

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Morris H. Wolff, Esquire
Juris Doctor, M.A., J.D.

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Copyright © 2011 by Morris H. Wolff

Copyright © 2011 The Educational Publisher

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.

Published by

The Educational Publisher of Columbus, Ohio.

Printed and distributed by

The Educational Publisher of Columbus, Ohio

www.EduPublisher.com

For more information about the book and the author visit

www.WallenbergBook.co

Buy the printed and digital book at Wallenberg.EduPublisher.com

Buy the 2011 version of the Kindle book at Amazon.com

Official Website: WallenbergBook.EduPublisher.com

Cover design by Robert Sims

Note: the powerful background image for the cover is a photo of the SS rounding up Hungarian Jews of Budapest, October, 1944

ISBN: 1-934849-46-4

ISBN13: 978-1-934849-46-0

Also available as a Kindle download on Amazon.com

ASIN: B0054H4I2K

eBook ISBN: 1-934849-57-X, ISBN13: 978-1-934849-57-6

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Dedications

To my two daughters Michelle and Lesley and to my brothers Carl, Richard and David and their wives, and my sister Ruth and her family for their continual love and support of my efforts on behalf of Raoul Wallenberg.

Acknowledgments

None of my rescue efforts could have been accomplished alone. I would like to thank the late Congressman Tom Lantos and his dynamic and supportive wife Annette whose strong encouragement has been a constant source of strength throughout this endeavor.

I would also like to thank my young colleague Jason Webster for his bravery and dedication to this cause with hopes that he continues to follow in my work in human rights.

And with appreciation to Patricia Pawlowski who has persevered with me in getting this book published so that all may know the truth about Raoul Wallenberg and his fate.

Sincere thanks also to the Simon Wiesenthal Foundation and its leaders Rabbi Abraham Cooper and Marvin Hier who helped to raise Twenty Five Thousand Dollars to help cover part of the expenses. No legal fees were ever paid. I did all of my work *pro bono* for twenty-seven years. I want to thank President William J. Clinton for meeting with me at the White House and encouraging me to continue my work. President Clinton took a note to Premier Boris Yeltsin seeking Wallenberg's release in December of 1993. My thanks to the Mossad Intelligence Agency of Israel for mounting a raid on a Dacha near to Moscow in a valiant effort to rescue Wallenberg. They came within a hair's breadth of rescuing our hero. Finally, my thanks to my Germantown Friends School classmate and personal hero David Meredith Evans who, as the United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, took a trip to Kazan Hospital on the Volga River five hundred miles from Moscow and met with Raoul Wallenberg in 1998. David Evans was the last person to see Raoul Wallenberg alive.

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?



The Author, Morris H. Wolff



Raoul Wallenberg at his desk at the Swedish Embassy, November 26, 1944. The calendar served to conceal a wall safe where the “Brezhnev Diamonds” were kept, according to his photographer Thomas Veres.

Author's Note

When I was first retained in March of 1983 by the Wallenberg family to sue the Soviet Union in an effort to rescue Holocaust hero Raoul Wallenberg from Lubyanka Prison in Moscow; I was filled with dreams, hope and optimism. I was hopeful I would win the case and that the doors of the prison in Moscow, where Raoul had languished for 39 years under brutal conditions, would open and Wallenberg would be set free---an innocent man whose only “crime” was rescuing 100,000 Budapest Jews that headed towards the Nazi gas chambers at Auschwitz.

I nurtured dreams that one day Raoul and I, as “brothers in arms,” would sit on the back of an open Lincoln Continental convertible and share a ticker tape parade down 5th Avenue in New York with grateful survivors and other Americans cheering him “Home.” That was my dream. I held on to it through the long years of litigation and rescue efforts. I served pro-bono. I never accepted money for this privilege of walking through the corridors of 20th century history as legal counsel for this great man. I became his voice in the courtroom and his quiet conscience in this world. My work led to the NBC TV series on Wallenberg starring Richard Chamberlain. From there a new awareness of Wallenberg developed.

Wallenberg was made an American citizen on August 5, 1981 at age sixty nine by President Ronald Reagan who said: “I hope the granting of citizenship to Raoul Wallenberg will hasten the day of his release, and that one day soon he will sit beneath the trees planted in his honor at Yad Vashem on the Avenue of the Righteous Gentiles in Jerusalem.” The President went on to say to Wallenberg’s brother, Guy Von Dardel, “Mister Von Dardel, we’re going to do everything in our power so that your brother can sit beneath the shade of those trees and enjoy the respect and love that so many hold for him.” **(See Reagan letter at the back of this book).**

I used Wallenberg’s status as an American citizen, and other valid US laws, to win a precedent setting lawsuit in federal court in Washington, DC on October 18, 1985. Judge Barrington Parker, outraged by the Soviet misbehavior in kidnapping Wallenberg from Debrecen, Hungary on January 17, 1945, and holding him for 39 brutal years, ordered the Soviets to immediately release Wallenberg and to pay damages of 39 million dollars—the one million for each year of lonely captivity, which I had requested. It was a courtroom triumph. I was making plans to go to Moscow to bring Wallenberg home. **(See Judge Parker’s opinion at the back of this book).**

You, as the reader of this book, will learn first-hand how governments often work at odds with their best intentions. Sometimes work done in secret is ill advised. Men working at the highest levels for President Reagan, including Fred Fielding, his White House Counsel, and John G. Roberts his White House

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Assistant Counsel (now Chief Justice of The United States Supreme Court), have done our nation a great disservice. They covered up their own effort to sabotage my effort to rescue Wallenberg by failing to answer my letter to the President. I had asked the President, by hand delivered letter on November 11, 1983, to use his executive powers and his commitment to Wallenberg to demand his release. President Reagan carefully read my letter that was hand delivered by Faith R. Whittlesey, Assistant to the President for Public Liaison, and my personal friend from Philadelphia. The President wanted to follow my advice and demand the release of Wallenberg—but his aides countermanded the President’s directive.

President Reagan had the moral power and the legal duty, under the US Hostages Act (22 US Code 1732) to issue an ultimatum and demand that the Soviet Union release Wallenberg. Supreme Court Chief Justice Roberts, then a White House lawyer, when specifically asked by the President for his candid legal advice, told Reagan:

“Mr. President you have not only the power but the duty under this law, as Morris Wolff has suggested, to demand the release of prisoner Wallenberg, now a US citizen.”

Roberts, as White House lawyer acknowledged this awesome power and the correctness of my legal position. He should have used his courage to tell the president to do the right thing. In his memo to the President he states: “The federal law, Title 22 USC. 1732 by its terms, impose an explicit duty on the President. The duty to demand the release of a citizen and to take action is triggered, if he is being held by the foreign power (USSR) in violation of the rights of American citizenship.”

Roberts was obligated to follow the courage of his convictions. But he failed miserably. Wallenberg could have been brought forward from solitary confinement of thirty-seven years and become a free man in November of 1983.

Raoul Wallenberg was only 73, in good health and alive, as you will learn in this book. But a small group of people in the White House and the State Department pressured Roberts and turned his courage to cowardice. These bad influences included State Department Legal Adviser, Dan McGovern who wanted to “refrigerate” Wallenberg. Thus, in a curious 180 degree turn, Roberts contradicted his memo to President Reagan and curiously stated:

“I nonetheless recommend a reply to Wallenberg family lawyer Morris Wolff essentially dodging the question of the applicability of 22 USC. 1732.”

This critical White House memo was buried in the White House archives and later at the Reagan Library. It did not surface until John Roberts’ confirmation hearing for appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I never even received a courtesy letter answering my letter to the President. It was too hot to handle. Some very sensitive negotiations with the Russians were taking place in November of 1985, at the time of my letter to Reagan. This was during the height

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

of the Cold War. Reliable sources at the State Department kept me informed that my effort to rescue Wallenberg was being stymied by the US Department of State, which unfortunately had a record of insensitivity regarding matters involving the Holocaust. My 1983 letter to the President, and the internal secret White House staff reply, suggesting a “dodging of the issue” were not uncovered until the hearings of Justice Roberts in June of 2005. Mr. Roberts was being interviewed and questioned by the Senate on his qualifications as Chief Justice of the US Supreme Court. The Roberts/Fielding memo was discovered in the basement of the Reagan Library in California by an astute and professional journalist, E.J. Kessler, an investigative reporter with the *Jewish Forward*, a highly respect weekly newspaper.

Kessler called me long distance in Zurich, Switzerland in June of 2005. He came at me with a barrage of questions. He asked, “Do you know that your letter demanding action by President Reagan to gain Wallenberg’s release was buried? It has now curiously surfaced, after being hidden for twenty years in papers at the Reagan Library. I was digging through them looking for evidence of courage and good character prior to the Roberts confirmation hearings. Can you confirm the contents of your letter and the Justice Roberts memo to Reagan on Wallenberg? Are you the Mr. Morris Wolff who wrote to the President? Do you plan to come back and testify at the Roberts’ confirmation hearing? I hope you will!”

I was on assignment on an international law matter in Zurich. I often traveled in my international law practice. He asked me for my comment.

I was in a state of shock about this discovery. Yet, as I sat there having a coffee at an outdoor café in Zurich, I gathered my thoughts and replied.

“I never knew what happened to my letter to President Reagan. I simply went on with my pursuit of Wallenberg’s freedom and wrote and filed my lawsuit suing the Soviets for his release. That lawsuit would not have been necessary had the President done the right thing in November of 1983 when he first read my letter. He should have taken action right away to demand the immediate release of Wallenberg under the existing law which I carefully quoted in my letter.” I paused and drank some coffee and thought about his question on testifying.

I then replied, “I will come back to testify. I will return. I plan to come back to my law office in Washington, and will now advance my schedule to return tomorrow. I want to know why Roberts did what he did.”

I was amazed. Until that moment I had not been able to connect the dots. Roberts had endorsed and then jettisoned my November 11, 1983 letter to the President. He had countermanded Reagan’s directive to answer me and to write a letter to the Soviets demanding the release of Wallenberg. Roberts through inaction and indifference had unwittingly signed Wallenberg’s “death warrant”.

This was Wallenberg’s chance for liberation and freedom. Had Roberts and Fielding given the President encouragement and a strong and well deserved

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

green light—a ‘do what you can do Mr. President to gain release’ plea—Wallenberg would have been freed. The Russians at that moment were very sensitive to demands coming from the United States. They would have released Wallenberg, I am certain. Instead, the President’s key advisors kept the President in the dark and thus guaranteed Wallenberg’s continuing in custody. For inexplicable reasons they countermanded the President’s first impulse and his directive to seek freedom for Raoul Wallenberg. They were insubordinate. They went against his instruction. Pressured by the State Department Legal Counsel, Dan McGovern, they developed a plan of do nothing inaction. They effectively destroyed my letter. But they did not destroy Roberts’ self-damaging letter of advice. I never knew why I did not receive a reply. And now I knew. . . . twenty years later.

I called Senator Arlen Specter, who was then Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. I asked to testify at the Roberts’ confirmation hearing, and to find out why the Wallenberg scandal took place. Arlen Specter remains a close personal friend. He was a powerful United States Senator who grilled and destroyed Robert Bork as a Supreme Court candidate in the Senate confirmation hearings a few years earlier. I was hoping he would give Roberts a similar open and honest grilling. I had the fodder for his efforts but this was a new Specter. He and his clever associate David Brog knew I would be a hostile, but candid and honest witness. By now, thanks to Republican politics, Arlen owed his Senate Judiciary leadership position to Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, a strong supporter of Roberts’ candidacy. Hatch had stepped aside as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and allowed Arlen to take his place. Arlen did not want me to testify. He knew I would expose Roberts and his peculiar White House behavior concerning Raoul Wallenberg. This would have a profound effect on the Jewish voters in Pennsylvania who were a mainstay of Arlen’s coalition of support. He was not about to sully his image in the Jewish community. He knew in advance what I would ask Roberts and what Roberts would be obligated to say. It was already in the *Jewish Forward* article in which I had publicly labeled Roberts’ actions as “cowardly.”

Arlen knows my fighting nature and my ideals. We are good friends. We both graduated with honors from the Yale Law School. He swore me in as Chief Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia before Judge Sloan when Arlen was District Attorney in 1965. Arlen has always been very supportive and respectful, including his full endorsement when I ran for the State Senate of Pennsylvania in 1970. He campaigned for me. He and his wife Joan attended my engagement party in March of 1965 and my wedding on May 15, 1965. I served him and the people of Philadelphia effectively, with honor and distinction. I told Arlen, “I want to ask Roberts if he might have any information on the whereabouts of Raoul Wallenberg today. Roberts had access to State Department intelligence and to top secret CIA reports. I wanted to question Roberts on matters of courage,

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

integrity and character. I want him to tell the public what he knew about the Wallenberg matter and why he did not encourage President Reagan to use the law I placed in front of him to rescue Wallenberg.” I also wanted to ask Roberts whether as Chief Justice he would be willing to hear the Wallenberg case directly in the Supreme Court since the court has original jurisdiction in matters concerning Ambassadors. I was never given that opportunity. His assistant, David Brog, blocked my access to the panel, by delay after delay, claiming in phone call after phone call: “We are looking for the perfect spot on a panel for you to testify.” That spot never materialized. David and Arlen called back a few days later:

“Morris, I’d like to invite you to testify on a panel. We have searched for the right panel, but we could not find one.”

“That is just nonsense,” I replied. “I believe you can find a five minute spot. Where there’s a will, there’s a way! Politics puts pressure on us all. It depends on how you respond.”

I believed that my country would do everything possible to help achieve justice and to rescue Wallenberg. He was our *de facto* American diplomat---financed by the US Treasury, asked to act for our government in a time of tragic need. He was our diplomat in everything but his clothing. Our United States War Refugee Board went to Sweden and seduced Wallenberg to serve. They wined and dined him in a series of fancy dinners at the Bellsmanor restaurant in Stockholm, Sweden. We drafted him. We promised to cover for him and not leave him hanging out to dry. And yet for thirty-nine years---the number of years in Soviet custody when I answered the call---it is exactly what we did. Our State Department abandoned him in January of 1945 and allowed him to waste away in a Soviet jail. It was our duty to bring him home, and we failed. He is not merely a hero of Sweden and the United States but of the whole world --- a man whose deeds speak volumes for his suffering, silent voice. He answered the call to end the suffering of others, and ironically was forced to suffer himself.

I hope this book will open the eyes of many people around the world, and be read especially by young people—our future leaders and decision makers. These will be men and women who never knew the Holocaust or World War II. It will be picked up and perused by good people who love to read of heroes. “It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness,” and that is what I have done as his torchbearer in the 27 years of effort I have put pro bono into the law case and my subsequent international efforts to rescue Wallenberg. I sued in US federal court and I won the lawsuit. I met with Presidents. I went to Israel and enlisted the Mossad Intelligence agency to implement a daring mission behind enemy lines in Russia to rescue Wallenberg. They almost succeeded. Israel is the only nation to ever make a true effort to rescue him.

Only Tom Lantos and a few good lawyers and courageous members of Congress, not the State Department, and not the White House have worked with me for his release. And of course Judge Parker, who wrote a great and historic

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

human rights opinion which should have been taken by the President and presented to Premier Andropov and the Soviets in Reykavik at his summit meeting in the winter of 1985 where President Reagan first identified and excoriated the USSR as “the evil empire.”

I write this book for the next generation of volunteers and political activists. I encourage you to step forward. Our young people need to rattle our government to do the right thing. Do something heroic with your life. Emulate the “can do”, altruistic and courageous approach of Wallenberg. Give up your headsets, your video games, your material life, and your BlackBerries. Go into schools, go into neighborhoods, go to the Peace Corps, and go to Africa and micro-finance women to start their own businesses. Serve and care about people the way Wallenberg cared. Give up cynicism and nihilism. Be pro-active. You can make a difference in the World.

And remember Dante’s admonition in *The Inferno*: ... “that the hottest rim of Hell is reserved for those who in a moment of Moral Crisis suspended Judgment.”

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Words of Praise

May 10, 2011

“Morris Wolff in 1989 went to Israel and enlisted the Mossad, Israel’s Intelligence Agency in a daring raid to rescue Raoul Wallenberg. On April 30, 2011 we copied that strategy and took out Osama Bin Laden. The use of carefully planned and wisely implemented strategy is a hallmark of Morris Wolff’s legal work in the United States Federal Court in achieving a great victory for his client, a hero whom we all celebrate. I am also impressed by the steadfast pursuit of justice for twenty seven years in the work of Morris Wolff. **All lawyers and human rights advocates who wish to contribute to the good, and to be master builders of justice in our country must read this book.**”



Barack H. Obama
President of the United States



“I first met Morris Wolff on October 18, 1993 when I came to the Yale Law School for the unveiling of my portrait and a reception. Morris approached me at the reception and asked for my help in his effort to rescue Raoul Wallenberg from the Soviet gulag. I told him at that first meeting Wallenberg is my hero! Please come to the White House and tell me more about your lawsuit and your work to gain his release.”

“On November 22, 1993, at my invitation, Morris met with me at the White House, along with my Deputy Security Adviser Neal S. Wolin. Morris outlined the work he was doing, starting in 1983, when he first was asked by the Wallenberg family to sue the Russians to gain freedom for their kidnapped diplomat-brother.”

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

“Morris showed me documents with convincing evidence that Wallenberg was in fact by some miracle still alive in 1993, and in the gulag in Siberia. His evidence was a series of incriminating KGB reports, which Morris obtained from William Colby, a devoted public servant of integrity and former CIA Director.”

“I met with Premier Boris Yeltsin in Moscow a few weeks later on a scheduled visit and asked him to re-open the search for Wallenberg based on Morris Wolff’s visit and the KGB reports. Yeltsin agreed to re-open the search for Wallenberg.”

“In this fascinating book Morris records the details of his twenty-seven year search for Wallenberg, beginning with a Saturday of law research in the Penn law library in March of 1983, and extending to his persuasive arguments in the District of Columbia federal court room in 1984. As he explains in his book, Morris obtained the unanimous support of the United States Congress for his lawsuit in 1985. He also mentions my enjoyable discussion with him at the White House on November 22, 1993. He takes us into worlds of research and discovery of awesome value.”

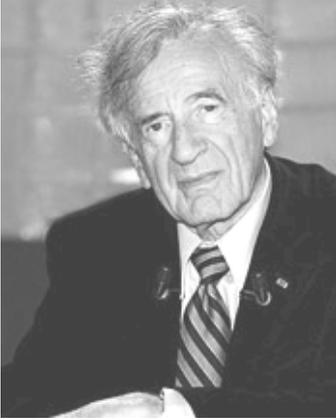
“His well-documented book includes details of his amazing effort to enlist and persuade the Israeli Mossad to slip into Russia in an attempt to rescue Wallenberg.”

“Morris Wolff is an awesome man. He has no quit in his system. You will read about his victorious day in court before Judge Parker, and the historic \$39 million dollar award given the family as damages for the injustice suffered.”

“But most of all you will read a good book, and witness how much one man can do to achieve Justice.”

William J. Clinton
Yale Law School, 1973
President of the United States, 1992-2000

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?



“As a Holocaust Survivor I deeply appreciate the work of Morris Wolff in representing Raoul Wallenberg in federal court, and his fight for Wallenberg’s freedom. I recently met and congratulated Morris again during our visit at Chapman University in California in late March 2011. I have helped Morris in a small way as you will learn as you read the pages of this excellent and courageous book.”

Elie Wiesel
Nobel Peace Prize Laureate
Author of *Night* and other books

“The work of human rights attorney Morris Wolff in his effort to rescue Raoul Wallenberg is a courageous mission of the highest level of human rights activity. As one who spent time as a dissenter in a Russian prison I know what he and his client Raoul Wallenberg have experienced. I commend this excellent book to you. Read it: cheer and weep! It records an important and hair raising moment in world history.”



Anatole Scharansky
Nobel Peace Prize winner
Soviet prison refusnik now living in Tel Aviv, Israel

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

“The dedicated work of Morris Wolff in this creative effort to rescue diplomat Wallenberg stands as an inspiring example for young lawyers who seek justice and who are looking for a worthy cause worth fighting for in the future.”



The Honorable Jan Eliasson,
President of the UN General Assembly
Former Ambassador from Sweden to the United States



“Rarely in legal history can one man make a difference. Morris Wolff has done that in the courtroom and in his brilliant new book ‘Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?’ It is an outstanding account of his tenacity and perseverance in seeking justice for Wallenberg. His work goes beyond Wallenberg. Morris has opened the courts of the United States for the complaints and claims of people from around the world who choose to come to the USA and to sue their home nations for torture and abuse. The work of Morris Wolff has had an incredible ripple effect in the positive development of human rights both in the United States and around the World.”

“It has been said that ‘a rising tide lifts all boats.’ Morris has created a rising tide to lift all boats of human beings who seek justice and who need the establishment of human rights as a matter of law.”

Alan Dershowitz, Esq.
Professor of Law, Harvard Law School
Author of the best seller “Chutzpah!”

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?



“I endorse this important book by Morris Wolff, the distinguished international lawyer who sued the Soviets for Raoul Wallenberg’s release and won a stunning and positive verdict in US Federal Court. Morris persevered, first in court and later as a bloodhound and scholar in the quest for Wallenberg’s release from the Soviet

gulag and his safe return to freedom in the West.”

“In October of 2007 Morris Wolff discovered the truth about what happened to Raoul Wallenberg at the hands of the Soviet KGB. In that year I persuaded Morris Wolff to come to Washington DC to finish his book on Wallenberg and to serve as one of our Senior Policy Analysts at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars.”

Lee Hamilton,
Member of Congress from Indiana, 1965-2000
Chairman, House Foreign Affairs Committee
Director and President of the Woodrow Wilson
International Center for Scholars in Washington DC. 2004-2011

“As an early supporter of human rights lawyer Morris Wolff, I assured him that his positive attitude toward achieving justice would some day win out. Now he has written this great book. I recommend you read it. I encouraged Morris to persist with his dream of rescuing Wallenberg. Now his humane pro bono work, and the new law he created for people seeking freedom, has been recorded for us and for posterity. If you love to read about interesting people, and good struggling to triumph over evil, you will enjoy reading this book.”



Mark Victor Hansen
Chief Executive Officer
Chicken Soup for the Soul Enterprises, Inc.

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Reader's Praise

"I could not put this book down from start to finish. The readers will find compassion, intrigue, excitement, and truth all woven into a vital story. Morris Wolff uses his superb story telling ability to take you into his life experiences as he confronts the Soviet Union and wins. You will witness first hand his efforts to peel back the dark side of humanity in his numerous attempts to achieve Wallenberg's deserved freedom."

Sherry Wilson
Language Arts Teacher
Pioneer Central School District
Yorkshire, NY

"I loved this book. It's a riveting tale of human connections, legal creativity, diplomatic secrets, weird coincidences. Read if you hate lawyers, read if you like lawyers; it will influence your world-view, wherever you are. The book's lively tone and conversational narrative inspires, informs and entertains."

"Great for book clubs. Eminently readable, wide-ranging, mesmerizing. Dogged detective work and creative lawyering. Intrigue, real-life mystery, a secret international rescue raid. Shows how one man can make a difference: First the Swede Wallenberg--who engineers the rescue of some 100,000 Jews from Budapest at the end of World War II. Then, American attorney now author Morris Wolff-- who engineers a "legal rescue" (and more) of the mysteriously-disappeared hero. Two "profiles in courage."

"Mr. Wolff tells of his conversations with well-known powerful public figures, some of whose decisions about Wallenberg will shock us. Mr. Wolff unflinchingly reveals how the mighty can fail us, but how good people appear amazingly and unexpectedly to answer calls to duty, rising to the occasion in surprising ways. As a reader, I am stimulated to want to learn more about human nature (good and bad), decision-making among the great nations, and how people of good will can use law to better protect individuals wrongfully spirited away."

Jody P. Williams, of Daytona Beach and Boston
Retired teacher and lawyer.

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Story of a Hero for All Time written by a Hero for Our Time

“Raoul Wallenberg, 32 years old, left his home and wealthy family in Stockholm, Sweden in 1944 on a mission financed by the United States to save Jews from the Nazis in Budapest, Hungary. The Russians kidnapped him in January, 1945 and held Wallenberg for decades in Russian prisons. No one tried to gain his release, not his family, the Swedish Government, or the United States Government.”

“Until in 1983, at the request of Wallenberg's brother, a young lawyer in Philadelphia, Morris Wolff, took on the case pro bono. After winning a lawsuit in US Federal Court against the Russian Government demanding damages and Wallenberg's release, his mission was frustrated and Wallenberg was never released. Many people are to be admired for their work on Wallenberg's behalf, and many to be reviled for their indifference or obstructions.”

“Were this book just a brilliant thriller by Ben Macintyre or Alan Furst perhaps a happier ending could have been contrived. But this masterpiece is the work of Morris Wolff himself. Wolff's story of trying to free Wallenberg. So the outcome is dictated by history, not fiction. This is a true work of the soul written by a tenacious advocate: a testament to a truly wonderful person, as shown by excerpts from Raoul Wallenberg's own personal diary from June 1944.”

Jim Magid
New York, NY
Amherst College
Classmate-Class of '58

“I have just finished reading your excellent book, the paper back version. You have achieved a marvellous level of research and writing. You have reason to be proud of your literary and legal effort. Congratulations and best wishes on its success.”

Henry S. Bromley III
Germantown Friends School
Classmate-Class of '54

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

“This spellbinding account by Morris Wolff of his ongoing work on behalf of his client, Raoul Wallenberg, trumps a James Bond thriller. Packed with intrigue, suspense and high drama, it is a true story of heroes and villains and a fascinating glimpse into our legal system and its shameful derailment. Most importantly, it is the inspiring story of a tenacious and courageous attorney who refuses to relinquish his pursuit for justice for his client.”

Sabina Clarke
Chestnut Hill Local

Table of Contents

Author's Note.....	v
Words of Praise.....	xi
Reader's Praise	xvi
Foreword	1
Judge Barrington Parker Jr.'s Judicial Opinion	2
Raoul Wallenberg's Personal Diary.....	3
Part I: Meeting Raoul Wallenberg.....	7
March 5, 1983, Philadelphia.....	9
Getting to Know Raoul Wallenberg.....	26
Part II: Raoul Wallenberg versus USSR.....	45
March 5, 1983, Philadelphia.....	47
April 1983, Washington, D.C.....	61
April & May 1983, Philadelphia	69
May 1983, Philadelphia: The Frank Ford Show	72
August 1983, Washington, D.C.....	79
August 3, 1983, The House Foreign Relations Committee	87
October 1983, FDR Library, Hyde Park	93
October 1983, Philadelphia.....	102
December 1983, New York City.....	105
February 3 & 4, 1984, Washington, D.C.	109
March 1984, Wilmington, Delaware	117
July 1984, Chicago, Illinois.....	122
August 4, 1984, Washington Federal Court.....	126
June 1985, Philadelphia.....	132
June 1985, Margate Jewish Community Center, Margate, New Jersey	134
October 1985, Philadelphia.....	141
November 1985, New York City.....	144
December 1985, New York City.....	149
Winter 1985, Florida.....	157
Spring 1986, New York City	159
Part III: A New Front	169
1989, Switzerland & France.....	171
July 1989, Israel - Part I.....	182
July 1989, Israel - Part II	196

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

July 1989, Israel Part III- The Mossad	203
October 1989, Atlantic City	209
October 1989, Washington, D.C.....	214
October 1989, Moscow	216
May 1991, Washington, D.C.	218
November 22, 1993, The White House	222
November 30, 1993, New York- My Birthday Present	227
December 1993, New York & Washington, D.C.	231
December 1993, Meeting the Dalai Lama	233
February 1994.....	235
April 1995, Budapest	241
April 1996, Washington, D.C.....	245
Summer 1998, Phoenix	249
August 1998, Sacramento.....	252
January 2001, Stockholm	260
Summer 2005, Geneva, Switzerland, and Washington, D.C. ..	262
Epilogue.....	269
June 2011, Washington, D.C., Daytona Beach, Florida	271
Exhibits.....	279
Remarks on Signing a Bill Proclaiming Honorary United States Citizenship for Raoul Wallenberg of Sweden, by President Ronald Reagan	281
GUY VON DARDEL, on his own behalf and on behalf of his half brother, RAOUL WALLENBERG, and SVEN HAGSTROMER, Legal Guardian of RAOUL WALLENBERG, on Behalf of RAOUL WALLENBERG, Plaintiffs, v. UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, Defendant	283
PHILA. LAWYER SEEKS JUSTICE IN THE WALLENBERG CASE 308 Seeking Raoul: Philadelphia lawyer pursues justice in Soviet- era jailing of Wallenberg	313
DIPLOMAT'S FAMILY SUES SOVIET	316

Foreword

By Tom Lantos

As a freshman member of the US Congress in 1981, I was proud to introduce legislation making Holocaust hero Raoul Wallenberg an honorary US citizen. My wife, Annette, and I were both ultimately saved by Wallenberg's valiant efforts in Hungary, and we have dedicated a good part of our lives both to preserving this hero's story and to finding out what became of him after World War II. This has been a long and trying road, but we have been fortunate to meet many fascinating and devoted Wallenberg historians along the way. Morris Wolff is one of the most distinguished among them.

In April of 1983, Morris came to Washington to meet with Annette and me regarding the fate of Raoul Wallenberg. His intent was to file a lawsuit against the Soviet Union seeking Wallenberg's immediate release. I invited him to testify before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, providing a platform to tell the Congress and the world of his plans. After his testimony, Morris received unanimous support from our committee and from Senator Claiborne Pell, then Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Morris filed his complaint with the US District Court in February 1984. Then he and I appeared together on national television to explain the purpose of the lawsuit: Raoul Wallenberg was an innocent man who had been wrongfully imprisoned for nearly 40 years; he deserved to be freed and he deserved compensation for this egregious wrongdoing.

In this book, Morris has woven an intricate story that not only tells of Wallenberg's heroic efforts, but also includes personal accounts of those who knew Wallenberg, along with new information about the involvement of the US, Swedish, and Soviet governments.

This book will surely strike a chord with many audiences, ranging from students just learning about Holocaust history to historians interested in more deeply examining the roles of Holocaust heroes like Wallenberg. They will come away from this story with a greater understanding and more profound appreciation for a man who personified the idea that we truly are our brother's keepers. Raoul Wallenberg's story as a hero and humanitarian deserves to be told, and Morris Wolff has done so with dedication and skill.

Washington, D.C.
July 2007

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Judge Barrington Parker Jr.'s Judicial Opinion

**GUY VON DARDEL, on his own behalf and on behalf of his half brother,
RAOUL WALLENBERG, and SVEN HAGSTROMER, Legal Guardian
of RAOUL WALLENBERG, on Behalf of RAOUL WALLENBERG,
Plaintiffs, v. UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, Defendant
Civil Action No. 84-0353**

**UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF
COLUMBIA**

623 F. Supp. 246; 1985 US Dist. LEXIS 14886

October 15, 1985

Ruling and Conclusion

In many ways, this action is without precedent in the history of actions against foreign sovereigns. It involves actions which the Soviet Union has already admitted were unlawful. It involves a gross violation of the personal immunity of a diplomat, one of the oldest and most universally recognized principles of international law. Furthermore, this action involves a deliberate default by a defendant which has repeatedly demonstrated its familiarity with the proper means for raising a defense of sovereign immunity under the Foreign Sovereign Immunities Act.

There can be little, if any, doubt that both subject matter and personal jurisdiction are conferred through that Act. Whatever sovereign immunity the defendant might have had, is, by the terms of the Act, subject to international [**53] agreements to which the United States was a party when the FSIA was enacted in 1976 which prohibit defendant's actions regarding Mr. Wallenberg.

Additionally, this Court determines that no applicable statute of limitations has begun to run against plaintiff's claims. Because Mr. Wallenberg is still being unlawfully held by the defendants, or alternatively, he is dead, the statute is tolled by the "discovery rule" and/or the law on tolling applicable when one party has fraudulently concealed facts.

For all of these reasons, default judgment is here by entered against the defendant.

Raoul Wallenberg's Personal Diary

Early June 1945. Stockholm Sweden (recovered Wallenberg Diary)

I am Raoul Wallenberg, 32 years of age and I am leaving in a few days to Budapest, Hungary to save the Jews. I have accepted this rescue assignment from the US government. This diary is for my personal use and confidential. If something happens to me I ask the finder to deliver it to Lars Berg at the Swedish Embassy in Budapest or return it to my brother Guy Von Dardel in Stockholm Sweden. I know I am headed into danger and may not return.

The "offer" from the US War Refugee Board of their Treasury Department was formally presented to me last night at Bellsmanor Restaurant here in Sweden following several days of discussion. I will have unlimited funds to bribe the Horthy government officials to let the Jews remain in Budapest. My formal post: Secretary of the Legation of Sweden in Budapest, but working undercover directly for the US Government. I am to report directly to Cordell Hull Secretary of State, and to have the first \$100,000 placed on my Stockholm Enskilda Bank account prior to departure. I can request, actually demand more money as needed for the success of my "save the Jews" mission. I hammered out the terms of my agreement last night. Ambassador Pehle, head of the USA War Refugee Board has promised to arrange my rescue when I fall into enemy hands. I do not believe them. But I now have no choice. I have accepted the assignment.

I will work with leaders of the Budapest underground in devising safe house and other schemes for saving the Jews and Gypsies of the city. Those Jews in the countryside have been destroyed, or shipped off to labor camps where they are gassed and die. This is Hitler's final country to dominate. Poland, Italy, Austria, Czechoslovakia and the rest of Europe has been conquered and made "Juden frei." (Clean of Jews)

I am 32. I hate standing by and having to watch the suffering and injustice visited on innocent people. No one here in Sweden, including my own family seems to care. They just want to make money. Feed the German war machine. They want to grow the Enskilda family bank with the sale of Swedish ball bearings and steel proceeds.

At age 26 I spent a summer in Haifa working in a Bank, sent there by my grandfather Gustav for "training." That was 1936 and Palestine was becoming a haven for refugees. With my lawyer friend, Moshe Landau, I went in the evening to watch the rusty, poor excuse for boats land and off load the poor Jews, with burlap bags, stuffed with their pathetic life possessions on their backs, disembark from ships in Haifa. They were escaping death, Hitler and Europe. They were in rags and hungry. I vowed that day to do something about it. Now is my rare and welcomed chance.

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

Now it is June 1944 and the situation for the very survival of the Jewish people and their civilization is much worse. Millions have died in the death camps, along the country roads and in large pits in the forests and no one raises a finger or shouts, "This is wrong. Stop it?" I have met three times with Ivar Olsen, the War Refugee Board representative here in Stockholm. We have had several dinners together. He is candid and honest with me. He says that Henry Morgenthau, the Jewish Secretary of Treasury, has pressured and pushed FDR to finally do something about the plight of the Jews in Europe. It is election year in America and FDR wants the Jewish vote in New York City.

This War Refugee Board, as they call the Genocide Prevention Program, should have been formed when the first Jews were taken away in 1933. Or at the latest, in 1938 when "Kristallnacht" first hit Germany with the destruction of the windows of all the Jewish shops. What were the Americans thinking? What were they waiting for?

Two nights ago on June 2, 1944 I was officially selected for this mission. I leave on June 6 stopping in Berlin on my way to Budapest. There I will visit with my uncle, the Swedish Ambassador to Germany. He says he is neutral and above the battle. He has written to my mother Maj to caution me to stay home and not to accept the assignment. His neutrality is a joke. He is the chief merchant, handling the sale of Swedish steel---Wallenberg family steel—to the Germans to make German tanks and parts for airplanes. My highly esteemed Wallenberg family is profiteering from the War!

June 4, 1944, My departure day

My beloved mother, Maj, and my brother, Guy, take me to the train station in Stockholm for my departure. I have my old tan raincoat, a knapsack, a change of clothes, and two loaded pistols, which I am taking for my own protection. My mother pleads one last time trying to talk me out of the mission. "Raoul, you are so handsome and so young. Why are you going? Can't you find something here at home? You have so much to live for here. Play polo, go out with your girl friends Viveca and Ingrid. There will be summer parties. You have friends, parties and dances. And you have your favorite ladies. They adore you, two young and beautiful movie starlets Ingrid Bergman and Viveca Lindfors. They are clamoring for your attention. Aren't they and me and your brother and sister enough for you? Will you leave all this just to go to Budapest and save strangers, and probably get yourself killed?" My mother was prescient and clear. She knew the risk, but she also knew that once I made up my mind I would do it. She cries on my shoulder. I hold her close and comfort her. "Mama, I will be all right. I promise that I will write to you every day. I will not take chances. I promise you I will be home soon, and no later than Christmas. The war will be over. I promise".

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

June 4, 1944. On the train to Berlin.

I am on my way to Budapest. The train takes me first to Berlin. I have second thoughts about my mission now that I am away from my home and family in neutral Sweden. Soon I will journey into enemy territory in northern Germany. Soldiers will soon take over this train and occupy the cars, drinking and shouting to one another in the rough manner. Some of them will stare at my outfit, the slouch brown hat and the raincoat and ask if I am a war correspondent. But that is later. First stop Berlin where I will be reunited with my sister Nina. I miss her gentle soul. She is like my mother, loyal, kind and caring.

June 5, 1944 Arrival in Berlin.

I am met at the train station by my sister Nina and her husband Nils Lagergren, who is assigned to work at the Swedish Embassy with my Uncle. Nils Lagergren is a lawyer, a stuff shirt who would never risk his life or choose what I am doing. He is stiff, rude and curt, and tries to tell me to have lunch with them and then get back on the train and go home. We have lunch on the Kurfurstendam and then I say goodbye and I walk to the Swedish Embassy, near to the ruins of the Reichstag. I am to be "briefed" by my uncle. I hate him. I hate what he is doing. He is helping the German war effort, up to his greedy armpits in war profits. That's why the Nazis tolerate him here.

I want to meet with him anyway. I can glean from him real news on how the war is going. I know the Germans are now suffering terrible losses in Russia and in France, and now are losing. I still want details on their operations in Budapest, and whether the Germans might be pulling out soon or entrenching. My uncle is on the inside, a favorite of the Germans. He has no scruples. Money, profit and parties are everything for him. He also hates the Jews.

June 5, 1944. Afternoon, with my uncle in Berlin

I enter the ivory white, high ceiling, ornate Swedish Embassy office at 3PM. He leaves me waiting, cooling my heels for a full half hour for no reason. He wants to show his colleagues who is boss, and that I am just a nephew; a person of little importance. He is fully aware that I want to take the night train to Budapest to start my work. I finally am ushered into his office at 3:45. He makes all kinds of excuses for the delay, asking, "How is your Mom? And your brother and sister?" Immediately he barrages me with questions; "Why are you going, what do you hope to accomplish? Are you to be the savior of the Jews?" He sneers at me, "Why don't you turn around and go home. This is not a game. It is being played on the bigger stage of life or death!"

I tell him that I am fully aware of the danger, and that "I plan to return home by Christmas with the War over. It matters. I have something I must do. These are innocent people who have done no harm. They deserve their life," We argue back and forth, trading invectives. After fifteen minutes of locking horns I

Whatever Happened to Raoul Wallenberg?

storm out. I do not have time to waste debating the issues. I am leaving tonight for Budapest. He is part of the enemy.

June 7, 1944, Budapest Station

The train rattles on through the night. I see the lights of little towns, sleepy villages, huge fields of wheat, passing thru one sign says "City of Debrecen, 70 miles to Budapest." I open the paper map. I am sitting in the aisle outside the passenger cabin. I have taken an earlier train. No reservation. No seats left. I put my finger on Debrecen and trace my finger down the paper southeast to Budapest, the city on two sides of the Danube. I check my knapsack. Two pistols and a raincoat.

We arrive in the early morning before dawn, at the station at 6AM. There are large yellow boxcars on the next track. I can distinctly hear the moaning and crying of people locked inside. Little children are screaming. Hands and fingers are thrust thru the slats of the boxcars, dropping paper notes down thru the slats to the ground. I get off and run over towards the departing train gather the scraps. "Remember me," one says. I am Lena Goldsmith. I live with my children and husband at Number 10 Alloi St. My children are with me. I do not know where is my husband. If you find him send him here. I need him."



These pathetic brief, hurriedly written scraps of paper, hand written victim notes make me sick in my stomach. Innocent families being pulled apart. One day living as a family, children coming home from school and playing in the back yard, living on a quiet street. Daddy going to work and coming home to read an evening paper. Mother cleaning the kitchen and preparing dinner. The next day the family pulled apart, some going to Oswiecism (Auschwitz) others to Dachau for "medical experiments". No explanation.

I have no time to waste. I must get to the Embassy and start my work. I hail a cab and am taken across the bridge over the Danube and from Buda up to Pest where I meet my new diplomatic team. Lars Berg is there along with several others. I have known Lars from before, at school. He will be my guide in these first few days.

Author's Note: The Wallenberg diary was found among his personal papers at the Swedish Embassy in Budapest at the end of the War.