

When Roosevelt died and Truman became president, the word went out to the entire bureau that anyone related to, friendly with, personally known by the new president should step forward to become Hoover's personal emissary to the White House. Hoover hoped to develop a personal relationship with Truman, a relationship which would allow him to thumb his nose at Truman's attorney general. He would use this ploy again and again, after each new president was elected. It sometimes worked, but not when John F. Kennedy named his brother to head the Justice Department and not when Hoover's man approached Harry Truman.

Hoover selected Marion Chiles III, an agent from Missouri whose father had been a boyhood chum of the president's, to carry his message. Truman had known the young man since he was a baby, and he suited the director's purposes perfectly. (Chiles told me he didn't want to get involved, but he knew his job at the bureau depended on it, so he went over to the White House.)

After a few preliminary remarks, Truman asked the agent why he was there. "With a message from Mr. Hoover," Chiles said. "Mr. Hoover wants you to know that he and the FBI are at your personal disposal and will help you in any way you ask." Truman looked at his old friend's son, smiled, and remarked on Mr. Hoover's thoughtfulness. "But any time I need the services of the FBI," Truman added, "I will ask for it through my attorney general." The agent took the message back to Hoover, and from that time on Hoover's hatred of Truman knew no bounds.

This hatred caused Hoover to break precedent and testify publicly in the congressional investigation of Harry Dexter White. White had been an important economic advisor to both Roosevelt and Truman, and in 1948 he denied charges that he had been giving aid to Communist spies. Truman said, and rightly so, that the whole damn thing was a red herring, which, of course, further outraged Hoover. Hoover was sure that Truman had it in for him, and he was right. One day, Louis B. Nichols, then the bureau's assistant director and in charge of all press matters, public relations, and congressional liaison, called me into his office from my desk in the research section.

"Sullivan," he said, "I've thought very carefully about the matter which I'm going to discuss with you. I have decided that you are the

best person I can rely on and the kind of man who can get some information which Mr. Hoover wants very, very badly." I was flattered Nichols's appraisal of me and waited for the sensitive assignment which he was obviously leading up to.

"Someone in the Masonic Order," said Nichols, "is blackballing the director and preventing him from becoming a thirty-third degree Mason. Mr. Hoover believes that it is President Truman who is named by the accusation but sat quietly as Nichols continued. "I've worked on this very hard. In fact, I personally have infiltrated the Masonic Order in Alexandria, Virginia, thinking that by joining them I could determine for Mr. Hoover who was blackballing him. What action could be taken to eliminate this obstacle to the director's becoming a thirty-third degree Mason." Nichols was well known headquarters as being a man who believed himself capable of selling anyone anything. "Sullivan," he went on, "I understand that you're friendly with former Congressman Joseph E. Casey, who is, coincidentally, close to President Truman. What the director and I want you to do is to approach Mr. Casey in confidence, explain the problem, and ask him to talk President Truman into supporting the director's endeavors instead of opposing them." Nichols noticed the look of surprise on my face and said, "You're Catholic and I'm asking you to get information out of the Masonic Order. I wouldn't ask you to do it if it wasn't a matter of grave importance to the director."

I had become used to these preposterous requests but this was almost ludicrous so far. I did nothing about the request but I found later that Nichols was grabbing everyone he could at the bureau to help assist in this "grave matter."

His effort finally paid off. Hoover finally got someone to get to know Truman to lift his ban and Hoover at last became a thirty-third degree Mason.

Just as Roosevelt had put us into the intelligence business, Truman almost put us out of it. With his usual vision, Hoover had the entire world staked out as fair game for the FBI, and had opened offices in great many foreign capitals. These foreign liaison offices were considered to be plum assignments as the FBI agents' American salaries allowed them to live very well in most foreign cities. But Tru-

man was in favor of limiting the FBI to domestic intelligence investigations, and in 1947 he created the Central Intelligence Agency to deal with foreign intelligence. Hoover sent a stream of admirals, generals, congressmen, and senators to the White House to try to change Truman's mind, but the president wouldn't budge and we were instructed to close our overseas offices. Truman did allow us to keep a few offices open (London, Paris, Rome, Ottawa, and Mexico City), but the agents who worked at those offices were instructed to handle only the international aspects of domestic cases—not to be "operational" in obtaining foreign intelligence, and not to run informants.

At that time, I was the supervisor in charge of intelligence operations in Mexico and Central America. Before we closed down, Hoover was so furious that he gave specific instructions to my office and all offices abroad that under no circumstances were we to give any documents or information to the newly established Central Intelligence Agency.

Many of the men who weren't easily intimidated did turn records over to the CIA. And although we were mandated not to, Hoover nevertheless instructed the Mexico City office to be operational, to run informants, to develop foreign intelligence, to operate completely in violation of our charter. We'd investigate communism in Mexico, the CIA would investigate communism in Mexico, and the American taxpayer would pay for the duplication.

And the duplication wasn't only with CIA. In 1946 when I was the supervisor of intelligence operations in Mexico and Central America, a State Department official in Mexico City in charge of his department's intelligence operations called me into his embassy office. "Bill," he said, "I think I can talk to you safely and off the record." I assured him that he could. He said, "You know, you should stop having your men send in material from Nicaragua because we have better material sent in by our own men. Further, much of your material is inaccurate. I'm not going to dictate a report on this, but for your own good, and the good of the bureau, something ought to be done about this duplication of intelligence gathering, especially when it's not in the bureau's domain." I thanked him, but I had no authority to stop it. I was just a lowly supervisor.

In later years, on three occasions I challenged Hoover on our

need for all those overseas offices, but they remained. By the time I left the bureau, they were costing us three and a half million dollars a year and we were getting nothing out of them. Ottawa and Mexico City are the only overseas offices we've ever needed—criminals and espionage agents do go back and forth across our national boundary lines. We're not operational in Ottawa and ought not to be in Mexico City. Let the CIA handle the operational side of things.

When requests came from the CIA, legitimate authorized requests, Hoover would drag his heels, meet half the request, and ignore the other half. Early on it came to a head, and I saw a scorching letter from the then director of the CIA, General Bedell Smith. It said, "Whether you, Mr. Hoover, like me or not has nothing to do with the cooperation between two government agencies and it is mandatory for you to give the CIA full cooperation within your limits." Smith went on to write, "if it is not done, if you want to fight this, I'll fight you all over Washington." Hoover put his tail between his legs and backed off at that time, even requesting our CIA liaison man to set up a luncheon with him and Smith. Hoover was cordial because whenever his bluff was called he became a coward. The trouble was that few men had the courage to call Hoover's bluff.

When Thomas Dewey, with whom Hoover had a good working relationship, entered the Republican primaries in 1948, Hoover and two of his closest aides, Clyde Tolson and Louis Nichols, secretly agreed to put the resources of the bureau at Dewey's disposal. With the help of the FBI, Hoover believed Dewey couldn't lose. He would win the nomination and defeat Truman. In exchange for his help, the director believed that when Dewey became president he would name Hoover as his attorney general and make Nichols director of the FBI. To complete the masterplan, Tolson would become Hoover's assistant. It would have been a nice set-up, because with Nichols at the helm Hoover would have had the FBI as tightly under his control as if he had never left. In addition, he would have had the entire Justice Department at his disposal.

Hoover's ambitions didn't stop at the Justice Department. If he couldn't be president, Hoover thought it would be fitting if he were named to the Supreme Court, and he planned to make his term as at-