

will see who is going to win.' At which point I said: '. . . Well, you realize that you are competing with a woman.' At which either he or I said—the gist of the sentence was—'Whoever is going to win, we are working for the same boss.' ”

Now, asked Mr. Murphy, did there come a time when she saw Mr. Hiss in this building? There did. In December 1948, the F.B.I. had brought them together in a room in the courthouse. Hiss appeared with his lawyers. She tried then to make him recall the Washington meeting. She told him her own story to help him identify her. He was friendly, but he said he did not remember her.

Mr. Murphy wondered if she had changed much in her physical appearance. Mrs. Massing looked to be in her early fifties but she held her head high and managed an air of challenging chic. Yes, she thought she had changed considerably. "The color of your hair?" Mr. Murphy hinted with heroic tact. No, she had put on weight. Any operations on her face at all? No, said the former Viennese actress.

Mr. Cross tried to ruin her credibility by suggesting that in a hearing supporting her husband's application for citizenship she had sworn a false oath and said many things inconsistent with the story of her personal life she had just told. It was evident that there were discrepancies. The dates of marriages and divorce were different. She admitted the possibility that one relationship (she had been married three times) might have ignored the legal knot for a time, since in Germany at that time marriage was "a technicality which liberals did not observe." Mrs. Massing was visibly flustered by Mr. Cross but very decided about her relations with Hiss. Hiss, when his turn came, denied the whole story, said he had never been at Field's home without Mrs. Hiss, and denied ever knowing or seeing Mrs. Massing, except in the F.B.I. office, when, he said, she had never used the word "communism" but talked always about "world socialism" and "anti-Fascism."

Mr. Murphy asked Hiss if he had ever recommended possible markets to aspiring authors. For a moment this sounded like an academic digression, until Hiss grinned shrewdly, having correctly guessed that the Government had turned up a letter he had written in May 1948 to this same Noel Field who was then in eastern Europe and wanting to place articles in the United States. All the incrimination Mr. Murphy could squeeze out of it was that Hiss had started