yes, I am the man to whom KLAUS FUCHS gave the information on atomic energy".

low to go back a little. Why, for this whole week did I fight as I did, knowing that inevitably--a month, or six months, or a year, once these men were on the trail, I would be run to earth. Why did I not spare myself this ordeal. The reasons were two, and very simple ones:

I was fighting for time. First I was trying to salvage a few more precious hours with my Pop and YUS, hours in which they would still remain in ignorance of what I had done. And on the preceding Thursday night and on Saturday and Sunday I severed these to the full, as few as these moments were. I could still recall Saturday and YUS going out to get the Sunday "Bulletin", and the good supper that he had ready for me. Then Sunday night, after nine o'clock with Pop sitting in his usual place near the TV set and I stretched out exhausted on the sofa; we were watching DAVE GARROWAY. The battle was not in vain here, for in this I gained a victory.

Second I wanted time to complete as much of the work at the Heart Station as possible. This accounted for my working late on Tuesday, and Wednesday and Saturday, and the extra time put in on Sunday. Even while MILLER and BRENNAN were searching, I excused myself and called DOTTY BERT at the Lab. and later that morning, just before we

left for downtown, I again called and said that I would "Definitely not be in today". And again on Tuesday morning I called the Lab. My first request at Holmesburg (and even before that, at Moyamensing) on Wednesday, was to be allowed to communicate with the Heart Station regarding our unfinished work.

Now, to return to Monday morning, May 22 in my room. In that minute following the discovery of the map, I thought of many things. Yes, even this, as circumstantial as it was, was not too damning. I could say that because of my interest in the Southwest and in the books of J. FRANK POHLE, I had written to the Great Historical Museum in Santa Fe and had obtained this literature--actually I had picked the map up there in person, in June of 1945 on the occasion of my first trip to see BOERS; I had needed the map so that I would not have to ask directions as to the Castille Street bridge over the Rio Santa Fe. Certainly, a museum of this nature receives countless requests, and doubtless no record is kept of such a routine matter as a letter asking for a map; and these maps had been piled on a desk by the hundreds. Good. But yet the discovery of this map in my home would be sufficient to cause my arrest. What then? Denials of guilt.

And Pop and YUS would rally to my defense. Then, automatically, guilt was fastened on my brother. And most assuredly, as innocent as he was, he would lose his job, merely for his espousal of me. And the friends who would come to my defense: Dr. MC MILLAN and Dr. B and the residents, and AL SKLAR and all of the other boys from South Philadelphia--how horrible would be the let-down and disillusionment when, little by little, the damaging bits of evidence would be dug up and finally presented in court--showing once and for all that I was guilty. My decision was actually instantaneous--I did not need the full minute--I spent about half of it with the bitter thought of how I might break the news to YUS and Pop.

This problem was settled by the suggestion of Agents MILLER and BRENNAN that I could place myself into voluntary custody. They also told me that before I did anything I had the right to get in touch with an attorney and seek legal counsel. As a matter of fact these men had impressed this thought upon me from the very first time they began to speak to me a week previous. And on both occasions, a week ago and on this Monday morning, I refused. My reason for doing so all through the week had been that I hoped to better maintain the pretense of innocence

by not seeking legal counsel; it had appeared to my muddled mind that only the guilty ran to an attorney immediately upon being questioned.

Upon going into voluntary custody, however, my motive in not seeking counsel was somewhat different. A tremendous feeling of shame and disgust had come upon me at this time, and I had one predominant thought; to stand up before the Judge, admit my guilt with respect to FUCHS, and accept my punishment. I did not see what earthly good an attorney could do under such circumstances.

Thus I went into voluntary custody; as we rode downtown I mulled over what seemed then to be the one logical course. I would confess fully to having been a Soviet agent for eleven years, but would only disclose my activities where they involved MAUS ROSEN and myself--the others I would cover up. I could not earn "rat" and "squealer". This sounds as confused as it is--as confused as my mind was at this time. I should explain that one of my strongest boyhood beliefs, and one that held the fullest sway throughout the 2600 block of South Phillip Street (and in all that area of South Philadelphia) was the concept that one never took difficulties to the authorities or police. To us, who had

watched them take bribe money from bootleggers, they were brutally corrupt hoodlums, sadists, who cruelly beat prisoners in cells, persons who always had a hand outstretched for graft, and any difficulties of opinion were far better settled among ourselves. Neighborhood no-goods, who had no ability became cops--on payment of \$1500 to the local politicians. The squealer who went to them was looked on with the bitterest possible venom and hatred.

One really had to live where I did to fully realize the extent of this feeling. And so I grew up; and distorted as this idea was, I could never read the paper of a man turning state's evidence to save his own hide, without experiencing a shudder of revulsion. So, not I. HARRY GOLD was guilty and he was willing to accept his punishment--but he would not inform! Not he.

And yet I knew all along, particularly from having lived so long in South Philadelphia, that the police were a very necessary agency indeed. Things would be in a very sorry state of affairs should these human wolves, the racketeers and hoodlums, be permitted to run free. And I knew that for every corrupt cop there were a hundred who were decent, kindly, family men--just guys with a job to do.

So I went downtown and told the full story of my relationship with KLAUS FUCHS in every detail (even this took four or five hours). But I covered up SLACK and SLACK and BROTHMAN and the story of SMILG--DAVID GREENGLASS I had actually completely forgotten about.

Then that evening YUS came to visit me. I was permitted to call him at 5:30 p.m. and he said, "Nu, when are you leaving work?" I said, "YUS, I'm down with the F.B.I. in the Widener Building and I'm in serious trouble. Don't tell Pop, but a car will pick you up at 7 p.m. and bring you here. We'll talk then." Thus at 7:45 p.m. that night I told my brother, "YUS, it was I who worked with KLAUS FUCHS, you know, the Englishman when he was here in America." And YUS' face went blank white with the shock even through his normally dark complexion. Both DICK DEBEAS and BOB JENSEN moved toward him because they thought he was going to faint. And as YUS burst out, "How could you have been such a jerk!"; and later, still hopeful, "Look, HARRY, maybe its all a mistake and you're taking the blame for someone else--you couldn't have done this." And I had to assure him that I had committed this crime beyond a possible doubt. And as I looked at the stunned and still

not fully comprehending face of my brother, half of the mountainous mental barrier, which I had erected against informing, went crashing down.

So, late that evening I identified SEMENOV, tentatively, YAKOVLEV (the photo was so poor, it was taken in the shadow of a newsstand, that I was not fully certain). Then the following night Pop was brought to see me, and when he cried, "My son, what have you done", down went another section of the mountain.

That night as I was getting ready to disclose my recent contacts with SARKISHEV, there came the order for my arrest. And in the ensuing turmoil and the hearing before Judge Mc GRABERY, all was swept away. I could think of only two things: My family, and that horribly wrong statement in the complaint: "With intent to harm and injure the United States"--No, not this! This was not so. It was not true. And in the seething maelstrom that was my mind all thoughts of my arrangements for a rendezvous with SARKISHEV, and all memory of this man, was swept away.

As I was committed to Moyamensing Prison that night I thought to myself, as the Sergeant struggled to spell "Espionage", it was a word strange to me, and a thing he

would never do. Why had I done it?

And when I was transferred to Holmesburg the next day, and later, on Thursday, when I saw Pop and YUS, and they told me they would mortgage the house and would use all of their savings to get legal aid for me, my course became clear. (It was on that day that I voluntarily resigned my talks with the F.B.I.--even as I sat there in Judge Mc Granery's Chambers on Tuesday night, I knew that I would eventually tell everything). I had done enough to Pop and YUS. I could not complete the job by wiping out the precious home, which Mom had so enjoyed, and which was now so dear to Pop and YUS. So I asked to see Judge Mc Granery.

Several days later I was taken downtown. When I saw the Judge I told him that because of my family's desire I now wished to request counsel, but that my own resources were few--\$175 in the Philadelphia Savings Front Society and a few hundred dollars in bonds--plus some four the good dollars owned me by BROTHMAN, but which I did not believe could ever be collected. And I most fervently did not wish to use a family's savings. But I added that I must stipulate three conditions regarding counsel:

- 1 - The man appointed must permit me to continue to tell the whole story to the F.B.I.
- 2 - He must be a man of irreproachable patriotism and without the slightest taint of "pink" or "left-wing" sympathies. Also there must be no circus or show made at my trial.
- 3 - He must agree to let me plead guilty-- because I was. All I wanted him to do was to establish whatever bases there were for mitigating the severity of my crime; in other words I wanted the matter handled on strictly legal grounds.

And as I leaned forward looking into the Judge's face, and as I spoke, I knew all along that in the matter of a very short time I would tell all. It was inevitable.

And so Mr. MALINFOR and Mr. LINDARD became my attorneys. Again, as I spoke to them that day in the Judge's Chambers, down went the remainder of the mountain; in that very room I told SCOTT of SLACK and GREENGLASS and BLACK.

(Actually I had forgotten GREENGLASS' name, but I had remembered everything else about my meeting with him). I had even prepared the ground regarding AL--I had given an accurate physical description of him and had placed him in the Rochester-Buffalo area--all that was needed was to supply his name.

GREENGLASS, I had met only twice, on one single day in June of 1945 in Albuquerque, once for fifteen minutes in the morning and then for five minutes that same Sunday afternoon. And I had forgotten his name completely, but I had remembered many things: The fact of the shock at discovering that he was a S.I.; that his wife had just the previous April joined him in Albuquerque; the location of his apartment in Albuquerque; the fact that he was either a Mechanic and Electrician or a Physicist's helper at Los Alamos, in the order of probability; that he had a small salary and pennynickel board sent to him every week from New York; the \$500 that I had given him; (It was later shown that the day after my visit he had deposited \$400 of this sum in an Albuquerque bar); the appearance of the home in which his apartment was located, and a description of the street, plus an accurate physical description of DAVE and his wife; plus a fragment of conversation concerning a

brother-in-law "JULIUS".

And so in two weeks a positive identification was made. I shall brag here, for I am proud of having contributed to an outstanding bit of police work:

On the night that I made the final identification at Holmsburg, shortly thereafter, in New York, six F.B.I. men entered his apartment to arrest him; one of these men later told me, "Even though DAVE had gained 65 pounds and was five years older and far more mature in appearance, as we entered the room four lines of the verbal description furnished by you leaped to my mind, and I know beyond any particle of doubt that this was the man".

And before my first meeting at Holmsburg with Mr. WASHINGTON and Mr. BARRETT, I exposed the rest: LEO SLIM, and ABE BROTHMAN, and ANITA KONTOMITIS, and VERA KONTOMITIS, and FRED HENNER, and the meeting with the Soviet Agent MIKHAILOV, when he came to my home in September, 1949. To repeat, all of the major disclosures were made before any conference with my attorneys.

But a few rocky crags of the original mountain were left standing--a few shreds of evidence, and most of them concerned me. The principal part had to do with the

fact that, contrary to the statement that I had not accepted a penny of expenses, I had actually received from the Soviets at least half or possibly sixty percent of the money needed for my trips. The next concerned the fact that, in my earlier efforts to protect SLACK, I had placed a Soviet Agent, one JOSEPH KATZ, in the wrong chronological spot, even though I had described his physical appearance with the greatest accuracy. So completely that a later identification by me has been verified, and verified by others than myself. The final item concerns the concealment of the fact that there had been two subsequent meetings with the Soviet Agent KARYTCHEV in New York--in the fall of 1949; plus the fact that I had kept two scheduled but fruitless rendezvous in Jackson Heights: The first when I was worried over what the Soviet Agent knew, what it was that had made him hint that I might have to leave this country; and the second when in latter part, on the Sunday following ROOFS arrest, I had gone to Jackson Heights to ascertain what had occurred in England. It was on this second trip to Jackson Heights, on the first Sunday in February of 1950, that I was scrutinized by a man with glasses and a cigar; this man I later recognized from his

newspaper photograph as JULIUS ROSENBERG; again I recognized JULIUS ROSENBERG in the courtroom in New York when I was testifying during the ROSENBERG-BROTHERS TRIAL.

This was also incredibly stupid. There were minor points and I had made far more damaging disclosures without a single moment of hesitation, disclosures which had insured that my punishment would be most severe. Why had I then held back these relatively small things? And it was such a terribly shameful and disgraceful thing to do, particularly in view of the fact that I had tried to behave with a measure of dignity throughout all this, as I may should. But to say that I am ashamed is not enough, there were reasons. content of it:

I - Everything that I had done for the past fifteen years (all of my adult life) was based on falsehood and deception. As I have said before, every time that I went on a mission to New York I must have lied to at least five or six people--so possibly to expect an instantaneous change to complete truthfulness, literally overnight, was too much.

- 2 - As a result I have had to rigidly condition myself to tell the truth--a total reversal of all that has gone before my arrest.
 - 3 - Above all, I have a horrible sense of shame and disgust, which I can never ever lose, concerning my deeds, and this, in turn, made me cling desperately to those few bits of evidence which might make it appear that I was not so completely and totally the despicable character which I really am.
 - 4 - I am not a confirmed liar, far from it--it was just that sufficient time had to be allowed for me to fight this battle in my cell at Holmesburg Prison, the battle to tell every last particle of truth. And I wish to emphasize here that these admissions with one exception (when I was shown my account at the Real Estate Trust in Philadelphia) and then disclosed that many of these sums were given to me by the Soviets as partial expenses in connection with my trips to see FUCHS. I
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repeat, all of the major facts and revelations were disclosed within about the three weeks following my arrest and, in the overall picture, it matters so very little whether I received part of my expenses from the very beginning in 1935 or whether payments started in 1944.

- 5 - I remember too, that all of this time I was under a severe mental tension, a constant worrying about the possible effect of all this upon my friends and my family--a fine thing, I will admit, to become concerned about such a matter.
 - 6 - The most peculiar thing, perhaps too scrupulous and accurate and exact in my scientific work, could be able to lie so devilishly and capably throughout fifteen years.
 - 7 - Finally, it must be borne in mind that all the period of the first two or three weeks of furnishing information, during which all of the principal facts were disclosed, the news
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five or so weeks were taken up exclusively with going through, in the most painstaking detail, the terrific quantity of material found in my "Fibber McGee's Closet". And this arduous task kept me from thinking too much about the few items I had withheld.

One last note should be made:

From the first I began to feel a genuine liking for MILLER and BREWER; and as the weeks passed and I continued to talk to them this feeling increased, and I discovered that there was present in me a tremendous urge directed toward earning their respect. And these things which I have covered up, kept delaying, telling about them for the rather curious reason that I felt I would lose some of the respect which I felt they were beginning to evince toward me. And I most heartily wished that I had not concealed these things. And such the same thing took place in respect to Mr. WILSON and Mr. of IAD.

but now the mountain has been leveled, leveled and no single bump or crag remains; all, every bit of evidence has been given. And I am calm and my mind is at peace for the first time in a decade and a half. These are not idle words--for my blood pressure, which had steadily stayed at an average of 190/110 and sometimes going as high as 205/125 is now an amazingly normal 140/80, and this is not due to my loss of weight, because several times in the past I had dropped as much as 60 or 65 pounds with no drop whatever in the diastolic or systolic readings. Nor was it due to the regular hours, for at least twice before I had spent periods of three months in which I had not worked and had just lozed around the house. These are facts of medical record.

Now, only one matter remains--the future. I do have hopes for it, and I do not believe that this is just my ever-present sense of optimism asserting itself. This should be marked well: As surely as I know there is a God who rules over our destinies, so am I certain that, sometime in the future, I shall be able to make far greater amends than I have done to date. And this restitution will not consist in informing and giving evidence to the F.B.I.--that is mostly

over with and is in the past--but in obtaining an opportunity to work again in the field of medical research. To work and do things so that the sick and ailing of this world can again have hope and be enabled to live normal, healthy lives. This is not just idle talk. I have said that prison is a great place in which to order one's thoughts, and to think clearly and logically, and from now on all of my mind and efforts shall be directed toward this goal. And when I am released I shall work as I have never done before. And it is not public recognition that I desire, just the opportunity to put all of my head and hand and ability to the service of the desperately ill. Surely the Lord will grant me this boon.

I fully realize that, by my deeds in the past, I have forfeited for the time being all of my rights normally given to free men. I know this all too well and ever more than this, I am aware of the hard fact that, before anything else can transpire, I must be punished, and punished well, for the terribly frightening things I have done. I am ready to accept this penalty. There shall be no quivering, trembling for further pleas for mercy. What was, was, and now I am prepared to pay the price.

Two final points, both concerning a matter of personal pride: My brother and my attorneys and I, determined from the very first not to seek any lessening of my punishment by attempting to make a bid for sympathy because of my father's age. As I have noted before, the time to have thought of him is fully fifteen years ago. Further, both Mr. HAMILTON and I are extremely proud of the fact that at no time have we ever given the Government authorities the slightest indication that we wished a "deal"--nor have any of the Government agencies ever indicated to us that they would be amenable to such an offer. Both Mr. HAMILTON and I have agreed that this is the code under which we wished to conduct the whole matter.

This has been a personal document and every effort has been made to make it a completely frank one. And, in the course of the narration, some statements may have been made which may effect the sensibilities of those who read it. I wish to assure any such that to give assent was not my intent.

As voluminous as this report is, it is by no means as complete as might have been wished, due partly to the lack of time, and partly to the sake of brevity.

Also, as might be surmised, in order to set down the complete story, two additional sections should be included: The first is a collating phase, the ante-dating one concerning my early life--this would cover the years from 1904 (the date of Pop's arrival in Switzerland) to 1926 (when I graduated from high school); the second has to do with the details of evidence already told to the F.B.I., but in a coordinated, chronological story.

BULKY EXHIBIT

Date received 5/1/51

HARRY GOLD, was
65-15324-1B
(Title of case)

Submitted by Special Agent J. C. Walsh, Jr.

Source from which obtained Harry Gold

Address US Pen. Lewisburg, Pa.

Purpose for which acquired Research of Espionage operations

Location of bulky In cabinet with file

Ultimate disposition to be made of exhibit Destroy

Estimated date of disposition - To be destroyed

List of contents:

- 60. Two copies of "THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE WORK AS A SOVIET AGENT - A REPORT".
- 61. One copy of the above with corrections as noted by GOLD; attached thereto are notes prepared by GOLD of the corrections and additions on the after mentioned report.

Copy sent to WFO 7/24/52

*JWC
7/6*

(35)

65-15324-1B

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED <i>don</i>
JUN 27 1951	
FBI - NEW YORK	

Sp

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

1954

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

(1) ... material, that is, ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

(2) ... and ...
... the ... of ...

(3) ...
... the ... of ...

(4) ...
... the ... of ...

(b) ... identification with various ... and this ...

(c) ... of ...

- (1) ...
- (2) ...
- (3) ...

... of ... extremely ...
 with ...
 most explicitly ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...

... of ...
 overlapping ...
 ...
 to ...
 with ...

about 100 miles. I was a boy. On returning from one such trip,
I was seized by a group of about 15 (gentle boys at 12th and
Franklin streets and 10th and 11th) - 20 other boys in the field.
I was a victim of their, with a new two-wheeled bicycle, began
to "behave," and on Saturday nights took me forth from the
library; he would probably wait outside for as long as one-half
hour till I had obtained my books. But, glad as I was to have
them, I was very disappointed at this protection and sought to
conceal it from the other boys in the street.

After two years of this, 1901 to 1903, a neighbor-
hood boy, and I went to go to the library to other, and I
remembered Pop's advice. I did and I was the plot a course which
took us past the house which might be living in actual.

From the period 1914 to 1915, the 2800 block
of South Philadelphia (and the surrounding ones) was the
objective of the surprise parties by the "Jocks," who
lived in the wasteland of South Philadelphia; this area, the "Jocks",
was a marshy section of South Philadelphia near the city dump,
and South Philadelphia was a winding, construction (along Oregon Avenue)

of their lives. The inhabitants there live in a relatively primitive condition and are the recipients and direct beneficiaries of the aid and assistance of the general population of the United States. The general population of the United States is a highly civilized and advanced people and of high intelligence and their special efforts are directed at the poor (approximately 70 per cent of the population) in those underprivileged or disadvantaged areas.

Report on

(2) The Pop's difficulties at the Victor
Machinery & Machine Company (since 1926
The Public Corporation of America)

When Pop first began to work for the Victor Company in 1919, the company was then the dominant force in the world of machinery. The company was run on a benevolently philanthropic basis with a high standard of assistance in buying, selling, and gifts of their machinery and Christmas, such as turkeys, food, and other necessities. The company was a good, solid, substantial type and their assistance of reward for a fellow worker was his ability at his job.

But, in 1920 things began to change. There was a large influx of unskilled workers from the other countries

...the old ... of ... production
... the ... of ...
... his ...
... general, ...
... pretending ...
... when ...
... through ...
... Pop ...
... just
... at all.

... usually, I would never have known ... of this,
You ... avoided mentioning any of these ...
to me, but ... sufficient hints over a period of years
and I overheard ... thought for me to construct an accurately
disheartening ...

... 1986 ...
... Pop ...
... you quit, and ...
... particularly fast prohibition line

where Roy was the only one indicating sadness. He said he
would come home tonight with his daughter and a wife. The
skin pulled, and he said this was so extraordinary. How would
before the film was the picture of the dead and he would go
back to work. He said he never quit, but he never
he never quit. I had a lot of complaints to be Roy.

... of such incidents could be described,
but the picture of the ... of the ... with the
boys at the ... I tried to think ... with one
which contained ... This was a ... with the
a ... throughout ... years, ... desire to
do ... and to ... it. ... of a
such ... of an individual ... it.

31 *My Life in Socialism*

I recall clearly, in the 1920's, ... mother's
... character of ... and his address,
of ... " ...", ...
... these ... the ... of ...
... with the ...
ALSO, ... of ...

... late high school years, and through till
1933, a teacher's union member of 100% ... and through
his a very ... indeed. ... was just
a name for ... vaguely defined phenomenon ... in
a primitive ... thousands of miles away. Many of the ...
at high ... also socialist in principle ...
taught a ... subject, "Civics", which seemed to have no
relationship to the actualities of ... as practiced
in ... during the days of the ...
Communist, ... I can still clearly ... the scene of
sitting with ... and ... in the public park
at ... streets, during an early fall evening in 1933,
and ... which had become a Communist and was
actively ... and ... literature.
"A Communist" -- was ...

"Well, don't be too hard", said ... "After
all, if he ... it's a ... it's a
hard life ... but still ... was
there -- a ...

... in 1932, after leaving the University of Pennsylvania ... to work at the Pennsylvania ... company, I still thought that ... was a great ... And, in my ... I ... a group of ... members, including ... while I was working at the company's ... division. Thereupon, ... the superintendent, ... and ... as ... no further ... the plant, ... of course, ... made ... this was the depression.

One final note in this matter of Socialism. It may be significant ... were also Socialists ... I, was never a convinced Communist.

... in December, 1932, just ... before Christmas, ... job, ... the Pennsylvania ... was not ... of Socialists. This ... of some twenty-five ... however, ... character, ...

suspensions of the ... "Mr. Kowalski" ... been
not in the District ... his ...
of ... 1954, ...
employee, ... laboratory, ... the
most ... job ...
depression ...
living list ... alphabetical, ... headed
the list.

... that ... a position
chemist in the ... laboratory, suggested that I should take
my family to the ... area of Soviet ...
nonsense, of course, ...
liked it — ... sports of baseball, football and
basketball; ...
and ...
and ...
the familiar and ... of South Philadelphia and ...
...
...
... of obesity. The first thing that followed ...

was the receipt of the ... number (1) ... in ...
... to his ... that 50.00 ...
and looked ...

... to take up ... for ... on this
matter of charity.

... opposed to it -- violently so. In the 1920's,
on the 2000 block of ... the Phillip Street, ... of the ...
lives in the ... of the ... of one ...
there were ... on account of the death of a father or
a protracted illness in the family, existed wholly or partially
on the subsidy of various charitable organizations; ...
found this ... of their living, and came to describe this a
"God-given right" by particular friends ... of the ... of
... 1925, ... was ... one of 11 children.
His father was ... and his mother worked to help support
the family; the ... of the ... was ... by ...
charity. ... to ... the various ...
hood ... to have ... of food at Thanksgiving and Christmas
to all the ... and ... and it was the ... of many

was put on the table, when I told her about it, she remarked --
it was charity. Finally I talked her into coming to the
Carnegie library and spending with me. I told her
and she said she told me to the parents, that this summer camp
was really a part of the public school system and was in no way
a charity matter. I do not believe that she ever really swallowed
this story, but doubtably her concern for my health triumphed
and she permitted me to go to camp for two glorious summers
when I was 12 and 13 years old.

I gained five or seven pounds on each occasion;
learned to love spinach (and I still do), played soccer;
swimmed wonderfully on the huge boulevards around the camp lake
while the college boys (all of them university athletes) told
best stories, novels, and a fabulous appetizer, one which was
stayed with me for a long time. As Mrs. BROWN once said, "HARK! will
eat anything, each will stand still long enough just wait to eat
his father."

When I got back to the city, when I heard of the
story, I looked for work eventually. For five weeks in
December and January of 1932. When I had a chance to see

and the... of his, and the... class...
... of a... was leaving his job at
the... manufacturing... in Jersey City and would
possibly arrange to put me in his place, and, etc., it turned out:
and... was called to the... of the
... and... told me that he had just received
... in Jersey City...
... parked... of... ;
and a... as well as a jacket which
closely... and... bus
to Jersey City.

I arrived there at about 1.00... directly
about... to the...
of... (every... of...)
the... the... men to
learned that I was here for a job "Bobby... - enough
people out of...". ... to the...
I am still... friendly, freckled face, ... and
... of his hand.

... stayed up until 6:00 a.m.
while he, but before the soap business, and, in particular, on
the "condemned" class. It appeared that the Holtz's
company was owned by the partners, I.M. and J.M. Holtz,
and was operated by a subordinate named Leo Nathan. Nathan,
according to what the very anti-Semitic and would never consent
to killing a Jew. I would have to say that I was of my
name I was really not a Jew, since my words were not
a convert under the name of a Gentile girl. It was this gloriously
jumbled story that I must tell, and added to this was one
significant item - I.M. Holtz told me frankly that he was a
Communist Party member, and that he had his purpose, that of
as for the Communist Party, as a socialist, I was a full recruit
to that very militant organization.

... during a fair portion of the five hours during
which he talked to me, I was completely under the
hempage of "facts" to persuade the capitalist was wrong and
the United States was the only country of the workingman was
the Soviet Union; and that the only sane and reasonable way of
helping the Communist.

... it was actually
 ... and unobscuredly defended ... against
 the ... of
 by the ... of
 right about for the latter would tell us that a wonder-
 ful man and how the Jews in the United States should
 be put on ships and the vessels sunk or

... ..
 our family
 \$1.00 for food;
 Philadelphia, and the family
 the remaining

... ..
 to

an obscure man of letters, a volatile Greek who once fell in petulance
at a meeting, who had formerly done credit into a discussion
of Russian literature. The talk with this stuff was a fine
good one and to the Journal of the "Journal of the Journal"
sincerely, but not to the others, which was frankly done in it
for only one purpose of satisfying some artistic ideas. A whole
host of old and new characters was practiced of freedom; others who
formerly were said to be the world never were under any
crossed system, in session or no depression; and finally,
a certain type of man, adequately described by the words as
"predecessors and (consequently) looking, others, as when done but this
with complete satisfaction will listen, if even they die. <

The meeting was not held in the morning -
and the meeting was held in the morning - and,
in some of the most restricted circumstances, the whole dream
now seemed to be a very little thing & was very of the same
order, & it was not until 19 years later, that it was done.

The meeting was not held in the morning -
and the meeting was held in the morning - and,
in some of the most restricted circumstances, the whole dream
now seemed to be a very little thing & was very of the same
order, & it was not until 19 years later, that it was done.

text books and a special council in some of the evening classes for "workers" given by the Communist Party in New York (in the area of their 12th Street headquarters, just off Union Square). I did not there and I was very timidly I must confess, but I thought the prospects and made some inquiries from the way.

~~Confidentially~~ — I was obviously thought that I was a police spy.

I can still see that room with its walls papered with drawings of subway and tunnel, its ceiling, on its ceiling and on its top-panels of wood and experiments with the organs and bellows sitting in a room of wood.

When I was in September of 1932, was the day, the Fine Eagle, and the opportunity to return to my native and the Pennsylvania State University, this time in the Reich's laboratory, and working on the night shift in the sugar refinery. Though the pay was the same, I accepted, for I would be saved the expense of living in New York, and, even more than that, I would be back with my family and the way from the 1930s opportunities.

...right before my department ...
...Philadelphia ...
...in the ...
...for ...
...to ...
...of ...

...was ...
divorced ...
back in ...
was an attorney and worked on Wall Street for the
firm of ...

...for a long ...
build, very ... with straight dark hair ... attractive
sleek (short ...) ...
... in ...
... bachelor ...

A note or ...
...
...
...
...
...

of Joseph ... (the ...), ...
was ... in ... to ...
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

wall worth it, even though only a diploma, and not a degree,
was issued.

When I was through with school, my mother, as
I would say, told me father was not out of sight with me. He
kept coming on himself his on visits to Philadelphia and
always went down to lower Philadelphia to see my family
and ^{mother} was very glad to meet the man, who, in effect, had
been our economic savior, and through his bluff and hearty
ways, which endeared himself to them. He did begin to
propagandize me on ^{the} way, but then suddenly stopped

Also Tom showed, urging me to join the Communist
Party in Philadelphia. Newark, Jersey City or New York would
have been bad enough, but Philadelphia would have meant
disgrace to my family and the certain loss of my job. For
as Tom's insistence on my joining the Communist Party increased,
so did my resistance, and so did the reasons pile up. From
Tom's own account the members were a shabby and cruddy lot,
run through with liars and opportunists, and were great
characters for putting other people on a spot, the sort of
"You go out and get your hair creased, it's only for cops"
attitude. In a way, I was not alone, for my mother would have
been very inclined to tell me about joining the Communist
Party.

For textiles)-and can readily be seen how such materials
would be used in the production (paper), as food (fish oil con-
centrate), or even (via oil residue), for clothing
(sulphonated oil).

Of course these products would be a tremendous
basis to a company back in the laboratory, and a hobby
potentially (I suppose of some technical advance); but IGO and
V.R. said that as their work was needed--and among those were
the various chemical solvents used in the manufacture of
lacquers and varnishes (such as ethyl acetate, butyl acetate,
butyl alcohol, amyl acetate, etc.), such specialized pro-
ducts as ethyl chloride (used as a local anesthetic) and, in
particular, acetone (100% alcohol used to clean, i.e.,
"extend", a car wheel). All of these the American Sugar
Company's subsidiaries, the Alcohol Distillery and the Franco-
American Chemical Works at Carlstadt, New Jersey, made; and
all of these could go down, making the harsh life of those
who lived in the Soviet Union a little more bearable.

I would like to obtain this information for the
CIA. I would like to know if there is ever but actually I
have already read the information. I would, in fact, like
to see the government's official records, but I believe that

... of one ... is ... passive. Why? Why was this:
There is really the rest of the whole long story, the story
that had ... during 1944 and 1945,
the whole eleven years of lies and ...
and ...-essentially all of my adult life, why?

On the surface there were three reasons that
appeared to exist at this time, reasons why I decided to
return ... to Russia:

1. I already owed a debt of gratitude to ...
... For having saved my family from going
... giving his job at the ...

2. A ... wanted to help the ...
... to be able to enjoy some of the
... of life.

3. I got ... about joining the
... Party.

But these were really surface circumstances, they
were there, it was true, but there were also some underlying
... were powerful in making my decision, even
though I did not realize it at this time; ...

...including as to ... to ...
...and it was ... that
...and ...
...of ...
...and ...
...might be supposed.

...but objective ... and as a
small wave of ... against the ...
...; here are the incidents ... related:

...told as how ... news ... originally ...
...
...professor ...
...of the ...
...had
...
...State College ...
...had considerable difficulty ...
...in obtaining ...
...Eventually ...
...
...
...giving ...
...
...
...as ...

At the same point that the anti-Communist had turned away
it was the only one in only the Soviet Union as anti-
communism, which against the state, and that was the only
man who had to be in the Soviet Union, there, too, in the
person of the Soviet Union, was the one who had to be at
the further development of that country, because
to me, anti-Communism and anti-Semitism were identical.
This was the age-old enemy of the Soviet Union, the ghetto,
of the discrimination of religion, and now of concentration
camps in America, anything that was against anti-Semitism
I was for, and the chance to help strengthen the Soviet
Union seemed like a wonderful opportunity.

It might be asked why didn't I try to fight anti-
communism here in the United States? Frankly, this seemed
to me like a pretty close business.

It has been reported to me that the only people
who attend these kind of meetings are those
who were already interested, and who needed no proselytizing.
Those who needed the message most, never went. It seemed
that once a person had become an anti-Communist, he stayed
that way. The only way to get out of the country
to go to the Soviet Union, and that was the only way

was the children's picture who included the needs of
caused.

It is a common periodic turn of events that I
who so much wanted to do something or fight the blood
of Jews. I've had more to do with the spirit of
everywhere. I've had various (Felt) or I did
organization ever did. I say no more.

Dr. [unclear] of discipline was for me as a
shared with all my life. This statement can best be
illustrated by two incidents:

The first occurred during the last week of the
second semester of a senior year of college, right in
midway. It is about this time that I was instructor, and
head of an department was a man called Dr. Filburn.
He had just that year come to me from [unclear], a
school with a liberal bent, and was a founding member
above all of our school in intelligence, and from an
area which was in a somewhat higher economic class.

Dr. Filburn had the quaint conceit that we as did, at
the very least, he was to express ourselves with the
English. He had a great deal to say about this. All of

... recall that he once told me ...
... Philadelphia inquirer,
... and who ...
... the public ledger, and ...
... "the literal ability of
... a ..."

... was ...
... was ...
... a relatively easy ...
... twenty-five questions ...
... to ...
... the ...
... the ...
... when ...
... I could ...
... a whole ...
... papers ...

I agreed, but ...
... the ...
... a paper ...

...the situation look very serious

...and the situation look very serious

...and the situation look very serious

... of group at the heart station of the Philadelphia
... these experiments were carried out
... and involved the extraction, or removal, of
the liver from the dog, and an attempt to follow a variety
of chemical and physical changes in the animal
until his death; in a similar way, we were interested in the
potential level, and which had been suggested by Dr.
... of the ... of the ... project, and in fact
with various ... from the medical students and
... in the laboratory.

It was not so much the tremendous amount of work
involved (six people were tied up for a day or two
laboring for weeks days, and we often started at four
or five P.M. and continued working in at times 11 A.M.)
by ...

... of the ... of the ...
liver ... of the ...
variable ... of the ...
... the ...
... 1950, ...

all or some of wild and substantial basic value, and
all needed just a little work, either in the laboratory
or merely the chance of writing them up. All of these
were directed toward these circumstances but all

to all objects, but Dr. LITTLE was advised
and to his experiments were continued. I brooded
over this and took in such manner that please anyone
else, even to the extent of asking other research men
in the hospital to intercede with Dr. LITTLE. One of
them, I think, spoke to Dr. LITTLE and said that
if Dr. LITTLE did not discontinue this work, still at
least he should see that it was done in such a
manner as to be completely unobjectionable to
deception. Dr. LITTLE who brought back the matter
by saying, "After all, anyway, it is that all you have
to do is to tell the world that the work is correct
and that it is so after all, the reser-
vation is only a physiological mistake,
and much valuable data can be employed by means of
this, and so it is quite alright, still the data is
of great value and it is not at all objectionable."

... of the progress of the work. Even if he
is not... of the right to do so, for no
one... the... the...
and now... that in a more... that in the
first... he has ever... until
now... have been given a new hand.
To talk with him a little, and to make him think so very
highly of you... but she was by saying something that
you will have to regret."

... back to my... in particular,
I recalled that in order to be...
...
... (possibly) some
... in
...
...
... wide to
...

That I believe, but these... now that
... almost suicidal impulse to take
...
...

... (possibly) ...

on the... matters now in one case and then which
was... in another instance. I do not clearly
remember... what was there, but certainly, it was
present.

... began to work illeg-
ally for the benefit of the Soviet Union; for I never
wished to put myself on this matter... was con-
fidential... but it seemed the greater over-all good
of the respective justified this action.

There is involved also the very important fact
that there must have been in my make-up a certain ^{... and...} lack
of faith in democratic processes. This is so
fundamental to be understood of what occurred that it
must be considered in some detail. For, though, ^{... through...}
through 11 years of work with the Russian agents
... American citizen working out-
side... and undoubtedly it is true... the Soviet
... knowingly working myself for no truth
... could have done what I did. This is
no secret, that I did not see it as...
...
...
...

level of public attention to such matters.

Their failure is a subject of a lack of public attention.

In 1933, if we go to the past, there were many things badly wrong in America. This is no longer a viable fact of which anyone who lived through that time is not so convinced, and there was actually not a single thing wrong, but all that was needed was for the government to take measures of social cooperation to be instituted, a cooperation between government and capital, and the things that have been done. I shall not try to outline to you the very complex, complex of things that have happened.

d. Savings bank assets are no longer in the hands of the people. They were in 1929-30, they are insured by the government, and they are in the hands of the government. And the assets of the savings banks are in the hands of the government, controlled by the government, and the assets of the savings banks are in the hands of the government, controlled by the government, and the assets of the savings banks are in the hands of the government, controlled by the government.

our lives have started in this world, and the
total for the first seven months of 1957 was an
immediate eight-hundred ninety-three thousand

In respect to the matter of discrimina-
tion. The Army has begun to train the Fourth
Infantry Division at Fort Ord, California. It is
in a plan or project, in which negro troops will
be trained together with white troops, with exactly
equal treatment and no attempt whatever at segregation.
I am sure the fact that the major leaders now have
such great negro players as GARFIELD, COLLINS,
LICK, and others will make a difference. We had
never before - who would have thought of this five
or five years ago? There is still a long way to
go, but the significant thing is that we are heading
along the right road.

The old boggy of insecurity that we
has now been conquered by a combined effort on the
part of the Government and industry. National Security
benefits recently have increased.

The number of unemployed workers, and the
by such measures as the following

Wilson's general business plan and that of the Ford
company. And the concept of a guaranteed annual
wage as a means of fixing the standard.

All of this and much more has been done. But in
1933 and 1935 I lacked faith. I must have, even though
I did not realize it then.

The last point regarding the hidden motives which
made me so readily accept the offer of Ford, Oil and
Steel.

This has to do with that part of my nature, which,
when I am confronted with a desperate situation, makes
me immediately react by taking a positive action. Thus
it has been in chemistry. When I once dropped a
suspension (orcer) containing twenty-two credits and
a week's work, I did not sit down and cry, nor did I go
out and get drunk—as much as I wanted to. I just worked
that night and the next of the following two days until
the reaction stopped.

In this case, I was forced to do something about a
new set of conditions which I might have been able to avoid.

which were in fact had in track fields. Don't have
long but a certain amount of respect was a sufficient mine,
was accomplished through slowly by the ... it's also
enjoyable, but of course, not ... about ...
order. ... the ...
of ... as opposed to the ...
not ... which has ...
to the ...
invest ... lead to
a ...

... undoubtedly this motivation to participate in aiding
the soviet union, by doing something, was not just ...
at this ... had a great influence.

... to summarize then there were in addition to the
previously noted factors of gratitude to ...
desire to ... and the lack of ...
... about ...
under-the-surface ...
by holding the ... was ...
...
...
...
... to

I did not immediately begin to work with Reich's Office in 1935, as I had intended to do. Reich's proposal was not to be carried out until the summer of 1936, and I was not to be involved until then. In the interim, I was to be occupied with the task of the Reich's Office to go about copying the data in Reich's Office. Most of this was in the nature of voluminous black operator reports, and lineprints of equipment; and we soon found out that all the inquiries that the photo-copy costs would be prohibitive. I had to find a way to do this. We were very poor, but we just worked around (the one piece of information which I did get for the Soviet Union was a process for the manufacture of phosphoric acid from waste material and waste sulphuric acid; this was a relatively simple affair and I made all the necessary sketches and copied the essential ones myself).

When, in the late fall of 1935, I came to Philadelphia and Reich's Office told me that all of this work on effort was over - he would not be provided, by the Reich itself, with excellent facilities for getting information copied. All I had to do was to bring the material to New York. Best of all,

the man who was providing all of this service, a Russian
engineer from Moscow, who was to have been sent to
to the Soviet Union, and, after he had been sold to
the State, he had been working for the Soviet Union and the
information was to be used in the development of the
cold process.

* * * * *

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF ITALY

The history of the Republic of Italy is a history of a people who have been subjected to a long and arduous struggle for freedom and independence. The struggle has been fought on many fields, and the people have shown a remarkable courage and determination. The struggle has been fought against the tyranny of the papacy, against the foreign domination of the Holy Roman Empire, and against the oppressive rule of the various Italian states. The struggle has been fought for the sake of the people, and for the sake of the nation. The struggle has been fought for the sake of the truth, and for the sake of justice. The struggle has been fought for the sake of the future, and for the sake of the present. The struggle has been fought for the sake of the Republic, and for the sake of the people.

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... of ... or ...
... of ...
... for the ...
... the ...
... where I had ...
... I had to tell ...
... it was certain that
... of ...
... and
... and exciting was very wrong indeed - nothing could have been
more dreary. But, here is the curious fact:

... activity
ceased, after ...
ludicrous as it sounds. Even when, after 1948, I fell in love
with ... my mind was constantly occupied with
thoughts of ...
I do not get ...
carrying ...

... that
it ...

since I have very strong family ties and enormous world views
so that I am not used to a completely unattached person such
as he. "But you know, Bob," I said, "it is a funny matter
I still long for that life which now seems dead, over and
and, no hope, without recovery in the east." And, Bob replied,
"It is peculiar, is it not, even though it has caused me so much
grief and disaster in the last 14 years?" "No, there is no
mistake, once the time has been three months this week. I
had had enough of my too much in fact, and I only hoped that
no one would begin to explore the labyrinth of lies, treachery
and concealment which made up practically all of my adult
life. All that had to do was to pierce the thread and this whole
again would come unravelled. And, this is small, what occurred
in 1950.

There is another factor which enters into this
business of what will be my mind while I was engaged in
spying. It has to do with my one-track mind, a particularly
fortunate circumstance from the viewpoint of the Soviets. Here
in the 14 months...

... it was a mission I just completely subordinated
myself to the job of doing whatever it was. Delivering data
and myself. I did not, in a way, I did not, or wonder
it concerned me. I did not have a screen, such as I had in
the past, I had started out on a
trip, I had to get home, finally, now, and I had to, and
I had a single-mindedness, and to do a job. This is
really so. Probably this attitude was partly one of
but certainly, it was great and, above all, it was most
effective. Once the task was completed and I had
when the same process took place, but in reverse. I would
return to work and would become completely absorbed in it.
I would come away from it by all means of everything that had
occurred on the mission-- so perfect was my effort to forget
that it can best be illustrated by the fact that the FBI
has found in my papers a whole mass of approximately 1000 references
to this work: Missions (not submitted to me, but
later replaced by more recent ones); rough drafts of reports;
street maps of cities and purchases of books in such towns as
Cuba, Po, New Mexico, and Rochester, New York; railroad and

plans which had to be taken care of before the end of the year; and
contracts with the Soviet agents. Some of this I know
exists -- the committee did make no effort to destroy it --
and I had to find out the extent of the volume of this material.
The list of names referred to this case of 1946, as I
"Willing to be a slave" (which that name character is always
going to all out by never loss). Also, it has not occurred
to me until recently, that possibly the use of such a
strategy, to be able to get the information about to and
in targeting and helping, release the situation. Undoubtedly
too, by contrast to the price of the expenses of the trip
was not making, obviously, a desire to save the people of
the Soviet Union, and it may also have been a desire
to inspect the situation; the will associated with
cases.

... line, there was this factor. After a long so
years with it and a closed it will always be, in
making a living, as a living. And, as I have stated before,
it was all a matter of practice to make up for my shortsighted
ability for any lack of progress in the work (finished or real),
plot in the system of work, via contact with the Soviet Union,
which, in the course of the year, (I am sure, it was a matter of

that I had not been at school, and I was not in
either course of increasing my knowledge of the history
and, therefore, I was not a two-fold citizen, results which were
(possibly) unimpeachable.

There, I was particularly glad and this was, as
I have said, and making too greatly with me to do
I had done so that possible consequences to me should they
be disclosed;

At the same time, I would like to see a large amount of
over-sight that it is very easy for me to take this off
for a trip - the questions were asked about any suspicion
obtained to my address. Thus, the Soviet Union work
and my legitimate pursuits all too neatly complemented each other.

It may even be, considering the above factors,
that I actually did not spend too much time thinking about
the Soviet Union and that I shall discuss in the
two following sections.

There, I was not at school until
early 1940; I was specially engaged in my work; then when
I suddenly and abruptly lost contact with it for the next year

years there were no successful attempts to re-establish contact
(see the report by SAC [redacted] in the fall of 1951). During
this four year period, for the first time, I had the leisure
to reflect on the cause to evaluate the damage I had done, ^{or rather} to
A full depth. I was involved in this affair, and, in addition,
to come to a realistic and sobering realization that it had
all been such a tragic and irreparable mistake.

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... .. is divided into two categories, early and late; the early one refers to those who were actively engaged in working with the USSR from 1935 to 1946; the late one covers all the time to follow in the years from 1946 to the present as a live and permanent state.

This section will consider the early double and thereby be considered as essentially past. There are two principal ones:

1. The earliest persecution of Catholics and the extermination of their religion in the Soviet Union. since the and it was all too obvious that they were not only completely atheistic, but militantly opposed to all religion, and to Catholicism in particular. This was readily apparent in their crude jokes at the expense of the Pope and in their jokes at religion as "the" This liberally would to,,

of the Catholic Church, which was a direct result of the economic work in
the city, and the fact that the Catholic Church was the only one that
could provide a religious life for people. It was, though, a
university that was a direct result of the economic work, and that
did not exist in the city. It was the only Catholic realization
that if one could not (Catholicism) could be converted, so
could another, say, a woman, and the thought that Catholicism
was actually, in fact, a large concentration of work for those
loyal to the Catholic Church to cling to their beliefs.

It is, in fact, when I began to work with the Catholic
and other and to be mentioned these objections. The Catholic
and other both said that the severe measures were necessary
because of the existing plotting of the Catholic hierarchy
with all of the reactionary elements, and that, when these
ceased, the Catholics would be permitted to worship in peace.
They both added that freedom of all religions and nationalities
was an integral part of the Soviet constitution and quoted me
from dissertations by Lenin and Stalin on this subject. And,
therefore, the Catholic Church was the only country in the world where anti-Semitism

was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was not a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law.

It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law.

The incident: I decided to refresh myself in the calculus. I decided to refresh myself in the calculus. I decided to refresh myself in the calculus. I decided to refresh myself in the calculus.

It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law. It was a crime of passion in the eyes of the law.

things were going well after, we would agree that the results were like we had wished to be raised in the obvious non-way of the... conclusions; a just good argument.

...ing, when Russia was attacked by Germany on June 22, 1941, there came a period in which very many "white" Russians returned to their native land, regardless of prior tribal differences, and many orthodox Russian churches were again opened in Moscow and elsewhere, and this, I must say, very happy.

I... I have spoken before of one closely knit family out of Siberia, at the Soviet concept of a separation of a child from its family, with the child being raised in a nursery while the mother worked. And the... were closed-mouth about their personal lives (and I had been taught not to pry) but SU... and... and... spoke with great pride of their lives and their children, and... elaborate... the great plans... of the young... the... was that... a little boy and a little girl, with the latter... "Viktor",... in...

of her behavior on the day that she was and was indeed
to strikingly resemble the earlier Mass (before 1933), of
Trenkova and Kuznetsov, as admitted by the Soviets to
be totally responsible and stringent restrictions were put into
effect to prevent the separation of a man and his wife, very
difficult.

My mother's constant pondering over at the
fact that a child could "not look like in the eye, nor of
himself with any respect" troubled her no end. My father was
constantly reassured by the Russians that the data I obtained
could be secured no other way. I shall speak of this again
in the discussion of my relationship with Trenkova, before the
LAC. So, I suffered by doubts in the horrible mistaken idea
that "she did just like she means".

This one idea bothered me more than any of
the others. I had to do with the serious scientific work of
inventive in electrical engineering research, and the utter horror
of my pioneering efforts in that field.

From the very first, in 1933, I was instructed

...
... processes already in successful
operation for the most part; and the others who
followed him ... said that they not only repaired,
but absolutely invented each only in the ...
... successful and proved operations ...
... the ... process to be
very superior, still was only in the experimental stage.
On several occasions, when I made efforts to ...
... in independent production, I
would have ... things ...
...
...

... there is added to this their absolute
command of a high technological skill, I ...
... this lack of ... spirit in ...
... . For example, as I had worked, at ... and
at the ... I was always given a free rein as
regards the ... in the laboratory. And
so completely was I ... that I began to
be But, I was told that the Soviet
Union was so desperately in need of chemical processes that
they would ... on the ...

... it is preferable to have a process which operated at an 80 per cent efficiency, and did so every day, before problems arise, than to have a process which might also yield only 15 per cent.

... it is not only a matter of confidence, but that in the Soviet Union basic research was expanded to a much wider scale than in the United States, where the emphasis is on applied research. It is said, "Here in the U.S. the scientific pursuit is carried out only in order to obtain data, regardless of its future utility." It is only carried out in universities and in obscure laboratories in a few widely scattered Government sections; but in Russia, the government building up a knowledge of such data (without which no research at all is possible) is part of a vast, unrelenting, overall plan and is looked on as the most highly prized of all scientific efforts (which it should be)."

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number of ... Russia, and ... the signing
of the ... were of a pattern, and so were
the ... to my objectives. ... first,
the ... country, ... superior
in ... was ...
van of the ...
terrible ... that the war ... taken
place, but ... actual, ... it wanted
to protect ... its ...
idea, this ... the ...
laughed uproariously when I told him ...
feel, ... you too have been taken ...
frantic ...
what ...
world is time, ... get ready, ... build up our
military ... when the proper ... you'll see,
we'll ...
one ...
...
...
... stand ...

... I saw the person in question, and I
knew that it was ... I described
him to the ... and ...
... I never could ...
... an individual ...
... I ...
... I ...
... I ...
... I ...
... I ...

... I ...
... I ...
... I ...

... I ...
... I ...
... I ...

disappointing, the child's not going very poorly with the plan.
(a center of process to produce the long-delayed report on
dixie, equipment had not been kept), and the child's condition
seemed very, I think, also, for this morning I wanted to see how
them how had happened by, neither very, well, and I was mostly
convinced, to say in all, of what was, that in his work,
the usually excellent work had been very, indeed, regarding,
some, I think, in the end, and so, after I left him and went
to some station, I came to the determination to be through,
with this very end, and now all, I left him, I had some things,
I had some fifteen minutes for my train to Philadelphia and sat
down in the waiting room of the station. In between, I was
approached by a stranger, and the proceeds to verify it as a
"strike", a "hacker", a "scoundrel" and I had about \$200 and
money, robbery, plus a number of far more horrible epithets, &

Even though he was so obviously drunk I would
have stayed and talked to him because I could not afford
to be involved in a case in court - where I had absolutely
no business to be. So, I just walked away. But, as I did so,
as with my resolution to quit exploring events. It seemed all
the more necessary to walk out the door, and so, I did.

any discussion of the... to strengthen
the... which... such incidents could not occur. To
fight anti-Semitism... is... hopeless.

* * * * *

NO. 10 THE ...

1920

... before that only in this period,
... of the ...
... to assert that ...
... with the intention
...
... is sufficient
... all arose
... this year.

... in
... at
... hospital and concerned with my love
... possibility of ...
...
... the ...

...of the possibility of my escape and of my would
insure itself, and I will also try to liberate all among
of the terrible men that I had described as one that I decide.
But I was in prison, with a mind perfectly calm, and at last,
having disclosed every last secret and every parcel of
evidence, I can now think clearly - one thing about prison,
it's a great place in which to organize your thoughts and
to express them exactly.

...to be of them, with the a later doubt:

...again, concerning Catholics:

...after the war, the much hoped for repose never
occurred, and the situation only worsened. The persecution
of Catholics was intensified as was the destruction of churches;
and this was not only in the Soviet Union, but in all satellite
countries such as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

...during the these countries, the
intention, political and military, of such a...
horrible, and each event was always followed by
the setting up of a police state with the attendant concentration
camp... for... and... stationary

capitulation to Hitler. This that had to be done was to change
some lines of thought and to liberate nations of Hitler and
Nazism. Many a task of higher status could result in
seriously national organization that had started for the very
same time to set things to rights.

Through the two farical trials and subject confessions,
particularly in the various countries bordering on the
ovise lines, a political terror had been had troubled me
when it had occurred in the Soviet Union and is really a part
of my early work, but its re-occurrence in these other lands
made all too apparent that it was ^{all} part of a general technique
of terror. It actually would trouble me, would be all of
eight people were convicted by a "complete court" in Hungary,
with six being executed and two sentenced to life or hard labor;
and often the victims were so young and had, in the past, per-
formed excellent work for their native lands. Yes, I recalled,
for here was, in effect, exactly the same situation -- my
heart went out to these unfortunate. One quarter volume or
so of page seven of the newspaper, came all too alive for me.

It was, indeed, that of the remarkable incidents of justice

lands among, and the... a year or two ago... the
very simple idea, and... felt, and I... almost.

... the first, I was concerned with the idea
of the... of the... to the... ,
... which... the...
of this organization... recall... with which
... affairs. We both thought it was such a
great change... the... of...
... and... obstructive... of...
and... And as a... the... in fact,
this... of... and...
villification... of... such a
wonderful... to... the...
... and... of... I have
mentioned... in regard to the...
realize that... all... and that the
... that... of...
... once said,
"Enough is enough, even of a good thing" - and that was not a
good thing. It just went against the State as I was then,
... over... to...

... of all of
the ...
that ...
representing ...
children ...
of children ...
but ...
of Soviet ...
the ...
parody of ...
toist ...
unvicinment on biology ...
ideas, was ...

practical to, which was a... was a... so... the west
and then on... in... with a... of...
building... he was... an in-born
liking for... and... as his...
... it was... introduced
me to... and the world of the...

... was a small, dark... and
was a... in... the
only... never... still,
as with the other... to respect his... to get
results (in this... work) — albeit... in his case.

... to... considered... of all
the... which... (that...
on several... as I heard... use the aliases of...
PINO... and... was about my height, but had a heavier
bone structure... He had a... complexion,
almost...-like... texture, black... eyes, and a
really... and... was the only one of
the... he could have passed for an... (possibly
on account of the... of his stay... in

... in the way ...
... are probably ...
... with ...
... and ...
... the press ...
... (a ...)
... regarding ...

... would ...
... particularly ...
... indeed ...
... (...) ...
... very ...
... it ...

radical demands upon the social structure of the Proce
the United States, and upon the social structure of the
and not one of them, in Russia and her dependencies and in
the United States, or in any other part of the world.

It is the conclusion I have arrived
at concerning the fact below, is incorrect, but certainly
this should be noted.

It has been said since this work was a
drudgery for me, but it was even more so for me. His whole
life was a succession of walking apprehensively on street
corners in New York and in various other cities, and in all
sorts of weather, and in places which were either filthy and sometimes
extremely noisy, and in shops and restaurants;
and, finally, planning with the catamount various people.

It is my opinion that I have agreed with me in this respect, and
at the same time, they believe that I was as honest and
very able in the way in which I have indicated that they have had some
other confirmation of this, in addition to my statements).

or you should want to come -- go home and spend some time with your family. This is an order, Mike, I will not let you that someone else should not start out in no one and to just to talk to him. He is his things and doesn't care how often you will trip. He has a ³/₄ private jet, company and you will see his laughing, no, of course, so I'm glad to see you. He will with his trash and everything, -- even if he's in the field tomorrow (since he says will) and I'm forgetting you to see the New York Liberty, etc.

All this was said in one pleasy breath. Then, Sam calmed down. "Good", he said, "he will go to the rooms ahead her (in the lobby of the Henry Hudson Hotel on 57th street and 5th Avenue) and have a few double Canadian Clubs and some wine, not than a drink and you in a cab and personally see that you get on a train for Philadelphia. Better yet, I shall buy you a parlor car and some Corona or one of those. No at this.

And, it was right -- in two weeks all two months later, you will have a month of wedding and you'll be in

part, that the... finally reached by... and

... incident. ... periodically
that about the... family
... in particular, ...
left for... he became especially...
and cried... to cut down on my... his
... over the... and his wife
and family... he realized... of this
... it's not natural or good...
... and you... and...
find some solution to this problem. Obviously you...
take on the... and still do the
work... that our people will... and
sacrifice you... . So, as much as it is possible,
you will... for all... in this...
and completely... . And you can
then go... and... in the...
(... you...), ...
nice and... and have..."

... I could not go
on in spite of that indefinitely -- I had already
been in it for long -- it was not only an
order, but a slip road, even possible, not even
one of the best of the exposure work. Now might
be the...

... it is possible too, that this represented looking
for a suitable ... to tell ... and
... of the ... was
married to a red-headed woman and was the father of twins.
Ironically, this was the first clue that led me to me.
Only slip the ... to ... confidence
in ... -- ...
... should appear as a ... for the
real purpose of ... my true identity and to give the
evidence of ... which a single ... could not.

... would ... of
information ... way ... necessary.
... was as ever there ... great
... all ... will be

and to try to bring back and forth through all countries.
You will see, it is to be done and will have all of your
and interest. I am sure you will be so glad to see it -- as
we'll have a national party and will have a big success and
more. The world will have a good time."

... of the magazine, even now, as to whether this was
all part of a public confidence. I am sure that it was
trying to get the picture back to himself did not believe in
a just don't know. I have stated that it was sincere, and once
again I do not think that it is estimate of him is a mistake.
yet, I wonder. Was it all part of a self-credo policy?

... undoubtedly he would offer himself to ...
... and would say that they were well. ... the matter of
the doubtless, and fully ... and ...
... of the situation ... involved ... coming
... that I would have enough money for
expenses to ... and ...
... will the ...

at a considerable time and sacrifice. I have said any time
that I would do just about anything, and possibly I did, but
this is the kind of unheroic deed which, at least to me,
clearly, understood what there is no element of heroism,
honor, which is only in unheroic, stable, plain that I
could have done the same that I did.

I am not sure, perhaps, she was a candidate for
the kind of a life which was very hard, just
after my death, but I know for the time the effort did
very big. In spite of that year I failed to keep on a boat trip
in New York which I could only when I see him the last time,
he respectfully told me that he did not want to go there
because he had to go -- they had planned that to make all
have a fast funeral to take to other at the same time and day.
I had
1944, on the occasion of 1944, I had to go to a meeting in
SEVERAL, which is now a fact that they were there to do, for
the.

I am not sure whether I had to identify
him. I had a 12 years old photograph, that made

and that (amalgam) of individuals are identifiable. God knows
also that I am not to be considered. For, as ^{of the} ~~the~~
possibilities are infinite, what is the probability that there are
any two individuals in the world who are indistinguishable?
To think of human beings as identifiable is to

— read a few works on philosophy —

to be sure. He has no doubt, but the only one who could be
so easily identified is the only one who could be identified
that is, the only one who is not identifiable. He would
only be identifiable with a characteristic notice — a name even
been told by a member of the FBI, who had tracked down
steadily for a period of one and a half years, that I had
succeeded in identifying a very good photograph of the
Government has to after has failed, and after a detailed
description of "John" of a startlingly like-like quality which
had made their identification very easy. While this is an
unpleasantly of course, here the relationship was the of of
the affair.

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so easily identified is the only one who could be identified