

Dear Jim,

8/10/75

Following our discussion Flyod has been following the interest he developed in the Forrestal case. He has come up with - sit tight - an article by Huie.

New American Mercury 12/50.

The copy he brought me is hardly suitable for duplication.

It is unclear in some places, like a poor Apeco copy. In other places the material in the gutter of the bound magazine is not visible.

It is, however, the Huie I know, the Huie you want to know better, the Huie it will not comfort that "liberal" Memphis judge to know.

If you cannot arrange to get better copies, as I would think Mike can arrange, I'll lend you this one.

There are some obvious comments I have no reluctance in making. This is Huie the coldest of the cold warriors. Huie the anti-Semite.

"They" killed Forrestal because he was so perceptively anti-red.

He did buy the elections, as I recalled reporting. Forrestal, that is. The patriot beset by the subversives led by Truman.

The rest, the attitude, the honesty, the politics, the reasoning I'd rather have you see for yourself. This is the Huie of 1950.

If you can have clear copies made I'd like three, please, for which I'll repay you. One for me, one for the Whites and one for a Jew in Memphis.

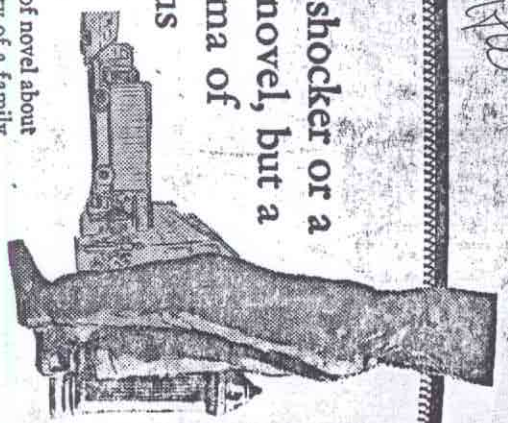
I suggest that you consider that the fact that Huie would even write for the Mercury of that period has significance.

While I've gone through this only once, in haste, I also suggest that if you read it with care you'll get a better idea of the mind of the man.

Best,

Reviews for the

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Taffy

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● This is a new kind of novel about Negroes. It is the story of a family on the way up... of Martha Johnson, who planned and saved, and molded a wonderful future; and her weak but beloved husband Tom... a college graduate, yet strangely willing to work as a Pullman porter. But most of all this is the frightening story of their adolescent son — Taffy, who was to inherit the fruits of his mother's struggle — Taffy, who wanted to be happy in his new middle-class life, but was drawn helplessly back into the life of knife-fights, petty crime, and orgiastic parties. \$3.00

NEW AMERICAN MERCURY
Dec. 1950

UNTOLD FACTS IN THE FORESTAL CASE

IN THE TWENTY months since the destruction of James Vincent Forrestal, there has been a creeping realization in this country that what happened was much more than a poignant personal tragedy — that it was an historic national disaster in which a patriot with vision was allowed to be done to death by lesser men.

The disaster is made apparent by events. Louis Johnson, for whose accommodation Forrestal was destroyed, has been loaded with sins and chased into the briar patch. We have suffered thirty thousand casualties in Korea who might have been spared had Forrestal's policies prevailed. Thoughtful Americans are, therefore, remembering that it was Forrestal who struggled to arm this nation for its commitment, and there is a growing inclination to look again at his

crucifers and their cloak-holders — at those whom *Time* Magazine identified as "disgruntled politicians, Communists, Zionists, and gossip columnists," and whom *The Saturday Evening Post* labeled "an ill-assorted group of ideological libertarians."

Much of the truth has thus far been suppressed, but the ghost of Jim Forrestal is not going to be laid until there are reasonable answers to such questions as these:

- Why was the attack on Forrestal so reckless and sadistically savage?
- Why have his papers been held secret?
- Where is the report of those who investigated his death?
- Why was the deposed Defense Secretary held a virtual prisoner at Bethesda Naval Hospital — a prisoner who

could not be visited by his own priest?

The American people can expect some of the truth within the next few months. Unless the Administration can prevent it, there will be a Congressional investigation. There will be publication of such of the Forrestal papers as can be wrested from a Defense Department now headed by General George C. Marshall. Meanwhile, this most recent evidence gathered by *The Mercury* may be helpful.

The Communists, both American and European, had good reason to hate Jim Forrestal: he hated them. He emerged from the Second War dedicated to the destruction of Communism. He had opposed every concession to bring Russia into the war against Japan. He fought General Marshall's effort to force Chiang Kai-shek to coalesce with the Chinese Communists. He battled those men in the State Department who tried to give the Mediterranean to Russia. Forrestal sat up nights figuring ways to fight Communists. And he was not only willing to fight them fairly: he was willing to fight *their* way.

In December, 1947, when France was paralyzed by a general transportation strike, Forrestal summoned his most trusted friends to Washington. He told

them that necessity demanded the use of dollars in Europe for bribes. He explained that he had spent all of the Defense Department's "non-voucherable funds," as well as much of his own money, and that more was needed. His friends produced \$50,000 immediately; the money was carried that night to Paris by an American intelligence officer and paid next day to a prominent Communist leader. The strike ended within twelve hours.

During the Italian elections, in the Spring of 1948, Forrestal acted in the same forthright manner. We have taken much credit for our part in that first postwar victory of the West over the Reds. We prayed, we wrote letters, we sent food, we promised Trieste to the Italians — and our side won. But we might have lost had not Forrestal spent private funds on his own responsibility.

When the Italian campaign was hottest, he again summoned his friends. He warned that the election would be lost unless dollars were used to overmatch Red payments to Italian propagandists. His friends produced, in one lot, upwards of \$100,000 in cash, and this was carried by a New York attorney and paid out in the most effective manner.

Before he permitted large dollar contributions to the De Gasperi campaign fund, Forrestal received

a promise that never, under any circumstances, would De Gasperi allow Communists in his government. This was at a time when other agencies of our government were still advocating a coalition with Communists in China.

When the Defense Secretary was reminded that he might suffer grave consequences if his activities were made public, he replied:

"Don't worry about that. These are times that demand personal sacrifice. I am ready to take any consequences of this action."

In addition to finance, Forrestal also employed deception. He had no authority to give American tanks to the Italians, but he was, with authority, shipping tanks to Greece. He, therefore, arranged for freighters loaded with Greece-bound tanks to "refuel" at Naples, and while the ships were "refueling," American troops in civilian clothes "broke in" the tanks by driving them down Italian streets in parades with Italian soldiers, thus giving the impression that the tanks had been delivered to Italy.

After the election a Cardinal then residing in Rome declared: "The Communists blame Mr. Forrestal for this defeat. They have marked him as their No. 1 enemy. He understands them too well."

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Secretary were unknown to the
American people, but they were
well known to Communist agents
in Washington. And these leaders
hated and plotted against For-
restal because he hit them where
they are weakest: in the venality
of their own members. He showed
them that two can play their
game of justifying means with
ends.

A complete report on this
phase of Forrestal's tremendous
activity will be instructive . . .
and it will also explain some of
the "sadistic savagery" of the at-
tack on him.

While the Communists were
plotting his political, if not his
physical, death, Forrestal incur-
red the hatred of American
Zionists. According to the *Nation*,
the Zionists "deplored Forrestal's
apparent willingness to place the
oil of the Near East above the re-
quirements of political justice in
Palestine."

Forrestal explained his position
in a letter: "If we are to safeguard
Western civilization in this crisis,
the British and American fleets
must have free access to Near
Eastern oil. That is a fact, how-
ever unpleasant it may be. When
there is a crisis aboard a sub-
marine, we close bulkhead doors
and drown a third of the crew in
order to save the other two-
thirds. I am interested in political
justice in Palestine, but this in-

terest must remain secondary to my primary interest, which is the protection of America and the West from the gravest threat we have ever faced. No minority has the right to jeopardize this nation for its own selfish interest."

The Defense Secretary invited more Leftist animosity when he opposed the "Morgenthau Plan" for the destruction of German industry. The plan is now almost universally acknowledged to have been ridiculous.

These twin positions caused a number of writers and commentators, including Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell, to join in what *The Saturday Evening Post* described as "reckless and sadistically savage" attacks on Forrestal.

Despite the Zionist hatred of Forrestal, when the private money was being raised for the Italian and French crises, Forrestal's Jewish friends contributed eagerly and generously.

In the fall of 1948, the rest of the United States was engaged in a political campaign, but Forrestal was engaged in a campaign against the Kremlin. It was the year of the Italian elections, the French strikes, the continuing unification battle, the Berlin blockade. Forrestal, with his incredible energy, worked night and day, including Sundays. In ten years in Washington he had

three days vacation. He has from intelligence reports that the Russians had ventured the Berlin blockade because the United States was in the turmoil of election. He wanted desperately to keep the Defense Department out of the political campaign.

Forrestal was a Democrat; his father, an Irish Catholic contractor at Beacon, N. Y., had been a "Cleveland man." Jim Forrestal, at Princeton, and during the years when he had made himself a millionaire in Wall Street had remained a Democrat and a party contributor. At Roosevelt's invitation he had resigned his \$180,000-a-year job in 1941 and plunged into public service with all his characteristic energy.

He was admitted by such diverse individuals as Harold Ickes and John D. Rockefeller Jr. Forrestal's relations with Truman were friendly but not warm. Forrestal was no poker player, no political opportunist, no professional Legionnaire, no partitoner of the expedient; he was busy and serious. It is possible that he, with his first-rate intellect and immense, world-wide experience, was somewhat contemptuous of Truman, but he never revealed it. Instead, even when the President flatly refused to support the \$17-billion budget for his services, Forrestal did not resign but remained loyal.

However, as Defense Secretary in so dangerous a period, Forrestal was convinced that he should not take an active role in trying to re-elect Truman. This enraged the political gang around the White House. They reasoned in this manner: they needed money; Forrestal was the big shot in the Cabinet; he was a millionaire Wall Streeter; he had rich friends; he ought to raise money for Truman.

Thus began the slanders and libels that Forrestal was disloyal to Truman; that he had contributed nothing to the campaign; that he had made a deal with Dewey. All of these were lies. He was completely loyal. He contributed \$6,000 of his own money to the campaign; he asked a number of his friends to contribute. Truman knew of his contribution; so did Louis Johnson. Two reputable Republicans can testify that he refused to discuss even the possibility of his remaining in a Dewey Cabinet. But dedicated as he was to the war against Communism, he did refuse to black-flag Defense Department supporters for campaign funds.

One White House pseudo-military figure remarked: "Yeah, that rich s. o. b. has raised a million bucks to buy votes in Europe, but he's giving us chicken feed to buy votes for Truman." It would, perhaps, have been

better for the country if Forrestal had called in his wealthy friends and explained that he had to raise a million dollars in order to safeguard his job. But he didn't; Louis Johnson did; so Johnson became the candidate of the Missouri Gang for Defense Secretary.

The day after Truman's inauguration in 1949, the campaign to "get Forrestal" was thrown into high gear. The country has seldom seen its like. The Communists, the "ideological libertarians," the Missouri Gang and the columnists manned the mud buckets.

Forrestal was accused of having defrauded the Government in a tax case. He was, of course, a Fascist, a warmonger, a racist, a bedfellow of I. G. Farben and the German cartelists, he bathed in oil — Near Eastern variety — and he smirked over the murder of Jewish babies by Arabs. He was a renegade Catholic; and, as a climax, Pearson reported that he was a personal coward, that he had once abandoned his wife to burglars and run out of the back of the house.

At the height of the campaign a New York publicity agent was heard reassuring a client: "Don't worry; that sonofabitch'll crack up in thirty days. He can't take what we're dishing out to him." Why was it necessary for them to discredit Forrestal? He had

tended the customary resignation to Truman. Why didn't Truman just accept his resignation?

There are two explanations. In the first place, Truman had frightened Johnson by vacillating. When Forrestal had visited Truman after the inauguration, expecting to be fired, Truman had surprised him by saying: "Jim, I want you to stay with me. I know what you're doing, and I want you to stay on and complete the job. You have my complete support."

Truman kept stalling Johnson during January and February, and there was one bitter night for Johnson in New York when he was convinced that Truman, like Roosevelt, had betrayed him and that he wouldn't get the job.

So, in the first place, Forrestal had to be discredited in order to safeguard the job for Johnson; and, in the second place, he had to be discredited in order to make it "politically safe" for Truman to fire him. In present-day politics you can't fire a man without first maligning him.

Under different circumstances Forrestal probably would not have been upset by vituperation. But he was now a dedicated man; he was emotionally involved in his crusade to make this country strong. He regarded Truman and Johnson as political opportunists, neither of whom would hesitate

to trim sail in an adverse wind.

He didn't believe that either Truman or Johnson understood the realities of the world confronting him. He had dedicated himself to fighting to *increase* this country's armed force; he had defied the pressure groups; and he felt, quite correctly, that Truman and Johnson would yield to the pressure groups and actually *decrease* the country's armed force.

This, of course, is exactly what Truman and Johnson did — and Forrestal was destroyed — and this is the essence of the Forrestal tragedy.

The conflict raged through January, February and March, by the middle of January, Forrestal's friends had begun hitting back. They spent \$35,000 trying to counteract the Winchell-Parsons campaign.

Forrestal's friends also tried to divide the pressure groups. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had been brought in against Forrestal with Walter White charging the Defense Secretary had "laid the end of segregation on the armed forces." To counteract this, the Urban League, another organization aiding the cause of Negroes, came vigorously to Forrestal's defense. The Urban League had assisted Forrestal in combating Communism among Negroes on our ships.

Responsible publishers tried to come to Forrestal's aid. Eugene Meyer dropped Pearson's anti-Forrestal columns from the Washington Post.

Because Forrestal had been raised in a Catholic home, then had drifted away from the church and married a divorcee, he was attacked as a "renegade Catholic." The office of Cardinal Spellman, which perhaps had not been strictly unaware of Forrestal's effective efforts in Europe, rallied to his defense. To show that the church backed Forrestal, it was *not* planned to award him an honorary degree at Fordham, but this couldn't be done until May, and Forrestal needed help in March. So it was hastily arranged for him to address the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in New York as St. Patrick's Day.

At the St. Patrick's Day dinner, Cardinal Spellman, lauding Forrestal, went to the unusual extent of endorsing universal military training. If the Defense Secretary, the Cardinal said in effect, believes that this measure is necessary in this grave hour, then he has my support.

Forrestal's address was a sad affair, for after ten weeks of such nagging he was a fading man. Truman had demanded his resignation within forty-eight hours, and April first, but he wanted it

in hand within forty-eight hours. Forrestal's first decision was to state his case in a long letter and release it to the press, and he asked his advisers in New York to prepare such a letter. Then he changed his mind and dictated his own brief resignation.

During March Forrestal appeared dazed and depressed. His friends thought he might have been drugged. He talked sadly about how America was going the way of France; he predicted that American troops would be fighting within a year.

He showed interest when friends discussed with him the proposed purchase of the New York Sun. It was their plan to make him editor of the Sun so that he could continue his fight to arm America against the Soviet threat. When he went to Florida it was with the understanding that he would become editor of the Sun after his recuperation.

On April first Forrestal attended the mammoth swearing-in ceremonies for Johnson. He wept openly. The President insisted on decorating him — and Forrestal wept while the President was pinning on the medal, for he considered the gesture an insult. He walked back with Admiral Denfeld, weeping, and he told the Admiral that he was going down to Florida to play some golf. On April fifth, there was a tele-

phone call from Ferdinand Eberstadt in Washington to Robert A. Lovett in Hobe Sound, Florida. Mr. Eberstadt reported that Forrestal was ill.

"Is he very ill?" Mr. Lovett inquired.

"He is very, very ill," Mr. Eberstadt replied.

Four hours later, just at dusk, the big Air Force Constellation, the *Devil Drop*, circled and landed at a small, deserted field near Hobe Sound. Waiting was a single automobile in which were Mr. and Mrs. Lovett and Mrs. Forrestal. The door of the airplane was opened, the small ladder dropped.

"I looked up there and saw him standing in the door," Mr. Lovett recalls, "and he looked so pitiful. He was alone. And he didn't look like the man I had known at all. He looked like a little, *old* Irishman. His eyes were sunk, and I couldn't see his upper lip. As he came stumbling down that ladder I reached up and caught him under the arms."

After he had greeted the two women, Forrestal stood under the tail of the airplane and told Mr. Lovett that "they" had gotten him, that he was being followed, that his telephones were tapped, and he broke into tears as he said: "They're going to catch us unprepared, Bob. America is going the way of France."

During the evening he was quiet, but next day he was worse. Mr. Lovett telephoned Washington and Forrestal's personal attorney, John Cahill, of New York, arrived with Dr. William Menninger and Dr. George Raines. The illness was diagnosed as "occupational fatigue," and Forrestal was returned to Bethesda Naval Hospital.

Just what happened during the seven weeks Forrestal was at Bethesda may never be known, but here are a few of the strange, human, and tragic developments. Forrestal, in his 16th floor suite, spent most of his time entirely alone. Mrs. Forrestal sailed for Europe on April 12th.

Two of the persons who visited the hospital and who were most interested in Forrestal were his older brother, Henry Forrestal, of Beacon, N. Y., and Monseigneur Maurice S. Sheehy, of Catholic University, Washington. Henry Forrestal lives at the Forrestal home place and is a highly respected citizen. Father Sheehy, a Navy chaplain, was one of Jim Forrestal's closest friends.

Early in 1949, Forrestal had asked Father Sheehy, along with Henry Forrestal, to help him return to the Catholic Church. To facilitate this return, some investigation had to be made into Mrs. Forrestal's previous divorces, and this investigation was con-

ducted by Henry Forrestal.

Forrestal was admitted to the hospital by Captain B. W. Hogan, and Captain Hogan noted that Forrestal insisted on being listed as a Catholic. His first request was to see Father Sheehy. This request was noted by Captain Hogan, but for reasons not yet explained, Captain Raines, the psychiatrist in charge, refused this request.

On April 12th, Henry Forrestal visited the hospital and talked with his brother as well as with Captains Hogan and Raines.

Jim looked much better than I expected," Henry Forrestal recalls. "His eyes seemed clear, he was sharp and incisive. He told me: 'I'll be all right. We'll pull out of this.'"

What worried Henry Forrestal was the confinement in Bethesda. He told Captains Hogan and Raines: "What my brother needs is not to be cooped up there on the 16th floor. He needs to be on an estate somewhere, among friends, where he can walk around in the sun. He has been an exceedingly active man."

Mr. Forrestal asked Captain Raines: "Is my brother fundamentally okay?" Captain Raines answered: "Yes."

Henry Forrestal also told the doctors that his brother wished to talk with Father Sheehy. Captain Hogan replied, according to

Mr. Forrestal: "Yes, he has asked to see the Father several times. And, of course, he will."

On May 10th, 11th and 12th, Henry Forrestal again visited the hospital. Meanwhile, Father Sheehy had visited the hospital six times, each time asking to be allowed to see Forrestal and each time being denied permission by Captain Raines.

Henry Forrestal confronted Captain Raines and requested an explanation. Captain Raines, according to Mr. Forrestal, admitted that Forrestal had asked to see the priest. But Captain Raines wanted the priest to wait.

"How long do you want to wait, doctor?" Mr. Forrestal asked. "We have waited five weeks. Delays in such cases can be dangerous. Have you ever heard of a case where being visited by a clergyman has hurt a man?"

Father Sheehy, who is built along the lines of a Notre Dame fullback, is no man to be put off easily. After arguments with Captain Raines, Father Sheehy got the impression that Raines was under some sort of orders in the case, so he went to John L. Sullivan, Secretary of the Navy. Sullivan called Dr. Raines and was assured that Father Sheehy could see the patient "in time."

Henry Forrestal was also determined to obtain his brother's

release from Bethesda. He felt that if he could get Forrestal out in the sun, on some estate, and allow Father Sheehy to talk with him, that he would recover quickly.

Father Sheehy, in opposing Dr. Raines, recalled statements by Dr. Jung to the effect that "out of hundreds of patients there was not one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life." And again: "No patient has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook."

For Sunday, May twenty-second, Henry Forrestal had a travel reservation to Washington. He was going to make another effort to obtain his brother's release from Bethesda.

But it was too late. At 1:45 a. m. on Sunday, May twenty-second, Jim Forrestal escaped from his sixteenth floor prison to his death.

When he was buried in Arlington, Truman declared: "This great American was as truly a casualty of the war as if he had died on the firing line."

Father Sheehy declares: "Had I been allowed to see my friend,

Jim Forrestal, receive him back in the Church, and put his mind at ease with the oldest and most reliable medicine known to mankind, he would be alive today. His blood is on the heads of those who kept me from seeing him."

Dr. Raines has nothing to say though a formal demand has been made on the Navy by members of Congress for an explanation as to why Forrestal was denied the comfort of his friend and spiritual adviser.

Meanwhile, the people of the United States have paid in blood for the political opportunism which destroyed Forrestal. In a few years perhaps a monument may be erected to him, and a suitable inscription might be:

"Here lies a patriot who also possessed vision. In a period of crisis for his nation, when mediocrity was enthroned in Washington, he stood forth as a true rate mind, a dedicated spirit, an inspiring Renaissance man who understood the realities of the world in which he lived, and who, scorning opportunism, gave his energy, his mind, and his life." — WILLIAM BRADFORD HUGHES

DON QUIXOTES WITHOUT

by Robert

THEY STAND three-deep in the Midtown Manhattan bars these days, and in the tonier bars in every big city in America — looking studiously unhappy but recently shaved and quite clean. They are all, every suffering, saddened one of them, underground men.

They own up to this themselves, with no urging. And they are not even poor but earnest students in the romantic nineteenth century tradition of poor but earnest students; not even bohemians using their souls for punching bags in two-by-four curtainless, carpetless closets and living on what a well-bred rat would disdain; not even threadbare government clerks the way Dostoyevsky's original model was a government clerk, staring at his inkwell and coughing in his vodka.

Underground Man Model 1950 wears a tie, buys shoeshines, gets

his hair trimmed, washes his liquor, rolls cabs, keeps to his bus — enough — enough — enough (imagined) is pregnant that the man is serious. And that every man up and plucks goodies and everything he cleaned rec-hired help; at has its part than not he

He is two thirty-two War II's anti-eration. But he is not a (not even big) the chips (runs out on