

for the Wehrmacht command. Churchill prevented Canaris and the Wehrmacht from dumping Hitler. The United States under Hitler would not have such an opportunity to neglect. Either the process is stopped before it begins, or the whole business will run its course to the end, and no one will be able to stop it by any means short of total thermonuclear war.

We must stop London now at all costs. We can count only weeks at our disposal. The destabilization of Italy, of France, of West Germany, undertakings which London

already has visibly in process, combined with the installation of Miller in the Federal Reserve system, and the countdown begins with no visible opportunity ahead for stopping it.

If Moscow would come quickly to its senses and help to prevent such a catastrophe in the weeks remaining for this purpose, we would have a vastly improved possibility for saving the human race from a hell which is beyond almost anyone's power to imagine it.

London Press: Philby Is Still Ours

Back-to-back articles this week in the London Guardian and the London Times openly boasted that "Kim" Philby, the leading British deep penetration agent into Soviet intelligence who was exposed by EIR in late 1977, has in fact been serving Her Majesty from his post at the KGB for years.

Following are reprints of the two articles.

Britain's Guardian printed this article, entitled "How Many Stars for Our Spies?" on Feb. 1:

Spies get no public recognition, except when they fail, so that *Time* magazine's idea of awarding stars to espionage services, as Michelin does to restaurants, should do much to raise standards within the profession and encourage traffic in a better class of secret. The idea, though, is crisper than the execution. Britain gets the top four-star rating — rightly, assuming Philby was not a double agent but a treble agent, working for "M" even now — and so, by any standard, must the Soviet Union. But does either the United States or Israel, the only other countries so honoured, deserve to be in the four-star list? In the CIA's case especially it is easy to judge because all its affairs are conducted in public. Its daily appearances at Congressional hearings to announce what plans it has stolen, what regimes toppled, since the day before have been frankly unimpressive. Nor does its award distinguish between quantity and quality as Michelin would distinguish in approaching, say *Le Perdreau Rôti aux Herbes*. If every agent files everything from every outpost in the world the total of facts is magnificent, but is it intelligence? Or is it not merely le pudding de collège? Israel certainly has the reputation for sound intelligence, partly because its operatives speak English just broken enough to sound sinister. But if Israel really knew Sadat was coming, why had it not done some work beforehand? Why was Begin caught off balance?

If *Time* is to make its awards an annual event it must adopt more convincing criteria. Who are the judges? How are they empanelled? Are they active in the field, knowing which trails are hottest, or are they long retired? The idea of recognising merit is a good one. We do it in journalism, and doubtless there will soon be a permanent Under Sec. of the Year. But a man must be judged by his peers in these matters, and a spy who is well known to the trade surely cannot be a very good one.

"A Few Home Truths about Philby's Silent War" by Robert Cecil, printed in the London Times of Feb. 2, follows in full:

Interest in the three spies—Philby, Maclean, and Burgess — has been well sustained. They have been fortunate in the era into which they were born. Time was when spying was regarded as disreputable and treachery was relegated to dishonoured silence, but we live today amid shifting values and declining standards of public and private morality. It is a climate in which the anti-hero can flourish, especially the anti-hero who makes a fool of the "establishment."

Interest in the case has also been inflated by official reticence, which has left gaps in the story where gossip and speculation take root. In default of an authoritative account of what occurred, we are in danger of accepting at face value the glib evasions and half-truths of Philby himself. His book *My Silent War* was described by Graham Greene as "far more gripping than any novel of espionage I can remember." Unfortunately the public, including many who should know better, have not read the book as a novel, and it is all the more likely to be accepted as fact because SIS archives are unlikely to be published. An obligation to supply a corrective therefore rests upon those whose first hand experience enables them to straighten at least some of the "facts" that Philby has twisted.

Philby's book was composed in Moscow, when his double life was over and he could no longer combine the pleasure of living in a free society with the masochistic satisfaction of secretly working to destroy it. The hard realities of communist regimentation had at last caught up with him and, in retrospect, he naturally sought to glamorize his past life as a Soviet agent. His book also had to serve the disruptive aims of his Soviet masters by promoting the ideological struggle, extolling the virtues of the KGB and, above all holding up to derision the British and American counterespionage services and aggravating mistrust between them. This explains why his masters permitted him to write the book, it fails to explain why so many of his readers in the free world have apparently taken it as face value.

There are numerous passages in the book where facts have been twisted, but in what follows I propose to concentrate on one phase, which I observed myself, namely Philby's takeover of section IX of SIS, the section

that he built up ostensibly against world communism. I was transferred to SIS in September, 1943, as Foreign Office liaison officer, taking the place of Patrick Reilly (now Sir Patrick), who had been transferred to liberated Algiers. The post carried the designation PA-CSS, or personal assistant to "C," the head of the secret service. Shortly afterwards, a naval officer, Chris Arnold-Foster, was added to Sir Stewart Menzies's staff from within SIS with the designation CPA, or chief personal assistant (not PSO, as Philby writes). His primary task was to improve relations with MI5 and SOE. The latter secret organization had been taken as a rib out of the side of SIS and had objectives in the field that were sometimes in conflict with those of the parent organization. In comparison, relations with MI5 under Sir David Petris were reasonably good; the striking success of British counter-espionage during the war was, in the main, the result of loyal cooperation. Later friction between SIS and MI5, some of it exaggerated by the Philby case, has led some commentators to exaggerate wartime rivalry.

During the year before my transfer to SIS I had been assistant private secretary to the permanent Undersecretary, Sir Alexander Cadogan, whose office provided liaison between the Foreign Service and all the secret organizations. I was therefore well aware that there were two feathers in the cap of SIS: one was the skilful deciphering by the government code and cipher school at Bletchley, of which "C" was the nominal head, of enemy diplomatic and military communications. The other was the adroit use to which this and other material was put in the neutral Iberian peninsula by section V of SIS, which was getting the better of its opposite number, the Abwehr (German military intelligence). All counter-espionage was nominally directed by Valentine Vivian, who was designated DCSS, or Deputy to "C", but since 1941 section V had been headed by Felix Cowgill and it was in large measure due to his drive and energy that so much success had been achieved. Cowgill, who had earned his reputation as an anti-communist expert in India, had joined SIS early in 1939 in the expectation that he would eventually succeed Vivian, who was a much older man. As war against Germany loomed, both men directed their efforts against that country, the anti-communist work was relegated to a small records section, which was later to provide the nucleus of section IX.

Kim Philby headed the Iberian subsection of V and I was soon able to verify the favourable reports that had reached me before I moved into Broadway building. He was keen, hard working and attentive to detail, unlike some of his colleagues. He preferred argument to confrontation and his stammer and disarming smile inclined one to listen to his arguments. He was not above showing at times a certain obsequiousness, which seemed to derive from genuine modesty. These wiles he employed with particular effect in his relations with Vivian and Arnold-Foster. In the period before 1943, when V was still housed in St. Albans, Philby often travelled to London with Vivian in the latter's car and these journeys provided opportunities for discreet discussion of colleagues' weak points. It was a period when Vivian increasingly resented the initiative and independence shown by

Cowgill, beside whom the DCSS was becoming a less and less substantial figure.

The chapter in which Philby describes how he ousted Cowgill from succession to IX begins: "Long before the end of the war with Germany, senior officers in the SIS began to turn their thoughts towards the next enemy." The intention of this sentence is, of course, to imply that resources were being diverted against the USSR at a time when that country was still fighting on our side against Hitler. Philby is too cautious to supply any exact date, but he succeeds in placing the events in the summer of 1943 by adding the following: "The next step was to canvas the Foreign Office... a system was introduced in wartime whereby the foreign office seconded one of their officials for working in Broadway... The first member... to be seconded was Patrick Reilly, and he was still at his post in Broadway at the time at which I write." The fact is, however, that Reilly had left the SIS nearly a year before the question of reactivating IX was canvassed. Nor was an approach made to the Foreign Office, which was not required to approve staff changes within SIS. Philby's shifting of the date simply is a piece of cold war polemics.

The fact is that Cowgill has persistently advocated postponement of the buildup of IX until he had completed his commitment to the armed forces, by setting up in liberated Europe special counterintelligence units. In pursuance of this aim, he was absent from London on a tour of duty when the intrigue against him came to a head. It was October, 1944 that he returned to find on his desk a routine office circular to the effect that Philby would become head of a reconstituted section of IX in the following month. After Cowgill's resignation V was taken over by Tim Milne, who had been at Westminster with Philby, and his colleagues in V. Philby omits this fact and merely describes himself as having later headed both sections.

Towards the end of an exceptionally misleading chapter Philby observes: "Within a few days, I was taking over... I suggested to the chief that, to regularize the position of the new section IX, I should draft myself a charter for his signature. I cannot remember its exact wording." Here again, my memory serves me rather better than Philby's, his draft came to me late in February or early March, 1945. While SIS staff changes did not require the prior approval of the Foreign Office, approval was required for any changes in the direction of work, especially where there was a financial commitment for the future. The proposals submitted by Vivian and Philby did not impress me at all favourably. It seemed to me (though hindsight considered it may be thought politically naive to admit it) that an apparatus as large as that recommended might in the postwar world prove unnecessary. I was also critical of what seemed to me to be undue demands for "cover." The practice had been adopted before the war of using the post of passport control officer to protect counter espionage officers serving abroad. During the war the use of "cover" had expanded to a degree that was not relished by some diplomatic and consular officers, who hoped that the practice would be restrained after the war. I sent the

draft back to its authors.

Some effort of historical imagination is needed to understand the thinking of those of us who, unlike Philby, were not already committed to the pursuit of the Cold War. Between the growing pessimism of Churchill and the relative optimism of Roosevelt there was room for a considerable variety of intermediate opinions. Many harboured the belief that, if once the Russians became committed to the United Nations, it might be possible to build the world free from want and fear, of which the Atlantic Charter had spoken. Philby's "Charter" belonged to a very different world, the world of the secret agent and of the ideological struggle.

My rejection of Philby's draft caused perturbation. He and Vivian appeared in my room within a few hours and put their case in strong terms. Philby, reasonable as ever, produced the most cogent argument: surely, he said, if there was disagreement, the Foreign Office should be allowed to decide. The proposals, with a few minor modifications, were duly sent. I never saw the reply. I had already been notified of my transfer to

Washington and by April 1945 I was in the mid Atlantic. I can well understand that this episode finds no place in Philby's memoir. He has a stomach that no amount of hypocrisy can turn, even so, for his protagonist of the "peace loving peoples," "democracies" to have insisted on a larger Cold War apparatus, when he might have opted for a smaller one must have given him a queasy moment.

I only once saw Philby again. We met briefly in St. James Park one murky afternoon in the late autumn of 1952. He was out of a job, because his friendship with Burgess had linked him with the flight to Moscow in May 1951 of Burgess and Maclean. I was in London because I had taken over Maclean's post as head of the American Department. I knew that Philby was under suspicion but I was not privy to the investigation that was going on. He wore the hang-dog expression that went well with his predicament and, as usual, acted beyond reproach. We exchanged a few words and, as we parted, he smiled the wan smile of the unjustly accused.