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Edward Shils: Scientists, Administrators, and Politicians
An Interview with Governor Val Peterson
Donald Monson: Is Dispersal Obsolete?

BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS

Founded in 1945 by
Hyman H. Goldsmith and
Eugene Rabinowitch

"It is our solemn obligation, I think, to lift our eyes above the lesser problems that seem to monopolize our time and to discuss and act upon what, by any standard, is the supreme problem before our country and the world."—SENATOR BRIEN MCMAHON

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Security Risk

LEO SZILARD



Early in 1939, Dr. Szilard took the initiative in an attempt to induce physicists in America, England, France, and Denmark to withhold from publication all papers relating to atomic energy. His own paper on the possibility of maintaining a chain reaction in a system composed of graphite and uranium was the first one withheld. This paper was withheld at the request of the government, but it took months of hard work to elicit such a request. After the war Dr. Szilard was one of the few who counseled against the publication of the Smyth Report, because he thought it detrimental to the national security. Today he is no less concerned about the real requirements of security, but the formal way in which these requirements are frequently handled in utter disregard of common sense offends his sense of proportions. Two years ago, he wrote a satire on this subject for his own amusement with no thought of publication; following the revocation of Dr. Oppenheimer's clearance, however, he made the manuscript available to the Bulletin.

BELOW is the self-explanatory text of a letter written to Dick by Bill under dateline of Washington, D.C., September 15, 1956.

MY DEAR DICK:

I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have to write you this letter. My wife and I have been looking forward so much to your moving to Washington where we hoped to see you and Betty on many occasions. Also, I know how eager you have been to get this position in the State Department. A man of your special experience is bitterly needed here just now, and everybody in the Department knew you would do a good job. But now, alas, it will not come to pass.

As I wrote you last week, your security clearance came through at last. It is a shame you had to wait for over a year. It does not usually take this long, but your case was somewhat exceptional.

Mostly the FBI is able to dig up some adverse information which, upon further investigation, turns out to be of no significance. In your case, however, they drew an absolute blank. Among all the numerous organizations which you joined, none has ever come under suspicion. Among all the groups you ever addressed, none was objectionable. None of the girls with whom you kept company in New York before you met Betty were even a pale shade of pink, and finally, when you married Betty, who is a Catholic, you became a Catholic yourself.

Curiously enough, it was this very perfection of the record which caused suspicion. Some of the men in our security division made quite a fuss. They said that when the war ended, Russia must have redoubled her efforts toward prying into our secrets; yet not one single spy has been discovered to be active in the whole postwar period in the Department. How can that be? Why, the Russians must have more spies working for them now than ever before! If we can't find them, it must be because these spies are under strict orders to avoid any and all affiliations that

might make them suspect. Unless you were under such orders, how come you have such a perfect record?

Because this question was raised, a second investigation was ordered which brought to light evidence that enabled us to clear you at last. It turned out that among the many foreign pictures which you went to see (you seem to be quite a movie fan) there were several Russian pictures. I was able to convince Security that no spy, under strict orders to avoid all suspicion, would go to see Russian pictures.

But, now after all this, a new difficulty has arisen, and I see no way to overcome it. The regulations regarding security clearance were amended this week; and under the new regulations, which will be promulgated next month, no one who has five or more children can hold a position in the Department. According to the security questionnaire which you submitted, you have six children.

I know you will feel this is terribly unjust, and naturally we owe you a full explanation. You will see, however, that the new regulation is not without justification in these times when we cannot be too careful in safeguarding the nation's secrets.

As you know, ever since the end of the war the Department has gradually tightened the rules under which clearance may be granted. At first only those were excluded who in the past had been Communists or had associated with Communists. I am sure you know all that I could say to you on this score. But the Department is not concerned with possible disloyalty only; those who are loyal but exposed to blackmail are security risks also and must not be employed.

Take homosexuals for instance. If a Russian agent discovered an employee of the Department to be a homosexual, he could blackmail him by threatening to expose him. The disclosure that the man was a homosexual would, of course, lead to his instant dismissal. Faced with the threat of losing his job, a man might agree to become a spy for the Russians. Therefore, it is of great concern to

us that in spite of our best efforts many homosexuals in the Department remain undiscovered.

Your friend Szilard says that we fire homosexuals because they can be blackmailed but they can be blackmailed only because we fire them if we discover them. He says, "Why don't you simply publish once a month a list of known homosexuals on your payroll and let it go at that? Clearly those whose names you have made public can no longer be blackmailed. Moreover, by keeping an eye on them, the others will soon be detected also."

I must confess that with Szilard, I never know when he is serious and when he is joking, and I suspect that often he does not know himself.

But now I must not digress any longer, and shall turn to your own case.

For over a year we have known that top secret documents were missing in the Department. Some were documents to which only about a dozen of our men had access. One of the men must have been the culprit, but Nelson was the very last to be suspected and, in fact, was the last one to be questioned. When he was questioned, he confessed at once and told us his story—and a very frightening story it was. I believe that you should have a verbatim transcript and here it is.

★ ★ ★

"I received a phone call from Paul in the Security Division just as I was about to go out to lunch. Could I drop in for a minute—he wanted to know. 'Look here, this is most embarrassing,' Paul said, when I got to his office. 'I just saw Bill Taylor. He is a friend of yours, is he not? Well, he is rather friendly with Senator Curtis, as you know. The Senator showed him some exceedingly damaging information about a man named Fred Nelson. He was pretty sure that you were this man, and wanted to raise the issue on the Senate floor today. Taylor persuaded him to hold his hand and to give the Department a chance to look into the matter, on condition that in the meantime you shall be barred from secret documents. There is, of course, no doubt in my mind that we shall be able to clear up the matter as soon as we have a chance to investigate. It is probably a case of mistaken identity. The best thing for you to do now, is to go home and I shall arrange that you be listed as on vacation. I am told your family is up in Vermont and you wanted to join them. Well, you just start your vacation a week earlier. There will be no one, outside of a few people in Security, who will know what is up.'

"I was not overly concerned, though it upset my vacation plans. I thanked Paul, went out for lunch, and then went home.

"I was hardly home an hour when the telephone rang. It was, or seemed to be, a pal of my Princeton days. The man said he was in Washington just for the day after a long stay abroad. His name was Ted Jones, which sounded vaguely familiar to me. I did not care to admit that my recollection of this friendship was none too vivid, and so I invited him up for a drink.

"When the doorbell rang there were two men there, a tall one and a short one. 'Fred, this is Williamson,' said the tall one. 'You may have met him at Princeton; we were freshmen the year he graduated. I ran into him after I telephoned you and thought I would bring him along; it will be fun to exchange memories of our school days.' 'May I first use the telephone for a moment?' said Williamson.

"I showed him into the library and while he telephoned I showed Jones into the study and poured him a drink.

"I was sorry to hear you were asked to stay away from

your office today,' said Jones without touching his drink. What the hell, I thought in some alarm; how does he know about that; no one was supposed to know but the Security boys. Are you with Security? I asked. 'I am in the Security Division of the Russian Foreign Office,' he said. I thought this was a joke in very poor taste, but then I am not a spoil-sport and so I said: I did not know that that career was open to Princeton graduates. 'What makes you think I am a Princeton graduate,' he asked. I did not know what to make of this and looked confused. 'Pour yourself a drink,' Jones said. 'You will need it: and then, let's get down to business. I shall be frank with you and make it as easy for you as I can.' What the hell is this, I said, by now ready to lose my temper. 'I am a Russian agent,' he said, 'and I am here to strike a bargain. If you cooperate, the accusation against you will be cleared up within a few days as a case of mistaken identity and your record will remain free from any blemish. If you don't, the accusation will develop into one of the great political scandals which might even affect the outcome of the elections. You are a Democrat, are you not? You can't get away with a frame-up, I said. 'Can't we?' he replied. 'Look here, my good man, your membership card in the Party dates back over five years. Do you want to see it?' He showed me a card with my signature. It looked genuine enough, at least to my eyes, though, of course, it was a forgery. 'Don't you think we can put this some place where the FBI will find it? It may take them three weeks or a month, before they find it, I will admit, but find it they will. And how will you explain away the minutes of more than a dozen Communist meetings with your speeches taken down in shorthand, unmistakably recognizable as yours by your little mannerisms?'

"I still did not grasp what was happening and said: But I have never been to any Communist meeting in my life. 'Of course you haven't,' he said. 'You seem to be rather naive for the father of six children.' This was the first time he mentioned my children.

"All right, I said, I'll tell you what I am going to do first thing in the morning. I shall just go to Security and tell them what you told me and that will be that.

"And pray what will happen then?" said Jones. 'Just think, for a minute: you are under accusation—Senator Curtis will say—and you are trying to clear yourself by telling a cock-and-bull story about Russian agents who are Princeton graduates. If you do not cooperate with us, there will be no case of mistaken identity, of this one thing, you may be sure. Even if Security believed you and I personally do not think they will, could they stand up to Curtis? You have responsibilities to your family. You are a grown-up man. Don't be a fool.'

"I must have been silent for quite a while, but at last, I asked: What do you want me to do? 'Very little,' he said. 'We do not want you to give us secret information, just everything that passes your desk that is not confidential. You know yourself how trivial all that stuff is, you do not damage your country in the least by giving it to us and you are rendering a patriotic service to your own party by averting a scandal just before election time. And one more thing,' he continued, 'We are going to pay you \$300 a month.' I certainly won't touch your money, I said.

"You have no choice in the matter," said he. 'We are playing this game according to our rules not yours.'

"Well, I said, what would be the next step?"

"You think this over after we are gone. If you are willing to play ball, you send us by tomorrow noon, a telegram signed Joe to this address in Vienna.' And with

this he handed me a card. 'The text of the telegram is irrelevant, you suit yourself. If we get the telegram, we shall contact you again. If you choose to be ruined, you need not bother to wire us, of course.'

"Where is Williamson? I asked, suddenly remembering him.

"In the library, where you put him,' he said. 'Williamson is too discreet to butt in.'

"I walked into the library, and saw the short one sitting in an arm chair reading *King Lear*. 'Are we through?' he said. 'Just about,' said Jones.

"One more thing,' said Williamson, turning to me. 'You are in trouble, and by force of habit your first impulse will be to contact your lawyer, but this is just the one thing you must not do. You have a choice now and you can think it over until tomorrow noon. But once you speak to your lawyer you have made your choice. Your lawyer can take only one course and that is to go to the FBI. If you think this over you will see that I am right about this. Goodbye and good luck.'

"As soon as they left I made a dash for the door. If I can catch them, I thought, I have the evidence I need. The door was locked. I rattled on the knob for a minute or so to no avail and then I walked over to the telephone. I expected the line to be dead but it was not. I dialed operator to call the police but there was no answer. After five minutes of waiting, I tried the door again and to my surprise, I found it open. I dashed down two flights and looked left and right but there was no one. I got into my car and drove over to my lawyer's office—he was gone for the day. By this time I had a splitting headache so I had a stiff drink and went to bed.

"When I awoke next morning, I knew perfectly well that the right thing to do was to go straight to Security and to take the consequences. I might have been sent to jail for not listing my alleged Communist Party membership in the affidavit I had submitted when I took the loyalty oath, but, I thought there would be a good chance that the jury would disagree. I was sure though that I would lose my job with the government and then, no job for which I was qualified would be open to me. My wife could work again as a secretary-stenographer, as she did before our marriage. We could move to a smaller house outside of town. I could be useful around the house and cut the grocery bill by growing our own vegetables. We had some savings and had we had two or even three, rather than six children, we could have made ends meet for awhile. But six children cost a lot of money; they cost too much money.



"When I figured out everything in dollars and cents, I saw that the choice was between letting my children starve or playing ball with Jones. It was an excruciatingly painful decision to make. I stood hours on end in front of the Western Union Office not able to decide what to do. I do not know that in fact I ever decided anything, but when the clock struck noon I walked in and wrote out a telegram. 'Goods ready for delivery,' it said, and it was signed 'Joe.'

"Two days later I was informed by Security that the accusation against me was based on mistaken identity, that my record was clear and would I please be in the office the next day for an important conference.

"One week after this Jones contacted me with instructions on how to transmit material to him. For the next three months, I carefully selected the most trivial and innocuous documents. It was difficult to see what earthly use any of them would be to the Russians, yet they never complained. Each month I received an envelope containing \$300 in \$100 bills.

"At the end of three months, Jones contacted me again. They have learned, he said, that I had access to top secret information, and they wanted that information. They wanted from me summaries of all secret documents that passed my desk and they also wanted the file numbers of these documents. The file number would enable them to check—so, he explained—through their other spies, whether I was selling them a bill of goods or playing fair.

"When I balked at this and told him to go ahead and frame me, he said: 'Oh, we are not going to frame you. You are a genuine spy now; you sold us information for hard cash. The penalty is fifteen years hard labor. Take your choice, if you please.'

"That's when I saw that I was trapped. I had no choice now but to give them what they wanted. My only consolation was that none of the top secret documents which passed my desk seemed to be much more important than the trivial stuff I had been sending them earlier. I was in no position to betray our foreign policy to the Russians, for I did not know what our policy was, and no one else in the Department, whom I knew, seemed to know either."

★ ★ ★

This, Dick, is Nelson's story.

When we in the Department realized that the Russians are in a position to blacken virtually anyone's name, if they wish to do so, we could not escape the conclusion that all employees of the Department are open to blackmail. Obviously, those who do not have a private income and depend for their livelihood on their salary are particularly vulnerable to blackmail of this kind.

Security thereupon proposed that only those who have an adequate private income be cleared for jobs in the Department. The Secretary, who was consulted about this felt, however, that this was not practicable. "It is true," he said, "that in England 70 per cent of the Foreign Office is drawn amongst Eton graduates, but this is not England and the people will not stand for this sort of thing over here." He agreed, however, that in view of the Nelson case, it would be wise to exclude men who have a large number of dependents.

In order to be on the safe side, it was decided to draw the limit at five children. Like all practical measures, this is of course a compromise and like all practical measures it causes hardship on occasions. Yet, this seemed to us to be the best we could do.

(Continued on page 398)

Editorial: People Must Know

(Continued from page 370)

and it would be a crime before humanity to withhold from general knowledge any information which may be helpful in arriving at a rational estimate of this danger.

The problem, in brief, is as follows: the development of any species of organisms, including man, occurs by little spontaneous changes (mutations) of the hereditary endowment carried by every representative of this species. As far as we know, these changes are random, and the only reason why they result in progressive evolution is the natural selection of those variations which make their carriers more viable, or more likely to leave progeny. High-energy radiations increase the frequency of mutations, without changing their randomness. A certain fraction (perhaps one per cent, perhaps more) of natural mutations of the higher animals, are due to naturally occurring radiations—the radioactivity of the rocks, the cosmic rays, etc. Each atomic bomb test adds to this steady radiation “background” a temporary “burst” which can be demonstrated in localities hundreds or thousands of miles away from the test site. The relative smallness of this additional radioactivity is the basis for reassuring statements, such as were made in a recent speech by Dr. Bugher (head of the Division of Medicine, AEC). Dr. Bugher’s speech was widely interpreted by the press as disposing of the fear of the hydrogen bomb as a possible danger to the human heredity. However, his statements applied only to consequences of tests of one (or a few) bombs, such as have been carried out, or may be carried out in the future, in Nevada or in the Pacific. They did *not* apply to an all-out atomic war, in which the radioactivity suddenly released into the atmosphere, may be thousands of times greater than that released in bomb tests. All-out atomic warfare is bound to increase significantly the natural rate of mutations over wide areas of the globe. What such a “burst” of mutations will do to the species now existing on earth, cannot be predicted with certainty, but it will do *something*, and, most likely, some-

thing bad. Most authoritative geneticists, such as H. J. Muller (who received the Nobel Prize for the discovery of radiation effects on heredity), and A. H. Sturtevant, take a very dim view of the possible consequences. They believe that the selection mechanisms, which led to the establishment of the presently existing species, involved the selection of strains capable of the highest rate of natural mutations compatible with the good of the species. If this is so, then a small increase in the rate of mutations—perhaps, even the minute rise produced by atomic bomb tests, not to speak of the much greater effect of an all-out atomic war—may throw a monkey wrench into the delicately adjusted mechanism of the preservation of the species.

It is difficult to think of a subject of greater import for the whole of mankind. Whatever pertinent information can be derived, in this field, from observations made in connection with atomic weapons (and atomic power studies), *should not be kept classified*. Rather, the Atomic Energy Commission owes it to mankind to disseminate such information as widely as possible, and to stimulate its open discussion by geneticists and biologists all over the world. To permit mankind to stumble, without realizing all possible consequences, onto a course of action which may end in a slow but irreparable decay of the human race, constitutes the gravest moral responsibility any man or group of men can conceivably take upon themselves.

THE American nation has the right to obtain from its government, all the information needed to prepare intelligently for the defense of its cities, not only against blast and fire of an atomic war, but also against its radioactivity. Mankind as a whole has the right to all information which may help to evaluate the possible long-range hereditary effects of the use of atomic energy in peace and war. Occasional—and easily misunderstood—soothing statements about the absence of an acute danger are not enough.

—E.R.

L. Szilard: Security Risk

(Continued from page 386)

I am certain you will agree with me that these are times when we cannot be too careful, and I do not have to tell you how sorry I am that your own case falls into the newly prescribed category.

At a conference yesterday at the White House, I urged that the Department of Agriculture be exempt from the new regulations and this was accepted. So, if you think you might be interested in taking a position there, I would talk to Edgar, and I am certain he can find something for you. It will not be a position in which you can fully utilize your extraordinary knowledge and abilities, but at least we would have you down here in Washington, and many of us in the Department could draw informally on your experience and obtain your wise counsel when we are faced with difficult decisions.

Sincerely,

BILL

P.S. Perhaps I shouldn’t tell you this for it will only make you feel worse but I just had a phone call from Paul Smith in our Security Division and it turns out that Nelson’s story is fake. It seems the man is a dipsomaniac, and he had one of his drinking spells when he was questioned by Security. He invented the story at the drop of a hat; it was one of those confabulations. It is true, of course, that he was asked to keep away from the office for a few days while his case was being investigated, but Security has incontrovertible evidence that his was a case of mistaken identity and that another man named Fred Nelson was a Communist. Incidentally, the missing documents turned up today; they had been misfiled it seems.

Unfortunately, Security is unwilling to recommend that the new regulations be revoked. They say it is irrelevant that Nelson has not been framed and blackmailed. The point is that undoubtedly he would have acted just the way he had described it had he been in fact blackmailed. His story reflects the fears that actually haunted his mind, and clearly men who have such large families can more easily be blackmailed than those who have only one or two children.



Security Risk.

Insert 1. *on page 3*

The other day I was really mad at him. "What do you want" I said. The State does everything it can to safe guard the security of the nation." "Yes, he said, short of catching the spies and short of establishing peace."

Insert 3.

Security Risk.

I received a 'phone call from Paul in the Security Division just as I was about to go out to lunch. "Could I drop in for a minute before I left?" "Look here, this is most embarrassing," Paul said.

When I got to his office, he said: "I just had a 'phone call from Bill Taylor. He is your friend, is he not?" "Well, he is rather friendly with Senator Mc Carthy -- as you know." Mc Carthy showed him some exceedingly damaging information about a man named Fred Kelly. Mc Carthy was pretty sure that you are this man, Kelly and wanted to raise the issue on the Senate floor today. Taylor persuaded him to hold his head and to give the department a chance to look into the matter. Our orders are that in the mean time you shall be given no access to secret documents. This is quite unusual for Mc Carthy and shows that Bill has really a Hell of a lot of influence with him. There is, of course, no doubt in my mind that we shall be able to clear up the matter as soon as we have a chance to investigate. It is probably a case of mistaken identify. The best thing for you to do now, is just to go home and I shall arrange that you can be listed as on a vacation. You wanted to start your vacation in eight days anyway. Well, you start it just a week earlier. This way no one, outside of a few people in Security will know what is up. Mc Carthy promised to keep quiet for the next two weeks. I shall do my very best and with luck in a few days, your record will be as clear as ever.

I was not overly concerned, though it upset my vacation plans. I think _____ went out for lunch and then went home.

Security Risk.

January 1, 1954.

"He graduated the year we were freshmen. I ran into him after I telephoned to you and thought I would bring him along. He had to break a date in order to join us but I urged him to come along; it will be fun to exchange memories of our school days. May I first use the telephone for a moment?" said Williamson.

I showed him into the library and while he telephoned I showed Jones into the study and poured us a drink.

"I was sorry to hear you were asked to stay away from your office today," said Jones without touching his drink. "What the Hell?" I thought in some alarm. How does he know about that? No one was supposed to know but the security boys. "Are you with security," I asked. "I am in the security division of the Russian foreign office, he said." I thought this was a joke in very poor taste but then I am not a spoiled sport and so I said: "I did not know that that career was open to Princeton graduates." "What makes you think I am a Princeton graduate?" he said. I did not know what to make of this and looked confused. "Pour yourself a drink," Jones said, you will need it. "And then, let us get down to business." "I shall be frank with you and make it as easy as I can." "What the Hell is this" I said, ready by now to lose my temper. "I am a Russian agent he said and I am here to strike a bargain. If you co-operate with us the accusation against you will be cleared up within a few days as a case of mistaken identity and your record will remain free from any blemish. If you don't, the accusation will double up into one of the greatest political scandals which might even influence the outcome of the next election. You are a Democrat, are you not?" "You can't get away with a frame up" I said. "Can't we, he said. Look here, my good man, your membership card in the party dates back over five years. You want to see it?" He showed me a card with my signature. It looked genuine enough. At least to my eyes. "Don't you think we can put this some place where the F. B. I. will find it?" It may take them three weeks, a month, before they find it, I will admit, but find it they will. And how will you explain away the minutes of more than fifteen communistic meetings with your speeches taken down in shorthand, unmistakably recognizable as yours by your little mannerisms?"

I still did not grasp what was happening and said: "But I have never been at any communistic meeting in my life." "Of course you haven't. You seem to be rather naive for the father of six children." This was the first time he mentioned my children.

Security Risk.

"All right, I said, I'll tell you what I am going to do first thing in the morning. I will just go to the Security Division and tell them what you told me and that will be that."

"And pray what will happen then?" "Just think, for a minute." You are now under accusation. I told you only of half of the evidence we have gathered against you. The other half is in Senator McCarthy's hands. You are under accusation -- Mc Carthy will say and you are trying to clear yourself by telling a cock and bull story about the Russian agents who are Princeton graduates. If you do not co-operate with us there will be no case of mistaken identify. Of this one thing, you may be sure. Even if Security believed you and I personally do not think they will, could they stand up to Mc Carthy?" "You have responsibilities to your family. You are a grown up man. Don't be a fool."

I must have been silent for quite a while, and then I said: "What do you want me to do?" "Very little, he said. We do not want you to give us secret information, just everything that passes your desk, that is not restricted. You know yourself how trivial all that stuff is, you do not damage your country in the least by giving it to us and you are rendering patriotic service to your own party for avoiding a scandal just before election time."

"And one more thing, he said, we are going to pay you \$300.00 a month." "I certainly won't touch your money," I said.

"You have no choice in the matter, said he. We are playing this game according to our rules, not yours."

"Well, I said, what is the next step?"

"You think this over after we are gone. If you are willing to play ball, you send us tomorrow noon, a telegram signed 'Joe' to this address in Vienna. And with this he handed me a card. The text of the telegram is irrelevant and you can suit yourself. If we get the telegram from you we shall contact you again. If you choose to be ruined, you need not bother to wire, of course."

"Where is William," I asked, suddenly remembering him.

"In the library, where you put him - he said. William is too discreet to butt in I walked into the library, and saw the short one sitting in an arm chair reading King Lear. "Are we through?" I said. "Just about," said Jones.

Security Risk.

"One more thing," then said William, turning to me. "You are in trouble, and by force of habit your first impulse will be to contact your lawyer, but this is just the one thing you must not do. You have a choice now and you can think it over until tomorrow noon. But, once you speak to your lawyer you have made your choice. Your lawyer can take only one course and that is to go to the F. B. I. If you think this over you will see that I am right about this. Goodbye and good luck."

As soon as they left I made a dash for the door. If I can catch them, I thought, I have the evidence I need. The door was locked. I rattled on the knob for a minute or so to no avail and then I walked over to the telephone. I expected the line to be dead but it was not. I dialed operator to call the police - there was no answer. After five minutes of waiting I tried the door again and to my surprise I found it open. I dashed down two flights and looked left and right but there was no one. I got into my car and drove to a drug store.

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He said he knew perfectly well that the right thing to do was to go straight to the Security Division and to take the consequences. He might have been sent to jail for not listing his supposed communistic affiliations in the affidavit he had submitted when he took the loyalty oath. But, he thought there would be a good chance that the jury would disagree. He was sure he would lose his job with the Government and no job outside of Government for which he was qualified would be open to him. His wife could work again as a secretary-stenographer, as she did before their marriage. They could move to a smaller place outside of town, take a house and he could be useful around the house and cut the grocery bill by growing his own vegetables. He had some savings and if they had had two or three children rather than six, they could have made ends meet for a while, but six children cost a lot of money. In fact they cost too much.

"When I figured out everything in dollars and cents I saw that the choice was between letting my children starve or playing ball with Jones. It was an excruciatingly painful decision to make. I stood on end in front of the Western Union Office not able to decide what to do. I do not know that in fact I ever decided anything, but when the clock struck noon I walked in and wrote out a telegram. 'Goods ready for delivery' it said, and it was signed 'Joe' Two days later I was informed by Security that the accusation against me was based on mistaken identify, that my record was clear and would I please be in the next day for an important conference."

"One day later Jones contact me with instructions on how to submit material. For three months I carefully selected the most trivial and innocuous documents. It was difficult to see what early use any of them would be to the Russians. Yet they never complain. Each month I received an envelope containing \$300.00 in \$100.00 bills. But at the end of three months, Jones contacted me again. "They have learned" he said, that I had access to top secret information and they wanted that information. They want it from ~~anywhere~~ ^{ed me} summaries of all secret documents that passed my desk and they also wanted the file numbers of these documents. The file would enable them to check--so he explained, through their other spies whether I was selling them a bill of goods or was playing fair."

"When I balked at this and told him to go ahead and frame me, he said: "Oh, we do not have to go to the trouble to frame you any more, we can get you any way. You are now a spy. You sold us information for hard cash. The penalty is fifteen years hard labor. Take your choice, if you please."

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"That's when I saw I was trapped for good. For me it was no choice but to give them what they wanted. My only consolation was that none of our top secret documents which passed my desk seemed to be any more important than most of the trivial stuff I had been sending them. I was in no position to betray our foreign policy to the Russians, for I did not know what our policy was and no one else in the department, whom I knew, seemed to know, either."

This is the end of the Kelly story. When we, in the department, realized that the Russians are in a position to blacken virtually anyone's name, if they wish to destroy him, we could not escape coming to the conclusion that all employees of the department are wide open to blackmail. Obviously, those who do not have a private income and are dependent for their livelihood on their salary are particularly vulnerable to blackmail of this kind.

A very, very influential man in the Security Division thereupon proposed that we issue new regulations, and that only those who have an adequate private income be given jobs in the department. The secretary, who was consulted felt, however, that this is not practical. "It is true," he said, "that in England 70% of the foreign office is drawn from amongst Eaton graduates, but this is American and not England and the people will not stand for this sort of thing over here."

It was then decided that there should be a gradual tightening of the regulations instead. Those who would be worse off financially in case they lost their employment and who are most susceptible to black mail should be excluded from employment.

It proved however, very difficult to write this intention in this form into the regulations. Regulations can be implemented only if they are based on ascertainable facts such as passed membership in organizations etc., etc.

The number of children is such a sample ascertainable fact and it was decided, in order to be on the safe side to draw the limit at five children.

Like all practical matters, this is of course a compromise and like all practical matters it causes hardships. Yet, this seemed to be the best we could do.

I am certain you will agree with me that these are times when we cannot be too careful. If nothing else the Hills case has shown this. I do not have to tell you how sorry I am that your own case falls into the newly prescribed category.

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December 29, 1953.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have to write to you this letter. My wife and I have been looking forward so much for you and Betty to live in Washington where we hoped to see you as often as possible. Also, I know how eager you have been to get this position in the state department. A man of your special experience is bitterly needed just now. And everybody here in the department knew you would make a good job of it. But now, alas it has not got to be.

As I wrote you last week, your security clearance came thru at last. It is a pity that you had to wait for it for over a year. It does not usually take this long. But your case was somewhat exceptional. Mostly the F. B. I. is able to dig up some adverse information which, mostly upon further investigation, turns out to be of no significance. In your case, however, as far as adverse information is concerned, they drew an absolute blank. Among all the numerous groups whom you ever addressed, none was objectionable. None of the girls with whom you kept company in New York before you met Betty, were even a pale shade of pink and finally when you married Betty, who is a Catholic, you became a Catholic yourself.

Curiously enough, it was this very perfection of the record which caused suspicion. Some of the men in our security division made quite a fuss about it. They said that when the war ended Russia must have re-doubled her efforts toward prying into our secrets; yet not one single spy has been discovered to be active in the whole post-war period. How can that be? "Why, the Russians must have more spies working for them now than ever before." If we can't find them it must be because these spies are under strict orders to avoid any and all affiliations that might make them suspects. You yourself, were under such orders, how come you have such a perfect record?

Because these questions were raised, a second investigation was ordered which brought to light further evidence that enabled us to clear you at last. It turned out that among the many foreign pictures which you went to see--you seem to be quite a movie fan, there were also several Russian pictures. I was about to advise our security department that no Russian spy, under strict orders to avoid all suspicion, would go to see Russian pictures.

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But, now after all this, a new and unexpected difficulty has arisen and this time I am afraid I see no way in which it could be overcome. The regulations regarding a security clearance were recently amended and under the new regulations, which will be promulgated early next month, no one who has more than four children can hold a position in the department. According to the security questionnaire which you submitted, you have six children.

I know you will feel this is terribly unjust and naturally we owe you a full explanation. But you will see that the new regulation is not without justification in times when we cannot be too careful in safe guarding the nation's secrets.

As you know, ever since the end of the war the security division had to feel its way and has gradually tightened the rules under which clearance may be granted. At first it was resolved to exclude those who had associated with communists or fellow travellers. I do not have to go into this in detail and I am sure you know all that I could say to you on this score. But the security division is not concerned with possible disloyalty, only. Those who are loyal but exposed to blackmail are security risks also and must not be employed.

Now, homosexuals for instance. If a Russian ever discovered an employee of the department to be a homosexual, he could blackmail him by threatening to expose him. The disclosure that the man is a homosexual would, of course, lead to his instant dismissal from the department. Faced with a threat of losing his job, a man might rather agree to become a spy for the Russians.

This actually happened before the first world war in Austria. Colonel Redl, in charge of counter espionage in the Austrian Imperial army was a homosexual and was blackmailed by the Russians into becoming their spy. When he was discovered he shot himself.

Your friend Zilard thinks that we are making matters worse by making it a policy to discharge from employment, all homosexuals. He says that by doing this we are creating the disease which we set out to cure. He says we discharged homosexuals because they hold that they are security risks but they are security risks only because we discharge them, if it becomes known that they are homosexuals.

Zilard said that this policy would be unjustified but not inexpedient. If it were possible to know all those who were homosexuals and to get rid of them. But this is obviously impossible. Many remain undiscovered and because of the policy adopted by the security division are open to blackmail.

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What Zilard says does not make any sense to me, but anyway I asked him what he would have us do? "Why, he said; I want to publish, once a month, a list of all known homosexuals on the payroll of the department and retain them in the employment of the department. Those whose names have been made public can no longer be blackmailed and moreover they are sure to attract attention of those homosexuals in the department who have remained undiscovered and this---with a little vigilance will help to discover the rest of them soon enough."

I must confess, with Zilard I never quite know when he is serious and when he speaks in fun and I suspect that often he does not know himself.

And now to come to the one case. In order to explain this I must break a confidence and tell you something about the Kelly case. But anyway, the story will be in Drew Pearson's column before long now.

For over a year we knew that important secrets of the department were leaking to the Russians. Some of these were top secrets to which only a dozen or so of our men had access. One of those must have been the culprit but Kelly was the very last to be suspected and in fact was the last to be questioned. When he was discovered, he at once confessed and told us his story. And a very frightening story it was.

In August a year ago while his family was away on vacation he received a telephone call in his home from a man who treated him as a pal of his Princeton days. The man said he was in Washington for one day after an important stay abroad. His name was Ted James, which sounded vaguely familiar to Kelly, and thus he did not care to say that his recollection of this friendship was none too vivid. So Kelly invited the man up for a drink.

When the door bell rang there were two men there, a tall one and a short one. "Fred, this is Williamson," said the tall one. "Good, you may have met him in Princeton."

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At a conference here yesterday at the White House, I strongly urged that the Department of Agriculture be exempt from the new regulations and this was accepted. So, if you think you might be interested in taking a position there, I would call up Edgar and I am certain something could be found for you there.

It will not be a position in which you can fully utilize your extra ordinary knowledge and abilities but at least we would have you here in Washington, and many of us in the department could draw more formally on your experience and obtain your wise counsel when we are faced with difficult decisions.