

Catherine H. Turlington, Author

Catherine Hackett Turlington, 78, a former newspaper reporter and author of a book entitled "Three to Make Ready" that was based on happenings in her own family, died at her home in Washington Saturday of a lung ailment.

Mrs. Turlington was born in Boston, grew up in Atlanta and graduated from Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts. She came to Washington in 1920 as a reporter for the Christian Science Monitor. In 1926, she married Edgar Turlington, a lawyer who died in 1959.

Mrs. Turlington wrote a weekly column called "Over the Back Fence" for

The Washington Star in the 1940s. These pieces and other observations of her family, in which there were three daughters, formed the basis of "Three to Make Ready" which was published in 1948.

Mrs. Turlington was a member of All Souls Unitarian Church in Washington and was active in its Women's Alliance. She also was a member of the Chavy Chase Women's Club.

Survivors include her three daughters, Sylvia O'Neill, of Princeton, N.J., Ellen Johnston, of Chapel Hill, N.C., and Barbara Turlington, of Washington, and six grandchildren.

Dear Dave,

4/4/78

Coincidences.

Ordinarily in my skimming of the paper I do not pay attention to the obits. This is a nice morning so I was glancing at the Metro section as I walked back up the lane with the paper and the uncommon name "Turlington" caught my eye. I've known only one Turlington.

In yesterday's mail, from a source other than the FBI or State Department, both of which still withhold, I received copies of some stories written about the pogrom at State by Bert Andrews. I've not read them yet. Probably will on the bus day after tomorrow, going to D.C.

I interrupt what Jim is pressing me to press ahead on because this is relevant to my PA requests and it gets at the same time into an area in which you plan oral histories.

Please excuse the typing. My regular machine is in the shop. This one is older than you are. Unlike you, also imperfect.

You remember the business of the Dies committee setting me up to get at John Lew is through his legislative rep, who was also opposed to the UnAmericans. You have in what I gave you last summer all the copies of the committee's expenditures as I had them copied at the Clerk of the House's office. (What a hassle that "first" was!) These show that the guy who entrapped me was on the committee's payroll disguised as a more or less semi-permanent "witness."

When the trap was sprung, with all the attendant false and otherwise prejudicial publicity my associate, Gardner "Pat" Jackson, who had means as I did not, sought counsel for us. His first stop was Covington & Burling, where he had many friends. (I met Dean Acheson through him and through Acheson met Felix Frankfurter.) The lawyer we saw, Charles Horsky, had a rep as a sort of civil libertarian. He poked to Pat and me and then Pat got word that the firm would not re us before the committee.

Pat may or may not have spoken to other of the very many prestigious lawyers he knew. I don't recall if I then knew. But I do recall what then did happen. He spoke to Drew Pearson, who was used to entrap us. Pearson, a close friend of Pat's and merely an acquaintance of mine, was the bona fides of the entrapment - he sent the lead man, John Hensahw, to Pat.

Henshaw (read Pearson and inferentially Harold Ickes) introduced me to David D. Mayne. Mayne provided many legit records and a couple of his own forgeries. He attested to the authenticity of the forgeries when I raised questions about them.

So Pearson did the ground work with the firm he used, headed by Bill Roberts, then in the Transportation Building. Roberts turned us over to his partner, Edgar Turlington.

The committee heard me in executive session only. I think it has never dared print my testimony. Once it picked me up in the corridor near the House chamber and led me to a session in the Speaker's rooms. I then did not have time to get Turlington and was all alone in a scene from a bad movie. On other occasions he was with me.

When they had the grand jury deal going there came a time when two FBI agents asked me to go with them to their office, then in the main Justice building, to as it turned out sign a statement they had prepared for me. It was not accurate, not what I had said, did not include what I had given them and as I now recall could have been used in a further effort at entrapment. I recall it as an indirect confession of what I had not done.

In any event, I flat out refused to sign it. In turn they refused to let me leave. I outsat and outwaited them. It was late in the day when they let me use the phone. I called the dignified, prestigious Edgar, who as I recall had a speciality of international law, not FBI roughstuff, and he trotted down promptly. He repeated my offer to sign an accurate statement, supported my refusal to sign one I did not agree with, and that ended that.

Except for an incredibly rough and difficult time before the grand jury with all the pressures on the US Attorney's office to indict me. As I've told you, I had to fight Turlington, Roberts and Jackson in this. Although I was a brash kid I was right in reading what was going on with me and in the secrecy of that grand jury room. It was not at all as the USA's people represented to Edgar, who in turn had Jackson lean on me.

In those days I recall no lawyers outside of grand jury rooms or witnesses permitted to leave and consult with them. It was a very tough trip for me as I am sure it was for the AUSA, and not only because of the vigor with which I fought him.

The Texas gang in Congress was then inordinately powerful. FDR had nominated the very decent US Attorney, who I knew a little, Dave Pine, to be a federal district judge. The Texas gang held up the appointment, easy with the chairmanships all from the south, until Pine would get me indicated. He knew me well enough to call me "affidavit face" in a case in which I helped him, a Harlan County case. Pine stayed out of it, turning it over to Ed Curran, later federal district judge and chief judge, and to Ed Fihelly, later chief war crimes prosecutor in Tokyo. Fihelly was in charge of roping and hog-tying me, the kid, although I think Curran was in on it one of the days. After I had bested him Fihelly was very decent. He was well aware of what was right and true and what was not. He told me - remember, I was a kid - that the time would come when I would have to defend myself all over again. To this he took a very unusual step for a prosecutor to prepare me for any future need. For the moment I have to keep this confidential. I have always survived without have to use his ammo.

This is part of what Mrs. Turlington's obit brings to mind. It will remind Jim of me of what State, DJ and FBI are still withholding as well as why they do this.

in haste,