

The Crime of the Century

The Case of the A-Bomb Spies

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THE case history of Klaus Emil Julius Fuchs and Harry Gold — condensed here from the confidential files of the FBI — is a staggering revelation of how a foreign power, espousing a doctrine of hate, frightfulness and slavery, can unfasten the loyalties of free men and women and turn them into traitors. The lives of these two men, now brought to justice, testify to the utter darkness of the Communist way. In them we see the tragic horror of Communism: it blights the moral strength of man, leaving him only a puppet to be manipulated at will. — J. Edgar Hoover



THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

ON A January afternoon in 1944 two men — one an American citizen, the other a British subject — came face to face for the first time at a street corner on New York City's lower East Side, and the history of the world began to change.

One man carried a pair of gloves and a book with a green binding. The other held a tennis ball in his left hand. By gloves, book and ball, they were identifying each other in a clandestine meeting, planned months before across the Atlantic Ocean by their masters in espionage.

No one was watching when they met on this windy Saturday to enter upon an abominable conspiracy. Not until three years later was the Federal Bureau of Investigation to be given authority to investigate persons employed on atomic projects who would have access to classified information.

The two strangers took a cab to a restaurant on lower Third Avenue. Over the luncheon table the shorter, chubbier one gave his name merely as "Raymond." Never, in all their subsequent meetings, would he disclose that his real name was Harry Gold. The other — thin, sallow-

complexioned, with stooping shoulders, balding head and weak brown eyes behind thick lenses — had less secretive directives. He announced that he was Dr. Klaus Fuchs.

In New York City as a member of a British mission — with his loyalty certified by British Government security officials — Fuchs told Gold that he was collaborating with the Manhattan Engineer District in attempting to harness the energy produced by nuclear fission for use in military weapons.

Gold could scarcely speak. This was the first inkling he had of the type of information Fuchs was to furnish him for relay to his superiors. Not a profound scientist — as Fuchs was — Harry Gold was enough of a chemist to realize the appalling nature of an atomic-energy project.

As a result of the arrangements made across the table that day by Harry Gold and Dr. Fuchs, Soviet Russia was to obtain secrets of the atom bomb.

Both men are now serving long terms behind prison bars. But nothing and no one can ever undo their wicked deed. Theirs was the crime of the century.

After that first meeting with Dr. Fuchs, Harry Gold took a train back to Philadelphia, where he was employed in the laboratories of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. Laying back in his seat, he brooded in a kind of ecstasy on the Jekyll-Hyde existence he was living. On such excursions, he felt — so he has since confessed — the “thrill” of being in action for a cause.

At home he lived a quiet life with his father and mother. Over long years he had invented a whole phantasy of sham and deceit — imaginary friends and engagements — to account to his parents for sudden, mysterious absences. A presentable young man, still he had no sweetheart, no girl friends, went to no dances or parties.

How did Harry Gold get started as a traitor?

One must realize first of all that he considered himself an idealist, which made him feel above the law, justifying means by ends. This moral confusion Gold showed in his high school days. Once, while helping a teacher by grading examination papers, he had stayed up all night, making illicit erasures and corrections, so that not a single student would fail. In Harry Gold's ideal life, “everybody should pass — they are entitled to it.”

This country had treated him well since he had been brought here, a three-year-old child of an immigrant family, in July 1914. His parents, natives of Russia, changed their name from Golodnitsky to Gold,

and the boy, born in Berne, Switzerland, and named Henrich, became Harry. His father, a cabinetmaker, wanted Harry to learn as much as he could. After attending public schools, Harry went to the University of Pennsylvania and Drexel Institute, where he specialized in chemistry. Then he got a job with the Pennsylvania Sugar Company.

It was some time later that Harry Gold came under the influence of a man who was to alter the course of his life. Laid off by Pennsylvania Sugar, he was referred by a friend to a singular character in Jersey City whom we shall call Troy Niles. Niles helped Gold find employment in a Jersey City laboratory and took him under his wing.

Away from home for the first time and captivated by Niles, Gold entered a world of new ideas. He learned of his new friend's participation in atheist clubs and forums, his studies of Marx and Lenin, and how he had become a member of the Communist Party. Gold spent long evenings with his friend, hearing zealots talk politics, economics and the Soviets. Niles was an eccentric individual who liked to coil a pet black snake around his neck and who pitched marbles to a crow that was trained to catch them in flight.

Whenever the word “Russia” was spoken at these garish get-togethers the sound of it had an odd appeal for Harry Gold. Father and mother had fled from their native land, yet the name vaguely stirred their son. When, a few months later, he was rehired

by Pennsylvania Sugar, he continued to see Niles regularly.

Harry Gold did not quickly accept Communism. He was not politically minded, and the talk about dialectical materialism bored him. In a legal sense, Gold never was a member of the Communist Party; he became a Soviet agent through association with Red friends, through misguided idealism for the "underdog," and because of his latent sympathies for the homeland of his parents. What he did not realize was that, by precise and insidious techniques, he was being "softened up."

"Russia," Niles told him one day in the middle '30's, "is a down-trodden country where millions of honest men and women starve because they don't have enough to eat."

That statement hurt Harry Gold. It evoked his feeling that all people should have a fair chance — "everybody should pass." How, then, could a man help?

Niles was ready with an immediate suggestion. He had a friend at the Amtorg Trading Corporation, a Russian agency. As far as he could, Niles was helping his friend — and Russia — by passing along any technical information he picked up at the New Jersey firm where he was working. Maybe Gold would like to help, too — by passing along industrial processes from the Pennsylvania Sugar Company?

Harry Gold was very thoughtful. Months of indoctrination were showing results. Already Russia loomed in his mind as the great "protector

of democracy," at a time when Hitler was destroying free speech, labor unions and opposition parties, and persecuting minorities, a consideration that weighed heavily with Gold.

Perhaps some chemical processes, secretly abstracted from his employers, might aid in the swifter industrialization of Russia and thus help feed the wretched, starving millions. From the very beginning, Gold was never in any doubt that he was becoming a thief for the benefit of a foreign power. "I began the work of industrial spying for the Soviet Union in 1936 with the full realization of what I was doing," he said later. "I felt that as an ally I was only helping the Soviet Union obtain information that I thought it was entitled to."

It was a bitter night in the winter of 1935-36. Niles and Gold stood together outside Pennsylvania Station, in New York City. Suddenly a young, square-chinned man approached. He twitched his right shoulder as he passed. Niles at once fell into step and Gold followed.

"This is Paul Smith," said Niles a moment later. Then he turned into a side street and disappeared in the evening crowd. Harry Gold was alone with his first Soviet superior in espionage!

In clear, slightly clipped words "Smith" came straight to the point: "We're interested in solvents. There's a process involving the manufacture of absolute ethyl alcohol on which

we know your chief chemist is working. Do you know anything about it?"

"A little — not much."

They continued to walk — a favorite technique of Red agents. Gold was to walk many miles in their company in the next 14 years.

"Look things over," Smith commanded — his tone conveyed that he was boss. "And bring me a written biographical sketch of yourself at our next meeting. Make it detailed. And you are not to see Niles again."

Then, having arranged a later meeting, Smith turned without a parting word and was lost in traffic.

From 1936 to 1950 — even during the period 1938 to 1940 while he attended Xavier University in Cincinnati — Gold was under continuous orders from a series of Red agents, all of whom commanded his complete obedience. He stole secret industrial processes and formulas from the Pennsylvania Sugar Company and its subsidiary, the Franco-American Chemical Works. He prepared reports, often with sketches and diagrams, and passed them to intermediaries on New York street corners. He procured data on lanolin, the Clayton process (a continuous soap-making technique), carbon-dioxide recovery, and industrial solvents of the type used in varnishes and lacquer. The one secret Gold did not get was the ethyl-alcohol process, badly wanted by the Russians.

And all the while the inner ego of Harry Gold was getting a strange

"lift" from this activity. Accustomed to a drab, dreary existence in a chemical laboratory, he felt that at last he was being "useful."

Within the space of a few months during late 1937 and early 1938 Gold received two new espionage bosses. Meeting Paul Smith, by prearrangement, near Columbia University in New York, he was turned over to a virtual giant, about six feet two inches, and weighing approximately 220 pounds. His long arms, large feet, broad shoulders and high cheek bones made him a vivid contrast to small, chunky Harry Gold. Paul introduced the stranger as "Steve Swartz," then disappeared, never to be seen by Gold again.

The Russians soon realized they had made a mistake. The giant, gangly Steve walking down the street with little, five-foot six-inch Gold would be too likely to arrest attention, they felt. Thereafter the Soviet ring was careful to choose an agent who resembled Gold more closely in outward physical appearance.

"Fred" (no last name given) was Steve's successor. He was introduced to Gold by Steve in a restaurant. Fred taught Gold to take extreme precautions in making contacts. He offered suggestions on how to determine whether he was being followed: stop and tie a shoelace or walk up a deserted side street. And if Gold had a piece of paper he wanted to destroy? Tear the paper into very small pieces and drop each piece in a separate block. Information scheduled for delivery was to be placed

between the folds of a newspaper — to be exchanged for a newspaper carried by the agent who was to receive the information.

The Soviets never sent Gold to a formal school, he was never given a specialized course in espionage. But hint by hint, instruction by instruction, he became skilled in the intricacies of underground intrigue. The Russians obviously were grooming him for more important assignments.

But Fred was a real "driver." He kept urging Gold to produce more information. Gold replied that Pennsylvania Sugar had been drained dry — there weren't any more secrets to steal. Then get a different job, Fred instructed — and specifically suggested the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Harry Gold by 1938 was beginning to lose the power of directing his own life.

Fred, in addition, asked Gold to submit names of individuals who, in his opinion, might be likely prospects for espionage work. The Communists wanted the identities of people who were in a position to furnish information, whether Communist Party members or not. In some instances Fred requested Gold to prepare biographical sketches: What were these individuals' educational qualifications? Where were they born? Who were their relatives, friends and associates? Had they ever been in any kind of trouble?

In response to Fred's pressure, Gold submitted names and biographical sketches. But he stalled about changing jobs. Actually, he told

Fred, he was making plans to return to school for further chemistry study.

At this suggestion Fred was aghast, almost abusive. But late in the summer of 1938 he suddenly changed his tune. Going to school? That was a good idea! He suggested that Gold go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Russians would pay his expenses.

No, Gold said, he couldn't accept Fred's offer. He wouldn't be able to explain to his family where he obtained the necessary money to attend MIT. No, he had better continue with his plans to enter Xavier University in Cincinnati.

Gold won out, and in September 1938 enrolled in the Ohio school. While the Russians would have preferred that he attend a technical institute, nevertheless a degree in chemistry obtained from any recognized school would better equip him for espionage in the field of science. The Russians were quite willing to help financially, and during the next two years furnished Gold about \$600 toward his education.

Harry graduated with chemistry honors, tenth in a class of 83, an excellent record. His lowest grade, prophetically, was in a course called "Principles of Ethics." When he returned to Philadelphia and to the Pennsylvania Sugar Company the Soviet ring found new things for him to do. Now he was in a more responsible position: he was assigned to contact various sub-agents, gather their information, supervise their activities.

From 1940 to 1943 he became more and more deeply involved. Working all day at the plant in Philadelphia, he would board a late-afternoon train to New York, grab subway or cab and dash to his meeting place. At times he had to wait hours for the "contact" to arrive, then spend perhaps more hours in conversation before catching the last train back to Philadelphia. Often it was close to dawn when Harry Gold tiptoed into his bedroom. Then up early for a full day's work at the Pennsylvania Sugar plant.

In addition, he had to make long trips to other cities. This required arranging time off from work and special vacation periods. Often he had short notice, necessitating quick decisions and a flurry of planning. The tempo of his undercover activities was increasing.

By early 1944 he had proved his dependability and trustworthiness as a contact man. "Sam," then his Soviet boss, told him he was to undertake a supremely important assignment. The new task was so critical, said Sam, that Gold must drop all other work and concentrate exclusively on his new instructions.

This was the time when, with a pair of gloves and a book, Gold first met the pale stranger with the tennis ball, Dr. Klaus Fuchs. He was now entering the climax of his career as an espionage agent.

Six or seven times during the next six months — until June 1944 — Gold and Fuchs met in New York.

From the frail scientist who had escaped from Hitlerite Germany and gone to work for the British war effort, Gold received formulas and various other technical data about atomic research, and carried it all to his Soviet superiors. Sometimes the meetings were lengthy: once they spent an hour and a half strolling leisurely along the paths of Central Park; another time they tramped a large portion of the Grand Concourse in the Bronx.

In his statement Gold was to remark that they never engaged in any idle conversation or small talk. Time was too precious to both, their encounters too dangerous. Every word spoken by Fuchs was addressed solely to the Russians, through Harry Gold.

When Fuchs knew that he would soon have written information to pass, he would prepare Gold at a previous meeting, laying plans for a rapid transfer from him to Gold, and from Gold to "John," his latest Soviet supervisor. (The FBI has identified "John" as Anatoli A. Yakovlev, then a clerk in the Russian consulate in New York City, later a vice-consul.) For these transfers the meetings were short. On one occasion in March 1944, for example, they were together less than a minute. Meeting at a prearranged spot on Madison Avenue, they took a few steps together then turned west into a side street. There Fuchs passed the papers to Gold and slipped away. Gold then turned down Fifth Avenue and within 15 minutes had

handed the data over to his Soviet partner in exactly the same manner.

The precautions Gold took en route to his meetings with Fuchs were elaborate. He would start by subway, then get off the train at one of the less busy stations, and wait on the platform reading a newspaper until several locals went by. Then he would jump on and off a number of trains, always trying to be the last person in or out. Frequently he would use various means of transportation — subway, bus, taxi, and all going in a direction away from the meeting place. Only when he felt assured that he was not being followed would he proceed directly to his destination.

One night Fuchs broached a personal problem. Would it be all right for his sister in Cambridge, Mass., and her two children to share a New York apartment with him? Here was a major scientist probing the mysteries of the atom, yet so shackled by his traitorous connections that he had to request permission to live with his own sister!

And then, suddenly and without warning, Dr. Fuchs disappeared.

This was in July 1944. A meeting had been scheduled near the Brooklyn Museum of Art, but Fuchs did not appear. Nor did he show up at a scheduled alternate meeting on Central Park West. The bewildered Gold hastily reported the absences to John, who became alarmed.

"He left town" was all that could be learned from the janitor of the Fuchs apartment at 128 West 77th

Street in New York. From the biographical data in the possession of the Russians, John dug out the name of Fuchs's sister and Gold was dispatched to Cambridge, Mass., to question her. Mrs. Kristel Heineman knew only that her brother had been transferred to some place in the Southwest, she said. She expected he might be home for a Christmas visit, however. Gold gave her an envelope containing a New York telephone number requesting her to give it to her brother on his next visit.

What had happened, of course, was that Dr. Fuchs had been whisked off to Los Alamos. But he and Gold re-established contact in Cambridge when Fuchs visited the Heinemans shortly after Christmas.

Fuchs's manner now was tense and precise. Only with the greatest difficulty had he been able to wangle time off to make this trip. Henceforth, Gold — still only "Raymond" to Dr. Fuchs — would have to come to New Mexico if further information was to be delivered. Arrangements were made to meet again on the first Saturday in June 1945, at 4 p.m., on the Castillo Street Bridge in Santa Fe, N. M.

Before they parted that winter afternoon, Dr. Fuchs turned over to Gold a bulky envelope crammed with all the data he could copy or filch, reports on progress to date in the Los Alamos experiment. By now, Fuchs had free access at Los Alamos to volumes of top-secret material, to the research results of first-rank

colleagues. Before long, the priceless information had been passed from Gold to John, from John to the Kremlin.

On the appointed June day Gold arrived in Santa Fe. He had rejected John's suggestion that he use a circuitous route because he was low, as usual, on funds, and besides, his vacation period was extremely limited. Traveling by train from Chicago to Albuquerque, N. M., thence by bus to Santa Fe, he reached town an hour and a half before the four-o'clock appointment. Like a casual tourist, he entered a museum and obtained a city map. Now he would not have to ask directions to the Castillo Street Bridge — he aimed at leaving not a single clue. Little did he suspect that the day would come when he would wish he had never picked up that map.

A minute or two after four a dilapidated old car with Fuchs at the wheel came chugging down Alameda Street. Work was going well at Los Alamos, Fuchs reported, but he reiterated a forecast he had made once before — that the atomic-bomb process would not be completed in time for use against the Japanese.

Their next meeting in Santa Fe was set for three months later, and then, just before the two men parted, Fuchs gave Gold a packet of vital information. It was standard practice for the incriminating parcel to be withheld until the last minute. If previously the two men had been accosted, Fuchs and not Gold would

have had the contraband on his person — and Fuchs had a right to it. Several days later the stolen material was in the hands of the man called John.

The final transfer of atomic-bomb information — data on the completed process — was made on September 19, 1945, a little more than a month after two A-bombs had been dropped on Japan. At 6 p.m. Gold was waiting outside a church on the outskirts of Santa Fe. Dr. Fuchs appeared quite late this time. He was driving the rattling old car. Fuchs was like a changed man, human for once, even jovial. The long months of work on the atomic project had ended in success. He drove the old car to a nearby bluff overlooking the blinking lights of the city, just coming on now through the haze of dusk. He told Gold how awe-stricken he had felt as he had watched the first atom test explosion at Alamogordo, N. M. It astounded him that atomic weapons had been completed in time for use in the Japanese war. He conceded that he had grossly underestimated the industrial potential of the United States.

The scientist's mood made him increasingly talkative. He even discussed his father, who was still alive in Germany but who might go to England. This possibility worried Fuchs; the father, old and talkative, might reveal something about his son's youth in Germany where he had been a Communist Party member. He added that, to the best of his knowledge, the authorities knew

nothing about his past political activities.

Now, as Santa Fe's twinkling lights were beginning to multiply below, Gold again had a feeling of ecstasy. At this very minute he was consummating his spying career. This was the high point of long years of faithful service to the Communists — a little man, insignificant, average-looking, yet collaborating intimately in the most dastardly enormous exploit in the history of espionage.

As night came down, Fuchs started the motor and headed toward Santa Fe. Just as the car neared the downtown center, the scientist pulled from his pocket the last envelope of information. A moment later he stopped the car. Gold slipped out of the front seat and started walking toward the bus station. The red tail light of Fuchs's car bobbed down the street and then disappeared.

The two men were never to see each other again.

LONG AFTERWARD the Federal Bureau of Investigation learned that the basic secrets of nuclear fission had been stolen. The source of that disheartening discovery cannot be told; security and human lives are involved. The most that I can say is that conclusive information was laid on my desk — *the secrets of atom-bomb construction had been acquired by a foreign power*. It was the responsibility of the FBI to find the guilty men; to this end we immediately mobilized every resource known to us.

When we started, we had no reason to suspect Dr. Fuchs. Investigation at home and abroad, however, led us to the conclusion that the inside man was most probably a trusted member of a foreign scientific group. Day by day, as our researches continued, the finger of suspicion pointed more and more directly at a shy, brilliant young physicist and mathematician, Klaus Fuchs. Careful as he had been, he had left some clues in the United States — clues which cannot be disclosed but which were to betray him. In time we became certain that, after fleeing from the totalitarian fury of Hitlerite Germany, this son of a minister had accepted the hospitality and shelter of English democracy and with cynical disdain had stolen the free world's most important secrets to aid a still greater tyranny than Hitler's, that of the U.S.S.R.

By this time Fuchs had returned to England, where he was stationed at Harwell, the British atomic-research plant. Data developed by the FBI about Dr. Fuchs was promptly given to English authorities, and under the direction of the very competent Sir Percy Sillitoe, British security officials took up the investigation.

By January 1950 Fuchs was identified beyond all reasonable doubt as the principal culprit. After prolonged interviews he confessed. But with his confession we realized that our real search had just begun. For Fuchs, while indicting himself, implicated no one else by name.

He admitted to English officials that, in the years before Hitler's rise to power in Germany, he had been a member of the German Communist Party and had engaged in underground work. After entering atomic research in England he had, on his own initiative, approached the Soviet espionage apparatus and volunteered to furnish information. He had been in touch with several agents in England prior to his arrival in America and, after his return to the British Isles, he had continued to give secret information to the Communists until early 1949.

Dr. Fuchs disclosed that while in the United States he had dealt with one Soviet agent only. The man's name? Fuchs had never known the agent's name. The man appeared to know chemistry and engineering but was not a nuclear physicist. Fuchs thought he was probably not an employee of an atomic-energy installation.

What did the man look like? Well, he was from 40 to 45 years of age, possibly five feet ten inches tall, broad build, round face, most likely a first-generation American. A description which might fit millions of men!

Where did he live? Dr. Fuchs had never known. Fuchs had carried a tennis ball to their first rendezvous and met a man with a pair of gloves and a book with a green binding. How many times had he met this person? Several times in New York City, once in Cambridge, Mass., and twice in Santa Fe, N. M.

When? The New York meetings were in 1944; the last contact, Fuchs believed, was in the fall of 1945. That was about all he could tell.

A flimsy fabric from which to find the identity of a spy who remained at large in the United States, obedient to the Soviets!

IN ALL the history of the FBI there never was a more important problem than this one, never another case where we felt under such pressure. The unknown man simply had to be found. And the job was all the more difficult because of the necessity for absolute secrecy; only a few top American officials shared with me the full details and widespread ramifications of the investigation. I doubt whether it will ever be possible to disclose publicly all of the factors involved.

But the time has arrived to tell what can be released without violating security or needlessly placing human lives in jeopardy.

At the start, the quest was utterly unlike the pursuit of a bank robber who has left fingerprints on a safe door; unlike the investigation of a "hot car" ring where photographs, detailed identifying descriptions and long criminal records often facilitate the job. In this man hunt the wanted person could be almost any man in the United States.

Our starting place was Cambridge because Fuchs had admitted meeting the agent there, and because it was the home of Fuchs's sister, Mrs. Kristel Heineman. Already we knew

that the scientist had visited her there. Did Mrs. Heineman know anything about the agent Fuchs had mentioned?

Well, Mrs. Heineman recalled a man about 40 years old, stocky and with dark-brown hair, who had called at her home three times. On his first visit he had introduced himself as a friend of her brother, and said he was a chemist. He said he had worked with Dr. Fuchs and was anxious to see him. (This was at the time Fuchs disappeared from New York.) She could not remember his name. No, he had no accent.

The second call occurred when Fuchs was visiting the Heinemans after Christmas. It was clear to the sister that the two men had met before when they greeted each other in her living room, but though present in the room a part of the time, she had not followed their conversation. When the visitor left, her brother told her nothing. The Heineman children liked him, however — he brought them candy.

Some time later — a few weeks or months — the unknown had again appeared at the Heineman house, and had stayed for lunch. Mrs. Heineman thought he might have mentioned that he had a wife and two small children.

The shadow seemed to be taking a semblance of form — a man of about 40, stocky, with dark-brown hair; a chemist; a friendly, genial man who liked children; he was probably married and had youngsters of his own; he talked without

an accent. Part of this, as you see, was right, and part of it was very wrong.

Robert Heineman, Kristel's husband, offered some more details — he had seen the stranger at the time of the third visit, having come home from his classes at Harvard for lunch. He recalled that the visitor had mentioned Philadelphia, and he was of the opinion that the man had arrived in Boston by train.

Another avenue opened: a friend of the Heineman family, who had been present during one of the visits, remembered that the man discussed vitamins. From this conversation he obtained the impression that the stranger was a bacteriologist, connected in some way with a New York wholesale grocery company.

And then Mrs. Heineman recalled that on the third visit the stranger had promised her son a chemistry set. The youngster, then age six, now 11, was questioned by his father, but he could remember nothing. Nor could his little sister.

Suddenly Mr. Heineman remembered another clue. He thought the stranger's first name might have been "James," with his last name starting with the letters, let us say, "D-a-v." "James Dav . . ." — that was the best that Mr. Heineman could recollect.

WAS THERE a "James Dav . . ." in New York City, Santa Fe or Philadelphia, possible residence locations of the shadow? As a starting

point on this lead, the FBI undertook to sift its own files, a tedious and time-consuming process, but no possibility could be overlooked.

Soon, during this file check, one name stood out above all others — an individual whom we shall call James Davidson, an engineer residing in New York City. He met the general physical and background requirements, and employment records showed that he was absent from his job during Fuchs's visit in Cambridge. Moreover, James Davidson could have been available at other meetings.

A group of photographs was flown to England and laid before Dr. Fuchs in Wormwood Scrubs Prison. These were photographs of many different individuals, each a possible suspect.

Dr. Fuchs rejected all except one — a picture of the man we call James Davidson.

He examined that photograph for a long while, his delicate fingers tapping the table, his forehead wrinkling in deep furrows. "There is something familiar about this man," he murmured, then covered the forehead of the picture to simulate a hat, and added, "I cannot swear, but I am pretty sure this is the man."

The interrogator requested the German scientist to try to visualize his American contact, just as he saw him at their first meeting in Manhattan, then look again at the photograph. Fuchs complied, staring long and hard. Then he nodded his

head and said again: "I think it is the man."

But, obviously, no investigation can be allowed to rest exclusively on evidence of this nature. There had to be corroboration; the charges were too serious for any possibility of error. The next persons to be shown the pictures would be the Heinemans in Cambridge. If they, too, should happen to select Davidson's photograph from the others, Fuchs's identification would be greatly strengthened.

The Heinemans looked carefully at the pictures, then shook their heads. No, they had never seen any of these men before. Later, Robert Heineman was given an opportunity to observe the real James Davidson in person, a test far more accurate than a photograph. And now he was even more positive that James Davidson had never visited his home.

Who was right — Fuchs or his sister and brother-in-law?

For the very same reasons that Davidson could not be arrested on the basis of Fuchs's identification, he could not now be dismissed on the Heinemans' rejections. The investigation still had a long way to go.

Since Fuchs and the Heinemans seemed fairly certain that Fuchs's contact had been a chemist, the FBI had immediately instituted a systematic review of all Bureau cases in which chemists had been involved. In our Washington headquarters and in each of our 52 field offices we were looking for a chemist

who would possess the other identifying factors.

Soon we had numerous suspects, some tallying in virtually all the identifying details, others in some of them, and a few in only one item. Each was thoroughly considered, and more and more photographs were shown to the Heinemans in Cambridge, then flown across the Atlantic for Dr. Fuchs to observe.

In some photographs the Heinemans saw familiar characteristics; Dr. Fuchs saw familiar points in others. But nowhere, among the 1500-odd photographs which were exhibited to them, did the Heinemans feel they saw the face of the man who had called at their home. Thus far, only in Fuchs's tentative identification of James Davidson had any recognition been obtained.

By now the FBI's investigation was many-pronged. Here are some of the forms it took:

Agents set out to talk with all the tenants who had lived in the New York City apartment house at 128 West 77th Street when Fuchs was a resident there. Naturally, the years had scattered many of them into distant places, but they were found and interviewed. But could any of them furnish any information? No!

Former members of the British Mission and former employes of the Manhattan Engineer Project were also interviewed. All remembered Fuchs as a brilliant scientist, not given to social mixing or chatty conversation — and they knew nothing

important about his friends. Did they know or suspect anything about his espionage activities? Nothing, not a thing. In fact, Fuchs's arrest had been deeply shocking.

In Santa Fe agents made inquiries at bus, air-travel and railroad ticket offices. Hotel registrations were analyzed. But no information appeared which seemed to tie in with any suspects.

Could the chemical laboratories in New York City offer any leads? As an indication of the scope of such an undertaking, 75,000 licensing permits were issued to chemical firms by the city of New York in 1945 alone.

The principal result of these widespread inquiries was definitely to eliminate James Davidson as a suspect. Undoubtedly, Davidson had had some association with Communist activities, but we knew from some of the evidence on him that he could not have been Fuchs's accomplice.

There was also a long-term benefit: we had gathered masses of new background material about Communist affairs. Such data, now a part of the FBI's files, will remain as a valuable reserve for future investigations.

And meanwhile we were coming closer to our man. As suspect after suspect was eliminated, the field had narrowed from 1500 possibilities to only about a score. And in this final handful one suspect was beginning to stand out. He was around 40, brown-haired and stocky, and while

not a first-generation American he had come to the United States as a small child and might easily be mistaken for a native. He was a chemist, he lived in Philadelphia and he had taken many trips to New York City.

His name was Harry Gold.

However, there were points of discrepancy. Gold was single; the Heinemans thought the stranger was married and had children. Mr. Heineman believed the chemist's name had been "James Dav . . ."; this in no way sounded like "Harry Gold."

Nevertheless, for one important reason, we began to concentrate on this man. The reason was that in 1947 the FBI had found it necessary, in a different Communist inquiry, to question him.

Harry Gold first came to the attention of the FBI in May 1947, as the result of an FBI interview with one Abraham Brothman, a chemical engineer in New York City. The investigation of Brothman had grown out of information furnished by Miss Elizabeth T. Bentley — self-confessed Communist courier — which indicated a relationship between Brothman and Jacob Golos, a known New York Communist who was a Soviet spy master in 1940. During approximately ten meetings with Brothman during the summer and fall of 1940, Brothman had furnished Miss Bentley with blueprints of various chemical processes, which she transmitted to Golos. Sometime in the

fall of 1940 Golos told Miss Bentley that he was becoming disgusted with Brothman and was turning him over to a new courier. Brothman told the FBI, during his 1947 interview, that Miss Bentley — whom he knew only as "Helen" — was succeeded by Harry Gold.

It happened that, in 1947, Gold was working as a chemist in Brothman's Long Island Laboratory. So Gold was interviewed. He candidly admitted that he had been introduced to Golos in October 1940, during a meeting of the American Chemical Society at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. After the meeting Golos confided to Gold that he had connections with Abraham Brothman, who occasionally turned over to him certain types of blueprints in the chemical field. Golos proposed that Gold pick up these blueprints from Brothman and analyze them from a chemist's point of view.

Gold said he had agreed, and that several days later he had telephoned Brothman for an appointment. Each time they met, he said, Brothman furnished more plans, more blueprints, more information about chemical processes which, however, Golos never bothered to pick up. Gold claimed he had later destroyed the various papers. Anyway, Gold and Brothman insisted these were all simple and legitimate transactions. And when our agents interviewed Gold in 1947 Golos was already dead, so there was no one to contradict the story.

Later in 1947 Gold had been subpoenaed to testify before the Special Federal Grand Jury in the Southern District of New York, called to hear evidence of possible violations of espionage and other federal statutes by persons implicated by Miss Bentley. The Grand Jury's investigation of the charges resulted in "no bill." This established that their passing of blueprints and information did not come within the technical definition of the espionage statutes. Harry Gold was not indicted, but the FBI's investigation had developed some highly useful information about him.

We knew that *some* chemist had worked with Dr. Fuchs. And Harry Gold was a chemist who seemed to fit the general pattern in many other particulars.

OUR HOPES were high as photographs of Gold were flown across the Atlantic to Dr. Fuchs. The wan prisoner squinted at the American's round face and bushy hair. Then he shook his head. No, he declared, Harry Gold was not his American confederate.

Was the great search back again at the starting point? Such heart-breaking setbacks are not unusual in investigative work. To start all over on another approach and try to construct success out of the rubble of defeat is more or less routine. But we were still not entirely convinced that Gold was cleared.

The question always existed — were Fuchs and the Heinemans

telling the truth? Did the relatives fear that if their shadowy guest were identified and brought to justice they themselves might be implicated? On the other hand, they had tried, seemingly, to be as helpful as they could, and the passage of time might understandably have dimmed their recollections. So, too, with Dr. Fuchs: in his agitated state of mind, he might honestly believe Gold was not the man.

But one fact we could not ignore. Not only was Gold the one suspect, among the final 20, who most closely fitted the description, but he had been associated, one way or another, with Golos, a known Russian spy.

We decided to dig deeper for more data about Harry Gold. We would talk with associates of Gold and Brothman. Perhaps they would be able to clarify the character and career of this Philadelphia chemist. The most minute clue might open untold avenues of investigation.

In this process a provocative detail came to light. A former associate of Brothman, in discussing that individual, stated that he remembered a certain man by the name of Frank Keppler who was a friend of Brothman. He hadn't seen Keppler for a number of years, but he felt that Keppler might be in the same line of business as Brothman — chemistry.

Could he pick out Keppler from a group of pictures? Looking at a large number of photographs, he pointed unhesitatingly to one and said, "That is Frank Keppler."

But he was indicating a picture of Harry Gold!

Why had Gold used an alias in meeting an associate of Brothman? Something was peculiar. Larger than ever, in the spring of 1950, Harry Gold loomed as our most likely candidate.

IT WAS May 15, 1950, when two special agents of the FBI entered the Philadelphia General Hospital and asked for Harry Gold, who held the responsible position of chemist in charge of biological research at the hospital's heart station. They wanted to interview him. Gold was busy. Would the agents kindly come back a little later? Yes, they would.

That evening, declaring he was glad to coöperate, Harry Gold consented to be interviewed. He had been questioned before by the FBI. What did they want to know now?

The discussion centered first on Gold's general background. Then a picture of Dr. Fuchs was shown to him. Gold frowned at it a moment, then surprised the agents by exclaiming: "This is a very unusual picture. He is that English spy!"

It was a tense moment. The agents spoke with meticulous care. Had Gold ever known Fuchs? Certainly not. Had he ever seen Fuchs? No; he recognized the picture merely because it had been published in the newspapers.

Gold readily gave details regarding his life and employment — facts which the FBI already knew, inti-

mately. But where had he gone on vacations and special leaves in 1944 and 1945? Gold asserted that he had never in his life been west of the Mississippi River, nor had he made any trips to New England.

These were points of significance, because Fuchs's partner had undoubtedly been in both Cambridge and New Mexico. For a moment the agents changed the subject.

How about Abraham Brothman? Yes, they had been good friends. He had talked with the FBI about Brothman in 1947. He had stopped working for him in 1948 because the business enterprise in which they were associated had fared badly; Gold wasn't being paid, so he quit. He liked his job in the Philadelphia General Hospital much better.

Next a vital question: Why had Gold used the alias of Frank Keppler when he was introduced to an associate of Abraham Brothman? Honest individuals don't need to masquerade under false names.

Gold had a ready answer. While he was still employed at the Pennsylvania Sugar Company he was conducting laboratory experiments for Brothman and he had not wanted his Philadelphia boss to know of this unethical practice. But this defense was weak — and by now Gold's eyes looked troubled.

Then came another discrepancy. Why had Gold told Miriam Moskowitz, Brothman's secretary, that he was married, the father of two children, and further that his brother had been a paratrooper and had

been killed in action? Gold denied ever making the statements, but the agents knew better.

Next, they showed him pictures of the Heinemans. Could he identify them? Positively not. Who were those people? He had never seen them in his life.

Now a still more delicate matter: Would Gold allow moving pictures to be taken of himself? Of course! Why not? Take as many as you want. And the agents took moving pictures. Much earlier, however, unknown to Gold, the FBI had already obtained other motion pictures of him, and these secret films had already been flown to Dr. Fuchs in Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

Gold was interviewed on several occasions in the next few days. He was always most polite and offered his coöperation. But, he kept saying, he didn't have much to tell. His life was that of any ordinary citizen. He had never been prominent, received a high salary, or worked in plants possessing confidential or restricted contracts.

Now, to prove beyond any doubt that he had nothing to conceal, he offered to allow the FBI to search his rooms. He readily signed a written consent.

The search of Gold's dwelling, a comfortable, two-story brick and stone row house at 6823 Kindred Street in Philadelphia's Northeast section, was conducted by two FBI agents in Gold's presence on the morning of May 22. The chemist suggested they start in the bedroom,

where he kept most of his personal possessions, papers, books, chemical journals.

The agents proceeded methodically. Whenever an item of interest was found, Gold was ready to give an explanation. He was supremely confident. He had an answer for every question. Almost!

Suddenly an agent dredged up from behind a bookcase a yellow folder marked "Santa Fe, the Capital City." This brochure, issued by the Chamber of Commerce, contained a detailed map, showing a complete layout of streets, public buildings, churches and hotels. Silently Gold was shown the folder.

A startled gleam flashed through his eyes, his mouth fell open and he seemed momentarily to freeze. The map he had obtained in the Santa Fe museum, so that he could find the way to the bridge without asking questions! The shock of seeing the Chamber of Commerce folder was profound; it unmanned him, shattered the habitual, impregnable poise of an accomplished deceiver.

In a sleepwalker's voice, Gold finally asked, "Where did that thing come from?"

An agent intoned: "You said you never had been west of the Mississippi. Or have you?"

The question seemed to pound with resistless force upon the stunned mind of Harry Gold, a man who had lived for years behind a front of lies and fantasy. There was a pause. Gold said nothing. Then the other agent prodded: "About this map,

Mr. Gold. Would you like to tell the whole truth?"

Then, abruptly, Gold blurted out, "I . . . I am the man to whom Klaus Fuchs gave his information."

With these words the mysterious shadow we had been seeking became a living, breathing prisoner — Harry Gold. And, quite by coincidence, less than an hour after the confession a cable from London was received at FBI headquarters in Washington, saying that Dr. Fuchs, after seeing the secretly taken movies, had identified Harry Gold as his American partner. Two days later, after viewing the movies made with Gold's cooperation, Fuchs was positive this was the man.

HAD HARRY GOLD, at any time in his espionage career, ever tried to withdraw from his Soviet entanglement? We could find no evidence, even from Gold himself, that he had. In promoting the Red cause, he had been almost morbidly self-

sacrificial. Denying himself luxuries, spending hard-earned money, wasting vacation periods, making long trips, suffering loss of sleep, enduring the nervous pressure of illegal activities, he gave everything he had, including his honor. Even after he had confessed, he continued for a while to fabricate. To his credit, however, I must say that ultimately he poured out the whole story.

Then he ransacked his memory for names, dates and incidents, and provided the FBI with a wealth of information which will be of value in pending and future investigations. That was his only way of making restitution.

Although too late, he had come at last to see that Communism had robbed him of the conscience of a free American, completely paralyzing his power of moral resistance. No spiritual force was left within him to stay his deeds of treason.

And what had it all brought him except disgrace and the certain

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prospect of long years in prison? The Soviets, to be sure, had "honored" Harry Gold. He told us how, one evening, his espionage superior had announced to him that they were going to celebrate that night. Gold had been awarded the Order of the Red Star for his outstanding work on behalf of the U.S.S.R. The Russian displayed the written order but for obvious reasons could not give him the document or the medal. But he did reveal that one of the privileges of the award was free trolley rides in the city of Moscow!

STANDING in Federal Court in Philadelphia on December 9, 1950, Gold confessed his "terrible mistake," to Judge James P. McGranery.

"There is a puny inadequacy about any words telling how deep and horrible is my remorse," he declared. He thanked the Court for a fair trial, and commended the

FBI and other agencies of the Department of Justice and the prison authorities for good treatment.

"Most certainly," he asserted, "this could never have happened in the Soviet Union or in any of the countries dominated by it."

And then the Judge pronounced the sentence: "Thirty years."

The moon-faced prisoner nodded, and United States deputy marshals led him out of the courtroom. Harry Gold had sacrificed his life and hazarded the security of his nation for "free trolley rides in Moscow"—a privilege which fate was never to allow him to enjoy.

MOTION-PICTURE producer Louis de Rochemont (*The Whistle at Eaton Falls*, *Lost Boundaries*, *Boomerang!*, *The House on 92nd Street*, etc.) specializes in the dramatization of Reader's Digest articles for the screen. His forthcoming feature production, *Walk East on Beacon!*, will be based upon the FBI's current revelations of Communist espionage.

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