UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Those Listed Below

DATE: March 16, 1962

FROM : C. L. Marshall, Director
Division of Classification, HQ

SUBJECT: MONTHLY CLASSIFICATION BULLETIN NO. 60

	Classification
1. The Westinghouse Electric Corporation 1000 MWe Supercritical Once-Thru Pressure Tube Reactor (SCOTT-R) has been added to the list of unclassified reactors.	U
2. AEC Manual Chapter 3402-034 states "The declassification authority under d. may be delegated, without power of redelegation, to a limited number of qualified, personally named AEC personnel, and a contractor may be authorized to designate, with the written approval of the Manager of Operations, a limited number of qualified, personally named employees to exercise this authority."	U
The wording of this chapter was used to make it clear that the authority to declassify could not be delegated to a position by title since every incumbent might not be qualified to perform this function. The Manager of Operations or the contractor is required to determine that an individual is qualified to perform this function and thereafter to authorize that individual personally to perform the work. Such an individual cannot redelegate this authority.	
3. On February 10, 1962, the General Manager addressed a memorandum to AEC Field Offices and to AEC Divisions and Offices, Headquarters on the subject "Safeguarding of Classified Information". Because of the importance and interest in this subject, the message is repeated below:	U

Addressees:
Classification Officers
Headquarters Division Directors
Operations Office Managers
Senior Reviewers
Coordinating Organization Directors
Responsible Reviewers

"I am concerned with the appearance, in newspapers, magazines, or other public information media, of articles which contain classified information. This information may not be the result of willful disclosure but may be based on accurate journalistic speculation or may have been obtained through inadvertence on the part of personnel having classified access.

"I wish to remind you that the appearance of such data in a newspaper or other unofficial source does not constitute a declassification of the information, or justify any conclusion by persons who have had classified access that they thereafter are in a position to repeat such information or to confirm to uncleared individuals, the accuracy of the statements made, or to enlarge on the statements on an unclassified basis.

"In any contact Staff members may have with representatives of the press particular care must be taken to assure that classified information is not disclosed.

"Heads of Washington Divisions and Managers of Field Offices are requested to take immediate action to re-alert AEC employees and consultants and AEC contractor employees and consultants as to their responsibility for safeguarding classified information."

4. Nucleonics Week of February 8, 1962 contains an article entitled "Architect-Engineer Proposals on a Liquid-Metal Test Facility" which describes the Pratt & Whitney lithium-cooled reactor experiment as being in the range of 2000 F. This general statement is unclassified but must not be used as a basis for a more specific description of temperatures. Design temperatures (inlet, outlet, etc.) for the reactor experiment are Confidential Restricted Data. U

5. It is to be noted that AEC Manual Chapter 3403 "Unclassified Fields of Research" dated November 18, 1954 has been cancelled and superseded by Appendix 3401 dated April 27, 1961 and OC Doc-74 "Guide to the Unclassified Fields of Research" dated August 25, 1960. (OC Doc-74 supersedes AEC Manual Appendix 3403-05A-D). Personnel who have been authorized to conduct research projects within AEC Appendix 3401, Part I, D, should be cautioned that incorporation of classified information in an U

unclassified research project terminates the unclassified status of that project. Reports that are prepared on such projects should be initially classified until determined to be unclassified by the Division of Classification, AEC Headquarters, or the appropriate Operations Office Classification Officer.

6. It should be noted that the Access Permit Program was established to grant access under certain conditions to classified information. The impression that apparently exists on the part of some that placing information in the Access Permit Program is tantamount to declassifying the information is incorrect. U

7. The "Princess ANP Classification Guide" has been cancelled and has been superseded by CG-RAN-2 "Classification Guide for the Manned Aircraft Nuclear Propulsion (ANP) Program" dated November 27, 1961. U

8. The issuance of CG-RAR-1 "AEC-DOD Classification Guide for the Army Nuclear Power Program" dated December 18, 1961 supersedes the classification guidance contained in the following Army Reactor guides: U

   a. Interim Classification Guide for the Military Compact Reactor Developmental Model Pilot Plant, dated January 6, 1961

   b. Military Compact Reactor Program Classification Guidance, Rev. I, dated August 23, 1960

   c. Classification Guide for the APPR-1B Project, dated January 12, 1959

   d. Restricted Data Classification Guide for the Army Gas Cooled Reactor Systems Program, dated April 10, 1959

   e. Classification Guide for Army Reactor Gas Cooled Loop Project (H2251)

   f. Classification Guide for the SM-2 (APPR-1B) Project, dated March 18, 1959

   g. Classification Guide for Army Reactors Experimental Area (ICF-3660), dated April 25, 1958

   h. Classification Guide for Army Remote Nuclear Power Station

   i. Classification Guide for Army Logistical Carrier, dated June 8, 1956

9. A new topic has been added to OC Doc-71. This topic reads as follows: U

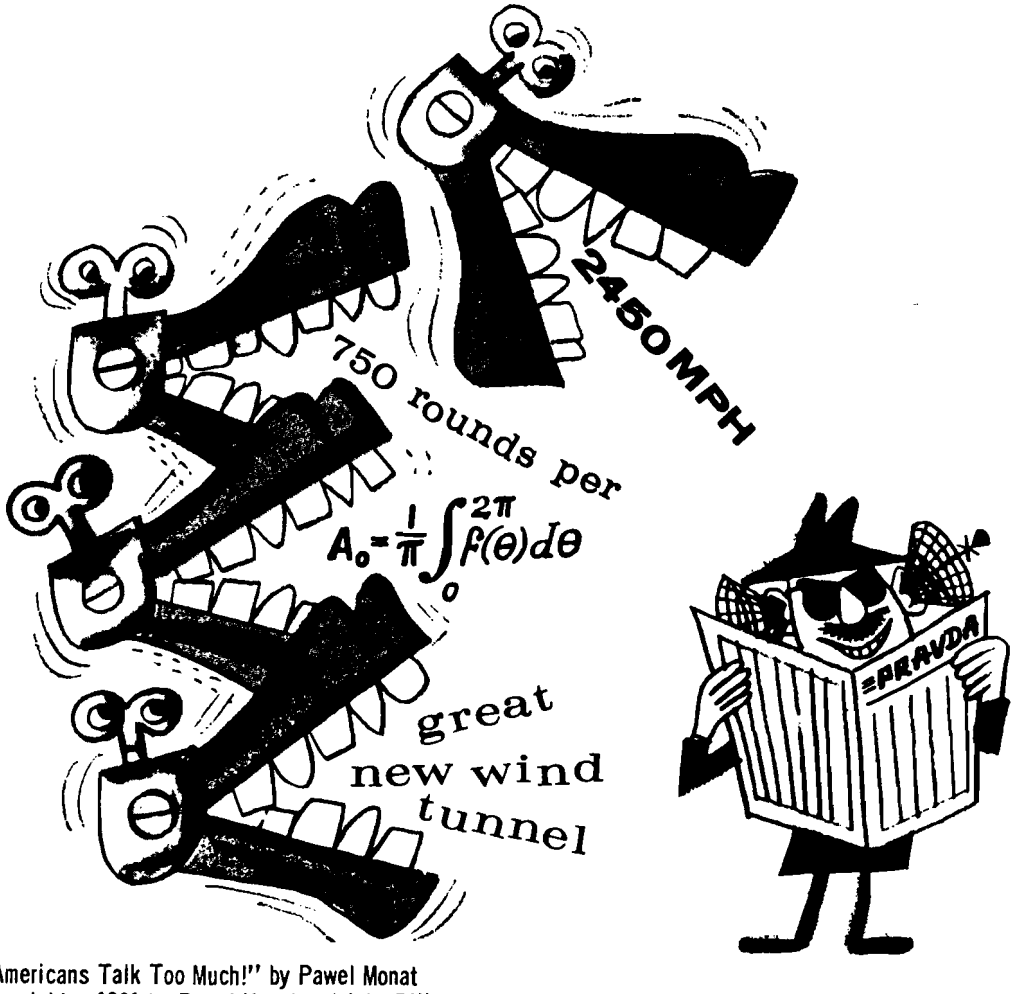
Topic	Class.	Remarks
8.2541 The mere statement, "Polaris submarines when on patrol duty carry sixteen nuclear-tipped missiles ready for immediate launching"	U	Any elaboration, FRD (RD).

10. There is enclosed for your information a reprint of an article which clearly indicates the dangers inherent in loose talk and the value such information has to potential enemies. U

Enclosure:
Pamphlet "Americans Talk Too Much"
Index - Monthly Class. Bulletins,
No. 1 through No. 60

After a spell of successful spying in U.S.
a former Communist agent concludes that

AMERICANS TALK TOO MUCH!



AMERICANS TALK TOO MUCH!

Pawel Monat is a onetime Polish colonel who defected to the United States in 1959. This account of his espionage activities, written with LIFE *Associate Editor John Dille, is from a forthcoming book,* Spy in the U.S., *to be published by Harper & Brothers.*

by PAWEL MONAT

AMERICA is a wonderful country—a fine place to visit and a perfectly delightful one in which to carry out espionage, an assignment I had for three years as a colonel in military intelligence attached to the Polish embassy in Washington.

Soon after I arrived here I discovered an almost infallible approach for getting along: if a strange foreigner tells Americans often enough that Americans are a very nice and friendly people and that the U.S. is truly a magnificent country, the foreigner is sure to find himself accepted almost immediately as a good and trusted friend. Even with a Polish accent, I was able to find one American after another who seemed impelled by this national yearning to be likable to tell me things he might never have told his own wife.

In Washington one evening in 1956 I boarded a train for Chicago in company with a colleague, Captain Wisniewski. We shared a Pullman compartment, and while Wisniewski was stowing our luggage I stood in the corridor watching as the train pulled out. There was a short, distinguished-looking gentleman standing next to me, also looking out the window. We nodded and after a moment exchanged pleasantries.

"I noticed your accent," he said. "Where are you from, if I may ask?"

"I'm originally from Poland. But now I live here in Washington."

"I see. And what do you do?"

"What does everyone do in Washington?" I asked. "I am with one of the government offices." I did not bother to tell him *which* government office I worked for.

"Well," the man said, "that *is* a coincidence. So am I."

"Is that so?" I asked. "And what do *you* do?"

"I am a scientist," he said. "I do research for the government."

"Oh, that sounds very interesting," I said, and looked out the window as if I weren't really interested at all.

my new friend invited me into his compartment so that we could sit down and chat.

Inside he picked up a fat brief case from one of the seats and patted it.

"This is the project that I'm working on right now," he said. "I take it with me wherever I go." He opened it and brought out a fistful of papers. "I must spend about 18 hours a day on these," he said.

Plotting to swipe wind tunnel plans

The papers were full of graphs and tables. "It looks very complicated," I said. "You must be designing a new airplane."

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I design a machine to *test* the design of a new airplane. These are the plans for a new wind tunnel." With that, he put the papers back in the case and stowed it on the overhead rack.

I was sure that both Warsaw and Moscow wanted the contents of that brief case. A new wind tunnel probably meant new U.S. airplanes were being designed. Just then a steward walked through the car announcing that dinner was being served. My new friend asked me to join him and I gladly accepted. But first I excused myself. "I must wash my hands," I said. "Please go on. I will join you in the diner."

I rushed back to my compartment and gave Wisniewski his instructions: "Two compartments to your left there's a big brief case on the rack, full of very important material. You won't have time to read it or sort it out. Just bring it in here and use your camera to copy everything as fast as you can. I will try to hold the man it belongs to in the diner, but you won't have much time. As soon as you have finished, put the brief case back where you got it. But make sure that no one sees you enter or leave the compartment. When I come back from dinner I'll rattle the door. If you have not immediately. Do you understand?"

Wisniewski nodded.

"All right," I said. "Go to work."

The scientist and I had a long and pleasant dinner filled with small talk. I did not ask him any more about the nature of his work. I hoped Wisniewski was taking care of that while we finished our cigars.

Finally, after about two hours, my friend said he was sleepy and ought to turn in. We left the lounge, and I preceded him through the rocking corridors back to our car. As we came up to my compartment, I opened my door slightly and banged it shut again.

"My colleague is already asleep," I said. "I was afraid he might have locked the door."

"My Lord," the scientist said. "I hope no one has opened mine."

He opened the door to his compartment and looked up at the rack. Then he turned back toward me and smiled.

"Everything's fine," he said. "It's still there. Well, it was very pleasant. Thank you for the cigar."

The spy who missed his dinner

Wisniewski was still awake when I entered the compartment.

"Good God, Colonel," he whispered, "what *was* all that stuff?"

"Something about wind tunnels," I said. "Did you get it?"

"Every page."

"We won't try to process it," I said. "We'll send it straight to Warsaw and let them work on it. Good night."

"Good night," Wisniewski said, and turned out his light.

I undressed and climbed into my berth and turned out my light.

"Oh, Colonel," Wisniewski whispered loudly, "as a soldier, it is my duty to report that I had no dinner tonight."

I was returning to Washington from New York by train one evening when a young Army lieutenant came aboard at Trenton, N.J. and sat down beside me. I could tell from his insignia that he was an ordnance officer. He leafed through a magazine while I gazed out the window and watched his reflection in it for some sign of an opening. Finally, when he seemed bored with his reading, I brought out my cigaret case and offered him a smoke. He said he was trying to quit, but he accepted one and I gave him a light.

"I'm going to Washington," I said. "How far are you going?"

"Aberdeen," he answered.

"Oh, you're from the ordnance proving ground," I said. "You must have a very interesting job for such a young officer."

"It sure is," he said. "We're on a fascinating project right now—we're trying to figure out the best angle for the armor plating on a new tank. You know, so the shells will bounce off. Right now we think it goes something like this." The lieutenant held up his hands to show me the angle.

After we had smoked in silence for a moment, he said, "You've probably heard about the new M-14 rifle and the M-60 machine gun."

"Very little," I said.

"Well, that little M-14 is really terrific. We think that baby's going to give us a firepower of 750 rounds a minute. That's faster, you know, than some of our machine guns."

"I didn't know that," I said.

I kept nodding my head or exclaiming over facts for the next hour, until the train stopped at Aberdeen, Md., and the lieutenant shook my hand and got off.

I spent the rest of the trip scribbling notes. Next day I discussed them with one of my assistants, an expert on ordnance. He knew most of the facts, but some of the details were new to him. I checked these items with the Soviet military attaché and they were news to him too. It was a most profitable cigaret.

Talkative Texan in a ten-gallon hat

Once I sent two of my best assistants, Majors Edmund Baranowski and Wladyslaw Kuluski, on a trip through Texas. They flew to Dallas and rented a car. Texas is crammed with Air Force installations, so my officers made a point of staying at motels close to the airfields and eating their meals in restaurants frequented by Air Force men. Despite long hours of patient waiting, their pickings were slim. Then one night, as they were sitting at a bar near San Antonio, Baranowski and Kuluski looked up to see a tall young man come striding through the door wearing a rakish ten-gallon hat. He ambled up to the bar and ordered a double bourbon on the rocks. The majors were fascinated by the hat. They had never seen one quite like it. They must have stared at him, for in a moment the Texan waved to them from his end of the bar, then came over and introduced himself. They told him their names and in the confusion of the moment they even volunteered that they were from Poland.

"Well," he said, "you've come a far piece to see Texas. What do you all think of it?"

Kuluski and Baranowski assured the young man that Texas was amazing. It was big, it was rich, it was everything they had ever heard about it.

"Well," the Texan said, "we try to do our share. The old country up north wants to build herself a lot of automobiles—we dig up all the gas and oil to make 'em run. She gets hungry—we fatten up the steers. She gets her little ol' self into a war—we bail her out. We've got a lotta fightin' folk down here. I guess you all've seen the big airfields we got all over."

Kuluski and Baranowski said they had seen the fields but did not know too much about them. So the Texan proceeded to fill them in.

"I've been inside most of 'em," he aid. "I was a pilot myself for more'n our years. Then my daddy died and had to get out and mind the ranch. sure do miss flyin'."

My men suggested that the Texan in them for dinner. He agreed—if you'll let me pay my own way nd buy the next round." During the eal the Texan talked on and on. He as a walking encyclopedia of mili- ry aviation. He knew the speed and

to follow; and he went into detail about Air Force maintenance and repair crews. Kuluski and Baranowski, who were not aviation experts, retained only about half of what he told them. As a result of this adventure, I suggested in my report to Warsaw that future missions of this kind into Air Force territory be staffed with trained Polish Air Force officers, even if they had to be sent all the way from Warsaw for the purpose.

The gabby Texan was a living encyclopedia of defense secrets

erformance of Air Force planes; he new the training schedules of the cal pilots, a number of whom were iends of his; he knew about their ıy, their morale and their proficien- ; he knew how the SAC alert sys- n worked; he knew just how many mbers on a SAC base were loaded th nuclear weapons and ready to fly ay to war; he knew about the nament of the planes and the radar stems and the best tactics for shoot- g down an interceptor in mid-air, a it which he enacted dramatically th his hands; he knew what forma- ns the fighter planes were trained

The big giveaway of Pentagon secrets

One of our best sources of loose talk about military subjects was, of all places, the Pentagon in Washington. Anyone, from a four-star general to a 15-year-old boy, can get into the building. There are information desks at the Mall and River entrances where ladies sit ready to answer questions or direct strangers to the proper room in the proper corridor on the proper floor of this gigantic maze. But no one needs a pass to get past them.

And once inside the Pentagon, though many office areas are extremely well guarded, anyone can roam the hallways and pause outside the rooms. The building also houses a large concourse filled with shops, snack bars, post offices and other public conveniences for the Pentagon's huge population. This area, along with the Army Library where we were allowed to browse contentedly through the unclassified material comprised our main stamping ground.

But we were not interested in mailing letters or drinking coffee or simply flipping the pages of military history books. We did all of these things but only as an excuse for hanging around. Our real job was to eavesdrop on conversations. A good deal of the talk we overheard consisted of everyday military gossip. A general was being transferred or promoted, and his friends came up to congratulate him. A new admiral was moving in and he went up to greet old friends. A colonel who was well known around the Pentagon was telling everyone how he had taken over a new Army branch involving research. Air Force captains stood around in groups worrying about their pay, their housing and their promotions to major.

Once in a while, in the midst of all this chatter, we picked up a juicy morsel. Two officers meeting in a hall confirmed a rumor we had heard that an infantry regiment was undergoing special nuclear training. A colonel told a friend that he had just been ordered to evaluate a new weapon that we had never heard of. It was in the Pentagon concourse that we got our first real hint about the reorganization of the Army into new, streamlined pentomic divisions. And one of my assistants first heard about the B-70 airplane from an Air Force colonel who mentioned it to a colleague as they stood waiting for hamburgers at a Pentagon snack bar.

All of this information was choppy and fragmentary. It was collected on the edge of crowds and sometimes, to be sure, it gave us only the rough edge of a new fact.

The end result: profit for Moscow

But each small tidbit helped us build up the mosaic. Eavesdropping on these talkative Americans also gave Warsaw and Moscow an intimate insight into the daily workings of the American high command.